

YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS

MARY ROBSON MCGILL



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You and Your Friends

MARY ROBSON MCGILL

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DEDICATORY.

To one to whom it were not given to wear the royal robes of learning nor stand as censor in the courts of culture, to one to whom the social canon, polished phrase or subtle sneer are all unknown, but one who could advance and stand before a throne, with childlike wonder but no servile fear, and in the rugged grandeur of his soul and great nobility of nature meet recognition due a gentleman, this book is dedicated. This one, my father.

PREFATORY INTRODUCTION.



EVERY book contains one or more of these ingredients in its composition: that which is dull; that which is pleasing; that which is entertaining; that which is intellectually profitable; that which is instructive.

If it consist of the first alone, or as a predominant quality, the sympathies of the considerate go out to the foredoomed reader. Whether the remaining ingredients appear singly, in pairs, or as a whole, it matters not; the book is worth while.

There is nothing more entertaining in a book than the mental and verbal pictures of a community of contemporaneous people, engaged in the activities of life which go to make up civilization, as drawn upon the pages reflecting their daily hopes, aspirations, ambitions, struggles, triumphs, philosophies and philosophic intellectualities. These pictures are pleasing and entertaining to their contemporaries who know and appreciate the originals. To the intelligent student of life a generation or more hence they will not only furnish pleasurable entertainment but profitable instruction, since they will bring him face to face with actual human beings in the midst of the hurly-burly of life's activities. They will hold up to him the mirrored image of that which and those whom have passed beyond material ken down the receding vista of Time — a faithful reflex of the To-day of Hope to These; the Yesterday of Achievement to Those.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER TAYLOR.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.

“All these things I myself saw.”—Virgil

IN PRESENTING to the public in book form selections from my newspaper writings, comprising interviews, slight character sketches, special news stories, descriptions and bits of verse, I have simply reproduced that which men of critical capacity, in determining what should be submitted to the public, have published in leading newspapers of Columbus and other cities, save in comparatively rare instances specified unpublished. These exceptions have also been read by editors of experience.

No one's name has been introduced concerning whom I had not written prior to the conception of this book. I make this statement in justice to the hundreds whose names appear herein and in consideration of hosts of interesting and lovable people whom I did not chance to interview or portray in any story prior to the close of the period in the plan of this book.

My chief aim has been to hold crystalized the atmosphere of interest that enveloped those whom I met professionally in the first seven years of my work, beginning in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-Seven and extending through Nineteen Hundred Four—a period replete with the events that marked the close of the last and the beginning of the present century.

These events included the Sinking of the Maine; War between United States and Spain; Dewey at Manila; Surrender of Spanish Army; War in the Philippines; British-Boer War; the assassination of the President of the United States, and the acquisition of island territory that changed existing conditions on several continents as materially as the Louisiana Purchase, the centennial celebration of which took place in this same period.

In these pages is found not the history of these extraordinary years, but the record of what men and women said and did in the critical times when they shaped to new conditions as water shapes to ships. Not alone in that which called for serious thought are they portrayed, but in the lighter hours when diversions, projects, ambitions and achievements claimed attention.

No claim to historical adequacy or biographical finality is made for this publication. Save in the story of “Former Mayors,” I have avoided biographical matter. However, interviews and sketches arranged as nearly as possible in chrono-

logical order in a sense form a continuous narrative concerning interesting individuals and incidents extraordinary.

Believing it impossible to change that which was written for special features without changing the atmosphere too greatly, I have not attempted to adjust the characters delineated to fit the places they occupy today. They may have gone up or down in the political, professional or social scale, but as I saw them in the years that have vanished they appear in these pages.

If "*You and Your Friends*" are disappointed with results do as I did — blame the editors, who "always left out the very best part."

It is thought this book occupies an unique field, as none is known of like design where the opportunity for variation in scenes and themes of more than passing interest was so pronounced. While it has a local atmosphere, men of state and national reputation and citizens of the world talk from it; among these are Gen. Joe Wheeler, Robert Ingersoll, Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee, Melba, David Francis, and W. J. Bryan.

Much of my verse appears in this book in compliance with the wishes of friends who desire to preserve that which claimed their attention in different newspapers from time to time; principally such verse as "The Apron String", published in the Columbus Press and New York Times upon the occasion of Admiral Dewey's visit to Columbus; "I Am So Tired", suggested by the words of President McKinley in the last week of his life, appearing in the Columbus Dispatch the Sunday following his death; "Ohio's Men" written for "Ohio Day" at the Louisiana Exposition and used in St. Louis and Cincinnati newspapers, and the "Hoc Hocking Hills" published in the Ohio State Journal date unknown. Similar requests regarding stories of "Mining Life," "Foreign Villages in Ohio," "Life on the Levee," "A Working Girl in Columbus" could not be granted, as these stories form a book.

For another reason I could not comply with the wishes of a number of Governor Pattison's friends, and include in this publication an interview with him during his last illness; as this talk, secured for the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune—the only one given a newspaper representative for publication while he was Governor of Ohio — would form an anachronism, as it took place two years after the time covered.

With some whom I met it was "Hail and Farewell," others are still on my "staff" and it is with a feeling of deep appreciation I recall that the best thought of the best minds enriches my stories. But it is said that good wine asserts itself, if not in the drinking, after it is down, so let the book assert itself.

MARY ROBSON MCGILL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The author gratefully acknowledges obligations to Mr. J. K. Mercer, the "Columbus Evening Dispatch," the "Columbus Citizen" and the "Ohio State Journal" for many "cuts" used in illustration, also to the friends whose interest has been a source of encouragement under many difficulties, for this book has been an experiment, and, like most experiments, a costly one. Only the boundless patience of those having it in charge could have accomplished what in the beginning seemed comparatively easy.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THEIR FIRST DOLLAR.

Among the large number of special features that will appear in *The Sunday Press* tomorrow one of extraordinary interest profusely illustrated will appeal to central Ohio readers. During the past week many of the most prominent citizens of Columbus have "been brought up standing" by the inquiry propounded by *The Press*, "How did you earn your first dollar?"

The answers are not only amusing but instructive. They are some thirty in number from gentlemen in every walk of life, commonly described "as well-to-do," clergymen, lawyers, judges, physicians, politicians, bankers, educators, manufacturers and merchants. No better account of the early struggles and privations out of which grew the fortunes and personal eminence of the successful men of today could be given than that afforded by this series of interviews in which these gentlemen answer the query of *The Press* in their own words. The general public will recognize their names at a glance and will later perceive that a strong and profitable moral underlies the relation of each individual effort to obtain "the first dollar."

The article proves conclusively that the present prosperity of Columbus is due to the self-reliance, integrity and judicious economy of her successful citizens. A fact which the youth of today may wisely take into serious consideration.

CIGAR FACTORY GIRLS

Mary Robson will describe a visit among working girls in a Columbus cigar factory, from which she obtained some very interesting impressions of the condition of working girls in general in this city and the subject of this article in particular.—*Press*.

IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY.

"In the Name of Humanity" will be the title of an article by Mary Robson descriptive of a day spent with the attorney and humane officer of the city. It will tell in a graphic manner the daily routine of those who are interested in the prevention and punishment of cruelty of all kinds.—*Press*.

SUPREME COURT.

"The full page devoted to gossip about the Supreme Court of Ohio and the men who compose it, by Mary McGill, with the illustrations sketched from life by *The State Journal's* own artist, was filled with interesting facts about the highest court in the state and was a graphic pen picture of the manner in which the court works."

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN.

The views of the representative women of the state on the Parker bill proposing to regulate marriage have been often surmised since the subject was first presented, but yesterday the *State Journal* was able to publish a symposium of opinion from the first women of Columbus that answered the question fully and in an intensely interesting manner. It was the first public expression from some of the women who mould public opinion and demonstrated how clearly and cogently the women of today think on great social questions and how clearly and pointedly they express themselves.

Mary Robson has been interviewing many members of the Fourteenth Regiment, touching upon their readiness for war. The result of her interviews will appear tomorrow, including the views of Col. Coit, Rev. Dr. Moore and a large number of officers and privates.—*Press*.

FAVORITE DIVERSIONS.

"Mary McGill's interesting interviews with representative citizens on the question of their favorite diversions was both timely and readable at a season when outdoor life is beginning to present its attractions and gave an interesting insight into the recreations of Columbus people."—*State Journal*.

MEALS AT CAMP BUSHNELL.

"In an article touching upon the humorous as well as the serious side of camp life, Mary Robson will describe 'Meals at Camp Bushnell,' showing how all social lines are eliminated in the daily associations of this tented city."—*Press*.

SHALL WE KEEP THE PHILIPPINES?

The live problem of the proper policy of the United States toward the Philippines was discussed in an exclusive interview with Hon Charles Denby, whose fourteen years as

United States minister to China made his opinion on the eastern question authoritative, was supplemented with interesting interviews on this same subject secured by Mary McGill. —*State Journal*.

COLD WELCOME AT THE STATE HOUSE.

The story, "Cold Welcome at the State House," published in last Sunday's *Journal*, caused some discussion of the question involved who shall decide if the people, driven to hard, incessant toil for six days of each week, shall be permitted to see the treasures of books and relics in the State House on Sunday.

These discussions and the great interest manifested in the subject were such that a number of Columbus citizens of various vocations were asked to voice their views of it. The inquiries were made without discrimination in a political sense and the replies tell their story. — *Extract from Story "People Demand Admittance to the State House."*

The story was followed by a series of inter-

views in which the will of the people was expressed under heads, "Public Sentiment Demands an Open Capitol," "Statesmen Declare the State House Should be Open," etc.

RELIC ROOM AND LIBRARY.

"The *State Journal* agitation on the subject of opening the relic room and State Library to visitors on Sunday has been successful. Too much praise can hardly be given to Senator Harding and his energetic combat with prejudice in this case. In a town which is kept wide open under Democratic administration it is incredible that there should be opposition to opening places of real interest to the people of the state. A little experience will show that the new move is one in behalf of good order and morality."

IS IT "MANQUEE?."

I have danced on the crest of your favor,
I have quaffed of the wine of your praise,
I have tasted your life's sweetest flavor,
And you've thrown me a chaplet of bays;
But 'twas cheapened before you had tossed it,
So I flung it back with disdain. —
And the world said of course that I lost it,
While "Manquee," was tacked to my name.

For I studied your lights and your shadows.
I sounded the hearts of your men.—
Then I threw and lost on your dice board —
I may throw — and lose again;
For you say I must be like your women,
Restraining my heart with fine tact,—
But I find I am far too human —
I must live where the heart can act.—

For in some way great nature gave wildness
That fits with the haunts I once knew,
Till I tire of your unchanging mildness
And barbarian like, fret you.—
Yes, the strain of my wild blood still lingers,
And it cannot be trained to flow
From the heart to the tips of the fingers
In a stream that is calm and slow.

And altho I may seem to be quiet,
There is still the electric flame —
That rushes along in mad riot —
From the heart to the folds of the brain.—
You meant to be kind to one who was strange
To your world and the haunts of men,
But a wild heart caged will long for a change,
And seek its old freedom again.

So I turn to the real from the seeming
To the ways that are simple and true,
For the clink of your gold and its gleaming
Hath no power great unrest to subdue.

Yes, it's back to the tall tree shadows —
And my nights alone with the stars,
For your city has crippled my soul wings.
It has held me in prison bars.

—*Mary Robson McGill.*

THE FIRST DOLLAR EARNED BY REPRESENTATIVE CITIZENS.

"How did you earn your first dollar?"

They were all boys for a little while—these well-to-do men of to-day—as my question caused their thoughts to go drifting back to a time closely allied to that of the first trousers, the first pair of red-topped boots, the first suspenders in which chubby hands took a "hitch," or the first header down a hill followed by the admiring yells of boyish friends.

They are successful men now, many of them occupying high places, and the world acknowledges what supremacy they have attained, but they turned away from the rush and push and scramble of life and all things that demanded their time and attention to recall the day in which they seemed to take such a stride toward manhood, the hour that



JUDGE BADGER STACKED STRAW.

crowned their young lives, the moment in which the fruition of youthful ambition was attained, in the hour which saw each rewarded with the first product of juvenile toil—the first dollar. Never having been a boy you

may think that I am not authority on this subject, but my hypothesis is based upon the manner in which the representative men of Columbus answered the question, "How did you earn your first dollar?"



JUDGE EVANS SOLD HICKORY NUTS.

Let me tell you in their own words what it meant to them:

JUDGES IN EMBRYO.

Judge Badger, with courtly grace, came down from the bench to talk of his boyhood days. Said he: "A dollar was a great big thing to me in those days, and I never remember receiving that amount for any particular work, but I used to stack straw behind a threshing machine for twenty-five cents per day, and carried water to harvest hands for the same sum. I worked for Squire David Haskell, who was quite a politician and well remembered by many Columbus people. It is most interesting to recall one's first effort in the line of making money for oneself."

Through Judge Badger's courtesy I was enabled to see Judge Evans, who answered:

YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS.

boys used to go out after a rain or frost and "I never received the first money I earned, but the first that I did get was selling hickory nuts. I was brought up on a farm and we



JUDGE BIGGER LUGGED A SURVEYOR'S CHAIN.

many times we would gather a bushell at a time. But what always bothered me was the money I did not get. I raised a pig and sold it for six dollars and was not paid for it."



JUDGE PUGH SAVED HIS COUNTRY.

"Then you did not earn it," hazarded Judge Badger.

"Yes I did," stoutly persisted the other.

Then he called to another man: "Come on

in. Here's a woman who wishes to see the greatest rogue that ever entered the Criminal Court—so we have been waiting for you."

The words were addressed to Judge Bigger. "Now stand up here like a little man and give us your record."

Thus admonished Judge Bigger said his first attempt to earn money was carrying a chain for a surveyor. "And I felt big, I tell you," he said.

"Bigger than you have felt since?"

"Yes; and if you want my name. bad gram-



GEN. BEATTY "HOED DAT CORN."

mar and all, Thomas Moore Bigger." Then Judge Pugh entered and gave the simple, direct reply: "As a private soldier in the Union army." There was no need to say more. His work has been told in song and story for many years, but in the conversation that followed I learned that he enlisted in 1861, at the early age of sixteen, and the first money that he ever received was the \$13 paid to the private in the ranks. It is not given to many to count their first money along with a nation's gratitude.

Then came reminiscences of army life and stories of boyish pranks. The scene was one not to be forgotten. Judge Badger leaned

against the window sill, Judge Pugh tilted his chair back at a greater angle, Judge Bigger sat on the table and swung his feet like a school girl, and Judge Evans chewed wax and shifted his position every five seconds. Tell you of their talk? Might as well try to serve champagne after it has stood open several days. Flashing wit, sparkling repartee and gay laughter prevailed, while for half an hour I listened and forgot that they were dignified autocrats of the bench.

GEN. BEATTY'S EARLY STRUGGLES.

General Beatty answered: "My first venture after a dollar was hoeing corn for which I received seventy-five cents per day. I was talking with a friend not long ago who told me that he worked for \$15 per month. I told him I could beat that, as I had worked on a farm for \$10 per month. A young man who occupied the same seat in the car with us seemed much amused by our conversation and laughingly remarked that he would not think of accepting less than \$5 per week as salary. But times have changed and the young people of today are different from the boys and girls of our time. One would not think of offending the dignity of our young ladies and gentlemen by offering them the same compensation for work that we received and considered ourselves well paid."

And General Beatty told of many of his friends who had achieved fame and fortune beginning at the very lowest rung of the ladder.

BREWER AND BANKER.

Mr. Conrad Born said: "I worked at an early age for a contractor who was building a house for my father on a farm about three miles from Columbus. I was to be paid thirtysix cents per day for watering brick. I carried all the water and worked pretty hard. My father did not know of my contract with the contractor, but when all accounts were in, he had to pay me, for the other man left without doing so."

Said Mr. Howard Park:

"I earned my first money dropping corn and remember how delighted I was when paid, for I received three shining ten cent pieces instead of the "shin plasters" which were then in use. That silver money was treasured for many a year. I don't remember just what I eventually did with it, but I shall never forget the pleasure it afforded me. Dropping corn in those days differed greatly from the present

method in the amount of time required. It was very tedious. I carried a bucket of corn and dropped it one grain at a time, while a man followed me to cover it, but I was repaid for all my work by those silver pieces. They were so rare then"; and he glanced with a sigh at the stacks of silver and notes before him, while the boyish expression which had been on his face faded as he came back to the present with its crowding cares.



MR. BORN WATERED BRICK.

TOMPKINS THE GARDENER — LAZARUS THE NEWSBOY.

Hon. Emmet Tompkins was quite busy but left the men with whom he was engaged, and a look of care vanished as he replied to my question:

"Really, I don't remember — oh, yes, I do; I earned my first dollar working in a garden in McConville, and now that the remembrance of it comes back to me, it recalls as happy days as I ever passed."

Mr Ralph Lazarus made the instant response: "My first dollar was earned by selling newspapers from the old stand on East State street. I used to go after the papers about 4:30 o'clock, and when the weather was bad you can imagine how unpleasant it was standing around an old basement long before daylight. It was hard work, but I am very proud of having earned my first dollar as a newsboy." Lost in the recollections of the past,

he seemed not to see the crowds of men and women about him, but in imagination was once more a boy. The thought of a great,



MR. TOMPKINS AS A GARDENER.

big stack of dollars might bring a more exultant look, but never one more tender than that which was aroused by the recollection of



NEWSBOY LAZARUS.

how he earned his first money. I left him with the shadow of the past still upon his face.

MR. BASSELL TOOK CASTOR OIL.

Such ready command of words as is possessed by the manager of the Chittenden! It was like touching the button of an electric bell for I remember saying, "Mr. Bassell, good morning," or something like that, and in a moment he was saying, "Taking a dose of castor oil."

"Taking a dose of castor oil?" I gasped, in bewilderment.

"Yes," said he, "didn't you ask me how I earned my first dollar?"

You see he answered me so quickly that I hardly realized having made the inquiry.

"It may seem like a jest," he continued,



MR. BASSELL TOOK CASTOR OIL.

"but I assure you that it is not. I earned my first dollar as I have told you. My father was a generous man who disliked a scene, and I was a willful little cuss who absolutely declined to take the medicine that in those days was considered a universal panacea for all the ills to which flesh is heir. So, as I was supposed to need a dose of that cure-all, father called me to him and said: 'Jack, if you will take your medicine, I will give you a gold dollar.' Of course, with that incentive I swallowed the nauseous, horrible dose; but the next time that dreadful bottle was brought out I struck for higher wages, and asked for a two-dollar and a half gold piece. Even to

this my father acceded, but when I, with an eye to business, demanded five dollars before I would consent to take the third dose, my father lost patience, called in old black Ann, the cook, and the two, holding me, forced that abominable drug down my throat without any attempt to disguise its disagreeable properties, as was the case when I took it without a row. Smarting under the indignity, my face covered with the oil, and remembering how I might have made considerable money had I been content to let well enough alone, I then at the age of six decided that strikes were inefficient as a means of settling wage disputes, for I never was paid a cent for taking oil after that day. Whenever it was deemed necessary I had to march up and swallow it or be held by black Ann"; and Mr. Bassell made a wry face as he continued, "I never see even an empty bottle which has held castor oil without seeming to taste it. But I made some money, anyway. My misfortune was that I did not know when I had struck the happy medium. I wanted the whole thing."



COL. TAYLOR DOCTORED THE PIG.

PIG DOCTOR TAYLOR.

Col. E. L. Taylor said: "The nearest that I can recollect, the first dollar I ever earned was two dollars. One day my father and I were walking about the farm and came across a sick pig. He told me that if I would take the pig and cure it I could have it. I caught it, carried it to the house, washed it with soap and water, fed it some warm milk, and in time it recovered, and became a fine hog. I sold it for two dollars, and had become so attached to it that the money did not afford as much pleasure as it otherwise would have done;

but I have never forgotten the pig which brought me my first money." Taking up his hat and cane, he walked down stairs, still talking of his love for the pig.

Said Mr. F. W. Prentiss: "My first work was pulling weeds for my father, out at the corner of Broad and Ninth streets, where ex-Congressman Outhwaite lives now. But the first money I earned in regular employment was as messenger boy for P. W. Huntington's bank. But I rather deprecate this seeming display of one's private life in the papers.



MR. PRENTISS CARRIES THE LONG GREEN.

Still, I recognize that it is a mere matter of business, and should be so treated." Just then a messenger boy entered and handed Mr. Prentiss a telegram. Excusing himself, he read it, then turned to the boy and said: "Won't you please call your office up and get the signature to this again? I don't think it is correct, I don't recognize it."

There they were, banker and messenger boy. One had been what the other was, and I wondered if the messenger boy of other days had always been accorded as much courtesy as he bestowed upon the boy of today.

HEFFNER'S COWS AND GEMUENDER'S SCRAP IRON.

With a gay laugh, Mr. A. D. Heffner said: "You wish to take me back to the long ago, but one can always remember how he earned his first money. It is vividly impressed upon my mind, for I earned my first dollar driving

cows to pasture. I am glad you suggested the train of thought which that memory brings."

Mr. Martin A. Gemuender smiled, placed his hand over his brow in the attitude of thought, and said in a musing tone: "That's a rather hard thing to remember, but my earliest recollection of earning money was by picking up scrap iron and selling it, just as boys do in this day. How that takes one back to other days! I have not thought of it for a long time. I am glad you recalled it for me."



MR. HEFFNER DROVE THE COWS.

Mr. David C. Beggs said. "I don't care to talk for publication. If it is in the line of advertising it is all right to make a display. I like to interest the public in my goods, but when it comes to anything personal, leave me out, for I am not interesting."

"Will you permit others to judge of that? Knowing something of the difficulties that beset the beginning of life for our successful men may inspire some struggling young man or woman to renewed effort."

"Well, that presents the matter in a different light. I earned my first money clerking in a grocery store here in Columbus. I received one dollar per week for it, and the stores did not close then until nine or ten in the evening."

Mr. Beggs then talked very entertainingly of the advantages the young people of today have over their predecessors.

DOCTOR LOVING AND BANKER PRENTISS.

Dr. Starling Loving's office suggested the scholar at first glance. Books everywhere. They lined the walls, covered the desks and were scattered about the floor.

"I rode seventy miles to take a message, and in that manner earned my first money," responded the doctor.

"Was it an important message?"

"I suppose it was so considered, for I was employed as confidential messenger, although I was only about fourteen years old, and it was quite a distance for a boy of that age."

"Between what two places did you make the ride, Doctor?"

"Is that essential?"



MR. GEMUENDER PICKED UP SCRAP IRON.

"Not essential, but interesting."

"Well, it was between Russellville and Rumsey, in Kentucky."

"Did you meet with any adventures?"

"No; not anything of importance."

My attention was attracted by the picture of a dog. "That," said he, "is Major Bunch, a friend of the family." Picking up another picture, he handed it to me with the remark, "I suppose you have seen this, as everyone in Columbus has no doubt seen the original." It was a photo of the late Judge Thurman and his grandchild. The pictures gave a turn to the conversation, and in a few minutes I was

listening to a discourse that made me forget to ask anything farther about the ride.

MR. HARDY WENT TO MARKET.

"Some of us would have to go back a number of years to recall that," was Mr. George Hardy's reply. "but I have a very vivid recollection of going to market for my father. I went three times a week and was given five cents for each trip. I saved the money until I had accumulated \$20, and felt richer than I ever have since. I used to hunt up old papers and scrap iron to sell, and in many ways added to my savings. Some of the young people of today have not the most remote idea of the innumerable hardships and difficulties endured by their fathers while earning the wealth which they throw away. Sometimes I think it is a misfortune for a young man or woman to have wealthy parents. They are necessarily deprived of the best chances



MR. HARDY TACKLED THE MARKETS.

for the development of self-reliance and endurance, and are not so well fitted to grapple with the realities of life. I think people who are just beginning to depend upon their own exertions should have the lesson of economy impressed upon their minds, and when luck comes their way, grasp it."

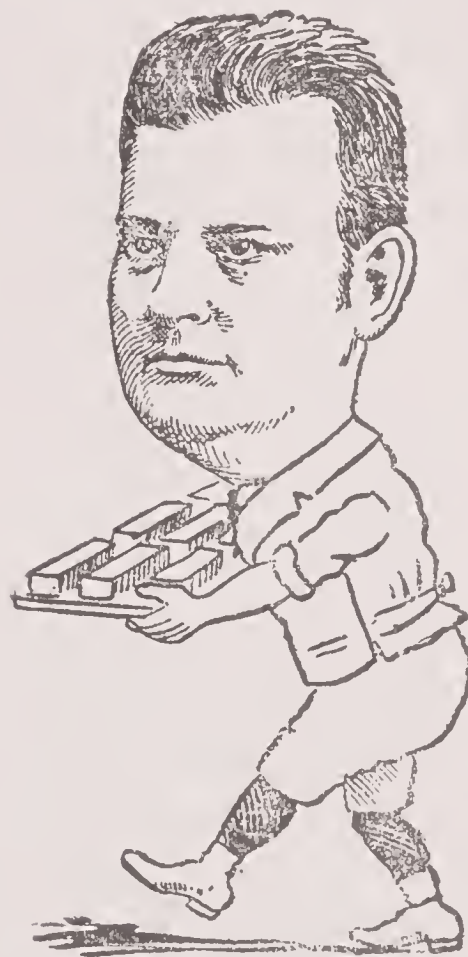
"Then you believe in the happy philosophy of accident?"

"Most assuredly I do"; and Mr. Hardy told of numerous incidents where it had been an important factor in his life.

MR. LENTZ MADE BRICKS, BUT NOT THE GOLD KIND.

"My first dollar? I'll swear I can't remember," said Hon. John J. Lentz thoughtfully. And then, with a ray of intelligence darting across his countenance — "Yes, now I think of it; I earned it "hacking" brick. I was to receive \$1.50 per day, but employed my brother and paid him out of the proceeds."

Mr. Lentz is as familiar today as he was in early youth with the processes of brick-



MR. LENTZ "HACKING" BRICK.

making, but it is understood that he has always avoided gold bricks, for reasons not necessary to mention.

MR. STEWART ON TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A WEEK.

Mr. E. K. Stewart excused himself for a moment to talk with a man who had just entered his office, but the one moment extended into many without seeming tiresome, for I witnessed a little scene in which Mr. Stewart was compelled to be one of the principal actors, and gave an exhibition of marvelous self-control under very trying circum-

stances. Subjected to an annoyance that would have caused most men and women to betray just indignation, his face retained its pleasant look, his manner remained courteous, his voice never lost its even calm while he discussed the matter and gave his opinion of certain men and measures. Then he turned with a laugh that was meant to dismiss the whole disagreeable subject.

"Whew!" he ejaculated, as I stated my business. "Newspaper! Now, see here; don't you write up this little incident, for I don't



JUDGE HAGERTY CAUGHT MUSKRATS.

care to be quoted on that subject, but I'll answer your question with pleasure. I took care of a horse for twenty-five cents a week, and worked in an office at the same time for the same amount, so I worked two weeks for my first dollar, yet considered myself well paid. It is curious that I have never thought of it since then, and yet it must have made a very vivid impression upon my mind or I could not now recall it with such infinite satisfaction. How many years has it been? Let me see—but if I go to counting up you'll know how old I am."

And from this he drifted into deep waters, and gave some abstract theories as to how to judge of a woman's age. He clearly proved that in common with most men, he could not grapple with such an abstruse problem with any hope of mastering it.

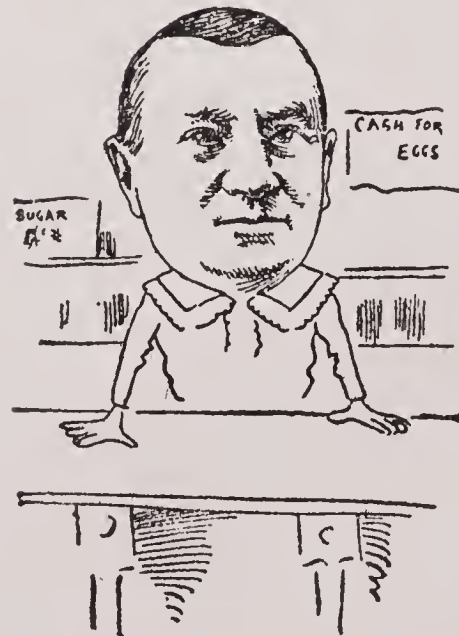
"A woman employed me to drive her cow

to and from pasture, and paid me twenty cents per month for it," was the reply of Dr. Frank Warner. "Twice a day I went a long



LIBRARIAN GALBREATH CHURNS BUTTER.

distance for the cow, drove it to town, waited until she was milked, and then returned her



MR. MITHOFF AS A COUNTRY CLERK.

to the pasture. Quite a lot of work, but payday was a great time for me then. I had money for all my needs, and some to spare."

"How old were you?"

"Just old enough to drive a cow," and suave, polished Dr. Wagner laughed hilariously at the remembrance.

Mr. E. L. Hinman said: "I was brought up on a farm, and never was paid for any work until I entered a country store as a clerk. There I received \$75 per year and my board, so that is as near as I can answer your question." There was little resemblance between the man who sat at his desk and the picture one mentally forms of an awkward country boy just starting out in life for himself, but Mr. Hinman did not seem to realize that he had made such great strides away from that time.

JUDGE HAGERTY'S MUSKRATS.

I found Judge L. D. Hagerty on his knees. He wasn't praying, nor, like some eastern devotee, worshipping at a shrine, neither was he rehearsing for private theatricals. Nothing half so romantic. His posture was anything but graceful, as though he had not had much practice in that line. He had left his keys in his desk, and had to send for assistance in removing the lock. Then, just like a man, he proceeded to get in the way seeming to think that he was rendering valuable aid. Rising from his uncomfortable position, he told me all about the trouble, just as though it was an unusual thing for a man to be thoughtless.

"Do I remember how I earned my first dollar? Of course I do," and through all the room reverberated such a wholesouled, ringing laugh as would echo through the hushes of an empty heart and fill a sad day with gladness. Thrice blessed was the man who laughed, for in a moment the workman and myself had caught the contagious mirth, and the funniest thing of all was we didn't know why we were laughing. The judge soon explained the cause of his gayety. "I earned it catching muskrats on the raging Ohio canal," he said. "I used to catch them and sell their skins and the first dollar the muskrats brought me is still invested." By this time the desk was opened, and a half dollar was handed out for a few moment's work. It was surely earned more pleasantly and easily than that of which we had just been told.

DR. BALDWIN'S OLD-TIME SCHOOL.

"The Lord only knows — I don't," was the reply of Dr. Baldwin.

"Can't you recall that which leaves such a

vivid impression upon the minds of most men?"

"No; I can't."

"Well, try to remember it. Try to make your memory serve you."

"I haven't a hook upon which to hang a memory."

"Did you never do anything prior to your professional life? Did you never do any work aside from the practice of medicine?"

"Work? Yes, I did considerable work for which I never received any pay, and I am confident that I earned many a dollar before I began teaching, but it was in that line I received my first remuneration."

"Where did you teach your first school?"

"In Montgomery county, in what is now a suburb of Dayton."

"Did you teach a summer or winter term of school?"

"Winter."

"How old were you then?"

"About sixteen."

"Had you finished your education at that age?"

"By no means. Why do you ask?"

"Because you felt competent to teach, or surely you would not have been teaching."

"Yes, but I only taught during vacation, and the remainder of the year I was a student in Oberlin college."

"That's strange. You just told me you taught a winter term."

"So I did."

"Please explain."

"We were given a vacation of three months during the winter in order that the students might have that time for teaching."

"Oh!" It was information I was getting. "As teaching a district school is not difficult, you earned your first money very easily, didn't you?"

"Did I? Well, I am sure the teachers of today would not think so. Why, half my pupils were older than myself, and others were in their a-b abs. Nowadays teachers have but little to do with the discipline, for they have a principal, a superintendent and the board of education back of them." By this time the doctor had settled back in his chair in an easy, comfortable position, and for more than an hour talked on various subjects, women in medicine, photos and photography, science, art, literature, people, social problems, such as the displacement of men by machinery, the newspaper as a factor, and all this with a touch and go and brilliancy that was remarkable.

Seen in the midst of different members of his family the chill, professional manner vanished, and even his hands, with their nerves of steel, underwent a change. As they toyed with the curls of a child or the electric light globe and various trifles, it was difficult to imagine that they were the same that could cut so cruelly, even to be kind.

GOV. BUSHNELL AS A CLERK.

Governor Bushnell's well-known smile vanished and was replaced by a meditative frown



MR. WILLIAMS SOLD NEWSPAPERS.

as he said musingly, "Let me see. The first money I remember earning was \$5 per month for clerking in a store in Springfield."

"Grocery or dry goods store?"

"Sort of a general one, comprising both, but vastly different from those we have here. Prior to that time I must surely have earned some money at various things, as all boys do, and if I had a little time to think could recall it definitely; but you see how it is"—with a glance at the numerous people waiting to see him—"and I have to take a tram in fifteen minutes."

NEWSBOY, COW DRIVER AND COUNTRY CLERK.

"Oh, it is hard to tell just how," said Director Williams, in a thoughtful way. "Yes,

now I remember it. I sold the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, *Commercial*, and *Gazette* before the last two were consolidated."

"Did you sell them in Columbus?"

"No; in Portsmouth. I received ten cents for each copy and was often paid in what was called shin plasters.' That question makes one think, and it is rather startling to take a man back to his boyhood days with such a rush"; and he, like many others, related pleasant stories of that time.

WOODPILE AND GROCERY.

Mayor Black answered: "My first dollar? I earned it splitting wood for my grandfather. It was in Kimbolton, Guernsey county. I was a very proud and happy boy, but I derived more pleasure from a little



JUDGE BLACK SPLITTING WOOD.

wagon that was given to me for driving a neighbor's cow to pasture, than from all the money I ever earned." And for a few moments the mayor seemed oblivious to his surroundings, as before his mental eyes there floated a vision of the little wagon.

MR. GALBREATH'S BUTTER.

I found Mr. C. B. Galbreath in the state library. In a reminiscent tone he said:

"A boy on a farm is always willing to turn a windmill, or a grindstone, or assist with threshing, or any of the various things that make a noise in the world, and he will do

those things without much thought of compensation; but without exception all boys dislike to churn. In order to develop in me the power to do that which was most disagreeable I was paid five cents every time I churned, and the twentieth time I was the proud possessor of a dollar, which, as every boy knows, I earned."

MILLIONAIRE AND FORMER MAYOR.

I found Mr. E. T. Mithoff in his usually exuberant spirits. He had just returned from a drive, and whisked into his drawing room, where I sat waiting, like a schoolboy. "My first dollar was earned while clerking in a store at \$50 per year, board and washing," he said. "I stuck to this two years and for the third received \$125." And thereupon the millionaire fell into a retrospective mood, as if it was not unpleasant to contrast his present good fortune with the privations of his early years.

It seems rather odd, but Hon. Cotton H. Allen earned his first dollar at work in a cotton factory. "I began to learn my trade at the age of eleven," he said. "I remember distinctly the first money I earned, and I tell you it made me feel good all over. But, there—I don't like to talk about myself." And the ex-mayor dismissed me with a cordial farewell. Nevertheless the brevity of the interview did not prevent me from forming an estimate of the man who in every attitude bears the aspect of one whom children would love and men and women trust, believing implicitly in his faithfulness and honor.

MR. DESHLER CARTED DIRT.

While Mr. W. G. Deshler's father, the late David W. Deshler, was having the old buildings on Broad and High streets constructed, the son, without the father's knowledge, made

an arrangement with an old Irishman, who had taken the contract, to dig the cellars whereby he was to receive twenty-cents per day for earthing away the dirt. All the boys in the neighborhood wished to help him with his task, and for more than a week he played the overseer while they did the work. Then his father nipped his aspirations in the bud, but he had the supreme satisfaction of having earned more than a dollar.

* * *

If, as Bulwer Lytton tells us, it is over a Bridge of Sighs men pass the narrow gulf from youth to manhood, there must be a bridge of laughter over which they return, for without exception these men laughed as they related the story of their first triumphs. Into their faces and voices erept the spring-time gladness and freshness of boyhood, the enthusiasm with which they made their first step on the road which the world now beholds strewn with flowers of success; but think not, O child of inexperience, that the way has always been pleasant. For some of them life may not have been particularly hard; but, as the first flush of joy was followed by graver thought, there were some faces shadowed and darkened by the remembrance of all that had been endured; and, although they spoke not of it, intuitively came the perception that they had been compelled to walk over the thorns of opposition, breast the waves of adversity, withstand public criticism, distance competition, and had been bruised and battered by many hard fisted old gladiators who sought to vanquish them.

They have known the bitterness of defeat, the pain of aspirations unrealized, the anguish of hopes betrayed and all the weary unrest, the disappointment and discouragement that follows great effort, but today they are living witnesses of what can be done by the men who labor and aspire. MARY ROBSON.



GIRLS MAKE CIGARS.

CLEVER YOUNG WOMEN IN COLUMBUS FACTORIES.

LIVES PASSED IN AN OCCUPATION STRANGE TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD

Conditions of Their Livelihood — The Work and the Play — What They Need is Vital Contact With the More Fortunate, Not Tracts and Theories.

Just at the lunch hour I entered the work-room where the bare rafters, brick walls and all the accessories connected with cigar-making would have produced an unpleasant impression had it not been enlivened by the presence of those who work there and a single bunch of exquisite flowers. Some of the occupants remained at their work benches, others, congregated in groups, were eating their lunches and chattering like magpies; but the buzz of voices ceased as soon as they became aware that a stranger was present. It was not resumed until I was seated, apparently absorbed in the intricacies of cigar-rolling. Then the talk, the laughter, the gay banter went on undisturbed by my presence.

Of this company of three hundred people who gather daily to perform their parts in the great drama, "Labor," two hundred are girls. How interesting they were. Girls of all sizes and types, from the slender, pale-faced, quiet sort to the gay romp, who was here, there and everywhere. What a field for one who has a penchant for studying faces. While a number of the girls sat apart, silent, or continued to work, others with unconscious philosophy were enjoying with heart and soul the one hour's respite from the dreary routine, the irksome repetition of the duties of the day. It is the only time they have for rest or recreation from 7 o'clock in the morning until 7:30 in the evening. It is well that they can hum snatches of song, jest with one another and fill the room with ringing laughter during this interim. These are the safety valves of high pressure work.

A number of girls accompanied me to a room above where the first and last processes

of cigar-making take place. On one side of the floor was spread the "scrap tobacco" used in "filling"; that is, it forms the nucleus of the cigar around which is placed the binder or first covering. The leaf tobacco which is kept in the sweat room for preservation is sent to this floor to be "booked." By this is meant the straightening of the leaves. Those which are designed for binders are "stripped"; that is, the stems are removed and after this they are weighed out in pads and sent to the stock girls on the floor below. From here they pass to the bunch breakers. These girls simply place a binder in the bunch breaking machine, which adjusts it around sufficient "filling" to form a cigar and places it in a groove in the mold. The molds are in two separate pieces, fashioned of wood, about two feet in length and their width is equal to the length of a cigar. Each mold has grooves for twenty cigars and when five molds are filled by the machine, the press boy presses them to give shape to the cigars and then hands them to the rollers. While the binders have been going through these various manipulations the wrappers have been started on their downward careers. They have been "booked" — weighed out in one pound pads and sent to the stock girl, who passes them to a roller. This girl having received the molds containing the cigars, after getting the wrappers, seizes one and with deft fingers spreads it out on the board before her and separates the fibre with her cigar knife. Then taking a cigar from the mold she wraps it, cuts away the ragged edges, pastes the loose end, rolls it between the board and her hand or a small block, gives it a parting pat and twist and deposits

it in a receptacle on her workbench. After completing one hundred she binds them with a strap and takes them to the stock girl.

There her card is punched to indicate the hundred cigars; her strap and another pair of wrappers are handed to her and she returns to her workbench. The cigars she has handed in are sent to the packing room. There skillful fingers sort them. Those containing flaws are returned to the roller, those pronounced good are packed in boxes, the packer being careful to distinguish the different shades so that those of corresponding colors will be placed in the same boxes. These last are stamped and are then ready for sale.

Who among the purchasers ever gives a thought to the skill and patience necessary to form even one cigar? Men claim that the fragrant weed calms and soothes the mind, helps them to get through the worries of the day, smother care, induces refreshing sleep, is an equalizer and sweetener of temper, deadens sorrow, distracts enforced inactivity, brings about contemplative ecstasy, draws wisdom from the mouth of the philosopher and shuts up the mouth of the foolish, but do they, in these mind pictures, ever see the girls whose lot in life is such that they force themselves to continue work when their eyes grow dim, the hands tremble and the whole body aches with the racking pain of fatigue?

Noticing a book on one of the seats I made some inquiries as to the reading. One bright faced girl with a shrug of her shoulders, as though she thought I would be shocked, replied: "I read novels."

"Do you? So do I. What writers do you like best?" Then she told me in well chosen words of her favorite authors, giving her reasons for certain preferences until it was quite apparent that she had a discriminating literary taste.

"Since we work so late in the evenings, I don't read anything but an occasional newspaper," remarked one who sat near.

"Would you like shorter hours?"

"No, I think not; for that would mean less pay. Ours is piece-work, our wages depend upon the amount we can do and the longer the day, the more we get through. We are satisfied as long as we can stand it without breaking down, but it is hard to just go home and get supper, go to sleep and get ready for the next day, for that is practically what some of us do. Still, there are worse things than working all the time."

No use to ask what those things were.

"Do none of you take any recreation then?"

"Indeed I do," said one who would always know how to make the best of the worst that could befall her. "Of course, I'm dead tired when we quit, but I go to dances or over on High street for a walk and forget about being tired. A wheel would be lovely, but then one can not have everything in this world"—this with a merry laugh that displayed most beautiful teeth.

"Oh, I am too tired to read even a paper," murmured one whose appearance indicated that she had not always been deprived of the advantage of a little leisure.

"It's always late when I get home, but I never miss reading *The Press*," interposed another. "It is for the working people and I am interested in it on that account."

I looked at her more closely and decided to ask regarding the wages.

Her reply was, "Rollers are paid 20 cents per hundred for cigars, and 15 cents for stogies. An ordinarily good worker can average six or seven hundred per day, and thus make \$7 or \$8 per week. But few of the girls make less than \$5, and the most rapid workers often earn \$10 and \$11 per week. We make more money than many clerks," she continued with a slight touch of pride in her voice.

Commenting upon the whiteness and flexibility of their hands, I was told that the tobacco had a preservative effect upon them. This in connection with the deft movements necessary probably accounted for the beauty which could not fail to impress one, as it was not confined to the hands of one or two, but distinguished all.

Of these girls their employer had these words to say:

"Some people have wrong ideas of the girls who make cigars for a living. Of course I can not speak for them elsewhere, but while they are here they obey all rules, maintain good order and are faithful to their tasks."

Asked as to their health most of them answered that they supposed they were as healthy in that occupation as any other in which there were such long hours and close confinement to one kind of work, but there were some who suffered from the odor of the tobacco and at times were overcome by its nauseating effects. The opinion of an observer would be that but few escaped being affected by it.

ON THE SIDE.

Will some one say that one of the essential elements of that which had been designated a drama was lacking? Not so. The love scene was there and it was enacted right under the eyes of the foreman. He, wise man, looked the other way.

The principals were a girl whose face was delicate in profile and exquisite in coloring and a young man who approached and held a few moments' conversation with her. Just a word or two of it reached me, but who cares to hear words when the eyes speak a language far more eloquent. The clash and clangor and tumult of the machinery and the shouts of those about them might have been sweetest music for all they knew. They were in another world.

But, like the rest of us, they had to come back to earth. A woman interrupted them. It's always a woman who interrupts at the most interesting moment. It was most annoying. Time lost? Time saved in the impetus given to labor for the youth's footsteps quickened as he went onward to his task and the girl's hands moved more rapidly and dexterously afterward, as though she was stimulated by some elixir of life.

I did not seek to penetrate the home life of these young women, but viewed them as workers who performed their parts cheerfully

and well and thought if they carried away with them the patience, zeal, skill, method and sunny dispositions manifested in the factory they can not fail to brighten other lives.

There is a prevalent opinion among them that the outside world looks down upon them. They have not yet attained a full conception of the dignity of labor. If they could only be made to feel that it is not the kind of work but the spirit which animates the worker, that wins approval or condemnation, their burden would be lighter; for the majority of them toil not for self interest, which economists tell us is the mainspring of human action, but for a higher, holier purpose—the welfare of those who are near and dear to them.

This is the place where they live. Their interests are here. They are factors for good or ill. Much can be done to better their condition if only the women who are so well fitted to teach the grandeur and significance of life would help them to understand the value of all earnest, honest effort. Vital contact is necessary to teach this, for one smile of appreciation, one warm hand clasp, one earnest glance, one word fraught with heart-meaning are worth a barrel of papers that are read in some exclusive circle, languidly praised by cultured women and then almost forgotten.

MARY ROBSON.

IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY.

A DAY WITH THE ATTORNEY AND OFFICER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

Prevention of cruelty. Herculean task when so many people are cruel—cruel quite frequently from carelessness, but undeniably so.

Whoever attempts to better those evils that exist must not only overcome the evil, but the apathy of those whose assistance would be of great value.

There are numbers who would like to have cruelty prevented, but who really strengthen it by passive acquiescence to that which daily, yes, hourly, calls for interference. They are the people who "don't wish to be mixed up

in troublesome affairs," even if the mixing process would prove beneficial to all. There are others who, while incapable of inflicting needless pain, are yet almost brutally indifferent to that which constantly cries for redress. Such as they shirk responsibility by declaring that a few individuals can not carry the woes of the universe, so we might as well close our eyes and muffle our ears to that which seems so hopeless.

Then comes the ultra-optimist, who fondly believes that everything is as it should be.

These assertions are verified by the incidents witnessed during a day spent with the officers of the Humane society; for while the aim of this organization is well understood and recently statistics were given as to the work done in the past year, but few have any real conception of the innumerable difficulties encountered by those engaged in it.

Prior to the round of investigation, I was sitting in the office of Mr. Frank P. Jackson, the attorney of the Humane society, when a woman entered. Her face was pale and showed traces of tears, while her appearance was shabby in the extreme. In broken words she told a story of humiliation.

Her husband, a barber, making sufficient to maintain his family comfortably, had failed to provide the necessaries of life for them, and herself and little ones were hungry.

Mr. Jackson sent for the man and in a short time he came. His face was rather pleasant and he frankly acknowledged that he had not done right and promised to do better in the future. In pursuance of the policy of the society to upbuild character and avoid punishment, if possible, the lawyer agreed not to take action in the matter if the other would make arrangements to have certain portions of his wages paid directly to his wife. This was done and the two went away together.

The man of the law did the best thing possible under the circumstances. The trouble was over. Material means would be supplied and that was the end of it. A man's view. But as none of the sex has ever yet fathomed the complexity of a woman's heart, he had no means of knowing that a great cruelty had not been mentioned. It was just as well. There is no alleviation for the agony of shame endured by a woman whose illusions with regard to her husband are over. Physical hunger must be assuaged, raiment must be provided, but heart torture may continue.

The attorney, in a reminiscent mood, related numerous parallel cases. He was interrupted in the midst of one narrative by the entrance of a man who seemed to be afraid that the office would get away. He was in a desperate hurry and dashed right into his grievance. It was in substance the removal of a handle from a pump where he had been in the habit of watering his cattle. The pump and handle belonged to a wealthy man, who, although he leased the land to the complainant, was not so liberal as to throw in water for a lot of cattle; so the poor creatures had been without

means to quench their thirst for forty-eight hours.

The tenant was told that he must not let them suffer, no matter how far he had to take them, and was also informed that nothing could be done with the land owner unless it could be proven that he had neglected his own cattle, as a man had a right to keep a pump handle wherever he pleased. The complainant left with an incredulous look, as though he thought that if he had anything to do with that society he'd have it understood that a pump handle must be kept where it belonged—on the pump.

At this juncture Mr. Jackson threw open the window to remonstrate with a driver who was jerking and beating his horse. Strange to say, he stopped without even a look of resentment. His manliness came to the surface and he seemed to feel that he had been justly rebuked.

This was the beginning. We had scarcely reached the corner of High and State streets when the yelps of pain from a dog attracted attention, and a pretty little water spaniel, with wistful eyes, held up a forefoot as though craving pity.

On the alert in an instant, Mr. Jackson asked a bystander if he knew how the dog had been hurt.

"Yes," was the reply; "that man kicked it," pointing to one of two men who were walking down the street.

The indignant blood mounted to Mr. Jackson's face, and he eagerly exclaimed: "Will you come with me and identify him?"

"Oh, I don't know him," was the hesitating answer, and the man wriggled about like an eel and gave every indication that he would be as slippery as one if called upon to do aught to further justice.

A case of eviction for non-payment of rent had been reported from the West Side. In that portion known as "Fly-town," we found a woman and three children who had been given temporary refuge with a kind neighbor. One child was so ill as to require almost constant attention, but it had been well at the time of the removal. Otherwise they could have retained the poor shelter which had been home to them. How pitiful that the sickness of a dear child might almost have been welcomed as the lesser of the two evils, inasmuch as it would have prevented all from being thrown upon the world homeless!

The wife, a weary, sad-faced woman, spoke in that quiet way which is far more intense-

in its grief than any display of passionate emotion. She told of privations and suffering and of how the landlord, tired of waiting for his rent, had, through his agent, thrust them over the threshold. Whoever carried out his wishes must have felt that it was a hard task, but the handling of the household goods could not have caused fatigue, for all their belongings had ample space in the coal house of the friend. It was learned that the husband was a drunkard. A whole life's epitome in that. It explained the situation thoroughly.

He was seen and promised to find a house to which to take his family, and added of his accord that he would reform. Easy to say. He meant it, too. But will he? And if not, why not? Who will be to blame? There was just one gleam of light in all the darkness and desolation—the nobility of the woman who befriended them in the hour of their sorest need. She was poor herself, but she shared her all. Who could do more?

Next the market place, with its varied life, claimed attention. For the most part there was but little cruelty demonstrated there. Occasionally too many chickens were found crowded together, their appearance being mopy as a result of the close quarters. As we left a man whose garb denoted the clergyman strutted pompously along, carrying a fowl head downward. The humane officer, Mr. Spencer, spoke to him, but received only a haughty stare in reply. Why not arrest and prosecute? Simply because public sentiment has not yet arrived at the stage where it will support those who would not hesitate to take action to prevent this cruelty.

Chickens have been carried in this manner from time immemorial, so why not continue it?

With but few exceptions, the condition of the working horses seen was bad. Many of them were left standing without blankets, exposed to rough winds, and were not placed so they could stand comfortably. On High street, between Broad and Spring, can be seen every day in the year a horse that has awakened the sympathy of every one in that vicinity and many others who have noticed it. From early in the morning until evening, in the biting cold of winter and the scorching heat of summer, that patient beast stands there. Scarcity of food, exposure and but little exercise are doing their work, but oh, so slowly. Asked as to why such glaring offenses were permitted to go unpunished, Mr. Jackson answered: "What can we do so long

as they can evade the laws?" Just then we saw a small bay horse, weighing about 800 pounds, hitched to a wagon containing three men, also apples, vegetables and other articles sold by hucksters—in all a load of about 2,000 pounds. The animal was being urged to its utmost speed and clearly showed that the exertion was too great for its strength. The owner of the horse, who chanced to be near, noticed this and tried to get the attention of the driver, but failed. Since then I have heard that he complained of the treatment to which the horse had been subjected. Overburdened as it was, the men had driven to Milo, then to the South Side and back to the extreme north end, in one afternoon. The horse was exhausted when it was returned to him, and could scarcely move. He secured a statement from one of the men that it had been left for some time uncovered, while dripping with sweat. The case was prosecuted and lost, because witnesses did not testify as they had previously talked. One of the most discouraging phases attendant on the work of the society is that so often vacillating, hypocritical witnesses defeat justice. Passing a large manufacturing establishment, Mr. Jackson gave another instance of this sort.

Said he, "The engineer in that place was prosecuted not long ago for throwing a dog in the furnace."

"Throwing a dog into the furnace?" I replied in bewilderment.

"Yes, into the fire," was the reply. "We went to investigate and found that he had first knocked it down and then tossed it into the flames. An observer stated that the dog was living at the time, but at the trial changed his story and said it was dead. Of course, that settled it; but the man's low nature was revealed in the act, and it is safe to say that he would not have any scruples in making away with an animal that had chanced to anger him, even in the hideous manner of which he had been accused.

The last places visited were on the North Side, one a large, fine brick residence with a lawn front of at least 75 feet. In the rear of this pretentious structure was found an apology for a stable which contained neither box nor manger—nothing but a horse that would cause any heart not utterly calloused to thrill with pity. It was being starved to death. Mr. Russell F. Spencer, the humane officer, gave it a slight push and the poor creature staggered and would have fallen through weakness but for the support of the wall near.

There was not even a straw visible; not the faintest evidence that there had been any food in the place. The neighbors declared that the horse was seldom fed and watered by its owners, but that, often unable to endure the thought of its suffering, they had thrown it something to eat or given it a drink. One, the wife of a prominent lawyer, said that the sound of hay thrown to the horses in adjoining stables seemed to make this poor beast frantic.

A ring at the doorbell brought an intelligent-looking young woman, who answered questions very pleasantly. The family consisted of four, herself, two brothers and a sister. The boys were employed down town and the sister had formerly been a kindergarten teacher. In regard to the horse, she said that it was watered, fed regularly and well cared for in every way. Screening a fault by a falsehood—this in a family where one had been an instructor of little children! One gives a sigh of relief at the "had been."

The horse was there, a witness for itself. Cruelty was apparent; but through some technicality of the law or some influence the affair was dismissed when the society tried to prosecute.

Our next stop was at a house where cruelty in its worst phase is a constant guest. There was seen a frail, broken-spirited little woman, who washes every day to support four children and her husband—a big, brawny brute, in the form of a man. He, with all the gratitude characteristic of such a nature, repays her devotion by taking upon himself the task of disciplining the children. The last time he felt called upon to correct them he used a poker to accentuate his government. Unable to keep silent, the wife, accustomed as she was to tyranny, in the agony of a mother's feelings, revealed the atrocity. But, afterward, woman-like, she shrank from confirming the statement made under the stress of emotion and faltered pitifully when asked concerning it. It was clear that she would shield the demon who made existence a torment for herself and dear ones.

In a little while we came upon a group of children who were training a dog to perform

tricks. They had beaten it until the little creature could not comprehend the orders given it. Bewildered and in pain, it sought to escape from that which was foreign to every instinct of its nature, but the children held it fast and merrily shouted that it would have to learn its lesson. Were they but carrying out what they had been taught was an essential to instruction?

The thought that this incident caused was broken. Dashing down the street went the equipage of a fashionable gentleman whose horse was checkreined so high that the wonder of it was that it did not run into some obstacle, as its eyes seemed to be turned directly toward the sky. The officer shook his head sadly and an unspoken question was answered.

There was seen a boy stoning a frightened cat, and a block away was another laughing gleefully at a dog fight, and a man stood near with a pleased expression upon his face.

On the West Side a monkey darted away from its Italian master and tried to reach some murky water standing in a depression in the street. The cord which held it was too short. Piteous entreaty was reflected in its eyes, but the man who made his living by cramping its little body in fantastic garb and exhibiting its antics never slackened his hold. He was told to permit the little creature to drink, and obeyed in sullen silence.

Fortunately, there are many men and women who are not easily discouraged, who devote much of their time to preventing these cruelties. They go steadily forward, tramping down the weeds of doubt, leveling the barriers of prejudice, evading as much as possible the rocks of stubborn resistance, clearing away the obstacles of custom, planting the seed of aspiration, watching anxiously for the moment when apathy shall blossom into action and nurturing all with warmth of heart.

Many of these can be found in the ranks of the Humane society, which calls to service men and women of brain and character, possessed of the clear-sighted sympathy that shall aid in the protection of the weak and the uplifting of humanity. MARY ROBSON.

A MAN EMBROIDERER.

THE UNUSUAL AVOCATION OF MR. BARNETT HOOK, OF NELSONVILLE.

There are only four men in the United States who teach embroidery. One of them, Mr. Barnett Hook, of McArthur, O., is instructing a class of young women at Nelsonville at present, and has on exhibition at that place some beautiful specimens of his work. It comprises Kensington, Roman, Oriental, Bulgarian, Persian and all the other embroidery dear to the feminine heart. Whether he uses the simple leaved vine as a motive or engages in the most elaborate decoration, there is manifest the same element of grace and the almost faultless selection of colors in the representation of nature. In the opalescent shading and the floral designs on fine linen he is especially skillful.

Mr. Hook is an old newspaper man and at one time was editor of the McArthur Democrat. It seemed a little odd for a man to drop pen and paste brush to take up needle and floss; and, partly to learn his reason for so doing, but more particularly to see the extraordinary man or, rather, the man who did such extraordinary work—I called on him.

Mr. Hook is a man who has passed the half century mile stone with erect form and step indicative of military training which he had back in the sixties. His hair is gray, almost white, and is in peculiar contrast to the eyebrows, which are so black, so heavily marked, as to be noticeable anywhere, while his mustache is also very dark. He has a genial smile, dresses in good taste and is very courteous. There is nothing in his manner to indicate that his occupation is different from that of other men, with the exception of the movement of his hands. They flutter above and among his devices with that hesitancy peculiar to many women who examine or display that which is so dainty that it seems almost rude to touch it.

Asked as to why he had entered a field which is usually regarded by his sex as too intricate to attempt to fathom its mysteries, Mr. Hook replied:

"I did not take a direct path from the editor's sanctum to the realm of fancy work. I tarried on the turf and was a breeder and trainer of horses for many years. During one very bad season I had the old saying that it never rains but it pours, verified. I was deprived of the use of one of my hands for a long time by an inflammatory affection and afterward found that it had lost the strength needed to follow my work.

"Without money or any definite purpose, I still frequented my old haunts and one day, just because I had nothing else better to do, I picked up a horse blanket belonging to a friend and told him that I would embroider it for him. He laughingly told me to go ahead. This, I found, would be difficult, having nothing to work with but my fingers. However, the idea had taken possession of me, so I borrowed a needle and some floss from a woman whom I knew, secured a tube of white paint from another friend, and, mixing it in a lid of a blacking box, I equipped myself for my self-appointed task. I outlined my designs with the paint, applying it with a stick. As my ideas grew beneath my fingers, I was delighted, and when my work was finished I exhibited it with some pride. I had not only found something that I could do, but something that won commendation. I have told you of the beginning, you can judge of the results yourself." This with a wave of his hand toward his conceptions with their harmonious shadings and artistic effects.

Mr. Hook then displayed a handsomely embroidered horse blanket which he seemed to value, not for its intrinsic worth, which was much, but because of its having covered such favorites as Flying Jib, Hal Pointer, Directum, Joe Patchen, John R. Gentry and other celebrated horses.

Mr. Hook's success in his unusual calling is the more marked from the fact that he never received a lesson from any teacher except necessity.

MARY ROBSON.

YARNS BY THE YARD.

STORY-TELLING AT COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS' CLUB.

AN INTERESTED LISTENER'S NOTES FOR THE SUNDAY PRESS.

Traveling Men and Their Wives in Congenial Company — Homelike Atmosphere of the Gay Street Club House — Developing the Mood of Reminiscence.

Commercial travelers are always in evidence. Nothing deters their advent. No frost can nip their energy, no ice can chill their enthusiasm. They sally forth in rain, snow or sleet as gayly as if the sun shone. Horses may go lame, carriages break down on muddy roads, bicycles may collapse, trains collide and everything in general go to smash, but the real commercial traveler will be on time for every engagement. The ways and means are known only to himself; but one fact is apparent — he "gets there."

A genial atmosphere permeates the well-appointed club rooms of the United Commercial Travelers in this city. At the corner of Gay and Front streets they have a suite of twenty-three rooms, each vieing with the other in attractiveness and comfort. The furnishings and uses of these will occasion surprise to visitors, unless accustomed to infinite variety and that sharpness of contrast which gives color and vigor to life.

Recently I spent an evening there, entering when everything was in full swing. At small tables were seated a number of men and women, the wives of members, playing cards; on a stand was seen a large Bible; from above came the sweet strains of a waltz and the tread of slippered feet; while rippling laughter, gay words and the click of billiard balls floated in from the room where several of both sexes were engaged in the game.

"I say Angell, who was that demure, sweet-faced little woman you had out driving the other day?"

True to their sex, a score of feminine eyes were directed toward Mrs. Angell's face, but she didn't seem to mind, only murmured with

gentle irony, "Wonder if she knew she was with an angel?"

The husband ignored the question until one irrepressible persisted, "Come, now, tell us who it was."

Then came the grave reply, "I don't know; she was a Sister of Charity."

The chaffing ceased.

THE CHAIN OF SYMPATHY.

As if to prove that one must not judge depth of feeling by externals and that grief is as likely to be the guest of the man who laughs and is apparently light-hearted as it is of one whose countenance is shrouded in gloom, Mr. Barton paused in dealing cards and said:

"Some way the thought of those women always suggests sickness and death to me and brings back the loss of my little girl. I was in Pennsylvania at the time. Learning of her serious illness, I made my way to the nearest station and found that I could get no train until late the next morning, but that the limited passed through another town some miles away and if there before it was due I might make some arrangements to have it stop. Securing a horse, I began the saddest journey of my life. It was a dreadful night — so dark that I could not see and could only trust to the instinct of the animal to guide me over the unfamiliar roadway; but even under these circumstances a man can ride at break-neck speed when he knows that every minute may lessen his chances of seeing a loved one alive. I reached the station before the train and then was tortured by suspense and delay in

getting a young woman to wire for orders to stop the train, but at last it was accomplished, the desired permission given and I was speeding toward Chicago. Only those who have been placed in a like situation can have any conception of my feelings. Before I reached home a message was handed to me. My efforts had been in vain. The little one was dead."

It was a strange scene. The pathos of the story was intensified by being so at variance with the surroundings.

Sad thoughts were evoked and Mr. R. F. Summerfield observed:

"Your stopping the deal to tell that reminds me of a pathetic little incident that occurred on the train a short time ago. A number of us were much interested in a game of cards. In the front of the car was a woman with a baby crying pitifully. Laying down his hand one of the boys went forward, took the babe as though he knew how to handle children and in a few moments had it sound asleep."

"Must have carried soothing syrup," ventured one man, but Mr. Summerfield replied: "I don't know about that; however, he proved a comforter not only to the child, but to the woman also. Learning that she was traveling on a charity pass, he came back to the crowd, said a few words and returned to her with \$5 and a ticket that would carry her past the place designated by her pass to the town she wished to reach."

Then the game went on.

MILEAGE AND POLITICS.

"H'm," said Mr. C. W. Baldwin, of the H. C. Goodman Co. Nothing recent has impressed me so much as the ordeal of waiting an hour at the union station to get a ticket on the new mileage plan, only to step out and find my train going out at the other end of the station, and this, too, when I had time to have bought a score of tickets in the regular way. But, as misery loves company, I was somewhat consoled to see two men who had been arguing politics let their train pull away from them while standing not six feet from it. They had been absorbed in their talk, but when they realized that they had been left you may know how suddenly the subject was changed. Their remarks were fitted to the occasion and I forgot my own ill luck while laughing at their earnestness."

Mr. T. F. Smith, who formerly represented Bright's millinery store, but is now with a

New York firm, sauntered up and Mr. Flagg, the secretary, exclaimed: "Here's the boy who can tell yarns, so go ahead and give us your most interesting experience."

MR. SMITH'S SCIENTIFIC COLLEGE.

Mr. Smith laughingly rejoined: "Well, I have been on the road twenty-three years and have run up against all sorts of people and have camped in all sorts of places. Once I was nearly shipwrecked in the St. Lawrence river, but that was a minor affair compared with the time that I was nearly eaten alive. You may laugh if you like, but this really happened and not far from Columbus, either. Stopping at a house one night I was given the room next to the parlor, where a sort of musicale was held that evening. I had scarcely fallen asleep when I was aroused suddenly and effectually. Feeling that a dread enemy was upon me, I sprang up and turned on the light, an army of a million confronted me. They formed in companies, battalions and regiments, ready for attack, quite undismayed by the light which streamed down upon them, revealing their movements. I suppose the music had inspired them with unusual courage and had called reinforcements from every portion of the house. I was too frightened to resist them by regular methods, so resorted to strategy. I just captured them one at a time and impaled them on pins, a package of which chanced to be in the room. From midnight until 6 o'clock next morning I kept up these tactics, then was forced to surrender my position on the foot-board for want of more pins. I left those so strangely adorned as a souvenir of my visit."

YARNS BY THE YARD.

Mr. F. R. Hane, of the H. J. Heinz Co., remarked, as he joined the group: "Once while in a West Virginia town I visited a man who had apparently just arrived in civilization. His hair and beard were long and shaggy, while his clothes were made from the cheapest material and had seen several years' service. I was sitting by the stove with some men who loafed about the store while the old gentleman, who called himself 'the buyer,' was waiting on some of his cash trade. While we were thus situated, in stepped a young man who was selling baking powder. He approached in the customary way, when the gruff words, 'I don't want anything,' were hurled at him. The young man retorted, I would like to have your picture for a comic

valentine. Here's a quarter: go and get your hair cut,' and then left. The old man, after picking up the coin to see if it was genuine, ejaculated, 'Wal, I'll be blest if these traveling men ain't accommodating.'"

"Tales of travelers seem to be the order of the evening," said Mr. O. L. Davis, of the Smith Hardware Co., "so I'll tell you of a most laughable thing that happened up at the Union station. Quite a number of us were just comfortably seated, when a young man and woman entered taking a seat near us. They were elegantly dressed, but attracted no particular notice until a youth sprang on the car, hurried up to the woman and without ceremony embraced her in the most effusive manner. Then standing erect, he said in tones that could be heard all over the car, 'Just act as if you had been married five years, Sis.' 'We gave that boy an encore that was meant, and as if encouraged thereby he went out and 'fixed' it with a newsboy to go through the car shouting 'Evening paper—all about the wedding in high life.' The faces of that bridal pair were a study and they furnished us amusement for the remainder of the trip. If I should mention their names you would recognize them at once."

"That's something like an occurrence that I recollect," said Mr. H. A. Larrimore, of the same firm. "In this case the brother of the groom was the instigator of the mischief and gave us the signal when the young couple reached the door. By prearrangement every man, woman and child rose to their feet simultaneously and stood in silence until they were seated. Then, as if his diabolism had not had sufficient vent, the young rascal passed cards on which were written: 'We have just been married. Please entertain us.'"

MR. PRAY'S ROMANCE.

"Those are after-marriage stories, but I think I can go you one better," was the comment of Mr. A. J. Pray, who represents a Dayton boiler company. "My travels cover nearly the whole of the United States. There's one experience which I always recall with a great deal of pleasure. It was in the fall of the year 1893. I was going from Helena to Spokane. At this time of the year in that country washouts occur frequently. We had crossed the Big Fork river and came to Galatin creek, only to find the bridge ahead had been washed out. Our train was ordered back, intending to run to Post Falls, but on our return we found that bridge gone, also

and there we were hemmed in by the vast mountains on each side—a washout before and behind us. All we could do was resign ourselves to the situation. To our great pleasure there chanced to be an old man on the train who had a violin, besides all kinds and classes of travelers, men, women and children. There was an abandoned log cabin near which had served as a home for some forgotten miner. This was at once taken possession of by our party and turned into a ball-room, with the old German as the leader of, in fact, the whole orchestra. I had the honor to be selected as master of ceremonies, and gave the order, 'On with the dance, let joy be unconfined,' which was followed to the letter during our entire stay. Among our party was a young attorney just from an eastern college and a western maiden who claimed the title of schoolm'am. He was on his way westward to launch himself into business. She was on her way to her school, located in some mountain hamlet. The third day, while we were all gathered around the stump of a giant monarch of the forest, the handsome young doctor of law and the beautiful instructor of young minds happened to be standing upon it at the same time. From the first an affinity had seemed to exist between them, so to expedite matters someone suggested a romantic wedding. By chance a justice of the peace was one of the passengers. He was summoned and after selecting the best man, ushers and bridesmaids, the ceremony was performed. Then all retired to the log cabin, where a bounteous repast was served by the dining car chef and his corps of assistants, after which a grand ball, which continued until the fourth day of our isolation, when I think, to the regret of all our party, the bridge ahead was completed and our journey was continued. I have never heard whether the marriage was a failure or not, but suppose they are living happily in the west and the children of that mountain school may still be awaiting the arrival of their teacher."

BROADSIDES.

"As railway happenings are the theme of the hour, I'll give you one," were the introductory words of Mr. G. S. Frambes, who travels for the Thomas Shirt Co. 'Some months ago we were just a few miles from town, when our train took an unexpected siding. Quite a number of people were thrown from their seats, but no one was hurt. There was the usual commotion incident to such a

scene and in the midst of it the conductor was rushing through the car, when a very fashionably-dressed woman, who had been shrieking hysterically, grasped his coat and demanded the cause and extent of the accident. He was making a frantic effort to escape and without seeming to realize that he was addressing a woman, responded: 'Nothing serious the matter! everything will be all right if you'll just keep your clothes on.' She kept them on and subsided."

"Our tendency to use slang often involves us in trouble," observed Mr. Charles P. Reninger, who represents Morford & Mechem. "I remember having a very crusty old foreigner to deal with once, and he always desired goods about 10 to 50 per cent., and then some off, so one day I sarcastically inquired, 'How many humming birds do you want for 5 cents.' He innocently asked, 'Have you any samples?'"

"Not only our slang is understood, but many people don't understand that in jumping about from place to place we acquire great freedom of manner and soon act with as little reserve as if we were at home," said Mr. Arthur Paul, of Hasbrook & Byers. "This was illustrated when four of us met in a river town and stopped at the same hotel. At lunch we naturally made things a little livelier than usual and soon noticed that a gentleman who had 'reverend' written all over him was regarding us curiously, and as we imagined suspiciously. However, we didn't permit him to interfere with our enjoyment, and at the close of the meal supposed, of course, that our talk and laughter had eternally condemned us in the eyes of the clergyman. In the evening our observer of the lunch hour walked up to our table and said: 'I feel like apologizing to you. I have always thought members of your profession anything but gentlemen. I don't know where I received the impression unless it be from the general opinion that prevails in the region where I live, but I watched you closely today and thought how easy it is for one to permit narrow prejudice to stand in the way of enlightenment. I shall be glad if you will invite me to dine at your table.' We did so and found him one of the most companionable men. After he had weighed us in the balance and found that we were not wholly wanting, we told him that one of the boys was the son of a preacher, another was brother to one and that all had the highest respect for law and religion."

"I recollect an instance where prejudice was

exercised by some of our craft,"- said Mr. John Graham, of the Eldridge-Higgins Co. 'A number of us were coming up from Athens about two years ago and at Carroll our train was side-tracked on account of a freight wreck ahead. We accepted it as a matter of course, but our attention was attracted toward a group of young women who had boarded the train at one of the stations farther down. They had been in high spirits and were evidently going some place to have a good time, but as soon as they learned of the delay there was consternation and dismay. The passing notice we had at first given them deepened into interest, especially as one of them had a face lovely as a dream.' (Four chairs that had tilted at various angles came down with a crash and the occupants leaned toward the speaker.) 'We learned from scraps of their conversation,' he continued, "that they were coming to Columbus to hear Melba that night, and that the accident would probably deprive them of that pleasure. There were seven of them, one married woman, five young ladies and a widow. (The interest in the narrative was still apparent.) The six who were minus husbands were school teachers." (The chairs resumed their normal condition when occupied by men) and were also members of a Browning club. (One traveler groaned and another threw aside his cigar with a significant gesture.) After we had gathered all this from their talk we left for the smoker."

"There was wisdom in that," interrupted another, "otherwise you would have been frozen to death."

"You just keep your remarks until I have finished, will you?" and Mr. Graham continued:

"We smoked, and had a game or two, then sauntered back to see what the 'girls,' as they called each other, were doing. The conductor had just told them that no train would be sent down from Columbus, so their last hope of reaching here in time for the opera had vanished. It was interesting to note how different individuals, under the same circumstances, conducted themselves. The married woman sighed, 'What can't be cured must be endured.' A stately brunette looked disgusted, the blonde assumed a don't care expression, the girl who had been most quiet at first began walking about in an agitated manner, while one whose appearance indicated a nervous temperament was silent. One seemed on the verge of tears and the beauty developed a sudden headache. Lavender salts were

brought into use and one of them was soon in the condition of 'Meddlesome Mattie.' This created a diversion until the tearful girl dolefully remarked: 'Faust is probably singing at this very moment and Melba has appeared.' After that they were again depressed and each drew forth a ticket to the opera and silently regarded it, until the brunette, with an eye to the financial part, said: 'It's a good thing we didn't get over \$2 seats.' They were about to get a gleam of comfort from the fact that things might have been worse, when it was discovered that a pair of valuable opera glasses that didn't belong to the crowd, but had been borrowed for the occasion, were missing. 'Another week's salary gone,' cried the blonde, and the gloom deepened. We didn't dare to try to console them. The combination of teachers and a Browning club was too much for us. Even our lady's man was disconsolate."

"I'll bet there isn't a man among us knows a line of Browning, or we might get up some sort of conversation that would divert their minds from the disappointment. It will never do to approach them with ordinary commonplaces," he grumbled.

"Didn't he write 'Saints fall to earth with so slight a tilt?'" asked our "Soap" man.

"Yes, sure," was the answer. "You just go up in front of those girls and tell them that and you won't need any other introduction. They'll know you are a first class idiot."

While we were thus talking some urchins who had gathered outside began to toss apples into the car. The girls, of whom we had been so afraid, made a wild scramble for the fruit and with shouts of laughter devoured it. That gave us the cue. Out of sample cases came a fine assortment of crackers, club-house cheese and pickles, one member advanced with his best bow to ask if they would accept of such refreshments. Accept? They fell over each other in their eagerness — and they way they did eat! One with her mouth full of cheese, told us that they hadn't taken time to eat anything since noon, as they thought to arrive in Columbus in time for dinner. Then we were sympathetic in earnest, for we considered that a greater mishap than missing the opera. I made some sort of an apology for the dry fare and the blonde assured me that there was nothing more delicious than crackers, cheese and pickles. 'Except,' said another, with a merry smile, 'bread and cheese and —.' There she stopped and from another case we produced cakes, as the nearest approach to the

suggestion. After they had eaten every mite of the supply, their spirits began to rise perceptibly and we were delighted to find them different from the schoolma'ams of our earlier days. The surprise came when one remarked in an aggrieved tone, 'The very first time I ever went any place in all my life the old train had to run off the track.' Her manner was so ludicrous and so in keeping with the character she had assumed that we were convulsed with laughter. Her companions insisted upon her giving some impersonation and she complied in a way that surpassed many professionals. She was a natural mimic. Then a sweet-voiced girl sang for us and another recited a poem. There wasn't the faintest trace of conventionality about them and yet there wasn't a man among us but regarded them as womanly women. We had wished to make the time pass more pleasantly for them and putting aside their own disappointment and regard of the money expended so uselessly they entertained us in a very charming manner. We had such a high regard for them that when our train arrived at the Union station between 1 and 2 o'clock next morning there was but one man who was mean enough to smile when the singer, with the vague hope that Melba would be singing at that hour, rushed up to a policeman and asked if the concert was over. We often wondered what had become of that bright, companionable crowd, but until recently had never heard anything of them. Then I chanced to meet one and was told that the singer was traveling with an opera troupe this season, she herself was living here in Columbus and the others were still teaching."

"And is that the end of the story?" asked one. "Is it possible that you chumps have permitted all that sweetness to waste itself on the desert air?"

"Oh, get out," was the irrelevant reply. "We were comrades in misfortune and that was the end of it."

"Well," mused Mr. John Miles, of the Bancroft & Sheldon Co., "I made my last trip as salesman this week, and in the many years I have been on the road the most thrilling experience in which I ever took an active part, and in fact was the star actor of the occasion, was over in West Virginia. I was driving along a narrow road where high mountains shadowed me on one side and a steep declivity threatened on the other. I don't know how it happened, but by some sleight-of-hand, or rather foot, on the part of the horse the con-

tents of that buggy were hurled into space and the first thing that I remember was scrambling among the branches of a tree that grew about half way down the declivity. I was not hurt in the least."

"But you killed the tree, didn't you?" interposed one traveler, wickedly.

"No, I didn't; that was a number of years ago, and I wasn't such a heavy-weight then as now," was the laughing reply.

"As soon as I recovered from the dazed condition occasioned by the fall I clambered to earth and cautiously made my way to the ravine below, as the road was too far above me to think of ascending to it. After walking some distance I came to an open place where there was a little cabin that was inhabited. The head of the household kindly guided me to a path that led to the road and after a long search we found the horse and buggy, the latter somewhat battered, but the animal none the worse for wear."

"Seems to me that hairbreadth escapes are the fad with the salesmen of your firm," hazarded Mr. George Sells, of the Dages-Andrews Co. "Now, there's Mr. Bornheim, who met with a miraculous escape from drowning a few months ago."

"How was that?" inquired a Chicago man, addressing the gentleman mentioned.

He answered: "I was down in the coal regions near Glouster at the time and one dark night started to walk to mine No. 10, and in crossing a bridge missed my footing and went down into the icy waters of Sunday creek. Ugh! but it was cold! There was a queer, dizzy sensation in my head as though I had received a blow, but I managed to yell for help. Then I lost consciousness. But my cry had been heard and a coal miner rescued me from what would have proved certain death. Afterwards I was taken to friends, but it was many weeks before I could resume work, and in fact I have not yet recovered from the shock. When I tried to thank my preserver he laughed as though saving a life at the risk of his own was nothing out of the ordinary."

"It's not with them—they're used to it," said Mr. Ed Cooley, of Nelsonville. "Danger develops daring and life is often chanced most recklessly in the mining districts."

"As you have veered round to the subject of death and it is distinctly in my line, I'll give you a story," said Mr. B. F. Whipps, of the Columbus Coffin Co. "Some time ago a customer in a nearby town sent in an order

for an extra large casket—its dimensions exceeded any that we had ever sent out and caused much comment. A few days later I chanced to be in the place and mentioned this to a resident. 'Of course it required a large coffin for him,' was the reply. 'He was bloated dreadfully. You see he died of politics of the heart.'"

In the general laugh that followed Mr. F. L. Lyke was heard saying, "That was odd, as politics more often cause a bloated condition of the head."

"I must tell you of a laughable affair that transpired last week," exclaimed Mr. W. D. Porter, of the Tracy-Wells Co. "A man from near Wooster—Bachelorsville, I think, was the name of the place—came here with the idea of winning renown as a salesman. The boys thought we had better make him acquainted with the town. After introducing him to several things, we wandered into the Brunswick and decided to have some fun in the bowling alley. Well, our supposed 'innocent' threw down his first ball, made a strike, and after that went through like a veteran and quit as high man of the game. We were dazed as first and concluded that our anticipated fun had gone glimmering. But after a time he told a story and then we had a panacea for our disappointment; for it was one that had been in Noah's ark originally and had been in the hospital for recuperation for several centuries, but he told it as though it had just happened. We seized the idea and affecting to be wonderfully impressed, had him rehearse it for the proprietor. In a few moments a policeman entered and we exclaimed as if by one impulse, 'Oh, —, must tell you of the newest thing out.' He told it. Later we insisted that he should repeat to the waiter and afterward everyone that came into the place had to listen to it. He hadn't the faintest suspicion that he was not increasing the interest each time that he went over it. This was our revenge for his having bowled us over earlier in the evening. We were inwardly hilarious, if you can conceive of such a state, but we didn't dare to betray it by the movement of an eyelid or the slightest twitching of our lips. The next day, or rather later in the day, we carried the joke to the house and had our traveler relate the same threadbare incident to everyone. He had zeal as a narrator, but finally he struck a man whose face looked like it was frozen over in July and His Serene Iciness had to spoil our fun or we might have continued it indefinitely."

"The people in some places have queer ideas in regard to us," mused Mr. Will Laeers. "I was in Kentucky once when I had immense sample cases with me. While the contents of each were displayed for inspection in a little country store I was amused when an old gentleman entered and ejaculated, with the simplicity of a child, 'Wonder how he manages to carry all that?' He evidently mistook me for a pack pedler of some sort and admired my strength."

Said Mr. E. G. M. Goodman, of the Greenfield & Goodman firm: "I have just thought of an instance that occurred when I was a traveling salesman. I was going from Little Rock to Galveston and a party of gamblers were on the train. They laid for me and as I was always ready for any new experience, I went with them into the smoker for a 'friendly' game, followed by the compassionate glance of a very distinguished gentleman who seemed to think that I was a victim. We played for some time before an unusually good hand was dealt me and one of the gang told me that it would do to bet money on it. 'That's true; what a pity that I lost all mine just a little while ago,' I said, innocently. They were disgusted and had no further desire for a friendly game. The gentleman whose pity I had awakened was the attorney general of the state."

Said Mr. C. B. Smith, of Studer, Luthy & Gregg: "I remember a car episode that had its origin in smoke. It was a mixed train on the Dresden branch and no smoker was attached. A man who had been enjoying a meerschaum laid it on the window-sill and moved to the rear of the car to speak with a friend. A woman seized the pipe and threw it out of the window. She had with her a poodle which she had been fondling in a manner calculated to excite disgust. When he returned, without addressing anyone in particular, he exclaimed: 'Where's my pipe?' 'I threw it out the window,' was the defiant retort of the woman.

Without farther words he picked up the poodle and hurled it out the same aperture. There was a shriek from the woman, followed by the most violent denunciations, but he answered only with a grim smile.

"'You just wait until we get to Warsaw and my husband will settle with you,' she declared.

"'Very well,' was the quiet response. I know your husband and shall be pleased to meet him.'

"We were all interested in the outcome of the affair, and when we arrived at Warsaw these two were the cynosure of all eyes. She rushed to her husband and between tears and sobs related the fate of her darling. We looked for a row, but just then the little dog came trotting up unharmed and while its mistress was rejoicing and its would-be slayer was looking gloomy over his failure, a man appeared with his cherished meerschaum, which had lodged on the rear step, and everything ended peaceably."

"I thought you meant to tell us that the husband returned thanks because freed from the little pest," grumbled a New York man, while from a woman came the softly spoken query: "How far was the train from the station when the dog was thrown out?"

"There's a question for you, Smith," cried Mr. Archie Sells. "In these days it isn't safe to tell anything in the presence of a woman unless your statement dovetails. They are all turning detectives since that serial appeared in *The Press*. She can't understand how a poodle could run fast enough to come up at the most opportune time."

'You're downed on that story.'

But, true to himself, the commercial traveler answered: "Who said the poodle ran? I haven't a doubt that he crept along and took several naps on the way. It's you people who have forgotten that we were on an accommodation."

"Now, I'll have to give you a train occurrence, and it, like most of our stories, has as its central figure a woman," remarked Mr. E. L. Leonard, who represents the wholesale saddlery house of I. H. & F. A. Sells. "One day just as we were leaving Norwalk I noticed a very sedate old lady. Presently a man with sidebeards entered. The next to get on was a quiet-looking old farmer, who lived in a local option town. In moving around in his seat the cork came out of his quart and the contents ran over the seat. The old lady, whose sense of smell was very acute, looked at the gentleman with the sidebeards and said to a woman across the aisle, 'My, you can smell liquor on these inebriates a mile away.' It takes a woman to make a man feel uncomfortable and do it in such a way that if he tries to explain he only succeeds in making himself ridiculous."

"Yes, and it takes a woman to tell a man when to go home," chimed in a sweet voice. "This club must keep up its reputation for early hours and sobriety (referring to the fact

that no liquors are served in the establishment). Besides, it's nearly time for the last car."

Then there was hurry and confusion, the dancers were summoned from the forgetful maze and came trooping down the stairs; the music ceased, good-nights were said and those who had drifted into the club room for an evening's pastime separated with no thought that the same group would ever meet again; truly an illustration of

"Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing,

Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness,

So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another —

Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

MARY ROBSON.



SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN.

MISS SOUTHWORTH WOULD HAVE THE BALLOT GIVEN ONLY TO THOSE WOMEN

WHO ARE ABLE TO READ AND WRITE—THE IDEA HAS MET WITH GREAT FAVOR IN THE EAST—MRS. STANTON AN ARDENT EXPONENT.

In a letter received by Mrs. Anna Clark, president of the W. C. T. U. of Ohio, Mrs. Louise Southworth, of Cleveland, state superintendent of franchise, states that she thinks it would be well to offer an amendment to the joint resolution or bill for suffrage for women.

It would be that the ballot only be given to the women of Ohio who can read and write. Mrs. Southworth thinks that an educational suffrage would take away the objection so often made that giving the ballot to women would greatly increase the ignorant vote, and that it would be best to have this amendment come from the women themselves.

The legislators who favor the joint resolution providing for an amendment to the constitution that will permit women to vote at all elections may be gratified to learn what support they may expect from women of Ohio.

Mrs. Southworth in speaking of the department with which she is most familiar, says there are 60 franchise superintendents scattered throughout the state and their combined efforts should awaken a suffragesentiment that will prove of great assistance.

She also states that one permanent result of the work of suffragists in the past is the Ohio enrollment, which now registers 35,674 names of men and women believing in equal suffrage. Since the enrollment represents the voluntary efforts of friends of the cause, it will serve to in some measure contradict the oft-repeated assertion of opponents, that "women do not want the ballot."

The "educational suffrage" idea has met with great favor in the east and in an open letter to the members of the American National Suffrage association Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton touches upon several phases of

it. She refers to the two bills recently presented to congress, one on restricting immigration the other on educational suffrage.

In regard to the first she believes that all hardy, common sense laborers should be welcomed with the stipulation that they should not become a part of our ruling powers until they can read and write the English language intelligently and understand the principles of government.

She then refers to the fact that we have rulers, native and foreign, voting for laws and lawmakers, who do not understand the letters of the alphabet and declares that this ignorant vote is solid against women's emancipation, pointing to some of the western states as an illustration of this, for she states that in every case where amendments were proposed for the enfranchisement of women, this vote has been against the measure. She is distressed at the apathy of women themselves as to their own dignity and duty to the state, and thinks, as women are governed by a "male aristocracy," we should be doubly interested in having our rulers able to read and write.

In reference to the statement that the ignorant classes need the ballot more than the rich, Mrs. Stanton says, "Well, they have had it and what have they done to protect their own interests? Absolutely nothing, because they did not know in what direction those lay or by what system of legislation they could be lifted out of poverty, vice and ignorance to enjoy liberty, justice and equality. To compel this class to learn to read and write and thus open to them the doors of all knowledge, not by force, but by the promise of a privilege which all citizens enjoy, would be of such ultimate benefit to themselves as well as to the state as would compensate for withholding a minor privilege for a few years."

SHALL WOMEN VOTE?

THE QUESTION IS DEBATABLE, ACCORDING TO THE VIEWS
EXPRESSED BY THE SOLONS.

Women suffragists all over the state are banded together for the purpose of objecting to the favorable consideration of the proposed repeal of the law giving to women the right to vote at school elections. This subject has been much discussed in local circles and since the introduction by Mr. Hazlett of the bill for the repeal of the law the interest has deepened.

Wishing to know the attitude of the senators and representatives in regard to it a random canvass was made as to opinions for and against the repeal, Thursday evening, immediately after both houses had adjourned.

The senators had just experienced the mental strain of trying to look pretty while their pictures were taken and that, combined with the effects of the flash light, had somewhat dazed them; however, a few were able to answer the question without time for deliberation.

Senator Sullivan said: "I am in favor of the law remaining as it is now simply because the women wish it. That is sufficient reason."

Senator Wightman responded: "I am opposed to the repeal of this law simply because there is no real reason why it should be repealed."

"The law has not been in force long enough to judge of its effects, therefore I am against any measure to repeal it. I was in the house when it was passed and voted for it, although I was not an enthusiastic advocate of it. I never thought it would bring about the great results that some people claimed it would, but wish to see it given longer time. I think it will fall through of its own accord," was Senator Dodge's statement.

Senator Valentine replied: "I cannot at present see why the law should not remain as it is now."

Senator Garfield said substantially the same thing, adding this statement: "The burden of proof rests with those opposed to the law."

In the house there was not such consensus of opinion. Said Mr. Payne: "I don't think the women appreciate the privilege they have been given and if they are to be granted suffrage on one question it should include all. However, I am open to conviction on this and don't know positively that I shall favor its repeal."

Mr. Gayman said with emphasis: "I favor the repeal outright. The women are indifferent. In my town they don't vote as if they cared particularly for the franchise and it is a useless expense."

"I will never take a step backward," was Mr. Bracken's reply. "I was in favor of woman's suffrage when it became a law and I am now. They will not only elevate politics, but politics will elevate them."

"I favor the repeal," was Mr. Piper's prompt statement. "The right to vote is seldom exercised by women unless it is in some mean cause. Let me explain this. I do not mean that American women cannot exercise the franchise intelligently far more so than many of the men, but from personal observation I am convinced that the majority of women who vote are not what I would like to call the representative women of our town. They are usually those who are induced to use this prerogative for some petty, personal reason."

"I don't agree with the gentleman," said Mr. Niles. "I think women are just as well fitted as men to take a broad view of politics. They have demonstrated in many ways that they can fill many positions creditably that once were considered too great for their intellects."

Mr. Kemple's statement was "The law does not amount to anything in our town. He gave numerous instances tending to show that personal animosity or jealousy were the sole reasons that swayed most women who voted."

"I am for the woman's cause," was Mr. Bell's reply.

"I shall be in favor of that which will be

conducive to the greatest good for the greatest number," said Mr. Kinney. "I have not given this subject the thought that it deserves to make a definite statement in regard to it."

Mr. Adkins was equally cautious and said he had not considered the subject sufficiently to reply.

Mr. Hazlett said the reason he introduced that bill and had all the women ready to make war on him was that it was an utterly useless expense. Very few women availed themselves of their opportunities and those who did voted as their husbands told them to vote. He was asked as to those who did not have husbands and laughingly declared that they would always find plenty of men willing to instruct them.

Mr. Bowman answered: "I am against the attempt to deprive women of this right."

Mr. Morrow said that as he lived in the country he had not noticed the expense cited by some members and should be against any changes in the law.

These were all the members seen on the floor of the house, but later a number of them were found at the Great Southern.

The men seen there formed an interesting group: Speaker Mason, whose youthful appearance always excites comment; Mr. Bramley, with his refined, scholarly countenance; Senator Burke, who impresses one as being possessed of rugged strength physically and mentally; Mr. Scott, alert in action and thought; Mr. Rutan, with his frank, genial manner; Mayor McKisson, smiling and debonair as though if his was not the victor's triumph it was the triumph which follows a brave fight. Besides these Mr. McConica, Judge Ditty, Mr. West and various other well known men were present. Although not members the question was propounded to them also.

Mayor McKisson dodged by saying: "I have been so busy of late that I haven't had time to consult my lady constituents as to how I should stand on this subject. As soon as they tell me how to vote, I'll give you an answer."

Judge Ditty interrupted him by exclaiming: "You just tell all the members of your sex, through the columns of the Press that as soon as we send Mayor McKisson to the United States senate the women shall have anything and everything for which they ask. As for me I'm for women 16 to 1."

"That's right," said Mr. Scott, "the bolters are all for the women."

Speaker Mason, in view of his position, was non-committal for publication, but stated his sentiments clearly and forcibly from a personal standpoint.

"I shall oppose the attempt to repeal this law for one of the best reasons," remarked Mr. Rutan. "In my place we have two lady members of the board of education and never in the history of the schools has there been such progress, such united earnest effort in the line of teaching. They have shown what they can do and we are going to re-elect them."

Mr. Bramley was as outspoken as while on the floor of the house making his great effort to defeat M. A. Hanna. He said: "The women are nearer to the children than men and understand that which will be for their best interests much better than men possibly can."

Then into the room came a man, big of frame and heart. He held in his hand a broad, soft hat, for although he has been out of the mines for some time Mr. Jones has not yet abandoned the picturesque headgear typical of the miner.

"How do I stand on the woman's suffrage question? Why, by the women, assuredly. This government was founded on the principle no taxation without representation and I think that is just as good a sentiment now as it was in the days of our forefathers, therefore, laying all sentimental reasons aside and as a mere matter of justice it shall be my purpose and pleasure to resist any curtailment of the privileges that women now have. On the contrary I shall do all in my power to aid them in enlarging their sphere."

REPRESENTATIVE HAZLETT.

HIS BILL TO REPEAL THE LAW GRANTING WOMEN SCHOOL SUFFRAGE HAS MADE HIM THE TARGET OF THE FAIR SEX.

Representative Andrew Jackson Hazlett of Bucyrus, who has become prominent by introducing house bill 101, to repeal the law granting woman school suffrage, is one of the youngest and most distinguished-looking of the members of the present general assembly. He has dark eyes, his hair is quite gray for one so young, and with his smoothly-shaven face and clear-cut features is quite striking in his appearance. Mr. Hazlett is editor and proprietor of the Crawford County News of Bucyrus, for many years owned by Thomas P. Hopley.

Mr. Hazlett stands high in the community

as a gentleman of honor, intelligent and broad-minded. He is an active member of the Methodist church.

His mail is of a kaleidoscopic nature, threats, appeals, suggestions. A Cincinnati woman suggested that as Mr. Hazlett is from Crawford county, it would be more appropriate to change the name of the county to "Crawfish."

Another suggestion was, "A reckless member of the legislature named Hazlett has introduced a bill to repeal the school suffrage law. He will be Hazed before the women get through with him."

HAZLETT'S MAIL.

COMMUNICATIONS BEARING ON THE BILL TO DISFRANCHISE THE WOMEN.

Representative Andrew J. Hazlett, as a special mark of his appreciation of the impartial methods of The Press which has given opinions for and against his law denying the right of suffrage to women, has given a representative of this paper a glimpse at the many letters received in his mail bearing on the subject.

Mr. Hazlett is an editor and keeps up the tradition that nothing short of bullets or knives is effective in the way of criticism with members of his profession, for the expression of his face never changed during the perusal of the most scathing rebukes.

From the large pile of letters, the following were made:

Mrs. Rose L. Legur, of Toledo, a member of the executive committee of the New Century Club, wrote: "It was with great sorrow and astonishment that progressive women of Toledo learned that you had introduced a bill to remand them wholly to the degradation of disfranchisement from which Ohio's enlightened and chivalrous legislators had sought to elevate them by extending the trifling right of school suffrage." After referring to the causes assigned against woman suffrage brought out in the discussion of the matter at Cleveland when the subject was up in that city, Mrs. Legur continues: "In common justice, no man living has the right to deny me the citizenship which places me in the cate-

gory of voters. I am not an idiot, a lunatic, a criminal or a minor, and if I were the only woman in Ohio demanding the right to vote that right should not be withheld, because of ignorance, prejudice and custom. I conjure you as a free born American to think of the republics of Greece and Rome which died because the mothers could not give to their sons the inheritance of freedom for their slaves."

Charles S. Cock, of Canton, writes: "I commend you for your effort to repeal the law giving women the right of suffrage and would gladly encourage you to persist energetically in that direction.

V. O. Peters, of Shelby, O. — "Democrats, Republicans, men and even women would like to see the law repealed and I believe it is the general verdict all over Ohio."

Robert Parguellis, Hull Prairie, O.—"I understand you are favoring a bill to repeal the law giving the women the right to vote for members of the school board, and are doing this because the women fail to turn out and vote. You are wrong in this and unjust because in many places the men do not turn out and vote and on the same reasoning you would disfranchise every voter in the state because they fail to exercise the right of franchise."

John Skinner, clerk of the board of education of Gratis, O., has his own ideas on the subject, and expresses them in his communication. He favors a repeal of the law or amending it so that the election shall be placed under the control of the school board. In support of his position he says that at his place there was an arrangement by which the school children were supplied with pens, books, paper and all requisites free of charge, but that the method did not suit some and they marshaled all the women in the district and overthrew the system. This, he says, was accomplished by 13 women, ten of whom were not mothers of children.

T. S. Hogan, an attorney at Wellston, writes, extending his congratulations to Mr. Hazlett upon introducing the bill and assuring him that the wrath of the cranks in the state would be brought upon his head, and that the good will of the right thinking people would be with him. Concluding, he says: "Women have a noble and useful sphere, but while the womanly women fail to vote and the cranks never miss the opportunity to do so, no good results can come of the existing law. I would rather be the author of the repeal of this law than have the honor of the mother of the Gracchi."

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

INTERESTING INTERVIEWS WITH SOME LEADING WOMEN OF COLUMBUS.

"What do you think of the proposed repeal of the law giving to the women of Ohio the right to vote?"

This question was propounded to a number of statesmen and their answers were given in *The Sunday Press*. Although many of them championed the cause of women and the statements made indicated that they would make a gallant defense of the existing law it was deemed but just and proper that for once in their lives at least women should be permitted to speak for themselves. So the same query was addressed to a number of these women of Columbus and their answers conclusively

proved that women are interested and have been thinking of this subject.

Mrs. Anna Clark, president of the W. C. T. U., said:

"The law granting suffrage to women at all elections pertaining to school affairs should not be repealed. First because they are taxed to support the schools and our government is founded on the principle of 'no taxation without representation.' Second, because we are compelled to send our children to the schools whether the management is good or bad. Third, because the law has not been in the statute books long enough to educate the

women in the modus operandi of the polls, especially as in many cities and towns of the state, constantly changing local restrictions and ordinances have been passed to confuse and discourage the women from voting. The reason given by Mr. Hazlett for the repeal of the law, viz, the increased expense of extra paraphernalia, can be obviated by giving 'silent constituency' a right to vote at all elections: then will this republic be in truth, as it is now in name, a government by the consent of all the governed."

Mrs. Mary W. Castle, president of Twenty-first district W. C. T. U., voiced her sentiments in these words:

"Women have every natural right to vote man has. Having taken one step in the direction of justice it would be unjust to recede. It is too soon to judge of the practical workings of the law. Women unfranchised from infancy could not be expected to fit themselves for or promptly avail themselves of the privilege. Give us a little time and see if we are false or indifferent to the trust reposed by the law.

"As no remuneration attaches to any office woman is eligible to under the law, no objection should come from upbuilders of the spoils system. This being the only franchise privilege which can be given as under the constitution of Ohio, the last legislature did what they could for us and we trust this honorable body will not undo their work. Women being the God appointed educators of youth, please give us a voice in the management of the educational system to which they are transferred from the nursery."

Mrs. Canfield, wife of the president of the O. S. U., replied: "I am always in favor of woman's suffrage on this question and I am much disappointed that they do not take more interest in the privilege which has been granted them. However, one must not be too impatient, for results and enlarged opportunities will undoubtedly bring about greater appreciation."

Mrs. Milne, president of the Sorosis club, responded: "I am not at all in sympathy with woman's suffrage in a general way, but where it touches the home life so closely as in this case, I think they should have it."

Mrs. F. B. Everett, president of the Round Table club, answered: "If they can accomplish anything I am in favor of the law as it

now exists. Women experience more anxiety and greater care for the welfare of children than men, and they have better opportunities for studying the needs of those who are trained and educated in our schools."

Miss Margaret Sutherland, principal of the Normal schools, rejoined: "I am emphatically in favor of woman suffrage on the educational issue. The fact that they have not yet done much proves nothing. All great reforms move slowly. In the high schools more young women finish the course than men, so they are better adapted to know the needs of the schools.

Mrs. Carpenter, wife of the former senator, said: "I should never have been in favor of the law in the first place. Of course, every one's ideas are largely formed by their surroundings, and my life has always been so complete that I have never experienced any desire to reach out for other things. Yet I have no wish to stand in the way of those who care for the franchise."

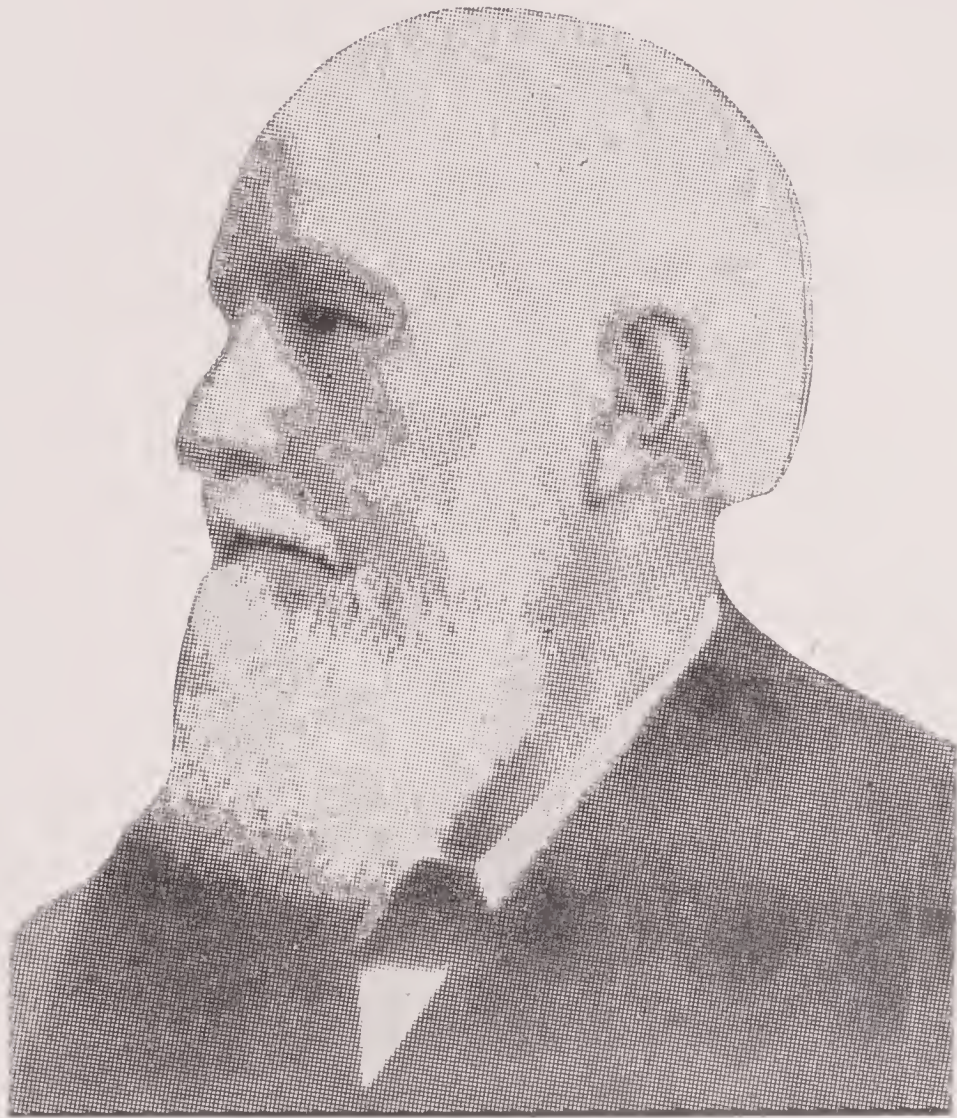
"When it comes in the line of duty I think every woman should take up matters that tend toward the betterment of others, no matter how well satisfied they may be with their own condition," remarked Mrs. E. E. Corwin.

Mrs. S. H. Barrett answered: "I am opposed to the repeal because I think this is a right, and it is only a small portion of what is inalienable right. Women are citizens and taxpayers, and as such should have enfranchisement on all subjects."

Mrs. Lewis Sells' statement was: "The bill granting school suffrage to women should not be repealed, for they have taken, and at all times will take, greater interest in the educational welfare of the children, having more time to devote to the study of child character."

Mrs. John Cavers, president of the Polyglot club, laughingly replied: "You must enlighten me a little on this subject. As I have only been in Ohio a year, I may not understand it sufficiently to give an opinion."

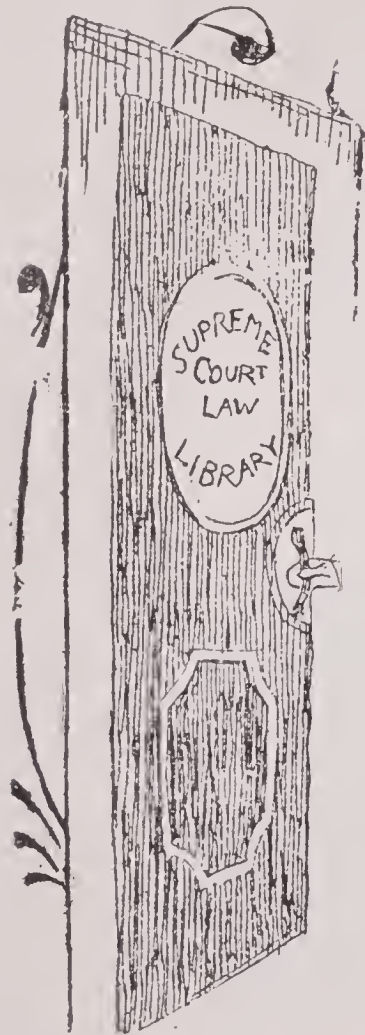
Half a dozen women told her all about it simultaneously, and out of the labyrinth Mrs. Cavers was heard saying: "I should be against the repeal, for in Canada, my country before coming here, we were so accustomed to voting on the school boards and on all municipal affairs that I should not like to think of my adopted state taking a step backward."



CHIEF JUSTICE BURKET.

GLIMPSES OF THE SUPREME COURT.

You are tired of the hurry-scurry, pell-mell noise and activity of High street and would fain avoid the feverish rush in which those who spend the greater part of their time down town seem to live?



Fortunately, it is but a few steps to where it is silent and reposeful. You would like to go there? Then come with me to the state-house. I always feel a sensation of awe in this place. It may be due to the impressive surroundings. The massive oak doors, the lofty walls and arches, the subdued harmony of color, the judicial bench, and, more than all else, the pictured faces that fill the mind with thoughtfulness.

Hitchcock, Waite, Swan, Swayne, Ewing, and other illustrious men who have filed all petitions of redress, reclamer, disclaimer or demurrer in the court of courts and have learned the issue thereof, seem to gaze with mournful compassion upon fixed forms, parchment records and terrestrial justice. But as though the souls which once animated their bodies would convey to mortals the comforting message, "Be patient; all the petty vexations, fruitless anxieties, vain prospects, uncertain speculations, the bad jumble of errors and voiceless purposes and all the weariness and heartsickness which follow injustice shall in a little moment be no more." How self vanishes like a coward when confronted

by such a thought! How weak and insignificant seem pride or pain and all the vain gew-gaws of pomp and power! But, shades of the departed! Where have we drifted? Into a country churchyard, it would seem.

Some people have taken seats near desks in the chamber of the court of courts. It will be interesting to watch them. Why do they rise as if by one impulse? Ah, the judges are entering. A grave and majestic body!

Do I know the judges? Of course not. Who does know anyone in these days when one's dearest friends prove enigmas and the best one can do is to be consoled by the reflection that in general the inexplicable is not worth solving? But I see these men frequently and have talked with them, if that's what you mean.

That's Chief Justice Burket in the middle. Notice the close attention he gives that lawyer and the earnestness with which he asks a question. Observe how carefully he examines that map, as if every minute detail was given the most profound consideration. In ordinary conversation he displays that same attribute, but he is more animated than one would imagine from seeing him on the bench, where every word is so deliberate. He illustrates his remarks by gestures and there is a rich vein of humor in all he says. He has a joyous temperament, founded upon a generous mind. Judge Burket is a member of the Sons of the Revolution, his father having served in the bodyguard to Washington. He belongs to several other fraternal societies and devotes some time to business as president and director of the American bank at Findlay, Ohio, where his family live. You could not talk to Judge Burket but a few minutes before learning that he is most domestic in his tastes. With a smile as naive as that of a child he told me how he spent most of his time while in the home circle.

The gentleman who just asked a question is Judge Williams. When he was a member of the general assembly he was considered a leader and a very powerful debater. In talking with him now one notices the same clearness and force which distinguished him then,

but a paramount characteristic is his ability as a listener. From the moment he, with a slight inclination of the head indicative of deference, turns to one who addresses him, until the close of any talk, however unimportant, he never loses the grave courtesy of manner which wins confidence and good will.

Judge Williams was chosen as the first chief justice of the circuit court of Ohio and was the first dean of the faculty of the law department of the Ohio State University. He is a great worker, is possessed of a strong frame, and this is supplemented by health and intellectual force.

Who is the gentleman with the remarkable eyes? Ah, you have noticed them—at this distance, but, if you were to meet that direct gaze you would think a searchlight had been upon your soul. Not that the glance is unkind—it simply takes your measurement and if that is satisfactory, all is well. So if you ever have occasion to talk with Judge Shauck, drop all that is artificial and be perfectly natural. He detests shams and sees through them more quickly than most men.

The judge plays billiards, enjoys a good cigar, talks with ease on any subject and is in short an all-round man, popular with all with whom he comes in contact. He makes one feel if a man's head is in the clouds his feet can still touch the earth and the weighty affairs of state seem to move as serenely as if he wrapped himself in a mantle of dignity and hauteur. He laughingly declares he has never been able to acquire a dignified manner, but that it may come when he is older. You think there is something suggestive of the dash of the soldier about him? So did I and asked him if he had seen military service.

"Nothing to speak of," was the reply. "I enlisted in the civil war, but was only out four months, so that don't count; but, if you wish to see a real soldier look there." The judge gazed with keen admiration at Mr. Barrows, the second assistant librarian, who was standing near, and continued: "That man went out to fight and he remained with it to the end. He did not get sick or go to the hospital or ask for an indefinite leave of absence because the hardships of war were too much for him. He had that valuable attribute known as endurance, and he never gave up either in the toil of the camp or the grip of the battle." Judge Shauck spoke with great earnestness and it is doubtful if he was ever more eloquent than when extolling the bravery of another. He closed with the words, "He was a magnificent soldier."

It may have been fancy, but there seemed to be an accent of regret in his voice, not for the laurels which another had won, but as though his own exalted position faded into insignificance before the record of a soldier from the ranks. Judge Shauck is, as his name indicates, of German descent, but his ancestors came to America before the revolution and he was born in Ohio.

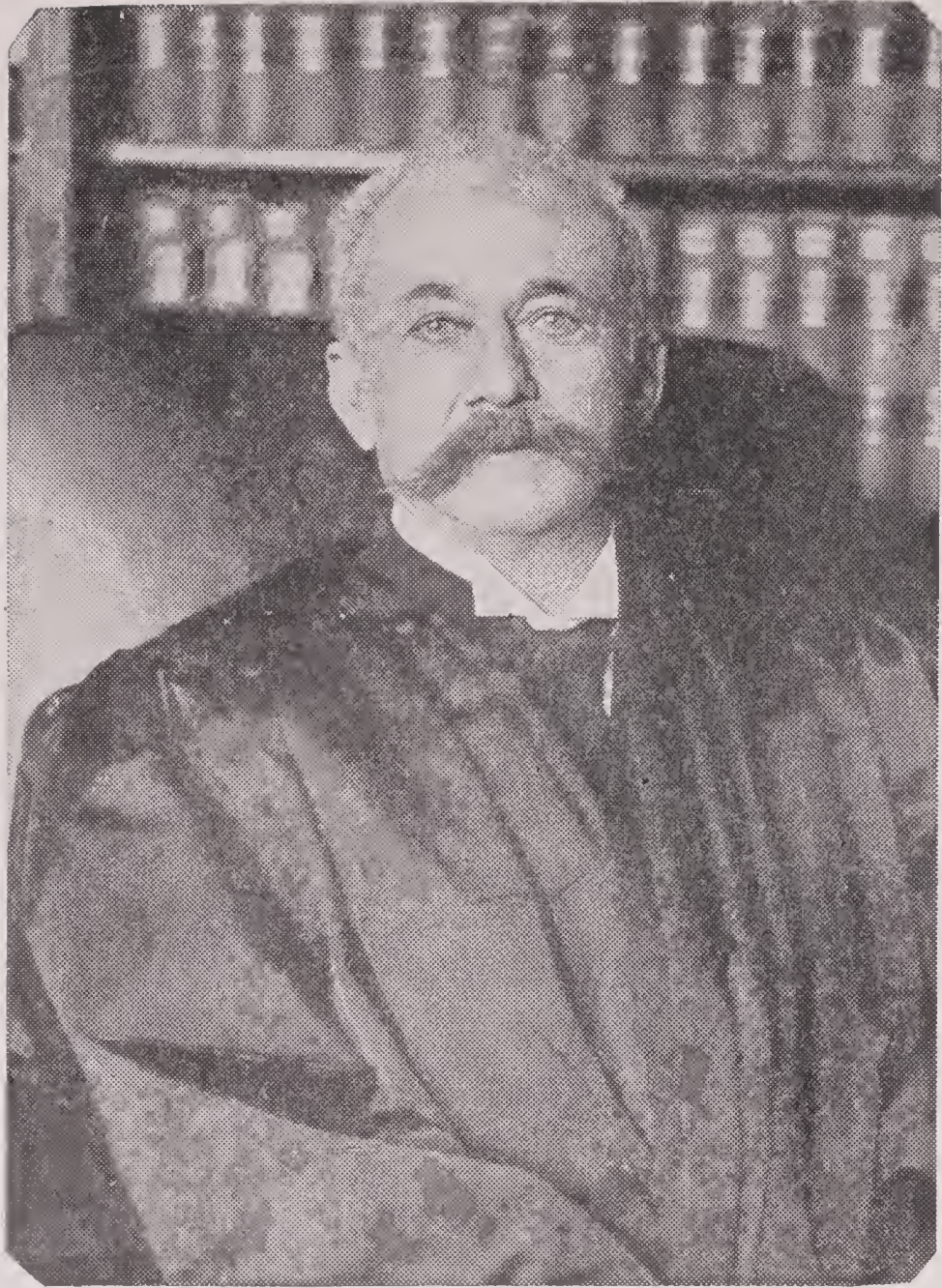
That's Mr. Barrows—the gentleman in the gray suit—he has changed his colors, but he has still the nature which distinguished him when he wore the blue. The badge of the U. V. L., which adorns his coat, is something of which he is very proud—there are none who would not appreciate such an insignia of merit.

The large man to the left of the chief justice is Judge Bradbury. He is most cordial in his manner and could, if he liked, give you many reminiscences of army service prior to the war of the rebellion. Among the most interesting of these is an expedition against the Mormons under General Johnston, the distinguished Confederate, and the transportation of government supplies to the joint commission of the United States and Great Britain when they were arranging the Northwestern boundary.

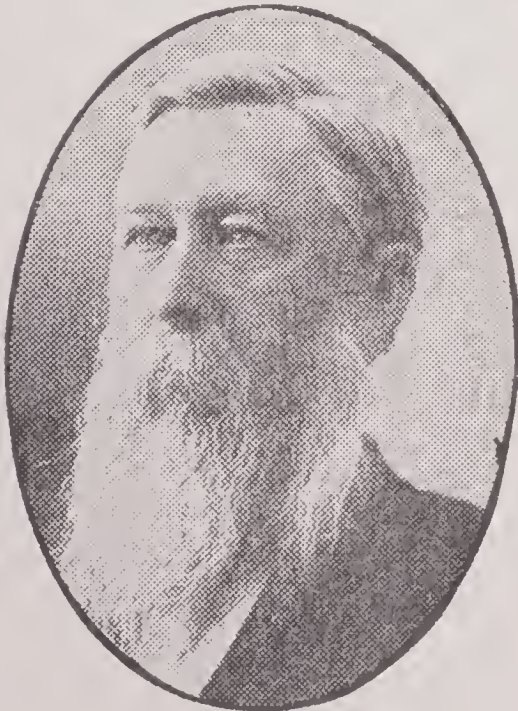
Judge Bradbury's family live near Pomeroy, where he has a stock farm in which he is much interested. He becomes enthusiastic when talking of it. He is a member of the Columbus Whist club and is quite fond of the game. "Perhaps too fond to suit some people," he said recently with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "But then I don't mind that," he continued, "for I delight in it and think we must have some amusements." He also occasionally knocks a tenpin.

These relaxations do not interfere with his work for he is noted for quickness of perception and grasp of principles. A prominent member of the bar has said of him that in the process of sifting out the unimportant facts from those which are material and reaching a full understanding of the question in controversy, Judge Bradbury is especially strong.

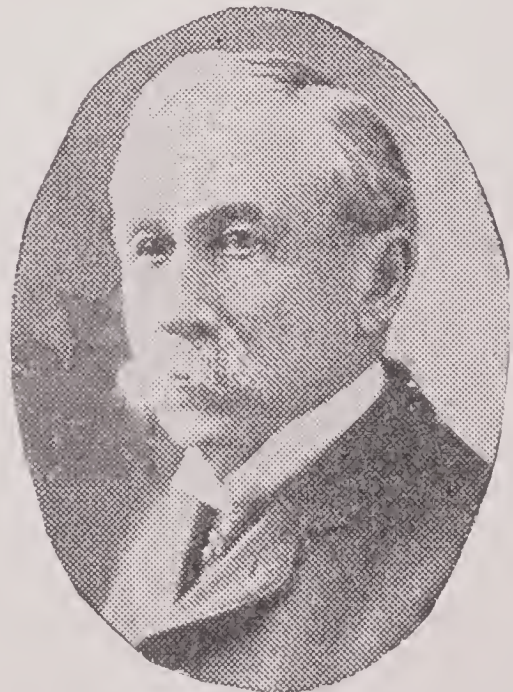
You have noticed that one of the judges bears a striking resemblance to Dickens. That is Judge Minshall, or it might be better to say Captain Minshall, for he has that honorable title, and it is not an empty one. He was among the first to respond to his country's call in the hour of need, although he had just been admitted to the bar. Have you ever stood mute before a great painting and



JUDGE SHAUCK.



JUDGE BRADBURY.



JUDGE SPEAR.

felt that, "Back of the canvas which throbs, the painter stands hinted and hidden?" One feels that way in the presence of Judge Minshall, for back of the chill—almost haughty reserve—of the scholar, stands the man of true and simple energy, of high and dauntless courage. He demonstrated he was the possessor of these qualities before he won renown at the bar, for that intellectual face was turned toward the foe at Perrysville, Stone River, Hoover's Gap, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and the battles in front of Atlanta.

It is not surprising that the fighting spirit should exist and win distinction in one who began the battle of life at the age of six, when he lost the best friend a man ever has. At nine he worked in a woolen factory. Then came the usual struggle of those who desire knowledge, and have only limited opportunities to gratify the wish. There was the desultory attendance of school, the teaching while study was continued, until competent to enter his profession; then his army service, after which came the practice of law at Chilli-cothe, his present home.

One of the oldest lawyers in Columbus, Captain Clark, told me that when Judge Minshall was on the common pleas bench he was noted for his quickness in seeing the points of a case and arriving at a precedent. His charges and opinions show thought and care, while his attainments are the practical results of hard work. His life is indeed a proof that resolve, effort, action and intensity of endeavor will eventually surmount many obstacles.

Just one more Judge to tell you about. He is Judge Spear. He is very dignified, precise and methodical in his habits and is rather domestic in his tastes. He is fond of taking his family to some resort for the summer vacation. Much as it would aid them in the preparation of their judicial opinions, Mr. Spear is the only one of the judges who learned the printer's trade. He served an apprenticeship on the Trumbull Whig and Transcript at Warren, worked in The Herald office in New York and was a compositor and proof reader with the Appletons.

NOT JUDGES.

THERE ARE OTHERS ABOUT THE SUPREME COURT

That corner over there partly partitioned off by bookcases is used as an office by Mr. Randall, court reporter. He has LL. B. and LL. M. and half a dozen other things tacked to his name. One could not remember all of them. He is a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon College and Phi Delta Law School fraternities, is professor of commercial law at the O. S. U. and has been engaged as reporter for over two years. He is a member of the Society of the American Sons of Revolution, the American Historical Association and secretary of the Ohio State Archaeological society, and is a force in literary and political circles. Do you wonder that he does not sink beneath all the learning this seems to imply? A lesser man would, but he ever seems animated by an exhaustless tide of thought and aspiration.

Diligent in duty and fervent in spirit always, his work is ever characterized by cheerfulness. He is a man of such versatility and engaged in so many different pursuits, in each of which he is successful, that one wonders how he accomplished so much without ever seeming to be worried. Whether he lectures or writes or engages in conversation with a friend, one feels the individuality which invests him with interest and enables him to impress others with whatever has possession of his own mind.

A few days ago he came in and, without seeming to pause to collect his thoughts, said to the stenographer, Miss Myer: "We will finish this up at once," referring to an article on supreme court reporters. Then I wish you could have heard him while her nimble fingers went racing over the keys of the type-

writer, trying to keep pace with his thoughts as they were expressed in language. His closing words were:

"Shakespeare's favorite character must have been mindful of the faithful performance of the functions of this office when, in his dying words, he enjoins Horatio, now quote, 'Report me and my calls aright.' That's the grand finale, young lady; we will now have blue lights, witching strains of music and the curtain fall. Then, glancing rapidly over the type-written sheets, he exclaimed: "Oh, see here; Hamlet is dead, but we don't want him laid out yet. This is Hamlet. Correct it, please. Leave that for the compositor? Not much! He may be drunk when he sets it up, and in that case he would not know "b" from a beanpole."

It was a good opportunity to ask if he spoke from experience, but a lawyer diverted his attention by saying:

"How are you to-day?"

"Fair to middling, with a tendency toward the latter," was the response. Then, turning to a boy who had just entered, he laughingly said: "Will you take me or my check? The check? I am glad of that, for it's good, and I am not."

Addressing Miss Myer again, he continued: "We must see that proof;" then rapidly dictated a letter to the publishers. After the letter was read and approved, he soliloquized: I suppose he will kick like a government mule on the length of this article, but what could he expect of fourteen people." Then he continued reflectively: "I have had some trouble obtaining data for this, but I have finally dug out all the reporters and dished them up." with a quizzical smile, Miss Meyer will be sorry when I send these old fellows away. They have been hanging around here for so long."

"Yes," said Miss Myer with gentle irony, "I wish you would write another article like this; it has been so lovely."

At this juncture Mr. Randall began searching for his notebook, which he needed for some reference before going to the university to lecture.

"You seldom take it home, and you had it Monday when you went with Judge Shauck," said Miss Myer in a contemplative tone, as though following some line of thought by which it could be traced. "Did you have your overcoat? Perhaps it's in it."

"No; that's one thing of which I am perfectly certain, for I caught cold, rheumatism,

nightmare and half a dozen other things by going without it."

I have been telling you of Mr. Randall when he was talking in a haphazard way, but you should hear him at other times. In his eloquence he has a power which wealth cannot purchase—a charm that position cannot command. You are anxious to see so superior a man? Then have your wish. There he is now. That's him near the door. Did you expect to see a giant in stature, as well as intellect? Just as if it were always the tall, lithe people, or those who loom up so grandly, that sway the hearts and minds of men.

In regard to Miss Myer, she has been here seven years and is familiar with every detail of the work. She is a valuable assistant. She never disturbs the equanimity of those about her by the divine discontent of which we hear so much. She has no literary or musical aspirations and is a member of but one club. Outside of the office work her tastes are domestic. As Mr. Randall expressed it, "She can attend strictly to work as she has no side issues." She is of medium size, fair of face, with blue eyes and chestnut hair.

The gentleman who limps as he walks is Mr. Beebe, the librarian. He sprained his ankle some time ago and has not yet recovered from the effects of it. In the 32 years that he has been here he has not only become familiar with the titles and subjects of countless books, but he has studied law, was admitted to the bar. He has also compiled and edited numerous volumes in regard to Ohio Reports and in his acquaintance with the biography of the law it is not likely he has a superior. Then, too, his life-long service here has given him an opportunity to study manners and men. That he has availed himself of it is apparent when in a reminiscent mood he relates little incidents of the people who come and go. He is an enthusiast on outdoor sports, especially fishing and canoeing, and is one of the directors of the Castalia club; is accomplished in music and once served as an organist in the leading churches of Columbus.

Speaking of Mr. Randall, he said: "With all his other attributes, he is a most loyal friend. I know what I am talking about when I make this statement. When we were boys we lived upon opposite corners, but across the alley was stretched a wire, at each end of which was a spool arrangement so constructed that we could send messages back and forth during brief intervals of separation.

I don't know that I can give a better proof of our friendship than to say that the wire is still up between us."

Mr. Beebe is very optimistic or else singularly fortunate, for every one about him is just the right sort of person—to hear him tell of them. He spoke of Mr. Barrows being as faithful in the discharge of his duties now as he was in the days of severe campaigning, and referred to Mr. McAllister as an energetic man who understood his work and was cheerful and anxious to please those with whom he associated.

Mr. Beebe spoke of his first assistant not only in connection with the library, but as a writer, and incidentally said: "It is a great pity he is a bachelor. He is so deuced handsome some girl should capture him."

Describe him? Oh, I could not do the subject justice. But as you are a connoisseur on handsome men and would like to see him, we'll step over to the library and let you say if the appellation given him by Mr. Beebe was deserved or not.

Yes, your skirt hangs straight and your powder is even, but it will all be of no avail. He is wedded to his books and lives in a world apart from his fellow-creatures—the world of thought.

Is not this intellectual atmosphere with a vengeance? Most too rare to be comfortable. Now look over the top of that desk and behold the man.

You think he might have stepped from the pages of romance with that gray hair in such peculiar contrast to the flashing eyes and the face which it shadows—the face of a man of 30 wherein delicacy, brilliancy and power are blended.

