The Project Gutenberg eBook of Harper's Round Table, August 6, 1895, by Various

Title: Harper's Round Table, August 6, 1895

Author: Various

Release Date: July 5, 2010 [EBook #33092]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Annie McGuire

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. NEW YORK, TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1895. FIVE CENTS A COPY.
VOL. XVI.—NO. 823. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

GREAT MEN'S SONS.

THE SON OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

It was all glory and glitter one bright day in Babylon. It was that eventful morning, ages and ages ago, when the armies of the East and the armies of the West, with the *epigonoi*, or brilliant young "sons of the King," twenty thousand in line, with horse-archers and foot-archers, and slingers and spearmen, and war-elephants and war-chariots, and all the galleys and barges of the King's navy, marched and countermarched, sailed and manœuvred, all in honor of one very small boy, who was yet a very important one.

He sat under a gorgeous canopy upon the gleaming portico of the palace of the kings at Babylon, and clapped his hands, and crowed his praises, and laughed aloud in glee, as spears were tossed and shields were clashed aloft, and soldiers shouted and generals saluted, and princes of vassal nations bowed themselves to the ground in homage and admiration—all in honor of this very small boy with a very great name. For he was Alexander, the Shield, the Great Lord, Blessed, That liveth forever. He was constitutional King of Macedon, Captain-General of Greece, Lord of Egypt, and monarch of Asia. He was the son of Alexander, King of Macedon, called by men the Great and Conqueror of the World.

But Alexander the Great was dead. And in the palace of the kings whose empire he had conquered, the palace in which Belshazzar had feasted and Cyrus had ruled, and in which the all-conquering Macedonian had died at thirty-two, this helpless baby, less than a year old, and who had never seen his father of the mighty name, held the sovereignty that Alexander the Great had established.

It was a vast possession. It stretched from Greece to India, from Egypt to Siberia; it was such as only a genius could have conquered and only a genius could rule. With Alexander dead and only a baby as its lord it was already in danger. But Roxana the Queen said, boldly, "My boy shall be King," and all the [Pg 786] "Companions of Alexander," as his generals and ministers were called, echoed her words: "The boy shall be King!" And so it came to pass that at the great display in Babylon the little son of Alexander was honored and sainted and adored as the successor of his imperial father.

But Alexander the Great had died too soon. He had wonderful plans as to what he would do if he had lived, but none at all as to what was to be done if he should happen to die. He did die—suddenly—in the year 323 B.C. And thereupon each one of his leading generals, or "Companions," declared that *he* was the man to step into Alexander's shoes, and have the charge of the empire and the care of the young King until the boy should come of age.

So they began to quarrel among themselves and to make things very uncomfortable for the Queen Roxana in the splendid palace at Babylon, until finally little Alexander's grandmother, the Princess Olympias, declared that *she* would take charge of the King and his empire. This made the generals angry with Olympias, who was a very determined and a very vindictive old lady, and things became more mixed up than ever. But the Princess Olympias had considerable power, and she managed to get possession of little King Alexander and his mother, and to have them brought, under a strong body-guard, from province to province and from camp to camp from one end of the empire to the other, until they reached her home in western Greece.

Gradually the quarrelling generals who were fighting for the possession of Alexander's empire were reduced, by victory or death, to five. And of these five the most ambitious and determined was Cassander, the regent of Macedon. He hated Alexander the Great; he hated the son of Alexander; for the father had slighted him when living, and the son, by living, stood in his way. He had determined to be the head of the empire, and he did not rest until he had forced his rivals, the fighting generals, into a bitter quarrel for supremacy, that led to a long and bloody war.

It was during this war that little King Alexander's grandmother, the Princess Olympias, set out to punish Cassander. While he was fighting in southern Greece, she gathered an army in northern Greece and attempted to invade Macedon and get possession of its capital city, Pella. But Cassander was a shrewd

young general; he seized all the ships he could get together and sailed up the Ægean Sea so quickly that before Olympias knew it he had landed his army and got between her and the road that led to Pella. Thereupon the old Princess, being afraid to risk a battle, shut herself up with her slender army and the little Alexander and his mother in the city of Pydna, an old town of Macedon lying at the head of what is now called, on your map of Turkey in Europe, the Gulf of Salonica. It is in the walled town of Pydna that, in the year 316 B.C., we get our second brief glimpse of the son of Alexander, now a little boy of seven.

It was a beautiful spot in which that old town of Pydna was built; it stood three miles from the sea, in a fair and fertile region, and almost in the shadow of that grand old hill Mount Olympus, the home of the gods of Greece.

It was anything but a beautiful home for little King Alexander, however, when he found himself locked behind its thick walls. For Cassander, the Macedonian, marched his soldiers against it, and dug a great trench all around it, and set up all the dreadful old-time war-engines about it, and determined either to batter down its walls or starve out its inhabitants.

It was a terrible siege. Provisions gave out, and poor little Alexander went to bed hungry many a night. The horses, the mules, and the dogs were killed for food. The great war-elephants, having nothing to eat but sawdust, grew too weak to be of any use, and, with their useless drivers, were killed and eaten by the soldiers.

One dark night, through a secret doorway in the city wall, a little party crept softly out of Pydna and went down toward the port. It was the Princess Olympias, with the little King and his mother, accompanied by a few followers. Grown desperate by failure and famine, they had planned to escape on a swift galley which was waiting for them in the harbor. Silently they moved forward, but before they had gone a mile a breathless messenger met them. "Back, back to the city," he cried; "back ere you are all made prisoners! Cassander has discovered your plan. The galley is captured, and men lie in wait at the port to seize and slay you all."

Hurriedly the fugitives returned to the city. Then, unable longer to stand the horrors and privations of a besieged town, Olympias the Princess and little King Alexander, her grandson, surrendered to Cassander, after getting him to promise to do them no harm.

But those were days when such promises did not amount to much. For the lying Cassander speedily went back upon all his promises. He had the ambitious old Princess killed, and he imprisoned Alexander and his mother in the gloomy old citadel at Amphipolis, an important city of Macedon, on the river Strymon, three miles back from the sea, at the head of what is now called, on your map of Turkey in Europe, the Gulf of Orfani.

Here in this massive and gloomy old citadel of Amphipolis ("the city surrounded by water"), where the boy was kept close prisoner for five years, we get our last glimpse of the son of Alexander. For when Cassander learned that there was a movement on foot to set the young King free and make him King indeed, he sent to Glaucius, the commander of the citadel, a swift messenger bearing a fearful message. It was an order to make away with Alexander and his mother as speedily and as secretly as possible.

The dreadful work was done. How, when, or where none knows to this day. The "taking off" of the thirteen-year-old King of Macedon was as great a tragedy and as complete a mystery as was the murder of the English Princes in the Tower of London eighteen hundred years later.

So the last of the race of Alexander was cut off. Cassander and the generals made themselves kings, and the Macedonians held sway in the East until the growing power of Rome overshadowed and absorbed all that was left of the once mighty empire of Alexander the Great.

It is evident that the son of the conqueror possessed little of the pluck and spirit of his famous father, who was a governor at fourteen, a general at sixteen, a king at eighteen, a conqueror at twenty. The strength of his father's name was great, and had the little Alexander been of equal valor he might have changed the history of the world.

But he did not. The life that began in glitter and glory in the splendid palace at Babylon, tasted privation and misery behind the gates of Pydna, and went out in secrecy and death in the grim dungeons of Amphipolis.

It is a sad story, but the son of Alexander was not the only "sad little prince" in the history of the world. His story is simply more notable, and perhaps more pathetic, than that of other unfortunate boys because of the greatness and splendor of his father's name, and because not even the shadow of that mighty name could save from sorrow, pain, and death the short young life that should rather have been full of pleasure and of promise, and should have made itself a power in the union of races and the history of the world.

COBWEB LANE.

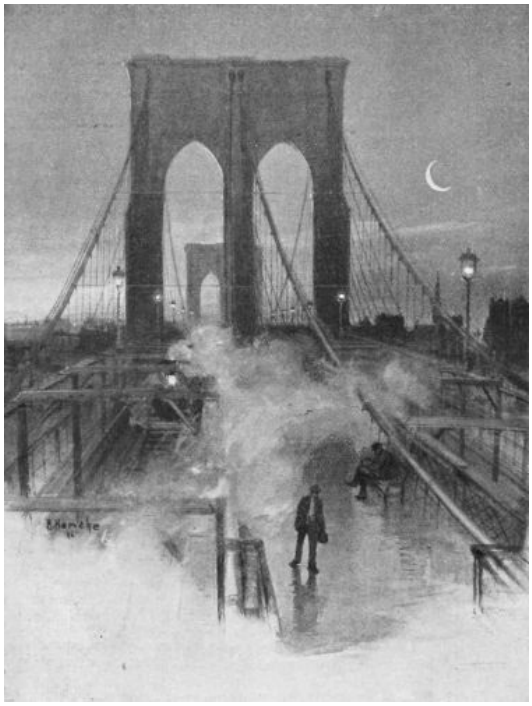
BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

The most curious and interesting highway that I know of is Cobweb Lane, and I very much doubt if any of my readers ever heard of it. I am sure, however, that some of them have been in it in the daytime, but strangely enough they have never seen it, for the peculiar reason that Cobweb Lane doesn't exist in the daytime. It only exists at night. It isn't some out-of-the-way and quaint place in London, as, at first thought, its name might indicate, but it is in the most conspicuous place in Greater New York. I'll let you into the secret—I am quite sure it is a secret with me—and tell you where it is and what it is.

Cobweb Lane is nothing more nor less than the promenade on the Brooklyn Bridge. It doesn't exist until after midnight, because not until then do the strands that hang from the big cables resemble the huge cobwebs that have suggested the name Cobweb Lane. The moon has to be in just the right position; the great cities of New York and Brooklyn must have gone to bed and left numerous lights, some in full glare and some turned down; the water in the river below must have a thin veil of mist hanging over it, and then, [Pg 787]

in the stillness of the night, if you will walk over the bridge you will see Cobweb Lane.

There is East Cobweb Lane and West Cobweb Lane. The first is on the Brooklyn side of the bridge and the other is on the New York side. As you walk out on the promenade and look over the cities and the beautiful harbor, perhaps you soon will turn your eyes to the top of one of the towers as you approach it. You are now at the beginning of Cobweb Lane. The four big cables curve down from the top and hide themselves in some masonry at your feet, and when you look up the narrow spaces between them, as they reach away before you, the eye catches sight of strands of steel rope, woven regularly and gracefully, hanging from the cables and extending to the structure on which you are standing. These strands, when the moon shines just right, partly obscured and lying low in the south, are like the filmy threads of a monster cobweb spun in the sky.



YOU ARE NOW AT THE BEGINNING OF COBWEB LANE.

Just as you are entranced with this fairy picture, and are wondering where the big spider must be, you look ahead of you on the promenade, and, as if coming from some hidden passage, you see a cloud of vapor. There is something approaching, surely. You wonder at once if the spider that could have strung this web in the air would have hot breath, and it is not until you hear a noise and are conscious that a train of cars has passed you that you begin to realize that it really isn't a spider chasing along one of the paths of his web after you, in the hope of catching you and making of you a very choice morsel of a fly.

For nearly five years I have been going over the Brooklyn Bridge night and day, and it seems to me that every few days I see something in the arrangement of the details of the structure that I never saw before. It is a constant delight to watch the bridge under the varying conditions that affect it from day to day. One can see, for example, how carefully the wires for the electric lights are strung. They are almost within reach of any person walking across the structure, and yet there is absolutely no danger from them. It is interesting to watch the bracing of the structure, how the big and little stays slope now this way and that, and to note just where they change in their slanting direction. It is also interesting at the dead of night to see the workmen splice one of the car cables, taking out some broken strand and weaving in another.

I always like to see the workmen paint these cables. The men walk along the tracks with pots of red paint in their hands. They have great mitts of lamb's wool on their hands, and they use these for brushes. They dip their hands in the paint, and then run them along the cables until the paint is transferred from the hands to the cable. It is dangerous work, for not only must the workmen guard against falling between the ties to the water below, but they must face the danger of being run over, for every minute a train of cars comes along.

I like to see the care that is taken of the stations. Every Sunday morning at two o'clock the workmen get out a hose and wash the terminals, just as sailors wash the decks of a ship. Once every four years the structure is painted in every part. It is fascinating to see the painters swinging in their chairs far up one of the cables or along the strands that make the cobwebs at night. Every eight months a new flooring has to be laid down on the driveway, and so you see there is something going on constantly on the bridge that is worth watching.

I do not intend to tell anything about the bridge in the way of statistics. The well-known facts as to length and height and cost and power to resist strains may be found in any of the newspaper almanacs. But there is one feature about the bridge that I do not think is well known, and which has interested me greatly. I think it will be news to most persons that up in the towers where the big cables rest there are a series of steel rollers over which the cables pass. Each cable rests in a sort of a cradle as it goes through the top of the towers, and under each of these cradles are forty-three steel rollers, four and a half feet long and three and one-half inches in diameter. It is well known that the heat and cold elongate and contract the cables, and most of those persons who know about these rollers think that they have been placed there to allow the cables to lengthen or shorten themselves according as the weather is hot or cold. They are in error on this matter, however, for the rollers are placed in the towers merely to equalize the strain on the bridge. The contraction and expansion are equal on both sides of a tower, and so there would be no need of them on that account.

If, however, there should be a great weight on one side of the bridge and not on the other, then these rollers come into use. Under these conditions the weight of the cables, and the structure they support, is thrown down the inside of each tower straight to its foundations.

Another thing I like to watch about the bridge is the slip joint exactly in the centre. There are two others of these joints, one between each tower and the land anchorage, but the most interesting one is in the centre. When a train of cars passes, you can see the joint expand and contract three-eighths of an inch, and even when a carriage passes on the roadway you can see it move a little. These slip joints are necessary chiefly because of the heat and cold. In summer the cables are fifteen inches longer between the towers than in the winter. The bridge structure is cut in two in the middle, and an arm is fastened to one of these ends. It slips into an opening in the other end, and moves back and forth as any expansion or contraction occurs. I noticed one day last winter, when the greatest crush in the history of the bridge occurred, and when it was estimated that 2500 tons of human beings were distributed along the bridge at one time, that this slip joint in the middle was drawn out at least fifteen inches because of the unusual weight. As each cable, however, is intended to sustain a weight of 12,000 tons, this great crush was a small matter. Still, the constant motion of the bridge that seems so solid and inflexible is well worth studying.

I am also very fond of watching the structure sway in a high wind. I was talking with one of the guards recently, who had been on the bridge since the day it was opened. He said that early one morning, in the

first high wind that came after the opening, he looked over to the New York side and apparently saw one of the biggest chimneys in town bending this way and that, and he stood there transfixed, waiting for it to fall. It didn't fall, although it bent far over, and he thought it must be wonderful mortar that could hold so many bricks together. Suddenly he noticed that the chimney was exactly in a line with one of the vertical strands from the cables, and he saw at once that it was the bridge and not the chimney that was swaying. The guard was unprepared for such a situation. Of course the bridge was moving only a few inches from side to side, but when this man measured by a chimney a mile away it seemed to move as much as the chimney apparently had been moving.

