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INDEX TO VOLUME I.

NOTE.—For titles of stories, see the "Fiction" index; for titles of poems, the "Poetry" index. The "General Index" contains all other references that the reader is likely to require, including names of authors, titles of articles and departments, and all leading subjects treated in THE SCRAP BOOK.

FICTION.

Box Tunnel, The, by Charles Reade, 74.

Captain Obstinate (anonymous), 360.

Chops the Dwarf, by Charles Dickens, 543.

Con Cregan's Legacy, by Charles Lever, 137.

Course from Trimalchio's Dinner, A, by Gaius Petronius, 527.

Descent into the Maelstrom, A, by Edgar A. Poe, 17.

Devil and Tom Walker, The, by Washington Irving, 57.

Doomed to Live, by Honoré de Balzac, 397.

Fight with a Cannon, A, by Victor Hugo, 491.

First Piano in Camp, The, by Sam Davis, 509.

Gridiron, The, by Samuel Lover, 33.

Mr. Caudle Lends Five Pounds, by Douglas Jerrold, 143.

Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge, An, by Ambrose Bierce, 111.

Rivals, The, by Benson J. Lossing, 127.

Stolen Letter, The, by Wilkie Collins, 272.

Tapestried Chamber, The, by Sir Walter Scott, 212.

Tournament Scene from "Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott, 351.

POETRY.

Abide With Me, 269.

Abou Ben Adhem, 94.

Ahkoond of Swat, The, 141.

American Flag, The, 466.

America's First Great Poem, 172.

Angler's Chant, The, 242.

Annabel Lee, 164.

Anthology of the Links, An, 552.

"Auto" Idyl, An, 303.

Baseball Bards "On Deck," 178.

Battle of the "Yatches," The, 557.

Better Luck Another Year, 48.

Bivouac of the Dead, The, 254.

Boss, The, 221.

Boy Who Keeps the Bats, The, 178.

Brahma, 508.

Byron on Woman, 31.

Carmen Bellicosum, 434.

Casey at the Bat, 179.

Casey's Revenge, 526.

Castle Yesterday, 69.

Changes, 221.

Church Porch, The, 155.

Cold-Water Man, The, 242.

Compensation, 221.

Correction, A, 222.

Dying Shoemaker, The, 141.

Easter Gossip, 221.

England and America, 454.

Equality, 31.

Evolution, 184.

Exile, An, 389.

Famous Love Poems, 318.

Fantom of the Links, The, 552.

Fate, 87.

Feast of Auto Song, A, 302.

Feminine Arithmetic, 153.

Field's Appreciation, 235.

Fighting Race, The, 390.

Fishin'? 415.

Fish Lines, 243.

Flag Goes By, The, 454.

Fragment, A, 222.

Friend of My Heart, The, 47.

Friends, 47.

Furtheruptown, 233.

Gather Ye Rosebuds, 262.

Glory of Failure, The, 416.

Golf in Cactus Center, 552.

Good-by, Bret Harte, 357.

Greeley on Journalism, 305.

He Bided His Time, 302.

He's None the Worse for That, 48.

Household Gods in Transit, 233.

How Punsters Smite the Lyre, 141.

"Hullo!" 48.

Independence Bell, 454.

Independence Day Rhymes, 454.

Isle of the Long Ago, The, 362.

Ivy Green, The, 154.

I Want to Go to Morrow, 141.

Kelly and Burke and Shea, 390.

Kipling's Lyric to Lies, 484.

Last Leaf, The, 32.

Last Word, The—Poet to Poet, 357.

Lead, Kindly Light, 268.

Light, 305.

Lines on a Skeleton, 522.

Little Church 'Round the Corner, The, 358.

Little Gems from Tennyson, 132.

Long Ago, 69.

Lord Byron's Riddle, 462.

Lost Ball, The, 552.

Lost Grip, The, 553.

Love, a Sonnet from the Portuguese, 542.

Love, the Illusion, 304.

Lyric to Lies (Rudyard Kipling), 484.

Moving Ballad, A, 233.

My Aunt, 313.

My Lady on Parade, 312.

Night and Death, 456.

Oh, Breathe Not His Name, 125.

Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud? 27.

Old Enthusiast, The, 178.

Omar for Ladies, An, 312.

On His Blindness (Milton), 405.

Opportunity, 26.

Original Grafter, The, 56.

Ostrich Punching of Arroyo Al, The, 84.

Passionate Shepherd to His Love, The, 318.

Paying the Piper, 30.

Pity the Blind! 387.

Poems by Dickens and Thackeray, 154.

Poems of Good-Fellowship, 47.

Pre-Easter Philosophy, 174.

Prejudice, A, 455.

Recessional, 482.

Regrets, 313.

Republic, The, 455.

Rescued Poem, A, 184.

Resignation (Paul Laurence Dunbar), 305.

Rhymes by the Bards of Graft, 56.

Scott on Woman, 416.

Seven Ages of Graft, 56.

Shakespeare on Woman, 31.

She Felt of Her Belt, 312.

Shelley on Children, 63.

Short Story of Speed, 303.

Song of the Automobile, 303.

Star-Spangled Banner, The, 422.

Thanatopsis, 172.

Things to Forget, 47.

Three Fishers, 243.

Tips for Authors, 152.

To Althea from Prison, 319.

Two Immortal Hymns, 268.

Two Zuzim, The, 519.

Uncle Henry on the Passing of the Horse, 302.

Via Solitaria, 165.

Village Smithy, The, 415.

Washerwoman's Song, The, 142.

What He Got Out of It, 416.

What the Choir Sang, 312.

Whatchy Goin' t' Gimme? 56.

What They Call It, 303.

When Adam Was a Boy, 69.

When Maclaren Foozled Out, 553.

When Paw Was a Boy, 415.

When the Muse Cuts Bait, 242.

When We Old Boys Were Young, 69.

Whittier's Tribute, 235.

Wordsworth on Woman, 416.

Yankee's Return from Camp, The ("Yankee Doodle"), 465.

GENERAL INDEX.

A

Acting, Richard Mansfield on, 381.

Actors, careers of, 64, 166, 263, 371, 457, 537;
superstitions of, 28.

Actual Height of Sea Waves, The, 177.

Adams, John, death of, 259; last words of, 295;
grave of, 486.

Adams, John Quincy, and his mother, 308;
elected President, 258;
death of, 432;
last words of, 295;
grave of, 487.

Adams, Maude, career of, 457;
story told by, 304.

Adeler, Max, 89.

Aden, annexation of, 340.

Advertisement, curious, of 1875, 296.

Afternoon dress, 71.

Age, how to tell, 133.

Age of the Earth, The, 551.

Air-Ship, development of the, 107.

Alamo, the, massacre of, 339.

Aleppo destroyed by earthquake, 257.

Alfieri, Vittorio, death of, 43.

Algiers captured by the French, 260.

Allen, Viola, career of, 266.

Allin, L.C., invents friction matches, 525.

All Kinds of Things, 120, 227, 323, 449, 513.

Allston, Washington, death of, 430.

Aluminum, discovery of, 259.

Ambergris, value of, 519.

America's Cup, the, first race for, 531, 557.

Amiens, peace of, 42.

Ampère, André, death of, 339.

Anachronisms in art and literature, 325.

Anecdotes of Authors, 241.

Anglin, Margaret, career of, 66.

Animals, longevity of, 521;
remarkable endurance of, 123.

Annapolis, see United States Naval Academy.

Anthracite coal, first use of, 45.

April, traditions of, 188.

Aries, zodiacal sign of, 187.

Ariosto, Ludovico, 174.

Arithmetical signs, origin of, 232.

Arnold, Sir Edwin, 363.

Arnold, Thomas, death of, 430.

Arthur, Chester A., grave of, 490.

Ashburton, Lord, death of, 432.

Ashburton Treaty, negotiation of, 429.

Aspden, Joseph, invents Portland cement, 1824.

Asphalt, introduction of, as a pavement, 246.

Astor, John Jacob, and his mother, 311.

Astor Library, opening of, 533.

Astrology, traditions of, 85.

Athens, captured by Turks, 259.

Audubon, J.J., death of, 531.

Auerstadt, battle of, 44.

August, traditions of, 560.

Aungerville, Richard (Richard de Bury), on Books, 281.

Austerlitz, battle of, 44.

Australia: discovery of Gold, 531.
Status of women, 55.

Austria: Ferdinand I, accession of, 339;
abdication of, 432.
Francis I, death of, 339.
Francis Joseph, accession of, 432.
Hungary, rebellion of (1848-1849), 432, 433.
Vienna captured by the French (1805), 44.
War with France (1800), 41.
War with France (1805), 44.
War with France (1809), 46.

War with France (1859), 535.

Authors, poor conversationalists, 317.

Avebury, Lord, on militarism, 5.

Average Ages of Animals, The, 521.

Ayacucho, battle of, 257.

B

Bacheller, Irving, anecdote of, 241.

Bachelors, famous, 156.

Badajos, stormed by British under Wellington, 159.

Balliet, T.M., on technical training, 98.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, opening of, 260.

Balzac, Honoré de, 397;
on women, 346;
death of, 433.

Banquet, Roman, description of, 527.

Bantry Bay, mutiny in, 43.

Baroda, Gaekwar of, visits the United States, 551.

Barr, Matthias, 31.

Barrett, Lawrence, and Wilton Lackaye, 263.

Barrows, Samuel J., on the indeterminate sentence, 195.

Bates, Blanche, career of, 166.

Battles fought in June, 330.

Bear-hunting, Theodore Roosevelt on, 341.

Beaumont and Fletcher, 174.

Beaux and Gallants of Former Days, 525.

Beethoven, Ludwig van, 259;
celibacy of, 158;
last words of, 295.

Beginnings of Stage Careers, The, 64, 166, 263, 371, 457, 537.

Beginnings of Things, The, 183, 524.

Behavior Book, The, 497.

Belasco, David, and Mrs. Carter, 67.

Belgium: Curious English from, 121.
Leopold I called to Belgian throne, 337.
Separation from Holland, 260.

Bell, Alexander Graham, career of, 413.

Bellew, Kyrle, career of, 169.

Bennett, H.H., 454.

Bennett, James Gordon, career of, 208.

Béranger, Pierre Jean de, death of, 534.

Berlin captured by Napoleon (1806), 44.

Bernadotte, Jean Baptiste, see Sweden, Charles XIV of.

Berry, Duc de, assassination of, 163.

Berzelius, Jons, death of, 432.

Bewick, Thomas, death of, 260.

Beyle, M.H. ("Stendhal"), death of, 429.

Bible, parallels between Shakespeare and, 134;
various editions of, 134.

Bierce, Ambrose, 111.

Billion, time needed to count a, 453.

Birds, ages of, 453.

Bismarck, Prince Otto von, love-letter of, 110.

Björnson, Björnstjerne, foible of, 180.

Bladensburg, battle of, 161.

Blaine, James G., early career of, 331.

Blake, William, death of, 259.

Blindness, Helen Keller on, 387;
R.W. Gilder on, 387.

Blind People Who Won Fame, 405.

Blood, circulation of, 122.

Blücher, Gebhard L. von, invades France, 160;
defeated at Ligny, 161;
death of, 163.

Blue Laws in Old New England, 251.

Boardman, George Dana, anecdote of, 222.

Bolivar, Simon, death of, 260.

Bonaparte, Charles Lucien, career of, 550.

Bonaparte, Jerome, visits America, 549;
marries Elizabeth Patterson, 44;
becomes King of Westphalia, 44;
is dethroned, 160.

Bonaparte, Joseph, King of Naples, 44;
King of Spain, 45;
residence in America, 549;
death of, 430.

Bonaparte, Letizia, death of, 340.

Bonaparte, Louis, King of Holland, 44;
death of, 431.

Bonaparte, Lucien, death of, 340.

Books, earliest printed, 524;
eaten by their authors, 500;
John Morley on, 102;
Richard de Bury on, 281;
smallest and largest, 116;
rejected books that proved successful, 136.

Borodino, battle of, 159.

Boston, railroad stations in, 182.

Bourdillon, Francis W., 305.

Bozzaris, Markos, gallantry of, 258;
last words of, 295.

Brady, William A., and Wilton Lackaye, 264.

Brazil, foundation of the empire of, 45;
separation from Portugal, 257;
first railroad in, 533.

Breeches Bible, The, 134.

Breese, Edmund, career of, 371.

Britt, J.E., as an actor, 38.

Brooks, Phillips, last words of, 295.

Brotherhood of man, the, Dr. Parkhurst on, 387.

Brothers, eulogies on, 170.

Brothers to Sisters, 234.

Brown, Henry B., justice of United States Supreme Court, retirement of, 470.

Brown, John, execution of, 535.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 542.

Browning, Robert, foible of, 180.

Brummel, Beau (George Bryan), death of, 340.

Brunel, Isambard K., death of, 536.

Bryant, William Cullen, 172.

Buchanan, James, inauguration of, 535;
grave of, 489.

Buckingham, Duke of (1592-1628), gorgeous costumes of, 525.

Buckwheat, origin of, 183.

Buena Vista, battle of, 431.

Bug Bible, The, 134.

Bulls in Parliament, 244.

Bulwer-Clayton treaty, negotiation of, 433.

Bunker Hill, Webster's speech on, 283.

Bunner, Marion Y., 85, 187, 282, 376, 468, 560.

Bunsen, Baron von, death of, 536.

Burnand, Sir Francis C., editor of "Punch," 101.

Burns, John, career of, 411.

Burr, Aaron, trial and acquittal of, 45;
death of, 339.

Burritt, Elihu, career of, 518.

Burroughs, John, story told by, 88.

Burton, Frederick R., on the American Indians, 384.

Burton, Robert, 174.

Butler, Nicholas Murray, on the value of a college career, 98.

Butler, Samuel, 174.

Byron, Lord, 462;
death of, 258;
last words of, 295;
on woman, 31.

C

Calhoun, John C., death of, 433.

California, occupied by Fremont, 431;
gold discovered in, 432;
pioneer journalism in, 327.

Camera-obscura, invention of, 183.

Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry, on the tariff question, 5.

Canada: Development of, 285.
Railroad, first, opening of, 339.
Rebellion of 1837, 339.
Relations with the United States, 286.
Status of women in, 55.

Cancer, zodiacal sign of, 468.

Canning, George, death of, 259.

Cannon, Joseph G., on public life, 474.

Canova, Antonio, death of, 257.

Cape of Good Hope ceded to the British, 160.

Cards, symbolism of, 556.

Carlyle, Thomas, sketch of, 175.

Carnegie, Andrew, and spelling reform, 194.

Carroll, Charles, death of, 338.

Carroll, Lewis, see Dodgson, Charles L.

Carter, Mrs. Leslie, career of, 67.

Cassatt, Alexander J., career of, 150.

Castelmary, Signor, death of, 200.

Castle, Henry A., on the humors of the postal service, 227.

Castlereagh, Viscount, suicide of, 257.

Cat, the, mysterious characteristics of, 480.

Catholic Emancipation Act, 260.

Cato, Marcus Porcius, 368.

Caxton Memorial Bible, the, 134.

Chalmers, Thomas, death of, 432.

Chamfort, Sebastien R.N., on happiness, 119.

Chance as a factor in inventions, 245.

Chapin, Benjamin, career of, 460.

Chapter on Puns, A, 315.

Chartist movement, 338;
petitions rejected, 429, 432.

Chateaubriand, François René de, death of, 432.

Check written on pine shingle, 124.

Cherubini, Luigi, death of, 429.

Chesapeake, United States frigate, encounter with the Leopard, 45;
captured by the Shannon, 160.

Chess, popularity of, at Strohbeck, 450.

Chesterfield, Lord, last words of, 295.

Chevrial, Baron, Richard Mansfield as, 65.

Chicago organized as a town (1831), 337.

Chicago, University of, development under President Harper, 10.

Chile, independence declared by, 163.

Chillianwalla, battle of, 433.

China: Awakening of, 6, 388.
America's opportunity in China, 294.
Chinese Commissioners in the United States, 108.
Taiping rebellion, 433.

China: Taou-Kwang, Emperor, death of, 433.

Chivalry, Southern, decay of, 384.

Choate, Joseph H., tribute to Franklin, 81.

Choate, Rufus, death of, 535.

Chopin, Frederick, anecdote of, 79;
death of, 432.

Churchill, Charles, 174.

Churchill, Winston, on tariff question, 5.

Cibber, Colley, 174.

City and Country Life, 105.

Clark, J.S., anecdote of, 152.

Clark, Marguerite, career of, 459.

Clarke, Joseph I.C., 390.

Clarkson, Thomas, death of, 431.

Classics from Carlyle, 175.

Clay, Henry, death of, 532.

Clemens, Samuel L., see Twain, Mark.

Cleveland, Grover, on doctors and patients, 106.

Clinton, Sir Henry, letter to Sir John Burgoyne, 516.

Cloud, Virginia Woodward, 30.

Cobb, Colonel, speech of, 427.

Cobbett, William, death of, 339.

Coeducation: G. Stanley Hall on disadvantages of, 9;
David Starr Jordan on benefits of, 196.
Foundation of first coeducational college, 532.

Coincidence in a Paris court, 120.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, death of, 339.

College career, value of a, 98.

Collingwood, Admiral, 43.

Collins, Wilkie, 272.

Cologne, first use of, 183.

Colt, Samuel, career of, 503.

Columbus, Christopher, misled by birds, 326;
last words of, 295.

Commander, Lydia Kingsmill, 51.

Comte, Auguste, death of, 534.

Conde, Prince of, precocity of, 392.

Coné, Joe, 303.

Congress first meets in Washington, 42.

Connaught, Duke of, visits America, 550.

Conscience Fund of the United States Treasury, 223.

Constitution, United States frigate, sinks the Guerrière, 159.

Cooper, Sir Astley, death of, 429.

Cooper, James Fenimore, death of, 531.

Copenhagen, battle of, 42.

Corbett, James J., as an actor, 38.

Corelli, Marie, anecdote of, 241.

Cork, first use of, 183.

Corn, R.J. Oglesby's speech on, 369.

Corn Laws, controversy over, 429;
repeal of, 431.

Corn-mills, first records of, 183.

Cotton-mills, work and wages in, 378.

"Counsels and Ideals," by Dr. William Osler, 8.

Cowper, William, 174;
death of, 42;
last words of, 295.

Crabbe, George, death of, 338.

Craigie, Mrs. (John Oliver Hobbes), on coeducation, 9.

Crane, Winthrop M., career of, 410.

Crawford, F. Marion, anecdote of, 80;
foible of, 180.

Creating Wealth from Waste, 201.

Crimean War, 532, 533.

Cromwell, Oliver, love-letter of, 110;
last words of, 295.

Cunningham, Allan, death of, 430.

Cuvier, Georges, death of, 338.

D

Daguerre, Louis J.M., perfects the daguerreotype process, 183;
death of, 531.

Dalton, John, death of, 430.

Daly, Augustin, and Wilton Lackaye, 264.

Damascus, antiquity of, 301.

Dantzig captured by the French, 45.

Darling, Grace, heroism of, 340.

Darrow, Clarence S., on public ownership, 11.

Darwin, Charles, foibles of, 180.

Daskam, Josephine D., 312.

David, Jacques Louis, death of, 258.

Davies, Acton, criticism of Margaret Anglin, 66.

Davis, Sam, 509.

Davy, Sir Humphry, inventions of, 43;
death of, 260.

De Bury, Richard, on books, 281.

Decatur, Stephen, exploit in harbor of Tripoli, 43;
captures the Macedonian, 159;
captured by the British, 161.

Decoration Day, 1868-1906, 250.

Definitions of "A Friend," 70.

Definitions of "Home," 481.

De Kay, Charles, on industrial arts, 100.

Delaroche, Paul, death of, 534.

De Quincy, Thomas, death of, 536.

Descartes, René, celibacy of, 156.

Detroit surrendered to the British, 159.

Diary of an Old Maid, The, 220.

Dickens, Charles, 154, 543; foible of, 180;
relations to Wilkie Collins, 272.

Diet, Dr. Woods Hutchinson on, 289.

Dillon, E.J., on Nicholas II of Russia, 237.

Dingaan's Day, 339.

Dinners That Consisted of Books, 500.

Discovery of Niagara, the, 364.

Disraeli, Benjamin (Lord Beaconsfield), becomes chancellor of the exchequer, 532;
foibles of, 180;
anecdote of, 559.

D'Israeli, Isaac, death of, 432.

Diving-bell, first record of, 183.

Doctors and patients, relation of, 106.

Dodgson, Charles L. (Lewis Carroll), on feeding the mind, 379.

Dog, Senator Vest's eulogy on the, 93.

Donizetti, Gaetano, death of, 432.

Dow, Neal, 395.

Doyle, Sir A. Conan, peculiarities of, 180.

Drake, Sir Francis, celibacy of, 158.

Drake, Joseph Rodman, 466.

Drama, Otis Skinner on the, 293.

Dred Scott decision, 534.

Dresden, battle of, 160.

Dress for All Occasions, 71.

Dress, gorgeous, of old-time courtiers, 525.

Dudley, Bide, 178.

Duluth, Proctor Knott's speech on, 320.

Dumas, Alexandre, the younger, foible of, 180.

Dunbar, Paul Laurence, 305.

Dust, explosions caused by, 323.

E

Earth, age of, 551.

East, William, manufactures first tinted paper, 245.

Eastman, Dr. Charles A., on the American Indians, 385.

Eaton, General, defeats Barbary pirates, 44.

Ector, Sir, to Sir Launcelot, 170.

Edeson, Robert, career of, 373.

Edgeworth, Maria, death of, 433.

Edison, Thomas A., anecdotes of, 79, 270.

Edwards, Elisha J., 13.

Edwards, Henry Sutherland, recollections of, 121.

Eggs, nourishment contained in, 124.

Egypt: End of French campaign in (1801), 42.

Mamelukes, massacre of, 159.
Mehemet Ali, campaign against Turkey, 338.
Ptolemy Philadelphus erects the first lighthouse, 524.

Electricity, studied by Franklin, 82.

Electro-magnet, discovery of, 183.

Elephant, the longevity of, 521.

Elinora, the encounter with natives of Tahiti, 247.

Eliot, Charles W., on William R. Harper, 11;
on the penalties of wealth, 97.

Ellenborough, Lord, anecdote of, 304.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 508.

Emmet, Robert, career of, 43, 125;
speech of vindication, 125.

Empire State Express, the, 181.

England, see Great Britain.

Erie Canal, construction of, 162;
opening of, 258.

Essen, steel industry of, 146.

Etiquette, manual of (1853), 497;
proper dress for various occasions, 71.

Eulogy on the Dog, 93.

Europe, small republics of, 122.

Evening dress, 71.

Everett, Edward, 408.

Express company, first, founded by W.F. Harnden, 505.

Eylau, battle of, 44.

Eytinge, Rose, and Annie Russell, 167.

F

Fagnani, Charles P., on the character of Joseph, 192.

Faraday, Michael, discovers magneto-electric induction, 337.

Fawcett, Henry, career of, 407.

Field, Eugene, 69;
anecdotes of, 80, 304;
tribute to his sister, 235.

Fillmore, Millard, becomes President, 433;
grave of, 489.

Finland ceded to Russia, 46.

Fish, Stuyvesant, on national economy, 190.

Flashes of Royal Repartee, 306.

Flaxman, John, death of, 259.

Flint, Charles R., on Nicholas II of Russia, 237.

Foibles of Literary Men, 180.

Folk, Joseph W., on enforcement of law, 7.

Food as a factor of character, John Spargo on, 106.

Foss, S.W., 48.

Foster, John W., on Chinese civilization, 108.

Fourier, François, death of, 339.

Fowler, Sir Henry, on tariff question, 5.

Fox, Charles James, death of, 44.

France: Algiers, seizure of, 260.

France:
Charles X, accession of, 259;
deposition of, 260.
Commerce, destruction of (1803), 43.
Crimean War, 532, 533.
Henry IV, anecdote of, 306.
Josephine, Empress, coronation of, 43;
divorced by Napoleon, 46; death of, 161.
Louis XIII, last words of, 295.
Louis XIV, last words of, 295.
Louis XVIII, coronation of, 160;
death of, 258;
last words of, 296.
Louis Philippe visits America, 549;
accession of, 260;
abdication of, 432.
Marie Louise, death of, 432.
Napoleon I wins battle of Marengo, 41;
executes the Duc d'Enghien, 43;
crowned Emperor of France, 43;
crowned King of Italy, 43;
wins battle of Austerlitz, 44;
wins battle of Jena, 44;
excommunication of, 46;
wins battle of Wagram, 46;
marries Marie Louise, 46;
invades Russia, 159;
arranges Concordat, 160;
loses battle of Leipzig, 160;
abdicates, 160;
returns from Elba, 161;
progress from Elba to Paris, 246;
loses battle of Waterloo, 161;
sent to St. Helena, 161;
death of, 257;
last words of, 296;
body removed to Paris, 340;
anecdote of, 558;
prophecies of, 135;
letter to Josephine, 110;
as an actor, 382;
Ingersoll on, 469.
Napoleon III visits the United States, 550;
imprisoned at Ham, 340;
escapes, 431;
elected president of France, 432;
becomes emperor, 532;
marries Eugénie de Montijo, 532;
last words of, 296;
praised by Eugene Vivier, 121.
Revenues of French kings, 323.
Second Republic, 432.
Trains, speed of, 182.
War with Austria (1859), 535.

Franklin, Benjamin, and his mother, 310;
career of, 81;
philosophy of, 83;

last words of, 295.

Franklin, Sir John, arctic expedition of, 430.

Fresnel, Augustine, death of, 258.

Friedland, battle of, 45.

Friend, definitions of a, 70.

From the Country Press, 261, 424.

From the Lips of Ananias, 88, 270, 328, 395, 484.

Fry, Elizabeth, death of, 431.

Fuller, Thomas, 174.

Fulton, Robert, and his mother, 310;
and Napoleon, 42;
experiments on the Seine, 43;
success with the Clermont, 45;
death of, 161.

G

Galt, John, 363, 364;
death of, 340.

Galveston, commerce of, 119.

Garfield, James A., and his mother, 308;
early life of, 149;
grave of, 490.

Garibaldi, Giuseppe, achievements of, 536.

Gay-Lussac, Joseph Louis, death of, 433.

Gemini, zodiacal sign of, 376.

Genealogy, genuine and fictitious, 471.

General Armstrong, American privateer, at Fayal, 161.

Genoa, siege of, 41;
annexed by France, 43.

Germany:
Berlin captured by Napoleon (1806), 44.
Confederation of the Rhine, formation of, 44.
Holy Roman Empire, dissolution of, 44.
Rebellion of 1848, 432.
Status of women in, 53.
William II, friendship for America, 471;
instructions for care of horses, 198.

Gettysburg, Abraham Lincoln's speech at, 250.

Giant and Pygmy of Bookland, The, 116.

Gibbon, Edward, celibacy of, 158.

Gibbons, James (Cardinal), anecdotes of, 221.

Gilbert, Sir Humphrey, last words of, 295.

Gilbert, W.S., and Richard Mansfield, 64;
anecdote of, 153.

Gilder, Richard Watson, on blindness, 387.

Gillette, William, career of, 168.

Gilman, Charlotte Perkins, as a champion of women, 103.

Gladiators, Spartacus's address to, 520.

Gladstone, William E., maiden speech of, 338;
last words of, 295; anecdote of, 241.

Glass, colored, origin of, 183.

Glory of the Corn, The, 369.

Glycerin, manufacture of, 202.

Godfrey, Thomas, career of, 230.

Goethe, J.W. von, death of, 338;
last words of, 295.

Gold, discovery of, in California, 432;
in Australia, 531;
in Colorado, 535.

Good Manners Fifty Years Ago, 497.

Goodwin, N.C., anecdote of, 153.

Gorky, Maxim, and the Russian revolutionary movement, 386.

Gorman, Arthur Pue, president of National Baseball Association, 441.

Gould, Jay, and Frank J. Sprague, 147.

Goust, republic of, 122.

Grace, William R., career of, 506.

Grant, Ulysses S., grave of, 490.

Grattan, Henry, death of, 163.

Grave, Gay, and Epigrammatic, 30, 152, 221, 304, 415.

Graves of Our Presidents, The, 486.

Great Britain:
Albert, Prince Consort, love-letter of, 109.
Caroline, Queen, death of, 257.
Charles I, love-letter of, 109;
last words of, 295.
Charles II, last words of, 295.
Crimean War, 532, 533.
Edward VII visits America, 550.
Foreign trade of, 5.
George III, insanity of, 42;
death of, 163;
proclamation of, 140;
anecdotes of, 306.
George III Sought Heaven's Aid, 140.
George IV, regency of, 46;
accession of, 163;
death of, 260.
Industrial conditions in, 4.
Military expenses of, 5.
Regency of Prince of Wales (George IV), 46.
Status of women in, 53.
Trafalgar, battle of, 44.
Trains, speed of, 181.
Victoria, birth of, 163;
accession of, 339;
betrothal of, 340;
marriage of, 340;
romance of, 109;
Diamond Jubilee of, 482.
William IV visits the United States, 549;
accession of, 260;

death of, 340.

Great Southwest, The, 117.

Great Writers Often Poor Talkers, 317.

Greece:
Capo d'Istria, Giovanni, president, 259;
assassination of, 337.
Culture of the ancient Greeks, 99.
Independence established, 259.
Otto, King of, 337.
Philip of Macedon, anecdotes of, 350
Rebellion against Turkey, 257.
Wit of the ancient Greeks, 350.

Greeley, Horace, 305; last words of, 295.

Gregory XVI, Pope, accession of, 337;
death of, 431.

Grey, Earl, on Canada and the United States, 286.

Grotius, Hugo, precocity of, 392.

Grouchy, Emmanuel de, death of, 432.

Grubauer, Albert, visits Malacca Negritos, 120.

Guillotine, derivation of the word, 514.

Gunter, Archibald C, anecdote of, 241.

Gurney, Sir Charles, builds steam omnibus, 260.

Gutenberg Bible, The, 134.

H

Hackett, James K., career of, 458.

Hadley, Arthur T., on William R. Harper, 11.

Hadley, Herbert S., on corporations and the law, 293.

Hahnemann, Christian S.F., founder of homeopathy, 46;
death of, 430.

Hale, Edward Everett, anecdote of, 79;
estimate of Franklin, 84.

Hale, Nathan, last words of, 295.

Hall, G. Stanley, on coeducation, 9.

Hallam, Henry, death of, 536.

Hamilton, Alexander, death of, 43.

Hamilton, Sir William (British diplomat), death of, 43.

Hamilton, Sir William (Scottish philosopher), death of, 534.

Hammond, Harriette, 312.

Hancock, John, dress of, 513.

Handel, G.F., precocity of, 392.

Hanover, Ernest Augustus, King of, 339.

Hapgood, Norman, on magazine exposures, 292;
on yellow journalism, 101.

Happiness, Chamfort on, 119.

Harnden, William F., career of, 504.

Harper, William R., appreciations of, 10.

Harrison, Benjamin, grave of, 490.

Harrison, William Henry, wins battle of Tippecanoe, 159;
elected President, 340;
death of, 429;
grave of, 488.

Hart, Albert B., on William R. Harper, 10.

Harte, Bret, peculiarities of, 180;
death of, 357.

Harvard University, baseball at, 443.

Harvey, Charles M., 117.

Harvey, G. Upton, on college athletics, 197.

Hastings, Warren, death of, 163.

Hate for Napoleon Turned to Love, 246.

Havelock, Henry, last words of, 295.

Havemeyer, Henry O., and his mother, 310.

Hawaii:
King Kalakaua visits the United States, 551.
Queen Liliuokalani visits the United States, 551.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel, foible of, 180.

Haydn, Joseph, unhappy married life of, 314;
death of, 46.

Hayes, Rutherford B., grave of, 490.

Hayti, French driven out of, 43.

Hearn, Lafcadio, letters to H.E. Krehbiel, 289.

Heber, Reginald, death of, 259.

Heenan, John C, marriage to Adah Isaacs Menken, 389.

Hegel, Georg W.F., death of, 337.

Heine, Heinrich, death of, 534.

Hemans, Felicia, death of, 339.

Hemenway, James A., career of, 501.

Henry, Patrick, 393; last words of, 295.

Herbert, Hilary A., on the status of the Confederates, 473.

Herreshoff, John B., success of, 407.

Herrick, Robert, 174, 262.

Herschel, Caroline, death of, 432.

Herschel, Sir William, death of, 257.

Higginson, Thomas Wentworth, foible of, 180.

Hill, James J., on American resources, 3.

Hirsch, Emil G., on the trials of the rich, 193.

Hitchcock, Raymond, career of, 373.

Hoar, George F., anecdote of, 30.

Hobbes, John Oliver, see Craigie.

Hoch, Edward Wallis, career of, 226.

Hodgetts, Brayley, on Nicholas II of Russia, 237.

Hofer, Andreas, execution of, 46.

Hogg, James, death of, 339.

Hohenlinden, battle of, 41.

Holland, separation of, from Belgium, 260.

Holland, George, funeral of, 358.

Holland, John P., on the flight of birds, 107.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 313;
peculiarities of, 180;
on old age, 32;
last words of, 295.

Holy Roman Empire, dissolution of, 44.

Home, definitions of, 481.

Homeopathy founded by Hahnemann, 46.

Hong-Kong, annexation of, 429.

Hood, Thomas, death of, 431.

Hook, Theodore, 315;
death of, 429.

Hopper, De Wolf, career of, 265.

Horoscope of the Months, A, 85, 187, 282, 376, 468, 560.

Horse-cars, introduction of, 525.

Horses, the German emperor's rules for the care of, 198.

Hough, Emerson, anecdote of, 241.

Houghton, Rev. George H., 358.

House That Jack Built, The, origin of, 519.

How They Got On in the World, 145, 207, 331, 409, 501.

How to Tell a Woman's Age, 133.

How "Yankee Doodle Came to Town," 464.

Hudson River, tunnel under the, 332.

Hugo, Victor, 491;
on woman, 63.

Hull, General William, surrenders Detroit to the British, 159.

Humboldt, Friedrich Alexander von, death of, 536;
last words of, 295.

Humboldt, Wilhelm Karl von, death of, 339.

Humorists, American, 103.

Humphrey, W.B., on the American Indians, 385.

Hungary, rebellion of (1848-1849), 432, 433.

Hunt, Leigh, 94;
love-letter of, 109;
death of, 536.

Hunter, Robert, on socialism, 287.

Hunting the Grizzly, 341.

Hutchinson, Dr. Woods, on rational diet, 290.

I

Ibsen, Henrik, reviewed by a Nevada critic, 424.

Ideals, Theodore Parker on, 131.

India:
Burmese Wars, 258.
Hastings, Lord, victories of, 162.
Mahratta War, 43.
Red tape in, 490.
Scinde, annexation of, 430.

Indians, American, civilizing of, 384.

Industrial Arts, American neglect of, 100.

Ingalls, John J., 26.

Ingalls, Rufus, anecdote of, 221.

Ingersoll, E.C., eulogy on, 171.

Ingersoll, Robert G., 404;
eulogy on his brother, 170;
on Napoleon, 469.

In Nature's Wilds, 176.

Insects, sounds made by, 515.

Insurance policies sold by machines, 232.

Interest, increment of various rates of, 50.

Iodin, discovery of, 160.

Ireland:
Famine in (1845), 430.
Irish Parliament, last meeting of, 42.

Irving, Sir Henry, death of, 200.

Irving, Washington, 57;
foible of, 180;
death of, 535.

Italy:
Charles Albert of Sardinia, abdication of, 433.
Victor Emmanuel II, accession of, 433.

J

Jackson, Andrew, and his mother, 307;
takes Pensacola, 161;
wins battle of New Orleans, 161;
inauguration of, 260;
opposes the United States Bank, 338;

death of, 431;
grave of, 488.

Jacobs, Charles M., career of, 331.

Jacquard, Joseph, death of, 339.

Jail cut from solid rock, 327.

James, Edmund J., on China and the United States, 294.

Japan:
Baseball in, 448.
First railroad in, 410.
Optimism of, 6.
Perry's mission to, 532.

Jefferson, Joseph, story told by, 79.

Jefferson, Thomas, and his mother, 307;
inauguration of, 42;
death of, 259;
last words of, 295;
grave of, 487.

Jeffrey, Lord, letter of, 507.

Jeffries, J.J., as an actor, 39.

Jena, battle of, 44.

Jenner, Dr. Richard, death of, 258.

Jerome, Jerome K., on American humorists, 103.

Jerome, William T., on criticisms of the United States Senate, 292.

Jerrold, Douglas, 143;
death of, 534.

Jews, prejudices against, 288.

Johnson, Andrew, grave of, 489.

Johnson, Samuel, and spelling reform, 195.

Joinville, Prince de, visits to the United States, 550.

Jordan, David Starr, career of, 145;
debt to his mother, 310;
on coeducation, 196.

Julian, Emperor, last words of, 295.

July, traditions of, 468.

June, the Month of Battles, 330.

June, traditions of, 376.

Junto Club, founded by Franklin, 82.

K

Kane, Elisha K., arctic expedition of, 532, 533.

Kang Yu Wan on the new spirit in China, 388.

Kant, Immanuel, celibacy of, 157;
death of, 43.

Kean, Edmund, death of, 200, 338.

Keats, John, foible of, 180;

last words of, 295;
death of, 257.

Keene, James R., career of, 210.

Keller, Helen, on the life of the blind, 387;
attainments of, 405.

Keller, Horace Seymour, 415.

Kellogg, Elijah, 520.

Kent, Duke of, in America, 549.

Key, Francis Scott, 421;
death of, 430.

Kinnosuke, Adachi, on Chinese students, 7.

Kipling, Rudyard, 482;
on literature, 380.

Kiser, S.E., 178.

Kitty Fisher's Jig, 465.

Kléber, General, assassination of, 41.

Kleist, Heinrich B.W. von, suicide of, 159.

Knight, Stephen A., on old-time industrial conditions, 378.

Knott, James Proctor, 320.

Knox, William, 27.

Kosciusko, Thaddeus, death of, 162.

Kossuth, Louis, imprisonment of, 339;
leads insurrection in Hungary, 432;
flight of, 433;
visits England and the United States, 531.

Koszta, Martin, controversy in case of, 532.

Kotzebue, August von, assassination of, 163.

Kotzebue, Otto von, death of, 431.

Krehbiel, H.E., correspondence with Lafcadio Hearn, 289.

Krupp, Alfred, career of, 146.

Krupp, Friedrich, career of, 146.

L

Lackaye, Wilton, career of, 263.

Lafayette, Marquis de, visits the United States, 258;
death of, 339.

Laibach, Congress of, 257.

Lake Erie, battle of, 160.

Lamarck, J.B. de, death of, 260.

Lamb, Lady Caroline, death of, 260.

Lamb, Charles, anecdote of, 558;
death of, 339.

Lancaster, A.E., 358.

Landor, Walter Savage, foible of, 180.

Languages, number of, 324.

Lanigan, George T., 141.

Laplace, Pierre Simon de, death of, 259.

Last Words of Famous Men, 295.

Latest Viewpoints of Men Worth While, The, 3, 97, 190, 284, 378, 470.

Latimer, Hugh, last words of, 295.

Laughter of Childhood, The, 404.

Launcelot, Sir, eulogy on, 170.

Lavater, Johann C., death of, 42.

Lawrence, James, last words of, 295;
death of, 160.

Lawrence, Sir Thomas, death of, 260.

Lawson, Thomas W., anecdote of, 559.

Lee, Robert E., rebukes sectionalism, 473.

Legendre, Adrien M., death of, 338.

Legion of Honor, founded by Napoleon, 42.

Leigh, Henry S., 174.

Leo, zodiacal sign of, 560.

Leo XII, Pope, death of, 260.

Leopardi, Alessandro, death of, 339.

Leslie, Eliza, 497.

Letters Famous for Brevity, 507.

Lever, Charles, 137.

Lewis and Clark expedition, 43.

Liang Cheng, Sir Chentung, on Chinese awakening, 108.

Light Brigade, the, charge of, 533.

Lighthouse, first, 524.

Lightning, statistics relating to, 324.

Lincoln, Abraham, and his mother, 308;
elected President, 536;
speech at Gettysburg, 250;
grave of, 489;
favorite poem of, 26.

Linguists, famous, 324.

Lion's Gratitude, A, 88.

Liquor dealers' approval of temperance, 476.

Literature, Rudyard Kipling on, 380.

Lithography, origin of, 245.

Little Gems from Webster, 90.

Little Glimpses of the Nineteenth Century, 41, 159, 257, 337, 429, 531.

Little Stories of Big People, 79.

Locke, John, 530.

Locomotive, invention of, 258;
first American, 260;
Elihu Burritt's description of, 518.

Lodge, Henry Cabot, on journalistic exposures, 292.

Lodge, Sir Oliver, on science and the occult, 479.

Longevity of animals, 521;
of birds, 453;
of men in various occupations, 231;
of toads, 124.

Longfellow, Henry W., 165, 455, 485;
foible of, 180;
death of wife of, 164.

Lossing, Benson J., 127.

Louisiana, cession of, 43.

Lounsberry, Charles, 403.

Lovelace, Richard, 319.

Love-Letters of the Great, 109.

Lover, Samuel, 33.

Lowell, James Russell, memorial of, in Westminster Abbey, 370.