Serene, well poised, imperturbable, he reads, dreams and writes; but there was a time when he did more—he lived, and it is the mark of that life which gleams from behind the veil of conventional calm that invests him with interest. Do you say this is imagination and that he shows no trace of ever having been other than the student or scholar amid refining influences? Then let me tell you that the intellectual fire was kindled at the forge where he toiled in boyhood; that his character was hammered and shaped on the anvil of adverse circumstances and his manner was polished on the wheel of contact with the rough experiences of life; he has lived in the turmoil, the wild reckless noise and clash of a mining town where he was employed in a company store; he has been hotel clerk and

assistant postmaster, has handled freight, express and ticket business, worked at the Union station as night expressman and while there found time to read law under Judge Nash, who secured for him the position of resident deputy clerk of the United States court. He afterward finished his studies in the law office of Judge Gilmore and was admitted to the bar. He has been deputy clerk of the supreme court and a member of the city council.

He is also an Odd Fellow, a Presbyterian, an Elk, and a member of the Iroquois and Philos clubs. Yet despite all this he is considered almost a literary recluse, because he does not frequent society. His name? You will think it came from the pages of romance also. It is Hartzell Caldwell.

Now we'll go into the consultation room. Of course the tea service would attract your attention first. It is singular to see that which is so suggestive of home coziness, but a few years ago one of the judges was so fond of tea that an arrangement was made whereby water could be heated and the beverage concocted here. Just imagine a dignified judge sitting back in that rocker sipping tea from a fragile cup like this. It would be a sight for men and gods. The robe of judicial severity would surely be discarded at such a time. This is the judges' workshop but as you see, there are few places where labor is performed amid more attractive surroundings.

We'll go on to the clerk's office. There is a great deal of work done here. The young man at the typewriter is Allan Taylor, corresponding clerk.

Captain Allen, the clerk, is conspicuous in the political arena of his county (Athens), and is considered a force there, but whether in public or private life, he wins reverential homage, for he carries always with him a pathetic but proud reminder of a day at Vicksburg—an empty coatsleeve. All the world knows the history of that day and the terrible onslaught which Sherman pronounced a more desperate assault than that of Napoleon at the bridge of Lodi. Captain Allen was in charge of a company of 28, all that were left of the original hundred, but the gallant little band was launched into the carnage, and when it was over three-fourths of their number had fallen, either killed outright or frightfully wounded. A hand grenade thrown from a fort shattered the captain's arm, and for hours he was left unconscious among the slain and mangled. You would

like to hear the story from the captain? You will be fortunate if you do. Once in twelve years have I heard him refer to it, and then only in an incidental way, when he forgot his reserve and talked of the men who were with him in that unsparing slaughter. In speaking of them he betrayed an undercurrent of feeling that was a revelation to those who thought they knew him well. His voice lost the slightly sarcastic tone habitual to him and became gravely tender, almost mournful. Of his comrades there are no words too good for him to say. For them or theirs there is no service too great for him to render, but of his own feelings after that superb charge, when returning consciousness revealed the horrors of his surroundings, he will not speak. Perhaps the memory of it brings too keen a pain to permit of any words.

Captain Allen steps so gently, moves with such ease, smiles with such languid resignation when people and business are crowding and seems so utterly indifferent to all things about him that it is difficult to think of him as one whom comrades designate "A very devil in the fight."

The gentleman manipulating the red tape is Captain Dana, deputy clerk. The distinct force of heredity is apparent here, for he, like his kinsmen, who have made the name famous throughout the world, is one of the most original thinkers. He lacks the knack of stringing words together in smooth sounding phrases, but gems of thought come to his lips and when he can find no words fitting to convey them to you he gets impatient and throws them at you without polish or setting. At times he will pause in the midst of his work and in musing tone present that which startles by its strangeness then again he will break off from the merry strain which he has been whistling, and just as though he were resuming the thread of a previous conversation, launch into some historical subject; or it may be he will by some quaint idiomatic expression, send the mind out into that which has hitherto been to it an unexplored region. He is most methodical in his work and is by taste and habit a student and a reader, while his chirography is something wonderful in its beauty in this day of typewriters and almost illegible scratchings of the pen.

Just now he is reading Revelations and is comparing the prophecies of old with the religious, social and political disturbances, the controversies, upheavals, reactions and revolutions of this age. He tried to show me some

connection, but, lost in the labyrinth, I floundered so desperately he gave it up in disgust.

One can understand him better when he gets out of the Bible and proceeds to answer a telephone call. That telephone is the bane of his life. Someone will call up the office, but unless special inquiry is made for him he won't go near it; if, as is often the case, information is desired that he alone can furnish, he gives the matter due consideration and usually gets to the 'phone about the time central or the other party rings off.

Then you should hear him; it's one of the rare instances when he has no peer in command of language. Perhaps repetition of certain words results in fluency, but at any rate they are sent out with force. For a few moments one expects to see the dome and roof go floating off into space, then the atmosphere clears and with a few picturesque allusions to the idiots who don't know what they want to know nor when they want to know it, and who might find something better to do than keeping that bell a ting-a-linging all the time, the captain resumes work.

Bluff and blunt as his speech, his laugh is so genial that it disarms all fear, and none who know him would hesitate to ask of him a kindness. His sturdy character and integrity win profound respect, and all who come in contact with him instantly feel he is a man who would not only keep his word inviolate, but would adhere strictly to those silent compacts which to loyal natures are as binding as verbal or written statements.

Now there is Mr. Pickering, another deputy clerk. That half-smoked cigar claims attention. It has always been half-smoked, and he is never seen without it. He is quite as devoted also to that little skull cap as to that fragment of weed, and wherever you see Mr. Pickering these two companions are conspicuous. It may be that they are factors conducive to his evenness of temper which is remarkable—the cap warning worry that it must pass over his head and the cigar keeping his mouth shut when things go wrong; for Mr. Pickering was never known to get excited or bothered. Amid all the casual talk of the office and the rush and discussion of business his countenance is always indicative of mild and kindly repose, yet he can see through the most intricate and perplexing questions, and can arrange and dispose of difficulties with marvelous skill.

He is never in a hurry, yet never behind with his work—always cool and collected.

Equalier would best describe him, for in his presence the excitable are soothed and the despondent comforted. He exercises a silent influence that is more potent than command, advice or entreaty. It must be due to that innate strength that controls his own emotions and actions. He rarely speaks, but when he does he creates more merriment than any man in the office, for he is the possessor of that attribute known as dry humor. z

If you wish to interest Mr. Pickering, just mention fishing; he will be all attention in a moment. One day when I was complaining of ill luck in that line, Mr. Pickering paused in his work long enough to give me a recipe. It was, 'Spit on the hook in place of the bait.

You don't see the point? Of course not. The bait covers it."

Mr. Pickering was a soldier, too. Yes three in this office have seen service. What a grand thing it would be if all who had fought for their country could have places where they would be free from the corroding care that makes dark the closing days of many of the boys who, in the early sixties, thought that individual life was of little worth compared to that of the nation.

You have now seen these men as they appear at work, and as there is no more crucial test of a man than the manner in which he conducts himself while engaged in his daily task, you perhaps have some idea of their characters.

MARY MCGILL.



E. O. RANDALL.

IN THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

TWO WOMEN TALK.

SAID ONE:

"Notice that tiny flag in the hand of the figure on the lamp. Whoever placed it there must have intended to symbolize freedom upheld by enlightenment. Perhaps it was Colonel Rodgers. He usually sits at that desk."

"Who's Colonel Rodgers?"

"Where have you lived that you do not know. He's Governor Bushnell's private secretary and was formerly a newspaper man. Probably no man in the state is better fitted by nature and acquirements for this place for he is a man of wide culture who can adapt himself to environments and be at ease in a cabin, a court or a drawing room: a man who can judge of character and meet the various types that come here with quick comprehension of existing differences; who can interpret silence almost as well as speech, one who can be firm to-day and yield with consummate grace to-morrow; in truth, a born diplomat."

"How I'd like to meet a man who seems within approximate distance of the ideal."

"Let the satire pass for you would like to know Colonel Rodgers. He's in the private office. When he comes out I'll introduce you but when you meet him prepare to have your picture taken for the instant your hand rests in his, your face will be photographed upon his mind never to be effaced. To this will be tacked your name and although both may be stored with hundreds of others unnoticed for years, Colonel Rodgers will not forget either. This faculty is one of the factors conducive to his popularity as it was with Blaine who remembered all whom he met no matter how obscure."

Not long ago I asked Colonel Rodgers if this attribute were natural or acquired. His reply was:

It's a mixture of both. It was always easy for me to remember faces then I began to associate the names with features and this was developed until now it is done almost involuntarily.

Another of Colonel Rodgers's characteristics is the power that causes his simplest words to be remembered. Added to this he has sympathy in human affairs that strikes through all reserve without awakening resentment. I recall that in my first talk with him I told him that I meant to go to the Mecca of all who aspire to write.

"Did he appreciate your confidence?"

"Yes, but not half as much as he would appreciate your wit."

"Seriously then what did he say?"

"Just at first he didn't say anything and he seemed to be looking straight through me at something else until I thought he had not heard the tremendous importance of my remark, then with the freemasonry of the newspaper world that doesn't apologize or explain, but takes it for granted that the best motive will be ascribed, he said:

'And have you a fixed income, sufficient to be free from financial anxiety?'

In reply to my answer, he said:

Let me ask you not to think of New York. You will find the writer's life is hard enough in Columbus. I know the difficulties of which you do not dream for added to the power to write must be resistance, endurance or whatever it is that keeps an individual in the struggle. This I do not think you have, so I think you should have a more sheltered life than you will find in the newspaper work and to this I would advise you."

"Weren't you frightened by such talk from a man who has had such experience?"

No, I told him my purpose in wishing to gain recognition."

"And what was the purpose?"

"It involves the life of a people of whom you do not know, whom none know save those who were or are a part of it. But Colonel Rodgers seemed to comprehend and his face was very grave as he said:"

'I understand. For you, failure will not be merely the defeat of a personal ambition, but the tragedy of a lost cause. I know you have many of the requisites for good work,

but not taking account of your ability or defects in writing, I do not think you can succeed. It is such a hard life especially for a woman that I do not think you can stand the strain of it. You have at present the enthusiasm of the beginner, the zest and freshness of style that belong to the early years of work, but you have also some intense illusions with regard to men and things, and when you are forced to relinquish these, when your ideals are shattered by realities, when your best work is lost and your best friends begin to doubt your power, what then?

"If I survive all that you have pictured, I shall write."

"That's the danger. I fear you will not survive. That's why I am trying to hold the truth before your eyes and I speak to you as any newspaper man would speak from the light of his own experience. You will be crushed if you continue in this work, for you are so constituted that there will not be a day that you will not meet with some heart-breaking disappointment."

"I was 'almost persuaded' but managed to say:"

"Colonel Rodgers didn't you and all the other newspaper men gain your knowledge

of life in the Great University of Experience from which you would exclude me?"

"Not exclude, but guard, for it is always painful to see a man or woman throw themselves into that which is beyond their strength."

"The moving finger writes" I quoted lightly.

"I see you are a hopeless case," said the Colonel half lightly, half sadly, then with the ease and charm of those who never carry an opposing idea to the point of offense he continued:

"Whatever you do don't go to New York until you have

"Failed in Columbus?"

"No, until you have proven the exception and succeeded," rejoined the Colonel, with the quick change of the true Cosmopolitan.

"I promised that I would not go to the Achievement City until I had succeeded and added, "For until that time I can't get transportation."

With the first note of hope in his tones he said:

"Courage and faith are yours. May these not prove in vain."

"There is Colonel Rodgers now. Don't forget the picture. You need not be pleasant, just be natural."



ASA S. BUSHNELL.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN

SAY THE PARKERIAN THEORY OF MARRIAGE IS GOOD.

It is perhaps, not too much to say that the thoughtful, intelligent women of the state who mould public opinion to a greater degree than is usually supposed have been thinking of the questions involved in the Parker bill to regulate marriage for many years and the introduction of the bill only serves to bring out opinions that by their statement show they have been long and well considered.

Some doubt had been expressed whether the representative women of Columbus would be willing to state their opinions for publication. But the doubt has vanished. Clear and strong, with no affectation of mock-modesty, the answers came to The State Journal from women whose reticence upon public matters is usually marked and who usually shrink from publicity. They threw aside the cloak of reserve, custom has woven and talked as women imbued with a great desire to elevate humanity and speed it toward a higher destiny.

Mrs. Spear, the charming wife of Judge Spear of the Supreme Court, was trying to solve the servant girl problem when seen at her home on Hoffman Avenue, but let the wheels of domestic machinery stand still while with her earnest face aglow with thought and feeling she said:

MRS. SPEAR.

"I think with Governor Jones that as much attention should be given to the propagation of the human race as is bestowed upon animals of the lower order. This is not a new idea to me. During thirty years of practical observation while engaged in work where I had opportunity to witness the appalling results of improper marriages my convictions upon this subject were formed.

"I should like for those who shrink from discussing this bill upon the plea of delicacy of sentiment to see what I have seen in one single year of that time. If they were brought face to face with conditions where procreation is permitted by parents who can only bequeath to their children an heritage of

disease and suffering and then could see these children struggle and strive and fail through no fault of their own, they would cry out for some measure that would tend to check the increase of this misery.

"I do not see that Mr. Parker's bill is impracticable and can think of no reason why it should not be passed and enforced to such an extent at least as would be of lasting benefit. The agitation of this subject and the prominence given it in the newspapers will result in creating a more favorable sentiment than that which is now entertained towards the bill. I say speed the work."

MRS. JOSEPH H. OUTHWAITE.

Mrs. Joseph H. Outhwaite had just returned from Washington and with the ease of one accustomed to change was ready to enter the round of social duties and obligations which are so wearing upon some women, but which do not detract from the interest in life possessed by Mrs. Outhwaite.

"Let me see," she soliloquized, when The State Journal representative called at her beautiful Broad Street home. "Mr. Parker's bill? I'll have to confess that I have not yet associated the bills before the legislature with their author's names, and in fact, I don't know many of them, aside from those who voted against my husband; of course I read those." This with a charming laugh that showed clearly no displeasure, possibly thinking that if public duties claimed less of his time she could share more of it. Then she continued:

"I always like to give any information to the newspapers in regard to any happenings of general interest, but as to my personal opinion I prefer not to state it for publication upon any subject, and as to politics, excuse me, please. I have given so little consideration to most of the bills before the house during this session."

"Perhaps you have thought on this subject without connecting it in any way with political

affairs," was questioned. "Mr. Parker's bill provides for the restriction of improper marriages by providing that applicants be examined by a commission composed of physicians."

Mrs. Outhwaite's expressive face betokened more interest as she replied:

"I have always believed that something should be done to prevent those marriages that are detrimental to the physical and moral welfare of those yet to be. Every child has a right to the heritage of a sound mind and a healthy body and should not be deprived of it. If Mr. Parker's bill can do anything to bring about this condition, or if he even succeeds in arousing public opinion to the extent of producing action at some future time he will have conferred a great blessing upon the world."

MRS. FRANK POWELL.

Mrs. Frank Powell was discussing a very interesting book with a friend in her spacious home on Broad Street, but left imaginary woes and tribulations of the author's creations to talk of those that are so apparent in real life.

"I think this bill is right in its aim," she said, "and believe that by the lawful regulation of marriage the human race will be benefitted to such an extent that at present we can scarcely imagine what its far reaching results will include. We owe it to coming generations to protest against alarming carelessness which exists in our day relative to bringing into the world children burdened by afflictions that are incurable and sufferings that are indescribable."

MRS. BUSHNELL.

Mrs. Bushnell was seen at the governor's apartments at the Great Southern and came forward with a pleasant smile that vanished as she rejoined: "The State Journal wishes my opinion upon an interesting subject? Well, this is interesting."

Then the natural feeling of the woman was repressed and she said:

"I think this is an important problem that must be solved at no distant day. The highest intelligence and the best thought is needed to solve it. Mr. Parker's bill seems to be a move in the right direction and everything that tends to elevate humanity should have encouragement."

Then Mrs. Bushnell talked for half an hour on various topics with that bird-like flitting from one subject to another which forms the

chief charm of many women's conversation and constitutes a marked characteristic of Mrs. Bushnell's personality.

MRS. W. G. DESHLER.

Mrs. W. G. Deshler replied: "I fear this bill may bind the conscientious and set the vicious free. I am not sure that in place of reform in regard to the evils which are now the result of heredity these would continue and the institution of marriage might suffer in a reckless defiance of the law by those inclined to marry without regard to the consequences."

MRS. BLACK.

Mrs. Black, wife of the mayor, was one of the most enthusiastic advocates of the bill. In tones vibrating with the deepest interest, she answered:

"Oh, I don't know of anything that I should favor more heartily than this measure, which promises to open the gateway to a new interpretation of life. It is so in touch with the work which we have been discussing to-day, district nursing, which aims to help the helpless and extend protection to those who need it so much."

With two fair children by her side, the mother's heart went out in sympathy to those less fortunate than her own darlings. She continued:

"Did you hear Miss Wakem lecture to-day? Oh, I am so sorry, but she is my guest, and perhaps you would like to talk to her. Miss Wakem, will you please come in here. This is a State Journal representative, who desires your thoughts on the bill designed to prohibit improper marriages."

MISS EMILY WAKEM.

Then before me stood one so "divinely tall" and so different in appearance from any woman I had ever seen that before I could recover from the bewildering sensation produced she was saying:

"How are you going to stop them?"

"That's the question yet unsolved."

"If this bill could be passed and enforced," she continued, "it would undoubtedly result in that which would be beneficial to humanity, and no thoughtful person but will look forward with the hope that this reform will be inaugurated."

MRS. T. E. POWELL.

With the pallor of recent illness still upon her face, Mrs. T. E. Powell replied. "I think this is a vital question and one that needs agitating. In my work in the Benevolent society I see so many unfortunates, so much misery that calls for redress and might have been prevented if people only understood and respected the great laws of heredity, that I should earnestly favor any movement tending to stop the increase of those afflicted in body or mind."

MRS. J. H. CANFIELD.

Mrs. Canfield, wife of the president of the O. S. U., was deep in the discussion of art, in which she is much interested, but she came from the realms of the ideal to talk of the real, and exclaimed with animation: "This is such an important question and has caused so much thought along the line of 'formation in place of reformation,' that I am glad you are getting expressions from women upon this topic. It may be but the little rift in the cloud of darkness, but it may widen and spread until we see beyond this gleam of light the new interpretation of life. The grand doctrines of the organic unity of the whole society may then be fulfilled and the higher intelligence shall rule. I look forward to the time when the children, while yet unborn, shall be granted their natural rights."

MRS. ANNA CLARK.

Mrs. Anna Clark, president of the W. C. T. U. of Ohio, always ready with a response on all great questions, said: "This bill may or may not, if passed, and if enforced, result in ultimate good. I question much if it will not bring about worse ills than those which now confront us. Will not the people who wish to marry and are debarred from doing so enter into illegal unions, and, evading the law, give to the world children not only afflicted but with the added burden of illegitimacy to carry through life?"

"The people who desire reform in this line don't strike at the root of all the evil—the liquor traffic. If that were eliminated there would not be so much need of a law to regulate marriages. The marriages would then regulate themselves, and the misery, crime and distressing degradation that is now inherited by the children would be obviated. However,

a law should be right, whether it is as far-reaching as one might desire, and perhaps it will awaken such a sentiment as will call for greater effort and grander achievements along this line."

One prominent society woman expressed her thoughts by paraphrasing a verse from Longfellow, but preferred that her name should not appear in connection with it. The lines were:

"If all the power which fills the world with
terror,
And all the wealth bestowed on ways of
sin
Were given to redeem the human mind from
error,
There were no need of laws to make good
win."



MRS. BUSHNELL.

MRS. E. McCULLOUGH EBERHART.

Mrs. E. McCullough Eberhart, state superintendent of the Woman's Suffrage association, was here to speak before the senate and was Mrs. Clark's guest, she expressed her opinion of the Parker bill in these words:

"I think it would be a very good law if provisions were made that the examining commission of physicians should be partly composed of women, in order that no objection could be made to the examination of our sex. If this were done I should like to see the Parker bill passed."

MRS. CHARLES J. HARDY.

Mrs. Charles J. Hardy was seen at her home on South Sixth Street and said in her gentle tones: "In my work connected with the Kate Deshler fund I see the terrible consequences of improper marriages and I should rejoice if something practical were done to prevent the vast increase of those who, through hereditary diseases, are morally, mentally and physically unfitted to grapple with the difficulties of life."

MRS. LILLIAN G. WAITE.

Mrs. Lillian G. Waite, when seen in her home on Broad Street, replied: "As long as love rules the world there will be marriages whether the law regards the applicants for licenses fitted to enter into the state of matrimony or not. The legislators will find they have undertaken a herculean task if they attempt to control those who wish to marry. How is it now? If a girl imagines that there is but one man in the world for her, despite her father's counsel and her mother's tears, she will not give up her ideal.

"It is the same with the young men. Use every argument to dissuade them from a proposed marriage and see if it does not increase the desire to take the plunge regardless of consequences. While I think the theory of the law is commendable, it seems to me it is too impracticable to be considered seriously.

"They cannot wrap human hearts in legislative bills and prevent the owners from being swayed by them. However, if humanity can be benefitted in any way by the discussion of this measure, I hope that it will continue."

It is evident that this subject has aroused more attention among women than was at first

supposed and it has been talked of in the drawing rooms and dainty boudoirs long before it found its way into the halls of legislation.

So, while it is usually some man that gives to the world a precept or a law, how often



MRS. J. H. OUTHWAITE.

it is but the outward expression of the brain-throbs and heart beats caused by the silent influence of women. They know that:

"Man's mind is greater than this brawn or bullet,

His thought far vaster than his labor stands.

Men's hopes are higher than the world and rule it,

Their hearts are stronger than their helpless hands."

LINES FROM "PROGRESSION."

BY MARY ROBSON MCGILL.

For this edict now is sounded
 From the best thought in the van—
 That no child should have a father
 Who is not wholly a man;
 And no woman should be mother
 Who gives herself for a home
 Or the price of hireling's keeping
 While she stifles love's deep moan.

KATE DESHLER HUNTER'S MONUMENT.

The Taj Mahal is said to be the world's greatest building and man's grandest tribute to woman's memory.

Shah Jahan one of the most powerful Mogul emperors sought in the erection of this mausoleum to immortalize his love for the woman who had been his wife and the mother of his children.

Formed of white marble, inlaid with precious gems which reproduce in color and design all the fruits and flora known to India and Ceylon the Taj Mahal has attracted wondering admiration for two centuries and more. Sublime in its conception, dazzling in its magnificence, marvelous in its execution though it be we have in Columbus that which surpasses it for we have here a monument that grows in beauty with each passing hour. It is called the Kate Deshler Hunter fund.

On the day that she attained woman's ideal age of thirty-three, Kate Deshler Hunter died. Her pictured face with finely molded chin, thoughtful brow, and lips sweet formed for smiles presents a combination most attractive. But, in her eyes of liquid darkness one sees a soul's nobility revealed while a tinge of mysticism is reflected in their depths as though looking fearlessly into the future, she had been given a glimpse of that which was to be. If she, with that fine sense of those whose hold on life is slight, could have foreseen the work to be done in her name, she must have felt such rapture as comes to few on earth.

Dying in the flush of womanhood and the dawn of motherhood her death accomplished that which perhaps her life had missed for the cruel, stinging blow that crashed against the cords of her father's heart resulted in melody that shall echo through the ages.

For, from the benumbing pain of bereavement and the ruin of a buried hope he turned to build a structure that shall stand when the Taj Mahal has crumbled into dust.

Remembering that she had been a worker in the Benevolent Society of this city, he sought to aid the society in which she had been interested. To this end he gave to it for each year that she had lived a thousand dollars and to this sum is to be added annually

another thousand until the trust shall amount to a hundred thousand dollars.

The Society through a Standing Committee to be called the Kate Deshler Hunter Committee is to spend the money coming into its hands through the trust to give temporary help and care to such worthy poor, married or lately widowed women in the dangers that attend motherhood.

It is supported and controlled by the best people in Columbus and their constitution provides:

"The purpose of this society is to seek the poor of this city and provide for their relief, aid, instruction or employment as may be deemed best.

The work connected with the Kate Deshler Hunter fund is done by visitors with no thought of recompense and never a cent issued for salary or personal expenses. They pay rent, furnish food, provide nurses food and medicine but no money is given out. The best of everything is bought and the costly buying in small quantities which the poor must endure is avoided. A fair estimate of all that is distributed cannot be given as many of the records have not valuation fixed.

The records and the work are kept in confidence and the names of those who receive aid are not given publicity. Visitors' districts are defined in the newspapers and by special cards. When an applicant can produce a note from any known resident it will receive quick attention and those who are worthy will be helped.

Into sad homes glide these women, soft of voice, gentle of manner, taking with them an air of refinement as well as the practical things that shall be conducive to the comfort of other women in the hour of sorest need.

It has been said of old soldiers that having shared dangers and faced death together a bond is established between them stronger than that known to those who have not shared their experiences and that when two of these meet their hands instinctively go out though one may be in rags and the other faultlessly attired.

So there come times in the lives of women when hands unused to work, across some poor

covering meet those all stained with toil and through the medium of the finger tips express a sympathy that never can be voiced in words and never can be known to men. The one forgets her own poor place and from the other falls away all pride of birth and station. The burden and the crown of womanhood removes all barriers. The mother heart in such an hour must reign supreme.

Although the Eastern king spent countless millions to build for the woman he idolized that which he had hoped would perpetuate her memory, all that he did was for the dead who need it not and it can never equal that of a citizen of Columbus who, with sentiment as beautiful as can be conceived by mind of man, furnished the material for his loved one's monument, then left the shapeless block for the hands of her own sex to chisel it into strength, symmetry and beauty.

To the women of the Benevolent Society was this work given and faithfully have they performed their parts, tirelessly do they continue in their efforts. No place too dreary for them to enter, no home so desolate that they do not give some comfort, no life so

dark that they do not send some ray of sunshine into it.

Thus under the pressure of a great sorrow originated that which causes Kate Deshler Hunter's name to be spoken with reverential love and in this work every tear that falls above a sufferer is but another jewel in her monument, every smile that greets a babe is more precious than sculptured stone, every sigh of thankfulness is like a benediction breathed for her; while sounding down through time will go the echo of glad ringing, childish laughter that shall be heard because she once lived and because the women of Columbus have so nobly fulfilled the trust reposed in them.

When this woman so well beloved with all life's richest, fairest gifts about her, died, none could see why such as she should go when there were many who would fain have dropped their tasks, who were forced to continue their struggle through long years of pain. But now we know that "Yesterday knows nothing of the Best," and mingled with the mosses of mellowed sorrow are the flowers strewn by the hands of those who love the beautiful and cherish little children.



MRS. KATE DESHLER HUNTER.

MARY ROBSON

FINDS THE

FOURTEENTH

READY FOR WAR.

Direct, decisive as a call to arms was the talk of the members of the Fourteenth regiment when I interviewed them in regard to the impending trouble. Martial-like were their statements, but in them there was no element of bombast or talk for the crowd. In nearly every instance each word seemed freighted with thought as though they realized that a crisis was near in which men might be called upon to do and dare — if need be, die.

A touch of gravity settled upon Colonel Coit's face as he said: "I have noticed that the most valiant men at this time are those not subject to orders.

THE SERIOUS SIDE OF WAR

looms up when one knows that he may be summoned to go at any moment. Yet it is not what we think, but what others decide that claims the greatest attention now. We are ready to follow instructions and that is about all that is necessary for us; for a soldier should not have opinions. However, we held a meeting recently and decided that while war is serious, there are some things that are worse; and if there is war the Fourteenth can be relied upon if needed. We have only about 600 regular members at present, but there are not less than 2,500 ex-members who would be available and would do good service because of their training; not the drill so much as the fact that they are thoroughly imbued with the underlying principle which all good soldiers must possess — prompt, unquestioning obedience. The American boy from the time he is so high, (measuring about two feet with his hands), spread eagles himself and has a decided aversion to any sort of authority being exercised over him. When he is trained out of that he makes a good soldier, one who can obey orders and execute commands with no greater manifestation of individuality than a machine that carries out the work for which it is intended. Not that I

believe that soldiers should not possess individuality, but it must give way to the discipline demanded in the service. Personally, I concur with the president's policy, deeming it wise and conservative for this is not a case where rashness should be permitted."

THE REV. DOCTOR MOORE

might well be called one of the "old guard," as he has seen service in two wars under the stars and stripes, once as a boy of seventeen in the Seminole War of 60 years ago, and later as a man in the civil strife. In the first he was a private in the Second infantry. In the rebellion much of his time was devoted to Christian science work, but he was sent to the front whenever important engagements were to take place and as lieutenant of artillery took part in the world renowned battle of Gettysburg. Now at the age of seventy-five with the ripened wisdom that comes from experience, he says:

"If there is war we'll fight — that's certain, but in the present agitation there are too many conflicting rumors to form any definite opinions. But whatever the outcome of the disaster that befell the Maine, the preparations that are being made now are a good thing for the nation. They are just what have been advocated by military men for thirty years or more. With 5,000 miles of coast line we need more adequate defenses than we have ever had. It is all very well to say what the United States can do in any emergency, but this country needs much preparation before war is declared, no matter how weak the opposing nation may seem nor how ridiculous caution may appear to the uninitiated. We have had several humiliating lessons along this line — one of them in the war of 1812, when, after all our bluster, the English walked in and took the national capital because there was no one there to hold it. This country can do a great deal, but not the impossible, and it is

too often reflected in the hot, young blood which brooks no restraint. Our young men with banners flying and drums beating would rush off without their breakfast, but the old soldier always wants something to eat before he goes. He knows he can stay longer and stand more if he is prepared. But after all it is difficult to curb enthusiasm and if the Fourteenth should go to the front, my heart would be with them, but that's about all I could send now. The old fellows with white hair and dimming eyes will have to give the boys a chance. It would take too large a force to look after them. They would only be an impediment. For myself though, I don't know but what I have had enough of war."

Dr. Guerin is another member of the Fourteenth who has been seasoned by actual service, having enlisted at the age of 17 in the Fifth Ohio cavalry, in which he served during the last year of the Civil War. He went out at a time when man's courage was tested to a greater degree than in the first years of the conflict. The country had been taught the grim, terrible significance of war; knew what it meant by the long lists of the wounded and dead, the moans and sighs that filled the air and the tears and blood that flowed throughout the land. He said:

"I don't think there will be any trouble with Spain. I give that nation

CREDIT FOR A LITTLE SENSE

and cannot see how it would be so foolhardy as to enter into hostilities with our nation. It would be like a little dog barking at a big one and would amount to about as much. However, if the Fourteenth were called it would be there and I would be with it."

"To fight or take care of the wounded?"

"Both, if necessary."

Major Baker said: "If there was Spanish treachery not all the money that Spain could give us would atone for the blood of our American seamen, one of whom is worth a thousand Spaniards any day. Of course it is a mere matter of conjecture as to whether we will be called out or not, but if so I hope it will be something. I don't care to be taken down to the seacoast and left standing around there, as I am much more afraid of the climate than I would be of Spanish bullets. Yet if necessary, I could go to-day, and I don't think Ohio would be ashamed of the Fourteenth."

Adjutant Krumm, with true military regard for rank inquired. "Have you talked with my

superior officer yet? I should not like to precede him with any statements. You have? Well, then I don't think our regiment is up to the standard in point of numbers, but we are

READY FOR AN EMERGENCY,

and in case of trouble I really think we could be on the scene of action as soon as or before the Seventeenth. All are ready to respond to orders, and I think the efficiency of the company is recognized. There does not appear to be as much enthusiasm in Columbus in regard to the threatening trouble as in smaller places. I cannot account for this unless it be that we are more scattered and do not get it in a condensed form, or it may be because we are so accustomed to military demonstrations that the most active preparations do not impress us. In regard to the Maine incident I think the president's course is correct and that whatever the board of inquiry decides should govern future actions. But even if there is no war the prospect of it brings out some idea of the real strength of the nation, for politics do not count when it comes to patriotism, and although we get bitter with each other about election time, that is a side play when anything affecting national honor is at stake. In such moments Americans turn a solid front toward the foe."

Major Speaks voiced his sentiments with an earnestness that was impressive, saying: "I am for peace but

NOT AT ANY PRICE.

In my opinion nothing less than the freedom of Cuba should settle the present difficulty. Nor do I think that freedom should be bought. It has been fairly, honorably won by the Cubans themselves, long ago. In regard to the Maine I do not think that it would now be lying at the bottom of the sea had our government taken a more decisive stand. The position which it now occupies and has been occupying for years is embarrassing, to say the least. If any other great nation permitted murder and devastation within sight of their shores as has been carried on in Cuba, we should denounce it in unmeasured terms, and deem it passive acquiescence in that which called for intervention. I don't know that it is a parallel case, but when the Revolutionary heroes were battling for the freedom which now is ours, France, recognizing true valor, came to our assistance; and it seems that Americans should remember that once they

were considered rebels by a foreign power, and had it not been for the aid given them our history might be different. I have all due respect for the laws which govern nations, but nations are composed of individuals and there comes a time when they feel that 'before law made them citizens great nature made them men.' The sympathy of the people is with Cuba and public sentiment cannot be suppressed. I sincerely hope there will not be war, but if the occasion demands it our boys will be there in fighting order."

Dr. Taylor, who was a member of the regiment fifteen years and will be connected with it again in the future, said with force: "I don't think there will be any war, but I believe there should be. It seems to me that the Maine was

BLOWN UP BY DESIGN,

not by accident, and although the Spanish government may not be liable for the disaster, and however the board of inquiry may decide, sufficient has been done to justify the United States in taking a firm, decisive stand in regard to the cruelties practiced by the Spaniards in Cuba. It appears now that Spain will be declaring war on this country soon and will impute to it the intervention which should have occurred before the Maine was sent to the bottom of the sea. I know sufficient of the Fourteenth to say that it will take an active part if necessary in any trouble that may ensue."

"I am loyal to the United States and am anxious that everything should be done to uphold national honor even to the shedding of blood to maintain it," was the rejoinder of Sergeant McGuire.

Corporal Syfert exclaimed with ardor, "I shall await orders as becomes a soldier and do what duty demands."

Said Captain White, of Company B, in reply to a jest from a bystander as to how he felt about the prospect of marching off to war. "There are none in the Fourteenth who would wish to stay at home, and if the Spanish government is proven guilty of complicity in the blowing up of the Maine. I don't think we should be satisfied until Cuba is free. I don't think that it should be annexed to the United States, but that the Cubans should be allowed to govern themselves. Men who can fight as they do can take the responsibility of government."

Captain Biddle, of Company C, replied: "If the Maine was blown up from the outside and

through the instrumentality of the Spanish government I think we should demand a big sum of money as indemnity."

"And do you think that all the reparation needed?" was asked by another member. "Would money pay for the loss of our brave seamen?"

"Isn't that the usual way such difficulties are settled? I suppose the government would consider that all that was necessary, but of course I would not think of taking money as compensation for life."

Dr. Wharry, acting hospital steward, said: "I agree with what one of our speakers said the other night. If treachery upon the part of Spain towards this government is proven, all the lands, the public money—in fact the whole dynasty of Spain, could not compensate for the blowing up of the Maine. It rests with the board of investigation to decide this question, but if the Spaniards were guilty of this deed they should be made to understand that Americans can resent a wrong dealt severely with the perpetrators of it. I'll be

WILLING TO GO IN THE MORNING

if the Fourteenth were called, and I believe that every man in the regiment feels just this way about it."

Corporal Wagner, of Company B, replied: "I think the Spanish should be taught a lesson. They are insulting us right along and it's time their arrogance was reprimanded."

Sergeant Stevenson, of the same company, responded: "I don't think this affair will be settled satisfactorily until Cuba is freed from Spain; but if war comes and the Fourteenth is needed, we'll all be there."

Corporal Weinman, of Company C, said: "It seems to me that the Cubans should be free and that the United States should help them gain their freedom even if it were necessary for every man in the country to enlist and fight for them. Their bravery deserves this. We only follow orders, but we would go willingly at any time."

"That's right," said Colonel Freeman, a former commander who was standing near. "The Fourteenth will always go and it never flunks when it gets there. Ohio can rely on it."

"If there was foul play from the Spaniards toward this government it is time to let them know there are some men here, and even if Spain knew nothing of the blowing up of the Maine the cruelty practiced in Cuba should be stopped at once. If war comes I'm

ready to go when needed," was the statement of Private Eicharn.

'We'll have to leave this question to the president,' said Private Knauss. "I am here to act under orders whatever they may be."

Lieutenant Oyler replied: "I have felt ever since the Maine was blown up that it was the keynote to hostilities from Spain, and that it was meant as such quite as much as the firing of the first shot on Fort Sumter meant a blow at the government. There is no question in my mind but what the Spanish government is responsible for the loss of these American seamen and money can't pay for the shedding of their blood."

Said Captain Walsh, of Company A: "I think Congress should take steps to sustain the president in any action he may deem advisable in this affair, but it is so difficult to tell anything about the trouble. There are

so many different versions of it in the newspapers, which are the most powerful moulders of public opinion. They can get the feelings of the populace roused to indignation or can subdue them quite as readily, and it seems we should not form our opinions as hastily as a hand grenade scatters powder. We should wait until the time comes to shoot and then aim true."

Among the signal corps, which numbers sixteen, much enthusiasm was manifested in the discussion of the possibility of war. A group composed of Sergeant George Freeman, Private B. M. Shirry, Corporal L. W. Jaquith, Private Hemming and R. L. Hayes, held an animated conversation in which the prevailing sentiment was that the country's honor should be vindicated, if Spaniards had assailed it, no matter what the cost.



GEN. W. T. WILSON.

GALLANT GENERAL WILSON

WHO WAS EXCHANGED FOR FITZHUGH LEE AND OTHER CONFEDERATES

DURING THE WAR OF THE REBELLION, TALKS TO PRESS-POST REPORTER.

Few people in Columbus are aware that in a comfortable but plainly furnished room on Gay street about two squares west of High there lives a man who was one of the officers exchanged for General Fitzhugh Lee and other confederates during the rebellion.

The gentleman is General W. T. Wilson who, having served in the Mexican as well as the civil war, has a large store of interesting reminiscences from which to draw, but until to-day he has resolutely declined to talk of them.

General Wilson went from Wyandotte county and for the first three months was in command of a company. Upon reorganization for three years he was made lieutenant colonel of the Fifteenth Ohio, and in the autumn of '62 was given command of one of the new regiments that were raised and took it to the Shenandoah valley. Here the entire regiment was captured in the first engagement, and sent to Libby Prison. This was in June, '63. They were held until the following March for exchanges had almost ceased and only under exceptional circumstances could they be effected.

In regard to this General Wilson said to The Press Post representative:

"A young southerner had been captured by our government and upon him were found important papers which proved he was a spy. He was convicted as such and hung. In retaliation it was decided that some of the Union officers should be executed. Lots were drawn and Captain Flynn of Indiana, and Captain Sawyer, of New Jersey, were the men who drew the numbers that meant death.

"As soon as the United States heard of this selection it was immediately determined that Colonel Fitzhugh Lee and Colonel Winder should be held as hostages for the safety of the Union officers. After some lengthy nego-

tiations exchanges were made not only of those officers, but of a number of others. This took place at City Point and it was there I met General Fitzhugh Lee. We were all together for about two hours and had a very good time as each one was rejoiced to get back under the flag he served. I do not remember the conversation or anything of particular interest that transpired at this meeting for at that time we paid little attention to details. But I recollect that General Lee impressed us as being a fine, brave soldier, a true representative of his family and his section. The southerners always commanded our respect. They were fighters and we had learned how well they could fight."

General Wilson is a strongly built man with white hair and beard, and is in his 74th year, although he appears to be much younger. Despite his age and usual reticence upon war subjects when once induced to talk he can make some vigorous statements; in regard to the present situation, he said: "I think our government is a little slow. It may be that I do not understand all the complications and it may be that we old soldiers are a little impatient, but we seem to have plenty of company. It appears that the sentiment of the American people would have been for avenging the loss of the Maine the hour it went down."

"No one, of course, has any doubt as to the result of the war if war comes, for the power of the United States to subdue a country like Spain is unquestioned, but as there can be but one ending to this trouble it should not be deferred. It seems to me large forces should at once be stationed in Cuba for there no doubt the principal fighting on land will be done and by preparation in time the Spanish could be driven from the island in short order."

SOME FAVORITE DIVERSIONS OF REPRESENTATIVE CITIZENS.

Where is the man who has not some special diversion, some one thing to which he turns to escape the routine of his daily vocation and the nerve-destroying annoyances that beset each hour of combat with the world? Such an individual could not be found among the representative men of Columbus. While none seemed to agree with Voltaire that "amusement is the first necessity of civilized man," nor yet with the great French critic who speaks of it as "a comfortable deceit by which we avoid a permanent tete-a-tete with realities that are too heavy for us," all believe in relaxation. They have learned that the machinery of occupation needs the oil of recreation and many of them apply it frequently.

BISHOP WATTERSON.

The least susceptible among us has experienced moments when the sordid cares and the petty trivialities of earth slip from us. But rarely do we find an individual whose imposing aspect conveys the idea that he dwells upon the aerial heights of spiritual philosophy. Yet such a man is Bishop Watterson. It seemed presumptuous to ask his recreations, almost as though one were to seek some tawdry toy in a cathedral. But like the sunshine illuminating a cloister floor was the smile with which he greeted the question. Then for half an hour this scholar and philosopher whose mind is saturated with his studies and meditations, talked in lighter vein, with a touch of humor that had in it the sparkle and dash of a scherzo. His words in regard to this subject were:

"By diversions I suppose you mean whatever turns one away from the cares of business and the hard work of life. I cannot say that my mind is ever absolutely turned away from the work of life; but still I give myself a little relaxation now and then; you would like to know in what it consists? Well, I can scarcely answer the question, for there is no one special relaxation, when the tension is to be a bit loosened for the sake of health of mind or body.

"Though very fond of the drama and of

good music, both instrumental and vocal, I do not frequent the theater or opera. I do not play cards or billiards or chess, though 25 or 30 years ago I was a good chess player; nor do I play any other indoor or outdoor game, except croquet now and then when I am in the country, and, when I do play, for the sake of bodily exercise it gives, I like heavy balls, strong mallets, a spacious field and good players. I do not go hunting nor ride a bicycle; but when I am tired or want fresh air I walk or drive, and, when I drive in the daytime I usually take a book or some other reading matter with me, if I am by myself. In the evening, especially as my sight has begun to trouble me, I call on some of my neighbors and spend a few hours in social chat, but,

'I am not one, who much or oft delight
To season the fireside with personal talk
Of friends who live within easy walk
Or neighbors, daily, weekly in my sight;'

for I think personalities are generally the bane of conversation. This may be valuable and lively and pleasant without anything that comes under the head of personal gossip, especially of this caustic kind, and, when the topic is more abstract, what is harsh and dogmatic in tone is to be avoided, although I am fond of learning from others, too. I especially relish a good anecdote or an innocent joke now and then, for there is nothing that so tends to clear the cobwebs from the throat, or from the mind too, for that matter. If I want to stay at home I read or study when alone.

"My reading? Oh, it is not confined to any one thing. As you see, I have many books of many kinds in several different languages, Scripture, theology, dogmatic and moral law, ecclesiastical and civil, philosophy, metaphysical and ethical, history, biography, sociology and economics, travel, scientific treatises, works on the fine arts, reviews of various sorts, the popular magazines, volumes of poetry and romance, and books of religious instruction and devotion as well. With such an intellec-

tual menu I do not limit myself to soups and deserts, but refresh myself also with more solid things, just according to inclination or appetite. Reading or study is always a relaxation to me and I am sorry that I have not had more time for it.

"If I have wanted amusing diversion and other things have failed, as has sometimes happened, I have read the Associated Press and other telegraphic dispatches and newspaper reports on Cuban affairs and I have taken them up pretty much as I would the mendacious rivalries of the Squan Creek club or the equally Munchausen efforts of the Arizona Kicker; and to vary the diversion in this line I have now and then read a speech of the Illinois Mason or the Texan Bailey or some other congressman who poses for effect; but all these things have become so serious in their consequences of late, that so far from making one laugh, they cannot but make the judicious grieve.' For a man of affairs, you see, my diversions are neither numerous or exciting."

JUDGE BRADBURY.

Judge Bradbury of the Supreme Court said: "My favorite diversion is whist. Why? Because it is the most difficult with which I am familiar. To be a good whist player necessitates the development of concentrativeness. This, I think, is the reason why women do not adopt whist as extensively as men. In general, women are discursive and, while this flitting from one thing to another is very charming when united with intelligence, it is the bane of whist.

"However, I know one woman who is a good whist player, and I enjoy a game in which she participates. She is a teacher in the Columbus schools."

DR. D. N. KINSMAN.

"Once a year I go to see my mother. That gives me a perfect rest. All other leisure time that I have is devoted to reading. In this I am omniverous. At times, though, I get drunk on novel reading. Often for a month I won't read anything but novels. Then I won't care for them for months perhaps. I don't take any other recreation aside from these two."

JUDGE SHAUCK.

Judge Shauck of the Supreme Court said: "My principal recreations are walking and reading, although I enjoy a game of billiards.

For the lighter reading I like the magazines, but in general am not fond of fiction. I have read one novel during the past year, "Quo Vadis," and liked it because the writer has a clear perception of the association of circumstances and facts."

ADJUTANT GENERAL AXLINE.

Adjutant General Axline indulged in a laugh which seemed like a free exhibition of his special form of recuperation, then said: "In these war times things are so breezy we hardly know where business ends and diversion begins. Along with it all humor and pathos succeed each other with great rapidity. Especially is this so in the talk of the old soldiers, who wish to volunteer, forgetful of the fact that they are not as young as they were in '61. The other day a man over 70 wished to form a company of old soldiers, none of whom were to be under 65. Another who is deaf and who has lost the power of speech wrote that he wished to enlist and that one good reason why he should be permitted to do so was that the noise of the cannon and heavy firing would not affect him. Nothing seems to eradicate the fighting spirit, but it needs bodily strength back of it to carry one through a military campaign. But you asked me as to my special diversion, did you not?"

"Yes, I have it. thank you."

"You have?" he asked, in a puzzled tone.

"Yes, war talk."

A. H. SMYTHE.

Some of the replies illustrate the law of contrasts. Mr. A. H. Smythe, surrounded by books all day, is not allured by their contents when he wishes recreation. He said:

"My special diversion is genealogy. When I go home I find great pleasure in tracing out my ancestors."

"How far back have you gone?"

"We have succeeded in tracing several branches of the family back to the sixteenth century," and Mr. Smythe's face assumed an amusing expression as he continued: "Yes, I like to know something of my people as they were several centuries ago. To me they are very interesting."

"As they no doubt would find their living representatives. But that does not mean that you are expected to tell if they are an improvement upon the original or not."

"I should hope not," was the laughing reply. It would be a difficult question.

FRANK HAYDEN.

"I don't suppose you will consider my special form of amusement commendable, but there is nothing that I like better than a game of billiards. It is something that engrosses all one's attention and leaves no time for worry."

GEORGE S. BEALL.

"I like to get away from everything connected with business life and angle. It never makes any difference to me whether I catch any fish or not, I can keep right on watching for a bite for hours."

"Will you tell me why fishing has such a fascination for so many men?"

"Well, it is restful because it frees the mind from all wearisome thought. The prospect of catching something holds the attention without calling for any mental exertion."

THOMAS J. BRYCE.

"I appreciate a complete change of environment. While I have to confine myself to occasional trips now, if I ever have the time I will indulge more frequently in my greatest diversion. I like to see new places and new faces."

DR. JAMES F. BALDWIN

Had just been subjected to the annoyance of having central cut him off when he was giving some directions over the phone and did not know the number of the man to whom he had been talking. Some men under such circumstances furnish diversion to onlookers, but Dr. Baldwin's face remained impassive until asked, "What is your principal form of amusement?" Then it changed, and with an amused laugh he answered:

"Whist."

"Will you explain why whist is such a favorite recreation with men?"

"Simply because it is such a complete diversion. A different set of brain cells is brought into use, and as change is rest, the more complete the change the more satisfactory the rest."

J. Y. BASSELL.

"Anything that has in it a struggle for supremacy is a diversion to me," said Mr. J. Y. Bassell. "I am fond of a game of baseball and I love to see horses stretching themselves in a race. I can almost feel myself swept along with them. Every movement of a horse with race in him conveys the feeling that no

strain would be too great if only victory is achieved, and I am thrilled with excitement when I see such an effort. In much the same way I am carried along with the eloquence of an impassioned orator. The man who can overcome fear and prejudice and, as the phrase goes, sweep an audience off its feet has for me such a charm that even after his voice has ceased to compel I feel like I had been given new life. So I become not only diverted, but absorbed in anything which shows physical or mental effort."

DR. FRANK G. WARNER.

"Such stories as 'Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush' and 'The Days of Auld Lang Syne' are very diverting to me," said Dr. Frank Warner. "I think Ian Maclaren has given us an innovation in literature."

"Is there any reason why so many of your profession prefer quiet games or reading to the amusements that call for action?"

"I think it must be due to the fact that we get so much physical exercise through the day. Driving may seem pleasant and it is so when it is the result of inclination, but a round of it each day becomes most wearisome. Then, as each physician must read much in a professional way, he naturally seeks that form of diversion which proves most restful."

MR. FRED LAZARUS.

"Fishing furnishes me more recreation than anything else," responded Mr. Fred Lazarus. "There is nothing like getting out on the water and away from business worries. But ask him," nodding to his brother, "as to his chief diversion. It's hard to tell what these old bachelors do to amuse themselves."

"You are not speaking for yourself, then?"

"Thank the Lord, no. I'm married, and I've no use for single men."

MR. RALPH LAZARUS.

Mr. Ralph Lazarus had not seemingly found it difficult to amuse himself, for he promptly replied:

"I take long walks in the open air."

His brother seemed so interested that I thought his curiosity should be gratified, and ventured the query:

"Solitary walks?"

"No, not always." Then he hastily exclaimed: "But, see here, don't say anything about that, or the boys will have the laugh on me."

The "boys" may have the cue for what it is worth.

CHARLES KRAG.

"Reading is a solace and a diversion to me at all times," said Mr. Krag. "Without any pretense of understanding its complexities I am much interested in sociology. Outside of that, I read in a desultory way whatever I fancy at the time I feel the need of change."

S. M. LEVY.

"I seek amusement at the theater. I can always find it there, especially if there is a good comedy on the boards. Something to make me roar."

E. O. RANDALL.

It was interesting to note that the practical man of business found his diversion the same way as one eminent in the literary circles of the city, a professor of law in the university and devotee of Shakespeare and the legitimate drama Mr. E. O. Randall said:

"As a means of recreation I enjoy a good comedy more than anything else. I mean the comedies that contain large types of human nature, those where the witticisms flash and cause spontaneous laughter. Not a travesty of that which is great and noble."

E. K. STEWART.

Mr. E. K. Stewart, forgetful of the work piled on his desk, was intently studying the pattern of a new drugget, and was so absorbed in it that without giving any heed to my question, he asked:

"What do you think of it?"

"Did you select it?"

"No."

"Well, then, the texture is fine and the blending of colors in the border is exquisite, but I don't like the center of it. In that the buyer did not have very good taste."

"Did you hear that, Kelly. You have just received a compliment."

A laugh from an adjoining room indicated that Mr. Kelly had heard.

Then Mr. Stewart, seeming to realize that he had been asked a question, replied:

"My chief and most enjoyable diversion after business hours, aside from seeing the cars of the Columbus Street Railway well filled, with patrons going to and from happy homes, is simple home amusements, including all games of cards, dominoes, backgammon

and pool. Out of any of these I derive much pleasure, especially if victorious. I go into everything to win and the knowledge that I do so stimulates my opponents to greater exertions in order to prevent my being the victor. I don't care to take part in any game unless the players are all intensely interested. I have no use for any amusements in which the participants are indifferent as to results and I like people who are enthusiastic even in their diversions."

W. F. KELLY.

"Selecting carpets is not my principal diversion," said Mr. Kelly with another laugh that was contagious. "Home games in the winter and outdoor sports in the summer prove recreative to me. I would spend more of my leisure time angling than in any other manner if to do so did not necessitate leaving the city."

EMMETT TOMPKINS.

"Cigars, billiards and whist constitute my chief diversions. But although the cigars are necessary for me to enjoy the other games they are not readily a diversion, and can no more correctly be designated as such than eating. As I understand recreations, smoking could not be deemed such. It is simply a habit and the pleasure connected with it is artificial, not real. If it were true, it would always be agreeable, and this we know is not the case, for the small boy's first experience is most unpleasant. If smoking was only a pleasure I might be able to quit it, but like the morphine or whisky habit, it fastens itself on one and is most difficult to overcome. As you know, or I don't suppose you do either, but just as a man who becomes addicted to the use of intoxicants is miserable without them and cannot take an interest in anything or perform his work satisfactorily without the customary stimulant, so smoking becomes a necessity and had better be called a disease than a diversion. So billiards and whist, neither of which I play well, are my principal amusements."

"Why is whist so popular?"

"The charm lies in the fact that it is an intellectual game which rests because it calls for an abandonment of all other thought."

A. E. PITTS.

Said Mr. A. E. Pitts: "The study of dogs was always an engrossing subject to me, but of late years I have not given as much time

to it as formerly. Years ago my interest in dogs and all that pertained to them led me to bring to Columbus a number of the species not represented here at the time. The first pug, fox terriers, mastiffs and first and only Russian wolf hound ever in the city were brought here by me. They were well known. Lobelis was the name of the hound. The fox terrier, Raby Signal, I imported from England, also the pug, Champion Bonsor, who was given that title on the other side, where he won over fifty prizes. He was shown all over the United States, receiving prizes every place. The mastiff, Winning Card, came from near Boston. At present I keep only two dogs, a fox terrier and a pug, but my interest in them has not abated and I learn everything I can in regard to them and their habits."

L. D. HAGERTY.

Judge Hagerty had just returned from a drive behind his bay and with a suggestion of the dash with which his equipage goes through the streets, exclaimed: "Give me a drive on a fine day like this and I will ask no greater enjoyment. My horse furnishes me more genuine pleasure than anything else."

C. T. CLARK.

Captain C. T. Clark said: "When I am utterly tired and feel great need of recreation I go back to my old home and visit my parents. Upon these particular occasions I go alone and the effect is very different from that experienced when accompanied by others. It brings back my boyhood so vividly that I seem to gain a new lease upon life. There is a rare charm in the renewal of our earliest association that cannot be found elsewhere. It is a sort of a pause in the swift march toward old age. I think we should more frequently take advantage of just such intervals of repose."

J. E. BLACKBURN.

Dairy and Food Commissioner Blackburn responded: "My chief source of relaxation in the evening is a game of chess with my boy and a talk with him in regard to his studies. It is not only entertaining, but instructive, to keep in touch with a boy's pursuits, for one has to keep posted upon the subjects in which he is interested. Since this trouble with Spain I have had to renew my acquaintance with geography in order to answer his questions, for he searches out the

very things that I have either forgotten or never knew."

JERRY BLISS.

"Watching the progress of my drum corps boys is about the only thing that claims my interest outside of business. I became much attached to those boys and this feeling has deepened since the death of my son. He was a member of the corps."

GEORGE MOLER.

"This is the very subject upon which I was thinking. I was wondering if there was any particular form of amusement to which I was inclined more than another. Several years ago I had a mania for collecting old firearms, but it, like many other fads, was abandoned when I married. I dabble a little in photography now, but there is no pleasure greater than that which I find in the home circle. There I can indulge my taste for reading which is of a desultory nature for the most part with a slight leaning toward such writers as Lytton. When I leave the store I leave my business. I take no worry home and find none there."

LIBRARIAN GALBREATH.

"Principal diversion," echoed State Librarian Galbreath, "with all this war trouble and the Ohio legislature in session? Aren't they sufficient to monopolize one's leisure?"

"Well, my methods change. As new questions come up I find them of interest until the vital issues at stake are settled and then I go back to the study of the lives of reformers."

W. S. CARLISLE.

Mr. W. S. Carlisle devotes most of his leisure time to literature, and is a student of the French, Latin and Spanish languages. He seeks no other recreation."

W. C. McALLISTER.

"I like to get away from the city, houses and people, where I can fish, hunt, ride a bicycle or go boating. In fact, anything that permits me to enjoy alone, free from all perplexities and hurring care can be regarded as my diversion."

"I am becoming more deeply interested in economic subjects as the years go by, but I do not confine myself to them. As other important issues come up, I try to keep in touch with them."

MAYOR BLACK.

"Horseback riding is my greatest relaxation," said Mayor Black, "but I don't get much of it. It is the only thing in the world that I care for in the way of recreation. All games and sports, such as baseball and billiards, have not the slightest attraction for me.

DR. DICKSON L. MOORE.

Dr. Moore was caressing the pretty fox terrier which won the first prize at the bench show when asked his chief relaxation.

"Dogs and detective stories," was the somewhat laconic rejoinder, with a glance toward the collie and terrier near him that indicated that he was very fond of these loyal friends of mankind. Then he added:

"Detective stories are a rest to me after the duties of the day and other reading."

HENRY REINHARD.

"I am domestic in my tastes and spend most of my time with my family, in whose pursuits I am always interested. Just now one cannot think, talk or read of anything but war or something that has some bearing upon it. In connection with the war news, I am reading Spanish history. Until recently I made frequent trips to the lakes. I love to be out on the water. Just to stand and look at a vast expanse of it gives me a feeling of rest that I could never derive from most of the so-called recreations of our young people of today — amusements that often cause more fatigue than work."

FRED PRENTISS.

"The clubs are my diversion. Dullness and depression of spirits must vanish before the infinite variety of entertainment afforded in them. I believe recreation must include all questions of mental and social as well as of a physical character and I think each individual should choose that which is best adapted to his requirements. After sitting at my desk all day I like to get where there are people and action; also where one can take part in games or discussions if in the mood to do so, or can feel equally free to keep out of both, if so inclined."

DR. STARLING LOVING.

Dr. Starling Loving promptly replied: "Trout fishing and horseback riding, if you

mean outdoor diversions; then I am quite fond of microscopic study, but my greatest recreation is found there," this with a wave of his hand toward the books which lined the walls of his home and were scattered wherever space could be found for them, about 2,000 in all.

"While I never thought of collecting rare books, I take great pleasure in the possession and perusal of a number of copies that were gifts from my friends. Here is one that is over 200 years old," referring to a worn and dingy volume entitled 'The Royal Chymistry.' Then with the touch characteristic of the lover of books, a touch that can never be acquired by a pretender, the doctor handed me a large volume, saying: "I am almost positive there is not another book like this in Columbus."

It was Virgil's Aeneid," with exquisite drawings. The dramas of Lope de la Vega were next presented for inspection. The first of these was almost sufficient to make a woman forget that she was examining a literary gem. It was "Si No Veeran Las Mujeres."

The plays of Caladaron de la Barca are also greatly prized, while another book which has probably no duplicate in Columbus is "Military and Religious Life at the Period of the Renaissance." This is quaintly illustrated in colors, one showing the Knights of the Holy Ghost embarking for the voyage which was never taken.

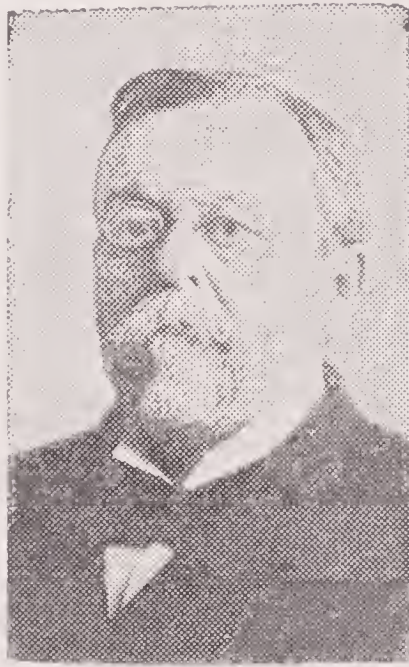
After this in bewildering succession came "Evelyn's Notes," "Pepy's Diary," "The Characters," by Jean de la Bruyere, "Troubles of Marco Polo," "Life of Christopher Columbus," in German, "History of Celebrated Crimes," by Dumas, "Lewis and Clark's" journal during their memorable expedition, Toissart's chronicles, "Dialectics of the School of Salenu." and a treatise published in 1725 on "The Uses and Abuses of Wines, Malt Drinks and Water."

So these men, travelers on a hard and beaten path, with their eyes fixed upon some distant point which they may wish to reach ere nightfall overtakes them, have learned that there are times when they must pause. Hours when each must stop by the wayside and throwing down his burden seek some mossy bank where he can gather renewed energy to go forward.

Well indeed would it be if all earth's over-

worked people would and could do likewise. If all the weary bodies, crying nerves and throbbing brains could have or would take some time for diversion, what a different world it would be. If they lack the means to travel, purchase books, statues or costly pictures, if to them conservatories, operas and theaters were to remain forever closed, still there is pleasure and relief in a glance at

the blue sky above the waving boughs and green grass beneath it, in gazing upon a sublime sunset, listening to the song of birds or letting the heart beat an accompaniment to the ringing laugh of childhood. But alas, too many only find this breathing space when they have lost the capacity to enjoy, which is the true economy of life.



DR. D. N. KINSMAN.

FOR THEIR COUNTRY'S SAKE

• COLUMBUS MOTHERS OFFER THEIR SONS IN THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM FOR CUBA.

WHAT THE ONES LEFT BEHIND BY THE FOURTEENTH HAVE TO SAY.

The hearts of the women of the United States have been most powerfully affected by the successive events which have led up to the present war, but nowhere do they beat with more devoted patriotism than in Ohio, especially among the relatives of the Fourteenth regiment. In Columbus gray-haired mothers, youthful wives, sisters and daughters unite as with one voice in expressing the sentiment—they are not ours to have and hold when our country needs them.

Most of these women have reached the heights which tower far above the weakness that accompanies human love and inspired by pure and lofty loyalty to country, they, with sublime courage, repress all signs of grief in the presence of those who are to go, and with a pathetic attempt at cheerfulness are busy giving form to the manifestations which shall be a source of comfort to the boys when far removed from home.

Only a few of these women could be seen because their homes were so scattered over the city, but those selected at random may safely be regarded as speaking for all.

Mrs. Freeman was taking some necessary stitches in the chevrons on her son's uniform when seen, and said:

"Mine is a sad task, and yet it is one that I would not shirk. George belongs to the Signal Corps and he thinks they could not go without him. I think so, too, and I am helping him get ready. My husband is one of the veterans of the Fourteenth, and if called will respond, while another son is thinking of enlisting. In speaking of this, one of my neighbors said, 'I am sorry for you,' but while I shall feel the parting with my son just as much as any mother could, I am proud that George is so anxious to go. He

seems to have the warrior spirit and such as he are needed. I don't think anyone should be talked into enlisting as soldiers, for they, like poets, are born, not made; but I shall always encourage patriotism even to the sacrificing of my nearest and dearest. The best way to help the boys is to, as far as possible, conceal our own feelings so that they may not be depressed by our sorrow. I suppose I shall, like all women, break down at the last, but just now I am trying to aid in a practical way."

Then were shown evidences of thoughtful tenderness and motherly care even to a tiny housewife containing threaded needles, buttons and scissors. Mrs. Freeman added:

"Everything that is done now will be appreciated later. I remember how gratefully the boys of '61 received any little attention that was given them when they camped here. I was in the high school then and the different members of our class esteemed it a great privilege to carry hot coffee to the soldiers when they arrived here thoroughly tired out. We took the coffee in buckets and carried tins for them to use. At times small boys would pass it for us, but when they did not do so we girls did, and many a 'thank you' that came from the depths of the heart was heard by us. Of course, I don't think there will be anything like the horrors of the late war now, for as Spain has only 17,000,000 people against our 70,000,000, the chances are that the conflict will be short and decisive, but one can never tell what may happen. Nevertheless, when the Fourteenth goes my boy will be with them."

Mrs. Mary Biddle, has three sons in the regiment, Captain F. R. Biddle, First Ser-

geant Edward Biddle and Private Franklin Biddle. Her words were:

"It will be almost more than I can endure to see three of my sons go. I know what it means to wait for news from the front, where soldiers are fighting and falling, for I had a brother and a lover in the last war, and there is no greater suffering than the agony of suspense while hoping for the best, yet dreading the worst. It was terrible then when I was a young girl, but now —" There was a break in the voice and the sentence remained unfinished, while the gray hair was bowed in sorrow. Then, after a little, she continued: "If I could only be where I could do something for them, if they needed me, it would not be so hard, I never thought that I should live to be called upon to see these boys leave me, but," smiling through her tears, "the Fourteenth will not go without them through any influence of mine."

Then into the room came a lad of 16 exclaiming, "Mother, I've enlisted!" but seeing the ghastly look on her face he hastily cried: "No, I haven't, but I intend to do so. All the boys I know are going and you won't see me staying at home like a coward."

There was no further demonstration of grief from Mrs. Biddle, but with a look that was most touching because of the renunciation it conveyed, she said: "I see how it will be. There will be four of mine."

Miss Martha Guerin, daughter of Major Guerin, responded:

"As papa served in the civil war, you may know that he is rather old to go, but as he is as strong as many of the younger men, I think his place is with his regiment. He has promised, if possible, I may go where I can be near him. This is a great comfort, for he is all I have. I always go with him when the Fourteenth goes into camp. I have had some experience in nursing, having helped him so much that I may be of some assistance. If it were not for this hope I should, I suppose, be inconsolable, for it is so much easier to be where one can aid than to remain at home alone. I shall not be the only woman, for there are many of the officers' relatives who expect to go where they can be near their loved ones."

Mrs. Coit, wife of Colonel Coit, replied:

"I confess that I am not sufficiently patriotic to feel glad that my husband may be

called to the front. I suppose I should be more enthusiastic if it were not for the terrible experiences through which I have passed when he has been called out with the militia. The memory of those times is still very vivid and painful and naturally makes me shrink from seeing him go again. You can see that it would make no difference if I were not." This with a glance toward a trunk that occupied the center of the hall as though ready to be removed. Near it was a campaigner's hat, above which floated the flag of Cuba, and as if to make the picture complete Preston Coit, a lad of fourteen, who is one of the musicians of the Fourteenth, was walking proudly about in a soldier's uniform.

"Will your son go also?" was asked.

"No, not into actual action; not where there is any danger," was the hasty reply. "He will just go South with his father for a time."

"The war does not bother me — just so I don't have to go," said Miss Elizabeth Coit.

"And as to your father going? How do you regard that?"

"Oh, I would not think of his remaining at home if the regiment goes."

Later Colonel Coit's mother was seen, and with her there was no lack of enthusiasm, no dearth of patriotism. With her face aglow with feeling, she said:

"My son is a part of that organization and if for one instant he should fail to see his duty or falter in his course, I should be ashamed of him. But there is no danger of that, for the soldier spirit is too strong in him. It is innate and nothing can quell it. When he was a little boy he was always organizing and drilling companies, and he and his friends had grand parades in our back yard when their only weapons were wooden guns. My son was determined to go into the civil war, but as he was too young to do so, he seems to have been trying to make up for lost time ever since. He has been the acting head of the regiment for many years and has been through a number of trying and tragic scenes. He will encounter no greater danger than he has been through, and I shall be glad to see him go in this war, for I think it is a holy one. It was not conceived in the spirit of revenge or conquest, but it is the result of a heart impulse of a great people who in the name of humanity have taken up arms that a neighboring country may be permitted to enjoy the freedom which her sons have already won in battle."

"Some few people — I am glad they are

rare — say why should the United States take up the cause of a lot of worthless niggers. But shame on all those who voice such a sentiment for the Cubans have demonstrated that they have the same deathless love of liberty that actuated our forefathers and if ever any country should aid another in gaining freedom from tyranny that country is ours. It is a debt we owe to the memory of those who so nobly aided us during the revolution.

"Just yesterday a man sat there where you're sitting and declared that this was the 'most causeless war the world had ever witnessed and its only foundation was the low spirit of revenge. I waited until he had finished then I rose from my chair and demanded how he dared to make such a statement in view of the fact that thousands of our citizens had been clamoring for interference long before the Maine was blown up, and the greatest regret is that so long did those brave men fight and endure atrocities before this government made any response to the hope which they cherished. Grover Cleveland missed the chance of his life by not espousing their cause and when William McKinley became president it was thought that he would do something in their behalf but he only did so under pressure."

"Do you think this war will be of long duration?" Mrs. Coit's deep spiritual eyes seemed to be looking at that which is to be as she replied in low, almost solemn accents:

"Before this trouble ends I think the whole of Europe will be involved in it in some way. I cannot give any idea as to why I think this further than the general unrest which exists everywhere among all classes throughout the world. Everywhere there is dissatisfaction with existing conditions and this war may be but the breath which shall fan into flame other revolutions.

"We have reached, as it were, another crisis in the affairs of nations, one that nothing but war will adjust. War has been necessary to forward all our greatest movements and terrible as it is this will be so as long as the animal in individuals controls the spiritual.

"I realize that once armed conflict is inaugurated none can predict the end. This is the third war in which I have watched the troops march away."

"The third war?" was repeated interrogatively.

"Yes, I remember the Mexican war quite well."

"Is it possible? I would have thought you were to young."

"No, indeed, I am 78," said this woman, whose appearance indicated that she had cheated time of at least a quarter of a century; whose interest and enjoyment in life is more intense than that of many girls, and whose charm of conversation is so great that one is loath to have her cease speaking. Her last words were: "My heart will ache when my son leaves just as those of other mothers but we should not and could not prove false to that which we have taught them — loyalty to country."

Mrs. Anne O'Shaughnessy, mother of Private Joseph F. O'Shaughnessy:

"My boy is only seventeen now and has been in the Fourteenth ever since he was fourteen. He would grieve so if I should by a look indicate how I feel at thought of parting with him that I have refrained from expressing my real feelings. He takes such pride in the fact that he went in so young that it would be dreadful if anything should occur to prevent his going. Despite his youth he is the tallest man in the regiment with the exception of one commander. I naturally think of him as being older than he is. Still he is very young and only a mother can understand what it means to let such a boy go, but no matter how it hurts me, pride is mingled with the pain and women who consecrate their bravest and best to their country have a right to be proud of them. Joe went into camp feeling that I would not have him elsewhere and when called to active service he shall feel the same."

Lieut. Krumm's mother exclaimed:

"It will almost break my heart to have Harry go and yet if I were in his place I should be like him, eager to defend the flag. I broke down yesterday morning but shall not do so again. I am composed now and proudly conscious that my boy will never shirk his duty. He shall not be depressed by any exhibition of my sorrow hereafter."

Miss Ella Graham, principal of First Avenue school, has two brothers in the service. Lieut. Graham and Private Frank Graham.

While the school was marching in to the air of "We'll Rally Round the Flag," she talked of the approaching departure. With a sad smile she said, "I knew when the boys enlisted that if danger ever threatened they would in all probability be called upon to face it; but then you see it was only a remote possibility. I was very brave then and thought that it would be easy to have them rally to the support of the government in any emergency but now that this is so near I find it very hard to be composed. My mother feels as I do only of course her sorrow is far greater than mine, but we both think that no sacrifice is too great at such a time as this. They are needed and that is sufficient to cause every loyal woman to be proud that they are ready for the call."

Mrs. Bigelow, sister of Private Samuel McLain, responded:

"My brother enlisted since the trouble with Spain became serious so I realized then that the probabilities were he would be called in a position where the chances are that he will fight for an oppressed people. I think he will make a good soldier for he seems to have inherited the spirit of one. Our grandfather, father and four uncles served in the civil war and you may imagine my mother's feelings when they left for the front. If she could see her father, husband and four brothers go I surely shall not shame her courage by feeling that I should not relinquish one.

"My mother was here last week, but she did not know brother had enlisted until he came in the room clad in his uniform. She was terribly shocked at first for it recalled the scenes of '61 so vividly but she recovered sufficiently to say that with his nature he could not have done otherwise nor would she have had him different. But when something was said about her being here when the boys left she said no she could not endure to see them march to the train which would bear them to the conflict. We know that father, who was a captain in the last war, would be proud to see his son march away to uphold the honor of the flag. We feel all the sorrow of the occasion, but personal feelings must be repressed when such a crisis as this comes."

Mrs. Walsh, mother of Capt. Jos. J. Walsh and Private A. E. Walsh said. "I would almost begrudge my boys to God if they were

taken from me in any ordinary way and yet I can see them go to this cause willingly. I have gone through much but I can endure more in order that they may help uphold the honor of our country. The only brother I ever had was killed in the battle of Antietam. I was his pet and the last one to whom he said farewell. Now, after all these years, I can almost feel the beating of his heart as when he held me in his arms for the last time. Yet with memory fresh in my mind I feel that my boys should be with their comrades whatever comes even if they like my brother should never come back."

"Yes," said Miss Ella Walsh, "we think, as Dr. Gladden expressed it, that it is a holy war, and no matter how great the pain of parting, we are prepared for it. It is right, it is noble, that our country should aid Cuba, and we, as individuals, should do our part."

Private Knauss' mother replied:

"We don't like to see Rann go for several reasons. I don't see any necessity of this war, anyway. I think this trouble could all have been settled in some other manner. I don't think the United States should interfere in the affairs of another country, and as to the Maine incident, I think it could have been satisfactorily adjusted. Because some lives were lost then, it will not do any good to have others go out and get killed."

"Then you think that you son should not engage in this war?"

"Oh, no. If his regiment goes, he should be with it. I am not afraid for him to go so far as the danger in conflict is concerned, but the associations of camp life are to be deplored. One does not like to have a boy exposed to the temptations that must necessarily be encountered."

Mrs. Wharry, wife of Acting Hospital Steward Wharry, responded:

"At first I felt very bitter about my husband being so placed that he would have to leave me if called, but now that the worst seems inevitable, I am reconciled. Yes, more than that; for after having said so much to oppose his course in the beginning, I should never forgive myself if words of mine should influence him to do other than his duty. Now, I would rather have him go to

his death than see his regiment leave without him if it were possible for him to go."

As Mrs. Wharry ceased speaking a very touching incident occurred. Her little son, a boy of three or four, threw his arms about her and exclaimed, "I won't go away and leave you, mamma," but as the strains of martial music were wafted into the room he dashed to the window, then seized his drum and beat lustily upon it while several companies of troops were marching past. After the music ceased his drum was heard and many a soldier lifted his eyes and smiled as he caught sight of the little drummer who, as the last one disappeared, said: "I guess I'll go to war with papa."

Mrs. Sarah Sheriff, grandmother of Charles O. Groce, voiced her sentiments in these words:

"I am getting old and war seems more dreadful to me now that it did in '61, but wherever there is need of my grandson's service, there is where he should be. We will miss him sorely, for his mother is a widow and he is so much to us, but she is like myself, would not think of saying a word to weaken his purpose which is as strong as life. We understand his feelings. His grandfather, father and three uncles were soldiers in the war of the rebellion. His father received a terrible wound, and was troubled by it until the time of his death while one uncle, Captain John Groce, for whom the post at Circleville was named, was killed in battle. Charles thinks that he must not shame the record which they made and we would not have him to do so no difference how we may grieve to see him leave."

Private Eichhorn's sister, a teacher in the public schools, said: "I fully realize that Harry may at any moment be called to a scene of carnage and it is difficult to express the many emotions that this thought arouses. But as a member of the National Guard, we, for my mother thinks as I do in regard to it, think he should go wherever needed, and we do not think that he could win greater honor than by serving in this war which had its origin in love of humanity."

Mrs. Stewart, wife of Judge Stewart, said: "I would not love my boy if he did not wish to serve his country in this time of need,

but I think it almost criminal for the boys who have not had training to respond to the first call. I believe drill for war is no holiday pastime, no camping out for pleasure, but my son had no preparation for he just enlisted in battery H. He did so with my consent but only after the most earnest pleading upon his part, for I think these boys will simply be in the way or furnish food for the diseases incident to that climate. The raw recruit may have boundless courage but the trained soldier may render better service, so I think it a grave mistake that these younger men did not wait for the second call. Had my boy been in the regiment for some time I should be ashamed of him if he was not eager to be among the first to respond to the call to arms, but as it is I think he should have waited a few months at least. He was preparing for Harvard, and of course it is a disappointment to see him relinquish that, but personal feelings would not count with me if I knew that he was prepared for the service. My heart would not sway me if the country really needed him, but there are thousands who are anxious to go now who know better what will be required of them. In my opinion they should go first, but that does not mean that I should be unwilling to make this sacrifice if I deemed it absolutely necessary for when our country is involved in war her sons should stand by her, but they should curb their enthusiasm until such time as they can successfully serve."

Miss Nellie Grandstaff, sister of First Sergeant Grandstaff and Armorer M. C. Grandstaff, said:

"My mother and I are trying to be calm so that the boys may not be depressed by any exhibition of our sorrow at thought of parting with them but we are proud to know that if necessary they will go to uphold the traditions of our government. We will not for a moment think of them as elsewhere than with their regiment but it would be easier to go into danger than to send those we love. This is a most cruel test."

"Yes," said Mrs. Celia Evans, another sister, "it is a cruel test, but remembering what others have done to make this country what it is and the sacrifices made in the past for our beloved land we would not be worthy of it if not willing for them to go as are the thousands of other women who will have to see their dear ones go into the strife. We shall not falter when the time comes."

Oh, wondrous love of country so great that all other love is subdued at its behest. These women are willing for their bravest and best to go fully conscious that many may not return. Sublime and impressive consecration for through their doubts and fears, their sighs and tears, with few exceptions there were none who would have father, husband, brother or son hesitate one moment to go forth with the regiment of which Ohio is so proud.

The boys of the Fourteenth have expected to prove their worth in face of danger and

it should prove an inspiration to them wherever they may be to know that in Columbus women watch and wait for their return; women whose loyalty to country is such that if bereaved they will in after years look up and smile and glory in the thought that kindred of theirs have won the deathless wreaths of fame that are given to those who when enlisted under the flag brings it back with honor or die beneath its fold.

MARY ROBSON.



COL. A. B. COIT.



MEALS AT CAMP BUSHNELL.

GOOD FOOD, PLENTY OF IT, BUT WONDERFULLY SERVED.

SOME EXPERT COOKS AMONG THE MASTERS OF CUISINE.

Washing Dishes the Toughest Job of Camp Life — The Care of Fires a Study — Primitive Utensils — Social Lines Ignored with Common Loyalty.

In the white tented city called Camp Bushnell with its glitter of accoutrements, its picturesque combination of color, and incessant movement of soldiery one sees at first only a splendid spectacle to which fancy adds the lustre of military glory. Well may the imagination have some play in the contemplation of this scene, for this city rising as if by magic will vanish as quickly at the imperative demands of war, and those who dwell there may hasten into the conflict from which many may not return. This thought is sufficient to throw a shade of melancholy over all and cause the lightest nature to feel the shadow of solemnity. But as cool, silent depths of water may break and bubble on the surface and dance and sparkle in the sun so above the earnestness of purpose which runs throughout the camp there are mirth provoking incidents, humorous speeches and general hilarity.

Pledged to the imminent dangers of war, realizing that "it is a soldier's business to die" they yield not to gloomy apprehensions or tragical thoughts, but with true camp philosophy lend themselves to the enjoyment of the hour and take everything as it comes — especially if it is something to eat. Remembering that "The fate of nations depends upon the food they eat," these warriors-to-be are naturally solicitous as to the quantity, quality and preparation of that which is to nourish them and just now the art of cooking is receiving more attention than the prospect of fighting. Hence the quartermasters and the cooks are the chiefs whose consideration is most sought, and right well do they bear the honors thrust upon them.

This is most noticeable among the cooks; and no fond mother or sister, no devoted wife

or loving sweetheart need feel that they prepare indigestible compounds from which the boys had better turn away, for in most instances each company has a cook who possesses the manual dexterity and experience which marks the difference between the amateur and the professional while quite often there is added to this, painstaking care and pride in their tasks which is not manifested by many women, who cook for families but have never learned that cooking is an art and cannot be carried on mechanically. Those who visit the camp and fail to see how meals are prepared and served miss one of the most interesting features.

This much was learned from a personal inspection of the commissaries and methods employed in preparing food in companies A, B, C, and F, of the Fourteenth regiment. The points considered were provisions, utensils, cleaning and packing, management of the fires and manner of serving. In the commissary department were eggs, beans, rice, potatoes, tomatoes, cream of corn, bread, ground coffee, sugar, salt and other necessaries and the most careful housewife could not have displayed more neatness in the disposal of these with the limited space and the conditions under which these men work.

All the utensils were of tin or granite iron and presented a shining appearance with the exception of some of the boilers, which are kept in almost constant use over the fires which smoke and darken them in a few moments' time. In regard to the packing everything that pertained to the cooking could be placed in large pans designed for roasting and thus conveniently moved from place to place. The old camp fire problem as to how

to get the steadfast heat nearest the food without burying the cook has been partly solved by a contrivance of iron bars which set down close to the fire and furnish a staple support for frying pans, kettles, etc.

Company B is so fortunate as to have a Meyer's outfit and this of course is of great advantage to the cook, who is a white man and who not only takes great pride in his cooking, but in keeping everything about him scrupulously clean and in good order. However, Company F claims to have the best cook in the regiment, so I sought this distinguished individual and found him most interesting, or, as Major Speaks expressed it, a "regular crackerjack." He was too deeply engaged in studying the contents of a boiler to give me much heed at first, so ample time was given to survey him and his surroundings. His wool was surmounted by a cap made from paper that had once done service as a flour sack and about his waist was tied and tucked in many a fold an apron of huge dimensions. This was about all that was visible of him, until, satisfied that the vegetables were progressing finely, he turned his ebon face toward things of lesser importance. I then ventured the remark that he seemed to have had much experience in cooking to which he promptly replied, 'Twenty yeahs or moh, I'se done cooked foh many a yeah at Ol' Point Comfot.'

"Indeed; then you are a Virginia cook, and there are none better," to which glaring compliment he answered:

"You'se 'bout right dar; and I's one ob de originals."

His statement was superfluous, for none but a Virginia darkey or one thoroughly imbued with their haphazard ways could cook in the confusion and disorder about him. Everything was suggestive of the kitchen environments of Aunt Dinah in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but in this case, as with her, the cook was undisturbed by lack of order. He had been disappointed in having meat arrive too late to be roasted, and did not attempt to hasten that which would require hours of time because of the immense amount, but, like any experienced housewife, looked up some cold ham, and finding this seemingly insufficient, began to cut steak from a large joint. Near him was an assistant who was paring potatoes with a reckless disregard as to whether half of each potato went with the paring or not. These when stewed, together with beans, the two kinds of meat, bread, butter and cheese, formed the midday meal of company

F, and although it had been cooked where everything was at sixes and sevens, the results were excellent; so the means by which they were obtained were not of relative importance.

In company B boiled ham, potatoes boiled and pickled, tomatoes, bread and butter and coffee were prepared. Company C had roast beef with vegetables, while company A and the band and signal corps served soup as well as meats and vegetables.

From all that could be gleaned from observation the provisions were fairly good, the quantity profuse and the preparation excellent, but the serving of the food was sufficient to make any woman wish to help them. In company F a number of young men who were on fatigue were attempting to cut bread. The amateur was painfully apparent, for such chunks as they sawed off! They were very merry over their work and I inquired as to the misdemeanors that had brought them on fatigue duty.

"Slipping the lines in order to get over to town and remaining too long," was the reply. "You see most of them have girls over there, and are willing to go on fatigue for a few extra hours with them. There's no keeping these young fellows away from their sweet-hearts, so long as it is only a matter of evading the guards."

"What about those who are older?" was asked.

"Oh, I reckon a change of coats doesn't mean a change of hearts with any of us," was the laughing response.

Just then a company lined up to receive rations. Then was seen the real strength of these men, for up they came laughing, jesting, playing lively tatoos upon the utensils which answer for plates; and, without complaint or even a look that would indicate self-pity, accepted that which was given them, although the careless manner in which the food was piled up in an indiscriminate mass must have been very trying to those who were accustomed to the refinements of home life, where their comfort and pleasure was the chief study of women. Stifling fastidious thoughts, they, as one of the quartermasters expressed it, "accommodated themselves to things in an amazing manner."

Whether they are ever called from Camp Bushnell to active campaigning or not, the training they receive will, no doubt, have beneficial effects. For, coming from scenes of indulgence and delight, each has taken his place as one among thousands—a unit in the

mighty aggregate where men must be like machines to render the best service. And those inured to toil and hardships do not bear privations more stanchly than do some of these erstwhile darlings of society, and it is quite likely that their apparent content will develop into absolute fortitude under more trying circumstances. Their experience in the camp under military discipline may awaken strength that has slumbered because not aroused by circumstances.

Whatever the social gulf that yawns between this or that individual, out there, they are comrades, bound in close fraternity, and the same strength, courage and desire to act greatly animates each one. Only the grandeur of an impersonal love and the power of an imperishable patriotism could induce men to undergo the grinding routine, the wearisome drills, the harassing repetition of daily duties to which they are accustomed. It speaks well for America's sons that, dropping the implements of trade, or books of learning, turning away from their chosen professions, bridging all differences, they can stand not only shoulder to shoulder in battle, if necessary rendering unquestioning obedience to their chief's commands, but, subordinating every rebellious impulse, can perform with patience, the petty, irksome, disagreeable tasks that fall to the lot of each when in camp.

No better illustration of this is needed than the scene presented when they wash their dishes. It is a blending of all that is ridiculous and pathetic, for, while so willing, they are so awkward and seemingly, more averse to this work than any other imposed upon them. Flat on the ground they place their dishpans, thus making it necessary for each one to stoop to his task, and then six or seven soldiers will attempt to wash dishes at the same moment, while others will crowd up, give a hasty dip to the plates which they carry and rush to the hydrant to rinse them, after which, if they can get possession of one of the greasy, black rags which are in use, they will wipe them with many flourishes; but if no cloth is in convenient reach they give the pans a hasty slap across their own knees or some comrade's back, and this answers for the drying process. Occasionally slender white hands will encounter those browned and roughened by toil, as their owners seek a stray knife or fork, and in after years they are denied the pleasant reminiscence of saying "we drank from the same canteen" while on the march, they can at least recall that in old Camp Bushnell they washed their dishes in the same deep pan.

MARY ROBSON.



CAMP BUSHNELL.

VETERANS OF BLUE AND GRAY UNITED ON MEMORIAL DAY.

TOUCHING CEREMONIES AT CAMP CHASE,

WITH UNION AND CONFEDERATE HEROES BENEATH ONE FLAG.

Columbus Ex-Soldiers Tell How the Foes of Other Days Will be Welcomed as Friends.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." The truth of this will be fully exemplified in Columbus this week, when the veterans of the Lost Cause meet here to decorate the graves of their dead—the sons of the southland who died prisoners of war at Camp Chase. For upon this occasion the victors will extend to the vanquished the most gracious hospitality, and in many instances will accompany and assist them in their mournful task.

Seeing this the world will realize as never before that the line which once separated the north from the south has been overgrown by the flowers of fraternal affection and honest appreciation each of the other's worth. These are blossoms that can not be forced, and, although a rain of blood fell upon the soil of the south, and the plow of conquest uprooted proud traditions, these plants did not flourish until they received the warm, sunny rays of mercy.

The ex-Union soldiers of Columbus and vicinity, touched by the readiness with which the Southerners now spring to the defense of the flag which they once assailed, and the fact that the first to lose his life in this war was a native of the state which first seceded, are preparing to receive the ex-Confederates with every token of goodwill.

I talked with more than fifty ex-Union soldiers in regard to the return of the captured flags, how they expected to greet the ex-Confederates, and the advisability of having reunions with them in the future, and during these talks was given an exhibition of moral grandeur unparalleled. But their own

words best tell the story. In this connection A. O. Mitchell, present commander of Wells post, said:

"I favor all reunions between the Blue and Gray, deeming that they strengthen the bonds of friendship between the two sections. More than that, I believe that ex-Confederates should be admitted to our order as second members. Sectionalism has been dead a long time; but if it had not been, the present war would effectually kill it. We shall welcome the ex-Confederates who come here with all the cordiality due from soldiers to soldiers."

Mr. John A. McKenna's reply was substantially the same as that of Mr. Mitchell.

Mr. John H. Sherry,

AN EX-PRISONER IN ANDERSON- VILLE,

exclaimed: "The war with Spain has buried sectional feeling so deep that one would have to dig from here down to China to find even the ashes of it. Long ago the South in good faith and unreservedly accepted every legitimate result of the war of the Rebellion. They took defeat like the brave men they were, and now after thirty-seven years they are proving themselves worthy of every consideration; so, in my opinion, their flags should be returned and everything possible done to maintain the unity of interest that now exists."

Mr. William Gittan said: "Reunions between the Blue and the Gray are a good thing. We can not have too many of them, especially since our numbers are getting smaller each year. First thing we know, we won't have

time to talk it over and become better acquainted. I shall welcome the veterans who come here this week most heartily, but I shall not shake hands with them."

"Why not," I asked, thinking the expression very strange.

"Why not?" he repeated, "because they didn't leave me any hands to do so," holding up two gloved artificial semblances of such. Then he continued. "They can return some arms, but not those they took from me. Worst of it was, they were taken just three days before the surrender of Lee. Might have left them with me then. However, I bear them no malice now. Life's too short to cherish malice."

Mr. Richard Albrittain, whose left arm is mutilated and almost useless from a gunshot wound received at the siege of Vicksburg, responded: "I think it is perfectly proper for the ex-Confederates to come and pay a tribute of respect to their dead, and while I shall not, in all probability, go to Camp Chase, it will not be because I think those who are so disposed should not do so, but simply that I seldom take part in any ceremonies of that kind. As to the flags, I can see no reason why they should not be given back. The people of the South began to return swords and other trophies of war to our soldiers in the early 70's, and if they really wish for the flags I favor their return."

Capt. J. B. Allen, who carries an empty sleeve as a mark of his participation in the same terrible onslaught at Vicksburg, forgot his usual calm manner, and exclaimed with vehemence:

"NO ANIMOSITY BETWEEN SOLDIERS.

"Between the soldiers who fought there never was personal animosity like that which existed among some who never knew the real meaning of war. When, at Appomattox, Lee with proud dignity surrendered to Grant, who said, 'Let us have peace,' there was no true soldier heart that did not echo the sentiment; and following the example of their great leaders, each of these deemed it best to keep silent. But of course there have always been some fools and fire-eaters who have engendered more bitterness among the young people of today than we had in the ranks at any time. For instance, that much quoted telegram 'No rebel flags shall be surrendered while I am governor of Ohio,'

caused some people to think we would have the war all over again. I am surprised that the author of it, who thought at the time he had done something wonderful, has even now retracted it. I should not have been surprised if he had continued until the end of his days saying the same thing over to himself, occasionally sticking his head in a barrel so as to get a better echo of the words, which were as senseless then as they are now. Of course, times have changed, but the facts in this case remain the same. The Confederacy has ceased to be, and the people of the South desired the return of their standards because of personal feelings that could do no one harm. They should have had these long ago, for among the thoughtful nothing but good will reigns now."

Gen. Wilson, who formed one of the party of officers exchanged for Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, an account of which recently appeared in *The Press-Post*, exclaimed: "By all means let us have reunions between the Blue and the Gray, so that the harmony between the sections may grow stronger each year.

AS TO THE FLAGS, SEND THEM BACK.

The men who fought under them are as loyal to the stars and stripes now as if they had never thought of any other standard. They know as well as we do that their flags represent nothing that exists today, but they are dear to them because of associations connected with painful memories. All sentiment, some would say, but it is the kind of sentiment that lurks in many American hearts, and is rather difficult to eradicate. I have a little touch of it myself, for I would like to have some one send me the sword which contains my name, and was valued more than ordinary arms because the gift of a dear friend. It may be perfectly useless, and I know if it were not that I should never use it again, but still I would like to have it.

Mr. A. J. McCune, an ex-prisoner of war, smothered all thought of his terrible experience while in Andersonville, said:

"When we have men like General Fitzhugh Lee and General Wheeler appointed to places so high in the service of the government they once assailed, while the young men of their section are eager to show that they can fight in this cause as valiantly as their fathers did in the lost one,

EVERY SOUTHERNER IS AS TRUE AS STEEL,

it's time for the wagon drivers and bounty jumpers of the late war to keep still and let the past be buried in oblivion. Narrowness and all the bitter feelings that once divided us are no more. We shall welcome the men who once were our foes as friends, and all those who wish to participate in the decoration of the graves at Camp Chase should be permitted to do so without unkindly criticism. We are all Americans, and soon we shall all sleep beneath American sod; so what matters the fighting which took place between us so long ago."

Mr. J. J. Barber was seen in his studio, and left the realms of art to talk of the realities of today. He said:

"It is fitting that hospitality be extended to the men who will be here this week to execute what to them is a sacred task, and I endorse the welcome extended to them. The situation to-day with the boys of both sections at the front and a united people back of them indicates that the gulf which once divided us has been bridged. I favor reunions and everything that will tend to preserve the present good feeling."

Mr. B. F. Stephens, an ex-prisoner of war, said: "When the boys of '61 on both sides unite and send their boys to the front as in this crisis, there can be no question as to the union of hearts and interests in this country. At Chickamauga are representatives of each section (I sent one, my eldest boy) and I'll venture to say that the sympathy and cordial good feeling between those who are comrades there now, is not more pronounced than that which exists between the men who once did such hard fighting on that same ground. While we of the north do not forget that which was worse than death in its horrors.

LIFE IN SOUTHERN PRISONS,

we also remember that those who were such gallant foes in the field were not to blame for the dreadful crimes perpetrated in the stockades. In order that it may be fully apparent to others that we understand this, I favor the return of the flags, reunions and every thing that will show that the people of this country are united."

SOUTHERN HEROISM.

Mr. William M. Armstrong replied:

"I heartily endorse everything that will

bring us into closer friendship with the people of the South. I have an intense admiration for them, and it's odd that this was first awakened during a fierce engagement. It was in Tennessee. Our men were stationed on a slope of ground behind parapets with head logs; you know what head logs are? Yes? Well, the only danger to which we could possibly be exposed during an attack was from our own batteries that were so placed they could fire over our heads. In such cases shells often burst before they reached their intended destination, and thus play havoc in the ranks they were meant to serve. Everything was against any who should attempt to come up that line, but a force of Confederates tried it. Their front lines were mowed down by the batteries, but on they came as though they meant to take everything before them, until one could but wonder what madness possessed them. Again and again they were repulsed by merciless firing, but every time they would reform and come marching back as proudly as if on review, until, would you believe it, they charged us seven times, and every time they came nearer, until in the last desperate assault our defenses were reached, and clambering upon them, they fought like madmen with the butts of their guns until our batteries swept them down in a heap. I never saw anything that could equal it in my life, and I have seen some thrilling sights. While they were fighting so heroically, I felt like cheering them myself. It was such a magnificent effort, that although victory was ours, it seemed trivial and mean because so easily won, especially when we watched the remnants of that gallant band fall slowly back, leaving the ground covered with gray clad figures. Since then I have always thought that such foes would be worthy having as friends. I have made frequent visits in the South of late years, and have met many ex-Confederates with whom delightful friendships were formed. They have such exquisite courtesy in their own homes, that I should have much regretted it if arrangements had not been made to make their visit here as pleasant as possible. If they wish for the return of the flags, I don't see why they should not have them."

Said Adjutant General Axline: "Of course, reunions between the Blue and the Gray are advisable. They develop fraternity in a remarkable degree. Now that the boys of each section have enlisted to fight a foreign foe, the last vestige of resentment has been swept

away, and every act of ours should demonstrate this to the world. As to the flags, I was sitting by Governor Foraker when he wrote that message in regard to them, and at that time I fully concurred in it, but this war has changed my views, and now I say, give them back."

Mr. C. F. DeLong expressed his sentiments in these words: "Arrangements have been made whereby the ex-Confederates who come here will understand that we cherish no animosity toward them. I hope the meetings between the soldiers will continue to grow in favor. I should not like to hear of a general order to return all flags, for I think this should be left to the discretion of the regiments that captured them."

Capt. C. T. Clark said: "There never was enmity between the fighting soldiers north and south. They always respected each other, and with us the respect deepened into pride that our opponents were Americans. Ever since the war we have talked over the events of it in a friendly way, so I favor reunions. The Confederate was a rebel,

NOT A TRAITOR.

We are all rebels against laws and institutions we don't like, so why not decorate the graves of rebel soldiers? They were brave men who died for a cause they thought right. The captured flags belong to the whole people, and should in my estimation, be taken to Washington and kept there, because of the historical interest that attaches to them. We don't wish every evidence that there was a conflict destroyed, for trophies of war are good object lessons."

Dr. James C. Krosen replied: "Reunions between the Blue and the Gray broaden our ideas in regard to the events of the war, and for this reason I think they should be encouraged. Now, about the flags. Were I an ex-Confederate, I should not desire them, because of the painful memories they would arouse. It would be like opening an old wound long healed, but if they think differently, and the return of the flags will strengthen the bonds of fellowship between us, then I should advocate giving them back."

Said Capt. John Dana: "I was out such a short time that my experience as a soldier scarcely counts, but I believe everything should be done to make the soldiers who come here realize that we recognize in them American citizens, one with us in all that is

for the best of the country. I think their standards should be sent back."

Major John Chapin, an ex-prisoner of war, responded: "Reunions between the soldiers of the North and South are certainly to be commended. We favor the coming of the ex-Confederates to pay tribute to the memory of those who were dear to them in their darkest, saddest days, and we shall accord them most hearty welcome. As to the flags, there are some things that are just as well kept in the background without undue agitation. That which is best will eventually occur without forcing it. Thirty-seven years is a long time to look back over, but some memories are as fresh in our minds now as then. To forget them we should have to blot out life. We blame not living men, we cherish no animosity, but we would just as soon have the flags, under which we suffered things too hideous for history to record, kept out of sight."

Said Mr. Joseph Baker: "Reunions between those who were foes in the 60's should be more frequent. All are benefitted by them. The return of the flags would doubtless strengthen the regard which the people of the sections now have for each other."

Mr. Simon Small exclaimed: "I think our soldiers should not only welcome the others as guests of the city, but like comrades go out and help them decorate. That's what I intend to do. Their flags should have been returned long ago as proof that their loyalty which is now so evident, was unquestioned."

Mr. Walter Weber, an ex-prisoner, replied: "We have asked the ex-Confederates to a camp fire with us, and have thus expressed our good will toward them, but as they have not invited us to participate in their memorial exercises, I think we should wait until they do so before we give this any serious consideration."

Mr. John Logan exclaimed: "There is nothing that I would not do to make the Johnnies feel that we were pleased to have them with us, but there is just one thing I'll never do, and that is help decorate at Camp Chase, or any other place where the Confederates are buried. The Southerners are brave and noble men. I honor them for their many high qualities, I appreciate meeting with them in reunions and elsewhere, but I maintain that there should be a difference in the honors given to the men who died under our flag, true as steel, and those who died with their faces turned away from our gov-

ernment, toward one which they hoped to have. It's the proper thing for them to remember their dead in this way, but the Southerners themselves would be the last to expect us to assist them."

Mr. J. Jamison, another ex-prisoner, replied: "Peace and union followed the civil war, and bygones shall have no place in our greeting to the men who once faced us on the battle field."

C. W. Fowler: "As we have but one flag now, and as all Americans are supporting it, I don't see why we should keep the flags taken in battle."

Mr. Thomas Jeffery, past commander of McCoy post: "The combatants in the civil struggle as individuals, felt no bitterness even during the war. All are united now, and imbued with patriotism of the highest order. Harmony and unity are broader than ever before, and putting the past aside we shall welcome the Southerners most cordially. The flags should be given back to those to whom they are dear because of personal association connected with them."

Colonel Wm. Knauss: "The Press-Post knows my opinion of these subjects like a book. I have been advocating the decoration of the

GRAVES OF EX-CONFEDERATES

at reunions with those who are living for a long time. Yes, I believe in the return of the flags, and in everything conducive to the harmony among our people. But—talk about being patriotic—I just returned from Louisville, and for every flag that cities of the North have on their public buildings, that city has five. Loyalty to the union is intense throughout the South. I sent away 120 copies of the Press-Post containing resolutions in regard to their coming here, and I have heard and received in letters and read in their papers most appreciative comments concerning our action. I am glad that the majority of our people are not like the prominent man who today remarked that he could see no reason why the Southerners should wish the return of the flags, unless it was to perpetuate the old principles just as their organizations aim to do. Against this I have in my possession a copy of one of the by-laws of a Kentucky order, and there is not a single sentence in it that would not be a credit to any society, however patriotic."

Capt. J. Hobensack's statement was: "There is no animosity toward the South today, but

I don't think the flags should be returned unless the regiments that captured them are willing that this should be done. They secured them at fearful cost, and if they consent to this, no one else should object."

Mr. S. A. McNeal held almost the same views as those stated by Capt. Hobensack. Mr. G. W. Raffery said: "I approve of the respect shown the ex-Confederates by the adopted resolutions extending friendly greeting to them, and am in accord with all reunions or meetings of any kind whereby the soldiers of both sides will be given an opportunity to become better acquainted with each other."

Mr. Chas. Robbins replied: "I advocate the return of the flags, and as many reunions as possible. We can not see too much of the men whom we could not but admire, even when they were our sworn foes. Respect for bravery can not be controlled."

Mr. Frank Betts: "I am heartily in favor of everything that will show that soldiers can fight and then be truest friends."

Mr. Henry Kalb: "I was at Camp Chase and helped decorate last year. That is convincing proof of how I feel toward our opponents in the war of the Rebellion."

Dr. N. Elliott: "Strife between the North and the South is over forever. The two sections are very close now. They could not be otherwise. The interests of Americans are common. There are not even geographical divisions between these two parts of our land, and all are united in thought. There are no narrow antipathies between the soldiers, and they will do all in their power to convince others that this is so."

Isaac Hussy: "Many ex-Union soldiers intend to help decorate the graves at Camp Chase. This will be a meeting to remember, and I hope will be followed by many reunions between the participants. I took part in the ceremonies at Camp Chase last year. Is anything more needed to show that I do not know the meaning of the term sectional feeling, as it was once employed? If it exists anywhere today, I hope that it will soon be obliterated. Reunions and the return of the flags will surely accomplish this if it has not taken place."

B. F. Minear: "I worked at Camp Chase all day last year, and shall of course do everything possible to demonstrate to the men who will be here next week that the feeling which brings them is understood and respected. Yes, I favor the return of the flags."

John A. Lawrence: "I approve of reunions with ex-Confederates, not to discuss old differences of opinion, but that each may learn from past experiences lessons that will be of value. The return of the flags will accomplish more toward convincing others that we do not cherish resentment than any words we may utter."

Mr. Lewis Kline: "Returning the flags will be an act in accord with what we have decided to do; welcome the ex-Confederates and bury the past completely."

Mr. George W. Gossan: "Reunions between the opposing factors in the Rebellion will educate the youth of our land by showing them that the darkest cloud that ever swept over our land disappeared as if by magic of love and loyalty. The return of the flags is in accord with the feelings of those who will be with the ex-Confederates at Camp Chase this week."

Mr. C. D. De Vennish: "When our last camp fire has gone out, others will remember that we welcomed to one in Columbus, men who came to decorate the graves of those who died our foes. Can even the return of the flags, which I consider proper, give better proof of our having buried animosities?"

Fred. Weidman: "We face our foes and decorate our graves together now, we who once were bitter enemies; so why hesitate about returning a few flags if the Southerners desire them?"

Mr. Frank Drake: "Give the boys a hearty welcome, return the flags and bury the past. Patriotic motives and a desire to increase the fraternal feeling which now exists actuate all soldiers."

Dr. Saddler: "The return of the flags would have a decided effect upon those who do not yet understand that the Blue and the Gray are united in thought and action. This has been thoroughly understood among the men, on both sides, who did their duty, or what they construed to be their duty, in camp and field."

Col. W. A. Taylor: "The Confederates, after they had appealed to the tribunal of war, accepted its decision as final. This settled it between the soldiers. Most certainly the flags should go back to them. Thoughtful people do not malign the motives of the Southerners in desiring them, and do not hesitate to say that this much should be conceded to those who are proving their loyalty in every way."

R. H. Osgood, commander of McCoy Post:

"I approve of every word and act showing respect for the men who will be here this week to show their love for their fallen comrades. An era of good feeling now reigns, which I hope will be cherished and intensified by reunions, and a better acquaintance with the men whom at no time did we cease to respect."

G. W. Bassett: "All meetings of Blue and Gray are of interest, but this one will have even greater significance than any that have preceded it. I shall go to Camp Chase because I believe in everything that can further cement the bond that now exists between the former combatants."

Capt. Kennedy: "As we near the time when we shall all camp elsewhere, old animosities fade away. I believe that the meetings between the Union and Confederate soldiers have much to do with this."

Mr. H. K. Forbes:

"GIVE BACK THE FLAGS,

I say, to the men whose loyalty is unquestioned—those whom we shall welcome as guests next Saturday."

N. B. Abbott: "Peace among our people means power against those who would destroy. We shall welcome the men who now stand firm for governmental unity." Messrs. John Chippy and William Nicholas gave about the same statements as Mr. Abbott.

Mr. W. S. Brazilius: "I am for reunions, return of flags and everything that will show that the spirit of fraternity is complete between the soldiers North and South. The Southerners, while wrong, were ever honorable, and we respect them as warriors to the extent that the G. A. R. drill corps will fire a salute over the graves at Camp Chase."

This was said in the presence of a number of the drill corps, who are also members of McCoy Post. The remark elicited a round of applause, and Mr. Conway exclaimed: "That's just what I have been advocating." Then ensued a general talk in regard to reunions, return of flags and the welcome that should be extended to the veterans from the South. Those who took part in it and voiced enthusiastic support of all that would obliterate all unfriendly feeling were Messrs. E. K. Alexander, Leonard Lawrence, G. W. Fiske, John Mohn, W. R. Milot of the corps, and a number of other soldiers who were attracted by the discussion. Among these were Messrs. T. T. Smith, C. E. Denig and John Jones, the latter an ex-prisoner.

Mr. Jones' appearance was greeted with pleasure, and he was asked for his opinion of the subjects engaging attention. He said: "Life is too short to keep alive any feeling that may once have been manifested between the sections. Their differences were settled in battle. The soldiers cherish no resentment now, and even in the bitterness of strife, individuals when they met could not forget that they were brothers. I remember one instance when this brotherhood particularly impressed me. It was when it was thought advisable to remove my foot because gangrene resulting from a wound. The surgeon, a kindly faced man, said to me: 'Where are you from?' I replied, 'Columbus, Ohio.' 'Indeed,' said he, 'do you know Dr. Hamilton?' 'Certainly,' I answered, 'I lived near his office when he first hung out his shingle.'

My questioner's face brightened as he said, "Dr. Hamilton and I were classmates at Philadelphia. It is singular that while we

are no relation, we have the same name. A warm friendship existed between us. It is pleasant to meet with some one that knows him. I will see what I can do for you." He did do much, for through his skill and care I was only compelled to lose a portion of the foot. We never forget a kindness when shown under conditions like this. The fact of it is that I do not see why the flags were not returned long ago."

History does not record a more sublime spectacle than that furnished by the veterans who, seemingly forgetful of their own wounds, would cover the scars of their former adversaries with the folds of the captured flags and the flowers which they shall scatter upon the resting place of men who died their foes, but whose comrades in arms are now their loved and trusted friends. Their words are typical of the whole North's better self.

MARY ROBSON.



GENERAL KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES.

BRAVE MOTHERS OF OHIO'S BANNER REGIMENT.

Some of the grandest battles of all the war are still being fought in the hearts of women who have sons, husbands, or brothers in the Fourth Ohio. They are silent struggles but the sights and sounds where men engage in deadly conflict for supremacy surely indicate no more bravery than was manifested by those women in discussing the return of the regiment.

MRS. MARY ROBERTS

whose son is a member of Co. F. said:—

"While I, like all other mothers would rejoice to see my son I would not say a word to hasten his return so long as the government had need of him. As to the stories of hardships, they are if true, horrible but my boy went to take a soldier's chances and he will endure without complaint as becomes a soldier. I have had practical experience in this for my husband served in the Rebellion and has been unable to work for years as a result of lung trouble contracted there. So we felt when Charlie went away that there was more than the danger of the battlefield to be incurred. We expected him to meet with privations and I was so glad that he was well fitted to meet with them. He was accustomed to hard work and plain living. If he survives he will be a better man for the discipline."

"And if he comes not back?" was asked.

There was a quiver of the lips but there was a proud ring in her voice as she replied:

"Then he will have given his life in the service of his country." Mrs. Roberts was dressed with scrupulous neatness but her attire was not indicative of great prosperity and she had the appearance of one who worked beyond her strength, so I made some inquiries that elicited the information that besides her invalid husband there were four children at home and that Charlie had been the main support of the family for years but that this task had now devolved upon the frail little woman before me. In order to maintain the family she had been keeping roomers.

MRS. MARY BUSKIRK

whose son Thomas is in Co. A. replied:

"I would be relieved beyond measure if the services of the regiment could be dispensed with any my boy could come home but I do not expect him until he can be spared, I hope tho that better food will be supplied to the soldiers so that they may better resist the diseases incident to the climate and to camp life in general. Of course mothers never have their minds at rest with regard to their boys but we expected this when they went away. I have not heard from my boy since the 6th of August but I'm hoping for a letter every day.

MRS. GRANDSTAFF

who has two sons in Co. A. said:—

"I knew what to expect when my boys marched away, for in the Rebellion two of my brothers went and never returned. When we can let them go without a word of dissuasion we certainly shall not clamor for their return if they are needed elsewhere. There's just one thing tho I think they should have proper food. I hear that they are being starved, but my boys have never said but what they have plenty.

"No," said her daughter, Mrs. Celia Evans, "we have not heard a word of complaint from our boys but no matter what they were called upon to endure, they would keep silent, deeming it a soldier's duty.

So we would not say or do aught to hasten their return if by so doing we should cause them to think they had shirked the obligation soldiers must meet.

We are proud that they belong to a regiment that has acquitted itself so well and wait with all the patience we can summon the time when they can come."

MRS. MARGARET FLECK

has two sons in Co. A., James aged 18 and Henry 25. They were her chief support and she is now keeping roomers and boarders in

order to maintain herself and the other members of her family.

Speaking of their absence she said:—

Personal wishes are not to be considered in war times. I shall do the best I can until such time as they can be spared, and as to privations the quality of endurance is as high as the quality of daring. My boys do not murmur and neither shall I. Patience and fortitude are attributes of true soldiers. Those qualities are developed by the close discipline and the hardships of camp life so I try to think that all is for the best and hope that they will have the strength to resist the diseases so prevalent there.

MRS. F. EDINGTON

whose son is in Company B said with some excitement:—

"I am deeply moved by the stories which come to us of the suffering of our boys through lack of food and I think the government should see to it that this is remedied. Nevertheless if my boy is needed I would be the last to say come home, much as I would like to see him.

MRS. FRANCIS INRIGHT

has a son in Company K. Her words were:—

For a time I thought the boys should be sent home at once, but since General Miles has said he could not spare the Fourth I have changed my views. I think now that we should remember that war means suffering for many and that it would only distress our boys to know that we are yielding to our grief to such an extent that we would ask for their return.

MRS. OLIVE BURR

said of her son who is in the hospital corps:—

Frank has never complained of the food or treatment he has received but he has expressed a very natural desire that he should re-enter school. However, the training he will receive in the service may be of greater benefit to him than any knowledge he could derive from books; so if the government has need of the Fourth, he will be quite willing to serve the full time of enlistment.

MRS. INGHAM,

Grandmother of George McDonald of Company H said:—

"While the country has need of the Fourth

it should remain wherever stationed and each member's place is with his regiment. George would not wish to come home simply because of the deprivations suffered tho he would like to be at home and we would rejoice to have him come soon, we have no thought of his coming until those in authority release him.

MRS. SARAH McDONALD

held practically the same opinions as those expressed by her mother.

MRS. THRALL,

whose son is in Company C. looked at me with wondering eyes which seemed to say:—

"Have I shown myself lacking that you should ask me this?" Then she said:—

"I am a soldier's mother and wife, glancing at the empty coat sleeve of her husband who lost his right arm in the Civil War; therefore all things touching on the service no matter how hard or how unwelcome are accepted in silence. My boy has found no fault with the government that he is serving. He is too true to his training to do that.

MRS. ANNIE O'SHAUGHNESSY,

Mother of Joseph O'Shaughnessy, exclaimed:

"My boy went out to be a soldier, I should hate to have him act the baby and wish to come home because things may be worse than anticipated. Nothing on earth would give me greater pleasure than to hear his quick step on the walk and know that I should see him but my feelings must never interfere with his duty.

MISS GRAHAM,

Sister of Frank and Harry Graham of Company B. said:—

"I think the conditions should be changed and that speedily, for I believe our government can supply the soldiers with better food than they have been receiving. If this were done no one would express dissatisfaction if the boys were retained there the entire two years if the military authorities deemed this necessary my brother Frank was brought home ill and while he makes no complaint we can but feel that there has been unnecessary suffering.

MISS EICHORN

has two brothers in the Fourth. Of them she said:—

We knew there would be rugged privations

when our boys went out. A soldier must accept all that comes philosophically and his relatives should do likewise. Individual feelings must be suppressed when they conflict with the unquestioned obedience of the good soldier.

MRS. WALSH.

"To put the whole thing into few words, I would not lift my finger to bring my boy home since General Miles has said he could not spare the Fourth; but this does not mean that I wouldn't like to see them nor does it mean that I am contented. It is only that I know they would not wish to come while they can be of use.

MISS ELLA WALSH.

The government wishes to retain the Fourth so all we can do is to make the best of the situation and trust that the conditions there will be improved.

MRS. COIT.

"I do not think our government would keep our boys in Porto Rico unless for a purpose and I cannot believe that it is actuated by a desire to cause needless suffering and sickness. There has been mismanagement but now that it is known it will surely be reached at last."

MRS. MARY GEORGE.

"The record of the Fourth is such that I am proud my boy is a member of it and I would not have him shirk from the performance of his duty no matter how difficult it would be. He would not wish to come until all need of his services were over.

MRS. SHERIFF,

exclaimed: "He is too much a soldier to shirk. His father was a soldier in the Civil War and he has inherited some of his qualities. Since my death we have largely depended upon him but we can spare him while his country has need of the Fourth.

MRS. BIDDLE

Responded: "I have two sons yet in the army and tho this war has caused me unspeakable sorrow I would not if I could hasten their return if it would reflect upon their courage or interfere with their duties.

MRS. SHER,

who was a prominent worker in the society that petitioned President McKinley to send the Fourth home, stated that she had finally decided that her boy belonged to the government and that she in common with other women had dropped all thought of carrying forward any movement toward having the regiment returned and was now endeavoring to collect money to send the boys some necessary provisions or furnish them a banquet should they come in the near future.

MRS. TAYLOR,

President of the society, said she had been so worried by the reports of sickness and death caused by lack of food that she had thought the mother must make some effort to get the boys released for a time at least, but she was sure her son would not have wished her to enter into any movement of this sort and she herself would wish to avoid all possibility of having it said that the boys of the Fourth were sent home because their mothers wanted them.

Her views had been modified by the statement of General Miles as was the case with a number of others. His words seemed to have had the same effect as a bugle call that rallies the scattering forces of a demoralized command. The mothers and friends of the boys of the Fourth responded in much the same manner and with almost the same sentiments as those expressed when I talked with them prior to the departure of the regiment.

Upon the first occasion the war spirit which was prevalent throughout the country sustained them to a certain extent but in this last instance there were no waving banners, no martial music, no wild plaudits from enthusiastic multitudes from which fictitious strength could be borrowed.

All the glory and glamour had been replaced by gloom. They have suppressed agonizing anxiety and tearless grief as is evidenced by the havoc wrought in their appearance but despite the terrible realities experienced, tender, human love is still subdued by the high impersonal love of country. Is it any wonder that the soldiers of the Fourth Ohio are the pride of the state and that Gen. Miles cannot spare the sons of such mothers.

SHALL WE KEEP THE PHILIPPINES?

DIVERSE OPINIONS OF LEADING COLUMBUS CITIZENS ON THIS GREAT PUBLIC QUESTION.

Columbus has men of wide reputation as thinkers. In this epoch-making period their views on the mooted policy of the United States in the Philippines is of general interest.

Selecting several who are eminent in their respective callings I asked their opinions of the much discussed subject.

Dr. Canfield was seen at the University and when I mentioned the Philippines his hands went up with an expressive gesture as he exclaimed: "I haven't a word to say."

This was so unexpected I forgot I was talking to the President of the Ohio State University and said severely:

"But you should have something to say on so important a subject. Surely you have thought of it."

He laughed outright and replied:

"Yes, but I have been so distracted by a thousand other things I haven't had time to digest my impressions. After the 15th of October my duties will not be so pressing. But there are other members of the faculty

LET ME REFER YOU TO DR. ORTON.

Dr. Orton had just stepped out of his study and I was requested to wait there. The waiting wasn't tiresome for the workroom of this great student is not only filled with the evidences of his work, but in some subtle way it conveyed so strong an impression of the personality of the worker that he almost seemed present. But despite the suggestive atmosphere of the room I was hardly prepared for the entirely charming personality of Dr. Orton.

In answer to my question the Doctor said:

"In view of what Providence has seemingly thrown in our way I don't see how our government can shirk the responsibility of retaining the conquered territory. It has practically been thrown at our feet. It seems to me we should at least for the present hold that which is ours as the inevitable result of the war."

"Then you think the United States should assume all responsibility for the future of the conquered territory."

"I would not use the word assume" the doctor said. "I said it should not shirk that which has been thrust upon it. Now that the inhabitants of those places have been liberated from oppression it would be grossly unjust to them to let Spain resume her colonial policy. It does not seem the way of peace or justice to allow the territory to be divided among the other nations of Europe and as the Filipino is not prepared for self-government I cannot see but that the United States will be obliged to take control and make the best of the situation.

This is a responsibility that will make difficulties. There will be troublesome problems to be solved, but even if this is so I do not see how this line of action can be avoided.

HUMANITY HAS CLAIMS THAT CAN NOT BE IGNORED.

There is no reason why self-interest should dominate our actions in National affairs more than in our personal concerns. We do not always look out for what is best for ourselves alone. National obligations incurred during our war cannot be shirked with honor. We cannot expect to meet them by the sole consideration of our ease and comfort."

"Do you mean that a nation should be governed by the exalted ethics that control individuals who burden themselves with the woes of others in order to contribute to the general welfare?"

"Yes, nations as well as individuals owe moral duties from which they should not shrink. That which we could not foresee and perhaps could not have controlled if foreseen have made for the time the people of Luzon the wards of our nation and we should give them a better government than any they have hitherto known.

"No other country is better fitted by its ruling ideas to do this than ours. No other country is bound in honor to see them through their difficulties. If the task is disagreeable it is one that we cannot thrust aside."

I do not think our only question will be whether the acquisition of this territory will prove profitable or not. If we hold Manila I hope it will become a source of profit. There is great interest at present among the nations of Europe in the acquisition of tropical territory. Perhaps the tropics can do us good also.

But this should not be our first question. For my own part, remembering the Monroe Doctrine our wretched management of the Indian, the lack of interest in public affairs on the part of the educated and well to do, the corruption of our city governments, the spoils system in public affairs I often wish that this new question had not come to us at all. But when I ask myself if I would give up Dewey's wonderful victory and its influence at home and abroad I am not quite ready to say "yes."

At any rate the victory was won and others also and the map of the world is being made over. The old order is passing. New occasions bring new duties and I try to attain the confidence in the people which Jefferson and Lincoln each in his day cherished and expressed.

"Gladstone says the principle of liberalism is trust in the people, qualified by prudence; the principle of conservatism is mistrust of the people qualified by fear. I prefer to stand with the Liberal.

General Beatty looked at me with something of the sternness of one who has faced the facts of life and can make no compromise with public opinion when it conflicts with his own views. Then direct as a ball from the mouth of a cannon came the words:

**"WE DON'T WANT ANY COUNTRY,
OR ANY PART OF ANY COUNTRY,
WHERE THEY CAN'T
GROW MEN."**

But, see here, didn't you say you were from the State Journal? Well then you don't want my opinion for it won't harmonize in this case with those advanced by your paper."

"I beg your pardon General, but the State Journal does wish your opinion. Frank statements are desired without regard to the policy

advocated by the paper. Will you kindly explain why we should not retain the Philippines?"

"Certainly, I think the holding of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines means an expensive navy, a great standing army, high taxes, perpetual pensions, a large death rate and an increasing national debt. I am opposed to the acquisition of any territory where strong men will not retain their strength. Where malaria, smallpox and yellow fever constantly menace human life. Where the temperature is such that men cannot labor and hence can never acquire habits of thrift and industry and where the dress of the average inhabitant must continue to be substantially a breech clout and a broad brimmed hat."

If our statesmen wish to civilize anyone let them try their hands on the North American Indian. If they wish to better the condition of anyone let them give attention to the less fortunate of our people North and South. If they wish to improve morals let them go to the slums of our great cities. All these things can be attempted without increasing the tax and death rate and

LIKE CHARITY, SHOULD BEGIN AT HOME.

Dr. Rexford who impresses one as being a man whose ideal standard is exceedingly high yet who can view realities with the large-hearted tolerance that has its source in the broadest culture and the deepest sympathy said:

"I have no opinions concerning the permanent possession of the Philippine Islands by our government that I do not hold subject to change or reversal on further information. The country finds itself surprised even by the temporary possession of them. There were few people among us probably outside of naval circles who realized that we had any great fleet in the Eastern waters at the opening of recent hostilities and Dewey and Manila and Cavite are new names in our American vocabulary.

Our temporary control of the islands is one of the incidents or accidents of the war but incident or accident they are virtually ours for the present and what shall be done with them as a permanent policy is a question more difficult of solution than the destruction of the Spanish fleet in the bay of Manila. I believe the majority argument is in favor of our permanent control of the islands. A moneyed indemnity such as Germany levied

on France is wholly out of the question in our settlement with Spain. She is impoverished already and the only indemnity available for the United States would be in our possession of her island territory.

Such possession cannot be construed as a passion on the part of our government for territorial expansion. Such expansion has not been our policy except through peaceable purchase as the Louisiana and Alaskan. Those islands in the far East will not be ours by conquest. They are our unexpectedly and yet legitimately as decreed by the exigencies of war. Spain has controlled them badly enough by her military power and when Commodore or Admiral Dewey destroyed her fleet her power of control imperfect as it was, was destroyed.

IF THE UNITED STATES WITH- DRAWS HER SOVEREIGNTY

the internal warfare will continue for years among the people there as it has for years past.

Spain has not governed the people well. Their industries have not flourished; the resources of the islands have not been developed. Civilization has not been promoted barbarism and strife and ignorance, oppression and misrule have had full sway and now those islands have come into our possession why should not this government seek to establish a better condition of life among the ten millions of people who inhabit them. If we do not establish a protectorate over them some European government will be likely to do so unless Japan should take the initiative, and why not the United States now that 'nine points of the law' have been gained.

Why should we not establish our various institutions of civilized life among the people there — our schools, our agricultural culture, our mechanical arts, our courts of justice, our equality before law and the various institutionalism of our American life?

Those wretched, ignorant and long-mis-governed people have been cast upon our care. We cannot cast them off. We cannot do it in justice to our own reputation as a civilized nation.

A WAIF UPON OUR DOORSTEP CAN NOT BE CAST INTO THE STREET.

A generation of education would be necessary to build those people up into conditions

of self-government, but we have the resources in abundance for just this kind of help and the existing situation invites us to place before the eastern people, and all people indeed, the wholesome example of what America can do for an oppressed and down trodden people.

A better civilization, better government, better education, better laws, a richer commerce, a more endurable life all invite our government, it seems to me, to retain a permanent control of the Philippines and establish there the institutions in whose possession we rejoice here at home. Humanity is essentially the same everywhere and what has been done here may be accomplished elsewhere.

Hon. J. H. Outhwaite, lawyer, statesman and man of affairs said, in reply to my question:

Cuba is the most important — can it rightfully be called a conquered possession. We went to war with Spain to secure the independence of that island with the declared intention of securing a states government there. We have accomplished this part and the Spanish will be out of the islands within ninety days. Great as was the achievement the task was not so perplexing and grave as will be

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF STABLE GOVERNMENT IN CUBA.

We are bound to prevent that island and its people from falling into the hands of a lot of scheming politicians who desire to get possession of the island in order to create offices for themselves and friends to loot the treasury and to fasten a heavy bond of indebtedness upon it under the pretense of outward loyalty while making opportunities for plunder.

They have been plotting to this end for some time and may give trouble to this government.

The Cubans are not, from the information we have of them, very highly prepared for self-government. There is too large a streak of Spanish in their character and ignorance and the terrible condition of the people in general resulting from the tyranny and oppression from which they have so long suffered is another, but we must do the best we can.

The duty rests upon us to see that every individual who remains a citizen of that island shall have an equal opportunity to be heard in the formation of its government. To do this it will be necessary for us to main-

tain our authority on the island for some time to come. Some time Cuba may desire to become annexed to us, but her acceptance as a state cannot become desirable for many years.