This guard said he had been all through the civil war, and had faced death a hundred times in battle, but he never was so frightened as on this occasion. He actually expected to see the bridge go down at any moment, but he stood at his post until relieved. When he got home later in the morning his wife asked him why he was so pale, and he said that he had to go and lie down for several hours to recover from the shock. Nowadays no one thinks anything of a slight swaying of the bridge in a fierce wind, but to my mind it is one of the most interesting things about the bridge to watch.

Soon after the bridge was opened word came to Chief Engineer Martin that Barnum was going to march his entire herd of elephants, with the famous Jumbo at their head, across the bridge some night. There was no tariff for elephants, and the Barnum agents hoped that the authorities would refuse to allow the herd to pass over. That would give the Barnum people a chance to say that Jumbo was so big that the authorities of the bridge were afraid to let him cross the structure, and the circus people forsaw a splendid advertisement.

Mr. Martin wasn't to be caught napping, and he was on hand when the herd approached. The man in charge offered to pay for crossing, but Mr. Martin said there was no charge for elephants, and that the man could take them over at his own risk. Mr. Martin stipulated that the elephants should be kept at regular intervals. But when the animals got out on the roadway, a train passing over frightened them, and, with Jumbo to lead them, they gathered in a group and trumpeted fiercely. Finally the keepers got them to go on, but they were so timid that they crowded each other all the way over. Mr. Martin ran out to the centre to watch the effect on the slip joint, and found that the weight amounted to nothing. Ever since that day elephants by the hundred would not cause the bridge officials any concern. Mr. Barnum's elephants got over in safety, but there was no Jumbo advertisement to be had out of the Brooklyn Bridge. [Pg 788]

Chief Engineer Martin of the bridge once said to me, when I asked him if he could not tell me some of the interesting things about it that usually escaped the ordinary observer:

"There isn't much to be said. The bridge is a very prosaic thing."

I have no doubt it is to Mr. Martin. He concerns himself with abstract mathematical formulas a good deal. He knows about the tangents and sines and cosines and curves and strains and all that, which some of us grown-up people studied about in college, and have been glad to forget in our humdrum lives since. When I asked Mr. Martin, however, if he knew where Cobweb Lane was, he smiled, and said he didn't. He showed in that way that the bridge was a very prosaic thing to him; but I am sure that if you take no thought of mathematics, and look for the beautiful and interesting things about the bridge, you will be convinced that the bridge is not prosaic after all. A visit to Cobweb Lane will prove it.

THE WESTBRIDGE BURGLAR ALARM.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

"I wonder we didn't think of it long ago. Why, we can sit in our rooms and talk to each other as well as if we were together. The whole outfit won't cost us more than fifteen dollars."

Tom Dailey began to drum telegraphic dots and dashes on the table with the ends of his fingers. He had just unfolded to his two particular chums his plan of connecting all their houses with a telegraph line, and the boys agreed that a telegraph line was precisely the thing they needed.

"I'm ready to begin right away," said Harry Barker. "The sooner we have it working, the better."

"It's very easily learned," Tom continued. "You can learn the alphabet in an hour or two, and after a week's practice you can read the sounder slowly. Our houses stand just right for it, too."

Tom was certainly correct about that. Their houses were in a cluster in the suburbs of Westbridge, two on one side of the broad avenue, and one just across the way, with only about five hundred feet of space between them.

"It would be a grand thing," Joe said, after deliberating a little, "but I don't know whether I can get father to advance me the cash. That canoe about used up my money, and I may have trouble to get any money for a while."

"No, you won't!" Tom exclaimed, very decidedly. "You'll not have any trouble at all to get money for a telegraph line. I've thought that all out. You see, this thing is not just a toy to play with; it's for real use. You know what the worst drawback is to living here half a mile out of town; it's burglars, isn't it? That's what we always have to be looking out for, specially since they broke into your house two years ago, and took all your silverware. And I'd like to know what better burglar alarm we could have than a telegraph line between our houses."

The three families all took kindly to the telegraph idea, for they said that it would be a great convenience to them in asking and answering questions, and would save them many a step. Besides, if a burglar should visit any of the houses it would be such a consolation to know that they could call assistance in a few seconds. Tom and Harry put little tables close by their beds to hold the key and sounder, but Joe had to make other arrangements. His mother was afraid to have the wire so close to his head for fear it might conduct the lightning when there was a thunderstorm, so it was decided that his work-room over the kitchen should also be his telegraph-office. That was the room where he kept his printing-press and his

carpenter's bench, and the turning lathe that he had saved up for months to buy.

This work-room was too far from Joe's sleeping-room for him to hear the click of the sounder if the other boys should call him at night; but Harry got his friend the operator to help put up the line, and the operator made an ingenious arrangement by which a little electric bell was rung in the work-room whenever any of the keys were used. By leaving the door open this bell could be heard.

"Ain't it grewh!" Harry clicked off after the boys had been practising a few days, meaning to say "Ain't it great!" [Pg 789]

"Biggryf thirg out," Tom ticked in reply, imagining that he had said "Biggest thing out."

But they soon did better than that, and in the course of a week or two they were talking over the wire almost as glibly as though they were in the same room. Their mothers and sisters were delighted with it, for Mrs. Dailey found that without the trouble of going out she could ask Mrs. Barker just how much flour to put in those new ginger-snaps, and the girls made frequent appointments to walk down town together—all by telegraph.

The line was so successful that the boys had to talk with their schoolmates about it, and through them the news reached the reporter of the Westbridge *Eagle*, and he put a paragraph in the paper about it.

"Our young townsmen Tom Dailey and Harry Barker and Joe Bailey," the *Eagle* said, "have added materially to the comfort and safety of their respective families by putting up a telegraph line and burglar alarm between their houses. It is a regularly equipped line, with an office in each house. Td is the office call of young Dailey, Hb of Barker, and Jb of Master Bailey. The instruments are in the boys' sleeping-rooms, except Barker's; he uses his workshop for the purpose, and an electric bell gives warning when he is wanted. Burglars will give those three houses a wide berth in the future."

"Give us a wide berth!" Tom exclaimed. "Well, I guess they will! They wouldn't have any chance at all. Father always keeps a revolver in his room, and I have my baseball bat. Now mind, fellows, if we hear a burglar at night, we send an alarm first thing, and the minute we get an alarm we call our fathers. I guess a burglar would soon wish he was somewhere else."

"I have a baseball bat all ready at the head of the bed too," said Harry. "Do you suppose it would kill a man to hit him over the head with it, Tom? I shouldn't like to kill a man, not even a burglar. I guess I'd give him a rap over the shoulders. But I'm afraid father would fire some bullets into him before I had a chance."

"I almost wish we'd have a chance," Joe put in. "But, of course, there won't be any burglars around, now that we're all ready for them."

However, burglars are a little uncertain in their ways, and it is not well to feel too secure. Perhaps it was even while the boys were talking that two rough-looking fellows had their heads together in the back room of a disreputable saloon in Westbridge making plans. One was older than the other, and the younger had a copy of the Westbridge *Eagle* in his hands, occasionally reading a little here and there. These two fellows were burglars in a small way; and burglars, like other people, get a great deal of information out of the newspapers. When they see that "John Smith and family have gone to the Catskills; the house is closed for the summer," they find it more interesting news than the latest election returns.

"Oh, pshaw!" the younger burglar exclaimed, as his eye fell upon the paragraph about the boys' telegraph line—only he used language better suited to a burglar sitting in a saloon; "those fellows have put up a burglar alarm."

"What, at the three houses!" the other exclaimed. "Let me see;" and he snatched the paper rudely from the younger man's hand. "Oh, my, my, my!" he went on, after he had read the paragraph; "that's the neatest thing I ever saw in my life." And he leaned back in his chair, and chuckled as merrily as if he had been an honest man.

"I don't see anything to laugh about," said the younger. "We've spent over a week getting the lay of the land out there, and now all that labor is lost. We'll have to try somewhere else."

"Will we?" said the older man, chuckling again. "You only think so because you're young at the business. Jest leave this thing to me, my child. I know'd we'd have an easy job out there, but I didn't think they'd take so much trouble to make it easier for us."

The rest of their talk was in too low a tone to be overheard; but about one o'clock the next morning Tom Dailey and Harry Barker were both aroused at the same moment by the furious clicking of their sounders. "Td," "Hb," the instruments were calling, and in a second or two both boys were sending back the answering,

"Ay, ay! Ay, ay!"

"Help! Burglars! Jb," both sounders said at once. The message was repeated, and then all was still. Evidently Joe Bailey had left the key and taken up his baseball bat.

It was quick work for Tom and Harry to arouse their fathers and tell them that there were burglars over at Baileys'. Hasty toilets were made, and the four sallied out, father and son from each house.

"Isn't it lucky we put up that burglar alarm!" Tom whispered to his father as they hastened across the [Pg 790] avenue. "Now you see what a lot of use it is. We'll have those burglars just as sure as they're born. You and I can watch one side of the house, while Harry and his father watch the other, and there's no possible way for them to escape."

Tom was suddenly silenced by the ominous click of a revolver. They were in the Bailey grounds now, and Mr. Dailey had caught sight of two forms moving among the shrubbery.

"Stop there!" Mr. Dailey said, in a low but very determined voice, his cocked revolver pointing at the two forms. "Stop there! If you move you're a dead man!"

"It's all right, Dailey," came the reassuring answer. "I'm Barker, and this is Harry with me. We'll capture those burglars over at Baileys' if we're smart about it."

Mr. Barker also had a revolver in his hand, and Harry, like Tom, carried a baseball bat.

"Now I guess they see what use the burglar alarm is," Tom found a chance to whisper to Harry. "But say, we must be careful where we hit them. I don't think we ought really to kill one of them; better strike for their shoulders and arms."

In a minute more Tom and his father were stationed where they could watch the front and one side of the Bailey house, and Harry and his father commanded the rear and the other side. No one could possibly leave the house without being seen.

The strangest thing about it was that there was no light in the house, not a sound to be heard, no sign that anything unusual was going on. After a few minutes the watchers began to feel uneasy about this. Mr. Dailey moved cautiously down toward the other corner.

"Hey, Barker!" he called, in a suppressed voice. "Any signs of a light around there?"

"Not a bit," Mr. Barker replied. "Not a sound inside, either."

"I don't like that," Mr. Dailey said. "There may have been murder as well as robbery. Keep a sharp eye out, and I'll give an alarm at the front door."

Bang! bang! bang! went Mr. Dailey's boot against the front door. No answer. Bang! bang! again.

"Hello!" said Mr. Bailey's voice at the second-story window.

"It's all right, Bailey," Mr. Barker shouted. "We're Barker and Dailey, with the two boys, and we're all armed. You'd better come down and open the door. They can't possibly escape."

"Who can't?" said the voice at the window.

"The burglars," said Mr. Dailey. "They must be still in the house."

"Wait a minute," said the voice at the window. And those outside heard a footstep on the stair, and in a moment the front door was thrown open.

Mr. Bailey had a revolver in his hand when he opened the door, and he was in a great state of excitement, though he had seemed very cool when he was at the window.

"EVERYTHING'S UPSIDE DOWN HERE," HE SAID, HOLDING THE LAMP ABOVE HIS HEAD.

"Everything's upside down here," he said, holding the lamp above his head; "hats and coats all gone from the hat-rack, chairs upset, doors left open. They must have been all through the lower part of the house."

"I'll go into the dining-room with you to see whether they've got the silver," said Mr. Dailey. "They may be in there yet. We have the outside well watched."

The two men found everything in confusion in the dining-room. Burglars had broken spoons and forks that they suspected of being plated, and left the pieces lying on the floor. Buffet drawers had been pulled open and ransacked, and all the valuable silver was gone. So were some fine pieces of cut glass, and other valuable things. Just as the two men were about to extend their search to the kitchen, Joe came down stairs, rubbing his eyes.

"I'm afraid we are too late, Joe," Mr. Dailey said, "but your message brought us over in a hurry."

"My message!" Joe exclaimed, thoroughly awake now. "What message, sir?"

"Why, your message by telegraph, telling us there were burglars in the house."

Joe looked thoroughly bewildered now.

"But I have sent no message, sir!" he replied. "I didn't know there were any burglars in the house, and I've not been near the key to-night."

"How is that!" Mr. Dailey exclaimed; "you have sent no message! A call for help certainly came over the wire. Go up and look at your instruments as quick as you can, Joe, and see whether they've been tampered with."

Joe struck a light and went up to his work-room, and returned in a moment looking more bewildered than ever.

"It's very strange," he said, "but my bell has been disconnected, so I couldn't have heard a call if one had

come. I'm sure I left it all right when I went to bed."

"Not strange at all!" Mr. Dailey snapped; and Joe had never heard him speak so sharply. "We're a pack of fools, that's all. There are burglars in my house, at this minute, Bailey, unless I'm very much mistaken, and in Barker's too. I must get home; so must Barker."

The developments of the next ten minutes were highly interesting. Mr. Dailey and Mr. Barker both hurried to their homes, with Tom and Harry, and each found that burglars had been in his house while he was away. In each place the work had been done in the same way, evidently by the same men. Hats and coats were gone, and all the solid silver, and the cut glass, and many other things.

But no burglars were to be found in either place. They had done their work and escaped.

"This is the most mysterious thing I ever saw!" Tom said to his father, after they had searched the house and taken account of their losses. "You say Joe didn't send a call for help, but it certainly came over the wire. And I don't see yet how you knew while we were over at Baileys' that there were burglars in our house."

"Don't you?" There was a lot of sarcasm in Mr. Dailey's tone. "I should think the inventor of a private burglar alarm might see through a little thing like that. One of the burglars knew how to send a message; now do you see?"

"I don't quite understand it even then, sir," Tom answered.

"Oh, it's plain enough," Mr. Dailey explained. "They knew all about your wretched burglar alarm, and the paragraph in the paper told them your signal calls. They robbed Bailey's house first, then disconnected Joe's bell, and sent out the call for help. Of course they knew that we would hurry over, leaving our own houses unprotected. As soon as the call was sent they stepped out and came over and robbed our houses at their leisure, knowing that we had gone to Baileys'. I suppose they're sitting somewhere now laughing at us."

Mr. Dailey was quite right about that. The two burglars were at that moment dividing their plunder in an empty barn, and laughing over their work.

"Give me a private telegraph line when you want to do a job up slick," said the older man, handing out a cut-glass pitcher, "specially when there's a newspaper to tell you the office calls. We don't have such luck as that often."

The Westbridge boys have learned from experience that it is hardly safe to ask Tom or Joe or Harry how he likes telegraphing; and the private burglar alarm has gone out of business.

CORPORAL FRED.

A Story of the Riots.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

CHAPTER III.

The situation along the line of the Great Western at four o'clock this sultry afternoon was indeed alarming. "No violence," said the leaders of the strike, "will be countenanced, though of course we cannot guarantee that it won't occur. Our men are bitter at the refusal to comply with their just demands, and they have thousands of friends and sympathizers whom we can't control." Whether friends of the striking switchmen and trainmen or not, there could be no question about the number of so-called sympathizers. They swarmed to the yards from every slum in the city, a host of tramps and thugs, vagabonds and jail-birds, re-enforced by bevies of noisy, devil-may-care street boys, and scores of shrill-voiced, slatternly women. The men who ventured to handle switches under instructions of the yard foremen were stoned and driven off. Loyal train hands who had refused to strike and came out with the mail and express trains were hooted, jeered, and assaulted, despite the deputy marshals and the widely scattered police. Some strange apathy chained the city authorities and its battalions of uniformed and disciplined men who were held in reserve at the police stations, while the pitiably small force, distributed by twos and threes along ten miles of obstructed track, made only shallow pretence of resistance to the efforts of the mob or of protection to the objects of its wrath. Mail trains and some few passenger trains, heavily guarded, had managed to crawl through the howling throng, and this partial success of the management served to fan the flame of fury, and every window was smashed by volleys of stones and coupling-pins in the last train to be pulled through. The track behind it was suddenly and speedily blocked by the overturning, one after another, of dozens of freight-cars. The rioters, guided by graduates of the yard, now worked in most effective and systematic fashion. There was no need of assaulting switchmen when they could so readily block the tracks. The last train got in at noon. At 2 P.M. no trains, even the mails, could get either in or out.