Lowell, Jessica H., 243.

Lucy Walker, the, destruction of, 451.

Luncheons and breakfasts, dress for, 73.

Lundy's Lane, battle of, 161.

Luneville, Peace of, 42.

Luxembourg, claimed by Holland and Belgium, 337.

Lynch law, origin of, 228.

Lyte, Henry F., 269.

M

Macadamize, derivation of the word, 514.

Macaulay, Lord, foible of, 180;
death of, 536;
on the future of the United States, 477.

MacCracken, Henry M., on teaching as a profession, 472.

Macdonald, Etienne J.J., death of, 340.

McDonald, John B., career of, 148.

McGovern, Terence, as an actor, 38.

Machinery, increasing use of, 232.

McKinley, William, and his mother, 308;
last words of, 296;

grave of, 490.

Mackintosh, derivation of the word, 514.

Mackintosh, Sir James, death of, 338.

McLellan, Isaac, 242.

McMaster, Guy Humphreys, 434.

Madison, James, elected President, 45;
death of, 339;
grave of, 487.

Maeterlinck, Maurice, criticism of New York, 100.

Magenta, battle of, 535.

Maida, battle of, 44.

Maiook, Indian chief, 367.

Malibran, Marie, death of, 339.

Malory, Sir Thomas, 170.

Malta captured by the English, 42.

Malthus, Thomas R., death of, 339;
"Essay on Population," 43.

Mamelukes, massacre of, 159.

Mammoth Cave, discovery of, 46.

Manin, Daniel, heads insurrection at Venice, 432.

Mann, Horace, death of, 535.

Mansfield, Richard, career of, 64;
on acting, 381.

Mantell, Robert B., career of, 168.

March, traditions of, 86.

Markham, Edwin, and his mother, 310.

Marlowe, Christopher, 318.

Marlowe, Ethel, death of, 200.

Marlowe, Owen, death of, 200.

Marlowe, Virginia, death of, 200.

Marriage, discussion of, 289;
unhappy marriages, 314;
proper age for, 375.

Marryat, Captain Frederick, death of, 432.

Marshall, James W., discovers gold in California, 432.

Marshall, John, death of, 339.

Martin, Edward S., on city life, 105.

Martin, W.A.P., on the awakening of China, 6.

Marvels of Precocity, 392.

Masham, Lord, career of, 207.

Masséna, Marshal, besieged in Genoa, 41;

driven from Portugal by Wellington, 159.

Matches, invention of, 525.

Mathematics, curiosities of, 91.

Mathew, Theobald, temperance crusade of, 340.

May, traditions of, 282.

May-Day, customs of, 205.

Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Felix, death of, 432.

Menken, Adah Isaacs, 389.

Mérimée, Prosper, 417.

Metternich, Prince, death of, 536.

Mexico:
Comonfort, Ignacio, becomes president, 534;
retires, 535.
Iturbide proclaims himself emperor, 257;
death of, 258.
Miramon, Miguel, becomes president, 536.
Santa Anna, Antonio de, establishes republic, 258;
loses battle of San Jacinto, 339;
becomes president, 532;
deposed and exiled, 533.
War with United States (1846-1848), 431, 432.

Mezzofanti, Giuseppe C., linguistic abilities of, 324.

Miles, Nelson A., anecdotes of, 304, 559.

Military Red Tape in India, 490.

Miller, Henry, career of, 167.

Miller, Hugh, death of, 534.

Miller, Joaquin, 357, 416.

Millionaires, richest, list of, 348.

Milton, John, 405.

Mismated Men of Genius, 314.

Missolonghi, siege of, 258;
captured by Turks, 259.

Mitchell, John, and President Roosevelt, 15, 16.

Money, John D. Rockefeller on, 105;
hidden in strange places, 516.

Monroe, James, becomes President, 162;
re-election of, 163;
death of, 337;
grave of, 487.

Monroe Doctrine, enunciation of, 258.

Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley, 174.

Moody, Dwight L., last words of, 296.

Moore, Sir John, death of, 45.

Moore, Thomas, verses on Robert Emmet and Miss Curran, 125;
death of, 531.

More, Hannah, death of, 338.

Moreau, General Jean V., wins battle of Hohenlinden, 41;
conspires against Napoleon, 43;
death of, 160.

Morgan, Walter V., on blessings of poverty, 97.

Morley, John, on books, 102.

Mormons, migration of, to Utah, 340;
rebellion of (1857), 534.

Morning dress, 71.

Morris, Gouverneur, death of, 162.

Mortality, Voltaire on, 126.

Morton, Levi P., and his mother, 309.

Moscow, burning of, 160.

Mount Vernon, Washington's farm at, 513.

Mourning dress, 73.

Mozart, W.A., precocity of, 392.

Munsey, Frank A., 1, 95.

Murat, Joachim, crowned King of Naples, 45;
two of his sons visit the United States, 550.

Murderers' Bible, The, 134.

Murray, Lindley, death of, 259.

Musicales, dress for, 73.

Musicians, longevity of, 231.

N

Napier, Sir William, death of, 536.

Naples:
Ferdinand II, death of, 536.
Francis II, accession of, 536;
expulsion of, 536.
Murat, Joachim, crowned king of, 45.

Napoleon, see France.

Narodny, on Russian freedom, 386.

Natal proclaimed a British settlement, 430.

National Guard, practical training for, 8.

National Liquor Dealers' Association, address issued by, 476.

Nation's Conscience Fund, The, 223.

Nation's Debt to Mothers, The, 307.

Nature's Wilderness Compasses, 322.

Navarino, battle of, 259.

Negritos of Malacca and Siam, 120.

Negro, future of, 9.

Nelson, Lord, aided by a pin-scratch, 325;

wins battle of Copenhagen, 42;
death of, 44;
last words of, 296.

Neptune, planet, discovery of, 431.

New England, Blue Laws in, 251.

Newman, John Henry, 268.

New Orleans, battle of, 161.

Newton, Sir Isaac, celibacy of, 156.

New York:
City Hall, foundation of, 43.
Maeterlinck's criticism of, 100.

New York Herald, founded by J.G. Bennett, 208.

New York Sun, on pugilists on the stage, 38;
"Yellow Journal" glossary, 151.

New Zealand, Status of women in, 55.

Niagara, discovery of, 364.

Niagara, the June Bride's Paradise, 363.

Nicknames of Our States and Towns, 356.

Niebuhr, Barthold, death of, 337.

Night View of a City, 175.

Nineteenth Century, events of, 41, 159, 257, 337, 429, 531.

Nixon, Lewis, on Nicholas II of Russia, 238;
on future of Russia, 7.

North, Lord, anecdote of, 80.

Northcote, James, death of, 337.

Norway, see Sweden.

Noses as signs of character, 228.

Novara, battle of, 433.

Nutritive value of foods, 326.

O

Ocean travel, humors of, 206.

O'Connell, Daniel, excluded from Parliament, 259;
agitates against the Act of Union, 430;
death of, 432.

Oddities of Biblical Literature, 134.

Oersted, Hans C., death of, 531.

Oglesby, Richard J., 369.

O'Hara, Theodore, 254.

Ohio admitted to the Union, 43.

Oklahoma, population of, 119.

Old age, Oliver Wendell Holmes on, 32.

Old American newspapers, extracts from, 229.

Olden Time Publicity, 296.

Oldest City in the World, The, 301.

Old Maid, Diary of an, 220.

Old May-Day Customs, 205.

Osceola, capture and death of, 340.

Osler, William, philosophy of, 8;
story told by, 80.

Ostwald, Wilhelm, on American colleges, 197.

Other Ways of Saying "Howdy Do?" 428.

Oudinot, Nicholas C., death of, 432.

Our Interest in Westminster Abbey, 370.

Our National Anthem, 421.

Owen, Robert, founds New Harmony, Indiana, 258;
death of, 535.

Owners of the Soil, The, 408.

P

Paderewski, Ignace Jan, precocity of, 392.

Paganini, Nicolo, death of, 340.

Paine, Thomas, 461; death of, 46.

Paley, William, death of, 44.

Palm, Johann, execution of, 44.

Palmer, A.M., and Richard Mansfield, 65.

Palmer, John, death of, 200; last words of, 296.

Palmer, Joseph C., California banker, 124.

Palmerston, Lord, becomes prime minister, 533.

Paradox Proverbs, 199.

Park, Mungo, death of, 44.

Parker, Theodore, on ideals, 131; death of, 536.

Parkhurst, Charles H., and his mother, 310;
on the brotherhood of man, 387.

Parliament, mixed metaphors in, 244.

Part of Chance in Progress, The, 245.

Pascal, Blaise, precocity of, 392.

Patrick Henry's Call to Arms, 393.

Patriotism, 377.

Patterson, Elizabeth, marries Jerome Bonaparte, 44, 549.

Patterson, Joseph M., on socialism, 192.

Peabody, Francis G., and the German Kaiser, 471.

Peck, Harry Thurston, 527.

Peel, Sir Robert, death of, 433.

Pellisier, Georges, on women in literature, 104.

Penfield, W.L., on the prevention of war, 475.

Penny postage, introduction of, 340.

Pension system, beginning of, 162.

Percy, Thomas, death of, 159.

Perry, Matthew C., makes treaty with Japan, 532.

Perry, Oliver H., wins battle of Lake Erie, 160.

Personal Character of the Czar, The, 236.

Petronius, Gaius, 527.

Phillips, Wendell, leader of Abolitionist movement, 338.

Philosophy of Trouble-Seeking, The, 253.

Photography, in winter, 49;
origin of, 183.

Piano, evolution of the, 524.

Pierce, Franklin, inauguration of, 532;
grave of, 489.

Pisces, zodiacal sign of, 85.

Pitkin, Albert J., career of, 335.

Pitt, William, last words of, 296;
death of, 44.

Pius VIII, Pope, accession of, 260;
death of, 260.

Pius IX, elected Pope, 431;
flees from Rome, 432;
restored, 433.

Place-Makers' Bible, The, 134.

Pliny, the Younger, 297.

Plutarch, witticisms of, 350.

Plympton, Eben, and Wilton Lackaye, 263.

Poe, Edgar Allan, 17, 164;
career of, 17;
foibles of, 180;
love-letter of, 110;
death of wife of, 164;
on his lost love, 164;
death of, 433;
Poe and R.H. Stoddard, 333.

Poland, rebellion in (1830), 260;
suppressed by Russians, 337.

Polk, James K., death of, 433;
grave of, 488.

Pompeii, destruction of, narrated by Pliny, 297.

Pope, Jessie, 552.

Porter, Jane, death of, 433.

Portugal, regency of Dom Miguel, 338.

Postmasters, curious letters from, 227.

Poverty, advantages of, 253.

Prescott, William H., death of, 535.

President and Little Belt, encounter of, 159.

Presidents of the United States, previous careers of, 517;
graves of, 486.

Price, Joseph, discovers Niagara, 364.

Printers' Bible, The, 134.

Printing-rollers, invention of, 245.

Profession of the Fool, The, 426.

Progress of Women, The, 51.

Prophecies of Bonaparte, The, 135.

Proverbs, inconsistencies of, 199.

Prussia: see also Germany.
Frederick the Great, last words of, 295.
Louise, Queen, death of, 46.

Public life, Joseph G. Cannon on, 474.

Public ownership, C.S. Darrow on, 11.

Pugilism's Invasion of the Drama, 38.

Pullman, George M., career of, 502.

"Punch," a Canadian opinion of, 261;
editors and artists of, 101.

Puns, Theodore Hook on, 315.

Puritans, intolerance of, 251.

Pushkin, Alexander, death of, 339.

Q

Quarantine, first record of, 183.

Quiller-Couch, A.T., anecdote of, 241.

R

Race Suicide, a defense of, 104.

Railroad:
first, in England, 258;
in the United States, 259;
in Canada, 339;
in Japan, 410;
in Brazil, 533.
Empire State Express, the, 181.
Fastest trains of various countries, 181.
Locomotive, invention of, 258;
first American, 260;
Elihu Burritt's description of, 518.
Panama Railroad, opening of, 533.

Sleeping-car, invention of, 502.

Rainsford, Rev. W.S., 107.

Raleigh, Sir Walter, gorgeous costumes of, 525;
last words of, 296.

Randolph, John, of Roanoke, death of, 338.

Reade, Charles, 74.

Red Man Eloquent, The, 427.

Reed, Charles A.L., on "The American Family," 104.

Reed, Thomas B., anecdote of, 222.

Reform Bill, passage of (1832), 338.

Rehan, Ada, in "The Kiss of Blood," 167.

Reich, Dr. Emil, on American women, 284.

Reichstadt, Duke of, death of, 338.

Rejected Books That Won Fame, 136.

Reminiscence, A, 88.

Renan, Ernest, foible of, 180;
dedication of "The Life of Jesus," 234.

Republics, small, in Europe, 122.

Revolver, invented by Samuel Colt, 504.

Ricardo, David, death of, 258.

Richest men, list of one hundred, 348.

Richman, Charles, career of, 67.

Richter, Jean Paul, death of, 258.

Riddle, Byron's, 462; solution of, 463.

Rienzi, Wagner's opera of, 554.

Riley, James Whitcomb, anecdote of, 152.

Roberts, Lord, anecdote of, 558.

Roche, Sir Boyle, "bulls" perpetrated by, 244.

Rockefeller, John D., and his mother, 309;
on making money, 105.

Rockefeller, John D., Jr., on Joseph's corner in corn, 192.

Rogers, H.H., and his mother, 309;
career of, 150.

Rome, ancient, great fortunes of, 231.

Roosevelt, Theodore, 555;
favorite poem of, 26;
anecdote of, 222;
on hunting the grizzly bear, 341;
on military training, 8;
on the United States Supreme Court, 470.

Roosevelt and the Labor-Unions, 13.

Root, Elihu, on Canada and the United States, 286.

Rosin Bible, The, 134.

Rostopchin, Prince, death of, 259.

Rothschild, Mayer Amschel, career of, 335.

Rowland, Helen, 304.

Roxane, Margaret Anglin as, 66.

Royal Visitors in America, 549.

Royle, Edwin Milton, career of, 264.

Rumford, Count (Benjamin Thompson), death of, 161.

Russell, Annie, career of, 167.

Russia:
Alexander I, accession of, 42;
death of, 259.
Alexander II, accession of, 533.
Alexis, Grand Duke, visits the United States, 551.
Boris, Grand Duke, visits the United States, 551.
Crimean War, 532, 533.
Duma, proclamation at opening of, 386.
Finland, cession of, 46.
Future of, 7.
Invasion by Napoleon, 159.
Nicholas I, accession of, 258;
death of, 533.
Nicholas II, character of, 236;
proclamation of, 386.
Paul I, murder of, 42.
Polish rebellion suppressed (1831), 337.
Revolutionary movement in, 386.
Serfs, liberation of, in Baltic Provinces, 44.
War with France (1805), 44.
War with France (1807), 44, 45.
War with France (1812), 159.

Ryan, Thomas F., on great fortunes, 194.

S

Sackville, Lord, anecdote of, 559.

Sage, Russell, philosophy of, 11.

St. George's Church, New York, 107.

St. Helena, Napoleon's arrival at, 161.

St. Hilaire, Etienne, death of, 430.

St. Ulrich, toy-making in, 452.

San Jacinto, battle of, 339.

Santa Anna, Antonio de, see Mexico.

Saragossa taken by the French, 46.

Sardou, Victorien, foible of, 180.

"Sartor Resartus," extracts from, 175.

Saxe, John G., 242.

Sayings in Every-Day Use, 78.

Schelling, Joseph, death of, 340.

Schiller, J.C.F., death of, 44.

Schlegel, Karl von, death of, 260.

Schleiermacher, F.E.D., death of, 339.

Schopenhauer, Arthur, death of, 536.

Schubert, Franz, death of, 260.

Schulman, S., on prejudices against the Jews, 288.

Schumann, Robert, death of, 534.

Schurman, Jacob G., on ancient and modern culture, 99;
on William R. Harper, 11.

Schwarzenberg, Prince, death of, 532.

Scinde, annexation of, 430.

Scott, Leroy, 386.

Scott, Sir Walter, 212, 351, 377, 416;
last words of, 296;
death of, 338.

Scott, Winfield, wins victories in Mexico, 431;
last words of, 296.

Scrap Book, The, announcement of, 1;
reception of, 95.

Scudder, John L., on business women, 293.

Sealing-wax, origin of, 183.

Seaman, Owen, editor of "Punch," 101.

Sebastopol, siege of, 533.

Selwyn, Edgar, career of, 539.

Sewing-machine, introduced by Thimonnier, 260.

Shakespeare, William, familiar maxims from, 78;
Bible sentences in plays of, 134;
on woman, 31;
on clothes, 174.

Shaw, George Bernard, on amateur actors, 198.

Shelley, Percy B., death of, 257.

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, death of, 162.

Shibuzawa, Baron, career of, 409;
on conditions in Japan, 6.

Siddons, Sarah, death of, 337.

Sidney, Sir Philip, last words of, 296.

Silver-plating, discovery of, 432.

Simms, W. Gilmore, 48.

Sioux, renaming of the, 386.

Skinner, Otis, on dramatic art, 293.

Sleeping-car, invention of, 502.

Smith, Joseph, founder of Mormonism, 259;
death of, 430.

Smith, Langdon, 184.

Smith, Sydney, death of, 431.

Smithsonian Institution, foundation of, 339, 431.

Smoking, prevalence of, among European monarchs, 230.

Snake stories, 484.

Socialism, William J. Bryan on, 286;
Robert Hunter on, 287.

Solferino, battle of, 535.

Some Deep-Sea Humor, 206.

Some of the Chances of Marriage, 375.

Something New in Magazine Making, 1.

Sonderbund, the, formation and dissolution of, 431.

Southey, Robert, death of, 430.

Southwestern States, growth of, 117.

Spain:
Charles IV, abdication of, 45.
Espartero, regency of, 340.
Eulalia, Princess, visits the United States, 551.
Ferdinand VII held prisoner by Napoleon, 45;
restoration of, 160;
death of, 338.
Isabella II, accession of, 338.
Maria Cristina, expulsion of, 340.
Rebellion of South American colonies, 162.

Spalding, Susan Marr, 87.

Spargo, John, on food as a factor of character, 106.

Sparta, ruined by its women, 285.

Spartacus to the Gladiators at Capua, 520.

Speech on Duluth (Proctor Knott), 320.

Spelling reform, movement for, 195;
Calvin Thomas on, 382.

Spinoza, Baruch de, celibacy of, 156.

Splendor of Niagara, The, 363.

Spohr, Ludwig, death of, 536.

Sprague, Frank J., career of, 147.

Spy who swallowed a bullet, 515.

Staël, Madame de, exiled from France, 43;
death of, 162.

Stanhope, Lady Hester, death of, 340.

Stead, William T., on Nicholas II of Russia, 236.

Steinmetz, Charles P., career of, 333.

Stephenson, George, builds his first locomotive, 160;
death of, 432.

Stephenson, Robert, death of, 536.

Stevens, John, death of, 340.

Stevenson, Robert Louis, anecdote of, 305;
foible of, 180.

Stewart, Dugald, 260.

Stoddard, Richard Henry, career of, 333.

Stoddart, James H., and Richard Mansfield, 65.

Story of Baseball, The, 437.

Story of the Snow Elinora, The, 247.

Stothard, Thomas, death of, 339.

Strenuous life, phrase used by Theodore Roosevelt, 555.

Ströhbeck, chess-playing in, 450.

Sue, Eugene, death of, 534.

Sullivan, John L., as an actor, 38.

Sulu, Sultan of, anecdote of, 221.

Superstitions of the Theater, 28.

Swat, death of Ahkoond of, 141.

Sweden:
Gustavus IV, deposition of, 46.
Gustavus Vasa, precocity of, 392.
Charles XI, vision of, 417.
Charles XIII, accession of, 46.
Charles XIV (Jean Baptiste Bernadotte) becomes crown prince, 46;
accession of, 163;
death of, 430.
Oscar I, accession of, 430.

Swedenborg, Emanuel, celibacy of, 157.

Symbolism of Playing-Cards, The, 556.

T

Tahiti, natives of, slaughtered by crew of the American ship Elinora, 247.

Taiping rebellion in China, 433.

Talavera, battle of, 46.

Talleyrand, Charles M. de, letters of, 507;
death of, 340.

Tasso, Torquato, precocity of, 392.

Taurus, zodiacal sign of, 282.

Tavolara, republic of, 122.

Taylor, Benjamin F., 362.

Taylor, Zachary, becomes President, 433;
grave of, 488.

Teaching, growing popularity of, as a profession, 472.

Telegraph, beginnings of, 183;
Wheatstone's experiments with, 339;
Morse constructs line between Baltimore and Washington, 430;
laying of submarine cable between France and England, 531.

Telephone, invention of, 414.

Temperance approved by National Liquor Dealers' Association, 476.

Templeton, Fay, career of, 68.

Tennyson, Lord, 48, 454;
quotations from, 132.

Texas, independence of, 339;
annexation of, 430;
rapid development of, 118.

Thacher, John, second marriage of, 517.

Thackeray, William M., poem by, 155;
foible of, 180;
anecdote of, 241;
letter to James Fraser, 311.

Thayer, Phineas, 179.

Theater and opera, dress for, 72.

Thierry, Amédée S.D., death of, 534.

Thiers, Louis A., banishment of, 531.

Thomas, Calvin, on simplified spelling, 382.

Thornton, Abraham, trial of, 162.

Thorwaldsen, Albert, death of, 430.

Thumb Bible, The, 134.

Thurlow, Lord, last words of, 296.

Tilden, Samuel Jones, celibacy of, 158.

Time in Which Money Will Double at Several Rates of Interest, 50.

Tippecanoe, battle of, 159.

Toads, longevity of, 124.

To "Fool" His Cows, 88.

Tolstoy, Count Lyof, peculiarities of, 180;
on Nicholas II of Russia, 238.

Tomb of Napoleon, The, 469.

Tombs of the Presidents of the United States, 486.

Toussaint L'Ouverture, revolt of, 42;
death of, 43.

Townsend, Marquis of, anecdote of, 305.

Trade Schools, value of, 98.

Trafalgar, battle of, 44.

Trains, the world's fastest, 181.

Traveling, etiquette of, in 1853, 498.

Treacle Bible, The, 134.

Tributes to Dead Brothers, 170.

Tricks That Words May Be Made to Play, 27.

Trimalchio, banquet of, 527.

Triplicities, the four, 86.

Trolley-car, invention of, 147.

Trombetti, Alfredo, linguistic gifts of, 209.

Tuan Fang, on China and America, 108.

Tuohey, George V., 437.

Turkey:
   Loss of Danubian provinces, 260.
   Unkiar Skelessi, treaty of, 338.
   War with Egypt, 338.
   War with Greece, 257, 258, 259.
   War with Russia (1828), 259.
   War with Russia (1853-1855), 532, 533.

Turkey, discovery of the, 183.

Twain, Mark (Samuel L. Clemens), anecdote of, 30;
   definition of a gentleman, 189;
   J.K. Jerome's estimate of, 103;
   Twain and William Gillette, 168.

Two Sicilies, the, see Naples.

Two Views of Old Age, 32.

Tyler, John, becomes President, 429;
   grave of, 488.

Typewriter, the, origin of, 524.

Typewriting, expenditure of force in, 326.

U

Ulm, capture of, by Napoleon, 44.

United States:
   Canada, relations with, 286.
   Cities, nicknames of, 356.
   Embargo on British Goods, 45.
   Era of Good Feeling, 162.
   Florida ceded to United States by Spain, 163.
   Future of, as predicted by Macaulay, 477.
   Gadsden Purchase, 532.
   Louisiana, acquisition of, 43.
   Monroe Doctrine, enunciation of, 258.
   Presidents, graves of, 486;
      previous careers of, 517.
   Revolutionary War, incident of, 515.
   Royalties who have visited the United States, 549.
   Southwestern States, growth of, 117.
   States, nicknames of, 356.
   Supreme Court, Theodore Roosevelt on, 470.
   Texas, annexation of, 430.
   War of 1812, 159, 160, 161.
   War with Mexico, 431.

United States Military Academy, foundation of, 43.

United States Naval Academy, foundation of, 430.

University of Wisconsin, foundation of, 531.

V

Vagaries of Mathematics, 91.

Van Buren, Martin, inauguration of, 340;

grave of, 488.

Vane, Henry, last words of, 296.

Vann, Joe, death of, 452.

Vega, Lope de, precocity of, 392.

Venezuela, independence of, recognized by Spain, 431.

Vest, George G., 93.

Vesuvius, eruption of, described by Pliny, 285.

Vignaud, Henry, anecdote of, 152.

Vinegar Bible, The, 134.

Virginia, severe old-time laws of, 252.

Vision of Charles XI, The, 417.

Vivier, Eugene, practical jokes of, 121.

Volta, Alessandro, death of, 259.

Voltaire, François M.A., celibacy of, 157;
peculiarities of, 180;
on mortality, 126.

W

Wagner, Charles, impressions of America, 191.

Wagner, Richard, career of, 554.

Wagram, battle of, 46.

Walcheren, British expedition to, 46.

Walker, William, in Nicaragua, 533, 534.

Wall paper, origin of, 183.

Walpole, Horace, celibacy of, 157;
epigram on Franklin, 83.

Walsh, William, on curiosities of mathematics, 91.

Wanamaker, John, and his mother, 310;
career of, 149.

Ward, Artemus, anecdote of, 152.

Washington, Booker T., on future of the negro, 9.

Washington, George, and his mother, 307;
love-letter of, 110;
weight of, 451;
farm at Mount Vernon, 513;
last words of, 296;
grave of, 486.

Washington, The Real, 89.

Waterloo, battle of, 161.

Waterman, Nixon, 69.

Watt, James, death of, 163.

Waves, height of, 177.

Wealth, Russell Sage on, 12.

Webster, Daniel, speech in reply to Hayne, 260;
speech on Bunker Hill, 283;
gems from speeches of, 90;
last words of, 296;
death of, 532.

Webster, Noah, death of, 430.

Weddings, dress for, 72.

Weights, average at different ages, 123.

Welford, Dallas, career of, 461.

Wellington, Duke of, wins distinction in India, 43;
takes command in Portugal, 45;
wins battle of Talavera, 46;
drives Masséna from Portugal, 159;
captures Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, 159;
wins battle of Salamanca, 160;
wins battle of Vittoria, 160;
wins battle of Waterloo, 161;
last words of, 296;
curt letter of, 507;
death of, 532.

Wells, Carolyn, 313.

Wemyss, Earl of, anecdote of, 80.

Wesley, John, last words of, 296.

West, Benjamin, death of, 163.

West, Mrs. George Cornwallis, anecdote of, 559.

Westminster Abbey, American memorials in, 370.

West Point, see United States Military Academy.

When Thackeray Went on Strike, 311.

When the Last Curtain Fell, 200.

When the Patriots Wavered, 436.

When Vesuvius Destroyed Pompeii, 297.

White, Andrew D., on crime in the United States, 287;
on Nicholas II of Russia, 238.

White, Frank Marshall, 236.

White, Joseph Blanco, 456.

White, Matthew, Jr., 64, 166, 263, 371, 457, 537.

White, Stephen V., and his mother, 309.

Whittier, John Greenleaf, celibacy of, 158;
early romance of, 452;
tribute to his sister, 235.

Wilberforce, William, death of, 338.

Wilkie, Sir David, death of, 429.

Will, curious, of Charles Lounsberry, 403.

Willets, Gilson, 307.

Williams, Hattie, career of, 537.

Wilson, Francis, career of, 267.

Wilson, Woodrow, on William R. Harper, 10.

Winslow, B.R., 449.

Winter Photography for Amateurs, 49.

Wire, invention of, 183.

Wit and Cruelty as Allies, 558.

Witherspoon, John, in the Continental Congress, 436.

Wit of the Ancient Greeks, 350.

Woffington, Peg, death of, 200.

Wolcott, Edward O., career of, 148.

Woman, Byron on, 31; Hugo on, 63;
Scott on, 416;
Shakespeare on, 31;
Wordsworth on, 416.

Women in business, 293;
occupations of, 52;
place of, in literature, 103;
time spent before mirror by, 123;
Balzac on women, 346;
Emil Reich on American women, 284.

Wood, Eugene, 201.

Woodruff, Henry, career of, 538.

Wordsworth, William, 416; death of, 433.

World-Famous Bachelors, 156.

World's Fastest Trains, The, 181.

World's Great Operas, The, 554.

World's Richest Hundred, The, 348.

World's Richest Legacy, The, 403.

Y

Yankee, origin of the term, 464.

"Yellow Journal" Glossary, A, 151.

Yellow Journalism, Norman Hapgood on, 101.

Young, Arthur, death of, 163.

Young, Brigham, leader of the Mormons, 430.

Young, Thomas, death of, 260.

Young Men's Christian Association, foundation of, 430.

Z

Zahm, Albert F., experiments in flight, 449.

"Zaza," Mrs. Leslie Carter in, 67.

Ziem, Felix, and Chopin, 79.

Ziska, John, career of, 407.

Zodiacal Signs, The, 86.

Zola, Emile, peculiarities of, 180.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

Vol. I. **MARCH, 1906.** No. 1.

Something New in Magazine Making.

THE SCRAP BOOK will be the most elastic thing that ever happened, in the way of a magazine—elastic enough to carry anything from a tin whistle to a battle-ship. This elasticity is just what we should have in magazine-making, but it is precisely what we do not have and cannot have in the conventional magazine, such, for example, as *The Century*, *Harper's*, MUNSEY'S, and *McClure's*.

A certain standard has grown up for these magazines that gives the editor comparatively little latitude. Custom has decreed that they shall carry nothing but original matter, and that it shall be dignified and tremendously magaziny—so magaziny, in fact, that often it is as juiceless as a dried lemon.

To republish, in successive issues of a magazine of this type, a considerable proportion of the gems of the past, or the best things printed in current publications, or to swing away recklessly from convention in the illustrations and make-up, would be to switch the magazine out of its class and into some other which the public would not accept as standard.

In THE SCRAP BOOK we shall be bounded by no such restrictions, no restrictions of any kind that come within the scope of good journalism. With our average of two hundred pages of reading matter, we shall carry the biggest cargo of real, human-interest reading matter that has ever been carried by any magazine in the wide world.

In size alone it will be from forty to eighty pages larger than the standard magazines, and by reason of the fact that its space is not taken up by illustrations, and that we use a smaller, though perfectly distinct type, the number of words in THE SCRAP BOOK will be a good deal more than double that contained in these other magazines.

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There isn't anything in the world just like THE SCRAP BOOK—nothing, in fact, that compares with it at all. There are review magazines, and small weekly reviews, and there are, or have been, eclectic magazines; but never before has anything been attempted on the scale and magnitude of this magazine. It is an idea on which we have been working for several years, and for which we have been gathering materials. We have bought hundreds and hundreds of scrap books from all over the country, some of them a century old, and are still buying them. From these books we are gathering and classifying an enormous number of gems, and facts and figures, and historical and personal bits that are of rare value.

Furthermore, we have a corps of people ransacking libraries, reading all the current publications, the leading daily papers, and digging out curious and quaint facts and useful facts and figures from reference books, cyclopedias, etc., etc.

This first number is but the beginning of what we have in mind for THE SCRAP BOOK. It is so voluminous in the number of its words, and so varied in its subjects, that in arrangement and matter it necessarily falls short of the perfected magazine at which we are aiming. Our purpose, in a word, is to give more first-rate reading, on a wide variety of subjects, for our great big eighty millions of people than has ever before been presented in any single periodical, and to give this magazine at the people's price—the nimble dime.

FRANK A. MUNSEY.

The Latest Viewpoints of Men Worth While

James J. Hill Warns America of Dangers that Threaten Her Future—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Lord Avebury Deal with the Questions of the Day in England—Dr. Martin Predicts a Great Awakening in China—Governor Folk Foresees the Downfall of "Graft"—Lewis Nixon Speaks of What He Saw in Russia—Dr. Osler Explains His Philosophy of Life—Russell Sage Gives Some Practical Advice—With Other Striking Expressions of Opinion from People of National or International Reputation.

Compiled and edited for The Scrap Book.

THE COMING TEST OF AMERICAN RESOURCES.

James J. Hill, Seeing Trouble Ahead,
Warns His Fellow Countrymen That
There Are Dangers to Be Met.

At last James J. Hill—the silent railroad king of the Northwest, has given us his full and free opinion on the business policy of the United States. Throughout his long career it has been his plan to "say nothing and saw wood." He has been too busy to talk. The man who plunges into a dense wilderness, as he did, and transforms it into four or five prosperous States, has no time to run a public opinion factory.

But recently, while at a gathering of his friends in St. Paul, Mr. Hill unlocked his tongue and spoke out. It was a remarkable address, made by a remarkable man, and the meat of it was as follows:

> The nation at large feels that it is immensely prosperous. We are cutting a wide swath; there is no doubt of it. But if we will get down closer and examine what we are doing, we will find that we are living profligately and squandering our heritage in every possible manner.
>
> We should insist upon better cultivation of the land. For on that one item depends your future growth and prosperity, and there is no other item to which you can look; no other source of wealth than that which comes out of the cultivation of the soil.
>
> If the soil is protected, if it is intelligently handled, if your crops are properly rotated, if the land is fertilized and rested and treated with proper care, you have a mine in the soil that will never be exhausted; quite unlike the other mine.
>
> The millions and hundreds of millions of dollars coming into the Northwest from the annual crops, while it is large, isn't half as large as it ought to be.

Our Free Lands Are Gone.

> Our public domain is exhausted. Last year over a million people came from across the Atlantic to the United States, and the natural increase certainly is a million and a half more. What is to become of these people? They are to be driven fairly into the factories and workshops and no place else.
>
> They can leave our country and go to the Canadian Northwest, as many have gone. But that country will be populated to its extent very soon, much sooner than you think. It has not an unlimited area.
>
> Try and cast your mind twenty or twenty-five years ahead. At that time we should have one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty millions of people. Where are they going? Who is going to feed them? They can manufacture. We have the raw material. We have the coal and the iron and the copper and the lead. They can manufacture. Who will buy it?

> We have got to a point where we are selling our heritage; we are selling our rich deposits of iron and our coal and our rich soil, and exhausting it as well.
>
> People of other countries are exercising the utmost, closest intelligence in everything that pertains to economy in production. Take, for instance, the German nation to-day, and they lead the world or any period in the history of the world in industrial intelligence and industrial management.

Competition Grows Fiercer.

> I was in England in November, and met a sad sight—Trafalgar Square filled with idle people, large numbers of idle people asking for bread up around Hyde Park. Why? The men who carry on the work, who paid the pay-rolls, are no longer engaged in the business.
>
> What they had they have turned into money, and have bought securities or

something else, trying to save what they have got.

In the west of England, which was a great center of broadcloth manufacturing and of woolen goods, their output is less than a quarter of what it was twenty-five years ago. Germany is selling cutlery in Sheffield.

And I took pains to look around London, and to walk into the shops and find out. I couldn't buy a pair of lisle-thread gloves that were not made in Germany. Underclothing, stockings, cloth, almost everything made in Germany. They have a system of education in Germany. They educate their men.

Now I am not going to undertake to say that their way is better than ours, but I want to impress this on you, that when this country has a hundred and fifty million people they have got to do something; they have got to earn a living.

Who will buy the goods? Who will employ them? In what shape are they to meet the competition that England is meeting to-day? And a million and a half of idle men asking for bread in England, and no bread for them except such as charity doles out. They have got to be carried out of Great Britain and a new place found for them. There is no other solution.

It is all well enough to talk about what we are doing. Examine it closely and you will find that we are doing nothing except selling our natural resources and exhausting them. When you dig a ton of ore out of the ground you can't plant another ton, as you could potatoes; it is gone. And when the fertility of our fields, the fertility of the soil is gone, where are we going to replace it from?

Teach the Boys to Work.

I am not going to find fault with education; it never hurt anybody. But if, in place of spending so much time and so much money on languages and higher studies, we fitted them for the life that they are going to follow, for the sphere in which they are going to move, we would do more for them.

I know that in two or three, more or less, railroads in which I am interested, the pay-rolls cover eighty to ninety thousand people. We have tried all manner of young men—college men, high-school men, and everything else—and I will take a boy at fifteen years old who has to make a living—his chances will be better if he has to contribute to the support of a widowed mother—I will take him and make a man of him, and get him in the first place, before you would get most of the others to enter the race with him; simply because he has to work. He has to work, he has the spur of necessity; he must work.

If there be anything that you can do, I feel sure that you will all put your hands to the plow and help; but you will never build a city faster than you have a country to support it. And that is the first and the most important thing.

FREE TRADE IS VITAL TO GREAT BRITAIN.

Sir Henry Fowler Says that an Import
Tax Upon Food Would Be Ruinous
to the English People.

Free Trade, which has been the policy of England for sixty years, is again on trial, and the battle waxes fierce. There is a growing effort to work in the thin wedge of "a moderate tariff, not protective but defensive," but the opposition are fighting it with every weapon in their armory of protest. England to-day is not self-supporting, her rural industries have been declining for years, and the country receives from abroad the far larger quantity of its food and raw material.

Thirty per cent of the people are underfed and on the verge of hunger. Thirty per cent of forty-one millions comes to over twelve millions.

This significant statement comes from the lips of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the new English premier, in a speech against the proposal for preferential tariffs with the colonies, at Perth, on June 5, 1903. Three years has not changed the situation for the better.

Winston Churchill, M.P., puts the situation thus:

> The mass of people are absolutely dependent for the food they eat and the material they employ upon supplies of food and raw material which reach them mainly from abroad. They are dependent on the condition of a crop at one end of the world and the state of a market at the other; and yet, upon this artificial foundation, through this inestimable advantage of unfettered enterprise and of unrestricted sea-communication, they have been able to build up a vast industrial fabric which it is no exaggeration to say is the economic marvel of the world.

In 1904, the amount of merchandise brought into the United Kingdom was nearly $2,740,000,000. For thirty years England's imports have been rapidly increasing, while her exports, comparatively speaking, have remained stationary. The situation can be put in a way

readily appreciated by Americans if we realize that the entire British Isles are smaller than New Mexico, and yet contain about half as many people as are in the United States.

It is the foreign trade of Great Britain that is claimed to be the salvation of the nation. In 1904 this amounted to over $4,600,000,000, and last year, the figures for which have not yet been published, was the greatest in oversea trade in the history of the nation.

Sir Henry Fowler, a leader of the Liberals, said, in a recent speech:

> The question of free trade is the greatest which has been before the country for the past half century. The young men of to-day are absolutely ignorant. They do not know what it means and the issues it involves. If the great system of free trade were interfered with, if the attempt were successful which is being made to reverse the policy of the past sixty years on which the overwhelming bulk of political economists were united, I foretell for this country a time of the greatest disaster. All classes would suffer, especially the working class.

Dealing with the question of exports and imports, he pointed out:

> Eighty per cent of what came into Great Britain represented raw material necessary for manufactures and food necessary for the people. Therefore the prosperity of this country depends, not upon its exports, but upon its imports. We are free-traders, not for the injury it does others, but in our own interests. It is to our advantage to buy cheap. Our greatest import is food and the next raw material. We can only pay by our own manufactures.

ENGLAND'S DEFENSES, AND WHAT THEY COST.

It Is Not Military Strength That Makes a
Country Great, Says Lord Avebury,
but the Right Use of Power.

That the burden of armament lies heavy on Europe is well understood. It is not so commonly known that in the last ten years the cost of army and navy has increased much more rapidly in Great Britain than in any country of the Continent. The fact is brought out in the *Nineteenth Century* by Lord Avebury, who is better known to Americans as Sir John Lubbock. He says:

> In our own case there has been on the army an increase in the past ten years of £24,800,000, and on the navy an increase of £25,000,000; or, taking the two together, in round figures an increase of no less than £50,000,000, of which, however, only £39,000,000 is shown in the ordinary estimates. In other words, while Italy has increased her naval and military expenditures by £1,500,000; Russia, £10,800,000; Germany, £8,700,000, and France, £6,000,000, we have increased ours £50,000,000. Thus these four great countries put together show an increase of £27,000,000, while ours by itself is £50,000,000, or nearly double that of Russia, Germany, France, and Italy put together. What justification have we for this enormous increase?
>
> I do not wish to exaggerate, nor to maintain that we are going down-hill. But our progress has been checked, and if we are not wise in time worse will follow.

Lord Avebury's political opponents would argue that the British military expenditures have been exceptional because the Boer War proved the country unprepared for any great military undertaking, and necessitated elaborate efforts. However, the figures are startling, and give point to Lord Avebury's conclusion:

> We sometimes hear of "Little Englanders." I hope we shall not let ourselves be stung into extravagance and war by any such taunt. There are many who have strong views as to what constitutes the true greatness of a country. It is not wealth, but the application of it; not the numbers of the people, but their character and wellbeing; not the strength, but the use made of it. We do not wish for England the dangerous power of dictation or the seductive glamour of conquest, but that our people may be happy and contented; that we may do what we can to promote the peace, progress, and prosperity of mankind, and that we may deserve, even if we do not secure, the respect, the confidence, and the good-will of other nations.
>
> Being once more happily at peace with all the world, our financial policy should be to reduce expenditure, pay off debt, increase our reserves, and lighten the taxes which now press so heavily on the springs of industry.