How about Porto Rico? That island is ours by right of conquest. It was taken as a part of the campaign against Cuba to impress the Spanish government with the uselessness of its further struggle.

The people of that island seem to be well advanced. They are peaceful, intelligent and industrious and their sympathies are so strongly in favor of annexation that we must prepare for them

SOME FORM OF COLONIAL GOVERNMENT ADAPTED TO THE SITUATION.

The path before us in this respect is not free from doubt and embarrassment. To constitute a state for this island and its inhabitants ought not be thought of at this time.

One of the dangers of its acquisition is that upon some occasion wherein a political party is laboring for additional strength in congress or in the electoral college they will admit Porto Rico into the United States as a state. Such a mischance is to be dreaded and avoided. I would almost be inclined to urge the amendment of our constitution to forbid the creation of state out of territory not a part of this continent. At least great restriction should be placed upon the admission of outlying territories into the Union of States. A form of government giving them something like a territorial status should be made for them.

As to the Philippines. When the president ordered Dewey to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet at those islands it was not with any view to the acquisition of territory. But he desired to accomplish that in order to protect our posts on the Pacific coast and to weaken the Spanish naval power. We have taken Manila, the chief port of Luzon and command a few of the smaller ports of that island, but not all of them. Can it properly be said that we have conquered all of the Philippine islands, although we have destroyed the force of Spain over them? In many of those islands few if any of the inhabitants know that fast or even that there has been a war. To them certainly we owe nothing for assistance rendered. I am not fully advised at the amount of aid rendered by the Fillipinos, nor as to the nature of any

understanding that might have been between their leader and Admiral Dewey, but so far as I know

WE ARE UNDER LITTLE OR NO OBLIGATION TO THEM.

In fact we could have accomplished all we did in that region as well or better without them.

The difficulty of governing such people as inhabit those islands so remote from home are very great. So much is this the case that I doubt whether any commercial relations which we might secure by owning all of them would at all compensate for the trouble and danger of our attempting to control them. Besides the holding of them scatters so widely people so variously with half civilized and barbarous tribes might involve us in serious complications and dangers. I doubt the wisdom of claiming or attempting to

HOLD ANYTHING MORE THAN THE ISLAND OF LUZON.

Further information upon this subject might lead me to a different conclusion. We have punished Spain very severely and on that score there is hardly an occasion for taking more territory.

It is a very grave question whether the people of this Republic will receive greater good than evil from the possession of islands such as the remainder of the Philippines lying under the tropics where few of our people will seek to make their homes and with a

NATIVE POPULATION WHICH CAN NEVER BE AMERICANIZED.

It may be that all commercial benefits as would arise from the possession can be secured by treaty. If this could be done should we not take the burden of their ownership, control, defense and support.

"With regard to the Philippines your remarks have been confined entirely to the disadvantages and difficulties socially and commercially that might result should the United States attempt to control them. You have not touched upon the ethical side of this question."

I TAKE NO STOCK IN THE ETHICAL SIDE OF IT.

We are under no greater moral obligations to take charge of these islands than we are

of any other islands or countries similarly situated.

When I asked Dr. Schueller for his ideas on the Philippines and what should be done with them there came the contentious reply:

"Let them alone."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because I am opposed to territorial expansion."

"Under all circumstances?"

"No, only beyond the limits of our own continent. If, for instance, Canada should in the course of events become a part of the United States, I can see no objection to such an arrangement. The people there would assimilate with ours, but the people of those far off islands are not and never could be Americans, and too many difficulties would have to be met if we wished to form such countries and such people into our system of government.

IT WOULD BE NECESSARY TO KEEP A LARGE BODY OF TROOPS

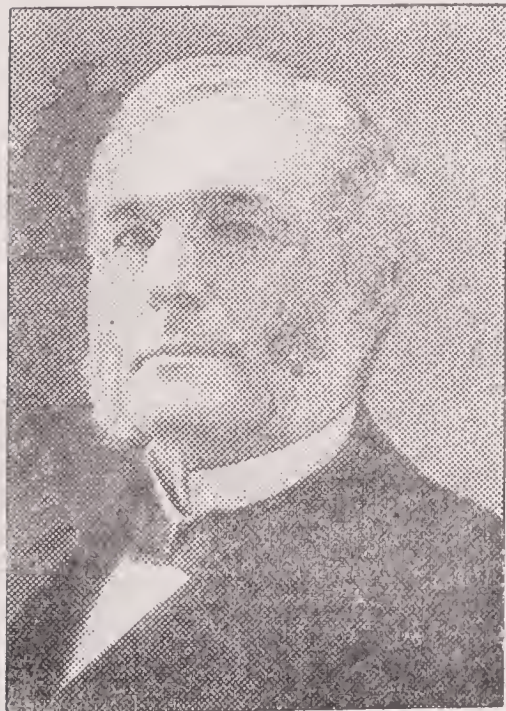
in readiness to repress the risings of the natives, who are less capable of becoming good citizens than were the negroes of the South after the civil war.

Then there are all the mixtures of the yellow race. What would we do with all those inexperienced, dependent, ignorant people?"

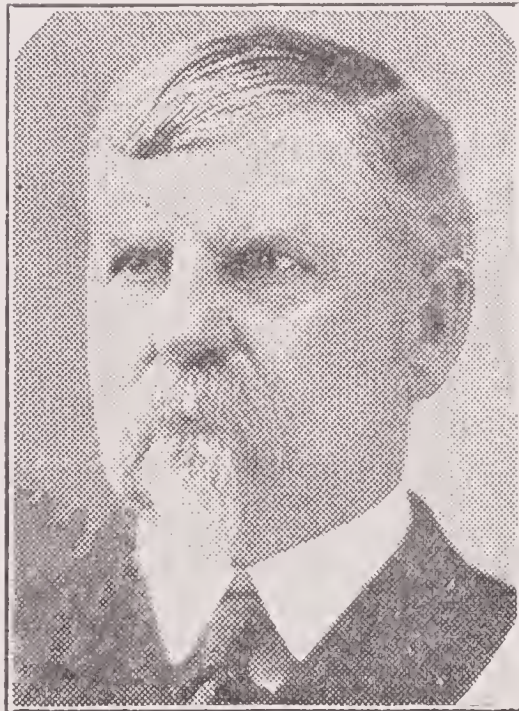
"Some think they could be civilized."

"Oh, yes, we have some enthusiastic advocates of territorial extension who think that we can carry civilization to those semi-barbaric people, but those enthusiasts are those who in most instances were opposed to immigration, claiming that the influx of incompetent, ignorant people would lower the standard of American citizenship and depress American labor. They could not solve that problem, yet they are now anxious to undertake one more complex.

Those who are so ignorant to do something for humanity at a distance should pause and consider the tremendous wrongs that need righting here at home. They had better remember that the race question in the United States has never been satisfactorily adjusted and they had better do something to promote a type of industrial civilization upon our own continent. Of course you believe in the elevation of humanity, but we don't need a larger field for it than can be found here at home. We should deal with the western hemisphere first.



DR. REX FORD.



J. H. OUTHWAITE

MAJESTIC ELMS OF STATE HOUSE SQUARE.

MR. DESHLER'S IDEA DERIVED FROM HAVANA.

Countless thousands have appreciated the beauty of the elms which adorn Broad, State and Third streets, but few among those who have admired them ever pause to ask whose was the mind that planned their arrangement and whose was the hand that planted them?

Lovers of trees who understand their purpose and condition and who can feel all the wonderful and fine emotions which the elm is capable of evoking may have bowed their heads in silent acknowledgment of the benefit conferred upon mankind in the planting of those trees, while those other lovers who have wandered in their shade and have felt their happiness intensified by the subtle charm exercised by the graceful outlines, spreading leaves and drooping branches of this loveliest of trees, may have blessed the unknown who in years gone by had thus contributed to the pleasure of the hour. But the great number of passersby, whether in carriages or on wheels, strolling carelessly or walking with the eager step of those who have work to do, accept the benefaction with no thought of the benefactor.

'Tis the way of the world to forget the giver in the gift, and those who give as givers should be more than content to have it so. They follow Stoddard when he says:

"Do it as one who knows it not,
But rather like the vine,
Which year on year brings forth its fruit
And cares not for the wine."

But although those who originated, planned and set in motion the machinery to bring about the realization, are often obscured by the greatness of the results attained, sometimes the merest chance brings their names to the front.

This was the case a few days ago when a casual remark calling attention to the uniformity of size of those trees, which indicates that they are probably of the same age,

caused me to observe them more closely than I had previously done, and in doing so these lines of Bryant's were recalled:

"Who planted those lofty groups? Who was it laid their infant roots in earth, and tenderly cherished the delicate sprays?"

Deeming this a subject worthy of investigation and thinking some of our old residents might give me some data, I made inquiries which developed some interesting facts, for I learned that back in the 40's Mr. Alfred Kelly had put in operation the movement which resulted in the beautiful appearance of the State House yard.

At that time the ground there was low, but under the direction of his guiding spirit the center was filled and sloped as it is today. The elms which embellish it were brought here on sledges in the middle of the winter with immense quantities of earth still attached to them. In the spring they were planted to form a square, while inside of the elms sugar trees were set out in the form of a circle.

The work was done by Mr. John L. Stelzig, a florist who had a greenhouse in the Kelly property. This same gentleman planted the trees on Broadway.

The inception of the plan, however, is largely due to Mr. William G. Deshler, who conceived the idea while spending a winter in Cuba. While driving on one of the avenues in the city of Havana Mr. Deshler was much impressed by the beautiful effect produced by the arrangement of four rows of trees which shaded the driveway.

Leaving the volante he stepped off the distance across the avenue and found it the exact width of Broad street—120 feet.

Returning to the carriage he replied to the questions of the women who had accompanied him, and who were somewhat mystified by his actions, that he intended to have the avenue duplicated in Columbus. Broadway is today what Mr. Deshler mentally pic-

tured it in those long gone years. Immediately upon his return to Columbus the initial steps in this enterprise were taken.

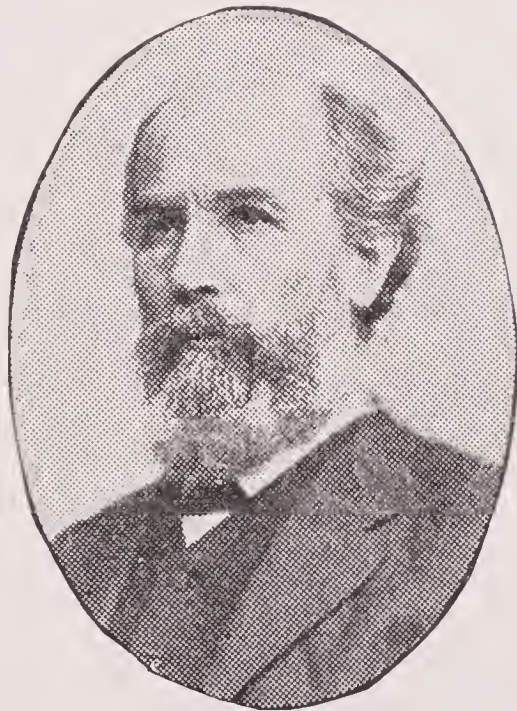
Beginning with an elm tree on one side and a sugar tree on the other the trees were planted alternately, because the sugar trees being of quicker growth and shorter life would provide shade before the elms could possibly be expected to do so and then dying soon would give place to the trees of longer life.

Mr. Deshler put out the elms on the south side of Broad and many on the north side for private parties.

The cost of setting out those on the sides of the street were paid for by voluntary assessment on the property holders. They did

well for many years, making a beautiful arched driveway, but as may be noticed, are not flourishing as they were prior to the introduction of the asphalt street.

Thus while the people of many New England towns and villages point with pride to their elm-shaded streets, looking down Broadway Columbus citizens may be pardoned a little of the same feeling, and in contemplating the moving bough and listening to the whispering sounds made by the lace-like appearing leaves it does not detract from the emotions awakened to remember that the most attractive feature of Broadway had its origin on the island in whose behalf the last American war was waged.



W. G. DESHLER.

COLUMBUS CITIZENS DISCUSS CUBA'S FUTURE.

WIDE DIFFERENCE OF OPINION DISCLOSED.

FREE OR NOT FREE, THAT IS THE QUESTION.

Should Cuba have complete independence?

This seems an odd question to ask Columbus citizens at this time, when they are preparing to welcome the returning warriors who have so recently faced danger and death in order that the GEM OF THE ANTILLES might enjoy the sweet boon of liberty.

This was the lofty purpose that inspired the heroes who went to fight and this was the sublime sentiment that found its way into the hearts of the people until no sacrifice was deemed too great for them to make, if by it they could aid the struggling patriots in their efforts to attain freedom.

Thus it was understood that the sole object of the war was to establish an independent government on the island, and if "that which is true up to the limit, is true at the limit," there would seem to be no call for further inquiry, relative to this subject.

But although the cause for which the soldiers battled and suffered is as clear as ever, the result is obscured in the mists of doubt.

Being a woman I'm not supposed to know any solution of this question, therefore I shouldn't have bothered with it. I didn't. I just submitted it to men and they had all the bother.

Among these was Judge Spear of the Supreme Court, a man whose profound scholarship, close analysis and quick perception of the points of a case have distinguished him in the high office he occupies.

"Certainly Cuba should have an independent government," says Judge Spear.

"Our government said so and the people said then and say now, Amen."

"When? That is a more difficult question. I have no such settled opinions on the subject as would prevent a reversal or modification of view if further information concern-

ing existing conditions in Cuba should call for such change. But speaking from impressions created from present information I would say that full independence cannot safely be attempted until it can be ascertained that the people are able to maintain a free and reasonably well established government. I am aware that many persons, some of them people of distinction, maintain that when the Spanish soldier sails for Spain our soldiers ought also to sail for the United States and the Island of Cuba thus be left wholly to her own devices.

With due respect for the superior judgment of others I am hardly able with my present lights to assent to this proposition."

Whatever government is formed must be a government of the people of that island. By the people is not meant the class known as insurgents merely, not the volunteers merely, not those who were recently slaves merely, it means all the people. It must be borne in mind that by driving out the Spanish soldiers we will not be driving out the Spaniards. They will remain. They have rights which cannot be ignored and their influence will still be great. So will that dangerous aggregation known as volunteers remain. Those classes probably possess more wealth, more cunning, and more desperate determination to rule than the insurgents. At least they cannot be expected to tamely submit to the sole dominion of the insurgents without determined effort to foil them. It therefore becomes the duty of the United States to delay withdrawal, and by its good offices in the way of advice and diplomacy and in the way of force, if necessary, secure from the people an expression as to what they really want and to see that they secure a Republic not only in name but in reality.

It would as it seems to me be an everlasting disgrace to our people to abandon these wards and subject them to the chances of having saddled upon them a governmental machine like unto some of the republics of Central and South America. Until a proper government is secured to them our duty is to see that the island is pacified in the broad sense.

Annexation? Not now. Possibly some time. We have at present difficult problems enough. The good of our seventy millions is of more consequence to us and to the world than the good of a million and a half of mixed islanders. Thirty years ago of that population over 360,000 were slaves. Twenty years ago 200,000 of them were slaves and it is only eleven years back that slavery was finally abolished. A dense ignorance is not confined by any means to those who were slaves. It is generally the rule with the larger proportion of the whole. Do we now want these people as part of ourselves. The population is one of mixed races. The American element is so small as hardly to be worth mention. Neither by education nor by habits of life nor by contact with our people have the mass of Cubans obtained any just conception of our American institution.

Altho many of the insurgent leaders have displayed great patriotism, wonderful courage and a capacity of endurance worthy of all praise. Possibly we could do them some good but that is not the whole question. Protection of the people like charity should begin at home. Manifestly the problem of annexation can wait."

Librarian Galbreath said:

The United States is pledged to leave the government of the island to its people as soon as peace is restored. The withdrawal of the Spanish forces will restore peace. Our government should then promptly fulfill its pledge.

COLONEL TAYLOR TAKES A GLOOMY VIEW.

My views with respect to Cuba can be of no great value for I have no more information with respect to the people of that island than is possessed by most intelligent persons" said Col E. L. Taylor.

"I am frank to say however, that I entertain grave fears that the government of Cuba in the future will be a very troublesome matter. From the information that I have I do not think it possible that they can of them-

selves at the present time maintain anything in the nature of a stable or sufficient government. They have lived in an unsettled condition and have always been impatient of control and I do not see how a population made up of mixed races having been accustomed to turbulence and even violence in government affairs can soon learn to forget their ways and come to be law abiding and law respecting citizens.

Mr. W. F. Kelley responded:

"Cuba is the victim of centuries of oppression; for many years she has been devastated by barbaric warfare. Her commercial and industrial resources have been wasted and her energies paralyzed by a long and unequal struggle with her inhuman mother. Her struggle for liberty appeals strongly to the sympathy of every loyal American and sentiment alone would answer that she has earned the right to freedom; independence brings with it new duties and responsibilities. Independence implies sovereignty and the right, power and authority to declare war, conclude peace, establish and maintain armies and navies, levy taxes and customs, maintain peace and order within her borders and enact such wholesome laws as will best promote the general welfare and prosperity of her people. It may well be doubted whether she is capable at this time of such responsibility.

With such responsibility with a population less than the state of Ohio, with more than two thousand miles of coast line to be defended, impoverished by war and pestilence, without a fixed and stable government, her people ignorant, poor and unused to governing, it would be placing a firebrand in the hands of a child to at this time clothe her people with the power and authority incident to a free government. A government cannot be superior to its people and altho she has patriots, statesmen, and military leaders they are too few in number and feeble in resources to bring order out of the chaotic condition which has so long prevailed.

Judge Pugh who can always say much in a few words responded without a moment's hesitation:

"I favor complete independence. The Cubans should be given control and the United States should withdraw from the island. This is what our country started out to do and it should adhere to its resolution."

When do you think the United States can safely intrust them with self-government?"

"As soon as they can get ready for it. Probably six months, possibly a little longer."

There was no mistaking the attitude of Allen W. Thurman who exclaimed:

"I am opposed to the whole business. I don't believe in annexation anywhere or under any circumstances. We have too much that needs our attention here in the United States to spend time interfering with the affairs of other countries."

Judge Badger replied:

"I think that Cuba should have complete independence whenever the people there are capable of maintaining it, but the problem is terribly complex and the United States should not be in a hurry to relinquish all claim there. Grave doubts have arisen as to the ability of the Cubans to arise to the demands that would be made upon their powers should they be left to adjust the affairs of the island and unless they can do so the United States should continue to be the guiding influence."

In response to the inquiry: "Do you think Cuba should have absolute independence," Col. James Kilbourne said promptly:

"I do."

How soon do you think the reins of government should be given into the hands of the Cubans?"

"Whenever the people there wish it. The war was to aid them in attaining independence and the principles that were invoked during the late contest should be observed now. This is an obligation that our country should not attempt to evade."

M. C. Campbell said:

"As to the independence of Cuba, the position of our government and the complications involved make it a difficult and most perplexing question to solve aright.

However, in my judgment the Cubans are at present incapable of governing themselves and will be for a generation to come. In the meantime I think the United States should continue to stand sponsor for that uneducated ignorant people at least until we are satisfied that they have become sufficiently enlightened by education and intercourse with the outside world to govern themselves.

* They possess an intermingling blood relation with the people of other Central American states whose form of government should satisfy our people that the Cubans are not enterprising or progressive and for that reason I would oppose the annexation of the island of Cuba to the United States.

Mr. Ralph Lazarus said:

A PROTECTORATE OF CUBA

by this country until a stable form of government is established there would meet my idea of the proper course to be pursued. The commercial interests there would be ruined if the island were turned over to the emigrants and others who are no more fitted to govern than they.

Without interfering with the rights of the inhabitants there, the United States should not give up all chance of developing the resources of the island.

Mr. Andrews, President of the Board of Trade, said:

"I do not think it incumbent upon our country to relinquish Cuba. It seems to me the time is past when we can permit sentiment to overthrow reason. What better could the Cubans desire than annexation to the Union if they understood the great advantage it would be to them to have a country like ours responsible for the welfare and discipline of the islands."

Mr. George Hardy's response was:

"Cuba is in such a condition that no one with capital would wish to invest there. People are not inclined to rush into a place that is subject to the rule or rather the misrule of an ignorant class of people when those who dwell there are to a great extent in ignorance that the vast interests of the country will be fostered if the United States continues to exercise authority there."

Said Mr. Frank Hubbard:

"I read a little story the other day that might be applicable when asked a question like this. A certain gentleman was never known to do anything about his house that could be considered work, but always employed some one to perform the most trifling tasks as he was amply able to do. After these questions with regard to conquered territory became paramount he was noticed using his lawn mower in the most vigorous manner at the most untimely hours. So often was this observed that one of the neighbors commented upon it to his wife who by way of explaining the unusual industry of her husband replied:

"Yes, every time Mr. J. comes over and begins to talk about the Philippines my husband get the lawn mower and goes to work."

"The Cubans have the right to be free and independent and should be granted the consideration due a nation as soon as they are able to form a stable system of government

and conduct their affairs, continued Mr. Hubbard.

The war was waged in order that an independent government might be established there, and now there should be no hesitation in carrying out that to which our country stands pledged."

Mr. Howard Park responded with much earnestness, saying:

"To be consistent this country will eventually have to permit Cuban independence. It may be some time before the Cubans become organized in such a manner that the interests centered there will not suffer by permitting them to take complete control but they should be given an opportunity to show what they can do, just as the states were allowed to demonstrate their capacity for self government. If it is proven that they are capable of managing the affairs of the island they will without doubt ask to be annexed to the United States. They could then be admitted in a manner similar to that used in dealing with Hawaii.

Col. Freeman's reply was characterized by great earnestness. He said:

"Indeed I do believe in the entire independence of Cuba. America went into this war for just this purpose and there should be no receding from the position taken by Congress. I am a Monroe Doctrine man and think we should keep our hands off of territory that does not rightfully belong to us. The Cubans should be given dominion as speedily as possible, then if they wish to be annexed to this country, well and good, but the island should not be held against the will of the people there."

Judge Hagerty replied:

"In the process of readjustment in Cuba there are many questions to be considered, but the first duty of the United States should be to show to the world that the government means to adhere to the resolutions passed by Congress. It should be made clear that the policy of aggrandizement is not to be pursued and that our relations to Cuba are to be conducted with regard to the best interests of the island. Until such time as the inhabitants of Cuba are prepared to take up the duties of a nation, this country should maintain sufficient authority to be in a position to act for them in case they need aid."

Mr. F. W. Merrick said:

"I should be glad to see Cuba independent if those who take charge possessed the ability to govern, but this it appears is not the case,

so I think the United States should retain control until it is known that the Cubans have at least a few of the requisites for sovereignty."

"Cuba should not in my opinion be given independence," was the reply of Mr. John Joyce, Sr. "Not only because the Cubans could not maintain it but for the reason that the United States is entitled to hold it and should do so. What would have been the use of the war if we meant to give up everything. I could not sanction any such act of folly as the abandonment of the opportunity offered this country by the acquisition of Cuba. Retention would mean some adequate indemnity for the debts incurred which the United States should not think of paying from our treasury."

Mr. Bassell, Secretary of the Board of Trade said in his characteristic way:

As an abstract principle I am in favor of our government obtaining and controlling anything and everything that might be esteemed as contributing to her future greatness.

I regret now and always shall regret that our government did not avail itself of the treacherous sinking of the battleship *Main* the untimely taking off of 266 of our brave soldiers for its *causa belli* giving our country the opportunity of making such final settlement with Spain as might be deemed wise, leaving the humanity feature to our sense of right and wrong. I recognize however, so far as Cuba is concerned, that we are made to labor under certain disability growing out of the joint resolution disclaiming any disposition or intention upon our part to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island except for the pacification thereof and asserting the determination when that was accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to the people. In the face of this I do not think our government could in honor fail to conform in fair measure to the declaration so made. However, it must be remembered that the pacification of the island and the establishment of a stable government are made conditions precedent and our government would be recreant to the great trust she has assumed should she fail to require such antecedent performance upon the part of the Cubans.

Mr. H. A. Jeffrey's statement was:

"It seems to me the Cubans have not yet reached a standard sufficiently high to admit of our taking hold of the affairs of the island and administering proper form of govern-

ment. As yet everything is in a state of turmoil there and it needs calm, judicious leadership to prevent further trouble so I think the United States should retain control for the present."

Judge Bigger left the bench to talk upon the proper course to be pursued with regard to Cuba. Said he:

"I am hardly in a position to make a statement with regard to this subject for it seems to me about the only way one could speak with authority with regard to it would be to go to Cuba and study the situation as there are so many conflicting reports as to whether the Cubans are capable of establishing and maintaining an independent form of government or not. If they cannot do so it would not be advisable to leave them in an unsettled condition so as there is doubt about the matter I think the United States should take charge of affairs."

Col. W. H. Knauss's statement was:

"The island is ours by right of conquest and we should keep it."

"Do you think this should be done without regard to the resolution of Congress prior to the war?"

"Yes, I don't care anything about the resolutions. Circumstances occurring since then have changed things considerably and we are not bound to carry out any statement that was made when the condition of the island and its inhabitants was not thoroughly understood."

Hon. D. J. Ryan, former Secretary of State said with direct simplicity:

"I have always favored the independence of the island and do now. I do not believe this country has any right, legal or moral, to annex the island without the consent of its people." Mr. Ryan then handed me a pamphlet on "The Cuban Question in American Diplomacy," which he wrote and published in December of '97. Several strikingly beautiful clauses seem appropriate now as illustrative of how closely Mr. Ryan has adhered to his original conception with regard to Cuba. These are the words he wrote then:

"No one can review with candor the relative positions historically and politically of our country and Cuba without believing what Hamilton Fish as Secretary of State wrote to Caleb Cushing, minister to Spain, in 1874.

"Cuba like the former continental colonies of Spain in America ought to belong to the great family of American republics with political forms and public policy of their own and

attached to by no ties save those of international courtesy and intellectual, commercial and social intercourse."

From the present condition it looks as if the day of the realization of the traditional aspirations of the American people were at hand. It is within the constitutional power of the president to do that which will bring ultimate independence to Cuba. His deep patriotism and love of freedom should make this act one of pleasure. History will make it immortal. What that great tribune of liberty, Owen Lovejoy once said in a debate in Congress may properly be repeated now:

"To be president, to be ruler, to be king, has happened to many; to be embalmed in the hearts of mankind throughout all generations as liberator and emancipator has been accorded to few."

Col. Rodgers seemed to proceed upon the principles expressed by Pope:

"For forms of government let fools contest
What's best administered is best."

He said:

"I shall be satisfied with whatever the administration does in the settlement of this question."

Hon. Claude Meeker responded:

"I favor the complete independence of Cuba if the inhabitants are capable of discharging the affairs of government, but that seems to be a matter of very grave doubt and while it continues so I think the United States should retain sufficient authority to prevent the island falling into the hands of those who are not fitted to rule."

The reply of Hon. E. O. Randall was:

"I believe the complete independence of Cuba is secondary to its welfare and should now be established if the conditions are such that a complete independent government can maintain itself with justice to all parties. Remember I'm not sufficiently familiar with the social and political conditions prevailing on the island to form any just estimate of that matter. If the reports which have reached us concerning the ignorance of the native population and the dishonesty, treachery and greed of the Spanish population are at all true, it will be a long time before a stable government can be maintained without assistance from the United States.

Indeed I am inclined to think that some sort of a protectorate on the part of the United States would be justified and probably best for the Cubans themselves until such

time as it shall be safe for them to go it alone."

"If I understood your question," said Hon. Emmett Tompkins, "you desire to know my opinion as to what our government should do with Cuba and the Cubans, not limiting your inquiry to the single proposition the independence of the island. After we had crushed the Spanish navy and driven her ships either off or under the seas and captured her army at Santiago after most glorious fighting by the Americans the exultation of victory followed with a rush and in the midst of it we were largely controlled by that spirit which our critics called "jingoism." I confess to having imbibed a large quantity of the spirit and was correspondingly elevated. But the excitement has subsided and we are all now in a more judicial frame of mind.

The reaction carries us back to the first principles. I was much impressed with the declaration of Congress and I have believed that our nation is in honor bound to adhere to it unless there is a mighty reason for not doing so. But I have not lost sight of the fact that this resolution was adopted under given and accepted conditions that is taking for the truth all that has been said as to the

fitness of the Cubans for self government there was nothing for us to do but to exterminate Spanish dominion and leave the islands to the inhabitants thereof.

But if we should discover that we were misinformed as to the facts when the resolution was adopted, that in truth the Cubans are not fit for self-government, then from the high plane on which we stood when we declared for intervention, we might be not only justified, but required to modify if not recall our disclaimer. But the burden of proof is on them demanding a recall."

Said Mr. F. W. Prentiss:

"I don't think Cuba should be granted independence. The island should be held as territory of the United States."

This was such a sweeping statement without a word explanatory that I ventured to say:

"What importance if any do you attach to the declaration of Congress prior to the war?"

Mr. Prentiss weighs his words carefully before speaking, but in this instance there was a longer pause than usual before he replied:

"I think the circumstances and developments since then have caused a change."

And thus an end to Cuban discussion.



D. J. RYAN.

TRIP TO THE MINES.

COLUMBUS EXCURSIONISTS EXPLORE THE CONGO MINE.

A JOLLY PARTY OF TEACHERS AND STUDENTS OF SCIENCE

Spend Saturday in an Interesting and Profitable Manner — Many Courtesies Shown Them by Officials of Coal Company and Miners in Their Employ — The Party.

The trip taken by Columbus people through the Congo coal mine is one that will leave a lasting impression upon the minds of those who made it.

The excursion was planned under the direction of Miss Riordan, principal of the Front street school, and its purpose was to give the teachers a better idea of practical coal mining as they are now expected to teach the principles of it. Not only the instructors of the public schools took advantage of this opportunity of instruction and pleasure, but members of scientific clubs and literary clubs, school boys, college students, teachers in the deaf and dumb asylum, stenographers, railroad men, coal dealers and others joined the happy throng. There were 144 in all; 107 of these were women.

The train left the Union station at 7:25 and the railroad trip was made without incident of more than passing interest and arrived at Congo at 11 o'clock. Dinner was partaken of in a boarding house, and then began the trip through the mines.

Many of the excursion party had never seen the interior of a mine, and their questions and comments must have been decidedly amusing to those to whom it was as a tale that is told. But the miners with unvarying patience explained all the details of cutting, drilling and blasting. But some of the lessons learned are likely to bring greater returns than any facts concerning the process of digging coal. One of these was the insight given the visitors as to the real character of the miners. Their genial dispositions and unvarying courtesy was the subject of much comment throughout the return trip.

Superintendent Shawan voiced the sentiments of the entire crowd when he stated that nowhere could more have been done to make pleasant and profitable this visit and that so much benefit had been derived from it, that he favored having similar excursions in the future.

The teachers are under obligations to the following gentlemen who so gladly chaperoned the party through the mines and explained all the interesting features to the teachers in a way that they may give their pupils a very good idea of how coal mines of a modern type are operated at this age: Messrs. S. W. Pascoe, Superintendent; John W. Taylor, mine boss; Thomas Stiff, mine boss; S. J. Benner, inspector; William Trumbull, Arthur Barlitt, Clarence Gillespie, William White.

Miss Simonton, Miss Effie Simonton, Miss Gunning, Miss Sue Gunning, Miss Emma Gates, Miss Parker, Miss Zwerner, Miss Akerman, Miss Shilling, Miss Stelzig, Miss Long, Mrs. Zell, Miss Drake, Miss Grimes, Miss Hunter, Leon Oderbrecht, Miss Gorman, Miss Ramell, Miss Bailey, Miss Miller, Miss Haviland, Miss Prall, Miss Kaefer, Miss Pauline Kaefer, Miss Staub, Miss Platt, Miss Torrey, Mr. Drake, Miss Herrick, Miss Corbett, Miss Dickerson, Miss Pfeiffer, J. A. Alston, Hartman Alston, Belle Herrick, Robert Shawan, C. S. Barrett, Mrs. Shaffell, Miss Barton, Superintendent J. A. Shawan, Mrs. Herb, Miss Kaiser, Miss Karst, Miss Reiber, Miss Martin, Miss Fassig, Miss Roberts, Miss Ewart, Miss Flowers, Miss Stephens, Miss Stimmel, Miss Evans, Miss Ada Evans, Miss Kanmacher, Mrs. Neddermeyer, Miss Leh-

man, Miss Drake, Miss Judd, Miss Connell, Miss Ritson, Mrs. Barnitz, Miss Wilson, Miss Esther Dent, Miss Dent, Mrs. J. Dent, Miss Nessmith, Miss Bennett, Miss Culbertson, Miss Snow, Miss Graham, Miss Benbow, Miss Maud Graham, Miss Ober, Miss Kumber, Miss Eichhorn, Miss Rich, Miss Scott, Mr. George Scott, Mr. Stratton, Margaret Koerner, Ida M. Evans, Emma Culp, Ray Lauer, Huber Funk, Martha Culp, Anna E. Riordan, Horace Moll, Margaret S. Getz, Willie Reynolds, Hortense Brooks, Mrs. Reno Pierce, A. J. Grossmann, Otto Mees, William Emel, Pearl Contellier, Lucie V. Contellier, Mrs. Jos. Bradford, Helen Bradford, Augusta

Becker, Christine M. Wood, Nellie Thompson, Lily M. Thomas, Louise C. Balz, Charlotte Olnhausen, Lydia Schneider, Mary Martini, Mary Esper, Mrs. J. D. Esper, Caroline Wendt, Cornelia Hebenstreit, Harriet Lazarus, Annice Fishback, Luck Rickel, T. Murray Jones, Ray V. Zartman, Luke V. Zartman, Lester Ogden, William H. Andrews, Mrs. Frank V. Irish, Mrs. W. S. Totter, Mrs. W. D. Park, Mrs. Kate A. Mulford, John M. Mulford, Susan Cunningham, Annie O. Jones, Harriet Thompson, Mr. George Scott, Mr. Stratton, Mary Roberts, Jessie Earl, Clara M. Gray, Alice Docum and Ida Jones.

NELL BROWN IN COLUMBUS: STORY OF A WORKING GIRL.

"It must be through an accident," she murmured, "When I do not wake in the morning, When I do not wake," she repeated in a musing tone. Then as tho controlled by some unseen force her drawn lips formed the words — "If I should die before I wake." Then her surroundings faded and she was back where mountains in their grandeur tower to the sky near the home of her girlhood.

She only saw a cabin small
That sheltered children four,
Who played in glee about its wall
Or o'er its bare white floor.

And three were boys and one a girl,
With face just like her own.
Ere she had plunged into the whirl
Where grief and strife are known.

She saw them bend beside the form
Of one who whispered low

Sweet words of peace to quell each storm
And sooth each childish woe.

Then, "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Rose on the evening air,
"I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
Said each one in the prayer.

"If I should die before I wake,"
Nell's head was bending low;
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."
The words came faint and slow,
"All this I ask. —"

Then memory faded and in place of the little kneeling figure in white with peaceful brow and upraised eyes she saw herself as she really was a woman still young, in years, but oh, so old in suffering.

—From *Sunday Serial in Ohio State Journal.*

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S KINDNESS.

Apropos of the recent visit of James Whitcomb Riley to this city it is interesting to note his generous manner of recognizing more modest writers of verse.

Upon reading her poem, "When the Acorns Drop," which was written four years ago, Mr. Riley wrote to Mrs. C. R. Liggett of this city the subjoined letter and forwarded to her his latest work, "Armazindy," on the fly leaf of which was written,

Sweetest faith in all things human
Blossoms in the heart of woman.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY,
Indianapolis, Ind.,
November 19, 1904.

The letter which accompanied the book can be read as easily as print and is as fine as copper-plate in chirography: the words are:

"From the little autumn song here it is but fair to say that the author seems to be capable of far superior verse not that this is ordinary but it is marked by some ordinary defects which care and deliberation might certainly avoid committing. Very honestly would I encourage the writer with such evident gifts simply to the vigilant study of displaying the same to ambitious advantage to repeat not other's styles or mannerism but instead to develop that native individuality that seems so utterly neglected.

"There is the grace, the spirit, the life, truth and melody all in evidence that the writer of the above lines might write infinitely better. Therefore my heartiest advice would be to set about most conscientious efforts towards that end.

Hastily, heartily and very truly your friend,
J. W. RILEY,
Indianapolis, Ind.,
November 19, 1894.

Cornelia R. Liggett is editor of "The Sample Case," the United States Commercial Traveler's magazine.

The lines to which he referred have been

read and admired throughout the country. The first stanza is indicative of the poem.

"There's a whisper in the hill top and a murmur in the wood
There's a dream of golden glory everywhere
On the beech a russett cover, on the elm a scarlet hood
But the walnut lifts her branches brown and bare
Oh, the squirrel's in the feasting in the old oak top
And ho for Indian Summer
When the acorns drop."

Upon the occasion of Mr. Riley's last visit Mrs. Liggett called upon him and was received most cordially. He inquired as to her success and hoped she was meeting with the appreciation she deserved. Then, after citing some of his early discouragements he said:

"I now look upon the bright side of life. There is a bright side if people will only look for it. I avoid all gloomy things as much as possible. Hence, I never go to see a tragedy no matter how well it is done. The more true to nature, the more sadness it occasions. Then I never read a sad poem no matter how fine it may be. For instance those like Longfellow's 'Evangeline' which is one long moan from beginning to end."

Speaking of Mrs. Liggett's versification he said:

"Having been reared in the country you have a fund of valuable material from which to draw, for those who know nature from early association can best depict her moods.

"If you attempt dialect do not forget that the countryman is as intelligent as any other, and that oftentimes the language employed is used in contempt of the opinion of the city bred who make the mistake of looking down upon him.

"The secret of success lies in an honest heart. Give the people what you feel within your own."

Mrs. Liggett is well known locally from having in the past been connected with several papers here as a special writer, having recently contributed to local papers some stories of great literary value, chief among these being a sketch of Benjamin Russell

Hanby, the author of "Darling Nellie Gray," while her writings in the *Sample Case* which she now edits have attracted attention.

Mr. J. J. Barber, the well known cattle painter has transferred one of her poems to canvas, "A Summer Day," which was exhibited at the Art Club Association recently, and which was sold to Mr. J. C. Campbell of this city this week.

NELL BROWN IN COLUMBUS: STORY OF A WORKING GIRL.

Nell became critically ill through overwork, exposure and anxiety and a physician was called to see her. As he was leaving her room, he said:

"My little lady you'll have to be very careful. I'll be here early in the morning."

"Oh please don't come again," Nell exclaimed.

"Not unless you wish it, but you need a physician so you should call another if I don't suit."

"It isn't that," she hastily exclaimed. "It's only that I can't afford to have you come."

"Well, perhaps I can afford to come. Your business is to get well and that will be enough for you without financial worry."

"But I've just secured work," said Nell rebelliously, "and now you tell me to lie here and be a burden on others. I'll die if I do."

"You'll die if you don't," was the curt response, then in a tone of winning softness, he added:

"My little lady you are in the grasp of four different forms of illness, any one of which would be sufficient for most women, but you seem inclined to add a few figures to the combination. I'll be here to see you in the morning. When you get well and have plenty of money, I'll send you my bill. In the meantime you must not worry and I'll do my best to get you out of here soon."

He kept his word and through long weeks battled as only the physician can for a life. He was aided by the friend with whom she roomed, a refined woman of the loveliest character, a born nurse, who patiently and tirelessly anticipated every wish of the sufferer without words, and this in addition to the work of a household composed of husband, brother, nephew and little daughter, who vied with each other in their attention to Nell. To

such an extent was their devotion carried that the physician noticed it and said:

"If you had searched the world over you could not have fallen ill among better people."

At two o'clock one stormy morning when her physician had been summoned for the third time within a few hours, Nell gasped: "It's too bad you had to come again."

Dr. Howell's alert intellectual face with its tinge of hardness changed as he said:

"My little lady, no night was ever too stormy, no hour too late for me to respond to a call like this. As long as I can be of service, do not hesitate to send for me at any time."

Soon afterward he told her that there was but one chance left for her recovery and that must be taken immediately, every hour of delay increasing her danger.

Nell knew that she must fall into a sleep from which she might not awake and that there was not time to consult relatives who lived far from the city, so she faced the issue calmly, saying:

"Take the chance at once, I am not afraid."

As soon as arrangements could be made, Dr. Howell with another physician entered her room and over her face was placed a cloth that shut out the world, perhaps forever, but even then she felt no fear and her hand gave back a reassuring pressure to that of her friend and nurse as she felt herself falling into space and heard the doctor's voice saying:

"Nerviest little thing I ever saw."

Six months afterward when she had come back from the borderland, she asked Dr. Howell a question to which he replied:

"Didn't I tell you that I would send you my bill when you were well and making plenty of money. Until then be good enough to forget it."

INGERSOLL ON SUPERSTITION.

SIGNIFICANCE ATTACHED TO COMMONPLACE HAPPENINGS.

LECTURE GENERALLY REGARDED AS THE BEST EVER DELIVERED BY THE GREAT AGNOSTIC. SOME THOUGHTS CULLED FROM THE DISCOURSE.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll in his new lecture on Superstition at the Great Southern last night was greeted by an appreciative audience. The lecture was regarded by many of his hearers as the best ever delivered by the Great Agnostic, this Michael Angelo of words, this Phideas of verbal sculpture.

Beginning with the more ignorant forms of superstition Colonel Ingersoll touched upon the credulity of the more ignorant classes in attributing to the most commonplace happenings a special significance. In speaking of these he said:

When a woman drops a dishcloth that means company though how the cloth could inspire the neighbor with a desire to visit or how such inclination on the part of the neighbor could affect the cloth no one can explain.

When a man sees the moon over his left shoulder he says "bad luck." What the effect would be if a left handed man should see the moon over his right shoulder "I don't know."

The manner in which Colonel Ingersoll says "I don't know," is inimitable.

It is as though he had exhausted every recourse in an effort to find solution to problems that perplex.

With no attempt at reproducing his exact words the substance of other thoughts advanced by Colonel Ingersoll is given:

Famine and faith have always gone together. When a man eats a crust wet with tears he thanks God. When he sits at a banquet he congratulates himself.

God tried to buy souls on credit by promising them a future of happiness. The devil promised present pleasure, cash down.

The devil taught us not to forego the ecstasy of love and sowed the seeds of doubt by which man escaped from theological chaos.

God sent some evil as punishment. It was not the devil who drowned the world. He was never mean enough for that.

If there is anything that corrugates the brow of Jehovah and raises a commotion it is for a poor mortal to think.

Give up devils and you give up faith in the inspiration of the New Testament. For if all the accounts of the casting out of devils there are untrue what part of it is true? There is no compromise. If the devils do not exist the foundations of the Christian religion crumbles. If you give up devils you must give up witches, then what becomes of the command "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"?

We denounce witchcraft yet there are men today who will read the story of the witch of Endor with a theological face.

Chisel a theological face on a tombstone and it would give additional horror to death.

In early days they had a geology that fitted their religion. The earth was flat. God and the angels lived just above the clouds or on the first floor. The human race was on the second floor and the devils in the basement.

They knew all about Heaven and Hell but the telescope did away with the thought that Heaven is just beyond the clouds and we have no celestial maps. No one can mark a route from Columbus to the New Jerusalem.

Science has wrested the sceptre from religion. Scientists do more good than theologians; inventors do more good than saints.

Some thank God for the victory at Santiago. I don't thank God, I thank the heroes who did their duty. Some thank God for the victory at Manila but I thank Dewey.

In the late war the popes and bishops of Spain blessed their ships and sprinkled their guns with holy water, then the gunners blazed away and left the rest to the Holy Ghost.

Colonel Ingersoll then paid a splendid tribute to the Jews and towards the close of his discourse he made a sweeping denun-

ciation of religion which he designates as the Science of Superstition and compared the progress made by the development of thought with that of religious institutions in beautiful phrases and glowing imagery.

In his closing remarks the Word Wizard said: "The doctrine of immortality does not rest on the inspiration of the Bible, but as I have said a hundred times love inspired the hope that we should meet again with those who are dear to us and I'd rather be annihilated than know that one I loved was suffering eternal punishment and I'd rather God would be annihilated than to know that one human being was to suffer so. Let us have some heart. Let us paint upon the canvas of the future all the beautiful pictures that we can but let us not dig any hell for our neighbors.

Colonel Ingersoll before an audience with all the wondrous gifts with which he is endowed is given admiration full and free and none who hear him speak can e'er forget the matchless charm, the resistless eloquence of this orator, reformer, lawyer, poet and idealist who steps into an intellectual arena with the peerless poise of one equipped at every point; with satire keen as a rapier's steel; with humor that creeps into the heart like the rippling music of a child's low laughter; knowledge gained from every source that could contribute to a well trained mind and sympathy so fine and rare that he can send his voice with its exquisite cadences through all the crypts of the heart.

But despite the necromancy of the great Word Wizard's public speaking, to see and hear him at his best one must talk with him and absorb that which is ever a part of the mind of genius. And to talk with him no badge of social distinction, no formal introduction is needed, with the simplicity of a child combined with the charm of a Cosmopolitan he greets one who seeks audience with him, instantly placing himself in the attitude of one well known for years, touching on this and that without preface but with no irrelevancy, interspersing his own ideas rare and fancies fine with thoughts from the great masters Humboldt, Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin and others!

In speaking with Colonel Ingersoll of his lectures one cannot fail to be impressed with his absolute disregard for the little pretenses that a lesser man would deem necessary, for it takes a citizen of the world to discuss his own speeches with the sincerity and grand

simplicity that tower above any assumption of modesty.

In talking with the Great Agnostic one realizes more readily than from hearing his addresses that he is not susceptible to comparison, that his personality is far too unique for this, for he is of no school or cult. He is Ingersoll; in naturalness supreme with wisdom equal to his eloquence; with literary, legal and political experiences and advantages far beyond the ordinary; one who believes that good and evil are only relative and that there is nothing absolutely moral or immoral; one trained to study and investigation but satisfied with nothing less than a clear understanding of principles, one who says that "the hands that help are better far than lips that pray but who neither affirms or denies anything to orthodoxy but simply suspends judgment and in the meantime says "I don't know" in his inimitable manner and tone; but with all his satire and crushing logic his sympathy is such that his great heartbeats are felt wherever there is suffering or wrong and his pity finds excuse for all the failings of his fellow-men.

Perhaps this tenderness of heart is best portrayed in his own words concerning homeless wanderers.

When I see one of these men poor and friendless no matter how bad he is I think that some one loved him once, that he was held in the arms of a mother, that he slept beneath her loving eyes and wakened in the light of her smiles, I see him in the cradle listening to lullabye songs and then I think of the strange and wandering paths, the weary roads he has traveled from his mother's arms to misery and want and aimless crime."

In some way there radiates from Colonel Ingersoll the strength suggestive of that which comes from the contemplation of vast mountains or the influence from lonely nights beneath the stars when all the little things of everyday that vex the heart seem far too trivial for remembrance and those who spend even a brief time in his presence are conscious of a marvelous uplifting power that brings strange longings for some brighter light, for some larger life than has been known or dreamed of as a heaven, for in his presence every small impulse is shamed and every good and generous instinct is increased a hundredfold.

Truly an incomparable personality but perhaps his character is best described in his description of Shakespeare.

COLUMBUS MAYORS, THEIR DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS.

From the days when Columbus was a "borough" where the Indian later had hunted down to the present, where progress carries us so swiftly forward that we scarce have time to grasp some new invention or one situation teeming with all that is strange before we are whirled on to that which is more complicated, the lives of those who have been chief executives in Columbus have been traced. That is, as many of them as could be. But the facts with regard to the lives of these men who were once such factors in the affairs of the city could only be secured from the reminiscences of friends or the files of newspapers, and in many instances nothing more than the years in which they served could be learned. Crude and incomplete as are these stories, they form the only combined sketches of the former mayors of the city, and for that reason may be valuable to some writer of the future, who seeing Columbus as it yet shall be, will turn to this record of the lives of those who helped to make it what it is.

ONE OF THE FIRST

Of Columbus Mayors was John Kerr — He Owned the Town for Some Time.

James Pike, 1816-1817.

John Kerr, 1818-1819.

John M. Kerr, one of the proprietors of the original town plat of Columbus, was born about the year 1778 in County Tyrone, Ireland. He was educated at the University of Dublin. He came to this country early in the century, and about the year 1810 settled in Franklinton. He was connected with the company entering into the compact with the legislature in 1812 with regard to the disposal of land for the site of this city. Mr. Kerr was appointed in 1813 the first agent of the association and continued until 1815 when he declined longer service. He was a member of the first board of councilmen, elected in 1816, "for the borough" of Columbus.

He died in 1823, the same year as Mr. Lucas Sullivant.

Mr. Kerr left a large fortune at his death which was soon dissipated. He was buried in the old North graveyard, and as a result of neglect, the headstone placed at his grave was destroyed and his children were unable to identify the grave of their father when that burial place was abandoned and transfers made to Greenlawn.

Mr. Kerr's son was a man of much intelligence and literary culture who made many business ventures with the great wealth which his father had left, but failed in all.

In connection with this brief sketch of Mr. Kerr it is interesting to note that the sale of lots for the location of Columbus and the formal declaration of the war of 1812 took place on the same day.

While Governor Meigs was organizing three volunteer regiments to take the field in the impending war Alexander McLaughlin, Lyne Starling, James Johnston and John Kerr were treating with the legislature then sitting at Zanesville for the location of Ohio's capital on their land.

PUBLIC SPIRITED

And Deeply Learned Was John Loughrey, An Early City Executive.

Eli C. King, 1820-1822.

John Loughrey, 1823.

Mr. John Loughrey was born May 8, 1786 in Rockville. He moved with his father's family when quite young to Western Pennsylvania where he lived about twenty-five years. He came to this state in 1817. Mr. Loughrey was a devoted patriot. In 1812 he volunteered with the whole of an independent regiment which he commanded, he went into service on the lakes soon after Hull's surrender at Detroit.

Mr. Loughrey had a long line of pious ancestry. He was a very learned man and was very generous in imparting his stores of knowledge gained from books and experience to all who desired such aid.

He was public spirited; taking great interest in whatever forwarded the general wel-

fare; he was a large contractor on the public works of the state and did much to improve the fruit culture of southern Ohio.

He did well whatever he undertook and was full of loyal zeal for the triumph of right over wrong, truth over falsehood, and of freedom over tyranny.

Mrs. Awl, wife of Doctor Awl, was Mr. Loughrey's daughter and was well known in Columbus. The Misses Awl, residing on State street are his grand-daughters and justly revere his memory.

AND THE GREATEST CHARITY.

A Man Big-Hearted and Loving His Fellowman.

Judge W. T. Martin, 1824-26.

Judge William T. Martin, author of Martin's History of Franklin County, was born in Bedford County, Pennsylvania, April 6, 1778, settled in Columbus in 1815, and continued to live here until his death which occurred February 19, 1866.

Judge Martin was most highly esteemed and held many important offices, among which was that of associate judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Franklin County under the old Constitution of the State of Ohio. In 1858, after much careful research and as a labor of love, he published Martin's History of Franklin County, which is still regarded as authority on the many subjects which it covers. These meagre facts were gleaned from Centennial and give but little conception of the real personality of the man.

In a talk with Judge Martin's son, Mr. B. F. Martin, I learned that the distinguishing trait of his father was his charity. Not only in the ordinary meaning of the word, but in its broader significance—large-hearted tolerance of the faults of others. So marked was this characteristic that the son remembers one occasion when he saw a man intoxicated reeling unsteadily up to their door. With the thoughtlessness of a boy he made some light remark but his father with a grave and pitying look said: "My son, never speak so again of an unfortunate for that is what he is. If you or I had been born under the same conditions as he, we might be just as pitiable."

"My father," said Mr. Martin, "was never rich, for he was not of the kind who could be so. He was too generous. Even the drunkard to whom I have alluded was given aid. With the arrogance of youth I said:

"Father, that will just encourage that man in his ways and he will spend that for drink."

"Why not think it will encourage him to do better?" was the reply. "You see he was a great believer in the laws of heredity and felt that we should condemn none no matter what their faults, for, said he: "We are not capable of weighing the motives and judging the actions of any human being much less can we understand all the emotions which prompt a fellow creature to do that which leads to inevitable ruin."

JOHN BROOKS

Was One of Columbus' Very Early Mayors—A Man of Strictest Honor.

James Robinson, 1827.

William Long, 1828-32.

1834-35. John Brooks was born in Lincolnville, Me., June 12, 1775. His father was a Nova Scotia refugee. The subject of this sketch was a delicate child so was spared many of the severities of pioneer life and was permitted to read or study when a stronger boy would have been required to work.

The facilities for acquiring book knowledge were limited as was evidenced by the fact that his first arithmetic was brought from Poston on a sailing vessel as that was the nearest way of communicating with the literary world.

When he was fifteen, Mr. Brooks started in life for himself, having as capital but one dollar and a little box of clothes, all that could be spared from the family store. He served as a clerk in a store until he was twenty-one, when he entered business for himself. He was afterward cashier in a bank, justice of the peace and at the time of his removal to the West, treasurer elect of the county in which he resided.

In the autumn of 1828, with his wife and thirteen children he started for Columbus, Ohio. At that time it required forty-two days to make the journey. When they settled here Columbus was but a small village of 2500 inhabitants.

He died February 26, 1869, after having been a citizen of Columbus for nearly half a century, during forty of which he was closely connected with the mercantile pursuits of the city.

The leading traits of Mr. Brooks character were steadiness and tenacity of purpose, the general practical utility of his mind best illus-

trated by his having perfected the style of chopping ax now in general use, a sense of justice often carried to a point of delicate honor and a nature sensitively tender of the feelings of those about him. With a temper naturally sharp and quick he carried a balm in his heart for every wound he might unintentionally give. Mr. Brooks did not serve the entire year for which he was elected. He resigned because of the petty affairs connected with it.

Mr. Brooks' daughter, Mrs. Alexander Houston of this city, in speaking of her father said:

"When my father was to be inaugurated it was considered an event of importance to become the chief executive in even a small town, so there was a perfect jam of people to witness the ceremony. Just in the midst of it I fainted and my last thought as I lost consciousness was, I shall never know if father is mayor or not. However, the affair went on as if I had known all about it. A short time after that I went to see a painting of Branboros' and I could not get near it until some one said, 'That little girl is the mayor's daughter' then they made way for me."

A NEWSPAPER PIONEER

Was Colonel Philo Olmstead, Who Was Mayor in the Middle Thirties.

Warren Jenkins, 1836-37.
Philo Olmstead, 1838-39.

On the death of Colonel P. H. Olmstead the following editorial which embraces the leading facts in his life appeared in one of the Columbus papers:

"Another prominent pioneer of civilization in Ohio, has just passed away. Colonel Philo H. Olmstead finished his earthly pilgrimage and was gathered to his father on Sunday morning, February 20, at a ripe old age.

"Colonel Olmstead was one of the very early settlers in Franklin County, having come hither with his father's family in the first decade of the present century and settled in the wilderness near Alum Creek about three miles eastward of Worthington. While yet a mere lad, young Olmstead entered the office of the Western Intelligencer of which his father was co-proprietor and learned the rudiments of printing.

Shortly after the seat of government had been established on the high bank of the Scioto one mile east of Franklinton, the printing office was removed from Worthington to Columbus, and took the name of the Columbus Gazette, Mr. Olmstead maintaining his relation to the paper and in a few years becoming its proprietor and publisher. The local position of the paper at the seat of government made it an important element in directing the policy of the state and imparted to its editor an influence and prominence rarely attained by members of the profession in after years. This prominence Mr. Olmstead maintained for a number of years, being repeatedly appointed and reappointed "printer of the state."

About 1825 Mr. George Nashee having been elected public printer, formed a business connection with the late Judge Balihache and Colonel Olmstead and established a daily in which the Columbus Gazette was merged. At the termination of this arrangement which continued for several years Colonel Olmstead retired from his connection with the press and engaged energetically in other pursuits and was extensively and favorably known as the keeper of a first class hotel.

In 1817 Colonel Olmstead was married to the estimable woman who survives him at the home of her relative Colonel Forest Meeker of Delaware, and for nearly fifty-three years they have trod the rough path of the world in conjugal companionship mutual helpmeet. Having lived to see their offspring settled in life and survived the days of active usefulness in business pursuits he has yielded at last to the inexorable advances of the last enemy who had for several years laid close siege to his physical constitution.

Colonel Olmstead was several times honored by his fellow citizens with testimonials of their confidence and respect and in all his official relations maintained a character of scrupulous probity and uprightness. He was a member of the city council from 1819 to 1822 and from 1831 to 1834. During his last term he was mayor of the city and served for one year. He was elected mayor in 1837 to fill the unexpired term of Warren Jenkins, and was again elected in 1838. The later years of his life relieved from anxieties and perplexities of business were spent awaiting the slow and sure advance of a fell malady that had already marked him for its victim.

POLISHED AND COURTEOUS,

A Typical Southern Gentleman was John Guerrant Miller, Who Served in 1840-1.

John Guerrant Miller was born in Goochland County, Virginia, September 30, 1795. His education was received at William and Mary's college Virginia where he graduated with honor. He was educated for the bar. After reading law in Virginia he completed his studies at the Philadelphia bar, then thought the ablest in the United States.

In 1834 Mr. Miller with his family moved to Worthington where for a time he was engaged in merchandise but soon forsook it for his profession. He made his home in Columbus from 1830.

In 1838 Mr. Miller founded the Old School Republican newspaper which he edited with great ability for a number of years, when it passed into the hands of his cousin, Dr. M. N. Miller, who in conjunction with Dr. L. J. Moeller continued it until 1844. In 1839 Mr. Miller was elected mayor of Columbus by the city council and was re-elected to the same office by the people. In 1841 he was appointed by his brother-in-law John Tyler, postmaster of Columbus and held that office four years. In this appointment President Tyler carried out the wishes of General Harrison, who expressed the determination to appoint Mr. Miller to that office.

The drudgery of the bar was not to Mr. Miller's taste and despite his legal knowledge and great talent as an orator he did not financially succeed as well as many of inferior minds. His eloquence was too classical to captivate a jury. But among cultivated minds his fame as an orator was such, that on the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone of the State Capitol, he was selected as orator of the day among the many distinguished speakers of Ohio. Again in 1841 he was chosen to pronounce the eulogy on the life and services of General Harrison, the first President from Ohio. These efforts were of the highest order of oratory.

Mr. Miller was twice married. His first wife was a Miss Christian, whose sister was the wife of former President John Tyler. His second wife was Mrs. Otis Crosby of this city. Of his numerous children, all save three died young. His daughter was the wife of Rev. Moses Hoge. John G. Miller was for several years mayor of Sandusky City, and Charles, the youngest, who was an officer in the Federal army, was killed at Chattanooga.

Mr. Miller was a gentleman of the old school. Gifted, well educated, generous, he stood far above that which was mean and sordid. He believed that honesty in politics was as necessary as honesty in matters of every day life. He was always poor for he had all kinds of talent except that which enables men to make money and keep it. He would share all that he had with anyone in distress, no matter what caused it. He died October 1, 1871.

A TRIED PUBLIC SERVANT.

Smithson E. Wright Served Two Terms as Mayor.

Abraham I. McDowell, 1842.
S. E. Wright, 1843-44.

In the resolutions of respect and sympathy adopted by the Literary Club and the Society of Natural History are told the events of the life of Smithson E. Wright. It was a life devoted more to thought than to adventure. He was born in Belmont County, Ohio, on the 19th of January, 1807, and died at his home in Cincinnati on the 2d of March, 1881.

When he was yet almost a boy he taught for a time in the country schools; at twenty-one he gave up teaching and moving to Columbus became a printer. Before he was thirty years of age his industry and ability had made him one of the editors and part proprietor of the Columbus dailies. His paper was then one of the leading newspapers in the state.

He was thoroughly worthy to discharge a public trust and in those days a public office was more often than now given unsought to men who were worthy. His integrity and administrative capacity were appreciated; the citizens of Columbus twice called upon him as mayor to direct their municipal affairs and afterward they made him for two terms their county auditor. He was treasurer of the Columbus and Xenia Railroad Company until 1857 when the Little Miami Railroad Company requested him to become treasurer of that corporation. He accepted the trust and removed with his family from Columbus to Cincinnati, where for thirty-four years he was one of the best citizens in the highest sense.

He was secretary of the Literary Club and by repeated re-election held the office for ten years. He not only held it but filled it leaving nothing undone that the office suggested

and doing what he did thoroughly and admirably. His records are models of orderly chirography. He was always at his post to make his own minutes. Precision formed no small part of his character. A naturally methodical mind must have been strengthened by his training as a printer and neatness in habits accorded with neatness in expression. Yet his preciseness had nothing of the pettiness of many precise men. On all subjects his thoughts were clear.

He adhered to no creed but tolerated all. Yet he was thoroughly independent, giving his opinion freely when it was asked frankly. In politics he was first a Whig, then an independent Republican. In religion his beliefs were those of a Unitarian, altho in the latter part of his life he belonged to no church. In his business relations he could be depended upon to the limit of his strength. His inclinations led him apart from mere money making.

A WILDERNESS

Was Columbus When Mayor Alexander Patton Came to Town.

1845-1847-49. Alexander Patton was born in Hanover town, Beaver County, Penn., on the 27th of March, 1791, removed to Columbus, Ohio, July 17, 1813, and located in a log cabin on the east bank of the Scioto just south of where the penitentiary now stands. The city was at that time a wilderness. Mr. Patton and his brother Michael, were builders and contractors. They built the public offices for the state on High street north of the old State House and many other prominent buildings of that time. Alexander Patton was at one time captain or chief of the volunteer fire department. He was elected justice of the peace for a number of terms. He was elected mayor in 1845 and served in that capacity for four years. He was succeeded by Lorenzo English, after which he quit public life and died in 1858.

IN PUBLIC SERVICE

For Many Years Was Augustus Decker, An Old-Time Mayor.

1846. August S. Decker was born in West Hanover, Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, July 20, 1813. At the age of thirteen he went to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, where he secured a place in a dry goods store. He remained there until 1834, when he came to Columbus, where he engaged in the mercan-

tile business which he followed for many years. He held many positions of honor and trust while a resident of this city, was for twenty-five years Sunday-school superintendent in the Town street M. E. Church. In all these positions he sustained a high character and was noted for his integrity and firmness. He gave a great deal of time and much of his means to advance the interests of the church.

From his boyhood Mr. Decker was temperate in all his habits. He was a man of great industry and energy, never counting any work beneath his fulfilling the duties of his station.

He died May 7, 1872.

AN ABLE LAWYER

And a Man of Statesmanlike Qualities — An Old City Executive — Lorenzo English.

1850-60. Lorenzo English, attorney-at-law, was born in Herkimer County, New York, May 22, 1819, upon his father's farm where he remained until he was eighteen years of age, and received only the advantages of such an education as the public schools of his native county afforded.

In 1837 his father and family removed by wagon, then the usual mode of traveling, of those seeking homes in the west, to Ohio and landed at Mt. Vernon, Knox County. In the fall of 1839 he entered Oberlin college as a student and was graduated with honors in August, 1843.

He came to Columbus in the same year and commenced the study of law under Edwards Perripont, afterwards attorney general of the United States. Commencing his studies in 1845, he was admitted to the bar in that year and commenced the practice of law in Columbus.

Mr. English possessed much patience and integrity, was very conscientious as well as industrious and attained great popularity. His predestined career was a success from the beginning.

In 1850 he was the choice of the old Whig party as their candidate for mayor of this city, and was elected over a Democratic nominee by a handsome majority; he was re-nominated in 1852 and the same results followed in 1853, 55, 57, 59, he was elected to fill that office, retiring therefrom in 1861 to give exclusive attention to his law practice. For eleven successive years his record as mayor

was without blemish and in point of time no person before or since has been able to equal his long occupancy of the office.

Mr. English was afterward elected treasurer of Franklin County tho practically the county was then overwhelmingly Democratic. He held many other positions of honor and trust besides those mentioned and always discharged the duties of all with singular fidelity.

WRAY THOMAS,

The War Mayor of Columbus—Something About His Public Career.

1861-65. In speaking of Ex-Mayor Wray Thomas, I was told to go to Mayor Black, who said: "You go to Col. Sam Thompson and Col. Dan McAllister, both well known to all the older residents of the town and both with the history of the city at the end of their tongues. They can tell you all you wish to know."

Colonel Thompson's home being somewhat nearer than that of the other gentleman, I called there and did not find it necessary to go elsewhere for the facts with regard to Mr. Thomas as Colonel Thompson had been marshal while the other was mayor, and knew him well.

In the interview, Colonel Thompson said: "Wray Thomas? Of course I can tell you of him. He came here from Richmond, Virginia. He was educated at the University of Virginia, was graduated there, then studied law. While there he was a classmate of Edgar Allen Poe for whom he had a profound regard. I have often heard him speak of him in the warmest words of praise and admiration. Mr. Thomas was a Virginia gentleman of the old school. Do you know what that means? No, I don't suppose you do; they don't make any of that sort these days. With such it is honor above everything, and honor of the most delicate sort. In all my intercourse with him I never knew him to manifest in the slightest degree any of the little personal traits that will sometimes crop out even in the best of men. If he ever had an emotion that was not highly noble and calculated to make better those with whom he came in contact, those who knew him well never observed it. He was a most superior man."

Saying this, Colonel Thompson paused for a moment as tho in tribute to the memory of the man of whom he spoke, then added: "He was a bachelor. I had been much im-

pressed by Mr. Thomas's many excellent qualities, but the manner in which his friend finished his eulogy of him was too much for gravity. It held the suggestion that Mr. Thomas might not have been so serene and lofty had he been married.

Colonel Thompson noticed the meaning that had been conveyed and said:

Nevertheless he had plenty of troubles. No one who has ever held the office of mayor could escape them. They were of that kind so harassing to anyone, but especially to a man with such delicate feelings as Mr. Thomas. For instance he would be called upon to settle some dispute between two women with regard as to where each one was permitted to throw dishwater or something equally as trivial. He would always advise them not to enter into litigation and some way altho he was not supposed to know how to manage women he did it in the most admirable way. First he always listened to a grievance as tho it were important and in this there was no sham, for he knew how much the little things of life count when it comes to a general summing up, then he would be so gentle, so courteous, so sympathetic that the animosity was lessened and in many instances totally dissipated.

Mr. Thomas was associated with Lyn Starling as legal adviser and confidential agent. He was elected mayor in 1861 and served four years. During the time of the Civil War the old time residents and best citizens stood by him regardless of politics.

"He was a Democrat?"

"Yes, indeed."

James G. Bull, 1866-68.

GEORGE W. MEEKER,

A Man of Rare Literary Attainments, Held the Reins in 1868-7.

In 1835 George W., Meeker was born in Columbus on High Street opposite the present Court House.

Mr. Meeker was educated in the public schools in this city and at Otterbein University, Westerville. He was graduated from Bryant and Stratton's business college, Buffalo where he became proficient in mathematics and bookkeeping. He taught several terms of school and was elected a justice of the peace in Columbus, being re-elected several times during which period he was admitted to the bar. He was mayor of Columbus 70-

to 72, defeating for that office the late Luther Donaldson.

After the expiration of his term as mayor he removed to Nebraska City and became the leading spirit in numerous enterprises. He was promotor of the first gas works in that city, was park director and one of the proprietors of a daily newspaper and a large general store, also land commissioner of the Midland Pacific Railroad, and quite an extensive landowner. The distress following the panic of 73 and the grasshopper pest in later years resulted in great pecuniary loss.

In 1876 Mr. Meeker returned to Columbus and was identified with the politics and journalism of the city. He was an ardent lover of literature, an omnivorous but thoughtful reader and a forceful writer of most attractive style. He was a contributor to many periodicals and works of biography. Mr. Meeker was a man of great individuality who resented familiarity or curiosity with regard to his private affairs, he was proud spirited and dignified and a master at repartee.

In politics he was an unfaltering and uncompromising Democrat and was for a period covering nearly thirty years connected with the county or state committees of his party. As mayor of Columbus he laid the corner stone of the present State Hospital for the Insane.

Mr. Meeker died in July, 1890. Two sons, G. W. Meeker and Claude Meeker survive him. Both of these are well and favorably known, especially the latter, who was private secretary to Governor Campbell and afterward United States Consul to Bradford, England.

DURING THE STRIKES

Way Back in the Seventies Mayor Heitman Ruled Things With a Firm Hand.

James G. Bull, 1871-74.

1875-78. John H. Heitman was born in Hanover, Germany, in 1841, and came to this country in 1865. He located in Cincinnati where he secured a place as teacher of German in the public schools. His worth was appreciated and he soon became principal of all the German schools of that city. He filled this place for two years when he came to Columbus where he lived until the time of his death which occurred March 26, 1894. Mr. Heitman was principal of the German schools here for four years. Soon after the war he made a visit to the home of his birth-

place, and upon his return studied law with Colonel J. T. Holmes and was admitted to the practice in 1870. With Hon. George L. Converse as his colleague he served in the Sixty-first General Assembly in 1874-76. In this last year he was elected mayor of the city, serving two terms.

During Mr. Heitman's administration as mayor, the city passed safely through its most exciting experiences in the line of violation of law by force. This was during a great strike by some of the railway employees. The strikers limited their operations to plans to prevent the running of trains, but another element, disorderly, disreputable and dangerous, brought about riotous acts which were condemned by the railway men.

The rioters did not stay near the railroads, but went to some of the manufacturing establishment and ordered men to stop work who had not thought of being dissatisfied. In making these expeditions, the strikers went through the streets in moblike form. At this juncture, Mayor Heitman, as head of police, made efforts to bring them within the pale of the law. A few of the leaders were arrested. In a few days others had disappeared and the railway company's employees made arrangements to go back to work and the great strike and the riots in which the strikers took no part ended.

The firmness of the mayor as executive officer had much to do with preserving the public safety. Had he been disposed to treat this grave disorder lightly, the result might have been most serious, as sufficient law-breakers with anarchistic tendencies were among the leaders of the riot. In this trouble Mr. Heitman gave an object lesson of faithfulness to law, to order and to the first great principles of civilization.

His widow and a son aged thirteen, reside on East Rich Street.

RARE ABILITIES

Had Gilbert G. Collins, Former Mayor.

Gilbert G. Collins was born in Essex County, N. J., in 1830. In 1839 his parents immigrated to this state and located near New Albany. His father was a successful educator.

At an early age Gilbert became a diligent and earnest student, and after the decease of his parents he took up the work in which his father's life had been spent. From 1854 to

1859 he was engaged in teaching and preparing himself to enter upon the study of law.

In 1859 he began to study with Messrs. Dennison and Carrington of this city, but before he had completed the reading course, Mr. Dennison was elected Governor of Ohio, and Mr. Carrington was appointed Adjutant General of the State.

Mr. Collins accepted a clerkship in the Adjutant General's office and served in this capacity during the early part of the Rebellion. In 1861 he was admitted to practice in the state courts and a short time thereafter in the United States courts.

In 1862 Mr. Collins began practice in the same office with former Governor Dennison, who was soon appointed postmaster general in President Lincoln's cabinet.

The extensive law business of the firm then passed into the hands of Mr. Collins, who exhibited marked ability in handling it.

In 1873 Mr. Collins served a term as city solicitor and distinguished himself by adhering to a policy of retrenchment and economy in city affairs. In 1879 he was elected mayor. He reformed the systems of the city so as to make them compare favorably in regulations and decorum with the higher courts of the state.

Mr. Collins was prominent in real estate affairs, and in connection with Messrs. George J. Atkinson, Joseph Guitner and Augustine Converse, bought a considerable portion of the north end of Columbus.

He died in 1885. His widow resides on East Broad street and two of his sons are residents of Columbus. One a banker and one a business man. He also has a son who is an electrician and lives in Boston.

"My father's people were Old Virginians, descended from Scotch Irish ancestors. My mother's people were Marylanders descended from German stock.

FORMER MAYOR PETERS

Writes Modestly of His Career — Something About the Life of the Lawyer Mayor.

1881-82. In replying to repeated requests made by the publishers of biographies of well known men, Mr. Geo. S. Peters wrote a letter which is given here because it not only furnishes the sketch desired, but in its purity of diction, simplicity of style and modesty in speaking of his own achievements, it is indicative of the general character of the man.

After the introductory clause Mr. Peters wrote:

"You must excuse me from preparing such a sketch as you desire, but on receipt of your second communication I have concluded to furnish the material from which one may be prepared if you see proper to do so.

"My life thus far has not been a very eventful one and I very much doubt if the public will feel any great interest in it. However, here are the material facts.

"I was born on a farm in Pickaway County, Ohio, October 11, 1846, and worked there until I was twenty-five years of age. I was educated in the common district schools of that county and taught district school during the winter season from the time I was twenty years old until I was twenty-five. I then, in the Spring of 1872, began the study of law with Hon. C. N. Olds, of Columbus, Ohio, and was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court the last of December; 1873. I began the active practice of my profession in 1875 and continued to practice law until 1881 when I was elected mayor of Columbus and served in that capacity for a period of two years. In 1883 I resumed the practice of law and have been engaged therein in this city ever since, with the exception of about twenty-seven months when I lived in Salt Lake City, and filled the office of United States attorney and attorney general for that territory under an appointment from President Cleveland.

"During my term of office as United States attorney for Utah it became my duty to enforce the laws enacted by Congress against the crimes of polygamy and unlawful cohabitation. In the discharge of these duties I succeeded in convicting over six hundred members of the Mormon church and successfully prosecuted a suit against that church for the annulment of its charter and its disincorporation which resulted in the appointment of a receiver of the church and the gathering together of more than a million dollars worth of property. This litigation resulted in the practical abandonment of the Mormon church of the doctrine of polygamy in that state".

A WARRIOR BOLD.

Something About the Kind-hearted and Intrepid General Charles C. Walcutt — His Services.

1883-88. Major General Charles Carroll Walcutt was born in Columbus, Ohio, Febru-

ary 12, 1828. His parents settled here in 1815, coming from Loudon County, Virginia.

General Walcutt came of a race of warriors. His grandfather was a soldier in the Revolution and his father was a soldier in the War of 1812. His maternal grandmother was a first cousin of David Crockett. Mariel Walcutt was the mother of eleven children; Charles was the youngest of these. The eldest, William, was a sculptor and made the Perry monument at Cleveland, Ohio. John, the third son, was in the United States Navy and was at the siege of Buena Vista in the Mexican War. General Walcutt was educated in the public schools of Columbus and at the Kentucky Military Institute near Frankfort, Ky., where he was graduated June, 1858. He then became a civil engineer and was elected county surveyor of Franklin County in 1860.

In the first call for troops in 1861, he raised a company. His military career was so varied and eventful that an adequate sketch of it cannot be given in the bounds of this article, but it is sufficient to say that his service most of the time was with and under Sherman.

General Walcutt was an active Republican and influential in the councils of his party. He served on the state executive committee from 1869 to 1872. In the second Grant campaign he was made chairman of the committee and contributed to the election of his personal friend, General Grant.

General Walcutt was devoted to the advancement of humanity. In 1873 he was elected member of the Board of Education of Columbus, serving twenty-one consecutive years.

During all this time he devoted himself to building up and making efficient the public schools, and to General Walcutt they owe much of their present high standing. The Public School Library was built during this time. The success of the library is largely due to his energy and enthusiasm.

In 1883 he was elected mayor of Columbus, serving two terms, retiring in 1887. He was a member and president of the Franklin County Agricultural Society for many years. It was through his efforts that Franklin Park was converted into a public park.

General Walcutt died at Omaha from the effects following the amputation of a leg. His sister, Mrs. P. A. Mills, lives in Omaha. The other sister is Mrs. Virginia Gay of

Columbus. His children are J. Macey, Dr. Sherman and Lieutenant C. C. Walcutt, quartermaster in the Eighth Cavalry. General Walcutt was married in 1860 to Miss Phoebe Neill, daughter of a captain in the British Army.

General Walcutt's death which occurred May 2, 1898, was followed by an editorial in one of the dailies that fittingly describes his character and the esteem in which he was held.

It was such a tribute to him that it is reproduced:

"Not since the death of Allen G. Thurman has the death of any citizen of Columbus caused such universal regret and sorrow as that of General C. C. Walcutt, which occurred at Omaha, Nebraska.

The resolute and grizzled soldier who has stood in the van of battle unterrified while storms of cannon and musketry roared about him, who had gathered strength and renewed valor where others had failed, and who has met undaunted every visible foe, has at last been conquered by that unseen enemy that hides among the shadows at noonday.

General Walcutt was a born soldier and tho but 27 years of age at the close of the war, he wore the uniform of a brigadier general. Younger by a score of years than Grant, Sherman or Sheridan, he was the friend and companion of all of them in the War of the Rebellion. They loved and revered him because like themselves, nature had designed him for a soldier. No young general in the war outranked him either in battle or strategy, and the history of that memorable strife has enshrined him among the few whose names stand out in fadeless splendor.

But General Walcutt was not only brave and fearless on the battle field, he was a companion in the camp and had the esteem and affectionate regard of every soldier in his command. He was a Social Democrat and recognized no aristocracy aside from merit. Altho one of the most distinguished officers of the greatest war of all times, he lived without pretense among his neighbors, the greatest friend of him who needed his friendship most.

He filled many positions in public life and in each of them so as to merit the approval of all. He retired to private life a few years ago.

PHILIP H. BRUCK,

One of the Most Progressive Business Men, a Former Mayor of the City.

Hon. Philip H. Bruck was born in this city January 6, 1845. His parents were natives of Bavaria, German, who came to this country in their youth and in 1842 were married in Columbus. His grandfather was a saddler, his father was a cabinet maker who came to New York in 1833 and to Columbus in 1837. In 1842 he was elected justice of the peace and enjoyed the distinction of being the first Democratic official of the city.

Mr. Philip Bruck received his education in the public schools of Columbus and was graduated from them in the class of '61.

He prepared himself to enter the business of druggist and opened a store which he conducted alone up to 1866. He then formed a partnership with H. Braun, the firm being Braun and Bruck. This partnership was maintained until 1887 when Mr. Bruck retired to take up the duties of mayor of Columbus.

His military record consists in his serving as a hundred day man in the One Hundred and Thirty-third O. N. G. commanded by Colonel Innis, following the fortunes of that regiment in its marches and skirmishes during the whole of his enlistment.

Mr. Bruck was a member of the Board of Education from 1880 to 1882.

Governor Hoadley appointed him a member of the State Board of Pharmacy of Ohio, and he was made secretary of that board.

In 1886 he was made a member of the Police Commission of Columbus.

In 1887 he was nominated by his party for mayor and elected over Judge David F. Pugh, the Republican nominee.

Mr. Bruck was renominated in 1889 and was elected over former mayor General Chas. C. Walcutt.

In the discharge of the important duties of his office Mr. Bruck was noted for his great executive ability, his excellent judgment in the control of affairs coming under his province and his earnest efforts towards reform.

Mr. Bruck was elected a member of the legislature in 1892 and served two years.

Mr. Bruck's disposition is frank and open, marked by great independence and firmness. He is identified with most of the German societies of Columbus, especially those pertaining to music, and is himself a fine musician. He was chosen director of the first

Saengerfest of the Central Ohio Saengerbund, fulfilling the duties successfully and satisfactorily. He is a member of the Columbus Maennerchor, the Humboldt Verein and is a Mason of high degree. He stands high in the business circles of Columbus, is a director of the Board of Trade and is a member and director of the Columbus Machine Company. He is also a member and active supporter of the Independent Protestant Church and has always been a consistent Democrat. He was married in 1869 to Miss Mary Lenox of Columbus.

MAGNETIC GEORGE KARB,

One of the Most Popular of the Long Line of City Executives.

Mr. George Karb who is about forty years of age was born in Columbus and received his education in the public schools of this city. He also took a course at E. K. Bryant's business college. At the age of 17 he entered the drug store of Mr. Frederick Schwartz as clerk. He continued there ten years saving in that time sufficient to start in business for himself which he did by establishing a store at the corner of Main and Fourth streets.

Mr. Karb is a director of the Ohio savings and Loan Association, a stockholder in the Ohio Savings Bank and belongs to various leading societies, in all of which he is most popular. He is interested in all that pertains to the welfare of the city and of course gives much attention to the deliberations of the Board of Trade, of which he is a member.

In the political field Mr. Karb has been elected to many offices, defeating his opponents by large majorities. He served the city as councilman and police commissioner, acting so well in the discharge of his duties that he was nominated and elected to the office of mayor in 1891 and was re-elected in 1893. He was very popular during his administration and his appointments were usually satisfactory, during his administration many needed municipal improvements were effected, principally the electric street railways, the intersecting sewer, the viaduct and the work-house which was created by an act of the legislature.

The visit and entertainment of the Duke of Veragua which is remembered as an important event in the history of the city occurred while Mr. Karb was mayor. Under his supervision the treatment accorded the distinguished guest was such that the city be-

came known the world over for its hospitality. Mr. Karb by his energy and enterprise has won the place which he now occupies in the estimation of the people. He is one of America's self made men and while he is proud of his city the city is proud of him. Added to his sterling qualities of integrity and ability he has a genial, magnetic manner that makes of his acquaintances steadfast friends.

About fourteen years ago Mr. Karb was married to Miss Kate Van Dine, a niece of the well known Dr. Selzer. They live at the Great Southern.

WON BY INDUSTRY.

How Former Mayor Cotton H. Allen Reached the High Place He Now Holds.

1895. Cotton H. Allen was born in Auburn, N. Y. about fifty-three years ago. He is of old New England stock. When an infant, his father with his family came to Columbus and remained here until the boy Cotton was ten years of age, then returned to the East. There within one year the father and mother died. While the family lived here Mr. Allen attended the public schools, and while not distinguished for brilliancy he was very industrious. He early learned to believe that "Pleasure blossoms on the tree of Labor" and he would do any kind of work that his needs demanded. Such has been the controlling principle of his life. After the death of his parents he became an indentured apprentice in a cotton mill.

When some time ago I asked Mr. Allen how he earned his first dollar and was told that it was earned working in a cotton mill, I thought that he had acquired the name that is so well known from that first work, but this was not the case.

Mr. Allen was given his board and clothes and fifty cents in money per month. His hours were from seven in the morning until five in the evening. He worked in the cotton mill four years always studying the best interests of his employer. In that time he won such confidence that he was advanced to one of the most important positions as at the close of his apprenticeship he was acting as first assistant to the superintendent of the factory.

He attracted the attention of his uncle, Peter Hayden, who at that time was conducting a large saddlery and hardware business in New York. He gave his nephew a position of trust in the New York house.

At the beginning of the Civil War Mr. Allen was a member of the Seventy-first Regiment, New York State militia and was anxious to go to the front. But this was not to be, he was needed in a quieter but no less effective field, as some must work before others can fight. Mr. Allen when told that the government was practically without equipment for cavalry and artillery and that an urgent demand had been made upon the house of Peter Hayden to furnish these supplies and that his services were indispensable in the management of the business at this critical time he with the unostentation that is so characteristic of him, put aside his own ambitions and hurried forward the work. It is doubtful if one but a boy, eager to take part in the greatest military drama of the age could appreciate the sacrifice made by the lad who, in order that the cavalry of the United States might be better equipped for military service relinquished his own dreams and remained quietly in the background despite boyish enthusiasm. It was one of those quiet victories over self that develop character.

After the war Mr. Allen had charge of Mr. Hayden's business in the branch houses which were established in San Francisco, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit and other points and he was kept busy attending to work which involved many millions of dollars each year.

Mr. Hayden died about twelve years ago and it was learned that Mr. Allen had been made one of his executors. He still superintends the interests of the estate.

In 1861 Mr. Allen was married. Two children were born and died in infancy. His wife died in 1887 leaving a daughter by her former husband, Mrs. Schumacher of San Francisco, California, upon whom Mr. Allen lavishes his care and affection. Nine years ago Mr. Allen decided to make Columbus his permanent home and since that time has been one of the leading factors in the advancement of the city.

In commercial life Mr. Allen is known throughout the United States, and wherever known he is recognized as a man of exalted and uncompromising integrity. In his social and business life here in Columbus he has demonstrated how great a thing it is to be an honest man. Mr. Allen does not impress one as a man who could ever distinguish himself by subtle diplomacy, but before his sincerity shams would shrink abashed and friend or foe would never hesitate to trust him, knowing that under all circumstances

he would be true to any confidence reposed in him. Mankind is made better by knowing that here and there such men still live. Men with warm hearts, open hands and as is well known of him, a purse that is nearly always in the same condition for his generosity is almost without a parallel when compared to his income.

Mr. Allen has never sought any political preferment but has rather avoided it. However, in 1895 he was elected mayor of Columbus and filled that office with the same fidelity and honesty of purpose that he has shown in all other work to which he has devoted himself.

**THE PRESENT INCUMBENT,
SAMUEL L. BLACK.**

Samuel L. Black was born in Kimbolton, Guernsey County, Ohio, December 22, 1859,

moved to Cambridge with his parents when he was ten years old. He attended the Union schools of Cambridge and was graduated from there in 1878. While he was attending school he served an apprenticeship of four years at the jeweler's trade. When he was twenty he went to Delaware, Ohio, to attend the O. W. U. and was graduated from there in 1883. He came to Columbus a year later to study law with Powell and Ricketts. He was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court in 1886. He became a member of the firm of Powell, Ricketts and Black in 1888 and afterwards was a member of the firm of Powell, Owen, Ricketts and Black.

Mayor Black's first experience in politics was as a candidate for Probate Judge in the fall of '96 when he was defeated. He was elected mayor in April, 1897.



A PRELATES HOME LIFE.

As all heights are lonely those who occupy high positions must to a certain extent live in solitude. But whenever the ills of life

the intellect alone; if they would fain approach nearer, heart force has been felt.

The general expressions of affection and



RT. REV. JOHN AMBROSE WATTERSON.

Bishop of the Diocese of Columbus.

overtake one such, the real estimation in which he is held is measured by the attitude of the people toward him. If they draw aloof, his supremacy has been maintained by

esteem which the recent illness of Bishop Watterson has called forth show how great a hold he has upon all classes irrespective of religious divisions.

As the divine, the scholar, the philosopher, the philanthropist and in all the phases of life where the searchlight of public opinion can be turned upon him Bishop Watterson is well known, but as the man within his own doors he has not been revealed.

It has been my good fortune to be a frequent visitor at his home, first in a professional way, then as to the place where dwells a friend. Although fully aware that personalities are distasteful to him, I venture to give some facts connected with his daily life, believing that they may prove to others, as to me, a source of help in many ways.

The moment that the threshold of the bishop's door is passed one seems to have stepped into a larger life; and they to whom a palace or a cabin are alike because surroundings are idealized and are as the imagination pictures them, as well as those who have grown so cold and callous as to think they have exhausted every emotion, might if they entered the reception room at Bishop Watterson's, be given a new experience — an experience that would be to one the realization of a dream to the other something greater than had been sought. But this does not imply that any splendor meets the eye; for while it is doubtful if there is a home in the city where greater delicacy and harmony of color and arrangement prevail the general tone is so subdued that at first glance the room seems plain almost to severity. The perfect order bespeaks a careful eye yet lacks the little touches of feminine grace that only a woman would give. Yet after all the glory of the room, that which transfigures it and dwarfs all richness of surroundings — is a woman's face; a pictured face 'tis true and there are many other pictures there, but none like this; for from the canvas, throbbing with the painter's art looks out the sweet and tender face of Mary — Mother of Jesus. A Guido Renzi as I afterward learned with a history that held the pathos of a life that knew the bitterness of hope deferred through every hour until the night had fallen.

Upon the occasion of my first visit my attention was so riveted by this painting that I was oblivious to all else until the bishop entered. He had just returned from the cathedral and still wore the long, black robe that adds to his imposing stature. The sensation that his presence produced may better present him. First came that feeling of awe which comes when one stands in the presence of the great — great not in rank, but in reality.

8 Y. & Y. F.

For, were Bishop Watterson to step unknown and stand alone in any assembly he would still impress beholders with the thought that he was one born to command through the supremacy of intellect and soul.

But the first glance of awe gave place to swift confidence, as he advanced with outstretched hand to greet me and the smile and hand clasp that followed were such as would reassure the most timid.

Noticing that his carriage was in waiting, I told him that the interview would do later and I would not detain him.

"The carriage could be sent back to the stables," was the courteous reply, "were it not important that I should make a call that should not be deferred. But if you will excuse me today and come to-morrow, I shall appreciate it, as I wish to go at once to see some children who have lost their mother; lost her in the worst way, too; for she has run away and left them."

The mother had deserted her children. The bishop was solicitous about their welfare. When mother love failed, pity called him to the rescue. What better key to his nature could be given than the citation of this incident.

Thus he went on his way to comfort little children, while the columns of the paper were silent as to his thoughts upon one of the great questions of the day, regarding which it was my purpose to interview him. Especially anxious to have his views, I was much disappointed but it did not occur to me that the bishop would in busy life give a thought to my feeling in the matter. Yet weeks later he spoke of it in a way that proved he could place himself in the attitude of another and understand just how difficult it is for some to accept the inevitable.

When the bishop, as he sometimes does, leads the way to his study where his secretary is usually found; and there lighting a cigar, seats himself in the leather chair which he occupies when in that room, one hears that which exceeds expectation; for however he may charm when addressing an audience in public he is never heard to so great an advantage as when as host he is entertaining with conversation interspersed with delightful stories and anecdotes.

These talks are something to be remembered for through them crept little incidents that had come under his personal observation, in his intercourse with people, also sugges-

tions and thoughts from his reading clothed in such form as to instruct and entertain.

Books of history, biography, sociology, economics and travel, scientific treatises, works on the fine arts, scripture, theology, dogmatic and moral; law, ecclesiastical and civil; philosophy, metaphysical and ethical; books of religious instruction and devotion, poetry and romance, reviews of various sorts and popular magazines form part of his reading. While I knew it embraced such a range, it did not prevent my being surprised when one day he remarked that he quite often read "The Arizona Kicker" or "The Squan Creek Club."

When asked how he could read such things he replied:

"I read them as a sort of psychological study. It is interesting to me to try to imagine what sort of men write such things week after week. They must have curious brains. They would be worth studying."

From this the talk drifted to writers, and the bishop said in a musing way:

"It has always seemed strange to me how a writer can write against his convictions. I knew an editor once who worked on a Republican paper, yet who was at heart a Democrat. But of all the scathing, venomous editorials I ever read those that he fired at his own party were the worst. I used to wonder if he didn't walk the floor and galvanise himself into a sort of electric fury before he could write as he did. I notice that the French officer who committed suicide because of his connection with the Dreyfus affair (this talk took place when the interest in that case was at its height) made the statement that the soldier's honor as well as his sword belonged to the country he served. Writers must have some such notion about their work. How is it? Are they controlled by the thought that a writer's conscience as well as his pen belongs to the paper in which he is employed?"

"My experience had been so limited that it was'n't worth while to say how flexible my conscience might or might not be, and I could not answer for the craft, but at this juncture the secretary came in to arrange for a wedding that was to take place so the subject was dropped and was not mentioned again until after I had seen and talked with the bishop a number of times. Then by some law of contiguity or association, what had been interrupted through preparation for a wedding was resumed through a discussion of the marriage question.

Forgetful of the fact that I was speaking with one who would hold marriage sacred, under all conditions, I made some remark that caused the bishop to exclaim:

"My child, where did you get such ideas?"

"I think I always had them."

"Oh, no you hadn't. What have you been reading of late?"

"I haven't read anything for years."

"Formerly then?"

"Whatever suited my fancy."

"Did the so-called realistic novelists suit your fancy?"

"Undoubtedly they did at times for there was no discrimination against authors who are considered artists."

"Just as I thought. When we get at the root of things we can better understand how such ideas are acquired. These artists, for such they are, exert themselves to tear down the marriage institution, but it is done in such a subtle manner that readers begin to adopt their teachings almost unconsciously. Such sentiments as you advanced are specious and may sound attractive to many people now-a-days, but can't you see what the result would be if they were to become general and be reduced to practice?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that they could be adopted."

"Then what is the use of cherishing ideas that you admit are impracticable?"

"Because there are many things in life that do not necessarily have to be reduced to practice to bring some measure of happiness. Thought is sufficient for them."

"I see. Realism idealized. You accept and defend the shadow while if brought face to face with the substance you would shrink from it. That is the power of these writers. Their art consists in making their readers see things in quite a different light from what the mere recital of the real would warrant. Their influence is great and is felt everywhere. A short time ago I went to spend an evening with some friends. In the social circle was a young lady who had been given all the advantages of culture. She had traveled much, possessed a brilliant mind and her reading was very varied, but I was astonished at some of the ideas she entertained, for like that which you present, they were heathenish (this with a smile that robbed the words of anything that might have offended), but I learned that these realistic novelists were the source from which she derived them, for during the evening she

mentioned one of Zola's novels, in which he described the administration of extreme unction to a dying nun. As none of the family or her friends were Catholics, none knew whether this description was real or not, so she wished my opinion. The book was brought and after reading the part mentioned, I could but admit that it was perfectly realistic, so far as the facts were concerned, but he had in an almost indefinable manner contrived to throw into it something that made it appear entirely different from what it really is. One versed in the matter would easily recognize the difference, but it would leave those who are ignorant of the subject with false notions."

"Zola, like all writers of his class had in this as in other cases told facts in such a manner that they produced wrong impressions. He allowed his subjective prejudices to enter into the narration. This is why he is so dangerous to those who cannot weigh his statements properly. The great antidote to poisonous literature is not only a correct knowledge of the subjects treated, but of the principles of moral philosophy. By the way this is a study that is especially needed by newspaper people and other writers of the day."

"Do you mean that they are especially lacking in the ethical sense?"

"No, they may have ethical sense enough, but many of them are woefully lacking in a knowledge of ethical principles and of their application to the varied relations of life and the questions of the present day. And they should have this knowledge because of the great power they have in helping to mold the opinions of others."

"Stepping to the booklined walls he pointed to several shelves that were above us, then continued, "If your eyes are good as mine are not, read the titles of those books. Row upon row of volumes bearing the names of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer and other writers of that class met the glance. The subjects treated were mentioned.

"Now," said the bishop, "not one of those books is safe to read unless one has a clear and correct idea of moral philosophy before the reading of them."

I have been asked if Bishop Watterson did not try to convert me to the Catholic faith, my answer which is as true now as then, was that if there were any possibility of influencing toward the adoption of the faith of which he is a living exponent it would not be neces-

sary for him to talk of religion. His daily life is a sermon far stronger than he could utter and never have I spent an hour beneath his roof without recalling the words:

"Then he showed us a mansion unfinished,
With our names on the topmost stone.
And he said, "It doth wait till your souls
are full grown,
Ye reap not until ye have sown."

During the bishop's illness from which he is just now convalescent, his self-forgetfulness was as great as when he was in his usual health. When he was first permitted to leave his room I called and found him suffering so that at first he could not speak without very great effort, but he soon regained some mastery of his voice and talked an hour or so about some business projects in which a number of people were interested. He has studied each phase of every question presented to him in so minute and searching a manner that he has no trouble in going to the depths of all practical details. This training together with the fact that he is naturally most accurate in all matters where common sense is chief factor, enabled him to grasp the situation as completely as if he had made of it a lifelong study. So complete was the triumph of the mental over the physical that I could scarcely conceive that it was a sick man talking. From business he drifted into other channels and talked more brilliantly than usual. All this despite the fact that added to bodily suffering, that terrible foe, insomnia, had held him in its clutches for weeks and only through the most persistent efforts of his physician had he been enabled to sleep even for the shortest interval of time.

Bishop Watterson does not play cards or billiards or chess, although 25 or 30 years ago he was considered a good chess player. He takes no diversion in indoor games of any kind, and until his sight began to trouble him usually spent his leisure time in reading, but now occasionally calls upon some of his neighbors in a social way. He is very simple in his tastes and the meals served at his table might well be considered as following the rules given by Pope Leo XIII in his epistle to Fabricus Rufus. His hospitality is of that charming nature where there are never any extensive preparations made for the entertainment of guests, but there is always a place

for anyone who chanced to be there at meal time.

Bishop Watterson is intensely fond of music and the drama, but the drama of life that surges up around him daily leaves him no time for theaters or operas. Tragedy and comedy as represented by the lives of the people passing before him, engage his attention. Funerals, weddings and various kinds of business make great demands upon his time and there are visitors and callers at all hours of the day. Now it is some high dignitary of the church, then will come one whose garb proclaims recent bereavement, and this one may be followed by another whose garments are most gay, but whose heart has greater need of comfort than the other. Then again Sisters of Charity, with their placid faces and distinctive dress, are often there to consult him.

Mrs. Browning tells us that "the gods look downward," and it seems that those who dwell on spiritual heights must needs do likewise if they would rightly understand the failings and the faults of fellow creatures. But Bishop Watterson comes down to the sunny fields where childhood sports, as is fully evidenced by his care and love for his little nephews who are at present away at school, or glances from these with sympathetic interest down Lover's Lane, where youths and maidens are always to be seen, or turns from these to counsel or console some stricken wretch who, crouching in the darkness of despair, thinks perhaps that on all the earth there is not one who will befriend. With this class the bishop has great influence, for they instinctively recognize that he will not judge so much from their actions as from the undercurrents that influenced these. He has the large-hearted tolerance that does not expect more than is reasonable from human nature under conditions that tend to overthrow the better impulses, and in all his dealings with men he seems to remember that "What's done we partly may compute, but know not what resisted."

The impression left by my last call there is still very vivid. The time passed rapidly, as it always does, in that study surrounded by pictures that are copies of the world's masterpieces and in reading aloud rare books whose meaning the bishop interprets.

When twilight fell, something being wrong with the gas, waxen tapers were brought and

their mellow light added to the attractiveness of the room. As they were being lighted the bishop remarked:

"We can now look at the gas chandelier by the light of other days."

After this I was deeply engrossed in the reading, when clear and sweet the chimes of a bell rang out sounding so close that I involuntarily exclaimed:

"What's that?"

"The Angelus," replied the bishop, then crossing the room he faced a figure representing the crucifixion. There, with bowed head and hand upraised he stood some moments in silent prayer, while the tones of the bell seemed to grow sweeter and sweeter, then died into silence. Motionless still stood the commanding form. Solemnity enveloped all the room.

Then the lights, the warmth and all the beautiful surroundings vanished and in their place I saw beneath a dull, cold, sweep of sky, a stretch of slack-strewn earth. In the foreground of this memory picture stood a man with stooped shoulders, grimy face and clothes, holding in one hand a dinner pail, in the other a greasy cap, while with head bent low, he paused to give heed to the bell which sounded from the neighboring town of Wells-ton. 'Twas thus I last had witnessed response to the Angelus.

What a contrast! All the difference in the world between the scene and those who participated, but who shall say the Angelus did not form a connecting bond between the cultured bishop and the unlettered miner.

Leaving soon, with the bishop's "good-night child," sounding like a benediction, I paused at the gate to look up at the cathedral, which, towering bare and cold in the moonlight, recalled the cathedrals of Europe, which have been described as "frozen music." But, in contrast to it shone out the light from the study where there seems to be an undercurrent of that warm, palpitating melody that emanates from hearts inspired with a great desire to make life full and satisfying for others.

Could one's soul but catch the rhythm of such music daily, each hour might be a repetition of the harmony that comes when pity stoops to lay upon the throbbing brow of pain the lingering touch that fain would cure all wounds however cruel.

MARY ROBSON.

WHAT THEY READ FIRST.

What do the representative men of Columbus read first in newspapers?

Some of the most enterprising men of business, some of the most learned in the professions, as well as the most cultured scholars, read much that is antithetical to what one would expect from their pursuits or their inclinations in other directions.

Judge Marshall J. Williams of the supreme court always turns to the advertisements first.

"I am interested in advertisements because they form such an important part of our commercial enterprises and because they give one an insight into the character of people, being planned by men who make a study of what will catch the public eye and charm by its novelty. Oh, yes, I read nearly everything in newspapers and peruse with care that of vital interest in the telegraphic reports. Then I am deeply interested in articles relating to the conditions and necessities of men and I read anecdotes, bits of verse and humor, but the page over which I linger longest if I follow inclination is that which contains the best advertisements, those marked by nicety of taste and the coolness and calmness that form an accessory to properly regulated advertising."

Judge Minshall gave this brief outline: "I read the telegraphic reports so far as they touch on the important news of the world, reports on cases or other matter that aids in my work. The other features of a paper very rarely interest me. I never read dramatic or musical notes or society gossip, for in the latter I haven't the slightest interest, and I think we have to judge for ourselves as to the relative merit of art, music and the drama. Oh, yes, I read of athletic sports, and contests on the water like our recent yacht race are always of the deepest interest to me."

Hon. E. O. Randall reads a paper in the touch and go manner in which he talks when met casually — now here, now there — grasping all that is of interest to him in the varied interests that occupy his time with that quick perception that has enabled him to become eminent in so many different lines, but his special consideration is given to sketches dealing with Ohio and the lives of the inhabitants of the state.

Hon. Joseph H. Outhwaite held a paper in his hand and his face wore the expression that follow indulgence in a hearty laugh.

"I have just read something indicative of what I read when time permits. You see I like a joke of a certain kind."

"But I'm not to suppose you read only for entertainment?"

"No, indeed. I read for information and find the newspapers most valuable assistants in my work, for, of course, everything relating to it is given the most careful attention and this involves keeping informed on the vital questions of the day. Besides this, I read great murder trials and study them minutely, also all articles pertaining to important questions in the field of labor, especially agriculture and mining. I like to keep in touch with the workers of the world and know something of the conditions that surround them even when I cannot do anything to ameliorate that which is harsh."

President Thompson of the O. S. U. is always interested in local affairs, but if time permits enjoys a humorous story better than most any other part of a paper. He is especially fond of Bob Burdette's humor, which he characterizes as pure, appealing to the genial side of nature with no trace of the malice that leaves a sting. "I have no use for the diatribes that form so large a part of what is termed political news. My sympathies are always with a man who is a candidate for office when his opponents begin to abuse him through the columns of a paper, it matters not to which party he belongs. I have a much warmer feeling for William McKinley, William Bryan, Marcus Hanna, Judge Nash and John R. McLean since they have been subjected to so much malignment of motive than I had for them before this campaign opened, for it awakens admiration to see men on either side so courageously facing so much vilification."

Hon. E. L. Taylor gives close attention to political news and editorials and there are a few ministers whose sermons or lectures he reads with care. He also examines local matters. Articles on science and natural history afford him most pleasure, although he studies

the pictures in Puck, Life and other pictorials and never passes by a sketch by Mr. Bowser.

Judge Spear of the supreme court replied: "I read the editorials, first for information, because much that is important is likely to meet with comment from the men who have the training that enables them to sift that which is most vital from the vast amount of matter that is printed as news, and then I like to know the sentiments of the man who stands at the helm, the man trusted as a molder of thought and a teacher of morals, for while he cannot dictate or revise all that appears, his manner of dealing with that which affects mankind will largely determine the general tone of the paper, which cannot be higher than the ideas of the man who controls. I do not care to read political squabbles. By this I mean all the troubles of the different parties, but I read E. K. Rife's stories, for while they are pointed, they do not wound. It's a marvel how he can day after day present us with such bright sketches. I often read the instructions for cooking, but I read them to my wife just to hear her say the writers didn't know what they were writing, for she thinks she is authority on the subject; and, in fact, she is; but it's too funny to hear her comments on the articles that I read merely to tease her," and the judge leaned back in his chair and laughed with whole-souled abandon.

After a little while the judge added: "Of course, I know no more about cooking than the writers of the elaborate instructions, but I know my wife knows. For while she is not much for the ornamental, she can't be excelled in the useful, everyday knowledge.

"Yes, another laughable thing is the manner in which some men who report legal transactions become involved in technical expressions. At times they write some very humorous stories without knowing it."

"Do you read the resume of the sermons?"

"Yes, and I consider them one of the best features of Monday's papers. Even after hearing a sermon on Sunday I read all that is given in the papers the next day with the same purpose that I read other matter the second time."

When Governor Bushnell was questioned on his newspaper reading, he replied:

"Local, state and national affairs claim my attention, also foreign news, current business, material resources and commercial transactions of importance. I also read the anecdotes and little sparkling bits of matter when I have

time, but if inclination is followed, I read more that relates to people than any other part of the papers—residents of Columbus and my home town, especially those whom I know personally. I like to know what they are doing, how they are getting along, and if some good or ill fortune comes to a neighbor or acquaintance of mine, I am more concerned about it and give more attention to the reading of it than to occurrences more remote, however important they may be. As this sort of reading comes under the local happenings, I suppose the city editor's department appeals to me as the best part of a paper, if I am permitted to designate as 'best,' that which is most satisfying, that which brings my fellow-creatures nearer to me."

Mayor Swartz said: "I read much local matter now that formerly would have been ignored, because it did not seem essential. Reports of conventions and speeches interest me more than any other part of newspapers. I consider them so valuable that I have scrap books formed of clippings of the most important of these. Then, I like sketches from real life, verses and anecdotes."

"Do you read art, musical or society notes?"

"No, I confess I'm not in the least interested in those subjects."

Mr. A. E. Pitts reads the news of the city, then scans the papers to see if there is anything relative to animals, particularly dogs; after that he peruses articles treating of subjects that are of minor interest to him when compared with these, however important they may be to others.

Judge Hagerty, when asked what he read in the papers, gave this laconic response:

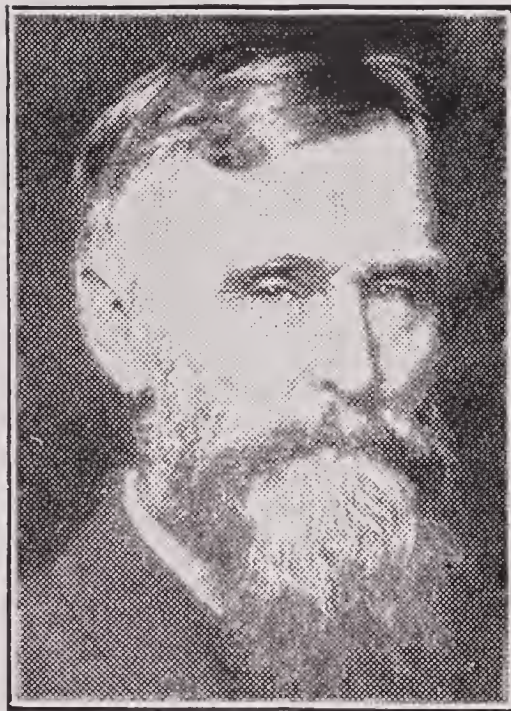
"War news and humorous articles."

Postmaster Rownd rarely notices anything but the telegraphic reports of the most important events in the world's history. Director Kauffman declares that nothing but the advertisements appeal to him. Mr. F. A. Jacobs says: "I've quit reading anything but the scare heads. I once read papers pretty thoroughly, but they are not what they used to be. So I quit.

This was a little discouraging until Mr. Dan J. Clahane exclaimed:

"I read everything in the newspapers, even the fashions. It behooves me to do this since I got a wife, so that she won't know anything more about them than I do."

Secretary Bassell: "I read all that the papers contain, if glancing at this or that to get the import may be called reading. But there



DR. STARLING LOVING.

Dean of Starling Medical College for Fifty Years.

Starling Medical College is one of the oldest in the country, with graduates in all parts of the world. It originated from a bequest of thirty thousand dollars given by Lyne Starling, one of the original proprietors of the site of Columbus. It is an imposing building noted for its rare architectural beauty.

is one feature that I always notice even amid the greatest stress of business, and that is the fugitive verses. It is a sort of a fashion to sneer at them, but upon occasions in my life I have encountered some of the most pleasing poetical thoughts in the papers."

Apropos of this, he drew from his pocket a clipping and read in a manner that would have made the worst production appear to good advantage some verses entitled "The Birth of the Ophal," which he declared contained as much of the "divine afflatus" as could be seen any book of poems.

Judge Pugh answered my question in these words:

"I rarely pass anything in the papers without at least getting the trend of it, with the exceptions of personals and society gossip, for I think all the other phases of a newspaper may serve some purpose; that is, be either entertaining or instructive."

Judge Field's reply was: "I read everything in The State Journal, but I'm specially interested in Mrs. Fitch-Hinman's articles."

Dr. J. P. Gordy of the Ohio University, author and educator of national reputation, said:

"The editorials engage my attention because they are such a help to me. They furnish in condensed form knowledge of the world's most important events, so that in reading them, time that would have to be given to separating this from what was unimportant is saved. Then I read narratives of people prominent in the world, also those in out-of-the-way places. In a recent Sunday's State Journal I read a sketch of a Hungarian village here in Ohio and I found the portrayal of the home life of the inhabitants of the most intense interest. People are the most fascinating study in the world, and I read anything that will give me an insight to human nature. I read murder trials in order to try to fathom the crypts of emotion and understand the development of exceptionable characters. I read a murder trial eight years ago and you may know how it interested me when, although my memory is very poor, I remember it as well as if it had just been read.

"When time permits, I like a good humorous story."

Superintendent Shawan: "Local affairs and all that may be classed as literary matter in a newspaper are of more interest to me than anything else that does not deal directly with my work. I like to know what people are

doing about me and I also like anything that treats of art, science or literature, or those who have won distinction in these fields. I like the notes on new books as they serve as a guide in buying."

Judge Earnhart said: "If the first sentence of an article is short and suggestive of something worth reading, I read it; for I consider the first sentence a good index of what is to follow. I like historical and biographical sketches better than most printed matter."

Howard C. Park of the Merchants and Manufacturers' National Bank gives passing notice to the life and import of events, but is not so much inclined to select certain phases of newspapers as he is to reject that which is not written in an entertaining manner, for he likes his reading to be restful after he turns from that pertaining to business.

William D. Park said: "I read good verse when I chance to see it. I read it either for the pathos or the humor it contains. I think, too, that it has a mission aside from pleasing, for often it takes up some vital question and frames it in words that linger in the memory like the refrain of an old song until we unconsciously imbibe the sentiments and feel something of what moved the writer when perhaps a prose statement on the same line would meet with nothing more than passive acquiescence."

Warden Coffin does not think the progress of today should prevent "looking backward" even to remote ages, and anything relative to prehistoric races or times is of absorbing interest to him, forming a complete contrast to the reading that engages much of his time—that pertaining to criminology.

Said Mr. Robert E. Sheldon: "I like sketches of people and places and the humorous articles, like the "Journalisms" which are attracting much comment. Recently while in Chicago I noticed that three different papers had copied some of these, and a relative of mine who lives near Paris mentioned that the Paris edition of The Herald often contained these among other extracts from the Ohio State Journal. He said he did not feel quite so far away from home when in a few hours after they appeared here he could read of what was happening in Columbus."

Mr. E. K. Stewart replied: "I read almost everything in the morning paper first thing after I wake, often while I am still in bed."

Dr. Loving responded: "I read nearly everything, but I don't read anything when the headlines indicate personal abuse is to

follow. I don't like mud-throwing any better through the medium of newspapers than I do in the ordinary way. There's so much in the papers that is offensive. I like to read the stray verses that appear in them. Some of the advertisements are very humorous and remind me of those that Wilde of the London Clothing Company used to get up, also those written by John G. Deshler when he was selling property on Broad street. They were the most humorous things I ever read. I enjoyed many a laugh over them."

Mr. Ralph Lazarus had just finished reading an article on poisons and promptly replied: "I read everything from poisons to poetry. I seldom miss getting the import of what is in the papers, for I think no man can afford to be ignorant of what is transpiring about him or in more remote places."

Colonel Coit responded: "I attach special importance to the opinions of men who are competent to judge of what is best for our country in civil and military affairs and I deem anything that will serve to keep awake the patriotism that has always been a distinguishing characteristic of the American people worthy of perusal, whether it be a verse, a story, an editorial or a resolution passed in some convention. We cannot have too much of the patriotic spirit in our newspapers or elsewhere. I deem all accounts of scientific discoveries most interesting, also stories illustrative of life."

Hon. John J. Lentz said: "Everything about people and the government, for men and the laws that govern men are my study. Then anything that may be of value in speaking to people, whether it be a jest to illustrate some point or some deep earnest message that will carry conviction as to some measure that tends toward the advancement of the race is sure to meet with notice. But while that which pertains to humanity in its broadest sense is read, I am more inclined to read of one particular class—the laborers, those who toil, whether with pick or pen, those who earn their bread by the sweat of the brow or the brain."

Said Hon. Emmett Tompkins: "I always read everything that has any connection with the development of a plot with avidity, for analysis has for me great fascination, but I avoid the details of catastrophies—suicides, battles and other distressing occurrences, for the reading of such things affects me greatly. I don't think it is necessary to have the gruesome served up in such quantities. There is sufficient that is painful in life at its best

without giving so much prominence to that which is most horrible. These things are brought before us in the papers whether we wish to know them or not and we become co-sufferers."

Dr. Gladden devotes ten minutes after breakfast and ten after dinner to the reading of newspapers, but covers everything that he desires to read in that time. Having been an editor on a New York paper once, he reads with the rapidity of one whose perception has been quickened by training. With regard to what he read, he said:

"I give little heed to the headlines of telegraphic reports, but merely glancing at them as a guide, read that which follows, as I think the headlines are often exaggerated, statements which the real news does not warrant being used. Then I read anything that has a tendency to dignify and purify life, anything that will awaken great hopes and great thoughts, for the beautiful things of life should engage our eyes and minds. I think newspapers should give more prominence to what is elevating and less to the gruesome, painful things that occur."

"Then you do not think newspapers should merely aim to reflect as a mirror the world's events?"

"I do not, for a mirror often distorts and never idealizes. A man should be judged by what he aims to be, by what he would like to be, rather than by incidental error, so I like to read the best that is in men—that which inspires cheerfulness and courage."

Hon. D. J. Ryan responded: "You'd better ask me what I don't read. I don't read the same old repetition of facts that we have served up daily simply with a change of names. A man gets drunk, or has a fight; a woman faints in a crowded room, a horse runs away, the revolver that wasn't loaded proved to be so, the domestics haven't yet learned that kerosene and fire combined are dangerous and we have the important event chronicled, but for what purpose I can't see. I really believe the flimsiest verse or story at which fact collectors sneer is of far greater value than these petty happenings that weary the eyes trying to elude them."

"You forget that the newspapers must play to the gallery gods as well as the stalls."

"Well, this part of them ought to play to empty houses. I read anything in which there is some originality—originality of expression, or the freedom of thought that can, while relating a fact, express an opinion in pictur-



HARRY M. DAUGHERTY.

esque language. For, better an ordinary subject treated in a graphic manner than a more important one where no line rises above the dull atmosphere of facts, and the writer has not caught the trick of narrative whereby these can be woven into an entertaining story."

"What subjects are most likely to attract you?"

"Historical and character sketches or anything in connection with public movements, the promoters of great causes, the leaders of thought or those who have left the stamp of their individuality upon the characters of others."

DeWitt C. Jones, editor, selects the editorials that are of most interest and elevating



ROBERT E. SHELDON.

his feet to a table, tilts his chair well back and reads with intense absorption. That is, for a few minutes; then having grasped the substance of the remarks, his feet and his chair strike the floor and he prepares to write something that has been suggested by the reading or stops to discuss the subject with some friend, sometimes pouring forth a stream of caustic criticism and again eloquent in his praise of what he deems forcible and true.

Hon. J. E. Blackburn, dairy and food commissioner, discusses what he reads with the passengers and conductors on street cars. It comprises editorials, market reports, sporting and local news.

Mr. John Joyce reads the general news of the state and country, but prefers the local happenings, as the people of Columbus interest

him most. When asked if he read dramatic or musical notes or athletic sports, he replied:

"No, I don't. I hear enough of that about the house from those who read too much of it."

Mr. Baker, the photographer, reads all dramatic notes and everything about Columbus people wherever he may chance to be. In the verses printed under the heading, "In Memoriam," which some people find amusing because of their sorry attempts at versifying, he finds an infinite pathos.

Mr. W. H. Perkins, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., prefers signed articles because he considers they are more likely to be the result of research upon the part of an individual.

"I am a great reader of athletic sports and all the news relating to the interests of the city, state or country," said Mr. George Hardy. "Then a story or a reminiscence if it is well told is of great interest to me, but if I had charge of a paper I'd cut out the pages devoted to society gossip and use them for something that would be of benefit, or, at least, amusing, for there is absolutely nothing on them worth even a passing glance. However, I suppose some women read them, I presume these couldn't be omitted to give place to the finest sketches, essays or poems that could be written."

Hon. H. M. Daugherty: "Everything that is in them, if I can possibly get the time, and I usually go through five or six dailies in that manner. There isn't anything in a good newspaper that isn't worth the attention of the man who tries to keep informed on the larger affairs of life and in touch with lesser things, so I read everything from questions that are swaying nations down to the latest jest, often turning from the discussion of an issue upon which hangs the fate of a political party or the perusal of stock quotations to read an anecdote or verse that has in it a touch of sentiment or a ripple of playfulness. Aside from the editorials, to which I give much attention, having learned through my work in campaigns how much care is given to the accumulation of facts which form the sub-stratum of most of them, I am more inclined to read the woman's page than any other part of a paper."

No, I'm not jesting, for the women in their club work often prepare papers that are very valuable to one whose pursuits do not permit as much time for reading as desired.

WHAT "THE STAFF" READS.

History repeats itself. After the lapse of two years I was back in a little room in the court house waiting to see the very men with whom I talked first when securing my first interviews.

Presently they entered laughing and talking like so many school boys, each depositing on the table books that were to be taken home for study.

"And what the passing churl may ask and what the wondrous power
That toil foregoes its wonted task and love
its promised hour."
Let the talk that ensued explain."

Said Judge Badger: "We'll have to thank you for bringing us together again for while we see each other every day we've never met for a talk since the day "Our first dollar" had the floor."

"Yes," exclaimed Judge Bigger, "this is the sinner who sent me thundering down the ages with my feet swinging from a table."

"She missed it in not having you swinging from a rope," interpolated Judge Evans.

"That's all right but I see to it that my defendants do not swing out of sight as yours did to-day."

"That was odd. The bailiff was standing right by the door but he was talking to Woodbury, so that partly explains it. It's what comes of talking to newspaper people."

"Oh you need not grumble. Just see what you got out of that dollar story. More orders for hickory nuts than you could fill, and Judge Badger he got a lot of advertising about stacking straw. It was very nice for you people."

"Yes," rejoined the other. "It was very nice, for after people read that I chewed wax and fidgeted all through that talk they looked at me as if they thought I ought to do it all over again for the benefit of the public so I gave up my wax haven't chewed any since. I'd no idea we were to have a snap shot in words or I'd have noticed what I was saying."

"Our friend here seemed so timid I didn't

suppose she'd remember a word that was said but I cannot tell how much straw I've had to stack since then just to keep up my reputation as a worker."

"Well you could pose as a worker but I didn't get anything out of that story but my feet."

From the evidence you got plenty, observed Judge Evans.

Where's Judge Pugh. "He belongs to this gang said Judge Badger and should be here.

"Of course he should I can't spare him from my 'staff'."

"Well you'll have to excuse him on this proposition" said one. "He's too busy reading Prof. Bemis opinions on the street franchise question to talk about what he reads."

That's true it wouldn't be any use to send for him today.

Then after they had talked of a score of things just as a group of women might have done, the subject of the interviews was discussed.

"I read too much in them to please my wife," said Judge Bigger; "for I'm an omnivorous reader of the papers and read much that is not profitable just because I like to do so."

"Aside from the routine reading I devote much of my time to the advertisements," said Judge Evans; and I'm also interested in achievements in science and literature."

"And you, Judge Badger?"

"I'm like the old farmer who used to come to town for the especial purpose of getting the 'Crisis' because as he declared he couldn't miss the 'idiotorials while this country was engaged in a war.' I can't miss the 'idiotorials' at any time, but there's another part of the paper I do not miss at any time. The out of town news; I read all the little personals about people I have known from boyhood and my home paper will cause me to throw aside the largest and best metropolitan paper extant."

After Judge Badger had ceased to speak there was a long silence that no one cared to break. All seemed to feel the strangeness.

that comes when we try to go back to an old mood and find everything changed:

The laughter had been just as gay,
 The spirits seemingly as light
 As they had been that other day
 When all the world was wondrous bright;
 But some way o'er each smiling face
 A shade of passing sadness fell
 That seemed not wholly out of place
 Tho' why 'twas there, not one could tell.

Silently the books were gathered up and silently we left the room. Not until the outer door was passed were words spoken, then Judge Badger with his infinite capacity for coming to the rescue said: "These meetings form a pleasant little ripple in the everyday

affairs of life, so I think we'll have to follow the fashion and form a club of some sort.

Then came talk of extending the number to which there was instant objection on the score that a new element would spoil existing fellowship of feeling; so by special request the judges agreed not to ask for any additions to the "staff."

And now is it clear why these men turned for a little while from all other claims upon their time. Ah yes, you say it was due to a memory, the memory of an hour when the cares of mature years had been swept away by a question that carried them back to the sunny plains of youth, where they dreamed of "victor days to be" and heeded not the mountains of difficulty that towered between them and the realization of their dreams.



DR. WASHINGTON GLADDEN.



DR. WM. O. THOMPSON.

COLUMBUS'S LEADING CHEFS

BUILD DISHES AS ARCHITECTS BUILD HOUSES.

"Well, he was an ingenuous man who first found out eating and drinking," says Swift, in his "Polite Conversations." But ingenious seem the men who can conceive and execute dinners and luncheons of such exquisite flavor and delicacy that the "eating and drinking" is transformed from a barbaric necessity into a poetic idealism. I refer to the cookery experts who know that cooking is not a throwing together of things, but the building up of dishes with such consummate art and care that those possessed of gastronomic discrimination are delighted with the artistic concoctions.

Among those whom experience has given an understanding of what is palatable are the leading chefs of Columbus. I have secured from each of them the recipe for the dish which he prepares with greatest pride. At a time when the thoughts of men and women are drifting toward feasts of Thursday next these recipes are pleasurable reading.

Chef Bartlett of the Neil says the following is his favorite:

ZEPHER OF RICE WITH FRENCH CHERRIES.

"Cook half a pound of blanched rice in milk; when sweetened, draw it to a slower fire to attain more consistency; then finish with a large piece of fresh butter divided in pats. Ten minutes later incorporate into it two or three spoonfuls of crushed chestnuts and six yolks of eggs, one after another. Lastly the half of five beaten whites mixed with three spoonfuls of whipped cream. Add to this preparation five or six spoonfuls of candied French cherries, cut in halves. Pour the whole into a Timbale mold previously buttered and glazed with fine sugar and fecula. Lay the mold in a saucepan on a small twist with hot water about one-third its height. Remove it to a slow fire and cook three-quarters of an hour.

"Unmold; put a few cherries around the

dish and serve hot with any fruit syrup desired."

Chef Lang of the Stag hotel likes to prepare:

LOBSTER A LA NEWBURG.

"Take one whole lobster cut in small cubes about half an inch in length; place in saucepan with a piece of butter size of a walnut; season with salt and butter to taste and cook until thoroughly heated and thicken with heavy cream sauce. Add the yolk of one egg and one glass of sherry.

"For cream sauce take two ounces of butter melted in a saucepan; mix four ounces of flour with this and thin to proper consistency with boiling cream."

Chef Hill of Hotel Star gives special attention to the dish known as

SQUAB-BARDE.

"Select two plump squabs; draw and wipe dry inside without washing. Prepare a force meat of two bunches of celery and one onion, chopped fine; one teacupful of grated bread crumbs, one-third of a cup of sausage meat. Stuff the squab with this forcemeat, carefully mixed. Then take one onion, one carrot and two bunches of celery; slice and place in saucepan. Place birds in pan with slice of bacon on breast of each. Roast 25 minutes. Remove birds. Add to vegetables in the pan one pint of stock. Boil quickly 10 minutes; thicken and serve over squab hot."

Chef Zehring of Candy Kitchen gave directions for preparing the salad that recently met with such favorable comment from many club women:

CHICKEN SALAD.

"Two and a half pounds of well-cooked chicken, two hard-boiled eggs, cut into small dice; three tablespoons of chopped parsley, one pint of celery cut in small dice; season with French dressing and mayonnaise and add one gill of cream.

"Mayonnaise—One pint of olive oil, yolk of one egg; mix tablespoonful of mustard with the egg, stirring in one direction; whip into stiff froth; add juice of one lemon, salt and small pinch of cayenne pepper."

Chef Boblett of Smith's European hotel furnishes directions for the dish that has made the "delicate monster" such a favorite with frequenters of the place:

LOBSTER SAUTE A LA RYDER.

"Take four live lobsters cut in pieces two inches square, place in a sautoir with a piece of good butter and some chopped onions; toss over a brisk fire for five minutes, then add one-half glass of sherry, a spoonful of espagnole, a few mushrooms and the pulps of four nice ripe tomatoes. Cover and let simmer for 15 minutes. Just before serving, add the lobster fat mixed with some butter and chopped parsley. Serve in a chafing dish."

Seasonable and savory is the dish Chef Cheneau of the Chittenden delights to present:

QUAIL A LA MONTEREY.

"Pick, dress and singe six large quail. Leave the breast skin as long as possible without breaking it. Chop the livers with a few chicken livers and fry a few seconds with a little chopped onion. Add a pinch of chopped parsley, half pound of truffle, half of mushrooms and a handful of bread crumbs, one raw egg, salt, pepper, pinch of sage, one tablespoon of butter and half gill of brandy. Mix well; stuff the quails as for a roast. Cover with thin slices of fat salt pork, tying on with two rows of string. Place them in small roasting pan that has been lined with strips of fat pork, a few slices of carrots, two bay leaves, two cloves, a little celery and one sliced onion. Moisten with a pint of white wine, cover well with a piece of buttered paper and place in a hot oven. Baste them frequently. It should require 25 to 30 minutes.