[Pg 791]

Then the authorities had to take a hand. The law of the United States prohibited any interference with the carriage of its mails. The railway officials represented their tracks blocked by mobs and obstructed by overturned cars, spiked switches, and unspiked rails. A wrecking train, under guard of both police and deputy marshals, was pushed out to clear the way. The rioters jeered the deputies and cheered their friends among the police. The work was attempted, but was not done. Fifty deputies couldn't cover four miles of mob, and five hundred police winked at personal acquaintances in the shouting, seething throng, and contented themselves with occasional hustling of some manifestly friendless tramp or the vigorous arrest of some vagrant boy.

Prominent business men in a body went to the Mayor and demanded action. Others had already wired the Governor. The Colonels of the city regiments who had, of their own accord, warned their men to be in readiness, got their orders for service at 3.50 in the afternoon, and at 4.45 Corporal Fred came bounding in across the threshold of his home to kiss his mother and sisters good-by and hasten into town where, ready

packed, was his knapsack with his blanket, uniform, arms, and ammunition, at the regimental armory.

The roar of the multitude at the yards only a block away rose hoarse and vibrant on the sultry air. The dust was sifting down in smothering clouds. Drawn thither by curiosity numbers of women and children had gathered at the upper end of the street, and were thronging the porches, windows, and even the roofs of the frame houses that covered the neighborhood. "What ever you do, mother," said Fred, "keep away from the crowd, and keep the girls at home. Has Jim been in?"

"No, he hasn't come back," was the almost tearful answer. "Your father said he would try to find him when he went to the shops after dinner. I wish he had kept away from those meetings. No good can ever come of such rioting."

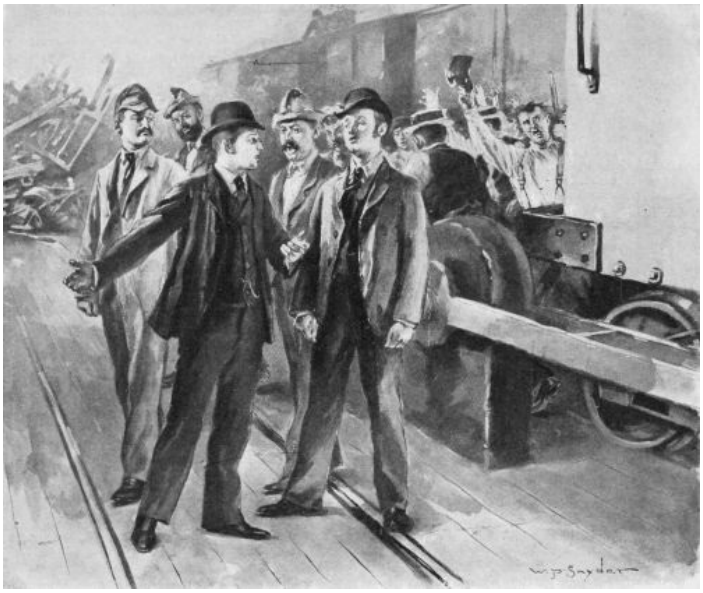
"I haven't a moment to lose, mother," said Fred, kissing away the tears now brimming in her eyes, "but I must go across the tracks to get to the cable-cars, and he may be there. If so, I'll try to make him promise to come home."

It was a tearful group the gallant young fellow left behind him on the narrow porch, as he strode swiftly up the street. Some fifty yards away he turned and waved his hat to them, then disappeared among the groups of women excitedly, nervously watching the proceedings. The throng grew denser as he neared the white rod gates that were lowered to close the crossing with every sign of coming train or switch engine. Ordinarily they were rising and falling and their warning gongs trilling every other minute, but not once this long June day had their white fingers ceased to point straight to the zenith. At the crossing a solitary and perspiring policeman was swinging loosely his club and occasionally drawling "Come, get back out of this," and laying benevolent hand on the nearest spectator; but where one fell back a dozen surged forward, and the entire crossing was in the possession of a throng of strike sympathizers, among whom Fred failed to recognize more than three or four real railway men. Prominent among the more active and determined at the very front, however, he caught sight of a man named Farley, a brakeman, who was often one of Jim's own crew. He was shouting and gesticulating to friends in the second-story windows of a saloon across the tracks, a rendezvous of men who, at ordinary times, rarely drank a drop of liquor. The ground-floor was invisible to the throng. "Come out here, you fellers," he was saying. "I tell you they're going to try to clear these side-tracks, and we'll need every man of you."

Farley was right in his prophecy. The managers realized that it would take much longer to right the overturned freight-cars than to draw away the long trains of empty or half-loaded cars at the sides, and so clear a track or two for the mails and passengers. At the crossing of Allen Street there were ten parallel tracks, those in the middle—numbers five and six—being the through tracks. Freight-cars by the dozen on tracks four and seven had been toppled over so as to completely block all four, and, as Farley spoke, down the long vista towards the city and over the heads of the throng the smoke of locomotives could be seen puffing steadily towards them. With car-loads of such guards as they could command—deputy marshals picked up and sworn in anyhow—the railway officials were coming to make the attempt. Fred had reached the spot at the most exciting hour of the day. He should, perhaps, have pushed on through the crowd and hastened on to the cable road, but it occurred to him that an account of the situation up to the last moment might be of use to his officers, or that he might find a quicker way of getting to town on a switch engine. Then, too, he longed to speak with Jim and get him to go home. He determined, therefore, on a few minutes' delay. Ducking, dodging, and squeezing, he made his way through the crowd to Farley's side.

"Jerry," said he, "I hate to see one of Jim's men in this. Surely he and you ought to keep out of the yards. Where is he?"

"He has kept out of the yards so far," answered Farley, with an angry oath and glaring eyes. "But the time's come for them that are men to show it, and them that don't step out and fight for their rights now are skulkers and sneaks—skulkers and sneaks," he shouted, and the crowd roared approval. Out through the densely-packed mass of humanity across the tracks something came shoving and surging, and presently, welcomed by a cheer, a dozen burly men burst into view and came striding out upon the right of way, Jim Wallace among them. Pale with excitement and apprehension Fred sprang towards him.



"JIM, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE TAKE NO PART IN THIS RIOTING!"

"Jim—brother—think what you're doing! For Heaven's sake take no part in this rioting! Go to mother and the girls. They're all alone."

"Go yourself, Fred," answered the elder, thickly. To Fred's dismay he saw that his big brother, his pride and protector for many a boyish year, had been drinking, and was flushed and unbalanced as a result. "Go yourself and keep out of harm's way. I'm in this to stay now. I'm not the man to see my brothers wronged and abused and robbed of their rights. You go to them, Fred. Why are you not at the office?" he added, with sudden suspicion in his glittering eye.

"I'm here to find you," said Fred, evasively. "Mother is crying because of her anxiety about you. Father has been searching. Do come out of this, Jim, and home with me." [Pg 792]

But a yell of wrath and defiance drowned the boy's words, and as though with one simultaneous impulse the mob heaved and surged and broke into a run. The engines had switched to the side tracks a block away, and, protected by armed guards on the tender, the pilot, and footboard, were coupling on to the standing trains. Fred felt himself swept along, tugging at his brother's arm. Half a dozen agile men edged out of the crowd and dove under the cars to

which the foremost engine was now attached. Shriek went the whistle, clang the bell, back leaped the guards, some of them swarming up the freight-car ladders. The engine jetted smoke and steam and backed promptly away, but a roar of triumph and derision went up from the mob. Only one car followed it. The strikers had drawn the coupling-pins of the rest.

Two of the deputies, Winchesters in hand, had clambered to the roofs of the second and third cars, and now as their comrades were trundled away there they stood irresolute. Instantly those cars were the centre of a jeering, howling mob. Instantly stones, coupling-pins, and mud began to fly. Throwing themselves flat upon their faces, the luckless fellows sought to escape the storm. Missiles hurled by the mob on one side came raining down into the faces of their fellows on the other, and even as Fred was imploring his brother to come away now and at once, a rock, hurtling over the nearest car, struck the roof and bounded into the throng below, cutting a gash on the younger brother's white forehead, and striking him senseless to the earth, just as some untaught, undisciplined fool among the deputies pulled trigger and fired. Whistling overhead the bullet went hissing away up the tracks the signal for a mad rush of men and boys. An instant more and only three forms occupied the ground where a hundred were struggling but the moment before—Jim Wallace and a fellow-trainsman bending over the senseless, bleeding form of brother Fred.

"They've shot him! They've killed him!" howled the retreating crowd. "Down with the deputies! Kill 'em! hang 'em!" were the furious yells. Three or four policemen came running up to assist the fallen. An old gray-haired man dropped the lever of the switch engine, calling to his assistant to watch it, and ran forward along the tracks, wild anxiety in his eyes, and in another moment, brushing aside the bluecoats, old Wallace threw himself upon his knees and raised the blood-stained face of his boy to his heaving breast. "In God's name," he cried, his lips piteously quivering, "how came he here? Why is he not at the office?"

There was a moment of silence. Covering his face in his hands, big burly Jim turned almost sobbing away. A young man leaping across the tracks caught the last question as he joined them, and it was his voice that was heard in answer. "Because they've discharged him, Mr. Wallace, as they have me, for obeying orders to join our regiment at once."

And as though recalled to his senses by a comrade's words, Corporal Fred faintly opened his eyes and looked up and saw his father's face. "Don't let mother know," he murmured. "It might frighten her for nothing. Help me over to the cable road, Charley; we've got to hurry to the armory."

And then the crowd came swarming back even as a little boy, escaped for the moment from watchful eyes at home and drawn by eager curiosity to the gates, now ran sobbing back to tell the dreadful news he had heard among the women in the crowd—that brother Fred was shot and killed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

Neal dropped into the hammock that was hung across the corner of the porch, and waited for Edith to come. This was where she was apt to sit in the morning, with her work or a book.

Bob lay on the grass near, panting with the heat. He had just had an exciting chase after a bird that would perch occasionally on a low bush, then flap its wings triumphantly, and fly away just as naughty Bob drew near. He thought it a most mistaken arrangement of affairs that birds were able to fly. Now, disgusted, he had apparently given up the game, but lay with one eye open, awaiting further developments. Presently Edith came out, followed by the children with their toys. She had her work-basket, for she continued to take care of their clothes, notwithstanding Mrs. Franklin's remonstrances.

She was not particularly pleased to see Neal in her favorite corner. She said to herself that she would like to have one day at least free from the Gordons. Edith felt cross with herself and every one else this morning.

Neal rolled out of the hammock when he saw her, and sprang to draw up her chair with extreme politeness and courtesy.

"And you would like this little table for your basket, wouldn't you?" he said, lifting it across the porch.

"Thank you," said Edith, mollified in spite of herself. Then she stiffened again.

"Where are Ben and Chester?" she asked, with a severe glance at Bob.

"I saw them around at the side door."

"It does seem a shame that they should be banished from the front of the house. For years they have had the use of this piazza; and now, just because Bob chooses to monopolize the place, they feel that they must go."

"Very foolish feelings," said Neal, who had returned to his hammock. "If they only had a little spirit they would soon show Bob his proper place. Why don't they give him a good shaking when he nips their legs?"

"Because they are larger than he, and because they are too polite to do it in their own home."

Neal laughed. He had a hearty, contagious laugh, and Edith could not refrain from joining in it.

"They set you a very good example," he said. "Come, Edith, confess that you hate the Gordons, from Bob up."

Edith colored. "How silly you are!" she said, with supreme dignity. "Why should I trouble myself to dislike

you?"

"Why, indeed? There's no accounting for tastes. Then, 'love me, love my dog.' But I say, Edith, it rather pays to make you mad. You grow two inches visibly, while I shrink in proportion. It is just as if you had some of that cake in your pocket, that Alice came across in Wonderland, don't you know?"

"Oh, Neal, tell us about it!" cried Janet, dropping her dolls and flinging herself on the end of the hammock. "I just love your stories."

"It is more than can be said of your big sister, Janet, my child. Bob and I are in disgrace."

"Bob's no good," said Willy; "he won't play."

"His coat is too thick," remarked Neal. "Bob wishes it were the fashion to wear short hair in summer. I say, Edith, where are you going?" for she had put up her work.

"I think I shall take the buggy and go down to see Gertrude Morgan. I'm tired of it here."

"Thank you," said Neal, meekly.

"Children, you can stay here," she continued. "I sha'n't be gone more than an hour or two."

The children did not object. They counted upon having Neal for a companion, and he was all-sufficient.

But when the old buggy rounded the corner, and, instead of coming up to the house, rattled down the drive on the farther side of the "heater-piece," Neal sprang out of the hammock with a bounce and ran across the grass. Bob wanted to follow, but he ordered him back. He reached the fork in the avenue before Edith did.

"You're pretty cool, to go off this way when I'm going with you."

"And you are *very* cool, to come when you are not invited," said Edith, wrathfully, as Neal climbed into the carriage without waiting for her to stop. [Pg 794]

"I know. It's pleasant to be cool on such a hot day as this."

"Where is your hat?"

"I'm under the impression it is on the hall table; but no, it may be in my room. On second thoughts, it is probably in the cellar. In fact—"

"Oh, hush!" said Edith, laughing involuntarily. "Where are you going in this plight?"

"To see Miss Gertrude Morgan."

"Indeed you are not. I have no intention of driving to Brenton with a hatless boy."

"'Then we'll go to the woods,' says this pig"; and seizing the reins, he turned, abruptly, as they reached the gate of Oakleigh, into a rocky, hilly lane that led up through the woods.

"Now, isn't this jolly?" said he, leaning back in his corner of the buggy. "Just the place for a hot day."

"Oh, I must go back!" exclaimed Edith, suddenly. "It has just occurred to me you have left the children."

"They're all right. They've got Bob, and we sha'n't be gone long. Great Scott! what a road this is! I don't believe these wheels will stay on long. Why don't you use the surrey?"

"Because the surrey is not mine, and this is."

"So that's your line of march, is it? I suspected as much. But I think you are pretty hard on Hessie. She means well, and she's not a bad sort, though I say it as shouldn't."

Edith made no answer.

"Why don't you try and make the best of things? I always do. It doesn't really pay to do anything else."

"Very good philosophy. But if you have come out merely to lecture me on my duties as a step-daughter, I think we may as well turn round and go home again."

"Oh, come off, Edith! You're a nice girl in the main, and I think it's a howling shame for you to make yourself so mighty offish and disagreeable to Hessie. Why, if any one ought to mind it—her marrying, I mean—I'm the one. It makes a big difference to me."

"Will you let me get out and walk home, if you have not the grace to drive me there? You have no manner of right to talk to me this way."