THE CHEERY OPTIMISM OF LITTLE JAPAN.

A Nippon Statesman Tells How the
Britain of the East Looks Hopefully
to New Horizons.

The Japanese are winning fresh admiration for the cheerful optimism with which they face the perplexing financial conditions following the war. In the *Forum* for January, Baron Shibuzawa

expresses a sentiment general among Japanese statesmen:

> It would be out of tune with all things, for us, at this hour, to be looking upon financial Japan after the war with a sad eye. Nevertheless, as we are well aware of the disturbances which the war has brought to our finances, we must look to the best possible measures for restoring to health and prosperity what the war has disturbed. That is all. But the war and its conclusion have brought us one very great and precious gift, namely, it has admitted us into the household of the great economic world. In a word, it has given a wider horizon to the economic circle of Nippon, and has brought us into the very heart of the comity and exchange of the economic interests of all human kind; and has linked us, in a sense hitherto unknown to us, with the markets of the world.

THE GREAT AWAKENING OF THE CHINESE GIANT.

Are China's Four Hundred Millions Preparing
Themselves to Turn Against
the Western Nations?

Dr. W.A.P. Martin, who has been identified with China since 1850, and whose least statement about that country is authoritative, gives some interesting and important facts in the *World's Work* with reference to how the sleeping Chinese giant is awakening. Referring to the work of Chang, Viceroy of central China, Dr. Martin says:

> The banks of the river in front of his capital, Wuchang, are lined for miles with cotton mills, hempworks, silk filatures, glassworks, iron foundries, and powder-mills, whose high chimneys proclaim the coming war. When China can supply her own markets, foreign steamers will cease to ascend the Yang-tse-Kiang.

In view of the fact that China's educational system was established more than twenty-five hundred years before Christ, and that up to only a few months ago the official examinations were restricted exclusively to subjects relating to China's literature and history, what Dr. Martin tells us of the rapid growth of schoolhouses is surprising and significant.

> Going within the walls, we are struck by the great number of fine schoolhouses in foreign style that rise above the huts of the natives. Our clever viceroy knows that the industrial arts have their root in science and that science must be taught in schools. He thus proclaims from the housetops his gospel of the new education. He has embodied it in a book of rhymes, which are sung by his soldiers to the beat of the drum, and committed to memory by all the school children in a population of fifty millions. The following are some of his sounding periods:
>
> > We pride ourselves on our antiquity, But foreign nations ridicule our weakness. Knowledge is power. What but their newly acquired knowledge Enabled the Japanese to gain the victory over us And win for themselves a place Among the great powers of the earth? Over against their three small islands Have we not a vast territory with four hundred millions? If we of the yellow race learn to stand together Where is the nation that will dare to molest us?
>
> The empress dowager and all her grandees have become converts to Chang's new gospel. Not merely has she reenacted the emperor's ordinance for the establishment of graded schools in all the provinces—ousting the idols and using their temples for want of houses—she has cut down the annual expenses of her theatrical troupe to one-third and devoted the other two-thirds to the erection of schoolhouses.

Teachers for these Chinese schools are being largely provided by the normal colleges in Japan, which contain over four thousand Chinese students, including both sexes. Such, at least, is the claim of another recent writer upon the Chinese awakening; this time a Japanese, Adachi Kinnosuke.

WE MUST HAVE EQUAL LAWS FOR ALL.

But Every Law Looks Blue to the Man
Who Wants to Break It, Says
Governor Folk, of Missouri.

Governor Joseph W. Folk, who became the most popular man in Missouri because he dared to enforce the laws without fear or favor, until lately has been too busy putting grafters in jail to talk about his work. But in a speech which he made the other day in Boston, he told pretty clearly what he is aiming at. He said:

> The trust manager defies the laws of the State against combinations and monopolies, and then calls for the protection of the State for his property.
>
> The dram-shop keeper wants the law enforced against the man who robs his cash-drawer, but thinks he has a right to break the law requiring his saloon to close on

> Sunday.
>
> The burglar detests the law-breaking of the trust, but considers the statute against housebreaking as an interference with his personal liberty.

Governor Folk thinks that King Graft has just about come to the end of his reign:

> Wealth is not worshiped with the same devotion it used to be. A new standard has been established; new, yet old—just honesty; that is all. The remedy for corruption has been found in the hearts of the American people.

RUSSIA WILL ADVANCE, SAYS LEWIS NIXON.

With the Birth of Democracy and Industrialism,
a New Day Will Dawn
For the Great Slavonic People.

Lewis Nixon, who has been suggesting plans for the reconstruction of the Russian navy, believes that democracy is the proper medicine for the Czar's distracted country. The people have been dwarfed by despotism, he says, but they are now making wonderful progress in manufacturing and opening up their enormous country. In a recent interview, Mr. Nixon says:

> Russia needs two things to enable her to feed the rest of Europe—cheap money and cheap transportation.
>
> With railroad enterprise, such as that of J.J. Hill, lower Russia and southwestern Siberia could raise wheat for the world. But I believe that with the adoption of the new idea of participation of the people in the government so sincerely determined upon by the emperor, Russia will settle down to tranquilly building up the empire and developing the arts of peace instead of the arts of war.
>
> The great difficulty in the Russian form of government is to find great men equal to the task of carrying it on. Public life, as we know it, has not existed there.
>
> With the institution of the Douma, the strong men are bound to make themselves felt, and the results will be that the Czar will not lack for competent advisers and administrators.
>
> I am convinced that as soon as the Douma gets going thoroughly a new day will dawn for Russia and her people. There is bound to be wonderful commercial development, and with this will come an awakening of intelligence and exercise of limited constitutional government, which is bound to result in peace and tranquillity and the restoration of Russia to her high place among the powers of the world.

DR. OSLER IN HIS MORE CHEERFUL PHASE.

Some Pet Philosophies of the Famous
Physician Whose View on the Age-Limit
Is Not His Only Idea.

When Dr. William Osler admitted his belief that man is fit for creative intellectual work only up to his fortieth year he gained an undeserved reputation for grimness. The age-limit theory is but one of many that he has formed on various subjects. In his book, "Counsels and Ideals," are many genial expressions of a ripe observation. Here is his advice as to "work":

> How can you take the greatest possible advantage with the least possible strain? By cultivating system. I say cultivating advisedly, since some of you will find the acquisition of systematic habits very hard. There are minds congenitally systematic; others have a life-long fight against an inherited tendency to diffusiveness and carelessness in work.

To counteract "the murmurings and whimperings of men and women over the non-essentials" he advises each of us to "consume his own smoke."

> Things cannot always go your way. Learn to accept in silence the minor aggravations, cultivate the gift of taciturnity, and consume your own smoke with an extra draft of hard work, so that those about you may not be annoyed with the dust and soot of your complaints. More than any other the practitioner of medicine may illustrate the great lesson that we are here not to get all we can out of life for ourselves, but to try to make the lives of others happy.... Courage and cheerfulness will not only carry you over the rough places of life, but will enable you to bring comfort and help to the weak-hearted, and will console you in the sad hours when, like *Uncle Toby*, you have "to whistle that you may not weep."

Of the end of life, speaking both as a physician and as a philosopher, he says:

With what strife and pains we come into the world we know not, but it is commonly no easy matter to get out of it, Sir Thomas Browne says; and, having regard to the uncertainties of the last stage of all, the average man will be of Cæsar's opinion, who, when questioned at his last

dinner-party as to the most preferable mode of death, replied, "That which is the most sudden."

I have careful records of about five hundred death-beds, studied particularly with reference to the modes of death and the sensations of the dying. The latter alone concern us here. Ninety suffered bodily pain and distress of one sort or another, eleven showed mental apprehension, two positive terror, one expressed spiritual exaltation, one bitter remorse. The great majority gave no sign one way or the other; like their birth, their death was "a sleep and a forgetting." The preacher was right: in this matter man hath no preeminence over the beast—as the one dieth, so dieth the other.

PRACTICAL TRAINING FOR NATIONAL GUARD.

Good Soldiers Must Know How to Shoot
Straight and How to Handle Themselves
in the Field.

A large delegation of members of the Interstate National Guard Association was received by the President on January 22d. He strongly impressed certain practical recommendations in regard to the training of both militia and regular army. Parade-ground marching and tactical maneuvers are, he said, nowhere near as important as training which will make men good soldiers in time of war, and he continued:

> As war is carried on nowadays, ninety per cent of the ordinary work done either on the parade ground or in the armory, either by a militia regiment or a regular regiment, amounts to nothing whatever in the way of training except so far as the incidental effect it has in accustoming the men to act together and to obey; but they are not going to fight shoulder to shoulder when they get out into the field. It is absolutely not of the slightest consequence what their alignment is, but it is of vital consequence that they shall know how to take cover, how to shoot, and how to make themselves at home under any circumstances.

THE NEGRO'S CHANCE IN THE SOUTH.

Booker T. Washington, the Negro
Educator, of Tuskegee, Pleads the
Right of His Race to Work.

Speaking of the future of the people of his race, President Booker T. Washington says in the *American Illustrated Magazine*:

> Whatever special difficulties the negro has to face, whatever obstacles race prejudice or his own history may place in his way, the negro, under freedom, has the right to work, at least in the South, and work for the best things the world offers. He has the opportunity to make himself useful and to share the benefits that his genius and his labor confer on those around him. That is, it seems to me, what emancipation means, in practise, to the negro. That is, after all, nearly all that it could mean.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF COEDUCATION.

Mrs. Craigie Declares It Makes Girls
Overbearing and Converts Boys
Into Dandies or Weaklings.

Mrs. Craigie, better known to the literary world as John Oliver Hobbes, is an American woman who has spent many years in England. On her recent visit to her native land she gave her impressions of English life. Her keen observation, deepened and intensified by her life on two continents, and her wide and close association with great thinkers, lend weight to any subject upon which she expresses her opinions. She finds but two objections to coeducation: one is its effect on the boys, and the other on the girls.

> Coeducation, she says, is not so dangerous to the working classes as to those of higher rank. The English working classes are a very sane lot, and, besides, the sexes seem better balanced among them than in the higher classes. In the board schools it may serve well enough, but in the higher classes coeducation is impossible. It is not only the girls that are to be considered. Coeducation not only makes English girls tomboys, overbearing and feverish in the pursuit of their masculine schoolmates, but it also has a very bad effect upon the boys. The boys, being inevitably outnumbered, five to one, either become silly little dandies, ruling a feminine court, or are tyrannized over by the girls until their spirits are broken and their ambition destroyed. All they care for is comfort.
>
> It is dreadful that young boys should be cowed in this way and become submissive to their girl schoolmates, and yet even sturdy boys must bow to superior numbers, and twenty weak and sickly girls may tyrannize over four or five boys.

Mrs. Craigie's view seems to harmonize with that of Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark

University, and one of America's greatest educators. In discussing higher education in this country, he says it reduces the rate of both marriage and offspring, so that barely three-fourths of our male graduates and only about half of our female graduates marry, and those who do so, marry late and have few children. In an article contributed to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, he says:

> Recent studies show that a large per cent of girls actually wish they were boys. Their ideals grow masculine, and we seem slowly to be developing a female sex without a female character. So far have the actions against the old restraint gone that feminists still regard every effort to differentiate as endangering a relapse to old conditions.
>
> Again, the rapid feminization of our schools encourages women teachers to give their own masculine traits and ideals free rein.
>
> Once more, girls' manners are roughened, and they do not develop pride in distinctively feminine qualities, or the grace and charm of their young womanhood, or lack a little respect for their sex. Girls have much responsibility in bestowing the stimulus of their approval aright. It is said that association with boys makes high-school girls less poetic, impulsive, romantic, their conduct more thoughtful, but I maintain, women teachers to the contrary notwithstanding, that this is unfortunate; that something is wrong with the girl in the middle teens who is not gushy or sentimental, at least at times.

> So it is said that the presence of girls is humanizing for boys, but there is something wrong with the boy at this age who can truly be called a perfect gentleman. I do not like to urge that he should be a little rowdy or barbaric, but vigor must not be sacrificed to primness, and masculinity at this age does not normally take a high polish. Nature impels boys to get away, in certain respects, from girls and women, whoever they are. Some suffer subtle eviration, while others react, with coarseness toward femininity, if held in too close quarters with girls.

THE LATE PRESIDENT HARPER AND HIS WORK.

Appreciations of the Man Who Built Up
Out of a Fresh-Water College the
Great University of Chicago.

The proposed monument to the late President William Rainey Harper of the University of Chicago is to take the form of a library building. Thus will be fittingly suggested the practical trend of his life, in which scholarship was joined with utilitarianism. So businesslike were this educator's methods in building up a great university upon the foundation of a provincial college that he was severely criticized for the seeming incongruity between his aims and the means he used. And yet, as the New York *Evening Post* has said:

> Whatever may be thought of his policies, his personality now appears in a fine and heroic light. No one can consider the admirable fortitude and self-forgetting equanimity he displayed in his long and hopeless fight against pain and death, without perceiving that here was a heroic soul, to which epithets borrowed from trade had no proper application.
>
> As his administration proceeded along the golden way laid by Mr. Rockefeller, it became evident that President Harper faced all problems as new problems, and that his optimism admitted no difficulties. When it was discovered that the University of Chicago lacked college life and spirit, college life and spirit were straightway improvised, or at least encouraged, by the appointment of a famous athlete to the faculty, and later by the building of dormitories. No detail of university life escaped him. If he lacked some of the finer sympathies and perceptions that go to make the ideal university president, he was a figure instinct with vital energy, ingenious and resourceful in all matters—in its qualities and defects thoroughly American and of our time. The present, in which he lived by preference, will give him an almost unbounded admiration; sober judgment based upon the past will gradually smooth the inequalities of his work.

President Harper was a man who did things. It is doubtful whether he himself placed the highest importance upon his executive work; it is not unlikely that he would prefer to be remembered as a Hebrew scholar and the author of abstruse commentaries. But a man is not always himself the best judge of the relative values of his own work. Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, writing in the Boston *Transcript*, thus estimates President Harper's career:

> To sum up, the great characteristic of President Harper was his unflagging and generous belief that things could be done. In his thirteen years of service he saw Chicago University rise to a place in the first rank of the world's institutions of learning. It never seemed to occur to him that a thing must be abandoned or even postponed because it was difficult. When he felt that the time had come for a law school, he created it. He found the Blaine School of Training for Teachers in existence, and absorbed it. Nothing seemed beyond his powers, yet he always had time for the visitor and the guest, kept up his teaching to the last, and was one of

the chief citizens of Chicago and of Illinois. Who can doubt that President Harper's intensity of love and service for the university of which he was really the founder and always the principal force shortened his days, and yet who could wish to leave a more enduring monument than his life-work?

The presidents of several colleges have spoken of him as follows:

> President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University: "President Harper's death deprives the country of one of the most extraordinary and attractive figures, and the last months of his life have added a touch of heroism through which he won the warm admiration of the whole country. His loss is very serious indeed."

> President Schurman, of Cornell University: "President Harper was preeminent as an educational administrator, and was the greatest college president of the last fifteen years. The University of Chicago will remain for all time as a monument to his memory."

> President Hadley, of Yale: "President Harper was a brilliant instructor, skilful organizer, and a man of rare business ability."

> President Eliot, of Harvard: "His life, wonderfully active and energetic, was brought, by excessive work, to too early a close."

THE MEANING OF PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.

A Radical View of a Radical Policy, as
Expressed by a Well-Known
Radical of Chicago.

Publicists are generally agreed as to the meaning of the great changes now progressing in American political sentiment. The country, we are informed, after wrestling successfully with the problems of the accumulation of wealth, is ready to concern itself with the equitable distribution of what has been accumulated. We are growing rich almost too fast. We produce such vast quantities of everything needed by mankind that we hear of "production outrunning consumption."

In this new condition Clarence S. Darrow, the well-known Chicago lawyer and student of economics, sees the explanation of the growth of sentiment favoring public ownership. Writing in the *International Quarterly*, he takes advanced Radical ground as follows:

> Public ownership sentiment has had a remarkable growth in the United States during the last ten years. This sentiment is one of the many manifestations of the deep conviction that the present division of wealth is at once unjust and absurd. All sorts of theories for the more equitable distribution of wealth have found ready advocates on the platform and in the press in every enlightened nation of the world. However various the plans and schemes of social change, it is beyond dispute that the tendency of all nations has been toward a wider and completer collective life. In every country in the world the people have been constantly enlarging the functions and duties of the State, and political organizations are more and more becoming industrial institutions.

> In Europe, municipal and even national ownership of public utilities is no longer looked upon as radical or new, and the rapid growth of these ideas abroad has had much to do with sentiment in the United States.

> The most casual student of social questions has likewise seen the enormous fortunes that have been built up by the private ownership of public utilities. The larger part of all the stocks and bonds issued by public-service corporations are based upon franchises and not on private property. By this means the public is constantly and systematically taxed upon its own property, and this vast tax, in the shape of interest on bonds and dividends on stock, is taken by a handful of exploiters and stock-jobbers—who have thus contrived to build up private fortunes from public wealth.

GOOD ADVICE, GRATIS, FROM A RICH MAN.

The Characteristic Philosophy of Russell
Sage, the Most Contented Multi-Millionaire
in New York.

Nearly ninety years of age and weighted with scores of millions, Russell Sage is to-day one of the most completely satisfied rich men in the world. This is true, for "he himself has said it, and 'tis greatly to his credit."

Russell Sage is now the oldest of the money-kings of New York. He was born seventeen years before Andrew Carnegie, who threw off the harness of business five years ago. The original John Jacob Astor died at eighty-four, and Commodore Vanderbilt at eighty-two. But Russell Sage still is standing at the tiller of his gold-ballasted craft, as keen and sharp-eyed as he ever was. Of all the famous figures of Wall Street, only Daniel Drew lived to greater years; and Drew lost all his

millions before he ended his long career as a speculator.

Mr. Sage is as saving in his opinions as in his money, and it is seldom that he can be persuaded to make his mind an open book for the general public. But recently he consented to give the New York *World* the full story of life as he sees it. It is the most complete description of the Sage philosophy that he has ever given to the public. Whatever this advice may be worth to you, it has been worth about a hundred millions to Russell Sage: [Pg 12]

> I think, if I had my life to live over again, it would be as honest, as simple, as home-loving as I could make it. I would try with all my power for home-like comfort, happiness, and long life, as against show, shallow pleasure, and a short existence. Home life is best. Clubs are only a place for idle old men and wasteful young men.
>
> Great wealth is not everything, by any means. The mere making of money is not the only criterion of success. Many men whose names are our common heritage have died in very moderate circumstances, or even in poverty. Money is not a measure of brains.
>
> Real success is often achieved after many failures. An active man builds success upon a foundation of failure; a passive man does not. A real man is not hurt by hard knocks. Hard knocks make character.
>
> I think, had I my life to live over again, I would make charity a life study. It is a science. It cannot be learned in a day. The older a man lives the more he gets to realize this. From my own investigations I have found that there is a large class of professional mendicants that prey upon the well-to-do and charitably inclined.
>
> From time to time I have taken a whole month's batch of appealing letters and have had them thoroughly investigated by trained agents. Very few have been found to possess real merit. Most of the appeals were from persons who would not help themselves even with the aid of a helping hand.
>
> Real charity is dispensed without the blare of trumpets. Notoriety and professional philanthropy, indiscriminate alms-giving in any guise, have always been repugnant to me. I have never asked for any publicity for what I have done. Silence has invariably been my rule and practise.
>
> If I had my life to live over again I am sure I should not attempt to move in what is termed "society." I would rather be one of a few gathered together by a bond of friendship than to partake of all the glitter and hollowness of what is called the "Four Hundred." The friendship of a few outlives life itself. Friendship remembers; society forgets. In the home only is there true happiness. It is there that a man's best ideas get their birth and grow.
>
> If I had my life to live over again I would marry even earlier than I did. The tender care of a good wife is the finest thing in the world. I am thankful, indeed, that I have had this in the fullest measure.
>
> Thrift is the first element of successful manhood. When you have made your fortune, it is time enough to think about spending it. Two suits of clothes are enough for any young man. The only thought that a young man need spend about his clothes is to look out for bargains at the lowest price.
>
> Let him be on the lookout for cheap hats, bargains in shoes, knockdowns in suits. He is fostering business traits that augur well for his success in years to come.
>
> The boy who knows bargains in socks makes the man who knows bargains in stocks.
>
> Fifty cents is enough for a straw hat; it will last two seasons. You can get for thirty-nine cents an unlaundered white shirt which is excellent. You can get a good undershirt for twenty-five cents. Silk is not for salaried men. Fine clothes bring sham pleasure. Don't try to rival the flowers of the field.
>
> A rich man does not work for himself alone. He is really the nation's agent. He turns his wealth over constantly in a way that helps others. No one need be alarmed over the constant increase in the wealth limit. Big enterprises require big men.
>
> There is no such thing as a money-curse. It is the man, not the money, that makes the amount of individual wealth wrong. A good man cannot have too much money.
>
> And so let me say in conclusion, if I had my life to live over again, I would try just as hard as I knew how to turn my money over and over again, that it might do the most good to other men.
>
> I would live no differently. I would do as hard a day's work as I knew how. I would not feel it necessary to take vacations to recuperate. I would get my pleasure simply. I would dine simply on plain food. After dinner there would be a little reading of the papers or of good books, a chat with friends that might drop in, and

maybe a game of whist. I get plenty of relaxation from an exciting rubber. When the game is over, my day is done. I sleep like a top till morning.

That would be my life if I had it to live over. All my life my home has been my haven of happiness.

Roosevelt and the Labor-Unions.

By ELISHA JAY EDWARDS.

An Authoritative Statement of the President's Views Upon the Greatest Industrial Question of the Day.

An original article written for The Scrap Book.

In the unseasonable heat of Labor Day, 1898, a committee, small in numbers, but somewhat self-conscious and of impressive dignity, ventured to Montauk Point that it might discuss with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, the expediency of nominating him on an independent ticket for Governor of New York.

As these perspiring committeemen, who were followed by other politicians, mounted the sand-dunes beyond which lay the camp of the Rough Riders, they saw, silhouetted against a sky whose horizon is the sea, the commander of that historic regiment.

A Commander of Men.

Roosevelt stood before his tent, not heeding the approach of these friends and politicians. With eager eyes, and through a strangely unfamiliar pair of spectacles, of polished steel or nickeled frame, he was watching the movement of his troopers, who were moving over the sandy plain not more than a quarter of a mile distant.

There came from Colonel Roosevelt quick and hearty ejaculations, as if he was so rejoiced at the steady, disciplined marching of his regiment that he could find no better way to express his joy than by fervent expressions of "Good!" or, again, "Well done!"

The hot sun of that unusually heated September week caused a sort of mirage—a quivering, visible movement of the atmosphere arising by reflection from the sand, so that the Rough Riders seemed to be observed as through a glass.

After a few moments of enthusiastic inspection of the distant regiment, Colonel Roosevelt received his visitors cordially, and motioned them to the open tent, which was furnished with the rigorous simplicity of a true campaigner, yet offered abundant hospitality. As his friends were entering the tent, he stopped for a moment, and, turning toward his regiment, said:

"There is perfect order, perfect discipline, and yet every man of that regiment thinks!"

The Golden Rule Paraphrased.

In this comment there is to be discovered President Roosevelt's view of what the wise and beneficial combination of men into labor organizations may ultimately become. Years before, he had reasoned out what he believed to be the true philosophy of the labor-unions. He did not fully accept the familiar motto, "One for all and all for one." Instead, he formulated for himself another, which was after all merely a paraphrase of the golden rule:

"All for all, and every one for the best of which he is capable—the best morally, mentally, and physically."

Roosevelt came into active life at a time when the labor-unions, under sincerely well-meant leadership, were emerging from a period of struggle and disorder. Their dominant idea, as it seemed to many observers, was to use the weapon that is called the strike, and to intensify the power of that weapon by acts of violence. He had just entered Harvard when the anarchy and devastation that accompanied the railroad strikes of the summer of 1877 spread terror throughout the country. He was deeply interested in the progress of that fierce industrial conflict. He felt even then that men who labored could not be brought to such a condition of desperation that they were willing to use the torch unless they had some sense of unjust treatment. On the other hand, the torch and the shooting and the roll of drums and march of troops most gravely impressed the college student, and led him to give much thought to the question of the labor organizations.

Roosevelt and the Railway Men.

His attention was specially fixed upon the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. He was persistent and insistent in his inquiries of all who could give him information as to the philosophy upon which this body based its organization. He was greatly interested in the personality of Mr. Arthur, and of others who assisted Arthur in the creation of the brotherhood.

Later, when he had become a member of the New York Legislature, he was present at a State convention held in Utica. He was one of a considerable number of delegates and politicians who went from Albany to Utica on a cold and stormy winter afternoon. The train made its way against the winter tempest with some difficulty. When it rolled into the station at Utica, Roosevelt parted for a moment from his associates, and they saw him making his way, with characteristic quick and decisive steps, to the engine. Reaching up, he grasped the hands of the engineer and the fireman, and gave them a hearty word of thanks, in which he conveyed his sense of what they were as men and skilled artisans, and of what they had done that afternoon.

Many have thought that President Roosevelt's custom of shaking hands with the locomotive engineer and the fireman at the end of a journey was of recent adoption, but he began it as long ago as the time when he entered public life. Possibly, and it may be unconsciously to himself, in this kindly courtesy he reflected his sense of the intellectual and economic triumph which characterizes the perfecting of the organization of the Locomotive Engineers.

His Interest In Labor's Battles.

A year before Roosevelt was candidate for mayor of New York, he being then in his twenty-eighth year, there broke out the dangerous agitation that has passed into history as the Missouri Pacific strike. The details of this affair were eagerly sought by Roosevelt. He would stop whatever work he had in hand in order to gather from any one who was well informed not merely the incidents of the strike, but the characteristics of the leader of the strikers, Martin Irons, and of his associates.

At that time, Roosevelt spoke with emphasis in deploring the acts of violence which the greatly inflamed employees committed. He looked upon the destruction of life and of property as not merely criminal in itself, but as sure, if persisted in, to do harm to all labor organizations. But he seemed to be attracted by the skill and energy, the personal force, the power of discipline and of leadership, which had enabled a railway mechanic like Irons to obtain supreme leadership and mastery over many thousands of intelligent American working men.

When Roosevelt was president of the Police Board of New York he was almost as greatly concerned about a strike involving the tailors, garment-cutters, and others whose employment was with the needle, sewing-machine, or shears, as if he himself was of their vocation. The poverty of the strikers had been extreme, their wages being barely sufficient to pay for a loaf of bread and a bit of meat once a week, and for the narrowest and most squalid kind of tenement in which to sleep. He learned that these conditions had been somewhat improved through the formation of the garment-workers into a labor-union. He was greatly interested in one Barondess, a man of crude and yet real force, who had skilfully perfected their organization.

So it was at all times when there were important strikes or agitations that Roosevelt displayed the keenest interest in the individual. The creation of one or another labor-union by some man of original native force of mind was sure to inspire him with a desire to know something of the new leader. He has always seemed to be far more interested in the personality, the temperament, and the intellectual gifts of those who have emerged from the ranks of working men, and have taken leadership among their fellows, than in the achievements of those who have built railroads, concentrated industrial organizations of vast capital, or mastered the secrets of nature by means of inventive apparatus.

His Belief in Individualism.

In nothing that President Roosevelt has said or done since he entered public life has he so firmly and impressively illustrated his faith in individualism, so to call it, as in his relations to the labor organizations. He looks upon them as no more than a means to an individual end. He has scant patience with those who dream of a grand socialism of labor, with every man standing upon an equality.

The President is in entire sympathy with the efforts of the labor-unions to secure agreement with all employers that eight hours shall constitute a day's work. But he is fearful that any restriction of the amount of labor that a man is permitted to do in one day is an economic blunder. He holds that it runs counter to individuality, and will ultimately prove to impair the fine opportunities for advancement and benefit which wisely managed labor-unions will always have.

President Roosevelt's philosophy of life, of its obligations and its opportunities, is that each individual should develop as perfectly as is possible whatever his native talent may be. To do that, in his view, involves struggle, and struggle always entails leadership. And it has seemed to him that in this process of high development of native gifts the man who is obliged to work for wages, whether he be a skilled artisan or a humble mechanic, must look to his fellows for help. Therefore, inevitably, there have sprung up associations of those who are engaged in the production of like articles.

Roosevelt and the Mine-Workers.

Of all the addresses and writings in which the President has expounded his philosophy of labor, he probably best epitomized his opinions when he delivered his speech to the miners at Wilkes-Barre, last October.

"I strongly believe," he said, "in trade-unions wisely and justly handled, in which the rightful purpose to benefit those connected with them is not accompanied by a desire to do injustice or wrong to others. I believe in the duty of capitalists and wage-workers to try to seek one another out, to understand one another's point of view, and to endeavor to show broad and kindly human sympathy one with the other."

That philosophy is entirely consistent with the President's strong faith in what may be called individualism. In his view, the labor-union serves its chief purpose when it makes possible the highest development of the gifts bestowed upon each individual by his Creator.

With this understanding it is easy to explain the personal interest President Roosevelt has in all of those who are leaders in labor organizations. The energy, the far-reaching understanding, the tact, and the frequent use of somewhat imperious power, all of which were necessary to bring the army of mine-workers into one compact organization, and all of which have been exemplified by John Mitchell, were sure to appeal very strongly to Theodore Roosevelt.

Twice since he became President he has had executive opportunity for showing, not merely by word but in deed, exactly what is his understanding of labor organizations and of their rights and limitations. To this day the world does not accurately measure Roosevelt's action at the time of the portentous struggle between the anthracite coal-miners and their employers. At that crisis, when there was danger of something like civil war, or at least of industrial anarchy and suffering, he seemed to be impelled by precisely the same motives as those that actuated him in bringing about the conference for peace between Russia and Japan. After confidential communication with ex-President Cleveland, who warmly approved his proposed plan, he offered to open the door for a settlement of the desperate struggle between the miners and the mine-owners. As his correspondence with ex-President Cleveland shows, he did not consider, except incidentally, the rights and limitations of the labor organizations on the one hand, or, upon the other, the legal position of those who control capital, credit, transportation, and mines. He spoke for the much-suffering public. He realized that no other than he could with any prospect of success offer to serve as mediator.

No Respecter of Persons.

When the representatives of capital first met the President, they were under the delusion that he had invited them to meet him because he fully sympathized with the miners' labor organization. But at that first meeting these kings of finance and of transportation and of the mining industry perceived that Roosevelt gloried in his sense of manhood, and that his courtesy to John Mitchell, and his recognition of John Mitchell's leadership, were in no way diminished by the presence of men possessed of immense capital and consequently of great power.

Capital was mistaken, however, in its presumption that Roosevelt was its enemy. It was learned in the course of the several interviews with the President that he had as firm a conviction of the necessity of combinations of capital and credit as he had in the imperative need that those who work with the hand should also combine for common benefit.

In private, President Roosevelt has expressed his unbounded admiration for the courage of that business statesmanship which, within a generation, has so mastered the West as to make its prairies rich in harvests and its population continuous and thriving between the Atlantic and the Pacific. But he has quite as much admiration for the native qualities, and for the stern training and disciplining of those qualities, whereby a coal-miner succeeded in organizing for a common purpose a vast army of men whose toil is hidden from the sunlight, and whose faces are blackened as they come, with lanterns on their caps, from the dismal caverns where they delve.

Mr. George W. Perkins has spoken to his friends of the impression made by the President upon the capitalists whom he met at these interviews in which the way was prepared for a settlement of the anthracite coal strike. Mr. Roosevelt made it clear that he was no respecter of persons by reason of the incidental power any one might possess, but was only a respecter and admirer of manhood.

The second of the executive opportunities came when a demand was made that none but a member of the labor organization should be employed in one of the government departments. The President's reply was emphatic. The government as a government could not, he said, recognize either labor organizations as against an individual or an individual as against a labor organization. At one meeting between Mr. Roosevelt and some of those who were of the labor world, he declared that no combination, whether of capital, or of credit, or any wherein the bond of union is a common kind of labor, can in the long run prosper if it forgets the rights of the individual. He has over and over again inculcated the doctrine of individual right of judgment, deeming that to contain the very spirit of American institutions.

The Enjoyment in Labor.

The President is quoted by his friends as having recently expressed his confident belief that the labor organizations are coming to see the wisdom of the view that the right to exercise individual judgment must not be forgotten or ignored. He has no doubt that ultimately, if wisely and justly handled, they will give the fullest opportunity for the perfection of the individual morally, intellectually, and physically.

The time, he thinks, is not far distant when the sense of individuality may be sufficient to teach the lesson that in every kind of labor the laborer may find enjoyment—the florist and the harvester in the mystery of the growth and coloring of the products of the field, the granite-worker in the tracings of geology, the carpenter in the beauty of geometry and in the fine penciling which nature has left in the native wood. Work undertaken in this spirit is no longer mere mercenary drudgery, but partakes of the inspiration that follows high appeal to the intellectual and moral faculty of the worker.

To give a final summing up of President Roosevelt's view of trade-unions and labor organizations, it may be said that he believes in them because he sees in such combinations the greater opportunity for each individual to develop the best that is in him. [Pg 17]

A Descent Into the Maelström.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, January 19, 1809, and died in Baltimore, October 7, 1849. His father, David Poe, while a law student in Baltimore, married Elizabeth Arnold, a beautiful English actress, and went on the stage himself. Several years later both died within a few weeks of each other, leaving three children, of whom Edgar was the second. Impressed by the boy's extraordinary beauty and intelligence, John Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond, adopted him.

Poe was then sent to England to be educated. There he spent five or six years in a school at Stoke Newington. Subsequently he was sent to the University of Virginia and to the United States Military Academy at West Point, but remained only a few months at each institution. Finally he quarreled with Mr. Allan, who died shortly afterward; and Edgar was not mentioned in the will.

In 1833 the Baltimore *Saturday Visitor* offered two prizes of a hundred dollars each for a story and a poem. Poe won both. This led to his employment in various editorial capacities in Richmond and New York. Quarrels with his employers usually resulted in his dismissal. During this period he was distinguished by an extraordinary degree of literary activity, however, and it was not long before he was recognized as one of the most forceful figures in American literature.

Scores of authors have found inspiration in the pages of Edgar Allan Poe. Sardou, the celebrated French dramatist, founded the main incident of his "Scrap of Paper" on Poe's "The Purloined Letter," and Conan Doyle has admitted that *Dupin*, the detective who appears in several of Poe's tales, was the prototype of *Sherlock Holmes*. "A Descent Into the Maelström" is generally regarded as one of the most representative of his stories.

We had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak.

"Not long ago," said he at length, "and I could have guided you on this route as well as the youngest of my sons; but about three years past there happened to me an event such as never happened before to mortal man—or at least such as no man ever survived to tell of—and the six hours of deadly terror which I then endured have broken me up body and soul.

"You suppose me a very old man, but I am not. It took less than a single day to change these hairs from a jetty black to white, to weaken my limbs, and to un-string my nerves so that I tremble at the least exertion and am frightened at a shadow. Do you know I can scarcely look over this little cliff without getting giddy?"

The "little cliff," upon whose edge he had so carelessly thrown himself to rest that the weightier portion of his body hung over it, while he was only kept from falling by the tenure of his elbow on its extreme and slippery edge—this "little cliff" arose, a sheer unobstructed precipice of black shining rock, some fifteen or sixteen hundred feet from the world of crags beneath us.

Nothing would have tempted me to within half a dozen yards of its brink. In truth, so deeply was I excited by the perilous position of my companion that I fell at full length upon the ground, clung to the shrubs around me, and dared not even glance upward at the sky—while I struggled in vain to divest myself of the idea that the very foundations of the mountain were in danger from the fury of the winds. [Pg 18]

It was long before I could reason myself into sufficient courage to sit up and look out into the distance.

"You must get over these fancies," said the guide; "for I have brought you here that you might have the best possible view of the scene of that event I mentioned, and to tell you the whole story with the spot just under your eye.

"We are now," he continued in that particularizing manner which distinguished him—"we are now close upon the Norwegian coast—in the sixty-eighth degree of latitude—in the great province of Nordland—and in the dreary district of Lofoden. The mountain upon whose top we sit is Helseggen, the Cloudy. Now raise yourself up a little higher—hold on to the grass if you feel giddy—so—and look out, beyond the belt of vapor beneath us, into the sea."

I looked dizzily, and beheld a wide expanse of ocean whose waters wore so inky a hue as to bring at once to my mind the Nubian geographer's account of the Mare Tenebrarum. A panorama more deplorably desolate no human imagination can conceive.

To the right and left, as far as the eye could reach, there lay outstretched, like ramparts of the world, lines of horribly black and beetling cliff, whose character of gloom was but the more forcibly illustrated by the surf which reared high up against it its white and ghastly crest, howling and shrieking forever.

Just opposite the promontory upon whose apex we were placed, and at a distance of some five or six miles out at sea, there was visible a small bleak-looking island; or more properly, its position was discernible through the wilderness of surge in which it was enveloped.

About two miles nearer the land arose another of smaller size, hideously craggy and barren, and encompassed at various intervals by a cluster of dark rocks.

The appearance of the ocean in the space between the more distant island and the shore had something very unusual about it. Although at the time so strong a gale was blowing landward that a brig in the remote offing lay to under a double-reefed trysail, and constantly plunged her whole hull out of sight, still there was here nothing like a regular swell, but only a short, quick angry cross-dashing of water in every direction—as well in the teeth of the wind as otherwise. Of foam there was little except in the immediate vicinity of the rocks.

"The island in the distance," resumed the old man, "is called by the Norwegians Vurrgh. The one midway is Moskoe. That a mile to the northward is Ambaaren. Yonder are Islesen, Hotholm, Keildhelm, Suarven, and Buckholm. Farther off—between Moskoe and Vurrgh—are Otterholm, Flimen, Sandflesen, and Stockholm. These are the true names of the places; but why it has been thought necessary to name them at all is more than either you or I can understand. Do you hear anything? Do you see any change in the water?"

We had now been about ten minutes upon the top of Helseggen—to which we had ascended from the interior of Lofoden, so that we had caught no glimpse of the sea until it had burst upon us from the summit. As the old man spoke I became aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie; and at the same moment I perceived that what seamen term the chopping character of the ocean beneath us was rapidly changing into a current which set to the eastward.

Even while I gazed, this current acquired a monstrous velocity. Each moment added to its speed —to its headlong impetuosity. In five minutes the whole sea, as far as Vurrgh, was lashed into ungovernable fury, but it was between Moskoe and the coast that the main uproar held its sway.

Here the vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into frenzied convulsion: heaving, boiling, hissing, gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes, except in precipitous descents.

In a few minutes more there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and the whirlpools one by one disappeared, while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent where none had been seen before.

These streaks, at length, spreading out to a great distance and entering into combination, took unto themselves the gyratory motion of the subsided vortices, and seemed to form the germ of another more vast. Suddenly—very suddenly—this assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diameter.

The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray; but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice, half shriek, half roar, such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to heaven.

"This," said I at length to the old man—"this can be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the Maelström."

"So it is sometimes termed," said he. "We Norwegians call it the Moskoe-ström, from the island of Moskoe in the midway."

The ordinary accounts of this vortex had by no means prepared me for what I saw. That of Jonas Ramus, which is perhaps the most circumstantial of any, cannot impart the faintest conception

either of the magnificence or of the horror of the scene, or of the wild bewildering sense of the novel which confounds the beholder.

I am not sure from what point of view the writer in question surveyed it, nor at what time; but it could neither have been from the summit of Helseggen, nor during a storm. There are some passages of his description, nevertheless, which may be quoted for their details, although their effect is exceedingly feeble in conveying an impression of the spectacle.

"Between Lofoden and Moskoe," he says, "the depth of the water is between thirty-six and forty fathoms; but on the other side, toward Ver, this depth decreases so as not to afford a convenient passage for a vessel, without the risk of splitting on the rocks, which happens even in the calmest weather.

"When it is flood, the stream runs up the country between Lofoden and Moskoe with a boisterous rapidity; but the roar of its impetuous ebb to the sea is scarce equaled by the loudest and most dreadful cataracts—the noise being heard several leagues off; and the vortices or pits are of such an extent and depth that if a ship comes within its attraction it is inevitably absorbed and carried down to the bottom, and there beat to pieces against the rocks; and when the water relaxes the fragments thereof are thrown up again.

"But these intervals of tranquillity are only at the turn of the ebb and flood, and in calm weather, and last but a quarter of an hour, its violence gradually returning. When the stream is most boisterous, and its fury heightened by a storm, it is dangerous to come within a Norway mile of it.

"Boats, yachts, and ships have been carried away by not guarding against it before they were within its reach. It likewise happens frequently that whales come too near the stream and are overpowered by its violence; and then it is impossible to describe their howlings and bellowings in their fruitless struggles to disengage themselves.

"A bear once, attempting to swim from Lofoden to Moskoe, was caught by the stream and borne down, while he roared terribly, so as to be heard on shore. Large stocks of firs and pine-trees, after being absorbed by the current, rise again broken and torn to such a degree as if bristles grew upon them. This plainly shows the bottom to consist of craggy rocks, among which they are whirled to and fro."

In regard to the depth of the water, I could not see how this could have been ascertained at all in the immediate vicinity of the vortex. The "forty fathoms" must have reference only to portions of the channel close upon the shore either of Moskoe or Lofoden.