"Untie the string and dress them on a hollow piece of bread that has been fried in butter and place neatly on an oval-shaped platter. Make a sauce with the stock that is left in the pan as follows:

"Knead a tablespoonful of hard butter with as much flour. Mix with the stock. Let simmer a few minutes; strain through a sieve. Add a few mushroom heads that have been fried in butter. Serve sauce separate and garnish quail with watercress."

Chef Schneider of the Great Southern takes great pleasure in concocting a dish that is a concept of his own. To prepare the delicious compound known as

AN ALASKA BAKE.

"Take vanilla ice cream frozen in brick form; place on a cold platter; over this spread a souffle and bake until the souffle is firm; pour over this one glass of Maraschino Italian liquor.

"For the souffle, separate one dozen eggs, beat the whites to a stiff froth and gradually stir in the beaten yolks with a little powdered sugar. This result is sure to recall the words:

"Swear by the ocean's feathery froth, for that is not so light a substance."

The attention given to the most minute details connected with the designing and serving of the various dishes given suggests the thought outlined in the statement of Brillat-Savarin: "He who receives friends without himself bestowing some pains upon the repast prepared for them does not deserve to have friends."

Chef Schueb of the Columbus club gives as his own compound a dish that has in it the sweetness and the sparkle that often causes mortals to exclaim with Motley, "Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with the necessaries." It bears the significant name

OMELETTE SOUFFLE AU CHAMPAGNE.

To prepare it, beat white of six eggs to a froth; stir half pound of powdered sugar with the yolks and flavor with Maraschino and mix with the whites. Take a champagne glass, pour in it two tablespoons of creme du mint, fill glass with mixture of the eggs, decorate top and bake five minutes. Serve immediately.

ON THE SEATING OF ROBERTS.

Interest in the Roberts case having increased as the time before it is to be decided diminishes, a number of representative men and women were asked to give their views of it.

Hon. Emmett Tompkins said: "I have not considered this question with regard to its legal aspect to a sufficient extent to pass an opinion as to whether Mr. Roberts should be seated or not, but I believe that he is a violator of law and a violator of common decency, and as such should be excluded from congress. Technicalities should never triumph over principle. This is not a question of religion. There is no objection to Roberts being a Mormon. The objection is to his being a polygamist. As such he is a transgressor of the law and should not have a place among those who make the laws of our country. I think the American people will sustain any action tending to expel him."

Mrs. Anna W. Clark, president of W. C. T. U., gave this reply: "The seating or non-seating of Congressman Roberts in the Fifty-sixth congress is purely a question of morals and has nothing to do with religion. The common law against polygamy obtained in the territory of Utah before the Mormons emigrated into that country. Therefore Roberts is a criminal under the common law of the nation. I am sure, however, that the wishes of the American people expressed by thousands of petitions against the admission of a polygamist into the highest council of the nation will be regarded. We women can always trust American men to protect American womanhood from insult."

When asked as to his opinion respecting the Roberts case, Judge Spear of the supreme court replied: "If the precedents justify a refusal to administer the oath and admit him at the organization of the house then that is the proper and justifiable way of treating the case. If he should be excluded at the outset and investigation follow, if it should develop that he is still maintaining the relations charged against him, he certainly should not be finally admitted. If it should appear, however, that he has not been maintaining the

relations charged against him, since the relation became unlawful in Utah, but is simply supporting or contributing to the support of those other than his first wife, I would see no reason why he might not be finally admitted."

Adjutant General Axline responded: "The people of Ohio are all united upon one question, and that is that a man should not have but one wife. The member-elect from Utah would undoubtedly be expelled from congress if my sentiments with regard to the case were to settle it. But the other members will have to determine the wisest course to be pursued."

Mrs. Hatton, wife of Dr. Hatton, said in substance: "The greatest responsibility in this case devolves upon men, for women not having the franchise, have no representatives in congress and can therefore look only to men to rebuke the attempt to place in the highest councils of our nation a man who is a follower of that which is so obnoxious to the majority of our people. But I consider it the duty of every woman to protest against this man being retained in congress and I hope, I cannot say that I believe, the other members will expel this man as speedily as possible and thereby furnish an illustration of their enmity to polygamy."

Hon. Joseph Outhwaite said: "I think that Congressman-elect Roberts should be seated, and then upon presentation of proper proof that he is a man who should not retain his place, he should be expelled. I do not think there would be any impropriety in having him stand aside until after the oath has been administered to all the other members and as soon as possible, after he is sworn a motion to expel him should be made and the house should act upon the developments of the case at once, as I do not think he should be permitted to remain long enough to take a vote upon any question."

Mrs. Stewart, wife of Judge Stewart, replied: "Utah has violated the compact that admitted her as a state by sending to congress a man who is a polygamist, and I think he should be promptly expelled, for surely a man

who breaks the law should not make laws for others."

Hon. E. O. Randall responded: "I am not prepared to make a statement as to whether Congressman-elect Roberts should be seated or not, but I am very clear upon one point, and that is that he should not be permitted to retain it. If I am not greatly mistaken a precedent was established under Keifer that could be followed in this case, and if so, the difficulty could be obviated. A man who defies the law and public opinion as this man has should be turned down."

Mrs. Oldham, wife of the Rev. Dr. Oldham, said: "Utah having been admitted with the understanding that polygamy should be discontinued, it seems to me a representative from that state who is a polygamist should be denied admission to congress even though elected by the people of his district. It may be necessary to seat him, but the gravity of the situation is apparent when it is remembered that once seated he may be retained. We have had the hope that if woman once obtained a seat in congress the sense of chiv-

alry might prevail to such an extent that she would not be unseated, and some feeling may cause Mr. Roberts to receive toleration, after the oath has been administered."

Said Mrs. Emmett Tompkins: "I am not sufficiently conversant with the laws respecting admission to congress to express an opinion as to whether Congressman-elect Roberts should be seated or not, but if he is a violater of the law he should not be given a place among law-makers. If it is not clearly established that he has defied the law since polygamy was declared unlawful, it would seem that he could only be convicted of immoral conduct, and if this were the case it is quite likely that Mr. Roberts would not be the only member whose morals could scarcely bear the searchlight of investigation."

Rev. Dr. W. F. Oldham made this reply: "I have not made a study of the precedent or the laws regarding this case and, of course, can only voice my personal opinion, and that is, that Mr. Roberts, as an avowed polygamist, is not entitled to a place in the national council. It is a delicate and difficult problem."



BISHOP W. T. OLDHAM.

AN OLD SLAVE'S REMINISCENCES.

WAS BORN IN SLAVERY IN VIRGINIA—HIS MEMORY OF THE HOLIDAYS.

The Wyandotte building, where the newspaper men of Ohio will be entertained by the Columbus members of the profession on inauguration day, contains probably more offices of men who are, or have been, prominently before the public than any other building in the city. Among those who have their "workshops" in it are Governor-elect Nash, his private secretary, Colonel Fred Sinks; his law partner, Congressman Lentz; Hon. Joseph Outhwaite, former congressman; Hon. Emmett Tompkins, an eloquent orator; Hon. Ulric Sloane, noted for his intellectual penetration and pointed speaking; Hon. David Sleeper, former speaker of the house; Hon. Edward D. Howard, senator-elect; Hon. James Ross, Judge Gilbert Stewart, ex-Mayor Black; Cyrus Huling, ex-prosecuting attorney; Hon. Albert Lee Thurman, who succeeded the Hon. Charles Voorhees; Judge Tod B. Galloway, and Hon. DeWitt C. Jones, whose fearlessness and force as a writer win admiration even from those who differ from him in his views.

But while these names are familiar to those who have never seen either the Wyandotte or its occupants, a most interesting character, whose name has never appeared in print and whose age even is a matter of conjecture, is employed at the building. He was formerly a slave. I knew this the instant I saw him, and rightly judged that he had been such in the "Old Dominion," for he had the slow, soft movements, the deferential tone, the refined manner characteristic of those who have belonged to houses whose ancestral line extended back to imperial cavaliers and whose masters were a power in the days when Southern aristocracy was supreme.

Visitors to the building are almost sure to notice him. His form totters a little as he walks, but his eyes are very bright and beautiful in their expression, and his hair, which is silvery in hue and wavy in outline, forms an effective background for a mobile face, only

slightly darker than many of Saxon blood. His cap is a part of the Wyandotte uniforms, and conspicuous on his checked gingham coat is a Nash button, to which he refers with pride as having been given him by a gentleman in the judge's office.

He does not roll off abstruse terms and involved phrases with the reckless disregard for meaning, characteristic of many of his race, and years of association with those who speak correctly have almost eliminated the dialect that each year seems more important to folklorists and philologists. Only when excited does he lapse into it in a pronounced way.

Recently he came into an office where I was with that suppressed air of excitement noticeable when thought would fain find vent in speech, but as he never speaks until addressed he went about his work as usual until I said:

"Anything wrong today Uncle, you seem disturbed."

"Why, yes; I'se been readin' some things in de newspapahs dat I doan like."

"That is a common experience, but what has especially troubled you?"

"Why de way some of dem blame de president fo not stoppin' de wah. In my humble opinion President McKinley is following de bible. You remember day verse dat Paul preached at Athens an what he says about de bouns ob habitation?"

I confessed that I did not "remember."

Then straightway from his pocket he drew a worn, green covered, red edged little testament which he opened with reverential touch and pointed to the verse beginning—

"And hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth."

With this as his text he delivered a little sermon.

When he had finished, a remark relative to a picture of Admiral Dewey, which he had carefully removed from his testament while reading, elicited the reply:

"Yes, I do think a heap of Admiral Dewey and I do think it's a shame the way de people talk about his givin his wife dat house.

"If a man can't gib his wife what is his it's mighty queer. A'int a man and a wife one?" This breathed such simple faith I could not mar it with a doubt, so said:

"That is what we are taught."

"Doan you believe it?" he questioned quickly. "Don't you remember what de Bible say: 'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder'."

Reply was made unnecessary by a boy who had been an interested listener while war and a war hero were the subjects, but who seemed to think the marriage question was not worth while for he began a rattling imitation of a cavalry charge, then whistled a few bars of the air "I am thinking of the days."

The old darkey raised his head and his eyes were luminous with feeling. After this I had a talk with him relative to slavery life, and although the sorrow and agony and despair of those days have been told countless times those who can describe them and express the thought and feelings of slaves from the view point of a personal experience are passing so rapidly that it seems worth while preserving their talk.

Said he:

"My name is Charles Woodward," he said to me. "I was born in Staunton, Va., but I do not know my age. It was always reckoned as near my young Master Alexander's. My mother and myself were given to my old mistress's daughter soon after I was born. She had married George Moffett Cochran, who owned two plantations near Staunton. My young mistress would never sell or hire me, and I played with her sons and slept in the same room with them. They had little beds, but I slept on the floor.

"Yes, they taught me a great deal, but not so much as they would have taught me if I had made use of my chances, for they used to beg me to remain at home in the evenings, so they could teach me to read and write, although they knew they were breaking a very strict rule every time they did so. But I was like most boys and did not care for an education, so every evening I wandered off to the quarters of my own people and remained there until bedtime, which was always 9 o'clock. Then I had to scamper back home.

"One dark day, when I was still a very little chap, my master put my mother in jail

and sold her to a negro trader. He put my mother in a carry-all along with several others and drove off as unconcerned as though he had a load of sheep for market. Screaming, I followed them, and at last hung on to the wagon until mother, with tears streaming down her face, said: 'Goodbye, Buck, you'll have to go back home. It's getting dark.'

"You can imagine how very dark all the world seemed to a little fellow when parted from his mother in such a way."

The words were very simply spoken, as are all words fraught with the deepest feeling, but the tone was infinitely touching, carrying a suggestion of the forlorn feeling that must have crept over him as he turned to go back to the place, which could never again be home to him.

"But one memory that comes back most vividly is that associated with the holiday-time, for always about a week before Christmas we would hear our elders say, 'Run, children, run, the hirelings are coming,' and shouting and singing with joy great droves of our fellow-creatures would come swinging back after a year's absence. They were the slaves who had been hired out. Their vacation lasted two weeks, then on every New Year's day, sometimes in rain or snow, the auctioneer would have his big dry goods box to stand a wife or husband, or some of the younger people on, to be hired out or sold. The auctioneer would cry them off at so much per head. Then a long drove of stout young men would be handcuffed to a long chain and driven along the street like cattle. Actually, the sights I saw there hurt me yet, and often I seem to hear the mournful songs they sang or chanted when they were forced to leave for a year, or forever."

After a little he continued: "I grew up in Master Cochran's home and was given work as a house servant, then as coachman, and later, when my young master, Alexander, went to war as a lieutenant in Captain Carringford's artillery, I was sent with him as his trusted body servant. I slept in the same tent with him and I was with him in the big fight at Port Republic: General Ashley, who had 4000 cavalymen under him, was killed that day. I saw him lying dead on the field of battle, and afterwards as he lay in state in Staunton.

When I first came to Columbus, Mr. Kaufman, brother of a former proprietor of the Park Hotel gave me work. After that I

worked at the American House. I was there when Warden and Emery sold out to Miller and Sayre. They had it when Lincoln's body lay in state in the rotunda.

"Yes, I am always glad to meet anyone from Virginia. Some time ago I met General Imboten at the Neil and had a long talk with him. He was living in Virginia then and electricity had not been introduced for he was trying to find some motor power that would run cars that would not frighten horses.

Sometimes I hear about the people from my old home for Mr. Lee Thurman's wife is a granddaughter of Mr. John Cochran of

Charlottesville, the brother of my former master. Most every summer she goes to Folly Farm where her uncle James Cochran lives. After her last visit she told me he was dead. Mrs. Mary Cochran was a sister to Mrs. Telfire of Hillsboro where a great many of the children are living today. You know Mr. Sloane, the great lawyer? He is well acquainted with Sinclaire Boise, Mrs. Telfire's brother.

Sometimes I like to talk of the people I knew in that other life for I am so far away from them—After a little I may go home."

It was only a little while afterward until the old slave went to his last home.



GOVERNOR GEORGE K. NASH.

MOST BRILLIANT FUNCTION

IN THE BUCKEYE STATE WAS GOVERNOR NASH'S RECEPTION ON MONDAY EVENING.

Governor Nash's reception to the state officers, the members of the General Assembly, the officers of the United States Army stationed at the Columbus Post and the officers of the state citizen soldiery and later on the general public was the greatest public reception ever held in the state of Ohio. It was noted not more from its brilliancy from a social standpoint than from the cordial expressions of esteem that were showered upon the state's Chief Executive by men and women in every walk of life. It was a magnificent expression of popular regard for Governor Nash and confidence in his purpose and ability to care for the interests of his constituency during the next two years.

Thousands of people thronged through the front door of the Senate Chamber Tuesday evening, grasped the hand of the governor, voiced their gratification at his election and passed out of the southern door. There was an apparently endless stream from the time the public reception began at 8:30 o'clock until 10:00 and the governor with the same unpretentious cordiality that has so endeared him to the people of Columbus and Ohio welcomed all; the hand of greeting he extended was still that of the friend and neighbor whom the people of this city have known for so many years.

The military staff of the governor and former Governor Bushnell attired in full dress uniforms, the beautiful gowns of the women, the magnificent decorations of the Senate Chamber formed a picture by far the most brilliant the city has ever seen. The decorations were very elaborate and the folds of the National colors entwined with the foliage of tropical plants with here and there vases of beautiful cut flowers made a beautiful effect.

Governor Nash stood at the entrance to the railing that surrounds the seats of the senators and reviewed first the members of the general assembly, the state officers and the military officers.

At 6:30 o'clock the governor and his staff and relatives, Governor and Mrs. Bushnell, Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Caldwell met in the office of the governor and marched to the senate chamber where those who had been invited to receive with the governor were assembled. First in the line were Governor Nash and Mrs. George Sinks and others in the following order: Mrs. Babcock and a member of the staff, Mrs. Dennison and General Forsythe, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sinks, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Deshler, Mr. and Mrs. Sowers, Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. John Deshler, Mrs. R. S. Warner, Mr. and Mrs. Shearer, Miss Mary Shearer and Mr. Jack Deshler of Cincinnati.

In the receiving line these gentlewomen and gentlemen were assisted by perhaps thirty of the most prominent men and women in Columbus.

The state and military officers gathered in rooms assigned to them before the reception and marched in groups to greet the executive.

The Judges of the Supreme Court in the State Library; the senate and members of the house of representatives in the hall of the House of Representatives; the heads of state departments (elective) in the state library; the heads of state departments (appointive) in the state library; the faculty of the Ohio State University and professors of other universities and colleges under control of the state in the state library.

The United States and National Guard Officers in the office of the adjutant general, the members of the various state boards and officers of the state institutions in the state library.

It required more than an hour for them to extend greeting to the governor and the scene in the Senate Chamber when this function was in progress surpassed anything which has ever taken place in the gloomy old building. Thus was the public reception begun and continued until after 10 o'clock. Too vast

to form any conception of its numbers was the throng that moved forward in a steady stream. Entering through the west front the general public marched through the rotunda and up to the senate chamber, greeted the favorite son of the commonwealth and turning to the right left through the passageway connecting the two houses remarking the beauty of the decorations and the dazzling scene presented.

Among the women who stood near the governor all of whom were with one or two exceptions relatives, the costumes were distinguished not so much by elaboration as by the artistic designs.

Mrs. Babcock with distinguished grace wore an attractive costume of delicate pink crepe over silk and carried a large bouquet of pink roses.

Mrs. Bushnell's refined face never appeared to better advantage, enhanced as it was by a gown of white brocade silk embroidered with pink roses.

Mrs. Dennison wore a handsome gown of black satin, white lace and diamonds.

Mrs. W. G. Deshler was lovely in a white brocade silk with black thread lace and white chiffon finish with diamonds.

Mrs. John Deshler black silk, black and white lace, jet.

Mrs. Hamilton wore a beautiful black spangled net.

Mrs. Sowers white chiffon over blue silk with diamond ornament.

Miss Louise Deshler was charming in white crepe de chine and passamentrie.

Mrs. R. S. Warner wore blue silk with a touch of sable fur.

Miss Mary E. Shears pink and grey silk.

Miss Esther Sharp white swiss over blue.

Miss Helen Deshler wore a dainty costume of pink crepe de chine over silk.

Near these young women were Rob Burdell, Gilmore Hanaford and Herbert Halliday.



HELEN DESHLER.



MRS. WORTHINGTON BABCOCK.

MORMON ELDERS IN COLUMBUS.

IN AN INTERVIEW THEY OUTLINE MORMON SOCIAL LIFE.

EXPECT THE SAME MORAL LIFE FROM MEN AS FROM WOMEN.

The Mormon elders, Rich and Nibley, who have been holding meetings in the I. O. O. F. temple for several weeks, are now conducting a house to house canvass throughout the city, distributing tracts, engaging the heads of households in conversation, seeking to obtain a hearing with regard to their belief and are seemingly tireless as missionaries working without remuneration. In the Mormon church no salaries are paid and those who desire to promulgate its doctrines must do so from their own means.

There are now about 1800 of these missionaries traveling over various parts of the world. Ohio has lately been added to the Southern states mission, in all of which about 75,000 souls have been baptized in the Mormon faith. The work and the methods of the elders in Columbus is attracting much attention. In reply to a question regarding the Mormon Bible, Elder Rich, one of the local elders, said:

"We have the Book of Mormon, but the Latter-day Saints do not refer to it as the Bible, although both were inspired by the same spirit, the Book of Mormon being a record of the history and revelation of God to the people who formerly inhabited the Western continent, just as the Bible records the history and revelations given on the Eastern continent. This book received the name of a prophet of God who lived on the American continent several hundred years ago, who compiled and abridged the writings of other prophets who preceded him. The book had been buried in a hill and was found by the prophet, Joseph Smith. He translated it through the gift and power of God.

"We believe God reveals himself now as of old to see those who are worthy of being apostles, and everything in our church organization has been revealed directly from heaven in this century."

Asked concerning the rules that govern the lives of the faithful, he said:

"We are taught from our mothers' knees that the greatest sin is murder and next to this the loss of virtue — sexual relations not sanctioned by marriage. A young man should be as pure as a young woman. Under Mormon teachings one has no more license than the other as to morals. We believe plural marriages are in accordance with the divine will, and when we first sought to maintain the system of Abraham, law had not been enacted against it. After we carried the test of that law into the supreme court and it was declared constitutional, our president, Wilford Woodruff, issued a proclamation that polygamy should cease and this, except in isolated cases as with all laws, has been religiously obeyed. After that manifesto the general government adopted a magnanimous policy in the issuance of amnesty proclamations. These acts of clemency blotted out all past offenses with the proviso that in the future we should comply with the law. The majority have been true to the trust, and among the younger generation there are no plural marriages, so that polygamy will die out altogether."

In speaking of the happiness of plural marriages, Elder Rich said: "I am the grandson of a polygamist grandfather, and his wives and their children always sustained the most pleasant relations. The children had the same regard for each other that other brothers and sisters have.

"It is a fact not generally known that when a man was counselled to take a second wife he had to secure the consent of his first wife, and the objection of either of these would prevent his taking another, but it did not. So you see polygamy was surrounded by many safeguards — so many, that when it

flourished most of the plural marriages only involved 2 per cent of all the marriages.

Women being the arbiters, I should have thought that would have eliminated plural marriages.

In those instances the wives were probably as happy as the wives who know that their husbands seek the society of other women, with whom they enter into unlawful relations. For, is it not true that many wives know they do not reign supreme in their husband's hearts, and if so, would not this condition of affairs tend to make them more unhappy than our patriarchal marriages?"

"I think not for in the one instance a woman could seem to forget all that she did not choose to remember."

"You will pardon me, but I do not see how a woman could be happier under certain conditions because she could seem not to remember."

"Her pride would not suffer as in the other instance. It is always easier to ignore than to sanction or oppose."

"No man has yet lived who can understand a woman's reasons." Then in a serious tone he continued:

"While I do not advocate polygamy, now you must concede that those who practiced it promised to solve one of the most difficult problems presented today by providing homes for the vast number of women who must compete with men. Since there are five women for every two men, three out of five must be deprived of the support of husbands and the advantages of homes."

"Are we to infer then that you would have women place marriage on the plane of material advantages to be gained?"

"Never. Love should be the controlling force. But I think the natural womanly feeling is that a home and a husband are the most desirable things in life. Don't you think this is true?"

"No, I do not think so, but even admitting this to be true that wouldn't include a division of affection.

"You are intimating that women would take a selfish view of the question, are you not?"

"I think this view is true, in the abstract."

"In the abstract? This is interesting. I wish you would tell me what you mean by the abstract in this case?"

"Just what it always means."

"Then you admit exceptions?"

"Most assuredly."

"So you accept the thought that plural marriages might be conducive to greater happiness than monogamous marriages?" this in a jesting tone, then seriously, "No, I know you do not but will you please tell me the 'exceptions' that you have in view."

"I meant that I could conceive of two women differing in character and pursuits, the one fitted to be the intellectual companion, the other the angel of the home, uniting in their efforts to make a man happy if the man possessed the requisite tact to make each believe that she was essential to his happiness and that this regard did not differ in degree but in kind; but maintaining this balance would doubtless prove so difficult he'd soon wish he'd never seen either. This inclines me to think your grandfather must have been an anomalous instance.

Perhaps Elder Nibley can furnish another instance.

Elder Nibley's father had three wives. His mother was the first wife, but, according to Elder Rich, he writes to his father's second wife more frequently than to his own, and he seems to think quite as much of one as the other.

"I regard all three of my mothers with affection," said Elder Nibley, "and I have always believed that my father's other wives have as much affection for me as my mother has for their children, and I know this is very great. In writing to me the second wife always addresses me as her dear son, and I have never had reason to think that she does not regard me as such. The children, 20 in all, are very fond of each other."

"But, do these three women live happily together?"

"Oh no, my mother's home is in Oregon and the other women live in Utah. They often paid long visits to each other and then all lived as one family."

"With your permission," said Elder Rich, "I will give you one of the reasons for our former practice of plural marriages."

Then in language so chaste it could not offend the most delicate sensibilities he gave a resume of the philosophy of polygamy, "wherein the central idea advanced was the protection of womanhood from the gross impulses that too often cause men to violate the natural laws that govern even dumb animals." He expressed some ideas that coincide with those held by Theosophists.

Elder Rich briefly outlined the history of the organization of the church as follows:

"The Mormon church was organized in New York in 1830. The highest office in the church is the apostleship. It holds the keys of the priesthood after the order of Melchisedec. Three apostles constituted the first presidency, one man having the power and the right to receive revelations from God. He has two counselors and this trinity is the highest presiding authority in the church on earth. Then come 12 special witnesses who act in a similar capacity to the apostles of old. Next

are the seventies; 70 elders appointed for the purpose are organized into a council, seven of their number being presidents. There are a large number of these quorums of 70 in the church, but all are under the supervision of the first seven presidents of the seventies. They act under the direction of the 12 apostles as missionaries in all the world. Leaving all work and callings they go when called and preach the Gospel."

AN EVENING WITH MORMONS.

I had heard much of the Mormon Elders prior to meeting them in the apartments of an acquaintance where they and a boy in knee trousers who had become much attached to them were spending the last evening of the year but I was not prepared to meet as leaders in any church those who, at first glance, seemed so boyish. However, all thought of their youthfulness vanished in a few moments for the poise and polish, the grace and simple dignity with which they acknowledged the boy's unconventional introduction proved that they possess that which is not acquired in any life however long, nor from any books however profound, unless back of all learning and accomplishments there is the conscious power of extraordinary intellects reinforced by exquisite training and much contact with the world's most critical citizens.

Charmed by their manner and the thought that the boy whose associates range from street gamins to statesmen had chosen such cultured companions with whom to spend his leisure hours I listened with interest while they continued a discussion of the trial scene in "The Merchant of Venice." From this the talk, in which the host and several others took part drifted to other authors, to law and lawyers; thence to languages, art and artists; the last play; the president's policy; political affairs in general; philosophy, music and we were right on the verge of religion when a sweet-voiced girl announced that it was "time to eat."

Elder Rich turned with a witty little story illustrative of the simplicity of diet among the Mormons and in reply to an inquiry if this were optional or not said that they largely eschew meat, tea, coffee and many other articles deemed necessities by others

because they believe abstinence in these conducive to health.

After several complex concoctions had been given due attention Elders Rich and Nibley accompanied a number of the party out to St. Joseph cathedral where all were much impressed by the solemn and beautiful services in the midnight mass in the last night of the year. In the party were an acknowledged agnostic, a flower-faced butterfly-garbed girl, a world weary traveler who had learned of many creeds in many climes, the eager eyed, interested boy and a woman.

While devoid of special interest this outline of how the Mormons spent New Year's Eve will give some conception of them.

In public these young men are becoming somewhat better known. Those who have heard Elder Rich speak in the temple or open air meeting have been greatly surprised by the knowledge and eloquence of this young advocate of an alien faith who aside from his attainments as a classical scholar has demonstrated his right to be considered in the first rank of orators. For, addressing audiences that are either hostile or indifferent, the representative of a religion that is repugnant to the majority of our people because of one phase of it, he speaks with the confidence of one who has something to say and knows how to say it. Speaking without gestures, standing almost immovable, his classical face illumined by that which is above the criticism of creeds, high ideals and sincere purpose, his musical, magnetic voice conveying his thought without effort, it almost seems as tho one of the Greek orators had stepped down through the ages to teach us the beauty of simplicity of speech and the power of words unmarred by meaningless movements and elocutionary poses.

THEOSOPHICAL CONVENTION.

The National Theosophical convention to be held here April 2, has awakened greater activity than usual in local Theosophical circles.

Prior to this the conventions were held in New York until Dr. Buck was elected president two years ago. Since then two have been held in his home city, Cincinnati. At the earnest request of the Columbus branch it was decided to meet here this year.

It is said that the society is part of a great movement which becomes more active in the latter part of each century under the guidance of some great teacher, who claims neither inspiration or divinity, but is regarded merely as a result of the psychic law and a part of the evolution of mankind.

The society, as a whole, was organized by Madame Helene P. Blavatsky, Colonel Olcott and W. Q. Judge in New York in 1875.

Madame Blavatsky is one of the most complete characters of modern times. She brought theosophy into public notice by her odd personality, marvelous science, philosophy and occultism, as well as her books, some of which are regarded as among the best in the literature of theosophy.

One of these, "The Secret Doctrine," is a ponderous work which gives the occult teachings of ancient and modern religions, embracing the evolution of the macrocosm and the microcosm. This work has been verified by eminent scholars. There are only five copies of it in Columbus, one of which is in the public library, and is in frequent demand.

In this city the society was organized in April, '93, after public lectures on theosophy by Dr. J. D. Buck and Mrs. Annie Besant. There were thirteen charter members. Mr. W. B. Waggoner, the wellknown railroad man, was the first president and probably did more for the cause than any other who has been identified with it. Dr. Harriet L. Henderson is another charter member, who has done much for the society. She has a fine collection of books treating of theosophy and her library is free to all students of the subject. Rabbi Maurice Isenberg, of the Jewish synagogue, who was one of the best speakers and was greatly missed when he left the city, was also one of the charter members.

The present officers of the society are: Mr. Charles H. Orr, president; Mr. W. N. Gourley, vice president; Mrs. Dora Sandoe Bachman, secretary and treasurer, and Miss M. I. Gardner, librarian.

MRS. DORA SANDOE BACHMAN,

Mr. Charles H. Orr, who will be one of the delegates to the coming convention, is a well-known business man whose judgment and ability in all practical affairs are known to many, but there are few who know that he is one of the best informed men in the city in all that pertains to theosophy, and not only believes its teachings, but can explain them with force and effect.

The other delegate, Mr. J. H. Bachman, the lawyer, possesses profound knowledge of the occult, having given years of study to the literature that represents the thought of the world, giving to us a view of the civilization of the past with its accumulated treasures. His reading has been supplemented by meditation and this, by earnest labor in the cause which has as its first object the desire to form a nucleus of brotherhood without any distinctions whatever. Co-worker with him is his wife, Dora Sandoe Bachman, who is also a lawyer and a woman of superior culture, whose attainments and talents are used in the noblest way—in the advancement of others.

Among those who have been here under the auspices of the society are Claude Falls Wright, Dr. Buck, Mr. E. T. Hargrove, of London, England; Albert E. S. Smythe, of Toronto, Canada, editor of *Light and Verse*—*Grave and Gay*." (Several of his poems have been set to music by Mrs. Ella May Smith. Among them *Love Lane*, *Eva* and *La Belle Maria* as sung by Nordica.) Dharmapallo, the Singalese representative at the world's congress of religions, and Countess Wachmerster of Stockholm. Of these Dr. Buck and Mr. Smythe are expected to be at the convention; also such distinguished speakers as A. H. Spencer, of New York; Major Clark and Hon. George M. Coffin, of Washington, D. C.; Dr. A. P. Buchman, of Fort Wayne; Dr. W. R. Tenney, of Cincinnati, and J. Augustus Kuapp, the well-known illustrator of that city.

UNCLE DAVE.

At the corner of Broad and Third streets, near the northeast entrance to the capitol grounds, the passerby from early morning until late evening may see at the Humane society's watering trough a quaint, old darkey, who, when he is not at work, sits upon an improvised seat—a board fastened between the iron and stone parts of the statehouse fence. His garments form a medley not only as to color but condition. This old darkey was born in bondage in old Virginia. He was first a field laborer and afterward a toiler in the rolling mills of his master.

His self-assumed work now is attending to the checkreins of the horses driven up to the watering trough. This is a simple task ordinarily, but not so when accompanied by the elaborate movements he deems necessary to a full and fair accomplishment of it. His ideas in this respect are most original, but he need not get a patent on them, for no one could reproduce the wonderful gesticulations of arms, hands and feet nor the varied expressions of his face as he springs across the pavement to loosen a rein. When the thirst of the horse is quenched he pats them affectionately, readjusts the displaced lines and with many bows steps backward and bares his head to the occupants of the carriages or wagon. Some of these people never fail to give him some trifling sum for his services, but others do not thank him by even a bow or a smile of recognition. Yet true to himself he is just as willing to serve these, and waves them goodby with as much importance as though they were most generous. In this he shows the nature of the true artist according to Emerson's idea, for he puts himself into his work and does it as he conceives it should be done without regard to whether it pays much or little or nothing at all. It doesn't pay much according to the time and the amount of work involved, as his average earnings are not more than 30 cents per day, but no amount of negligence can deprive him of the satisfaction he derives from knowing that his work is well and courteously done.

A few days ago I noticed the agility with which he sprang across the pavement, and said:

"You move very quickly, Uncle."

"Fo' suh, miss, I dun lahn to do dat undah my ol' mas'r down 'n ol' Virginy," came the response, as he carefully shook the water from the broom with which he had swept the froth from the watering trough after the last horse had drank.

"So you haven't forgotten the teachings of your master," I said.

"Deed I hasn't. He was a good mas'r, he was, an' I doan want ter ferget what he teeched me when I's libbin' back dar."

"Do you often think of the old state, Uncle?"

"Ob Virginy?" The tone was subdued while the dim eyes looked off into space as if the Old Dominion was not very far away. Then he continued: "Oh, yes, I tinks ob it a heap ob late—dem was great days."

"Bohn an' raised in Richmond. My mas'r libbe 'n Franklin street, in a great big house an' a high wall all roun' it an' a fine drive leadin' to de stable."

Clearly his mood was reminiscent, so I inquired:

"How long did you remain with your master after you were freed?"

"Jes long enuf to get money to get away."

"But you said you had a good master. It's strange you should have wished to leave him in such haste."

"Didn't wish to leave him so much as jes wished to get up and get."

At this juncture the funeral train of one of his race passed and the old man said: "Dat's sum s'ciety man. Nebber seen our pe'ple ride in slabery days. Ob cose when eny ob dem died, mas'r allus seed dat dey waz put away nice, but de rest ob us didn't ride."

"Did you want to change places with the one who was so favored, Uncle?"

"Sometimes I did," he replied, in all sincerity and no rebuke for levity of speech could have been more severe than this simple reply. He looked so grave that I said:

"Oh, Uncle, you are like the darkey in the song."

"What song, miss?"

"Don't you remember, 'I am t'inkin' ob de days ob dem yeahs dat's passed away.'"

"Oh, yes, I dun membah dat. I dun heah it of'en, but I's dun forgot de most ob it. I'd jest like to heah it agen," he said, as his eyes brightened with interest. At his request I repeated the words of the old melody.

"Dat's jes de way I feels," he exclaimed. "Oh dem days"—but his reminiscences were cut short, as a carriage drove up to the watering trough and he sprang to the post of duty, saying, "Scuse me, please."

Near the seat he had vacated I noticed a small pipe, and as he stepped back to his place I remarked: "You smoke, Uncle?"

"Yes, a leetle, sometimes," he replied with a note of apology in his tone.

Dropping his dialect, I give in his own words some incidents connected with the slave life of Uncle David Thomas:

"My first recollection was of being a dirty little black playing about with other little darkies, never minding what we had to wear, but always watching for something to eat. When I was quite a little boy, four of my sisters and two of my brothers were sold down South. Oh, but my mother did feel bad when they were taken away. I didn't mind their going so much as I did the look on mother's face when she looked at them for the last time. Her face was awful. It looked like stone. It made me afraid. That's more than 60 years ago, but I can 'see how she looked yet. We never expected to see them again, and we never did. They passed out of our lives forever, worse than if they were dead, for then we should have had their graves—it was terrible, but what could we do but bear it?" He paused long after this sentence that said so much in so few words, and breathed such philosophic resignation. After a little he continued:

"Yes, there were some bright days. In the holiday time when no one had to work we tried to crowd a whole year of joy, for we could see our kinfolks then and be around something like we were free. But the best time we ever had then was not like the time master and his boys came and told us we were free. Oh such a time as we did have. Old women and men that hadn't been out of the house for years got out as spry as could be and everybody went down on their knees to give thanks for the blessing."

"How did you know it was a blessing?" I asked.

Such rapture as flashed into the old eyes as he exclaimed: "Why, miss, how could it be anything else? You don't know what it means to hear you'r free. Free to walk where you please, do what you please. Why, it just makes a person feel like jumping for joy, but you can't understand that feeling, miss, cause you never knew what it was not to be free.

"Yes, I was a man then, but I had never known anything but work—first in the fields and afterward in the rolling mills. I remember I was making iron in Atlanta, Ga., when John Brown was hung. My master, Joseph Anderson, had big rolling mills in that place. You remember the Merrimac, don't you, and the work it did. Well, I cast the iron for the first gun used on the Merrimac, I did—that was made by Thomas, that was. I saw many exciting things in time of the war, but the wildest time I ever knew was when Richmond was taken. General Ewell had left with all his troops, but before he went away he ordered all the cotton and tobacco in the warehouses burnt, and while this was being done a good part of the city was burnt, too. Then the Yankee boys came marching in and we just went wild. They came to take the town and they did take it, too. They was boys for sure then. Now they are old, white-haired men. Ah, me, but that was a long time ago, but sometimes it comes back same as if it just happened.

Lost in thought he sat for a few moments with bowed head, then looked up with a start, exclaiming, "Why, it's time I was toting home—it's evening." Down from the fence he took his little lunch basket and with slow movements donned his coat, then looked up with a bright smile, saying, "Yes, I'll be here tomorrow. I'm here every day at my work. I stay till evening, till late in the evening, but it's getting very late now. I must go home and get some sleep and be ready for work. It's almost dark."

As he walked away there came the thought, yes, it's getting late in the evening with you, uncle. It's almost dark. And yet you are thinking still of your work. Faithful to the last to all that you have ever known—work.

“THE APRON STRING.”

“Tied to a woman’s apron string,”
Is the phrase that leaps to the lips
That voice contempt with subtle sting,
For that which they cannot eclipse;
For tho earth be searched for grander power,
Tho the great their treasures bring
The charm of gem and book and flower
Will yield to the apron string;
When the hands that tie are those you love
As mother, sweetheart or wife;
The hands that point to the heights above
And lead to a larger life.

* * * * *

For love that lives is love that leads
To the highest heights of the soul;
The love that comes in your greatest need
With power to inspire and console;
And this love has a symbol quaint and old
As any that you can bring —
Its as fine as ever was wrought in gold
But its only an apron string.

Lines from “*The Apron String.*” suggested by criticism of Admiral Dewey,
New York Times, June, 1900 and Columbus Press-Post.

THE MAGIC OF A BUTTON.

He entered a room filled with busy young women, the majority of them being official stenographers. Standing, hat in hand, his eyes raised now and then, until conscious of a glance meeting his, then, shifting furtively, he formed a humiliating spectacle for his cringing, servile demeanor indicated that he was a suppliant for alms, and his black, oily skin, matted white wool and dirty, ragged clothing, made him loathsome to the sight, repulsive to the sense. As he waited for some recognition, he seemed a fit representative of one who had never known a right, one who had never felt a thrill of manliness — in short, a born beggar.

But what was that? Through the folds of a worn scarf gleamed a little bronze button, the insignia of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Down went the barriers of race pride, forgotten was the scorn that his appearance had created, and a wave of tenderest emotion swept through the room, as from the farthest corner a man of noble bearing, with silvery

hair and a face fair as a woman’s advanced with outstretched hand to greet the black, who, all at once, was invested with the dignity of one who has once been great — the dignity that cannot wholly depart from the meanest specimen of earth who has once served as a soldier in the greatest war of all times.

There they stood, the negro and the Saxon. As far apart as the antipodes in a sense, for the one chanced to be a man of high intelligence, while the other, save for that one thing which had lifted him above his condition, was the lowest type of his race. But, between the two was a bond as strong as life or death — the bond that is but dimly perceived by those who have not known by personal experience, the deep feeling that unites those who fought for the Union in the darkest hour of its life.

The spell of the moment was over all as the firm white hand of Joseph Bishop, Secretary of Board of Arbitration clasped the trembling black one and left a gift that does not demean the recipient under any circumstances — the gift of a comrade.

THRILLING, TRAGICAL, PATHETIC STORY OF REAL LIFE.

Happiness is a matter of temperament, not of environment. In the little mining village of Daleton, Athens county, O., may be found the illustration of the truth of this axiom. Here lives a woman whose life has been one long struggle with sickness, sorrow, bereavement and adversity, with one experience so terrible it would have deprived most women of life or reason. Yet this woman lives and laughs, works and talks and enjoys an occasional holiday or some slight gift of remembrance with the zest of a child.

Pathetic, thrilling, tragical is the story of her life. Only the facts need be told. She was born in Scarborough, Yorkshire, England, 64 years ago. Her father, John Harrington, was a sea captain. In Scarborough, she met George Banks, a blacksmith in the dockyards. Before she was 17 he won her for his wife. They continued to live in her native town several years. Finally Mr. Banks, who had adopted the Mormon faith, wished to come to America and join that sect in Utah.

Fearlessly Mrs. Banks bade farewell to all connected with her childhood and embarked on an eight weeks' sailing voyage to America. In Philadelphia Mr. Banks learned polygamy was practiced in Utah, and great was his perplexity. His wife had been reared with one idea of the sacredness of monogamy. She believed in him. All the manhood in him revolted at the thought of shaming her trust. His religious faith had been strong; his human love was stronger. He renounced allegiance to the Mormons. In relinquishing his religion he destroyed his best chances in a worldly way, for the people of Utah would have aided him by their influence.

Manfully he faced the results of his renunciation and alone sought work at his old trade. He could not get employment, so taking his family to Minersville, Pa., he entered the mines and learned to dig coal.

In Pennsylvania at that time there was an element similar to the Molly McGuires. They made life such a terror to peace-loving people that many left the state, among them the

Banks family. They located in Minersville, O.

Scarcely were they domiciled when across the sea came word that the mother of Mrs. Banks was dead. Soon after this, her father, while on a voyage to Calcutta, was drowned. A few months later her only brother, a ship contractor, perished in a wreck off the coast of Holland.

One afternoon when Mrs. Banks was quite busy, her little boy, aged 7, asked if he might go to a neighbor's house to play. She assented. From that moment to the present, a period of 40 years, no human being has ever seen or heard aught of Johnnie Banks. Somewhere in the world may live a man of 47 for whom this name will awaken memories that have long lain dormant, for his disappearance was not heralded to the world to any extent. Those most interested in him could not make the country ring with the story of their loss. They were held by the iron chain of poverty, and all save the mother believed he had met death in the Ohio.

Back to the mine went the grief-stricken father to toil for subsistence, while the distracted mother resumed her household duties. They had still their little daughter, but she could not fill the place of one who had left, not even the sorry consolation of a grave. Nor could another son, who came a few months later, do so. The baby died in a short time.

Several years passed bringing many hardships, but they were only such as fall to the lot of all who toil and hope and see their efforts marked failure. They moved to Jackson, O., and as time went by other children came until there were 11. But some strange fatality seemed to attend the boys, for three of them died in infancy. The girls lived and thrived until the youngest one, Varina, was stricken with brain fever on the day a brother was born. He lived, but she died in a few days. When another boy came a year later, there was half a fear that another calamity would occur.

Rebekah, the second daughter, in childish play pushed some cherry stones so far into her ears and could not get them out. Frightened at what she had done, she refrained from making known her distress and became entirely deaf.

At Carbondale, O., Mr. Banks secured work in the mines and Mrs. Banks' services soon became invaluable in the little community, for she had much natural ability as a nurse, and wherever there was sickness she went to minister to the afflicted. Her girls grew to womanhood, were married and their children came to share her love and care. One of these, George Phillips, while playing, found a box of concentrated lye, and dabbling his tiny hands in it conveyed it to his mouth. The deadly solution burned the delicate membranes of the throat and stomach until he died in agony in a few hours. His mother did not long survive him, and her other child was left to the care of his grandmother.

Soon afterward their home and all the little accumulations of years were burned. Before they had fully recovered from this, Mrs. Banks one day went to Athens. While there, a message reached her, "Come at once." She went home and found her husband dead. He had been killed by a fall of slate in the mine. The patient, quiet man with whom she had shared all the long, hard years, had been taken without time to say one word that should sustain her in after trials. The first of these came soon. James, the 16-year-old boy, who was working by his father's side when the crash came, never recovered from the shock and died a year later.

The mother's remaining son, although but a child, went into the mines to earn a living for himself and her. She continued her work, but at times while at her daily tasks a deadly numbness crept over her and one day she fell stricken. When she regained consciousness she could not see. She was brought to Columbus to consult Dr. Hamilton. He said she would always be blind in one eye, but that the other might be cured if her general system were not so weakened.

"With absolute rest and freedom from care you may live four months, but work, worry—strain of any kind—will in all probability result in your death before then."

Human fallibility! She lives and is still among the workers of the world, while with the one eye that skill has restored, she read of the death of the distinguished physician.

Recently after reading of a man who had been stolen from his parents under circum-

stances that indicated he may have been Mrs. Banks' long lost son, I drove across the country from Nelsonville to Daleton to see if the mother could furnish evidence pointing to this conclusion.

I had often heard the mother say that never in all the years since he passed from her sight had she sought her pillow without wondering if her lost boy had a place to sleep, and never had she wakened in the morning without the hope that she would hear something of him before the day closed.

Mrs. Banks had just returned from an all-night vigil at a sick neighbor's. Although pale and worn, her face was brightened by a smile as she bustled about to make the cup of tea that is the first thing on the program for all who pass the threshold of Mrs. Banks as friend, casual caller or "just a tramp." If she were denied the pleasure of extending this hospitality to anyone it would not be the tramp, for once she said to a neighbor who remonstrated: "Do you think I would turn anyone from my door, so long as I had anything to share. Why, I wouldn't dare to hope that some woman would be kind to my boy if he should be wandering about in need of help."

"Mrs. Banks," I said, after some talk, "How old is Johnnie now?" To her he is living.

She gave his age, then looked at me with a tremulous smile, saying, "Why do you ask me this in such a strange way?"

"I was just thinking of him, that's all. By the way, did you have any enemies among the Mormons, any former acquaintances from England?" In an instant she was across the room and had me by the arm, saying:

"Quick, tell me, what do you know?" The intensity of mother's love spoke in her tone, in the strength of her hold, and in the pitiful quiver of her lips. I told her of the story. Points of similarity caused the mother's face to glow with the light of hope, but there was discrepancy in time so great that further investigation would have been vain. I asked if she still thought of him as the little lad who left her in the long ago, or as one now grown to manhood.

She answered promptly:

"I have seemed to see him grow from childhood to youth and then to manhood, so that I should not be surprised if, at any moment, a man whose hair is tinged with gray should enter that door and call me mother. But while his face is very clear at times, it grows dim if I attempt to locate him."

"And can you not believe him dead?"

"Oh, no, I wish I could, for then my mind would be at rest. But always in my dreams I see him among the living and I know he is not dead. I believe that he will come to me before I die, but oh, the waiting has been long—40 years."

Long indeed! And her hope may seem but an illusion woven of the tissue of dreams, but as our illusions are the source of our greatest happiness, it is as well for her to cherish this until she sees with clearer eyes.

Her history furnishes a contrast to the life stories of those who fret and moan that the world is against them because forsooth they have had trouble or grief or have failed to reach the mountain tops of aspiration. They lack what sustains this woman—the happy temperament, the buoyant spirit that soars above the stress of circumstances, just as some light-winged bird may skim the surface of the sea and ride upon the crest of waves that threaten to engulf.

PROGRESSION.

Love that has to be won and held is love of little worth
 For love that is worth having was given before our birth;
 And tho we may touch on quicksands of passion's wild desire
 And jealous doubt and longing these things but act as the fire
 That burns away the debris that clings about wood or coal,
 Before these blaze in upward flame resembling love of soul
 Which has so fine an insight that surface facts do not count
 For it sees beneath the seeming and drinks from deeper fount
 Than that which quenches thirst where the public e'er stands on guard
 To list the worth of each look and sound the depths of regard,
 That seems to be twixt those who speak; or marvel, eyes agape—
 When former friends in silence meet, tho these but bow to fate—
 When they pass and repass coldly in busy mart or street
 While their thought thrills forth a greeting sublimely true and sweet
 For those born for each other can pass the most crucial test
 And live in lands with seas between yet stifle all unrest,
 In peace that is understanding, and love so pure and rare
 It can look beyond the shadows with faith that says, "Elsewhere
 We shall meet and greet each other, our lives shall blend as one
 In another incarnation where high degrees are won."
 Two masters wait the victors who can conquer in the strife
 Where soul and senses battle for supremacy or life;
 They wait these patient great ones for the glory of the hour
 When they may crown another with the wreath of god-like power,
 That falls on masters only who can guard a weaker soul
 For the men who sway the masses have fullest self control;
 They know life's pendulum swinging down to darkest hour of night
 Will gaining momentum with distance swing back to heigher height
 Than that of lives that are as calm as a cloudless summer day
 For strongest natures swing to extremes there is no other way;
 They writhe in lowest depths of hell with devils of doubt and fear
 Or with joyous face and matchless grace ascend to the other sphere.
 So scorn not one who grovels in the dust with a broken wing,
 When this is cured he may rise again and teach you how to sing;
 As the cords of the heart vibrating under cruel, stinging blow
 Then a master's hand hath struck it will sound through its wail of woe
 The minor strain of sweetness that ere sounds in lives that are sad
 The rare sweet melody never heard in music that is glad
 It sounds from natures strong in truth who cling to ideals in trust
 And grand in their faith can rise each time they fall in the dust
 Lines from "*Progression.*" published July, 1900.

GENERAL JOE WHEELER

SAYS THE UNITED STATES SHOULD HAVE SUPERVISION OVER
THE AFFAIRS OF THE ISLANDS.

RUSSIA WILL TAKE NO BACKWARD STEP IN CHINA — THE POST INSPECTED.

General Joe Wheeler spent Tuesday morning inspecting the Columbus Post and was much pleased with its condition. He thinks the command in much better shape than that usually found where the character of the troops is migratory.

General Wheeler is cordial in manner, animated in speech and talked quite freely to newspaper representatives on various topics principally those of a political and military nature. In speaking of the situation in the East he said:

When I was in Hong Kong last spring I noticed the conditions in the Chinese Empire and decided that Russia would soon have a garrison in Peking. My views of this may be wrong but Russia will take no backward step in China, unless it be temporarily and only with the idea of securing a firmer footing in China, just as one may swing the foot backward in order to step forward again.

The General illustrated this remark with a movement of his foot then resumed the erect position which he had maintained throughout the talk.

When asked what sort of government he thought should be granted the Philippines, he replied:

I think a separate form of territorial government would be of advantage, that is, permit the nine separate tribes to have their governors and make and execute their laws, but this government should guide them. When I was there I organized a system of this sort in town government and when asked by the native officials if they could do this or that, I told them that I did not wish to dictate to them but that I should appreciate their confidence, and with regard to the custom of their past to do what they thought was right. I did not ask them to report even on their

government. They did so, and I told Otis I thought they would conform to the law if permitted this chance, but he did not agree with me.

In reply to the question: "Do you believe in the present course of the administration in the Philippines?" he said:

"Army officers always support the government but being an officer I should not discuss this question. When I retired from service I expressed my views very freely, but now that I have re-entered army life, I do not forget that a soldier's duty is to obey orders without question or comment."

"Then I may infer that your views have not changed since you expressed them so freely?"

"That is the first question in another form," said the General, with a twinkle in his eyes that indicated the inference would be correct, and after a moment's pause he continued:

"I do not think there will be an independent Philippine government for the people there do not want it, they think that Americans should guide their affairs."

At this point in the talk General Wheeler stepped to a map of the Philippines and pointed out various sections where four crops of rice or sugar could be raised in a season, and regretted that in all that fertile land there was but one railway. He also declared that the idea that Americans are not fitted for the work that would fall to them in the Philippines was erroneous, as they would necessarily have to work in the rice or sugar fields where there were such splendid openings for manufactories and other industries.

General Wheeler is a small man but one cannot without seeing him, realize how small a man may be and still be a fighter and a leader of men.

PECULIARITIES OF EUROPEAN LIFE AND COUNTRIES

Mr. C. R. Parish has returned from his trip abroad, where he visited England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria and Bavaria. In his party were Dr. and Mrs. Oldham of this city and Dr. Gullen of Cleveland. Mr. Parish is enthusiastic in regard to all that he saw on his trip, which he describes in a very graphic manner.

He visited many historical places that abound in London, among them Westminster, St. Paul's cathedral, Tower of London and National art gallery, but was most interested in the Old Curiosity Shop, which Dickens made famous. He enjoyed the rides on top of omnibuses because of the opportunity offered him to see the people of London. He was surprised by the fact that in six days in London on crowded thoroughfares, where accidents always seemed about to happen, he never heard a profane word from a cab driver or any of the people whose lives are mostly spent on the streets.

Mr. Parish spent a half hour in the house of commons and heard a very interesting discussion of the African question. One speaker was angry about the mistakes made by the British government in Africa. Buckingham palace was one of the most interesting places visited. In the stables there were the finest horses in the land. In one stable 116 horses were quartered. Mr. Parish was honored by an invitation to dine with the United Empire league in the Mansion house, where all civic entertainments are given. The lord chief mayor of London presided, and representatives of different colonies made speeches. The address of Sir Charles Tupper of Canada was very fine. The Catacombs were explored by the party, who did not recover from the weird effects of their sojourn in that city of the dead for some time. The trip from London across the channel was made by way of New Haven and Dieppe, and was one of the swiftest steamer rides the party had ever enjoyed. The trip was made in three hours. From Dieppe the party went to Paris and spent 16 days in the gayest city of the world.

Mr. Parish was asked if he experienced

the almost intoxicating effects of the gayety that abounds, and replied that the people all seemed exhilarated, and one could not long remain in the atmosphere without being enlivened. He said an Italian newspaper man who was their companion for a time had described the Parisians as a people who had gone crazy in entertaining themselves, and he thought the description very good, especially after learning that all theaters were kept open on Sundays and that the sidewalks were used much as our saloons for drinking purposes. Apropos of this, at the hotel where the party stopped wine was served with all meals, but every time icewater was ordered there was a charge of 1 franc. Mr. Parish thought this the most peculiar method of transacting business he had ever known.

Bernhardt in her latest role was seen in all the glory of her own theater, and as a vivid contrast to this at Notre Dame the people were kissing a crown that was said to have been the one worn by Christ. Napoleon's temple with the beautiful yellow light was very impressive.

Of the exposition, Mr. Parish said little, dismissing it with the statement that he thought, from a financial standpoint, it was a failure, but in other respects would compare favorably with the world's fair, especially in the art exhibits. He found one place at the exposition endowed with a peculiar charm. It was in the building where an American company was serving corn in four different styles in order to introduce its virtues. The corn dodgers prepared and served by an old colored "mammy" were particularly enjoyable. Mr. Parish is authority for the statement that nothing at the exposition excelled them.

In Italy the party reveled in the beauty of the land and sky and water, and felt that solemnity that overcomes all who stand in the ancient ruins that abound in that country. At Genoa a monument of Columbus attracted attention and in the cathedral a casket containing the ashes of John the Baptist were on exhibition. Mrs. Oldham was not permitted

to view this edifying sight because, as the guard explained, she was a woman and it was a woman who caused John the Baptist to lose his head. The guard didn't explain why one woman's treachery should prevent all others seeing the ashes of her victim, but it was taken for granted that the people in the cathedral fear other men may lose their heads on account of women, especially if they hail from America.

In the Leaning Tower of Pisa the party heard the chime of the seven bells and tested the echoes. Dr. Baritone sang "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and his rich lines were sounded back some time after the closing of each bar. The wonders of the Eternal City were first disclosed to the party while the funeral of the murdered King Humbert was in progress. It was a sight of such inspiring military grandeur as none of them expected to see again. From their hotel they could look directly into the square where the ceremonies were conducted, and this square, which was larger than that of the statehouse, was a solid mass of Roman spears and helmets above the vari-colored uniforms and magnificent floral offerings from many countries.

The English ambassador, with his retinue, attended the funeral, and afterward the American party secured an interview with him, which lasted an hour, and was spent in an

informal manner. The drives along the Appian Way were noteworthy. Miss Vicking, formerly of Evansville, Ind., but who now has charge of a Methodist college in Rome, conducted the party through the Ghetto and other interesting places.

The splendors of the Vatican were appreciated by all the party, but at the Temple of Jupiter, Mr. Parish entered a gate that had been inadvertently left open, and now claims that at least one part of the Romulus and Remus story was absolutely true, for the wolf was still there. He saw it and heard its howl. The guard returning suddenly caused him to leave without taking a snapshot of it.

When asked if, "See Naples and die," expressed his sentiments, Mr. Parish replied: "No, I wanted to get out of it as soon as possible, for with the beautiful bay before one and all the glory of an Italian sky above, the beggars and the fleas were too persistent in plying their business to permit one to enjoy himself. Even Vesuvius didn't seem anything great on account of them. Half a day was spent in the ruins of Pompeii with their revelation of ancient life, and the party lingered as long as possible in Florence and Venice.

From Venice the party went to Munich, thence through Austria to Oberammergau, where the Passion play was witnessed.



MRS. ALFRED KELLEY.

FAVORITE RECIPES OF COLUMBUS WOMEN.

Brilliat Savarin would come back to earth and distribute his gastronomic precepts unto all inhabitants if he could know that a talk which I heard recently voiced the opinion of a vast number of people who still believe that everything pertaining to the kitchen is commonplace, if not degrading. The speakers were two young women, one an alleged house-keeper, the other a "lady clerk — not a sales-woman I'd have you understand." They were energetically expressing their views of women who have aught to do with cooking and their talk indicated a belief that to be thoroughly refined one must possess extreme disdain for dinners and profound contempt for cooks. In this connection one of them made the sweeping assertion that she had always been too much of a "lady" to learn to cook.

In one sense their words were not worth a thought, but as their remarks are echoed by a host who have not yet learned that cooking has been given a high place among the arts of civilization, it seemed worth while trying to devise some plan whereby all could be made to see how this subject is regarded by many women who live in luxury and have no need to toil either with brain or hands unless so inclined; but who are far too sensible to think that their refinement is compromised by taking an interest in that which is of such vital importance to the race — cooking.

Among the women of Columbus who do not deem this art unworthy of their attention are many of the gifted, gracious leaders in thought and dictators in the social realm. While meeting these professionally at various times, I incidentally learned that many of them could prepare dishes that would please the most exacting gastronomic discrimination and that others were co-workers with their cooks in helpful suggestions and personal superintendence of the most important features of each meal. It occurred to me that if their interest in this science were known, it might give to the women, who still regard cooking as a throwing together of things to be heated in a haphazard way, a different conception of their work.

Knowing that a mere statement of this interest would be open to the criticism that it did not exist as a condition, but was merely a theory, I requested several of these women to furnish me with directions for the dish regarded with especial favor and prepared with the greatest care in their own homes. That they can change necessities into idealities and that they have a full understanding of what will provide for the enjoyment of the sense of taste is demonstrated by the recipes given and the preferences expressed.

MRS. FRANK HICKOK EMPHASIZES "SOUP."

'Twas Byron said, "My way is to begin with the beginning," and this seems to be the method adopted by Mrs. Frank Hickok when considering dinner, for she thinks the most important dish placed upon the table is soup. Other dishes may be left to the cook, but she personally supervises the making of the soup and upon the advent of a new cook gives patient instructions with regard to it until, imbued with her enthusiasm, the newcomer strives to make it a success. The following recipe in smaller proportions is the one most frequently used.

CONSOMME.

Eight pounds of a leg of veal, eight pounds of the lower part of the round of beef, half a cupful of butter, twelve quarts of cold water, half a small carrot, two large onions, half a head of celery, thirty pepper corns, six whole cloves, a small piece each of mace and cinnamon, four sprigs each of parsley, sweet majoram, summer savory and thyme; four leaves of sage, four bay leaves, about one ounce of ham. Put half of the butter in the soup pot and then put in the meat, which has been cut into very small pieces. Stir over a hot fire until the meat begins to brown. Then add one quart of the water and cook until there is a thick glaze on the bottom of the kettle (this will be about an hour). Add the remainder of

the water and let it come to a boil. Skim carefully and set back where it will simmer for six hours. Fry the vegetables which have been cut very small, in the remaining butter for half an hour, being careful not to burn them. When done, turn this into the soup pot, and at the same time add the herbs and spice. Cook one hour longer, salt to taste and strain. Set in a very cold place until morning, when skim off all the fat. Turn the soup into the pot, being careful not to turn in the sediment, and set on the fire. Beat the whites and shell of two eggs with one cup of cold water. Stir into the soup and when it comes to a boil, set back where it will simmer for twenty minutes. Strain through a napkin and if not ready to use, put away in a cold place. This will keep a week in winter but not more than three days in summer. This is the foundation for any clear soup, the soup taking the name of the solid used with it, as "Consomme with Macaroni," etc.

MRS. C. F. ACTON TELLS HOW SHE PREPARES HALIBUT.

Mrs. C. F. Acton, who lives with her daughter, Mrs. Hickok, is fond of old-fashioned cooking in general; but is somewhat partial to a dish that is often prepared from a recipe that is not found in any cook book but was furnished by a daughter to whom it was given by the principal of the Boston Cooking School while a pupil there. By chance this creation followed the soup in the most approved order for it was a

FILLET OF HALIBUT A LA POULETTE.

To prepare it, wash the fish quickly as possible, cut it into thin slices 4 by 2 inches, place a thin slice of onion on each slice of fish, spread the fish on a large dish, cover and put away in a cool place for half an hour. At the end of that time, remove the onion, season the fish with salt and pepper, then dip in melted butter (for 2 pounds of fish add 4 tablespoonfuls of butter) roll up the slice and fasten with a toothpick, dredge lightly with flour, place in the pan and put in hot oven for fifteen minutes. The oven must be very hot to brown them nicely. Arrange the rolls on a hot dish, pour white sauce around and sprinkle the yolk of a hard boiled egg (sifted through a strainer) over them, garnish as you please. For the sauce, one cup of white stock, chicken or veal, one cup of cream, table-spoon-

ful of chopped onion, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 2 scant tablespoonfuls of flour, salt and pepper to taste. Put the butter and chopped onion in a little frying pan, cook ten minutes, being careful not to burn it, then add the flour and stir until smooth and frothy. Gradually add the stock and let it simmer ten minutes. Add the salt, pepper and cream, let it boil and strain.

MRS. CAMPBELL CHITTENDEN LIKES ALMOND PUD-DINGS.

Mrs. Campbell Chittenden likes almond puddings and often suggests that the following recipe be used in compounding a dish, which is fittingly described as "preserving the sweetness of proportion and expressing itself beyond expression." The ingredients are: 1 pint of milk, 1-4 pound of butter, 1-4 pound of flour, 3 ounces of sugar, 1-4 pound of almonds (grated), 6 eggs.

The preparation requires care. Put all the milk, except a small cupful, and the butter on the fire until it boils, wet the flour with the small cupful of cold milk and add it to the milk and butter on the fire. Keep it all on the fire, stirring constantly, until it keeps the vessel containing it clean. Then remove it and add the sugar and almonds and the yolks of the eggs. Beat the whites thereof to a stiff froth and add it also. Butter the pudding form and sprinkle all the sides and bottom with bread crust crumbs. Fill the form with the pudding and boil it in water for one and a half hours, taking care that no water enters the form.

Sauce — Mix a heaping teaspoonful of flour, a small cup of sugar and three egg yolks. Boil this, add lemon juice for flavor and the whites of three eggs.

MRS. RUTHERFORD PLATT.

"If you give me any preserves, give me preserves of beef," is a quotation applicable to the dish that Mrs. Rutherford Platt favors. Quite fragile in appearance, it seemed a little odd that she has not found in all the varied concoctions of modern times any dish that she likes better than roast beef.

MRS. ALFRED KELLY'S "ENIGMA."

Mrs. Alfred Kelly is one of the few women who are not afraid to launch boldly into the unknown waters that surround every experiment in cooking with the result that she can

present to her friends a savory concoction that is a concept of her own. She left her creation nameless, but it should be called "An Enigma." To prepare it take a very young calves' liver, hollow it and fill with the richest dressing, serve with brown mushrooms.

The sauce requires one can of French mushrooms, two cupfuls of stock, two tablespoonfuls of flour, four of butter, salt, pepper. Melt the butter, add the flour and stir until a very dark brown, then gradually add the stock. When this boils up, add the liquor from the mushrooms. Season and simmer twenty minutes. Skim off any fat that may rise to the top. Add the mushrooms and simmer five minutes longer. Too much cooking toughens the mushrooms.

MRS. KELLY'S PUNCH.

Mrs. Kelly also compounds a punch that is very refreshing and agreeable in flavor. For this drink she takes one-half part of cider, sweet or slightly hard, and one-fourth of red wine usually Virginia seedling. The remaining fourth is composed of the juice of lemons and oranges, 3 parts of the lemon to 1 of orange. This is sweetened to taste and made attractive to sight with ice crystals and a few slices of lemon.

MRS. GILBERT H. STEWART'S RECIPE FOR WELSH RAREBIT.

Mrs. Stewart, wife of Judge Stewart, meets with such unqualified success in making one difficult dish that her friends are enthusiastic in their praise of it and her husband is brave enough to partake of it for his midnight lunch. His courage recalls the lines, "Oh what men dare do, what men may do, what men daily do without knowing what they do," for the dish is that fascinating creation, Welsh rarebit.

The directions for making it, given with the vivacity that characterizes Mrs. Stewart's talk, are as follows:

Butter a dish, put in it one pound of cheese and the usual condiments, salt, pepper, paprika in generous quantities, then take one dessert spoonful of mustard and stir into it the yolk of one egg, heat the ingredients until the cheese melts, then stir, stir, stir as the success of the dish depends upon the stirring, add tablespoonful to half glassful of beer and

stir, stir, stir. Serve immediately. This is good with any kind of a drink.

MRS. JOSEPH ANDREW JEFFREY BELIEVES IN WHOLESOME PREPARATIONS.

Mrs. J. A. Jeffrey always has upon her table some one of the more nutritious forms of food, such as rice, macaroni, beans, and these are always served in some palatable manner. Although Mrs. Jeffrey has not cooked any for years, she has demonstrated her ability in that line in the past, and could do so again without difficulty. So much importance does she attach to the proper preparation of food that if the education of her daughters were to be given over again, she would take each one of them from school at the age when girls manifest the greatest interest in domestic affairs, from 12 to 15, and have them given an all-round training in cooking, not because they are disappointing in their achievements in this line, but because she believes it would have been so much better for them to have had this training in early life.

Mrs. Jeffrey is brilliant in conversation on all general subject possessing that touch and go-lightness that is so charming, but she never talks so well on any subject as upon those concerning the home — not only her own home, but those of others who perhaps never knew that this cultured woman has given so much thought to the problems that confront those of limited means, especially that which pertains to supplying food of maximum value at a minimum cost. So thoroughly has she studied this subject that it is more than probable, if called upon to apply her knowledge in a practical way, she could serve attractive and wholesome meals at far less cost than the unwholesome dishes that are often placed upon tables under the plea of economy, but which really are due to ignorance of relative food values.

Possessed of the rare attribute that enables the possessor to enter into the feelings, the hopes and difficulties of others, she seems to divine what is most helpful to them and she believes that one great need of a large class of people is education along this line of food values until they shall realize that the wholesome dishes which constitute so large a part of the menu of her household furnish the best diet.

**MRS. ELISE FITCH HINMAN LIKES
SALADS AND GAMES.**

Mrs. Elise Fitch Hinman has a preference for salads and game which is certainly a combination that would give to satiety a new desire for food and undoubtedly proves that Mrs. Hinman is possessed of nerves for appreciating flavors.

**MISS HELEN WRIGHT CAN WORRY
ALONG WITH A COLD BOTTLE
AND A HOT BIRD.**

Miss Helen Wright asks nothing better of the gods so far as the sense of taste is concerned, than a cold bottle, a hot bird and a lettuce salad — the more condiments the better. The taste that requires this blending, seems to represent in a piquant way the individual in much the manner that Garrick was described as a salad because "in him we see oil, vinegar, sugar and saltiness agree."

MISS WRIGHT'S SALAD.

An excellent salad is made by taking two small or one large head of lettuce. Break off all the leaves carefully, wash each separately, and throw into a pan of ice water, where they should remain an hour. Put them in a wire basket or coarse towel, and shake out all the water. Either cut the leaves with a sharp knife or tear them in large pieces.

Mix the French dressing with them and serve immediately.

MRS. OUTHWAITE.

Mrs. Joseph Outhwaite is fond of sweet breads with mushroom sauce and they are very apt to be on the menu of the family table or served to her friends who find Mrs. Outhwaite's entertainments delightful in every way, but particularly so in the delicacies which she suggests shall be prepared for them.

The following recipe is used in the preparation of the delicacy:

**CREAMED SWEETBREADS AND
MUSHROOMS.**

Parboil three pair of sweetbreads, after cutting each pair in four pieces, so that they are a suitable size to serve at table.

Take one pint of cream and heat in a double boiler. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour and the same of butter, well mixed together; also, two tablespoonfuls of sherry wine; heat the sweetbreads hot in the cream and serve.

Peel three baskets of fish mushrooms. Put them in a dish on the back part of the stove to draw out the juice. Add a little salt. After standing awhile add a few spoonfuls of cream and the same of flour, well mixed together, and heat all thoroughly. Serve on pieces of buttered toast with the sweetbreads.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE MANAGING EDITOR?

If you were managing editor of the Press-Post, what change would you inaugurate first?

This is the question I recently asked a number of the leaders of thought in this city.

I believed that every expression of opinion voiced by the representative men of Columbus regarding this subject would be free from party acrimony and petty personalities. This hypothesis was based upon—knowledge gained through years of professional acquaintance-ship with them during which it was learned that they can give the reply courteous always.

Of course I haven't heard them all speak under all circumstances but one may judge of the whole by a part just as the size of a circle may be determined from a segment of the circumference.

Let their replies prove if my inference was correct.

GENERAL BEATTY.

"If I were managing editor of the Press-Post I'd have larger type used so it could be read by people whose eyes are not so good as they used to be. I take your paper but I can't read anything but the headlines, not even the editorials so I'd have to begin with this mechanical change before I could make any other."

"Wouldn't the change you mention be from the viewpoint of General Beatty and not from that of the editor?"

"By no means. Wouldn't I be considering the vast number of people who, like myself, would like to read the newspapers but can't, on account of the small print in most of them? The headlines in The Press-Post just suit me but of course one couldn't have the entire paper of that size so the people who are getting old will have to rely on others if they keep up with current events."

MR. MARTIN GEMUENDER.

"I would make it a point to have all records of laws that had been pronounced unconstitutional by the Supreme Court carefully examined from time to time. Then I would publish in the most conspicuous way the names of the men who were instrumental in the enactment of those laws in order that the public might

not forget that they had once betrayed public trust. I should do this in regard to municipal affairs also for too often in the hue and cry about that which affects the welfare of the public the men who are responsible for vicious laws or decisions are permitted to escape individual criticism and at some future time they bob up and are re-elected to some place where they can betray those who have trusted them."

That Mr. Gemuender's idea will be made practicable is evident from the following which appeared immediately after he had voiced the above sentiment.

The Press-Post gives notice here and now to every alleged Democrat in the city council that if he votes away the people's rights without availing himself of the disinterested information to be given by Professor Bemis he will find his name repeatedly presented from time to time to this community as a man unworthy of a public or private trust. And while it is the policy of this paper not to take part in the nominations of candidates for office, yet we want it distinctly understood that should any name ever come before the people for nomination or election that may appear upon the roll of dishonor after next Monday night's meeting of the council, The Press-Post will not neglect any opportunity to warn the people against such a traitor. The Press-Post can serve the Democratic party best by serving the people best.

HON. D. J. RYAN.

leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes with the resigned, wearied air of a man who has passed the limit. He remained in this attitude and the silence was like that of a deserted mining camp. Then without opening his eyes and almost without opening his mouth, he said:

"Well, I would try to make the strong features of The Press-Post more conspicuous and get farther and farther away from the old, orthodox newspaper and all inherent conservatism. Originality or daring is so rare in newspapers that I believe the public welcomes any change, so I'd reject traditional methods more and more. In carrying out

this idea I would endeavor to recognize capacity, honesty and intelligence in all places and would criticise the antitheses of those among my personal or party friends just as I would praise that which was worthy of it among my personal or party enemies. You see, I would consider that I was advancing the best interests of the paper and of the public by making myself and my friends subordinate to it."

"To what extent would you carry this subordination?"

"To the extent of refusing to permit anything to appear as a reply to the attacks of enemies, however bitter they might be, for the paper should not be made an organ to air personal or party grievances. Understand, I am not advancing these opinions as criticisms of The Press-Post, for I think its trend is in the direction I have indicated, but I would make it stronger in this direction."

"Let me get you correctly. You believe that a paper placed on the plane you outline would be successful from every standpoint?"

"Assuredly. If kept there a sufficient length of time to enable the public to understand its position. For, say what we may when inclined to be pessimistic, public opinion will ever bow in admiration and appreciation of fairness and having gained a higher and wider influence with the general public the business prosperity of any paper would be increased and after a time the denunciation of those most opposed to the plan at first would be silenced."

DUANE H. BAKER.

"Oh, do ask me something easier."

"I can't. It's down on the bills and has to be done."

"And the sooner the better, is that it?" Well, then, the only thought I've ever had in this connection is that were I the manager of any newspaper I would have fewer illustrations."

"That's a little odd for one of your profession, unless you mean to advocate quality in place of quantity?"

"That is just what I would advocate and insist upon having. Fewer and better illustrations than those presented by the majority of papers throughout the country. Of course there would be exceptions where cartoons were hastily put before the public in order to present some political situation, or whenever a picture could aid an argument, but when the occasion didn't demand it, I wouldn't have illustrations just because I could, for

when pictures appear with such frequency as in many papers, they are considered a matter of course and fail to attract, as they would if used more sparingly."

MR. J. Y. BASSELL.

"It seems to me The Press-Post is managed in a very admirable manner being bright, full of news given in a snappy manner, displaying good advertisements, etc., so I don't think of any change that I would suggest from my conception of it as a reader and if placed in the position of manager I'm quite sure I would not make any changes until I had thoroughly studied every department with a view to seeing where they would be most effective. But, from the very first, I'd keep my eye on the business part of the institution and I'd notice any falling off or increase in the advertisements, or any defection or acquisition in the subscription list."

"Do I understand then, that the commercial returns would receive your first attention?"

"Most assuredly, and if they were satisfactory I'd begin to study other things in connection with the paper, but I wouldn't attempt anything unless the financial returns warranted it."

"You'd have no special editions and there'd be no lime-light displays?"

"Not until I felt safe as to where they would land with regard to the money part."

DR. J. F. BALDWIN.

The man who can crowd more into one day than the average man can get out of a month and who can talk on any theme whether science, literature, music, old world traditions, social problems or the topic of the moment and talk in such a way that those with whom he converses feel as if they were receiving a mental bath, replied:

"My first thought as managing editor of The Press-Post or any newspaper would be to make it what it has always seemed to me the ideal newspaper should be. A paper of news and nothing else."

"What would be the initial step toward this ideal newspaper?"

"I would exclude all stories and novelettes and the leading departments of science, art, etc., should be under the direction of experts who should furnish to the paper all occurrences of importance in their respective departments. This would include not only discoveries, inventions, etc., but a brief sketch

of the life and work of any notable on the occurrence of his death."

"Discoveries, inventions and death, such as you mention, are covered by all papers."

"Not as they should be, for I have frequently noticed that the death of some of the world's greatest benefactors, those whose works entitled them to grateful remembrance, ignored by the newspapers and mentioned only in the magazines."

"What about personals?"

"Something in the way of personals would doubtless be in place in any newspaper, but these items should be only such as are of real public interest and should be reduced to a minimum. The greatest attention should be given to all public questions which should be freely discussed, full opportunity being given for the presentation of both sides. But don't you think I've more than covered the question? In fact, said too much?"

"In the words of the Indian, 'Too much is not enough'."

"Well, then, I'll add that which for the moment I had nearly forgotten, but which I have long deemed of paramount importance in conducting a newspaper, and this is that all communications, including editorials, should be signed and all advertisements should be classified, should be limited to the advertising and should include no fraudulent, immoral or questionable matter."

MR. BEN HARMON.

"I'd cut the size of the paper," was his incisive and unqualified response. He was asked to explain his sweeping statement which he did in these words:

"The newspapers of the day are far too bulky. We are trammled by them. A busy man has to wade through pages of stuff for which he has no use; stories, verse and supposed to be jokes; clippings from other papers, recipes without number with regard to making candy; others telling us how to keep young, as if one wouldn't get old before he'd get half way through a paper. This doesn't apply particularly to The Press-Post for all the papers are alike as each one is trying to excel the other in magnitude. I'd face the other way and if I only had one page it should be a newspaper."

"What of the people who may be interested in that which those who lead strenuous lives consider wearisome?"

"They are in the minority," and in any

business "the greatest good for the greatest number should be the aim."

"There are some who have a better aim than that?"

"I'd like to know what could be better than this aim. Pardon me, the remark was involuntary."

"Never mind that. Explain it. I am interested in knowing what you think is a better aim than that which I've cited, what is it, please?"

"The greatest good for all." "Oh, a sermon in a line." "But I can't see why all should be considered in determining the size of a paper. Those who wish to read some of the things I have cited could depend upon the magazines."

"Oh, I understand you now, some could not buy a magazine as readily as a paper."

"Well, I'll tell you how I'd fix that; I'd publish a magazine and throw it in with the paper. But if everyone talked as much as I have my idea would go glimmering, wouldn't it?"

MR. HOWARD PARK.

turned from the consideration of dividends and shares to say with a laugh of amusement:

"I'd try to make the paper so attractive and popular that my subscribers would wish to pay three years' subscription in advance and advertisers would engage space three months ahead."

"Please specify the methods you would employ to bring about so desirable a result?"

"I throw up my hands, so if you will excuse me until I get through with some of the people, I'll tell you so much about the management of a newspaper that you'll see it would be comparatively easy for me to run one."

Before he had finished talking with the other people it seemed that it would be comparatively easy for a banker to run any kind of business. At last, Mr. Park said:

"Placed in the position of managing editor I would try to make The Press-Post or any newspaper just what the name implies—a paper dealing strictly with news and I'd bar everything that did not come under that head."

"It would be interesting to learn what you consider news."

"All public affairs irrespective of party affiliations, all enterprises and deeds that appeal to the higher instincts of men and all that would affect the social, political, intellect-

ual and moral movements of the world. But I would not consider neighborhood brawls, family quarrels or domestic infelicity matters of general interest, so I would eliminate these from the paper over which I had control. Then I would never permit the desire to be first with the news to overshadow the principle of never allowing anything published that reflected against the good name of any person without first giving that person ample opportunity to justify his or her position. Now, will this pass me?"

REV. JOHN C. HEWITT.

"The Press-Post is up-to-date with news and with timely and well-written editorials. But, if I were its manager I would use scare-heads less lavishly, try to make the headlines more accurately reflect the facts contained in the body of the articles, especially the dispatches; use larger type for all running matter; cut out the 'People's Forum' and pictures of criminals; give criminal news less prominence, also reports of divorce suits; print all sermons in minion, and the headlines of Dr. Talkwell's sermons in the most pessimistic italics I could find in the font."

"Isn't that a little severe from a church man?"

"It's what I would do in the position you mention. You asked me for an opinion. I've given it to you.

"It won't express anything more than I mean in this connection, for I would tell Dr. Talkwell to his face what I think of his pessimistic attacks upon the church."

JUDGE TOD B. GALLOWAY.

"I would give every writer on the paper more latitude than is given to the writers on any paper in Columbus and avail myself of all individuality where it did not seriously interfere with the general policy of the paper."

"You might please some writers, but as to the public, wouldn't that be another question?"

"I think those who meet the public face to face are better fitted to know what will please it than those who view it from a greater distance in the capacity of editors."

"Sometimes the writers get too near things to view them properly."

"They'd have to see to that. I'd place that responsibility upon them."

"You wouldn't give them a chance to get out of anything, would you?"

"Get out of anything? Oh, I see. No,

they shouldn't place the blame upon me to any great extent if things didn't appear to the best advantage. But, of course, in pursuing this plan, I should be very careful to select the best and most brilliant writers, those who possessed instinctive and instructive taste and could work alone; then, after a careful study of the line for which each seemed adapted I would send them out on that line, saying: 'The field is yours. Make the most and the best of it.' But I shouldn't have any one on my staff who worked only for the money, and I should aim to get those who couldn't do anything else in the world quite so well as they could write, because there was nothing they liked to do so well, so the highest, best work would be at my disposal."

"I see. These are vulgar things we pay for."

"That is just what I mean. On mechanical lines conscientious work for a given length of time may be bought. But no salary, however large, can buy what is in my estimation the great essential for success in a newspaper, the heart force of the writers. I should do everything in my power to secure this before studying any other phase of the work of a managing editor."

JUDGE BIGGER.

"I would not permit so much space to be given to the details of divorce trials as is usually deemed necessary to satisfy the public clamor. I would restrict everything concerning these to the merest news account, for—well, for obvious reasons. There are some, of course, who must know of the revolting things so often brought out in divorce trials, but I wouldn't permit these to be inflicted upon the public in general. I'd try, as manager of a paper, to consider the best interests of the community in this respect."

"Even if your circulation decreased, while that of the other papers was doubled?"

"Well, I don't know as I would if the other papers published them, and it came to a practical test, for, of course, I should have to look at the subject from the standpoint of one whose duty it would be to do everything to advance the interests of his paper, but I tell you what I would do, I'd try to get the managers of all the other newspapers in town to combine with me in this. I'd try to get them to organize a non-publication society, as it were, to exclude from all the papers anything but the news account of these disgust-

ing trials. I think some such agreement could be reached and if so it would certainly be beneficial to the public."

JUDGE EVANS.

"I'd see to it that all the news and especially that of local import was placed in one place so that a busy man could find what he wished without having to wade through the entire newspaper with its medley of stories and things he doesn't care to see. This is a busy age and we wish the news with the least possible exertion. So in the position named I would strive to give my readers that for which they cared and would place it in a conspicuous place apart from all other matter."

"What about advertisers who would wish space along with the news articles. You couldn't afford to lose them?"

"That's so. Well, I'll tell you what I would do then. I'd have the news indexed and classified so that a busy man could turn to it as readily as we turn to the editorials. Fancy a man having to read pages of miscellany in order to strike an editorial now and then. He'd get tired and quit just as many of us are forced to do when in quest of some particular news. I'd try having a particular place where one could find anything that happened at the State House, the prison, the court house, city hall, etc., more readily."

JUDGE BADGER.

"I'd ask some good newspaper man, one who has been trained in the business from the ground up to advise me what to do and then I'd follow his advice."

"In short, you would manage the paper only in name?"

"That's it exactly for I'd be so wholly incompetent in such a position that the only thing I could do would be to sit back and let some one else be the real manager."

"But you might not find anyone obliging enough to manage the business for you?"

"In that case I'd let the paper run itself, feeling sure that it wouldn't run in the ground more rapidly than it would if I tried to run it," and the judge indulged in such hilarious laughter at the mental picture he had formed of himself as managing editor that his mirth was contagious. After we had passed from the world of laughter, I said:

"So you wouldn't make a change?"

"No, I couldn't," responded the judge dolorously. "I'd be at the mercy of every man and woman who worked for the paper, I'd have to let them do as they pleased."

"In which case the women would be most merciful for you would thus place in their hands the key to happiness."

"I'll remember that if I ever have charge of a paper. But now let me ask you to answer your own question? What would you do first if you were the manager?"

"Discharge half the force the very first hour."

"For what reason?"

"For no reason whatever. Just to let them know what I was."

"Oh, I see," said the judge. "Just make a bluff with the possibility that I might convince someone I did know something about the business. But I don't believe I could even make a good bluff as an editor."

"Nor as a candidate for—"

"Hold, enough," quoth the judge with dramatic fervor and the entire "staff" asked for a day off.

HON. PHILIP BRUCK.

"If I were managing editor of The Press-Post or any other paper, I would have an ideal paper by dictating the policy from the editorial rooms and if I were in the newspaper business for money the counting room would be its head."

"I fear I don't get your meaning."

"Why, I mean that the counting room of any paper should not rob the editorial rooms of their strength. The money part should yield to the brains always and if the editor or editors are restricted in carrying out their ideas for the advancement of the paper through the money consideration the paper can never be ideal. A broad and liberal spirit should dominate in the editorial department and it should not be held in check by the consideration that someone will not take the paper that gives expression to certain ideas or that some advertiser will withdraw his advertisements if the paper doesn't conform to what he thinks it should be."

These are their theories but in giving them none forgot that in trying to practice these they might learn in their fullest significance the truth of the words:

"I could easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own instructions."

DR. REXFORD.

"Just a little while ago I mentioned to an editor something that I thought called for reform in all the newspapers. So placed in the position you mention I should undoubtedly strive to bring about this reform. As you know there is scarcely a week goes by that the papers do not contain something about girls who have come to Columbus from smaller towns, villages or the country and through ignorance have been led into questionable places and questionable company where something happens that is considered news and the whole unhappy affair is placed before the public. Now, I would refrain from publishing the names of these girls. I should consider it a duty that I owed to my manhood to do so.

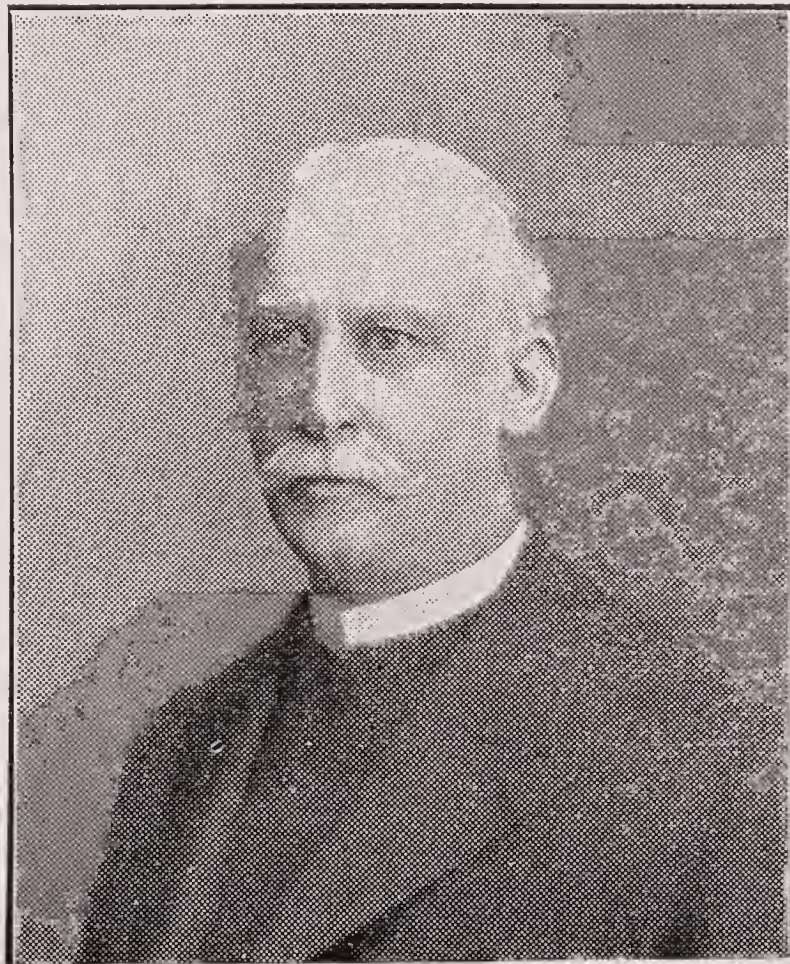
"It wouldn't be news without the names, and as a manager you would undoubtedly find that the public doesn't care for fairy stories."

"Well, I'd suppress it all then. I'd sacrifice the news in order to prevent these girls being

driven to desperation by the publication of their names. For too often the publishing of a girl's name under these circumstances removes the last barrier that stands between her and a life of shame. It puts a mark upon her for all time and prevents her trying to live down one mistake, and such as this should never be.

"You don't believe that one should be condemned for incidental error?"

"Never. Hope should be left in the human heart however great the sins of the individual. But what hope is there for the girl whose first step into city life is a mistake from which she cannot recover, as is the case when her name is given to the public? If this were not done she could go back home, but she is barred from that. Her friends never pardon her after she has once gained newspaper notoriety, and feeling that the worst that could befall her has happened, her downward course is accelerated and the newspapers assist in these tragedies when they could do so much to prevent them."



REV. JOHN C. HEWITT.

A REQUEST.

At this dear time of "Peace on earth,
Good will to men," when deadly foes
Have thoughts revealing kindred birth,
And stormy spirits seek repose,
Oh, thou of gentle heart and mien
Whose love so blessed those other hours,
Wilt thou forgive that wound so keen,
And take from me a gift of flower,
With all the meaning that they hold,
With all the thoughts their perfume brings.
Of joys, that were in days of old
So sweet, their melody still rings.

December, 25, 1900.

THE SCRIBBLERS.

A LIVELY AND INTERESTING MEETING.

The Scribblers' club met at the home of Miss Lida Rose McCabe Monday evening, with a large attendance, in spite of the obstacles presented by the weather, and the club may now be considered fairly on its feet and ready for work (and play).

It was agreed that any woman who had been actively engaged in newspaper or magazine work within the last three years should be eligible to membership, and that the next meeting should be held Tuesday evening, March 19, when one of the most competent head-line writers in central Ohio will give an instructive and amusing talk on this important adjunct of modern journalism.

The Scribblers will dispense with president, vice president, secretary and treasurer for the present, but they have elected a "recorder," Mrs. Perry Smythe, who is to arrange programs, answer questions and fulfill the many indefinite duties which fall to the lot of the woman with tact and executive ability.

She will meet with the hearty aid of her fellow workers.

An informal luncheon was served at the

close of the business meeting, and the members adjourned, having thoroughly enjoyed Miss McCabe's hospitality and feeling that the Scribblers' club was an established fact.

THE SCRIBBLERS' CLUB LISTENS TO TALK ON HEADLINES BY MR. COOPER.

The members of the Scribblers' Club enjoyed a very entertaining address by Thomas A. Cooper, on "Headlines and How to Write Them," at their meeting Tuesday evening, in the parlors of the Chittenden.

When Mr. Cooper faced his audience, consisting of fourteen women, he said it reminded him of the long ago when he went to a prayer meeting, but the solemnity appropriate to such a gathering was lacking, when almost before he had finished his preliminary remarks, the "Scribblers" began to demonstrate that they were adepts in the use of that which is more effective than their pencils,—their tongues.

Mr. Cooper proved himself a seasoned veteran under the direct fire of questions and straggling remarks and told the Scribblers all about "display heads," "news heads," "mis-

cellaneous heads," and the various kinds of "points" and emphasized the fact that headlines should be made attractive, but should adhere strictly to the truth contained in the body of the article. He was given a rising vote of thanks, a general handshaking and escaped most gracefully.

The Scribblers then discussed the advisability of having a motto, and Miss Lida Rose McCabe, who had charge of the meeting, suggested, "Better to Travel Hopefully Than to Arrive," but many of the members didn't agree with the idea and openly avowed they liked to reach their destinations sometimes, while some seemed to think that they had arrived," and the subject was dropped.

Seven "Scribblers" lingered after the regular meeting, and over club sandwiches and coffee, enjoyed an informal talk. They were: Misses Georgia Hopley, Lida Rose McCabe, Kate Lacy, Eva Markeson, Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Perry Smythe and Mary McGill. Others present were: Miss Helen Wright, Mrs. Francis Harrison, Mrs. Gardner, Miss Helen Meriarity, Miss Harrison, Miss Hattie Toler and Mrs. Ella May Smith.

SCRIBBLERS' JOURNEY—MISS McCABE TAKES THEM ON A EUROPEAN TOUR.

Miss Lida Rose McCabe entertained the members of the Scribblers Club with an informal talk at the meeting Tuesday evening in the parlors of the Chittenden. Miss McCabe spoke on "Journalism as I Found it in Paris, New York and London."

Beginning with her experiences abroad she vividly described the places she had visited and the people she had met in Paris, carrying the Scribblers into the atmosphere of the City of fascination so completely that they insisted upon remaining for the greater part of the evening, then they decided she should take them to New York and London over the same route (reminiscent) at their next meeting.

Among the many interesting experiences related by Miss McCabe was the manner in which she gained admittance to the L Ecole Militaire, from which women are proscribed by law and the chance that led to her being thrown into the whirl of life on the boulevard and in the salons where she met the most distinguished people of the social and artistic world.

The Scribblers held a business meeting in the parlors of the Chittenden Hotel, Tuesday evening.

It was decided to hold open house for the visiting newspaper women during the Mother's Congress to be held here in May.

The members of the club are enthusiastic about the proposed entertainment and every effort will be made to convince the women who come here as Press representatives that the women writers of Columbus can meet and greet them with all the genial warmth that distinguishes a like gathering of men.

Prof. Denny of the Ohio University will favor the members of club with an address on Newspaper English, at next regular meeting.

SPARKLING DIAMONDS IN NATIVE ROUGHNESS.

The miners attending the convention held here this week presented to those who cared to look in upon them a body of men far superior in appearance to that which the majority of people would expect to see unless they had previously met some of these men for it is still believed among those not acquainted with miners that they carry with them always some reminder of their underground work, some trace of the compound formed of coal dust and oil that clings tenaciously to whatever it touches and at times so disguises the miner that his own children have difficulty in recognizing him.

Apropos of this erroneous impression I recall an incident that happened at the (Columbian) World's Fair. My companion, an elderly woman who was supposed to see that I didn't get lost usually ensconced herself in a chair and paid to be pushed about seeing the sights that the man in charge thought worth seeing. She cautioned me to keep the chair in sight. But there came a time of revolt. From her chair to the crowd that would separate us as effectually as tho the ocean rolled between it was but a step. I've never dared confess what a quick step I made nor how I reveled in being "lost."

But after wandering about alone for many hours, I became so dazed with the splendors of the Dream City, which exceeded my wildest dreams of it, that a sense of unreality took possession of me. I seemed to be really living in another world — a world that had no connection with my former life. It was the terrible isolation experienced when one is absolutely alone among thousands of people.

Not only were the faces about me strange, but the people spoke in an unknown tongue for I was in a section of a building devoted to foreign exhibits. In vain I listened for an English word until the gibberish about me caused me to leave in sheer desperation. After a long walk I entered a building without knowing or caring whether it contained alligators or albums for display. The sense of strangeness began to decrease and suddenly, oh blessed and familiar sight, all about me

were great blocks of glistening coal. All unconsciously I had wandered to that which was most suggestive of every day life. Never had the sight of anything in any place brought such gladness. Gold in the same quantity would only have added to the profound weariness that had followed too much magnificence and the unreal feeling experienced. But the coal; ah that was different; for I was in a section where Ohio exhibited this product of her industry and one of the largest pieces there was labeled:

FROM THE HOCKING VALLEY.

I walked around the huge block twice, then noticed a small framed picture giving an imperfect view of a straggling little village and a coal hopper with the printed statement:

LARGEST HOPPER IN THE WORLD, JOBS, OHIO.

It was so like the miners to place such a big claim in such a small frame that it brought them very near in fancy and a moment later there were two of them there in reality, for the words:

"Well, I'll be shot if there isn't old Jobs," in a man's mellow tones diverted my attention from the picture to two young men who had approached and were gazing at it with expressions indicative of pleasure.

There was nothing in their appearance to distinguish them from other young men but with the sure instinct of friendship of those who have once quaffed of the waters of the Hock Hocking, I said:

"It is a little odd to see old Jobs here isn't it? Takes one back to the Hocking Valley?"

"Doesn't it tho?" responded one, and the other exclaimed:

"So you're from the Hocking Valley also? Well, I'm downright glad to see you for Will and I feel lost here. There's too confounded much of everything to see anything. Such a lot of people and nobody either so far as we're concerned. We'd go home only the boys

would have the laugh on us. I'll swear I couldn't tell them I'd seen anything only a lot of buildings and pictures."

"You see we've been in the Art Building all morning," said the other by way of explanation. "It's too much art for us. That little picture there means more to us than the grandest painting here."

Only one who had known the lives of miners intimately, who had lived and laughed with them in their joys and shared their sorrows and hardships could understand the depth of meaning in that picture. The stately edifices about us with their priceless treasures from every part of the world were forgotten as memory carried us back to the little, unpainted structures of mining villages.

We were still standing before the picture when an old gentleman stepped from behind one of the blocks of coal, saying:

"Excuse me, but I couldn't help hearing your talk and infer from it that you are from some mining district?"

"Right you are," said one young man.

"And you're miners?" questioned the old gentleman.

"Yes, never did anything but dig coal all our lives," was the reply.

"And you?" said the old gentleman, looking at me interrogatively. "Never was outside of a mining camp or town but a few times in all my life," was my reply.

"Most extraordinary. Most interesting," he muttered; then in a louder tone: "I'll have to tell you that I didn't expect to see such representatives of a mining district here for my impressions of miners gathered from reading has been well—that they were quite unlike other people, in short semi-barbarians."

"Oh, we are," said one of the young men airily. "We're more than 'alf and alf.' We're such savages we couldn't appreciate the wonders of civilization in this splendid city and came here to get in our element."

"I understand, and now will you enlighten me with regard to your lives for I perceive that you are exceptions."

Without a moment's hesitation my chance acquaintances proceeded to enlighten him in the most bewildering manner for by adroit questions they learned what his conception of miners and miners' families had been and de-

clared that he had the proper idea but that the half had not been told. Then such tales as they told. Everything was colored to suit their fancy and both were rich in imagination. The old gentleman's eyes fairly bulged and as he took voluminous notes of what one told him, the other from the shelter of an adjacent block of coal gave silent demonstrations of mirth but every time I dared to smile one or the other would admonish me by a look not to spoil the fun.

At last the old gentleman asked us if we would mind remaining a few minutes as he should like to have his wife see us there with the coal and the picture representing our environment.

We agreed and after a little our chance acquaintance returned with his wife. She adjusted her eyeglasses as tho about to survey something most curious. Slowly her gaze swept from the young men to myself. I tried to look as unconscious as one of the Figi islanders and evidently succeeded for again she glanced at the miners and back again, but only for an instant, for a look of comprehension flashed over her face and she turned to her husband with the wifely remark:

"You fool, don't you know these people have been jesting?"

After some merriment we told our friend much of the real lives of those in whom he was so much interested and secured the assurance that his meeting with us would be remembered as one of the most interesting and instructive connected with his visit to the World's Fair.

But his wife couldn't understand the sudden friendship between the young men and myself, proving that we hadn't been able to make her comprehend that in mining communities "Every stranger is a friend, and every friend a brother."

Custom sanctions many things so it would have been perfectly proper had I followed inclination and spent the remainder of the day with my chance acquaintances. But my new friend who was very sweet and gracious seemed so much concerned for my welfare and insisted so much on my accompanying her that I bade my miner friends a reluctant farewell.

OHIO GIRLS TO SING AT CORONATION OF THE KING.

Two Ohio girls have won such recognition abroad that they have been enthusiastically endorsed by the great master of harmony, Henschel, and they have been asked to sing at the coronation of King Edward.

Their names are Mary and Marie McFarland and they have frequently been guests of Columbus relatives. These sisters are twins and their resemblance to each other in every particular is most remarkable.

They have lived in various parts of the world but they are practically Ohio girls for their earliest years were passed principally in Chillicothe the native city and home of their parents prior to their removal to Denver a few years ago. Since then the sisters have spent much of their time in Paris where they attracted the attention of critical and cultured Parisians and members of the English Colony who desired them to go to London. They did so and sought audience with Henschel who was charmed with the demonstration of their ability as musical artists.

In commenting upon their transcendent gift of song the master said:

"I could hardly believe my ears when Marie McFarland sang Massente's 'Eligie' and easily tripped along the upper register and gave high "E" with the same clearness some of the world's famous singers could give to no note higher than "C".

As proof of the sincerity of his praise he

at once promised to take full charge of their London season and place them on the highest pinnacle of their art before the coronation had far advanced.

Much to the regret of the musical world of Paris the young women remained in London and having spent the winter there are now looking forward to the great event in which they are to take part.

These young women have had great advantage in the cultivation of their voices but back of all training was the natural ability inherited from their parents who were fine musicians well remembered by the people of Chillicothe and well known in Denver where the father is General Passenger Agent of the Rio Grande Railway. Upon the several occasions when they have visited in Columbus they have requested that no mention of their calling should be made and have enjoyed being unknown so far as their fame as singers was concerned. In appearance they are very attractive, being unusually fair with dark eyes and hair. One has a soprano and the other a rich contralto voice, but it puzzles even their relatives to tell which is which. They are about twenty-three years old.

Among the relatives whom they visit in this city are Major Caldwell and his brother Samuel Caldwell of Neil Avenue, Mrs. Oma Shields of Franklin Avenue, Mrs. Sarah Anderson and Mrs. Kate Smith of Neil Avenue.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

HUMAN SYMPATHIES WARMED BY SUNDAY EXCURSIONS — GOOD FOR THE TOILERS, BOTH IN REST AND RECREATION.

I always like to begin a journey on Sunday because I shall have the prayers of the church to preserve all that travel by land and sea.—Dean Swift.

Apropos of the discussion regarding the openings of the Ohio exposition on Sunday there has been much talk regarding Sunday excursions. They meet with disapproval from many people, usually those who have leisure to travel any day in the week, claiming that the seventh day was intended for rest. Such as these should accompany a crowd of excursionists some Sunday and learn that, however wearisome excursions may be to those whose lives present variety, and are rich in experience, there are many to whom these little trips are a boon.

My attention was first called to this when I made one of such a party through having missed the last train on Saturday night. The annoyance from this had scarcely subsided on Sunday morning when I entered a car in which every seat was taken, while the aisle was filled with a jostling, pushing crowd. I was inclined to take this as a personal grievance from the company, for it was bad enough to have missed a train without having to stand jammed up against people with the thermometer soaring skyward at a high rate of speed.

Things seemed at their worst when a sudden lurch of the train sent me backward into the arms of a very fat man. Recovering equilibrium, I turned to apologize but decided it wasn't my fault—so I didn't. The fat man glared at me. I rearranged my hat and returned the glare with interest. We were past speaking, but speech was necessary. It came from a great, tall, good natured looking youth whose eyes brimmed with the mirth he could not repress as he drawled, "I 'low you found that feather bed most too warm."

His meaning was so obvious that the crowd roared. The fat man ceased to hold his stomach and I wondered how long I could maintain the frown that seemed to be in order. At this juncture the cheery information came that extra cars were being added. In a little while all were comfortably seated and whirling through the picturesque scenery of the Hocking Valley. Then came the opportunity to see how much pleasure and recreation are derived from these Sunday trips.

On the train were at least a dozen young men and women, students in the Commercial or other schools of Columbus, a trained nurse who was going home to see a sick sister by whose bedside she dared not linger save for that one day as the exigencies of life demand that she remain here, scores of working men with their families who were going to some former place of residence to spend the day with relatives or friends, and here and there a youth and maiden who had evidently taken the trip to be alone. Yes, alone for where have you lived if you have not seen young people absolutely alone in a crowd.

These young people were in the old but ever new condition where a railway train on a hot day was as pleasant as a country lane on a May evening to those who are not in the ecstatic state of lovers. With them it was "the world forgetting, by the world forgot"—until their forgetting became too apparent. Then so sympathetic is human nature that even the conductor smiled occasionally as he glanced at them.

After passing several stations the seats began to fill up so rapidly that it was evident the extra cars would not accommodate the

number that crowded into the cars. Then was manifested that spirit of consideration always good to see but more particularly so when the conditions are especially irritating. Men relinquished their seats as tho it were a pleasure to do so, and women accepted them with evidence of appreciation aside from the formal "thank you." In many instances three women occupied one seat without a trace of annoyance in their manner, young girls relieved mothers of restless children whom they amused in various ways and everyone seemed determined to have a good time despite anything that might occur.

Stories were told, snatches of song were heard, fruit, candy and chewing gum were conspicuous, and always from every part of the car merry laughter rang out; such melody as emanates only from lives that are glad and among people who permit no thought of "good form" to interfere with their enjoyment.

Then such anticipation of the dinners that were being prepared with special reference to the preferences of those who had long been deprived of the good cheer of a wholesome home-cooked meal among friends. Their anticipation and discussion of the good things that they were to have to eat were enough to give zest to the most jaded appetite.

At Lancaster was an incident in which humor and pathos were blended. A negro woman entered a car carrying a baby. Before there was time to see if she could secure a seat she deposited the infant in the arms of another woman and rushed wildly from the train. There was a ripple of excitement and some one said she had lost her purse and had gone to search for it. There was considerable delay caused by several other incidents but the woman had not returned when the train started. She reached it just in time to make a jump for the last step which she missed, falling to the track. Her husband who was on the train sprang to the ground and hastened toward her. By that time considerable speed had been attained and we were some distance from them but not so far but we could see they were not injured.

In vain did the passengers ask that the train be stopped until the father and mother could rejoin their child. Railway rules involving property and the lives of hundreds cannot be ignored for individual mishaps. There had already been delay that was serious; so away we went leaving the poor creatures without their little one. We were sorry, but, then, there was the baby, and what was the use

of being sorry while it laughed and reached its hands to every interested passenger.

It was the prettiest negro baby imaginable. Winsome enough in its confiding helplessness to knock out several stones in a rather high wall of race prejudice. Seeing that it was good natured, and learning that the woman with whom it had been left would stop in Nelsonville where relatives would undoubtedly take charge of it, we were mean enough to laugh over the humorous phases of the situation.

At another station a youth entered carrying a spade and a bundle tied up in the old way-back country style, in a bandanna. His clothes were all of the cheapest order, but new and clean, and his pink striped shirt and flame colored tie indicated that someone had wished to add a touch of color. His form was ungainly, like that of most growing boys, but he had fair and delicate features as a woman, with the innocent confiding expression of a child—an expression that would instantly arouse all the tenderest, best emotions in the heart of any one possessed of feeling.

The blue eyes looked about in childlike wonder as tho pleased to be among so many people, and not in the least doubtful that they were just as glad to see him. Everything in his appearance and manner indicated that he had just left home for the first time and had never known a rude or harsh experience. He was destined to meet with one in what seemed his initial step into the world.

While contemplating the face with pleasure, that was half pain, because it seemed such a pity that one with a face of such purity of character, and generous trust in his fellow creatures, should come out from peace to mingle with jostling life, my attention was attracted by some illnatured giggling from a group of boys and girls seated near. They were of the thoughtless age that sometimes makes youth so cruel, and to them the boy was an object for ridicule. With covert remarks and glances, and half suppressed laughter, they passed several minutes having what they considered a good time.

At first these had no effect upon the boy, who still looked into the faces of his fellow travelers with confidence unshaken. At length this was replaced by a wistful look like that of a grieved child who feels that something is wrong without being able to define the feeling. At last he comprehended that he was being ridiculed. Then over brow and cheek the blood surged slowly in great irregular

waves, as tho' the heart was beating painfully while the sensitive lips quivered with emotion. He was sorely wounded by those of his own age who no doubt under like circumstances would have retaliated by look or speech, but he had not learned the art of hitting back nor the greater art of self control before those who wantonly touch the most susceptible nerves. He could not remain where he was hurt. Stepping from the door he stood on the platform, looking hopelessly down upon his spade and bundle as tho' he longed to get beyond those cruel eyes and voices.

The mother instinct, so strong in most women that they can't always refrain from taking part in what is no affair of theirs had to assert itself. Presently I was out on the platform telling the lad how much nicer it was out there than in the crowded car and how glad I was he had suggested the cooler place.

Soon he was talking to me about his work and plans in a grave, sweet tone that first sub-

dued, then silenced, the merciless mirth of the young folks.

I did not return with the excursionists, so cannot say if their trip was all it promised to be, but if it did for them only a small part of what it did for me, in awakening interest in the lives of those whom I never would have met except upon the Sunday excursion so "deploréd," bringing with it the renewal of a fountain of sympathy that long had been covered by the ice of selfishness and custom, the most devout Christian need not deery the Sunday excursion.

But, whatever else was gained or missed, the majority of them obtained the much needed rest—the rest of change. Whoever doubts this should recall Johnson's words, "regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, see them as they are." If, after following his advice, they claim that such trips are not beneficial to the greatest number it will surely be because they took themselves along.

THE UNDER DOG.

When you were a boy you used to fight
 For the "under dog" each time,
 But your heart grew small, as you grew big
 Till now in your manhood's prime,
 You pause to consider, hem and haw,
 And wonder if its worth while
 To take a fight where a frown may come
 In place of the world's bright smile.

You're not as brave as you used to be
 When you were a tousled boy,
 You do not give such responsive thrills
 To another's grief or joy.
 So mark this down as a maxim, sir,
 The farther you get from youth
 The nearer you are to letting go
 That great, grand gift called truth.

The nearer you are to a coward's plane
 With a craven heart that quails
 When you should elasp with a firm strong
 elasp
 The hand of the man who fails,
 No matter if he is a "yellow eur"
 Detestable to the sight
 It's not his worth but your manhood sir,
 Demands you should enter the fight.

So off with your coat and silence fear
 For the world in its densest fog
 Will still see clear and give you a cheer
 When you help the "under dog."
 So hark ye back to the dear dead days
 When you had not thought of gain
 But won for yourself far sweeter bays
 Than the wreath of public fame.

Ay show you trained in the loftiest creed
 E'er known since the world began
 To fight till the death for one in need
 Let the boy's heart thrill the man
 Ay let it hark back to dear dead days
 When its richest gifts it gave
 For the spell of one is over all
 When that one is grandly brave.

You help the many by helping one
 Whate'er his failure or worth
 Your soul expands with the brave deed done
 When you proved true to your birth
 So take the lead tho' the world may sneer
 Till you blaze the way through fog
 For it can't stop a mighty cheer
 When you help the "under dog."

A LONELY NIGHT BEHIND PRISON BARS.

STORY OF AN ACTUAL EXPERIENCE.

A new experience is the one desire of some natures and it matters little what the experience may be if it only furnishes that which is craved. Such natures usually seek newspaper work by a law of natural selection for in scarcely any other line is there such opportunity to see the drama of life as it is, not fashioned in fixed forms but in all its clashing ambitions, its changing aspirations, its varying hopes and fears, its wearing loves and hates.

Those possessing these natures drink deep draughts of life, yet are ever consumed by an insatiate thirst for more. Being slightly affected by this thirst for novelty I was gratified when told to furnish a story for *The Press-Post* giving the actual facts connected with incarceration in the county jail.

Realizing that in seeking the story in the ordinary way I should lose half the color of the situation I arranged with a friend to be charged with a slight misdemeanor for which I was arrested. It was all done in the regulation way! No one suspecting that the arrest was planned and perfected merely to get material, but despite this fact and the reflection that it was all part of the profession, I could but shrink when on a crowded corner of High street, "the stern hand of the law" torched me on the arm and a young man said, "Come with me. You are wanted," etc.

DID NOT RESIST.

In the ordinary story one goes very quietly or resists with violence when arrested. I went quietly and at the suggestion of my escort took a south-bound car and soon was being conducted to the woman's department of the jail. Opening the door leading into this, the jailer stepped into the space between it and the cells, assigned me one of these and left.

As the iron door clanged there came a terrible sense of oppression as though it and the

stone walls had closed round me forever. I wanted out right away. Story or no story, I felt that I could not remain an instant shut away from all the free, glad life outside. But the door was locked; the jailer gone. Wildly I searched for a bell to call him back, for it seemed I should die with the dreadful feeling of isolation that had swept over me.

Why was it so silent, anyway? Were jails always so? These questions surged through my mind and then I became aware of the presence of others through that sixth sense by which we perceive without seeing or hearing.

Changing my position slightly, I could see three women peering at me through the iron bars that separate the cells from the corridor.

One of these women was fair with light hair and a pleasing smile, one was a negro and the other was the sorriest looking specimen of my sex it has been my misfortune to see. I shall never get her image out of my mind. Her form was not only thin but unyielding in outline, the prison pallor was on her face and her eyes were bleared and shifting.

JAIL COMPANIONS.

All were clad in apparel of varying degrees of cleanliness and the common ideas of dress. I decided not to make their acquaintance just then and stepped into my cell which contained nothing but a chair and a cot fastened to the stone wall. I sat down and looked at this, then at the stone floor and iron bars and wondered if it would be possible for me to remain there for even a few hours.

The women had come round to my door and were regarding me with seeming interest, but they seemed afraid to speak.

"Can I do anything for you?" I asked.

All three said "No," simultaneously and the silence having been broken, they began to discuss my personal appearance in the most open way. I had always thought myself of

average size until after their description, since then I have felt somewhat dwarfish, for, according to their verdict I was "the littlest thing" ever seen.

Tired of their scrutiny and comments, I said: "I prefer to be alone."

They withdrew at once. One of them with the remark, "Uppish."

"Yes, a high-flyer," responded another, "Shoplifter, I bet."

"No, I don't think so," was the reply in a more subdued tone. "Her clothes look kind a nice, but they are almost worn out and wouldn't look decent if they hadn't been good stuff. Besides she looks like she worked. She looks dead tired."

This remark called forth some sympathetic questions from the lighthaired woman who offered her services toward helping me with my toilet, which I had begun to make, but had stopped when I discovered that the little handbag containing the various articles which women are apt to have about with them when away from home for hours at a time, had been left some place, where, I could not remember. Of course, being a woman it was absolutely necessary that I should have each and every one of them at once for I had decided to remain for a while, having forgotten that I could not go if I desired, until my friend should arrive.

THE BELL ANSWERED.

Finding an electric bell I touched it and awaited a response. None came, so I gave it another touch not quite so gentle as the first. This time there wasn't long to wait.

The iron door was thrown open and a young man who looked much displeased said in a stern voice:

"Who rang that bell?"

Having rang a few bells in my life prior to this I wasn't much frightened and replied, "I did," in a voice as stern as his own.

Modifying his tone he explained that the deputy sheriff had requested that the bell should not be rung as it was out of order. With this he closed the door before I had a chance to say more. I remembered that I was a prisoner and must conform to conditions as water shapes to a ship. So I comforted myself with devising some means to do without that which had seemed absolutely essential, comb, soap, powder or mirror. The only thing available in making the toilet was a towel that had been left for me. It seemed to be clean, but I took it to the hydrant and

turning the water upon it a little at a time, taking care that it should not touch the bowl below, I washed it thoroughly and after covering the back of a chair with a newspaper left it to dry. This required some time but all the while three women watched me in amazement and one whispered to the other: "What do you suppose she washed a clean towel for?" To them the simplest sanitary precaution was inexplicable.

MADE COMFORTABLE.

With the aid of this towel, a side comb and plenty of that great blessing that even a jail will furnish liberally — water — I succeeded in making myself more comfortable physically, and then essayed to analyze my feelings there in that tainted atmosphere in that barren cell. Vain effort. The experience was too new to be grasped. I could not think. I must observe. So I turned to the other prisoners.

From their talk I learned that the light haired woman was held as a witness in a murder trial, the negro as such in some minor affair, and the other was confined there pending a meeting of the grand jury on a charge of bigamy.

The witness in the murder trial described the scenes connected with it very graphically and the negro woman who stood some distance away as if in silent acquiescence to the barrier of race, even where all were supposed to be equal, listened with an exaggerated expression of terror upon her face.

When the speaker had finished her gruesome recital the other white woman, as though surcharged with suffering, cried out:

"Oh, I wish to God I could have seen Bell."

"Who's Bell?" I inquired.

"Oh, the best friend I had in the world. She died like a dog last week and I couldn't even go to her funeral."

Her manner and tone made these words half pathetic, half humorous.

"Where do you live?" was my next query.

"On Locust alley when I'm out of here. But I've been in this place thirteen weeks."

At this juncture the iron door opened and the three women made a rush for it. One of the men prisoners had come to bring a clean mattress and sheets for the cot in my cell just as if they thought I should remain there all night. The light haired woman engrossed his attention. Such melting glances as were exchanged. Such soft sighs as were

heard. The other women went to an obscure corner and I became deeply interested in the tracings on the stone floor. When I glanced at them again—but there are some things that shouldn't be told out of jail so will only say that they didn't know for a few brief moments that they were imprisoned in their manner and the expression of their faces were any indication of their feelings.

LOVE LAUGHS.

Truly, "Love laughs at locksmiths."

After a time the young man went away as though he fain would remain and the negro woman came to my cell holding in one hand a tin filled with some dark-looking liquid supposed to be coffee and in the other nearly half a loaf of baker's bread. These she deposited on the floor saying:

"This is yo' supper."

I looked at the negro without thanking her, for I was dazed by the realization of what it was to be a prisoner. She went away with dubious looks as though she thought I should appreciate what she had brought. I looked at this and noticed that the flies were gathering over the bread and upon closer inspection saw that it was saturated with molasses.

At noon I had taken lunch with two of the brightest, most charming women in the profession and our meal, though simple, was served in a dainty manner with all accessories in the etoin appointments in an atmosphere of refinement.

The contrast was like a vivid flash of lightning, showing how quickly all things may change for one.

JAILOR'S KINDNESS.

Later the jailor came to the door and seeing the food had not been touched he left, returning in a short time bearing a tray containing a light lunch which he assured me his wife had prepared. He then sent for a stand which he covered with a newspaper before arranging the lunch upon it. All this was done in a manner expressive of such solicitude for my welfare and such comprehension of what a woman would feel when first brought in contact with the harsh realities of jail life, that I could but express appreciation and drank the coffee gratefully, thinking meanwhile that back of the law so cold, so stern in its lack of discrimination, were humane instincts ever ready to respond to that which is felt by all humanity, when this can

be done without interfering with justice, and that back of this jailor stood a sympathetic man.

In reply to my question he said no one had asked for me and knowing the folly of explanations in general and the utter uselessness in this case where I couldn't possibly get out by telling him how I got in, I waited as calmly as possible for the coming of my friend.

When the other women had eaten their lunch they seemed to become more cheerful and presently they were having a merry chase about the corridors, singing, laughing and jesting with each other. Then suddenly as though each had been touched by electricity, they were up at the high windows watching preparations incident to a fire alarm in the fire department opposite.

PLAYED GAMES.

After this they played games for some time, then dragged their mattresses from their cots and placing these on the floor in a row, they divested themselves of part of their clothing and throwing themselves on their beds with the abandonment of children were soon soundly sleeping.

Several mice raced across the floor and great bugs more than an inch in length scurried toward the sleepers. Ugh! I was having a new experience. I would seek no more such. I didn't even care to classify the bugs. I only longed to be out of that stifling jail with its hideous realities.

Doubt began to assail me. What if an accident had happened to my friend? What if I should have to remain there all night? Then senseless terror took possession of me for a little while, but it was banished by the thought that at the worst I might call the jailor and ask him to send for some of my friends who would know better than I how to meet the predicament caused by my friend's failure to come to me or take steps toward having me released.

This thought had scarcely been formed when the door opened and a woman appeared. A woman whose mind is so well poised, so trained to meet the complexities of life that although her sympathy is broad and deep she puts it aside to think and act where most women feel and cry.

There was a reassuring embrace, a few words, then comprehending everything instantly she hurried away to try to have me released that night, fearful even then that

she would be too late to do this as it was past time for any official business.

FRIEND APPEARS.

A few moments after she left the door was opened again. A white clad figure rushed across the corridor and a newspaper woman was there in my cell holding me in her arms with tears and words of consolation and expostulation against my being there all in the same breath, and then, Oh highest proof of friendship! a declaration that she knew it was all a mistake. Without even caring to know of the circumstances connected with my being there, without a word from me to help sustain her faith, this woman was too loyal to doubt where much was doubtful, too charitable to condemn though she found me in a cell.

She wished to do something for me right away, but was told that the best that could be done was already in progress. Imagine my consternation when a few moments later the first friend returned with the information that it was too late to get me out that night.

This friend who always makes the best of the very worst situation, talked with me until I accepted the situation with some degree of philosophy.

I had forgotten to mention that my pad was

in the missing handbag, and again the kindness of the jailor was manifested. A pad was supplied but only a few pages of it were used. The surroundings were not conducive to writing. The sleepers moaned and tossed and cursed at slight intervals, the rats and bugs became bolder as the night advanced, and I wondered many times what I should do if one of them came near me. At last one went scurrying over the sleepers and a woman from Locust alley made the night hideous with the vilest oaths and frightened the rats away.

As if to mock her curses and all the misery in that corridor sweet strains of music were wafted from the roof garden of the Great Southern Hotel. The air of the "Star Spangled Banner" thrilled out in the night recalling the words "the land of the free." Did anyone ever know the meaning of that word until deprived of liberty, I wondered.

None but those who have experienced such as this could portray the feelings awakened and then only inadequately but surely such an ordeal would be unendurable unless the accused were sustained by the conviction that though the wheels of the law move slowly, they move toward eternal justice, and so I passed the longest night I ever knew, sitting there in the corridor of the county jail awaiting the dawn that should bring my release.

IMMUTABLE LAW.

Oh rivers of blood and countless wealth,
 And oceans of tears cannot buy
 True love, if you have not in yourself
 The sweet, subtle charm to defy
 Time and absence, all changes that come,
 Affliction and sorrow, ay crime;
 If these are passed as trifles by one
 Then know that true passion is thine.

Yes know the greatest gift in the world
 Is thine, whatsoever may be
 But do not think you love or are loved
 Unless both are fearlessly free;
 Free to go forth to the bounds of earth
 And dwell in some far distant zone
 Quite sure that love that was yours at birth
 Will always return to its own.

The string must "slack" that the kite may
 soar
 Aloft in the heavens so blue
 And the more you "slack" love's string the
 more
 Love's essence floats starward for you
 Then let it soar with naught to restrain
 Tho its flights be many and fleet
 Gaining strength from flight 'twill come again
 With treasures to place at thy feet.

“ I AM TIRED, OH, SO TIRED! ”

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

“I am tired, oh so tired.” The dread words came
So fraught with sorrowful meaning;
Proclaiming the end of struggle with pain
He spoke like a child when dreaming.
At his mother’s knee he had said these words
When tired of his toys and his play
Perhaps when he sighed for the song of birds
Through the hours of a long school day.

He had said this perhaps on some cold, wet day
When he marched with the Boys in Blue
O’er many a rough and dangerous way
With the soldierly tread so true.
Perhaps he had said this on some sad night
’Neath the stars on a tented field
Where half the men who had entered the fight
Went down ere the foemen would yield.

No doubt these few words were sounded again
When racked with fatigue was his mind
As he tried, this chosen leader of men,
To be just and still be kind
But never, never with weariness great
Like that which weakened his will
And slowed his heart to the cold call of fate
Till the world’s heart felt the chill.

“I am tired, so tired.” Oh, that feeble plaint
That now came from the erstwhile strong;
But the Universe echoed that murmur faint,
And a nation sobbed o’er the wrong.
For we passed from the soundless, tearless woe,
That at first made us seem so calm,
And the tears that at first refused to flow
May act on our hearts as a balm.

But now we — we feel. We cannot see;
The clouds have refused to part.
We catch no glimpse of a glory to be
Through this blow at our nation’s heart.
“The sunshine is gone” the president said
Oh words — so true to-day.
We look toward the burial place of our dead;
How long will the skies be gray?

—*Columbus Dispatch*, September 22, 1901.

MR. CHASE OF CONNECTICUT.

Thursday evening when wind, rain and snow combined to make it so disagreeable that one shivered and sought to draw wraps more closely. I hurried into the Neil House, almost colliding with a graceful woman, who was entering at the same time, Mrs. W. G. Bowland. She was about to take the elevator car, then spoke to a gentleman in the lobby making some inquiry. He left but soon came back accompanied by a man who would attract attention in any gathering.

A man of massive mold, with such majesty in his manner that his presence dignified and seemed to enlarge the little room. Advancing, he bowed low over the hand extended. As he stood erect, he gave one the impression that he had stepped from the generation when nature made men big in brawn and brain and had brought with him the courtly grace which the men of today are too wise to try to imitate, knowing that it belonged exclusively to a period that is past. His head was bald, save for a fringe of slightly curling hair about the neck and temples and upon the face which bore the stamp of nobility of character and strength of intellect were deep lines of thought, but despite these outward manifestations of age, he did not seem old. In fact, he seemed imbued with the energy of youth. One intuitively felt that he was one who had mingled with the world's greatest and had quaffed deep draughts from the "great drink of life" without having impaired a naturally splendid vitality.

I didn't wish to heed what was said, and wished the strolling musicians who had been making the place resonant with sweet sounds, would resume their playing and singing and tried to seem deaf until Mrs. Bowland said to Mrs. Hopper, who chanced to enter, "wish you to meet Mr. Chase, of Connecticut."

Chase! a name to bring before the mental eyes a vision of surpassing splendor. A name that

WAKES THE ECHOES OF A PAST,

of which we of this generation can only know as we hear of it from others. Could he be a relative of our former governor and that remarkable woman, who charmed and held in willing subjugation, the brightest and best men

of her day with her dazzling beauty and the intellect that gave to her political force and influence such as no other woman in our history has known?