"I know I haven't, and I'm awfully sorry if I've offended you. I'm afraid I have. You'll forgive me, Edith, please! Don't go home. I've put my foot in it, like the great awkward fellow I am. But I hate to see things all at sixes and sevens the way they are, and I thought perhaps if I told you what Hessie really is you would feel differently. If you only knew what a good sister she's been to me! You know our father and mother died when I was a little duffer, and Hessie's been an A1 sister ever since. Our grandmother didn't take much stock in me because I was a boy, but Hessie always stood up for me. It's natural I should take her side. I hate to see any one dislike her. But I see it's no use, and I'm sorry I spoke. But, say, you will excuse me, Edith. You don't like it, and I ought not to have said anything, and I apologize."

This was Neal in a new light. Edith was astonished. She had supposed that he was only a rollicking boy, too lazy to amount to anything, and too fond of a joke to think of the more serious side of life.

She hesitated. She was very angry with him. Of course he had no business to speak to her on this subject, but he was evidently sorry. His brown eyes looked very repentant, and there was not a shadow of a smile in them.

"Come now, Edith," he urged, "do it up handsomely, and forgive and forget. Give me your hand on it."

And Edith did so, and with difficulty repressed a shriek at the hearty squeeze that was given it. And just as they had reached this point in their

conversation there was a sudden crash. Off went the wheel, and down went buggy, Edith, and Neal in a heap.

Fortunately the horse stood still. They were in the depths of the wood, two miles from any house. A few startled birds fluttered among the trees, and a gray squirrel paused in his day's work to view the scene.

Neal and Edith crawled out from the débris.

"Here's a pretty how-d'y' do," said Neal, surveying the wreck. "Edith, I greatly fear you'll never drive in that buggy again."

He unhitched the horse, and then removed the remnants of the vehicle to the side of what road there was, and partially hid them in the bushes.

"On that rock we split," said he, solemnly, pointing to a big stone that rose high above a rut. "If I hadn't been so busy apologizing, Edith, we wouldn't have gone to pieces. However, perhaps now you will use the surrey."

THEN THEY STARTED HOME, CARRYING THE CUSHIONS BETWEEN THEM.

It was a dangerous speech, but Edith tried not to mind it, and she helped Neal to clear away the stuff. Then they started for home, Ned leading Robin, the old horse, while together they carried the cushions and a lap-robe that had been under the seat.

Neal, his spirits raised by the accident, was in his gayest humor, and the quiet air rang with his laughter as they trudged home in the heat. Edith quite forgot her previous displeasure, and was so like her old self that Neal in his turn was surprised, and thought she was almost as nice as Cynthia. He had never seen her in this mood before.

When Neal abruptly deserted the children in his pursuit of Edith they were at first too much amazed to do anything but stand perfectly still and watch him. Then, as the back of the buggy disappeared behind the trees, their wrath found words.

"Mean old things!" exclaimed Janet. "They've gone off and left us, an' I tickerlarly wanted Neal to tell us a story."

Bob joined the group, his tail disconsolately lowered. His master had been very harsh and unfeeling to leave him at home, he thought. The trio stood in a row on the top step of the piazza. Then, with a feeble and melancholy wag of the tail, Bob again stretched himself on the grass and prepared to make the best of a bad bargain.

The others were not so easily appeased.

"We've got nuffun' to do," grumbled Willy. "I wish we could play wif de chickens."

"We can't do that," said Janet, decidedly. "We can't touch those chickens if we don't want a terrible spanking. You know what papa said."

The chickens presented a powerful fascination for Willy. He was revolving in his mind the question as to whether it would or would not pay to be spanked for the sake of having some fun with the chicks.

"No, no," said Janet, who had no fancy for a whipping. "We've got to do somethin' else." She paused. Slowly a gleam of mischief came into her eyes, and a smile broke over her round and rosy face. "Willy, we'll play barber."

"How do we do it?"

"I speak to be barber. Don't you remember when papa took you to have your hair cut? Well, you be papa an' you bring Bob, an' we'll cut his hair. Neal said it was turrible hot for him. Neal'll be glad when he comes home an' finds it all nicely cut."

"Course he will. Only I'd like to be barber, Janet."

"No, I will. It is my game, so I can be barber. Get the hat and be papa."

Willy obeyed, and presently returned in a large straw hat that had once been his father's farm hat, and was now relegated to a back closet for use in the children's games. Janet, meanwhile, had found a large pair of scissors in Edith's basket, unfortunately left on the porch, with which she was viciously snipping the air.

"We'll have some fun even if they did go off an' leave us," said she. "Bring along Bob. Here's the chair."

But Bob refused to be brought. He lay stretched on his side, now and then weakly wagging his tail in response to their commands, but otherwise not stirring. It was too hot to move for any one but his master.

"We'll have to do it there. We'll pretend he's a sick person that has to have his hair cut off. They do sometimes, you know," said Janet, with an air of superior knowledge. "You can be my 'sistant. Here's a scissor for you"—extracting another pair from the too convenient basket.

In a moment they were both hard at work. Snippity, snip, clip, clip, went the two pairs of scissors. Bob's beautiful long black hair, the pride of his master's heart and the means of securing a prize at the last dog-show, lay in a heap on the grass. [Pg 795]

"That's nice," said Janet, surveying the result with satisfaction. "He must feel lovely and cool. Now let's do the other side."

But that was not so easy. Bob still refused to stir. They pulled and punched and pushed, but he would not turn over.

"Well, we'll just have to leave it an' do it 'nother time," said Janet at last, with a parting clip at ear and tail. "Let's go down an' play in the brook."

And flinging the scissors on the grass, these two young persons deserted the scene of their labors, and were soon building a fine dam across the brook in the pasture. There they remained until the sound of the bell on the carriage house, rung to summon to dinner the men at work in the distant fields, warned them that it was twelve o'clock and almost time to go in themselves.

Edith and Neal plodded slowly homeward. It was very warm, for though it was not sunny in the woods, the trees shut off the air. They turned in from the lane and walked up the avenue, Robin's hoofs falling regularly on the gravel with a hot, thumping sound.

"Jiminy, this is a scorcher!" said Neal, wiping his forehead. "Here comes Bob. He doesn't seem to mind the weather. No, it isn't Bob, either. What dog is it? Great Scott, Edith, it *is* Bob! What has happened to him?"

He dropped the reins, and Robin trudged off alone to his stall.

"Why, Neal, I never saw such a sight!" cried Edith.

Bob, bounding merrily over the grass, overjoyed at seeing his master return, was quite unconscious of the effect he produced. On one side he was the same beautiful, glossy-coated creature he had ever been; on the other, through stray, uneven bunches of hair gleamed touches of whitish skin. His ears, which had measured a proud eighteen inches from tip to tip, flapped on either side in ungraceful scantness; and his tail, from which so short a time before had waved a beautiful raven plume, now wagged in uncompromising stubbyness.

"Bob, Bob, what has happened to you? You look as if you had been in a fire!"

Edith, with an awful foreboding in her heart, hurried towards the house. Yes, her fears were realized! Two pairs of scissors and a mass of black hair told the tale. She sank down on the steps and covered her face.

"The children have done it," she murmured. "Oh, Neal, we ought never to have left them!"

Neal stood there perfectly silent. He had grown very white, and his eyes looked dangerously dark.

"Oh, those children!" he said at last, between firmly set teeth. "You had better keep them out of my way for a time, Edith. I'd just like to murder them, the way I feel now."

"Oh, Neal, I am so sorry! I can't tell you how dreadfully I feel. But we oughtn't to have both gone. You see, I didn't know you were coming too."

"And I didn't know I was expected to act as child's nurse," said Neal, angrily. "The dog is done for, as far as shows are concerned. His coat will never be the same again; it ruins it to cut it." He stopped abruptly. "I guess I had better get out of the way," he said, presently. "I can't answer for my temper. Come, Bob."

And he walked down across the grass and went off into the woods.

Edith, left alone, began to cry. She would not have had this happen for the world. Again she said to herself, why had the Gordons ever come there to disturb their peace of mind in so many ways? And where were the children? They should be severely punished.

She looked for them all over the house, but of course they were not to be found. After a long time she saw them coming slowly homeward. They were wet and bedraggled, for the stones had been as obdurate as Bob and refused to move. Willy had tumbled into the brook, and Janet had followed, in a vain attempt to help him out.

And now they were met by an irate sister, who, seizing them roughly, dragged them upstairs.

"You shall go straight to bed and stay there! You have ruined Neal's dog, and he'll never get over it. You are bad, naughty children!"

"I think you're silly, Edith!" screamed Janet. "We didn't hurt him, and we only cooled him off. You're mean to make us go to bed in the middle of the day, an' you'd orter not drag us this way. Mamma wouldn't."

"I don't care what your mamma would do; it's what I do."

Edith did not realize that a few words spoken calmly but sternly to Janet and Willy would have more lasting effect than this summary mode of punishment. The truth was she was too angry to trust her tongue at all, and this reference to Mrs. Franklin annoyed her. Everything seemed against her, and the hot weather made things worse.

She ate her dinner in solitude, and then, when the afternoon had worn on for an hour or two, she at last saw Neal coming across the fields.

Edith went to meet him.

"You want something to eat," she said. "Come in and I'll find you something. Neal, I am so sorry."

"Oh, don't say anything. What's done can't be undone. Lend me your shears after dinner and I'll finish things up with a flourish. I can get him into better shape than he is. He looks like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

just now. I'm as hungry as a hunter, so I don't mind accepting your offer of a bite."

Edith went off to find something, and as she prepared a dainty meal for the boy, she thought to herself that he set her a good example. She knew what pride he had taken in Bob's appearance, and she knew how angry he had been at first. It must have been a hard battle for him.

And it was. Edith was far from realizing what a temper Neal had. He had felt that morning that his only safety lay in flight, and he had tramped many miles through the woods in the endeavor to overcome his anger.

After luncheon he took the scissors and set to work upon Bob's other side. He could not repress a groan of dismay once or twice.

"If they had only done it decently!" he said. "In some places it looks as if it had been torn out by the roots, they've cropped it so close, and here again are these long pieces. Well, well, Bobby, my boy, I fancy we were too vain of our appearance. Here goes!"

In a short time Bob had the appearance of a closely shaven French poodle.

Edith watched the process for a few minutes, but presently went to her room.

"I shall be held accountable for this too, I suppose," she said to herself. "Oh, *why* did those Gordons ever come?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BUILDING OF MODERN WONDERS.

THE BOOK.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

Although we are apt to speak of the "writing" or the "making" of a book, rather than of its "building," each of these is a distinct operation: and when a book, first written, then made, is finally ready for the reader, it has been built as truly as a house or a ship is built. It has demanded an equal amount of careful planning, skilled labor, and close attention to the thousand details that go to the making of a completed whole. In reading an interesting book how very little we think of this, or realize the amount of time and hard work expended in thus giving us a few hours of pleasure. Most people consider writing to be a very easy method of making a living, and nothing is more common in an author's experience than to have his friends express surprise when he speaks of going to his work.

"Work!" they exclaim. "Surely you do not call it work to occupy a pleasant room at home, and write for hours each day? That's more like play than work. If you want to know what real work is, come with us and see what we have to do." [Pg 796]

So every one, except those who know, imagines book-writing to be so easy that most of those who desire to earn a livelihood without very hard work try their hands at it. The girl of brains and education thrown upon her own resources decides to become an author; and, after a desperate struggle, fails because she has no real experiences to draw from. The sea-captain who is too old to follow his chosen profession, but must still make a living, and is brimful of experience and adventures, decides to become an author. When he too meets with failure he blames everybody and everything except himself, and rarely discovers that the reason he cannot become a successful author at his time of life is because he has not been trained to the business, and does not know how to write.

Authorship, or book-writing, is a trade that must be learned the same as any other, and I believe that any boy or girl of average intelligence may be trained to successful authorship if only he or she is willing to work hard enough and long enough at the trade. Even imagination can be cultivated. Of course the literary apprentice must know how to apply the rules of grammar, must practise clearness and conciseness of style, must know how to use books of reference, must have what is known as a liberal education, and, above all, must be possessed of a genuine liking for his chosen calling. After leaving his school or college he should spend at least two years—and four would be better—as a reporter, a private secretary, an amanuensis to some skilled writer, or as assistant editor of some first-class publication that insists upon the use of grammatical English in its columns. During this apprenticeship he may try his hand at sketches, essays, or short stories, and must learn to accept calmly a dozen disappointments with each success.

When the author is ready to write a book his most difficult task is to select a subject that shall be interesting, timely, and not already overdone. It must be one that he can write about from his own experience, or from the experience of others. The latter may be gained from books or from the verbal accounts of those who have been through with what he desires to describe; but a book compiled from other books is apt to be dull and lifeless, while one dealing with a personal experience is almost certain to be interesting. "Mark Twain's" best books are those based upon his own life on the Mississippi, in Western mining camps, or while travelling abroad. The great charm of Miss Alcott's stories lay in the fact that she wrote of her every-day surroundings. The absorbing interest of Captain King's *Cadet Days* is due to the author's absolute knowledge, from personal experience, of the joys and sorrows, the trials and triumphs, of West Point life. Thus to be a successful writer of books one must have something to say, and must know how to say it. To these qualifications must be added tireless industry, boundless patience, and a determination to succeed in spite of all obstacles.

Let us suppose that our author decides to write a book for boys, and to make it a mining-story. But he has never been down in a mine, nor even seen one. He knows nothing about mines from personal experience. Under these circumstances it is clearly his duty to visit the nearest mining region, and remain there long enough to become familiar with its life, its scenery, and its incidents, before he attempts to describe them. From such a trip he returns to his workshop with a thorough knowledge of what he desires to write about.

Before beginning the actual work of writing he must plan his book, decide how many chapters it is to contain, and what shall be their length; lay out, either on paper or in his mind, the general scheme of his story; select a name for his hero, and, if possible, decide upon a title; for it is better to fit a story to a title than to fit a title to a story. [Pg 797]

In these preliminaries the author has invested a month or more of time, and has expended a certain amount of money. In other words, he has paid for the stock of goods upon which he hopes to realize a profit. Now he is ready to enter upon the building of his book.

As writing is among the most tiresome and exhausting forms of labor, it should never be allowed to occupy more than eight hours of each day, and the best results are reached in four or five hours, followed by a change of employment, recreation, out-of-door exercise, or complete rest for the remainder of the day. Every book should be written twice, the first draft being made on soft unglazed paper with a No. 2 pencil, while the second is a revised and punctuated copy, written in ink or type-written on sheets of a medium size. The neatness of a manuscript has much to do with its favorable reception at the hands of an editor or a publisher's reader. Some authors do not write at all, but dictate to a stenographer or an amanuensis; but this requires extra practice, and is generally so expensive a method that it can only be adopted by those who have an assured market for their work, or are not obliged to earn a livelihood.

At length our book is written; a fair copy of the original rough draft has been made, and provided with chapter headings, title page, and table of contents. The precious manuscript is put into a box the exact size of its sheets, sent off to a publisher, and, with his occupation gone, the anxious author waits days, weeks, and sometimes months, for news of his venture.