The depth in the center of the Moskoe-ström must be unmeasurably greater.... Looking down from this pinnacle upon the howling Phlegethon below, I could not help smiling at the simplicity with which the honest Jonas Ramus records, as a matter difficult of belief, the anecdotes of the whales and the bears; for it appeared to me a self-evident thing that the largest ships of the line in existence, coming within the influence of that deadly attraction, could resist it as little as a feather the hurricane, and must disappear bodily and at once.

"You have had a good look at the whirl now," said the guide; "and if you will creep round this crag, so as to get in its lee, and deaden the roar of the water, I will tell you a story that will convince you I ought to know something of the Moskoe-ström."

I placed myself as he desired, and he proceeded:

"Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons' burden, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. In all violent eddies at sea there is good fishing, at proper opportunities, if one has only the courage to attempt it; but among the whole of the Lofoden coast-men we three were the only ones who made a regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell you.

"The usual grounds are a great way lower down to the southward. There fish can be got at all hours, without much risk, and therefore these places are preferred. The choice spots over here among the rocks, however, not only yield the finest variety, but in far greater abundance; so that we often got in a single day what the more timid of the craft could not scrape together in a week. In fact, we made it a matter of desperate speculation: the risk of life standing instead of labor, and courage answering for capital.

"We kept the smack in a cove about five miles higher up the coast than this; and it was our practise, in fine weather, to take advantage of the fifteen minutes' slack to push across the main channel of the Moskoe-ström, far above the pool, and then drop down upon anchorage somewhere near Otterholm, or Sandflesen, where the eddies are not so violent as elsewhere. Here we used to remain until nearly time for slack water again, when we weighed and made for home.

"We never set out upon this expedition without a steady side wind for going and coming—one that we felt sure would not fail us before our return; and we seldom made a miscalculation upon this point. Twice, during six years, we were forced to stay all night at anchor, on account of a dead calm, which is a rare thing indeed just about here; and once we had to remain on the grounds nearly a week, starving to death, owing to a gale which blew up shortly after our arrival, and made the channel too boisterous to be thought of.

"Upon this occasion we should have been driven out to sea in spite of everything (for the

whirlpools threw us round and round so violently that at length we fouled our anchor and dragged it), if it had not been that we drifted into one of the innumerable cross-currents—here to-day and gone to-morrow—which drove us under the lee of Flimen, where by good luck we brought up.

"I could not tell you the twentieth part of the difficulties we encountered 'on the ground'—it is a bad spot to be in, even in good weather; but we made shift always to run the gantlet of the Moskoe-ström itself without accident, although at times my heart has been in my mouth when we happened to be a minute or so behind or before the slack.

"It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the 10th of July, 18—; a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget, for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens.

"And yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the southwest, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

"The three of us—my two brothers and myself—had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock P.M., and soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish; which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, by my watch, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Ström at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"We set out with a fresh wind at our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger; for indeed we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual; something that had never happened to us, and I began to feel a little uneasy, without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies; and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

"In the meantime, the breeze that had headed us off fell away; and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it.

"In less than a minute the storm was upon us; in less than two the sky was entirely overcast; and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

"Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt to describe. The oldest seaman in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us; but at the first puff both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off—the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow; and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Ström, by way of precaution against chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once; for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast.

"It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this, which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done; for I was too much flurried to think.

"For some moments I was completely deluged, I say; and all this time I held my breath and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself in some measure of the seas.

"I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother—and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard; but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror—for he put his mouth close to my ear and screamed out the word 'Moskoe-ström!'

"No one will ever know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Ström, and nothing could save us!

"You perceive that in crossing the Ström channel we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack; but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this!

"'To be sure,' I thought, 'we shall get there just about the slack—there is some little hope in that'; but in the moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew very

well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it much as we scudded before it; but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. [Pg 22]

"A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch; but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky—as clear as I ever saw, and of a deep bright blue—and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a luster that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness—but, O God, what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother; but in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say, 'Listen!'

"At first I could not make out what he meant; but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Ström was in full fury!

"When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her—which appears very strange to a landsman; and this is what is called riding, in sea phrase.

"Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose—up—up—as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high.

"And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around, and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-ström whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead, but no more like the every-day Moskoe-ström than the whirl as you now see it is like a mill-race.

"If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognized the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterward until we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half-turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek; such a sound as you might imagine given out by the water-pipes of many thousand steam-vessels, letting off their steam all together.

"We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss—down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge.

"Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange—but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

"It may look like boasting, but what I tell you is the truth: I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power.

"I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a wish to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. [Pg 23]

"These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity—and I have often thought since that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

"There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession, and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation—for as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge.

"If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances; just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden them while

their doom is yet uncertain.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge.

"All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us.

"As we approached the brink of the pit, he let go his hold upon this and made for the ring, from which in the agony of his terror he endeavored to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act, although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright.

"I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask.

"This there was no great difficulty in doing, for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel—only swaying to and fro with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position when we gave a wild lurch to starboard and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them; while I expected instant destruction and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles.

"But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage, and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensation of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool.

"She was quite upon an even keel—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water; but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam ends.

"I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmans say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity.

"This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom, but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist I dare not attempt to describe.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us to a great distance down the slope; but our further descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept; not with any uniform movement, but in dizzying swings and jerks that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards, sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow but very perceptible.

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels, and staves.

"I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company.

"I must have been delirious, for I even sought amusement in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir-tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears'; and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before.

"At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all—this fact, the fact of my invariable miscalculation, set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting hope. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-ström.

"By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters; but then I distinctly recollected that there were some of them which were not disfigured at all. Now, I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been completely absorbed; that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or from some reason had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came—or of the ebb, as the case might be.

"I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might be thus whirled up again to the level of the ocean without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early or absorbed more rapidly. I made also three important observations. The first was, that as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second, that between the two masses of equal extent, the one spherical and the other of any other shape, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly.

"Since my escape I have had several conversations on this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me—although I have forgotten the explanation—how what I had observed was in fact the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments; and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty, than an equally bulky body of any form whatever.

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was that at every revolution we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of the vessel; while many of those things which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do.

"I thought at length that he comprehended my design, but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so with a bitter struggle I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale—as you see that I did escape, and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have further to say, I will bring my story quickly to conclusion.

"It might have been an hour or thereabout after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool.

"The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momently less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew gradually less and less violent. By degrees the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-ström had been.

"It was the hour of the slack, but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Ström, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up—exhausted from fatigue, and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror.

"Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions, but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveler from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say too that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story; they did not believe it. I now tell it to you; and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden."

FAVORITE POEMS

OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

However practical a man may be—however deeply he may be engrossed in pursuits that would seem to be almost as barren of poetry as a city pavement is of verdure—there is some chord in his heart that the right poet may strike and fill his soul with melody. There is scarcely a man in any walk of life who has not at some time in his life come upon a poem which seemed to voice his own ideals.

In the private office of President Roosevelt, in the White House, hangs, in the handwriting of its author, a poem by the late Senator John J. Ingalls, of Kansas. The title of the poem is "Opportunity." This framed manuscript and a portrait of President Lincoln are the only objects on the walls of the apartment.

In singular contrast with the favorite poem of Theodore Roosevelt is that of Abraham Lincoln—"Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" by William Knox. Lincoln cut the poem from a newspaper and committed it to memory. Several years later he said to a friend: "I would give a great deal to know who wrote it, but I have never been able to ascertain." Subsequently he learned that the author was Knox, a Scottish poet, who died in 1825.

OPPORTUNITY.

By the late Senator John J. Ingalls.

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk: I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden, once, at every gate!
If feasting, rise; if sleeping, wake before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death. But those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and ceaselessly implore;
I answer not, and I return—no more.

[Pg 27]

Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?

BY WILLIAM KNOX.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,

The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed,
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—aye, they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draft of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Superstitions of the Theater.

Nearly Everything That Occurs in the Actor's World Has Some Promise of Good or Threat of Evil for "the Show" or the Individual.

Compiled and edited for The Scrap Book.

Besides believing in many of the prevailing superstitions the people of the theater have a number which are distinctly their own. In fact, there is hardly anything that occurs in the actor's world that has not some superstitious meaning attached to it, and accidents of the most trivial character are construed by him into good or evil omens.

To the actor, such simple things as the lodging of a drop-curtain or the upsetting of his make-up box, are sure forerunners of bad luck, as likewise is the breaking of a stick of black grease-paint in the performer's hand. If he stubs his toe on making a stage entry, he considers himself irretrievably "hoodooed" for the rest of the evening.

Yellow is an Unlucky Color.

There are certain shades of yellow that are supposed to exert an evil influence when worn in a play. This superstition does not apply to the general dressing of the chorus or stage, but only to an individual costume or part of a garment, such as a tie, vest, or hat.

There is hardly an orchestra leader who would allow a musician to play a yellow clarinet under his direction, believing that if such a thing were to happen the entire orchestra would go wrong.

Nor are yellow costumes the only kind that are supposed to cast an evil spell over their wearer. If, for example, an accident happens to an actor while wearing a certain costume, or if he forget his lines three or four times while he has it on, the misfortune is invariably blamed on the costume.

Certain wigs are considered harbingers of good luck, and actors will often wear one when the part doesn't really require it. Moss hair, which is used by the actors to make beards, mustaches, etc., plays its part in superstition. A certain amount must be used at each performance if the actor would keep in the good graces of the fates.

To use another's liquid glue (a glue used to stick moss hair to the face) is a very good way to invite misfortune. If an actor's shoes squeak while he is making his first entrance, it is a sure sign that he will be well received by the audience.

To kick off his shoes and have them alight on their soles and remain standing upright means good luck to him, but if they fall over, bad luck is to be expected. They will also bring him all kinds of misfortune if placed on a chair in the dressing-room.

If, when an acrobat throws his cuffs on the stage, preparatory to doing his turn, they remain fastened together, all will go well, but if on the other hand they separate, he must look out for squalls.

Cats have always been considered the very best fortune-producing acquisitions a theater can possess, and are welcomed and protected by actor and stage-hand alike. But if a cat runs across the stage during the action of the play, misfortune is sure to follow. Bad luck will also come to those who kick a cat.

Mirrors and Peep-Holes.

The actor goes the layman one better in mirror superstitions. He believes it will bring him bad luck to have another person look into the mirror over his shoulder while he is making up before it.

As much care must be taken by the actor on making his entrances as in the repeating of the lines. Not for their importance as an effect on the audience, but to avoid the "hoodoo" attached to certain entries. For example: To stumble over anything on making an entrance, the actor firmly believes, will cause him to miss a cue or forget his lines.

If his costume catches on a piece of scenery as he goes on, he must immediately retrace his steps and make a new entrance, or else suffer misfortunes of all sorts during the rest of the performance.

Even the drop-curtain contributes its share of stage superstitions, as nearly every actor and manager believes it is bad luck to look out at the audience from the wrong side of it when it is down. Some say it is the prompt side that casts the evil spell, while others contend that it is the opposite side. The management, not being sure of which side the bad luck is likely to accrue, places a peep-hole directly in the center.

There is another superstition which passed away with the advent of the frame curtain. In those days the curtain was rolled up like a window-shade instead of running up and down in a groove as the modern ones do. In those days for one to sit on the curtain-roller was a sure method of bringing the boss carpenter or property man with a stage brace for the prompt removal of the sitter. To them it was an infallible sign that salaries were not going to be paid.

Vaudeville performers believe it is bad luck to change the costumes in which they first achieved success, and many of them cling to these costumes until they literally fall apart.

The Witches' Song is Side-Stepped.

The older members of the profession have always considered the witches' song in Macbeth to possess the uncanny power of casting evil spells, and the majority of them have strong dislikes to play in the piece. If you but hum this tune in the hearing of an old actor, the chances are that you will lose his friendship.

An actor who has been on the stage long enough to acquaint himself with its superstitions, will not repeat the last lines of a play at rehearsals, nor will he go on the stage where there is a picture of an ostrich displayed if he can help it.

Some actors believe that if they accidentally try the wrong door of an agent's or manager's office when looking for an engagement, their mission will be a failure. It is also considered bad luck to change the position of any piece of furniture or "props" of any description whatever, after the stage has once been set, and before the rise of the curtain.

Whistling is Tabooed.

It is considered by all theatrical people to be the worst luck in the world for any one to whistle in the theater, and there is no offense for which the manager will scold an employee more quickly.

The players are not the only ones in the theater having superstitions. The "front of the house" have their pet ones as well.

In the box-office, if the first purchaser of seats for a new production is an old man or woman, it means to the ticket-seller that the play will have a long run. A young person means the reverse. A torn bank-note means a change of position for the man in the box-office, while a gold certificate, strange to say, is a sign of bad luck.

The usher seating the first patron of the evening fondly imagines that he will be lucky until the end of the performance, but if the first coupon he handles calls for one of the many thirteen seats, he is quite sure that it will bring him bad luck for the rest of the night.

To the usher, a tip from a woman for a program also spells misfortune, and few of the old-timers will accept it. A woman fainting in the theater is sure to bring bad luck to the usher in whose section she is seated. Not to hear the first lines of the play is to invite misfortune, so he believes.

An usher feels sure that if he makes a mistake in seating the first person in his section, it is sure to be quickly followed by two more. The first tip of the season is always briskly rubbed on the trousers-leg and kept in the pocket of the recipient for the rest of the season as a "coaxer." To receive a smile over the footlights from one of the company also brings luck.

GRAVE, GAY, AND EPIGRAMMATIC.

PAYING THE PIPER.

By Virginia Woodward Cloud.

The Piper sat by the river, his tireless pipe in his hand,
But ere the sun set and the white stars met
He scratched with a stick on the sand.
"My bills are due," quoth the Piper, "and now they pay," quoth he,
"Who danced and played from the sun into shade
Now render account to me.

"Here is one for a year," quoth the Piper; "a year of love's delight;
A heart that is dead and a soul unwed
Shall cancel a debt so trite!
I need not dun," quoth the Piper—and laughed, but nobody heard,
A chill in the air, and a shudder somewhere—
"They will render without one word.

"And this for my maddest playing"—oh, he wrote as he chuckled and laughed—
"I will make my dole an immortal soul;
They shall drain where they only quaffed!"
So, he did his sum in addition, till the rose and the star had met,
But although he tried to thrust it aside
One name lay unchallenged yet.

Complacently, knave and sinner, apportioned he each his due,
But when it was o'er there remained one more,
And its pattern the Piper knew.
"Rascal or thief," mused the Piper, "I play for their dancing and smile,
They have their way for a little day,
I have mine after a while.

"I can score each knave," quoth the Piper, "in Life's ill-sorted school,
For they take and they take their greed to slake,
But I am no match for the Fool!
For he pays as he goes," frowned the Piper, "pain, laughter, passion of tears!
He claims no pelf from Life for himself,
But gives his all without tears.

"The rest of my dancers laugh not, and I hold each one as a tool,
But he pays as he goes, be it rapture or woes,
And I have no bill for the Fool!
He loves and he lives," frowned the Piper, "and such poor returns suffice,
For he cries '*Voilà le diable!*' and gives himself as the price!"
Then, with chagrin and reluctance, as the star sank into the pool,
The Piper made claim on each separate name,
But receipted in full—for the Fool.

The Bookman.

MARK TWAIN'S RESPONSE.

A friend wrote to Mark Twain, asking his opinion on a certain matter, and received no reply. He waited a few days, and wrote again.

His second letter was also ignored. Then he sent a third note, enclosing a sheet of paper and a two-cent stamp.

By return mail he received a postal card, on which was the following: "Paper and stamp received. Please send envelope."—*Boston Herald.*

WHAT THE AILMENT WAS.

A New England statesman was referring to the dry humor of the late Senator Hoar, when he was reminded of the following:

One day Hoar learned that a friend in Worcester who had been thought to have appendicitis was in reality suffering from acute indigestion.

Whereupon the senator smiled genially. "Really," said he, "that's good news. I rejoice for my friend that the trouble lies in the table of contents rather than in the appendix."—*New York Tribune.*

THE FARMER'S SYMPATHY.

A large touring automobile containing a man and his wife in a narrow road met a hay wagon fully loaded. The woman declared that the farmer must back out, but her husband contended that she was unreasonable.

"But you can't back the automobile so far," she said, "and I don't intend to move for anybody. He should have seen us."

The husband pointed out that this was impossible, owing to an abrupt turn in the road.

"I don't care," she insisted, "I won't move if we have to stay here all night!"

The man in the automobile was starting to argue the matter when the farmer, who had been sitting quietly on the hay, interrupted.

"Never mind, sir," he exclaimed, "I'll try to back out. I've got one just like her at home!"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

PROVED.

"Your son is a philosophical student, I hear?"

"Yes, I believe he is. I can't understand what he's talking about."—*Detroit Free Press.*

EQUALITY.

By Matthias Barr.

Come, give me your hand, sir, my friend and my brother.
If honest, why, sure, that's enough!
One hand, if it's true, is as good as another,
No matter how brawny or rough.

Though it toil for a living at hedges or ditches,
Or make for its owner a name,
Or fold in its grasp all the dainties of riches—
If honest, I love it the same.

Not less in the sight of his Heavenly Maker
Is he who must toil for his bread;
Not more in the sight of the mute undertaker
Is majesty shrouded and dead.

Let none of us jeeringly scoff at his neighbor
Or mock at his lowly birth.
We are all of us God's. Let us earnestly labor
To better this suffering earth.

A FISH STORY.

Brown had returned from a fishing expedition, and, after partaking of a most welcome dinner, was relating some of his fishing experiences.

"Last year," said he, "while fishing for pike, I dropped half a sovereign. I went to the same place this year, and after my line had been cast a few minutes I felt a terrific pull. Eventually I landed a line pike, which had swallowed the hook, and, on cutting it open to release the hook, to my amazement——"

"Ah," said his friends, "you found your half-sovereign?"

"Oh, no," replied Brown, "I found nine shillings and sixpence in silver and threepence in copper."

"Well, what became of the other threepence?" queried his friends.

"I suppose the pike paid to go through the lock with it," answered Brown.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

BYRON ON WOMAN.

Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield.

Corsair, Canto 2.

WOMAN'S RETORT.

The mild business man was calmly reading his paper in the crowded trolley-car. In front of him stood a little woman hanging by a strap. Her arm was being slowly torn out of her body, her eyes were flashing at him, but she constrained herself to silence.

Finally, after he had endured it for twenty minutes, he touched her arm, and said:

"Madam, you are standing on my foot."

"Oh, am I?" she savagely retorted. "I thought it was a valise."—*Kansas City Independent.*

SHAKESPEARE ON WOMAN.

She is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

A MAIDEN SPEECH.

Very few persons acquit themselves nobly in their maiden speech. At a wedding feast recently the bridegroom was called upon, as usual, to respond to the given toast.

Blushing to the roots of his hair, he rose to his feet. He intended to imply that he was unprepared for speechmaking, but, unfortunately, placed his hand upon the bride's shoulder, and looked down at her as he stammered out his opening (and concluding) words: "This—er—thing has been thrust upon me."—*Tit-Bits.*

TWO VIEWS OF OLD AGE.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

At Twenty He Smiled at the Picture Presented by a Patriarch—At Three Score and Ten He Told of an Old Man's Dreams.

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
    And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
    With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
    Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
    Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
    Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
    "They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
    In their bloom,

And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

AS SEEN AT SEVENTY.

I was a little over twenty years old when I wrote "The Last Leaf." The world was a garden to me then; it is a churchyard now. And yet those are not bitter or scalding tears that fall from my eyes upon "mossy marbles."

The young who left my side early in my life's journey are still with me in the unchanged freshness and beauty of youth. Those who have long kept company with me live on after their seeming departure, were it only by the mere force of habit; their images are all around me, as if every surface had been a sensitive film that photographed them; their voices echo about me as if they had been recorded on those unforgotten cylinders which bring back to us the tones and accents that have imprinted them as the extinct animals left their tracks on the hardened sand.

The melancholy of old age has a divine tenderness in it, which only the sad experience of life can lend a sad soul.

The Gridiron.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Samuel Lover was born in Dublin in 1797. As a novelist he was one of the most popular of the period in which he lived. He is acknowledged to have written the best Irish peasant sketches and the best Irish peasant songs in the language. Lover was the son of a Dublin stock-broker, who attempted to prepare his son for that business. At the age of seventeen, however, the boy turned his back on the office, and, with his scanty savings, he took up the study of art. Three years later he began to win success as a painter of miniatures. An admirable miniature of Paganini painted by Lover excited so much attention in London that the young artist was induced to go to the metropolis. There he spent a considerable part of his time in literary work.

"The Gridiron" was one of his first productions. His three-volume novel, "Rory O'More," appeared in 1836. This was dramatized and met with such success that its versatile author for a time devoted himself to playwriting. He also wrote the words and music of several operettas. As a song writer he now became one of the most popular in the United Kingdom.

On the day that Victoria was crowned Queen of England she was escorted to Buckingham Palace to the strains of "Rory O'More." His most popular novel was "Handy Andy." Lover visited the United States in 1846. He died in 1868.

Besides his literary talent, he possessed a high degree of musical ability. Among Samuel Lover's descendants is Victor Herbert, the well-known musical director and composer.

A certain old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equaled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont, upon certain festive occasions, when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by drawing out one of his servants who was exceedingly fond of what he termed his "thravels," and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and, perhaps more than all, long and faithful services, had established a right of loquacity.

He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics, who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right.

If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "throth you won't, sir"; and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the subject-matter in hand, he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service—general good conduct—or the delinquent's "wife and childher," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing. On such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain "approaches," as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some extravaganza of his servant, might, perchance, assail Pat thus:

"By the by, Sir John" (addressing a distinguished guest), "Pat has a very curious story, which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember, Pat" (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice paid to himself)—"you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Throth I do, sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise. "Was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "Ay, and farther, plase your honor."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues mine host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" said the baronet. "Really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throth, then, they're not, sir," interrupts Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the "full and true account"—(for Pat had thought fit to visit North Amerikay, for "a raison he had," in the autumn of the year ninety-eight).

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic," a favorite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad almost as the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the Colleen Dhas (that was her name) would not have a mast left.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the board, at last, and the pumps was choaked (divil choak them for that same), and av coorse the wather gained an us, and throth, to be filled with water is neither good for man nor baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors calls it, and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever. Accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboord, and any other little mathers we could think iv in the mortal hurry we wor in—and, faith, there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the Colleen Dhas, went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her.

"Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket an the ind av a pole as well as we could, and thin we sailed illigant, for we dar'n't show a stitch o' canvas the night before, bekase it was blowin' like bloody murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we worn't swallyed alive by the ragin' sae.

"Well, away we wint for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-looking eyes but the canophy iv heaven, and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things whin you've nothin' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim.

"And then, sure enough, throth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum—throth that was gone first of all—God help uz!—and oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face. 'Oh, murther, murther, captain, darlint,' says I, 'I wish we could see land anywhere,' says I.

"'More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy,' says he, 'for sitch a good wish, and, throth, it's myself wishes the same.'

"'Oh,' says I, 'that it may plaze you, sweet queen in heaven—supposing it was ony a dissolute island,' says I, 'inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Christhans as to refuse uz a bit and a sup.'

"'Whisht, whisht, Paddy,' says the captain; 'don't be talkin' bad of any one,' says he; 'you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarthers in th' other world all of a suddent,' says he.

"'Thrue for you, captain, darlint,' says I—I called him darlint, and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes uz all equal—'thrue for you, captain, jewel—God betune uz and harm, I owe no man any spite'—and, throth, that was only thruth.

"Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and, by gor, the wather itself was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowld. Well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as cryshtal.

"But it was only the more crule upon uz, for we wor beginnin' to feel terrible hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—by gor, I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and 'Thundher and turf, captain,' says I, 'look to leeward,' says I. [Pg 35]

"'What for?' says he.

"'I think I see the land,' says I. So he ups with his bring-'um-near—(that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir), and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

"'Hurrah!' says he, 'we're all right now; pull away, my boys,' says he.

"'Take care you're not mistaken,' says I; 'maybe it's only a fog-bank, captain, darlint,' says I.

"'Oh, no,' says he, 'it's the land in airnest.'

"'Oh, then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain?' says I; 'maybe it id be in Roosia or Proosia, or the Garman Oceant,' says I.

"'Tut, you fool,' says he—for he had that consaited way wid him—thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else—'tut, you fool,' says he; 'that's France,' says he.

"'Tare an ouns,' says I, 'do you tell me so? And how do you know it's France it is, captain, dear,' says I.

"'Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now,' says he.

"'Throth, I was thinkin' so myself,' says I, 'by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard o' that same;' and, throth, the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and, with the help o' God, never will.

"Well, with that my heart begun to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so says I, 'Captain, jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.'

"'Why, then,' says he, 'thundher and turf,' says he, 'what put a gridiron into your head?'

"'Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger,' says I.

"'And sure, bad luck to you,' says he, 'you couldn't ate a gridiron,' says he, 'barrin' you wor a pelican o' the wildherness,' says he.

"'Ate a gridiron!' says I. 'Och, in throth, I'm not such a gommoch all out as that, anyhow. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beefsteak,' says I.

"'Arrah! but where's the beefsteak?' says he.

"'Sure, couldn't we cut a slice aff the pork?' says I.

"'By gor, I never thought o' that,' says the captain. 'You're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says he, laughin'.

"'Oh, there's many a thrue word said in joke,' says I.

"'Thrue for you, Paddy,' says he.

"'Well, then,' says I, 'if you put me ashore there beyant' (for we were nearin' the land all the time), 'and sure I can ask thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I.

"'Oh, by gor, the butther's comin' out o' the stirabout in airnest, now,' says he. 'You gommoch,' says he, 'sure I towld you before that's France—and sure they're all furriners there,' says the captain.

"'Well,' says I, 'and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim?'

"'What do you mane?' says he.

"'I mane,' says I, 'what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim.'

"'Make me sinsible,' says he.

"'By dad, maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me, could do,' says I; and we all began to

laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the Garman Oceant.

"'Lave aff your humbuggin',' says he, 'I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all at all.'

"'Parly-voo frongsay?' says I.

"'Oh, your humble sarvant,' says he. 'Why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy.'

"'Throth, you may say that,' says I.

"'Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says the captain, jeerin' like.

"'You're not the first that said that,' says I, 'whether you joke or no.'

"'Oh, but I'm in airnest,' says the captain. 'And do you tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'that you spake Frinch?'

"'Parly-voo frongsay?' says I.

"'By gor, that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the devil. I never met the likes o' you, Paddy,' says he. 'Pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won't get a good bellyfull before long.'

"So with that, it was no sooner said nor done—they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek; and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand, an illigant place for ladies to bathe in the summer; and out I got, and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was afther bein' cramped up in the boat, and perished with the cowld and hunger; but I conthrived to scramble an, one way or the other, towards a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it, quite timpting like. [Pg 36]

"'By the powdhers o' war, I'm all right,' says I; 'there's a house there'—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childher, ating their dinner round a table quite convainent. And so I wint up to the dure, and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely—and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

"So I took off my hat, and making a low bow, says I, 'God save all here,' says I.

"Well, to be sure, they all stopt ating at wanst, and begun to stare at me, and faith they almost looked me out of countenance—and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more be token from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lite; but I never minded that, in regard of wantin' the gridiron; and so says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in disthress in regard of ating,' says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be intirely obleeged to ye.'

"By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that, says I (knowing what was in their minds), 'Indeed it's thrue for you,' says I; 'I'm tathered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough, but it's by raison of the storm,' says I, 'which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin',' says I.

"So then they began to look at each other agin, and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity—with that, says I, 'Oh! not at all,' says I, 'by no manes; we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well, sir, with that, throth, they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all—and so says I—'I beg pardon, sir,' says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver—'maybe I'm undher a mistake,' says I, 'but I thought I was in France, sir; aren't you furriners?' says I—'Parly-voo frongsay?'

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you plase?'

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had siven heads; and faith myself began to feel flusthered like, and onaisy—and so, says I, making a bow and scrape agin, 'I know it's a liberty I take, sir,' says I, 'but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away, and if you plase, sir,' says I, 'Parly-voo frongsay?'

"'We, munseer,' says he, mighty sharp.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?' says I, 'and you'll obleege me.'

"Well, sir, the old chap begun to munseer me, but the divil a bit of a gridiron he'd gie me; and so I began to think they were all neygars, for all their fine manners; and, throth, my blood began to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress,' says I, 'and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and a dhrop of dhrink into the bargain, and cead mille failte.'

"Well, the word cead mille failte seemed to stchreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might undherstand—'Parly—voo—frongsay, munseer?'

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and bad scran to you.'

"Well, bad win' to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.

"'Phoo!—the devil sweep yourself and tongs,' says I, 'I don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to raison,' says I—'Parly-voo frongsay?'

"We, munseer.'

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and howld your prate.'

"Well, what would you think but he shook his owld noddle, as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, 'Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen—throth if you were in my country, it's not that-a-way they'd use you; the curse o' the crows on you, you ould sinner,' says I; 'the divil a longer I'll darken your dure.'

"So he seen I was vexed, and I thought, as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and says I, turnin' back, 'Well, I'll give you one chance more—you owld thief—are you a Chrishthan at all at all?—are you a furriner,' says I, 'that all the world calls so p'lite? Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language?—Parly-voo frongsay?' says I.

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then, thundher and turf,' says I, 'will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?'

"Well, sir, the divil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that, 'The curse o' the hungry on you, you owld negardly villain,' says I; 'the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my foot to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself yet,' says I; 'and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you,' says I; and with that I lift them there, sir, and kem away—and in throth it's often since that I thought that it was remarkable."

TRICKS THAT WORDS MAY BE MADE TO PLAY.

Odd Jobs for Unemployed Minds in the Arrangement of Freak Sentences.

When *Polonius*, addressing *Hamlet*, asked, "What do you read, my lord?" and *Hamlet* answered, "Words, words, words," *Polonius* didn't pursue that particular line of inquiry any farther. If he had, *Hamlet* might have given him a vast deal of interesting information.

Words sometimes have a trick of expressing more than is intended by those who write or utter them. They have strange customs, too, and of these the man who interrupted *Hamlet* doubtless had much to learn.

For instance, *Polonius* might have asked:

> Grave prince, in thirty-one words how many "thats" can be grammatically inserted?

And *Hamlet* might have replied:

> Fourteen: He said that *that* that that man said was not *that* that *that* one should say, but that *that* that *that* man said was *that* that *that* man should not say.

This reminds us of the following "says" and "saids":

> Mr. B——, did you say or did you not say what I said you said? Because C—— said you said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now if you did say that you did *not* say what I said you said, then what did you say?

The following is an example of that form of humor which is known as "word-twisting":

> While parents pay May rents, it must be admitted
> They pay rents for houses that they have not quitted;
> If parents pay May rents then may rents pay parents
> And May rents and pa-rents will be voted rare "rents."

Idle minds which conscientiously seek employment are willing to take almost any odd job that comes along. Some have devoted a few hours to the formation of sentences in which each word begins and ends with the same letter. Here are a couple of samples:

> A depraved tyrant seeks devoted slaves; a growing empire seeks rather loyal subjects; America, a nation, growing yearly richer, secures equitable legal exchange.

> Ships, gliding seawards, scatheless that endure
> High seas, excessive storms, that sailors dread,

Experience, ere gaining destined shores,
A rougher tempest grasping doomèd dead.

Pugilism's Invasion of the Drama.

A Characteristic Article from the New York "Sun" Affords a Striking Example of the Sort of "Higher Criticism" That Is Now In Order.

The appearance of a former pugilist as a star in a Broadway theater, which for many years was the greatest temple of the Shakespearean drama in the United States, has given a serious jolt to a large number of playgoers who are loath to free themselves from the influences of old traditions.

The relations of ring and stage have been becoming more and more close in recent years, and have constituted a favorite theme for newspaper discussion. It is doubtful, however, whether it would be possible to find a better review of the situation than the following characteristic essay in dramatic criticism which appeared in the New York *Sun*:

> It is long since the playgoers and first-nighters of Brooklyn had such a treat as was tendered them last season by the re-appearance of that bright star in the dramatic constellation, James J. Corbett. Mr. Corbett came back to us with his new drama, "Pals," an admirable vehicle for the display of his singular dramatic talents.
>
> The fact that it was the Lenten season marred somewhat the attendance, otherwise the society folk of Brooklyn might have made it a brilliant function. Yet Mr. Corbett's welcome lacked nothing of warmth or appreciation.

Sacrificed Ring to the Drama.

Since the time when, in "The Naval Cadet," Mr. Corbett took the American Theater by storm, his art has broadened and deepened. It is an older, a more mature, dare it be said a shiftier, Corbett who returns to us. So often of late has the assertion been made that Mr. Corbett is the best actor in the pugilist division of the stage that it is time for a comparison between his art and that of those other eminent gentlemen who have left the ring for the everlasting good of the drama, Messrs. John Lawrence Sullivan, Terence McGovern, James E. Britt, and J. John Jeffries.

It is true that any comparison between the art of these five eminent artists must be superficial, and to a certain extent banal, owing to the diversity of the dramas by which they have seen fit to show forth their talents.

The stanch art, honest and straightforward as a right swing, of "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," is not to be compared to the romantic yet often superficial "Bowery After Dark," which Mr. Terence McGovern has so ably interpreted, and neither can be compared exactly with the jarring right-cross force of Mr. Jeffries's "Davy Crockett."

As those who observe Mr. Corbett practising his now abandoned profession of pugilism have remarked, he is characteristically lacking in repose of manner. In this, he is distinctly inferior to Mr. J. Lawrence Sullivan. John L.—on the stage—was all repose. Alas for that word was! How those lines, so simply yet so earnestly spoken, ring yet in the ears of old playgoers:

"To hell with the man that strikes a woman!" [Biff!]

In the more delicate and lightsome passages, Corbett's admirers declare he shines supreme; yet, after all, is he as funny as Terry McGovern? Take his delivery of these lines when he is rebuked by the sub-heroine for using too much slang:

"Oh, I'm onto the slang all right, and I'm going to cut it out!"

When the "Blocks" Went Off.

Mr. Corbett's delivery of these lines is certainly humorous, more humorous than he knows; yet has it the genuine comic force of the acting of James Edward Britt, an artist little known to the stage of the Atlantic coast, when, in his drama, "Jimmie Britt the Frisco Boy," he conquers the comic Chinaman in a burlesque boxing bout by slapping him with the end of his pig-tail?

There is considerable dramatic force in Mr. Corbett's delivery of the lines:

"There's my hand, Ned. If you can take it honestly, here goes—if not, you are no pal of mine!"

Yet, after all, would it not be better if, instead of standing on guard when he delivered them, he accompanied them with a side step and a right shift on the solar plexus, as does Terence McGovern when he delivers that famous climax:

"Unhand her, or I'll knock your block off—see?" [Bing!]

Or by a clinch followed by a short-arm jolt and an uppercut, as does Mr. J. John Jeffries in that most intense of all climaxes in the pugilistic drama:

"Carry the woman away? Not while Davy Crockett has a punch up his sleeve!" [Slap! Thud!]

Conscientious and Two-Handed.

To summarize, therefore, Mr. Sullivan was a conscientious, two-handed actor with a great punch; Mr. Terence McGovern and Mr. J. Edward Britt have a clear delivery and a great straight left; Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons—an artist for whose peculiar intensity there has been no room in this brief and necessarily superficial summary—an awkward stage presence, but a fine short-arm jab that has been known to put the villain to sleep six times in one act; Mr. Jeffries, a left hook to the body which always brings home the money, and Mr. Corbett, a comic intensity and great foot work.

A word about the drama which Mr. Corbett had chosen last season. The author of "Pals" violated all conventionalities by failing to have the hero meet the unknown in the last act. He has, however, done one great service to the drama and to an eminent university. Never before has the atmosphere of Harvard been caught for the stage. The first act of "Pals" takes place at Harvard, and presents a haunting picture of college life. From it we learn that the following are characteristic features of life in the great center of learning at Cambridge:

Solar Plexus for College Etiquette.

The 'varsity football captain and the champion hammer-thrower, who are described as the most popular men in college, and so rich that they can't count it, live in a boarding-house, in which the landlady's daughter dusts off the champagne bottles which they keep on the sideboard and is sought as wife by the star boarders.

When the "lady friends" of the inmates come to visit the rooms they go in to dinner arm in arm with the landlady's daughter.

After the 'varsity game with Yale, in which Harvard has scored a great victory, the 'varsity football captain comes back to the boarding-house for dinner, remarking mildly that he is tired, and, after dusting off the sleeves of his jersey, goes in to dinner with the ladies in his football suit.

The freshmen sports wear silk hats and sack suits to the annual Yale-Harvard game.

These shadowings of dear old college scenes brought tears to the eyes of the many Harvard alumni who made part of the brilliant first night assemblage.

Jeffries's Dramatic Recitals.

For weeks Jersey City had looked forward with a pleasurable thrill to the appearance of that eminent artist, J. John Jeffries, in his series of dramatic recitals. The pleasure had not been without a tinge of jealous triumph totally unbefitting the social season; for Jersey City, that modest home of the arts, was the first community on the Atlantic coast to extend to Mr. Jeffries in "Davy Crockett" the welcome which must have been as new wine to the true artist he is.

To what end will not managers go in their sordid and squalid zeal for advertising? Evidences of this tendency flamed on every hoarding in Jersey City; flaunted themselves on every fence. For the managers and press representatives had been attempting to create a false and fatuous interest in this eminent artist by advertising him as champion pugilist of the world.

What does it matter to their art that Forbes Robertson loves canaries, that Edwin Booth was fond of waffles? What does it matter how Mr. Jeffries amuses himself in his leisure hours? Yet in the large and fashionable audience which assembled at the Bijou Theater there were evidently many persons who were drawn by no other motive than a curiosity to see the champion pugilist of the world.

These made their presence felt by ejaculating in Mr. Jeffries's tender yet stalwart love passages:

"Uppercut her, Jim!" Or by crying out at that supreme moment when Mr. Jeffries defied the villain:

"Soak him, kid! Soak him!"

It may be said in defense of Jersey City that not all of this was due to the blindness of her citizens toward great art. Some of it may be laid to the incompetence of the Bijou bouncer.

"Davy Crockett," which this robust and sterling young artist had chosen as the medium of introduction to the stage of New York, is a drama which has not been seen of late on the American boards. Mr. Jeffries brings to it a freshness and a style all his own.

The Heroine is Nifty.

Right here is where the gent who has being doing falsetto pulls off his wig, shows the genuine whiskers, and strikes low G on the bass clef to show that he can do it.

You see, the villain is after the bunch of calico. She's certainly nifty. The villain has staked out his nephew to be her steady company, but the minute she trims her luscious lamps on *Crockett*, any

dub can see that he's her candy kid.

The orchestra rips off a few yards of the "Flower Song," while Jim sinks his voice down to the solar plexus and puts her wise that she's his'n and he's her'n, only it can never be.

But in the next act *Davy* rescues her from the wolves by putting his biceps against the door while the property man wiggles three stuffed wolf heads through the chinks in the cabin and the gallery helps out on the howls.

But the villain drops in with the deeds that he's forged on her uncle, and *Davy* is foiled. And the girl has put him wise to young Lochinvar, so in the next act *Davy* drops in just when they're going to marry the girl.

Jim rolls up his sleeve and holds out his right and the girl hops up on it like a canary on a perch, and it's all over but the foiling of the villain and the marriage in the last act.

The Lady Takes the Count.

The girl was pretty nearly down and out in the second act, and took the count of nine, but by clinching with *Davy* she managed to stay the act out. Jim's love-making was great. He never bored in so hard that there wasn't room for a breakaway, and any one could see that he was all ready to break the clinch the minute the girl loosed an uppercut.

When Jim crinkled up his forehead and looked on her with a love smile that reached the remotest boundary of his face, he looked just the way he looked at Ruhlin in the third round. But the girl didn't seem to mind. She knew he was only funning, and she cuddled right up to his solar plexus and said:

"I am your Nell, the same saucy Nell that sported among the daisies when we were a little boy and girl together." That statement made Jim look sincere.

It must be confessed that the epilogue was the most successful part of the piece. The epilogue was a more or less rapid three-round go. Mr. Yank Kennedy, an eminent pugilistic artist from California, was advertised as Mr. Jeffries's support in this scene. But the cordial welcome of New Jersey society had proved too much for the artistic temperament of Mr. Kennedy.

Mr. Hennesy of Princeton University was announced by that eminent impresario Mr. Billy Delany as Mr. Kennedy's understudy. Mr. Hennesy's acting was finished in leading and countering, but sadly deficient in guarding and side-stepping. He was entirely overshadowed by the great artist who played opposite him.

At one period of the performance the shadows grew so thick that Mr. Hennesy went down for the count of nine. It was plain, however, from the cordial, if somewhat unsteady, handshake he gave Mr. Jeffries as the curtain fell that Mr. Hennesy harbored no artistic jealousy.

Little Glimpses of the 19th Century

The Great Events in the History of the Last One Hundred Years, Assembled so as to Present a Nutshell Record of Each Decade.

Compiled and edited for The Scrap Book.