Chase, of Connecticut? Yes, he must be a relative, for was not the former governor and chief executive of that name born in the rugged hills of New Hampshire, whither his parents had removed from the wilds of Connecticut, was he not endowed with the New England instincts for scholarship, and was not the power that had impelled me to look and listen and outrage the most lax notion of good form part of the dominating yet delightful influence that distinguished the family that could win admiration and homage from those most inclined to withhold it? These were the thoughts that came until the spell that voice and manner had begun was completed, and abandoning even the semblance of not wishing to hear I listened eagerly to all that was said, excusing myself with the reflection that one doesn't hear a Chase talk every evening.

And such talk! Speaking with solicitude of the health of a number of people, referring to this or that well-known man or woman, asking about many who have been dead years, touching upon events of the past and the present with equal readiness, he chained the interest and made even commonplaces brilliant.

Despite his allusions to incidents and people known only in the history of our city, I was a little startled when he turned to Mr. Hopper, who had entered, and said:

"I USED TO STOP HERE FIFTY YEARS AGO,

Long before the original Neil House, which succeeded the National, was burned. As the representative of our insurance company, I paid for the old Neil. I remember well when this place was headquarters for the stages. The stage office was down about where the main entrance is now. The former proprietors of this place had national reputations, and were among the best known men in the west. Colonel Noble, Colonel Olmstead, and oh, what's become of Mrs. Dennison? What a splendid woman she was. What meals we

used to have here. Something to remember to one's latest day. I shall remember them a good while yet, for I'm not old, although I've been spoken of as

'OLD MAN CHASE'

for so many years I almost forget when I was known as anything else."

Then followed a humorous account of the purchase of a carriage that had been bought for "Old Man Chase," so graphic, so mirth provoking that his hearers were convulsed with laughter.

Who could think of him as old under the influence of his vivacious talk? From grave

to gay he swept the whole gamut of emotions, then with the ease of one accustomed to change, withdrew to meet some of his old friends, who had called to pay their respects to himself and wife.

Among Mr. Chase's former friends here were Mrs. Dennison, wife of former Governor Dennison, F. C. Sessions, General George B. Wright, Mr. P. W. Huntington and Mr. Andrew Gardner. Mr. Chase is president of the insurance company in which Mr. Gardner's sons are interested, and through them I learned that he was a relative of Salmon P. Chase, but the exact relationship was not known.

THE LOVE OF A CHILD.

Oh the love of a child can lead us
 Through the gates of the Great Unseen
 From the passions that degrade us
 It can lift to a world serene;
 It carries us to our own bright youth
 When we had not a grief or care
 When the whole wide world seemed filled with truth
 And life was so wondrously fair.

And this love when close about us furled
 Hath marvelous subtle power
 To cure the stings of a careless world
 And brighten life's darkest hour.
 It can lighten even a dungeon's gloom
 It can stifle grief most wild
 And we rise to fight the most damnable doom
 For the tender love of a child.

Oh so long as the soul can hold such love
 It will dare and do and sing
 And though it may miss the heights above
 Through the fault of a broken wing;
 It cannot be crushed in the mire and dust
 It cannot be made to feel
 That life is worthless, it will, it must
 Aspire to the child's ideal.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

General Fitzhugh Lee—magic in the very name—magic that wafts to us the renown of a gallant officer in the Confederate Army. Consul General in Havana and Major General in the Phillipines for General Lee having won distinction in the greatest war in history, presented to the world another of those grand unique characters that came up from the chaos of the Lost Cause to take an active part in everything conducive to the welfare of the Union and to aid in every possible way the cementing of the bonds of fellowship between Northern and Southern soldiers and perhaps no visitor in Columbus ever received a more cordial welcome than this grand old warrior who has been here for several days this week.

On Monday afternoon under auspices of Robert E. Lee Chapter, Daughters of Confederacy, a reception was held in the parlors of the Chittenden on Monday evening. Gen. Lee gave his famous lecture on "Peace in the United States and Cuba." Went from the auditorium to the Columbus Club, where an informal dinner was given in his honor. The following day he was the guest of the Senate of the State of Ohio for a short time, a recess being taken in order to hear a short talk from the distinguished visitor.

Members of the reception committee were Mrs. J. L. Peaford, Mrs. Wm. Ward, Mrs. J. Y. Bassell, Mrs. N. N. Teeford, Mrs. W. B. Sells, Mamie Burke, Mr. B. P. Lark, W. L. Currey, J. Y. Bassell, Colonel Kilbourne, J. H. Outhwaite, Prof. W. O. Thompson, Prof. J. A. Shawan, Prof. F. S. Fox, Adjutant General Gyer, Rev. J. M. Anderson, Major Harry Neil, Major W. F. Goodspeed, Col. Coit, Hon. H. M. Daugherty, Fred C. Rector.

At dinner those present were, Gen. Forsythe, Gen. Lee, E. R. Sharp, Surgeon Major Edie, United States Garrison, F. W. Prentiss, H. L. Dennison, J. Y. Bassell, F. W. Sinks, W. F. Burdell, J. M. Taylor, Tod Galloway, Col. Penny, Gov. George K. Nash.

After the various functions in his honor were over I called at Governor Nash's office

to see General Lee. After some talk he related some of his experiences while here, after which I asked him to tell me the story of his exchange for General Wilson.

"But I was never exchanged," was the surprised reply.

"But surely you remember being exchanged at Harpers Ferry."

"My dear friend, I have no such recollection."

"You are General Fitzhugh Lee are you not? Well then, you must have been exchanged, it's an historical fact that you were."

"Without my recollecting it?"

"Undoubtedly, since General Wilson himself told me the story, but now that I think of it, I am perplexed, for the man he described was tall, handsome and distinguished."

"Oh, but this is good," exclaimed General Lee with mellow laughter that filled the Governor's office. Then resuming his gravity, he continued, "your candor has thrown some light upon the subject, you have mistaken me for my cousin General Fitzhugh Lee."

"Are all the men in your family given the same name?"

"No. My cousin's name was Robert Fitzhugh Lee, my name is James Fitzhugh Lee."

"So you were never exchanged?"

"No, I couldn't be exchanged when I was never captured." I suppose my cousin was braver than I, but having one of the best horses in the service, I never let the Yankees get near enough to take me," and again the mellow laughter filled the room as though he had just escaped from a pursuing host.

Then the insouciance of the army officer vanished, a grave expression shadowed his face and his voice held the note that sweeps into the lightest talk of those who have drunk deep of life's cup without losing the simplicity that is so lovable, albeit so elemental, for without a word touching on aught that he had done or won he said:

"No jesting, I had the finest horse in the service. How he could go. It makes my blood thrill now to think of it."

FAVORITE FLOWERS.

The voiceless lips of flowers have spoken in all times, under all conditions and in all climes. They give us our first impression of beauty and as love's last gift they rest upon the bier. They please the lad and plead for the lover; the maiden muses o'er their meaning, the bride's brow bears them to life's new story, and they are pinned upon the warrior's breast as he goes to deathless glory. Through life they console and inspire, symbolizing the soul's sweetest sentiments, sublimating the spirit with fire divine. So great is their influence that the choice of a flower is often indicative of the character and attributes of an individual.

The Easter tide is a fitting time to learn the favorite flower of some of the representative persons of Columbus. Accordingly some were asked to name the flower they love most.

"Sweet Peas and Mignonette —

Delicacy and qualities surpassing charms."

Mrs. Stewart, wife of Judge Stewart, considers these two dainty flowers equally pleasing and can make no definite choice between them.

Governor Nash, with a genial laugh, replied: "I like them all so well that I can't make a choice. I haven't any particular preference."

"Which flower do you wear?"

"Whatever is given me. I make no selection for I am foud of them all. One doesn't appeal to me more than another."

Mrs. Josephine Outhwaite said violets hold the first place in her affection. While she was speaking, Mr. Outhwaite entered and in reply to my inquiry said: "I have two. Among wild blossoms, the little red pink is my choice. It was the flower of my boyhood which it brings back to me. Among the cultivated flowers, I like that kind of pinkish, transparent, copper colored rose."

"Pinkish, transparent, copper colored rose?" echoed Mrs. Outhwaite. "Where have you seen them?"

"At your dinners scores of times."

"Oh, you mean La France rose."

"I don't know what you call it. I don't bother with names. It's the beauty that appeals to me."

Mr. Rutherford Platt, disregarding the

meaning of yellow chrysanthemums to be slighted love, claims them as his favorite in the floral kingdom.

Mrs. Alfred Kelley, when seen at her home, was attired in a violet colored silk with amethysts gleaming amid its soft folds which emitted the faintest odor of violets. She did not need to mention her flower — her color, her jewels, her perfume told it was the blossom emblematic of modesty and faithfulness. She discussed this flower and her lifelong attachment to it. Miss Gwendolyn Kelley's favorite is the American Beauty. She has a very pronounced leaning toward red which is vastly becoming to her style.

General Beatty, who possesses a soldier's simplicity of manner, favors the flower that in floral language signifies simplicity. Said he: "I think there is no flower so fair, so fine, so fragrant as the wild rose. Its perfume is different from any other that this alone would make it attractive if it were not in itself so dainty."

With regard to her favorite, Mrs. Robert Neil said: "In my estimation there are none so lovely as the full blown rose. Of course I admire the buds but they are not always satisfying. I like to see them expanded, especially the pink rose. However, I have a slight preference for the white rose above all others. It seems to throw out such a sweet and holy incense."

Said Colonel Coit: "My wife lets me have a flower bed of my own in her garden and I have it filled with sweet peas. I am very successful with them and they are such a favorite that I don't care to have another flower in my bed."

Dr. Hissey, the well-known politician replied: "The red rose."

"Do you know its meaning?"

"No. What is it?"

"Love, deep, ardent love."

"Well, love and all, it will have to go at that for that's my favorite."

Dr. Rexford was the next man to whom the question was propounded and he responded promptly: "The red rose. It's the rarest flower that blooms for me."

"And it signifies 'the greatest thing in the world'."

"Is that its meaning, love?"

Mrs. Thomas Powell replied: "Old-fashioned roses like those that grew in my mother's garden. They always bring it before me. We had the English garden you know — beds of vegetables with flowers around them, and currant and rose bushes all along the fence. It was so dear to me that the flowers that remind me of it are my favorites."

Mrs. Lily Hickok has a preference for the water lily. Her choice suggests misty moonlight, rippling waters, the starry centered flowers with their gleaming petals. In flower language the water lily signifies silence and purity of heart. Mrs. Hickok's mother, Mrs. Clemon Aston, is intensely fond of the sweet scented cyclamen diffidence. Her devotion to it dates from a winter that she spent in Germany 56 years ago. Before she left Dresden, the Baroness von Sickendoff, with whom she had been stopping, presented her with a jar of the cyclamen, saying, "They remind me of you so much that I think they must be your flower." Since then Mrs. Acton has always been loyal to the flower. Prior to that she had great fondness for roses.

Mr. Robert Jeffrey and Mr. J. Y. Bassell respectively president and secretary of the Board of Trade, were asked what are their favorite flowers. "My wife," was the reply of Mr. Jeffrey.

"Violets, because my wife loves them," said Mr. Bassell, as though he didn't mean to be outdone in gallantry. "It's the flower I always buy for her," he continued.

"When I buy flowers for my wife, I always buy American Beauty because it is more appropriate," was Mr. Jeffrey's rejoinder.

"This is it," said Mrs. Elsie Fitch Hinman, touching a Marchal Neil rose that she wore. "It's old fashioned — I mean it's not a popular flower, but that doesn't detract from the charm it has always had for me."

"But, Mrs. Hinman, it means jealousy."

"Does it?" with a smile. "I never thought of its meaning but that doesn't detract from it either. It pleases the eye and the odor is lovely."

It seemed a little odd that the next individual to whom the question was addressed, Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland, should reply: "The Marchal Neil rose is my favorite of flowers. There are many reasons why the Marchal Neil is my favorite, but aside from these the flower would be most attractive to

me. Its odor is so very fine and it is so rich and yet so innocent, so much in need of protection and yet seeming to soar above all other flowers."

Senator Patterson responded, "The chrysanthemum, coming as it does when most other flowers have disappeared, has always received my particular attention so it must be the favorite."

"What colors do you prefer?"

"Oh, red and white principally."

"What a pretty conception! In the order you mentioned the meanings of your flowers form the sentence, 'I love truth,' for you see the red signifies 'I love,' and the white 'truth.'"

"I hope it's true."

Mr. W. G. Benham replied, "Violets."

"It would be interesting to know why you prefer violets."

"First, because they are the first flowers to greet us in the spring and then because of their exquisite fragrance. There is nothing in the world of perfumes to be compared with the odor of violets. One breath of their perfume opens a new world for us. Think of those lines in 'Twelfth Night,' where the sad music evokes the words:

'That strain again it had a dying fall;
Oh it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor'."

Senator Moore of Athens thinks the American Beauty surpasses all other flowers.

Dr. Hewitt said: "I never gave the subject a thought but I suppose my choice is the golden rod since that is the national flower."

Hon. Harry Daugherty is an ardent devotee of the pink carnation which in floral language means "woman's love or fascination."

Hon. Henry Taylor also considers it more beautiful than any other flower and wears it frequently.

Colonel Knauss is partial to any kind of a red flower and there is a pathetic reason connected with this preference. During the civil war when recovering consciousness after a dangerous wound, the first thing he noticed while still unable to speak or understand, was some red flowers in his line of vision. In speaking of it he said, "Those flowers saved my life for they told me that I was in the hands of friends. Enemies don't furnish flowers, so I was encouraged, and hope, you know, means much when one is ill."

Mr. Howard Park's flower of flowers is the red rose. Mr. Z. L. White prefers La France. Mr. W. H. Fisher named the sunflower as

his favorite and in speaking of it said: "The sunflower is hardy and I was always accustomed to seeing them in the gardens when I was a child. It may be association of ideas has something to do with it. Anyway, I don't feel right without sunflowers in the yard and garden."

"It's such an ugly flower."

"I don't agree with you. It is beautiful if you look at it right. Its colors are so rich it does me good to look at it."

Bring violets for Hon. D. J. Ryan, old-fashioned pink roses for General Axline, pink carnations for Judge Badger, and red carnations for Hon. W. S. McKinnon for these are their favorite flowers.

Lieutenant Governor Nippert's taste is decidedly different from that of the majority of men. He said: "The water lily is my flower. It is so fair, so fragile in a way, and yet can endure the sweep of waves because its roots are firmly fastened. Then, too, it seems to be so quiet, although constantly moving. Its meaning is silence and purity of heart."

Mrs. Dora Sandoe Bachman, the lawyer, has a preference for the nasturtium. Of it

she said: "It is such a strong, hardy flower it remains fresh and pleasing so long. Then I like its pungent odor. It is so invigorating, so different from the perfume of many flowers which is enervating. The nasturtium in flower language signifies patriotism."

Mrs. Anna Clark, president of the state W. C. T. U., replied: "I like La Marguerite better than any other flower, because it will grow without coddling; in fact it will grow in spite of all that may be done against it. The daisy as hardy as it is pleasing, is found everywhere. It is a flower that all people may enjoy and for that I like it. Then, too, it retains its freshness and daintiness so long. Fact, is, I don't like to see anyone wear flowers. It seems cruel to cut them, for I think of flowers as human beings only without souls."

Mrs. Ledora Leslie Webb, state legislative superintendent, has a preference in the floral realm for the lily of the valley which means unconscious sweetness and the return of happiness. It is sometimes called "The Ladder to Heaven."



LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR NIPPERT.

ATONEMENT.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

"She passed through the valley and shadow
Till the stars massed in glory o'er head
Declared that her truth was triumphant,
That the tyrant of Falsehood was dead.
For her feet had been steel to the fire
And she came to her flowers again."

—Col. W. A. Taylor.

(Written for The Sunday Press.)

"There is a resurrection for all things."

A woman sat alone in a small sleeping room of a lodging house in Columbus thinking of these words and the man who had spoken them one Easter eve years ago.

In thought she was with him again and saw him tall, distinguished in bearing, with the nameless charm of manner that belongs to the world's best. Again she seemed to feel the infinite tenderness in his luminous eyes, his light, caressing touch upon her hair, then his arms folding, crushing her to his heart as he repeated:

"There is a resurrection for all things."

The look and the embrace had said more than his words, as a reply to the plaint:

"I have killed your love."

She had not really believed that she had done this, but she knew she had wounded his pride so deeply there was a possibility he would stifle his heart's emotion and refuse to forgive her. She had been a little startled by his vehemence, for he was usually so cool, so calm, so exasperatingly "good form" that she had once said if he were dying he would bow in his graceful, negligent way and take his departure for another world without the slightest change in his manner.

Startled a little, but pleased also by the consciousness that she had power to disturb his serenity, she still had the virtue of not seeming to triumph over his canon. So she sank into a rocker declaring she was tired, but that he must proceed with the letters, the reading of which she had interrupted, for she didn't mean to bother.

"No, you don't mean to bother, but you

are the worst bother of my life," he said sadly.

"You mean I take so much of your time?" with an expression of humility.

"Yes, you are a relentless time consumer."

"Then I'll go."

"Oh, it isn't the time you take while with me, but the time I spend thinking of you when you're out of my sight."

With a quick movement she was beside him. She had meant to touch his hand or face, but the reserve in her nature—reserve hidden by superficial impulsiveness caused her to change the intent and say shyly:

"Then I don't really bother you?"

He drew her to him, saying softly:

"Yes, you do; in the way that a man is bothered by the only woman he has ever really loved. Now are you satisfied?"

"Read your letters and don't speak to me again until you've answered them."

"My correspondents will be hurt by my brevity."

"I'm going as soon as you finish."

"Not until then? They will wait a long time for replies," tipping his chair back and lighting a cigar.

This was the beauty of their companionship. There was never the slightest formality. Often she sat near him while he worked or smoked in silence, for as a rule they were not given to words. Sometimes he could work better if she was near him, but there had been times when he had sent her away as he might have sent a troublesome child. From another man this would have been an insult, but from the first moment their eyes had met she had been too thoroughly a part of himself not to comprehend the varying moods of his artistic nature.

After he had finished his cigar he began to write, saying, "How do you suppose it will end?" just as though he had been speaking his thoughts aloud, and she answered him as though he had done so, for she knew he referred to their love dream.

"It is not to end."

"You are right. It will never end," was the grave, almost solemn reply. "It is deathless." Then he turned to his letters.

While he wrote she studied his fine face and noting how weary and pale, how shadowed with pain it was, her eyes became misty with tears and her heart ached with a sadness unknown to it before, though all her life had been sad and hard until she had met him. She recalled how he had changed it, how much he had been to her, how gentle and considerate, seeming to understand every wish and thought of hers through an almost divine comprehension. And she—she had trampled on his pride and wounded him in a way that men find most difficult to pardon, but without a word of reproach she had been restored to her place in his regard.

At the thought of his magnanimity such remorse surged through her heart that he seemed to feel it, for leaving his writing he bent above her with the grace that was almost a caress and said:

"Dear heart, do not grieve. The present is compensation. It doesn't matter about the past so long as I have you." Then without another word he left her.

She knew that he had gone to bring something that he thought would please her, hence she was a little surprised when he returned with his calm brow wearing the nearest approach to a frown that she had ever seen there.

His face cleared before the wistful look in her eyes as he said: "A sketch I meant to show you proves to be a mere daub not worth a glance from you."

"Let me be the judge," she replied in her soft voice.

"No, nothing but the best for you whether it's a picture, a poem, a flower or only a picturesque hat for Easter. This reminds me that I've never seen you wear a flower-trimmed hat, though I know you are passionately fond of flowers."

"The natural, not the artificial. A friend told me that I was the most natural woman he ever knew, so I'll have to live up to my reputation."

"I am glad your friend said that. It describes you, a natural woman. You are also the most extraordinary woman I have ever met. However, I'm glad you don't wear flowers on your hat. I like a woman who can wear a hat without—"

"Trimming. If you were my husband I

should think there was method in your liking. As it is, I'll believe you're sincere and forego an Easter hat. Now the sketch, please."

"Of course, you always have your own way. Fact is, when you're in the room I go out the window—a groveling slave, an idiot, remains."

"It isn't bad—" doubtfully. "But you didn't do it."

"No, if I had, you'd say it was good. Oh, was there ever such a woman. It frightens me to think how you have entered into my life, so that I can never do without you now. I don't understand it. Usually I can control my thoughts, but not since I met you. Not since the moment when I knew my ideal was before me, a real woman. Yes, you have the oval face, the lips, the brow, the eyes that tell what you are—a combination of thought and feeling, mind and heart, passion and purity, such as I have dreamed a woman should be. Yes, you are the woman intended for me, so go where you will, do as you may, still you will be mine through all eternity. Love and thought are stronger than all other forces and mine shall hold you forever."

"You hurt me by such intensity."

"Then I'll cure the hurt," and leaning back in his chair he repeated some lines of verse imbued with the highest, holiest sentiment she had ever heard voiced. From the moment when their souls had blended in a first glance there had not been a time when the sound of his voice had not caused her heart to vibrate more tumultuously than usual. He had made her a happier, better woman than she had ever dreamed she could be, in her dark unhappy past, she loved him with all the strength of her nature, but never until that hour had he exerted his full power over her. With the witchery of words and the sorcery of his voice he carried her into an atmosphere so pure, so holy, that human love had no place in it. The dreams of her childhood came back to her. She saw herself a little girl in snowy nightrobe kneeling by an open window looking up to the stars in the dark immensity of space with a child's first wondering thoughts of life and death and that which may be afterward.

When he had ceased to speak she looked at him with quivering lips and eyes suffused with tears. The silence was too sacred to be broken by words, but soon her tears were falling unrestrainedly. With reverential touch he wiped them away with his own handker-

chief, soothing her by the movement of his hands.

When she was quiet he said:

"My child, what shall I do with you? From the first I have placed you on a pedestal and worshipped you, but never have you been so precious to me as in this hour when the rare responsiveness of your nature has been revealed so unconsciously."

Then bowing low over her hand he held it to his lips for one moment. But in that kiss he told her more than he ever had in more ardent caresses. She felt that for all time allegiance and boundless devotion were pledged, although the compact was a silent one.

She left him with the dreamy look in her eyes intensified but with sadness unutterable in her heart.

"He must be another Christ," she murmured without a thought of blasphemy, for she thought of Christ only as the highest, most exalted type of manhood.

"I wish he was not so good to me. I love him so that his love hurts me. I love him so that I wish he did not love me," were her remorseful thoughts as she walked the floor of her room throughout the night unable to sleep because she could not drug the memory of a wrong she had done him of which he knew nothing; which she had resolved he never should know.

On Easter Sunday she was too ill, too depressed to leave her room, but the following day she was with him, and, stifling remorse, gave herself up to happiness.

All that bygone time was relieved by the lonely woman in the lodging house and as she in memory felt again the lingering touch of her lover's lips and hands, soft flushes of color suffused her face, her eyes became lustrous and a half smile parted her lips as she turned to a mirror to adjust the heavy coils of her hair. In amazement she stared at her reflection, for the soft mass of her hair which had become loosened, had formed an aureole about her face and this, with the love thoughts that had softened it, combined to take years away from her appearance. For a moment her brain reeled with the thought—was it only yesterday, a few hours ago, that he said, "There is a resurrection for all things!" Surely I look just as I did then. Have I been dead and resurrected? Slowly her eyes wandered about the room trying to grasp the real and separate it from the un-

reality that enveloped her. Slowly a realization of the actual shaped itself in her overwrought mind, but as if to make assurance doubly sure, she opened a small box and looked at its contents. An Easter egg and an envelope. From this she drew some newspaper clippings.

The headlines of one of these contained her own name followed by the word "Sentenced." Her eyes dwelt in an unseeing way upon the terse account of that which was written on her mind. It all rushed back with renewed force. Her arrest for the murder of her husband in that dark past which she had tried so hard to outlive, the past that she had concealed from her friends of her new life, the clever, cultured, artistic people who had helped her forget the hardness and bitterness of former years. She recalled their efforts in her behalf during her incarceration in a county jail. Then the sickening details of the trial stood out clear in her memory. She saw the anxious faces of her friends as the web of circumstantial evidence closed round her. Then the waiting for the verdict of the jury and the hush before the judge, in cold judicial tones, sentenced her to a long term in state prison. Again she felt the numbing horror of that hour creep through her, the lines that pain had cut about her mouth deepened and a grayish pallor overspread her face. For hours she sat in a stupor akin to that which had held her in thrall for months after the prison door had clanged behind her. Stupor, which the prison physician, a young man with a sympathetic heart, had tried in vain to overcome but which had not been broken until Easter Sunday just a year from the day when she had thought herself so unworthy the sweetness that had come into her life.

She had been roused from that despairing stupor by the words, "See here, little girl, I've brought you my Easter egg," and had recoiled with a shudder from the woman who had spoken, one of the most repulsive of all the prison inmates, but in the folds of her apron she carried a beautiful Easter egg, which she proffered, saying:

"I want you to have this because your eyes make me think of the Virgin Mary. It's all I have to give you."

"All I have to give you." As the soldier essays to respond to the bugle call, though wounded unto death, so the half-slain nature of the lodging house woman had responded.

to the desire that was back of the poor old creature's simple words. They touched her infinitely and her hand went out to take, as a priceless gift, an Easter egg. Then the icy barriers that had held her soul melted, the burning eyes knew for the first time in months the blessed relief of tears.

Hands that were stained with toil and black with crime stroked her hair. Hands that bore no resemblance to those that had soothed her with magnetic touch in that never to be forgotten hour, but which somehow seemed to convey a message from him recalling as they did how he had touched her face and hair, and the beautiful unuttered compact that followed. The influence from that hour swept over her there in that gloomy prison, until for a moment she forgot her surroundings and smiled with a faint return of her old self as the old woman said:

After that interest in the unfortunates about her helped her to live until one day the news that her lover and her friends had succeeded in establishing her innocence was brought to her. Her dearest woman friend who had aided her lover in his untiring efforts in her behalf, sobbed through very joy as she told her that she was free and that he was waiting to take her away.

She was silent several minutes, then turning to her friend said: "Will you help me get away while he waits? I can not see him. I have determined that he shall not link his life with mine, that is outwardly, for my life will always be shadowed by the remembrance of this place and he must not live in that gloom. His ambition would die, his life work would be spoiled, but he would not see it in this way and even if he did his great, generous heart would cause him to throw away all that the world could give to share an obscure life with me, for I can never be what I once hoped to be—his companion, sharing his ambitions and his work. I cannot ever again face the glare of public life. I must live in

the shadows; so, my friends, I wish you to help me get out of the state before he has a chance to weaken my resolve. It would go down before the light in his eyes. That must not be. Ah, I see that I must tell you more or you will think that I should go to him. I was not guilty of the murder of the husband of my youth, but I was guilty of a crime against this man I love. Treachery, blackest, basest treachery. Now will you help me put away that bliss that he offers; will you help me make atonement?"

Her friend had helped her and with a woman's resourcefulness that had baffled all efforts to find her changed vitally in character and appearance, she bears little resemblance to her former self, unless stirred by great emotion there is little possibility of her being recognized by any of her former friends. Her life is colorless save for the gleams of light that flash through it when she reads or hears of the brilliant successes of the man she loves. When he loosed the shackles from her soul and taught her the wonderful power of a forgiving love, he filled her with a rapt desire to be the woman that he thought she was. That desire has lived through all her bitter experience, and if as has been said prayer is the intense desire of the soul, her life is one long prayer.

On one day in each year the sombre brooding eyes are lightened by an expression of peace for on Easter morning she awakens from dreams in which she hears her lover's voice saying:

"Your cross is heavy. Fain would I take it from you, but the masters have decreed that you must bear it all alone until prepared for the work you have in later life but in time, beloved, how soon I may not tell you I shall be permitted to remove your burden, then on your brow shall rest the sign that you have made complete atonement and your soul shall recognize that "there is a resurrection for all things.

COL. TAYLOR'S FLOWER.

Where is the individual who has ever seen Col. W. A. Taylor without a little red flower gleaming upon the lapel of his coat?

On the street, in hotel lobbies, in libraries, in cafes, giving his views of the topics of the day or relating some incident in his inimitable way: in caucuses or committee rooms, in the clamor of conventions or the clashes of campaigns, upholding some plank in the party platform, or making speeches in behalf of the inalienable rights of men; in his den writing newspaper and magazine stories that are as striking as his own individuality and bits of verse that shame the present and awaken dim, sweet longings of one's buried youth, or in a banquet hall tossing epigrams as sparkling as the champagne, this man of many parts wears always a tiny blossom that is as much a part of his personality as his smile, his immaculate linen or faultless clothes. In truth, without that little boutonniere Colonel Taylor wouldn't be Colonel Taylor no more than brandy is brandy without its bouquet.

For years that flower held all the fascination of the unknown for me. My attention was drawn to it the first time I ever saw Colonel Taylor. In truth I saw the flower before I saw him. He was speaking at a political meeting in a mining town and in that town in those days the man who wore a boutonniere was such an unusual sight that his identity could easily be lost as was noticed when a group of schoolgirls decided that the "best speaker was the man who wore the flower."

Years afterward I was sent to see Col. "Bill" Taylor and there was the man who wore the flower. From that hour I wove romances about it until one day when I had come to know the Colonel well I drifted into Democratic State Headquarters in the Columbian Block and asked a question relative to that which long had mystified me.

In reply, Col. Taylor placed a chapter of his then unpublished book "Intermere" in my hands. In some way that never could be explained that story recalled the haunting question of the flower until the hold it had upon imagination beat down the natural instinct that refrains from non-professional questions impelling me to ask about it.

So long the pause before the Colonel made

reply and then so changed his voice I feared I'd touched some grief too deep for words for

"There are things of which we may not speak
There are dreams that cannot die
There are thoughts that make the strong
heart weak
And bring a pallor upon the cheek
And a mist before the eye."

However, not a tragic but a tender mood had been evoked and then I learned that for more than forty years this man of affairs has known no day and scarce an hour that he has not worn a little flower in memory of that which is more to him than any memory of a love dream however sweet; for, in the hour that his mother's high, impersonal love for her country triumphed over love for her boy, when she had decided that he was not hers to have and hold while his beloved land had need of him she pinned upon his coat a little blossom crimson hued, then loosed her hands and in silence watched him turn and hasten towards the surging hosts of volunteers.

That flower was the farewell that her lips could not form. It was the signal of surrender after struggle greater far than any man can ever know, for it was gathered in the darkness of that night where mothers writhe in tearless, soundless agony supreme ere they relinquish hold on lives which they have brought from portals separating life and death.

And so this cultured gentleman of the old school whose faults become him better than the virtues of a different type of man, wears ever above his heart the symbol of that sacrifice, the flower that wafts to him the fragrance of the hour when starward floated incense from the altar of renunciation.

In that tiny flower is typified the truest, tenderest part of Colonel Taylor's nature—the poetry of it—so when he strikes some chord that vibrates through the heart of things with strange and subtle sweetness, we scent the odor of the flowers immortal, the fadeless flowers that form the wreaths of fame for those who were the "Boys of '61."

INCIDENT IN LOCAL ROOM. IN LOCAL ROOM VERNACULAR.

Just a messenger boy with eyes aglow
Who answered the editor's call
In a way that was far from being slow
For he bounced in the door like a ball
Then he stood at "Attention" soldier like
With his arms thrust out in the air,
But he disappeared like the latest "bike"
When he heard the Editor swear.

He hasn't been back since that sultry night
Which he'll surely never forget
He may have died from his terrible fright
But the Editor's swearing yet.
Where he once swore once he now swears twice
For he splits his words in two
And spreads them out at a discount price
In a lurid sort of hue.

He swears at the weather and lack of news
At a poor cigar or misplaced knife,
At the confounded crank who airs his views
Till he burdens the editor's life —
The people who ask for the baseball score
And many with sorrows to tell
And those who suddenly bolt in the door
Beginning their talk with "well".

All these come in for a goodly share
Of his talk with its lurid light,
But his choicest phrase is kept with care
For the messenger of that night,
And oh may the gods pour forth their wrath
And e'en let the heavens fall
Ere that boy shall wander across the path
Of the man who made that "call."

For "killed" was a story he wished to wire
When that frightened messenger fled
And time does not lessen his burning ire
When he thinks of that news so dead
Oh he read that beat in a rival sheet
With eyes that were sad and weary
Then he swore that fame was a blasted cheat
And the local room grew dreary —

As he colored the air nine shades of blue
Then paused with an ominous frown
Where the staff raced time rushing copy through
And ordered "all stuff held down"

Not a man looked up his wrath to provoke
 The boys have the training fine
 But a woman's a woman, of course one spoke
 As the small boy said with a whine.

For she had secured some important views
 From a man of national fame
 And she thought that merely considered as news
 Her "stuff" should have more than a name,
 But her eloquence ceased when the editor said —
 Oh woman withhold your tricks
 For if Laz'rus himself should rise from the dead
 He couldn't have more than three sticks,

On a night like this, but I waste my breath,
 You know the rules of this place,
 But always until you have caused my death
 Will you calmly ask for more space.
 Then slices of silence passed and tell
 Till the air was untouched by sound,
 Save the click of machines or telephone bell
 As the wheels of work went around.

But smoldering still was the editor's wrath
 And his vengeance fell on all;
 Oh he seemed to need an electric bath
 But the sporting man said "high ball."
 "Hold down this desk and I'll do as you say,"
 Said the editor leaving the room.
 And then as the night was passing away,
 With it passed much of the gloom;

For when he returned tho no ball was in sight
 He had it was plain to be seen —
 In his manner invested with added might
 And his smile like a hash heesh dream.
 And his voice which had been so loud and gruff
 As he gave that terse command —
 Was oiled, as he said "we'll use all stuff
 For we've got to keep up with the band.

With no news coming, four pages more
 On account of an extra ad,
 Will give you people a chance to score
 And show just how you can pad."
 Again not a word nor the glance of an eye
 From the men in that busy place
 They knew the folly of making reply
 They were used to the changing pace.

But the woman well — she wished to swear
 Yet some way had never learned how —
 So she took a hand glass and fixed her hair
 And studied the dents on her brow;

YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS.

A half hour later the editor cried,
"Are you all up with the band"
And then as her hand glass he espied
He muttered, "Well I'll be ——!"

Then where's that column or two you had
I can use ev'ry line of it now
Still down to two sticks, I told you to pad"
"Yes you will, or we'll have a row"
And then with the tact that covers much guile
And is part of an editor's store —
He met her last word with a bow and a smile
And she took him two columns more.



J. S. MOSSGROVE.

GENERAL STORIES.

OFF FOR MANILLA.

Eight hundred and forty-seven soldiers, comprising the detachments of the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Nineteenth and Twenty-third infantry and the Fourth Cavalry, left Columbus for Manila, Monday morning over the Hocking Valley Railroad. They were in two divisions, the first in command of Captain B. B. Buek, Twenty-second artillery, and the second in command of Captain Wren. A few friends of the boys were at the station to bid them goodby and to leave with them big baskets of eatables, but not many people knew of their departure and it attracted little notice.

Three baggage cars filled with company property accompanied the detachment, also two parrots, four dogs and a cat. Thirty-five men were absent when the detachment left the city, though several squads patrolled the streets in search of them.

THE JAHRMARKT.

The "Jahrmarkt" in progress at the Independent Protestant church is a pronounced success in every way and the ladies who have charge of it deserve much commendation for the manner in which they have carried out some very unique ideas.

The "Jahrmarkt" is the old German fair of the churches in Germany. The booths, with handsome decorations in various colors, and the people who, with gay chatter and laughter examine or buy the many beautiful articles displayed, present a vivid picture of pleasure that has in it more than a suggestion of the old world and recalls certain features of the German village at the Columbian World's Fair.

The entertainments given are numerous. Among the special attractions Thursday evening was a cake walk by 'Arry Born's pickaninnies. These little darkies are very graceful and throw heart and soul into the entertainment.

The menu Thursday evening consisted of many odd dishes, among them hasenpfeffer and noodles.

For supper to-night the ladies will serve

sauerkraut, schweinenknoechel, frankfurters, wieners, kartoffel, salat, baked beans, kaffee-kuchen and coffee.

Those in charge of the booths are: Misses Ludwig, Pfaff, Wiedemeyer, Gilcher, Hoffman, Steinbaeh, Balz, Biedelman, Becker, Luft, Woellner, Weis Weller, Miller, Weber, Fullman, Roth, Stelzer, Steiert, T. Pfaff, Louise Balz, Louise Gilcher, Subert, Leidinger, Wedemeyer, Minnie Volk, Emma Volk, Brand, Koeh, Wirthwein, Richter and Mrs. Young.

A DAY IN CONGRESS.

Hon. Joseph H. Outhwaite, in an informal talk to a very appreciative audience at St. Philip's chapel Tuesday evening, gave a graphic description of "A Day in Congress." He discussed the manner in which the number of members of each house of congress is determined, the organization of the house and its subdivisions and the rules and customs which govern the action of the body, conveying a clear idea of the customs that are not specified in the printed rules.

Mr. Outhwaite also described the manner in which a bill is introduced and the various steps taken until it becomes a law, showing what may be termed the machinery of congress. He then related numerous incidents, amusing and otherwise, that occurred while he was a member of congress, giving accounts mentioning characteristics of prominent members and of filibustering tactics. In this connection he outlined the methods of Former Speaker Reed in securing the passage of his system and touched upon the beneficial effect such a system has upon legislation it prevents useless talk and delay.

FOREFATHERS' DAY.

The Central Ohio Congregational Club held a meeting in the parlors of the First Congregational church, Friday evening, and observed Forefathers' Day, the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock.

A dainty repast was served at six o'clock. About one hundred people were present including leaders in the church and those of other denominations.

The president of the club, Dr. Gladden acted as toastmaster and Prof. Geo. W. Knight of the O. S. U., introduced Dr. Boynton of Detroit, who spoke on "The Modern Puritan," characterizing the Puritans as men who were religious, educated and thrifty, and therefore good citizens. He referred to the importance of cultivating these attributes in all phases of modern life especially in commercial affairs.

Brief addresses were also made by the Rev. Dr. Hewitt, rector of St. Paul's church, Rev. S. S. Palmer, pastor of Broad Street Presbyterian church and Rev. E. G. Lewis, of Town Street Methodist church, in which the spirit of church unity was discussed.

Dr. Gladden followed with a short address in which he spoke of the death of Dwight L. Moody with whom he enjoyed a close personal acquaintance. In the opinion of Dr. Gladden, Mr. Moody, to whom he referred as a "Modern Puritan", had few equals in the directness and intensity with which he spoke to the people and the interest which he manifested in their spiritual welfare.

This meeting was the first the club had held in four years and the election of officers at the close of it was practically a reorganization.

The following officers were elected: Hon. E. O. Randall, president; E. T. Ward, treasurer; C. E. France, secretary.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES INTERESTINGLY AND INSTRUCTIVELY ANALYZED.

Professor Richard G. Moulton, A. M., Ph. D., of the University of Chicago, was greeted by a large and appreciative audience at First Congregational church, where he delivered a lecture Wednesday evening on Shakespeare's tragedy, "Richard III."

Professor Moulton treated the play as a study in nemesis which he interpreted as artistic retribution. Richard was depicted as an artist of evil, or as a fitting representative of "ideal villainy," whose plots were attended with success at every turn, surrounding him with an air of invincibility which tended to increase his success. This was especially noticeable in the wooing of Anne, where the force of Richard's presence, whether designated as magnetism, hypnotism or fascination, was much like that the snake exerts over the bird, and so great was the power that it caused the very strength of her curses to

react upon her own heart, leaving weakness that aided in his purpose.

Professor Moulton emphasized the necessity of plot, saying it is as essential to a play as perspective is to a picture. He followed the chain of crime and retribution in the under and broader plots up to the nemesis upon Richard himself, which he described as ideal in its delay and sudden recognition, its tantalizing stages of mingled hope and despair. Its climax in the night scene revealed the principle of the whole story, the confidence that Will as Spirit is free, and therefore invincible.

W. C. MILLER.

Mrs. W. H. Nash, wife of General Nash, retired officer of the U. S. A., and Lewis Newsome of this city were apprised of the death of their uncle, William Clendinen Miller, of Gallipolis, Wednesday.

Mr. Miller was one of the oldest, wealthiest and best known citizens of Gallipolis and was a direct descendant of Major Clendinen of revolutionary fame. About 18 years ago, Mr. Miller, who was for the greater part of his life one of the prominent merchants of southern Ohio, retired from business after a most successful career. His wife was the youngest daughter of General Louis Newsome, who died several years ago, and both had friends and relatives so widely scattered over the country that in all probability many of them will receive their first intelligence of his death through The State Journal.

Mr. Miller leaves five children, Henry L. Miller of Cincinnati, Mrs. Downing, wife of Major J. B. Downing of Middleport; Mrs. S. A. Dunbar, wife of Captain Dunbar of Gallipolis; Mrs. Frank Fitch of New York City and William C. Miller, jr., of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Nash left this morning to be present at the funeral, which takes place to-day.

NEW CHAPEL.

It was decided at a meeting of West Side residents, at the chapel on McDowell street, on Monday evening, to at once begin an active canvass to raise funds for the erection of a new chapel for St. John's mission. Rev. Mr. Barnes, pastor of West Broad Street church, who was present, headed the subscription list with a contribution of \$10.

Among those present were: Rev. J. W. Atwood, rector of Trinity church, and Hon. J. H. Outhwaite. Mr. Atwood spoke of the advantages and the good that would result from

the erection of a fine structure, while Mr. Outhwaite spoke of the interest of the members of Trinity church in the work.

Rev. Mr. Barnes was then called upon to make an address and spoke briefly. In closing he asked to be permitted to aid the mission to the extent of \$10. Mr. Grant, secretary of the Young People's Guild; Alfred Frohock and several others also made remarks.

LYCEUM CLUB.

At a meeting of the Columbus School of Oratory and Music Lyceum club on Monday evening there was a large attendance and a very interesting program was rendered. A feature was a number of selections by the Columbus quartet.

"An Hour with Whittier" was the subject of a reading by Miss Snider, and Miss McCarthy gave a piano solo, "Rhapsody," by Liezt.

An interesting debate on the question, "Resolved, That all foreign countries should have the government of the United States," was held, the affirmative being conducted by Miss Fanny Woodward, and the negative by W. S. Fisher. The judges decided in favor of the negative.

Miss Jones gave an interesting talk on "Flowers"; Mrs. Anderson discussed "Windows"; Neil Fravel, "My Favorite Profession," and Mr. Fisher, "Preaching."

EPWORTH LEAGUE.

At a meeting of the Wesley Chapel Epworth League on Monday evening, reports from all the departments were made, showing an increase of interest in the work. Miss Clara Gray resigned as third vice-president and Miss Mary Cole was elected to succeed her. Ten new members were received. James Fanning will represent the Epworth League in the Anti-cigarette league.

After the transaction of business an interesting program was rendered, as follows:

Piano duet, Miss Ella Stevenson and Miss May Hutchons; recitation, "A Mother's Prayer," Clayborn S. Close; paper on "Thanksgiving," W. F. McDowell; vocal solo, Miss Elizabeth Chinkenbeard; reading, "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," Miss Bessie Hammond; recitation, Miss Harriet Eastman.

THE GOVERNOR.

Governor and Mrs. Bushnell were guests of honor at an informal and delightful little 6

o'clock dinner given Monday evening by President Thompson of O. S. U. and Mrs. Thompson.

Pink and yellow roses formed the floral decorations throughout the house and this color effect was carried out in the table adornment.

Those present among the governor and his wife were: General and Mrs. Axline, Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Corson, Superintendent Shawan of the public schools, and Mrs. Shawan, Mr. L. P. Wing of Newark and daughter, Mrs. Shields of Columbus.

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

The Reverend John Paton, Missionary of Aniwa and foreign mission agent commissioned to represent the Presbyterian Church of Victoria, Australia at the General Council of the Alliance of Reformed Churches held in Washington gave a lecture at the First Presbyterian Church to a most appreciative audience, Tuesday evening.

The first part of the lecture was devoted to a description of work among the cannibals of the New Hebrides, the dangers encountered in it, the importance of acquiring languages and the results of missionary work among them.

In speaking of the missionaries in the New Hebrides, Dr. Paton said:

"Six of us are the only white men in our respective islands, and we see each other once yearly at the mission synod."

In referring to success of the work he said:

"Since I entered this work forty years ago, the mission has extended to twenty-three islands, the Bible in part or in whole has been translated and is now printed in twenty-two languages and we have about eighteen thousand professed Christians who are zealous in extending the work.

A petition prepared in Dayton was read and the audience congregation unanimously resolved that the pastors of the city be authorized to prepare a similar petition, the purport of which is to ask President McKinley and Congress to place all American traders on the New Hebrides under the same prohibition Britain has for many years placed hers, forbidding them, in the interests of humanity, to give the natives any destructive agencies such as are now causing great loss of life, and demoralization among the natives. These agencies comprise intoxicating drinks, ammunition and firearms, opium and dynamite.

Dr. Paton then contrasted the devout habits of the natives who have been christianized with those of many living in enlightenment who are professed followers of Christ, yet do not do as these one time heathen people, begin the day with prayer. He then referred in a touching manner to the affection and devotion of the civilized natives for the missionaries and mentioned that at one time he had thought America was not doing as much as might be done in advancing missionary work, because of such great advantages that called for much, but he was now glad that the benevolence of this country was being demonstrated.

Dr. Paton is a writer of power and is the author of several books, the best known of these being his autobiography, which is so interesting that all who have read it, were anxious to hear the distinguished lecturer. So great was this desire that a gentleman in talking with Rev. Dr. Watts said: "He had remained in Columbus two days longer than he had intended, in order to hear the lecturer."

In his personal appearance Dr. Paton is said to bear a striking resemblance to Dr. Plumer, who was so well known throughout the country some twenty years ago. In talking with Dr. Paton, the Journal representative was given a better conception of the character of the distinguished divine than was conceived from the lecture. His long flowing white beard gave him a most patriarchal appearance and his deep spiritual eyes seemed to hold in their depths remembrance of many lives apart from that which he had lived in the Hebrides, the lives that are lived by the "idealist" for whom no hunger, no thirst, no heat, no cold, no labor, no danger, no privation, no defeat is too great to be endured in pursuit of the soul's desire.

BISHOP WATTERSON.

Have you ever read "In His Steps" or "What Jesus Would Do?" by Sheldon?" No. Well it is a suggestive and instructive book particularly in these days when the great fundamental principles of Christian conduct are passing out of the minds and lives of people. The question is asked, "How would our Lord conduct a daily paper?" I do not think He would conduct one at all, (this with an inimitable inflation of voice that conveyed much that the words cannot express). But, He would do what He has done already. He would lay down the principles according to

which that kind of work as well as every other should be done.

He might also show how these principles are to be especially applied to the moral problems about which he might be consulted, and I am sure his answers would differ in nowise from those which have been given by his church in all ages and in all countries since the origin of Christianity whenever she has been consulted about practical questions. Indeed, she has always treated of these questions whether consulted or not, and there is not a problem of practical conduct in modern or in ancient times that she has not solved and settled definitely on those same grounds—old principles which our Lord himself once taught and which she has held and taught and developed and applied to the various employments and circumstances of life ever since the day of the Apostles. This is the province of moral theology."

I read Sheldon's book with great interest, and if those who discuss the important questions that are covered by it will keep themselves within the golden mean of Christian moderation, which is Christian virtue, a great deal more good would be done."

From notes of Talks with Bishop Watterson.

HOCKING VALLEY TEACHERS IN COLUMBUS.

Some of the teachers from Nelsonville, Logan and Buchtel who visited the Columbus schools compared notes on the work which had most favorably impressed them.

"I noticed particularly that among all the teachers was evidence of careful preparation. Kindly freedom existed between teachers and pupils. There was not manifest a tension requiring good conditions from recitations, but pupils attended because they were interested."

Said Superintendent Martzloff, of the Buchtel schools:

"One of the conspicuous features of the recitations in reading was the careful development of thought and the frequent reference to standard literary characters and their writings."

"I liked the manner of teaching philosophy and received many new ideas in regard to close distinction in presenting subjects," was the tribute given by Miss Vernon Kontner, principal of the Nelsonville high school.

Other opinions from Nelsonville teachers were:

"The method of instruction in history in the schools where the children conducted the discussion of current events awakened my interest more than anything else," remarked Miss Laura Morehead.

Miss Ella Sheppard, assistant principal of the High school, said with emphasis, "I was impressed with the whole thing from the beginning to the close of the day. I have received so many new ideas that it will take me some time to decide which is most prominent."

"I think the carrying out of Miss Sutherland's idea in regard to the study of grammar was exemplified in a most excellent manner in the rooms that I visited," said Miss Ida Juniper.

"The physical culture exercises were so fine that they gave me inspiration in regard to that work which I have not heretofore had in regard to the beauty and benefit of that work," was the enthusiastic remark made by Miss Ella Patton.

Miss Mayme Washburn stated that the method of questioning in physical geography was to her an innovation and she hoped to impart to her pupils some of the benefits derived from the visit.

"The teaching of numbers in the primary schools occurred to me as being especially good," said Miss Rose DeVore.

"The development of the story in the reading recitations was of more interest to me than any other phase of the work," said Miss Emma Clifford.

"I was surprised and pleased in the splendid results in the teaching of music in the Columbus schools," said Miss Anna Vore.

"The kindness of the teachers impressed me most," said Miss Jessie Bayliss. "There seemed to be much good feeling between them and their pupils."

"I think the interest manifested by the pupils must be due to the teachers who seem to be on the alert to bring out original thought in every lesson," was Miss Gertrude Sheppard's comment.

"The elimination of unimportant details in the grammar recitations interested me more than any other part of the work," said Miss Clara Pedigo.

Miss Lulu Lane's statement in regard to the work was: "The development of thought and the expression of it in the pupil's own language in all the recitations occurred to me as above any special phase of the work," said Miss Margaret Cummins. "I received

many new thoughts in connection with the instruction in writing."

Miss Dora Patton remarked: "I have been thinking what a great advantage it is to a teacher to have a pretty face. In one room that I visited the teacher was so lovely that her pupils would certainly feel beautiful thoughts growing every moment that their eyes rested upon her. She impressed me more than any work that I saw."

Those in the party are:

Misses Vernon Kontner, Ella Sheppard, Mayme Washburn, Laura Morehead, Ida Juniper, Clara Pedigo, Ella Patton, Dora Patton, Gertrude Sheppard, Lizzie Lowden, Anna Scott, Jennie Scott, Frank Scott, Nellie Musser, Rosa De Vere, Jessie Bayliss, Anna Vore, Margaret Cummins, Sylvia Cooley, Belle Dew, Lulu Tedrow, Emma Clifford, Lulu Lane, Lizzie Stevens, Anna Layden, Kate Layden, Bertha Nixen, May Scott, K. A. Rowlby, Nan McBride, Emma Westenhaver, Alma McCarthy, Gertrude Tracy, Emma Downey, Stella Strentz, Emma Floyd, Esther Finney, Emma Kellar, Mary McCray, Myra Brown, Ida Fishell, Jennie McManigal.

FINGER TIPS

Discussed at the Cheirological Club Meeting.

The Cheirological club held an unusually interesting meeting on Monday evening with most of the members present. Mrs. M. Toomey and Mr. Charles Orr read papers on the subject, "Finger Tips—Their Characteristics as Applied to the Palm and Different Types."

Mrs. Toomey referred to the first lecture, where the connection between the brain and all parts of the body was considered, and spoke of the division of finger tips, meaning of different formations and mount types.

Mr. Orr gave an able and comprehensive explanation of this particular phase of palmistry, which was followed by an interesting discussion of the points considered.

At the next meeting of the club the subject for the evening will be, "Knotty Fingers and Smooth Fingers."

CHEIROLOGISTS

Discuss Knotty and Smooth Fingers — New Quarters.

The Cheirological club meeting Monday night was of more than ordinary interest. The papers read by Miss Jenkins and Miss Westervelt treated the subject, "Knotty and Smooth Fingers," in an instructive and enter-

taining manner, and were followed by an informal talk by the president of the club, W. O. Benham.

Among the numerous questions asked, one that seemed particularly interesting to the members was, "Why are knots so well developed on the fingers of the insane?"

In answering this question Mr. Benham said that the knots indicated analytical qualities, their abnormal development shows continual strife and working of the mind; in fact, analysis is so continuous that the mind wears out.

The matter of changing the club rooms was discussed, but no definite decision was reached. Misses Westervelt and McLaughlin and Mr. Pembroke were appointed a committee to ascertain if a change of location would be desirable.

REFORM OF PRISONERS

Discussed by Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth at Board of Trade Auditorium.

At the Board of Trade, Friday evening, Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth held the close attention of a large audience for nearly two hours. She spoke of state prisoners, to whose reform she has devoted her life.

She began by impressing upon her hearers the importance of looking upon the errors of others not from the human standpoint, but with some touch of the divine love that can inspire the hopeless with hope and help the weak to stand. She declared that she was not a sentimentalist, seeking to secure the freedom of those who had violated the law, for she believed that wrong-doers should suffer, and that imprisonment was sometimes best, but she also believed that the moment an individual had expiated crime, that moment he should be free from the opprobrium that attaches to crime and have extended to him the aid of the more fortunate. Neglect to do this, she said, would place upon the world the responsibility of their downfall should despair drive them to farther crime.

Mrs. Booth thought that the term ex-convict should be abolished and suggested that "graduate" would be kinder when applied to those who had come from behind iron bars, as they were graduates from the hardest school.

A resume of her work among prisoners was then given, followed by a graphic description of the home founded in New York for men who had completed their terms of imprisonment. Mrs. Booth concluded with

an earnest appeal for the religion that is not shown in words but in deeds.

MRS. MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH.

The chapel services at the State prison Sunday morning were unusually impressive. The opening prayer and a special hymn composed by Chaplain C. L. Winget met with great appreciation. Another prayer, a response, by the choir, a vocal solo by Miss Lilian Winget that was vigorously applauded and the old, but loved hymn, Rescue the Perishing, concluded the opening exercises. At the close of these Warden Coffin stepped forward and said:

"I take pleasure in introducing to you today one of the most eloquent and eminent speakers in the country, a woman of national reputation, who is known as the prisoner's friend, Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth.

Enthusiastic applause greeted Mrs. Booth whose face reflected the earnestness of her purpose.

In the beginning of her talk, Mrs. Booth reminded the vast assembly of prisoners that she was not there as a stranger, but as one who had dedicated her life to the service of one who belonged to them and had come to them with a message of practical human sympathy and aid.

Mrs. Booth declared that "once a convict always a convict," was not true, and that one who believed that this was so, practically hindered the work of God whom she believed as willing and as able to save a thief as a hypocrite.

Mrs. Booth referred to the great difficulties that confront those who go out from prison walls to take up the battle of life again and said the key to the situation was in the hands of the prisoners themselves who could solve the problem as no one else could by beginning to live new lives before they left the prison by gaining self mastery before being confronted with that which would try their strength, for it was easier to reform in prison than when tempted by outside, and the cold unfriendliness of the world, for said she "The world is more merciful than the law."

Mrs. Booth then described the home founded for the benefit of released prisoners and mentioned that in this home she had tried to think what would be pleasing for her boy if she were expecting him home from prison, and determined that the home should be in accord with the idea suggested by the thought.

Mrs. Booth's voice is never heard to such good advantage as when speaking to those whom she always addresses as "my boys," and the attractiveness of her face is enhanced by the emotion of such an hour.

THE LUTHERAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The closing session of the Hocking Valley and Scioto Valley Lutheran Sunday-school association at St. Mark's Lutheran church, Thursday, was very interesting and one of the best attended in the history of the association. There were about 70 delegates present.

Several features of the program were exceptionally fine. Among these was an address on the subject "The Greatest Problem," by Rev. C. D. Besch of Franklin, Ohio. Mr. Besch considers child training the greatest problem of the day, and his views on this important work, while not differing greatly from those that have been advanced, were marked by an earnestness of delivery that added much strength to his statements.

"Discipline in the Sunday School" was the subject of another paper that received much favorable comment. It was read by Miss Elfried McKinley. The interesting discussion that followed the reading was opened by Dr. L. H. Schuh of this city.

Other papers read and discussed Thursday were: "Teaching Temperance Lessons to Juveniles," by James Steward of Marcy; "Responsibility of the Sunday School Teacher to Pupils," by Miss Florence Huber of Circleville; "Superintendent's Hour," by John Binckley of Columbus, and "Publication Board's Aim and Authority for Discontinuing the International Lessons," by Rev. S. P. Long, of Columbus. The discussion of these papers was opened by J. P. Weisman of Columbus, Mrs. George W. Runkle of St. Paul, Ohio, and Professor A. Pflueger of Columbus.

Officers elected for the ensuing year were: Rev. S. P. Long, president; William Long, vice president; Miss Elfried McKinley, secretary; and Miss Clara Trauger, treasurer.

The selection of a place of meeting for the convention next year was left to the officers.

A vote of thanks was extended to the officers of the past year for their services; to Rev. W. L. Spielman for his faithful and efficient work; also to members of the church for hospitality shown the visitors.

THE CHILDREN OF PIONEERS.

A Reunion of Old Families Held at Moore's Corner—Officers Elected—Committees.

The Simmons-Miner-Sheppard families held their second annual reunion at the home of George Sheppard at Moore's Corners, near Maple Heights, Wednesday. About 150 members of the families and their friends were present.

After an elaborate luncheon, the assemblage was called to order and Rev. Mr. Harris invoked divine blessing. The president, E. Mettles, gave a very interesting account of the early members of the family, who emigrated from Virginia to this county before the establishment of the capital, at a time when there were only a few log huts on the present site of Columbus. Among these pioneers were John, Thomas, Hansen, Jennie, Mary and William Simmons.

The constitution was read and adopted, after which Rev. Mr. Harris made an appropriate address. This was followed by singing and recitations.

The obituary committee reported two deaths during the year, John Milton Simmons and a child of John Reems. The president delivered a thoughtful memorial address. The following officers were elected: E. Mettles, president; W. Simmons, vice president; C. P. Munk, treasurer; Addie Windsor, secretary.

The committee of arrangements for the year is composed of Alma Orr, Isaac Simmons, Hattie Simmons, Charles Sheppard and Elmer Simmons. The committee on entertainment is made up as follows: Eliza Simmons, Laura Rusk, E. Walcutt and Otto Miller.

MEETING OF THEOSOPHISTS.

The meetings of the Theosophical society have been steadily increasing in interest during the winter and are always characterized by earnest and animated discussions of the subjects brought before the society, but unusual attention was given a paper read by Mrs. Grace Orr, Sunday night. This paper entitled, "A Few Old Truths," was sent to Mrs. Orr last week by the writer, Mr. Cummins, whom she met during her recent visit in the South.

Among other beautiful ideas mentioned was the Theosophists' theory of God. This conformed to that expressed by a writer of

verse whose name was familiar to readers of the New York papers a decade ago. The poetical interpretation of God as revealed to one from whom "the passion and fire of the mortal being" had passed until the spirit seemed to face the whole universe, was:

God is the glory that sweeps with splendor
The infinite universe through and through,
The love that is holy, sweet and tender,
And all that is noble and brave and true.

The thought, the speech, the rapt desire,
The miracle beauty of sea and sod;
Your longings higher and ever higher
Are God and we are a part of God.

Other thoughts brought out through the reading and discussion of the paper was the importance of never failing to extend a helping hand to one who faltered in some untried way, for only by the advancement of each and every one could the greatest good for all be attained.

THEOSOPHISTS

Discuss the Hidden Deity and Marriage.

"The Hidden Deity, Its Symbols and Glyphs." was the subject of a section of "The Secret Doctrine," read at the meeting of the Theosophical society Sunday night. It embraced such topics as "The Logos or Creative Deity," "The Gnosis or Marcus," "The Great Mind," "Symbols of the Creative Powers," "International Correlation of Gods," and "Ancient Symbology."

After the reading, "Hindoo Allegories" were discussed, also the Trinity and other points of Christian theology, closing with some quotations from "Paradise Lost."

The discussion was followed by a talk by Frank Bearman with "Marriage," as his theme. His remarks were decidedly unique and received the closest attention, especially after he made the confession that he had been studying the subject very closely of late. This, in connection with the fact that his talk was entirely unexpected, furnished the other members great amusement.

At the meeting next Sunday night a very interesting paper will be read, followed by an address by J. L. Bachman.

This will be the last meeting of the society until next September.

A BABY THAT CAN WHISTLE.

There's a baby at 40½ West Broad street that can neither walk nor talk but can whistle

"In the Sweet Bye and Bye," and a bar or two of the select and popular airs. His name is Frankie Timmans, and he is fourteen months old.

A reporter for the State Journal called upon the young man last night. After climbing up the darkest stairway ever known, she ran straight against a wall in which a door was finally located. Her somewhat emphatic knock was answered by a woman, who in reply to a question said the number was 40½.

"I came to see the baby," said the reporter by way of explanation of her visit.

A man who was sitting in the room turned with manifest surprise while the woman exclaimed.

"What baby?"

"Your baby, of course."

"But we haven't any baby," the woman replied with a mystified look, then added after a moment's thought.

"You must mean Timmans' baby?"

"Can it whistle?"

"To be sure it can, I've heard it often."

"That's the baby. "Where can I find it?"

"On the next floor."

There was another scramble in the dark and a search for a door. This time a man answered the knock and opening the door a little way thrust his head forward and asked what was wanted.

"I wish to see your baby."

"Oh, will you wait a few moments."

"Yes."

The door was closed, a toilet was made, but at last all difficulties were overcome and the door was opened.

"Yes, indeed our baby can whistle," said a woman. He's asleep now, bless his life, but you just wait a moment and you shall hear him for yourself."

Thereupon from an inner room was brought the dearest little chap blinking his eyes and cooing in the most delightful manner, but although so good-natured, the little one seemed to have a perception of the eternal fitness of things that was not in line with the idea of the editor who had sent a woman to see and hear him whistle after office hours, and it was some time before the sweet baby mouth was pursed for whistling. Then just as all were listening for the first sound the mouth relaxed, the dimples deepened on the chubby face and the baby laughed aloud. Then again the mouth was fixed and relaxed while baby coquetted with the desire to have him display wonderful accomplishment.

but at last clear and distinct a few bars of In the Sweet Bye and Bye were rendered in his shrill whistle, but the mother said:

"He wont whistle to-night, but you come out to-morrow and hear him," and the reporter promised she would.

AT THE BOHEMIAN SMOKER.

"Some men are fond of quoting Kiplings' lines a woman is only a woman but a good cigar is a smoke," and they might truthfully add that a smoker is more than a smoker, its a first class place to drink; at least that's the impression given me at the Bohemian Smoker last night."

This statement was made by a woman to a number of newspaper writers the day following the "Smoker" given Admiral Dewey by the newspaper men of Ohio, and it was instantly met by the terse accusing information that she could not possibly have been at the smoker as no one could enter the hall where it was held without a card of admittance and obviously no cards had been issued to women.

However, after she had related numerous incidents that were not included in their reports they agreed that she had been there but the question was where, as it was the unanimous opinion that not even a mouse could have escaped ordinary observation, much less the almighty eyes of the press.

Declining to gratify their curiosity she was about to escape further questioning but was told that she would be compelled to take the oath of silence relative to what took place after Admiral Dewey had left, and thus a good story was lost. But a while later she came perilously near to breaking her promise as she said to a friend:

"I must tell you where I was last night. At the Bohemian Smoker. Of course, I wasn't invited, and I didn't intend to be there. I only went to have a look at the affair, but as I didn't leave the Camp Fire at the auditorium until a few minutes before the Admiral left for the smoker, I had just time to ensconce myself in a sort of little private box formed by two of the immense fans used in decorating the little semi-gallery above the hall, when the band struck up America and hundreds of newspaper men sprang to their feet to greet their distinguished guest, who entered, accompanied by Governor Nash, Colonel Kilbourne, J. Y. Bassell, George W. Dun, Leo Hirsch, J. H. Outhwaite, O. A.

Miller, E. J. Salt, E. J. Pollock, Geo. Hibbard and J. H. Maddy.

"I was so surprised by the wild welcome given the warrior by men who are usually so undemonstrative that I listened eagerly while a toast was offered and Mr. Bassell turned to the Admiral with some words of verse to which he responded:

"In the presence of this august body, or you who rule the world, I drink your health one and all and may God bless you."

After this it was easier to stay than it was to go, so I remained. It was worth while seeing the greatest warrior of modern times fill one of the long stemmed pipes and enter into the festivities with unaffected enjoyment, laughing heartily over Governor Nash's response to the toast, "Our Governor," and other humorous speeches also, over the entertainment given by the vaudeville performers from Olentangy theater.

After the distinguished visitor and party had left the fun because so fast and furious, that only the fact that the crowd was composed of those who in their wildest moments are gentlemen, rendered it safe for a woman to be there. But I knew their hilarity would not approach buffoonery, so I enjoyed seeing them act like a crowd of schoolboys just let loose. There was just one thing that marred it for me. I couldn't forget some old-fashioned ideas that wouldn't be reconciled to the vast array of bottles, ugly black things, that seemed to be given much more attention than the fragrant Havanas, the long stemmed pipes or excellent buffet luncheon. Once, when I saw one of the men pouring beverage from one of the bottles I leaned so far forward that he saw and recognized me and as one of the men addressed some inquiry to him based in all probability upon the start he had given, I drew back with the thought that in another instant many eyes might be turned toward my retreat, but when I ventured to look down again the one individual who had seen me was looking in another direction, and seemed to be calling the attention of his companion to another gentleman. But after a little he raised the bottle which he had placed on the table, deliberately poured a brimming glass of the liquor and held it aloft as tho drinking to me. I suppose it was a graceful recognition, but altho I acknowledged it by a bow, I immediately decided that I had seen enough of the smoker.

THE SENATE AS SEEN ON THE SURFACE.

"Who's the handsomest senator?"

This question was asked by a girl who is visiting the capital city for the first time, of the friend who was showing her the "sights" and had included the senate chamber in the places of interest.

"The handsomest senator?" was the reply. "I don't know who enjoys that distinction."

"Been here every day and don't know that?"

"I've been too busy listening to what they said to notice if they were handsome or not, but come to think of it there are a number of very fine looking men in this body."

"Rubbish. There's always one who is better looking than the others. Where is he?"

As if to dispel doubt, the woman interrogated glanced quickly about until every member on the Republican side seemed to have come within the line of vision, been mentally weighed and found wanting. Then her eyes wandered over to the Democratic side, where a gentleman who was trying to get the chair's attention claimed her's.

"There he is," she exclaimed in animated tones. "That tall gentleman with flashing eyes and curling black hair. Reminds me of the men of our southland. Let's see what is the term to describe him? 'Strikingly picturesque and decidedly handsome!' There is the man."

Miss Visitor looked at the individual described with the air of a connoisseur, and just as the chair recognized him with —

"The member from Franklin County," she exclaimed:

"Why, he can't compare with our 'Beauty'."

The member from Athens County was known as "Beauty Moore," so it was easy to follow the direction of two pairs of eyes as the talk continued:

"You mean Dave Moore, the banker. He is handsome but not strikingly so. He doesn't look as well behind a desk as behind horses. Oh, but he can drive. It's an inspiration to see him. I've been told his master passion is horses in place of politics, but it may be, they go together as they do in Kentucky, for

"Beauty" has introduced an important bill, and he takes an active part in the discussions, speaking in a way that commands attention. But he wouldn't like to have the title of 'Beauty' paraded before his colleagues now that he's a senator. Wouldn't they have a rare time quoting:

"You may break, you may shatter the vase
if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it
still."

"They might come back at him with:

"On that Caucasian head there is no crown
of hair
It has gone, it has fled and echo says,
'Where'?"

for a number of them need a hair tonic. But who's that slight, dark man with the pleasant eyes and the deep lines on his forehead; lines that surely didn't come with age, for the remainder of his face is too youthful to warrant them."

"That's Senator Chamberlain, who was the author of the bill that created such a row in the house the other day. He's one of the most genial men here. Always impresses one with the thought that he will do his share toward helping others to be successful and happy. I see he has a new coat. It's an improvement over the one he's been wearing. It was too clerical for even a 'Guardian Angel.' Yes, he's the gentleman who won the title of 'Guardian Angel No. 2' during the municipal code fight."

"Who's that speaking now?"

"Senator Overturf. He always holds his hands behind him in such a peculiar way when he is speaking — under his coat tails. He also pulls down his vest with a little jerk before speaking. But look, there's Senator Patterson. He's the author of the redistricting bill.

"Very gallant, too, I should judge, by the manner in which he converses with those

girls. Is he devoted to any of them in particular?"

"Oh, bless you, no. He has that manner no matter with whom he is conversing. He couldn't help being gallant if he'd try. It's his way; he seems to think it necessary to be agreeable even when people are not worth while."

"His mustache is peculiar, isn't it?"

"Yes; lies too close to his lip, but he has a pleasant smile. Ordinarily he makes a good appearance, but sometimes he wears a silk hat that makes me echo the wish of the House page, who exclaimed the first time he saw it, 'How I'd like to hit that hat!'"

"That slight, dark man, with his hair parted in the middle, is Senator Archer. Pity he parts his hair that way, isn't it? He's partial to red ties, too, which is another pity, as they don't go well with his complexion. However, when he's in the chair things go more evenly than that part in his hair. He's the author of the game law."

"Bother the laws. I'm more interested in the lawmakers."

"They're not as interesting as some of their measures."

"There's an earnest, honest face."

"You mean Senator Roudebush. He impresses everyone in the same way. Seems to have the stamp of sincerity on his face. His talk also carries conviction. One feels instinctively that what he says has back of it the earnest desire to do that which will result in the greatest good. He's one of the leading Democrats."

"But he seems to be conferring with the members on this side relative to some measure that is being discussed."

"That's nothing. Party differences often yield to harmony of action when measures are not of great party importance, especially when the personal relations are as close as they are among many of these members on opposite sides of the chamber. Often the place seems like a club house, there's such fellowship of feeling manifested. They are good friends until party principles are involved, then they become uncompromising foes on most issues. However, they sometimes agree on political questions."

"Personally, there are few if any men in the Senate who are liked better than Judge Royer by members of both sides of the chamber, and if there are any who do not like

him they certainly can not fail to respect him because of his fairness and uprightness."

"Is he the most interesting man here?"

"That's a sweeping question to ask a woman. I'm not in the confessional mood just now, but I can tell you whom most people who keep the trend of affairs here think the most interesting. That gentleman with the clean shaven face, and strong, firm features. There, do you see him! His hair is slightly gray on the right temple. That's Senator Harding."

"Oh, yes; the coming man?"

"Nay, nay, the man who has arrived and is very likely to remain with the foremost in the van. He's a natural leader, a clear reasoner, a man of executive ability, an admirable writer and one of the best speakers in the chamber. A man who knows what he has to say and says it in a convincing way, but one who never seeks the center of the stage. When he gets there, which is quite often, it is for some other purpose than posing and he seems utterly unconscious of the lime-lights."

"We are sitting too far away from the members on the Democratic side to get a good view of them, but I see Senator Warner's little skull cap is still there. He talked to the prisoners at the state prison a few days ago. He seems to be a man of broad sympathies. He was very much interested in the repeal of the habitual criminal law, which commends itself to all who remember that 'the quality of mercy is not strained.'"

"Who's the Democratic member that resembles one of the Supreme Court judges so much?"

"Judge Herrick. He is one of the able men on the minority side. I think Senator Crites must be a 'silent force.' I've never heard him say a word throughout this session. He is the antithesis of the senator who has just secured the floor on this side. He is possessor of a keen tongue and he knows when to use it. His name? Connell. What's that? Looks like a boy? Yes, he does. His face is so fair and frank."

"What did he mean by calling 'Division' in that energetic way?"

"That calls for a standing vote. The ayes and nays had been demanded, so they couldn't call the roll."

"Notice that tobacco pouch on one of the desks. The man who sits there usually smokes a pipe. I know this from observation,

but as trifles are said to be the indices of character, I should like you to describe the sort of man you imagine him to be, proceeding from that slight indication."

"Oh, a man of Bohemian habits. Apt to wear his hair extra long and have a bank account that is too ideal for him to ever disturb. A man who wears a turn-down collar whether it's in vogue or not, and either a scarf with flaring ends or a little string tie which he draws into a tight knot. In short a man careless in dress, manner and speech."

"Oh, but you're good on deductions. If you continue to do so well, you may obtain recognition among that class of Columbus detectives whose 'work' is always recognized before it begins. Behold, the man whom you've described as a bad imitation of a Bohemian. Senator Longworth, the most correctly dressed man in the Senate, appears in new clothes every few days, and they are

always irreproachable in material and cut, but without the slightest suggestion of foppishness. Just glance at that improvement on the Ascot, will you? Isn't it 'mode'? Senator Longworth has been in London so often that he's competent to distinguish the real English article, so I say

'Let others prove by precedent the faith that they profess

His can't be wrong that's symbolized by such becoming dress.'

As to his speech, it is as correct as his dress. He usually has something to say on all important measures, and says it with the skill of a well-trained lawyer. What's that, a motion to adjourn? We'll have to come again."

So ended the gabble of the gossips, which if discursive was also disinterested.

TRUE.

You'll tread the path that truth commands
 Tho' stones obstruct the way,
 Tho' thorns oft pierce your feet and hands
 They will not make you stray.

With sweet unwisdom you reply
 Where some would swear they did not know,
 You cannot train to tell a lie
 Tho' for yourself 'twere better so.

I read you as I would a book
 Where ev'ry page is plain and fair,
 You cannot by a word or look
 Be false, oh heart, so true and rare.

And so, where'er you chance to be
 I have no doubts of you,
 You cannot prove untrue to me
 For nature made you true.

A SENSITIVE.

PENETRATING HIS WEAKNESS.

She was a woman of delicate physique, with the deep eyes that express much or nothing as the owner wills and a face which at times seemed that of an innocent, wondering child, but which could when occasion demanded be as inscrutable as that of the trained woman of the world whose canon is that any betrayal of emotion is unpardonable.

He had been dabbling in that which though increasing in interest as a science is somewhat worn as a fad, namely, hypnotism, and having conceived the idea that she was a "sensitive" he had asked if she would consent to an experiment.

Knowing that the expert in this line does not ask the consent of the governed, she readily agreed to make a test of his power.

After all the ridiculous passes and verbal commands, deemed necessary by the amateur operator, he was rejoiced to see a strange stillness creeping over her countenance as though the features were settling into the repose of death, while the eyes, though open, seemed not to see material things.

"Ah, she's going beautifully," he muttered, "But she ought to shut her eyes. Close your eyes!" This to the subject, whose eyelids drooped slowly as though compelled to do so while the hands and form relaxed into pathetic helplessness. With a smile suggestive of that which illumines the face of a morphine fiend who has just had a dose of the drug, he regarded her for some time then folding his arms he exclaimed:

"Ah, this is the hour appointed for me to recognize my power! Now at last I know that I possess the mysterious, internal force that shall control the thought of others. Oh, I shall be master of the world invisible; for see, this woman is mine! Her soul is absolutely under my dominion! Oh, what sweet exultation! But I must stifle human feeling and be a god; for the soul cannot achieve its greatest power if human impulses interfere. Now for the great test! Oh, daughter of vision, I command thee to go forth into the glory spaces of eternity for a brief time whence returning thou shalt reveal to me the mys-

teries that have baffled mortals since the world began! I send you from the darkness of earth elsewhere, hence to roam in other spheres."

A silence that was full of solemn weirdness followed. Then over the face of the woman a lustrous light seemed to glow as though the soul perceived such glory it could but illumine the countenance.

Seeing this the operator, forgetful of one of the essentials of success — self-control — leaned forward eagerly, showering a storm of questions upon his subject:

"Oh, star of my soul, where art thou roaming in worldless peace? Are you in some radiant elysium of sweet illusions and ethereal ecstasies? Do you hear the angels whispering? Are you in some celestial sphere? If so, tell me of it. Nay, more important than description of any place, tell me of myself when I go hence. Where shall I be? With thee? That is an ideal reply, for what matters the place if I am with thee? But tell me this, beloved, will we be there as we are here? Will our outward forms be changed? Mine will be different you say? Then how will you recognize me? What shall you see in place of the man that is?"

Then softly, sweetly, like the cooing gurgle of a baby's laugh, sounded her reply:

"A little yellow dog."

With an exclamation that means the antithesis of the place he had tried to send her soul, he grasped her and shook her rudely; but as she still seemed to be in artificial sleep, or another world, he commanded her to come back to earth. Reluctantly she complied, and now he wonders if she really was hypnotized or only shamming. But he glances at every little yellow dog as though he saw the shadow of what he is to be, and when this woman meets him with a smile as non-committal as though she were watching an approaching street car, he glares at her as though he'd like to teach her that there is one unpardonable sin of woman toward man, and that is penetrating his weakness.

THE CHARM.

There was never a thought in that old, old time
More precious, more blissful, more rare,
Than comes to me now like an odor divine
At sight of thy beautiful hair;
The soft, tangled hair that I often caressed
With touch that was tender with love,
Oh, what did it signify how you were dressed,
Adorned by that crown from above?

No difference how changed I may seem to be,
Despite what my deeds may reflect,
Whatever the faults I remember or see,
Thy hair has the same old effect;
Ay, moments there are when the world slips away,
Forgotten the sad, dark story
Of how you turned skies that were blue into gray
Enshrouding with gloom life's glory.

They come when I glance at the bright waves of hair
That once were my pride and pleasure;
So loosen those coils; be thy old self so fair,
My queen, my heart's dearest treasure;
Ay unfasten the coils of shimmering sheen
Mine eyes crave that splendor tonight—
Let it be between us a beautiful screen
In a misty and holy light.

The light that shines softly for you and for me,
As lovely, as pure as of old;
The light that surrounds us where'er we may be
When that lustrous hair is unrolled.
Oh gift of the gods, often kissed by the sun
My hands are bathed in thy glory.
Thy spell is the same altho proud lips are dumb;
We'll bury that sad, dark story.

Ohio State Journal, May 25, 1902.

ELKS CARNIVAL AND DEMOCRATIC CLAMBAKE.

Said the Carnival to the Clambake
"Oh, "why do you come on the scene?
Attempting part of my time to take
With your wild old fuddled pipe dream?
The Clambake sleepily raised its head
And replied with a well bred sneer
"Oh how many years have you been dead
That this truth you have failed to hear
"The stomach guards the gates of man's heart
And generally rules his mind
'Tis thus I'm used with most subtle art
For a Clambake can lure mankind."

"The stomach yes, but only your school
Would imagine something to eat
Was the loadstone lure, you dry clam fool
Its time you were standing a treat.
The Clambake slowly shook its odd head
As tho tired of its own good part
Then slowly, solemnly, sadly said:
"I would with a glad hand and heart
But my bake was landed by a crew
As thirsty as any that sail
Across the waves of cerulean blue
So I'm barred e'en a lone cocktail.

But don't you think I'll be dry as dust
For my speeches will fall like rain.
And lightning storm of the why and must
Will sound the old long roll again.
While the Old Guard looking straight ahead
Will let well enough quite alone —
When called to face the rarest old spread
These diggings have ever yet known.
'Tis said, "they say," that Democrats drink,
'Tis a sweeping charge that they make
They might as well say we eat and think
As we shall at the Great Clambake."

"A Clambake sure and each one a Clam
Who ventures to take a small part
In the tinsled rags of a played out plan
Just to find an old mossback's heart:
Now I stand for all things gay and bright
I have mortgaged dancing and mirth,
And I'll turn day to entrancing night,
For the finest people on earth;
I'll have long lines of carnival floats
In gorgeous carnival settings.
They will move like Fancy's fairy boats
From the Isle of Vain Regrettings.

For I'll be all the heavens portray
 With all that the earth can command
 Just wait till I make my grand entree
 With the Old Fourth Regiment Band
 Yes, I shall glow in the dazzling glare
 Of countless illuminations
 I'll make men think of a great World's Fair
 With my great Congress of Nations.
 Mexican, Moorish and Indian life
 Will all be most fully portrayed
 Flowers will be thrown till the air is rife
 With the glamour that ne'er will fade.

There side by side with Siberian slaves
 Three dark thin, Mahatmas you'll see
 They may make some places seem like graves
 But they'll cast no gloom over me
 With aerialists walking upside down
 Areonauts racing through the air
 Girls too pretty to spoil with a frown
 The Carnival kiss — but there —
 I'll blaze the way and lead the whole town
 To the streets of fascination
 And young and old will go racing down
 To King Carnival's sensation.

I've wrestlers, jugglers, gay gunslingers,
 Whirling dancers and acrobats
 French, Egyptian and Russian singers
 What? A concert of old black'cats
 And you think that these are abject slaves
 Who lend themselves to occasion
 Well what think ye of my Indian braves
 From the U. S. reservation?

Oh, I mean laughter, flowers and singing,
 Mild flirtations 'neath summer skies,
 Young people out confetti flinging,
 Fleeting glances from well loved eyes
 Following swift some fleeting devil
 In deepest black and flaming red
 Flaunting his feather in the revel
 Flouting all Correlli has said.
 Then drongo shrieks with their long spiked tails,
 Fairy legs flashing blue and pink,
 Street music drowning old classic wails
 That all too long have made men think."

For the Elks are men who like to smile
 And they like to share good feeling
 Worry they don't consider worth while
 And grief must have no revealing
 They turn on lights with a merry jest
 As they wave their hands to sorrow
 Their canon is give the world your best
 Tho ruin come on the morrow.

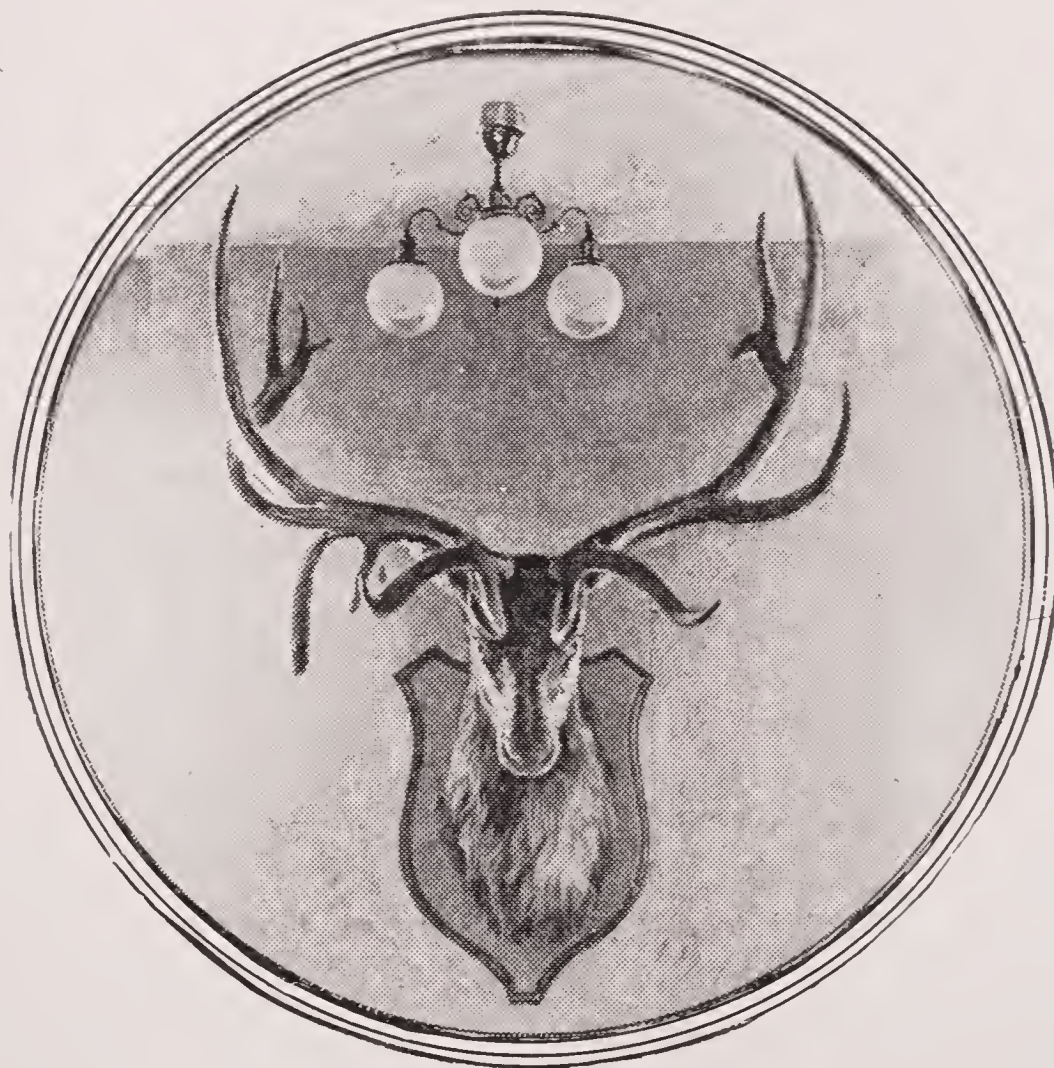
Yes, Elks are "the people" to the end,
 They're so broadly, deeply human,
 They'll stake their all on the word of a friend
 Whose artistic lies shield a woman.

I stand for these who all pleasures quaff
 Who are never slaves to old time
 And drain the dregs with an easy laugh
 When the world has spilled all their wine.

So standing for them I must be gay
 As befits their light hearted band.
 July is mine so you'd better stay
 In your habitat in the sand.

Miss dazzling July had stood close by
 With a smile on her lovely face
 And a well trained coquette's drooping eye
 That at times read each speaker's face.

Each bowed to her: she had learned that words
 Are oft weighed on dangerous ground
 So her voice thrilled out like song of birds
 "I've glory enough to go round."



COL. DONAVIN'S DEN.

"Yes, Colonel Donavin was a prince among story tellers and perhaps no one had a better opportunity of knowing his ability in this line than I. This good fortune was due to the fact that we had quarters in the same house one winter."

This remark was made by a woman who was one of a group of writers who were discussing the death and life of the beloved veteran in newspaper work. Seeing her hearers were interested, she continued:

"We had rooms with sisters, dressmakers, in the old Deshler property on Front Street which when it was built was considered so fine that people came from miles around to see it. Col. Donavin had the best rooms on the first floor, front. One used as his office or study was separated from his sleeping room by a folding door and back of these were the sewing and living rooms of the sisters.

Col. Donavin's study was filled with books, magazines newspapers and the assortment of articles that a man of his tastes accumulates. No "help" was permitted to enter these rooms and the sisters when sweeping or dusting were careful to leave everything just where it was found even if this were the middle of the floor for they desired to do everything possible for the comfort and pleasure of the gentle, courteous, cultured writer who, altho one of the best known and most popular men in the city, led the lonely life of the unmarried man who has survived most of his early friends.

To those accustomed to newspaper offices the disorder of that study did not seem great, but to others the interior of that room meant chaos.

However, an open fireplace in strong contrast to the ugly little stoves used in other parts of the house was compensation for lack of order and Col. Donavin with his usual consideration for others told me to use his study whenever I wished, a privilege of which I availed myself during his frequent absences from the city.

One Sunday evening when wind, rain and snow vied with each other as to which could be most disagreeable, I put my work aside,

picked up "Beauty," a little white terrier that had been whimpering for notice and exchanged my chair for a rug in front of the fire. One of the sisters was engaged in some culinary occupation in one of the back rooms, visible, but beyond speaking distance and the other with fine economy of time but utter disregard for the day was finishing a beautiful wedding gown.

My fireside dreams were broken by stamping of feet and brushing of clothes and I walked Colonel Donavin who was supposed to be in Delaware. As I was about to leave he said:

"Please don't go. It isn't every night an old man who hasn't a family can come to his rooms and find such a homelike scene. The girls humor me because I'm old and cranky and you'll have to do likewise," this with a half whimsical, half whistful smile that caused me to say it would be a pleasure to stay.

The "girls" fluttered in to help the Colonel divest himself of his great coat, pull his chair a little nearer to the fire, and give little touches for his comfort.

"But what can I do," I asked, not seeing where I could be useful.

"You take Beauty and sit down on the rug again," said the Colonel. "Some women are at their best when they are doing nothing." Then as the "girls" returned to their work he continued: "What have you been doing today?"

"Trying to write something entirely different from my usual line. I'd like you to see it. It's there on your desk."

The Colonel always took his own time for everything and in his deliberate way gathered up my copy but did not look at it until after he had talked of various other things. Then when he did read it he looked at me in such a noncommittal way that I said:

"What would you advise me to do with it?"

"I'd advise you to throw it in the fire right away," was the unhesitating response. "You strike twelve sometimes, but this isn't one of the times."

A master had spoken! Without a word I

placed my precious story in the fire, but not without evidence of the struggle it cost me.

"For heaven's sake don't cry," cried the Colonel. "Oh, it distresses me to see a woman in tears. I was a brute to hurt you so, but I thought it would be better than to permit you to submit that stuff to an editor. Oh, please don't cry," then as his expression of dismay and contrition caused me to laugh he said:

"No man could cry and laugh at the same time. It takes women to do that. They perplex me but bless them I'd like to take all of them everywhere and throw around them the protection that every woman needs. They shouldn't be sewing and writing and slaving but every woman should be sheltered as a sister or placed upon a pedestal and adored.

"But," I interposed, "you haven't come within approximate distance of your ideal. You haven't taken even one woman and placed her on a pedestal to be adored."

"For speech that is saucy commend me to you. If I were thirty years younger you wouldn't talk so. The truth is I don't know how to take the women of today," said the Colonel.

"Not in the old way, Colonel. Women don't like pedestals. That is only now and then," I replied.

"But the trouble is to find out, when the 'now and then' is on the boards with the women of today, for nine times out of ten when they're placed on pedestals they jump off and go racing after strange gods. They wish to belong to clubs, speak on platforms and vote."

"You don't seem to like the new gods."

"No, they are such false gods. Eventually they leave you women nothing."

"And what do men leave us?"

At that moment one of the sisters called to the other. "Come and let me drape this dress on you."

"Men leave you dresses," exclaimed the Colonel with twinkling eyes.

"Quite true, and when all other things fail we can take to dresses as men take to drink, barring the wedding gown."

"And why bar it?"

"Why bar the shroud. It isn't desirable."

"But there's no connection."

Some women think differently. To them wedding gowns are shrouds. They bury so much."

"I've decided that I know no more of women

than I know of their dresses," said the Colonel meditatively.

"You don't mean to say 'No woman's dress has brushed across my life.'"

I can see the Colonel now as he caught the quotation. His superb form filling his great chair, his white hair thrown back from his thoughtful brow, his tender, courageous, true face and the wistful smile that could not quite conceal the sadness of his eyes as he said:

"Many women's dresses have brushed across my life but there has been but one woman in it."

"Pardon me, I did not think of awakening sad memories."

"They were awakened before you had spoken, for you remind me of the 'one woman' very much. Not that you resemble her in any way but you bring haunting elusive memories associated with her. It's strange that while you are unlike her in form and face, ever since I entered this room tonight and saw you sitting there with that little dog, she has seemed to be here. I can almost feel the touch of her soft hand across the immeasurable time since last I saw her. There, I have the solution of that which has baffled me. That slight shiver, that shrinking as with fear was peculiar to her but it seems also to belong to you. Where did you get it? Strange, indeed, how that movement has eluded me until this moment when the tender touch of her hand, the soft lustre of her hair and the little endearments of her face have been present with me always.

"Oh the sadness of the might have been. I never mention her name but you will understand what those who are shackled by conventionalities could not comprehend, so turn your face to the firelight and I'll tell you of this one woman." * * * And thus Colonel Donavin in a broken voice, unlike his usual resolute ringing tones, told me the story of a love beautiful in its strength, but filled with the tragedy of the unfulfilled and all the heartbreaking pathos of a long and lonely life that on the surface had been made to seem full and satisfying.

In the dying firelight with bowed head sat the Colonel.

The mourning, sobbing sound of the night wind came like a requiem over the grave of his happiness. From that grave the mosses and stones of time had been torn. Looking into it I knew how inexpressibly sad had been

the life of the genial gentleman who, despite one great consuming sorrow had turned such a sunlit, hopeful, helpful face to the world.

I was alone with the "ALONE" and at such times there are no words.

After that I spent many evenings with the Colonel and oh those fireside talks, enriched with reminiscences of great events, distinguished people and personal experiences; for from the time he was city editor on the Baltimore American when that paper was trying to reform Baltimore, down to the last hours of his life, he was constantly and closely in touch with things of national import and held confidential relations with many of the most prominent political leaders of the country, such men as Samuel Tilden, Calvin Brice, John R. McLean, William McKinley, Mark Hanna and others of like prominence.

Despite all the stories of places and of other people that he could tell so graphically, there were none so interesting as those in which the personal entered, for Colonel Donavin's life was replete with all that comes to a man of ambition and action and achievement.

However, one story of more than ordinary interest was his account of the trial and exe-

cution of John Brown, who was a personal friend of his. I had heard and read of that great historical drama but had never lived through it until the scenes and actors were placed before me by Colonel Donavin who was working for the Baltimore American at that time. He reached Harper's Ferry during the struggle for the engine house and crossed the bridge as the guards were posted just after the capture of Brown, narrowly escaping death at the hands of a soldier who thought he was one of Brown's party. He remained throughout the trial and execution. He was the last survivor of the newspaper men who were present and his lectures and writings of this raid, were the most valuable contributions to the history of that period.

Tell you of Colonel Donavin's love story? That love so different from "the passion that lulls itself to sleep on the moaning strand of life?" Hold up that great, generous, loving human heart for inspection? Your pardon, I could not if I would tell you of that hour when living, breathing, throbbing words made me realize that some men live what all men say.



COL. SIMPSON K. DONAVIN.

COLD WELCOME AT THE STATE CAPITOL.

LOCKED DOORS BAR VISITORS.

"Which way to the dome?"

This question was asked by an old man in the rotunda of the Capitol Sunday morning. He wore corduroy trousers, a shirt of old fashioned blue print, a blue handkerchief tied in a sailor knot in place of the regulation neckwear, a many times washed linen coat, a white linen hat and strong shoes covered with clay dust. In all save this he was scrupulously clean.

After giving him the desired information I mentioned that he would have to have a guard open the door leading to the dome.

"Pears to me they keep everything locked around here. Now I came more than sixty miles to see the flags up in that relic room and couldn't get in it no ways. Locked, and no one round to open it, what's it there for if people can't get in it?"

"It's never open on Sundays, but through the week there are special hours when visitors are admitted."

"Special hours through the week? I work every week day from the first hour of daylight to the last, so I s'pose I'll never get to see my old regiment's flags, and I came specially to see them."

"My home? Down in Hocking Valley. You know there are Sunday excursions that give people who havent much money a chance to come here. But what's the use of the railroads making it easy to come when every thing is shut up so tight one would have to have a crowbar to get in. If I can't see the flags I'll just go back home, but I can't help feeling disappointed for it's a clear waste of the money I saved to come up."

There were tears in the veteran's eyes as he walked through the rotunda, leaning heavily upon a cane that struck the marble floor as tho offering a protest against existing conditions.

The old soldier had interested me so I began to watch the people surging through the rotunda, people brought here by the Sunday

excursion and that larger crowd of working men and women of Columbus who have no time for recreation save on Sunday, all dressed in their best, eager eyed and gay.

Two tall, ungainly young men who turned aside from the moving throng attracted especial attention. They were mountain boys from Tennessee and had been out of their habitat such a little while they brought vivid remembrance of a life spent miles away from a railway in a region where mail is received but once a week.

They looked about in childlike wonderment evidently at a loss what to do with themselves but asked no questions.

Is there any special part of the building you would like to see? I asked.

"Oh yes," said the tallest one with quaint earnestness. "It seems such a grand thing to be a statesman. We'd like to see where they make the laws."

They were directed to the Senate Chamber but that was closed so also was the lower house but an employe was near who opened the door and told them they might go through the hall.

If those who have authority could have seen the wondering awe and childlike pleasure of those mountain youths as they looked about them, there would be no closed doors there on Sunday.

And there are thousands like them to whom a visit to the capitol is the event of their lives.

"Where are all the attendants?" asked a man who had been passing through the rotunda as he was halted for information that he seemed to have the inclination but not the time to give.

"Outside," was the laconic response of a newsboy.

"What the deuce are they all doing outside? Oh yes, I see, keeping the people off the grass. I'll swear it's an infernal outrage there's not some preparation made for the

crowds that come here every Sunday. The people ought to tramp the grass down. Who owns this State House anyway?"

"The man that owns it isn't here just now," came from the newsboy.

"He means the governor," said a tall young woman stamped "schoolma'am," and the impertinent little gamin winked at me as tho he thought it was a good joke that she did not understand his allusion to Col. Blankner.

But the gentleman who had the floor and the undivided attention of the crowd wasn't in the mood to appreciate jokes.

"The people own this place," he continued. "Their money paid for the whole outfit but they don't dare to step on the grass and on Sunday if they wish to see what's in these rooms they have to look through the keyholes. Oh I suppose the attendants have to follow instructions but there's something wrong with a system that takes money to buy what it is claimed belongs to the people, then shuts it up tight on the only day they can take time to look up from their work."

A boy with a thoughtful face inquired if the library was ever opened on Sunday.

"Library open on Sunday," roared the old gentleman who had forgotten that he was in a hurry. "Where have you lived that you ask such a question?" The lad not understanding the question hastened to explain that he lived in a village where there were only

a few books at local dealers and he had always wished he could see a lot of books together, he had heard there were a lot in the state library.

"Books, books," repeated the wrathful old gentleman. "Yes, there are plenty of books. More than fifty thousand up there, but they might as well be in another world as far as you are concerned sonny, if you can't get here any day beside Sunday and that before between the hours of 8 and 4 o'clock. Oh the books are there and they belong to the people, but it's only a few who ever get to use them. Yes, I know they can be taken out, but what time do those who have to work to take them out. Why that library should be open every Sunday and there should be something there the people would like to read in place of depending upon the city library. Then if made as attractive as possible the streets and saloons would have fewer patrons and the would-be reformers would have time to get their hair cut." He didn't know he would be classed with these by many so he continued to rave but the doors did not open.

Who shall decide if the people are to see the treasure of books and relics in the State House? Who shall say if there is need of reform?

I only relate.



WARREN G. HARDING.

PEOPLE DEMAND OPEN DOORS AT THE CAPITOL.

The article, "Cold Welcome at State Capitol," published in last Sunday's State Journal caused some discussion of the question involved.

"Who shall decide if the people who are driven to hard, incessant toil six days in each week shall be permitted to see the treasures of books and relics in the State House on Sunday?"

These discussions and the general interest manifested in the subject were such that a number of well-known Columbus citizens of various vocations were asked to voice their views of it.

The inquiries were made without discrimination in a political sense, and the replies tell the story.

HON. HARRY DAUGHERTY.

"Most emphatically do I favor the opening of the State House on Sunday. It belongs to the people. The majority can't visit it but one day in seven, and it should be open then. I'm always in favor of that which is conducive to the enjoyment of people when the enjoyment is clearly beneficial, and I'm sure a visit to the library and relic room is elevating. Visitors should be made welcome when they come here, whether on Sunday or other days."

HON. D. J. RYAN.

"Go ahead and have it opened."

"I have not the power."

"Oh, yes, you have. Tell what the people wish and they'll get it."

The way some people construe harmless recreation into desecration of the Sabbath is ridiculous. Just as if it would be wrong to give those who desire it a glimpse of that in which they take pride as a common possession, but which they cannot take time to look at through the week.

"I certainly approve of opening any and every part of the capitol building to the public not only on Sunday, but on other holidays. This would entail very little extra work upon the part of the attendants, but even if it tended to overwork them the State could employ more help among those who are anxious to obtain employment."

"The same attendants that are there through the week do not serve on Sunday now."

HON. H. A. AXLINE.

"I don't think it would be worth while having the library open. One can see books anywhere, but the relics and battleflags should in my opinion be placed where they will be accessible at any time."

ROBERT JEFFREY.

"I most heartily approve of opening the relic room and library on Sunday; the library not only for inspection, but for instruction and recreation. A state institution maintained by the people should not have volumes so priceless that the people cannot use them at any time, and those who have to work should not be denied access to them on Sunday. Although the newspapers furnish much that is instructive and pleasant to read, the mind hungers for something beside the commonplaces of life. Of course, these may be obtained in other libraries, but this is no reason why the state library should not be open to the public, and especially for visitors to the city."

DR. J. F. BALDWIN.

"The question is where shall we draw a limit on the Sunday opening if we continue to advocate that this and that shall be open. However, as the tendency seems to be to have everything wide open throughout the town, I'll confess that I should like to see the relic room opened for the benefit of old soldiers who can't come here through the week. Their desire to see the old battleflags and war relics is most natural, and it should be gratified at once, for they won't be with us long. As to the library, I would not favor having it open; in fact, I don't think a state library should contain anything that does not pertain to the state, just as a law library is devoted to law."

REV. J. C. JACKSON, Jr.

"There should be no question about this. It's clearly proper that property which belongs to the working people quite as much as to others should be open on the one day in seven when they can visit it. There are many Sunday visitors to the capitol, who, if permitted a little harmless pleasure, such as inspecting places of interest about the capitol,

would go home without having come in contact with much that is deplorable in our city. In place of this they turn away from closed doors to wander aimlessly about the streets or drift into saloons and other places where they are led into wrong."

HON. HENRY C. TAYLOR.

"I think the relic room should be open not only for the benefit of soldiers, but for young people who can't come here through the week, for the historical significance attached to the old battleflags and war relics cannot fail to impress them in such a way that they will be benefitted throughout their lives by seeing them. I would not favor having the library open, for I do not think anyone would be benefitted thereby. Visitors who are here only for one day would not, in my opinion, take the time to read."

D. H. BAKER.

"There can be no objection to having some parts of the capitol building open in order that those who cannot visit through the week may not be deprived the privilege of seeing that in which they naturally take pride."

HOWARD C. PARK.

"What do I think of opening the relic room and library on Sunday?"

"I am most emphatically opposed to anything of the sort. In my opinion, the dignity of the state demands that those doors should be closed, for our government recognizes the principles of religion and our state should be consistent in its attitude. The State House should be an object lesson in this matter. Its closed doors should teach those who clamor for admittance that the state still has respect for the Sabbath."

GENERAL JOHN BEATTY

It's a question if there are sufficient people who wish to see the relic room to justify its being opened. For my part I can't see why people would wish to risk their necks climbing up to the dark place where they are kept. I went up there once a long time ago and I don't think it's worth while. However, if people wish to see the relics I can see no real objection to their being permitted access to the room on Sunday.

GEORGE HARDY.

I think the relic room should be open. It belongs to the soldiers more especially than to others and many of them cannot come here

through the week, but if the library were open would it not deprive those who would be compelled to be there of their day of rest?"

W. H. FISHER.

You need not have asked my opinion for standing for Sunday excursions, I naturally favor having the best places in the city open for the pleasure of the visitors.

J. A. SHAWAN.

Conditions should be such that an article-headed "Warm Welcome to Visitors" would be true. I don't see how any harm could result from having the relic room, library and assembly rooms open on Sunday, but I do see how many people would consider a visit to these an event and as they belong to the people they certainly have a right to look at that which is theirs whether on Sunday or week days.

W. G. BENHAM.

This is a more complicated question than it would appear to be on the surface. While I fully appreciate the need of rest and acknowledge that recreation is necessary, I think that we are rapidly becoming a nation of Sabbath breakers and that it is time to call a halt on Sunday opening. The State House is the great workshop of the State and I do not think its doors should be thrown open for sightseers on Sunday.

DR. C. S. CARR.

I consider the closing of any place on Sunday where the people would be interested and helped by seeing that which is elevating a desecration of the Sabbath.

JUDGE L. D. HAGERTY.

I believe in keeping everything open, not only in the State House, but wherever open doors will benefit the people. They must have some relaxation, and if they can have it only on Sunday, why should they be restricted, so long as they seek that which is harmless?"

JUDGE DeWITT C. BADGER.

I believe the library should be open all the time. I'm a crank on this subject, for I dislike to see even a book case closed.

I haven't thought much about the relic room, but there is a very beautiful sentiment connected with the desire to see the battleflags and war relics. I think the desire should be granted.

PUBLIC OPINION — DOORS MUST BE OPEN.

The question of throwing the capitol open to Sunday visitors, which has been discussed by many prominent citizens through the columns of *The State Journal* is attracting the attention of the entire state. It was a topic of general interest at the recent legislative clamor at Sandusky, and has been generously commented upon by a large number of the daily newspapers.

While an occasional protest against the opening of the doors of the legislative halls, the state library, the relic room, and other departments has been recorded, the trend of sentiment is strongly in favor of free access to every part of the building.

The *State Journal* this morning prints the views of a number of well-known Columbus men, most of whom declare themselves in favor of making every room in the capitol accessible to the people who maintain them every day in the week.

SENATOR PATTERSON.

"Do you know," said Senator Patterson to a *State Journal* writer, "that was a rattling good thing you had in the paper the other day."

When asked to cite which particular good thing he meant in the vast collection of delectables served in each issue, he replied:

"The story citing incidents connected with the closed doors at the State House. Pages of argument wouldn't have placed the matter before the public as effectively as that short story. It was discussed at the table at our meeting at Cedar Point and elicited much comment in favor of open doors at the capitol building. It belongs to the people and those who cannot visit it through the week should not be barred from places of interest on Sunday. If the will of the majority counts for anything the library and relic rooms should be accessible at all times, for truly, the majority of our people cannot stop work in the middle of week days to visit these places and it is equally certain they don't care to assist in the maintainance of property they never see."

These remarks and the interest manifested in the opinions of a score of well-known citizens published in last Sunday's *State Journal*, make it seem fitting that these should be supplemented by others; hence the direct question, "Do you favor having the relic room and state library open on Sunday?" was propounded to a number of other well-known men.

E. K. STEWART.

E. K. Stewart was the first to come within range of this question and met it with the prompt response:

"My opinion won't count, for people would naturally say, 'Oh, yes; he favors anything that will draw a crowd'."

"Surely they wouldn't say that of you, Mr. Stewart, when you can't accommodate the crowds that come now."

"Hold, what was it you wished to know? Oh, I remember; you have my opinion for all it's worth. I am in favor of having any place open where people can enjoy themselves, so long as there is no real harm connected with their enjoyment."

HON. CLAUDE MEEKER.

"I am heartily in favor of opening the capitol building not only on Sunday but on Saturday afternoons and other holidays when the places of greatest interest are closed to the general public. The people have a right to see what belongs to them at any time, though the privilege may conflict with some people's ideas of the observance of Sunday."

F. G. HOWALD.

"I am opposed to opening the State House on Sunday. I don't believe in Sunday excursions, and I feel sorry for the people who patronize them when I see them walking about the streets tiring themselves when they should be resting. They should stay at home on Sunday and visit the city through the week, when they can get in stores and other places."

JOHN JOYCE, JR.

"I approve of whatever will add to the enjoyment, and thus to the betterment of the

people, and I sincerely favor opening the capitol building on Sunday, for the benefit of those whose only recreation can be obtained then. As for the talk about Sunday being devoted to religious services and rest, there are people who won't go to church, and what is rest for one is not for another, so I always think people should be allowed to choose their own form of recreation, whether this is reading or climbing to the top of the dome.

HON. H. J. BOOTH.

"In my opinion the first thing would be to provide a suitable place for the relics. At present I see no reason why the room where they are kept should be open on Sunday or any other day, for it is not a place for exhibition. It is merely a storage room. If large, well-lighted, well-ventilated, easily-accessible places were provided for the relics and battleflags I should advocate having them open, but under present conditions they cannot be seen to any advantage and might as well be locked up."

J. Y. BASSELL.

"The relic room and library should be open for the people who work all week and wish for a little change from the monotony on Sunday. Of course the open doors would mean nothing to those who spend seven days a week killing time, junketing wherever fancy may take them, but there are thousands of strong, true men and women to whom open doors at the capitol would mean a new world — the world of books and objects that awaken the loftiest sentiments. Those old battleflags inspire a feeling that is not given to other inanimate objects. They speak and the lessons they teach should not be limited to the few who can look upon them without suffering loss they can ill afford."

MAYOR HINKLE.

"I've never been in those places myself, but I believe there are thousands who come here on Sunday for the special purpose of visiting the capitol building, and I've no doubt they feel disappointed when they find the doors of

the relic room and library closed, so I think these should be open. The people who work every day and never have any vacations have little pleasure, and anything that will make them happier meets with my approval. If I had the power to open those doors they should not remain closed."

COLONEL W. H. KNAUSS.

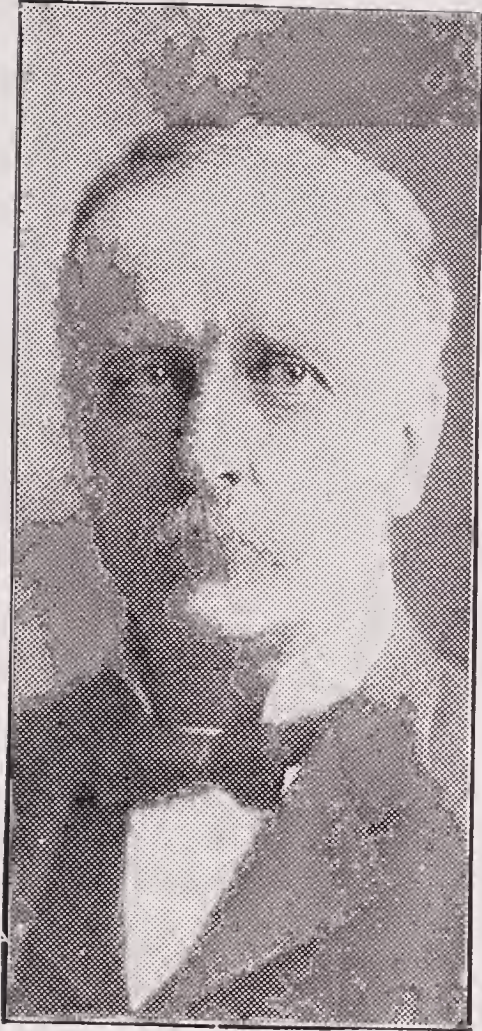
"Of course the library and relic room should be open on Sunday. More than that, a decent place should be provided for the relics and battleflags. A place on the first or second floor; so old soldiers wouldn't have to risk their lives again trying to see what they value because they risked so much for them. Down at New Orleans and in scores of other places they attach some value to the battleflags, and these are placed where they can be seen without difficulty."

THOMAS E. POWELL.

"I can see no objection to having the capitol building open on Sunday in order that those who cannot visit it at any other time may not be denied the privilege of seeing the relics and using the books. Of course Sunday is a day for rest, but people should be permitted to spend it as they like so long as their preference does not interfere with what is reasonable and right, and there seems no reason why a visit to the State House on Sunday should result in harm to anyone. In fact, it would seem that open doors would bring about the greatest good for the greatest number for undoubtedly those who cannot go there through the week are the very ones who would value the privilege the most."

A. E. PITTS.

"The State House is a place of great interest to the people or they would not go there in such numbers. It is noticeable that larger crowds visit it on Sunday than through the week, especially through the excursion season, so I think it should be open for the benefit of those whose opportunities for seeing it are limited."



DR. J. F. BALDWIN.



ROBERT H. JEFFREY.



CLAUDE MEEKER.



WILLIAM C. BENHAM.



NICHOLAS LONGWORTH.

STATESMEN DECLARE THAT DOORS SHOULD BE OPEN.

Interviews with prominent members of the general assembly upon the advisability of throwing open the state library and the relic room to Sunday visitors indicate that a poll of the House would probably disclose a unanimous sentiment in favor of such an innovation.

The readiness with which the statesmen responded to requests for expressions upon the subject showed that the series of articles published in The State Journal had made them thoroughly familiar with its various aspects, and that they were prepared to discuss it in an intelligent manner. All those to whom the subject was presented announced themselves as supporters of the movement for open doors at the state's capitol every day of the week, and many of them promised active co-operation in carrying it forward to a successful consummation.

The diversified interests which have thus far declared themselves for free access to every department of the State House at all times, seems to show the prevailing opinion throughout the state to be that the people who support the institutions of our government are entitled to enjoy what is theirs without restriction of any sort. It is not improbable some sort of action in consonance with this view will be taken at the present extraordinary session of the assembly.

BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE.

"The State House belongs to the people," said Senator Harding, "and every place of interest in it should be open for inspection on Sunday and all other holidays, in order that those who cannot come here at other times may see objects of historical significance and view the vast collection of books in the library. There was some legislation connected with the relic room last winter, and I understood new quarters were to be secured in the old Supreme Court room, but as this is in use for various purposes at different times, I should think some other suitable place would be provided. When we get through with other things that are crowding upon us I shall be

pleased to take up this subject in a practical way."

COMMENDS STATE JOURNAL.

"In my opinion," Judge Royer said, "It would be eminently appropriate to have the relic room, library and other places in the capitol building open for the use and enjoyment of the public on Sunday and other holidays for these are the only days when the majority of our people can visit them. Some may object to Sunday excursions and visits to places of interest on the ground that it is a violation of the Sabbath, which is intended for rest, but I do not see why a visit to the State House would interfere with the purpose of the day to a greater extent than Sunday visits to our friends, and I'm extremely pleased to see The State Journal advocating this step."

A MATTER OF PROGRESS.

Senator Longworth, one of the framers of the Nash code, said:

"Say what you like for me just so you express my approval of this idea, which I think is most commendable. It's decidedly inconvenient for many citizens of Ohio to come here through the week and if they wish to inspect the relic room, use the books or see any part of the building in which they have a common interest it should be accessible to them on Sundays and other holidays. Progression is the order of the day and Ohio should be in the van in this as in other movements tending to bring people in contact with that which will be conducive to their enjoyment and general welfare."

MAKE THEM KNOW THE STATE.

"I'm with you," said Representative Stage. "I always believe in helping people by giving them greater privileges. There isn't in my opinion, any better way to bring out the best that's in each individual. There are thousands of people throughout the state to whom the Sunday excursions that take them away from the daily grind are a boon and a visit

to the capitol is to many a delightful change. It gives them a better idea of the State and a better opinion of themselves for the realization that they are a part of the great commonwealth is strengthened."

ROOM FOR BUT ONE OPINION.

"What better place could be open to the public?" asked Senator Moore.

"It would seem there could be but one opinion of this subject, and that strong approval of open doors on Sunday and other holidays. The educational advantages furnished by the library, the inspection of war relics and other historical objects should be sufficient reason why the capitol building should be open at all times, for these should not be confined to the few who have leisure to come whenever inclined to do so, but they should as far as possible be extended to those to whom a visit to these places would mean something out of the ordinary, those who come on the one day they have for recreation."

SHOULD ALWAYS BE OPEN.

"The capitol building," said Representative Gear, "should be wide open not only on Sunday and other holidays but every evening. What's that? This is discountenanced by some on the score that people elsewhere would object to such an arrangement as being only beneficial to the city? Such objections come from those who are not well acquainted with the people of Ohio. This is a great big state in more ways than one, and the people elsewhere admit that the inhabitants of this city are also citizens of the state and entitled to use the state property whenever they get a chance, even though in such proximity they will derive more benefit from it than those farther away."

"What would the church people say if these places were thrown wide open on Sunday?" queried Senator Chamberlain.

"It is not the intention to consult them at present. Your own opinion is desired."

"Oh, I see. Well, I think it would be desirable to have the relic room open and other places of interest to the people who come on these Sunday excursions, but they, as a rule, merely come sight-seeing and don't care to read, so I don't think the library should be open, for I don't see that they would derive either pleasure or profit moving around in it."

MR. BEAL FAVORS MOVEMENT.

Representative Beal of local option fame

said: "I consider this a very commendable idea and shall do anything I can to aid it. I do not think that such action would interfere in the slightest with any observance of the day, and I believe that it would keep many visitors to the city out of undesirable places."

THE PEOPLE HAVE RIGHTS.

"I'm heartily in favor of anything of this sort," said Senator Thompson, "for the public has a right to see these things at any time. It's deplorable, having those old battle flags and the fine collection of books in the library locked up on the only day the people could take time to look at them. I shall certainly do all I can to aid this movement, and I sincerely hope it will meet with more success than my attempt to have a resolution providing for seats along the walks approved. What became of it? Oh, it had passed the Senate all right, but it was killed in the House."

FROM PURITANICAL STANDPOINT.

"I'm Puritanical in my ideas with regard to Sunday so far as the religious observances of the day are concerned," said Representative Comings, "but I also believe that it is a day for people to use in such a manner that they will get the most good out of it. This would vary according to the activity and condition of each individual, so that I encourage any form of harmless recreation, and especially that which tends towards mental and moral growth. Thus I believe in keeping every library open on Sunday, on all other holidays and every evening for access to good literature is one of the greatest blessings that can be conferred upon mankind. However, there should be appropriations to cover the extra expenses entailed if these places are to be opened."

OBJECT LESSON IN PATRIOTISM.

"The people who seek a library on Sunday," declared Senator Archer, "certainly have their minds fixed upon what will be as conducive to their welfare, mentally and morally, as any other form of spending the day, so I do not think obstructions should be placed in the way of those who desire access to the books of the state. They belong to all the people and should be available whenever desired, but, of course, under proper conditions for which appropriations should be made.

"As to the battleflags and relics, there's a sentiment attached to them that appeals to all, and as an object lesson in patriotism I do

not think a better one could be placed before the people of Ohio, so I favor having them where they will be accessible at all times."

ENGENDERS BITTERNESS.

"I'm so democratic in my ideas," said Representative Meisel, "that I believe in having every place where people can enjoy themselves wide open all the time, for if people are happy they are sure to be better in every relation of life. And as for the State House, it's right that it should be open to the public on Sunday and all other times when it would benefit the people who pay the expenses connected with it. When they come here on Sunday and run up against closed doors, they are naturally very much disappointed, and as they consider this a natural right, some bitterness of feeling is sure to be engendered against that which bars them from a normal privilege."

ELEVATING INFLUENCES.

"It would seem proper to provide the best place possible to attract the Sunday visitors who come here from every part of the state," Judge Thomas said, "and as they don't come to go to church, but to see something different from that which greets their eyes while engaged in toil throughout the week and as they will continue to come as long as there are Sunday excursions, the State House should be thrown open to those who prefer the elevating influences of books and art to the evil influences that are invitingly open elsewhere."

ONLY GOOD CAN RESULT.

"You may always count me with those who favor any movement tending to remove restrictions from that which will contribute to the enjoyment of those who have the fewest pleasures, especially when this is of such a nature that only good can result from it," said Representative Dunlap. "I do not see how anyone could object to these places being

open in order that the working people, I mean those engaged in hard physical labor six days each week, may be permitted to spend a few hours in the contemplation of that in which they have a common interest and take as much as those with more leisure."

FOR ALL THE CITIZENS.

"I believe this would be of benefit to thousands," said Representative Willis, "by giving them at least a glimpse of the possessions that are intended for the education and recreation of all, and I certainly favor the enterprise. The slight additional expense incident to open doors could readily be provided and it would not be difficult to secure extra help among those who have but little work through the week."

THE HON. JOHN FELIX.

Representative McNamee expressed his opinion in such a flow of language that it was only possible to grasp the idea that he favored having the library open, but wasn't so much interested in it as in the relic room, with its priceless collection, and this he declared, should be maintained in a style befitting everything that stood as a silent witness of the valor of the men who preserved the Union from disintegration.

DR. HISSEY APPROVES IT.

Dr. Hissey, the well-known politician said: "They should be wide open. There isn't any reason why the doors leading to that which is of such general interest should be closed on the very days that the people who are most eager to enter these places have the opportunity. I hope that this innovation will be adopted promptly, and that thousands of workers who will pass through these corridors for the first time next Monday may find the library and relic room open. It would be a good day to inaugurate a change. Later provision could be made for the slight expense attached to this."

A PERILOUS TRIP ON A MOTOR IN A COAL MINE.

Mrs. Marie Estelle Isler, while "doing" the mines at Jobs, O., with the Scribblers' club last week, accomplished a feat which few men and no woman until then had had the temerity to undertake. While in the mine she rode a distance of several miles on a motor, an iron monster quite different from the motors seen upon local streets.

The danger connected with such a ride is not apparent unless the conditions surrounding it are understood, but some idea may be gained by mentally comparing the ordinary motor, driving in the open air, in the sunshine, with plenty of space, with plunging through a narrow, black tunnel, swerving right and left, with the possibility of crashing into solid walls should the swerve be a trifle too much either way.

The miners who are inured to danger tried to dissuade the daring woman from making the attempt, declaring that the probabilities were that she would be killed.

Despite their objections, Mrs. Isler, who is pretty and dainty, insisted upon retaining a perilous position which she had secured on the motor, and as there was nothing else to be done, the order, "Let her go," was given.

This trip, taken while the driver was making a frantic effort to reach daylight before the power was turned off, was more hazardous than usual, but at the end of the exciting race against time, Mrs. Isler stepped from the motor with as little concern as if from a trolley car, and while being scored by the other members of the party, who had found a seat in the bottom of a coal car behind the motor sufficiently thrilling, received from the miners admiring comment.

The courtesy of the Hocking Valley railway was extended the Scribblers by Mr. W. H. Fisher on their trip to Jobs and Nelsonville, where they were the guests of one of the club members.

Mrs. Isler is the widow of Arnold Isler, well known throughout the country in the seventies and early eighties, when he was editor of the Sandusky Capital, The Bohemian, in this city, editorial writer on leading Chicago papers and the Cincinnati Equirer, where he had as associates the brilliant and versatile writer, Allen O. Myers and Claude Meeker, who discarded newspaper work to become private secretary to former Governor Campbell.

FIRST AUTOMOBILISTS IN COLUMBUS.

A new experience — something worth while, something with go and dash and thrill — the world demands it always and at present the automobile, smartly called the motor, is furnishing it. Although these self-propelling carriages have been before the public more than five years, and there are now not less than 150 in Columbus, the enjoyment of riding in them is still confined to the few, and even those to whom this is as a tale that is told, feel that they are but slightly acquainted with the motor if they have not experienced the delight derived from driving one.

There are quite a number of Columbus men

who have dispensed with the services of chaffeurs and probably half a score of women who may be seen whirling over the streets in motors plying the brakes and handling the speed regulating levers with ease.

AN EXPERIENCED DRIVER.

Among the most proficient of these automobilists is Mrs. Theodore Lindenberg, who, accompanied by her husband, left the city a few days ago for a trip to New York in the largest of their motors. They are the possessors of two of these vehicles. The smaller one Mrs. Lindenberg drives around the city,

while the larger one is designed for touring purposes.

Prior to Mr. and Mrs. Lindenberg's departure a representative of The State Journal called at their home on East Broad Street to ask Mrs. Lindenberg regarding her impressions of the motor.

TALKS WITHOUT RESERVE.

Mrs. Lindenberg is an Eastern woman, imbued with the broad concepts of that region whose people have back of them centuries of culture, and, aside from this, she has seen much of the world and is accustomed to its demands, so there was not the slightest trace of the provincialism that affects surprise regarding an interview for a newspaper, in either her tone or manner, as she answered my question, saying:

"How does it seem to be the controlling power in an automobile? It is a sensation that has about it all the pleasurable excitement of a swift ride in a trolley car with the added sense of satisfaction that comes with the power to control this motion to the second in speed, and to the inch in direction, so that one may turn or stop at will, and combined with this satisfaction is anticipation, for one is never quite sure that there may not be a stop that is not desired."

"Then it has the fascination of the unknown?"

FULL OF DELIGHTS.

"Yes, for the little element of danger makes it doubly desirable. In fact, it is difficult to express just how one feels when driving a motor, for it's a combination of everything that is delightful. One returns from a drive vitalized in proportion to the speed. Although I'm sincerely opposed to the reckless driving that endangers others, I like to feel the puff of the vibrations that send me over the road at a swift pace, bringing the exhilaration that is free from the fatigue that follows so many forms of pleasure."

"You anticipate much pleasure from your coming trip, then?"

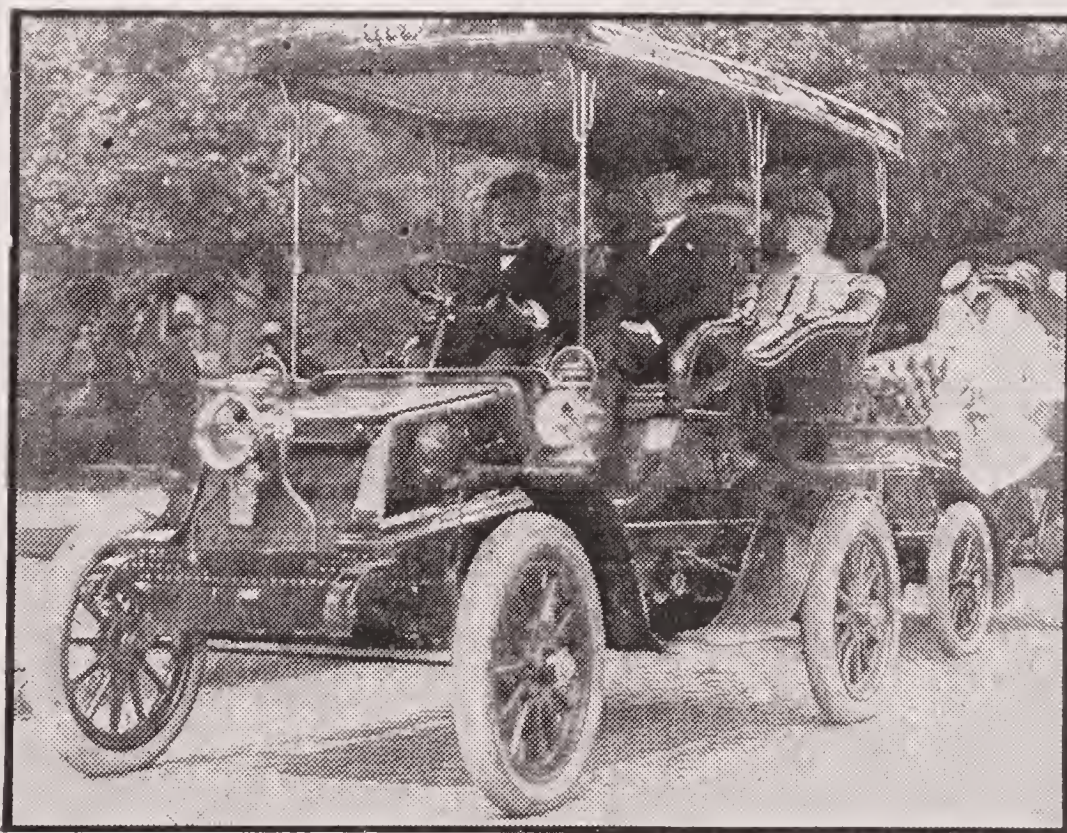
"Very much. It is so pleasant to drive through the country in a motor. It is the very refinement of travel, combining privacy and speed."