Very few publishers have either the time or inclination for a personal reading of books in manuscript, and for this work they employ skilled readers upon whose judgment they can rely. Some houses thus retain as many as six such readers, and very often a manuscript book must pass through the hands of all these, taking its turn with scores of others, before a decision is reached concerning it. Each reader hands in a written opinion as to its merits and demerits, its chances of success or failure. Sometimes, if these opinions are conflicting, the publisher hands them all, together with the book in question, to a seventh reader—a sort of a court of final appeal—and requests him to write an opinion on the opinions. Even if all the opinions are favorable, the publisher may still refuse to bring out the work in question. There are a hundred good reasons for declining to publish a book, and the manuscript must run the gauntlet of them all. It may be too long or too short, or too similar to something else already in hand. Its principal characters may be too young or too old. It may not be in a certain publisher's peculiar line, or it may contain sentiments of which he does not approve. He may already have accepted as many books as he cares to issue in that year. This one may be interesting but badly written, or it may be beautifully expressed and as dull as dishwater. Thus an endless list of "mays," "ifs," and "buts" present themselves, by any one of which the fate of the book may be influenced. The one question to which they all lead is: "Will it pay? If so, we will publish it; if not, we won't."

Of course publishers and publishers' readers sometimes make mistakes concerning the value of a book, and decline one that, in the hands of another publisher, or brought out at the author's expense, achieves a tremendous success. In fact, there is hardly a popular book about which some tale of this kind is not told.

Our book having escaped the many perils that beset it, and been accepted, the publisher makes the author one of three offers for it. He will buy it outright, publish it subject to royalty, or on shares. If he buys it and its copyright outright, he gives an unknown author for his first book from $100 to $400, rarely more; while offers to well-known and successful authors often run up into the thousands of dollars.

If the agreement is to publish on the royalty plan, the offer to an unknown author will be that of a ten-per-cent. royalty on the retail price of his book after one thousand copies shall have been sold. It costs from $300 to $500 to publish one thousand copies of the ordinary one-dollar book. One hundred or more of these are given to editors or critics for the sake of the advertising contained in such notices as they may write about the book. The remainder are sold in the trade at a 40-per-cent. discount from the retail price. The disposal in this manner of 1000 copies of a book not only pays the cost of its publication, but generally yields a small profit to the publisher.

By getting a one-dollar book for sixty cents, or "forty off," as they say in the trade, the dry-goods stores, who now sell a great many books, and the regular retail booksellers, are able to offer it at 65 or 70 or 75 cents, and still make a profit on it; while at the same time the publisher is obliged, by his agreement with the trade, to charge the full list price for every copy of a book that he sells at retail. For this reason it is generally cheaper to buy a book from a dealer than from the publisher. [Pg 798]

If a book is successful enough to run into a second edition or reach its second thousand, which very few first books ever do, then the author begins to receive ten cents for every copy sold. If, however, it fails to pass its first thousand, he receives nothing for his labor, except the advertising of his name gained by the publication of a book. A well-known and popular author whose work is certain to sell, bringing out a book on the royalty plan, receives from 10 to 15 per cent. on every copy sold from the very first.

The copyright life of a book, or the time during which it will pay its author a royalty, is fourteen years, and may be extended, by application, fourteen years longer.

If the publisher and author agree to bring out a book "on shares," it means that they shall share equally all expenses and profits. In any case a long and formidable contract, is drawn up, which both parties must sign before the book can be "put in hand," or enter upon the second stage of its building.

After a publisher has arranged to bring out a book, the questions for him to decide concerning it are: At what time of year shall it appear? Whether or not it shall be illustrated? What shall be its size, its style of type, the weight of its paper, and the form of its binding? How many copies shall be printed? How much money shall be expended in advertising it? etc., etc. Occasionally the author is consulted concerning some of these questions, especially in regard to illustrations, for which he is sometimes requested to furnish photographs; but more often he is not. The publisher, who bears the expense of illustrating the book, generally reserves the right to select the artist for this work as well as to decide upon the number, the style, and the size of the pictures.

There is so much art in the making of a book that by the aid of large type, wide spaces between lines, heavy

paper, and broad margins a small manuscript may suffice for a large volume; while by the use of small type set "solid," thin paper, and narrow margins an immense amount of matter may be compressed into very small compass. As a rule the large or medium-sized volumes, especially among those known to the trade as "Juveniles," sell best, for there are many people who in the purchase of books follow the plan of the Chinaman in buying shoes, and select the largest size to be had for the money.

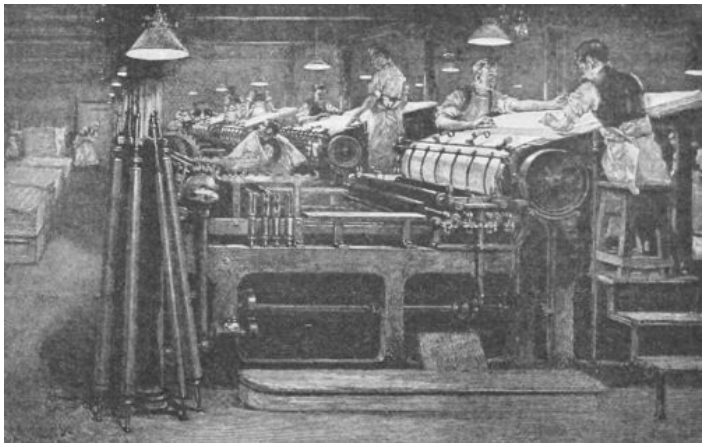
SETTING UP THE BOOK.

After forming the subject of innumerable consultations between those interested in its success, our manuscript book is finally "put in hand," or sent to the foreman of the composing-room, who scatters its pages here and there among his printers. As soon as half a dozen or ten or twenty sheets have been "set up" or turned into type, a galley-proof is "pulled" and handed to the proof-reader for correction. The galley is a long, narrow, brass-lined frame, in which a column of type is placed. The face of this type is inked with a hand-roller, a long strip of white paper is laid over it, and the whole goes into a hand-press. The printing thus done is not very fine, but it is plenty good enough to enable the keen-eyed proof-reader to detect any errors that have been made. He marks these on the margins of the proof, and hands it back to the compositors, each of whom corrects the mistakes appearing in the portion he has set. There is no more interesting sight in a composing-room than that of a skilled compositor making these corrections, picking out and replacing the little black types, transferring whole lines or paragraphs from one place to another, spacing, leading, punctuating, without dropping a type or making a mistake. The untrained eye can make nothing at all out of the type column, which has the same effect as the mirror reflection of an ordinary page.

After all corrections are thus made, another galley-proof, called a "revise," is pulled. Several copies of this are made, two of which are sent to the author of the book. There is no prouder nor happier moment in the life of an author than when he receives the first proofs of his first book. Never again will they appear so beautiful or so precious, though every author who is interested in his work always enjoys reading the proofs of each new book, no matter how many he may write. His ideas present such a different appearance in type from what they did in manuscript that he hardly recognizes them. His characters have attained such a dignity and reality that he almost needs an introduction to them.

On this galley-proof the author makes such changes and corrections as he pleases, though of course the fewer the better, and then sends one copy back to the composing-room, where all the alterations he has suggested are made in type. The galley columns are now broken into pages of the size previously agreed upon, and a set of page-proofs is pulled and sent to the author for his final revision. He must read this proof very carefully, for this is his last chance to make changes, and whatever passes this time must go into the finished book. When this page-proof returns to the composing-room, and the final corrections are made in the types, they are sent to the foundry. Here stereotypes are made from them in the manner described under the title "The Making of a Great Newspaper" in Vol. XV. of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. For book-printing these type-metal stereotypes are converted into electrotypes by being hung in an acid bath, where, in a very short time, by the action of electricity, they are coated with a thin film of copper.

The finished plates are sent down to the basement of the great building, where are the book-presses that will turn out printed sheets of from four to thirty-two pages each, almost as fast as the huge cylinder presses of a newspaper office can turn out newspapers.



PRINTING OF THE BOOK IN THE PRESS-ROOM.

On the press the printed pages of our book meet and make the acquaintance of the illustrated or picture pages with which they are henceforth to be so intimately associated. In the building of a book the artist's part must by no means be overlooked, for a well-illustrated book, especially if intended for youthful readers, like the one we are considering, is doubled in value by its pictures. For ordinary books very little engraving or wood-cutting is now done, since by the aid of photography and electricity so many cheap processes for reproducing drawings have been discovered that the slower methods of the engraver are only employed for the very best and finest work. If the picture is to be engraved it is either drawn directly on the wood or transferred to it by photography; while if it is to be reproduced by one of the cheaper processes, it is photographed on a prepared plate of metal, from which the light spaces are eaten out by acids, while the shadows remain untouched. The thin plate is given a substantial wood-backing to preserve its form, and is then ready for use.

From the press-room the printed sheets are sent to the bindery, where they are folded, once into quartos (4tos), twice into octavos (8vos), three times into sextodecimos (16mos), or into any other size that shall have been agreed upon. Then the sheets are stitched together, pressed, their edges are cut by powerful machine knives, and the whole, finally glued

STITCHING THE SHEETS.

into its cover, is set aside under pressure to dry.

The making of covers is a distinct branch of book-building that gives employment to a great many skilled workmen and workwomen. The most conspicuous of these is the artist who draws the cover design, and suggests its scheme of color—for the sale of a book depends very hugely upon whether or not its cover is attractive. Covers are made of paper, cloth, or leather. Most books are bound in "cloth," as it is called, which means pasteboard, covered with muslin stiffened with sizing, and colored a uniform tint before the design is stamped or printed on it. A book bound in "boards" is enclosed between covers of pasteboard, and one bound in calf or morocco has its heavy pasteboard covers hidden beneath very thin sheets of leather. The inside of covers is often made of "marbled" paper, and one of the most interesting corners of the bindery is that devoted to marbling. Here a bath of gum-tragacanth, looking like a mass of smooth black glue newly melted, has wet colors sprinkled over it from paint-brushes. These are drawn into lines or figures with coarse wooden combs. A dampened sheet of paper is spread over the colored surface, quickly withdrawn thoroughly "marbled," and hung on a line to dry.

IN THE BINDERY.

[Pg 799]

In another corner of the room busy girls are applying gilding to covers from packets of gold leaf; while elsewhere dozens of others are doing different and equally interesting things, all belonging to the great trade of book-binding.

At length our book, having passed through all these stages and processes, is pronounced complete, and a date is set for its "publication" or presentation to the public. On the day that it appears half a dozen copies are sent to the author with compliments of the publisher. If the author wishes any more copies of his book to present to his admiring friends, he must buy them and pay for them like any one else.

Thus the building of the book is finished, and it is launched on the stormy sea of literature, to sink or swim according to whether or not it has been constructed of poor material by incapable workmen, or has been well and wisely built.

CLOTH OF GOLD.

Cloth of ermine covered
  The earth awhile ago,
A royal robe on every hill;
  In every valley low
The sparkle as of diamonds,
  The sheen of dancing light,
And the world a fairy palace
  By dawn and noon and night.

Cloth of gold is woven
  To wrap the earth to-day,
With stars of many twinkling rays,
  Broadcast upon the way.
The dandelions laughing,
  The daisies coming soon,
And the world's a fairy palace
  By morn and night and noon.

M. E. S.

ON BOARD THE ARK.[1]

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER I.

t took a long time for Tommy Toddles to recover from the exquisite sensation of surprise and wonder which clung to him after his strange adventures with the Sheep and the ex-Pirate. He used to talk to his Uncle Dick continually of what he had seen and done during that famous afternoon, and many and many a time the two went out into the woods together and searched through the bushes and the trees for the haunt of the Loon, and for the lake by the side of which had stood the Poor-house. But they never found anything; and Tommy was consequently forced to sit at home and content himself with recollections and reminiscences —"which are decidedly unsatisfactory substitutes," thought he.

So it frequently happened that the little boy sat all alone in the big room at the top of the house, and went over and over again in his mind those peculiar incidents in which so many strange creatures had figured, and in which so many odd things had been said and done. But one rainy day he seemed to be more affected by those reminiscences than he had ever been before, and so he settled back on the window-seat, and gave himself up entirely to thoughts of the-ex-Pirate, the Sheep, the Reformed Burglar, and to all the quaint creatures of his acquaintance. He was smiling quietly to himself at some of the funny things Thingumbob had said on the beach, when all of a sudden he thought he heard somebody knocking on the door. Nobody ever knocked before coming into Tommy's play-room, and so the little boy looked up in a curious way, wondering who it could be, and wishing that no one would come in to disturb his reverie. The door was ajar, but he could see that there was some person standing out in the hall. Presently there was another knock. Tommy straightened up on the window-seat, and called out,

"Come in!"

The door swung slowly inward, and who should be standing there looking straight at Tommy but his old friend the ex-Pirate! It was the same old ex-Pirate of days and days ago, with his fierce mustaches and long hair, and his big pistols sticking out of his sash. He looked at Tommy for a moment, just as if he wanted to make sure that he was calling on the right little boy, and then a pleasant smile spread all over his face, and he walked rapidly across the room. Tommy jumped from the window-seat and hastened to meet him.

"Why, I'm awfully glad to see you!" he exclaimed. "How do you do, Mr. ex-Pirate? And how did you get up here?"

The ex-Pirate laughed, and shook hands with Tommy, and then he said: "Oh, I just came. Things come and go, you know; and I just came. Wasn't it nice?"

"Awfully nice," said Tommy, enthusiastically. "I've been thinking a lot about you. I was beginning to think you were not real."

"Oh yes, I'm real," asserted the ex-Pirate. "Just as real as you are."

"Perhaps *I'm* not real," suggested Tommy; and then, becoming alarmed at the thought, he felt in his pockets, and pulled at his hair to see if he was all there. Reassured on that point he added, "Where is the Sheep?"

"I guess he's running yet," answered the ex-Pirate, laughing. "Poor fellow; I left him 'way behind. But I never saw anybody run like *you* in all my life. You ran faster than Time, and Time runs pretty fast now, I tell you! He can go pretty near as fast as Money—and you know how fast Money goes."

Tommy did not know how fast money went, because he had never seen very much of it, but he thought that, from the nature of his past business, the ex-Pirate must have had wide experience in those matters. So he said, "I suppose so."

"That's right," continued the ex-Pirate. "That's perfectly right. But I ran as fast as I could, and I've only just arrived."

"You must be tired," remarked the little boy.

"Not at all. I never get tired. I'm ready to keep right on, if you want to."

"Keep right on?" queried Tommy.

"Yes."

"On what?"

"Why, looking for the animals," replied the ex-Pirate.

"But I found them," said Tommy.

"You did?" exclaimed the ex-Pirate, in surprise.

"Certainly. They were right here."

"Where?"

"Right in this room."

"Well, where are they now?"

Tommy Toddles would have given his word, fifteen minutes before the ex-Pirate asked him this question, that his Noah's Ark with the animals in it was on the floor near the table; but when he went to look for it to show it to his friend he could not find it anywhere.

"It's gone," he said finally, after several minutes of vain searching under tables and sofas. "It's gone, and all the animals too."

"They've gone?" repeated the ex-Pirate.

"Yes," said Tommy, dejectedly, "they've gone away again. Not only the animals, but the Ark." [Pg 800]

"The Ark!" exclaimed the ex-Pirate.

"Certainly," said Tommy. "My animals belonged in the Ark. There were two of each."

"In Noah's Ark?" said the ex-Pirate.

"Yes; did you never see one?"

"Why, what nonsense!" laughed the ex-Pirate. "That was hundreds and hundreds of years ago."