In many respects the nineteenth century was the most remarkable in the history of the world. In no corresponding period did science vouchsafe to men so many revelations, or did wars result in such sweeping political changes. It was the age of steam, electricity, and steel; of Napoleon, Wellington, Nelson, Grant, Lee, and Moltke; of Bismarck, Gladstone, and Lincoln; of Garibaldi and Bolivar; of Stephenson, Fulton, Morse, and Edison; of Darwin, Huxley, and Emerson; of Wagner and Verdi; of Byron and Scott, of Tennyson and Victor Hugo, of Dickens and Balzac, of Hawthorne and Poe.

In the nineteenth century were all the glories of the Victorian Era, and in it slavery was abolished in the United States and serfdom in Russia. It saw the liberation of South America, the unification of Italy, and the creation of the kingdoms of Greece, Servia, and Rumania. It saw the United States grow from a small nation to a rich and powerful one; it witnessed the development of Great Britain's scattered colonies into the most extensive empire the world has yet known; and in its latter years it beheld the rise of Germany to commanding military power and great industrial prosperity. The progress made in the field of invention was astounding. The coming of the railroad and the steamship revolutionized the history of civilization. The art, literature, and drama of the world were greatly enriched, and music entered upon what may truly be said to be its golden age.

But, confronted by this great mass of events, how many persons are there who are able to tell the story of the years in which those events occurred? Several histories of the nineteenth century have been written, but none of them has yet succeeded

in giving the clear, concise view that the one now published in The Scrap Book purposes to give. This will be complete in ten instalments, each instalment covering a period of ten years. We begin with the year 1800, the last of the eighteenth century, in order to give the reader a clearer understanding of the situation of affairs at the opening of the nineteenth.

1800

Napoleon, then the dominating figure of the world, continued the work of reorganizing the government, centralizing power in his own hands; subdued the last of the French loyalists, and took the Tuileries as his residence. Only Paul, the imbecile Czar of Russia, returned a favorable answer to the request for friendly relations sent by Napoleon to the powers the previous December.

In Egypt, General Kléber, commander of the French forces, agreed with the English admiral, Sir Sydney Smith, to evacuate the country; treaty rejected by the English Parliament; Kléber drove the grand vizier into Syria; restored French rule in Egypt; assassinated by an Arab; succeeded by General Menou.

War resumed between France and Austria; General Moreau defeated the Germans and Austrians under Kray at Engen and Moeskirch in Baden and at Biberach in Würtemberg; in Bavaria Lecourbe and Ney took Memmingen; Ney defeated General Mack at Ulm; and at Hochstädt Moreau again defeated the Austrians. Finally, at Hohenlinden, the Austrians suffered a crushing defeat, and sued for an armistice.

Meanwhile the French under Masséna were hemmed in in Genoa by an English fleet and an Austrian army. Napoleon started from France with a force of thirty-six thousand men, in four days crossed the Alps into Piedmont, and attacked the Austrians under Melas at Marengo; Napoleon saved from defeat by General Desaix's division, which arrived in time to make a brilliant charge when Napoleon's army was retreating; Desaix killed; Melas sued for an armistice; French masters of Italy. Genoa surrendered, fifteen thousand men having died of starvation, but was returned to the French. England reduced Malta. Russia joined with Denmark and Sweden in an armed neutrality against England. The English stood firm against Napoleon. The English navy grew stronger, and maritime trade increased. The French navy dwindled, and trade was at a standstill. The Irish Parliament met for the last time, one hundred members from Ireland being admitted to the next session of the English Parliament. Bread riots in England.

The United States Congress met for the first time at Washington. Voltaic pile discovered by Volta. Mary Kres, for a straw-weaving device, obtained the first patent granted a woman in America. William Cowper, English poet, died.

POPULATION—Washington, D.C., 3,210; New York City (with boroughs now forming Greater New York), 79,216; New York (Manhattan), 60,515; London (including Metropolitan District, census 1801), 864,484; London (old city, census 1801), 158,859; United States, 5,308,433; Great Britain (census 1801), 10,942,646.

RULERS—United States, John Adams; Great Britain, George III; France, Napoleon Bonaparte, First Consul; Spain, Charles IV; Prussia, Frederick William III; Russia, Paul; Germany, including Austria, Francis II; Sweden, Gustavus IV; Portugal, Maria Francesca —eldest son, John, regent; Pope, Pius VII.

1801

Peace of Lunéville between France and Germany; the Rhine as far as the Dutch frontier made the boundary of France, the Helvetian (Swiss), Cisalpine, and Ligurian republics to be recognized, and the treaty of Campo Formio confirmed. Spain ceded Louisiana to France. Peace between France and Naples closed the ports of Naples to England, and began a continental embargo. Pitt resigned as English prime minister. King George III suffered a recurring attack of insanity; recovered. English defeated the French at Aboukir and Alexandria and captured Cairo. French evacuated Egypt; Turkish rule restored.

Paul, Czar of Russia, struck down by Prince Zubov and strangled by the prince's followers. Alexander I, his successor, favorable to the English; Denmark and Sweden continued armed neutrality, and on Denmark's refusing terms offered by England, a fleet under Parker, Nelson second in command, prepared to attack Copenhagen. Nelson commanded the attack; seemed to fail; was signaled to retreat; put his blind eye to the telescope and said, "I really do not see the signal," and then "Damn the signal! Keep mine for closer action flying." Continued the attack, took or destroyed eighteen vessels out of the Danish fleet of twenty-three, and summarily ended the dispute.

In San Domingo, Toussaint L'Ouverture led an unsuccessful revolt against the French. Exhausted resources necessitated a cessation of hostilities between France and England, October 1. Catholic Church, under state supervision, restored in France. Robert Fulton offered to build steam vessels for Napoleon, who rejected the idea as visionary.

In the United States, Congress decided the tie vote of the previous year between Jefferson and Burr in Jefferson's favor; Burr Vice-President; Jefferson inaugurated March 4, first President to

be inaugurated in Washington; wore long trousers and aroused a storm of protest, many considering them a dangerous innovation. Open conflict between America and the Barbary pirates. Jacquard weaving-loom invented. Lavater, physiognomist, died.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year, except that Thomas Jefferson became President of the United States March 4, and Alexander I succeeded Paul as Czar of Russia.

1802

General destitution prevailed in England; governmental expenses reduced. The Italian Republic succeeded the Cisalpine Republic, and Napoleon was elected President. The Peace of Amiens between England and France, Holland and Spain; France, Spain, and Holland received back all colonies except Trinidad and Ceylon, retained by England, and England to have an open port at the Cape of Good Hope; Malta to be restored by England to the Knights of St. John; France to leave Elba, Rome, and Naples; integrity of the Turkish Empire to be maintained. Napoleon permitted all but one thousand French loyalists to return; a portion of their lands was restored, but all hereditary privileges were denied.

Napoleon reformed the French educational system, established the Legion of Honor, and restored slavery in the West Indies. Toussaint, after a short and horrible war, was treacherously captured in Hayti, taken to France, and died in a French dungeon the year following. Turkey allowed France access to the Black Sea. English embassy reestablished in Paris. Switzerland invaded by the French, and Napoleon's course in Italy caused friction with the English; in reply to protests, Napoleon declared Italy, Switzerland, and Holland were at the absolute disposal of France. In carrying out the terms of the Peace of Lunéville France began a systematic encroachment on German territory. British naval mutiny in Bantry Bay, Ireland, quelled and six leaders hanged. Hortense, daughter of Josephine, married Louis, brother of Napoleon.

Humphry Davy produced light by using two carbon points and an electric current—the forerunner of the arc light, and entered on studies that led to photography. One thousand persons drowned in Lorca, Spain, by a bursting reservoir. West Point Military Academy founded. Ohio admitted to the Union.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year.

1803

April 30, the American commissioners, Monroe and Livingston, signed the transfer treaty whereby France ceded Louisiana for sum of fifteen million dollars. The United States ship Philadelphia captured by pirates in the harbor of Tripoli, and three hundred American sailors sold into slavery; Stephen Decatur entered the harbor, blew up the Philadelphia, and escaped. Emmet rebellion in Ireland suppressed; Emmet hanged. Active work on the Code Napoléon begun, and part of the civil code promulgated. English travelers in France declared prisoners; Napoleon announced that England, alone, was powerless against him; a feint made of invading England; war declared by England May 13; French commerce almost destroyed. French driven out of Hayti, having suffered from disease, and lost heavily in a war in which atrocities were practised by both sides.

Mahratta War in India; natives in some cases incited and led by French officers; Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterward Duke of Wellington, distinguished himself; much of northern India came under British rule. English troops massacred in Colombo, Ceylon. Treaty between France and America; Bank of France founded; censorship of the press in France, English papers excluded from the country. Robert Fulton failed in his steamboat experiments on the Seine. Mme. de Staël again exiled from France.

United States made grants of land to colleges. September 30, corner-stone of New York City Hall laid. Malthus published his "Essay on Population." The first printing press in New South Wales set up. Alfieri, Italian poet, and Sir William Hamilton, British diplomat, died.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year.

1804

England recalled Pitt to power. Napoleon made costly and futile preparations to invade England. Moreau and Pichegru conspiracy against Napoleon; Pichegru found strangled in prison; Moreau exiled; Duc d'Enghien captured and shot; twenty persons guillotined. France ordered German states to expel French loyalists and English subjects. French Senate urged Napoleon to found a hereditary monarchy, succession to be in the male line, or, in default of issue, the crown to go to Joseph, and, if he died, to Louis Bonaparte. May 18, Napoleon accepted, and December 2 he and Josephine were crowned; when Pius VII went to place the crown on Napoleon's head, the latter snatched it and crowned himself. Napoleon created a new nobility and eight marshals. Prussia and Austria recognized him as Emperor of France. Dessalines, a Haytian negro, followed Bonaparte's example, and created himself Emperor Jean Jacques I.

Lewis and Clark set out on their trip across the American continent. Burr killed Hamilton in a duel. America continued a running fight with the Barbary pirates. Shaft sunk for a Thames

tunnel; work later abandoned. England captured Spanish ships bearing ten million dollars' tribute to Napoleon; Spain declared war. English Bible Society founded. Immanuel Kant, German philosopher, died.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year, except that Napoleon Bonaparte became Emperor of France, and Francis II of Germany assumed the title of Emperor Francis I of Austria.

1805

Russia and Sweden joined in the coalition against Napoleon. Active war preparations in France; grand review of the French army on the field of Marengo; Genoa annexed by France; Napoleon crowned King of Italy. France, Spain, and South German states pitted against England, Russia, Austria, and Sweden. Admiral Villeneuve moved against the British fleet; bottled up in Cadiz by Admiral Collingwood; threats of disgrace caused Villeneuve to make a desperate rush; met near Cape Trafalgar by Nelson and Collingwood, October 21; in the ensuing battle the French and Spanish fleet was practically destroyed. Nelson was fatally shot in the hour of victory; Villeneuve was captured, and later committed suicide.

Abandoning his plan to invade England, Napoleon marched into Germany, threw the badly battered Austrian forces under General Mack into Ulm, and captured the city with twenty-three thousand men. In Italy, Masséna, French commander, inflicted heavy losses on Archduke Charles, and forced him to sue for an armistice. Vienna captured by Murat. Prussian prime minister demanded reparation for French violation of Prussian territory, but was temporized with in negotiations by Talleyrand while Napoleon prepared to move against the Russians and Austrians. On December 2 he inflicted a crushing defeat on the allies at Austerlitz, and the Russian army withdrew. Austria forced to grant all demands. Dalmatia and Venice taken from Austria and given to Italy; alliance against France temporarily broken; England left to fight alone.

Jefferson began his second term as President of the United States. The Barbary pirates beaten by an American force under General Eaton and forced to relinquish their claims to tribute. Agitation in the United States strong for a war with Spain and for the annexation of Texas and part of Mexico; the agitation subsided when the French ambassador declared France would side with Spain. Aaron Burr went West, and began planning for the invasion of Texas. Jerome Bonaparte married Miss Eliza Patterson, an American.

Five thousand persons killed by an earthquake near Naples. Schiller, German poet, historian, and dramatist; Paley, English theologian; and Mungo Park, Scottish traveler, died.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year.

1806

Napoleon dethroned the Bourbons in Naples, and made Joseph Bonaparte King of Naples and Sicily; Louis Bonaparte made King of Holland, and Jerome Bonaparte was commanded to leave his American wife and child, marry Catherine of Würtemberg, and rule Westphalia; Lucien Bonaparte exiled for refusing to leave his wife and become a king. Napoleon parceled out acquired territory among his followers and members of his family; obliged neighboring countries to harbor and support the French army, and ordered the completion of the Louvre.

The English admirals Strachan, Duckworth, Warren, and Hood destroyed almost all of the few remaining French war-ships. England and France mutually laid embargoes. English interference with the commerce of all nations; President Jefferson protested without avail; anger in America because of the killing of an American sailor by a stray shot from the British cruiser Leander.

At Maida, Calabria, four thousand English under Sir John Stuart killed or captured four thousand out of seven thousand French, and lost but forty-five men killed. France, however, suppressed the revolt in Calabria at great loss of lives.

The Holy Roman Empire dissolved, and the Confederation of the Rhine formed. Denmark annexed Holstein. Palm, a Nuremberg publisher, shot for circulating an anti-Napoleonic book. Queen Louise led the Prussian opposition to Napoleon, and Prussia joined the war against him. Germany invaded, and at Auerstadt, Davoust defeated Charles William of Brunswick, while at Jena Napoleon defeated Prince Hohenlohe; in both battles, fought August 14, the Prussians lost nearly fifty thousand killed, wounded, and captured, while the French lost about sixteen thousand. The French entered Berlin, and Napoleon despoiled Frederick the Great's tomb with his sword. Napoleon constructed the kingdom of Westphalia from a part of Prussia, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and upper Saxony; exacted an indemnity of thirty million dollars from Prussia; forbade trade with Great Britain, and stirred the Poles to revolt against Russia, then at war with Turkey. He advanced through Poland against Russia, won hard-fought battles at Moehrungen, Golymin, and Pultusk. The French army wintered around Warsaw. Here Napoleon met Countess Walewski, who later became the mother of his son Alexander.

Lewis and Clark returned from their trip across America. William Pitt and Charles Fox, English statesmen, died. Public funeral of Nelson.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year.

1807

The winter quarters of Napoleon's army in Warsaw were unendurable, and in attempting to move on Königsberg the French were attacked by the Russians at Eylau, where both sides lost sixty thousand men in a desperate but indecisive battle. The Russian Czar Alexander freed the serfs of the Baltic Provinces. England declared war against Turkey in order to assist Russia. Continuation of the fight of the Russians and Prussians against the French in Poland. The Prussian fortress of Dantzig captured by the French. Sweden was forced to a truce with Russia. At Heilsburg the Russians and Prussians inflicted a loss of ten thousand on the French. June 14, anniversary of Marengo, Napoleon won a superb victory at Friedland, Ney saving the day by a splendid charge. Russia and Prussia forced to ask for an armistice.

Napoleon met Alexander on a richly carpeted raft on the Niemen, and peace was arranged; Russia to break with England and annex Finland; Prussia to be left out of the Federation of the Rhine; the Ionian Isles and Montenegro to be taken from Turkey, and war to be begun against Sweden, Denmark, and Portugal, unless they join in the blockade against England. The British evacuated Egypt. Napoleon began internal reforms at home and aided manufacturers.

Encounter between the American frigate Chesapeake and the British ship Leopard; three Americans killed and eight wounded; Commodore Barron, of the Chesapeake, disgraced; three of the sailors taken from the Chesapeake received five hundred lashes each, and one was hanged. America threatened war, but English authorities approved. England seized the Danish fleet to prevent Napoleon from turning it against her. The slave-trade abolished by the English Parliament. England forbade American vessels to trade between any but its own or British ports. The Sultan Selim was deposed by his followers. Sweden lost Stralsund to the French. Prussia abolished serfdom and feudal social distinctions. French troops occupied Portugal, driving the Portuguese court and royal family to Brazil. America laid an embargo on British goods. The trial of Aaron Burr for treason, and his acquittal, the growing discussion of slavery in the American Congress, and the trouble with England harassed Jefferson and made his position almost unendurable.

In August, Robert Fulton at last succeeded in his experiments on the Hudson, and his steamship, the Clermont, on September 14, began a trip from New York to Albany, one hundred and ten miles, taking twenty-four hours. A great Sanhedrim, or convention, of Jewish rabbis, in Paris passed upon and modified the interpretation of the Mosaic dispensation. Artificial aeration of waters discovered. First capitol built at Albany. Davy separated potassium and sodium. Illuminating-gas first used in London.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year.

1808

France seized strongholds in northern Spain; Murat took command of the French forces. Spanish Minister Godoy, possessor of immense wealth looted from the government, resigned power. King Charles of Spain abdicated in favor of his son Ferdinand. Murat entered Madrid; riots there against the French. Ferdinand of Spain, decoyed to meet Napoleon, forced to abdicate and held prisoner. Rome invaded by Napoleon, who, threatened with excommunication, seized part of the Papal States. Joseph Bonaparte made King of Spain. England sent troops and money to aid Spain against France. Murat crowned King of Naples. Spanish guerrillas harried the French troops, but Napoleon neglected to take command of his forces. A French force looted Cordova, was captured at Baylen, and sent to the galleys. The French repulsed at Saragossa and Gerona. King Joseph, after nine days in Madrid, fled with the Spanish royal treasure. Wellington landed in Portugal. Spanish soldiers in the French army deserted with their leader, Marquis Romana.

Austria, Prussia, and Turkey—where the Janizaries had deposed Mustapha and made Mahmoud Sultan—prepared to follow up advantages won by Spain. Napoleon attempted to enlist the United States against England, but Jefferson kept away from the conflict. The Spanish colonies in America expelled French settlers. Napoleon oppressed Prussia and extorted money. Goethe decorated by Napoleon with the cross of the Legion of Honor. Russia and France formed an alliance and unavailingly submitted peace proposals to England. Napoleon took command in Spain, routed the Spaniards at Espinoza, Burgos, and Tudela, and forced his way to Madrid. China suspended trade with England.

Trade in America ruined by the embargo, and great suffering resulted. Madison elected President; George Clinton, Vice-President. Importation of slaves to the United States prohibited. Anthracite coal first used as a fuel in the United States. First printing press in Brazil set up. First American temperance society founded, Saratoga County, New York.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year, except that Charles IV of Spain abdicated in favor of his son Ferdinand VII, who, in turn, was forced by Napoleon to abdicate in favor of Joseph Bonaparte.

1809

In the retreat to Corunna the British lost heavily, made a stand there, repulsed the French, and successfully embarked; Sir John Moore was killed; many British transports were wrecked, and

the troops returned in a deplorable condition. The Duke of York, commander-in-chief of the British forces, compelled to resign for malfeasance in office. Mrs. Clark was his agent in selling military commissions. The Earl of Chatham resigned as master-general of the ordnance, after having allowed ten thousand British troops to die in the swamps of Walcheren, Holland.

Napoleon returned to Paris, at one stage covering eighty-five miles on horseback in five hours, quarreled with Talleyrand and Fouché, reproved Louis Bonaparte, and openly insulted Josephine. Saragossa taken by the French, after a marvelous resistance. War between France and Austria. The Austrians defeated at Abendsberg, Eckmühl, and Regensburg, and forced to retreat. The French occupied Vienna. The remaining Papal States annexed to Italy. Napoleon excommunicated; seized Pius VII and imprisoned him at Savona. The French armies in Spain and Portugal suffered reverses. At Aspern and Esslingen, Austria, Napoleon was defeated; but he retrieved this disaster in the great battle of Wagram, in which sixty thousand men fell on both sides, and Austria sought an armistice, Napoleon exacting an indemnity of forty-seven million dollars. The British destroyed a French fleet at Aix. At Talavera, Wellington defeated the French, but was forced later to retreat. The Spaniards were defeated at Ocana, and the French captured Cordova, Seville, and Gerona. Andreas Hofer, leader of the Tyrolese, was betrayed, and executed by the French the following February. Peace signed at Vienna, October 14. Napoleon leveled the fortifications of Vienna, and took fifty thousand square miles of Austrian territory. He also ordered all American merchandise confiscated, and issued a decree divorcing Josephine.

Madison inaugurated as President of the United States. The embargo against England removed. American trade ruined. Jefferson went out of office, generally condemned. New British ministry repudiated the agreement with the United States, and friction between the two countries increased.

Staaps, a German student, executed for attempt on Napoleon's life. General destitution and bread riots throughout England; the whole continent plunged in want and misery. Gustavus IV of Sweden deposed, and his uncle became Charles XIII. Russia turned against France. Finland formally ceded to Russia.

Thomas Paine, publicist, and Joseph Haydn, musician, died. Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, discovered.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year, except that James Madison became President of the United States, March 4, and Charles XIII succeeded Gustavus IV of Sweden.

1810

Anti-Ministerial riots in London. French successful in Spain, winning at Beylen, Cordova, Seville, Granada, and Malaga. At Valencia they were defeated, but slaughtered the garrison at Hostalrich. Napoleon married Archduchess Marie Louise at Vienna, by proxy, the ceremony being repeated later in Paris. Ordered all American ships in French ports seized. Louis Bonaparte objecting, a French force marched into Holland, and Louis abdicated. Holland annexed by France. Lucien Bonaparte went into voluntary exile. The Crown Prince of Sweden having died, Marshal Bernadotte, once a common soldier in the French marines, became crown prince.

Wellington repulsed the French in Portugal from his position at Torres Vedras. Cadiz bravely resisted the French. War between Turkey and Russia stopped by Russia's approaching conflict with France. Napoleon ordered all goods of English manufacture burned. Spanish provinces throughout America revolted. The British seized French Guadeloupe and Ile de Bourbon. Fouché sent into exile. Queen Louise of Prussia died.

Daniel O'Connell began agitation for a repeal of the Irish union with England. Trade throughout the world ruined, and many merchants committed suicide. Prince of Wales became regent; George III absolutely demented. Sweden declared war against England. Henry Cavendish, scientist, died. Astoria, Oregon, founded. Dr. Hahnemann, Leipsic, announced the theory that is the foundation of homeopathic medicine.

POPULATION—Washington, D.C., 8,208; New York (with boroughs now forming Greater New York), 119,734; New York (Manhattan), 96,373; London (including Metropolitan District, census 1811), 1,009,546; London (old city), 120,909; United States, 7,239,881; Great Britain and Ireland (census 1811), 15,547,720.

RULERS—United States, James Madison; Great Britain, George III; France, Napoleon Bonaparte, emperor; Spain, Joseph Bonaparte; Prussia, Frederick William III; Russia, Alexander I; Austria, Francis I; Sweden, Charles XIII; Portugal, Maria Francesca—eldest son, John, regent; Pope, Pius VII.

POEMS OF GOOD-FELLOWSHIP.

Some Verses That May Serve as Guides to Good Samaritans When They Come Upon Pilgrims Who are Down on Their Luck and Unable to See

THE FRIEND OF MY HEART.

Commend me to the friend that comes
When I am sad and lone,
And makes the anguish of my heart
The suffering of his own;
Who coldly shuns the glittering throng
At pleasure's gay levee,
And comes to gild a somber hour
And give his heart to me.

He hears me count my sorrows o'er,
And when the task is done
He freely gives me all I ask—
A sigh for every one.
He cannot wear a smiling face
When mine is touched with gloom,
But, like the violet, seeks to cheer
The midnight with perfume.

Commend me to that generous heart
Which, like the pine on high,
Uplifts the same unvarying brow
To every change of sky;
Whose friendship does not fade away
When wintry tempests blow,
But, like the winter's icy crown,
Looks greener through the snow.

He flies not with the flitting stork
That seeks a southern sky,
But lingers where the wounded bird
Hath laid him down to die.
Oh, such a friend! He is in truth,
Whate'er his lot may be,
A rainbow on the storm of life,
An anchor on its sea.

Answers.

THINGS TO FORGET.

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded, and kept from the day
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display,
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

Answers.

FRIENDS.

When a fellow's kind of wobbly and uncertain on his feet,
And has to work like sixty for to get both ends to meet—
When he's not of much account and has to take what he can get—
The people don't come flockin' to be friends of his, you bet!
They don't come sayin', "Old chap, I'm the only friend you've got,"
And "Remember that we're brothers," and that kind of tommyrot.
No, indeed!
And they don't get jealous of you when friends are what you need.

If a fellow's kind of lonesome and would like a friend or two
Just to come around and jolly him when things are lookin' blue;
If the shirt that he's wearin' is the only one he's got,
And he never showed the public that he's really on the spot,
They don't come crowdin' round him, nor stick out their hands and say,
"We're your friends, old man; we love you—we've the same blood anyway"—
No, indeed!
But they watch to give the boot to you when friends are what you need.

When things have got to comin' as a fellow wants 'em to,
When his pockets are all bulgin' and his clo's are fine and new;
When he steps out proud and lordly and ain't got a thing to fear,

There's a sudden change comes over folks that used to wink and sneer.
They come runnin' then to tell you that they're all your friends, and say
That they've always been dead anxious for to help you out some way—
Yes, indeed!
Friends are always mighty plentiful when friends ain't what you need.

Tit-Bits.

BETTER LUCK ANOTHER YEAR.

By W. Gilmore Simms.

Oh, never sink 'neath Fortune's frown,
But brave her with a shout of cheer,
And front her fairly—face her down—
She's only stern to those who fear!
Here's "Better luck another year!"
Another year!

Aye, better luck another year!
We'll have her smile instead of sneer—
A thousand smiles for every tear,
With home made glad and goodly cheer,
And better luck another year—
Another year!

The damsel Fortune still denies
The plea that yet delights her ear;
'Tis but our manhood that she tries—
She's coy to those who doubt and fear—
She'll grant the suit another year!
Another year!

Here's "Better luck another year!"
She now denies the golden prize;
But, spite of frown and scorn and sneer,
Be firm, and we will win and wear,
With home made glad and goodly cheer,
In better luck another year!
Another year! Another year!

"HULLO!"

By S.W. Foss.

W'en you see a man in wo,
Walk right up and say "hullo!"
Say "hullo," an' "how d'ye do?"
"How's the world a-usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring yer han' down with a whack;
Waltz right up, an' don't go slow,
Grin an' shake an' say "hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh, sho!
Walk right up an' say "hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll
Jest for wrappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true
Hale an' hearty "how d'ye do?"
Don't wait for the crowd to go;
Walk right up an' say "hullo!"

W'en big vessels meet, they say,

They saloot an' sail away.
Jest the same are you an' me,
Lonesome ships upon a sea;
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog.
Let yer speakin'-trumpet blow,
Lift yer horn' an' cry "hullo!"

Say "hullo," an' "how d'ye do?"
Other folks are good as you.
W'en ye leave yer house of clay,
Wanderin' in the Far-Away,
W'en you travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who ye be, an' say "hullo!"

HE'S NONE THE WORSE FOR THAT.

What though the homespun suit he wears,
Best suited to the sons of toil—
What though on coarsest food he fares,
And tends the loom, or tills the soil—
What though no gold-leaf gilds the tongue,
Devoted to congenial chat—
If right prevails, and not the wrong,
The man is not the worse for that.

What though within his humble cot
No costly ornament is seen—
What though his wife possesses not
Her satin gowns of black and green—
What though the merry household band
Half naked fly to ball and bat—
If Conscience guides the heart and hand,
The man is none the worse for that.

True worth is not a thing of dress—
Of splendor, wealth, or classic lore;
Would that these trappings we loved less,
And clung to honest worth the more!
Though pride may spurn the toiling crowd,
The faded garb, the napless hat,
Yet God and Nature cry aloud—
The man is none the worse for that.

FROM LORD TENNYSON.

His gain is loss; for he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself a judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemned.

Winter Photography for Amateurs.

Valuable Hints to the Disciples of the Camera Who Wish to Get the Best Results When the Earth is Snow-Carpeted.

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

Many amateurs do not realize the fact that very beautiful pictures may be taken in the wintertime, and in all too many cases when the summer vacation is over the camera is laid aside.

Snow scenes, when properly handled, will be found among the most interesting and effective bits in the artist's collection, and are well worth the trouble expended upon them. So keep your camera ready at hand; when you go for a walk, if you are lucky enough to live in the country, take it with you. If you are a dweller in the city, watch for a good old-fashioned snowstorm; go out in the thick of it, and you will be surprised at the many charming scenes you can secure.

Atmospheric conditions, the sharp contrasts of black objects against a background of glaring snow, the effect of shadow and sunlight on an expanse of unbroken white, the fall of heavy, cottony flakes in a silent, white-shrouded street, under the foggy glow of electric lights—all these

necessitate a course of treatment different from that of ordinary photographic work; and all, by these very contrasts, can be made strikingly effective.

Watch Man Who "Does the Rest."

Owing to the cold of winter and the difficulty of handling the apparatus with stiff fingers or heavy gloves, it is well to have as simple an outfit as possible. An ordinary fixed focus camera is good for this kind of work. The lens on this style of camera usually works at F-16 and the shutter at about 1-20 of a second. If the sun is bright, the next smaller stop will do.

In taking snow pictures, the amateur who presses the button and lets the dealer do the rest should advise the latter to develop the film with less contrast than usual. The average dealer usually develops with as much contrast as possible, and this method would produce a print with blank white for the snow and hard blocks for the trees.

For more serious workers, a stand camera should be used. The camera should be provided with a reversible back and a long bellows. An expensive lens is not necessary. A medium angle lens will be found most useful.

Shutters are apt to work badly when out in the cold, owing to contraction of the metal parts. This must be allowed for in making the exposure, by setting it at greater speed.

The focusing cloth should be fastened to the camera. The Eureka focusing hood is convenient to use. It is made to fit the camera exactly, and has little elastic loops which slip over the ears and hold the eyepiece in place while focusing.

A steady tripod and a stay to keep it from slipping are desirable additions to the outfit. The camera should be protected as much as possible from dampness and falling snow.

For best results a non-halation plate is necessary. Backed plates will give better results than plates unbacked. The reason that the light effects come out so extremely white and hard in many landscapes is because the strong light from the snow penetrates the sensitive film and is reflected into it again from the back of the plate, thus making undue contrasts, and practically giving double exposure. This is known as halation.

Other Necessary Precautions.

A corrected plate is essential in snow photography, in order that the effects of light and shadow may not be too glaringly contrasted. The isochromatic and orthochromatic plates on the market are corrected, and are the best to use.

The early morning and the late afternoon are the times best suited for taking snow pictures. The long shadows give interest and character to what would otherwise be a meaningless expanse of white. The foreground is often of the greatest interest in snow pictures. The shadows and gradations on the surface often form the motif for fine compositions.

Never try to crowd too much on one plate. Much may be done with just a few bushes projecting above the snow. Newly fallen snow should sometimes be broken up for pictorial effect; and walking once or twice over the foreground will also aid matters. In doing this, be careful to notice just how the tracks should run to give the best lines to your picture.

Three Classes of Snow Pictures.

There are practically three classes of snow pictures, of which each demands its own appropriate development and treatment.

Class 1—Where an expanse of snow is relieved only by delicate shadows, or where the picture is taken during a snowstorm, when all objects are rendered more or less indistinct and of a light tone by intervening particles of snow. For these, the exposure should be short, the rule being that short exposures increase contrasts, and in scenes of this description, contrast is what is needed. On a bright day, 1-100 of a second would be time enough. Very early in the morning or very late in the afternoon 1-25 of a second will give ample time.

The development for plates in this class may safely be rather vigorous—that is, with a normal developer and the plate carried to a fairly good printing destiny. This method gives character to the high lights, and a pleasing richness to the slight shadows that are present on the surface of the snow. A pyro developer is good.

Rodinal is a good developer for contrasts when used in these proportions: Rodinal, one-quarter ounce; water, five ounces; bromide potash; ten per cent solution, five drops. The temperature of the developer should be kept from sixty-five to seventy degrees Fahrenheit.

Class 2—When dark masses are in the foreground, with the middle distance fairly open, and snow broken up—also, when strong contrasts appear in the view between the snow and other objects—then a longer exposure is needed—from one-tenth to a full second, according to the light. Use No. 8 stop.

This class of pictures should be developed in a weak solution. A suitable metal hydroquinone developer is made as follows: Metal, thirty grains; hydroquinone, thirty grains; twenty ounces of

water. Then add sulphide of soda (crystals) one ounce, and carbonate of soda (crystals) three-quarter ounce.

Take two ounces of this, and add four ounces of water when there are no very heavy masses of dark in the foreground, and eight ounces of water when there are such masses. Before using, add one drop of ten per cent solution of potassium bromide to each ounce of the solution.

Class 3 embraces snow pictures with figures, street scenes, skating and sleighing scenes, etc. Short exposure is required here because of the motion of the figures. The correction must be made in development.

The development of plates of this kind where there are dark objects and brightly lighted snow or ice in the view is practically the same as in No. 2.

TIME IN WHICH MONEY WILL DOUBLE AT SEVERAL RATES OF INTEREST.

Rate of Int.	Simple Interest.	Compound Interest.	Rate of Int.	Simple Interest.	Compound Interest.
1%	100 years.	69 years and 245 days.	5%	20 years.	14 years and 75 days.
2%	50 years.	35 years.	6%	16 years and 243 days.	11 years and 327 days.
2½%	40 years.	28 years and 26 days.	7%	14 years and 104 days.	10 years and 89 days.
3%	33 years and 4 months.	23 years and 164 days.	8%	12 years and 183 days.	9 years and 2 days.
3½%	28 years and 208 days.	20 years and 54 days.	9%	11 years and 40 days.	8 years and 16 days.
4%	25 years.	17 years and 246 days.	10%	10 years.	7 years and 100 days.
4½%	22 years and 81 days.	15 years and 273 days.			

THE PROGRESS OF WOMEN.

BY LYDIA KINGSMILL COMMANDER.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

Nothing is more wonderful, in this age of wonders, than the progress of women in all the civilized countries of the world. Never before were the doors of opportunity so widely opened; never before were the barriers of sex so low.

The modern young woman does not face the one choice of her grandmother—marriage or the fate of the "old maid." Before her so many paths open that her only trouble is to choose.

Her grandmother's girlhood was spent at home. She was told that "the happy woman is the woman with no history"; and "a woman's name should be in the newspapers just three times—when she is born, when she marries, and when she dies."

This is dead doctrine to the girl who goes whirling across the continent or around the world, unchaperoned and alone, and returns to meet the admiration of her friends and the interest of the public.

As she sits on the deck of the incoming steamer, giving opinions on kings and countries, chatting of the book she is about to write and handing out her photographs to a group of reporters, she bears slight resemblance to the fainting Amandas and Clarissas who "raised their weeping eyes to heaven," or fell swooning every time a mysterious sound was heard or when even a stray cow crossed their path.

HOW TRAVEL IS MADE TO PAY.

If our traveler is practical and depends upon her own pocketbook instead of papa's she adopts a specialty and makes her trips pay for themselves. She may be attached to some paper or magazine; for the blue-stocking is as fashionable to-day as once she was disgraced. Some women make capital of their travels in extraordinary ways. One breaks records climbing mountain peaks at the risk of her life and then lectures to thousands upon the perils and pleasures of her feats.

Another is with her husband on the Congo searching for traces of ancient African civilizations for

the British Museum. In Mexico and South America several women archeologists are at work digging out relics of the Aztecs, Peruvians, and the original tribes of the Amazon River. A recent book on Egyptian hieroglyphics was partly the work of a woman.

Then there are the women who take parties abroad, arranging for steamers, trains, boats and hotels; buying tickets; looking after baggage, and keeping everybody interested, instructed, and satisfied.

Such women—and there are many of them—must know half a dozen languages, be familiar with the history, customs, and attractions of the countries visited, be quick in an emergency, full of tact so as to keep the party harmonious, and clever enough business women to give every one bargain rates and come out with handsome profits at the end of each trip.

But traveling for business takes other forms. In the United States there are nearly a thousand feminine commercial travelers, selling everything from perfumery to men's shoes and babies' soothing syrup. There are women factory inspectors who travel constantly from place to place. The United States government employs a woman as Superintendent of Indian schools. She covers thousands of miles every year and wields absolute power over the institutions under her care.

The woman who does not travel no longer need stay at home in the old sense. Indeed she has little to keep her there. The spinning, weaving, sewing, and knitting which formerly were the home industries have been swept off into great factories. In consequence the woman who does not want to be idle follows the work outside of the home and down-town.

IN AMERICA SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

In 1834, when Harriet Martineau visited this country, she found only seven occupations open to women—housekeeping, keeping boarders, needlework, teaching, working in cotton factories, bookbinding, and typesetting.

Only the last four could really be counted as out-of-home occupations, for keeping boarders and sewing called for no new knowledge or skill apart from the training in housekeeping which all girls received.

It is safe to say that of those seven occupations, six at least were not overcrowded. The work of the world was done in the homes and housekeeping was the occupation of women. There were few spinning-mills, but the old-fashioned wheel was in every house. It was not kept in a drawing-room alcove to prove its long ancestry, but steadily, busily hummed all day long as the soft rolls of wool changed into skeins and balls of yarn or thread.

After the work of the spinning-wheel came the loom and the knitting-needles. Cloth and stockings, blankets, mittens, and mufflers were fashioned by the hands of the housewife and her daughters.

There were no factories for canned fruits, pickles, or preserves. All these had to be made and stored up for winter use.

Now the stores furnish everything from a handkerchief to a ball-gown, and from bread to canned roast beef. The washing and ironing can go to the laundry and the family supplies can be bought.

THE RUSH INTO BUSINESS LIFE.

Since women had been working since work began, they could not consent to remain at home idle. The result is seen in the rush of the modern woman into business life.

The last census shows that in the United States women are following every trade and profession except the army and the navy. Even the army has a woman physician, Dr. Anita McGee, who wears a uniform. In Europe, the uniformed woman is by no means a rarity. Almost every royal woman wears military honors.

It will be remembered that Queen Victoria was carried to her grave on a gun-carriage like an officer, because as Queen of England and Empress of India she was head of the British army and of the greatest navy in the world.

To have an occupation is almost as natural to the American girl of to-day as to her brother. For a woman to go into business used to be like climbing a mountain; now it is almost like going down a toboggan slide. When she leaves school she expects to work.

Sometimes she finishes her education in a public school and goes into a shop, factory, or mill. She may become one of the 75,000 milliners, the 100,000 saleswomen, the 120,000 cotton workers, the 275,000 laundresses, or the 340,000 dressmakers.

If she can stay longer in school, she may become one of the 320,000 school teachers. Or she may go to a college, which sternly closed its doors in the face of her grandmother, and carry off the prizes and the honors from the men. She can enter a university, come out B.A., M.A., or Ph.D., and join the thousand women who are already college professors.

IN THE LAST STRONGHOLDS OF MAN.

If she fancies law, medicine, or the church, her way is clear. All three professions number their women members by the thousand, though a generation ago the pioneers in each line were struggling against ridicule and opposition.

Painting and sculpture were once considered masculine accomplishments, but to-day 15,000 women have studios. The musicians are three times as numerous.

Even the more unusual occupations are well represented. There are 261 wholesale merchants, 1,271 officials in banks, 1,932 stock raisers, 378 butchers, and 193 blacksmiths. There are 200 women to mix cocktails or serve gin-fizzes behind the bar. If they sell after hours or to minors, there are 879 policemen and detectives to watch them.

[Pg 53]

The traveling public depends for its safety and its accidents principally upon men. But women already claim 2 motor-men, 13 conductors, 4 station-agents, 2 pilots, 1 lighthouse keeper, 127 engineers, and 153 boatmen among their number.

Almost every paper one picks up tells of women's successes in some line of work. A dozen women in Chicago, and probably three times as many in New York, are making ten thousand dollars a year or more, either as salaries or profits from business.

The property owned by actresses and singers must pay a handsome sum in taxes. It is said that Hetty Green, the shrewdest business woman in the world, can stand in City Hall Square, New York, and see five million dollars' worth of her own property; and every one knows she owes her millions to her own cleverness, not to either husband or father.

A Woman's Building has been a feature of many of our great national expositions. They have been filled with the products of women's labor; but so far the structures, though designed by women, have been erected by men. This can be remedied at any time it is necessary.

There are women builders of every sort: 167 are masons, 545 carpenters, 45 plasterers, 126 plumbers, 1,750 painters and glaziers, and 241 paper-hangers. It is true the roofing would be a long job, for only two feminine roofers and slaters are to be found in the whole country. But the 1,775 tin-workers might help out. If a steel frame were called for, 3,370 iron and steel workers would stand ready; and the eight steam-boiler makers would put in the heating and power plant.

CALLINGS PECULIAR TO THE SEX.

Not only have women conquered all the established callings, but they have invented some of their own. Professional shoppers were never heard of in the old days, though since the idea was started some men have adopted the business. The welfare secretary, who is "guide, philosopher, and friend" to the girls in factories or department stores, has recently come into existence. Then there is the shopping adviser, who pilots the uncertain Mrs. Newbride over one store or through many, helping her to furnish the new home harmoniously, fashionably, and for a given sum.

One woman owes her prosperity to her creation of the profession of "dramatists' agent." A Western woman raises animals for menageries and zoos. Another clears three thousand dollars a year by growing violets, while a third is getting rich out of the proceeds of her ostrich farm.

Altogether five and a quarter million American women—or one-fifth of all the workers in the country—are making their own money.

WOMAN'S STATUS IN EUROPE.