"Have you any special costume for this long drive?"

"No, I don't even intend to wear my automobile coat. Just something short and convenient for walking, in case we have a breakdown, which, if it chances, will not spoil our pleasure if we are prepared for it."

ANOTHER ENTHUSIAST.

Mrs. Will Hamilton, wife of the eminent physician, is another social leader who drives an automobile. She is also the possessor of



a most interesting dog, a wedding present, that usually accompanies her upon her drives, and doubtless could give some entertaining impressions of these if permitted to speak for himself. However, his vivacious and attractive mistress did not hesitate to speak for both when asked as how it seemed to be the controlling power in a motor, and talked in the unaffected way that is the chief charm of sweet and genial dispositions, saying:

"I hardly know what to compare the experience to, but one feels the pleasure of new power and all the delight of other forms of fast motion without any of the discomfort or the after weariness attendant upon these."

"Isn't there considerable muscular strength needed in driving?"

REQUIRES LITTLE STRENGTH.

"No, there is less strength required than that used in driving a horse. The chief requisite is to keep cool and do the right thing at the right time. After a little practice one almost unconsciously moves the hands properly. I'm not an expert in driving, as you wouldn't need to be told if you see much of it, but I don't know of any other mode of transportation from which more pleasure or more benefit can be derived. Of course I like to go rapidly, but I object to the fast driving that has caused automobilists to be criticised. One can get sufficient enjoyment out of a moderate rate of speed to make the motor the favorite vehicle, can't they Pat?" this to the dog that wagged his tail in acquiescence.

"No, I don't always take him with me, but he would like it if I did. He has evinced such a fondness for the motor that eventually it may influence him to abandon his favorite haunts which are not always choice, for he likes nothing better than to loaf around a saloon.

RECALLS AN ACCIDENT.

"Yes, there is always danger of a serious accident, just as there is on a railway train, driving a horse or riding a bicycle, but in my opinion these modes of travel are more dangerous than automobiling. I make this statement with full recollection of the accident that befell us recently. There are quite as many accidents with other vehicles, but they don't attract so much attention."

NESTOR OF THE AUTO.

Mr. Henry Neil, president of the Automobile Club, was seen at his beautiful home at

Indianola, while enjoying his after dinner cigars for, after signifying a willingness to discard the one he was smoking if it was objectionable, he finished it, consumed another and began a third while he talked of automobiles. He is an enthusiast with regard to motors and talked with such eloquence and such command of the technical terms involved that it is impossible to even touch upon the interesting and instructive things he discussed. But relative to the leading question, he said:

"Motor driving is superb. There is nothing like it. I am passionately fond of horses, but I prefer the automobile as a means of transit for many reasons. One is that no matter how cold or how warm it may be, one may use it without the hesitation that always comes when one has to risk exposing horses to inclement weather. Another is that it is much safer than the ordinary conveyances, whether horse carriages, railway trains, trolley cars or bicycles. I mean that they are not only safer for those who use them, but for all others.

CAN AVOID ACCIDENTS.

"For instance, either a railway train or a trolley must, when bearing down upon an object, either stop or go over it, but with the slightest turn of the wrist the motor may be swerved around it, thus often averting a very serious accident. Then an automobile may be stopped more quickly than any of these other vehicles with only a slight part of the exertion necessary to bring them to a standstill. One touch of the hand, and they are motionless, while every nerve and muscle may be strained in the effort to stop a horse."

"Even conceding their superiority for speed and use, do you think they will ever quite take the place of horses? I mean in the affections. It seems infinitely sad to think of the passing of the horse."

There was a slight shadow on the enthusiast's face as he replied:

REGRET FOR THE HORSE.

"That is the saddest thing connected with what one may term the rise of the automobile; nevertheless, I believe in time the motors will wholly supplant the animal we have loved so, for one comes to feel that these vehicles are part of oneself through their responsiveness. They obey the slightest touch as though endowed with life and reason. I am so much attached to my motor that I go out to the barn, stand around and look at it and examine the different parts with as much interest as I once bestowed upon horses.

"There is another reason why I think motors are destined to be the favorite vehicle. One may go through the country, visiting out-of-the-way places where railway trains never penetrate, and it would be impossible to take a horse to remain any length of time, without so much trouble that the pleasure would be materially lessened. I drove 4000 miles last summer and 5000 this summer. I don't care much for riding in town, for the streets are so miserable, but I enjoy a long drive over good roads.

"I am pleased to see how rapidly they are gaining in popular favor. I measure this popularity by the increasing number of machines. A year ago there were not more than thirty motors in Columbus. Today there are not less than 150, and so great is the demand for them that the factories cannot supply it. They nearly all have orders ahead that will keep them busy for a year or more."

MISS HUSTON'S STEAM MOTOR.

Miss Maud Huston is the only woman in town who drives a steam motor. The significance of this statement will be understood even by those who have slight knowledge regarding the difference in machines, when it is known that they are considered so difficult to manage that a local dealer in motors would not believe Miss Huston could control one until he saw her skill as a driver demonstrated.

Miss Huston is slight, almost fragile, in appearance, and it does seem a little odd that she does what few women ever attempt, for she not only drives her motor, but takes care of it during her father's absence, being qualified to fire and fill it and do all the other things that the average woman can't even remember with regard to these inventions.

Miss Huston was seen at the Hotel Vendome and made an exceedingly pretty picture as she talked in an animated way of her impression of automobiling.

"It is a most agreeable experience, not like

any other form of driving, because it surpasses all others. It is more like one would imagine flying would be. Yes, I do hope the flying machine will soon be perfected, for I should like to try one.

"No, I do not feel the slightest fear in driving my motor. In fact, I feel safer than I do behind a horse, because I know I can control the automobile, and one is never so sure of a horse. This simply means that I have more confidence in myself than I have in any animal, however intelligent.

"I have been trained to manage the motor, and if you will trust yourself with me I shall be pleased to let you know as a personal experience how it seems to ride in an automobile, just as soon as mine, which is now undergoing repairs, is returned.

EXHILIRATING ENJOYMENT.

Lincoln Kilbourne is one of the younger men of Columbus who drives the motor. He was seen at the factory where he goes early and stays late, driving to and from his work in his machine. Of motor driving, he said:

"It is fine. Invigorating in the highest degree, like being transported into some new place where all the surroundings are conducive to pleasure when going at a moderate speed, and a sort of wild, breathless delight when one dares to go at a rattling pace. Of course, I don't favor driving that will endanger the life or welfare of others, but I like to go!

"I am told that this mode of getting over the ground is highly beneficial to the nervous, and I can well believe, for every nerve tingles with new life after a dash in a motor. It's not only the swift motion, but the sense of being able to control this motion that makes it so exhilarating.

"The automobile has a great future, and I only hope reckless driving will be discontinued, in order that nothing may interfere with the pleasure of using these machines in a rational way."



HARRY WESTERMAN.



PEEKABOO.

CARTOONIST OF NATIONAL REPUTATION.

Comparatively few people know that one of the best cartoonists in the United States lives in this city for the quiet, unassuming young man who has been thus characterized by the editors of a number of the leading periodicals in America, shrinks from having his newly acquired fame mentioned by even his most intimate friends. But despite this shrinking from notice which betrays the sensitive nature of the true artist, Harry Westerman, has placed himself before the limelights of the world by placing himself in the front rank of cartoonists.

Mr. Westerman is a man of 27, who secured the foundation for his work in the Columbus Art School after which he became connected with the Ohio State Journal as an artist. In this capacity his exceptionally fine work won instant recognition, but it was not until within the past eight months that he was given an opportunity to demonstrate his ability as a cartoonist. Since entering this line of work he has advanced with bewildering rapidity until today his cartoons are being used in the Review of Reviews, Current Literature, Cosmopolitan, Chautauqua, Literary Digest, Public Opinion, New York Times, Boston Herald, Philadelphia Public Ledger and other leading magazines and newspapers in America and abroad.

Several of Mr. Westerman's cartoons are produced here and the delicacy of touch and presentation displayed in these prove that Mr. Westerman prefers the keen yet dainty thrust of the rapier to that of the loaded bludgeon, that his conceptions tend toward the refined rather than the gross or vulgar caricatures.

The International Florodora Sextet is a happy illustration of his knowledge of current events, familiarity with a popular play and the ability to combine all this in one cartoon.

In reply to a question concerning the harp used in the Johnson cartoon, "It was Just an Idle Dream," Mr. Westerman said:

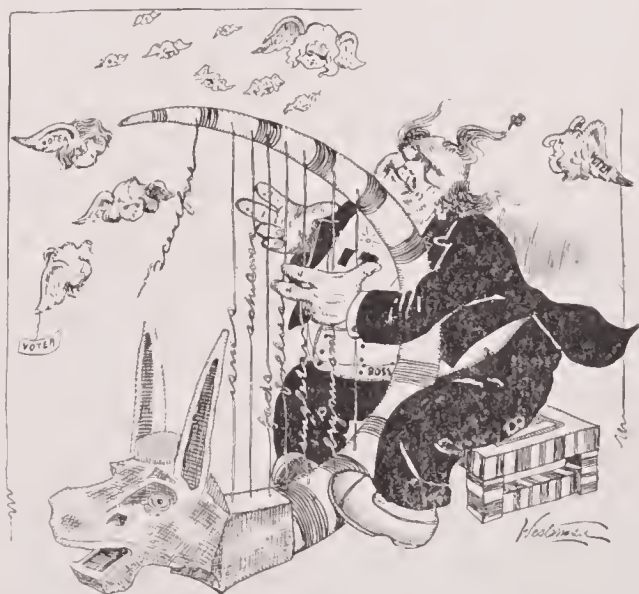
"It was suggested by the harp used in the play 'The Daughter of Hamilcar.'"

The industrial cartoon "Smoke Up" was such an original interpretation of this subject that it has proven one of Mr. Westerman's cleverest hits, while in "Peekaboo" the artist's lightness of fancy was given wide scope and is widely popular.

Mr. Westerman is to read a paper before the Columbus Art Association next Wednesday and will be given a reception immediately after his talk. The reception will be followed by the exhibition of about 250 of his cartoons.



SMOKE UP.



IT WAS JUST AN IDLE DREAM.

AT HER BEST.

"When does a woman appear at her best?"

This question recently propounded to a number of well-known men elicited replies as varied as the various professions and lines of work with which they are allied. These opinions are of slight value to women so far as following any suggestions they may contain is concerned, for most women know when they appear at their best and those who don't cannot be advised. However, as an illustration of the thought men give to women's appearance these views will no doubt be vastly interesting to many. But no difference how they may be regarded from the viewpoint of interest that they are without a parallel will be admitted by all who read the short stories which form the symposium presented.

General Charles W. Dick was the first gentleman to be greeted by the question.

"I haven't thought about this and perhaps had better not reply."

"Will it require much thought upon the part of a man who manages military and political campaigns with ease?"

"Yes, this is more important than campaigns. It may seem trivial on the surface, but it involves much that is as deep as anything in life. But this isn't answering. Let me see," and the general thought a moment.

"A woman appears at her best in her own home surrounded by her children.

"Stereotyped," he repeated. "But it's true."

TREATS IT LIGHTLY.

Governor Nash and Hon. E. O. Randall were seen in the governor's office. The chief executive of the state declared his inability to answer the question, but remained an interested listener to Mr. Randall's reply.

"A woman always appears at her best to me—" and then with sudden inspiration:

"Oh, I'll tell you when she appears best. It's when she is getting off a street car with her face in the right direction."

IN BUDDING SPRING.

Hon. Joseph Outhwaite meditated for a few moments before he replied to the question.

"When a woman discards her winter clothing and appears for the first time in the season

in a spring gown of some light, fluffy material, holding up a babe several months old as she greets her husband upon his return from a journey she appears at her very best, in my estimation, for in such a moment there is an expression upon her face seen at no other time. It's hard to define, as it's not just a motherly nor wifely expression."

"It's a combination of the two reflecting the majesty of motherhood and the wife's affection."

"You've analyzed it: I couldn't."

"Your pardon, a woman does not analyze such emotions; she feels them."

"I stand corrected; and if I were asked when a woman who does not experience these emotions appears at her best I should say when through sympathy of feeling her face reflects them."

LIKES THE FAMILY GROUP.

E. K. Stewart inquired:

"What's up today?"

"Tell me when a woman appears at her best."

"Whew! Wouldn't the boys laugh to hear me asked such a question."

"They might laugh more at your reply."

"True enough. However, I think a woman appears at her best seated at the head of her dining table, the stay of the family group—that is, if she has a family, but for young women and girls they seem most attractive when shopping or going to or from the theater or some place where they have had a pleasant time."

"This implies that they appear best in street costumes?"

"As to colors? Oh, anything that's light and bright."

IN A USEFUL SPHERE.

L. C. Laylin, Secretary of State, said gravely:

"When she is in that sphere where she can be most useful."

"What about her dress?"

"Her dress?" in a bewildered way.

"Yes, her dress. In what costume does a woman appear at her best?"

The Secretary of State threw up both hands, literally, then brought them down upon his desk, where they groped about as though searching for something that wasn't there, while his face expressed as much astonishment as if he had been asked to describe a circus rider's powder and paint and padding. Then he said with slow distinctness:

"You have me there. What do you expect me to know about costumes?"

WHEN THEY ARE PLEASED.

Said Judge Hagerty:

"They always appear so well in my eyes, that it is difficult for me to say when they appear best, but I think if there is any time they appear a little more charming than usual, it is when they are particularly pleased, when they are enjoying themselves, free from worry and work. I hate to see a woman work."

"Would you deprive them of their greatest blessing?"

"No; I don't mean work that they like to do, but I would, if I could, let all women have congenial work. I don't know of anything that I dislike more than to see a girl or woman wearing herself out in a factory or similar toil with no opportunity to make the best of any ability she may have in another line, and especially, as is often the case, if she is working to support men who should be the workers. Under such circumstances she never has a chance to appear at her best."

DIPLOMATIC COLONEL COIT.

Colonel Coit responded: "There are so many bests."

"Specify them."

"I can't."

"Name the supreme best, then."

"When she's trying to be agreeable."

"In what apparel?"

"That doesn't make any difference, if she has taste. I've seen women in the most expensive and fashionable costumes who looked like freaks simply because they didn't know what was becoming to them. Others can appear well in anything, so it's not what she wears that makes a woman most attractive, but the — well, I can't express it."

"You mean the way she wears it?"

"That's it; if a dress seems a part of a woman she will appear at her best in it, but if there is one special dress in which women in general seem to me to look best it is a white one with blue ribbons."

"Oh, Colonel Coit, you're permitting a

man's old-fashioned sentiment with regard to these colors to bias your judgment. Most women look wretched in that combination. It belongs to the nondescript type of very young girls."

HOME AND CHILDREN.

A. D. Heffner, the banker, greeted the question with an amused laugh; then said:

"I'm not an authority on women." Then he added: "At home with her children and husband."

"But if unmarried?"

"When she's trying to interest a man."

WITH HER FIRST BORN.

Said Hon. Emmett Tompkins, without a moment's hesitation:

"Whatever her station in life, a woman appears pre-eminently at her best when she holds her first-born in her arms. It is a supreme moment in her life, and naturally the noblest, sweetest feelings are expressed in her appearance."

"What about dress?"

"I don't know anything about clothing aside from disliking to see anything like a blue dress with green ribbons and a red skirt. I dislike anything glaring, and to me a woman appears best in subdued tints and soft effects."

LIKES THE HOME PICTURE.

Mr. Howard Park's reply was:

"In her own home attending to her duties, for every woman is at her best when she is where she belongs — in her own home."

"Then a number of them must belong in a place that has no existence."

"It should have existence for every woman."

"But if it does not, what then?"

"Let my brother tell you that," referring to William Park, who was sitting near.

"Mr. Park, it's for you to say when a woman who hasn't a home of her own appears at her best."

"When she's trying to get one — that is, trying to get married. I didn't mean that she should marry just for a home, but this being her natural sphere, it was eminently proper for her to wish to get into it. But women have odd ideas nowadays."

"Do they? Well, suppose we leave their ideas while you tell me in what dress woman appears best."

"In the dress that the man she is trying to get admires the most, for when she wears it she is conscious that she pleases him, and the thought brings out her best points."

WHEN SHE IS PLEASED.

Postmaster Rownd rejoined:

"A woman seems at her best when she is very much pleased, no matter what her environments or condition."

"And as to her attire?"

"Oh, that's too much for me. Ask Mr. Krumm; he can tell you. Mr. Krumm being forced into service, replied:

"When she is dressed in a manner that is appropriate for the occasion; so much so that one does not give particular attention to what she wears. In what mood? When she is completely absorbed in working for others to the exclusion of self."

Said Dr. Carr: "When woman is engaged in that function best adapted to her, she appears at her best."

"In what color?"

"On the street I like to see bright colors."

TAKING CARE OF THE TOTS.

Mr. Claude Meeker's face was touched with great earnestness as he said in a musing way:

"To me a woman taking care of her little ones appears at her best. Whatever her station or degree, there is no sight so beautiful in my eyes. Michael Angelo could not paint all the grace that is reflected on a woman's face when she is thus engaged, and all the world of words are powerless to express it. If a woman wishes to hold a man captive, through his highest, holiest emotions, she has but to be seen when mother love is illuminating her face, when dressed in a soft, loose-flowing gown suggestive of home life."

Rev. Dr. Jaskson, Jr., in impressive tones, said:

"When woman is filling that place for which she is best fitted, in a natural womanly way, entirely unconscious of being observed, she appears at her best. It does not matter what her environments or her attire may be, she will appear at her best at such a time."

IN UNSELFISH ACTION.

Judge Badger's sentiments were expressed in a few words:

"When a woman is doing that which calls for pure, unselfish, impersonal love, such as is manifested by sacrificing her own interests, she appears at her best, and as to her dress, each woman should be a law unto herself so far as it is concerned, for most of them know just what to wear to bring out their best points."

WHEN CUPID IS NEAR.

Said W. H. Fisher of the Hocking Valley:

"When she is happily in love."

"How do you know when she is in that state?"

"I can tell by the look in her eyes."

"Describe that look. Others may wish to imitate it."

"Oh, it can't be imitated. It only goes with genuine, happy love. Sometimes doubt and jealousy mar it — then a woman can look decidedly at her worst."

BRIDES APPEAL TO HIM.

J. Y. Bassell, although a Southerner, displayed a Yankee trait and inquired:

"Is this for publication or merely incidental?"

"For the paper? Well, then, I'll have to give a dishonest reply and say that a woman appears at her best as a bride." This with a laugh and a slight pause, after which he added, with his usual velocity and felicity as to words and thought:

"Seriously, I believe most women appear at their best as brides. It may be because of their apparel, which, being white, is particularly pleasing, especially if, as is usual, there is a train which adds elegance to the most simple toilet, or it may be because of the emotions of the hour which are reflected upon the faces of the brides, but whatever it is, there is something in the appearance of each one that reveals grace she was not known to possess prior to the occasion and which is not seen at any other time in life."

SHOWING LIFE'S EARNESTNESS.

L. M. Baker hesitated somewhat before replying, as though the subject were one well worth considering with care, then said:

"A thoughtful, serious mood; one that reveals a woman as having a true conception of the earnestness of life, shows her in her best light, and a dress of subdued colors, one that conforms to the mood, enhances a woman's charm, in my estimation, for although not inclined to take life too seriously, a woman who laughs or smiles never seems to be at her best so far as appearances are concerned."

"Oh, Lord, what next?" ejaculated George Hardy. "In my estimation a woman always appears at her best when she isn't trying to do so, especially if she is dressed in a becoming way and is bright and agreeable without seeming to know that she is so."

F. W. Sinks smilingly asserted that woman appeared at her best when making the bread "that mother used to make," in the gown that was best adapted to this work of love.

WHEN SHE'S HAPPIEST.

R. W. Jeffrey paused for a moment as though reflecting, then, with an expression indicating that he understood the full import of the inquiry, he said:

"When she is happiest, wherever that may be, for it is the inner woman who gives the outward charm. Happiness is such a beautifier that often a woman who is plain and uninteresting when not under its influence, will, when it sweeps over her, appear so lovely as to be bewildering. Of course, this is only when the woman possesses a beautiful soul, one that is responsive to the bright and beautiful in life, but if any woman is happy it enhances her appearance a hundred fold more than a similar condition would add to a man's looks, probably because, being the finer medium, she radiates her emotions more

readily. It's noticeable that the finer the organization, the greater the transformation in the appearance of woman. With regard to her apparel, one may appear at her best in evening dress, another in street gown; it all depends upon the woman."

DOING GOOD FOR OTHERS.

Rev. Dr. Rexford's reply was: "I think a woman appears at her best when she is doing whatever is to be done for the good of others with a good grace, with all that she wears harmonizing with herself and what she is doing."

WHEN MOST NATURAL.

W. G. Benham said: "When a woman is natural she appears at her best. When she doesn't simper and think she must say pretty things, when the world is upside down as it were. When she is entirely free from affectation or deception of any sort. It doesn't take the average man long to discover these, and the moment he does she is done."



LEWIS C. LAYLIN.

THEIR HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS.

"Will you tell me of your first Christmas?"

Down dropped the harness of work and the barriers of years, forgotten were old sorrows and old tears, as a number of Columbus gentlemen well known in the fields of thought and action heard this question addressed to them by a State Journal reporter. Then drifting on the tide of thought it seemed to take but a moment to carry them back to the happiest Christmas marked on life's calendar.

GINGER BREAD HORSE.

The first picture presented was by Hon. D. J. Ryan who, when this question was asked walked to a window and stood looking down the street several moments before he replied.

"The Christmas that I found a ginger bread horse at the top of my stocking was the happiest one I ever knew.

"I've had many happy Christmas days since then and I've received many beautiful presents that I appreciated greatly but never one that gave me such pleasure as that ginger bread horse. It was too precious to eat and I kept it a week before I would even take the tiniest nibble from it. Afterward I was so sorry for having mutilated it that I was constantly changing its quarters in order to find the best place for it to be kept free from harm, until the wear upon it reduced it to crumbs. When these had disappeared that which gave me the greatest happiness in life had vanished."

CAME WITH RED TOPPED BOOTS.

The scene Judge Hagerty painted is revealed in the words:

"When I woke up one Christmas morning and found that Santa Claus had brought me a pair of red topped coppertoed boots I was happier than I had ever been in all my life. Nothing ever gave me half so much pleasure. I was so proud of them that I spent the greater part of the day trotting around the neighborhood to show them.

M. C. Conners, general manager of several important railways and consequently one of the busiest men in the city leaned back in his chair in the manner of one who accomplishes much in a short time without haste, then with a low laugh, replied:

"The last Christmas in which I believed in a Santa Claus was my happiest, for I was just old enough to anticipate his visit with keen delight and feel perfectly satisfied afterward. The next Christmas however, I was so wide awake that before morning came my faith in human nature had received its first shock. Christmas could never be the real thing again; it had lost something."

Said Judge Badger:

"I recall many Christmas days that were filled with happiness but never one to which I look back with such supreme pleasure as when I was a chunk of a boy and had been teaching my first school for about ten days. The man who had taught prior to my securing the place had been compelled to resign in the middle of December through failing to get a certificate and as he had lost a number of days the first of the term, I was expected to make them up by teaching on the holidays, the first of these being Christmas. After teaching about a week I felt so gloriously prosperous that I was very glad to share my good feeling with my pupils who were bright, lovable children, many of whom I have had occasion to feel proud of in later years, so I stored a supply of stick candy, nuts, oranges, and cakes for the 'treat' that every teacher in those days was expected to give.

"The children were not only surprised but delighted, but great as was their pleasure, I'm sure they didn't get half as much out of the day as I did, for in the midst of our enjoyment, a former teacher of mine and a number of my schoolmates came to visit us, and my old teacher spoke some words of commendation regarding my school. I was proud of my boys and girls and so glad in their happiness that I think that was the happiest Christmas I have ever known."

Hon. De Witt C. Jones' words were few:

"My first Christmas tree which was the one my wife and I prepared for our children after they were old enough to enjoy it, afforded me more happiness than any other in my recollection. Prior to that day I had not had even a faint conception of what Christmas may mean to children, for in my childhood and youth the 25th day of December was just a day following the 24th, nothing more. On

Christmas as on other days, I went at an early hour to the hard work incident to farm life in winter as well as in summer, and after toiling all day went home without having realized that the day differed from any other in the three hundred and sixty five of the year."

Al G. Field's response was:

One Christmas in my life was filled with especial delight and that was the first Christmas after my marriage, when my wife and I were living in two plainly furnished rooms and everything pertaining to the day was in accord with the rooms and our dinner, in the preparation of which I assisted my wife, but no banquet could ever be more tempting for we were like two children over the result of our efforts. Aside from this I was experiencing a revelation with regard to how little it takes to make a woman happy, for my present to my wife, the only thing I could offer was such a poor little insignificant thing — a tiny workbasket — that I was ashamed to give it to her and left it outside until I saw how merrily she adapted herself to the poor conditions of our Christmas, then when I did get courage to give it to her, the manner in which she received it caused such reaction from the feeling of humiliation because of the poor gift that my happiness was greater than it has even been since."

Altho since I think of it there was another Christmas in my life so filled with delight it might fairly vie with the other. The first Christmas of the Civil War which I was too young to comprehend in its tragical aspect, was the happiest I knew as a boy.

My home was in Virginia, but it was deemed advisable to have the family visit in Maryland until after breakfast, the time considered necessary to adjust the difficulty, but when breakfast time extended from April until the twenty-fifth of December, our elders seemed determined not to be gloomy, and my grandmother made arrangements for the ball she was accustomed to giving to which came people old and young from far and near.

Altho these were famed in Maryland, they were not like the balls given in Virginia, such as were and are unknown elsewhere, where the children of the plantation owners as well as every little pickaninny learned to dance until dancing was a part of their lives from which they could not be separated. And it chanced that a little girl, a very lovely one, from Virginia, was a guest of my grand-

mother's that night. To us the minuet was a many times enjoyed dance, but to the other guests it was still new and they were anything but proficient, so the little girl and myself were chosen to lead it, and I confess that when I led her out to lead the dance before all those admiring people, I experienced a "swelling of the heart" I never felt before or since so perhaps in genuine pleasure unmixed with pathos it was the happiest Christmas after all."

Hon. Claude Meeker's reply was:

"When I was about fourteen I was permitted to go rabbit hunting on Christmas and never in my greatest dreams of happiness had I imagined anything like the delight I experienced when I started out at day-light with my dogs and gun. With these as my only companions I spent the day and for the first time in my life forgot the dinner hour, but even if I had thought of the Christmas feast at home it could not have tempted me to abandon my sport, and when night compelled me to go home, I ate some of the cold things that were left from the meals of the day without grumbling and without regret for the things I had missed. My happiness was complete and as a boy I never had a more enjoyable day."

Rev. Dr. Rexford responded:

"Christmas in my childhood was not a special day. Our home life moved on with a steady step and the 4th of July was the only interruption. The noise of a gun could waken us, but the music of Christmas had not reached our quarter. These are the products of the last quarter century as are most of the enjoyable things of Christmas. Therefore my happiest Christmas was not associated with childhood and youth when it was spent in New England. Puritan environment, but later in life when I entered into the pleasure of young people of the day and I can't recall which was the happiest, probably the last one, for each year has brought increasing enjoyment."

Judge Stewart's reply was:

"My last Christmas was the happiest I have ever known and if you were to ask me this question after the next one, I suppose I should still make the same reply, for each Christmas for years has been much happier than the one preceding it."

Hon. E. O. Randall responded with brief simplicity:

"There were two Christmas days when I experienced such happiness as causes those

days to be regarded as the happiest I have known on this holiday. They were when I was talking to the little ragamuffins in two different places just after they had partaken of the feast prepared for them. Their pleasure was so manifest and so intense that I caught the reflection of it and it does me good to recall it even now."

"Will I tell you of my happiest Christmas," said J. Y. Bassell. "Certainly, it was when I got my first drum. I had been longing for a drum as only a boy can wish for that with which he can make the most racket, but my parents and other members of the family knowing what an infernal nuisance a drum would be in my hands had persistently refused the desire of heart. However, an uncle who had learned of the dream of my life decided that it should become a reality and smuggled a drum to my mother with the request that I should be permitted to have it Christmas morning. You see, he didn't have to live in the same house. Mother promised to face the ire of other members of the family and make me happy, but I didn't know this of course, so one day after one of my most turbulent demands for a drum I was told that Santa Claus granted the requests of good little boys. In a moment I was transformed from a little cuss into a little cherub. My piety developed so rapidly that in five minutes I was down on my knees making a fervent prayer for a drum. I kept this up until Christmas evening, and after hanging up my stocking, taking care to select one several times too large for me I went to bed.

"The moment I entered the door of the general sitting room the next morning the first thing I saw on the mantel was the drum. Fact is I didn't see anything else.

Lord, I couldn't see anything else," and the secretary sprang from his chair, clutching an imaginary drum, on an imaginary mantel, unconsciously illustrating the manner in which he had seized the coveted prize of his early boyhood. Then re-collecting himself he sat down and continued in a calmer tone:

"I never saw the stocking, and I don't know to this day what became of it, or what it contained. Everything in the world had disappeared but the drum, and with one bound I had it and began business with such tremendous success that I was immediately told to move out.

"It was a case of I'd leave my happy home for you, and I left, but as soon as I began on the drum outside I was told to move on. I did so, but wherever I stopped, some one seemed to have it in for me, and I was ordered away. Obeying, I kept moving, intensely happy in my new possession. If I had been a little older, I might have had some bitter reflections regarding the lack of good will extended, but in unalloyed bliss, I went on until I found a place where no one gave the familiar command, and there I defied the world and beat my drum until I was half frozen. Weary, hungry and cold, I went home, and as my arms were then so tired I could only produce a faint echo of the racket I had made, I was permitted to play indoors. It's odd how one can be hungry and cold and wornout and yet be supremely happy.

"I often think in recalling my happiest Christmas of how the acquisition of some cherished object blinds us to the ills it brings, for I was practically banished from home until after I had finished the drum, but since then I have not known the unalloyed bliss that was mine that Christmas day."



MRS. DENNISON.

WIFE OF OHIO'S FAMOUS WAR GOVERNOR. HONORS SHOWED UPON A GENTLEWOMAN

Mrs. Dennison, wife of the distinguished war governor, William Dennison, whose home is at the Neil is living in an atmosphere redolent of the rarest flowers her friends and relatives could secure. These were sent to her yesterday in remembrance of the day that marks her eighty-first year and as a tribute to a gentlewoman who is so well and widely known that mention of her name recalls much of the history not only of Columbus but of the state.

Although most of the floral offerings were gifts from men and women highly influential it is possible that Mrs. Dennison, whose fondness for children is well known, derives more pleasure from one fragrant bunch of violets than from all the other flowers, for these were the gift of her great-great-grandson Fitzgerald Forsythe, who is also the grandson of General Forsythe, the renowned warrior.

Lovingly, Mrs. Dennison clasped the great mass of violets that formed the finishing touch in her rich and tasteful costume; in her voice was tender pride as she held them out for inspection and talked of the little one who had brought them and these were the flowers she carried as she passed to the carriage that was to convey her to the Columbus Club where a dinner was given in her honor.

Although Mrs. Dennison is short in stature she bears herself with dignity that borders on majesty, a bearing that may account in some degree for the impression that she resembles Queen Victoria. She rarely appears in public unless accompanied by her son, Herman Dennison and he is always her escort to her meals. As they pass through the lobby of the hotel they are the cynosure of all eyes.

Mrs. Dennison is shielded from the careless talk of the casual caller lest some word should awaken the emotional memories that would detract from her strength.

And what a world of memories could be revived in the heart of this woman whose life began with the completion of the Old National Road and hence with the beginning

of stage coach days when the flood of traffic swept tens of thousands of passengers over the road.

A few years ago when Mrs. Dennison was stronger than she is now the Journal writer talked with her relative to events in the first half of the last century with the thought of having the reminiscences of this Grand Old Woman published, but the copy was lost and the story was never rewritten. However, much that she said is vividly recalled and very precious is the memory now that her advanced years and declining strength preclude the possibility of another talk with her concerning that past in which she witnessed all the social and material progress of the city, all the glorious pageants and gloomy processions of more than three quarters of a century and was a part of all the brilliant functions antedating the laying of the cornerstone of the State House that seems so old to this generation.

In that talk Mrs. Dennison manifested keener interest in the affairs of the day than many women of a third of her age, and as she looked out toward the historic old structure it seemed incredible that one whose grasp of events was still so strong had known the men and women of a period that seems ancient to the hurrying workers who haven't much time to look backward and could not see with her vision those whose portraits are so far back in the hallways of history, those who lived so long ago that the name of the governor who laid the cornerstone of the capitol is not known to one in fifty of the countless hundreds who daily pass through the rotunda.

Another fact that seemed to carry Mrs. Dennison far back into the last century was that she was married in the original Neil House that burned down on the night following the presidential election that preceded the great Civil War.

In the old Neil House that was a magnificent hostelry with a palatial rotunda and carvings

of black walnut she met and knew many world famed men, among them General William Henry Harrison and Charles Dickens who described the establishment in his "American Notes," mentioning that "the apartments were finished in polished wood of black walnut and opened on a handsome portico and stone veranda like rooms in some Italian mansion."

In the "Old Neil" of today who shall say how many famous men and women Mrs. Dennison has known. Few are the distinguished visitors to Columbus who have not stopped there and countless books could not chronicle the names of those who have praised the

old time hospitality of the place with the fervent hope that it would be continued under each management.

In all probability Mrs. Dennison will spend her closing days in the old building that has sheltered so many of the world's best citizens and always associated with the historic old establishment will be the name of this daughter of the house of Neil who when circumstances placed her in prominent places bore herself with dignity equal to the situation, being well fitted to be the wife of the man who was such a powerful factor in the hour when Ohio had greatest need of an executive with strength and courage.

AN ORIGINAL "AD." WRITER.

Columbus has the most original "ad" writer in the country. Whoever doubts this has never been so fortunate as to see Columbus newspapers in which the Lazarus ads written by Mr. E. J. Salt have a conspicuous place and anyone who has never seen a Columbus newspaper has never lived. Those who have lived know that Mr. Salt stands at the head of his profession and that his writing gives him a unique place among writers.

When it is recalled that no local or national event takes place but that some mention of it is made in Lazarus ads one has

some idea of the scope of reading and the almost limitless fund of information Mr. Salt possesses.

During the Spanish War the Lazarus ads were eagerly awaited by the public for they were sure to embody the latest war news. This advertising attractive and unusual has won special recognition from some of the most prominent men.

Lazarus is fortunate in having Salt and Columbus is fortunate in having Lazarus and Salt for no other city can present such a combination.

HINKLE FINALLY UNFOLDS HIS PLANS.

In the course of a talk with Mayor Hinkle a State Journal reporter listened to some statements that may be of interest to those who long have tried to classify the mayor.

The State Journal reporter was greeted in a courteous manner and having heard that the mayor's temperament was just a little out of the ordinary, decided to begin while the atmosphere was favorable, hence said:

"Mayor Hinkle, I should like to know of your political aspirations."

"I haven't any beyond wishing to be a good soap maker."

"How funny you are this morning, but seriously, now does that mean you're done with political aspirations?"

"I haven't said so."

"I know you haven't. That's why I am asking you. Will you say so?"

MAN NEVER KNOWS WHAT HE MAY DO.

"No, I won't, for a man never knows what he may do."

"But do you think you're done with politics?"

"I don't know."

"Do you mean that you don't know if you will be an aspirant for the nomination as mayor again?"

"Well, you see, it's this way — a man never knows what he may do for his party — how much of a sacrifice he may make."

"Oh, I see; you mean that your inclinations lead toward retirement, but you'd be willing to sacrifice these for the good of the party?"

A smile of approval spread over the mayor's face as he said:

"A man never knows what he may do."

"Doesn't he? I always thought every man in the world was so wise that he knew just exactly what he meant to do. I perceive my mistake — the mayor of Columbus is an exception. That proves the rule, but what about that New York interview. Did you deny that story?"

"No, that fellow saw me all right enough,

but he didn't get an interview, for there was nothing to give out."

"Nothing but the smoke from that big cigar?"

"That's the part I denied. I never smoked a cigar in my life."

"Oh, you prefer a pipe?"

Mayor Hinkle made a wry face and exclaimed:

MAYOR HINKLE IS A MAN OF EXEMPLARY HABITS.

"No; I don't. I never smoked anything in my life. It always seemed so disgusting to me to see a man stick a weed in his mouth and go puffing around. More than this I never drank an intoxicating drink in my life."

"How nice, but I wish you'd be nicer and tell me if you have any aspirations for nomination for any political office?"

"My greatest aspiration is for home life — I need a rest — a thousand years of it."

Does'nt Know Just What He May Do for His Party.

"You'll get it some day, but in the meantime you don't look as though the work of your office has been so strenuous as to require a thousand years of rest. I was just thinking how well you looked."

LAI D OFF TWO WEEKS WITH TYPHOID FEVER.

"Well, I need a rest. I haven't had a vacation for two years, unless the two weeks when I had typhoid fever may be called a vacation."

"Not much of a one, surely, and a very short time to fight typhoid. It's such a fearful disease."

"Oh, you needn't ever be afraid of it. Anyone as slight as you are need have no fears of it. It's the fat people it affects most. It's a disease of the intestines, and where there is much fat accumulated about them it's sure to go hard with one."

"I'm so delighted to learn all this. You seem to be well informed."

"Yes; I studied medicine once."

"You did? How surprising."

"Yes, and I've been told by good physicians that I knew more about it than half the young fellows who practice it."

"When you might have benefited humanity so greatly, how did it happen that you abandoned such a profession?"

"Oh, I went to teaching school, taught six years, then traveled, and at last went into the soap business."

SECRET ABOUT SOAP THAT IS NOT REVEALED.

"Apropos of the soap, what was the secret that couldn't be sent out in the circulars?"

"Oh, that simply referred to a white soap, a medicated soap, that couldn't be mentioned in the circulars."

"Why not?"

"Because." Then, ignoring the reporter's mystified look, the mayor continued: "One had to word the circular so they would ask for it, and all that stuff that was written about it was just an attempt to hurt me. Why couldn't they make the contradiction as big as the lie?"

"Perhaps it was because an editorial is worth more than a whole front page."

PLACES MORE VALUE ON BIG HEADLINES.

"Yes, but that front page story would be read by people who never look at an editorial."

"But that shouldn't count for much. People who never read editorials don't, as a rule, do much thinking."

"Yes, but they do some voting, and it counts on the votes."

"Oh, then you are looking out for the votes?"

The mayor shifted in his seat and said:

"As I've told you, there's nothing to give out in that line." Then he pointed to another paper and said: "There's the 'evening edition' of The Journal (referring to a Columbus evening newspaper), with a big headline. However, it's no use considering that little sheet, for what can one do when a little fice that's too small to kick snaps at one's heels?" and the mayor snapped his fingers and muttered something about very small men, then straightened out his massive frame in a manner reflecting scorn of all who were not as big as himself. This caused the reporter to

ask if he was taking dancing lessons for the physical benefit to be derived from them or with a view of added grace. To this the mayor replied:

DANCES BECAUSE HE IS VERY FOND OF IT.

"I have not been taking dancing lessons. I have danced all my life, or at least since I was 12 years old. It's the only recreation I take. We have dancing at the Elk's club-rooms, and I belong to a dancing club because I like to dance. That's all there is to the dance story."

"What form of dancing do you like best, waltzing—"

"Oh, I like all of it, just as I do the ladies. I like all of them."

"I'm sure the 'ladies' will appreciate that statement." But am I to understand that you have no political aspirations and will not have unless the party demands that you sacrifice your inclinations?"

The mayor leaned forward in his chair, and, taking up a bundle of letters, abstracted one and said, "This will show you how I am situated as nearly as anything else."

The letter was from an admirer, who asked him if he had either state or national aspirations, and promising support from several counties, among them Marion and Delaware. The mayor said: "I have a stack of letters that high," holding his hand at least two feet above his desk, "all on that same line."

NEVER KNOWS JUST WHAT HE WILL DO.

"Then if you were offered the nomination for president you might forego your desire for rest and home life?"

"A man never knows what he might do for his party. But see here," and he produced his reply to the letter, which was to the effect that he was at present only mayor of Columbus and did not know what he might wish to be in the future. "I've let you know this in confidence and I don't want that letter used." He was assured that his confidence would be respected, and only that which referred to his attitude should be mentioned. He then said, "I think I'll ask to be nominated as king of England."

"Please don't. Mayor Hinkle, the United States can't spare you."

The mayor laughed heartily.

TREATED BETTER THAN REPORTERS USUALLY ARE.

"Well, my girl, I've given you more time than I usually give reporters, but you can't get me to tell you anything, for if I have anything to give out I would keep it, so The Journal could not get it first."

"Why, Mayor Hinkle, I shouldn't have thought you would say anything like that!"

"Why not? Why not tell the truth? I would keep any information I have till morning always, so that paper couldn't get it."

"But why be so unfair to the Journal?"

"Because they would not print the truth if I gave it to them. Oh, I don't mean that you wouldn't tell the truth, and give a fair statement, but when it got into the hands over there it would be twisted around till it would mean something entirely different from what I said."

"Then you won't tell me the truth about the library story?"

The mayor's face flushed indignantly as he exclaimed:

PAPERS AND PUBLIC MUST KEEP ON GUESSING.

"There's nothing to tell about it. The papers have done a lot of guessing and they can keep on guessing. It's none of their business. I don't mean anything against you asking me this, for you're only doing what you were sent to do, but I get out of sorts with newspapers asking about things that's none of their business."

"But it's their business to get what will interest the public and the public, of course, is interested in everything pertaining to libraries."

"Well, the public can wait till we're ready to tell them about the library. Nothing has been given out nor will be yet awhile."

"Then there wasn't any truth in the story that you went to get an appropriation. It was all incorrect?"

"Oh, they got a few little things right, but they said Carnegie was in Florida, so if he was how could we see him? Now, there's nothing to give out on that subject for we agreed not to give out anything at present."

RESURRECTION.

Remember what I told you long ago.

"There is a resurrection for all things

Where'er you are in bliss or deepest woe"

Your thoughts are wafted to me on swift wings.

They reach me in the dark and solemn night

When all the world is wrapped in deepest gloom

They come sometimes before the morning light

Like some faint, lost yet lingering perfume.

COLLEGE GIRLS AND MARRIAGE.

Higher education is rapidly reducing the per cent of marriages declared President Elliott of Harvard.

Statistics compiled after careful research in the records of Eastern colleges wired to the State Journal last Thursday proved the truth of the Harvard man's assertion.

If more proof were needed the Ohio State University can furnish it.

With a view to learning how the statistics of Eastern colleges compared with those of the Ohio State University a State Journal reporter called at the institution.

In the absence of President Thompson, Prof. W. H. Seibert at the head of the department of European history was questioned on the subject. Said he:

ELLIOTT IS RIGHT.

We have no statistics bearing upon this subject but I am sure President Elliott's statements are founded upon the most careful investigation and that they are absolutely accurate. I believe also that the per cent. of marriages among the women of this University is not greater if as great as that shown by President Elliott.

The reason for this is apparent if one remembers that the women who come here have practically decided before coming upon some course that does not include matrimony and that they are not likely to abandon their positions.

LITTLE TIME FOR SENTIMENT.

The success of these necessitates hard work that leaves little time for sentiment while they are in college and after they have finished their studies their standard of husbands is usually so high that the average man does not aspire for the position. Men as a rule do not care to be the husbands of women who are their superiors intellectually.

Of course these women might marry college men, but such marriages are rare. In fact, they are much less frequent than people who have not been observant of this would imagine and this I think is good evidence that coeducation is not the evil that it is reported to be by some. The young men and women

meet with a sort of comradeship in their work and are good friends but deeper attachments are the exception.

MORE EDUCATION LESS LOVE.

Prof Barrows, of the department of English literature entered and was asked for his opinion relative to the subject, he said:

It has been established without doubt that fewer marriages take place between the highly educated and that reproduction is less frequent than among the uneducated just as it has been shown that genius does not reproduce itself to any extent and after a comparatively short time becomes extinct. In general the men and women who seem to be best fitted to be fathers and mothers, that is, from our point of view" and the Professor smiled, do not marry.

ONE THRICE MARRIES.

The Ohio State University has an alumnae catalogue from which information can be obtained. It was decided to select one class and follow the matrimonial fortunes of the girls graduated.

The class of 1893 was selected as giving a sufficient period of time for a fair estimate. Nine women were graduated that year.

It was found that only three of that class had married in the ten years, and that two of them were residents of the city, Mrs. Dora Sandoe Bachman and Mrs. Louise Herrick Abbott. The other married woman in the class is Mrs. Sarah Joel Wilson who resides in New York.

She is the mother of three children, and Mrs. Abbott is the mother of two, giving an aggregate of five children in ten years since graduation of a class of nine.

It developed that the proportion of marriages in this class fell far below that shown by President Elliott which is 45 per cent, and that the degree of mental power possessed by these women is correspondingly high as is evidenced by their work before and since they were graduated.

Miss Katherine Morhart was the first woman to win a state contest in Ohio; Miss Bertha Lanman was the first in this country

to finish a course in electrical engineering; Mrs. Dora Sandoe Bachman was the first lawyer graduated from the Law School of the Ohio State University, and every woman of the class has been distinguished by unusual intellectual ability.

Mrs. Bachman is not only a lawyer, but a writer, an elocutionist and a most excellent cook. She was assisting in the preparation of the evening meal when the reporter called to ask her opinion of the subject now prominently before the college people. She left her work for a few moments and said:

"I had not given this subject any thought until President Elliott's declaration called attention to it, but if it is true that college women do not marry as frequently as their sisters in other fields, it may be due to the fact that higher education renders woman economically independent of men so that the college woman does not marry for the sake of a home or support, but from choice.

"Girls having less educational advantages are by their work and surroundings thrown into contact with boys during the years when they are impressionable and sentimental and contract marriage at an early age before they are mature in judgment. While the college girl is just as impressionable and sentimental as her sister, yet at the same age her attention is divided between society and her studies and she measures the men with whom she comes in contact by mental standards so that by the time she comes out of college she is more thoughtful, regards marriage more seriously and is less apt to venture into the unknown when she feels perfectly qualified to live her life alone. She has learned that hasty marriages contribute much to the divorce evil,

hence she is not likely to chance much in this direction.

Mrs. Louise Herrick Abbott was seen at her home on Highland Avenue. She also demonstrated that a collegiate education does not unfit women for domestic duties for she came from the kitchen where she had been preparing a salad for the reception of the Alumnae Association of which she is president, and without removing an apron that was vastly becoming, she too had been reading the State Journal's articles. Said Mrs. Abbott:

President Elliott's assertion seems to be the sole topic of conversation. My husband has referred to it several times. It is claimed that college women do not marry or if they do so that they do not have children, but I have two, this triumphantly, and Mrs. Willsworth of New York one of my classmates has three. It is true that only three women in the class of '93 have married, but it does not follow that this disproportion exists in all classes. However, if it does it is probably the result of women being engaged in pursuits which they prefer to marriage. But I do not think that education interferes with woman's enjoyment of the home life nor her duties as a mother.

POINTS OUT A FALLACY.

One often hears that college women require husbands who have had similar training, but so far as my observation extends this is a fallacy. They usually choose men of business ability, whom they do not regard as their inferiors simply because their education has been different, for these women as a rule are aware that these men exercise mental power equal to that required in the professions.

MRS. ELLA MAY SMITH.
President of the largest Music Club in the World.



"Mrs. Smith, the interesting and talented"
— *Nevada.*

A WOMAN MUSICIAN.

It is related that when Chopin who had the gift of musical portraiture was asked to improvise Madame Delphine Potocka he drew her scarf from her shoulders, threw it on the board and began to play, implying that he knew the brilliant woman so well that he could portray her character easily and that under the customs and costumes of an attractive worldly life the heart force could beat as the tones of the piano through the scarf.

This story was recalled when asked to give a character sketch of one of the most interesting women in Columbus, Mrs. Ella May Smith, who has a national reputation as a music critic, for it seemed that only a musical portraiture could give adequate conception of the character of this musician and writer who presents such brilliant contrasts with such harmony of effect.

An authority on music, Mrs. Smith is consulted by the most cultured of its devotees; as an instructor she renders efficient aid to amateur and artist; as a society woman engaged in the affairs of the hour she has long been considered a brilliant leader and as President of the Womens' Music Club of Columbus, exposed to jealousies and misconstruction she conciliates the good will of all without affecting the self-respect of any; for quick in thought, fertile in expedients, prompt in action, direct, earnest, indefatigable she meets all difficulties and calms all agitation with the poise of one born to lead.

In addition to the work involved in these capacities Mrs. Smith is a professional writer who sinks herself in her productions; a composer whose compositions are popular in different parts of the country, her name appearing upon many programs in this connection, frequently is she called upon to address finished musicians and daily is she consulted by managers and promoters of various kinds of educational work, but above and beyond all her professional and social successes, Mrs. Smith is a woman who finds time to make a home of her house and there one is charmed by the hospitality of people free from pre-

tense accustomed to entertaining in the environments of refined taste.

It is difficult to decide in which part of her exquisitely appointed home Mrs. Smith is seen to best advantage for every part of it forms a background for her artistic individuality and whether in the library, consulting some choice volume, in her daughter's dainty room, in the dining room enlivening a repast with some description of a scene, or some vivid picture of her experience, in her own den preparing music letters for the New York Journal and other newspapers, or in the music or reception room conversing with some distinguished visitor, she seems to be a part of each place and at her best.

This gifted woman's personal appearance reflects her life for it gratifies the sense of harmony; of the blond type with a face mobile and animated, a mirror of her abundant and abiding cheerfulness; her apparel and manner are an exposition of the art that enables some women to wear simple robes royally or the richest raiment simply.

One may see on pictures given Mrs. Smith by those who are among the world celebrities inscriptions expressing appreciation of hours spent with her or of the attributes of mind and heart that have endeared her to such artists as Schuman, Heinke, Nevada, Maude Powell, Calve, Madame Gadskie, Ysaya, Biphame and scores of other world tamed men and women. Among these is one that throws a sidelight upon her relations with them:

"In memory of a charming luncheon at the Victoria Hotel." — LOUISE YSAYA.

But the keynote of Mrs. Smith's character is given in another inscription on the portrait of Nevada:

"Mrs. Smith, the interesting and talented who will help people to love the beautiful 'Nevada.'"

This she does; surrounded by many pleasures, in contact with the worldly she preserves an unselfish heart and has within her much of that fair beauty which no eye can see; much of that sweet music which no ear can measure — in all things seeing only good, she helps others to love the beautiful.

POPULAR MILITARY SALUTE.

"The military salute seems to be the fad here in Columbus. I have noticed that about nine men in ten use it," remarked an Eastern visitor at one of the hotels yesterday.

"Yes," responded the friend whom he had addressed. "In place of decreasing since the Spanish war, it is becoming more popular every day. I'm beginning to fear it will become such a fixed habit that our men, without meaning to be disrespectful to our women, will forget and use the salute in recognizing them."

This fear did not create general alarm, but, as mentioned, only caused the manner of salutation to be given more than passing notice.

One of the first to come under this observation was Assistant Adjutant General Taylor, who was saluted by a colored man and returned the compliment. He was followed by the president of the Board of Trade, George T. Spahr, who smilingly raised his hand to his head in a semi-salute, and an instant later raised his hat in returning a woman's greeting. Judge Hagerty passed and recognized several friends with a smile and a touch of the hat. Hon. Henry Axline, former Adjutant General, saluted an acquaintance in true military style and took off his hat as he spoke to a woman.

John Y. Bassell, Secretary of the Board of Trade, bowed slightly to a group of men, bared his head with a low bow in recognition of several women, and a little later saluted Governor Nash, who returned his greeting in the same manner.

Robert H. Jeffrey bowed right and left to a line of men who had formed a guard to the entrance to his headquarters, with a slight movement of his hand to his head occasionally, then removed his hat and bent his head in a deferential manner to a woman.

ARMS SWING EVERYWHERE.

Judge Stewart, while entering the State House yard, saluted two men, who responded in a similar manner, and Mr. George Hardy, the real estate man, passed a number of men, saluting each with military precision that they could scarcely imitate. Hon. Claude Meeker, while assisting some women to enter a carriage and standing so, bowed to a gentleman

who saluted him, then seeming to recognize that Mr. Meeker was speaking with women, removed his hat with a bow.

Deciding that the people in or near this building were all following what the Eastern man had termed a "fad," the State House was chosen as a better place for observation.

After witnessing the exchange of a score or more of salutes, ranging from Judge Spear of the Supreme Court down to the guards, the subject was mentioned to Secretary Laylin, who said:

"There is no reason why the military salute should be the custom in this building, outside of the observance of it when addressing the governor or any member of his staff, but I suppose where this is done in these instances it follows as a natural sequence that it is used generally."

CAME FROM TRAINING.

Martin Gemuender was the next man seen. He was hastening toward the Democratic headquarters, seemingly in a great hurry, but at least ten men were saluted in a manner that suggested careful military drill. So noticeable was this that he was asked if he had had such training, to which he replied:

"Yes, as captain of the Columbus cadets. But I was not aware that I still adhered to the salute. It must be through force of habit; an involuntary movement; for I'm sure I don't think of it."

Wondering if this were true of others, Assistant Adjutant General Taylor was asked if he had noticed the frequency with which this form of salutation was employed, and in reply said:

"I have not thought of this, but suppose it has been the custom ever since our last war, just as military forms always follow the military spirit when this has been supplemented with strict discipline: having been disciplined, the young men do not discard that which is an essential part of their training, and as they continue the salute others adopt it unconsciously.

"I can understand this, for unless my attention was called to it, I should not notice that I used the military salute in recognizing

my friends. One becomes habituated to it in camp, where it is required, and once acquired, like all other habits, it's easier to continue than to drop it."

While Mr. Taylor was speaking Judge Pugh and Judge Earnhart were seen walking down High Street, and it was noticeable that both saluted gentlemen whom they met and both bowed low as they removed their hats in returning a woman's greeting.

In the Neil House lobby General Beatty and Colonel Edward Taylor were seated in the big office chairs, seemingly for a good, old-fashioned talk, where there was much to say and plenty of time to say it in, but while they were very much interested in each other, during the time they were being observed their hands were kept busy in responding to the salutes of the men who came and went. John R. Malloy was just as busy in the same way in another part of the lobby.

WAVE A GOOD DAY.

Near Broad and High Streets Hon. Allen W. Thurman met his beloved friend, Hon. DeWitt C. Jones, and both recognized each other with an upward movement of the hand that was seemingly a more cordial expression of good will than the formal salute.

Near this same corner Dr. Jackson, the Congregational minister, was saluted in true military style by several young men and raised his hat in acknowledgment.

Dr. Dickson L. Moore, in acknowledging recognition, touched his hat six times in taking about that many steps and with almost as much frequency Judge Badger was called upon to respond to greetings.

W. H. Fisher, the passenger agent of the Hocking Valley, went down the street saluting acquaintances in the cordial manner of one who has good will for everybody in the world, and a few moments later M. S. Conners, president of a number of railways, greeted a number of men with a modification of the military salute, then bared his head as he bowed to an elderly woman in such a way that a well-known professional woman turned to a companion with the remark:

"I wonder where that man acquired such manner? I have never seen anything so admirable, so nearly my ideal of a man's manner. He must have had exquisite training to be able to express so much deference in his attitude toward our sex. It does one good to learn that there are a few men in

the world who can by their manner place a woman on a pedestal whether she belongs there or not. We sometimes assert that we don't care to occupy pedestals, but we only do this when conscious that there are none who care if we remain on them, or as Browning says of saints, 'Tumble to earth.'"

KEPT ON SALUTING.

At this juncture Judge Badger and a well-known newspaper man saluted each other, shook hands, slapped each other on the shoulder, laughed heartily, shook hands again, were about to separate, then seeming to have reconsidered the matter, they locked arms and went into the nearest hotel, where the salutes may still be in order.

A sufficient number of men had been noticed to warrant sanctioning the statement of the Eastern man with regard to the military salute becoming more frequent, but there seemed little cause to think that Columbus men would so far forget what they owe to women and to themselves as to substitute it for the proper recognition of women.

Most of these men to whom this subject was mentioned, said they did not realize that they were using it until their attention was called to it, but in nearly every instance they had been either connected with military life or had been given special drill in this line.

For instance Mr. Hardy as well as Mr. Gemuender attributed his salute to the practice of it as an officer in the Columbus cadets. Former Adjutant General Axline said it was as natural for him to salute a soldier as it was to walk.

Judge Stewart said he must have acquired the habit when as a boy he caught the spirit that prevailed in the land during the civil war and drilled with the boys and that this having become a habit in the formative period of life, he continued it.

Secretary Bassell said that he had always regarded the military salute as imperative in greeting a governor, president or very distinguished soldier, in greeting the ordinary individual, considered a bow sufficient recognition, this to be formal or cordial as the circumstances warranted.

Mr. Spahr said when he saluted men it was done in a spirit of fun, when they had won success or when for some reason or other he wished to convey the idea expressed by a mock title such as colonel or general.

SHOULD THEY PLAY LEADING PARTS?

"Is there a prejudice against husband and wife playing leading parts in the same cast?"

This question suggested by the statement made by Manager Dusenbury last week, was addressed to a score or more professional and business men of Columbus and a number of women and men connected with theatrical work who are here for the summer season.

The manner in which the question was received and the replies given illustrated anew that life is a curious puzzle and human nature a complex study regarding which mortals may only hope to acquire the most rudimentary elements of knowledge. But the story is its best commentator.

NEVER KNEW IT BEFORE.

Miss Vail de Vernon, wife of Lawrence Grattan, leading man with the Olentangy Stock Company, who closed her engagement with the company last week for the reason given to the Public by Manager Dusenbury, relative to the subject said:

"I know nothing about this matter except what Mr. Dusenbury has said, and that you know. Of course, if my being in the cast lessens the box receipts I would not stand in the way for a moment, but I never knew of anything of this sort in any other place.

Hitherto my husband and I have been most successful playing together. However, I think there was some mistake in my being expected to play emotional parts when my line is the very lightest comedy. I don't like 'weepy' parts," this with a mirthful grimace that sustained her closing words, "so I suppose I am not intended to play them."

FEELING DOES EXIST.

Mr. Lee Boda, manager of the Great Southern Theater, when asked to give his viewpoint of the subject, replied:

"I don't know that the feeling against husband and wife appearing in the leading roles amounts to a prejudice but there is certainly a sentiment against their doing so, I can give no definite reason as to why it exists, I only know that it does. It seems to be an indefinable feeling that affects the public much as individuals are affected by intangible emo-

tions, but whatever the cause the result is recognized by those who cannot explain it."

JUDGES THE RESULTS.

General Beatty was asked if he could spare two minutes of his time and responded in cordial tones:

"A dozen, twenty, as many as you like." But when the question of the hour was propounded he looked over his glasses and exclaimed: "Well, well, what's all this? What possible difference could it make to anyone whether the leading parts are played by husband and wife or those who are almost strangers. We judge the results and not the means by which we are amused and if actors have the power of adaption their private relations are immaterial."

ADMITS THE PREJUDICE.

Hon. D. J. Ryan replied: "Undoubtedly there is a sentiment against husband and wife playing together but I haven't the most remote idea as to the cause of it so wont attempt to explain it. It's like so many other singular things in life that we recognize without being able to analyze."

Mr. John Joyce, Jr., said: "I have never given a thought to this subject so of course have no feeling for or against such an arrangement. I am perfectly indifferent to the private affairs of others, whether they are before the public or not, so my opinion isn't worth anything."

NOT THE PUBLIC'S AFFAIR.

Colonel Hopper, manager of the Neil House, replied: "I don't see why there should be any objection to husband and wife appearing on the stage together if they are fitted for their parts and don't see why the public should give any attention to the private lives of those who furnish its amusement."

WHY THINK OF IT?

Miss Hall, the versatile leading woman with the Empire stock company, was seen in her dressing room at the theater, which she has converted into a charming den, where she receives callers. In reply, Miss Hall said: "If acting gives pleasure, why think of the

private life that is back of it. I never do, and although I may be aware that the players before me are married before the play begins, I forget this and never know it until they get married in the play. But now that my attention is called to it, I remember the stage productions that gave me the most pleasure were those in which the leading parts were played by husband and wife."

This statement was followed by a citation of the many instances where men and women, though married while playing together, have had sufficient power to make world-weary men and women forget that they were sitting out a play.

NEVER A THOUGHT.

In discussing this question with his daughter, Dr. Carr said:

"Don't you feel disappointed when you see a play where the leading characters who are playing the parts of lovers are known to have been married for a long time? Doesn't it take something away from the pleasure of expectancy with which you look forward to seeing them married before the curtain goes down?"

Being a twentieth century young woman, Dr. Carr's daughter has ideas of her own and knows how to express them, as witnessed by her reply.

"I never give the slightest thought to whether they are really married or not, as long as the play lasts I'm right in it, part of it, and when it comes to the marriage I'm right on the stage being married myself."

Dr. Carr looked at his daughter in comic perplexity.

WOULD PREFER HER HUSBAND.

Miss Fay Courtney of the Empire Stock Company was seen in her dressing room a few moments after leaving the stage, where she had been more than usually captivating in her part of June in the production of "Blue Jeans." As she entered the room with her face aglow with the pleasure that comes from knowing one has pleased others, she was a splendid personation of "June" in more than one meaning.

Her greeting was:

"Battered and bruised and ready to die."

She was asked to defer the death for The State Journal, and exclaimed, "What do you want — a history of my life?"

"Worse than that — an opinion."

Miss Courtney said:

"I know there is a sentiment against such an arrangement, and I think it is well founded, for it's with theatrical people just as it is with those in private life, and you know people are never so interesting when we know everything about them, as they are if there is a little left to the imagination.

"But altho I appreciate this feeling, if I were married I should wish to play with my husband, for it would be much more pleasant to be associated in work with one for whom one cared."

LOOK ONLY FOR ART.

Mr. Court, manager of the Chittenden, said: "Personally, it could make no difference to me, for I should not think of this. If amused or interested by their acting, I should not trouble myself with what had no relation to the production."

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

Mr. Al G. Field, with some disgust manifested in his tone, exclaimed:

"Oh, there's a sort of sentiment against anything along this line, but if men and women can portray something pleasant and artistic, what difference should the fact that they are married make? None whatever, and it does not with people who know how and where this sentiment had its inception.

"Frohman worked this idea to a finish when he had a purpose in view. He worked the press, too, and was aided by the critics, who are responsible for half of the so-called demands of the public."

COUPLES HARD TO MANAGE.

Hon. DeWitt Jones responded:

"Personally, I know no reason why married people should not enact principal parts in the same play, but I have learned from one who is competent to speak on such matters, that a husband and wife seldom secure a joint engagement. The reason assigned for this was that most managers, having learned through practical experience that it's easier to manage an individual than it is two, especially when the interests of the two are identical, they seek to avoid breakers by employing but one."

WOULDN'T THINK OF IT.

Miss Louise Marcelli of the Empire Stock Company spoke briefly, saying:

"It seems odd to think of there being an objection or prejudice of this sort and I

can't imagine how it exists, for personally, I should never think about those who were playing their parts as married, even though I knew they were."

SENTIMENT DOES EXIST.

Mr. Ben Harmon, manager of the Great Southern Hotel, said:

"To me the mere fact that husband and wife were playing in the same cast would make no difference, for I should view the players from the standpoint of the pleasure or interest they were able to awaken, but I know there is a sentiment against this, for I've heard it discussed by theatrical people with whom I come in contact, but it may be that this idea is more prevalent with them than the public."

FORGET THE REAL.

Mr. J. Y. Bassell exclaimed:

"This strikes me with an irresistible sense of incongruity. If husband and wife can assume leading parts in the same cast satisfactorily I don't see how the mere fact of their being married could detract from their worth as actors. In fact, I know that many of the most successful renditions of plays have been those in which husband and wife played the principal characters, and have beguiled the public into sweetest homage—delusion that made the public forget the real in contemplating their art."

ALL IN THE ACTING.

Mr. William Park said:

"I certainly would have no objection to seeing married people acting the principal characters if they could act. This would be the test for me, for the personal affairs of the actors should be so far in the background the audience would scarcely perceive it."

PUBLIC DISLIKES MARRIED LOVERS.

Judge Badger said:

"The public must have its amusements served as it fancies, and there is, I believe, a feeling against seeing husband and wife take the part of lovers either on or off the stage. It grates on some feeling that we can hardly explain, but we have it.

"You see, I plead guilty, although I know that this won't agree with the idea that one must see a stage production solely from the artistic standpoint. But hang it all, I never made any claims to being artistic, so I can

take a place with those who can't talk art jargon, and say I'd rather see a play where the lovers are really as free as they are supposed to be.

"I don't like to think the kisses given and received are all so kind of second-hand, that one is likely to wonder if the public performance excels the private one, and if it wouldn't seem more spontaneous and natural if it wasn't a sort of continuous affair."

It was suggested that daily love-making in public might bring satiety that would prevent its being continuous. To this the judge replied:

MECHANICAL AFFECTION.

likely to become a mechanical habit and that may be just what the public objects to without being able to define it when this love-making is presented.

Lawyer Ulrey had not heard the remarks of his colleague, but, in discussing the matter afterward, said:

"It's impossible to analyze the feeling one has with regard to this, for it would seem that the fact of a man and woman being married should not detract from their power to please the public, but in some inexplicable manner it seems to do so."

SOME SAIL FALSELY.

Mr. Fred Tibbetts—Yes. I think the statement that the public disapproves of having a man and wife play leading parts in the same cast is sustained by a feeling that is recognized by those who have had some opportunity to know of these things. Knowing that this is so, many of the married people in this profession have it given to the public that they are divorced. They understand that they are not so interesting to the public if the marriage is known.

THINK ONLY OF PLAY.

Mr. W. H. Fisher of the Hocking Valley Railway said: "So far as I'm concerned, I'd think only of the playing, without regard to the private life of the actors, so it seems a little odd to me that this idea is advanced." Then, with a laugh that was filled with mischief, he added:

"But, with regard to the actors, it would seem the best arrangement possible in many instances, for it would obviate the danger connected with stage love-making."

"To what danger do you refer?"

"Why, the danger of falling in love with her."

"Would it necessarily be dangerous?"

"Depends upon the conditions and the people. For, despite all talk about art that subordinates self, it must be difficult for a man to make love to a pretty girl without a little feeling connected with it. Therefore, if he makes love to his own wife—but the result is obvious."

"Do you mean that constant application in the line of lovmaking between married people tends to keep it in the family?"

"Well, it might be tried as an experiment in cases where it was needed."

"Shall it be known as Mr. Fisher's recipe for indifference?"

"Never. Some one in following it might bring upon themselves that which is worse than indifference—satiety."

"But seriously, Mr. Fisher, you don't think it impossible for men and women to play at love and be so engrossed with their part that the personality of the opposite is obliterated?"

"No, not when we have actors attempting

the parts that demand this self-effacement, but, oh, so seldom do we have them with us."

HAVE PLAYED SUCCESSFULLY.

Relative to the husband and wife playing together, Mr. Lawrence Grattan said:

"It is a matter that is largely governed by the opinion of the individual manager, and if influence from outside sources is directed against one, the manager must decide as to what is best. No; but these things are a little trying, for Mrs. Grattan and I have been more successful playing together than we ever were when we played in separate companies. Our best engagements have been together, and next season we star together in a new version of "Shamus O'Brian."

After some further talk on different subjects, Mrs. Grattan said:

"Since all this matter has received so much attention I have been given the most cordial receptions, something that I did not receive before."



CAPT. W. H. FISHER.

MRS. W. G. HARDING.

While woman seldom enters the field of active politics yet her influence is more or less felt in matters of state and often she wields more power than is generally accredited to her.

At the Republican state convention, just over, the influence of woman was manifest and several of the candidates for positions on the state ticket found most capable allies in their wives.

Senator Warren G. Harding of Marion, who made such a gallant fight for second place on the ticket, was ably seconded in his efforts by Mrs. Harding, and to her much of the credit of the splendid victory won is due.

Quietly Mrs. Harding used her influence for her husband and many of the plans which worked out so successfully originated in her fertile brain. Those who were in the thick of the fight, both for and against the Marion man, know full well just what share Mrs. Harding took in the contest and they are not slow to give to her her meed of praise.

MRS. HARDING TALKS.

In speaking of the contest soon after its close when Senator Harding had been chosen for lieutenant governor by acclamation, Mrs. Harding said:

"I didn't wish my husband to enter political life, for I realize that he is a writer, and as writers, like poets and artists, are "born, not made." I do not think that anything

should be permitted to interfere with the proper exercise of this gift, especially to the extent necessitated by active participation in politics. But he has been drawn into the political arena and as I am always with him heart and soul in everything you see me here."

DID ALL SHE COULD.

"I have done what I could to aid my husband's canvass, for working as I do, right in the office with him, sharing all his confidences, and absorbed in all his ambitions, I understood this situation sufficiently to be of some slight aid."

Mrs. Harding's most marked characteristic is her naturalness and a slight terseness of speech acquire'd no doubt, through her power of taking the standpoint of others so quickly that she can voice her conclusions or opinions on a subject almost before one realizes that she has been asked for them. While speaking her countenance appears to best advantage reflecting each charming thought. While in Co-

lumbus for the convention she wore a skirt of soft, black material, a white waist and white hat trimmed with a fold of white silk. As a woman is known more thoroughly by her hat than by the trimming, it seems worth mentioning that Mrs. Harding's hat was of the finest quality of braid and of the most approved shape.



MRS. W. G. HARDING.

POPULAR COLUMBUS TEACHERS.

"Heart suicide" is what a Chicago author calls marriage, but her story has not appreciably lessened the number of marriages, especially among those who have been employed as teachers in the public schools of Columbus.

Since the beginning of the year seven young women who have been instructing the young people of this city decided that being queen in one home is preferable to being the "supreme authority" over many boys and girls, however dear they may have been.

WHO THEY ARE.

Among those who have chosen domestic in place of professional life in the time specified are Mrs. Joseph Shirley, who was Miss Nellie Lombard of Oak street; Mrs. C. H. D. Robbins, formerly Miss Lenna Neville of Denman avenue; Mrs. D. M. Brown (Miss Daisy Parsons), Mrs. Longnecker (Miss Daisy Longnecker), Mrs. Guild (Miss Mary Blakiston), Mrs. Thomas (Miss Gail Kernahan), Mrs. James A. Kidwell (Miss Phena M. Davis.)

All the world is interested in a bride, whether prospective or one who has but recently "laid her marriage coronet with blushes down," but these brides seem to be more than ordinarily interesting, perhaps because of their having been so closely identified with those who are so near and dear to every true man and woman the world over — the children.

WHAT THEY WERE.

Mrs. C. H. D. Robbins was an instructor in Fifth Avenue school, whose future home will be in West Forty-fourth street, New York. Her influence in shaping the educational thought of her pupils was such that it would not be easy to believe that this influence ended when she left the schoolroom.

Mrs. Gail Thomas, now a resident of Detroit, was the first teacher to enter matrimony this year, having been married in February. She was considered an excellent teacher, seeming to have learned that teaching is not a flow of words, but that it should be an effort to direct the life career into the channels for which there is greatest capacity.

Mrs. Joseph Shirley, who taught in Med-

ary Avenue school, was considered a faithful, painstaking teacher, and will undoubtedly be remembered with affection. Mrs. Shirley is now at Lakeside.

Mrs. Guild, former instructor in Latin in East High School, has resided at the Normandie, since her marriage.

In Mrs. Guild the social instinct is quite pronounced and her friends consider her a fine conversationalist.

Mrs. D. M. Brown, who taught in the Park Street school and who now lives in Harrison avenue, was another teacher who earned the reputation of being faithful in the discharge of her duties.

One glance at the tender, almost serious face of Mrs. Longnecker, is sufficient to convince one that she is the possessor of a nature endowed with the gift of responsiveness, the power to feel and know without a word upon the part of those who wish her to comprehend what words are powerless to express. Friends and acquaintances say that she had marked personal influence over her pupils.

Mrs. James A. Kidwell, who taught in the Franklinton schools, had many of the qualifications that render a teacher most valuable. She has many friends who unite in their praise of her intelligent, faithful work and pleasing personality.

BRIDES TO BE.

Miss Anna M. Boyer, who taught in the Fieser school last year, is a bride-to-be. Her marriage will take place in autumn when as the wife of a well-known inspector of gold mines she will sever her connection with school work and her life in this city at the same time, for after her marriage she will live in Colorado.

Miss Edna B. Hatton who was employed as teacher in the Northwood school last year and who lives in Neil avenue, is another prospective bride although the formal announcement of her marriage has not yet been made, for the simple reason that the bride-to-be declares emphatically that she has not decided upon the time and does not intend to let any one have the privilege of announcing it.

CULTURED COLUMBUS WOMEN.

What would you do if suddenly thrown upon your own resources?

Within the past week this question was addressed to a number of Columbus women of more than ordinary social distinction. Women to whom this might well seem too remote a contingency to contemplate, living as they do in the land of leisure so far as actual work for the maintenance of themselves and others is concerned.

But with few exceptions the replies given proved that they had in the hushes of life that come even in the whirl of social gayety where people snatch entertainment as they rush, considered what they might do should reverses make it necessary for them to turn from the flowery paths of the present to walk over the rough ground or hard, thorny ways familiar to those who depend upon their daily earnings to the extent that if their own strength fails they pass rapidly from the purlieu to the most central point of tragedy.

As these social leaders talked the radiance of more than one face was replaced by an earnest almost grave expression and cultured tones became more subdued as tho the deeper, stronger chords of life had been touched as they in thought faced the problem that so many thousands annually have failed to solve.

But their own words with regard to this subject prove how seriously they have considered it.

Mrs. Alfred Kelley whose home gives one the indefinable pleasure evoked by contemplation of a Greek vase filling and satisfying nameless desires seemed such an inseparable part of her surroundings that it was difficult to think of her as a wage earner but as tho to refute the doubt that she could be such she said:—

I should try interior decorations and furnishing, for the work is fascinating to me and I think it would be remunerative. Apropos of this we are intending to send a young woman East to learn the theory and practice of decorative arts and designs in order to have instruction in this in the Art school.

It seems to me there is a vast field for work for young women in this line if they can fit themselves for it, for there is a demand for

those who can decorate and design and harmonize things.

The demand is not as great as the need, as is evidenced by the countless times one comes in contact with that which grates upon the sensibilities.

Mrs. Lily Gill Derby whose work for local papers several years ago demonstrated her ability as a writer especially as a critic, said:

I should endeavor to maintain myself by writing for newspapers and magazines, for having had experience in this line, I would not feel hopelessly lost in it. But, it is work that demands not only preparation but hard unceasing effort that taxes physical and mental strength to such a degree that I might be unable to earn the mere necessities of life. In such case I should try reading, not such as is required of an elocutionist, but merely that which would be needed by those who for any reason are unable to read for themselves. This idea was suggested by my having been able in numerous instances to select that which was pleasing and interesting to others and read it in a satisfactory manner.

Mrs. Gilbert Stewart whose unbounded interest in life and all that pertains to the highest enjoyment, make it impossible for her to ever be anything but a young woman, no matter how many the years that shall be told, said with her usual charming simplicity:

"I fear I should go to the wall unless I could get enough plain sewing to support myself or secure a place as housemaid, for the work for which I was once fitted, teaching—has become a profession that is beyond me now, and I'm getting too old to learn new ways, especially where the requirements are as manifold as they are in this profession, at this period when we demand as instructors for our boys and girls the most thoroughly equipped men and women.

Of course a woman must always consider her health and the strength she can bring to any task. If these are fairly good there is no reason why women who desire to do so may not find employment that will render them independent. for always can they learn to do house work and always is there a demand for those who do this as it should be done. I

know I could do it and if I should engage in this work I should try to be the best housemaid in Columbus.

Mrs. Theodore Lindenberg replied:

"Isn't it odd that a long time ago I questioned myself in a dreamy sort of way as to what I should do if confronted by the contingency to which you refer and decided that I should try to secure employment as a director of households, taking from the mistress of the house the worry of training maids and other domestics to perform their duties in a proper manner, for in America the woman who presides over a house must do this or be continually embarrassed by the blunders of those who are willing to do, but have never had the opportunity to learn the little things that render their services valuable; I should try to impart this knowledge and should if possible, assist in functions where the hostess would wish me to take from her the responsibility of giving a breakfast, dinner, luncheon or musicale, and so on, teaching the domestics to follow suggestions.

In this way they might come to see the importance of training and strive for their own betterment."

Mrs. Lindenberg impresses one with the thought that her work even in earning her daily bread, would have in it much of the spirit expressed in the lines:—

"And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the love of working and each in his separate star—
Shall paint the thing as he sees it, for the God of Things as They Are."

Mrs. William King Rogers whose musical education, much of which was acquired abroad, has fitted her for professional singing, said:

"If I could I would engage in that for which I have the greatest inclination and that for which I feel myself best equipped, but if this were not feasible, I would prefer housework to the toil incident to factory or shop life.

Mrs. Campbell Chittenden was just finishing the loving task of dressing her boy for a party and was surveying him with the pardonable pride of a mother, when attention was called to the fact that in the chances and changes of American life, it be necessary for her to solve the problem presented by

being thrown upon her own resources. With regard to this she said:

"I am not sufficiently proficient to teach or write or do anything of that sort, and altho I took a course in shorthand because some other girls were taking it, and it was deemed advisable for me to engage in some definite study or occupation. I could not do anything with this now, for altho it was easy to acquire all that is necessary to become a stenographer. I had no inclination for that kind of work and never practiced it after I had finished the course. There would be scarcely anything I could do aside from being a maid, and I don't suppose I could do the heavy work required in some places, but I might be able to secure a place where the maid's duties would be light, answering the bell, taking care of bric-a-brac, arranging furniture and so on, and in some of those things I could give points to some maids who secure good wages," this with a charming smile that prevented her words having a tinge of dissatisfaction.

Mrs. George Hardy said:—

"I have never decided upon any definite work, altho I appreciate the fact that a woman should do that which shall make her independent. In case circumstances make it imperative that she should be self-sustaining, and I fully agree with all that has been said and written concerning the importance of being well equipped, even if one never has occasion to put it in practice what one may learn, for it gives a woman poise just to feel that she is qualified to work in certain lines.

In meditative tones Mrs. Randolph Warner said:—

"What would I do if suddenly thrown upon my own resources. I think I would be governed by circumstances at the time so that it would be impossible for me to say. I would think of doing this or that. The only point upon which I can be clear with regard to this question is that I would seek something for which I was qualified, and something that would pay, for if it came to where I had to earn money to maintain myself or others, I would be eminently practical, and I would sacrifice inclination in choosing an occupation." And Mrs. Warner's beautiful face assumed a resolute expression as tho she were already grappling with the difficulties that ever stand in the path of the woman whose shelter, food and clothing depend upon her own exertions.

LEO XIII.

He hath built ten million altars
In the hearts of fellowmen;
And the incense that surrounds them
Is his pity for all pain —
His great pity and his fairness
And his love for all the world,
These could make great monarchs tremble
When his powers of mind unfurled,
For this "Prince of Peace" was tactful,
Minds of men he understood,
He could play them on life's chessboard,
But he used his power for good.

He hath dwelt alone with millions
Looking toward him every hour;
'Tis solitude that brings the thought
That transmits peace and power.
From his marble halls of beauty
He looked out o'er all the earth,
Seeing clearly every duty —
Watchful ever of soul birth;
Standing on the heights of justice,
His deep eyes could pierce the night
Howe'er dark it stretched before him,
And his thought could lead to light.

He hath built a tomb more lovely
Than the Taj Mahal of love
In the hopes that he hath fostered,
Hopes that lead to heights above;
For in his vast halls of beauty
'Mid his treasured works of art
There hath dwelt the great, sweet pity
That could comfort each sad heart.
Electric currents from his thought
Thrilled out through every zone
Till the world's heart throbbed responsive
To one heart that throbbed in Rome.

Yes, his thought thrilled loving currents
So electric in their flame,
They could pass his saintly vestments
And the barriers of his name;
Sweep in silence from the palace
Till the souls that dwell alone
Feel tonight, a benediction
From that *Grand Old Man in Rome*.



POPE LEO.

A DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

In the forum stood the fighters,
Well equipped for keenest thrust;
They were wary in their tactics,
They knew well the might of must.
"Let the house now come to order,"
Said the Chairman's voice so mild,
And the "House" gave back as answer
Shouts of Indians fierce and wild.

Calm, majestic, 'mid the tumult,
Dr. Hewitt stood to pray;
But the crowd at that convention
Seemed to think it wouldn't pay.
"What the devil are they doing!"
Said a stout man with a roar;
One could hear his necktie coming
Thirteen squares and then some more.

"Pray, why pray?" asked one gaunt stranger,
In his voice a weary note,
"Prayer just keeps us that much longer,
Do they think 'twill change the vote."
"Gentlemen, we must have order,"
Came the accents, oh! so weak,
And each man who caught his meaning
Jumped up in his place to speak.

There was Lentz, the foremost fighter
For the Lentz, the John Lentz clan,
But the worthless rabble passed him—
Floated to another man.
There was Johnson like a cushion,
Springing up and down at touch;
It was Johnson, Johnson, Johnson,
Till a little seemed too much.

Congressman-elect D. Badger
Had a seat upon the stage,
But he didn't seem quite happy,
He abhors the latest rage.
William Thompson called for vengeance
On Sam Patterson's poor head,
And the brimstone burning round him
Held the gist of what he said.

"Patterson, that Picketown pirate,
Walked up there and got that through,
And a Democratic meeting
Let "Sam" tell it what to do.

"Think of it in our convention
They could pass that — — rule.
My name comes right off the ticket;
Think we'd better go to school."

Niles and Salen with companions
Helped the beauty of the scene,
George D. Jones and Harvey Garber
Smiled o'er every threadworn theme;
Huntington talked through a riot,
Twenty speakers on the floor;
Ingalls sought some semi quiet
Near a fight back by the door.

Colonel Taylor of the "old guard"
Fought where'er the fight was wild,
Dr. Gilliam scowled like thunder,
Zimmerman ne'er spoke or smiled;
"Jimmy" Ross it seemed saw silver
Back of each portentous cloud,
So in looks he seemed a cherub
But he didn't talk out loud.

Fred J. Heer, amazed and doubtful,
Seemed to wonder if his sight
Hadn't failed him at the outset
Of that Democratic fight.
Negley Cochran's funnyisms
Kept some humor floating round
But the fighting never faltered
Till the slain ones filled the ground.

Allen Thurman in a shirt waist
Seemed a lion in cobweb's lair,
Ulric Sloane, the Highland war horse,
Tramped the boards of his own chair;
This he used as his stage setting
And he held his hearers well,
Is there anyone regretting
Burning words that flashed and fell?

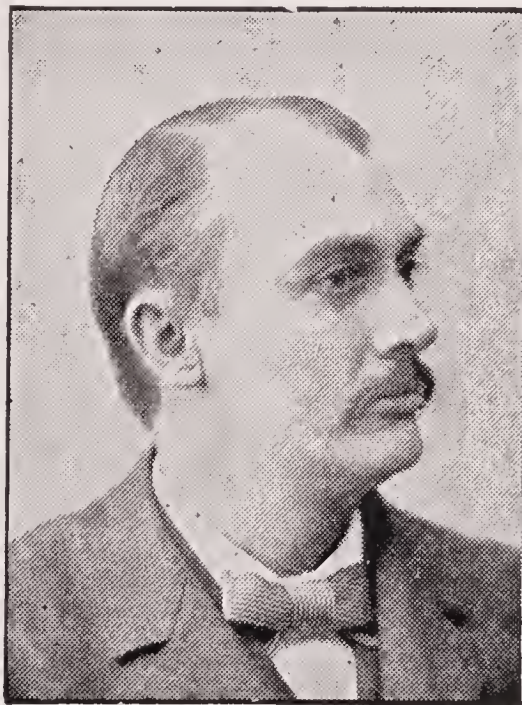
As their voices rang protesting
'Gainst the men who ran the show,
Who took time to tell their hearers
All they knew and didn't know?
Just one speaker, slight of stature,
Gained a point that seemed of worth—
John G. Clark, who swayed his hearers
Through his gift received at birth.



M. E. INGALLS.



JAMES ROSS.



FRED J. HEER.

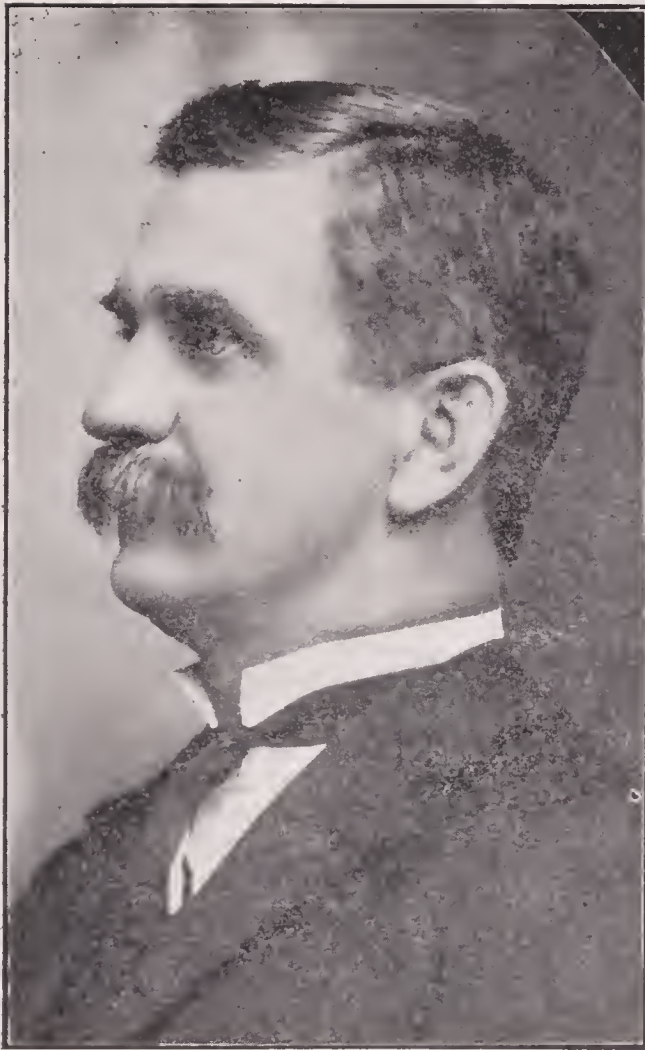
Voice and presence, both magnetic,
 Nature in a generous mood
 Dowered him thus to be a leader,
 Does he use his power for good?
 Was it true or was it fancy
 One could feel through all the din
 Someone's powerful necromancy
 That is sometimes known as "tin."

Yes, it was a great convention
 Spite of all that critics say,
 Spite of all who lost their bearings
 And went down in that great fray,
 Spite of faces that were missing
 That one thought were always there,
 L. Bernard and all his fellows,
 Oh, their absence brought despair.

Is it true or is it fancy
 Apple sass in tin has led
 Much that's truer, nobler, rarer,
 Yes, 'tis true, all words are said.



TOM JOHNSON.



D. C. BADGER.



JOHN L. ZIMMERMAN,
Springfield, O.



FRANK B. NILES,
Toledo O.



COL. W. A. TAYLOR.

WORD SNAP SHOTS.

Sometimes a jest, a trivial incident, a smile, a gesture or passing comment will portray an individual's character better than the facts in biography or a long description of the habits, dress, manners and general life, just as a snap shot picture often gives a better idea of an individual's appearance than a photo-

graph. With this thought some word snap shots of people seen and heard at various times in different places are presented without attempting to follow any form or style or chronological order. They must be taken for what they are.—*Snap Shots.*

HEARD IN THE ROTUNDA.

If the pictures in the State House rotunda could speak, what stories they could tell of people and events. What infinite variety of subject would be theirs; for happiness and sorrow, virtue and crime, pathos and humor, wealth and poverty, comedy and tragedy, ambition and despair, disaster and death, have been a part of the countless hosts that have surged by them through all the days and many of the nights of more than fifty years. Some who have passed the unchanging eyes of the pictures have been leaders in the nation councils, and these quite often have been

in line with manual laborers; some in shabby garb from some lowly place have brushed against the opulent attired in silk and lace. Truly the State House rotunda is a great Democratic thoroughfare, a great moving picture of the people. Interested in the contemplation of this moving picture, I have at various times paused to watch those who pass in endless procession. Perhaps too many hours have been spent in this time consuming diversion, but that it was an interesting one let the stories heard at such times be witness.

SOME FORMER REPRESENTATIVES COME TO TOWN.

"It's largely a Democratic crowd that has met here today. I like this; minorities are always more interesting than majorities. It's much to make a good fight when sure of winning, but it's sublime to make a splendid effort against overwhelming odds when chosen to contend for a cause as many of the Democrats have demonstrated.

Foremost among the fighters is the Cuyahoga delegation. There were strenuous scenes here when they got roused as was seen when Mr. Stage stood in the centre of the stage in such a blaze the blue lights are still flickering. You should have been here then. The papers gave graphic accounts of the affairs, but there's such a difference between seeing things in print and feeling them vibrate through one's nerves.

"Who's that gentleman with dark wavy hair, wearing glasses? I mean the one with such a serious expression."

"That's Mr. Stage of Cleveland. But his face is not always serious. You should see him when he becomes enthusiastic in denouncing some measure. The play of his features is wonderful and the rapidity with which he pours forth his words reminds one of Dr.

Gordy of the University Faculty, formerly of the Athens University, who when once fairly started could twist his lips around more words in five minutes than the ordinary man could in fifty."

"Is Mr. Stage one of the bachelors that you say so many nice things about him?"

"I don't know. Can't one admire a public man without inquiring if he's married or not? Don't bring your country ideas to town, my dear. "There's another fine looking man, Mr. Meisel, and he is considered one of the best speakers in the House. He is resourceful in his replies and his intensity and fearlessness are effective."

"'Hit him with a bill book,' is a title he won for himself during one of Mr. Stage's storm scenes last winter, when he gave this advice to his friend.

"Hear that laugh? It's contagious, isn't it? That's Mr. Dunlap, author of the Primary Election bill, which was said to have been one of the best introduced last session.

Mr. Dunlap isn't remarkable for good looks but his breezy manner and contagious laugh makes him a welcome addition to any group. He seems to enjoy everything in which he

engages, whether it's a war of words or a game of ball. There's a snap about his statements that generally brings a smile, and one who can do that is generally worth while in this day when smiles are not "mode."

I don't know Mr. Dunlap personally but I like him.

"How do you know you do?"

Because the newsboys like him. Three of them took possession of him last night in one of the corridors and after a romp that ended in a grand mix-up of statesman and boys, he bought a paper from each one and escaped before they had a chance to make change that three pair of little hands were industriously engaged in counting. Mr. Dunlap took his degree as a general good fellow that moment.

Perhaps you know that gentleman, Dr. Rannels, of McArthur, for he's the brother of one of your friends, Mrs. Cora Poston, of Nelsonville. He was one of the quiet but very influential members of the last Legislature. Near him stands a gentleman who was called the "Fighting Parson," Mr. Garrison. He is always fluent and forceful and when in earnest, his voice seems to cut the air. He was one of the strongest characters in the House.

"Do you see that extremely quiet looking man. You'd hardly believe what an acquaintance told me in strict confidence and that was that Mr. Selzer is an all round, up-to-date, best brand of cigar, box at the opera, money was made to spend, man, so I take it that he's a man of affairs, abreast of the times, cultivated in his tastes and lavish in expenditures."

The Cuyahoga men are all Democrats not only in a political but social way and there's genuine fellowship of feeling among them altho they represent such varied walks of life. Aside from the farmers and lawyers who predominate, there's Mr. Bell, a locomotive fireman, and Mr. Kinney, a metal polisher, Mr. Coughlin, manager of a trust company. Mr. Bell and Mr. Kinney have the straightforward speech, honesty of purpose and sincerity of manner so valuable to men whose interests they represent. Mr. Coughlin does not often take part in debate, but when interested speaks decisively and leaves a good impression. He has a good voice and used to lead the singing in the House when many met there in the evenings in a semi-social way.

This must be a reunion of both sides of the

House, for there are several Republicans among the visitors. There's Mr. Comings of Lorain, former Speaker pro tem., one of the strongest Republicans in the House. He was the author of the municipal code bill that died so hard last winter. His views of the present one are given much consideration. During the strenuous times incident to the Cleveland Park bill he received the soubriquet of "Guardian Angel" and the name clings to him.

As to angels one may not know, but as guardian of men or measures he's a man to be trusted. As you see, truth is stamped upon his face and those who know him best assert that his most bitter enemy would not doubt his fairness. He is a living witness of the power of character, for the instant one meets his glance faith in his integrity is established.

"Notice that gentleman passing there. Whom do you think he resembles?"

"President Roosevelt."

Just what I think, that's Representative Beal of local option fame. The other gentleman is Mr. Willis of Hardin. He's a teacher and must be a popular one, for he's good humor personified.

There's a man who appreciates his position and the public appreciates him. That's Representative McNamee. He'd like to gain a reputation as a humorist but he never becomes offensive like some would-be humorists. His chief characteristic is his persistency.

Dr. Howey, who is listening so intently to what others are saying, was one of the most quiet members, but he brought himself well before the limelights on the last day of the last session, for just as Mr. McKinnon was being presented with a ring he seemed to think the occasion demanded something strenuous and took himself and his chair to the floor with a crash that must have been heard in the Vendome.

That gentleman who seems to be everyone's friend from the cordial greetings he receives on all sides is Sen. Dunham. He also is remembered as one of the group that stamped the Seventy-fifth as being at least slightly different from the ordinary Assembly.

"There's Mr. Brumbaugh, who was leader of the Democrats in the House. He is very keen in debate. He doesn't assume importance but when occasion demands it he can use his power effectively." He's a Harvard man.

Near the picture of the "Fighting McCooks" is Judge Reynolds, former Speaker

of the House, who fulfilled the duties of that exacting position with the tact of a gentleman, the fairness of the unprejudiced jurist.

Judge Reynolds' gentlemanly qualities, his well trained mind and the fearless manner in which he advocates the right of a question as he sees it, win the good will and esteem of all who meet him. He is extraordinarily fond of boys and as Speaker made life friends of many of the pages by his interest in their pursuits and pleasures, interest that demonstrated that he had not forgotten that he was once a boy.

Martin Duval, one of the young men ascending the steps is ascending rapidly in another sense, for he has won recognition as a remarkably good speaker and as a young man whose quiet, unassuming manner has back of it the force of a leader. He speaks with the eloquence of one dominated by high and earnest purposes.

Mr. Duval was a student at the O. S. U. while he was a Representative.

That chin is a regular challenge, isn't it? Oran F. Hypes of Springfield is the owner of it, and it's an absolute fact one always sees Mr. Hypes' chin before one sees him. If there's anything in physiognomy he's the possessor of an indomitable will. He too, was one of the younger members of the last General Assembly, noted for his energy and quick grasp of the points involved in a measure.

Judge Reynolds, Mr. Duval, and Mr. Hypes are Republicans, but there's a Democrat and one of the most popular men in the state, William M. Denman, banker and physician. His presence here as elsewhere is felt at once for he brings a hopeful invigorating atmosphere. Dr. Denman is certainly a man of affairs for aside from being President of the West Union Banking Company, President of the Brady Fire Insurance Company, he is extensively interested in farming, also in a brick and tile manufacturing plant of which he is the owner and has practiced for more than a score of years the profession for which he is so eminently qualified.

It would seem that his mere presence in a sick room would be beneficial. It's good to see a man with sincerity of character and faith in his fellowmen written in each lineament of his face.

Have you noticed that the majority of the men who served in the Assembly have clean shaven faces? That must have been the reason that it was said to be composed of better looking men than any body that has been here for years, for even the slightest growth of hair on a man's face detracts from his appearance. It brings an animal look to the finest features.

Wasn't it George Eliot who expressed that thought in one of her novels?

SOME OTHERS.

"Notice that young man with the round, pleasant face? That's Senator Foraker's son, Benson."

"Resembles his father, doesn't he.

"Not so much as his mother or his grandfather on the maternal side, Hon. Hezekiah Bundy, a man whose character was such that men of today in all the whirl of affairs pause at the mention of his name to render homage to one of nature's noblemen. Another grandson of his was here a short time ago. Will. Bundy, of Cincinnati, who is splendidly equipped by gifts and training for a brilliant career, but he doesn't impress one as did his grandfather."

"Perhaps in the fullness of time."

"Nay, nay, never. Their grandfather had some attribute of mind or heart these young men do not possess, but doesn't it seem

odd that while we were speaking of the grandson of one of Ohio's distinguished sons, the sons of two of Ohio's greatest men should be standing near us. That man of massive build with the silver hair is Allen Thurman.

"Yes, he's a son of the 'OLD ROMAN' and gives to this generation a faint idea of the greatness of his father. He has learning and power above the ordinary, but the light from these is dimmed by the radiance reflected by his father's memory, so being the son of a great man has its disadvantages. Now, there's Senator Garfield, that gentleman with the slight dark moustache that partly conceals his best feature. He is continually being compared with his father with the shrug that means 'weighed in the balance and found wanting; that is they cannot live up to the standard of greatness fixed by their sires.'"

PIETRO CUNEO.

"Yes, his native land is told in his name and back to that land of song and sunshine and elemental loves he is preparing to go, for he was recently appointed United States Consul to Turin. When he came here from Italy he landed in New York a penniless boy. That he has never forgotten that he was a boy is proven by his interest in the lads whom he meets casually. Illustrative of this interest, during the last campaign while at Republican State Headquarters, he became attached to a lad who worked there to such a degree that he spent much spare time in searching

through his belongings for odds and ends he had picked up here and there in order that he might make his young friend happy with the gifts so dear to boyhood, for each trifle was invested with the value that attaches to that which has been associated with interesting places or people. But a better proof that he remembered being a boy was the fact that when they—as they frequently did—went to their meals together he insisted upon his young friend sharing his favorite eatables, watermelon and oysters in their season.

FLOWER FROM A HERO'S CASKET.

You'd never imagine where that little sprig of green was obtained. It was taken from the casket of General Lawton which you remember was viewed by thousands at the Union Station while it was being conveyed from the Phillipines. It wasn't secured by voluntary vandalism, but carelessly taken from the casket by a small boy as he passed the bier of the illustrious warrior. After it was too late to replace it the spray was displayed by the boy who attached no special significance to what he had acquired and was all unconscious that he had taken that which it were sacrilege to touch.

Did you ever see anything more exquisitely

delicate than its fragile, threadlike parts? It has been preserved perfectly in a glass box. Lovely as it is it has not been classified. Reminds one of dream flowers. It may be some species of moss, but whatever it is each little fibre of it and countless leaves and flowers that formed a canopy above that soldier's final couch of rest were priceless, if taken as the measure of his valor or the country's loss when he, three thousand miles away, fell 'neath the flag, that with fairest gifts of nature formed fitting covering for the hero heart that gave in service of his country the last full measure of devotion.

ODD NAME.

Hagar? An odd name yes, but it has a slightly familiar sound through the geographical name Hagertown. That young gentleman presents one of the anomalies of life, for possessed of a classical education, versed in a dozen languages, reading Sanscrit and Greek with the ardor of a scholar, speaking and reading German and French as fluently as English, familiar with the origin of words that have almost forgotten their own his-

tory, a devoted student of science, mathematics, philosophy, with extraordinary appreciation of the drama, art music and literature, he is a clerk in the Bureau of the State Board of Charities.

This department under Secretary Shirer has as its ideal not temporary alleviation of distress, but betterment of conditions of a permanent character, and in this work Mr. Hagar is intensely interested.

 A MOTHERLY FACE.

What a motherly face that woman has! True, but she isn't a mother, she is one of the most delightful of our professional women, Miss Margaret Sutherland, who is a tireless worker for the good of others and one of the best beloved teachers in Columbus.

Miss Sutherland is a teacher of Psychology in the Normal school and is thoroughly equipped for her work, a close student of Shakespeare and of literature and life in general.

 CONVENTION IN CIVIL WAR TIMES.

A few days ago "Judge" Si Field, in reminiscent mood, speaking to a newspaper writer of Republican conventions, mentioned many people of more than passing interest. Among other things he said:

"The largest convention held here was June 17, 1863, when John Borough was nominated over Governor David Tod in the old Athenæum, where the Grand Opera House now stands. I think there were twenty thousand strangers in town then; it was in the midst of the Civil War and feeling was intense. Republicans and Democrats both supported Lincoln. We were disappointed when Brough defeated Governor Tod by a vote of 216 to

193. Some trouble with regard to some of Tod's appointments caused Murat Halstead, editor of the old Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, to bring out Brough, who was at that time connected with the Bellefontaine and Indiana Railway, for governor, at a big mass meeting in Marietta, over which the late Samuel Galloway presided.

"It has been arranged to hold the meeting on the East Terrace of the State House, but that idea was abandoned and the delegates assembled at the Athenæum. The week before Clement Vallandigham had been nominated for governor on that terrace."

 ELM ROCK.

You've been spending some weeks in the Hocking Valley and were surprised by the beauty of the scenery. Why should you be when world travelers have declared it rivalled anything in Europe not even excepting the scenery of Switzerland. Rock House and other cave and natural wonders in that vicinity have become familiar to the public through the enterprise of Col. Remple and others, but one of the greatest freaks of nature in another part of that region is so well known to the people there that attention is seldom called to it and altho in sight of the Hocking Valley railway it escapes the notice of strangers. Its name, Elm Rock, is as significant as it is beautiful for it actually refers to an elm that has grown through a solid rock.

In former years the rock entirely surrounded the tree but the roots in growth split the rock as smoothly as tho it had been chiseled and

now a third of the tree is visible as far down as the ground. The rock is thirty feet high and forty feet in diameter and the base of it extends almost to the old Hocking canal.

The tree is beginning to decay now but sometime some interested individual may try to fathom the mystery of this phenomenal growth, but however this may be all can learn a lesson it furnishes. If a tree could overcome such barriers to its progress why should an individual be discouraged by any environment however crushing?

If you should ever go down in the Valley again get some old resident to tell you the Indian legend connected with that tree rock or the rock tree. It would sound like a fairy tale if told elsewhere, but there especially in October when the high hills are surrounded by soft purple lights it will seem very true and one can almost see the white brave and the Indian maid whose love made the story.

THE PASSING SHOW.

It is not probable that the people of a future generation will ever see so picturesque, so superb a figure as the star attraction in that brilliant calvacade where Indians, cowboys, soldiers of America, Mexico, Germany, the dashing cavalry of France, Irish dragoons and the Russian Cossacks formed a glittering moving mass of fine horsemen, wonderful riders, but where one form commanded more attention than all the hundreds who swept along the streets, for when Buffalo Bill rides by all others are obscured.

It is said no one ever described Buffalo Bill on horse because no one ever could but for that matter could any one give adequate description of him anywhere?

So far as known, the best portrayal of him was furnished by a London newspaper writer, while the great metropolis was viewing with amazement the unparalleled achievement of this border hero, who gave to them an exhibition of international import by showing them the life of our frontier with genuine characters enacting all the wild, thrilling dangers, the desperate struggles of its settlement.

"Buffalo Bill" or the Hon. William F. Cody as he is less well known, carried our border life three thousand miles and placed it before eyes that had grown weary of old world scenes. He presented to their vision all things new but nothing so absorbingly interesting as himself. But as he was seen there

thousands in both continents have seen him as is shown by the picture given.

He is the complete restoration of the Centaur. No one who ever saw him so adequately fulfills to the eye all the conditions of picturesque beauty, absolute grace and perfect identity with his animal.

If an artist or a riding master had wished to mold a living ideal of romantic equestrian-ship, containing in outline and action the Henry of Navarre, the Americanism of Custer, the automatic majesty of the Indian and the general cussedness of the cowboy, he would have measured Buffalo Bill. He is the only man I ever saw who rides as if he couldn't help it, motion swings into music with him in the saddle and the soldier and the sculptor have jointly come together in his act."

He of whom this was written, the man whom royalty delighted to honor, rides as gracefully, as easily today as then, and tho the lines are deepening on his face, tho his hair is thickly sprinkled with the frost of years, the eyes so sensed to seeing as a scout, are still as keen, the hand that speeds a bullet to its aim as sure and the soldier scout in the saddle is still the superb, the supreme rider of all times. It were well if some sculptor worthy of the subject should seize the opportunity presented while he is still a part of the "Passing Show."



BUFFALO BILL.

DISTINGUISHED WRITER IN THE LIBRARY.

"Behold one of Ohio's great men," said Miss Helen Wright, glancing at a short, compactly built man.

"Who is he?"

"William Dean Howells," was the reply.

The distinguished author does not resemble the mental picture formed of him, for one expects to see a man of more striking appearance, one with at least a few of the usual indices of a writer, but there are none, for Mr. Howells would much more readily pass for a rich and well groomed banker. He's past middle life, past middle age and of short, compact figure with the face of a man with whom things have gone smooth and even.

This description of Mr. Howell was given

after he had left the library. A gentleman who had heard the words turned to the speaker and in the tone of those who have arrived at an age when looking backward affords more pleasure than plunging forward, said:

"One never sees Mr. Howell without recalling the name of another distinguished Ohio writer, John James Piatt, for one involuntarily thinks of the "Poems of Two Friends."

Apropos of this I have a clipping relating to this same book of verse. Perhaps you've read it as it's from the pen of one of your best beloved scribes, William A. Taylor. No? Well it's impossible to present the picture in any but his words, so read his story!

"POEMS OF TWO FRIENDS."

The announcement that Mr. John James Piatt, the distinguished American poet, will on Monday evening next, at 8 o'clock, give readings from Mrs. Piatt's poems and his own, at the Broad Street Congregational chapel, will recall to more than two scores of our oldest and most highly respected citizens the faces of two young men whom, just a half century ago, were to be met on the streets of Columbus and whose literary genius at that time not only charmed the people of Ohio's capital, but attracted attention far and wide.

One of them lives in bucolic retirement at classic and historic North Bend, O., the former home of the first President Harrison; the other has editorial charge of Harper & Brothers' publications.

They were John James Piatt, poet and philosophic writer, and William Dean Howells, poet and novelist. They were engaged in newspaper work in those days and were so congenial that the bond of a life long brotherhood grew up between them, the fibers of which show no signs of disintegration.

These two young men not only did their

newspaper work well, but they were so highly endowed mentally that they began in the very apprenticeship of their lives to lay the foundation of their future literary fame.

Here it was that they spent their off hours in launching their first ambitious literary venture, a little volume entitled, "Poems of Two Friends." That literary shallop set sail in the fifties of the last century, and it sailed into the hearts of the lovers of American and English literature, everywhere and is still sailing on an even keel.

Men—young men, too—like William G. Deshler and P. W. Huntington, who were the chums of "John" and "Bill" in those old days, renew their youth every time the two distinguished literati come to town, as they often do, becomingly and modestly. And how fortunate, indeed, that Piatt has at last been induced to greet his old friends and his countless new ones on the stage in this, his former home. And the next time that Howells comes we will expect as much from him.

W. A. T.

"Beautiful isn't it?"

"Yes, a little gem. What a picture he has given the imagination. Just think of the men

whom he mentioned as "chums" more than fifty years ago. It seems odd to think of Mr. Deshler as he walks about town now,

without his inseparable companion, his cane, or Mr. Howell as he just now appeared, as 'boys.' Then Mr. Piatt, who never seemed young. (Mr. and Mrs. Piatt had rooms in the same house where I stopped, so I know something about him) and Mr. Huntington, tho built on the fortress plan, to withstand the assaults of time, was he ever a slender, smooth faced youth who went up the steps three at a

jump. Col. Taylor says, every time these men meet they renew their youth. Perhaps they do, in a sense, but didn't Stevenson get nearer the heart of their feeling when he wrote:

The eternal dawn without a doubt,
Shall break o'er sea and hill and plain,
And put all stars and candles out,
Ere we be young again.

COL. FURAY — HER FATHER'S FRIEND.

"Yes, I've known Col. Furay a long time," said a woman in reply to a question addressed to her by a friend who had just turned from contemplating the State House squirrels who are the recipients of much attention from the veteran journalist. "I first met him," she resumed, "at an editorial convention held in Athens before the Insane Asylum was built there. I was young then," this with a sweet smile while the faintest tinge of pink swept across the ivory of one of the most attractive faces in Columbus—a face that tells of good birth, gentle training and intelligence of a high order.

The dark, expressive eyes of the speaker became reminiscent as she continued:

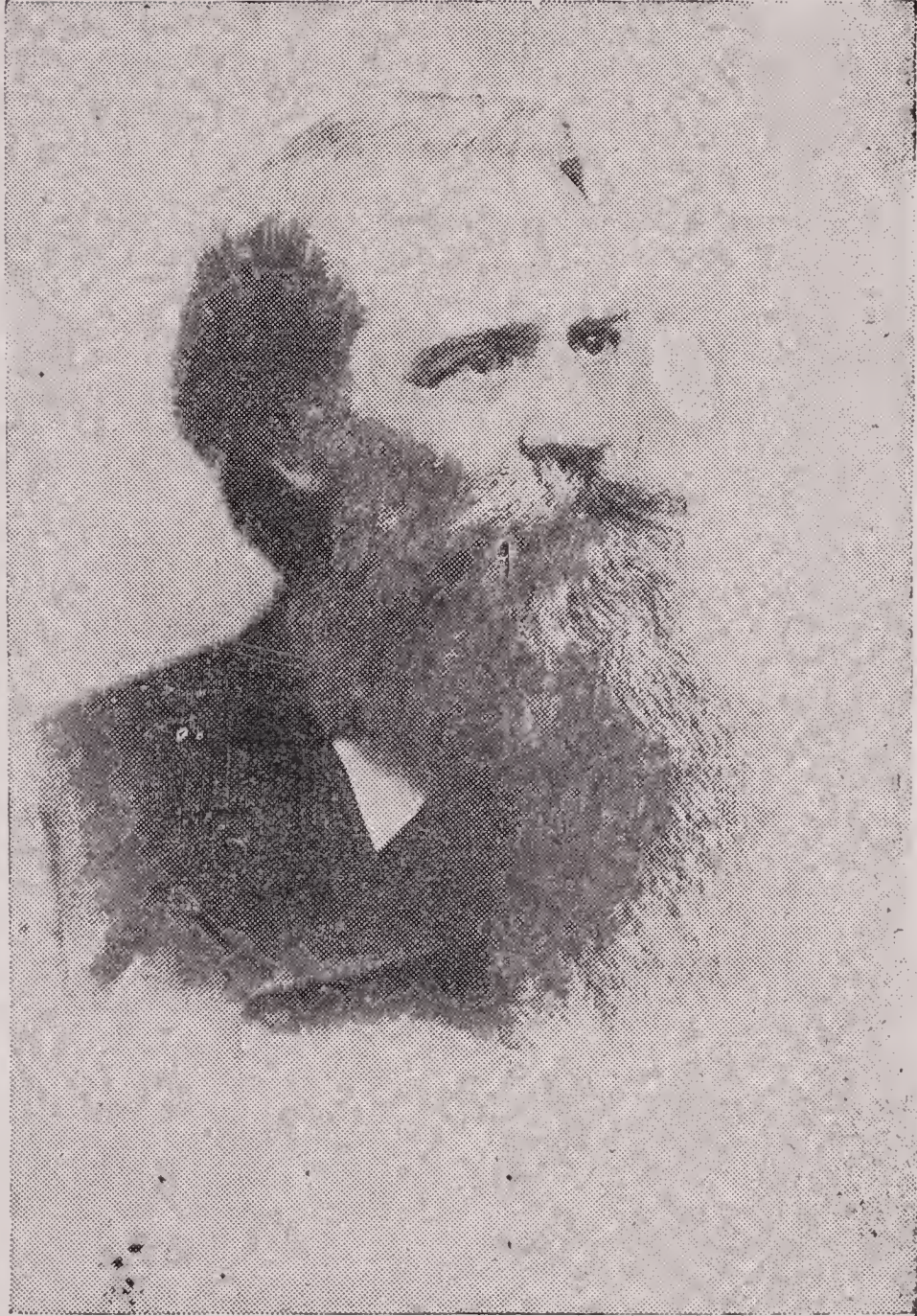
"I recall that occasion very vividly, for it was the first time my father, who was an editor, had permitted me to accompany him to any such gathering and it was there I first met many of our most prominent men, among them Thomas Ewing, the second, who made the address at the banquet, Allen O. Myers and General Grosvenor, whose hair and beard were brown then. The banquet was held at a new hotel that was unfinished—yes, I think it was the Warren House—and there were no lights in the room assigned me. Much disturbed, I went down stairs to see if they expected a girl to dress for her first banquet in the dark. The first person encountered chanced to be General Grosvenor, who listened

attentively to my trouble story and promised that I should have light supplied at once. I was too young to be embarrassed when I reflected that I had impressed the distinguished general into my service, taking what he did as a matter of course.

"Afterward I became well acquainted with many of the men I met there and Col. Furay taught me to play whist. He said in the beginning he wished me to be a good player as he expected to play with me frequently and did not wish to be bored. My lover? Oh, no; I did not have lovers. Col. Furay and Mr. Myers were very good friends of my father, so I became well acquainted with them," the pink tint of her face deepening.

How pretty she was, this woman of a period that has passed. That blush suggested a romance similar to those that are so often buried in old chests containing bridal robes that were never used, but about which cling sweeter far than orange blossoms' fragrance, the odor of lavender and roses.

Was this thought of a buried romance only fancy? Perhaps, but in days when most young women have forgotten to blush if they ever knew how, it seems odd that a woman who remembers when General Grosvenor's hair was brown should blush at the mention of a man as a possible lover who had only been her father's friend a third of a century ago.



COL. W. S. FURAY.

MOST PICTURESQUE PERSONALITY IN AMERICA.

Into the local room he came; a straight, tall figure that proclaimed a one time magnificent physique, with long white hair floating over his shoulders and noble forehead and great brilliant eyes that glowed with the unnatural fire that tells the saddest story known to mortals.

But altho the great eyes flashed wildly the presence of the picturesque stranger brought no fear of violence, for his bearing was such as to insure respectful attention rather than alarm.

After a few moments he advanced to my desk and looked at me intently as tho he thought I should take the initiative in speaking. When I did not, he said:

"I have something important I wish to appear in the paper in the morning. The men don't use the information I give them as they should. Now if I tell you will you see that what I say is used properly."

This was said in a singularly impressive tone as tho what he had to say were of the greatest importance.

"Wouldn't it be better for you to write your story?" I suggested. "I might not report you right."

With a word of thanks the unknown took the pad and pencil proffered and seating himself at a desk began to write in the manner of one accustomed to a newspaper office, the manner difficult to describe and impossible to imitate.

While my caller wrote I had opportunity to observe him more closely and with increasing interest; each moment deepened the impression that he had once possessed extraordinary power, for brow and bearing and physique marked him one born the masses to command, with a look, a tone or motion, but somewhere,

somehow all that he had been fitted to do and be, had been lost.

There remained but the wreck of a once splendid physical and mental manhood, but this could not be regarded with pity ordinarily evoked by affliction, it compelled the profound reverential awe with which we gaze upon that which is majestic even in ruin.

What had wrecked intellect and extinguished the light of reason in those wonderful eyes? What shock had shattered the mind, or what study, what desire to know the unknowable had carried him to realms where the finite mind is dazzled by the brilliancy of that which is to be. As if given psychic sense of my thought he turned and said:

"When the veil is lifted and the pressure removed the millennium will have come," and by these words I knew him as the "Immortal J. N.," the individual known in every newspaper office and on every railroad in the country, and perhaps as romantic and picturesque and mysterious a character as is known on any continent; for, altho there are conflicting stories as to that which robbed him of his mental poise none may say that any of these were true.

Who knows the cause?

Where is the alienist who can say positively that one who is insane talks of that which brought the insanity? In delirium of fever do men and women babble most of the strong, deep interests of later life, or of some hill that first they climbed, some running brooks besides the banks of which they played or some trivial incident of earlier years.

"Immortal J. N.," veiled indeed to others is that which meets thy gaze, but who shall say thou hast not truer vision than the shallow who smile at thy words.

And if you have lived in a royal way
 In some dear dead halcyon past,
 Let its memory gild your latest day
 And be royal unto the last;
 Ay, tho brain grow dull and your powers was dim,
 Till the shallow sneer at your cause,
 From the lonely height of your sad "Have been"
 Look down on the tribe "Never Was."

—Lines from unpublished verse, "Colors Flying."

"GET READY FOR THE END OF THE WORLD."

Did that cry startle you? Columbus people are accustomed to it. For many years, that gentleman, Mr. Willard P. Walters, has been calling, "Get ready for the end of the world," but some way Columbus and the old world move along without making any special preparation for the interesting event he predicts. No, I'm not making light of the man. He's not a man whom one could ridicule. He's too earnest, too sincere in his purpose too thoroughly a believer in what he proclaims to meet with light treatment.

Mr. Walters is a Seventh Day Adventist and seems to have practiced what he preaches in the warning that he sounds to the careless crowd that surges steadily on in search of pleasure rather than the peace that seems to be part of this man who appears "ready."

"Get ready for the end of the world." What a solemn meaning there is in those few words! The close of everything. No, don't think of it, let's forget it. If we don't this old world will seem a charnel house. Odd, isn't it, but that warning always recalls Ibsen's novels.

The remote possibility of such a contingency

doesn't effect one, but if it loomed near, what chaos would ensue, what world-wide paralysis; religion, science, poetry, even history, would lose meaning, and all humanity would in thought echo the death song of antiquity—*Solvat Saeculum in Favilla*.

So it seems well that we do not fear, that we even smile at the dramatic conception of the end of the world by some great catastrophe and shrug our shoulders indifferently when we are confronted with the fact that through the law of gravitation, whereby every particle of matter, subject to law, will have attained the most stable position possible, the earth will be reduced to an absolute level with an absence of water; for what matters lack of water on the globe a million years from now; of far more consequence the weather of today when it's raining and we lack an umbrella; and who cares a rap if humanity reaches its apogee and the world ceases to be inhabited a million years hence, when there's all the interest of a political campaign upon us and we wish to know, "Who'll be the next president?"

THE PRIDE OF THE STATE.

More than ordinarily interesting was a recent caller in the State Journal local room. He entered through an open window and holding up two dark little paws, turned his head on one side in the saucy manner of those sure of a welcome, evidently expecting that this would be manifested in some way. Only for an instant did he maintain this attitude, then he darted out the window and sped along a thin wire to the building opposite where he paused and looked back.

His jaunty manner had disappeared. There was a little droop to the head that seemed oddly out of place, for he is one of the state's pets and ordinarily possesses all the arrogance of his kind. But there was cause for his changed demeanor. The young woman who had been supplying him with nuts had gone home earlier than usual and had forgotten the task that had devolved upon her through an editorial writer having fed

the little creature regularly at that hour for a long time. Attention had been called to the advent and departure of the visitor and for a moment the activities of the office were slackened perceptibly.

"Poor little fellow," said a sweet voiced girl, as she looked across at him with sympathetic eyes. "He had all that long journey for nothing. How disappointed he must be."

Silhouetted against the grey of the evening sky the tiny form seemed symbolical of the pathos that shadows the lives of many who enter newspaper offices with hopes that are limited only by the boundaries of imagination, if such exist, but which so often are doomed to die in the dust of humiliation or the stagnant pools of despair.

The squirrel's body blended with the shadows of the coming night, then was lost in them while the whirl of machinery below recalled thought to duties.

Disappointed he had been, but not disheartened, for the next evening he came again, but again not a nut in sight. In mute entreaty the little paws were held up to the oldest member of the staff one of the "Boys in Blue." Trained in two fields that require daring, the veteran in both demonstrated the worth of training, for he promptly went on a foraging expedition and in a moment placed in the paws of the little suppliant the largest nut in the store of supplies.

Away went the squirrel and as he frisked over the wires one could but think of how

these little creatures have ingratiated themselves in the hearts of the people of the entire state, presenting an object lesson for the entire world. For where in all the world are there pets like these that are cherished and guarded by all the people of a great state, not one of whom would not resent as a personal grievance any attempt to displace them; and what among all the treasures of great states or kingdoms is as priceless as one of these if we count as most precious that which gives greatest pleasure to the greatest number.



THE PRIDE OF THE STATE.



J. S. TUNISON.

Editorial Writer on Ohio State Journal.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

What's in a name? Much or little according to the name and the individual that bears it. I never hear the name "Larry" Neal without instant thought of Tom Moore for each name is suggestive of the lighthearted irresistible infectious gaiety of the Irish.

Those who know Mr. Neal know that he possesses something of Moore's great distinction of making friends and giving pleasure to all sorts and conditions of men, having in himself the spirit of enjoyment that makes men popular in club or drawing room or on the hustings.

But Mr. Neal's life has not been what his buoyant spirit would indicate. For tho he is today one of the wealthiest and most successful attorneys in the state, there was a time when his life was surrounded by such sordid, hard realities as would seem insurmountable obstacles to most young men of today who have not as a rule the iron constitutions that would permit them to do as did this big, strong, built for endurance, man who had a feeling of fellowship with suffering, striving humanity that is better understood when one has heard Mr. Neal describe that other time. In this connection his words were:

"I can sympathize with those who have to earn money to pursue their studies for when I began the study of law I worked in grocery store for \$1.50 per week and did all sorts of work in order to make a few dollars."

What an object lesson to the young men of today is this man who despite such adverse

circumstances secured an education, served in the General Assembly and was elected to Congress when so youthful in appearance that James G. Blaine, the speaker, hesitated about having him admitted until satisfied that he was twenty-five. With the exception of Charles D. Martin of Lancaster, Mr. Neal is the youngest member ever elected to that body.

Mr. Neal was also the youngest member of the House when he was in the General Assembly, but he was a leader of his party and had the pleasure of voting for that grand old statesman Allen G. Thurman to succeed United States Senator Hon. B. F. Wade.

But above all his attainments that which is most admired in Mr. Neal is his stainless truth and his loyalty to his friends. These were exemplified when because his word was pledged to a friend he would not accept the dazzling prize of a Vice Presidency when Governor Flower and Burke Cockran begged him to accept the nomination.

Since his defeat as candidate for Governor Mr. Neal has devoted himself to his profession in which he has won eminence.

He first became prominent at the bar in the Blackburn Lovell Tragedy one of the greatest criminal cases on record. Mr. Neal was the prosecutor and had aligned against him such legal lights as were represented by the names James W. Fitzgerald, Hon. George M. Pugh, Judge James Sloane, Hon. H. L. Dickey, S. L. Wallace, Thomas Beach, and Charles H. Blackburn, brother of the prisoner.



L. T. NEAL.

JUDGE OWEN'S SMILE.

"If ever true nobility was stamped upon a face, one sees it there," said a gentleman, as his eyes followed the retreating form of former Chief Justice Selwyn N. Owen, whose smile as he paused to give greeting to a friend was like the glow of a waxen taper subdued yet illuminating all the surroundings, for it seemed as tho the qualities of sincerity of word, integrity of act and purity of thought that embellished Judge Owen's public career and made his life a lasting honor to the community, were reflected in his smile and in his eyes from which a soul of wisdom gazes out upon the world with the faith of a little child.

Such characters as Judge Owens are unfortunately rare, and even those of highest motives and most honorable lives do not always wear such outward manifestations of it as is given in the smile of this eminent jurist. In looking at him one gets a conception of simplicity akin to that of the Shinto religion, for the exaltation of his character is felt by every

one who comes in contact with him. There is something in the very atmosphere in which he moves that is a protest against the debased commercialism and degenerate politics of modern times.

Judge Owen's service in the Supreme Court began in 1883 when he began to serve the unexpired term of William Whitlaw; he served from 83 to 89 and through death and resignations while he was on the bench he remained the senior judge for four years and thus was chief justice for that time. He is noted for his ability in writing opinions and he thoroughly relishes a fine proposition of law, but he is living in retirement now, taking time to sit down by the stream of life and absorb the fragrance of the flowers of culture, or as someone recently expressed it:

"Judge Owen is the happiest man in the state, has nothing to do and plenty to do it with."