"I know it was," said Tommy, with dignity. "But my animals were imitations."

The ex-Pirate was gazing absent-mindedly out of the window over toward the ocean. "Your animals had invitations?" he said presently, recovering himself. "Of course. They all did. The Ark was no promiscuous affair. There was admission by card only. All those that had invitations got in; the others got drowned."

Tommy saw that the ex-Pirate did not quite understand what he had said to him, so he thought it would be wiser to branch out on some other topic, but before he could do so his visitor remarked,

"They had lots of fun in the Ark," and he chuckled to himself.

"How do you know?" asked the little boy.

"The Sheep told me. He was one of the Few Hundred. I should like to have been on board too."

"So should I," assented Tommy, eagerly, "especially if they were all as nice as the animals we met the other day."

"It *would* have been fun to take that trip," continued the ex-Pirate, musingly. "I don't know but that we can, even now, fix it to go on board."

"On board the Ark?" cried Tommy.

"Exactly. We would have to go a long way back through the Ages; but perhaps we can fix that up with old Father Time. He might take us back and let us go aboard."

Tommy stared vacantly at his peculiar companion, and wondered silently if he had gone mad. Pretty soon the ex-Pirate said,

"Let's go."

"Where?"

"On board the Ark."

"How shall we do it?" asked Tommy, who felt that it could do no harm to humor his caller.

"We will find Father Time, and see if he will go backwards for us. Where is the clock?"

"In the hall down stairs," answered the little boy.

The two went out into the corridor and down the stairs to where the old Dutch clock stood under the staircase, ticking loudly through the silent house. It was much taller than either Tommy or the ex-Pirate, and as they approached the little boy was amazed to see the clock's face brighten up and smile, and wave its hands in greeting to the ex-Pirate. The latter returned the courteous salute, and knocked on the door below. The door immediately opened, and old Father Time, with his scythe and his hour-glass, stepped out into the hallway, and nodded cheerfully to the ex-Pirate.

"How do you do?" said he.

"Sixty seconds to the minute as usual," answered Father Time, genially. "What can I do for you?"

"Can you go back a little?" asked the ex-Pirate, inquiringly.

"What for?" asked Father Time.

And then the ex-Pirate started in to explain what he wanted. His argument was most involved, and Tommy Toddles could not follow it at all; but the latter kept on talking as fast and as impressively as he could, and occasionally he pulled out his pistols and shook them vigorously in the air over his head. Father Time listened attentively, and shook his head negatively for a long time, but finally he appeared to yield to the ex-Pirate's persuasive arguments, and when he spoke he said he would do what was wanted.

"Will you go?" said the ex-Pirate, turning quickly to Tommy. The little boy hesitated a moment, because he did not know exactly where the ex-Pirate wanted him to go, or how long he would be gone if he went; he hesitated, but it was only for a moment, because he soon noticed that Father Time was growing impatient, and the ex-Pirate looked slightly displeased at the delay.

"Oh yes, I'll go," he said, impulsively.

He had hardly spoken these words when Father Time slung his scythe and his hour-glass over his shoulders, grabbed the ex-Pirate with one hand and seized Tommy with the other. Then the old Dutch clock began burring and whizzing, as if all the wheels were revolving as fast as they could turn; and they must have been, for when Tommy glanced at the face of the clock to see what the hour was the hands were racing around so fast that he could hardly see them—and they were turning in the opposite direction from the way clock hands usually travel. There was no time to notice this slight peculiarity, however, for the little boy felt himself rudely jerked off his feet, held firmly by the tight grasp of Father Time, and before he could exclaim or object or expostulate, he saw himself flying through space at what seemed to be the rate of many hundreds of miles a minute. Father

Time was vigorously working his wings, and was speeding backwards, his long gray beard flowing in the wind between Tommy and the ex-Pirate, who were sticking out straight behind, and neither of whom had breath enough left to be able to say anything.

THROUGH THE HALLS OF TIME.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Pg 801]

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

Although it may have been a surprise to many to see Whitman play his way through to the finals at the Longwood Tournament last week, his success was hardly unexpected by those who have been watching his work since his defeat by Ware on Jarvis Field in May. Ware earned the championship of the Boston schools on that occasion, and he had to play hard to do it, defeating Whitman 6-4, 6-3, 7-5, but since that time his game seems to have fallen off slightly, whereas Whitman's has vastly improved. He let the champion take the first set of their match, 6-3, but in the three that followed, Ware only pulled out five games.

L. E. Ware, umpiring. Hovey. Whitman.

FINAL MATCH OF THE LONGWOOD TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

It cannot be said, however, that Ware played poor tennis, for that was by no means the case. He played well—he certainly had to play well to reach the semi-finals—but Whitman played better. Again and again, especially during the first part of the match, Ware passed his opponent at the net, which is Whitman's strong position. That kind of play won him the first set; but Whitman braced after that, and closed up, and although Ware got the balls over the net, he could not pass him. Ware lacked head-work in placing. He seemed to lose much of his coolness as soon as Whitman came up to him, and instead of lobbing, as he ought to have done, or of going up to the net himself, he placed the balls frequently to his opponent's advantage and to his own discomfiture. I had expected to see Ware put up a strong offensive game, but his play was mostly defensive. He had evidently not expected to encounter such a change in his rival's methods. Whitman certainly showed greater confidence in himself than he did on Jarvis Field, and was much more at home at the net.

It may be that some of Ware's weakness was due to his lack of practice, as he injured his wrist in June and did not touch a racquet for four weeks; but I doubt if he could have defeated Whitman at Longwood, even if [Pg 802] he had been in the form that made him champion at the Interscholastics. He will have to do some hard work between now and the date of the Newport Tournament if he wishes to hold his own there. He must pull himself together and keep from falling into that listless style of play which proved so disastrous to him in the last two sets against Whitman. The latter now stands a good chance of carrying off the honors of the year, if present form may be depended upon to be prophetic. He has beaten at Longwood men who were

considered his superiors, and he only met defeat at the hands of a man who is rated as the fourth player in the United States.

The Hovey-Whitman match was one of the most interesting of the week, in spite of the fact that it was evident from the start that the school player was outclassed. This fact might not have been so patent if Whitman had kept his nerve better, but he seemed to be afraid of his antagonist from the very outset, and did not put up anywhere near so good a game as he did against Ware. Hovey apparently realized this weakness, and kept close up to the net. Whitman made his greatest mistake in falling back, for Hovey's net game is hard to beat. This also gave the champion an opportunity to do some sharp volleying with a stiff wrist and forearm—strokes that the younger player was unable to return. Occasionally Whitman made some brilliant plays, but he was overshadowed by the veteran.

Hovey took the first four games largely on his opponent's nervousness, but in the fifth he drove out of court twice, and Whitman got in a first-rate side-line place. Thus with the score 40-15 in his favor he ought to have taken the game, but he let Hovey pull it up to deuce, and then he drove out, giving Hovey vantage, which was followed by a hot rally, ending in a sharp stroke that Whitman was unable to reach. In this set Whitman made but ten points to Hovey's twenty-six, and not until the third game of the second set did the Interscholastic player secure a game. Even this was somewhat of a gift, for Hovey started in with a double fault and then drove into the net. The fifth game showed some pretty rocky playing on both sides, but Whitman finally secured his vantage on a clever side-line place, and made game on Hovey's wild drive out of court. The sixth game of this set was also deuce—for Whitman was doing his best work at this juncture—but it went to Hovey, who, having coaxed his opponent into back court, dropped a teaser just over the net. The set score was 38-28, the closest of the match.

In the last set Whitman began to lose some of the timidity which had characterized his play up to this point, and in the third game, when Hovey had him 40-0, he worked it up to deuce, but unfortunately eventually lost on drives out of court. He kept his nerve, nevertheless, and earned the fourth game with steady, and at times, brilliant work. Hovey could not connect on the young man's serve and drove out. Whitman then ran up to the net and scored a beautiful side place, making it 40-0. I cannot help feeling that if he had done more of this work he would have kept Hovey playing an hour longer for his win. The score then went from 40-0 to 40-30, but Hovey followed with a drive out, and it was Whitman's game. This was the end of the latter's good work. Hovey took a brace and had it all his own way until the end, giving Whitman only two points in the next three games, closing the set with the score 27-13. Whitman is only seventeen years old, and goes to Harvard in the fall. His school in Boston was Hopkinson's, although for five years previous to this last he attended the Roxbury Latin School. Ware is a Roxbury Latin player, and also enters Harvard with the class of '99.

Besides Whitman and Ware another scholastic player at Longwood was W. M. Scudder, of St. Paul's. He has the making of a good player, but only got as far as the first round, when he met Paret, and was defeated, 1-6, 6-2, 5-7, 6-4, 6-3. Scudder played a good game in this match, in spite of his ill-success, volleying and smashing with a degree of proficiency that would have done credit to many an older player. Paret won by better head-work, but I am confident Scudder will be heard from later on.

The reference to New England football made in these columns two weeks ago has aroused the interest of a number of readers in that section, and several questions have been asked about the origin of the present association. The subject is of enough general interest to receive a little more space than it was possible to devote to it last time. It is of enough general interest, because this football league, with the possible exception of the New York Interscholastic track-athletic organization, was the first interscholastic association formed in this country. It came about in a very natural way in the fall of 1888. Harvard football men had for several years been deploring the necessity of devoting two or three weeks at the beginning of each fall term to the weeding out and selection of new football material, and the idea finally suggested itself that if the schools could be used for this purpose the university would gain much by such an arrangement. It then became clear that the way to use the schools would be to get up some sort of a football league that would train players who would eventually enter Harvard, and furnish material for the university eleven.

This idea of organizing an interscholastic league emanated from the fertile brain of R. Seaver Hale, then in college. He consulted with Captain Sears, of the 'Varsity football team, with F. C. Woodman, C. A. Porter, and A. P. Butler, members of the eleven, and with Fred Fisk, who took a living interest in the athletic welfare of the college. These six men discussed Hale's idea, and then decided to put in $25 apiece and to offer a cup which should be contested for by football teams from the Boston schools.

When the question was submitted to the school football players it was looked upon favorably at once by them, and the interscholastic association was formed. The schools to come in were the Cambridge High and Latin, the Roxbury Latin, the Boston Latin, Chauncy Hall, Hopkinson's, Nobles, and Hale's, Nichol's, and Stone's combined. The six Harvard men then got together again, and drew up rules and regulations which should govern the playing for the cup. Hale was the Thomas Jefferson of the crowd, and turned out a code of laws that suited the schools perfectly.

The formation of the league created a great boom in football in the schools. Up to that time playing had been of a desultory nature, and games had been arranged from week to week as the captains chose. There had never been any training or system. Now all this changed. Schedules were prepared and adhered to, and the players all made it a point to keep in as good training as possible. Each school had its eye on the cup. The Harvard men were much pleased at the success of their scheme, and the 'Varsity Captain looked hopefully toward the development of good material for the next year. The donors of the cup acted as a sort of advisory committee, and kept a general supervision over the league.

Things progressed fairly on this line for a while, until the sport was so generally taken up all over the country that the college players no longer felt the necessity for taking that parental interest in the schools which had prompted the offering of a cup. Succeeding 'Varsity Captains, who had not gone through the labors of Sears and his predecessors to get good material, did not quite see the necessity for devoting their time to overseeing scholastic matches, and so the schools gradually took the management of their league into their own hands. The teams belonging to the association increased so in number, that the association had to be divided into two parts, known respectively as the Senior League and the Junior League, the Seniors playing each year for the cup, the Juniors playing for a pennant. The winner of the Junior League entered the Senior League the following year. The latter was kept under the management of the donors of

the cup, but the Juniors more or less ran themselves.

This method has now again been changed, as described in the ROUND TABLE two weeks ago. There is henceforth to be only one League playing in two divisions. In the first are six Seniors playing for the cup; in the second, all the rest playing for a pennant. At the end of the season, or at the beginning of the next season, the last team of the first section will play the first team in the second to see whether they change places. This arrangement will serve to keep the first division always made up of six teams.

The management of both divisions rests in one committee composed of three members of the schools, the Captain of the Harvard eleven, two Harvard men, who replace the original cup donors, and one graduate of the schools, who may be a Harvard man, but who at present is a Tufts College man, a graduate of the English High-School. This makes seven in all. It is well that one of the committee should not be a Harvard man, and so the presence of the Tufts man makes the arrangement as just as it should be. Harvard having offered the cup, should, of course, always retain a controlling voice in the councils of the association.

The High-School of Stockton, California, will apply for membership in the Academic Athletic League of the Pacific coast at the opening of the next school term, and as there is no reason to suppose admission will be refused we shall doubtless see some Stocktonians in the front ranks at the next semiannual field-day. Stockton H.-S. has a good record in athletics, and in addition to the regulation sports of the school list they indulge in rowing. The Stockton Athletic Club has for some time allowed the High-School oarsmen to use their barges, and the interest in aquatics has become so lively that a race may soon be arranged with the Oakland High-School. O. H.-S. has not rowed any yet, but there is a movement on foot to get the use of the University of California boats that are kept on Oakland Creek, not far from the school, and as this courtesy will doubtless be granted to the boys by the U.C. Navy, a water contest may not be far distant.

Steele. Luce. Field. Chapman.
Inghalls. Howard (Manager). Daly (Trainer). Lawrence (Captain.) Parkhurst. Cady.
Ingraham. Bradin. Sturtevant.

HARTFORD HIGH-SCHOOL TRACK-ATHLETIC TEAM.
Champions of the Connecticut High-School Athletic Association.

Of the eleven men who carried off the championship of the Connecticut High-School A.A. for the Hartford High-School, Lawrence, Field, Ingraham, and Parkhurst have graduated, and Cady will go to Andover for a year before entering Yale. These departures will greatly weaken the H.H.-S. team, and the Captain must now look to the development of new material, or else those ponies from Lakeville will come down again next spring and this time take the championship back with them to the Hotchkiss School.

Hartford's loss is Andover's gain. At the New England Interscholastics last June, Andover took both the high and the low hurdles with Hine; and in the dual games against Worcester, Andover got the high hurdles with Holt, losing the low race to Worcester through Barker. Both Hine and Holt graduated this year, however, and Andover would have been left without a hurdler if Cady had not decided to spend a year in Massachusetts. Cady did not make a very strong showing at the Connecticut H.-S.A.A. games this year because of a dislocated shoulder. He ran second to Field in the high, and third in the low hurdles. But I feel confident that he has good speed, which careful and systematic training is sure to bring out. He will make a valuable acquisition to Andover's athletic team. Some day he will be as good a man as his brother.

THE GRADUATE.

Any questions in regard to photograph matters will be willingly answered by the editor of

this column, and we should be glad to hear from any of our club who can make helpful suggestions.

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, NO. 10.

PRINTING PROCESSES: THE BLUE PRINT.

The number of processes used for photography are many. The very simplest is the blue-print paper. This quality is not the only one which recommends it alike to the beginner and the advanced amateur. It is nearly equal to the best silver prints in detail and clearness, and, unlike them, is absolutely permanent. It does not require any manipulation after printing except washing in clear water. It is only half the price of silvered paper, and if prepared at home is still less expensive. Then blue paper is specially adapted to water pictures and to landscapes where there are plenty of clouds in the sky, and to those which have a long perspective with hills or mountains in the distance.