The women of the United States lead in this rush for education and for labor, but in other countries the same advance is being made, if more slowly.

Great Britain has thirty-five hundred university graduates. Fifteen hundred of these are from Girton, Newnham, and the Oxford Halls for Women, annexes of the historic universities, but with examinations just as stiff. It is a dozen years since Miss Fawcett carried off the highest mathematical honors an English university can bestow.

Germany looks askance at any education for woman that gives to her interests outside of the home. The Kaiser's four K's, which become C's in translation—Clothes, Cooking, Church, and Children—are popularly supposed to define the world of the German hausfrau. The American's joke about "woman's sphere" has long been obsolete; but that sphere is very real and very limited in most of the European countries.

Yet even in the more conservative lands women are progressing. The older dentists in Germany and Austria had to come to America for their diplomas. To-day professional schools, universities, and colleges can be found where a woman can follow any line of study and fit herself for the professions.

In Russia, although the struggle for democracy is barely begun, and representative government is as yet only a demand, the higher education of women has been an accomplished fact for a number of years. Russian women doctors, lawyers, and professors are not uncommon.

[Pg 54]

Norway and Sweden have experienced a feminine revolution in the last quarter-century. The laws have been overhauled and revised; the schools and colleges thrown open; the trades and professions have flung down their barriers; and work, once a disgrace, has become an honor to

women. Sweden led in this movement, but Norway was quick to follow, and it is now a question as to which will first reach the goal of full equality between women and men.

In political rights English and Scandinavian women stand about on a level. Neither can vote for members of Parliament, but both have municipal and local suffrage, which gives them power to exercise their gifts for housekeeping and economical management in civic as well as home affairs.

A WOMAN'S LEGAL RIGHTS.

This growing liberty of women has affected her position as wife and mother. In the days when she had no sphere but the home and no career but marriage, she was a very insignificant creature even within those limits.

She could not own her home, could not choose its location, or have anything at all to say about it. The home, the children, and she herself belonged to the husband, who was "lord and master" in the sense of owner and dictator.

Now, in those countries where women have gained financial, industrial, and political standing, they hold a more dignified position in the home. Formerly a widow could be left penniless and her children willed away from her.

The present English law gives to the widow one-third of the property, and half the guardianship of the children. In case of divorce, the children under sixteen belong to the mother, unless she is notoriously unfit to have them.

Very similar to these are the laws in the British colonies, the United States, and Scandinavia. In these countries, too, with the exception of certain of our States, a married woman can own property, earn money, and collect her own wages, sue or be sued, make a contract with others, and in some places with her own husband.

She is also entitled to support for herself and her children, and to a divorce for various causes, including infidelity, brutality, intoxication, desertion, failure to provide, and felony.

In Germany the wife is legally entitled to a certain proportion of her husband's income, a right which women have in no other country. Everywhere else the vague term "support" is used, and even that is not granted in seven of our States.

In Holland, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, and Denmark the woman's movement is recent and slow. The Dutch Queen is the only woman there who is not ruled; and the Dutchman wanted her called "king," so as to lessen their dislike of being subject to a woman's commands.

Switzerland, though it boasts of its democracy, excludes its women from influence and political power. It does not deny them work, but like the German, French, and Russian peasants, the Swiss women carry the heavy burdens of field work and street-cleaning without any reason to believe that there is dignity in labor.

In Italy, Spain, and Portugal the upward movement of women has come mainly from the masses, not, as in Russia, from the aristocrats, or, as among the English-speaking races, from the middle class.

IN GREECE AND THE ORIENT.

In Greece the educated women are leading the crusade. The principal of a girls' college in Athens said recently: "It is true and beyond dispute that the Greece of to-day owes its rapid progress to its women."

While Greek women cannot vote, they take an active part in political life. During campaigns they make speeches for their husbands and brothers, and at other times traverse the country expounding the doctrines of the party they espouse. They resemble the English political woman of the style of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Marcella," a type scarcely to be found in any other country.

Even into slumbering Turkey, land of harems, Greek women are carrying modern ideas of education. There is a Greek girls' school in Constantinople; and, principally through Greek influence, Turkish women are studying European languages, reading foreign books, and looking toward the great world where women can be the comrades, friends, and equals of men, instead of their playthings and slaves.

All through the Orient the conditions of Turkey are practically reproduced. In spite of the abolition of the suttee, the poor widows of India have a mournful lot. It is only the most daring of Chinese mothers who would leave her little daughter's feet unbound. A few Japanese women rebel at giving up home and children simply because milord has tired of his wife; but to most the thought of opposing the customs of centuries is still remote.

Even Asiatic women, nevertheless, are progressing. Some come to America for the education their own continent cannot furnish. A Chinese woman doctor recently lectured on her country all through the United States; and Japanese women are found in our colleges.

THE LANDS OF EMANCIPATION.

In the Pacific Ocean, far beyond China and Japan, lie the only two countries in the world which fully acknowledge the equality of men and women by giving political rights to all citizens of twenty-one, regardless of sex. They are New Zealand and Australia.

New Zealand was the first by a dozen years to put her daughters on an equality with her sons. It was in 1867 that the cry was raised. "Shall our mothers, wives, and sisters be our equals or our subjects?"

The answer was given in 1893 by the full enfranchisement of women. In Australia the change came more gradually, province by province. But a few months ago the final concession was made and now Australian women, like their sisters of New Zealand, are the equals and not the subjects of their husbands, brothers, and sons.

More conservative than England's colonies of the Southern Seas is her great Northern possession, Canada. There widows and spinsters are held in high favor, for full municipal suffrage belongs to them. But the married woman is barred out. This is probably a survival of the subordination of the wife; but the Canadian woman is asking whether the acceptance of a husband should be considered unfailing proof of her inferior judgment.

PROGRESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

There are four States in the Union—Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah—where women have full political rights. They vote on every election from school trustee to President. They are eligible for every office from pound-keeper to Governor. They have sat in the different Legislatures and have filled many executive offices.

These four States do not, however, hold a monopoly of the women voters. Four more have some form of local suffrage, and in twenty-five women can vote on school elections. In New York, for instance, women taxpayers may vote on all propositions for the expenditure of public money. In addition, they have school suffrage and are eligible as trustees.

There are clubs and societies which enroll in this country about four million women. There are associations of different nations to forward the interests of all women regardless of country. Such is the International Council of Women, representing twenty lands. Its great congresses, meeting every five years, are the event of the year in the land where they convene.

There is the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with its branches in every country. Indeed the boundaries of countries are disappearing before this new sisterhood of woman.

Of famous women it would be folly to attempt to speak. America is justly proud of her many clever daughters, but every nation has its brilliant women. Mme. Curie, who was awarded the Nobel prize for science, was born and reared in Poland and lives in France. This year the Nobel peace prize fell to the Austrian Baroness von Suttner.

Considering the progress of the past half-century, one can but wonder what the next one hundred years will bring.

RHYMES BY THE BARDS OF GRAFT.

SEVEN AGES OF GRAFT.

All the world is graft,
And all the men and women merely grafters.
They have their sure things and their bunco games,
And one man in his time works many grafts,
His bluffs being seven ages. At first the infant
Conning his dad until he walks the floor;
And then the whining schoolboy, poring o'er his book,
Jollying his teacher into marking him
A goodly grade. And then the lover,
Making each maiden think that she
Is but the only one. And then the soldier,
Full of strange words and bearded like a pard,
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the magazines. And then the justice,
Handing out the bull con to the bench
And jollying the jury till it thinks
He knows it all. The sixth age shifts
To lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose—his is a graft!
For he is then the Old Inhabitant

And all must hear him talk. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans graft, sans pull, sans cinch, sans everything.

Chicago Tribune.

WHATCHY GOIN' T' GIMME?

"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" says the youngest boy to pa;
"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" says the youngest girl to ma;
"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" says the maiden to her beau;
Everywhere the answer is, "Oh, sumpin, I dunno."

"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" asks the little boy at school—
His just 'fore Christmas goodness makes him mindful of each rule;
"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" sings the gamin in the street;
"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" on our every hand we meet.

"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" asks the yawning money-box
Meant to catch the coin to feed the hungry folks in flocks;
"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" asks the wretched and the poor,
Living in their penury a stone's throw from your door.

"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" asks the great big world, of you;
"Lifetime full of usefulness, heart sincere and true?"
"Whatchy goin' t' gimme?" Hear it everywhere you go—
Always comes the answer, "Oh, just sumpin, I dunno."

Baltimore American.

THE ORIGINAL GRAFTER.

"And Crœsus lifted up his voice and cried, 'Solon! Solon!' And King Cyrus ordered that the fire be extinguished and the captive released."—*Herodotus.*

There's a basis for a thesis in the history of Crœsus—
Mr. Crœsus, Greece's captain of finance;
It contains an exegesis on the clippings of the fleeces
Of the lambs, when Wall Street's breezes are not tempered, and the geese's
Ravished feathers pay the piper for the dance.

"In the days of old Rameses, this here story had paresis"—
So says Kipling, and what he says goes with me,
But old or new, it pleases me at times to save the pieces
Of the stories of the glories and the grandeurs that were Greece's,
When they prophesy a modern case, you see.

The capture of old Crœsus was a stunt of the police's
That for up-to-dateness seizes me with joy.
He was roasted like a cheese is, out there on the Chersonesus,
Till he hollered for his lawyer—"Solon!"
Ay, that's where the squeeze is—
"Technicality"—trial ceases—"vindication"—this release is
What the grafters count on nowadays, my boy!

Cleveland Leader.

The Devil and Tom Walker.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

Washington Irving was born in the city of New York, April 3, 1783, and died at Sunnyside, near Tarrytown, New York, November 28, 1859. Irving is frequently spoken of as the founder of American literature. Though fond of reading, he had little taste for study in his youth, and did not attend college.

Failing health caused him to go to Europe, where he traveled for several years. His first literary work of importance was his "Knickerbocker's History of New York." Shortly afterward, while engaged in a commercial venture with his brothers, he found it necessary to make a second visit to England. The

firm failed, and, while still in England, Irving again devoted all his attention to literature.

The "Sketch Book" was the first of the young author's works to win favor on the other side. This was followed by "Bracebridge Hall" and "Tales of a Traveler." Irving then went to Spain, and in the course of the several years that he spent there he wrote "A Life of Columbus," the "Conquest of Granada," and "The Alhambra." Subsequently he wrote his two most celebrated biographical works—"The Life of Washington" and "The Life of Goldsmith."

Irving was noted principally for his quaint humor and graceful literary expression. The following story, "The Devil and Tom Walker," is taken from "The Tales of a Traveler."

A few miles from Boston, in Massachusetts, there is a deep inlet winding several miles into the interior of the country from Charles Bay, and terminating in a thickly wooded swamp, or morass. On one side of this inlet is a beautiful dark grove; on the opposite side the land rises abruptly from the water's edge, into a high ridge on which grow a few scattered oaks of great age and immense size.

It was under one of these gigantic trees, according to old stories, that Kidd the pirate buried his treasure. The inlet allowed a facility to bring the money in a boat secretly and at night to the very foot of the hill. The elevation of the place permitted a good lookout to be kept that no one was at hand, while the remarkable trees formed good landmarks by which the place might easily be found again.

The old stories add, moreover, that the devil presided at the hiding of the money, and took it under his guardianship; but this, it is well known, he always does with buried treasure, particularly when it has been ill gotten. Be that as it may, Kidd never returned to recover his wealth, being shortly after seized at Boston, sent out to England, and there hanged for a pirate.

About the year 1727, just at the time when earthquakes were prevalent in New England, and shook many tall sinners down upon their knees, there lived near this place a meager, miserly fellow of the name of Tom Walker. He had a wife as miserly as himself; they were so miserly that they even conspired to cheat each other. Whatever the woman could lay hands on she hid away; a hen could not cackle but she was on the alert to secure the new-laid egg. Her husband was continually prying about to detect her secret hoards, and many and fierce were the conflicts that took place about what ought to have been common property.

They lived in a forlorn-looking house that stood alone and had an air of starvation. A few straggling savin-trees, emblems of sterility, grew near it; no smoke ever curled from its chimney; no traveler stopped at its door. A miserable horse, whose ribs were as articulate as the bars of a gridiron, stalked about a field where a thin carpet of moss, scarcely covering the ragged beds of pudding-stone, tantalized and balked his hunger, and sometimes he would lean his head over the fence, look piteously at the passer-by, and seem to petition deliverance from this land of famine.

The house and its inmates had altogether a bad name. Tom's wife was a tall termagant, fierce of temper, loud of tongue, and strong of arm. Her voice was often heard in wordy warfare with her husband, and his face sometimes showed signs that their conflicts were not confined to words. No one ventured, however, to interfere between them; the lonely wayfarer shrunk within himself at the horrid clamor and clapper-clawing; eyed the den of discord askance, and hurried on his way, rejoicing, if a bachelor, in his celibacy.

One day that Tom Walker had been to a distant part of the neighborhood, he took what he considered a short cut homeward through the swamp. Like most short cuts, it was an ill-chosen route. The swamp was thickly grown with great gloomy pines and hemlocks, some of them ninety feet high, which made it dark at noonday, and a retreat for all the owls of the neighborhood. It was full of pits and quagmires, partly covered with weeds and mosses, where the green surface often betrayed the traveler into a gulf of black smothering mud; there were also dark and stagnant pools, the abodes of the tadpole, the bullfrog, and the water-snake, and where trunks of pines and hemlocks lay half-drowned, half-rotting, looking like alligators, sleeping in the mire.

Tom had long been picking his way cautiously through this treacherous forest; stepping from tuft to tuft of rushes and roots which afforded precarious footholds among the deep sloughs; or pacing carefully, like a cat, among the prostrate trunks of trees; startled now and then by the sudden screaming of the bittern, or the quacking of a wild duck, rising on the wing from some solitary pool.

At length he arrived at a piece of firm ground which ran out like a peninsula into the deep bosom of the swamp. It had been one of the strongholds of the Indians during their wars with the first colonists. Here they had thrown up a kind of fort which they had looked upon as almost impregnable, and had used as a place of refuge for their squaws and children. Nothing remained of the Indian fort but a few embankments gradually sinking to the level of the surrounding earth, and already overgrown in part by oaks and other forest trees, the foliage of which formed a contrast to the dark pines and hemlocks of the swamp.

It was late in the dusk of evening that Tom Walker reached the old fort, and he paused there for a while to rest himself. Any one but he would have felt unwilling to linger in this lonely, melancholy place, for the common people had a bad opinion of it from the stories handed down from the time of the Indian wars, when it was asserted that the savages held incantations here and made sacrifices to the evil spirit. Tom Walker, however, was not a man to be troubled with any fears of the kind.

He reposed himself for some time on the trunk of a fallen hemlock, listening to the boding cry of the tree-toad, and delving with his walking-staff into a mound of black mold at his feet. As he turned up the soil unconsciously, his staff struck against something hard. He raked it out of the vegetable mold, and lo! a cloven skull, with an Indian tomahawk buried deep in it, lay before him. The rust on the weapon showed the time that had elapsed since this death-blow had been given. It was a dreary memento of the fierce struggle that had taken place in this last foothold of the Indian warriors.

"Humph!" said Tom Walker, as he gave the skull a kick to shake the dirt from it.

"Let that skull alone!" said a gruff voice.

Tom lifted up his eyes and beheld a great black man, seated directly opposite him on the stump of a tree.

He was exceedingly surprised, having neither seen nor heard any one approach, and he was still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither negro nor Indian.

It is true, he was dressed in a rude, half Indian garb, and had a red belt or sash swathed round his body, but his face was neither black nor copper color, but swarthy and dingy and begrimed with soot, as if he had been accustomed to toil among fires and forges. He had a shock of coarse black hair that stood out from his head in all directions, and bore an ax on his shoulder.

He scowled for a moment at Tom with a pair of great red eyes.

"What are you doing in my grounds?" said the black man, with a hoarse growling voice.

"Your grounds?" said Tom, with a sneer; "no more your grounds than mine: they belong to Deacon Peabody."

"Deacon Peabody be d——d," said the stranger, "as I flatter myself he will be, if he does not look more to his own sins and less to his neighbors'. Look yonder, and see how Deacon Peabody is faring."

Tom looked in the direction that the stranger pointed, and beheld one of the great trees, fair and flourishing without, but rotten at the core, and saw that it had been nearly hewn through, so that the first high wind was likely to blow it down. On the bark of the tree was scored the name of Deacon Peabody.

He now looked round and found most of the tall trees marked with the names of some great men of the colony, and all more or less scored by the ax. The one on which he had been seated, and which had evidently just been hewn down, bore the name of Crowninshield; and he recollected a mighty rich man of that name, who had made a vulgar display of wealth, which it was whispered he had acquired by buccaneering.

"He's just ready for burning!" said the black man, with a growl of triumph. "You see I am likely to have a good stock of firewood for winter."

"But what right have you," said Tom, "to cut down Deacon Peabody's timber?"

"The right of prior claim," said the other. "This woodland belonged to me long before one of your white-faced race put foot upon the soil."

"And pray, who are you, if I may be so bold?" said Tom.

"Oh, I go by various names. I am the Wild Huntsman in some countries; the Black Miner in others. In this neighborhood I am known by the name of the Black Woodsman. I am he to whom the red men devoted this spot, and now and then roasted a white man by way of sweet-smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have been exterminated by you white savages, I amuse myself by presiding at the persecutions of Quakers and Anabaptists; I am the great patron and prompter of slave dealers, and the grand master of the Salem witches."

"The upshot of all which is, that, if I mistake not," said Tom sturdily, "you are he commonly called 'Old Scratch.'"

"The same at your service!" replied the black man, with a half civil nod.

Such was the opening of this interview, according to the old story, though it has almost too familiar an air to be credited. One would think that to meet with such a singular personage in this wild, lonely place would have shaken any man's nerves; but Tom was a hard-minded fellow, not easily daunted, and he had lived so long with a termagant wife that he did not even fear the devil.

It is said that after this commencement they had a long and earnest conversation together as Tom returned homeward. The black man told him of great sums of money which had been buried

by Kidd the pirate, under the oak-trees on the high ridge not far from the morass. All these were under his command and protected by his power, so that none could find them but such as propitiated his favor. These he offered to place within Tom Walker's reach, having conceived an especial kindness for him, but they were to be had only on certain conditions.

What these conditions were may easily be surmised, though Tom never disclosed them publicly. They must have been very hard, for he required time to think of them, and he was not a man to stick at trifles where money was in view. When they had reached the edge of the swamp the stranger paused.

"What proof have I that all you have been telling me is true?" said Tom.

"There is my signature," said the black man, pressing his finger on Tom's forehead. So saying, he turned off among the thickets of the swamp, and seemed, as Tom said, to go down, down, down, into the earth, until he totally disappeared. [Pg 60]

When Tom reached home he found the black print of a finger burnt, as it were, into his forehead, which nothing could obliterate.

The first news his wife had to tell him was the sudden death of Absalom Crowninshield, the rich buccaneer. It was announced in the papers with the usual flourish that "a great man had fallen in Israel."

Tom recollected the tree which his black friend had just hewn down, and which was ready for burning. "Let the freebooter roast," said Tom; "who cares!" He now felt convinced that all he had heard and seen was no illusion.

He was not prone to let his wife into his confidence, but as this was an uneasy secret he willingly shared it with her. All her avarice was awakened at the mention of hidden gold, and she urged her husband to comply with the black man's terms and secure what would make them wealthy for life. However Tom might have felt disposed to sell himself to the devil, he was determined not to do so to oblige his wife; so he flatly refused out of the mere spirit of contradiction. Many and bitter were the quarrels they had on the subject, but the more she talked the more resolute was Tom not to be damned to please her. At length she determined to drive the bargain on her own account, and, if she succeeded, to keep all the gain to herself.

Being of the same fearless temper as her husband, she set off for the old Indian fort toward the close of a summer's day. She was many hours absent. When she came back she was reserved and sullen in her replies. She spoke something of a black man whom she had met about twilight, hewing at the root of a tall tree. He was sulky, however, and would not come to terms; she was to go again with a propitiatory offering, but what it was she forbore to say.

The next evening she set off again for the swamp, with her apron heavily laden. Tom waited and waited for her, but in vain: midnight came, but she did not make her appearance; morning, noon, night returned, but still she did not come. Tom now grew uneasy for her safety, especially as he found she had carried off in her apron the silver teapot and spoons, and every portable article of value. Another night elapsed, another morning came; but no wife. In a word, she was never heard of more.

What was her real fate nobody knows, in consequence of so many pretending to know. It is one of those facts that have become confounded by a variety of historians. Some asserted that she lost her way among the tangled mazes of the swamp and sunk into some pit or slough; others, more uncharitable, hinted that she had eloped with the household booty, and made off to some other province; while others assert that the tempter had decoyed her into a dismal quagmire, on top of which her hat was found lying. In confirmation of this it was said a great black man with an ax on his shoulder was seen late that very evening coming out of the swamp, carrying a bundle tied in a check apron, with an air of surly triumph.

The most current and probable story, however, observes that Tom Walker grew so anxious about the fate of his wife and his property that he set out at length to seek them both at the Indian fort. During a long summer's afternoon he searched about the gloomy place, but no wife was to be seen. He called her name repeatedly, but she was nowhere to be heard. The bittern alone responded to his voice, as he flew screaming by; or the bullfrog croaked dolefully from a neighborly pool.

At length, it is said, just in the brown hour of twilight, when the owls began to hoot and the bats to flit about, his attention was attracted by the clamor of carrion crows that were hovering about a cypress-tree. He looked and beheld a bundle tied in a check apron and hanging in the branches of a tree; with a great vulture perched hard by, as if keeping watch upon it. He leaped with joy, for he recognized his wife's apron, and supposed it to contain the household valuables.

"Let us get hold of the property," said he consolingly to himself, "and we will endeavor to do without the woman." [Pg 61]

As he scrambled up the tree the vulture spread its wide wings, and sailed off screaming into the deep shadows of the forest. Tom seized the check apron, but, woful sight! found nothing but a heart and liver tied up in it.

Such, according to the most authentic old story, was all that was to be found of Tom's wife. She had probably attempted to deal with the black man as she had been accustomed to deal with her

husband; but though a female scold is generally considered a match for the devil, yet in this instance she appears to have had the worst of it.

She must have died game, however: from the part that remained unconquered. Indeed, it is said, Tom noticed many prints of cloven feet deeply stamped about the tree, and several handfuls of hair that looked as if they had been plucked from the coarse black shock of the woodsman. Tom knew his wife's prowess by experience. He shrugged his shoulders as he looked at the signs of a fierce clapper-clawing. "Egad," said he to himself, "Old Scratch must have had a tough time of it!"

Tom consoled himself for the loss of his property by the loss of his wife; for he was a little of a philosopher. He even felt something like gratitude toward the black woodsman, who he considered had done him a kindness. He sought, therefore, to cultivate a further acquaintance with him, but for some time without success; the old black legs played shy, for whatever people may think, he is not always to be had for calling for; he knows how to play his cards when pretty sure of his game.

At length, it is said, when delay had whetted Tom's eagerness to the quick, and prepared him to agree to anything rather than not gain the promised treasure, he met the black man one evening in his usual woodsman dress, with his ax on his shoulder, sauntering along the edge of the swamp, and humming a tune. He affected to receive Tom's advance with great indifference, made brief replies, and went on humming his tune.

By degrees, however, Tom brought him to business, and they began to haggle about the terms on which the former was to have the pirate's treasure. There was one condition which need not be mentioned, being generally understood in all cases where the devil grants favors; but there were others about which, though of less importance, he was inflexibly obstinate. He insisted that the money found through his means should be employed in his service. He proposed, therefore, that Tom should employ it in the black traffic—that is to say, that he should fit out a slave ship. This, however, Tom resolutely refused; he was bad enough, in all conscience, but the devil himself could not tempt him to turn slave-dealer.

Finding Tom so squeamish on this point, he did not insist upon it, but proposed instead that he should turn usurer; the devil being extremely anxious for the increase of usurers, looking upon them as his peculiar people.

To this no objections were made, for it was just to Tom's taste.

"You shall open a broker's shop in Boston next month," said the black man.

"I'll do it to-morrow if you wish," said Tom Walker.

"You shall lend money at two per cent a month."

"Egad, I'll charge four!" replied Tom Walker.

"You shall extort bonds, foreclose mortgages, drive the merchant to bankruptcy——"

"I'll drive him to the d——l!" cried Tom Walker eagerly.

"You are the usurer for my money!" said the black legs, with delight.

"When will you want the rhino?"

"This very night."

"Done!" said the devil.

"Done!" said Tom Walker.

So they shook hands and struck a bargain.

A few days' time saw Tom Walker seated behind his desk in a counting-house in Boston. His reputation for a ready-moneyed man, who would lend money out for a good consideration, soon spread abroad. Everybody remembers the days of Governor Belcher, when money was particularly scarce. It was a time of paper credit.

The country had been deluged with government bills; the famous Land Bank had been established; there had been a rage for speculating; the people had run mad with schemes for new settlements, for building cities in the wilderness; land jobbers went about with maps of grants and townships and Eldorados, lying nobody knew where, but which everybody was ready to purchase. In a word, the great speculating fever which breaks out every now and then in the country had raged to an alarming degree, and everybody was dreaming of making sudden fortunes from nothing. As usual, the fever had subsided; the dream had gone off, and the imaginary fortunes with it; the patients were left in doleful plight, and the whole country resounded with the consequent cry of "hard times."

At this propitious time of public distress did Tom Walker set up as a usurer in Boston. His door was soon thronged by customers. The needy and the adventurous; the gambling speculator; the dreaming land-jobber; the thriftless tradesman; the merchant with cracked credit; in short, every one driven to raise money by desperate means and desperate sacrifices hurried to Tom Walker.

Thus Tom was the universal friend of the needy, and he acted like a "friend in need"—that is to say, he always exacted good pay and good security. In proportion to the distress of the applicant

was the hardness of his terms. He accumulated bonds and mortgages; gradually squeezed his customers closer and closer, and sent them at length, dry as a sponge, from his door.

In this way he made money hand over hand; became a rich and mighty man, and exalted his cocked hat upon 'change. He built himself, as usual, a vast house, out of ostentation; but left the greater part of it unfinished and unfurnished out of parsimony. He even set up a carriage in the fulness of his vainglory, though he nearly starved the horses which drew it; and as the ungreased wheels groaned and screeched on the axletrees, you would have thought you heard the souls of the poor debtors he was squeezing.

As Tom waxed old, however, he grew thoughtful. Having secured the good things of this world, he began to feel anxious about those of the next. He thought with regret on the bargain he had made with his black friend, and set his wits to work to cheat him out of the conditions. He became, therefore, all of a sudden, a violent churchgoer. He prayed loudly and strenuously, as if heaven were to be taken by force of lungs. Indeed, one might always tell when he had sinned most during the week, by the clamor of his Sunday devotion.

The quiet Christians who had been modestly and steadfastly traveling Zion-ward were struck with self-reproach at seeing themselves so suddenly outstripped in their career by this new-made convert. Tom was as rigid in religious as in money matters; he was a stern supervisor and censurer of his neighbors, and seemed to think every sin entered up to their account became a credit on his own side of the page. He even talked of the expediency of reviving the persecution of Quakers and Anabaptists. In a word, Tom's zeal became as notorious as his riches.

Still, in spite of all this strenuous attention to forms, Tom had a lurking dread that the devil, after all, would have his due. That he might not be taken unawares, therefore, it is said he always carried a small Bible in his coat-pocket. He had also a great folio Bible on his counting-house desk, and would frequently be found reading it when people called on business; on such occasions he would lay his green spectacles on the book, to mark the place, while he turned round to drive some usurious bargain.

Some say that Tom grew a little crack-brained in his old days, and that, fancying his end approaching, he had his horse new shod, saddled, and bridled, and buried with his feet uppermost, because he supposed that at the last day the world would be turned upside down; in which case he should find his horse standing ready for mounting, and he was determined at the worst to give his old friend a run for it. This, however, is probably a mere old wives' fable. If he really did take such a precaution it was totally superfluous; at least, so says the authentic old legend, which closes his story in the following manner:

On one hot afternoon in the dog days, just as a terrible black thunder-gust was coming up, Tom sat in his counting-house in his white linen cap and India silk morning-gown. He was on the point of foreclosing a mortgage by which he would complete the ruin of an unlucky land speculator, for whom he had professed the greatest friendship. The poor land-jobber begged him to grant a few months' indulgence. Tom had grown testy and irritated, and refused another day.

"My family will be ruined and brought upon the parish," said the land-jobber.

"Charity begins at home," replied Tom. "I must take care of myself in these hard times."

"You have made so much money out of me," said the speculator.

Tom lost his patience and his piety. "The devil take me," said he, "if I have made a farthing!"

Just then there were three loud knocks at the street-door. He stepped out to see who was there.

A black man was holding a black horse which neighed and stamped with impatience.

"Tom, you're come for!" said the black fellow gruffly.

Tom shrunk back, but too late. He had left his little Bible at the bottom of his coat pocket, and his big Bible on the desk buried under the mortgage he was about to foreclose. Never was sinner taken more unawares. The black man whisked him like a child astride the horse and away he galloped in the midst of a thunder-storm.

The clerks stuck their pens behind their ears and stared after him from the windows. Away went Tom Walker, dashing down the street, his white cap bobbing up and down, his morning-gown fluttering in the wind, and his steed striking fire out of the pavement. When the clerks turned to look for the black man he had disappeared.

Tom Walker never returned to foreclose the mortgage. A countryman who lived on the borders of the swamp reported that in the height of the thunder-gust he had heard a great clattering of hoofs and a howling along the road, and that when he ran to the window he just caught sight of a figure such as I have described on a horse that galloped like mad across the fields, over the hills and down into the black hemlock swamp toward the old Indian fort, and that shortly after a thunderbolt fell in that direction which seemed to set the whole forest in a blaze.

The good people of Boston shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders, but had been so much accustomed to witches and goblins and tricks of the devil in all kinds of shapes from the first settlement of the colony, that they were not so much horror-struck as might have been expected.

Trustees were appointed to take charge of Tom's effects. There was nothing, however, to administer upon. On searching his coffers, all his bonds and mortgages were found reduced to cinders. In place of gold and silver, his iron chest was filled with worthless chips and shavings; two skeletons lay in his stable instead of his half-starved horses, and the very next day his great house took fire and was burnt to the ground.

Such was the end of Tom Walker and his ill-gotten wealth. Let all griping money-brokers lay this story to heart. The truth of it is not to be doubted. The very hole under the oak-trees, from whence he dug Kidd's money, is to be seen to this day, and the neighboring swamp and old Indian fort are often haunted on stormy nights by a figure on horseback, in a morning-gown and white cap, which is doubtless the troubled spirit of the usurer.

In fact, the story has resolved itself into a proverb, and is the origin of that saying prevalent throughout New England of "The Devil and Tom Walker."

SHELLEY ON CHILDREN.

They were earth's purest children, young and fair,
With eyes the shrines of unawaken'd thought,
And brows as bright as spring or morning.

VICTOR HUGO ON WOMAN.

> **You gaze at a star for two motives: because it is luminous and because it is beyond your reach and comprehension. You have by your side a sweeter radiance and greater mystery—woman.**

Les Misérables.

The Beginnings of Stage Careers.

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.

A Series of Papers That Will Be Continued From Month to Month
and Include All Players of Note.

How did he start? How did she manage to get the chance to show what she could do? Was it "pull," persistence, or the fact of being born in the profession?

These are the things playgoers—and who is not a playgoer these days?—want to know about the players who have "arrived." There is a good deal of variety in the answers herewith set down. In some cases it is rather difficult to state just when the real start was made; in others, baby-day débuts can scarcely be considered to "count."

But of one thing the reader may be certain: in no instance has permanent success been won without work, be the actor a recruit from the business world, the society drawing-room, or the ranks of the Thespians themselves.

MANSFIELD'S OPPORTUNITY.

He Failed to Earn a Livelihood as a
Painter, and Was Graduated from
Comic Opera to the Drama.

Although Richard Mansfield's mother was Mme. Rudersdorf, the prima donna, he was in no sense cradled in the theater. His infant eyes first looked on the light in Heligoland, an island in the North Sea that then belonged to England. This was in the year 1857, and he was brought up with the idea that one day he should become a painter. It was while he was a schoolboy at Derby, England, that he received the first lift toward the career which has placed him at the head of his fellows on the American boards.

The boys arranged to act "The Merchant of Venice" on a certain grand occasion known as "Speech Day," and young Mansfield was cast for *Shylock*. So well did he acquit himself then that no less exalted a personage than a bishop shook him by the hand with the words that must still ring in the now mighty Richard's ears: "Heaven forbid that I should encourage you to become an actor; but should you, if I mistake not, you will be a great one."

Preparatory schooling over, his art studies at South Kensington were broken in upon by failing family fortunes, and the necessity of earning money in the present rather than waiting to gather

in perhaps greater amounts in the future. So, through the agency of friends of his father, he set sail for Boston, where an opening had been made for him in the big dry-goods house of Jordan, Marsh & Co.

But business was not his forte. He spent all his leisure time in painting pictures, which he found, moreover, he could sell very readily. He burned for the more artistic atmosphere of the city by the Thames, and, encouraged by his success in disposing of his paintings, he threw up his mercantile job and departed for London.

And now began for him seven memorable years—years of keen disappointment, of deep bitterness, of hope deferred, of actual suffering in body as well as mind. The kind of pictures he had been able to sell with ease in Boston found no buyers in England, and matters went speedily with him from bad to worse.

The incident he had used in his play "Monsieur," of his hero's engagement to play the piano and toppling from the stool through weakness induced by hunger, is drawn from his own experience. The episode occurred at a concert-hall, when he was possessed of only one suit of clothes and no home.

Mansfield Meets W.S. Gilbert.

It was his ability to play and sing that really kept his body and soul together in these awful days and nights, for once in a while, by a clutch at the fringe of friendships left him from the old days, he could obtain an engagement to entertain a company of literary or stage folk. He fell in with W.S. Gilbert on one of these occasions. "Pinafore" had just taken the public by storm, and the makers thereof were hastening to utilize the wave of popular favor by thrusting all of their available wares to a ride upon its crest.

"I think that young man will do for *Wellington Wells* in 'The Sorcerer,'" Gilbert remarked to his manager, R. D'Oyly Carte.

It was to be a company for the provinces, and as Mr. Carte thought that the rather shabbily attired young person who officiated at the piano would not be exorbitant in his demands for salary, he decided that he would do, and offered Mansfield three pounds, or fifteen dollars, a week.

To the out-at-elbows, fate-buffeted artist, this seemed a princely sum, and he accepted the position with an eagerness he hoped was not as apparent as his necessities demanded it should be. But his spine stiffened a little later on when, having made good with *Wellington Wells* and one or two other impersonations in the Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire, he asked for a raise of salary amounting to two dollars a week. Mr. Carte declined to grant it, and Mansfield quit.

But, on the strength of his first engagement, it was not a heaven and earth raising matter to secure a second, and, like all the rest of his ambitious British brother actors, he steered his course across the Atlantic. He found a chance to appear as *Dromez* in the comic opera "Les Manteaux Noirs," which was done in New York at the Standard Theater, now known as the Manhattan.

This was in the early eighties. His next venture was *Nick Vedder* in a musical setting of "Rip Van Winkle," after which he returned to the Gilbert and Sullivan line and appeared as the *Lord Chancellor* in "Iolanthe."

A Lucky Misfortune.

And right here steps in one of the luckiest misfortunes that ever befell a man. For had Mansfield not turned his ankle while dancing as the *Chancellor* in Baltimore he *might* have remained in comic opera until he disputed twentieth century honors in the field with De Wolf Hopper and Jeff De Angelis.

The accident put him out of the cast and sent him back to New York, right in the path of A.M. Palmer, who happened to be looking for somebody to do *Tirandel* in "A Parisian Romance." This was a small part, but, being in straight drama rather than comic opera, was regarded by Mansfield as a step upward, and he did not hesitate about accepting the engagement.

What followed has been told so often from the Mansfield side that the reader may be glad to get the story in the words of the man who made it possible for a fellow actor to lift himself in a night from obscurity to fame. I quote from "Recollections of a Player," by James H. Stoddart, whose last creation on the boards was *Lachlan*, in "The Bonnie Brier Bush," and who is now living in retirement at his home in Sewaren, New Jersey.

From the Memoirs of James H. Stoddart.

"After the reading of the play the company were unanimous in their opinion that 'A Parisian Romance' was a *one-part piece*, and that part the *Baron*, and all the principals had their eye on him. After some delay and much expectancy, the rôle was given to me. Miss Minnie Conway, who was a member of the company and had seen the play in Paris, said that she thought the *Baron* a strange part to give me.

"'It's a Lester Wallack part,' she said.

"This information rather disconcerted me, but I rehearsed the part for about a week, and then, being convinced that it did not suit me, I went to Mr. Palmer and told him I felt very doubtful as to whether I could do him or myself justice in it.

"He would not hear of my giving it up, saying that he knew me better than I did myself; that I was always doubtful; but that he was willing to take the risk. He also read a letter which he had received from some one in Paris giving advice regarding the production, in which, among other things, it was said that *Baron Chevrial* was the principal part, that everything depended on him, and that 'if you can get Stoddart to look well in full dress he is the man you must have to play it.'

"I left Mr. Palmer, resolved to try again, and do my best. Mr. Mansfield was in the play for a small part, and, I discovered, was watching me like a cat during rehearsals.

"A lot of fashion-plates were sent to my dressing-room, with instructions to select my costume. As I had hitherto been, for some time, associated with vagabonds, villains, etc., I think these fashion-plates had a tendency to unnerve me more than anything else. So I again went to Mr. Palmer and told him I could not play the *Baron*.

Young Mansfield's Triumph.

"'You must,' said Mr. Palmer. 'I rather think Mr. Mansfield must have suspected something of the sort, for he has been to me, asking, in the event of your not playing it, that I give it to him. I have never seen Mr. Mansfield act; he has not had much experience, and might ruin the production.'

"At Mr. Palmer's earnest solicitation I promised to try it again. I had by this time worked myself into such a state of nervousness that my wife interfered.

"'All the theaters in the world,' said she, 'are not worth what you are suffering. Go and tell Mr. Palmer you positively cannot play the part.'

"Fearing the outcome, I did not risk another interview with my manager, but sought out Mr. Cazauran, and returned the part to him with a message to Mr. Palmer that I positively declined to play it.

"The result was that Mr. Mansfield was put in my place. The result is well known.

"Mr. Palmer was delighted, and *I* consoled myself with the thought that my refusal of the part had proved not only far better for the interests of the production, but was also the immediate cause of giving an early opportunity to one who has since done much for the stage."

Back To Comic Opera.

Oddly enough, in spite of his sensational success as the senile *Baron*, Mansfield's next engagement after "A Parisian Romance" had run its course at the Union Square Theater, was as *Koko* in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado." But the halt of this company in Boston brought the young actor a chance to connect himself with the famous Museum stock there, and he bade good-by to comic opera for good when he first trod the Museum boards as *Chevrial*, following this up with the title rôle in "Prince Karl."

A dramatization of Robert Louis Stevenson's powerful story, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," followed, also at the Museum. It was in New York, in the summer of 1886, twenty years ago, that saw Mansfield's practical start as a star, with "Prince Karl," at the Madison Square Theater, where he submitted "Beau Brummel" four years later.

Meanwhile he had been invited by Henry Irving to play in London, where he made his first Shakespeare production in the shape of "King Richard III."

RISE OF MISS ANGLIN.

The Clever Canadian Woman, in the Role
of Roxane, Leaped from Obscurity
in a Single Night.

From Mr. Mansfield it is but natural to pass to Margaret Anglin, who, from practical obscurity, leaped to distinction in a night as *Roxane*, the heroine of "Cyrano de Bergerac." This was produced at the Garden Theater, New York, on the 2d of October, 1898, and the next morning readers of the papers were asking themselves why they had never heard before of this young woman, who had almost shared equal honors with the redoubtable Richard himself.

The first meager information about her was furnished by Acton Davies, in his *Evening Sun* notice of the play, from which it may prove interesting to quote a couple of paragraphs:

"It rarely happens that an actress scores a success so unostentatiously as Miss Margaret Anglin. All that had previously been known of her were the facts that she was a Canadian, and that last season, while understudy in the Sothern company, she played *Lady Ursula* in Hope's play with such amazing success that it compelled Miss Virginia Harned to recover from a somewhat serious illness and resume her rôle after missing one performance. When Miss Anglin first appeared as

Roxane last night, a sigh went up from all parts of the house: 'Here's another blond and simpering ingénue.'

"But as soon as she spoke Miss Anglin arrested attention. Her voice was charming, and she moved about the stage with an ease which showed that, however short her training may have been, she was in every sense an experienced actress. As the play progressed, this young girl, who has neither beauty nor a fine stage presence to assist her, fairly captivated the audience by the grace and tenderness with which she invested a most thankless and trying rôle."

Thus was Miss Anglin started on a career in which she has taken no backward step. On the night before the twentieth century came in, when, as leading woman of the Empire stock, she came forward in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," she justified every prediction that had ever been made regarding the trend of her attainments, which she had varied since the *Roxane* days, by proving herself an exquisitely pathetic *Mimi* with Henry Miller in "The Only Way." And during the present season as the star *Zira* in Wilkie Collins's revamped "New Magdalen" she kept people coming to the Princess from September until the middle of January.