IN THE STATE LIBRARY.

There was a sudden cessation of the various kinds of work in which the occupants of the library were engaged and all eyes were turned toward the entrance in involuntary tribute to a presence.

A gentleman, tall, distinguished in appearance, with massive forehead, the whiteness of which was accentuated by heavy, dark eyebrows, advanced into the room, one hand resting in pathetic dependence upon the arm of a slender, dark-eyed woman who guided his steps with the skill of long practice and the tender touch of affection. The refined intelligence of both faces was suggestive of Old New England families who have back of them generations of culture.

The gentleman whose personality had drawn attention before it was apparent that he was blind was Mr. Joseph J. Boardman, a native of Connecticut, but a resident of Ohio during the greater part of his life, having passed his youth in Cincinnati, afterward locating in

Hillsboro where as editor of the Highland News he had as friends, men of national reputation and as neighbor in his home county, former Governor Trimble; Samuel Hibbon, Member of Congress, also of Constitutional Convention; Gilbert McFadden, grandfather of Prof. McFadden of the Westerville University, and the wellknown family of Reeces, one of whom was Senator Foraker's grandfather.

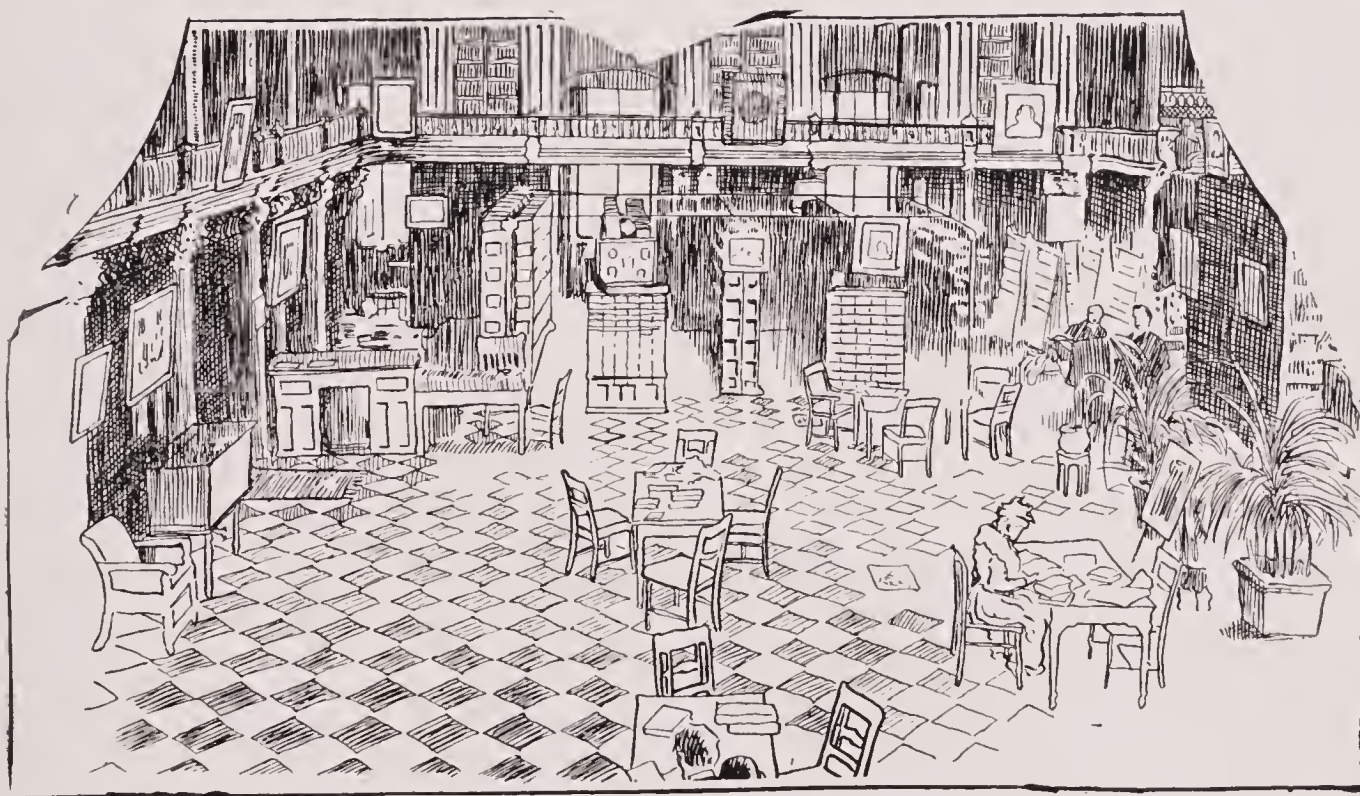
The friendship existing between members of the two families has caused Mr. Boardman to be more than ordinarily interested in the brilliant leader of the Republican party, each step of whose career has been followed by the sightless eyes that still retain a picture of the gallant young soldier who came from the greatest war the world has known a veteran while still so young in years that he was considered too youthful to be nominated as a candidate for a county office until Mr. Boardman advocated the nomination.

Mr. Boardman is eighty and altho he lost

his eyesight a quarter of a century ago and cannot hear without an ear trumpet, his interest in the affairs of the day is as vital as it was in the eventful times of the formation of the Republican party for principles of which he contended until blindness compelled him to relinquish his work. His supreme courage and patience under his great affliction are an uplifting influence to all who know him.

At times, Mr. Boardman comes from his home on the East Side to the heart of the

city. At such times he is accompanied by his daughter, Miss Alice Boardman, assistant state librarian, who has been the medium through which he has viewed the world and kept in touch with the history of his friends. Her devotion has alleviated his misfortune and her care for him and her only sister who has been an invalid for more than twenty years, furnishes a story filled with the beautiful and heroic.



OHIO STATE LIBRARY.

A PHILOSOPHER'S TALK.

"Johnson brothers? Of course I know them. Knew them when they worked in W. B. Brooks mine at Nelsonville, when that gentleman owned and operated the largest mines in the Hocking Valley. Tom and Ed and Charlie wore the 'diggers and strong patches' and worked not only as hard but harder than others, for they managed to secure some education when few of us thought this possible."

"If you remember there were no machines then and we really 'dug' coal, lying flat on the ground part of the time, drilling and swinging our picks in rag time style, and after this kind of work if we weren't too tired to go any place but to bed we went to the dancing halls, for we had no libraries, clubs or reading rooms, and then the town didn't have a theatre with up to date productions as it has under the present owner and manager W. J. Stuart.

"Of course we had a chance to do like the Johnson brothers, dig into books after we had 'dug' coal all day, but we aren't all built on the 'get to the top' plan when fate puts us in a coal mine in the beginning. Self imposed tasks in study and self-denial of the few pleasures that come isn't characteristic of the average miner."

"What's that?" "Books aren't the only educators—and you think I speak like an educated man? I'm glad you think so for while I've read a few books I'm more inclined to mingle with people, of whom I've learned something of life but never the secret of success from the financial viewpoint. The Johnson brothers learned it and they have millions, but what a lot of good times they missed.

Their mines are sending out hundreds of tons of coal per day and I suppose they can have fine receptions, grand banquets and balls, but I wonder if ever in all their lives they felt as good as I did when after digging coal all day in place of studying or worrying about the future I danced half the night with the girl I loved best.

Its just like some of those old chaps who make books tell us, the amount of happiness is about the same for each individual; the Johnsons have won riches and probably happiness but it isn't likely its of the same kind as they might have had when they studied after working in the mine and the rest of us had a hell of a good time. They have the money. We have the memory."

However one of the boys married a girl with a name pretty enough to make music in his life. Reminded one of Eolian harps for it was Zephyr. She was the daughter of Ralph Carnes, one of the pioneer merchants of Nelsonville. He is living now at an advanced age, must be about eighty-five, for he was a soldier in the Mexican war. His daughter Zephyr is dead now, but he has a daughter with a name equally suggestive of music, it is Vesper.

"I haven't seen the boys since I came to Columbus, but I've been told they don't do like many selfmade men, place their work on exhibition for people to admire; in short, that they haven't changed much, that they dress plainly, take their lunch at a modest restaurant and show no disposition to 'forget' the time when they worked with men in 'diggers'."

Have you tried to read by a dim slack fire
 As the long winter evenings were spent
 Where oil, was a luxury not to be bought,
 Tho a barrel should sell for a cent.

—Lines from unpublished verse, "Hill Life."

AN "OPDYKE TIGER."

One of the "Opdyke Tigers" and one of the bravest tho you'd not know it from the story of that famous regiment for that is Capt. C. T. Clark, the author of the story which is a splendid description of war life seen from the viewpoint of a boy of seventeen, Capt. Clark's age when he enlisted. But you should read the book. The first paragraph, throbbing with the spirit that actuated the Volunteers of '61 is classical in its simplicity and force.

The first lines were stamped upon my memory because they outlined so simply one of the heart-breaking sacrifices of that time when boys leaped to manhood at a bound.

The words that I recall, written to one of Capt. Clark's schoolmates at Mt. Union College were:

"Your information is correct, I am a soldier. You will have to select another roommate for the fall term. My school days are probably ended."

For a year prior to the time of this writing,

Capt. Clark begged to be permitted to enlist, but was restrained until that call for a hundred thousand volunteers rang out over the land and he was permitted to leave school and enter the service that should leave those who survive it with a little roll of parchment more priceless than any diploma from university or school, or all the wreaths of pine and parsley that e'er adorned the brows of Grecian youth.

As a boy Capt. Clark was a brave soldier. As a man he is one of the oldest, best lawyers in town, faithful to the eternal ethical verities, almost the supreme embodiment of altruism for if for him:—

"The fuller life was 'stablished sure
Then for all souls howe'er fallen and dim
With soil and stain it could not be less sure
For he no hope on heaven's heights could
find
Save as he shared it with all mankind."



CAPT. C. T. CLARK.

AT REPUBLICAN STATE HEADQUARTERS.

All the clerks in the office of the Chairman of the Republican Executive Committee were busy, his private secretary was jumping about here and there as tho he thought perpetual motion was a sure sign that he was doing something. A tall thin man had a death grasp on the lapel of John Malloy's coat and all the occupants of the main office were too pre-occupied to notice a woman who had entered, taken a seat, written a note and awaited recognition from some of the attaches of the office in order to send it to Senator Dick who was in his private office engaged in earnest conversation with a caller. As this talk closed he turned in response to a telephone call, he noticed the woman and swiftly crossing the room in the informal manner that is one of his most pleasant characteristics, extended his hand saying:

"Were you waiting to see me?"

"Yes, I had written a note asking for a few moments."

Senator Dick employs the silent language more frequently than most public men, so without a word or gesture he invited his caller to enter the inner office, and in less than three minutes had learned the object of her call and with quick apprehension had grasped the salient points, and made reply in a simple, direct way that left no doubt of his meaning, this without the slightest indication of being what he is, one of the busiest men in the country.

This incident illustrates the simplicity of manner of one of the most interesting factors in national politics and one of the most approachable men in public life.

In his capacity as chairman of the executive committee and in the numerous campaigns in which he has been a trusted man-

ager under an avalanche of work, he never seemed hurried, always had time to investigate affairs brought to his attention altho to the uninitiated this might seem unimportant, but which he with deeper insight could not ignore or evade.

Sen. Dick seems to follow Goethe's thought that nothing is trifling when considered as to its relative value; hence he does not leave any part of the conduct of a fight for supremacy to guess work. He is in touch at all times with every committee and every sub-committee in every county of the state; he is informed of the exact condition of things in every voting precinct, and there is scarcely a man who is of service to his party whom he could not reach in a few moments.

Senator Dick's unfailing courtesy and thoughtfulness for others cause him to be esteemed by all those who come in contact with him. With him there is no posing, no pomposity. With infinite tact he makes it possible for those who seek audience with him to take up the subject to be discussed without preliminary talk.

Incidentally Senator Dick is the first poor man to represent Ohio in the Senate for a long time, for his predecessors, Pendleton, Payne, Sherman, Brice and Hanna were all men of means, but none possess more popularity than this tactful, genial gentleman who in temperament, in alertness, in habits of mind and thought, and in capacity for hard work, is known to be a leader; as side accomplishments, he has the dexterity to conceal truth without telling a lie, the sagacity to read other people's countenances without letting them see beyond his professional smile, the ability to refuse a favor and yet retain a friend.



SENATOR DICK.

 IN THE AUDITOR'S OFFICE.

"There is something in the manner in which State Auditor Guilbert moves about his work that wins attention and admiration, for every movement is characterized by the ease and dignity of one accustomed to managing big affairs and accomplishing much noiselessly and perfectly.

In all probability there is not an office in the state where there is more work or responsibility connected with more widely divergent interests than in the auditor's office, but just as he moves across the floor, so the business of his department moves firmly, admirably, with perfect precision and power, every part of it being marked with the accuracy of a great machine.

Success and power are Mr. Guilbert's in so large a measure that it would seem he should be one whose happiness could not be disturbed by passing ripples, but by that law that provides that all good gifts should not fall upon one, Mr. Guilbert, who is seemingly so serene at all times has been given a nature so keenly sensitive to criticism as to feel it more acutely than one whose nervous temperament is betrayed by action. And no matter how unjust the censure, how vindictive the assailant may be known to be, nor how much his friends resent or ridicule the attacks as silly, or willfully malicious, Mr. Guilbert cannot quite conceal the havoc wrought in his peace when the poison of a political shaft reaches him.

Mr. Guilbert is of French Irish ancestry and the French in his nature is manifested in his surroundings for the rooms of his department are the finest in the Capitol Building. The main room with its rich crimson carpet contrasting admirably with Nile green tinted walls relieved by curtains of a darker shade, with handsome desks and a library table where a great jar of hammered brass is usually filled with the loveliest flowers of the season exhaling their fragrance, all combine to impress one with a sense of harmony altho one may

be prejudiced against aught but Attic simplicity in a work room.

But this lofty, restful room scarcely prepares one for the little den used as Mr. Guilbert's private office. This cannot be described unless one is master of detail, but curtains and oriental rugs, lights pendant from hooks and chains that form a square about the center of the ceiling. A French clock that chimes the quarter hours, fibroid walls and luxurious leather cushions that transform the mission style of chairs until they need not apologize for having been made an exquisite bust of the purest Carara marble, the gift of a friend in Florence, presents a picture unlike anything one would expect to see within the time stained walls of stone that were ruthlessly sacrificed to make this room.

The effect produced by this office is bewildering especially when the sunrise is shown.

"The sunrise?" You don't understand? Well any time, day or night, the simple turning of an electric switch gives the effect of a sunrise on the skylight of art glass that forms a portion of the ceiling. The seal of state is worked into this sky-light in tinted glass, and above this layer of art glass is another canopy of glass, and between these are several incandescent lights. These lights and the tints of the seal of state produce a perfect miniature sunrise lighting up hills and valley at harvest time.

This unique and beautiful effect was discovered by Miss Mary Morrison, Mr. Guilbert's confidential clerk.

Auditor Guilbert undoubtedly appreciates this beauty reproducing device as much as the hosts of people who go to see it, and he never forgets that the tread of the people over those beautiful carpets is entirely warranted, being the same cordial, courteous gentleman at all times.

Mr. Fullington, the popular deputy, contributes much to the effective work and general harmony."



W. D. GUILBERT.

 WORLD'S BEST BAREBACK RIDER LIVES IN COLUMBUS.

Few people are aware that the world's most famous equestrian, a man who has spent half a century in the sawdust circle is now living in Columbus, but such is the fact for James Robinson is stopping in a cozy home on the southwest corner of High and University streets.

Mr. Robison was called here by the death of Mrs. Robison's sister, and in his leisure time is preparing copy for a book that will cover his long career as a circus man and

will in addition relate many reminiscences of interest.

Mr. Robison is a very modest unpretending man, so quiet in his demeanor that one would never imagine he was the man who devised the daring bareback somersault, and as the main attraction in John Robinson's show held royalty enthralled as he performed for them, while the world marveled at the feats that had never been paralleled not even in the days of Rome when in the Coliseum one-fourth of the world applauded the daring.

 THE BEST WARDEN.

"You don't impose silence upon the women?" I said interrogatively to Warden Darby after having passed the greater part of a day in the women's department of the State Prison.

"What makes you think so?" said the warden quickly. Fearful that I had betrayed an infringement of rule by the women whom I had just left chattering as tho at a social function, I didn't make reply, but the warden continued reassuringly.

"You needn't fear, I know they talk and the worst of it is they all talk at once, altho there's a rule for silence for them as well as for men."

"You don't enforce the rule strictly?"

"No, what would be the use of trying to enforce it. When women wish to talk, they talk;" with which sage remark the warden led the way to the great gates that had clanged behind me earlier in the day, when I had been permitted to go to the women's department to spend some time, a privilege rarely accorded to visitors. It was given me ostensibly to study general conditions, but in reality,

to study a former society woman who had been convicted of a most atrocious murder.

In his reply Warden Darby took his station as one great enough to know that rule cannot always be applied, wise enough to comprehend when he had arrived at the line that separates the difficult from the impossible even tho it be lawful.

Warden Darby's manner is touched with the gravity that any thinking man would experience if placed in his position, and beneath this gravity one discerns the large-hearted sympathy of one who loves his fellowmen whatever their calling, creed or crime.

It is not surprising that such a man has instituted reforms and that through exercise of a law higher than any on the statutes, he has won the confidence and good will of the prisoners until under his regime their reformation is less hopeless than of yore; nor is it a matter of wonder that a man so merciful should be regarded as the best manager who ever had charge of this, the largest prison in the world.



WARDEN DARBY.

WORLD'S LEADING VIOLINIST.

He was "right from Marietta," and he had this to say:

"We're accustomed to the superiority of Ohio people in many lines, but it kind a took our breath away when we learned that one of our boys, Francis McMillen, of all the instrumentalists now before the international public was the acknowledged leader. After our first astonishment, we wondered if his phenomenal success while so young, would make any change in one whom we remembered as a manly boy, devoted to his mother. But when he came back to Marietta, we learned, that he had been unspoiled by the world's adulation, unaffected by aught that could divert him from his mission, the mission of genius to give to the world — which else would become too sordid something sweet and uplifting, something akin to that which we hear in another world, the world of dreams.

It isn't any wonder that we almost idolize him for it, just for what he is when the world worships for what he does? Europe claims

him as a musician and crowns him as a leader in art, but in Marietta he is "our boy."



FRANCIS McMILLEN.

COL. "NED" AND FRIENDS.

Col. Taylor and his almost inseparable companion, General Beatty, are habitues of the Neil House, well known to people in all sections of the country.

Another frequenter of this famous old hostelry is Judge Okey, one of the best informed attorneys in the state.

These three characters furnish a fund of entertainment to friends, among whom is Judge Pugh who was never known to meet an acquaintance or a friend without a smart anecdote or an amusing story in perfect harmony with the prevailing note of talk. Leaving a restaurant the other day, he greeted a

friend as they walked south who mentioned the old comrades.

"Oh said Judge Pugh, you should have been down at the Neil the other day: strange as it may seem, Col. Taylor was alone and every one was wondering if General Beatty had been stolen, but no one ventured to ask Colonel Taylor, who sat leaning upon his cane staring at the floor in gloomy silence. At last this made Okey so uneasy, he went over and asked the Colonel a question.

"No," said Colonel Ned, thumping the floor with his cane. * * * Then as if thought had suddenly been illumined he continued:—

"Do you know, Okey * * *

ONE OF PICKETT'S MEN.

There was a little stir on the raised platform where the speakers and other distinguished men stood and the Rev. Dr. Hewitt said:

"We want Kidwell up here."

There was a murmur of enthusiastic assent and up from the crowd stepped a tall, thin, stooped man in gray clothes of singular cut for the present day, for he wore the old Confederate uniform.

"One of the survivors of Pickett's charge," said Dr. Hewitt, glancing at the people assembled there to decorate their soldiers' graves.

Simple words, but perhaps no utterance of this noted speaker ever moved the people more completely than this one sentence in which he seemed to voice all the tender pride of the southland in those who gave to American arms the glory of the grandest charge ever made; incomparable in all the annals of the ages, impossible for future wars, since military tactics have changed.

What an impressive scene it was. The eloquent divine standing silent after those brief words as tho he felt the inadequacy of speech and the crowd responsive to the feeling of the moment, voiceless, awed into silence as all eyes were fixed upon that gray clad figure that seemed suddenly to lose the stoop and signs of premature age to stand before us, graced with the ardor of the South, endowed with courage that was scarce of earth for he had been one of those who had been drenched in the crimson stream that marked High Tide at Gettysburg.

There he stood. One of those who had marched in scorching heat for twenty miles and more and then exhausted but undaunted had been as their leader said, ready to go to any part of the field desired, had not the peerless Lee sent word.—

"Tell General Pickett I shall not need him this evening, to rest his men and I will send him word when I want them."

Then he had been among those who slept upon their arms; one of those whom General Lee, Gen. Pickett and General Longstreet had viewed so carefully and critically on the morning of that fateful third day at Gettysburg.

That man in gray had been one of the pros-

trate thousands who had risen as one man in the presence of their chieftains and, forbidden to cheer, had stood with uncovered heads and hats held aloft in silence pledging allegiance anew and then had stood for five long hours with all his comrades in the burning sun waiting for some word until the army of the Blue on Cemetery Hill marveled at their stillness.

Then too he had known the fearful strain of those moments when Pickett who had taken Longstreet's place when he was wounded at Chapultepec waited for some word from him and then with generous heart that fain would spare the other pain of the command had voiced the question that should decide the day.

"General Longstreet shall I go forward?"

And when that chief had answered only with a bow because he could not speak the word that would send such men to almost sure annihilation this man who stood before us had seen the dauntless Pickett and his officers ride lightly and gracefully past their commanding generals who acknowledged in sad silence what they felt was their salute to death.

Later he had known the thrilling exaltation of that hour when the flower of the southern army had followed the flash of Pickett's sword out into the sunlight before the gaze of thousands in both armies and had moved across the field with all the harmony, the perfect precision of the parade ground tho all knew they were to be hurled as the last hope against defeat.

Steadily, grandly had the columns of which he formed a part moved forward amid the thunder of artillery beneath the iron storm that broke from all the batteries of the Blue and beat the ranks in Gray to earth as tho those strong intrepid men were fragile flowers.

Yes, he had known the warrior's savage joy when Armistead who had taken Garnett's place led the way and with his hat on the point of his sword cried:

"Come on boys, we'll give them the cold steel."

Ah yes, he had been one of those who drenched with blood, blackened with powder, exhausted by heat, wild with thirst, had reeled back from the victory that they could not hold because three-fourths of their number had fallen never again to hark to ringing bat-

tle cry or know who held the heights which they so incomparably had charged.

It was a privilege to look into the eyes of one who had charged so fearlessly against the batteries of death in that division whose valor dims the radiance of the Light Brigade.

In the purple twilight—for the exercises had been prolonged we gathered round the man in gray and many clasped the hand of the hero. He did not talk much. There was no need. In the morning of his life James Kidwell had done something.

A SOCIAL FORCE.

"Steps like one of the Colonial dames? How do you know how they stepped? As one imagines. That's better. Your comparison is good for in more than her manner of walking does the gentlewoman whom you mention resemble the Colonial dames; she has the delicate blending of many gifts that were a part of the individuality of the women of that period, toned and colored by the requirements of today.

Mrs. Deshler is gracious in her manner, especially in her own home where she receives a professional caller with the same unaffected charm that endears her to her friends. Her social position being assured, she does not attempt to impress others by assuming superiority, her talk is imbued with ideas along lines that would surprise many. Not

that she talks reform or rights, but she has a feeling for the common facts of life and lighter vein yields to more serious aspect of life or to comment, showing an intimate acquaintance with some of the great characters in history.

In Mrs. Deshler's home is an atmosphere of elegance and refinement; the appointments no doubt are conducive to this, but they are as pleasingly unobtrusive as the costume and manner of Mrs. Deshler, whose womanliness is never more apparent than when talking of her husband's mother, who was one of the brave women who aided the pioneers of the Great Northwest in their early struggles—one of the women whose qualities of conscience, energy, powers of endurance and love made them fitting wives for pioneers.

A COLUMBUS CANTATRICE.

"Yes, I have heard Schuman Heinck, the superb. What a divine voice she has! I can hear it even now—inspiring, appealing, commanding like a trumpet or crooning like a mother. One may not hope to hear another Schumann-Heinck when her voice has passed into silence, for such exquisite liquid music is given to the world only now and then throughout the centuries, but it's odd that while I say this there comes to me the memory of a Columbus girl who, while her voice was not Schuman Heinck's, contained much of that haunting sweetness that does not permit one to ever pass entirely beyond the spell of the singer.

The young woman to whom I refer is Miss Josephine Swickard, sister of C. R. Swickard, who amid the stress of work incident to the life of the successful man of affairs has never lost his appreciation of his sister's art and has at all times given her the sympathetic encouragement so necessary to the artistic nature.

Miss Swickard is abroad now giving to her gift the breadth and depth and finish of foreign training and those who know much of the history of music and the classification of voices are enthusiastic in their predictions that Columbus will in this young woman have a singer of world-wide fame.



MISS JOSEPHINE SWICKARD.

 IN AN ATTORNEY'S OFFICE.

Absolutely oblivious to people and surroundings sat DeWitt C. Jones. He had just finished writing some lines in a little book and leaned back in his chair with an expression indicative of pleasure in what he had written. "No," said he in response to the caller's inquiry, this doesn't pertain to a successful case

I just came across something extraordinarily beautiful in portraying an individual and copied it in my note book lest I forget the lines. Just read them. You prefer to have them read as voice adds to verse? Not always, but I'll read it. The lines are

 A WONDER WORKER — LUTHER BURBANK.

He dwells so near to nature's brooding heart
 He feels the throbbing pulse of her desire
 And bending to his powers her subtle art
 He shapes the end to which she doth aspire.

With loving faith in the Great Silent Cause
 Patient the worker plans and sows;
 Knowing the desert by its hidden laws
 In joy at last shall blossom as the rose

 ON THE STREET.

There's one of the most progressive men in the west. Robert E. Sheldon, president of the Citizen's Savings Bank, president of the Sheldon Dry Goods Company, street railway magnate and director of steam railways, in fact, associated with every big interest in and about Columbus.

Tho his means were limited, Mr. Sheldon was master of circumstances that led to success, until to-day he is a financial power.

But Mr. Sheldon is something more than a financial bulwark, or commercial factor, he is a man of cultivated and companionable tastes, with many near friends in the social and literary world. Among these is George Keenan, the famous writer who made an expose of Russian atrocities.

It is interesting to know that Mr. Sheldon began life at less than a dollar per day, and that Keenan was his roommate at the time.

DR. STOCKTON BUYING CANDY.

"Must have a host of children from the amount of candy he's buying?"

"On the contrary, he hasn't any. He's a bachelor."

"Then he must have scores of nephews and nieces to supply."

"I think not; in all probability no child will ever see an ounce of that candy, for the buyer is Dr. George Stockton, superintendent of the State Hospital, and the amount he's purchasing indicates that he's buying for the employes, or perhaps the patients."

"Surprising?" "Why so?" "Think of his

task as the chief of such a place to cure sick nerves, divert from trouble to beguile minds too tired to care for things worth while. Why not candy and toys and trinkets for the irrational, who knows that these are more trivial than the things for which supposedly sane minds struggle?"

Dr. Stockton knows his patients; years of investigation along the lines of mental and nervous diseases have fitted him to know their needs and that many of the seeming, trivial things will throw a gleam of light across the pathway of those who "see darkly."



DR. GEORGE STOCKTON.

ON THE SIDE.

"It doesn't always follow that a man who wears his hat on one side of his head is one of the men who experiences the "morning after," for there's attorney Thomas Clark who always wears his hat in that position, and it's well known that for him life is no painful retrospect but rather an eager looking forward, with a seeming desire to scan far away inaccessible heights. This trait was strongly manifested when he prepared, presented and advocated with eloquence a local option bill, that those who opposed it, declared would dig his political grave.

Mr. Clark has always believed in the rule of the people, and has sought always to have

the principles of home rule applied. He was a Republican in Virginia, when republicanism was not as popular as it is in Ohio. He was formerly a minister and is a speaker of force on the hustings. This power is a great advantage to him now in his talks, for he is a politician altho he thinks that a man should be more than a politician in other words he believes that a man is true to party when true to the interests of the people at large.

Odd isn't it that a man whose head and heart according to his friends are always on the right side should deem it necessary to wear his hat on the same side.

FATHER OF THE REPUBLICAN GLEE CLUB—GEN. W. T. WILSON.

"Do you remember the old gentleman who always wore the old style of dress hat and was a familiar figure about the capitol and streets several years ago—the one who was often pointed out as the father of the Republican Glee Club organization?"

"Yes, not dead is he?"

"No, but ill, too ill for any but those in attendance to see him and it is not likely he will recover, having now lived man's allotted time."

"Indeed, I had not thought he was so old."

"No, his strongly built figure and erect soldierly bearing gave no indication of his age. He was built on the fortress plan and his strength was ever manifested more foreibly than now when soldier to the last, wearing a

soldier's blue coat, suffering too much to lie down, he sits in his chair by the window waiting for that which passed him on many battlefields, and in the pestilence of prison, waiting for that last, best friend who dulls all pain and cures all disease.

"Perhaps the old warrior, who has been a sufferer ever since his incarceration in Libby prison, has learned as he sits waiting, to think as Sothorn, when he wrote the lines that proved he was not only an actor but a poet.

"After the turmoil of the world,
Defeat and victory, storm and shine,
The battle o'er the banner furled,
Then thankfully I sink to rest
With this dear foe, who loves me best."

IN THE LAW LIBRARY.

"That tall gentleman is Prof. E. B. Kinkead, who lectures on law at the University, and is the author of several legal books of great value. His greatest and best work is General Commentary on the Law of Torts, a philosophical demonstration of the general principles underlying social wrongs. He is also the author of "Pleadings and Practice" and has a wide reputation for his knowledge of these subjects.

Professor Kinkead is considered one of the best lawyers in Columbus, but those who know him best aver that his is the judicial rather than the advocate's mind, and hope that he will wear the ermine.

Professor Kinkead is always absorbed in the writing of books, and his partner Mr. Merwine is always carrying such a stack of law books that one is inclined to ask "After those what? Thinking of Mr. Merwine's books reminds me of his sister who works in a law office, but has recently published a charming little book of verse designed for children. Her name? Effie.

It's surprising how many legal authors we have in Columbus. Now here's a book that is valued by the bench and bar, it is "Page on Wills" and the author is a resident of this city, and a member of the firm of Page, Page & Page, located in the Board of Trade; there is also seemingly identified with that building another legal author, Mr. Henry J. Booth.

Mr. Booth is president of the State Bar Association and one of the most eminent members of the Franklin county bar. His book on "Street Railways" is intended to cover the laws governing those corporations. Mr. Booth

was long connected with the street railway company as chief counsel, but his work shows that he was not in the least prejudiced in favor of the corporation. This was the first book on this subject, and its value proves how well fitted Mr. Booth was for his work.

The gentleman with the Christian Science smile is Mr. Howard Gilkey, marshal and librarian of the Supreme Court. He is optimistic and enthusiastic about everything, but particularly so of the Ohio organization known as the Sons of Veterans which he organized.

That low-voiced young man who seems to know instinctively just what books are required is J. W. Shaw, assistant."



H. J. BOOTH.

 IN THE ROTUNDA.

It isn't every individual who has an income of a thousand dollars per day, said a gentleman, as he looked meditatively at former Congressman Paul Sorg of Middletown, a man who in comparatively recent years was an iron moulder in Cincinnati, whose best

friend worked in a cigar factory and chanced to tell him there was money in plug tobacco, and this was the initial step toward the Sorg millions. Sounds so easy, it's a wonder we don't all think of something that will win us riches.

Yes, I addressed that gentleman as Captain. His right to the title was acquired in the O. N. G.

He has been here several sessions as as-

sistant clerk of the House, and is one of the most popular men about the Capitol. He is the son of Judge H. B. Maynard of Washington C. H.

 INSPECTOR OF MINES.

"Never had a day in school in all my life."

The gentleman who made this statement in reply to a question as to his school days was Mr. George Harris, State Inspector of Mines.

Mr. Harris began work in the mines at the age of eight as trapper boy and passed through all the gradations to superintendent, securing some instruction in the rudimentary branches from his mother.

Born in Northumberland, England, Mr. Harris is the typical Englishman, big and

blond, with the fair, fresh complexion, suggestive of exuberant health. He is one of the happy, wholehearted individuals, always popular with their fellowmen, takes keen interest in all that pertains to the welfare of others. He is particularly zealous in his endeavors to decrease the dangers attendant to those who work under ground, and brings to this effort the advantage of training from the pit to the surface.

 BACK FROM MINNESOTA.

"Did you meet many interesting people while you were away?"

This question was addressed to George D. Jones, who returned from Minnesota yesterday to take up the duties of acting mayor of the city during Mayor Jeffrey's absence in Chicago.

"Not many, but one in whom I was particularly interested was La Folette, I heard him speak for three hours, then went and introduced myself."

"Must have been a good speaker to have held your attention three hours."

"He was a good speaker, but not any better than some we have here in Columbus, in fact, not so good as some. There was nothing

magnetic in his talk, he was just a strong, convincing speaker, through his earnestness, his power in expressing his thought clearly, his speech was so well arranged that it didn't seem long like a scattering one."

"One thing that particularly engaged my attention, were frequent references to Roosevelt's message to Congress and his position on paramount subjects.

"Speaking of these issues, many of which were advocated by Bryan in his first campaign, recalls that I met Bryan when he was purchasing a railway ticket, and was surprised to see him so large. He was a big man when I first saw him, but he has gained in weight since then."

STREET CAR INCIDENT.

"D— it stop that car."

Like a bugle call rang the voice of a prosperous looking gentleman on Neil Avenue as one of the superlatively smart conductors on that line was rushing his car by the stopping places, aggravatingly unmindful of signals, whistles and calls from a number of people who had been standing in the rain while car after car passed as tho they were wooden images stationed to remain there forever.

That conductor had learned to obey a genuine command. The car stopped. When it was again speeding toward High street, Major Caldwell, the gentleman whose courtesy had been strained until it had broken into expletive, said to the conductor, "I suppose I owe you an apology but after this stop your car at the proper place or there'll be worse than cuss words tossing around this car line."

The conductor looked into the eyes of the speaker and saw something that made him respectful in his bearing and silenced any words he might have thought of saying.

Then as the car rolled down town, Major Caldwell related several amusing and timely incidents to a friend, one particularly witty story awaking the laughter of the occupants of the car and proved that he was not as fierce in his manner as his command to the conductor indicated. In fact in a few moments he had overcome all critical feeling with regard to the way he had secured a right due the public and had established himself as a genial companion, a well read man with the gift of story telling well developed.

Major Caldwell is well known in several sections of the state, especially Pike and Jackson counties, his boyhood having been passed in one and his early manhood in the other. His friends know him to be one of those who trained in the hard school of necessity, for at the age of ten he was left prac-

tically at the head of a family, his mother being left a widow with several children.

He assumed the responsibility manfully, but on account of the hard work he was compelled to do on the farm his school days were limited. However, when possible, he went to a school near his home and occasionally to Prof. Duley's school near Chillicothe, paying for tuition by cutting and hauling cordwood or by selling farm products.

A reputation for industry and faithfulness Major Caldwell established in early years was maintained throughout his life and those who know him best say that he has always seemed to act on the principle that what is worth doing is worth doing well.

Major Caldwell's friends know him to be warm hearted and generous in his social relations and one who believes all that he believes with the earnestness of an intense nature, strikes from the shoulder when there is need to strike and nothing that should be done at a certain time can be disregarded without a vigorous protest upon his part, especially when such disregard is detrimental to the public welfare.

Major Caldwell was commander of the military post at Cincinnati during the Civil War and the fortifications of that city were built while it was under his charge. They were a monument to his ability to direct; an ability that was farther demonstrated in active service in different companies. He recruited the first company formed in Jackson but did not accompany it, joining another one later. While he was recruiting a company in Jackson, General Morgan made his notorious raid in Ohio and stole all the horses in Jackson while Captain Caldwell was at Berlin Heights. He returned to Jackson and mustered a squad that followed Morgan to the river. In this squad were Dr. Orlando Miller and Judge George M. Thompson.

IN A RESTAURANT.

"One would think that she would know better than to do that," said a severe faced matron as she glanced at a slender, light-haired woman whose appearance marked her as one knowing the eternal fitness of things, but who was spreading butter upon a slice of bread as tho preparing it for a child.

It was amusing to note the manner in which the young woman ignored the comments of a number of people who wished to impress upon her that it was bad form to butter bread in that way regardless of the fact that their comments were worse than bad form.

After a little the young woman who had asserted her independence by a solecism, remarked:

"I heard what was said about my manner of eating, but its just a repetition of what I've heard frequently. At times the criticism was quite humorous, for instance, when I was in London last year my aunt, who is English personified, said:

"Americans are so different from our people in all ways, in England we only butter slices of bread in the nursery."

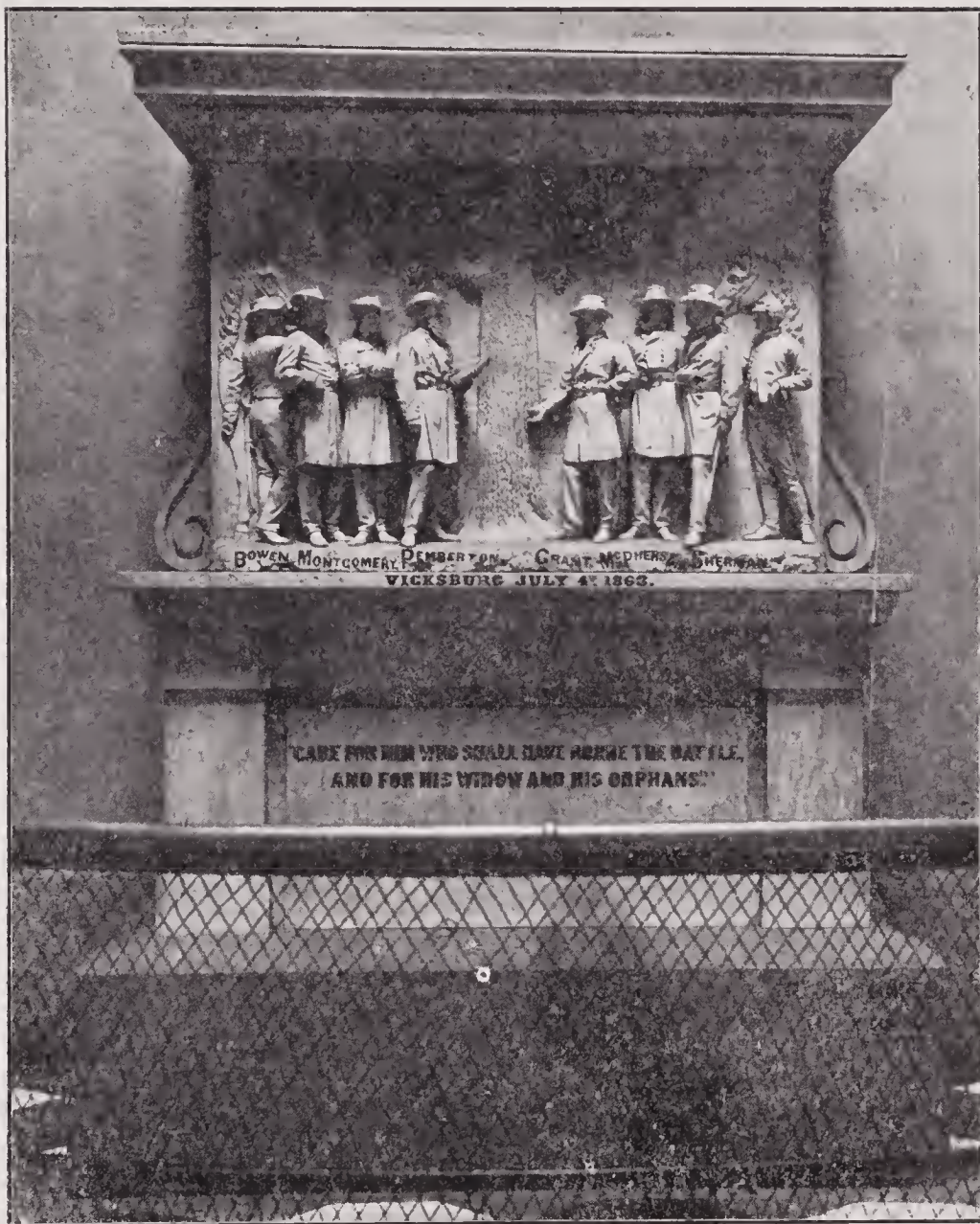
"I just let her think that was American style."

The speaker was Miss Georgia Hopley, daughter of John Hopley, editor of the Bucyrus News, for a third of a century, and sister of several newspaper men of recognized ability, one of whom was United States Consul to England, and the aunt to whom she

referred, Miss Katherine Hopley, at the age of eighty-eight is a writer whose stories are used in the London Times and scientific magazines.

Miss Hopley is one of the brightest newspaper women in Ohio. She was the first woman to be assigned regular newspaper work at the Capitol, and for many years has given special attention to reporting State and National conventions. She was one of the Ohio Board of Commissioners at the Paris Exposition, and then as at various times when abroad was special correspondent for leading papers. She was also special agent for the Bureau of Labor under the direction of R. Ratchford, and in her report of conditions in workshops and factories, manifested the thoroughness that has always characterized her work.

Accustomed to meeting people in all walks of life, at home and abroad, and having concerned herself more about the problem that confronts the world's workers—the great problem of securing bread with or without butter—it is not strange that Miss Hopley, who in many respects is given to yielding her inclinations to conventional demands, should refuse to relinquish a preference that does not seriously affect anyone and in all probability meets with criticism from none save those who have not occupied themselves with anything more serious than a paper bound book on "How to Eat."



THE ROTUNDA MONUMENT.

 SHALL IT BE DONE?

"There is one class of men seen about the State House who need no introduction and no historian; an armless sleeve, a palsied hand, sightless eyes, tottering knees or painful limbs tell their story; these are the men who formed a part of the wall that protected and upheld the Union during that unparalleled bombardment from Sixty-one to Sixty-five. Nothing can be added to the story of their heroism, nothing can detract from their deathless fame, but they, as they walk with faltering steps and slow to the Department of Soldier's Claims, suggest that one word be wafted to Washington and blazoned on the walls of legislative chambers until no longer a nation's gratitude is expressed in such a way that the most selfish individual viewing it cries "shame".

The individual who delivered this little sermon near the office of the Commissioner of Soldiers' Claims, W. L. Curry, looked with pitying eyes upon a white-haired veteran who had just emerged from the office with disappointment written in every line of his poor old face. Illness was apparent in his pallor, and in his emaciated form, in the sunken

chest and the droop of his shoulders. The Commissioner, who has a comrade's sympathy for every claimant, had stepped to the door to speak a few words of encouragement to one whose papers had proven that he had rendered good service in time of need, but there was delay, and none could say when the claim would be recognized.

The gentleman who had called attention to the old soldier continued:

There he goes, like countless others I have seen. He's a soldier. It isn't right for him to be made a recipient of charity while waiting for that which is his due. So you'll see a little tragedy that we cannot change.

The white-haired veteran had buttoned his worn old coat of blue across the sunken chest and turned toward the outer door. He was a soldier to the last. There was no faltering. He walked away to live or die unnoticed, unremembered.

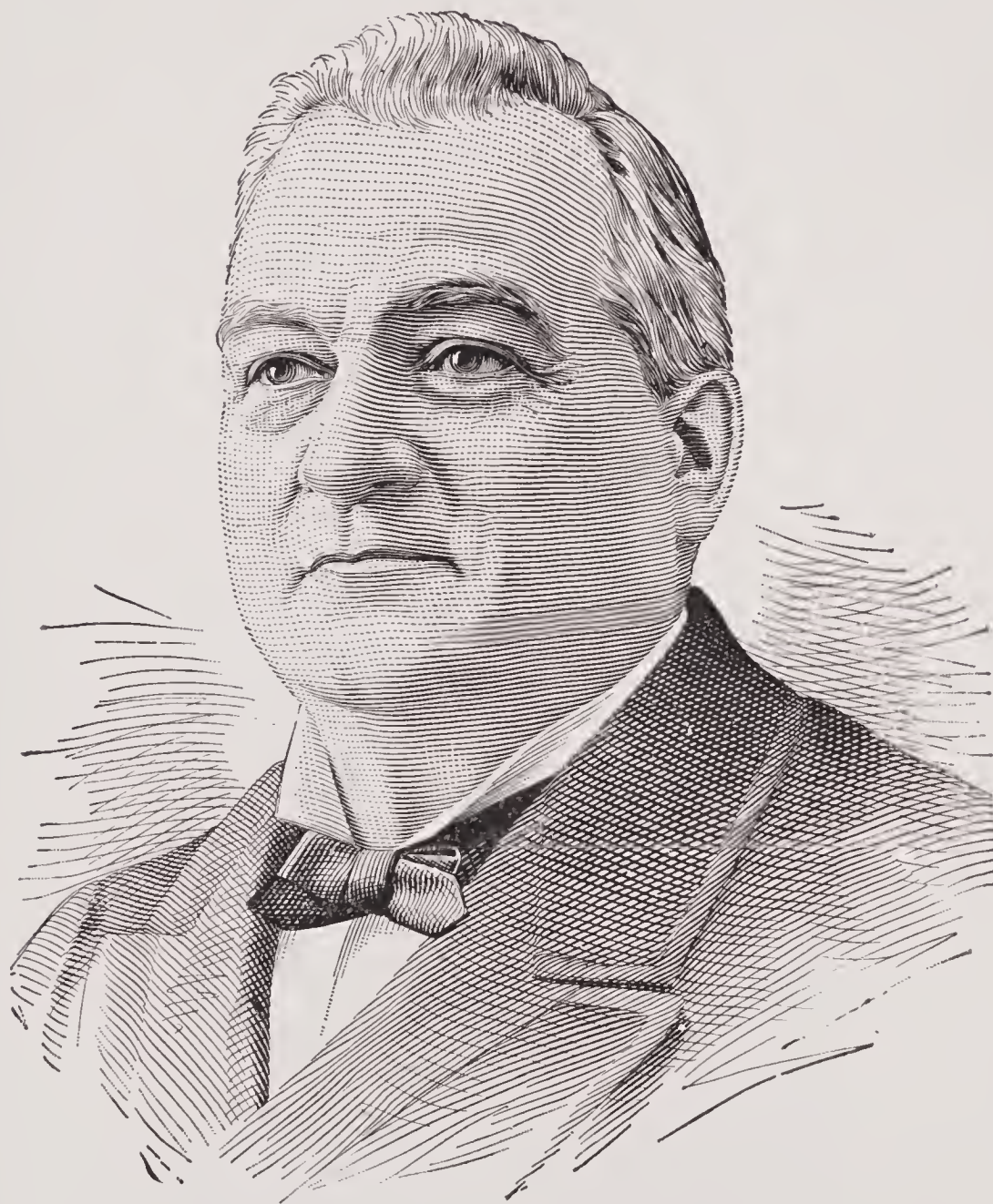
Above us floated "Old Glory". A boy was whistling "Marching through Georgia," and the government as represented at Washington was winding red tape.

 A PUBLIC SPIRITED MAN.

"Do you wish to see one of the most public spirited men in Columbus, one whose advice and purse assist in many improvements and enterprises, one who had the means and the mind to change an entire section of the city and one whose name is known to hundreds of thousands of people who have never seen him; then observe that white-haired, benevolent looking gentleman who seems never to have been touched with trouble. That is Dr. Hartman, and the magnificent marble structure consuming half a block on the corner of Rich and Third streets is but one of the places indicative of his enterprise.

Tho Dr. Hartman is so well known as a manufacturer, he is perhaps better known for his world famed horses, for through his love for the horse he has acquired prize winners from all parts of the world, for his stock farm, which he has endeavored to keep in the front rank of stock farms regardless of expense. In this way he has aided American horse interests greatly.

Among the horses owned by this man of enterprise are Khaled, the beautiful Arabian, whom thousands of people have admired.



DR. S. B. HARTMAN.

LIBERATOR OF A COUNTRY.

"Knight of the Pen."

"Knight of the Pen." He to whom this title belongs by royal right of service rendered, Janarius Aloysius Macgahan, is comparatively unknown to the people of this his native state, Ohio, for tho born in a log cabin in the little obscure town of New Lexington, this great commonwealth was not large enough to stage his achievements.

Only recently have Ohio people remembered and recounted the eventful life history of this writer whose pen aroused to action the martial hosts of a continent and wrote the terms of a nation's liberty. This interest was awakened when Syoyan Krstoff Vatralsky, a native Bulgarian and a graduate of Harvard, addressed the people of New Lexington at the grave of the former war correspondent, who

reported the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria with such realism, that Gladstone, and through him all Europe was aroused, the Russia-Turkish war precipitated, and the map of that part of Europe changed.

Mr. Vatralsky, who is interested in the movement to erect a monument to the great writer who was brought from Constantinople after death to be buried in the soil near his native village, read a beautiful verse at the grave of which the first and last couplet give some idea of the sentiment involved:

"A pilgrim from the ends of earth I come,
To kneel devoutly at your lowly tomb,
Your life tho brief in service high was spent,
Bulgaria is free. Behold your monument."



J. A. MACGAHAN.

WHERE ARE THE SCRIBES OF YESTERDAY.

Where are the scribes of yesterday—

With pencils ready for all calls,
We miss their jests and laughter gay,
In streets and dens and banquet halls.

Where are the scribes we knew so well—

With hearts that sprang up to their lips
In stories they were wont to tell—
Some sad, dark facts, some sparkling quips.

Those well trained scribes whose words were
few,

But every phrase a master stroke,
With every picture painted true
Of death or life, despair or hope.

Where are the scribes so true so gay,

Who knew true brotherhood of man,
They wrote for us but yesterday,
But now we miss them from the clan.

Carl Landon, M. A. Daugherty, Arthur Bancroft, Hartzell Caldwell, Col. S. K. Donavin, Col. W. S. Furay, A. C. Henney.

A SALVATION ARMY VETERAN.

There's the oldest Salvation Army officer in the city and one of the oldest in the service, War Cry Sergeant, W. P. Harvey. It seems a little odd that this grey-haired, grey-bearded, stooped man who wends his way through the streets selling the War Cry of the Salvation Army, should have spent the greater part of his life, almost fifty years, preaching

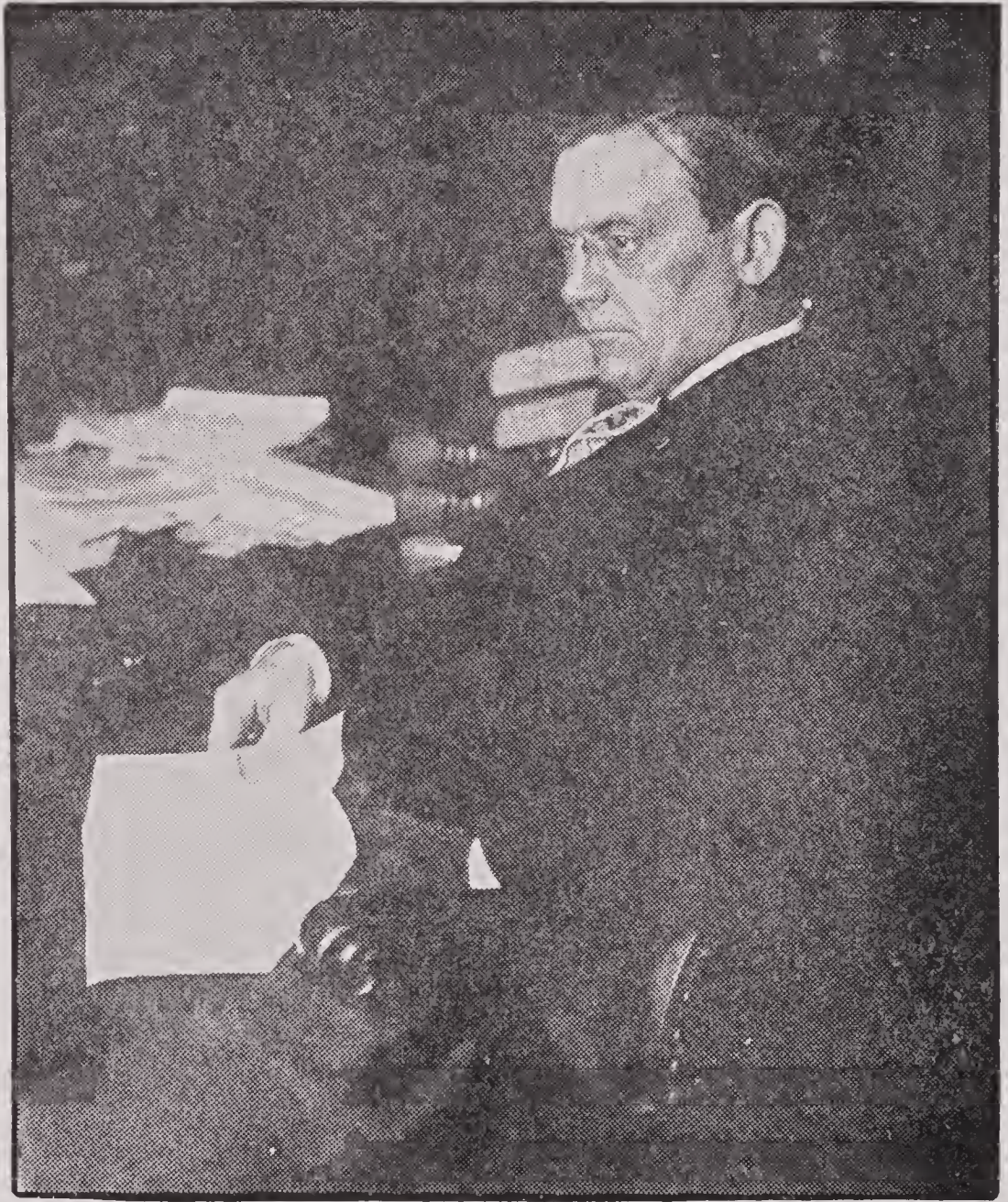
with the Quakers, and that not until within the last six or seven years has he been engaged in his present work.

Mr. Harvey's friends, who are countless, were all pleased when he was sent as a delegate to the international Conference in London.

WELL KNOWN NAME.

There's a gentleman whose name one hears as frequently as that of any name in the state, Attorney General Wade Ellis, who is a native of the state where the people are not afraid of anything but water. He was reporter of the Cincinnati Times Star and Commercial Gazette in the latter part of the eighties and was managing editor of the Commercial Tribune. He still has the stamp of the newspaper office upon him. It's a stamp that is never wholly obliterated no matter how dimmed by time.

Mr. Ellis is now one of the leading members of the Hamilton county bar and was one of the chief factors in the drawing of the municipal code of Ohio. He is extremely popular and has a wide reputation as an indefatigable worker in all that tends to weaken error and promote the best laws. In the work that devolves upon him he speaks much in public and is one of the few men who appear to better advantage before a large audience than among a few.



WADE H. ELLIS.

 GOV. HERRICK'S SALUTE.

"I've changed my opinion of Governor Herrick," remarked an old soldier, who stood near the entrance to the Harrison building, as he looked toward the State House and the reviewing stand in front of it, now bare and forbidding, but so recently aglow with life and color, as the glittering pageantry of the Knight Templar's swept by it.

Yes, continued the veteran, "I've heard Governor Herrick hadn't any sympathy with the old soldiers, but I know he must have, or he could not make one feel that his heart was in the salute to the colors as he did yesterday. I was standing where I couldn't see the advancing line, but I had a good view of his face and knew by it when the colors were near. Such an expression, it changed

him entirely. I had noticed his silk hat and gloves, thinking there was too much elegance about him, but Jerusalem, when he swept that silk hat to the left in salute, I was most swept off my feet. The expression on his face was a complete revelation to me, for it showed that he had love akin to ours, for the old red, white and blue, as tho it were something more than a part of that gorgeous parade, as tho it were almost a living thing as it seemed to be to us when we followed it through the hell of battle. It wasn't a made-up look, it was genuine and I'm here to tell you no man could look at the flag as he did without some regard for the old defenders of it, so I've changed my opinion of him.

 GENERAL BOOTH'S HANDS.

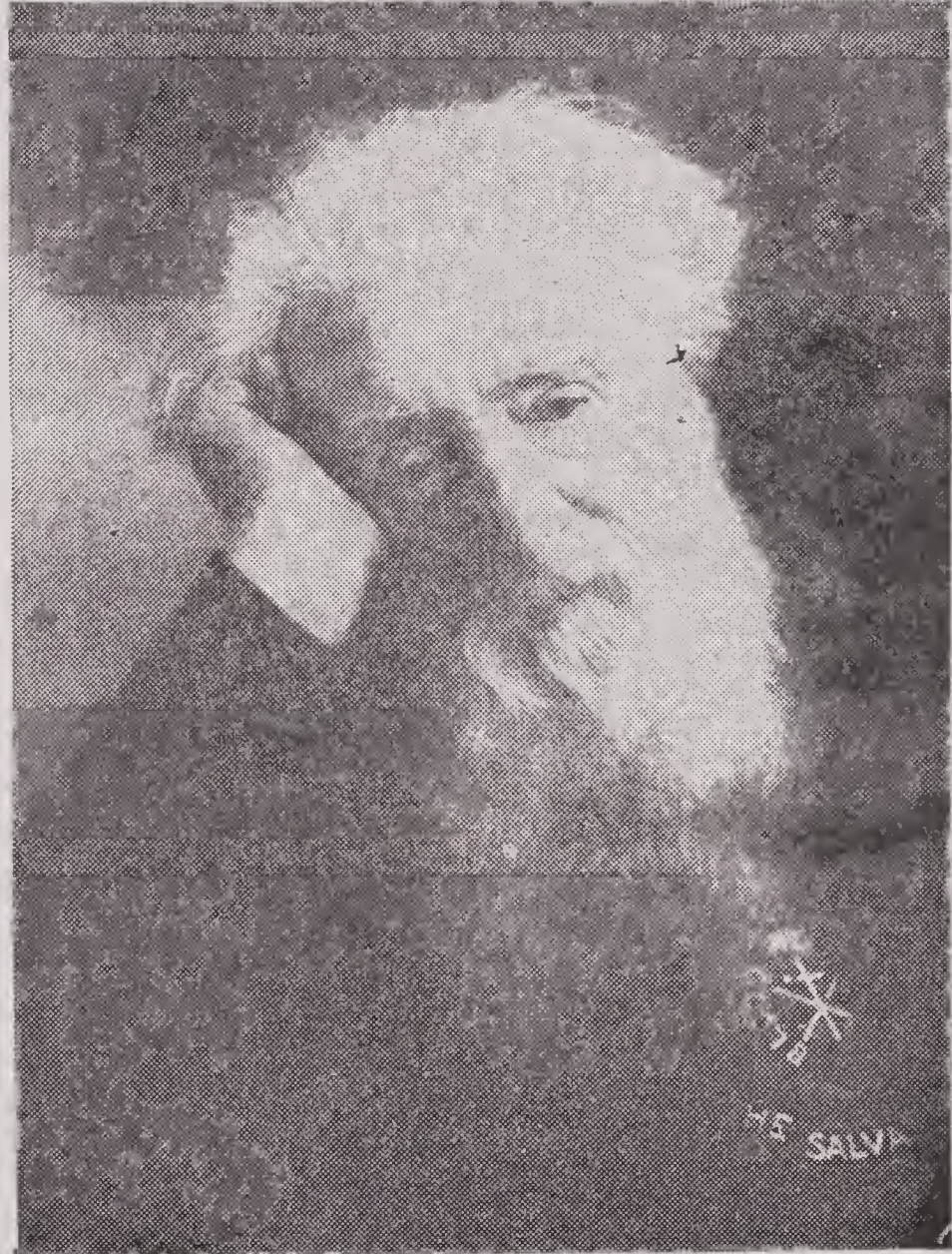
"General Booth? Yes, I've heard him speak several times. A man of commanding personality and striking appearance. His pictures give some idea of him with his great mane of white hair and long flowing beard and the deep glowing eyes that look out from this white frame, but no picture or description of him that I've seen, portrays that which seems to me is his real power. I think it lies in his hands for with one exception Bernhard's — they are the most eloquent hands I've ever seen. Like those of the great actress, General Booth's hands talk—they implore, they

command, they bless, they control irresistibly, while one sits beneath the magic of their movements, one recalls the lines:

"Hands that the rod of Empire May have swayed

Or waked to ecstasy the Living Lyre."

Apropos of this, if you ever have the opportunity, do not fail to shake hands with him. It will furnish you a new experience, for tho velvety soft to the touch, his hand has back of it the force of a battery.



GEN. WILLIAM BOOTH.

A GREAT POLITICAL GENERAL.

"Its no wonder you didn't recognize Senator Foraker, if you haven't seen him for more than a decade, or if you thought he would appear as he did in that picture in the Governor's office that portrays him as chief executive of Ohio, and one of the handsomest men in the country. He's changed much since then, but is it cause for wonder? A man can't be continually in a fight without showing the effects of warfare and Senator Foraker has been in a struggle of some sort ever since—as a boy of sixteen, he ran away from home to get into the fighting of Sixty-one; for after the war in the arena of law and politics there has always been a place where his services were in demand in this, his best role.

"No, that isn't his wife. I don't think she comes to Columbus very frequently. The last time I saw her she was visiting in Wellston, her girlhood home. She is known there as Julia Bundy; her father Hezekiah Bundy, was one of the most influential men in southern Ohio. He was a member of Congress, had vast business interests, and was widely known as an iron king.

Mrs. Foraker is a strikingly handsome woman and has three beautiful daughters. Florence, who married Bentley Matthews of Cincinnati, nephew of Stanley M. and Henry Matthews of New York; Julia and Luise and a son named for the first governor of the North-West Territory, Arthur St. Clair, and Benson, who is well known here in Columbus.

Apropos of Senator Foraker, being such a beautiful fighter, I recently came across a glowing tribute accorded him by General Sherman in a speech in Cincinnati many years ago. Here it is:

"I well remember you as you rode into my quarters when Johnson struck my left in North Carolina. You burst upon us in a grove of pines, with a message from Slocum saying he needed to be re-inforced. I re-call your figure, splashed with mud, your spurs that were red, your splendid horse, hard ridden and panting, and how you sat erect, and I shall not forget the soldier you looked and were. I marked you well and thought of the honors

that were due you. You have gloriously attained them and I believe they await you."

This word picture of Senator Foraker is one that will not fade from the public mind, for one always thinks of him as riding swiftly, daringly, determinedly toward the accomplishment of his purpose and this purpose always involves earnestness, responsibility. One never associates his name with fads or foibles of any description. He doesn't pose as a connoisseur in the fine arts nor is he distinguished as a linguist, but in the art of statecraft he stands today without a peer and in one language he is a master. As Foraker, the soldier boy rode in those far off years fearlessly, superbly, toward the difficult and dangerous, toward that which he knew he could do because it is the mission of genius to dare and, disdainful of delay, press forward to achievement, so today as a white-haired senator, he rides boldly over political pitfalls and boulders of opposition and waves the red flag of defiance before the eyes of those who threaten him with political extinction.

Senator Foraker's power sweeps all along the fighting line and in every contest in which he has engaged, he has inspired his followers with faith that the Sundering Flood could not destroy even when it seemed to others he would go down upon the rocks of defeat or in the mire of deep and damning criticism as he rode at times with but one foot in the stirrup, never slackening his pace.

In all the years of his public life as lawyer, judge, governor and leader of leaders in the greatest political body in the world, there has never been the slightest sign of indecision upon the part of Joseph Benson Foraker when there was need of speech or action, and within the last thirty years there has been no great problem confronting the Republic that his clear, creative mind has not grappled with strength that emanated from inherent ability and splendid preparation, until today his most pronounced opponents either within or without his party accord admiration to the brilliancy of his intellect and the breadth of his statesmanship, acknowledging that in these

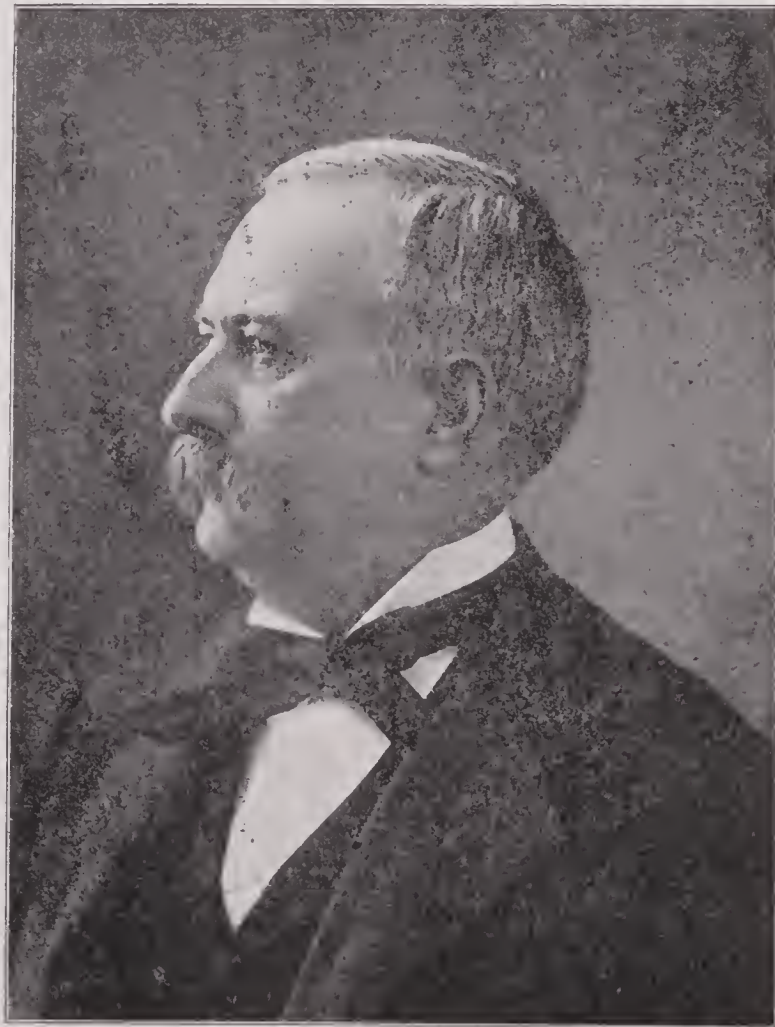
attributes he is the peer of Blaine and Conkling; but neither friend nor foe can classify the dauntless will that never weakens before the most terrific assault nor the matchless skill that parries every thrust in a forensic contest, for these are incontestably—Foraker.

It is this dauntless courage that gives him power phenomenal; for all the world admires a fighter, whether it be upon some hard contested field where death itself were better than to yield, or in forensic fight where one stands against the many with no battery but his brains, no weapons but his wit, his calm, cool, cutting logic and the flame of his eloquence, but these powerful, invincible, crushing, annihilating.

But if all other records of his service were blotted from the history of the nation save that which he so gallantly rendered while yet his years were in their teens, still on the

scroll of fame among the greatest of the age would stand the name of Foraker, for to him was given in the very morning of his life the sweet and deathless homage due the ideal soldier; and in all the Grand Army of the Republic there is not one member who forgets that as a boy he stormed the heights of Missionary Ridge, marched with Sherman to the Sea and then rode forth as only a boy with heart aflame with warrior pride could ride, to carry a thrilling message.

How well the young lieutenant carried that message, the renowned Sherman has told. After that daring ride it was not strange the Hillsboro boy should wear a captain's shoulder straps when he came from the war, nor is it strange that one endowed with his magnetic power of leadership should be Ohio's greatest political general.



SENATOR FORAKER.

DR. MORRIS' REMINISCENCES.

Recently I called at the home of the distinguished scholar, educator and divine, Rev. Dr. E. B. Morris, who was pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church prior to and during the Civil War, but had been absent from the city for a period of thirty years before returning to live a retired life.

A pretty maid led the way to a room that seemed filled with the pictures of the Madonna. While I was studying the various poses and expressions of the pictures, Dr. Morris entered.

Despite the fact that he was a minister in the pioneer days of Columbus and that he had been in poor health, Dr. Morris who is a man of majestic mold is singularly erect and seems to be the possessor of unusual strength.

For several moments after he had been asked to tell of the long ago, Dr. Morris remained in a meditative mood, then talked at some length and said much to awaken admiration for the founders of the church and the inspiring way in which they helped shape the destiny of the city.

With regard to his call to accept the pastorate of the Second Presbyterian Church in this city, the noted divine said:

"My immediate predecessor, Dr. Hitchcock, and one of the noblest men I ever knew, having been elected to the presidency of the Western Reserve College, resigned his charge to accept that responsible position and I became the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Morris then described Columbus as it was over thirty years ago, mentioning that when he first came to the city there were but few houses east of Parsons Avenue and on the north beyond Union Station. High Street was a country road; Franklinton was a separate village, and the population of Columbus was only about 20,000 including prisoners in the state prison.

Many of his earlier friends were mentioned by the distinguished divine among them Samuel L. Woodbury who contributed the lot

now occupied by the Central Presbyterian Church.

Illustrative of the mournful ravages of time, was the simple statement:

"Of the members when I became pastor of the church, but eight or ten are now members, and of those whom I left when I resigned, twelve years later less than a score are still in its connection. Only one officer is left, Mr. Jonas McCune.

Reminiscences of Columbus prior to and during the Civil War were particularly interesting. Among other statements relative to this eventful period, Dr. Morris said:

"The Capitol Building was in process of completion in 1855, and the buildings on High and State Street were still occupied by the state officials. The legislature met in rented halls on the west side of High opposite the Capitol, and the high fence that had been erected to guard the state prisoners while at work on the building remained.

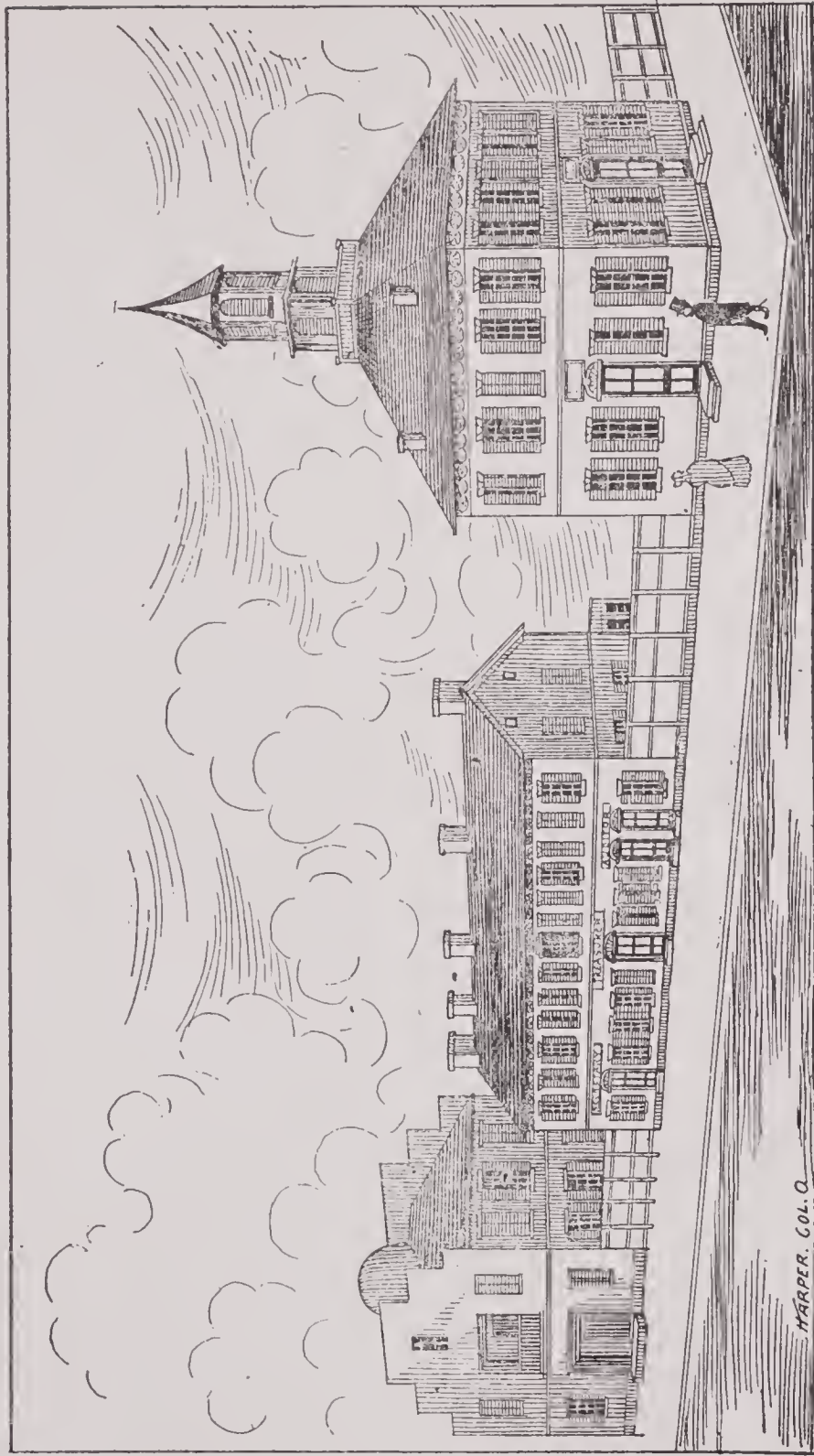
I had personal acquaintance with several of the governors: Chase, Demison, Tod, Brough, and their successors down to 1767—and I knew most of the state officers during those years of anxiety and bereavement caused by the war.

In a graphic manner Dr. Morris then described some of the scenes incident to the war, especially the hospitals and camps. In this connection he said:

"It was my privilege to carry testaments and religious literature or other comforts to the soldiers in Camp Chase, and for ten days I acted as private chaplain, also as officer of a regiment."

Of himself Dr. Morris made this brief and characteristic statement:

"I came from Auburn, N. Y., where I was pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church and in which place I had pursued my theological studies. I resigned my position as pastor in this place to accept the position of professorship of Ecclesiastical History and Church Polity in the Theological Seminary in Cincinnati."



THE OLD STATE HOUSE.

A DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST FAMILIES.

Few people are more closely connected with those who form an inseparable part of the history of Columbus than Mrs. Parmela Sullivant Neil, wife of Robert E. Neil, whose family has been associated with Columbus interests for more than three-quarters of a century, for Mrs. Neil is the granddaughter of Lucas Sullivant, who founded the town and of Dr. James Hoge, first minister in the First Presbyterian church; the great niece of Lyne Starling through whose generosity the Starling Medical College was founded; the niece of Joseph Sullivant whose interest in literature, science, industrial and educational enterprises equipped him for service as one of the projectors of the town and the daughter of William Sullivant, who gave distinction to the town founded by his father, through his fame as a botanist and biologist, being the most eminent American scholar of his time in these lines, his name being given to several species of flora that he discovered and is as well known in Europe as at home.

But Mrs. Neil is interesting, not only through her family, but in her own personality, being one of the most helpful, inspiring and lovable women in the city. I had a talk with her in her apartments at the Hartman a few days ago and was given an illuminative picture of a period more picturesque than ours for it was my privilege to walk with her through Columbus history halls and hear the stories of many portraits grouped upon the walls.

While Mrs. Neil talked of old time friends, of balls and dinners and phases of social intercourse of her youth, many of the white-haired men and women of to-day passed from my sight and in their places trooped the youths and maidens of more than half a century ago when pleasures were fewer than now but more exquisite; when young people had time to gather the roses of romance and men of thirty weren't bored by the thought of a dance, for it was the era of the Virginia reel and money musk and horse-back riding in the dusk.

Contemplating her memory pictures, Mrs. Neil gave a graphic description of the burning of the Old State House, and referred to the changes that have taken place since then,

citing one of very recent occurrence that affected her greatly, the transformation of the First Presbyterian Church into a newspaper office and the removal of the spire that was a feature of the old landmark. In speaking of this she said:—

"I chanced to be on the street when the workmen loosed the steeple, and when I saw it begin to sway it seemed to me some living thing was falling; you see it was a vital part of my life and it did not seem that life could be the same to me if I could not look up to that spire that reached up so straight and tall as tho it sought even in a material way to join our bit of earth with something better. I couldn't look upon its fall. It made me so ill I had to go home."

The gentle voice of the sensitive gentlewoman was broken by emotions evoked through the remembrance of the initial step in the destruction of that which had been so dear to the grandsire who still lives in the works he wrought and the truth he taught; but, with a little tremulous smile she glided back to the more dimly lighted halls of history and talked of the time when the fashionable quarter of Columbus was in the heart of the present city, scarcely extending beyond the boundaries of Rich and Spring, Front and Fourth streets.

On the memory map furnished by Mrs. Neil we traced the homes of some of the first families of Columbus and I learned that Governor Dennison lived on Chestnut street where Abraham Lincoln was his guest while on his way to Washington for his first inauguration; that the Kelly mansion on Broad street, when constructed, was considered out in the country; that Mr. J. W. Andrews lived for years in the building now used as Republican State headquarters. Gustavus Swan lived on High street; Peter Hayden's home was near Wesley Chapel, the old Ridgeway house was where the Spahr building now stands, and the first double house built in Columbus, 60 and 63 East Broad street, was the innovation of an eastern family named Gregory and after their removal under the regime of the Medary's became a great meeting place for politicians in that passionate political period before the Civil War.

Prior to that period the Deshler house was where the bank now stands; the house now owned by Mr. Charles Hayden was occupied by Governor Chase, whose daughter Kate Chase, was then but a young girl, but who later as the wife of Governor Sprague, famous as a beautiful woman and brilliant politician, while visiting in Columbus was given a reception in the old Parsons home on Parsons Avenue where resplendent in point lace and diamond flowers, her appearance was typical of her career which in social and political triumphs was for years one long dazzling dream.

Altho Mrs. Neil talked entertainingly of the social affairs of that era she did not refer to her family's nor her own part in them save as an observer; later from old residents I learned that the home of Michael Sullivant, West Broad Street was famed for its open doors and warm welcome, awaiting all, and that the sound of light laughter, sweet music, gay voices and dancing feet was the rule and not the exception in that bright home that is now — strongly illustrative of life's contrasts, a convent — separated from the world by grim stone walls.

How delightfully informal those dancing parties were may be imagined from the fact that they were often the result of but an hour's premeditation. For instance, Mr. Sullivant would meet his daughter driving about town and tell her to get her carriage full of friends, take them home and get the candles arranged as he had invited the members of the legislature out to dance. Invitations were then sent to his friends by messengers, supper ordered from Ambos, music from this or that place, and under the soft glow of the candles, an evening of pleasure resulted without days and nights of planning.

From these same old residents I learned that in the old days, Mrs. Neil's home was famous for its hospitality, especially when she

lived just north of the Y. M. C. A. building, in the house built and for a long time occupied by Mr. Demas Adams Sr., who was very fond of giving fine dinners and balls. In the time of the Neil's, the house was not permitted to lose any of its prestige, being the scene of many of the most eventful and brilliant functions. One, a reception to President Filmore, when he visited this city.

Another, a ball that with one exception (the Widowers' Ball, when Michael Sullivant, William Deshler, Demas Adams' Jr., Joshua Baldwin and Francis Drake were the hosts,) was the most brilliant ever held in the Capital city.

Among Mr. and Mrs. Neil's guests were Mrs. M. C. Whitney, then Miss Flora Payne of Cincinnati, Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson, an authoress, and Mrs. Pugh of Cincinnati, who wore lace presented to her by the Czarina, through the Russian ambassador.

Varied and beautiful were the costumes and lovely were the women, but tradition has it that among them all none were so attractive as the hostess, in a simple gown of white tulle.

As another exemplification of life's contrasts it is interesting to know that Mrs. Neil's home in war time was the gathering place of women who wished to sew for the boys who had gone to war.

Altho the past is dear to Mrs. Neil, her interest in the affairs of to-day is intense especially those that tend toward the betterment of conditions and the uplifting of humanity. Her manner is tinged with the stillness that creeps into the lives of those who have seen many dear ones die but years and sorrow have not impaired her heart force and none can meet her without a feeling of affection. Honored in the present, crowned with the memory of a happy past, she wears with dignity the badge of a beautiful and useful life.

BE FOR THAT DAY A CHILD.

You must offer thanks for blessings you say,
You must render God great praise,
And so you have designated a day
Apart from all other days—
A day to rejoice and have much good cheer
And meet with old friends once more—
A day to go back to old homes so dear
And renew the joys of yore.

A day to ignore the griefs that are past,
E'en tho they were deep and wild,
To the winds each sorrow and care to cast
And be for that day a child—
A child that still seeks its accustomed place
And demands its old time chair,
Then looks around on each well beloved face
As tho 'twere good to be there.

For tho friends prove cold or basely untrue,
Tho ambition prove but a snare,
Oh, what will it matter to you and you
As you bask in the loving care,
That is doubly sweet after stormy strife
Where the worst had to be the best,
For it acts like balm on the wounds of life
And soothes the fever—unrest.

So if as Christians, or heathens, that day,
We turn from life's cares to meet
The dear ones, from whom we so often stray,
Let thought be peacefully sweet;
This day at least have done with regretting
That this or that plan went wrong;
Practice for once the art of forgetting
That life is aught but a song.

And should some faces be missing that day,
Forbid that this should cause gloom,
For surely, oh surely, across the way
Their thoughts turn back to the room
Where always they came from—earth's fairest place
Or paths most rugged and lone—
To live for a day in the restful grace
That hallows each dear old home.

—Verse published in *New York Times*, *St. Louis Star* and *Columbus Newspapers*.

WANTED TO TALK WITH SANTA CLAUS.

THREE-YEAR-OLD COLUMBUS GIRL TRIES TO REACH HIM
OVER THE STATE JOURNAL TELEPHONE.

"Is this Santa?" came the question,
O'er the Journal telephone;
And a bird's song seemed to mingle
With the clear, sweet childish tone.
"No, this isn't Santa, darling" —
Great reluctance marked the words —
"This is the State Journal speaking."
Then again like song of birds
Came the voice, "But I want Santa.
Will you tell him that I do?"
"If I see him, little woman,
I shall surely mention you."
"When he comes please call up Ury's—
Where's my home, out on Oak street —
Six, six, nine, now don't forget me —
Who is speaking, Marguerite."

It was an unusual call that came over the State Journal telephone a few days prior to Christmas. Little Marguerite Ury, the three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ury, of Oak street, was trying in all sincerity to speak with Santa Claus. She is one of the sweet quaint children seen so rarely now that they are called old-fashioned. She is in the full enjoyment of the Santa Claus belief, and altho she was unable to locate him in the Journal office her faith is unshaken and without doubt it will be rewarded. This faith was most apparent in the use of word "when," upon which she placed stress as if to refute the contingent "if."



MARGUERITE URY.

Not "if" but when," dear, little child,
Thy voice came like a dream;
To quell a mood most dark and wild,
Until once more I seem —
To feel the joy that once I knew
When faith like thine inspired,
And I believed the good and true
Would gain what they desired —
To feel the joy and strength and power
That once made life complete—
Oh, would each hour, held many a flower,
Like thou, dear Maraguerite.

COLUMBUS MEN WHO WOULD LIKE TO LIVE A CENTURY.

Two days prior to the close of nineteen hundred and three, when their thoughts were being irresistibly drawn into the channel cut by the closing of a year, a number of well-known Columbus men were asked a question that involved retrospection, contemplation of existing conditions and at least slight speculation as to the future. With few exceptions they gave affirmative replies to the query: "Would you live until the hundredth anniversary of your birth?"

However, they qualified their replies with remarks that are given to the readers of the State Journal without comment, for these statements are their best commentaries.

JUDGE SPEAR TALKS.

Judge William T. Spear, of the Supreme court, in his genial way said: "When one has outlived one's usefulness, it is time to go."

"Do you mean that this would necessarily follow if one lived to be a hundred?"

Not necessarily, but in all probability. But let me ask you this: If one who had always tried to do his work faithfully and had helped his fellow creatures to the best of his ability, sharing the resources and responsibilities, the pleasures and pursuits that give color to the hours, could continue to have a part in these, what do you think would be the natural inclination of such a one relative to your question?"

"To live a hundred years or more."

"That's it, so you have my view of the subject."

DOES NOT WISH TO RUST.

Mayor Jeffrey's tone was clear and decisive, as he replied: "No, I don't wish to live to be a hundred. I'd rather live this life all out in forty years, for it isn't how long, but how one lives, that counts, and I don't wish to rust. I'd rather wear out."

"Does the rusting process begin at forty?"

"Not always, but when forty years are filled, yes crowded to their utmost capacity with that which constitutes real life, the chances are that there will be a desire for rest ex-

ceeding the restlessness that spurs one to struggle and achieve. I don't wish existence prolonged when that time arrives."

MANAGER BODA BEGS QUESTION.

Lee Boda, manager of the Great Southern theater, responded:

"How would you like to leave me out?"

"Not at all, or I should have done so in the first place. As you've left it to my preference, proceed."

"Well, I wouldn't have to live very long to be that old."

"You are begging the question with an absurdity."

"No, I'm not, it's a fact; I'm really old."

"Your appearance doesn't help that statement. Perhaps the wrinkles are all on your heart."

HAS A MARRIED SON.

"This is too much," despairingly, then triumphantly with renewed hope. "Why I have a married son," and Mr. Boda looked about in a satisfied way as though the assertion of this fact placed him close to the century mark, then added, "But, I wouldn't mind living to be a hundred if conditions did not change too much."

At this juncture, Harry Westerman, the cartoonist, and a dramatic critic entered the room and the subject being mentioned, Mr. Westerman made the laconic remark:

"Put me down for nine hundred, please."

John Joyce, sr., replied:

FEARS BEING A BURDEN.

"No, I should not like to live that long, for by that time I might be a burden to myself. So far life has been very pleasant for me and I'm not worrying about how long it shall continue. Of course, I know the time will come when I shall not be here, but the world will get along as well without me, so I don't care to have life prolonged to a period when my family, my friends and old associates would be gone, but as my father lived to be ninety-five and seemed to enjoy life at that age I

ought to be able to live ten or fifteen years longer without feeling that life was burdensome," and Mr. Joyce laughed in the hearty manner of one who could live more than a century without being old.

DEPENDS ON CIRCUMSTANCES.

Howard Park, the banker, responded with characteristic brevity.

"That would depend."

"Upon what?"

"Upon circumstances and the condition of my health; if these were favorable, I would like to live as long as I could see anyone else walking around if that were a hundred years or more."

L. C. Laylin, secretary of state, in his grave, gentle way, replied: "The desire for long life depends upon one's environment and temperament, but if the surroundings and conditions were such that I could be of any use in the world I should like to live to be a hundred, for life is valuable when it yields the highest form of happiness, service that shall benefit others."

Hon. Henry Taylor, whose words are always tinged with the earnestness of his nature, said:

OLD AGE MIGHT BE PLEASANT.

"If the physical and mental powers were not affected by radical changes, life at the age of a hundred might be very pleasant for oneself and profitable for others, for what one lost in strength might have compensation in the wisdom gained through experience and the serenity that follows strife. If this were the case I should like to live a hundred years."

Ben Harmon, manager of the Great Southern hotel, who has learned more philosophy in his intercourse with the public than many a recognized philosopher, said:

DEPENDS ON WORKING CAPACITY.

"Yes, I should like to live that long provided I could retain the power to do some work, for this would largely compensate for all the losses that time might bring and as long as I have the capacity for work I can get much of the joy of life, for it is struggle that gives to life its supreme importance."

Congressman DeWitt C. Badger in his genial way said:

"It would depend upon conditions, the most important of which would be the retention of at least fairly good health. While health remains hope does not desert one and

hope is that which makes life worth while, for it leads to effort. So, if I could be assured of even fairly good health, I should like to live to be a hundred."

"Don't you think a centenarian with health and hope would feel lonely, having lived to see most of his friends pass from earth?"

FEW FRIENDS A COMPENSATION.

"Not necessarily, for as the years pass one makes new friends who, while they cannot quite take the place of the old ones, may yet be sources of the greatest comfort if we have in our hearts the sympathy that draws them toward us. But even without friends, health or hope or anything that would seemingly make life desirable, the majority of people love and cling to it and prolong it, even if each breath is drawn in agony."

Judge Badger then related in his inimitable manner the allegory in which Nature is represented as assigning to the inhabitants of the earth their allotted time and laughingly ended his story with the words:

INCLINATION REMAINS UN- CHANGED.

"It may be that human beings are less wise than the dog and the jackass and other animals in wishing to prolong their stay here, but, wise or unwise, the inclination of man in general remains unchanged."

Mr. Baker, the photographer, replied:

"I should like to be here when I had lived a century just to see how the world would appear at that time, for if the stupendous strides that have been made in every line within my memory continue until the hundredth anniversary of my birth, this world will be such a marvelous place that it will be worth while remaining here, even if one does suffer some of the infirmities that go with extreme old age."

J. Y. Bassell, secretary of the board of trade and optimist in a high degree, replied:

NOT WEARY OF WORLD.

"I am not weary of the world. I can still enjoy the beauty of flowers, the splendor of the sun and the influence of the stars. I am as much interested in athletics as I was when I was a boy; I can throw myself into pleasure with zest and in all my work I have the energy I had in youth, so it seems to me that if I should live to be a hundred I would not be very old nor suffer from impaired faculties

to any great extent, so I'm willing to risk one hundred years. Perhaps my view of a century of life is influenced by the fact that I had two grandsires who lived more than a hundred years."

Colonel W. A. Taylor, politician and poet, said:

LIVE AS LONG AS USEFUL.

"I would like to live as long as I can be of any use in the world, but I should not like to be dependent upon others."

"In what sense do you use the word dependent?"

"In every sense. I should not like to have life prolonged if I could not give to the world as much as I received as sustenance or sympathy. I would not like to be lost in the desert of old age where there is neither hope nor triumph, for life would have no value if I could not in some degree be a part of the better self of the world and a source of strength to some few at least in time of their greatest need."

Mr. Dunn, the popular merchant, responded:

YEARS JUST AS GREEN.

"I can best reply in the words of the man who, when he had attained great age and was asked if he did not long for the time when he should leave this vale of tears, said:

"To me the grass is just as green, the sky is just as blue, the summer air as delightful as when I was a boy, and the winter's frost, with the added zest it gives to life, is as welcome as it was then."

"As it was with this man so it is with me now and so I think it would be if I lived a century, so I can see no reason why I should not wish to live that long."

George J. Karb, former mayor of Columbus and sheriff to be, said: "I should like to live to be a hundred so that I could listen to every one's troubles and griefs."

NEED NOT WAIT.

"If that's a joke you'll have to tell me and if you are serious you needn't wait until you're a hundred to hear of troubles and trials. I can begin with mine now, if you like."

"Oh, please don't, or I'll miss the chance of living to be a hundred."

"That would be too bad for if you live that long you might get many other offices; you might even be nominated for sheriff again and have a renewal of all pleasures of the campaign."

"Hold, enough. It makes me feel like I had lived a thousand years every time I think of that."

GOVERNOR BUSHNELL'S LAST REVIEW.

"He is not dead but sleeping now."

How often night and day
 These words thrilled out to anxious ones
 Who paused upon their way —
 To ask of one whose earthly bark
 Was drifting on death's tide;
 Tho but a little while before
 These by our new chief's side,
 He bared to winter wind his brow
 And with the old-time smile,
 The old-time, gallant, gracious bow,
 Viewed many a moving mile;

Ay, watched with eyes undimmed and proud
 The lines that marched so true,
 And with a deepening pleasure bowed
 To our "Old Boys in Blue."
 With no regret for chieftain's crown
 He greeted the new chief;
 Our sons from highest places, down
 Can step and know no grief.
 Of weariness there was no trace,
 No wish for dreamless sleep
 Was mirrored on his smiling face
 Nor in the eye's quick sweep;

And who had thought that in this hour
 For him had come the sign
 To leave earth's gladness, pomp and power
 For life in other clime.

January, 1904.

UNIS DANS LA MORTE.

"United in death!" shall these words be said
 When we've passed from the things of
 earth
 To where our dear ones shall say, "They are
 dead,"
 Tho we live in another birth —

"United in death!" oh, false, mocking words,
 How can death unite what is one;
 As well say the melody thrilled by birds
 Is a sound from that which is dumb.
 —"The Cast."

AT THE NEIL HOUSE.

WOMEN BECOME INTIMATE ON THE SCORE OF
 IDEAS IN COMMON.LARGE SIMPLICITY OF CHARACTER AN EVIDENCE OF THE
 BROADEST CULTURE.

It's odd how well acquainted women who live in different worlds can become in a short time when they meet on the borderland of similar feelings and exchange confidences. An instance happened one rainy day recently when two met in the parlor of that historical old place, the Neil house.

One sat half concealed by the draperies of window when the other entered and took a seat near a window, where she stared gloomily at the drizzling rain, the leaden sky and the passing pedestrians.

For a half hour she sat thus, then as a hearse passed she said:

"It just needed that to complete the—"

"Dreariness," said the woman at the other window.

The first speaker glanced with quick interest at the other and replied:

RAIN IS SUGGESTIVE.

"Yes, that's the word needed."

"I take it that the rain affects you very much. I know how to sympathize with you, for it makes me positively ill," said the other.

"It makes me worse than ill," was the reply. "It always suggests the loneliness of churchyards with newly-made, rain-soaked

graves, like ghastly scars upon the earth. That hearse just finished my gloom picture."

"I should think so," said the other with a little shudder. "Have you ever noticed how different the rumble of a hearse is from any other conveyance? It's quite distinguishable. I can tell when one is passing with my eyes closed. It's singular how susceptible we are to things when not in good health. The rain always had a bad effect upon me, but prior to a long illness I could more readily overcome the depression it causes."

"I used to overcome it too when I could walk all the time it rained or until thoroughly exhausted. Now such a cure is usually followed by an attack of pleurisy that requires a mustard plaster."

"Between the two evils which do you choose as the lesser?"

"Usually the pleurisy and plaster. I can't stay indoors. I should like to get in a carriage whenever it rains and have swift horses sweep me through it."

As she spoke the Columbus woman took a low seat near her companion, who replied:

"I have done that scores of times. We seem to have many ideas in common."

"It's the fellowship of feeling. I seem to

have known you. Please put on your hat and perhaps I can identify you."

"With pleasure," said the stranger as with quick grace of movement she took from the window sill and adjusted one of the simply trimmed hats that always appear inexpensive to the uninitiated. "There," she added, "does my hat lend assistance to memory?"

"No, but it completes a pleasing picture," said the other in the impersonal way that does not offend as she became conscious of that which had pleased in general effect but which she had not noticed in detail. Her companion was well dressed in the sense indicative of discriminating taste and the means to gratify it, while added to this discrimination in selection she possessed that which money cannot buy and the most artistic costumer cannot supply—the art of knowing how to wear.

Passing from the picture presented, the Columbus woman in contemplative tones continued:

"No, I haven't met you, but you seem a part of some half-remembered dream."

"I understand that elusive feeling."

And then in contrast to that first half hour of silence there followed an hour of delightful converse.

With the discursiveness that drives most men to distraction, these two flitted from comments concerning the streets below to far-off lands which the visitor had seen and from points of interest in the old world to "our own State House" and "our own statesmen," with a gentle touch on both these "institutions" before they sailed on the sea of language to the shores of law and thence into the Law Library.

The advent of the husband disclosed that the visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Newman, of Portsmouth, O.

After Mr. Newman left for a few moments people prominent in professional and political life were discussed. Among these were a former congressman and his wife, who is one of the social leaders in Columbus, noted for the exquisite entertainments given under her roof.

From remarks relative to this woman, who has brought a tinge of the Washington atmosphere to Columbus, it seemed but a step to the national capital and the charm of its

cosmopolitan life. While this was the theme, a chance remark of Mrs. Newman's caused the quick inquiry:

"You have lived in Washington?"

"Yes, it was there I first met Mrs. Outhwaite. I was living there with my father, Judge Thompson."

The Columbus woman knew that the father of her chance acquaintance is now United States district judge and had been a member of the Forty-ninth congress at the time mentioned and that then and later he had been the associate of those who were stamping their individuality upon the life of the nation when Ohio was represented at Washington by such men as McKinley, John Sherman, Ben Butterworth, James Campbell, General Grosvenor, Joseph H. Outhwaite and many others who have strengthened the impression that Ohio's chief production is brains. With this knowledge came the realization that her companion had been a part of the Washington of that period and had known the advantages and enjoyment of friendship with those whose works are an imperishable part of the history of the country and whose names are an inspiration to the world.

In response to inquiries, incidents relative to public men with side lights on their characters were given with cosmopolitan readiness by Mrs. Newman, whose talk while not distinguished by sallies of wit or brilliant remarks, had the easy touch, go and charm that holds the attention when too much earnestness would weary.

Among those whose habits and manners were depicted was that grand unique warrior, Gen. Tecumseh Sherman, who was a frequent visitor in her home.

Mr. Newman's return with the announcement that it was train time brought to a close talk that embraced greeting and farewell that in all probability was final.

Back to the world went the Columbus woman, feeling better through having met one who was an exemplification of the fact that spirit is the only arbiter of social distinction and that those who have the widest horizon and broadest culture, have also the large simplicity of character that sweeps down all the canons that lesser ones would fain maintain as guards to much sham dignity.

JOURNAL PICTURE TRUE TO LIFE.

While looking at the convention sketches in the State Journal last week, Congressman DeWitt C. Badger made a splendid subject for a caricaturist, especially when he caught a glimpse of Chairman Cannon, whom the artist, Mr. Harry Westerman, depicted as an exponent of the old style oratory.

"Oh," said the judge, "that is Uncle Joe in the life for there are no more frills on him, no more lines of beauty than are suggested right there."

Then with another hearty laugh in appreciation of the artist's skill, he related many incidents that had as their central figure the presiding officer of the house, who has been described as "a post graduate course in American history, and the unique thing that ever happened in this day or generation."

REMEMBERED WITH LAUGHTER.

Judge Badger was especially delightful in his account of the way in which Speaker Cannon pounds his desk with his gavel, and in his reference to the merriment the speaker often produced by saying something similar to what he said when the house was in an uproar and he commanded that "all members will please sit down in the aisles."

Passing from these stories the judge told one that was recalled by a sketch of Governor Odell. Said he:

"I don't think I resemble Governor Odell, and I know I never even hoped to be as great a man as he, so I didn't expect to be mistaken for him when I went to Washington, but that is exactly what happened and in what is usually considered an infallible place for identification—a barber shop.

TAKEN FOR ODELL.

"The old darkey who had charge of the one I patronized, addressed me as Governor Odell the first time I went there and persisted in this long afterward, despite my assertion to the contrary, and even after I had told him in a teasing way that I thought I was much better looking than Governor Odell.

"He met this statement with a knowing nod and a remark that I was forced to accept as a finality at the time.

"Afterward the old darkey and I became very good friends, but he continued to address me as second Governor Odell, and as he derived so much pleasure from this, I let him have his way, but it's quite likely Governor Odell would have raised some serious objection if he had known the man who had been chosen to occupy his place in the barber shop, for even there I couldn't fill his chair."

TRIBUTE TO STATE JOURNAL.

Here Congressman Badger again turned to the sketches that gave him so much enjoyment, making quaint remarks relative to these and with a glowing tribute to the enterprise of the paper that placed such excellent work before its patrons, referred to several bits of humor brought out on the surface of current events, and with shadowed face touched on the strong undercurrents of pathos and pain that were reflected from the printed page. Then, as if in resume, he said:

"The Journal covers a field that is not reached by other papers and is read and appreciated because of certain features by those who are most bitterly opposed to it politically, to a larger extent, I think, than any other paper. I don't know that it contains more news or that it is written in better style, or any real reason for it, but it's the paper that many people think they would have to have if deprived of all others.

DIFFICULT TO DESCRIBE.

"It's a little difficult to describe the hold it has upon people, for I don't think it could be covered by saying it's merely enterprise."

It was jestingly suggested that "atmosphere" be added to enterprise, to which Judge Badger responded with gusto: "That's it exactly. It's different from other sheets and in this difference perhaps one finds the cause for the general favor in which it is held."



THE LAST CALL.

CARICATURIST AT WORK.

The story, "Cartoons True to Life," giving Judge Badger's appreciation of Harry Westerman's work, has elicited much comment that echoed the genial congressman's commendation.

Apropos of this comment it seems fitting to mention that "A Book of Cartoons," with which Mr. Westerman recently favored the public has more than verified predictions regarding it and has added to the popularity of the young man whose drawings daily entertain and instruct thousands and have won for him international recognition.

But altho Mr. Westerman's name and achievements are known to countless hosts and an exceptionally large number of friends are proud of his work and devoted to his interests the general public as yet knows but little of him, and of no class is the public more insatiate to know than of artists. They awaken interest that is not completely satisfied in contemplating their work — people wish to be introduced to them, made acquainted with their manner, methods, and so on.

Having thrown thousands into the glare of the world's footlights, where they wriggled or smiled or cursed, according to their temperament or the occasion, it seems but fair that Mr. Westerman should come to the front of the stage, but as he is far too modest to do this, the best place to see him is at work.

The artist has never reached the critical point of the work fever where he throws things or audibly wishes that everyone in the world were a thousand miles away. Altho always busy it's seldom that he cannot take time to talk for he has learned the artist's treasury lies hidden in the human heart and through talk he acquires much that is of value in his work.

After meeting Mr. Westerman it does not take long to learn that he is a contradiction of the conception formed of artists through exaggerated descriptions of them, for he wears his hair short, is not inordinately addicted to the flowing tie and is not hopelessly lost in his trousers even when it is the fashion to

wear a clown's pantaloons. Tho his appearance differs from that of ordinary men, it is due to his own individuality and not through striving after effect.

Mr. Westerman is not only a cartoonist, but a young man of cultivated tastes with a quiet sense of humor that flashes out now and then in remarks that are applicable to some situation — pointed and yet so filled with good nature, they are not cruel. For instance, we have in Columbus a young man who is considered a fine writer by some because his vocabulary is always running over at the brim with words of many syllables as tho he had just refreshed himself at the fountain of a standard dictionary. This young man recently purchased a handsome bookcase that seems out of place in a down town office where all appearances are sacrificed for work. It chanced that an admirer of his passed simultaneously with the cartoonist and exclaimed:

"Is that Mr —— bookcase?"

"No," said Mr. Westerman, in an absolutely serious tone. "That's his brains."

So boyish and unaffected is the caricaturist that it is difficult to think of him as other than a boy until seen with his family — three bright children upon whom he lavishes a father's wise and tender affection and who are to him a source of inspiration at all times, and a wife who understands her husband's nature so thoroughly that her constant aim is to leave him free from all domestic details that are apt to be worrisome in even the best regulated households. So well does she succeed that Mr. Westerman's ideas of home life transcend that of most individuals and he takes to it his best self always.

But above his cultivated intelligence, skillful work and boyish delight in life, Mr. Westerman has a warm heart ever responsive to that of humanity and a mind that owns fellowship of feeling with many whose hands have ever been too busy with the rough, hard things of life to give to the world their finest work.

Politicians and Newswriters at the Great Southern.

Perhaps no woman in the state has talked with and enjoyed the confidence or been trusted with the political plans and personal hopes of more public men than one who sat in the balcony above the lobby of the Great Southern Hotel, on the eve of the last day of the Democratic State Convention.

In the lobby scores of well-dressed men were smoking, laughing and chatting in the full flood of political enthusiasm, the air was filled with strains of music as bands marched in and out, the murmur of hundreds of voices came to her through the tobacco smoke that was wafted upward in fragrant whiffs and now and then mellow laughter vied with the talk and music.

Usually the woman in the balcony felt all the fascination of lights and music and many people, and was thrilled by the air of expectancy and excitement that pervades the most quiet hours preceding a political convention for anomaly, tho it may seem she was a born politician, tho she did not care for woman's suffrage. To her a political gathering was the breath of life and tho strongly endowed with the dramatic instinct, no drama that was ever placed upon the boards had for her the interest of the Great Play of Politics, which holds ever the fascination of the unknown; but this night her thoughts were strangely at variance with the

BRILLIANT SCENE.

Through the mists of cigar smoke she seemed to see a group of miners who had just emerged from the mouth of a mine and had stopped to discuss some vital political question. Floating to her on the waves of memory came fragments of their talk as it had come to her that day when she was waiting to see the manager of a mine. Their talk had been grave, almost solemn, as tho the burden of responsibility placed upon them was too great for them to express decided opinions, but at last the leader of the little band said:

"Well, boys, we don't seem to understand these questions, but let us hope the men chosen to choose our candidates will be fair and square and do the right thing."

The vision faded as these words flashed through her memory and once more the brilliant lobby scene was defined.

It was a gathering of more than ordinary interest because of greater conflicting interests, political and personal, that were down there in the lobby ready for the contest for control of the organization of the convention.

The balcony woman was well acquainted with the political situation she knew there was not a single leader in complete control, that the conservatives were following several captains and the radicals were fighting everybody, and she had been told there were two hundred and eight votes out of seven hundred and twenty-three tied up in contests, as well as general trouble that might disintegrate the solid organization of one of the party leaders. She was not only well acquainted with the political situation but there were few men in the lobby whom she did not know.

Some of them were well on the way to the funeral of their intellects, but it was too early for this to be apparent to any one who did not know them well, but this woman knew them; the majority of them were influential business, professional or club men, with here and there one of striking personality, but how many, she wondered, were worthy of the confidence expressed in the words of the unlettered miner, words symbolizing faith almost unknown to politicians who proceed by indirection. Many of the men in the lobby were her friends, but she wondered if beneath their professional cordiality and the good fellowship of congenial men, there was much of the earnestness of real life. Would they feel the responsibility that rested so heavily upon men of the highest ideals. Were they worthy of trust when the trusting had not power to enforce consideration. She did not think so and involuntarily murmured:

"Yes, but these would feel and follow truth if only you and you
Rivals of realm ruining party to yourselves
were only true."

A gentleman had left the lobby and had sauntered up to where she was sitting. He

was an old friend and in reply to the words she had quoted, said:

What's wrong? This is the first time I ever knew you to mix moonshine with a political convention. No, they don't go together but you were wondering if those men down there could be true to themselves, I thought you were too much of a politician not to know that every man in that gang is always true to himself. That's his business.

"At that moment a gentleman from the East, the friend of both, sauntered up to them and said, 'I'm told you're an authority on people political and as Ohio politicians are unusually interesting, tell me "Who's who?"

"Well," interrupted the man about town, "you've certainly asked the right party for information. She can tell you of their height, weight, color of their eyes and hair, where they were born, previous condition of servitude, where they died, and —"

"You forget that

A DEMOCRAT NEVER DIES

politically," said the woman a little wearily, as tho the memory scene of the mine were still too vivid for her to enter into the spirit of raillery.

"I stand corrected but if you don't give our friend some side lights on those people I'll do it myself."

Ignoring the teasing words the woman turned to the stranger and said:

"You've heard of James Ross and Dr. Gilliam? Behold the men," indicating a fair smooth faced gentleman with an abundance of flesh and one of slight physique, dark as a gypsy.

"Quite a contrast in their appearance."

"Yes, but not more so than in their characteristics. The only thing in which they do not differ is in the degree of their democracy. It's always up to the highest point or down to whatever may come along.

Dr. Gilliam is not only a politician but one of the best known physicians in the city and a novelist. His first book was written in the Hocking Valley in Nelsonville, when no one thought he would be much of a doctor. The subject was 'Love and Medicine.'"

"Such a combination should have been a success."

"I don't know if it was or not. I asked Dr. Gilliam about it recently and he didn't seem to think it was much of a book. Frankly I think his subject was unpardonable. Fancy

mixing Love and Medicine as if one were not more than enough.

"Mr. Ross hasn't the appearance of a politician."

"Perhaps not, but back of his bland smile is the power to make it interesting for his opponents. He believes in the Jacksonian principle 'To the victor belongs the spoils.' He doesn't forget affairs political nor does he permit the other people to forget when the proper time comes."

"That white-haired gentleman whose gestures are so dramatic is Walter B. Richie, of Lima. He always holds attention when he speaks. His elegant appearance is indicative of his speaking which has the finished effect that pleases the most fastidious. Those who scan the political horizon afar aver that Mr. Richie is a man who will eventually receive the honors that he merits from the Democratic party that he has so gallantly served with all the graces and power of which he is master. Among the honors that the knowing declare in store for him at no distant time is that of being the nominee for Governor.

Near the entrance to the cloak room stand two old time Democrats from the Republican stronghold,

ATHENS COUNTY.

The one with wavy hair is E. R. Lash of Athens, who kept the faith in his home town when he was said to be the only Democrat in Athens, the other is Mr. T. Erven Wells, editor of the Buckeye News in Nelsonville, a man who has always used his paper in the interests of his party in the face of opposition that bordered upon persecution but whose forcibleness in the use of his pen has given him a reputation far beyond the county.

"In a group near the clerk's desk is W. S. Thomas of Springfield, candidate for delegate at large, and Van Cleaf of Pickaway, and on that divan smoking in meditative mood is the only Louis Bernard of Cincinnati. Mr. Starr, representing Hearst, has stopped just at the end of the divan and the two are looking at but not seeing each other, their thoughts are not with externals clearly. The alert look on the face of James E. Rice is in strong contrast to the abstraction of the others. Mr. Rice is from Canton, is one of the old guard of Democrats, is an eloquent speaker but has not been heard much since his celebrated attack on John R. McLean."

"That extraordinary roll of laughter is due to L. P. Stephens. He's talking with



JAMES KILBOURNE.



J. J. SULLIVAN, CINCINNATI, O.

newspaper men. He seeks them instinctively, for he was formerly a newspaper writer and for years was managing editor of the Press-Post. He is General Manager of the Johnstown railway company, has unusual endowment as a manager of big business affairs and what is of more import of people in general and has enormous energy and capacity for work. He's

A SOUTHERN DEMOCRAT.

with southern idcas, but differs in temperament from the average southerner in one respect — doesn't sit down in the first chair and dispose of unlimited time.

Prior to coming to this city Mr. Stephens lived in Virginia and tho too young to serve where many of the volunteers had scarcely reached their teens has a vivid recollection of many stirring war scenes for the Stephens farm was all but made a battle ground and upon one occasion the beloved General Robert Lee with a number of his officers reined his horse near a rail fence where young Stephens and several of his friends were perched and asked for a drink. To "Pierse" Stephens fell the honor of handing a cup of water to the illustrious warrior.

When Mr. Stephens came to Columbus, his fortune consisted of health, strength and courage, a few clothes and twenty-five cents in money. He has added something to this equipment in the years of hard work and as you perceive, has retained the power to laugh heartily.

"Do you see that gentlteman who has just entered the lobby, to whom all eyes turn as tho he were a leader. That's Colonel Kilbourne, a power socially and politically, a man whose life has been characterized by good will towards his fellowmen and one of the most

INFLUENTIAL MEN IN COLUMBUS.

"There isn't anything especially striking in his appearance."

"No, his quiet, unobtrusive manner might cause him to pass unnoticed in a crowd were there none who knew that his name is a synonym for great, generous and above all quiet deeds. A man of strength who has sought to place his ideas of what was right in practice and one in whom no fire of ambition could destroy the fineness of his character.

No finer gentleman ever went down into political defeat than Colonel Kilbourne and none ever went down more royally. He could afford to lose grandly for near to him was all the engrossing and responsible work of the

largest manufacturing company in the world, and very, very near to him the numerous charitable organizations that he supports most generously. From one of these the hands of little crippled children are extended to him and little faces brighten despite their burdens through the tender compassionate bounty of this cultured gentleman, this devoted student of political economy, who with all his thought, his business, political and social duties, has followed so closely the teachings of the Man of Gallilee who said, "Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me."

A MAN WHO DOES THINGS.

Standing near Colonel Kilbourne is one whom the public delights to place in honorable and responsible positions, knowing his ability and faithfulness. There he has turned toward us that strongly built gentleman with the thick dark hair, and remarkably frank expression. That's Fred Heer, the publisher, and one of the busiest men in Columbus, for when he isn't working in the interests of the house, he's attending this or that meeting for the benefit of the public for he's an invaluable member of the school board, president of the board of trustees of the Medical College, chairman of this and that, an all around worker and fluent forcible speaker whose

SERVICES ARE ALWAYS IN DEMAND.

"His appearance indicates that he could be trusted."

"Absolutely. He's noted for the sincerity and simplicity of his character throughout the city with which he has been identified all his life. If heathen Diogons were living in Columbus today, he wouldn't have to look farther than Mr. Heer to be successful in his quest. His character is so upright and his business acumen so keen that men are given to saying of any enterprise in which he engages, "It will be a success," and of any project that he recommends, "If Fred Heer says it's all right, it is."

There's Judge Okey, whom a cartoonist recently caricatured with this significant line, "If you watch him long enough, you'll see him move." He might have added, "you'll have to watch a long time for Judge Okey is one who seemingly believes that "Time was made for slaves."

KNOWS HOW TO WALK,

as you'll observe. There isn't a man down there who can move so admirably.

That's his style, as leisurely as an artist or a sculptor, but when he does anything it's as finished as the work of either. He understands that it requires time to chip marble into a lovely dream or with colors shape an entrancing scene and thus it is, his work is masterly. He stands at the front as an exponent of statistical and constitutional law.

Professionally he is as well known as any member of the Ohio Bar and has done much legal writing. His books are widely sought by professionals in all parts of the state. Perhaps his greatest work was the annotation of the Ohio Constitution for the Constitutional Convention in 1873.

"You've heard of

"PLAIN HORACE CHAPMAN."

who was a candidate for gubernatorial honors? That's Mr. Chapman wearing the small round hat that oddly enough is becoming to him, despite his rotund figure. I don't know how the name originated unless it's because he's a plain business man devoid of pretention although he has made a success of everything from a financial viewpoint. In former years his home was in Jackson, Ohio, and at that time he was in much more moderate circumstances than now, but his prosperity has not dazzled him. He is the same serene, straightforward, quiet man that he was then. He is a Democrat of the old school, a man of broad sympathies and cheerful habit of mind, esteemed by Republicans as well as his own party.

Near Mr. Chapman stands Scott Bonham of Cincinnati, who has been

A FACTOR IN REPUBLICAN POLITICS

for years, having a wide acquaintance throughout the state and an unusually large number of friends. Mr. Bonham is a bachelor, but in lieu of a family of his own, is devoted to his sister's children, Miss Glenn Kirkpatrick and her young brother "Bonnie."

AN OTHER REPUBLICAN

"Who is that gentleman with the remarkably good fellowship air, the one with his hat a little back on his head." "There, he's just left."

"I didn't get but a glimpse of him but I think it was former State Inspector of Mines, Elmer Biddison, who served four years under Governor Nash. He used to live in Athens.

DAUGHERTY THE ELOQUENT

stands near that divan. He's from Fairfield county and his name is a synonym for a fine speech upon any occasion, but especially if he is extolling his party. Speakers are as numerous as three-leaf clover in this crowd. Right down beneath us is John Sullivan of Cincinnati, United States District Attorney, and one of the finest speakers in the state. He was here for the Republican Convention. He's indorsing Judge Spear for re-election.

STATE CHAIRMAN GARBER

is making a regular right angle of himself trying to interest that old gentleman. He's probably inviting him to do something. He should be known as "Invitation Garber," for he's always asking some individual or some organization to take part in something. Sometimes it's the Democratic Club of Cleveland or the Duckworth Club of Cincinnati, or some one to talk, for he's a man who never throws away any useful political alliances.

"You were

SPEAKING OF CONTRASTS

a moment ago," said the man about town. "There are two men who form a greater contrast than you cited, they are the aspirants for nomination as candidates for Secretary of State. The most slightly built of the two, the one dangling his eye glasses is Webster Huntington.

He's the finished city and university product and is with the conservative faction. His opponent A. P. Sandles is from rural regions and has the directness of manner that proclaims it. He'd retain that attribute wherever the accidents of politics should place him. He also has the instinct of getting all that's due him and carries the hayseed vote in his vest pocket."

"What vote is carried

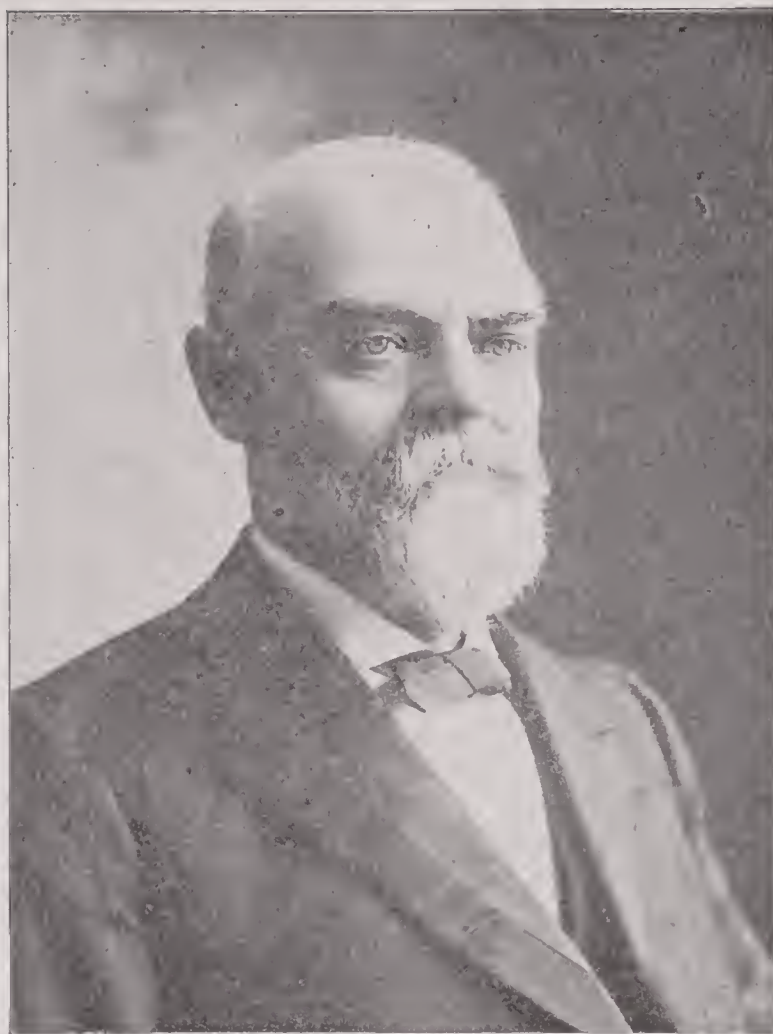
IN THE HIP POCKET.

asked the woman, who knew men's habits as well as their political creeds.

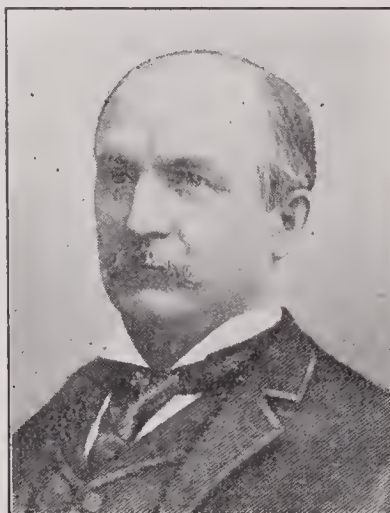
"There," she continued without waiting for a reply, "is a world celebrity. That's Peter Sells, the veteran showman, who founded the original Sells circus, now a part of the Sells, Forepaugh show. His family were among the old settlers of Franklin county.

"MR. SELLS"

is a P. T. Barnum, in the variety of the occupation he has followed, having clerked for his brothers, Allen and Lewis, in an auction sale business, worked as conductor on the Kinsman Street Railway Company,



HORACE L. CHAPMAN.



JAMES E. CAMPBELL.

Cleveland, and during the war ran a transit at Pittsburg Landing, carried papers for the Cleveland Leader, was superintendent of a route, then promoted to local staff. Some one recently mentioned that the first performance of the circus took place a third of a century ago. It was given back of the Neil House, on the property of Governor Dennison."

"Odd, isn't it, that Mr. Sells by simply looking at the outline of a state can locate any town of importance. But his graphological knowledge is not more remarkable than his retentive memory, for he can name each town through which his circus has passed and the route covered for the last thirty years."

"Sounds like you had been reading up on circus managers."

"Why shouldn't I have read up on all things managerial and menagerial when coming to a Democratic Convention?"

"Now take a look at that group. The gentleman with his face turned in this direction is Mr. Lew Green, former editor in Hocking Valley. Quite early in the evening he suggested that Mr. Bernard be placed in cold storage in order that the convention might know there were others."

"Back of Mr. Green stands Mr. Charles Salen, Tammany Chief of Cleveland, former lieutenant of Mayor Tom Johnson, but now opposed to him. Mr. Salen always makes a hit in one way — He's such a beauty."

"Lounging on that divan is Del Saviers, one of the brightest lawyers in the city. Has been counsel of some of the most celebrated cases tried here. That quiet gentleman who seems out of place in the general gabble is 'Billy' Williams, former Director of Public Safety, and one of the most proficient manipulators of politics in the country. Lawyers and orators. How they crowd. Standing near the clerk's desk is Mr. Baker, of Cincinnati, 'Handsome Charlie' is the name his friends have given him."

"His friends weren't far wrong in that."

"No, and they aren't far wrong in the claim that he is one of the best lawyers, one of the most eloquent speakers, and an all-round genial gentleman."

"I've heard his name frequently in the East. Also the names of a number of other distinguished Ohio men whom you have not mentioned.

FORMER GOVERNOR CAMPBELL,

John R. McLean, Emerson McMillen, and a number of others whose names are heard as

frequently in New York as here. I well remember Gov. Campbell when he first became known in New York. He always seemed to take with everyone regardless of creed, class or politics."

"Governor Campbell isn't here tonight. If he were you'd see him the centre of an admiring coterie. He'll never lose his hold upon the regard of those who like to remember that a former chief executive who retained all the dignity of his high position was at all times seemingly on a level with the most obscure or the most shipwrecked in error or misfortune. It's the wonderful sympathy of the man that gives him power unusual over those who come within the circle of his magnetism. He has the faculty of placing himself in the place of another and viewing things from the other side few men possess this gift in such a degree as Governor Campbell."

"It isn't strange that you mention

JOHN R. McLEAN'S

name in a gathering like this for there was a time when an assemblage of Democrats without Mr. McLean would have seemed like a waltz with the only man who could keep perfect step absent but his visits here are at long intervals now and his absence from the Democratic ranks is accepted as a matter of course. It is even rumored that he will retire as National Committeeman seeming to have lost his old time interest in affairs political, but this may be only on the surface. It may be that his interest is in deeper channels than formerly.

During his campaign for the governorship, Mr. McLean made his home here. He was domiciled in the Kelley mansion on Broad Street and kept open house as it were for an almost constant stream of visitors. I well remember being sent there to get some information from him. Having heard that he was one of the haughtiest and most exclusive men in Washington, I was most agreeably surprised, for his first words after greeting, given in answer to my question, were:

"OH, LORD, I DON'T KNOW."

modifying his seemingly abrupt reply by the suavity for which he is distinguished and in the next instant giving a clear, concise and delightfully expressive reply.

Easy in his bearing his voice pleasing in



JOHN R. McLEAN.



EMERSON McMILLAN.

the quality of its tone, its intonations registering in the memory, Mr. McLean gave the impression that he is not only as he has been described, "the personification of Democracy," but the personification of a highly accomplished gentleman.

Mr. McLean was a Harvard student in his youth but did not finish the course. He has been educated in the larger University of Life and extensive travel, observation, reading, study and the polish of friction with the best minds have fitted him to do large things in a large way.

"I have read much of his generous deeds in time of distress through floods, fire and lack of work, but thought perhaps the stories were exaggerated."

"In all probability they were not, for he never does anything in a half-hearted way. When he finances anything the expenditures are princely.

"None forget the generosity he displayed toward the Hocking Valley miners a few years ago when he did not stop with sending train loads of provisions and clothing, but through the medium of the powerful organ that he owns, sent to the world not only the story of their condition but the causes, securing accurate information regardless of expense.

It seems strange that this man of great ambitions antagonized by many who play star parts before the flickering flame that lights the path of politics, smiling, suave, invulnerable to the poisoned poinards of treachery used by some called friends is one whose heart throbs so responsive to the needs of human suffering that whatever shortcomings may be attributed to him by his opponents he will always be remembered in the mining regions with such gratitude as none may comprehend save those who saw the hungry look in little children's eyes take flight, or heard from lips fast numbing in the chill of death the blessings wafted starward at mention of his name.

EMERSON M'MILLEN.

the other gentleman you mentioned as one of the notable men of Ohio is not given to frequenting political conventions altho he took part in some political affairs in St. Louis, that will not soon be forgotten. He is more likely to be at the sale of old paintings, or in some studio or art gallery. What strange contrasts in his life.

"I don't understand. I only know of Mr. McMillen as the President of the American Gas,

Traction and Light Company with a capital of forty or fifty million, a man whose generosity is manifested not only in giving hundreds of thousands of dollars to public enterprises but in placing the masterpieces he owns, many of them Innes' pictures on exhibition for the benefit of others."