The ready-prepared paper costs twenty cents for a 4 x 5 package containing two dozen sheets. That prepared at home will cost about five cents for the same quantity.

The process of printing with blue paper is as follows: Place the negative in the printing-frame, glass side out, lay a sheet of blue paper on the film side, fasten in the frame and expose to bright sunlight. Blue prints may be made on a cloudy day, but the quicker they are printed the clearer and sharper will be the picture. Print until the shadows are slightly bronzed—that is, have a sort of metallic or shiny look, and are a bluish-green in color.

Take the print from the frame and place it face up in a tray of clear water, and let it stand in the sun for a minute or two, and then wash for fifteen or twenty minutes in running water. If one has not running water, wash the print in a few changes of water till the water ceases to be tinged with the blue color of the print. If the fine details of the picture wash out, the picture has not been printed long enough. If the high or white lights in the picture are tinged with blue, then the picture has been printed too long.

After the print is washed sufficiently, lay it between two clean pieces of white blotting-paper to absorb the moisture, then pin it up by the corner to dry.

It is very easy to sensitize the blue paper. Any unglazed paper will answer, but the Rives paper is the best. The following formula was sent a few days ago by Sir Knight Willis H. Kerr, University of Omaha, Bellevue, Wisconsin:

No. 1.

Citrate of iron and ammonia	1 oz.
Water	4 "

No. 2.

Red prussiate of potash	1 "
Water	4 "

Keep the bottles in a dark place or wrapped in black paper. Mix equal parts of No. 1 and No. 2, and having first dampened the paper with a brush or sponge put on enough of the solution to tint the paper evenly and apply lightly to avoid streaks. As soon as the paper is dry it is ready for use. The operation of sensitizing the paper must be done by gas or lamp light.

Sir Knight Frank S. Whitney asks how to mount prints made on Omega paper without removing the gloss, and also wishes a good formula for paste, and to know just how mounting of prints is done. Trim the prints ready for mounting before they are toned. Tone them, and squeegee them to the ferrotype plate. When they are thoroughly dry apply paste to the back of the print before removing it from the ferrotype. This will moisten the print just enough to let it be removed from the plate without tearing or sticking, loosening the corner first with the point of a pen-knife. Have the card-mount ready, and lay the picture carefully on it just where it is to be pasted. The prints treated in this way lose little of the gloss made by the ferrotype plate. When first beginning to mount pictures it is best to mark the place on the card where the picture is to be pasted. Lay a piece of tissue-paper over the face of the print, and rub the squeegee over it lightly. Take off the paper, and if any paste has oozed out from the edges of the print, wipe it off carefully. Then lay a fresh piece of paper over the print and rub down smoothly. If one has no squeegee, a smooth glass bottle answers well for small prints. For a formula for good paste see No. 784.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

[Pg 804]

BICYCLING

This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

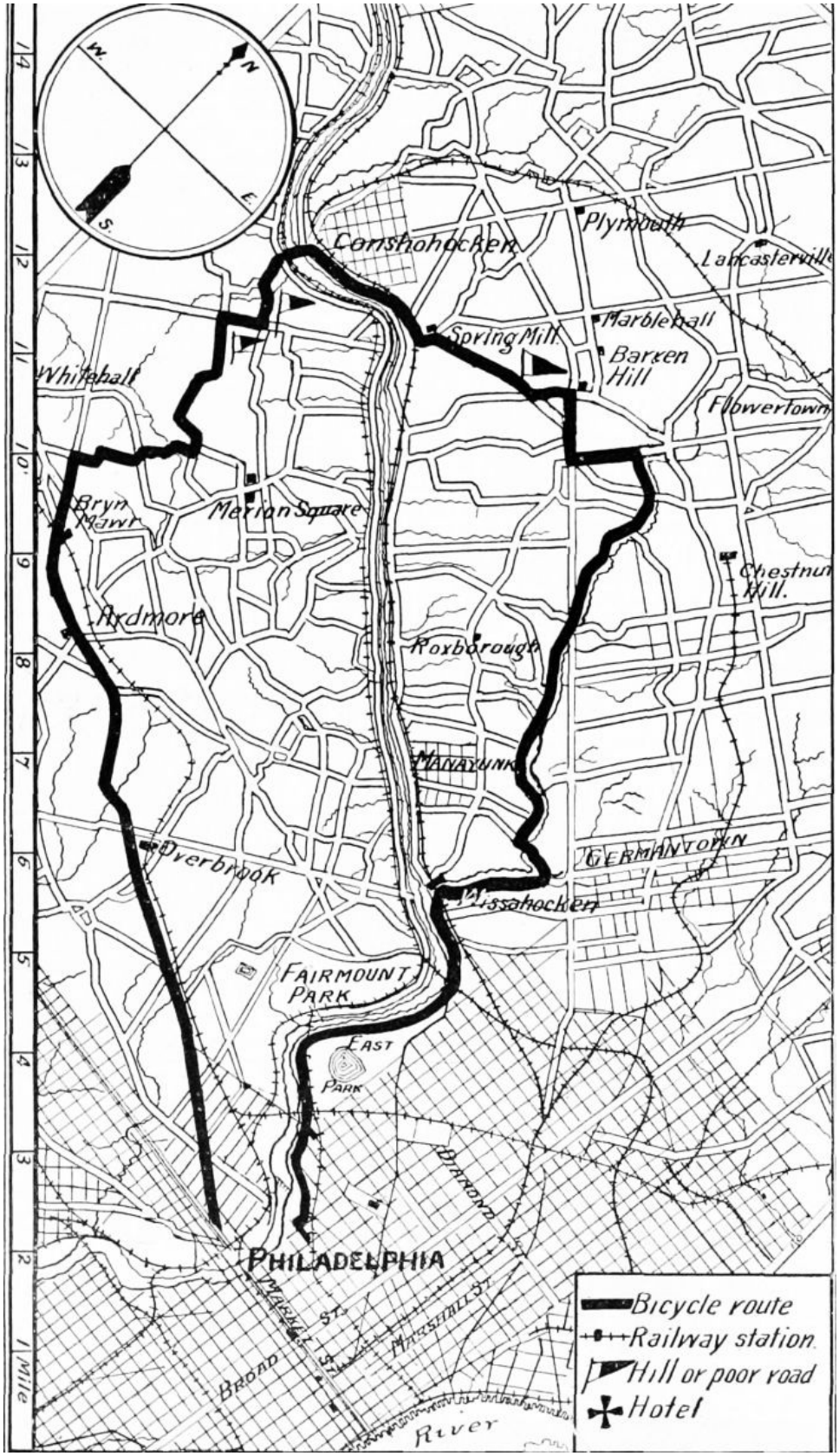
One of the prettiest and perhaps the best trip for an afternoon ride in the vicinity of Philadelphia is to run up through Fairmount Park, following the Wissahickon, which is a branch of the Schuylkill, and return to Philadelphia by Bryn-Mawr. The distance altogether is about thirty-three or thirty-four miles, and the road is not only a fine one from a bicyclist's point of view, but is most picturesque, cool, and pleasant. Leaving the public buildings at Broad and Market streets, proceed as described last week, up Broad Street to Spring Garden Street; turning left into this follow it to the bridge, but instead of crossing this turn to the right through East Park, leaving the reservoir on the right, and then keeping to the Schuylkill until Street Lane is crossed. Here the Wissahickon drive begins, and the grade from this point to the end of the drive, while it is not the most level, is not by any means too hilly for pleasant bicycle riding. At the end of the Wissahickon drive turn left into the new road, which has been recently opened, thence turn right up the Ridge Road, and continue on to Barren Hill. Here you should turn sharp to the left again, and run down a hill, keeping to the right at its foot. This road carries you on to Spring Mill, and from here the road again, running along by the Schuylkill, will bring you into Conshohocken, a distance of seventeen miles and a half from the public buildings in Philadelphia. The road along the route is gravel, but it is good bicycling over almost every foot of it. There is no very good stopping-place in Conshohocken, but the wheelman will find a road-house which will serve the purpose of a noonday meal very well.

Leaving Conshohocken, cross the river, going south westward, then continuing southward, follow the route marked on the map to Bryn-Mawr, the road from Conshohocken until Lancaster Avenue is reached being easily followed with the exception of a sharp turn to the right soon after crossing the river, and another turn to the left a few moments later. From Bryn-Mawr through Ardmore, Overbrook, into Market Street at the ferry, is a straight run along Lancaster Avenue, which is paved with Belgian block pavement from the point where it is joined by Fifty-fourth Street to Forty-third Street, but is otherwise a capital bicycle route. A somewhat pleasanter way to return from Conshohocken is to follow the western bank of the Schuylkill until you strike Belmont Avenue. This is in capital condition, and will carry you through Fairmount Park. On reaching Elm Avenue, turn left, and again turn left into Girard Avenue, and from this point either continue, crossing the river and running down Grand Avenue to Grand Street, or turn to the right just before crossing and follow the western bank of the river as far as Spring Garden Street, where another crossing may be made, and the return to the public buildings followed as already described.

[Pg 805]

As was said last week, Philadelphia is most admirably suited for bicycling, but it would be difficult to find a more picturesque road than that which runs up through Fairmount Park or East Park and out towards the source of the Wissahickon, and this run is one of the best that can be found not only in the vicinity of Philadelphia, but anywhere in the United States.

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Tottenville to Trenton in 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in 821. Philadelphia in No. 221.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Girls and Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

This Pudding Stick will be a very practical affair. In these summer days, when families are separated, or young people are paying visits to their friends, a great many letters must be written, and it is well to know

what sort of stationery to use, what sort of ink is best, and, in brief, to understand the small details which make a letter or note graceful and elegant. The reverse of elegance is caused by lack of attention to what seem to be mere trifles, yet, in a way, nothing is trifling.

Thick white note-paper without lines is the approved style for young ladies, the sheet of note-paper folded once in the middle to fit an envelope which comes with the paper. Little girls may use the pretty Brownie paper, or other note-paper with a dainty device in the corner; but girls over twelve years of age should confine themselves to the clear smooth white paper. If you cannot write without lines to keep your words from a zigzag course, slip in between the folds of your paper a heavily ruled sheet, which will be a guide until practice enables you to control your hand so that you can keep your writing straight and even without an outside help.

Use black ink and a good pen, steel or gold, as you prefer. Keep your pen in perfect order.

At the top of your paper, a little to the right hand, write very plainly your post-office address. If your house has a special name, as, for instance, "Sunnyside," "The Owlery," "The Wren's Nest," "Riverbank," that will be first mentioned, but must be followed by the names of your town, or village, county, and State. It is important to give each of these in full. If you reside in a city, your street and number must be plainly written at the top of your letter. Should your letters be sent to a post-office box, instead of to your house, give the number of the box. Never omit these details. You cannot be sure that the most intimate friend will not be glad to save herself the trouble of looking up your address, and the proper thing is to be methodical and begin a letter with care.

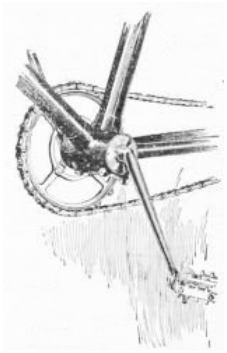
Of course, in corresponding with your parents, sisters, and brothers, or dear schoolmates, you may be very affectionate in your expressions. "Dearest Mother," "Darling Papa," "My Own Dear Mollie," are all appropriate if your heart prompts you to write in this way to your home people. It is well to be less demonstrative with others, and "Dear Susie," or "My Dear John," are in better taste when writing to your cousins at a distance. "Dear" is considered less formal than "My Dear." Should you have occasion to write a letter of business, make clear to your correspondent what you wish to say. Business letters should be straightforward and to the point, and as short as is consistent with telling all that ought to be told. Home letters, and letters of affection, as also letters written when on a journey may be as long as you choose, and as far as possible, should be written as you would talk, a letter being a talk on paper to a friend out of sight.

No part of a letter is of more consequence than the signature. I sometimes receive letters from strangers, and am wholly unable to ascertain the names of the writers, their signature being so hurriedly written that it is what we call blind. Do you not think it worth while to write your name plainly when you remember that the name stands for you wherever you go, that it represents your character, that its lack makes a legal document worthless, and adds worth to whatever it is affixed? Always write your name in full at the end of every letter, preceding it by "Yours sincerely," or "Faithfully yours," or "Your loving daughter," or any other appropriate form or phrase.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK.

The Cranks of a Columbia Bicycle



differ from all other bicycle cranks. Easy to take off, easy to clean bearings, easy to put back. No nuts or bolts to work loose or catch trousers.

Look like one piece; *are* one piece mechanically.

One of the many improvements that maintain Columbia Standard.

"1896 Machine in 1895."

GET THE NEAREST AGENT TO EXPLAIN.

POPE MANUFACTURING CO.

GENERAL OFFICE AND FACTORIES, HARTFORD, CONN.

BRANCH STORES:

BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, PROVIDENCE, PHILADELPHIA, BUFFALO, BROOKLYN, BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON, SAN FRANCISCO

Postage Stamps, &c.

100 all dif. Venezuela, Costa Rica, etc., only 10c.; 200 all dif. Hayti, Hawaii, etc., only 50c. Ag'ts wanted at 50 per ct. com. List FREE!

C. A. Stegmann, 2722 Eads Av., St. Louis, Mo.

---

100 all different, China, etc., 10c.; 5 Saxony, 10c.; 40 Spain, 40c.; 6 Tunis, 14c.; 10 U. S. Revenues, 10c. Agts. wtd., 50% com.; '95 list free.

CRITTENDEN & BORGMAN CO., Detroit, Mich.

BAKER sells recitations and PLAYS

23 Winter St., Boston

CATALOGUES FREE.

Good Music

Franklin Square Song Collection.

GOOD MUSIC arouses a spirit of good-will, creates a harmonious atmosphere, and where harmony and good-will prevail, the disobedient, turbulent, unruly spirit finds no resting-place. Herbert Spencer puts his final test of any plan of culture in the form of a question, "Does it create a pleasurable excitement in the pupils?" Judged by this criterion, Music deserves the first rank, for no work done in the school room is so surely creative of pleasure as singing. Do we not all agree, then, that Vocal Music has power to benefit every side of the child nature? And in these days, when we seek to make our schools the arenas where children may grow into symmetrical, substantial, noble characters, can we afford to neglect so powerful an aid as Music? Let us as rather encourage it in every way possible.

Nowhere can you find for Home or School a better Selection Of Songs and Hymns than in the Franklin Square Song Collection.

Sold Everywhere. Price, 50 cents; Cloth, $1.00. Full contents of the Several Numbers, with Specimen Pages of favorite Songs and Hymns, Sent by Harper & Brothers, New York, to any address. [Pg 806]

A Treat for the Music Rack.

At the close of my former "Anecdotes of Von Bülow," I wrote against the German conservatories in general, and against Stuttgart in particular. Here are a few sentences on the same subject taken from an article by John C. Filmore which appeared in the December issue of *Music*:

"Touch in general is of two kinds, that based upon the blow principle and that based upon the principle of pressure. The former was the kind of touch universally prevalent. It is exemplified in extreme degree in Plaidy's *Technical Studies*, and in Lebhert and Stark. Unmodified by other ideals, it produces a hard, rigid, unelastic touch, and a corresponding dryness and monotony of tone quality such as makes really expressive and artistic piano-playing impossible. This is the reason why the Stuttgart Conservatory, with its hundreds of pupils, yearly turns out no real artists. The pressure principle has found place in the playing of many European pedagogues without being adequately analyzed or explained. Julius Knorr and his pupils employed this kind of touch with beautiful effect; but if any of them even so much as mentioned the distinction between blow and pressure, I have never been able to hear of it.