How did she obtain her opening in the first instance, you ask? I had the reply to this from her own lips for the benefit of The Scrap Book audience.

"I had the ambition to become a professional reader. Rather an absurd one, wasn't it? The stage itself seemed to hold no special lure for me. Well, after some opposition on the part of my family, I came to New York at seventeen, with money enough to pay for a season's tuition at a school of acting, which had just been opened in connection with the Empire Theater.

"I was one of the very first pupils to be enrolled, and in spite of my indifference to the theatrical side of elocution I could not but be dazzled by the bait which Charles Frohman dangled before the eyes of the students. This was the promise of an engagement to four of the pupils who should acquit themselves with the most credit at the public performances of the school.

"The crucial afternoon arrived, and I went through my part. I dare say Mr. Wheatcroft, our principal, was more excited than I, as it was the initial performance of his pupils, and I knew that I had several other opportunities in which to make good in case my part did not show me up to the best advantage on the present occasion. Judge of my amazement, then, when word came from Mr. Frohman that he stood ready to give me the part of *Mildred West* in 'Shenandoah' right away.

"To be sure, it was only a tiny rôle, but in my recollection now it bulks big, as it proved the gateway to a career which I had no idea of following when I paid down my four hundred dollars for a year's tuition in the dramatic school."

MRS. CARTER'S HARD FIGHT.

Compelled to Earn Her Own Living, She
Had Difficulty in Persuading Managers
to Give Her a Hearing.

The speed with which theatrical fame is made and lost is startlingly demonstrated by a glance through a book on celebrated actors of the day, published only ten years ago. Out of thirty players, only five are now as much in the center of the limelight as they were then. The others are either dead or have sunk back into obscurity.

The volume contains no mention, for instance, of a name now so high on the dramatic scroll of to-day as that of Mrs. Leslie Carter. It was in that very year of 1896 that Mrs. Carter was laying the foundation of her vogue by her swing from the belfry in David Belasco's "Heart of Maryland."

She hails from the West, and grew up as Caroline Louise Dudley, with never an aspiration for the stage. She recalls the first performance she ever saw as being "Joe" Jefferson in "The Cricket on the Hearth" at MacCauley's Theater, Louisville. She was not particularly carried away by it, although for some time thereafter her father facetiously dubbed her "Tilly," after the *Tilly Slowboy* of Dickens's story.

After her father's death the family moved from Kentucky to Ohio, and here she met the wealthy Leslie Carter, of Chicago, and married him. But the match proved an unhappy one, a divorce followed, and Mrs. Carter was very ill for a long time. On her recovery she faced the necessity of earning her own living, and as she could neither sew, teach, nor manipulate a typewriter, she turned to the stage, as so many others, in similar cases, had done before her.

But it was a heart-breaking task to find some one to give her even a chance to show what she could do. The haunting of managers' offices day after day, the making of appointments with them that they never kept nor thought of keeping, the lying in wait for them at dark turns on the stairs, and the dashing across the street to intercept them in their walks abroad—all this fell to the lot of Louise Leslie Carter, as she was known when Belasco finally consented to put her out in "The Ugly Duckling," by Paul Potter.

But the play failed, and all seemed lost except two things: Mr. Belasco's faith in Mrs. Carter and her trust in his judgment of her abilities. Another essay was made the next year—1891—this time in a vehicle of an altogether different description, "Miss Helyett," a musical comedy with the score by Edmond Audran, who wrote "Olivette" and "The Mascot," and in which Mrs. Carter played the part of a Quaker maiden who has droll adventures among the Spanish Pyrenees.

This did better than "The Ugly Duckling," but still the star failed to "arrive," and still she and her manager kept up their belief in each other. Mr. Belasco now decided to try a play of his own making, and with this the victory was won.

No, not quite all. It remained for "Zaza," adapted from the French, and brought out at the Garrick in New York, January 9, 1899, to round out the little story which David Belasco told in his curtain speech on that now historic night. He spoke only two sentences, but they comprised the career of the star who came to be the inspiration of all the theaters that now bear his name.

And this is what he said:

"Nine years ago a poor woman threw herself at my feet and asked me to help her. Now she is the happiest woman in the world, for she can telegraph to her son that you like her in 'Zaza,' and that the boy may be proud of his mother."

The next day's papers told the story of that evening in headlines like these: "Genius the Word for Mrs. Carter," "Mrs. Carter Scores the Greatest Hit of Her Time," "The New Bernhardt."

RICHMAN DESERTED TRADE.

He Was Employed in a Chicago Store
and Spent Many of His Evenings
in Amateur Dramatics.

Reference to the première of "Mrs. Dane's Defense," in the paragraph on Margaret Anglin, recalls the fact that that occasion marked the first appearance of Charles Richman with the Empire stock company, he having the opposite rôle to Miss Anglin. He had won golden spurs as leading man with Annie Russell in "Miss Hobbs" and "A Royal Family," to which company he had passed from "The Great Ruby" at Daly's, where he had been playing with Ada Rehan at the time of Mr. Daly's death.

Mr. Richman went from trade to the theater by way of the amateur stage. He was employed in a Chicago store, and spent many of his evenings with an amateur dramatic association, of which he was one of the most active members. A benefit performance for some charity on one occasion proved such a success that a friend with money and a desire to sprout the wings of an "angel" proposed to put the troupe on the road for a summer season.

"I was immensely excited and pleased over the notion," Mr. Richman explained in telling me of his start as a professional, "but the rest of the cast were rather dubious about undertaking the experiment, and their friends and relatives were decidedly opposed to it. But I persuaded and my wealthy friend cajoled, and finally we set out.

"Three mothers insisted on going along, so we must have resembled a moving boarding-house. The outcome may be imagined. The man of money parted with this in exchange for experience, but, happily, nobody had to walk the ties home. However, the die was cast so far as I was concerned. I had smelled of the calcium, and there was no more clerking for me. I came to New York, managed to meet the late James A. Herne, who cast me for *Philip Fleming* to the *Margaret* of his wife. Under his management I was also *The Stranger* in that oddly impressive play, 'Hannele.'"

Mr. Richman, who was sadly handicapped by mismanagement in his starring venture of two seasons ago, is now awaiting the completion of a new play to launch forth once more into the active midstream of theatrical endeavor, where his undoubted ability justifies his presence. During his career as leading man at Daly's he demonstrated his right to that high post by the worthy portrayal of characters as wide apart as Shakespeare comedies and Drury Lane melodrama could make them.

FAY TEMPLETON BORN TO IT.

This Popular Actress Has Made Successes
in Three Distinct Lines as a
Result of Changing Weight.

Fay Templeton has made three separate and distinct starts in her career, and this without counting her baby days one, when, her father being manager of a theater in Saint Joseph, Missouri, she was put in the bill whenever an infant was needed. In due course, however, she was whisked away from the footlights and sent abroad to be educated. On her return, Rice secured for her *Gabriel* in "Evangeline" and thus launched her—in tights—on the first of her three epochs—that of man's attire.

As *Gabriel* she became the talk of the town, but when she appeared at the same theater—the Fourteenth Street—some seasons later as *Hendrik Hudson*, in a burletta of that name, her former admirers declared that she was fat, and declined to worship longer at her shrine. Thus it came about that when Edward E. Rice, her old manager in "Evangeline," engaged her to break the title rôle in "Excelsior, Jr.," with which he opened the theater part of his Olympia in 1895, he stipulated that when the time came for rehearsals she must not weigh over one hundred and fifty pounds.

Whether she succeeded in getting herself down to just this figure is not a matter of veracious

record, but it is true that she made a hit with her men's clothes and became an authority in the yellow journals on masculine attire. But the banting process was not to her liking, so that Miss Templeton finally decided to seek the sort of parts where her avoirdupois would cut no figure in the artistic results. In this way she came to join Weber & Fields's, entering upon the second phase of her career as a burlesque actress of the first rank.

Her imitations of Irene Vanbrugh in "The Gay Lord Quex," of Ethel Barrymore in "Captain Jinks," of Annie Russell in "The Girl and the Judge," were all of them wonders in their way, and possibly had she been content to remain at the Twenty-Ninth Street music-hall for more than a season after Lillian Russell's advent, the two partners might never have split. But quit she did, and went up to the New York, where her imitation of Fougère in "Broadway to Tokio" was called by one of the critics a classic.

Incapacity of authors to provide the proper sort of vehicle is responsible for Miss Templeton's passage to her third stage of triumph. This has just been reached in "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," that classless concoction of George M. Cohan which shows her as a sedate housemaid of somber clothes and repressed demeanor. But so subtle is her art that she fills the huge New Amsterdam Theater as only Mansfield has ever succeeded in filling it before. There is no tinsel, no dancing, not a single imitation, but in an entirely new field Fay Templeton has blazed a path by the sheer finesse of her skill in attaining results by the simplest means.

WHEN WE OLD BOYS WERE YOUNG.

LONG AGO.

I once knew all the birds that came
    And nestled in our orchard trees;
For every flower I had a name—
    My friends were woodchucks, toads, and bees;
I knew where thrived in yonder glen
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe—
Oh, I was very learned then—
    But that was very long ago.

And, pining for the joys of youth,
    I tread the old familiar spot,
Only to learn the solemn truth—
    I have forgotten, am forgot.
Yet here's this youngster at my knee
    Knows all the things I used to know;
To think I once was as wise as he—
    But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
    Of whatsoe'er the Fates decree;
Yet, were not wishes all in vain,
    I tell you what my wish should be;
I'd wish to be a boy again,
    Back with the friends I used to know;
For I was, oh! so happy then—
    But that was very long ago.

Eugene Field.

WHEN ADAM WAS A BOY.

Earth wasn't as it is to-day
    When Adam was a boy;
Nobody's hair was streaked with gray
    When Adam was a boy.
Then when the sun would scorch and stew
There wasn't anybody who
Asked, "Is it hot enough for you?"
    When Adam was a boy.

There were no front lawns to be mowed
    When Adam was a boy;
No kitchen gardens to be hoed
    When Adam was a boy.
No ice-cream freezers to be turned,
No crocks of cream that must be churned,
No grammar lessons to be learned,

When Adam was a boy.

There was no staying after school,
When Adam was a boy,
Because somebody broke a rule
When Adam was a boy.
Nobody had to go to bed
Without a sup of broth or bread,
Because of something done or said,
When Adam was a boy.

Yet life was pretty dull, no doubt,
When Adam was a boy;
There were no baseball clubs about
When Adam was a boy.
No street piano stopped each day
In front of where he lived to play;
No brass band ever marched his way,
When Adam was a boy.

There were no fireworks at all
When Adam was a boy;
No one could pitch a drop curve ball
When Adam was a boy.
But here is why our times are so
Much better than the long ago—
There was no Santa Claus, you know,
When Adam was a boy.

Nixon Waterman, in the
Woman's Home Companion.

CASTLE YESTERDAY.

In the Valley of Contentment, just beyond the Hills of Old,
Where the streams are always silver and the sunshine always gold,
Where the hour is ever morning and the skies are never gray,
In the yellow haze of springtime stands the Castle Yesterday.

Oh, the seasons that we spent there when the whole wide world was young;
The friends we've had as maid and lad, the songs that we have sung!
The echoes of their music cannot quite have died away,
But still must thrill the roof-tree of the Castle Yesterday.

And the loving hearts we knew there in the time of trust and truth,
Surely still they wait behind us in the Pantheon of Youth!
But the angel of the valley at the portal bars our way,
And a flaming sword forbids us from the Castle Yesterday.

When the pilgrimage is ended, may we turn then, may we change
To the vanished and familiar from the present and the strange?
Who so chooses to his heaven—I shall be content to stay
Where the ghosts of dead years wander through the halls of Yesterday.

Saturday Evening Post.

Definitions of "A Friend."

The first person who comes in when the whole world has gone out.

A bank of credit on which we can draw supplies of confidence, counsel, sympathy, help, and love.

One who combines for you alike the pleasures and benefits of society and solitude.

A jewel whose luster the strong acids of poverty and misfortune cannot dim.

One who multiplies joys, divides griefs, and whose honesty is inviolable.

One who loves the truth and you, and will tell the truth in spite of you.

The Triple Alliance of the three great powers, Love, Sympathy, and Help.

A watch which beats true for all time, and never "runs down."

A permanent fortification when one's affairs are in a state of siege.

One who to himself is true, and therefore must be so to you.

A balancing pole to him who walks across the tight-rope of life.

The link in life's long chain that bears the greatest strain.

A harbor of refuge from the stormy waves of adversity.

One who considers my need before my deservings.

The jewel that shines brightest in the darkness.

A stimulant to the nobler side of our nature.

A volume of sympathy bound in cloth.

A diamond in the ring of acquaintance.

A star of hope in the cloud of adversity.

One truer to me than I am to myself.

Friendship, one soul in two bodies.

An insurance against misanthropy.

A link of gold in the chain of life.

One who understands our silence.

The essence of pure devotion.

The sunshine of calamity.

A second right hand.

As a result of offering a prize for the best original definition of "A Friend," several years ago, London *Tit-Bits* came into possession of thousands from all parts of the world. From these the foregoing were selected as the most striking. The prize was awarded to the first.

Dress For All Occasions.

A Brief Code of Sartorial Etiquette for Men and Women—What to Wear, and When to Wear It.

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

"What shall I wear?" is often one of the most perplexing questions we can ask ourselves. Nothing gives one sensations much more unpleasant than to find oneself dressed inappropriately for any occasion. Men suffer on this score, even as women, and are frequently as much in need of help.

To be well dressed does not necessarily mean that one must be "got up regardless" in the extreme of fashion and with the utmost limit of expense. Style consists in knowing how to wear your clothes as much as in knowing what to wear. But no matter how stylish in appearance a person may be, if he or she is wearing the wrong things at the wrong time the effect will go for nothing.

The following hints will, therefore, be found of service, for him as well as for her:

MORNING DRESS.

For Women.—This should be as simple as possible. Nothing is in worse taste than to appear in the mornings, down-town, shopping, or at business, in over-elaborate costumes. They may be silk-lined through and through, of the finest materials that money can buy, but they must be simple. For business, wear a plain shirt-waist, preferably white, not of too sheer material, so that it may be easily and frequently laundered. A dark skirt, with jacket to match; a simple hat and belt harmonizing with the rest of the costume; a linen stock, or collar and tie, and dark gloves. No jewelry, except perhaps a simple ring or pin.

For wear around the house in the mornings, a little more latitude may be permitted, although the golden rule for morning dressing should be simplicity.

For Men.—The same golden rule holds good. A plain, dark business suit, sack coat and vest to match; derby or soft hat, and heavy dark gloves. Never wear a high hat in the morning, unless for some special occasion, nor a frock coat, which properly should be reserved for afternoon wear.

AFTERNOON DRESS.

For Women.—This may be simple, or as elaborate as one pleases, the only restriction being that it must be high in the neck, and should also be of heavier material than that which may be put into an evening gown.

For afternoon teas, receptions, etc., the hostess wears a high-necked, long-sleeved gown of any rich cloth, velvet or silk, elaborately trimmed, always long in the skirt, and with jewels. No hat should be worn by the hostess or those who are assisting her. White kid gloves are usually worn, unless the affair is exceedingly small and informal. If the hostess wears gloves, her assistants must do so also.

Guests at a tea never remove their hats, unless they have been asked to receive, or are especially requested to do so by the hostess. Light hats or bonnets may be worn; white or very light gloves, and dress shoes.

A débutante should always wear white, made as becomingly and elaborately as possible. For her assistants, white or very light-colored gowns.

For Men.—When calling, at afternoon teas, receptions, etc., during the fall and winter, the correct dress is a double or single breasted frock coat of black or very dark gray, soft cheviot or vicuna, with double or single breasted vest, either to match the coat or of fancy cloth. Trousers of gray; white linen; a broad, folded tie of light-colored silk; top hat, gray gloves, and patent-leather shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

For Women.—This should never be worn before six o'clock in the evening. In general, it is the same for balls, dinners, receptions, etc., and for large affairs may be as elaborate and expensive as the purse of the wearer will permit. It should always be low in the neck, cut square, round, or heart-shaped over the chest and shoulders, and with short sleeves. Long gloves, coming at least to the elbow, must be worn. Slippers should either match the gown in color, or be of patent leather.

For small affairs, and those in summer, gowns of simpler material and with fewer jewels are in better taste.

A girl in her first season should wear few jewels, and her gowns should be light in color. A hat should not be worn with evening dress. A lace scarf thrown over the head will give ample protection.

It is not good form for a woman to wear full evening dress for certain occasions—such as the theater, dining in a public place, etc.

For Men.—Evening dress may be worn on any occasion after six o'clock. Full dress is obligatory for all large and formal functions. Black claw-hammer coat, with trousers to match; white waistcoat, cut low in front to display a stiffly starched and immaculate shirt-front; white lawn tie, with high white collar; broad cuffs, pearl buttons and studs, and patent-leather shoes. White gloves should also be worn at the opera, a ball, or a formal reception.

There are but two possible variations of this costume: one, the Tuxedo, which may be worn for informal affairs (a black tie goes with this); the other is the short dinner-jacket, always worn with a black tie, which is suitable only when dining at home without guests.

DRESS FOR THEATER AND OPERA.

For Women.—High-necked and long-sleeved gown, such as might be worn at an afternoon reception. Gloves, white, or of a very light color. The hair should be carefully and becomingly dressed. For an orchestra chair at the opera, the same costume may be worn, or it may be more elaborate. For a box at a theatrical performance, light gowns, also high in the neck, are suitable, to be worn with white gloves, and dress hats. For a box at the opera, full dress should be worn.

For Men.—When with ladies, or in a box at the theater, opera, or concert, full dress should be worn. White gloves are often worn, but are not obligatory. A short dinner-jacket is permissible when the wearer is with a man friend, but never when he is one of a party, or is with a lady not nearly related to him. With the dinner-jacket a black silk or satin bow tie, and a waistcoat matching the coat, are worn. With a long-tailed evening coat, a stiff silk-top hat, or a crush opera-hat, is proper.

DRESS FOR WEDDINGS.

For Women.—Elaborate afternoon and reception gowns are worn at church or house weddings held in the morning or afternoon. Hats are to be worn at the following reception or breakfast, and gloves should be laid aside only while one is eating. For the immediate family of the bride or groom, deep mourning should be left off for the wedding-day, and gray and lilac, or black and purple, be worn instead.

At an evening wedding, full dress may be worn, or else very elaborate high-throated, long-sleeved gowns, without hats, and with white gloves.

A maiden bride should dress in white, and should wear a veil, of lace, tulle, or gauze. Whatever the material of the wedding-dress may be, its skirt should be trained, and for a noon or afternoon ceremony the waist should be high-necked and with long sleeves. For an evening wedding, the bodice may be cut out in the throat, and be without sleeves. Few jewels should be worn, and those preferably the gift of the family or the groom. White gloves and shoes should be worn.

For a second marriage, the bride should wear a traveling dress, or, if the wedding is elaborately celebrated in church, a handsome reception gown. In both cases, a hat should be worn. The costume must not be purely white, but should be light and not somber in color.

For Men.—Guests at a noon or afternoon wedding should wear the conventional afternoon costume: black frock coat, gray trousers, a four-in-hand or Ascot tie of light color, waistcoat of white piqué or one matching the coat, patent-leather shoes, gray gloves, and a silk hat. At an evening wedding only full dress is permissible. For a morning wedding, the same costume may be worn as in the afternoon, but it is more usual to wear a full suit of silver-gray wool, the coat being what is known as the English walking coat, a rather long cutaway. A black cutaway waistcoat to match and gray trousers are always proper. Gray gloves, patent-leather shoes, white linen and broadly folded silk or satin ties are suitable with these latter costumes.

The groom at a noon or afternoon wedding should wear a black or dark-blue frock coat; high, white, double-breasted piqué waistcoat or one matching the coat; gray trousers; white linen; a full-folded silk or satin tie, of light color, with a pearl pin; gray, suède gloves, patent-leather shoes, and a top hat. For a night wedding, full evening dress is necessary.

The best man dresses as nearly as possible like the groom.

The ushers should dress as nearly alike as possible. For day weddings, black frock coats, gray trousers, white piqué or black waistcoats, full-folded necktie, of dark silk with a lighter pattern, and gray gloves. Hats should not be carried during the service, but left in charge of some one in the vestibule. For evening weddings, full dress must be worn. The boutonnières sent by the bride are always to be worn, as are the groom's gifts, whether sleeve-links or scarf-pins. Gloves should be kept on while serving in the aisles.

FOR LUNCHEONS AND BREAKFASTS.

For Women.—Guests as well as hostess should wear at a large luncheon simply the best afternoon gown they possess. The hostess should wear no hat; the guest a dressy one, with white or light gloves. In summer, a thin dress of light silk, or organdie, a flower-trimmed hat, white gloves, thin dress shoes, and a bright parasol are suitable.

For Men.—In winter, conventional afternoon costumes should be worn for a luncheon. For a noon breakfast, the same. For an earlier breakfast, a complete morning suit, with sack coat. With this, a colored shirt is permissible; a four-in-hand tie, derby, morning gloves, and black shoes.

For summer luncheons and breakfasts, white duck or very light striped flannel may be worn; tan or white Oxford ties, and a straw hat.

DRESS FOR MUSICALES, PRIVATE THEATRICALS, ETC.

For Women.—At an evening performance, full dress, jewels, and white gloves. For an afternoon performance, dress appropriate for luncheons, receptions, etc.

For Men.—If the performance is in the evening, full dress must be worn. If in the afternoon, frock coat, gray trousers, and so on, as before described.

MOURNING DRESS.

For Women.—A widow wears for her first mourning dress, a black worsted skirt and waist, made as simply as possible, and trimmed with folds of English crêpe; a small bonnet, made entirely of crêpe, with a long crêpe veil falling in the rear to the knees, and for the first month a veil of equal length covering the face. Inside the front of the bonnet is set a white ruche of lisse, the unmistakable insignia of widowhood. If desired, bands of hemstitched organdie may be worn without impropriety at wrists and throat. Black kid gloves, a black-bordered handkerchief, black shoes of soft dull finish complete the costume. After a year and a half or two years, crêpe-de-chine, lusterless silk, etc., may be worn in place of the crêpe-trimmed gowns, with black hats or bonnets, and dull jet ornaments. Six months later, white and lilac may be used sparingly, and after six months again, colors may be resumed if desired.

A married woman in mourning for child, sister, brother, or parent, wears the above costume, with the exception of the white ruche in the bonnet. Mourning should be worn for about the same length of time.

It is optional whether or not mourning be worn for infants. If so, simple black, without crêpe, is sufficient.

For a mother-in-law or father-in-law, black without crêpe for one month should be worn; to be followed by black and white, or gray, with lilac, for another month.

Young unmarried women should not wear the black bonnet and veil. A black gown trimmed with crêpe, a hat trimmed entirely with crêpe, small face-veil of black net with a wide crêpe border; black gloves, a black-bordered handkerchief, and ornaments of dull jet are proper for the first six months or year. For second mourning, white is used with the black, and lilac.

Middle-aged, unmarried women wear what a married woman wears, with the exception of the widow's weeds, and for the same length of time.

For an aunt, uncle, or grandparent, simple black without crêpe, worn for three months, is customary. Jewelry that is not noticeable may be worn with this.

Children under fifteen should not be put into mourning. No girl under seventeen should wear crêpe.

For Men.—A widower, for the first eighteen months, should wear complete suit of black, black lusterless silk cravats, white linen, cuff-links of dull black enamel, dull black leather shoes, black gloves, and a crêpe hat-band. After a year, the band may be left off. For second mourning, gray or black clothes, black-and-white silk neckties, gray gloves, and white or black-and-white linen are proper.

Mourning for parent, child, sister, or brother is worn six months or a year, according to desire. In these cases, also, the crêpe hat-band is used, but is narrower than that worn by a widower.

The custom of sewing a black cloth or crêpe band on the left coat-sleeve is not to be commended.

The Box Tunnel.

BY CHARLES READE.

Charles Reade was born at Ipsden, England, June 8, 1814, and died in London, April 11, 1884. After leaving Oxford in 1835 he studied law and was called to the bar in 1843. Soon afterward he resolved to devote himself to literature. He published his first novel in 1852. This was "Peg Woffington," and its success was so unqualified that if the author had any doubts concerning his wisdom in changing his profession they were soon dispelled. Among his subsequent novels were "It Is Never Too Late to Mend," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Hard Cash," "Foul Play," "Put Yourself in His Place," and "A Terrible Temptation."

Most of the novels of Charles Reade had to do with certain social and legal abuses then existing in England, and they did much to effect a pronounced improvement in the conditions attacked.

"The Box Tunnel," which appears herewith, is a short story written in 1857. It is an excellent specimen of that peculiar quality of humor for which its gifted author was famous.

The 10.15 train glided from Paddington, May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a certain first-class carriage were four passengers; of these, two were worth description. The lady had a smooth, white, delicate brow, strongly marked eyebrows, long lashes, eyes that seemed to change color, and a good-sized, delicious mouth, with teeth as white as milk. A man could not see her nose for her eyes and mouth; her own sex could and would have told us some nonsense about it. She wore an unpretending grayish dress buttoned to the throat with lozenge-shaped buttons, and a Scottish shawl that agreeably evaded color. She was like a duck, so tight her plain feathers fitted her, and there she sat, smooth, snug, and delicious, with a book in her hand, and the soupçon of her wrist just visible as she held it. Her opposite neighbor was what I call a good style of man—the more to his credit, since he belonged to a corporation that frequently turns out the worst imaginable style of young men. He was a cavalry officer, aged twenty-five. He had a mustache, but not a very repulsive one; not one of those subnasal pigtails on which soup is suspended like dew on a shrub; it was short, thick, and black as a coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by tobacco-smoke to the color of juice, his clothes did not stick to nor hang to him, he had an engaging smile, and, what I liked the dog for, his vanity, which was inordinate, was in its proper place, his heart, not in his face, jostling mine and other people's who have none—in a word, he was what one oftener hears of than meets—a young gentleman.

He was conversing in an animated whisper with a companion, a fellow officer; they were talking about what it is far better not to—women. Our friend clearly did not wish to be overheard; for he cast ever and anon a furtive glance at his fair *vis-à-vis* and lowered his voice. She seemed completely absorbed in her book, and that reassured him.

At last the two soldiers came down to a whisper (the truth must be told), the one who got down at Slough, and was lost to posterity, bet ten pounds to three, that he who was going down with us to Bath and immortality would not kiss either of the ladies opposite upon the road. "Done, done!"

Now I am sorry a man I have hitherto praised should have lent himself, even in a whisper, to such a speculation; "but nobody is wise at all hours," not even when the clock is striking five and twenty; and you are to consider his profession, his good looks, and the temptation—ten to three. [Pg 75]

After Slough the party was reduced to three; at Twylford one lady dropped her handkerchief; Captain Dolignan fell on it like a lamb; two or three words were interchanged on this occasion.

At Reading the Marlborough of our tale made one of the safe investments of that day, he bought a *Times* and *Punch*; the latter full of steel-pen thrusts and woodcuts. Valor and beauty deigned to laugh at some inflamed humbug or other punctured by *Punch*. Now laughing together thaws our human ice; long before Swindon it was a talking match—at Swindon who so devoted as Captain Dolignan?—he handed them out—he souped them—he tough-chickened them—he brandied and cochinealed one, and brandied and burnt-sugared the other; on their return to the carriage, one lady passed into the inner compartment to inspect a certain gentleman's seat on that side of the line.

Reader, had it been you or I, the beauty would have been the deserter, the average one would have stayed with us till all was blue, ourselves included; not more surely does our slice of bread and butter, when it escapes from our hand, revolve it ever so often, alight face downward on the carpet.

But this was a bit of a fop, Adonis, dragoon—so Venus remained *tête-à-tête* with him. You have seen a dog meet an unknown female of the species; how handsome, how impressé, how expressive he becomes; such was Dolignan after Swindon, and to do the dog justice, he got handsome and handsomer; and you have seen a cat conscious of approaching cream—such was Miss Haythorn; she became demurer and demurer; presently our captain looked out of the window and laughed; this elicited an inquiring look from Miss Haythorn.

"We are only a mile from the Box Tunnel."

"Do you always laugh a mile from the Box Tunnel?" said the lady.

"Invariably."

"What for?"

"Why, hem! It is a gentleman's joke."

Captain Dolignan then recounted to Miss Haythorn the following:

"A lady and her husband sat together going through the Box Tunnel—there was one gentleman opposite; it was pitch dark; after the tunnel the lady said, 'George, how absurd of you to salute me going through the tunnel.' 'I did no such thing.' 'You didn't?' 'No! Why?' 'Because somehow I thought you did!'"

Here Captain Dolignan laughed and endeavored to lead his companion to laugh, but it was not to be done. The train entered the tunnel.

Miss Haythorn. Ah!

Dolignan. What is the matter?

Miss Haythorn. I am frightened.

Dolignan (moving to her side). Pray do not be alarmed; I am near you.

Miss Haythorn. You are near me—very near me, indeed, Captain Dolignan.

Dolignan. You know my name?

Miss Haythorn. I heard you mention it. I wish we were out of this dark place.

Dolignan. I could be content to spend hours here, reassuring you, my dear lady.

Miss Haythorn. Nonsense!

Dolignan. Pweep! (Grave reader, do not put your lips to the next pretty creature you meet or you will understand what this means.)

Miss Haythorn. Eh! Eh!

Friend. What is the matter?

Miss Haythorn. Open the door! Open the door!

There was a sound of hurried whispers, the door was shut and the blind pulled down with hostile sharpness.

If any critic falls on me for putting inarticulate sounds in a dialogue as above, I answer with all the insolence I can command at present, "Hit boys as big as yourself"; bigger perhaps, such as Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; they began it, and I learned it of them, sore against my

will.

Miss Haythorn's scream lost most of its effect because the engine whistled forty thousand murders at the same moment; and fictitious grief makes itself heard when real cannot.

Between the tunnel and Bath our young friend had time to ask himself whether his conduct had been marked by that delicate reserve which is supposed to distinguish the perfect gentleman. [Pg 76]

With a long face, real or feigned, he held open the door; his late friends attempted to escape on the other side—impossible! they must pass him. She whom he had insulted (Latin for kissed) deposited somewhere at his feet a look of gentle, blushing reproach; the other, whom he had not insulted, darted red-hot daggers at him from her eyes; and so they parted.

It was perhaps fortunate for Dolignan that he had the grace to be a friend to Major Hoskyns of his regiment, a veteran laughed at by the youngsters, for the major was too apt to look coldly upon billiard-balls and cigars; he had seen cannon-balls and linstocks. He had also, to tell the truth, swallowed a good bit of the mess-room poker, which made it as impossible for Major Hoskyns to descend to an ungentlemanlike word or action as to brush his own trousers below the knee.

Captain Dolignan told this gentleman his story in gleeful accents; but Major Hoskyns heard him coldly, and as coldly answered that he had known a man to lose his life for the same thing.

"That is nothing," continued the major, "but unfortunately he deserved to lose it."

At this blood mounted to the younger man's temples; and his senior added, "I mean to say he was thirty-five; you, I presume, are twenty-one!"

"Twenty-five."

"That is much the same thing; will you be advised by me?"

"If you will advise me."

"Speak to no one of this, and send White the three pounds, that he may think you have lost the bet."

"That is hard, when I won it."

"Do it for all that, sir."

Let the disbelievers in human perfectibility know that this dragoon capable of a blush did this virtuous action, albeit with violent reluctance; and this was his first damper. A week after these events he was at a ball. He was in that state of factious discontent which belongs to us amiable English. He was looking in vain for a lady, equal in personal attraction to the idea he had formed of George Dolignan as a man, when suddenly there glided past him a most delightful vision! a lady whose beauty and symmetry took him by the eyes—another look: "It can't be! Yes, it is!" Miss Haythorn! (not that he knew her name) but what an apotheosis!

The duck had become a peahen—radiant, dazzling, she looked twice as beautiful and almost twice as large as before. He lost sight of her. He found her again. She was so lovely she made him ill—and he, alone, must not dance with her, speak to her. If he had been content to begin her acquaintance the usual way, it might have ended in kissing: it must end in nothing.

As she danced, sparks of beauty fell from her on all around, but him—she did not see him; it was clear she never would see him—one gentleman was particularly assiduous; she smiled on his assiduity; he was ugly, but she smiled on him. Dolignan was surprised at his success, his ill taste, his ugliness, his impertinence. Dolignan at last found himself injured; "who was this man? and what right had he to go on so? He never kissed her, I suppose," said Dolle. Dolignan could not prove it, but he felt that somehow the rights of property were invaded.

He went home and dreamed of Miss Haythorn, and hated all the ugly successful. He spent a fortnight trying to find out who his beauty was—he never could encounter her again. At last he heard of her in this way: A lawyer's clerk paid him a little visit and commenced a little action against him in the name of Miss Haythorn, for insulting her in a railway train.

The young gentleman was shocked; endeavored to soften the lawyer's clerk; that machine did not thoroughly comprehend the meaning of the term. The lady's name, however, was at last revealed by this untoward incident; from her name to her address was but a short step; and the same day our crestfallen hero lay in wait at her door, and many a succeeding day, without effect.

But one fine afternoon she issued forth quite naturally, as if she did it every day, and walked briskly on the parade. Dolignan did the same, met and passed her many times on the parade, and searched for pity in her eyes, but found neither look nor recognition, nor any other sentiment; for all this she walked and walked, till all the other promenaders were tired and gone—then her culprit summoned resolution, and taking off his hat, with a voice for the first time tremulous, besought permission to address her. [Pg 77]

She stopped, blushed, and neither acknowledged nor disowned his acquaintance. He blushed, stammered out how ashamed he was, how he deserved to be punished, how he was punished, how little she knew how unhappy he was, and concluded by begging her not to let all the world know the disgrace of a man who was already mortified enough by the loss of her acquaintance.

She asked an explanation; he told her of the action that had been commenced in her name; she gently shrugged her shoulders and said, "How stupid they are!" Emboldened by this, he begged to know whether or not a life of distant, unpretending devotion would, after a lapse of years, erase the memory of his madness—his crime!

"She did not know!"

"She must now bid him adieu, as she had preparations to make for a ball in the Crescent, where everybody was to be."

They parted, and Dolignan determined to be at the ball, where everybody was to be. He was there, and after some time he obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorn, and he danced with her. Her manner was gracious. With the wonderful tact of her sex, she seemed to have commenced the acquaintance that evening.

That night, for the first time, Dolignan was in love. I will spare the reader all a lover's arts, by which he succeeded in dining where she dined, in dancing where she danced, in overtaking her by accident when she rode. His devotion followed her to church, where the dragoon was rewarded by learning there is a world where they neither polk nor smoke—the two capital abominations of this one.

He made an acquaintance with her uncle, who liked him, and he saw at last with joy that her eye loved to dwell upon him, when she thought he did not observe her. It was three months after the Box Tunnel that Captain Dolignan called one day upon Captain Haythorn, R.N., whom he had met twice in his life, and slightly propitiated by violently listening to a cutting-out expedition; he called, and in the usual way asked permission to pay his addresses to his daughter.

The worthy captain straightway began doing quarter-deck, when suddenly he was summoned from the apartment by a mysterious message. On his return he announced, with a total change of voice, that "It was all right, and his visitor might run alongside as soon as he chose." My reader has divined the truth; this nautical commander was in complete and happy subjugation to his daughter, our heroine.

As he was taking leave, Dolignan saw his divinity glide into the drawing-room. He followed her, observed a sweet consciousness deepen into confusion—she tried to laugh and cried instead, and then she smiled again; when he kissed her hand at the door it was "George" and "Marian" instead of "Captain" this and "Miss" the other.

A reasonable time after this (for my tale is merciful and skips formalities and torturing delays), these two were very happy; they were once more upon the railroad, going to enjoy their honeymoon all by themselves. Marian Dolignan was dressed just as before—duck-like and delicious; all bright except her clothes; but George sat beside her this time instead of opposite; and she drank him in gently from her long eyelashes.

"Marian," said George, "married people should tell each other all. Will you ever forgive me if I own to you; no——"

"Yes! Yes!"

"Well, then, you remember the Box Tunnel." (This was the first allusion he had ventured to it.) "I am ashamed to say I had three pounds to ten with White I would kiss one of you two ladies," and George, pathetic externally, chuckled within.

"I know that, George; I overheard you," was the demure reply.

"Oh! You overheard me! Impossible."

"And did you not hear me whisper to my companion? I made a bet with her." [Pg 78]

"You made a bet! how singular! What was it?"

"Only a pair of gloves, George."

"Yes, I know; but what about it?"

"That if you did you should be my husband, dearest."

"Oh! but stay; then you could not have been so very angry with me, love. Why, dearest, then you brought that action against me."

Mrs. Dolignan looked down.

"I was afraid you were forgetting me! George, you will never forgive me?"

"Angel! Why, here is the Box Tunnel!"

Now, reader—fie! No! No such thing! You can't expect to be indulged in this way every time we come to a dark place. Besides, it is not the thing. Consider, two sensible married people. No such phenomenon, I assure you, took place. No scream in hopeless rivalry of the engine—this time!

SAYINGS IN EVERY-DAY USE.

Where They Come From, Who Said Them First, and How in Course of Time They Have Become Changed.

Many of our common sayings, so trite and pithy, are used without the least idea from whose mouth or pen they first originated. Probably the works of Shakespeare furnish us with more of these familiar maxims than any other writer, for to him we owe: "All is not gold that glitters"; "Make a virtue of necessity"; "Screw your courage to a sticking place" (not point); "They laugh that win"; "This is the long and short of it"; "Make assurance double sure" (not doubly); "As merry as the day is long"; "A Daniel come to judgment"; "Frailty, thy name is woman"; and a host of others.

Washington Irving gives us "The almighty dollar"; Thomas Norton queried long ago, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" while Goldsmith answers, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs." Charles C. Pinckney: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." "First in war, first in peace, and first in the heart of his fellow citizens" (not countrymen) appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1790, prepared by General Henry Lee.

Thomas Tusser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us: "It's an ill wind turns none to good," "Better late than never," "Look ere thou leap," and "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss." "All cry and no wool" is found in Butler's "Hudibras."

Dryden says: "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of a larger growth," and "Through thick and thin." "No pent-up Utica contracts your powers," declared Jonathan Sewall.

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war."—Nathaniel Lee (1655-1692).

"The end must justify the means" is from Matthew Prior. We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again." Johnson tells us of "A good hater"; and Sir James Mackintosh, in 1791, used the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity."

"Variety's the very spice of life," and "Not much the worse for wear," Cowper; "Man proposes, but God disposes," Thomas à Kempis.

Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, "Love me little, love me long." Sir Edward Coke was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle." To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "Fresh woods and pastures new," and "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

Edward Young tells us "Death loves a shining mark," "A fool at forty is indeed a fool," but alas for his knowledge of human nature when he adds that "Man wants but little, nor that little long"!

From Bacon comes "Knowledge is power."

A good deal of so-called slang is classic. "Escape with the skin of my teeth" is from Job. "He is a brick" is from Plutarch. That historian tells of a king of Sparta who boasted that his army was the only wall of the city, "and every man is a brick." We call a fair and honest man "a square man," but the Greeks describe the same person as *tetragonos*—"a four-cornered man."

"Every dog has its day" is commonly attributed to Shakespeare, in *Hamlet's* speech, "The cat will mew and dog will have his day." But forty years before "Hamlet" Heywood wrote, "But, as every man saith, a dog hath his daie."

LITTLE STORIES OF BIG PEOPLE.

EDISON'S "FAKE" CIGARS.

A friend of the inventor says that Thomas A. Edison is very fond of smoking, but that sometimes he becomes so absorbed in work that he even forgets that he has a cigar in his mouth.

Mr. Edison once complained to a man in the tobacco business that he, the inventor, could not account for the rapidity with which the cigars disappeared from a box that he always kept in his office. The "Wizard" was not inclined to think that he smoked them all himself. Finally, he asked the tobacco man what might be done to remedy the situation.

The latter suggested that he make up some cigars—"fake" them, in other words—with a well-known label on the outside. "I'll fill 'em with horsehair and hard rubber," said he. "Then you'll find that there will not be so many missing."

"All right," said Mr. Edison, and he forgot all about the matter.

Several weeks later, when the tobacco man was again calling on the inventor, the latter suddenly said:

"Look here! I thought you were going to fix me up some fake cigars!"

"Why, I did!" exclaimed the other, in hurt surprise.

"When?"

"Don't you remember the flat box with a green label—cigars in bundle form, tied with yellow ribbon?"

Edison smiled reflectively. "Do you know," he finally said, in abashed tones, "I smoked every one of those cigars myself!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

THE "DEAD-BEAT" AND THE PASS.

Among after-dinner speakers, Joseph Jefferson ranked as one who could tell a good story in a dry, delightful way. His stories dealt principally with theatrical subjects.

"While starring through Indiana several years ago," he said at a dinner one night, "my manager was approached by a man who had the local reputation of being a pass 'worker,' or dead-beat. He told the usual yarn about being a former actor, and ended by asking for professional courtesies.

"'I would be glad to oblige you,' said the manager, 'but, unfortunately, I haven't a card with me.' Just then a happy thought struck him, and he added: 'I'll tell you what I'll do. I will write the pass where it will be easy for you to show it.'