"The two most valuable means of producing that condition of the nervous and muscular apparatus on which a sympathetic touch, based on the pressure principle, depends, are, so far as I am aware, the two-finger exercise of Dr. William Mason, and the up-arm touch. This latter is very lightly touched upon in the first volume of Mason's *Touch and Technic*; but it is of enormous value, as I have had occasion to know in the experience of the last years, and vastly more can be done with it than most players and teachers are aware."

I also stated in my last that Von Bülow was not a *great* pianist. But that he was a *popular* pianist there can be no doubt, though why he was popular it is hard to understand; for, according to Finck, Von Bülow was a pianist in whom the intellectual greatly overbalanced the technical and emotional; and so his playing, while it might be interesting in a certain sense, was really dry from its lack of the emotional quality. Perhaps if Von Bülow had been born half a century later he might have been a greater pianist, for at present the advantages for piano students are much greater than formerly.

I suppose that when Von Bülow was young Stuttgart and similar schools were in the lead, and from those his technic touch and emotional tendencies could not be as fully developed as at the present day—not in Germany, but rather in Paris, or even in the great musical centres of our own country. But the great advantage that the "Home of Music" has over us is in her concerts and opera; not so much quality as quantity, and at *cheaper rates*. We have good concerts, but so few, comparatively, and too high-priced for the average person to attend many. How can a violin or a piano student in this country hear many violinists or pianists? It is in this respect that Germany is far ahead of us; while it is in her system of piano teaching and playing that she is pedantic and behind the age; and the sooner she awakens to a realization of the unfortunate truth, the better it will be for our nevertheless ever dear beloved Germany.

MARIE THÉRÈSE BERGE.
NEW YORK CITY.

The Helping Hand.

We are glad to announce that the sum for the Willie A. Grant memorial stone has been secured, the contributors being:

A Friend, Maine	$1.00
Grant Knauff	1.00
Sallie F. Hodges	.25
Grace Pearl Richards	.25
James F. Rodgers	.25
Fred W. Baxter	1.00
Thomas W. Smythe	.50
Helen Hunt Ermentrout	.50
Fanny C. McIlvaine	.25
James W. Gerard, India	1.00
———	
The amount needed	$6.00

These sums are given to place a Grant memorial stone in the School Building, Sir William having contributed to the Fund $2.50. He was a Brooklyn member, and died last year.

The following contributions have reached us since last report:

Robert I. Wilson	.10
W. S. M. Silber	1.00
Hubert and James Mitchell, Truman and John Pierce, Samuel Canfield, and Allen Russell	5.20
Miss J. F. Gillespie	1.75
George Pierce	2.00
Kirk Munroe Chapter, of Kingman, Ariz.	1.00
Iswa Finchon, South Africa	2.55
Henry S. Canby	1.00
G. W. Hinckley	1.00
Lancelot Chapter, of Newtonville, Mass.	3.00
Edison Chapter, of Bangor, Me.	2.00
Virgilia M. Porter	.50
Edith Cartledge	5.00
S. A. Rulon, Jun.	.10
Ruth S. Earle	.10
Belvidere Chapter, of Daretown, N. J.	5.00
Cornelius Newman	.10
Cornelius S. Lombardi	1.00
Paul E. Good	1.00
Leonard, Florence, and Helen Whittier	1.00
Lois S. Miller	1.00
Esther R Custer	1.00
	———
	36.40

The Order is to raise $3000, if possible, and still needs about $1000. Any sum from anybody is welcome. The Fund is to build an Industrial Schoolhouse for the boys at Good Will Farm. These boys are orphans and known to be deserving.

GOOD WILL MITE

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FUND

Amount, $.....

.....

Contributor.

This money is contributed, not because it is asked for, but because I want to give it.

If you use this Good Will Mite, simply pin it to your letter, in order that it may be detached for filing. If the amount is given by more than one contributor, add blanks for their names, but attach the added sheet firmly to the Mite, that it may not become detached and lost. Include a given name in each case, and write plainly, to avoid errors on the Honor Roll.

Kinks.

No. 92.—Beheadings.

The beheaded letters, if rightly guessed, will spell the name of a famous English revolutionist.

1. Behead cowardly, and leave a large black bird.
2. Behead a skating pavilion, and leave a writing-fluid.
3. Behead a fruit, and leave to exist.
4. Behead a red pigment, and leave a serpent.
5. Behead to blow gently, and leave abaft.
6. Behead an occurrence, and leave an opening.
7. Behead to bind, and leave a unit.
8. Behead a den, and leave atmosphere.

No. 93.—Coin of the Realm.

Men will fight for sterling silver,
And hoard the shining gold;
For the dollar is almighty,
With uses manifold.

There are various other moneys
Not taken in account,
That have their special values
And uses paramount.

1. There's one that's hard and brittle,
Grayish or silvery white;
'Tis used in bells and mirrors
To make them clean and bright.

2. One oft purchases an office.
Which never should be sold.
3. One's the heritage of children,
In goods or lands or gold.

4. This one ushers in another,
5. A union of two lives—
Oft a curious kind of lottery
For husbands or for wives.

6. This is paid as compensation
To many an injured wife;
7. And this is used as medicine—
Mayhap 'twill save a life.

8. This one curses every miser,
9. And this will bitter be;
10. This is useful confirmation,
11. And this makes all agree.

No. 94.—Five Words Squares.

```
****  ****
****  ****
****  ****
**********
   ****
   ****
**********
****  ****
****  ****
****  ****
```

Upper left-hand square.—1. To exist. 2. A metal. 3. Not good. 4. Extremities.
Upper right-hand square.—1. To make a sound. 2. What heathens worship. 3. A knot. 4. A dale.
Central square.—1. To utter with musical sounds. 2. A stone image. 3. Part of the head. 4. Joy.
Lower left-hand square.—1. To bluster. 2. A notion. 3. Tidy. 4. Outer door.
Lower right-hand square.—1. Snakelike fishes. 2. To publish. 3. An acid fruit. 4. A pace.

Answers to Kinks.

No. 90.—Ben Bolt.

Odo. Mat. Shadrack. Fish. Ord. Count. Sam. Mesheck. Bert. Hook. Key. Banks. Lear. Abe. Abednego. Pasha. Eve. Herod. Olive. Hemans. Ham. Ibsen. Kit. Wayne. Church. Atlas. Will Low. King. Bird. Sargent.

No. 91.

N A M E
E D I S
S O L O
T S E R

Questions and Answers.

Howard Notman, Keene Valley, N. Y., is interested in beetles, and wants to get specimens from Florida, Mexico, Central and South America. In return he will send good American specimens. Barbara A.: The new badges are delayed by the decision about design. We shall, if possible, secure the new gold badges for fifty cents each. Margaret Slosson, Pittsford, Vt., says: "I would like to exchange fresh specimens—that is, ones not pressed—of ferns described in Gray's *Manual* of the botany of the northern United States. Will those wishing ferns please send list of ferns wanted, and list of ones for exchange?"

In the new form of the Round Table, the advertisements are to be bound into the complete volume. Not a few people think the advertisements far too interesting to throw away. Florence E. Cowan, who belongs to a Chapter that has been most active in helping the School Fund, suggests that the Order gives to Good Will a library. We like the suggestion, but think the best plan is to first finish the Fund. Rebekah Philips Dixon, 1513 Jackson Street, San Francisco. Cal., wants to hear from anybody interested in college yells and colors, and especially asks "M. T." who started the discussion about yells, to write her.

The Lafayette Chapter, Norman Hart, Easton, Pa., is to begin publication of *Leisure Hours*, and wants original contributions that are short, say 300 words. The Lafayette is an active Chapter, and its paper ought to be a good one. [Pg 807]

A Good Trick in Dominoes.

Here is a trick played with dominoes which may be new: Spread out a set of dominoes upon the table, being careful to extract one for your own use. Inform the company that if they will match the dominoes you have laid down, using every domino, you will, after leaving the room, determine the numbers at either end of the match. You then leave the room, and read the numbers on your stolen domino. This will almost infallibly prove to be the end numbers of the match. When the match has been formed and concealed by a handkerchief, you enter the room and announce the end numbers.

Vincent V. M. Beede.

This Department is conducted in the interest of stamp and coin collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on these subjects so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

Have you noticed that U. S. stamps are now printed on water-marked paper? The water-mark can be seen quite plainly in the blank margin, but is very indistinct in the stamps themselves. It consists of the letters U S P S in double line capitals 16 mm. high repeated, and the probable intention was to have one of the letters on each stamp. But if so the work has been carelessly done by the paper-makers, as there are only ninety letters to the one hundred stamps, together with the two blank margins on the two sides of each sheet. The arrangement is as follows:

P S U S P S U S P
S U S P S U S P S
U S P S U S P S U
S P S U S P S U S
P S U S P S U S P

S U S P S U S P S
U S P S U S P S U
S P S U S P S U S
P S U S P S U S P
S U S P S U S P S

Only nine letters horizontally, to each of the ten lines. It is to be hoped that the Postmaster-General will have the paper made in such a way that each and every stamp will have the same water-mark. Why not use the letters U. S. on each stamp? They could be made 4 or 5 mm. high, and be plainly seen. The New South Wales stamps, for instance, are marked "N. S. W.," with a crown above. So far as I have seen, the present water-mark appears on the following stamps: 1c. blue; 2c. red, on all three types of the triangle; 8c. purple, and 10c. dark green.

A. Cort.—The dealers sell quarters of 1819 at 75c., dimes of 1838-39 at 20c. each. Age has nothing to do with the value of a coin. You can buy some coins 2000 years old and over at 25c. each at the dealers.

Alice Calhoun.—Impossible to answer your question as value depends on what the stamps are. You can buy a packet of 1000 varieties of stamps from dealers for $15.

M. C. W.—Sold by dealers at 8c.

A. Ball.—The initials D. G. on coins mean "Deo Gratia," that is "By the grace of God." Almost all mottoes and inscriptions on coins are in Latin, and usually with many abbreviations.

H. B. Caring, Rochester, N.Y.—I have a letter for you which has been returned from Rochester.

Philatus.

DOCTOR. "WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN EATING LATELY?"

PATIENT. "WELL, YESTERDAY I ATE ABOUT THREE DOZEN NAILS, TWO TIN PLATES, THREE CHAIR RUNGS, ONE-HALF A RAW POTATO —"

DOCTOR. "THAT'S IT; YOUR STOMACH IS TOO SENSITIVE TO STAND UNCOOKED VEGETABLES."

THE LITTLE GARDENER.

"Why, Wilbur, what are you doing?" asked Wilbur's father, as he saw the boy burying his little engine in the ground.

"I's plantin' this engine," said Wilbur. "I want a lot more of 'em, and I's plantin' zis one so's we'll have an engine-tree."

A WISE CHOICE.

"I'd rather be a policeman than a burglar," said Jack. "Burglars have to work nights."

"So do policemen," said Bob.

"Maybe," said Jack; "but they have uniforms and brass buttons, and burglars haven't."

AN EXCUSE.

"Tommie, your spelling report is very bad," said Mr. Hicks to his boy.

"That's all right, papa," said Tommie. "When I grow up I'm going to dictate all my letters, like you do. It's the type-writer that'll have to know spelling, not me."

Whenever he felt two stitches in his side
The little old philosopher cried:
  "I'm lucky, I think; don't you?
If one in time saves nine, as they say,
I'd have had eighteen of 'em some day
  If it wasn't for these two!"

A BAD COMBINATION.

"Far as I can see," observed Jack, after his bicycle accident, "a bicycle's just as skittish as a horse."

"It's worse," said Willie. "My bike not only threw me like a horse, but turned back and gored me with the bar-handles like a bull."

A LITTLE TOMMIE QUESTION.

"Say, mamma," said little Tommie, looking up from his tin soldiers, "do angels put their heads under their wings like turkeys when they go to sleep?"

HIS MEMORY.

JOHNNY. "I can't remember the name of that little girl I met at Newport."

PAPA. "You must improve your memory. That little girl had a very common name. Now guess—what happens before meat?"

JOHNNY. "The sharpening of the knife."

OLLIE'S OPINION.

If the two "z's" in buzzard
  Are because it buzzes, then
I think that in "mosquito"
  There should be eight or ten.

MAMMA. "Bobby, which rule in school do you find the hardest?"

BOBBY. "The teacher's."

Little Ella, hearing her father speak of putting something aside for a rainy day, broke out with the remark,

"Oh, papa! I've got an umbrella laid aside for that."

JACK. "I think my brother is an awful cross fellow."

MOTHER. "Don't you think you're a little to blame at times, Jack!"

JACK. "No; because he can't help it—it's the W in his name makes the *ill Will*."

JIMMY'S FUTURE.

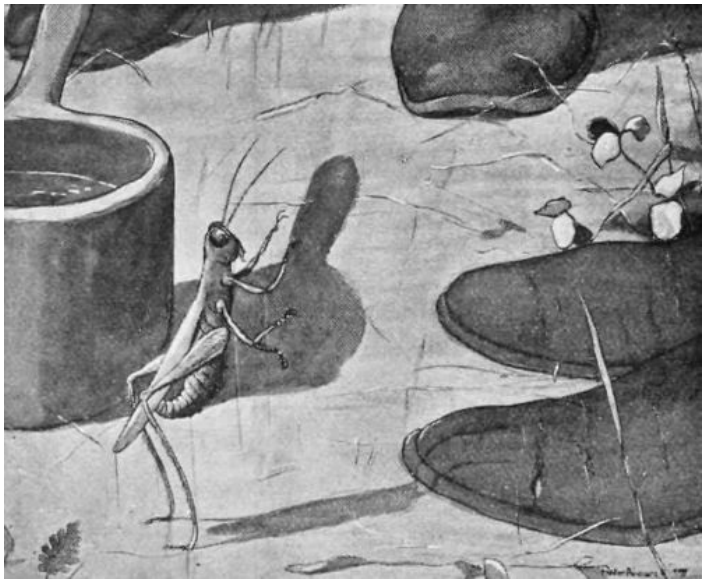
JIMMY. "When I grow up I'm going to be a school-teacher."

PAPA. "Why do you want to be a school-teacher?"

JIMMY. "'Cos you don't have to know the lessons yourself—you just have to hear them out of a book."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the fish, as it glanced at the bait
  That hung so temptingly by;
"By your silence I see you're intended to be
  Rather too pointed to try."

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CIDER PIGGIN.



A hoppergrass, one sunny day,
Turning hand-springs amid the hay,
  O'erleaped himself, and fell into
  A piggin of good apple brew.

"Shame on you, thirsty little one,"
Cried the haymakers in the sun;
  The hopper took one draught, and then,
  Ere he flew off, addressed the men:

"Good sirs," quoth he, "although one swallow
Does not make summer, it would follow
  That several swallows were at fault
  If you had made that summersault."

FOOTNOTES:

[1] "On Board the Ark" is a sequel to "The Strange Adventures of Tommy Toddles," which began in No. 790.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

> This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.

• You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
• You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation’s EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state’s laws.

The Foundation’s business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation’s website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.