"Leaning over, with a pencil he wrote 'Pass the bearer' on the fellow's white shirt-front, and signed his name. The beat thanked him and hastened to the gate. The ticket-taker gravely examined the writing and let him take a few steps inside, then called him back, saying, in a loud voice:

"'Hold on, my friend; I forgot. It will be necessary for you to leave that pass with me.'"—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE HOST WAS PLEASED.

"Edward Everett Hale," said a lawyer, "was one of the guests at a millionaire's dinner.

"The millionaire was a free spender, but he wanted full credit for every dollar put out.

"And, as the dinner progressed, he told his guests what the more expensive dishes had cost. He dwelt especially on the expense of the large and beautiful grapes, each bunch a foot long, each grape bigger than a plum. He told, down to a penny, what he had figured it out that the grapes had cost him apiece.

"The guests looked annoyed. They ate the expensive grapes charily. But Dr. Hale, smiling, extended his plate and said:

"'Would you mind cutting me off about $1.87 worth more, please?'"—*New York Tribune.*

CHOPIN'S "INSPIRATION."

Many people have heard the "Marche Funèbre" of Chopin, but few are aware that it had its origin in a rather ghastly after-dinner frolic.

The painter Ziem, still living in hale old age, relates how, about fifty-six years ago, he had given a little Bohemian dinner in his studio, which was divided by hangings into three sections. In one section was a skeleton sometimes used by Ziem for "draping" and an old piano covered with a sheet.

During the after-dinner fun Ziem and the painter Ricard crept into this section, and, wrapping the old sheet like a pall around the skeleton, carried it among their comrades, where Polignac seized it, and, wrapping himself with the skeleton in the sheet, sat down to play a queer dance of death at the wheezy old piano.

In the midst of it all, Chopin, who was of the party, was seized with an inspiration, and, seating himself at the piano with an exclamation that brought the roisterers to their senses, extemporized then and there the famous "Marche Funèbre," while his Bohemian auditory applauded in frantic delight.—*London Globe.*

VERY SUPERIOR CLAY.

The late Eugene Field, while on one of his lecturing tours, entered Philadelphia.

There was some delay at the bridge over the Schuylkill River, and the humorist's attention was attracted by the turbid, coffee-colored stream flowing underneath. He asked the colored porter:

"Don't you people get your drinking-water from this stream?"

"Yassir! Ain't got no yuther place to git it frum, 'cept th' Delaweah. Yassir!"

"I should think," said the humorist, "that you would be afraid to drink such water; especially as

the seepage from that cemetery I see on the hill must drain directly into the river and pollute it."

"I reckon yo' all doan' know Philadelphy ve'y well, sah, aw yo'd know dat's Lau'el Hill Cemete'y!" said the son of Ham.

"Well, what of that?" asked Field.

"Dat wattah doan' hu't us Philaydelphians none, sah," replied the native son. "W'y, mos' all of de folkses bu'ied theah aw f'om ouah ve'y best fam'lies!"—*Success.*

MR. CRAWFORD'S ENDEAVOR.

"W.B. Yeats, the English poet, got off a good thing when he was at the Franklin Inn for lunch the other day," said the Literary Man. "Of course he's all for art for art's sake, but he told of a woman who once said to Marion Crawford, the novelist:

"'Have you ever written anything that will live after you have gone?'

"'Madam,' Crawford replied, 'what I am trying to do is to write something that will enable me to live while I am here.'"—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE HOT WATER CURE.

Dr. William Osler is always exceedingly precise in his directions to patients. He relates an experience which a brother practitioner once had which illustrates the dangers of lack of precision.

A young man one day visited this doctor and described a common malady that had befallen him.

"The thing for you to do," the physician said, "is to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning."

The patient took his leave, and in a week returned.

"Well, how are you feeling?" the physician asked.

"Worse, doctor; worse, if anything," was the reply.

"Ah! Did you follow my advice and drink hot water an hour before breakfast?"

"I did my best, sir," said the young man, "but I couldn't keep it up more'n ten minutes at a stretch."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

THE UGLIEST FAMILY IN ENGLAND.

It is not unusual in life to see an awkward fellow making a false step. He attempts to recover himself and makes another; the second is followed by a third, and down he comes. Here is an illustration of what we mean:

A gentleman once said to Lord North, "Pray, my lord, who is that extremely ugly woman sitting over there?"

"That's my youngest sister," said his lordship.

"Good gracious!" said the gentleman, "I don't mean her, I mean the next."

"That is my eldest sister," replied the nobleman.

"I protest," cried the unhappy gentleman, "I don't mean her, but the third."

"That is my wife," said Lord North.

"The devil!" ejaculated the poor fellow.

"You may well say that," said Lord North, "for she is as ugly as one. But console yourself, my dear sir, we are the ugliest family in England."—*Golden Penny.*

THE MAN WHO STRUCK THE KING.

The Earl of Wemyss, who, though an octogenarian, is one of the most fiery members of the Upper House, may boast of being the only man who has ever struck the King in public. It occurred when his majesty was Prince of Wales, and in the House of Lords during a debate.

The prince, as Duke of Cornwall, attended, and sat immediately before Lord Wemyss. The noble lord made a speech, during which he, as usual, became heated, and, in the course of a gesture, brought his fist down bang on His Royal Highness's hat.

The prince, appreciating the force of the earl's argument, retired to a place farther from him. Lord Wemyss was well known, before succeeding to the earldom, as Lord Elcho, an enthusiast of volunteering and rifle-shooting.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

[Pg 81]

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN CITIZEN.

> Bicentenary of the Famous Man Whom Joseph H. Choate Has Styled "The Greatest of American Diplomats"—Contrasts of a Successful Career—Franklin's Own Practical Rules of Conduct, and the Epitaph He Wrote for Himself.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

It is two hundred years since Benjamin Franklin was born. The anniversary, important though it is, has led to reflections concerning the man rather than enthusiasm over him. We are struck by the great variety of his activities and accomplishments, and by the sanity of his conduct.

Benjamin Franklin is not named as the greatest American. Washington and Lincoln always will be ranked before him, because in certain achievements they stand altogether alone. The deeds which made Washington and Lincoln great required special gifts in mind and character—endowments found in such full measure only in few men and at rare intervals.

Mr. Choate's Eloquent Tribute.

Joseph H. Choate, recently ambassador to Great Britain, in his inaugural address as president of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, in 1903, paid eloquent tribute to Franklin:

> His whole career has been summed up by a great French statesman, who was one of his personal friends and correspondents, in six words, Latin words of course: "*Eripuit caelo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis*," which, unfortunately for our language, cannot be translated into English in less than twelve: "He snatched the lightning from the skies, and the scepter from tyrants."
>
> Surely the briefest and most brilliant biography ever written. He enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge by discovering laws and facts of Nature unknown before, and applying them to the use and service of man; and that entitles him to lasting fame.
>
> But his other service to mankind differed from this only in kind, and was quite equal in degree. For he stands second only to Washington in the list of heroic patriots who on both sides of the Atlantic stood for those fundamental principles of English liberty which culminated in the independence of the United States, and have ever since been shared by the English-speaking race the world over.
>
> In view of his fifteen years' service in England and ten in France, of the immense obstacles and difficulties which he had to overcome, of the art and wisdom which he displayed, and the incalculable value to the country of the treaties which he negotiated, he still stands as by far the greatest of American diplomats.

Though greatest in no one thing, Franklin was great in many things. He was, in his time and place, a great statesman, a great diplomat. He was a great scientist, a great philosopher, a great inventor, a great man of letters, a great business man.

The Variety of His Talents.

All his qualities were made valuable by his practical sense. He was interested in nothing unless he saw in it some use. The result was that he found use in almost everything. It is no wonder that he is called "the many-sided Franklin."

This practical nature makes Franklin a typical American. Most of the larger figures of the eighteenth century, when we look back to them now, seem a little remote in their way of thinking and acting. They carry the peculiar flavor of their period. But Franklin, as we know him, might be a man of the present day—of any day in American history.

In the course of his life he worked his way up through every social stratum. A self-made man, he was virtually unassisted in his efforts to advance himself. He was the fifteenth child of a poor tallow-chandler and soap-maker. All his public-school education was received before his eleventh year.

A Manager of Men.

Yet we see him in his later life the idol of the French court, pitted against the shrewdest diplomats of the Old World to plead for the struggling American colonies, and gaining his ends almost as much through social tact and charm as by the power of a well-trained mind. He did not lead men—he managed them.

The contrasts in his career can be seen in this condensed biography:

1706—Born in Boston, January 17.

1716—Taken from school and put to work

in his father's tallow-chandler's shop.

1718—Apprenticed to his brother in the printing trade.

1723—Ran away to Philadelphia, where he worked as a printer.

1725—Stranded in London and forced to work at his trade.

1729—Began publication of the *Pennsylvania Gazette.*

1732—First appearance of "Poor Richard's Almanac." Founded a Philadelphia library, first circulating library in America.

1737—Appointed postmaster of Philadelphia. Organized first fire company in America.

1742—Invented the first stove used in this country.

1743—Founded the American Philosophical Society and the University of Pennsylvania.

1748—Retired from active business with an estimated fortune of $75,000.

1752—The kite demonstration to prove that lightning is electricity.

1755—Led in the defense of Pennsylvania against the Indians.

1757—Sent to London as agent of the Colonial Assembly of Pennsylvania.

1763—Traveled sixteen hundred miles, extending and improving postal system.

1766—Gave testimony on the Stamp Act and spoke for the colonies before the House of Commons.

1775—After eleven years in England returned to America to take part in the contest for independence, and was elected to the second Continental Congress.

1776—On Committee of Five to frame the Declaration of Independence. Appointed commissioner to solicit aid from France.

1778—Secured a treaty of alliance with France.

1781—Member of the commission to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain.

1785—President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

1787—Assisted in framing the Constitution of the United States.

1790—Died at his home in Philadelphia, eighty-four years of age.

"Stranded in London in 1725;" in 1748 retiring from business "with an estimated fortune of seventy-five thousand dollars"—a real fortune in those days—besides an assured income of five thousand dollars a year from his publishing business. Here is advancement!

Franklin the Scientist.

If Franklin had remained in retirement he would be remembered as a successful colonial gentleman who contributed many maxims and proverbs to the literature of common sense.

But about this time men who had the leisure were everywhere playing with electricity. Experiments in natural science happened to be a fad, much as in recent years have been experiments in table-lifting, automatic writing, and other phenomena of what is called the "subliminal self."

Franklin studied electricity with the rest, but with the difference that he made his electrical work amount to something. The results of his experiments were published, arousing a great deal of interest in Europe.

The suggestion that thunder and lightning are electrical phenomena similar to those produced artificially was made by Franklin in 1749. The idea was not altogether new. He, however, emphasized it, and proposed an experiment by which the identity of the two manifestations of the electric fluid might be proved.

His scheme involved the erection of an iron rod on a church steeple or high tower to draw electricity from passing clouds. The experiment was first actually carried out by a Frenchman, D'Alibard.

When Franklin made his famous experiment with the kite in 1752 the theory he was seeking to prove had already been established. Yet the credit of the discovery belongs to him by right of prior suggestion.

Franklin offered, instead of the two-fluid theory of electricity, the then revolutionary one-fluid theory; discovered the poisonous nature of air breathed out from the lungs; made important meteorological discoveries, including the fact that the Gulf Stream is warmer than the surrounding ocean; proved, by experiment with colored cloths on snow, that different colors absorb the heat of the sun in different quantities.

These are among his scientific achievements. From each he drew some practical inference. He invented the lightning-rod; devised systems of ventilation for buildings, and suggested that white, since it absorbs the least heat, is the best color to wear in summer.

IN LITERATURE AND PUBLIC LIFE.

His reputation as a man of letters rests upon his journalistic work, essays, and correspondence, and his unique autobiography. He founded the first literary newspaper in America, thus becoming the first editor as distinguished from the mere news-gatherer. He founded the first literary club in America—the famous Junto. He was the first to illustrate a newspaper, and to point out the advantages of illustrated advertisements.

Though his claim to eminence as a man of letters is not to be gainsaid, he was not, in the finer distinction, a literary man. He represented no literary tradition, nor did he establish one. His practical genius confined the elements of his literary manner to lucidity, simplicity, and directness. There was no really idealistic touch in his writing. But his frankness and his genial humor kept him from ever becoming dull. His autobiography is one of the most interesting personal narratives ever written.

But Franklin's greatest work was his work as a statesman and diplomat. Between 1757 and 1775 he represented in England first his own colony of Pennsylvania and later the group of colonies. His zeal got him into trouble, for he made public, though by permission, some letters written by Governor Hutchison, of Massachusetts, in which the English government was advised to use harsh measures with the colony.

Attacked in the Privy Council for his "bad faith," Franklin stood silent until the vituperation ended, and then quietly withdrew. His demeanor inspired Horace Walpole's famous epigram:

> The calm philosopher, without reply,
> Withdrew, and gave his country liberty.

On that fateful day Franklin was dressed in "a new suit of spotted Manchester velvet." The man's sense of humor appears in the fact that he deliberately laid that suit aside and did not put it on again until the day when he signed the treaty of alliance between France and the American colonies.

His labors in France during the period of the American Revolution are part of the history of the time. As the French historian Lacretelle says:

> His virtues and renown negotiated for him; and before the second year of his mission had expired no one conceived it possible to refuse fleets and armies to the countrymen of Franklin.

A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

How did Franklin make himself so effective a man? How did he succeed where others failed? The secret lies in his practical philosophy of life. Fortunately he bequeathed that secret to us in the maxims which he composed for his own guidance during his voyage back to America from

England when he was twenty-two years of age. The pithy phrases are full of vitality to-day.

> Eat not to dulness; drink not to elevation.
>
> Speak naught but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.
>
> Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.
>
> Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly, and if you speak, speak accordingly.
>
> Tolerate no uncleanliness in body, clothes, or habitation.
>
> Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.
>
> Drive thy business; let not thy business drive thee.
>
> Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

> One to-day is worth two to-morrows.
>
> Buy what thou hast no need of and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.
>
> Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half-shut afterward.
>
> They that won't be counseled can't be helped.
>
> A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last.

Worldly wise, these maxims; but sound rules of conduct. Franklin was no doddering *Polonius*, looking for advantage where others could have none. He was worldly wise, but he employed his worldly wisdom to serve not only himself but his friends, his neighbors, and finally his country.

FRANKLIN AS A RELIGIOUS MAN.

The venerable Edward Everett Hale, whose span of years reaches far back to almost touching distance with the great and good ones of the nation's infancy, sheds new light upon Benjamin Franklin's religious life in a recent article in the *Independent:*

> Franklin had an indifference, almost amusing, to the sectarian divisions of the Christian Church. Because of this ever-amusing indifference to sect, there has grown up a doubt in extreme circles whether Franklin was what is called a religious man. But it is quite certain, nothing is more certain, that he recognized the Divine Providence, the being and love of God, the work and gospel of Jesus Christ, and immortality of man, and that he was eager to take part as a Christian man in the best work of the Christian Church.

Dr. Hale admits that Franklin "did not know the difference between an Episcopalian and a Roman Catholic," but thinks that he was nevertheless "one of the men who, as the English Prayer Book says in its grand way, 'profess and call themselves Christians.'"

After Franklin's death, an epitaph, written by himself when twenty-three years of age, was found among his papers. Though it was not chiseled upon his tomb, we may quote it here:

The body of
B. FRANKLIN,
Printer,
Like the cover of an old book,
its contents torn out,
and stripped of its lettering and gilding,
lies here, food for worms.
But the work shall not be wholly lost;
for it will, as he believed, appear once more,
in a new and more perfect edition,
corrected and amended
by the Author.
He was born January 17, 1706.
Died 17. B.F.

THE OSTRICH PUNCHING OF ARROYO AL.

I was broke in Arizony, and was gloomy as a tomb
  When I got a chance at punchin' for an outfit called Star-Plume;
I didn't ask no wherefores, but jest lit out with my tarp,
  As happy as an angel with the newest make o' harp.

When I struck out from the bunkhouse, for my first day on the range,
I thought the tracks we follered was peculiar like and strange,
And when I asked about it, the roundup foreman sez:
"You ain't a punchin' cattle, but are herdin' ostriches."

Well, we chased a bunch o' critters on the hot and sandy plain,
Though 'twas like a purp a-racin' with a U.S.A. mail train;
But at last we got 'em herded in a wire fence corral,
And the foreman sez, offhand like: "Jest go in and rope one, Al."
Well, the first one that I tackled was an Eiffel Tower bird,
But the noose ain't pinched his thorax 'fore several things occurred:
He spread his millinery jest as if he meant to fly,
And then he reached out with a stilt and kicked me in the eye.

They pulled me out from under that millin' mass o' legs,
And they fed me on hot whisky and the yelks of ostrich eggs;
And, as soon as I was able, I pulled freight fer Cattle Land,
And the ostrich punchin' bizness never gits my O.K. brand.

Denver Republican.

A Horoscope of the Months.

By MARION Y. BUNNER.

What it Means to be Born Under the Sign "Pisces," Which Represents the Period Between February 19 and March 20.

Compiled and edited for The Scrap Book.

From time immemorial man has striven to read the mystery of the stars and to discover what influence the constellations may have upon his life. The ancient Egyptians, Assyrians, Chaldeans, and Greeks have handed down to us their knowledge and their fancies, and others have augmented and embellished their work, until astrology has become a veritable treasure-house of picturesque legends. Even to-day, in this most literal and materialistic of the world's ages, when some of our most cherished myths and fairy tales have been relegated to a limbo of contempt, there are many who place a certain credence in the magic lore of the stars.

The present series of articles will set before the readers of The Scrap Book the most interesting and notable of the old astrological traditions, treating the signs and portents of the successive months in their proper places, and giving their application, real or fancied, to the lives of their "subjects."

PISCES: THE FISHES.
FEBRUARY 19 to MARCH 20.
CUSP: FEBRUARY 19 to FEBRUARY 25.

The twelve signs of the zodiac represent the physical framework of man—head, neck, shoulders, heart, loins, hands, feet, etc. The four elements, fire, earth, air, and water, are the four Triplicities which govern these signs, and there are three signs in each Triplicity. Seven planets in turn control these latter: Jupiter and Venus, which are favorable; Mars and Saturn, which are unfavorable; Mercury, which is most undecided and variable; and the Sun and Moon, which modify the favorable or unfavorable influences of the others.

The sun passes through each of the zodiacal signs successively in the course of a year; and the duration of each sign is about thirty days. But the change begins about the twentieth of each month, so that a sign extends over only two-thirds of its own month, and holds about ten days of the month preceding.

When the sun is passing from one sign to another, the period is known as a cusp. Those born during the cusps will partake of the characteristics of both the old sign which the sun is leaving and the new one which it is entering. This may be an advantage or a disadvantage, according to whether or not the two signs are in harmony. The sun must have resided in the new sign for six days; any time less than this endows one with some of the characteristics of the preceding sign.

There is a strong and lasting sympathy among persons belonging to signs of the same group, or Triplicity. They will always be congenial, either as friends or in the business world.

The constellation Pisces, the twelfth sign of the zodiac, is a phlegmatic, nocturnal, effeminate, watery sign, governing the feet. It is the last sign of the Water Triplicity, its companion being Cancer and Scorpio. Its higher attributes are emotion and silence.

Those born under this sign are thoughtful, industrious, sensible, and persevering. They are ambitious to gain knowledge on every subject, especially on scientific and mechanical matters, and have great mechanical ability. They are logical and positive in their opinions; and while affable and apparently submissive, are in reality very determined in the accomplishment of their

plans, which are always the result of long and careful deliberation.

In the fulfilment of a duty or promise, they are equally determined and faithful. They exact a reason for everything, and can always give reasons for their own actions in any matter. They are skeptical, and thoroughly materialistic.

They have strong ideas of justice, and are conscientious, anxious to earn what they possess, and dread to be dependent upon others.

These people are fond of responsibility, and can usually be relied on to fill acceptably places of trust. They have generous and self-sacrificing impulses, and are active in works of charity. They do not willingly submit to a master.

They, love beautiful things in nature and in art, and among them are to be found artists and writers. There is an innate modesty in both old and young who are born under this sign.

Pisces people are usually full-faced, with placid, sleepy eyes. They are apt to be round-shouldered. The physical temperament will be lymphatic-bilious in southern climates, and lymphatic-nervous in northern latitudes.

They will find their most congenial friends among Virgo and Capricorn people. When a Pisces and either a Virgo or a Capricorn subject are united in marriage, the offspring are bright and intellectual. Domestic comfort and satisfaction will be found the general results of such marriages.

Many precocious little ones are born under this sign. Every possible care should be given to the development of the willpower of these children. They sometimes show a peculiar obstinacy, which should be broken. They should be led to act and to decide for themselves, by means of principles, which they will be exceedingly quick to understand.

A few of the famous people who have been born under this sign are Victor Hugo, Charles Darwin, Rachel, and Philip H. Sheridan. These are good examples of the persistency and conscientiousness typical of Pisces subjects.

March, the third month of our modern year, contains thirty-one days. There is an old saying, common to England and Scotland, that the last three of the thirty-one were borrowed by March from April; and they are still sometimes called the "borrowed days." In the Roman calendar, March—or, in Latin, Martius, the month of Mars—was the first month of the year. The Saxons called it Hlyd, the loud or stormy month. In England, it is often a month of excessive rains; hence the old proverb which says that "a bushel of March dust is worth an earl's ransom."

In astrology, Pisces, Cancer, and Scorpio are termed the "fruitful signs," because of their watery character. This coincides with the ancient allegory of Creation, and the belief that all living things "rose out of the waters."

The fortunate day of the week for a Pisces subject is Thursday. May and June are the months in which he should start any business enterprise which he wishes to be successful.

The governing planets of March are Jupiter and Neptune. The gems of the month are chrysolite and bloodstone. The astral colors are white, pink, emerald green, and black. The flower is the daffodil.

The following are the zodiacal signs in their regular order, with proper dates, and the four triplicities.

THE ZODIACAL SIGNS.

1.	Aries	The Ram.	Reigns from March 21 to April 19.
2.	Taurus	The Bull.	Reigns from April 20 to May 19.
3.	Gemini	The Twins.	Reigns from May 20 to June 18.
4.	Cancer	The Crab.	Reigns from June 19 to July 23.
5.	Leo	The Lion.	Reigns from July 24 to August 23.
6.	Virgo	The Virgin.	Reigns from August 24 to September 21.
7.	Libra	The Scales.	Reigns from September 22 to October 21.
8.	Scorpio	The Scorpion.	Reigns from October 22 to November 20.
9.	Sagittarius	The Archer.	Reigns from November 21 to December 20.
10.	Capricornus	The Sea-Goat.	Reigns from December 21 to January 19.
11.	Aquarius	The Water Bearer.	Reigns from January 20 to February 18.
12.	Pisces	The Fishes.	Reigns from February 19 to March 20.

THE FOUR TRIPLICITIES.

DOMAINS.	HEAD.	MIDDLE.	NEGATIVE.
Fire	Aries	Leo	Sagittarius.
Earth	Taurus	Virgo	Capricornus.
Air	Gemini	Libra	Aquarius.
Water	Cancer	Scorpio	Pisces.

FATE.

BY SUSAN MARR SPALDING.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed:
And these o'er unknown seas, to unknown lands,
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That one day out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
So nearly side by side that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;
And yet with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied. And this is Fate.

Susan Marr Spalding was born in Maine, and though she has written comparatively little for the public, she has thousands of admirers among lovers of true poetry. Her beautiful poem "Fate," which is reprinted above, was first published in the New York *Graphic* thirty years ago. Had it not been for the keepers of scrap books it doubtless would have disappeared a few years after it was written. Instead, however, it has found a place in recently published collections of verse, and is regarded as one of the most beautiful and expressive utterances in English.

FROM THE LIPS OF ANANIAS.

A Collection of Gems that Would Have Made the Late Baron Munchausen Get Up and Leave the Room in Despair.

A LION'S GRATITUDE.

John Burroughs, the naturalist, was laughing about the story, widely published not long since, of a wild duck that got a salt-water mussel caught on its tongue and had intelligence enough to fly from the salt to the fresh water, where it dipped the mussel, sickening it through osmosis, and thus causing it to loosen its firm grip.

"I believe that story of the duck that understood the theory of osmosis," said Mr. Burroughs. "I believe it as implicitly as I believe the story of the crippled lion and the young lieutenant.

"A young lieutenant, during an African campaign, came one day upon a badly crippled lion. The great brute limped over the tawny sand on three paws, holding its fourth paw in the air. And every now and then, with a kind of groan, it would pause and lick the injured paw piteously.

"When the lion saw the young lieutenant it came slowly toward him. He stood his ground, rifle in hand. But the beast meant no harm. It drew close to him; it rubbed against him with soft feline purrs; it extended its hurt paw.

"The lieutenant examined the paw and found that there was a large thorn in it. He extracted the thorn, the lion roaring with pain, and he bound up the wound with his handkerchief. Then, with every manifestation of relief and gratitude, the animal withdrew.

"But it remembered its benefactor. It was grateful. And in a practical way it rewarded the young man.

"This lion ran over the regiment's list of officers, and ate all who were the lieutenant's superiors in rank. Thus, in a few weeks the young man, thanks to the astute animal, became a

colonel."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

THE KANSAS BRAND.

News comes from southern Kansas that a boy climbed a cornstalk to see how the sky and clouds looked and that now the stalk is growing faster than the boy can climb down.

The boy is clear out of sight.

Three men have taken a contract for cutting down the stalk with axes to save the boy a horrible death by starving, but the stalk grows so rapidly that they can't hit twice in the same place. The boy is living on green corn alone and has already thrown down over four bushels of cobs.

Even if the corn holds out there is still danger that the boy will reach a height where he will be frozen to death. There is some talk of attempting his rescue with a balloon.—*Topeka Capital.*

A REMINISCENCE.

"It has been so wet for the last three or four years," remarked Truthful James, "that a good many people have forgot how dry it used to be.

"I remember one year when the Missouri River was dusty all the way down from Kansas City to the Mississippi. Of course the river was running all the while, but the water in it got so dry that it turned to dust and blew away. I took a boat down the river at that time, but it was so dusty on the boat that you couldn't see the hind end of it when you was standing on the front end. It was a little the worst I ever see. My mouth got so much grit and dust in it that I could strike a match on the roof of it any time.

"One day the boat got stuck in fifteen feet of Missouri River water. It was so dry and dusty that the wheel couldn't turn. What did we do? Well, sir, we went out and hired a farmer to haul fresh well water for fifteen miles to mix with the river water until it was thin enough to run the boat through."—*Kansas City Journal.*

TO "FOOL" HIS COWS.

Frank Leidgen, who lives northeast of town, came in one day this week in search of green eye-glasses for his cattle. Of course our men who deal in glasses were forced to give it up as a hard proposition. When asked why he wanted his cattle to wear them, Leidgen replied:

"When in the pasture the green glasses will make the grass look green and the cattle will think it is spring and the pasture green."

It is true that it had not rained in this part of Oklahoma for some time, and the grass is very dry. We have patents on everything we can think of but patent eye-glasses for cows.

Can't some one accommodate the gentleman?—*Frederick (Oklahoma) Free Press.*

SQUIRREL BECAME WOOD.

The following story is given us by a gentleman whose veracity we would not doubt:

About six years ago in the fall a hunter shot a squirrel, which lodged between two small twigs, the size of a lead pencil. This being near the man's house, he watched the squirrel each week.

The first spring the twigs grew, and the squirrel remained in the position it lodged.

The second year the twigs, which had grown to be the size of a man's fingers, died; so did the limb die.

The third year no change, but during the fourth year the tail of the squirrel dropped off, and the man noticed no change the fifth, but the sixth year he secured the limb and squirrel and found, to his surprise, that the squirrel had become a white oak bump.

Under the microscope could be seen the hairs in the wood. The places for the eyes and ears were perfect, and where the chin and forelegs had touched the twig it grew to them. The legs were intact, but the feet had disappeared. The body of the squirrel had grown to be about four inches in diameter.

What puzzled the gentleman who gave us this is, through what process could the dead animal become wood? As proof of the story, we can furnish the name of the man who has the "freak of nature" in his possession, and who watched it from the time it first lodged.—*Smith's Grove (Kentucky) Times.*

THE REAL WASHINGTON.

By Max Adeler.

"You say," I remarked to the old negro who drove the hack, "that you were General Washington's body-servant?"

"Dat's so! Dat's jes so, mossa. I done waited on Washington sence he was so high—no bigger 'n a small chile."

"You know the story then about the cherry-tree and the hatchet?"

"Know it? Why, I was dar on de spot. I seen Mossa Gawge climbe de tree atter de cherries, and I seen him fling de hatchet at de boys who was a stonin' him. I done chase dem boys off de place meself."

"Do you remember his appearance as a man? What he looked like?"

"Yes, indeedy. He was a kinder short, chunky man; sorter fat and hearty-lookin'. He had chin whiskers and mustache and spectacles. Mos' generally he wore a high hat; but I'se seed him in a fur cap wid ear-warmers!"

"You were not with him, of course, when he crossed the Delaware—when he went across the Delaware River?"

"Wid him? Yes, sah; I was right dar. I was not more'n two feet off'n him as he druv across de bridge in his buggy! Dat's a fac'. I walked 'longside de off hind wheel ob dat buggy all de way."

"You saw him then when he fought the British at Trenton?"

"Sho's you're born I did! I held Mossa Gawge's coat an' hat while he fought the British at dat werry place. Mossa Gawge clinched him and den dey rassled and rassled, and at first he frew Mossa Gawge, and den Mossa Gawge flung him, and set on him and done hammered him till he cried 'nuff! Mossa Gawge won dat fight. I seed him wid me own eyes! An' I come home wid him in de kyars!"

"You weren't with him, though, when he shot the apple off the boy's head?"

"Who wa'n't wid him? I wa'n't? I was de only pusson dar 'ceptin' one white man. I loaded Mossa Gawge's revolver and han'ed it to him, and picked up de apple an' et it soon as he'd knocked it off. Nobody can't tell dish yer old niggah nuffin' 'bout dat circumstance."

"You knew all of the general's relations, too, I suppose? Martin Luther, and Peter the Hermit, and the rest?"

"Knowed um all. Many and many's de time I done waited on de table when Mossa Gawge had um to dinner. I remember dem two gemmen jes' 's well 's if I'd a seen um yesterday. Yes, sah; an' I druv 'em out often!"

"I've frequently seen pictures of Washington in which he is represented sitting upon a white horse. Did he really ride a white horse, or don't you recall the color of his horse?"

"Why, bress your soul; 'call de color ob de hoss—'call de color ob it? Do you see dish yer nigh hoss dat I'm a drivin' now, right yer? Well, dat's de werry hoss Mossa Gawge used to ride. He lef it to me in his will!"

Just then we reached the station, and I dismounted from the hack and paid Washington's body-servant for his service. No doubt a longer conversation with him would have revealed other new and startling facts relating to the Father of His Country.

LITTLE GEMS FROM WEBSTER.

Venerable men! You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife of your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewn with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more.... All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber forever in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and He has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!—From "*Oration on Laying the Corner-Stone of Bunker Hill Monument,*" *June 17, 1825.*

If anything be found in the national Constitution, either by original provision or subsequent interpretation, which ought not to be in it, the people know how to get rid of it. If any construction be established unacceptable to them, so as to become practically a part of the Constitution, they will amend it at their own sovereign pleasure. But while the people choose to

maintain it as it is, while they are satisfied with it and refuse to change it, who has given or who can give to the State legislatures a right to alter it, either by interference, construction, or otherwise?—*From a Speech delivered in the United States Senate*, *January 26, 1830.*

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington. And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.—*From Speech on the Completion of Bunker Hill Monument*, *June 17, 1843.*

He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprung upon its feet.—*Speech on Hamilton*, *March 10, 1831.*

When tillage begins, other arts follow. The farmers therefore are the founders of human civilization.—From "*Remarks on Agriculture,*" *January 13, 1840.*

Labor in this country is independent and proud. It has not to ask the patronage of capital, but capital solicits the aid of labor.—*Speech*, *April 1824.*

There is no refuge from confession but suicide; and suicide is confession.—*From Argument on the Murder of Captain White*, *April 6, 1830.*

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote.—*Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson*, *August 2, 1826.*

God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it. —*Speech*, *June 3, 1834.*

Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens.—*From a Speech at Plymouth*, *December 22, 1820.*

One country, one constitution, one destiny.—*Speech*, *March 15, 1837.*

VAGARIES OF MATHEMATICS.

"As dull as arithmetic" is a phrase that is familiar to almost every schoolboy, and is a figure of comparison that is frequently evoked by those sages who hold down empty cracker-boxes in rural general stores. The fact is, however, that arithmetic is not always half so dull as it looks. Like some of those persons who earn a livelihood by teaching it to the young, it has a dry humor and a few vagaries of its own.

One of these vagaries has to do with the figure 9, and it is thus described by William Walsh in his "Handy Book of Literary Curiosities":

> It is a most romantic number, and a most persistent, self-willed, and obstinate one. You cannot multiply it away or get rid of it anyhow. Whatever you do, it is sure to turn up again, as did the body of Eugene Aram's victim.
>
> A mathematician named Green, who died in 1794, is said to have first called attention to the fact that all through the multiplication table the product of nine comes to nine. Multiply by any figure you like, and the sum of the resultant digits

will invariably add up as nine. Thus, twice 9 is 18; add the digits together, and 1 and 8 make 9. Three times 9 is 27; and 2 and 7 is 9. So it goes on up to 11 times 9, which gives 99. Very good. Add the digits together; 9 and 9 is 18, and 8 and 1 is 9.

Go on to any extent, and you will find it impossible to get away from the figure 9. Take an example at random: 9 times 339 is 3,051; add the digits together, and they make 9. Or again, 9 times 2,127 is 19,143; add the digits together, they make 18, and 8 and 1 is 9. Or still again, 9 times 5,071 is 45,639; the sum of these digits is 27, and 2 and 7 is 9.

This seems startling enough. Yet there are other queer examples of the same form of persistence. It was M. de Maivan who discovered that if you take any row of figures, and, reversing their order, make a subtraction sum of obverse and reverse, the final result of adding up the digits of the answer will always be 9 As, for example:

2941
Reverse, 1492
——
1449

Now. 1 + 4 + 4 + 9 = 18; and 1 + 8 = 9.

The same result is obtained if you raise the numbers so changed to their squares or cubes. Start anew, for example, with 62; reversing it, you get 26. Now, 62 - 26 = 36, and 3 + 6 = 9. The squares of 26 and 62 are, respectively, 676 and 3844. Subtract one from the other, and you get 3168 = 18, and 1 + 8 = 9.

So with the cubes of 26 and 62, which are 17,576 and 238,328. Subtracting, the result is 220,752 = 18, and 1 + 8 = 9.

Again, you are confronted with the same puzzling peculiarity in another form. Write down any number, as, for example, 7,549,132, subtract therefrom the sum of its digits, and, no matter what figures you start with, the digits of the product will always come to 9.

7549132, sum of digits = 31.
31
———

7549101, sum of digits = 27, and 2 + 7 = 9.

Again, set the figure 9 down in multiplication, thus:

1 × 9 = 9
2 × 9 = 18
3 × 9 = 27
4 × 9 = 36
5 × 9 = 45
6 × 9 = 54
7 × 9 = 63
8 × 9 = 72
9 × 9 = 81
10 × 9 = 90

Now, you will see that the tens column reads down 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and the units column up 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

Here is a different property of the same number. If you arrange in a row the cardinal numbers from 1 to 9, with the single omission of 8, and multiply the sum so represented by any one of the figures multiplied by 9, the result will present a succession of figures identical with that which was multiplied by 9. Thus, if you wish a series of fives, you take 5 × 9 = 45 for a multiplier, with this result:

12345679
45
————

61728395
49382716
————

555555555

A very curious number is 142,857, which, multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6, gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, but if multiplied by 7 gives all nines. Multiplied by 1, it equals 142,857; multiplied by 2, equals 285,714; multiplied by 3, equals 428,571; multiplied by 4, equals 571,428; multiplied by 5, equals 714,285; multiplied by 6, equals 857,142; multiplied by 7, equals 999,999.

Multiply 142,857 by 8, and you have 1,142,856. Then add the first figure to the last, and you have 142,857, the original number, the figures exactly the same as at the start.

The number 37 has this strange peculiarity: multiplied by 3, or by any multiple of 3 up to 27, it gives three figures all alike. Thus, three times 37 will be 111. Twice three times (6 times) 37 will be 222; three times three times (9 times) 37 gives three threes; four times three times (12 times) 37, three fours, and so on.

The wonderfully procreative power of figures, or, rather, their accumulative growth, has been exemplified in that familiar story of the farmer, who, undertaking to pay his farrier one grain of wheat for the first nail, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, found that he had bargained to give the farrier more wheat than was grown in all England.

My beloved young friends who love to frequent the roulette-table, do you know that if you begin with a dime, and were allowed to leave all your winnings on the table, five consecutive lucky guesses would give you almost a million and a half of dollars, or, to be exact, $1,450,625.52?

Yet that would be the result of winning thirty-five for one five times hand-running.

Here is another example. Take the number 15, let us say. Multiply that by itself, and you get 225. Now multiply 225 by itself, and so on until fifteen products have been multiplied by themselves in turn.

You don't think that is a difficult problem? Well, you may be a clever mathematician, but it would take you about a quarter of a century to work out this simple little sum.

The final product called for contains 38,589 figures, the first of which are 1,442. Allowing three figures to an inch, the answer would be more than a thousand feet long. To perform the operation would require about 500,000,000 figures. If they can be made at the rate of one a minute, a person working ten hours a day for three hundred days in each year would be twenty-eight years about it.

NUMBERS THAT EQUIVOCATED.

The *Woman's Home Companion* repeats a good story that is told of a quick-witted Irishman with a natural aptitude for mental arithmetic who was working in a field with a Dutchman, when they unearthed a box of silver coins. The covetous Dutchman at once laid claim to the whole booty, because he was the first to break it open and discover its valuable contents.

"Go softly," said the Irishman, "for the whole business is mine. It's a bit of money that was left me by an uncle, and I buried it here for safe-keeping. There was a thousand dollars."

"All right with that," replied the Dutchman, as he caught on to the bait. "If you tell me how much money there is, it's with you; if you miss, she's mine."

"That's fair, and you have the sentiments of a gentleman," replied Pat, as he made a quick mental calculation from the weight of the box that there must be somewhere between fifty and three hundred and fifty dollars. "I sent six hundred and forty-two dollars and fifty-three cents to my mother in the old country, so add that amount to what there is in the box."

"That is done so quick," said the Dutchman.

"Then deduct that amount from the sum of one thousand dollars, which was left me," said Pat.

"Done again," said the Dutchman.

"Now deduct those figures from three hundred and fifty-seven dollars and forty-seven cents, which I had to pay the lawyers, and it leaves the exact amount to one cent that you will find in the box."

"That's the right money to a penny," said the Dutchman, after he had counted it carefully, "and it proves that you are an honest man."

It is not every one who can see through the mathematics of this puzzle so as to know that Pat's problem would work out all right if the box contained any sum up to three hundred and fifty dollars.

FREAK COMBINATIONS.

A well-known professor has drawn attention to the following series of numbers, which are here given without remark:

1 × 9 + 2= 11
12 × 9 + 3 = 111
123 × 9 + 4 = 1111
1234 × 9 + 5 = 11111
12345 × 9 + 6 = 111111
123456 × 9 + 7 = 1111111
1234567 × 9 + 8 = 11111111
123456789 × 9 + 9 = 111111111

1 × 8 + 1 = 9
12 × 8 + 2 = 98
123 × 8 + 3 = 987
1234 × 8 + 4 = 9876
12345 × 8 + 5 = 98765
123456 × 8 + 6 = 987654
1234567 × 8 + 7 = 9876543
12345678 × 8 + 8 = 98765432
123456789 × 8 + 9 = 987654321

[Pg 93]

Eulogy on the Dog.

BY GEORGE G. VEST.

Gentlemen of the Jury:—The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.

> One of the most famous speeches ever made by the late Senator Vest, of Missouri, was made in the course of the trial of a man who had wantonly shot a dog belonging to a neighbor. Vest represented the plaintiff, who demanded two hundred dollars' damages. When Vest finished speaking, the jury, after two minutes' deliberation, awarded the plaintiff five hundred dollars. The full text of the speech is printed above.

[Pg 94]

Abou Ben Adhem.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed—
And lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

Leigh Hunt was born at Southgate, Middlesex, England, October 19, 1784; and died at Putney, near London, August 28, 1859. The son of a clergyman, he was educated at Christ's Hospital, under the same master as Coleridge and Lamb.

He was an ardent political reformer, and it was while in prison for libel against the Prince Regent that he first met Lord Byron, whose biography he afterward wrote.

Besides this, a long poem, "Rimini," and an "Autobiography," his works are principally essays and shorter poems, of which "Abou Ben Adhem" is perhaps the most famous.

There are few school children who have not recited "Abou Ben Adhem," and in the more serious business of life it has served to point a moral, under most varied circumstances; in the marts of trade and the senate chamber it is equally familiar, for, short though it be, it is an epitome of true Christianity.

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