"Here in Ohio he is known in a way that brings him nearer to the people, but in all probability the people of this state view Mr. McMillen's career with more than ordinary interest through knowing that he climbed to his present position over the jagged boulders of deprivation and the yawning chasms of discouragement, known to those of whom necessity demands the sacrifice of opportunity.

To judge of a man's strength it is not enough to know where he has arrived but

HOW FAR HE CAME

and over what difficulties. It is said Mr. McMillen now travels about thirty-six thousand miles per year but who can estimate how long the way from his beginning as a furnace laborer at the age of ten to the summits of success."

"I had supposed he was one of fortune's favorites from the first."

"Far from it for he was the twelfth in a family of fourteen children whose father was paid but one dollar and a quarter per day wage as a furnace manager. Under such conditions it is not difficult to understand why the boy turned from childhood's freedom and fair fields to become a furnace toiler in the Hanging Rock Iron District of which he was a product.

From the age of ten he worked at various occupations, cutting cord wood, making charcoal, working on the streets of Ironton with pick and shovel until at the age of seventeen he enlisted in the Civil War. His experiences as a soldier, his struggles after the war, his repeated failures and return to street work, his interest in chemistry especially the chemistry of gas, his invention to purify it, his geological investigations and his final triumph form one of the most interesting narratives of Ohio men. His first real recognition came when Dr. Orton, State Geologist, and Gen. Warner, who was then in Congress, were engaged in a discussion as to the strata of a certain district and he was called to settle the question.

"It is all very interesting, I had not even known that he had been a soldier."

"That's strange for he and his six brothers were noted as the

"FIGHTING M'MILLENS."

"It seems that Ohio had more than one "Fighting Mac" family. I was always much interested in the nine men known as the "Fighting McCooks." What became of Gen. Alexander McCook? He was the last of the family, if I remember."

"He died in Dayton about a year ago. I saw him last at the Chittenden, the cynosure of all eyes in the lobby, for he was a man of such distinguished presence he could not enter a room unknown without attracting attention. What heroes they were. There's a picture of them in the State House Rotunda. It was lost about thirty years. There is an interesting story connected with it.

"There's a gentleman who is evidently telling a good story, the one with the full mop of hair — and unusually full lips."

"No doubt of it, for that's Carmi Thompson, Republican member of the last House, and

ONE OF THE BEST STORY TELLERS

in the city. Doesn't make himself the hero of his story and is merciless to himself in relating anything that may have been intended to hit some one else.

"There's another Republican who is a fine raconteur Col. Ellison, former president of the State Journal Company, who tells a story in a few epigrammatic sentences and no matter how clever the point he makes never seems by his expression to have said anything but what might as well have been left unsaid."

"He is dressed with extreme care for a man of middle age and seems somewhat jaunty."

"Yes, but despite his dress and debonaire manner there's no foppery about him. He has the regard for his appearance that was part of the finish of a gentleman in a period when the world didn't move as rapidly as now, when too many dress as they go and betray the fact without words.

Notice his affability. He was never known to greet anyone in an indifferent manner, but always with a smile expressive of genuine interest and good will toward the one addressed.

He has several phases of the old school character but in many is the modern

MAN OF THE WORLD.

In love with life, doesn't expect too much of human nature, and is deeply interested in the science of refined enjoyment.

While he was connected with the Journal,

Col. Ellison was more than President of the company. His apprehension of principles made him a strong factor in shaping the political tone of the paper.

"Observe that Paderewskie hair. It belongs to Judge Galloway, whom you've seen impersonated in Clyde Fitch's drama,

"THE GIRL AND THE JUDGE."

Yes, he's the original judge. He gave Mr. Fitch the nucleus of one of his best productions.

Judge Galloway himself is strongly endowed with the dramatic instinct and has a nephew, Frank Osborne, who was so strongly touched with it that he left newspaper work and went on the road with theatrical companies. He was with Richard Mansfield for a time.

"The Judge seems to be a good mixer. Is he a prospective candidate?"

"No indeed, he isn't even a Democrat. He just happened in with the crowd for he's one of the most stalwart Republicans of the state. However he was named for War Governor Tod, who, although elected by the Union party, was in the beginning of his political career a Democrat, and in 1860 vice president of the fateful Charleston Convention where the secession of the southern Democrats broke up the Convention.

It is interesting to know that Judge Galloway, who is now private secretary to Governor Herrick and a social arbiter at all times, is deeply interested in much that is far removed from the social and professional interests for bachelor tho he is, it was through his efforts that thousands of young people are made happy each day through the medium of the traveling library, of which thousands of books that would otherwise remain in disuse are sent over the state.

"Did you know we had an

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

in Ohio? That tall gentleman with the flashing eyes, Judge Wright, of Logan, bears the poets full name, but it's not on record that he tries to live up to it. He is, however, a man distinguished for his oratorical gifts and social graces and is always interested in that which interests progressive minds. He is an uncompromising Democrat and is, without doubt, politically, the strongest man in his county."

"There's a man who seems to be enjoying himself and trying to make the occasion a festive one."

"Yes, that's Charles Adkins, of Allen County. He is mentioned as a probable candidate for nomination for Congress. He was a member of the General Assembly several seasons. His father, Brazzila Adkins, was also a member of the House at the same time. Both were in the South Carolina section but were often opposed to each other in their advocacy of measures, the elder Mr. Adkins being a farmer, devoted to the interests of his constituents, the other a lawyer, equally devoted to his constituency, and upon one occasion the vote of the father caused a pet measure of his son's to be lost.

Mr. Adkins is of the old school in the honesty and simplicity of his character, he had to vote as his conscience dictated and in all probability the son, who is one of the most popular men in the state, was proud of his father's adherence to his principles."

"An Ohio man whom I met frequently in Washington was Col. B. C. Thomas, of Chillicothe, who stopped at the Hotel Cambridge."

"I recall hearing that he was a man whose engaging manners would distinguish him even if he were not the ideal 'tall, dark and handsome.' He must be a little romantic also for it is said that the chief town on a large area of coal and lumber land that he owns in Virginia is named Glen Jean, for his wife, who was a member of the well-known Dun family, of Chillicothe, and he spent thousands of dollars fighting Senator Scott who sought to have the postoffice abolished.

"Do you know that to be a fact?"

"No, I don't. I'd hate to live in the same house with a fact, ideas are much more congenial.

"I see, and now will you give me your ideas concerning that individual who wears his hair parted in the middle and—

"Looks as if he thought it vastly becoming. He's a fact a solid fact, too, too solid in fact. That's— but there I'd better not mention his name for he might hear it and come up here and as I can't stay where a fact intrudes I'd have to miss the pleasure of spending the whole evening here "and you'd be deprived of much "history."

"I should think you would write the history of the politicians whom you know so well."

"And call it 'Bosses and Boodle,' a la Allan O. Myers. Speaking of angels, did you hear his wings as he flashed down there by the clerk's desk? That's Allen O. Myers, the only one of his kind. What's that? Not impressed by his appearance. Well you would be by the

man. He'd impress himself upon your memory with a sentence, for it would be unlike anything you ever heard before. He's just that original. I'd never try to write of him, he's beyond description.

"Is he that brilliant?" He must be a power in the political world."

"Yes,—lightening is a power, it makes a very vivid impression on one—whom it does not annihilate—but it doesn't last long, and a big black cloud is more deeply impressive."

"Now please don't sail into the clouds."

"Don't fear the earth is always in sight at a Democratic gathering.

"Who is that tall gentleman who has been shaking hands so industriously?" The one in pepper and salt clothes?"

JOHN ZIMMERMAN.

of Springfield. He was a candidate for nomination as governor at the last Democratic Convention. Those were strenuous days for him but he seems now to have reached the Zone of Calms."

"Zone of Calms? Looks more like the stereotyped 'seething cauldron' down there."

"Yes, I know. He's in the crowd but not of it. He's just sauntering around through force of habit. He had had none of the wire pulling and worry and his appearance indicates it. Looks better than he has for years. He has the stamp of approval upon his clothes but not upon the parting of his hair. It's correct from the viewpoint of custom but not one woman in ten who hasn't greater admiration for the man who parts his hair on the side or wears it standing straight up or thrown back in any way that obliterates the middle part."

"How do you explain that dislike?"

"I don't explain it. Just fancy perhaps but the qualities exhibited by Mr. Zimmerman in politics and business don't seem to accord with the parting of his hair. However, it's known that his head is sufficiently well balanced to support any kind of parting. He is a man who has done much and could do more if it were worth while."

"UNCLE ABE"

is holding attention as usual. That's a name given to A. W. Patrick of New Philadelphia, the place where they make so much cream cheese. He is well known as a public promoter, a judge and state senator and is one of the most highly esteemed men of Tuscarawas county. A good story is told

of him when he was a member of the Sixtieth General Assembly. The senate was a tie politically and Lieut. Gov. John C. Lee held the decisive vote. When the noted King-Sayler contested election case was decided the Democrats tried to break a quorum and "Uncle Abe" was one of the members who locked himself in a committee room for that purpose after they had been there for some time they were asked if they wished something to eat.

"Something to eat," exclaimed Judge Patrick, "H—, no. Give us some knives."

Judge Patrick has a daughter living in Columbus. Mrs. Charles W. Harper. He also has a son Hugh, who is one of the best known physicians in Chicago and Joseph McGill of the Chicago Tribune was a brother-in-law. He also was born in New Philadelphia and began his newspaper work there.

In this connection it is interesting to know that at one time all the leading New York and Chicago newspapers were owned or edited by Ohio men.

"That tall, young man with the

UNMISTAKABLE YALE STRIDE.

and the nonchalant manner of those who know that attitudinizing belongs to those who have nothing better to do is Robert Ryder, editorial writer on the Journal. He has been known to wear a decent hat but usually appears in that little cap that looks as if it had been thrown at him."

"Smokes a pipe, I see."

"Yes, that pipe is his almost constant companion. Kind of a missing link between his college days and the present. He's a Yale man and aside from the intellectual attainments this school insures, possesses the culture that no university can confer. The culture that has as its foundation consideration for all his fellowcreatures and is manifested in placing himself in harmonious relation to persons and circumstance. Altho he carries with him a scholarly air, it detracts nothing from his manliness and good-fellowship, for it is accompanied by a certain offhandedness that prevents his being class with those whose erudition is painful to contemplate. His is the power that requires no self-assertion."

In his editorials, Mr. Ryder evinces the thoughtful argument of the capable writer in style attractive, and he advanced to his present position from that of general reporter in a remarkably short time, having been in the interim, State House reporter, legislative corre-

spondent and city editor, filling each place only long enough to demonstrate his fitness for another, and it is generally believed that he will become managing editor when Mr. E. J. Hilt, who fills that responsible position at this time, fails to please the "old man" and incidentally resigns. Oh, that's the inevitable with managing editors. There comes a time when the strongest man loses his grasp."

"And at the same time his head? I see."

"That's it, Mr. Hilt, who is one of the most capable and popular men who ever held the reins as managing editor on any paper in Columbus is not infallible, some grievous blunder may occur way down the line and the head of the work being held responsible, the resignation follows."

TRAINED NEWSPAPER MEN.

"In that group near the door, you will see a number who know life's struggles and weaknesses intimately. They have weighed and tested it, made a study of the complex forces continually at work in the most complicated and most interesting thing in the world, human nature. They are trained newspaper men. Men of easy cleverness and half sportive philosophy, seemingly careless of their appearance, but it is the carelessness of those who know they are wearing clothes of the best material of advanced but not of exaggerated style."

NEWSPAPER MEN ARE ALWAYS INTERESTING.

"They could not be otherwise. That is the genuine newspaper man, not merely a news getter, but men possessing literary capacity even tho it may not be in demand in the hard inexorable grinding work where no error of fact is permitted and copy must be clear and interesting without an unnecessary word."

"Yes, I know those men as well as the politicians. That gentleman with the clear-cut face and unusually alert air is J. W. Strimple, of the Scripps McRae League, one of the most able writers among many able men. Near him is R. G. Collier, of the State Journal. He always wears his hair long and rumples it up like a waving wheat field. Allen Beach, who has made himself well known through political writings; Harry Blair, who never seems to know anything, but always gets the news and tells it in few words. W. A. Taylor, philisopher, politician and poet, and journalist.

There's another of the oldtime writers, one of those to whom a fact is more than a

fact becoming a living pulsating story. Col. Cook is also a writer of verse. "Lost and Other Lyrics" is the subject of a stanza that gives a little book of his verse its name. It touches delicately, tenderly and mournfully the theme, 'the soul of a woman lost'."

One of the best of the

OLD SCHOOL WRITERS

often seen in these gatherings is Hon. E. S. Wilson of Ironton, one of the strongest adherents of the Republican party. All who have met this celebrated editor are impressed with the thought that he takes the best view of everything, especially of women and cooking. He is one of the few who adhere to the word "ladies" and no one thinks of criticism for he's law unto himself.

Mr. Wilson was a soldier in the Civil War, has represented the United States as consul at Porto Rico and is a cultivated world traveler; but he is something more for he has within himself the world of the scholar united with a world of common sense and a gift of gentle humor that puts him at ease with all and adds to his popularity. His writings refresh the mind and give to a weary heart that has not lost all faith in fellow creatures sudden glimpses of a larger life and something yet to be, as lovely as the morning glories that trail their delicate loveliness through his writings. — — — —

"Who was the newspaper man who wrote such stirring tales of events in Ohio history published in a local paper in the form of novels?"

"Oh that wasn't a newspaper man, that was

JAMES BALL NAYLOR.

Dr. Naylor lives in Malta. He is a hard working physician as well as a successful writer; he is also a man of unusual strength in acquiring and holding friends with whom he has anything in common."

"That white-haired man with the classical face that is so youthful in contrast to his hair is L. H. Galbraith, former editor of the Press, now a reporter, as he chose to be a free lance.

"John R. McLean's personal representative, Sam Johnson, has just entered. He has his hands up to the lapel of his coat as though about to begin a speech. Just in front of him stands General Finley — — — —

"What's become of Knabenshue, who was a newspaper writer some time ago, I met him in Washington once and have always been

wondering why I could not forget him. He has been or was the city editor of the State Journal."

"He's still in the newspaper work. Few of the genuine writers ever leave it completely. Fame may beckon alluringly in some other field, the money supply may seldom come up to the demand and a surplus may be unknown, but the sound of the wires, the click of the typewriters or the scratching of pencils has power to hold them through the years. Mr. Knabenshue is now identified with the Toledo News.

I am reminded of the editor of the Toledo Bee,

NEGLEY COCHRAN,

one of the best known writers in the state and one of the most popular men. In all probability he is here tonight for he's an ardent Democrat, in touch with political pulsations at all times.

Mr. Cochran embodies one's conception of the genuine Bohemian. The first time I met him on a crowded railway train we occupied the same seat and for a hundred miles or more I forgot various inconveniences while talking with one of the most delightful talkers I have ever met. Anecdotes pointed by striking expressions, wise maxims, piquant stories, followed each other in rapid succession. It was all unpremeditated, just the overflow of rollicking good nature having a good time and quite willing for everyone to share it and it seemed most apropos when he carried the crowd into Bohemia by quoting:

"I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land

For only there are the values true
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.

Bohemia has none but adopted sons

Its limits where Fancy's bright stream runs
Its honors not garnered for thrift or trade
But for beauty and truth men's souls have made.

"Among the writers in this city best known in other places is Hal Landon. He and his brother Carl who died about a year ago have both represented leading Ohio papers and many in Washington.

Speaking of the brothers recalls a time when Mr. Landon's training was demonstrated in a remarkable degree. It was in that tragic hour when the very heart of the Nation stood

still—stunned by the news of the assassination of President McKinley. I chanced to enter the Clinton Building, headquarters for the Republican State Executive Committee just as a man reeled down the stairway shouting:

"The President has been shot."

"Did you hear that?" I cried to a boy who was busy with a box of candy.

"Oh, that's a fake" was the reply from a chocolate caramel filled mouth. "That Indian's always acting a fool."

At that instant Gen. Dick and several others came down the stairway. Gen. Dick's face was very pale but he saluted in his usual manner and passed rapidly to the street before there was time for inquiry regarding the wild cry that had just rang out over the hall.

"Run up and see what's wrong," I said to the boy who mumbled "Wait till the elevator comes down."

Just then a lame man dashed past me and in some miraculous manner reached the top of the steps from which point he shook his fist at me and cried indignantly:

"What are you standing there for? Don't you know the President has been killed?"

"My standing or moving didn't signify but I ran up to the main office where every attache or caller sat or stood motionless.

Down from the third floor forgetful of the elevator, trooped other clerks and they also paused touched with the horror that had fallen on those assembled.

No one spoke or moved and the strained silence seemed to stretch away into the centuries revealing the room as it might appear to the inhabitants of the world in some far off time should our city like Pompeii be buried for hundreds of years; and I wondered how the people of that period would account for the strange attitude and expression of each individual about me.

How long the silence lasted none may know for thought had leaped all time and questioned not of it; but at last Mr. Landon—who was here temporarily from Washington—moved slowly across the room and the news instinct, deathless while there is a breath of life in the born news writer, asserted itself seemingly without his objective consciousness, for slowly, mechanically, his hand sought the telephone receiver.

As though the touch electrified, the trained mind acted and over the wire went the message:

"Give me the Governor's office."

The suspended life in the room was restored. Each individual moved in a dazed manner to his or her accustomed tasks or down and out to other scenes.

Dead or wounded was the Nation's Chief, but even so the world's work must continue. It seemed as if across the gulf of forty years were wafted these inspiring words:

"The government at Washington still lives."

"James Faulkner, chief of the Cincinnati Enquirer bureau is standing just below us, the gentleman with the close cut hair parted in the middle. Did you catch that flash from his ring as he placed his hand on the arm of his friend? He is one of the few Columbus writers who wear diamonds."

Mr. Faulkner has an extraordinarily large acquaintance with public men and keeps in close touch with the romance and comedy of modern political and professional life. Then he has the clear head and cool judgment to select that which is vital, an essential qualification for success especially when there are so few who know the difference between political gossip and information.

"He impresses one as a man who would like to hold himself aloof from people."

One's first impression of Mr. Faulkner is apt to be misleading for he improves—oh what is that word—it's used in villages—oh yes, I have it, he "bears acquaintance."

"PRINCE OF GENIALITY."

"Did you ever see a face more expressive of genuine good will for all the world than that of the gentleman with his hat pushed back in Freshman style. That's George Marvin, former local writer, but now working in Washington, he was here for the Republican Convention and like many others, remained for what promises to be the more spectacular performance tomorrow. I am reminded of what a friend said to me this evening, that Republican conventions were one grand harmony and Democratic conventions were one continuous row. I confessed to being more interested in a "row" than a "calm" and lost an admirer who didn't know that "it's always sane to be safe but never safe to be sane."

"But there, I'm forgetting Mr. Marvin and I wished to commend him to you as the very Prince of Geniality. He can tell a good story, sing a rollicking song and throw himself heart and soul into a good time at a moment's notice.

NEWSWRITERS' WORLD.

More than the usual number of newspaper people are here tonight. Perhaps it's because the candidates for place at the head of the ticket are editors and a third man, Sloane Gordon, who was talked of as a candidate for nomination, is also an editor, of Hamilton Sun. Mr. Sandles and Mr. Huntington both have hosts of friends in the newswriters world and it seems much of that world is here tonight.

"That last name Huntington is well known in my state in literary circles and in high places, but I don't suppose the people whom I recall are relatives of the man in the lobby."

"More than likely, he's the descendant of one of the old families of the city originally from the East and one member of the family who was Governor of Ohio in the early part of the century was the nephew of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence."

There's another writer who

HAS ANCESTORS.

Marcus Dickey of the Columbus Citizen. You remember what Mark Twain told the Englishman about his ancestors? But no jesting, Mr. Dickey can recall with pardonable pride that his mother descended from William Phelps, the pioneer of the Phelps family in America who came here in 1630, that his great grandfather was a soldier in the revolutionary war and his grandfather in the War of 1812.

Mr. Dickey attended the O. S. U., was graduated from the Cincinnati law school and was admitted to the Bar but left law for the more fascinating if more arduous work of writing. He has intuitive critical capacity for literature and is a consummate critic of politics seeing institutions through men, the only natural way. You'd scarcely think from his slow gliding step that he'd accomplish much in news getting but he secures as much information as the more strenuous workers.

"What an air of distinction that gentleman has. That crown of white hair and the contour of his head would delight a sculptor and such a young face contrasted with his hair. Who is he?"

"EDWARD SIMS, A LOCAL WRITER."

"He seems to be having a lively discussion with his friends."

"Oh yes, he's always discussing. The wonder is that he finds time to write. We do best what we like to do and Mr. Sims is a

better talker than writer. So if you wish to hear a talk filled with the picturesque try to be in his vicinity when he has a reform spell. He has one every few days and while it lasts he knows nothing but that which brought it about. Sometimes he writes a good story denouncing this or that public wrong, but usually confines himself to denouncing these things verbally."

"One of the men who is being greeted so cordially by the newspaper men is not a reporter but he is as well known as any writer. His name is Midgeley, Thomas Midgeley. He's an advertising solicitor, one of the best in the city and his ability in this line has attracted attention from various outside sources." Speaking of him recalls that Columbus has the only advertising solicitor's club in the city.

"BOB READ, BOB READ."

"Did you notice that call? Hearing it given in that way reminds one of the Bob-o-Link and anyone who knows the young man who answers to that name would involuntarily associate him with the blithe bird for he's a young man of such unflagging good spirits, such unbounded interest in life, it makes one feel younger just to hear him give the greeting of the day.

Mr. Read is a sporting editor and has enough of the spirit of sport to enter heartily into what he reports. He is very popular, a good mixer but too highminded to stoop to tricks of trade.

These are the workers who find their chief pleasure in doing their work no matter of it's eight hours per day or sixteen or twenty. It's never time for a newswriter to quit while there's anything to be done and the

"DOG WATCH."

is always faithful.

You see them now lounging, chatting and smoking as though they were men of leisure, but see them as it were after the banqueters have dispersed, when the flowers are dead or dying and the music is but a memory. See them at midnight or one or two in the morning when the city editor is yelling: "Are you all in?" when they realize that the finale of some big exclusive hangs on a minute fraction of an hour that everything animate and inanimate seems to be in a conspiracy to shorten. See them racing time to get copy down before the last form closes. At such times one

sees work such as most professional and business men could not compass or comprehend.

These are the men who find out the truth and tell it when necessary, yet know instinctively when they might as well keep the truth to themselves; none who for the public good are so insatiate of learning all that is to be learned, none who so quickly close their eyes to the error that is incidental and concerns only the erring one.

Perhaps in no other work not even in the professions is there greater adherence to the unwritten law of honor and such general following of the law of common sense, such comprehension of the broad rule that holds an individual innocent of crime or error until proven guilty."

"There's a gentleman whose face I vainly tried to see, but the crowd prevents. His physique, hair, and clothing remind me of Osman Hooper, editorial writer on the Columbus Dispatch, and one of the most cultivated writers in the city. He isn't a great political mixer, because in politics, as in other things, he has the genius to see deep into affairs and the discretion to keep out. No, I see it isn't Mr. Hooper, but what a resemblance, even to the dignified, easy bearing."

"One of the local newswriters has just stepped from the elevator, I'll introduce you."

"I'm pleased to meet you, I've just been hearing some interesting things about the profession."

"Yes, our friend here has been telling this gentleman about that bunch in the lobby and although you were one of the crowd the talk wasn't bad."

"I've often wondered where she loafed to get her 'dope,' but since seeing her with you all evening the

MYSTERY IS EXPLAINED.

"Nearly every newspaper man in town has been here in some part of the evening. Only four or five whom I've not had a chance to point out as stars in the greatest aggregation of _____"

"Now my friend, you've said enough, there's some of the gang I just left at the Chittenden and Neil. Rife, Schimansky, Diegle, Ber Williamson."

"Schimansky? a Russian I infer from the name."

"I'm sure I don't know. He's considered one of the best writers and has wonderful capacity for securing information—writes sense and talks much nonsense. He's stand-

ing by the door, hair low on the forehead. Mr. Schimansky is popular, well liked by both women and men."

"One name you mentioned recalls a story concerning the exposure of some food adulteration. It was either maple syrup or vinegar. I don't know which."

"You're so delightfully definite about the main things. The 'happy man' would appreciate your appreciation."

"Now don't be sarcastic. I may not remember what he has done but I can tell you what he can do; something that is mentioned as one of the accomplishments of Col. Watterson and that is, tell the age of a glass of bourbon without looking at the revenue stamp. I heard that statement concerning the great editor when he was in Columbus the time the monkey at the Smith House used the ink he had ordered.

"What was the story? anything concerning

"MAS'R HENRY"

is worth hearing."

"Oh I'll get some man to tell you. My friend just said I couldn't tell a story and I recall trying to tell what was said about Col. Watterson discussing the ethical problem as to 'whether a bob tail flush could beat a pair of deuces if the chips and the wind were in the right direction' and I had to have the 'value' of each explained.

"We'd better go if we wish to be at the Convention or we might stay here for breakfast. Will you be there, sister?"

"That's as superfluous as asking a duck if it will take to water. Of course she'll be there."

"It wouldn't be a convention without me would it?"

"You've stated a solemn truth, it wouldn't. But apropos of this, let me ask you why you always get in the rear of the hall in the most obscure place possible. I know you're not afraid of a crowd."

"Have you never learned that to get the subtle under currents as well as the cream of a convention you must find a place where men rush in the stress of hurried consultation, to congratulate friends upon some victory, curse the blunders of some blockhead who has ruined political plans, or find a moment's respite when the pain of some defeat has whitened lips that are too proud to protest.

That band might as well play a dirge and have done; that dreamy waltz doesn't belong

to a convention." It's odd how music affects one and how the softest, sweetest strains at times seem to hold all the pathos and pain of a tragical past and the dull surrender of hope for the future; all the echoes of remembered laughter and the sobbing sound of the sea that sweeps over one beloved."

"My dear friend, something is wrong with you. I thought you were a politician."

"It's the music. I always think of one who sleeps somewhere in the Philippines when I hear that waltz, one with whom it was a favorite measure;—I wish I could hear what the men in the lobby are saying."

"After all sentiment is subordinate to the political game with you. What will you do when the

SUFFRAGE IS GRANTED YOUR SEX.

"I'll be as interested as ever, but I shall not vote. I've seen too much of the play to wish for the franchise.

A dear old friend of mine, a lawyer, gets as nearly angry with me for this statement as is possible for him, and declares that I'm fifty years behind the times. Perhaps, but who knows, half a century hence women may have learned as a personal experience that in securing the suffrage they sacrificed more than was gained.

There is so much of the pathos of politics that is never published, for politicians can never follow the hearse of their hopes. They must spring into the nearest chariot and sweep on in the race. To hesitate an instant is to be lost, and being a woman I'd hesitate." A man's strength is needed in that arena.

Few among the men down there who have not known the sharp contrasts and the dark ordeals of life, few who have not been lashed

by the waves of criticism or who have not aspired to some place that went to another— But they are men of such gallant temper and generous character they strive to make the winner's triumph complete.

"Would or could women bear the crushing blows, the cruel onslaughts that mark the proceedings of political conventions and campaigns and emerge with their personal relations unchanged, ready to sacrifice individual ambition for party principle. It seems easier to pin ones colors over a man's heart and let him do the fighting for I believe that back of the ballot man casts, throbs ever the heart of a woman, and if her heart beats are strong the ballot will go her way, altho her hands are unseen."

"That was a little overdone for a woman possessing political "savoir faire," for surely you know that I know that the unseen hands of women can train to wire pulling and learn to stack the cards of a political game with amazing dexterity. For my part I prefer them to show their hands."

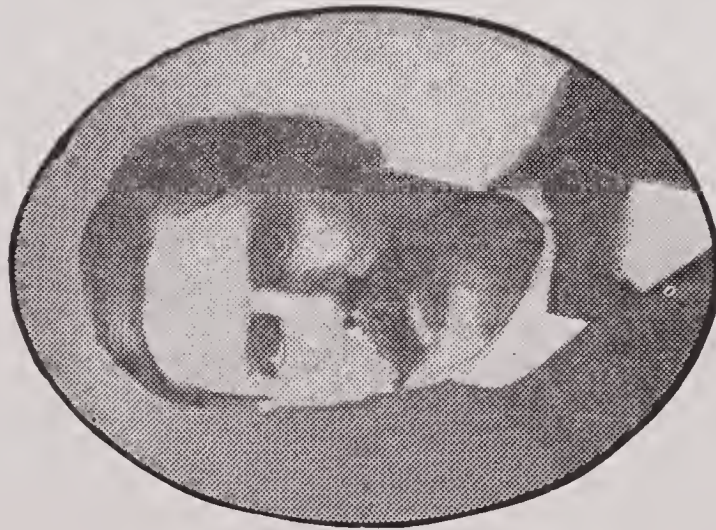
"And by that confession you acknowledge much—however, after that "savoir faire" I can waive discussion."



S. S. KNABENSHUE.



OSMAN C. HOOPER.



MARCUS A. DICKEY.



PRESS CORRESPONDENTS OF OHIO.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Geo. C. Marvin, Toledo Blade, | 8. E. J. Conkle, Cleveland Press, |
| 2. W. B. Jackson, Ohio State Journal, | 9. Charles E. Creager, Columbus Dispatch, |
| 3. James W. Faulkner, Cincinnati Enquirer, | 10. W. S. Couch, Cleveland Plain Dealer, |
| 4. Charles Gongwer, Cincinnati Volksblatt, | 11. Edward K. Rife, Cincinnati Tribune, |
| 5. Henry A. Gall, Cleveland Leader, | 12. Rodney Deagle, Columbus Press, |
| 6. W. C. Calkins, Cincinnati Post, | 13. Mr. Mullin, Toledo Times, |
| 7. Eugene M. Kerr, Columbus Citizen. | 14. Allan E. Beach, Cincinnati Tribune. |

CHILDREN OF ATHENS TO REVISIT OLD HOME.

OVER FIVE THOUSAND SAT DOWN TO DINNER ON THE
COLLEGE CAMPUS WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15.

GEORGE A. BEATON ORGANIZES AND CARRIES OUT SCHEME TO BRING
TOGETHER FORMER RESIDENTS

"Children, come home!"

This call from Athens, historic town, has girdled the earth, and from obscure hamlets, fertile valleys, lonely mountains, crowded cities, and even from the far-off shores of China, one answer has been flashed, "Beloved birthplace, we are coming."

Following the beautiful custom of New England's older towns, arrangements have been made for a "home-coming week" in the little city on the hill, June 12-18, 1904, at which time all who can possibly do so will return to Athens to renew the friendships of other days and clasp again the hands that back of them had hearts that beat in sympathy with theirs when they trudged to the old brick school-house on the hill, took a "header" down the sloping street to Sunnyside, went skating on the old canal or wandered down the boardwalks of the town to some of the many lovers' trysting places.

CENTENNIAL OF UNIVERSITY.

As the centennial anniversary of the Ohio University, the first institution of learning established in the Northwest Territory, is to be held this same week, it promises to be a notable one not only in the history of the town, but of the country, for some of our most distinguished citizens are natives of Athens or were graduated from the Ohio University.

But aside from all the interest that usually surrounds reunions of old friends and college celebrations, the home-coming week at Athens will have one feature—a dinner—that will surpass anything ever attempted in this line, for on Wednesday, June 15, a meal prepared in New York will be served to 3000 people under a great tent on the campus, while the

Columbus Riles' band renders appropriate music, and distinguished speakers lend their power of entertainment to the occasion, after which old friends will meet and greet each other with the rare enjoyment that comes to those reunited after the lapse of many years.

WAS BEATON'S THOUGHT.

This feature of the home-coming week is due to one man's desire to welcome and entertain his old friends and neighbors. The man who will entertain in this royal way is George Beaton, president of a large securities company in New York City and a native of Athens.

In arranging for this dinner Mr. Beaton decided to leave the order in the hands of a New York caterer, and entrusted it to George B. Stockton, proprietor of a leading hotel, who has outlined his method of preparing and serving the meal, which will be shipped in bulk on a special car attached to the Baltimore and Ohio express, that will leave New York June 13, and arrive in Athens the evening of the following day.

Mr. Stockton will superintend the serving of the dinner and will be assisted by 50 of his best trained waiters.

SERVE EACH GUEST SEPARATELY.

Mr. Beaton wishes to serve each of his guests separately, and in order to do this, 3000 circular boxes will be used. Each one of these will be nine inches in diameter and three in depth. On the lid of each box, held in place by the claws of an eagle, is a small crushed silken American flag. The box is bound and fastened with ribbons of gold.

Removing the lid of the box the menu printed in letters of gold will be seen. Be-

neath it will rest a souvenir plate, knife, fork and spoon. Across the top of the plate are the words, "souvenir plate," and beneath these the inscription, "Athens Home-coming Week, 1904." In the middle of the plate is a picture of the old Ohio University building and below this is inscribed, "Compliments of George A. Beaton."

MENU WILL BE FINE ONE.

The souvenirs are wrapped in napkins of brilliant colors. Each box has eight compartments, and in these will be arranged olives, pickles, deviled ham sandwiches, French rolls and butter, fried chicken, cake, ice-cream and a fancy box of candy. Six hundred pitchers containing coffee and lemonade will be placed on the long tables. Two hundred pounds of coffee will be used, and 400 gallons of lemonade will be made, and 1000 chickens, 600 quarts of ice cream, 100 pounds of butter and 100 pounds of sugar, a barrel of pickles and a barrel of olives will be required.

A better idea of the magnitude of this undertaking is given when it is recalled that the largest dinner ever served heretofore had but 1200 guests, and the largest number ever seated at a banquet aggregated but 1000, who filled the banquet room of the old Exposition building in Cincinnati in celebration of the opening of the Cincinnati Southern railway to the commerce of the South.

SENATOR LODGE TO SPEAK.

Among the speakers will be Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, who will stop in Athens on his way to Chicago to attend the Republican national convention; United States Senator John Daniels of Virginia, noted for his splendid oratory; United States Senator J. B. Foraker, former Governor James E. Campbell and Bishop Cranston.

Bishop Cranston is a native of Athens and was graduated from the Ohio University, as was also Bishop McCabe. David H. Moore, another distinguished bishop in the Methodist Episcopal church, will come from China to meet and greet the friends of other days.

AT HOME COMING.

Great is the Home Coming at Athens—the greatest ever in the history of the town unless one excepts the memorable gathering of '66, which is described by those who participated in it as something phenomenal, for the place was filled with people eager for a reunion after the long years of war, that had wrought such changes and animated by a great desire to hear former Governor Brough, who was

General Charles H. Grosvenor will not be silent, and Emmett Tompkins will speak.

BAND WILL PLAY.

In the evening the Columbus band will again furnish music, refreshments will be served on the campus and a series of stereopticon views will be shown. These will consist of more than 100 pictures of pioneers, familiar scenes and cartoons depicting well-known Athenians in characteristic poses. This work has been done by Harry J. Westerman, the Columbus cartoonist.

MAN WHO PLANNED IT.

The most prominent character in this home-coming feast, George A. Beaton, was born in Athens about 40 years ago, passed his boyhood there and was graduated from the High school, also from Andover University. He returned to Athens after he had finished the university course and entered the insurance business, but drifted into politics and came to Columbus, where he became identified with Senator Foraker, proving a faithful lieutenant in his campaigns for the governorship and an efficient executive clerk when he was given this place by Governor Foraker.

Ralph Beaton, brother of the host of the occasion, will go to Athens with the Columbus contingent.

MEN WHO ARRANGED IT.

Mr. Beaton is chairman of the committee on arrangements; Major L. M. Jewett, vice chairman; Captain J. B. Allen, secretary, and W. B. Golden, treasurer. The general committee is composed of George L. Beaton, Major Jewett, Captain J. B. Allen, Dr. W. H. Alderman, Henry O. Blenness, Frank S. Roach, Henry Zenner, D. H. Moore and J. D. Brown.

A few years ago there was quite a colony of Athenians in Columbus, but this has been greatly reduced, until now there will be only 600 who will be part of the home-coming.

one of the speakers of the day, and who was also one of the children of Athens and one who distinguished himself while at the University, quite as much as any who ever graduated there, for he succeeded in kicking a football entirely over the Main Building, a feat that had never been accomplished before and one that young men in all the years since then have not achieved.

Yes, great is the Home Coming and glad are the Children of Athens as they throw themselves down upon the greensward of the campus to rest for a little space and contemplate the old buildings that cast their influence over the characters of all who ever dwelt in the town, imparting to them some indescribable attribute that is different from mere culture; an attribute so fine that it is impalpable to any but true Athenians, but it forms a bond between these that cannot be broken tho time may bring changes, afflictions or error; for Athens does not forget the mistakes or failures of her sons and daughters, she simply looks at them with steady eyes and refuses to see them not only so far as the outside world is concerned, but with that finer magnanimity that will not permit the non-successful or offending ones to see that they have failed or erred in the eyes of the motlier town.

Is it any wonder that the children of Athens repay this faith in them? Is it strange that their hearts echo the sentiments expressed by William Dana Emerson, who was graduated from the University in 1833 and who in 1874 published a volume of verse entitled "Rhymes of Culture, Movement and Repose," in which appeared a poem from which the following lines are taken:

Sweet Athens, the home of learning and
beauty
How I long for thy hills and thy rich, balmy
air,
For thy wide spreading green smiling sweetly
on duty,
And the Valley beneath and the stream
winding there.
On the North the High Rock, on the South
the lone ferry,
The Ville on the East and the mill on the
west,
The lawn where the gravest at play hours
were merry,
And the walks by the footsteps of beauty
made blest.

THE REAL FEAST.

Despite the dinner that exceeded expectations, the real feast of the day followed the delicacies from New York. It included olives from the tree of experience, salted almonds of wisdom, fish from the tide of current events, pungent sauces from the varied incidents of life, entrees of gay rippling laughter, choice game from the forest of learning, roasts from the field of success, sourbets of

delicate sarcasm, salads of comprehension, souffles of sentiment, the fruit of tender recollections from the summers of long ago, sparkling champagne of repartee, wine of wit and walnuts of reminiscence.

Hon. Judson Harmon of Cincinnati, whose name in all probability will be presented at the Democratic National Convention as candidate for nomination for President, made an inspiring address; Hon. A. D. Follett of Marietta, widely known as a brilliant attorney, talked in effective manner and Bishop Moore, who came from China, inspired by an ovation in which the audience waved flags, hats and handkerchiefs, amid ringing applause, was more than usually magnetic and swayed his hearers with more than his old time eloquence, talking in his whirlwind fashion with flashes of scintillating wit, suggestive of his Irish ancestry.

Bishop Cranston was heard to the best advantage on the college campus, for he is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of old associations, and all the tender earnestness of his nature, somewhat concealed by formality when in the pulpit, comes surging up when he speaks to the friends of his boyhood. Dear to him in an extraordinary degree is every foot of ground about the Ohio University, from which he was graduated, as were also Bishop Moore and Bishop McCabe, whose soubriquet of "Singing Parson", received in the Civil War, always seemed to bring him nearer to the heart of humanity than the more formal title of later years.

Many have been the inquiries regarding Bishop McCabe, and great was the disappointment when it became known that he had been unexpectedly detained in Seattle, Washington, and could not be present at the Home Coming.

But there were present not only distinguished speakers of national reputation from other places, but some whom Athens claims as her very own through birth or through having fitted them for their life work; men who have won fame for themselves and have added distinction to the town to which they belong by their achievements on the battle field, in the councils of the nation, in surgical skill, in scientific explorations, in the domain of art and letters, in the halls of legislation, on the hustings in the pulpit, and in every walk where ability and energy count.

Of those who still have dwelling places in Athens, who entertained and edified with formal and informal talks were General Charles

H. Grosvenor, soldier, statesman and speaker of national reputation, Major L. M. Jewett, famous after dinner and camp fire speaker with his mirth provoking stories and scintillating flashes of wit; Judge Wood with his dry humor that accords well with his assumed gravity of countenance; Perry Wood, with a rich fund of experience and fine command of words; Dr. W. H. Alderman, fiery and impetuous with a patent on the manner in which he slaps his legs while telling a story in his inimitable way; Hon. E. R. Lash, inclined to be silent in public assemblages, but a most effective speaker and F. S. Coultrap, Superintendent of Nelsonville Schools for many years, who is one of the few men who can take a dry fact and clothe it in such beauty, life and color as to make pursuit of knowledge relative to it enticing.

FROM OTHER PLACES.

One of the most interesting Home Comers was the well known political leader Charles L. Kurtz, whose specialty in political fights is still hunts and ambuscades, but altho Mr. Kurtz is as quiet as usual, he may surprise those who have known him in late years merely as a mental machine, by being thoroughly like a boy, for being as he is a devotee of cold water baths, believing them a cure for all ills, even for Radical Democracy, if he could only get the great unwashed to try his prescription fad—bath tub baths—is very likely he will forget all scientific or luxurious baths in the reminiscences that will surely lead to a swim in "The Bend" reached by a path beyond the old "South Wood."

Other well known visitors were Hon. Edward Buchwalter of Springfield, President of a Machine Company, cousin of John L. Buchwalter but of opposite politics; Dr. Will Carpenter, who went to Waco, Texas, thirty-four years ago accompanied by Mrs. Mary Carpenter Townsend and their children; Wiltz and Pat Kessinger, sons of Capt. Joe Kessinger, remembered as a natural leader of men in politics or military movements; Prof. W. H. Young, a member of the Ohio University Faculty in war times; Vernon Steir, relative of Mrs. Florence Craig Wilson; Dr. Charles Kessinger of Chillicothe who married a granddaughter of Dr. William Blackstone whose memory is revered throughout this section, W. W. Bond, Mrs. Charles Kurtz and Prof. W. K. Scott, of Columbus.

From other towns in the county the children of Athens have poured in a continuous

stream, Nelsonville being especially well represented. One of the visitors from the metropolis is Dr. J. M. Hyde; one of the best known and most highly appreciated physicians in this section of the state, skilled in modern methods but always sensible of what is due to the experience and thought of those who have served long in the profession as is evidenced when he consults with or defers to the opinion of Dr. I. P. Primrose with whom he has been in partnership a number of years and who for more than forty years has labored in a community where as long as his slowing steps can respond to his will, there will be a demand for "Daddy Primrose," for such he is to thousands in the Hocking Valley to whom his kind blue eyes and snow white hair have been familiar ever since they could remember.

Not only in name but in many respects may Dr. Primrose be likened to Goldsmith's "Village Pastor" for "a man he is to all the country dear" and one who would be rich on less than forty pounds a year if but a slight part of the affectionate regard that is his could contribute to his support.

No one thinks of Dr. Primrose as old. He is never sick, was never known to take a vacation not even on a holiday like the Home Coming and in all probability no one will ever think of his being too old to respond to an imperative call until for this rare character (who as a physician has been not only the ideal calm intelligence but a cultured individual) has come, "The Last Call."

DESCENDANTS OF A GREAT MAN.

Much attention was given to Thomas Ewing, Jr., son of Thomas Ewing and grandson of General Thomas Ewing, former United States Senator and member of President Tyler's Cabinet, but odd as it may seem, few people knew that another descendant of this illustrious Ohioan was a guest at the Home Coming. Unannounced she walked into the headquarters for Home Comers and unknown by any present save Capt. Allen. He was about to desert the service of the Home Comers in the most inglorious manner, because he couldn't make a number of women who had never been in Athens in all their lives, prior to that hour, understand that the dinner was to be given for Athenians, but he wheeled into line when this granddaughter of General Ewing said that, altho she had received an invitation to the dinner she had neglected to get a ticket to secure a place.

After a cordial greeting by Capt. Allen, who told her there was a temporary shortage in tickets, but that she would be most welcome she was introduced as Mrs. Martin of New Straitsville and with a few remarks left as quietly as she had entered, the modesty and simplicity of her manner standing out like a cameo of worth in the background of selfish self-assertiveness, so apparent in many instances.

Among other descendants of well known Athenians who were present was Mrs. Jennie Blackstone Atmond of Columbus, daughter of Hiram King Blackstone, granddaughter of James Ransome Cable, farmer of wealth and influence, cousin of Col. Washington Baker. Mrs. Blackstone's mother, a delightful gentlewoman, still lives in the old Blackstone home diagonally across from the college, a home remembered by all students of the University and all residents of Athens for sixty years or more.

Another representative of one of the old families was Mrs. N. B. Conwell of Columbus, whose home in former years was on the Campus and whose father, Ira Gage, came to Athens with President Green, contractor on the old M. M. and M. R. R.

Imperceptibly the talk of the visitors swept from the associations of early life to the honorable achievements of many whose lives lent lustre to the old place.

Among these were the esteemed Bishop Edward R. Ames who was one of the first graduates of the Ohio University, whose grandfather was Chaplain of Washington's army at Valley Forge and was the first chaplain to visit the Pacific coast, also the first elected by an Indian Council, and Judge John Welch, one of the pioneers of Athens, also one of the learned legal luminaries furnished by this county who studied law under the hardest but as it proved under the most invigorating conditions, as he walked fourteen miles to recite to Prof. Joseph Dana who taught in the Ohio University.

Major General Townsend, former Secretary of State, ideal soldier and famous orator, Judge Guthrie, whose brain power was as great as that of any man who ever lived in Athens, famous for its men of intellect, but whose character presented two sides in such antithesis that it was difficult to describe, for as a judge on the bench he was absolutely impartial, but when engaged in a case as a

lawyer displayed pronounced prejudice, but despite this discrepancy won and retained the good will of all with whom he was associated.

But it is impossible to give the long list of those who were mentioned beginning with Ohio's great statesman, lawyer and United States Senator Thomas Ewing, who was the first man graduated from the Ohio University on down to the last names that are in the Chapter Grand, Charles M. Jennings and Rudolph De Steigur, both of the class of '70, and both of whom died in '96, Thomas L. Hughes, D. D., F. O. S. Meisse, A. B., and Joseph W. Shinn, class of '69, Judge James W. Tripp of Jackson, '77, died in '97 and that brilliant young lawyer William Bundy of the class of '86, the close of whose career less than a year ago was so deplored.

Perhaps the name most often mentioned among Athens benefactors was that of Lot L. Smith, grandfather of Ralph Beaton and one of the best known and most beloved men in the State, a man whose deeds gave him the right to the title General Helper of Humanity. Few are the people who knew him who have no story of his extraordinary kindness toward his fellow creatures and especially those in most need of encouragement.

Many of the most distinguished men of Athens county never hear the name of this former shoemaker and lawmaker without bowing in reverent remembrance of one who in the highest sense knew how to be a friend. So well established was his reputation for helpfulness that it would be impossible to mention those who were the recipients of his counsel or were aided in their efforts to secure books with which to pursue their studies, but it is interesting to recall that Gen. Grosvenor walked twenty miles to borrow the first law books he studied from this man of wide activity.

Mr. Smith was private secretary to Governor McDill, a delegate to the Democratic National Convention of 1860 and was a member of the Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth General Assemblies, where he was said to attract the attention of even the most casual observer by his distinguished bearing and fine face where every feature indicated unusual intellectual vigor blended with rare sympathy.

Mr. Smith's wife is living in Columbus. She is remembered as Aphia Cable, sister of James Ransome Cable and is the grandmother of Ralph Beaton, the genial young man who

has done so much to aid his brother in making the Home Coming all that it is.

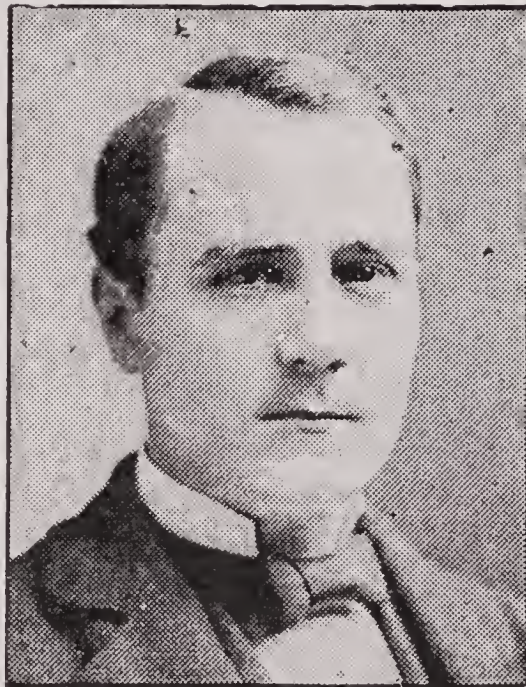
Mr. George Beaton's mother, Mrs. Mary Rose, who lives at 1027 Neil Avenue in a beautiful home, the gift of her son, was one of the happiest women at the Home Coming. His father Thomas Beaton who in the latter part of his life took an active interest in politics and was at one time identified with the Board of Trade in Columbus died in that city several years ago. He is remembered in Athens as a man of the widest general information, devoted to the interests of the public,

and as a partner of General Grosvenor in operating stage line mail contracts.

Notable among those who welcomed the visitors with more than ordinary warmth were Mrs. James D. Brown; Miss Mary O'Blenniss; Mrs. Fred L. Preston, formerly of Nelsonville; Mrs. Golden, wife of Major Elmer Golden; Chas. W. Super, Dean of the College of Liberal Arts; W. C. Woodworth, editor of Athens Messenger; C. V. Harris, editor of the Athens journal, and J. B. Glayton.



BISHOP C. C. McCABE.



COL. WILL BUNDY.



GEN. CHAS. H. GROSVENOR.



JUDSON HARMON.



THOMAS EWING, JR.

ATHENS HOME COMING.

Oh, we always prove whatsoever the track,
"The strength of the wolf is the strength of the pack,"
And tho some returned from the heights of fame
And others had won neither wealth nor fame,
Tho some trailed the banners of great defeat
And others bore laurels from victories sweet;
Oh, this did not matter, for we are one
And true this tribe as the course of the sun.

Nay, this did not matter, to you and you,
For handclaps were warm and voices rang true
From those who had come from earth's farthest track
At rallying cry of one of the pack —
A great big man with the heart of a boy
Who spread a great feast and bade us have joy
Till with one spirit we drank to his health
In that which cannot be purchased with wealth —
A draught that ere causes the heart to thrill,
A draught prepared from the wine of good will,
Well mixed with the dearest waters that flow
The old Hoe Hoeking of long, long ago —
The magical waters that hold us true
Tho life may scatter its roses or rue.

Ay, with one impulse we sounded the toast
That crowned with good wishes our royal host
And cheering thousands with pride of the pack
Cried, "Isn't it great. So good to be baek."



GEORGE A. BEATON.



C. L. KURTZ.

C. L. Kurtz, an abiding and pervading political influence; a politician who knows politics so thoroughly that experts acclaim him an adept. For thirty years he has demon-

strated the truth of the words "finality is not the language of politics," and as Senator Foraker's trusted friend and manager, is a force feared and admired by his opponents.

BREAD.

Oh hands that kneaded bread so light,
That proved a sacrament to me,
For it was there to give me strength,
When I emerged from Gethsemane.

Oh hands that held to tasks like thine
Supplying bread and strength to those
Who spilled for thee life's sweetest wine,
And never stopped to heed thy woes.

Oh hands that shame mine own tonight,
So hard, so stained with years of work,

How many times they've kneaded bread,
When others such a task would shirk.

Oh hands so faithful through long years,
They spread the cloth and gave the bread,
Thou couldst not pause for time for tears,
Tho dearest ones should lie there dead.

Oh day when saddest words are said,
I can't go back where it was home,
There is no home, there is no bread,
However light, that were not stone.

CAMP CHASE.

Out there in Camp Chase they are sleeping
Two thousand who once wore the Gray;
No soldier is lone vigil keeping,
But trees are their sentries alway;
In silence, by beauty surrounded,
They sleep as the years pass along —
Each night wind their requiem hath sounded,
Each day brings the birds in sweet song.

Yes, there in Camp Chase they are sleeping
Unheeding the world and its strife;
Wild storms that are over us sweeping,
Or burdens of any hard life.
Oh vet'rans of either great army,
Ye men who wore Blue or the Gray,
Know ye, if best, their sweet dreamless rest,
Or fights ye have fought ev'ry day?

Oh naught shall disturb their last slumber,
They heed not the world's blame or praise,
Tho years as they pass without number
Shall bring them no laurel, no bays:
For these sleepers fell not in battle
Thrilled through by some brave leader's cry,
No bugle call drowned the death rattle
Of these, as they fell back to die—

Oh 'twere easy to die in the conflict,
To go with a rush and a swing
With hearts keeping time to the music,
With souls that could vibrate and sing.
But they missed the sweet, thrilling glory
That lightens a battlefield's gloom,
Their names are not blazoned in story,
Tho slow, painful death was their doom.

For these heroes died in a prison,
Held back from the march and the strife —
They died sick with longing for freedom,
These men who knew death while in life.
But hush, brings a pall of sweet roses
To cover the darkness and rue.
Let the meaning their beauty discloses
Seem incense from thoughts sweet and true.

And let them sleep there in Camp Silence
Awaiting the last reveille —
When the great Chief reviewing his army
Heeds not, if they wear Blue or Gray.



CAMP CHASE.

Resting Place of Two Thousand, Two Hundred and Sixty Confederate Soldiers.

W. P. Harrison Presented This Arch.

Ah, sad was the doom of these sleepers,
 But sadder, far sadder the fate
 Of those, who went home as the vanquished,
 Too great for complaint or for hate.
 Oh the Blue marched home with flags flying,
 The Gray saw their own in the dust,
 Too proud to the last for weak sighing,
 They bowed to the great law of must.

When the Blue were sad tho fifes thrilled sweet
 And drums beat insistent and gay,
 Oh what were the thoughts of those in defeat,
 Those gaunt, gallant men in the Gray?
 Deep silence, the shield of the greatest,—
 Unless it be speech, shall bring aid,—
 These losers outnumbered, undaunted,
 Still held as their shield, undismayed.

And so when the last fight was ended,
 They silently stacked all their arms,
 And each his lone weary way wended
 To work on the desolate farms.
 And when Blue were cheered by the sounding drum,
 And joyous sweet notes of the fife,
 The Gray passed like mist, great grief is dumb
 When death would be sweeter than life.

They stood on the verge of destruction,
 Not dizzy, nay not even dazed,
 They worked for a grand reconstruction,
 No wonder the world was amazed.
 It forgot we were flesh of one flesh,
 Forgot we were bone of one bone;
 Americans, who with wounds still fresh
 Could stifle each sigh and moan.

But ah those heroes in voiceless woe,
 Who could show to a wondering world,
 They could fight and lose and onward go,
 With their flags forever furled.

My best thought swings to the South you say,
 Ah would this be strange if 'twere true,
 When my grandsire's hopes went down with the Gray—
 Peace—eight of their sons fought in Blue.

IN CAMP CHASE.

One of the most interesting visitors was W. H. Calfee, of Richmond, Virginia, who was a prisoner in Camp Chase. When captured he was in the 2nd Kentucky Battalion under General Duke and he was held prisoner in Camp Chase for six months.

Mr. Calfee was only fifteen then, but he has a vivid recollection of the lonely, heartsick days and nights, and as he looked from the ground that held the dust of his dead comrades out in the direction of the prison ground a quarter of a mile away his eyes held an unutterable look of sadness such as we see sometimes in the eyes of those who accept the inevitable.

"While I was there," said Mr. Calfee, "we were treated as well as prisoners could be.

Of course there was an insufficient supply of food at times, but it was not through a desire to deprive us of necessary food but the lack of it. But there was no great suffering from this cause and we were treated kindly and courteously. It was the fact that we were prisoners, powerless in the hands of the Union men, that hurt."

Mr. Calfee was captain of the 2nd Virginia regiment in the Spanish-American War, but when asked about this said:

"I was in the service, but I didn't do any fighting, for there wasn't any to do. Twenty-four hours in Camp Chase prison was more terrible than all the fighting in the Spanish-American War."

"Oh grander than any great victory
That's applauded by all the world,
Are the thoughts evoked when we clasp hands
With the warriors whose flags were furled
After years of deadliest conflict
Ay but furled in the grandest way
Ever known in the annals of ages
By your ragged heroes in gray.

Great warriors silent neath great defeat,
We think of your wounds today;
As you come with floral gifts so sweet,
For your great silent hosts in gray.

"Oh forget," says some shallow babler,
Who has learned not the heart of things,
"Forget," when forgetting would sever
The heart and the soul's best strings.

Or, "Let the dead past bury its dead,"
Is sounded again and again,
But we have a deeper meaning read,
So we sound a sweeter strain;
It is, "Let the past be witness
That the South having bowed to fate
The North is too gen'rous to triumph,
And both are too noble for hate."

Lines from "A Welcome."

STATE PRESIDENT OF D. O. C. HERE.

Mrs. Davie Lindsay Wooster, president of the Ohio division of the Daughters of the Confederacy, whose home is in Cincinnati, has twice taken part in the ceremonies at Camp Chase, and has quite an extensive acquaintance in this city. Her people, the Lindsays of Virginia, came from Scotland, where historical interest attached to the family for a period of 800 years, but Mrs. Lindsay was born in Bourbon county, Kentucky.

A tangible link between her life and that of

her historical ancestors is a stone which is nameless to those most familiar with gems and which has baffled the effort of experts to classify, possessing the brilliancy and hardness of the diamond, but in color a peculiar green shade not in the least resembling the emerald.

This stone is said to have descended from kindred of Mary, Queen of Scots, and was originally set in a pendant. The present owner of the heirloom wears it in a ring.

COLUMBUS MEN.

NOTABLE DEMOCRATS WILL REPRESENT BUCKEYE CAPITAL AT THE CONVENTION.

In a group who were speaking of well known Columbus Democrats who in all probability will witness or take part in the thrilling spectacular scenes in the great political play that is to be presented at St. Louis this week, Jerry O'Shaughnessy's name was mentioned.

"If Jerry goes," said J. Y. Bassell, "I wonder what sort of a souvenir he will bring back," referring to the incident connected with the trip to Washington, when the "only Jerry," while walking through the Capitol building with Congressman Badger, stopped in the midst of an earnest talk and drawing the genial congressman to one side, said:

JERRY'S SOUVENIR.

"Do you know, Badger, that Outhwaite always gave me a souvenir when I came to Washington. Now what's the matter with that Indian?" pointing in all seeming seriousness to a colossal statue.

This reference to one of the unique characters in the Columbus contingent of Democrats, each and every one of whom is fitted by nature and acquirements to form a part of the ensemble of the Louisiana Purchase monument if only Karl Kibler's figure of peace were removed from the top of it, directed attention to a number who will be there in more senses than one.

THURMAN'S NEW HAT.

Conspicuous among these will be Allen W. Thurman, who has bought a new hat for the occasion, much to the regret of those who prefer to see him wear his regular state convention hat, which corresponded so well with the linen coat, to which he clings with all the affection that hot weather can inspire for that which is cool and comfortable.

But, aside from his dress, which is a not unimportant detail when it is, as in this instance, so characteristic of the independence

of the man, Mr. Thurman's name and striking personality will command interest in even the vast acres of people at the convention.

Former Congressman Lentz is another man who will not only be seen but heard, for he will be the star actor in the Columbus crowd when it comes to voice, and massive, unyielding and forceful, he'll make use of his voice whenever possible.

SLOANE AND ROSS.

Ulric Sloane, vehement in words, aggressive in looks, is another who will not pass unnoticed, for individuality and power are always perceived.

In sharp contrast in appearance but equally noticeable, will be "Jimmy" Ross, whose infantile smile is likely to cause him to be apprehended by some society that exists to prevent innocents remaining with such wicked associates as all those who accompany Mr. Ross will seem in comparison with him.

FIELD WILL ASK SPACE.

A. W. Field will sail into the convention with a request for a stretch of empty space, where he can reveal himself under effects as one of the self-luminous jewel flowers that are attracting so much attention at the fair. Ellis Jones will wear, in addition to his up-to-date dress, a Hearst smile, suggestive of those who having scanned the horizon early in the morning, are prepared for any sort of weather.

George W. Dun, boyishly debonaire, will escape the convention and get to the fair as quick as possible, and nothing that happens at St. Louis will disturb him, not even if he chances to take a ride on one of the highly emotional Delmar cars, for he took his station and degree as one who isn't upset by disturbing elements when he patronized the camels at the Elks' carnival.

BADGER WILL BE QUIET.

Congressman Badger will go as a sort of scout who will have little to say unless someone mentions John Sharpe Williams, who in all probability will be selected as temporary chairman of the convention, in which case the judge will become quite eloquent in his praise of this leader of his party in the house of representatives, and wherever great issues are at stake.

John C. L. Pugh will furnish noise — noise that will be heard even where tumult stuns the ear.

Dr. Gilliam, with his habitual air of knowing it all and saying nothing, may deceive strangers at St. Louis into thinking he is a Mahatma.

Claude Meeker, suave, smiling, will maintain discreet silence unless — unless — that which is now considered “unknowable” is known to this past diplomat, in which case he may say a few good things.

MERELY TO WATCH THE FUN.

Colonel W. A. Taylor, sweetly satirical and splendidly suggestive of what the party was before it began to flounder, will be one of the most interesting of the Columbus contingent in the struggle of men and measures.

Ben Harmon will watch the play with the serene, satisfied air of one who doesn't even care to “do” the fair, and only goes with the crowd through force of habit.

Del Saviers, resourceful in any struggle, will give blow for blow and sting for sting.

“Billy” Williams, habitually quiet, will seem more impassive than ever, but see and hear and know all that's worth while.

George Karb is in doubt as to whether he will go to the convention or send a proxy, as he is still somewhat exhausted after his campaign, compared with which a national convention and a world's fair combination are somewhat tame.

THE CREED OF THE CRAFT.

There's a limit to all that we may bear,
There's a time when the eyes are dry;
Yes, a time when the brow seems free from
care—
It is when our best hopes die.

When we know no bitter failure or pain
Can cause us to sob, sigh or weep,
'Tis then the lips thrill their sweetest refrain,
And a crimson flush dyes the cheek.

No, we do not die when this stage we reach,
We weep not in life's deepest woe,
We do not explain in tragical speech—
We simply say, “Peace, let it go.”

We do not revenge, it isn't worth while;
We do not pose, rave or regret;
But we take the worst with a well-trained
smile,
And we follow the creed, “Forget.”

THE CREED OF SILENCE.

Silent, be silent, oh speak no word
Of suffering, that wrings thy soul,
Let not a sigh from thy lips be heard,
All thy seething thoughts control;
Put brakes on thy heart, slacken its beat,
Lest throbs that proclaim its pain
Should injure that which is fine and sweet
In the thought cells of thy brain.

Be dumb, when falsehood flaunts in thy face
Some vict'ry that stabs thy heart,
And e'en when it shifts on thee disgrace,
Oh still play a silent part.

With murderous hands upon thy throat,
Oh still with deep silence defy,
The cowardly force that would have you float
On the crested wave of a lie.

Be silent still, tho you know that wrong
Hath triumphed over thy best,
For back of the victor's triumphant song
Is the victor's torture — unrest.
And know that to you will come the day
When the clock of fate strikes the hour
For justice to call, all debts to pay;
It may bring life's sweetest flower.

Ohio State Journal, July, 1904.

NATIONAL CONVENTION AT ST. LOUIS.

Who that was present will ever forget the thrilling and spectacular scenes in the colossal Coliseum at St. Louis during the National Democratic convention of Nineteen Hundred and Four when for many days and nights twelve or fifteen thousand people in a delirium of excitement created pandemonium indescribable; and who will forget that in that stormy struggle for supremacy one man alone, standing with uplifted hand could still that mighty, roaring sea of sound and hold that vast concourse silent watching his every movement waiting as if life depended upon each word he uttered.

It had been claimed that Mr. Bryan's power had waned; perhaps it had as politicians reckon power, but from the hour when he first read a dreary report through the Illinois contest, through the all night session of nominating speeches, and his last heroic effort that carried the convention to Sunday morning, there was no time when the multitude, mad with excitement, could not be subdued by a single movement of the "Great Commoner."

When the order came that, ticket or no ticket, no more people should be admitted to the Coliseum I was in a fearful crush just inside the outer doors—from which section, steps led to the balcony encircling the arena of action where the delegates were massed.

In vain did those holding tickets declare their right to enter. It was a case of

"GET IN IF YOU CAN."

and as policemen with clubs guarded the entrances it didn't seem worth while trying to pass such barriers; deep, prolonged, piercing yells from the interior added to the angry excitement of those who were denied access. Pushing, scrambling, vociferous, the disappointed surged around the outer corridors, forward and backward like storm lashed waves.

While tossed about by the crowd that barred return to the street I was thrown near one of the guards who stood at an entrance step with one arm extended until his hand rested upon the railing opposite leaving a slight space between his straight, slender form and the rail-

ing. The extended arm would scarcely touch my head, but I didn't see the opportunity provided until the guard gave me a cue by saying:

"You're so small I can't see you." In an instant I was up the steps, looking out upon the great basin shaped interior of the Coliseum that from floor to roof was a confused blur of fans, faces and flags; bands were playing but above the strains of music rose the hoarse shouts and piercing yells that had been heard on the outside and

POSSIBLY ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

All seats in the balcony and all the aisles were filled by a scrambling crowd similar to that in the outer corridors; the heat was stifling, the clamor bewildering, the pressure of the crowd almost unendurable. A big, broad shouldered man threw out his arm as a shield, but the crowd sent us against a low railing.

"This will never do," exclaimed the big man. Then lightly, easily, without permission or apology he swung me over the slight barrier and followed with a stride, nodding carelessly to a policeman who made no protest against our unauthorized advent.

Then my self-appointed guide seeming to know that a conventional woman would not be in that convention alone said: "You can't get back through that mob so come with me."

It was not a time to resent mastership and as meekly as ever elemental woman followed the footsteps of man through the terrors of trackless jungles. I followed him with a sense of helplessness that could not have been more complete had the hall been a jungle where real tigers crouched in place of the Tammany.

My guide's strong shoulders forced a way through the struggling crowd to a place near the section reserved for the press writers, whose desks were arranged in a semi-circle around the platform. Then addressing me as tho I were a relative he said:

"Here take this chair Hazel," and in reply to my objection added:

"Never mind whose place it is. Ethics don't count in St. Louis. I've a number of tickets—but the seats—that's another matter. A ticket for this convention means stay out so I've concealed mine."

Then for the first time I noticed that my companion wore the badge of

A NATIONAL COMMITTEEMAN

With a quizzical smile he noted my recognition of it and continued:—

"I'm thinking of concealing my badge also for a crowd of rooters from New York have secured duplicate badges so these don't count. But here try one of the "St. Louis Star" fans and make yourself as comfortable as possible. You'll have to stand on your chair if you wish to see anything when they get well started."

"Well started," I exclaimed in amazement, for it seemed as if the beginning and the end of everything were taking place.

"Yes," answered the committeeman, "there'll be something doing here tonight, but you needn't be frightened. I can't remain in one place all the time but I'll see you're not annoyed. There she goes!"

ROLL CALL OF THE STATES.

"Alabama," yelled the clerk amid a reverberating salvo of applause.

"Alabama yields to New York," came the response, and Martin W. Littleton of New York, a gentleman of striking appearance, stepped forward and nominated Judge Parker in a speech that was said to be the literary gem of the convention. His beautifully finished phrases flowed from his lips easily, admirably.

In the demonstration that followed thousands became a whirling mass in which banners and flags, hats, fans and umbrellas were thrown aloft and the standards of many states were torn from their fastenings and carried about the hall in the procession of states. It was led by a young man with a megaphone, followed by New York and other delegations who forced their way through the aisles of the reservation and marched to the music

"WE WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING."

And above all other sounds, the piercing prolonged yells of the excited multitude.

Arkansas yielded to Tennessee and Senator Carmack seconded Parker's nomination.

"California" came the call and Senator Delmas distinguished in appearance, classical in his style of speaking, nominated

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

Senator Delmas' speech was followed by a demonstration in which California with banner of gold and picture of Mr. Hearst led the way followed by Hawaii, which for the first

time was represented in a National convention. It lasted thirty-one minutes exceeding the Parker demonstration by one minute.

"Connecticut." Walter A. Cummings seconded Parker.

"Colorado." P. J. O'Donnell seconded nomination of Parker.

"Delaware." Irving Handy, former Congressman, presented the name of Judge George Gray.

"Florida," and two men claimed recognition. John Beard seconded Hearst.

"Georgia was called at midnight and Wright seconded nomination of Parker.

"Indiana," and Parker's nomination was seconded by J. W. Kern who was at first a candidate for the vice presidential nomination, he gave a fine tribute to Bryan, and said among other things he came from a state where when other states had deserted, the earth was fairly trembling beneath the tread of Democratic hosts.

"Iowa," came the call.

Some delegate began response but the crowd yelled him down for he sought to speak for Parker and

IOWA WAS FOR HEARST.

"Iowa." Geo. Rheinhart seconded nomination of Hearst for Iowa, acting under unit rule.

"Idaho." Clarence Darrow of Illinois, seconded the motion for Hearst's nomination.

"Illinois."

"Kansas," E. J. Johnson seconded Hearst.

"Kansas." Obermeyer placed in nomination Gen. Nelson A. Miles.

"Kentucky" seconded nomination of Parker.

"Louisiana" seconded Parker.

"Maine" gave way to Montana and Senator Clark seconded Parker.

"Maryland." The nomination of Parker was seconded through Col. Brinkerman Schley.

"Massachusetts." Patrick Collins of Boston placed in nomination Richard Olney.

"Minnesota." The response was for Parker.

"Montana" was also for Parker.

"Mississippi." Governor Vardaman on chair seconded Parker's nomination.

"Nebraska" was called and the crowd yelled for Bryan, but the response was:

"Nebraska yields to Wisconsin," and Danfel A. Rose, mayor of Milwaukee, placed Edward Wall in nomination.

North Dakota.

"Ohio." No nominee.

"Pennsylvania." Marshall J. Ryan seconded nomination of Parker.

"Rhode Island." Judge J. Fitzgerald indorsed.

"South Carolina." Senator Tillman seconded Parker.

Texas declared for Parker, and former Congressman Thomas E. Bell made a strong speech for the Esopus man.

Utah changed places with Alaska.

West Virginia for Parker. Virginia for Hearst.

"Missouri" had been inadvertently omitted and Champ Clark, a man of splendid presence and fine voice, nominated Senator Cockrell of Missouri. His speech marked an epoch, for it was the first time in fifty years the name of a political Southern gentleman had been presented in convention. Almost as he finished speaking the band crashed forth Dixie, and one of the most beautiful and inspiring scenes ever witnessed took place as twelve thousand people, rising tier upon tier from the floor to the roof of that great Coliseum sprang to their feet and with rhythmic movement in tune with the music waved small flags that had been distributed for this purpose, forming a cascade of color enchanting.

The effect of the fluttering flags and music upon an audience that for hours had been in a frenzy of excitement was indescribable. —

It was just a confused blurr of gesticulating people, a great roar that beat through one's head and carried one on a sea of intoxicating emotion.

Through that night of speechmaking when there were six nominating and twenty-eight seconding speeches with the wild demonstrations that followed each as delegates tore standards from their staffs and paraded the hall in the numerous processions of the states with ever the deep prolonged yells surging upward but little attention was given the speaking tho many of the most noted orators of the nation made addresses — the vast concourse in the Coliseum waited, for the master had not spoken.

It was morning. Even those accustomed to prowling about till "The Hour of the Ox" had decided the night was somewhat prolonged and in the ugly light where the gray dawn vied with the incandescents a great pall of weariness and inertia had fallen upon the acres of people who had heard six hours and a half of oratory in the stifling heat of that July night.

But suddenly twelve thousand people were

electrified and the fiercest, wildest yells of all the night were hurled upward until it seemed the very roof would be riven for there before us stood

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

upon his face the majesty of a soul unstained by insincerity, one hand uplifted in gesture of appeal that acted as the wand of a magician for, instantly the piercing yells were stilled and all the clamor ended. His power was felt before he had spoken a word. When he did speak it was evident that he was suffering from the strain of more than fifty hours of sleepless, desperate contest in committee conference and on the floor of the convention while striving to weld chaotic conditions — his voice was not so strong and vibrant as usual but the spell of the speaker was over all and not a word of what he said was lost.

It was worth years of ordinary life to witness and feel the power of one man over such an assemblage for as he continued to speak his face and eyes glowed with their wonted fire and his voice rang out over the coliseum with all its wonted silver bugle clearness and sonorous organ richness until his eloquence brought tears to the eyes of the very men who sat there pledged to execute the wishes of those who were antithetical to all that he advocated for they were compelled to render him the homage due to genius divine;

Who could resist the heart stirring cry: "You may dispute if I have fought a good fight, if I have finished the course but none can deny that I have kept the faith. I surrender the standard unsullied."

Under suspension of the four minute rule for seconding speeches Mr. Bryan spoke for forty-nine minutes, defending his course, vindicating himself of the charge of dictatorship, defining his attitude and seconding the nomination of Senator Cockrell.

Mr. Bryan may have many hours of triumph but it is not probable that ever again will he experience such deep rapture as must have thrilled from heart to brain when the homage of the people unpurchased, priceless was wafted to him in the silence that he alone could command as that vast throng, forgetful that the night had passed without sleep, sat with wide-eyed rapt attention listening to each word he uttered; entranced by the indescribable, irresistible charm of his oratory as he played upon the chords of human interest and sympathy with such wizard skill, ten thousand heart-strings vibrated in unison.

AFTER THE TELEGRAM CAME.

Two o'clock was the hour scheduled for the nomination of vice president but the convention met and recessed because no one knew what to do.

Everything was as it had been at five o'clock that morning when that mighty multitude had rushed from that closely packed coliseum, after a ten hour session; but what a different atmosphere.

The wildness of the nominating scene had been replaced by the volcanic intensity of feeling of men who knew their ticket was defeated in advance and the curiosity of the crowd that knew something vital had transpired but as yet had not grasped the import.

Nominating and seconding speeches were made but unheeded by the people who were waiting for some statement while the leaders were holding conference trying to find themselves or the platform, something to stand upon, or some one to suggest some plan of procedure.

There was a vacant seat in the Nebraska section. It proclaimed that the leader of leaders, the commanding, dominating person-

ality of the convention was absent. Mr. Bryan was seriously ill under the care of two physicians.

Some of the wisest statesmen, some of the most brilliant leaders of the nation were there but all seemed as helpless as little wanderers who have lost their way and can find no path to the light.

However, the roll call proceeded and it seemed possible nominations would be made when Senator Culberson of Texas was recognized and protested against the continuation of the convention with all the force of his eloquence.

There was a demand that the Culberson motion be set aside followed by a roar of disapproval: delegates rushed to the New York delegation with copies of the afternoon extras stating that Judge Parker would not accept the nomination without a gold resolution in the platform, then wild gesticulations, frantic shouts and demands for this and that and at last a recess was taken until five o'clock and after that until 8 o'clock.



SEN. JOE BAILEY.



DAVID B. HILL.

AFTER THE LAST RECESS.

Another vast crowd had assembled in the Coliseum called there by the impulse that brings men together in time of great disaster.

The newspapers had sent thousands of extras out among the people and swiftly had they responded.

Hatless and coatless, delegates went back to the Coliseum and hurried to their seats.

Champ Clark called the convention to order with well assumed coolness and Gov. Vardaman was recognized to ask officially what everyone had asked scores of times—information concerning the news that had caused Senator Culberson to demand an adjournment but all formalities were to gain time: the singing of "My Old Kentucky Home" aided delay until some explanation could be made.

David Hill, August Belmont, William Sheenan, Senator Tillman and others who had been in

CONFERENCE AT THE SOUTHERN HOTEL

arrived about nine o'clock and were greeted with a yell expressive of relief.

Mounting the platform these leaders consulted with Chairman Clark. They had arranged for speeches and fixed upon the men to be recognized. Bryan was too ill to be consulted.

Then the fascinating masterly play for supremacy became intensified as John Sharp Williams skillfully led his hearers to believe that the telegram was a very ordinary thing; and said Gov. Vardaman would read the telegram that Mr. Sheenan had received. In introducing the reader he assured the delegates they would find nothing in it that would require a change of the platform. After Gov. Vardaman had read the telegram, there was more finnese; when he announced that Senator Tillman of South Carolina would read the telegram that was to be sent to Judge Parker.

In the early evening Senator Tillman had denounced the message with the statement—

"It has the dictatorship of Tom Platt by—and with eagerness the people waited for him to do that which was naturally the part of Bryan but he was for harmony.

At this moment came the

MOST DRAMATIC SCENE.

of the whole convention. Mr. Bryan, threatened with pneumonia, suffering from the pro-

found exhaustion of many days and nights of forensic battle without sleep, amid warring, clashing interests, returned to the Coliseum.

A mighty cheer gave recognition of his presence, a cheer that interrupted Senator Tillman who could not quiet the turbulent people.

Who could doubt the supremacy of the Great Commoner as he made his way to the speaker's stand by royal right and stood before his stunned, disheartened party men. The "expansive" smile seemed never to have had formation on the thin line of his lips; his face was white and weary, his eyes sunken and sombre and when he began to speak his voice was hoarse and labored, but the great heart and the mighty will were still unconquered and for an hour or more the throng was held in thrall by the greatest orator of modern times in the greatest speech of his life.

Mr. Bryan's speech when he stamped the Chicago convention was considered unparalleled as a triumph of modern oratory. Those who heard him then and when he seconded the nomination of Senator Cockrell, declared that in the nomination he surpassed his "crown of gold" oration but even so, it yielded its crown as a master speech to his last impassioned effort in St. Louis.

In the dawn of the day he had been thrilling, eloquent; he had won the tribute of deathlike silence followed by such cheers as must echo through all the after hours of his life; but in the night time he came, when it was also night time for his party, exhausted, suffering, to hold aloft one torch of hope for those who trembled in the gloom.

The waves of annihilation were sweeping against the party walls but they could not quench the electric flame of feeling that flowed from his heart to his lips; they could not still the voice that gathered strength as he talked until it rose and fell with all its winning, magical power. He never paused for a word. His sentences came with an overwhelming rush, in cadence absolute, in period harmonious, as he pleaded for fair treatment for the people or flamed at that which he believed a menace to the spirit of equality for all and special privileges for none. With each

word he uttered he seemed to gain new majesty of presence.

With infinite tact and perfect taste he recalled his acts and discussion on the committee on resolutions; how he had scratched out silver dollars and later standard money, asset currency, and so on; but this was but preliminary to the white hot glow of eloquence that followed. A man of gentlest personality, he was like an aroused lion as he challenged the leaders who had prepared a message to be sent to Judge Parker in reply to his telegram to move to change the platform and come out for a gold standard.

"I will offer no objection other than to vote against it," he cried, seeming to think the delegates would object, but they remained immovable silent.

Then throwing all the force of his magnetic personality into his appeal he pleaded with the delegates to be fair with the voters, his winning vibrant voice rolling out over that convention with its volcanic possibilities until his hearers seemed to see what he evidently saw, not that brilliant throng beneath the glittering lights, not the array of intellectual giants opposing him, but that larger aggregation, the millions out beyond that hall, the uncounted hosts who toil and wear their lives away with scarcely time to look at the sky and are too often unremembered in the play of politics.

A deeper hush settled upon the listening

multitude for the people realized as never before that he was dominated by altruism, a passion for the truth in which there was no thought of ambition or personal advantage.

For more than an hour, overcoming the great weariness and weakness that had fallen upon him he held his hearers entranced. It was the supreme struggle of a great soul against almost inevitable defeat; a soul reflecting the simplicity and sincerity of the great common people, emphasizing his right to the title the Great Commoner.

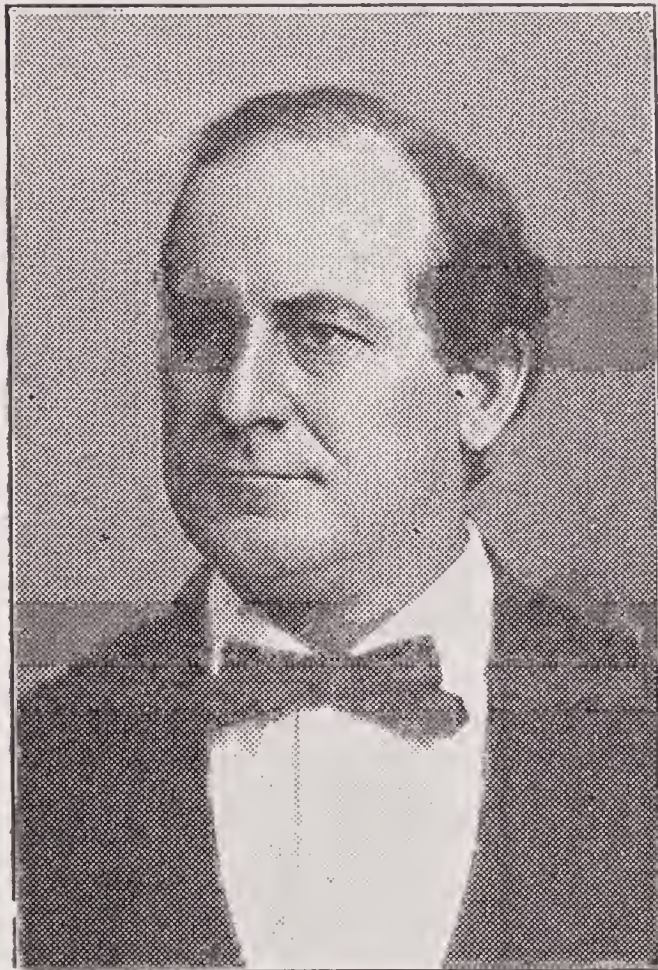
Gallantly did he meet the waves of opposition, royally did he maintain his right to lead and as he stepped from the platform his desperately weary, death pale face gave proof of his endeavor.

Beaten at every turn but victorious in defeat in that hour he learned to know as a personal experience that which were worth a lifetime of official power for without office, without the prestige of electoral victories, he knew that he was the uncrowned ruler of many, knew that he was master of the great heart of the people,

Those who heard Mr. Bryan in that hour can never pass from the spell of his voice, those who did not hear him then, in all probability will never know how great an orator this period has produced, for speech is shaped by occasion, and this the most dramatic incident in the history of American politics will scarcely be paralleled.

Mr. Bryan had led the fight against Judge Parker in the committee on credentials, defeated there he had carried it to the floor of the convention, beaten there, spent seventeen hours with the committee on resolutions, which met at 8 o'clock on Thursday night, and never left the room until noon Friday, then came a conference for final plans of the anti-Parker forces, and at last the convention where he was the controlling spirit of these forces from 8 o'clock in the evening until five the next morning, making the wonderful speech in which he seconded the nomination of Senator Cockrell,

and then at the eleventh hour when the convention was ready to adjourn had thrown aside the fatigue and illness that would have prostrated a less magnificent physique, a less indomitable will, and despite the protest of the men of science, demonstrated the mastery of will and returned to contend for the principles that dominate his lofty soul, speaking with such transcendent power that his hearers will through life recall it not only with admiration, but with awe, and always will he stand as the most colossal figure in that convention.



W. J. BRYAN.



CARTER HARRISON.



CHAMP CLARK.



CHAS. D. MURPHY.

SOME OF THE NOTABLES.

Senator "Tillman, picturesque and militant, with his powerful face and the incomparable ease of the southerner engaged attention even in the stress of the convention. Several times I was near enough to this terror of the "special privilege statesman" to mark his square jaw and the depth of his head, and once only the winning smile of the mobile mouth. After seeing him it is not difficult to think of him as one of the great figures in National affairs.

Sitting or standing by the National Committeemen through much of the ten hour session my attention was called to many National characters.

Among the notable men to whom my companion called attention were Senator Culbertson of Texas, tall and classically handsome; Clarence Darrow of Illinois; Governor Peck, of Wisconsin, original

PECK'S BAD BOY.

He wore a straw hat well pushed back from a full forehead and bore no resemblance to the incorrigible pictured in the story.

Other men pointed out were National Chairman James K. Jones, a fatherly looking man. Former Senator Trueman.

Joseph Bailey of Texas, Carter Harrison, mayor of Chicago, Thomas Taggart, the idol of the Indiana Democracy, Charles A. Walsh, Col. J. Hamilton Lewis, Norman E. Mack of New York, National Committeeman, power in N. Y. politics.

Senator Cockrell of Missouri, grand old man, beloved and honored; Charles Murphy Leader Tammany, former Senators McCarren and Townsend, New York; Jerry South of Arkansas, Senator Daniels of Virginia, famed for his oratory; Joseph Folk, quiet and unassuming.

W. A. Watson, Tammany man; H. Childers, New York; Mr. Davis of West Virginia, who gives one the impression of rugged strength despite his age and looks like a self-made business man.

Congressman Bourke Cochran of New York, Governor Blanchard of Louisiana, type of southern gentleman; Ex-mayor David S. Rose of Milwaukee; J. E. Bell of Indiana;

L. S. Overman of North Carolina, typical southerner.

Patrick McCarren of New York, Irving Handy of Delaware, A. W. Moline of Porto Rico, and David B. Hill, the man who has been described as a mental machine who has reduced politics which is his life to a geometrical proposition.

OTHER WELL KNOWN PEOPLE.

Cong. Ollie James of Kentucky; Col. J. B. Breathitt of Mexico, a striking figure, tall and bronzed, with smooth shaven face and a crown of white hair; John P. Hopkins, Chicago; James J. Kennedy, State Senator Bumarger, David H. Purdy, F. J. Cannon.

One of the most interesting and picturesque characters was Gov. Vardaman who does not believe in the social or political advancement of the negro. With flashing eyes and long black hair attracted instant attention.

A gentleman who seemed particularly glad to meet Ohio people was C. R. Van Horn, better known as "Cale" an old Cincinnati resident who is now managing editor of the New York World.

Senator W. W. J. Stone strongly marked features, William Brennan, orator and lawyer of the Guffey contingent.

Former Lieut. Gov. Wm. F. Sheehan, better known as "Blue Eyed Billy" — Judge Parker's personal representative.

William Randolph Hearst, more than six feet tall, very quiet in appearance, thoroughbred, cultured gentleman; nothing in common with the mental impression formed of him as an editor.

Al G. Carlisle of Salem wore his cheerful smile back of a rain of perspiration.

Two famous Ohioans, "Buck" Brady of Cincinnati, Judge Robert Hough, Hillsboro; candidate for Democratic nomination for governor in 1897 defeated by Hon. Horace L. Chapman.

Governor Dockery of Missouri, carrying fan and umbrella, looked like a big, fat boy as he mopped his perspiring face.

Al Mays of Miamisburg, Ohio, wealthy tobacco dealer in the days of Sorg and Campbell, the third district.

NOTES OF THE CONVENTION.

Among the well known women of the country who occupied boxes near the speaker's stand were: Mrs. E. B. and Mrs. B. C. Cockrell, Miss Marie House, Senator Tillman's wife and two daughters, the daughters of Gen. James B. Weaver, Mrs. Henry Evans and

Mrs. Maud Robinson, Miss Montgomery, of Portland, Oregon, Mrs. Champ Clark, Mrs. John C. Williamson, Mrs. George Trueman, Washington State—husband mentioned as vice presidential possibility.

Stacey B. Rankin, Ohio's Executive Commissioner, and one of the most prominent Republicans in the state, who occupied a box with Mrs. Mercer Hall, daughter of Judge Parker, Mrs. Francis, wife of the President of the Exposition and Mrs. Daniel Manning, forgot that he was at a Democratic conven-

tion for during the Cockrell demonstration he was on his feet waving a flag and seemingly as delirious with excitement as the most pronounced Democrat in Missouri; his mouth opened and shut at intervals as though he were cheering but in that uproar nothing could be distinguished as a human voice.

In one of the short interims in the convention proceedings, Mr. Bryan was seen standing on corner near the Planter's Hotel in earnest converse with a gentleman, and in this pose gave one opportunity to see the simplicity that characterizes his dress as well as

his manner. At this time, when the eyes of the nation were upon him he wore a blue negligee shirt with a pin stripe, a scarf of darker blue tied in a careless knot and a wide hat pushed back from the full strong forehead, with blue black coat and trousers.

In the first procession of the states around the hall it seemed as if the entire multitude had suddenly gone mad, for shouting, gesticulating the surging hosts lost all sense, all desire seemingly save to make as much noise as possible. Intense fear caused me to do the only thing I should have done during that half hour of pandemonium when each instant there was the possibility of being swept out with that moving mass.

"I must say you have courage," said the full rich voice of the committeeman whom I had not seen during that mad procession; then he continued, I thought you'd be frightened by this demonstration, but here you are as calm as a Quaker at a prayer meeting. You didn't even move did you?"

"No, I didn't; dead people don't move, and I was frightened to death.

"Was it as bad as that for you?"

"Yes, it was worse than being beyond ones depth in a rough sea, it wasn't so bad until the crowd came between me and the standard of one state.

"And your state?" said my chance acquaintance making the first remark, indicating that he had not known me a lifetime. Then he continued:

"Ohio? I might have known it. No wonder the men in that state are politicians when the women can 'do' a convention like this alone."

"But I'm not doing it," was my protest lost in a renewal of cheers and frantic band playing; after the tumult had subsided, until the gavel of the speaker could be heard, I added: "I don't even know what they're doing."

"And no one else knows," was the laughing response.

At every convention there are some whose familiar faces seem part of the Great Play of Politics, which draws an enthusiastic crowd, such as no other drama can command, and so long as there are conventions there will be many who will go to them despite disappointments or disaster, pain or pleasure, stress of business or struggle for bread, betrayals in love or bargains in land.

Among the Columbus convention habitues seen in various places in St. Louis were: Col. W. A. Taylor, veteran politician and writer; A. P. Sandles, one of the younger politicians of Ohio, with a wide acquaintance; J. C. L. Pugh, one of the Hearst delegates from Franklin county, and Del Saviers, who had an affinity for the luxurious seats in the lobby of the Jefferson Hotel.

OHIO DELEGATES.

John A. McMahon, Dayton.
 E. H. Moore, Youngstown.
 L. G. Bernard, Cincinnati.
 W. S. Thomas, Springfield.
 Chas. P. Salen, Cleveland.
 Harlan Cleveland, Cincinnati.
 E. W. Hanley, Dayton.
 A. D. Miller, Lima
 S. A. Hoskins, Wapakoneta.
 John Wood, Georgetown.
 Chas. J. Bowlus, Springfield.
 V. J. Dahl, Washington C. H.
 W. L. Finley, Kerton.
 W. R. Nevin, Bellefontaine.
 John Bolan, Toledo.
 H. A. Kilmer, Port Clinton.
 J. W. Guthrie, Manchester.
 Oscar W. Newman, Portsmouth.
 W. D. Yapple, Chillicothe.
 M. A. Daugherty, Lancaster.
 James Ross, Columbus.
 C. F. Gilliam, Columbus.
 Hiram Long, Bryan.

Frank Donnenwirth, Bucyrus.
 Lewis Brucker, Mansfield.
 Daniel Torpy, Marietta.
 H. F. Sutton, Zanesville.
 W. B. Francis, Martin's Ferry.
 A. N. McCombs, Cadiz.
 W. R. Pomerene, Coshocton.
 Wellington Stilwell, Millersburg.
 P. J. McNamara, Youngstown.
 W. B. Padgett, Warren.
 C. A. Corbin, Ashtabula.
 Tom L. Johnson, Cleveland.
 John H. Clarke, Cleveland.
 B. W. Campbell, Cincinnati.
 Chas. E. Mason, Hamilton.
 A. R. Geyer, Paulding.
 O. N. Sams, Hillsboro.
 John E. Bruce, Cincinnati.
 Harvey Platt, Tiffin.
 W. G. Sharpe, Elyria.
 Rhodes I. Gregory, Canton.
 W. A. Ault, Wadsworth.

NEWSPAPER MEN AT THE CONVENTION.

In four days and two nights spent in the stormy struggle of the convention I didn't observe Ohio delegates taking conspicuous parts for under the unit rule they were barred from active participation. but the newspaper men, coatless, waistcoatless, collarless, with arms bared to the elbows forgetting their creed of indifference jumped to the tops of their desks and took such vociferous part in the tumult that the people back of them took up the slogan

DOWN WITH THE PRESS.

and fans, umbrellas and newspapers were thrown at them in good humored way.

Among those who did the desk walking act at the same time were "Big Ben" Allen of Cleveland, George Marvin, Hartzell Caldwell, James Faulkner and Ellis Jones, owner and manager of the Press Post, who was acting as correspondent for his paper.

Samuel G. McClure, editor-in-chief of the Ohio State Journal, was also acting as staff correspondent for his paper, and in all probability no writer worked more faithfully than he. Sunday morning in the very last moments of that prolonged convention when a few hundred stragglers were trying to sing "Auld Lang Syne," I looked back over the big, almost deserted Coliseum and noticed Mr. McClure just leaving his desk.

Early in the week Eugene Kerr was seen entering the Coliseum. Cool, collected, quiet when the struggling mass of humanity seemed on the verge of a riot. Hon. John J. Lentz and Harry Westerman were but a few steps in advance of Mr. Kerr but in that whirlpool of humanity where one was swept round and round it was probably twenty minutes before I reached the door through which they had passed.

GLEE CLUB MAKES HIT IN ST. LOUIS.

Before the advent of the Columbus Glee Club upon the Exposition grounds, I heard people from various parts of the world discussing the power of this famous organization and planning to be present at the concert given in Festival Hall, Tuesday afternoon.

Among those who mentioned this club to me were, a Frenchman in the Varied Industries Building, a student from Germany, a girl from a Mexican ranch who was at a political meeting in Ohio when the boys were helping a campaign, two New York women who were watching the Philippine scouts drill on the Plaza of St. Louis, a salesman from Chicago who had just emerged from a Jim Key performance on the Pike, a San Francisco woman who was resting in the Texas Building, a man and woman from Peoria, Illinois, a Yale man who had heard them in some convention, a United States Marine who was sitting in his tent engaged in sorting his shoes of which he had six pair in view.

The remarks and inquiries of these people, from such widely different points, representing such varied phases of life, indicated world wide reputation, an indication that was verified when a large audience greeted them and gave rapt attention throughout each number and splendid ovations at the close of many of the classical and popular selections of which the program consisted.

WERE MANY ENCORES.

H. W. Frillman, base vocalist and president of the club, who sang a selection from Mozart's magic flute, was one whose singing elicited much applause and Mr. Reed, tenor, was recalled so insistently, that he was compelled to sing three times in succession.

Five numbers were rendered by the Club, two solos by Messrs. Frillman and Reed, and three selections on the great organ by Mr. Galloway. Mr. Simpson, the director, and members received congratulations not only from music devotees in the audience but from Mr. Galloway, the organist, and from Mr. Ernest Kroeger, who has charge of all the music programs given at the Exposition.

At a special reception given the club members by the Ohio World's Fair Commission in the Ohio Building, Wednesday evening, the triumph of the afternoon was continued. A large number of guests were present and for two hours the club delighted an appreciative audience.

BEST MUSIC AT THE FAIR.

"Oh," said one woman whose expressive face showed the pleasure she felt, "this is the best musical entertainment that has been given at the World's Fair."

At this time the boys had not begun to sing their stirring campaign songs. When these began to roll forth with all the abandon of those accustomed to swaying crowds, this woman sat speechless for each selection seemed to be the "hit" until it was followed by something better.

The Democrats who were present seemingly enjoyed themselves as much as others. When at last the boys were compelled by the instinct of self-preservation to give as one voice, "Oh, You Don't Know How Tired I Am," the delighted listeners refrained from farther demonstration.

SOME PEOPLE WHO WERE PRESENT.

Among the guests at the reception were Mr. Yerington, National Commissioner of Nevada, J. F. Miller, National Commissioner of New York, T. E. Marshall, Director of Exposition, Commissioner Kingsbury and wife of Rhode Island, Mr. and Mrs. Frank of Athens, Governor and Mrs. Brown of Larimie, Mrs. Lyons and daughter of New York, General and Mrs. Mitchell of Minnesota, Mrs. Grant Thomas, Wisconsin, Dr. Schuebe and wife, and Mrs. Walsh of Wisconsin, National Commissioner Bartlet and wife of Georgia, National Commissioner Reis of Connecticut, Mrs. Appleby of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Francis.

Thursday a visit was made to the St. Louis Republic and Globe Democrat buildings, both papers having had elaborate reports of the club's doings.

At the Republic, political songs were requested as staff wished to know what kind of songs a political glee club could render. Altho the Republic is a Democratic paper, "Teddy and Mr. Bryan" and "Big Gold Democrat" were especially well received as a complete novelty to St. Louis.

At Globe Democrat, composers sent down an invitation to visit the composing rooms and for half an hour the men gathered around the singers with expressions of appreciation.

THE APRON STRING.

The author of the following poem, Mary Robson McGill, a product of the Buckeye State, is now in St. Louis, studying the World's Fair and the customs and people of the metropolis of the Louisiana Purchase. The poem was suggested to the author by the criticism of Admiral George Dewey, shortly after his marriage, in which he was ridiculed as being tied to his wife's apron string. The poem is a very striking presentation of the power and influence of the apron-string from a woman's point of view.

"Tied to a woman's apron-string."

Is the phrase that leaps to the lips,
That voice contempt with subtle sting
For that which they cannot eclipse;
For tho' earth be searched for grander power
Tho' the great their treasures bring
The charm of each gem and book and flower
Will yield to "the apron string;"
When hands that tie it are those you love
As mother, sweetheart, or wife;
The hands that point to the heights above
And lead to a larger life.

Oh, men with your grand and godlike gifts,
When your idle jests you throw
At that which enriches and uplifts
And heals humanity's woe;
Does there never mount from heart to brow
A flush that bespeaks great shame
As you bare your head and humbly bow
To the memory of a name.
A name that recalls your boyhood days
And love to which you will cling,
Through all earth's dark and devious ways,
For it has no after sting.

The love that lives is the love that can lead
To the highest heights of the soul,
The love that will come in your greatest need
With power to inspire and console.
And this love has a symbol quaint and old
As any that you can bring,
It's as fine as ever was wrought in gold.
But it's only "an apron string."
Oh that apron string of your boyhood days,
How you longed to break its power,
When it held you back from the great high-
ways
Where each rank weed seemed a flower.

Then you vowed when you once became a
man
You'd go with a double swing
And you'd show the world as you swiftly
ran
How to break an apron string.

But somehow that string always lengthened
out,
And stronger and firmer grew,
Till you'd turn away from the wildest rout
To follow its leading true.
Oh, this string will reach to the farthest
place
To depths of the deepest mine;
It will twine round your heart with tender
grace
When you scale the heights sublime.

Yes, this longest, strongest cord ever known
Can girdle the entire earth;
It will lead you back as its very own
To scenes of your childhood's mirth;
To days when you harked for drum corps
and bands,
And from childish toys would spring
To grasp with your soft, chubby baby hands
The ends of an apron string.
When the hands that tied it return to dust
That string will be fast to you,
'Twill strengthen the might of the inward
must.
It will show you must be true.

Then assail what you will that's fair and
bright,
Oh, men with your words that sting;
With your jests so gay and your tones so
light,
Let wine prompted laughter ring;
But pause lest the noblest impulse should die,
Your careless words cease to fling,
To the reckless crowd that fain would decry
Your mother's apron string.—
There are other strings not quite so strong,
That are tied by women's hands;
These women ne'er crooned your cradle song
Nor rocked you to fairy lands.
But no silken scarf, no butterfly bow
No Grecian girdle, revealing
The charms that are meant for your over-
throw
While it seems to be concealing,

E'er wielded an influence o'er your life
 That could make you soar and sing
 Like that of a faithful sweetheart or wife
 Whose power is an "apron string."
 Oh such women as these will guide you
 right,

You need not fear their control,
 They will give you heart for the hardest fight,
 Should you fail, they'll heal your soul.

But, oh, should you come like the hero brave,
 Who came from the battle's strife,
 Where death lurked grim on the ocean wave,
 But none gave a thought to life;
 Should you come with a nation's praise in
 song,

Thrilling grand on the throbbing air,
 Oh, then would you seem less great and
 strong

If, tired of the noise and glare,

You should turn away in that sad, dark hour,
 That follows the public praise,
 When you heart grew sick of the pomp and
 power,
 And your brow ached 'neath its bays.

If you turned from these to a dearer prize
 Than any the world can bring,
 And forgot the gifts of the great and wise
 To bow to an apron string?

No, the bravest men are the gentlest, too,
 And like incense fine and sweet,
 Are the thoughts of the women proud of you
 As your trophies fall at their feet,
 So standing there on the sun-kissed heights
 Towering high o'er the kingliest king
 You could well look down on the lesser lights
 Who sneer at "*the apron string.*"

—*St. Louis Star.*

Verse published originally in New York
 Times and Columbus newspapers.

WONDER OF THE FAIR.

After a long visit in St. Louis and at the World's Fair, Mrs. Willis C. Mills, wife of Prof. Mills of the O. S. U., and their charming daughter Helen, left St. Louis Thursday for the return trip to Ohio. They were accompanied by Prof. Mills, who will return to the anthropological building in a few days.

During their sojourn here these representatives of the Buckeye State have made many friends among those who were drawn to the most interesting room in the Anthropological Building. This room is in charge of Prof. Mills and is used for the Ethnological exhibit of Ohio, which consists of but a portion of her archeological retrievings, but which have given to Ohio in one respect at least, a place above all countries or states; for the rare finds from the ancient mounds of the Buckeye State attract much attention from those who know of their value, savants of nations, who marvel at the finds and are astonished by the indifference of Americans to relics of worth and their preference for rubbish.

In this connection it is amusing to hear the remarks of some of the sightseers who are doing the Fair systematically, as they express it, which means they are walking over as much

ground as possible per hour with a passing glance for everything that may be considered worth mentioning, when they tell their friends they have been at the World's Fair and have seen the whole thing in seven days.

Apropos of this a woman who was leaving this exhibit in reply to an inquiry said:

"No, there isn't anything in there worth seeing. Lot of rubbish in glass cases and people who look at it should be kept in glass cases themselves, if I'm any judge. Just some pieces of flint or some labeled knives; some pipes and copper bracelets and rings; two old stone mortars and so on. Ohio didn't have anything to compare with the mummies from Egypt: they did give one a creepy feeling."

A little later a gentleman, whose appearance indicated culture of the highest sort, was seen studying a human effigy pipe which is the purest specimen found in Gartner Mound. With the ease of the cosmopolitan he was soon talking and in a few moments had learned all I knew or rather didn't know, concerning these interesting "finds" and I had learned that as objects of interest to savants, the mummies did not compare with the Ohio Archeological exhibit.

OHIO CITIES BEGIN CELEBRATION.

This is Ohio week at the World's Fair, and several important cities of the Buckeye State will hold individual celebrations during the period. Monday is Toledo day and eight hundred residents of that city are here to participate in the day's festivities.

Stacey B. Rankin, executive commissioner from Ohio, welcomed the Toledo contingent at the Ohio building. About thirty members of the Toledo delegation attended a sacred concert at the Ohio building Sunday afternoon. The day's arrangements are in charge of H. B. Van Sickle, editor of the Toledo Times.

Tuesday will be the largest day of Ohio week, when the citizens of Cleveland will have their day. About five hundred members of the Chamber of Commerce, Cleveland, will arrive on a special train Monday evening, while over one thousand citizens of the Forest City will come to the World's Fair on special excursion trains during the day and night.

The day's celebration will take place in the Ohio building at 2 o'clock, and a reception will be given there.

Music will be furnished every day this week at the Ohio building by a specially engaged band from 10:00 to 1:00 o'clock in the morning. Springfield, Ohio, will celebrate at the Fair Thursday; Dayton, Friday, and Cincinnati will close the week on Saturday. The formal program for Tuesday, Cleveland day, has been announced, as follows:

Address of welcome, President Francis; address of welcome, Mayor Rolla Wells; response on behalf of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, Amos McNairy, president of that body; response on behalf of the Cleveland Builders' Exchange, President William H. Hunt; "Educational Influences at the World's Fair," Charles F. Howe, president of the Case School of Applied Sciences."



OHIO BUILDING AT WORLD'S FAIR

OHIO DAY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Ohio day at St. Louis Exposition was observed in the presence of two thousand people, gathered about the building, beautiful in all its appointments and decorations.

The exercises took place upon the veranda and were opened by President W. F. Burdell, who introduced David R. Francis, president of the Exposition.

Mr. Francis formally welcomed Governor Herrick to Missouri and the Fair and in the course of his remarks said that the Exposition management realized that it was under a debt of gratitude to Ohio for much of the success attained and the Federal government could not have been run during the last hundred years had it not been for Ohio men, and that it would have been impossible to have arranged and conducted a mammoth World's Fair without Ohio's assistance.

Governor Herrick, the guest of honor and principal speaker, made a fine address in which he said Ohio was the mother of the living west and that in the Mississippi Valley alone there must be three quarters of a million people who were born in Ohio.

General John C. Noble of St. Louis, brother of Henry C. Noble of Columbus, secretary of the Interior in President Harrison's cabinet, formerly of Lancaster, Ohio, gave an eloquent historical address on Ohio and the Louisiana Purchase.

W. F. Burdell, president of the Ohio Commission to the Exposition and presiding officer of the day, delivered a fine address in which he declared the Exposition to be the world's eighth wonder.

Rev. D. N. Luccock, pastor of the Ohio Society at St. Louis, delivered the invocation. Mr. Luccock was formerly of Guernsey county.

Seated on the veranda with the governor, his staff and party, were also Governor Murphy and former Governor Vorhees of New Jersey, with members of their staff, resplendent in glitter and of gold, together with Senators Dryden and Kean.

New Jersey's celebration had taken place two hours before, Governor Herrick being an honored guest. A public reception followed the Ohio Day exercises, Governor and

Mrs. Herrick with Mrs. Francis, wife of the Exposition president, receiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray of Cleveland, the latter Mrs. Herrick's sister; Mrs. D. L. Manning of New York, president of the Board of Lady Managers; Judge Tod B. Galloway, the governor's secretary; Adjutant General Critchfield and eight other members of the governor's staff, had seats about the speaker's stand.

The staff members included Colonel Charles B. Waybrecht of Alliance, Major Cunningham of Fostoria, Captain Wood of Dayton, Capt. G. H. Williams of Norwalk, Lieutenant Moulton of Lima, Captain Harry Knox of Marietta, and Captain Julius Blaisis of Cleveland.

Governor Herrick, in the course of his remarks, said:

Ohio is the most cosmopolitan of states. It began with a vigorous blend of Puritan and Cavalier, happily modified by the Connecticut Bourbon and the Pennsylvania Dutchman, a composite that embraces elements of sterling manhood and formed the basis of a self-reliant and aggressive citizenship.

It is surprising that in all this magnificent empire building, Ohio should look on with a feeling of pride and kinship—I say kinship—for Ohio is the mother and a mighty mother is she, of the great Middle West.

Why, my friends, do you know there are living in Ohio more than 1,600,000 Ohio born people: more than 140,000 in Illinois; 90,000 in Iowa; 90,000 in Kansas, and more than 70,000 in this great state of Missouri. I have no fear of contradiction when I say that there are living now in the great Valley of the Mississippi more than three-quarters of a million Americans who first saw the light of day in the grand old state of Ohio.

Mr. William F. Burdell, chairman of the Ohio Commission, said in part:

"On behalf of the Ohio Commission in the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, I bid you welcome to these Ohio day exercises. We are justly proud of our state and we like to get together and talk about her. The Ohio Commission with limited resources, has done the best it could to provide a comfortable and hospitable meeting place for Ohio people. I

am delighted that such goodly numbers of Ohioans lend their appreciative presence to the superb effort of this most progressive city.

Ohio has had some share in the great national development that this Exposition reflects. Ohio and her sons have not been in the rear of this splendid procession. She and they have been making records for political and industrial America. Some pages in our country's history belong to her.

Mr. Francis was repeating a compliment which he paid all the states upon the occasion of their celebrations, or he was resorting to a little sarcasm at Ohio's expense, when he said—"the exhibits speak for themselves," for while Ohio individuals and corporations have exhibits of acknowledged superiority, Ohio as a state, is far behind others, because of her meagre appropriation, nearly all of which was for her building, nothing being available for her exhibits.

But in all probability Mr. Francis meant what he said, for he went on to acknowledge another debt of gratitude to Ohio. He said Ohio, whose birth as a state was contemporaneous with the purchase of the Louisiana territory, was itself preparing for a great Centennial celebration at Toledo, but that in order that the Louisiana Purchase Exposition might not suffer on account of a similar attraction, Ohio and Toledo graciously gave up their show in the interests of the greater one. This sacrifice he praised warmly.

Public reception followed speaking.

Among the callers were Mayor and Mrs. Carter Harrison, of Chicago; Mayor and Mrs. Rolla Wells, of St. Louis; David Francis, president of the exposition, and several foreign representatives.

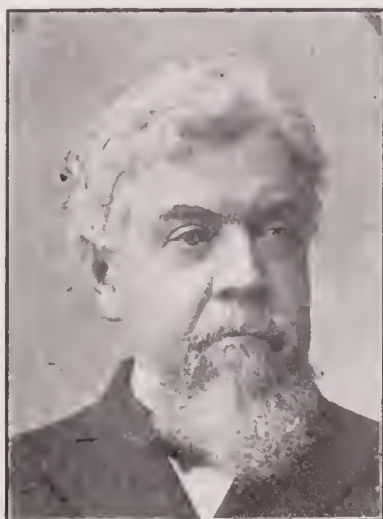
Third regiment band of Kansas and the Philippine Constabulary band furnished the music.



MYRON T. HERRICK.



W. F. BURDELL.



GEN. JOHN W. NOBLE.

Secretary of Interior Under President Harrison and former Resident of Lancaster.

OHIO SOCIETY—LARGEST STATE SOCIETY IN ST. LOUIS.

A brilliant banquet at **Buckingham Club** in honor of Governor Herrick, was given by the Ohio Society of St. Louis, Tuesday night. Gov. Herrick made the principal address. The other speaker being Rev. Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, of Chicago.

Among the members present were: Dr. Luccock Pres., Col. Edwin Baledorf, Mr. and Mrs. John Ballard, J. J. Howard, Pembroke Flitcraft, Mr. and Mrs. David Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Milton T. Williams, Mr. and Mrs.

Joseph W. Moon, J. N. Hillbring, A. P. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. C. Helfinger, Mrs. Ada B. Flitcraft, John S. Blake, David Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Woodley, Mrs. P. R. Flitcraft, Mrs. W. A. Draper, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac T. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. John Musmore, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. Reeves, W. B. Simpson, Bert Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Robinson, Mrs. S. J. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. McIlvain and Perry H. Werner.

NOTES ON OHIO DAY AT ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

Governor and Mrs. Herrick were honored with a fine reception at the Ohio building, where members of the official party, visiting Ohioans and members of the Ohio Society of St. Louis to the number of six hundred were present.

President W. F. Burdell and Stacey B. Rankin planned the reception. In the line with Governor and Mrs. Herrick were General John W. Noble of St. Louis, and Mrs. E. L. Buchwalter of Springfield, member of the Board of Lady Managers of the Exposition.

Just as the receiving line was formed the electric lights went out and the great company was left in darkness for half an hour save for the faint light obtained from some little decorative candles secured from the New York building, or the occasional striking of a match.

When the lights went out I was sat down upon in the most emphatic manner, not figuratively, but literally, by a big woman who said by way of apology, "I thought you were a chair." A few moments later I moved through the darkness to where I could just faintly discern the outlines of a vacant chair and adjacent to it the soft white folds of a woman's gown.

"Is this seat vacant," I inquired.

"Yes, I think it is," came in a soft musical voice accompanied by a little laugh. "Isn't this too bad? Poor Mr. Rankin worked so hard to have this a success."

At that instant Mr. Rankin's tall form was seen just at the top of the stairway where he had paused to examine the little candle that had lighted him up the stairs; then seeming to think it might last a few moments, exclaimed: "Who said Ohio needs more light?"

Shouts of laughter greeted the Commissioner, who was in evening dress and seemingly the best of spirits, tho the mishap with regard to the lights had occurred at such an inopportune time.

The building was filled with people who moved about like shadows, and all sorts of misleaps befell the movers, but fortunately all of a humorous character, and after a half hour of genuine fun, the lights were turned on and the reception began.

In the flood of light the woman beside me was revealed as Mrs. E. L. Buchwalter, who was waiting to be escorted to the receiving line. Her gown was of cream colored chiffon embroidered with roses. As she moved away and went down the broad stairway to take her place by Mrs. Herrick, I felt that among all the women from various lands whom I had met during months spent at the Fair, none were more fitted by natural and acquired graces to fill positions similar to that which she has occupied. Serene, self-poised, exquisitely gowned upon all occasions, Ohio's official woman representative has won sincere admiration.



HON. HENRY C. TAYLOR.



MRS. E. L. BUCHWALTER.



STACEY B. RANKIN.

While chatting with Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Taylor in the reception room near the close of the evening's festivities, Mr. Buchwalter, whom I had last seen at the Athens Home Coming, where he told me of his first sweetheart and the memorable parties at the old Blackstone home when he was a boy, joined the group.

Some of the visitors seen Ohio day were Hon. J. Y. Bassell of Columbus, Capt. Allen of Athens, H. O. Pond of Columbus, W. B. Jackson, city editor of the Journal, and Harry

In the last moments of the reception, when the last guests were bidding Mr. Rankin and some of the officials goodbye in the big main hall, Mrs. Herrick and Mrs. Buchwalter, who had been standing the greater part of the evening, were seated in the reception room, when across the long length of the building a young straight form in military dress walked swiftly to the women.

In giving this reception there was no attempt at display, the chief aim was to furnish the people who once lived in Ohio, but who have not been there for years an opportunity to meet hosts of their old time friends. In this effort the executive commissioner was

Cleveland people were not disappointed in having the picture of their townsman hung beside that of the President, whom he loved so well in life, for at six o'clock last night the picture of Marcus Alonzo Hanna, late United States Senator from Ohio, was hung beside that of President McKinley in the alcove of the Ohio building, where countless thousands have paused to look upon the portrait of the late President.

One of the guests at the reception who has not been in his native state for many years but who has an unusually large number of acquaintances among Buckeye people, is E. W. Holden, brother of L. E. Holden, owner and editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer and one of the most influential men in the profession, one who understands getting the best

Visitors to the Ohio Building were delighted with the souvenirs of the day which were as unique as any distributed at the Fair being the state's emblems — buckeyes. Thousands of these had been gathered by the school children

Remembering the interesting talk tinged with romance, I was much interested when Mr. Buchwalter mentioned his impressions of the Fair and waited eagerly to hear the usual, "Do you know the greatest thing I've seen?"—but was wholly unprepared for his next words which were—"was over in the stock farm, a hog that weighed nine hundred pounds."

Brandon of the Journal staff, who was returning from San Francisco, from which point he had reported the christening of the Ohio battleship.

Mrs. Buchwalter did not notice his approach, but in an instant Mrs. Herrick, with every trace of weariness gone, was on her feet, face aglow with pleasure and hand extended to the young man, who said, "I have come to bid you goodnight, mother."

The speaker was Parmelee Herrick, only son of Gov. and Mrs. Herrick, and a member of Troop A.

furnished splendid assistance by the custodian, Mr. Charles Mitchell, of Marietta, and Mrs. Mitchell, upon whom the duties of hostess devolved through much of the Exposition the state of Ohio, not having appointed a matron.

The lifelike portraits are the work of D. W. Murphy of New York, who has been here for some time awaiting the arrival of the picture from Cleveland, and as the artist stood unknown by the majority of those who viewed his work, he could not have failed to be gratified by the many expressions of praise from the passing throng.

that workers have to give and giving the world large returns.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the Cleveland editor, who is a man of distinguished appearance, has many attributes in common with one of his kinsmen who was one of Ohio's most brilliant sons—"Sunset" Cox.

of an Ohio district; thousands of these were rendered doubly attractive by dainty ribbon devices and upon one side of each buckeye was the painted word OHIO.

OHIO'S MEN.

Yes, all the world's great broad domain
Has piled up products for the Fair —
Fine favored fruit and glinting grain
And mineral treasures, rich and rare.
Machines that seem endowed with minds
With all the work that they have wrought
Of wondrous worth and countless kinds
With all the lessons they have taught;
And formed of marble, poet's dreams,
Restoring life to each lost god;
And all that men could shape in scenes
Or wrest from air, or sea, or sod.

Ohio looks with calm, grave eyes
On all that can be bought or sold,
And knows no envy or surprise
O'er that which tells the power of gold.
She sends no statues, paintings rare,
No products for cold cunning trade,
No flaunting finery, to your fair,
No tinsled trifle she has made.
No fruit, no wine, no grain, no gold,
No prized but priceless work of art,
But as Cornelia did of old,
The dearest jewels of her heart:—

* * * * *

For Ohio's pride is men not things,
Men with the minds and the skill
To play at will on the world's heartstrings
Till the world's heart throbs their will.
And when'er Columbia has great need
Of those who can fight with fate,
She calls on those who are born to lead—
They spring from the Buckeye State.
For since her sons blazed the first long trail
That led to the Great Northwest,
It is known her strength would never fail
When the Nation called the best.

Ay, she has given warriors so brave
No country can show their peers;
Oh, the soldier chiefs she proudly gave
'Mid a Nation's cheers and tears.—
Of chief magistrates wearing martyr's crown
One state had Lincoln, 'tis true,
But Ohio's brow while the stars look down
Is bowed in grief over two.—
Oh, her martyr's crowns, her heroes' bays,
She cannot send to a Fair,
Tho' these might win the highest praise
That could fill or thrill the air.

For these, for these, are not symbolized things
But the thought that soars to the sky
Which the glittering jewels sent by kings
Or all that they hold cannot buy.—
She cannot send as a trifle vain
The nameless odor, so sweet,
That springs from the deathless flowers of fame
The world has placed at her feet.
So while showmen show each toy or gem
That came from their lands afar,
"Ohio" points to her famous men,
Saying, "These, my jewels are."—

Sherman, Sheridan, and Grant I call,
Garfield, McKinley and Hayes;
Thurman, the "Noblest Roman of all,"
Nine "Fighting McCooks" with bays;
Rosecrans, Buell, Ewing the Great,
McPherson, McDowell and Chase,
Custer, the gallant Prince of the State,
With his fair, frank, fearless face;—
High in the record of those who lead,
Mitchell, soldier-scientist, one,
MacGahan, Pendleton, Halstead, Reid,
And Edison, shaming the sun.

Old "Bill" Allen and Brough in one age,
Wade and Riddle and Payne,
Staunton, watch over history's page,
Corwin with speech like flame.—
But there's one name that will always come
'Mong names that shall never die,
Ay long as the circling cycles run
Will "Sunset" Cox flame the sky.
And what's that air by the world's best bands
That e'er brings you to your feet,
And could touch your heart in foreign lands
Like childhood's lullabye sweet.—

It is "Dixie," "Dixie" all day long
And till night greets morning star;
But a "Buckeye" lad wrote this loved song
Long years before the war.
It is "Dixie, Dixie" all day long
That wins your sweetest acclaim, —
When a Buckeye lad wrote this loved song,
Did he dream he'd win such fame?
But why should this long, long list extend
When every name is known—
Not only where her children tend,
But in earth's remotest zone.

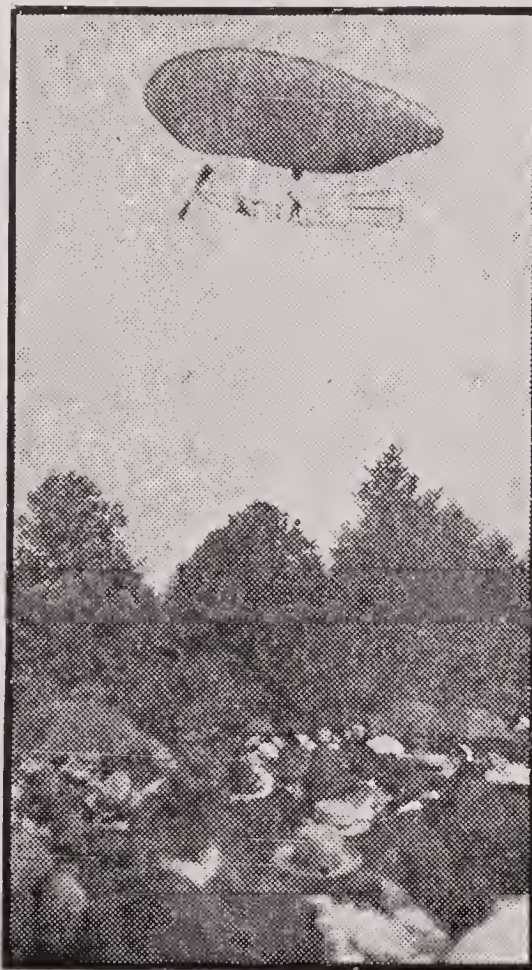
For the Buckeye State, the flower of all,
 With her banners all unfurled,
 E'er sends to the front at every call
 The ablest men in the world.
 Statesmen, warriors, leaders of men,
 Whatever the calling or clime,
 With power to make of a pick, a pen,
 Or sway with their speech sublime.
 She sends them forth with annointed eyes
 And the courage that cannot yield,
 The courage that ever wins or dies
 In the forum or the field.

For these she stands, the Great Dynamo
 That supplies the nation's power,
 And this shall be while her rivers flow
 Or her soil can yield one flower.
 Ay Ohio's pride is men, not things,
 For mere things she does not care;

If so she'd point to treasures of kings
 Which she has sent to your fair.
 Ay treasures of those who lived and built
 In some long forgotten age,
 Such works as shame your toys with their gilt
 Marvels for scholar and sage.

They're there in the place where Egypt shows
 The mummies, that make you cold
 With thought like that when you find a rose
 The gift of a love of old.
 But over that misty, musty store
 They may bend with aching brow;
 Ohio's too rushed to read that lore,
 She's making history now.
 Ohio knows no care or grief
 O'er all your treasures so rare,
 But she'd like to claim the big, blond chief
 Who rules the world's greatest Fair.

—*Extracts from verse, "These are My Jewels," written for Ohio Day at St. Louis Exposition by Mary Robson McGill.*



THE FIRST AIRSHIP.

FIRST FLIGHT OF AIRSHIP.

For the first time in more than four months at the World's Fair, I have been actually thrilled. Hitherto I have been pleased, delighted, dazzled, awed, or most anything that might be mentioned as a feeling incident to this place, but never actually "thrilled" until today; that is, if being so means a combination of physical and mental pleasure, accompanied by the excitement of a new experience. Such an experience was mine when I saw the rehearsal and realization of that which had been the hope of scientists, the prophecy of poets and the dream of many.

I had been trying to escape hearing what seemed to be the seven hundred and seventy millionth description of the "grandest thing at the Fair," which usually proved to be some little dish decorated with an impossible fish, or something that one could see in any cheap shop—so I started for the Japan Garden, having learned that the people who incessantly gabble about nothing, are not given to frequenting that delightful little spot.

Weary of people, longing for the solitude of mountain heights, I glanced upward and beheld that which caused wondering fear—a flying monster! Then a voice hoarse with wonder and delight, cried, "Good God! That's an airship! Hurrah! Hurrah! Heavens on earth, ain't she great?"

Hundreds of voices took up the cry and on the instant it seemed thousands had poured

from the buildings and were watching the huge, lemon shaped affair that was sailing over us. I could not see the people looking upward—I only felt that they were doing so, for my own eyes were riveted on the marvelous sight, so new to this continent. Then from some source came the cry:

"Who's navigating it, Baldwin?"

"No," came an answering shout, "it's Knabenshue—Roy Knabenshue."

State pride could not be restrained, so I cried, "That's an Ohio man up there."

In an instant those near me caught the words and began to shout for the state that had furnished the daring aeronaut and then "Ohio" vied with "Knabenshue" in every thrilling cry that surged upward like a grand, deep roll of music.

It was good to know that it was an Ohio boy who had sailed off into space in an untried craft as airily as if he had been accustomed to this means of navigation all his life, and as he sailed on and on toward St. Louis the cheering ceased and the throng rendered him the greater tribute of silence; indeed, those about me seemed touched with awe that was natural under the circumstances. Tennyson's lines were recalled, not as a poet's extravagant fancy, but as a strong probability; for seeing this first flight of an airship it was not difficult to see the fulfillment of the words:

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye
could see
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder
that would be;
Saw the heavens filled with commerce argosies
of magic sails,

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down
with costly bales;
Heard the heavens filled with shoutings and
there rained a ghastly dew,
From the nation's airy navies grappling in the
central blue."

A MAN'S QUESTIONS.

in thy heart are many sorrows
 Buried there in bygone years,
 When you faced the coming morrows
 After nights of bitter tears;
 In thy life are old romances,
 Some that were deep tinged with pain,
 In the lovelight of thy glances
 Shall they ever live again?

Are you sure that you have broken
 Every bond that held you fast?
 Are you sure you keep no token
 Of the woman with a past?
 When you smile or speak so lightly
 Do you only play a part?
 Are there bands that you take nightly
 From a lacerated heart?

What lies back of thy drooped lashes?
 Is it just a soul in pain,
 Or a seared one in the ashes
 Of some dark and nameless shame?
 Do you live on heights above me
 Or in gutters steeped with crime?
 I can only say I love thee
 I but know that thou art mine.

— St. Louis Star.

AFTER FIVE MONTHS OF THE FAIR.

Oh millions of lights are flashing
 In this city of the Fair,
 And countless fountains are plashing
 Mid countless flowers, sweet and rare;
 The music of the world's best bands
 O'er the shimmering lake ere floats,
 While lovers pass with love clasped hands,
 Or drift in the glittering boats.

Yes, the bands are always playing
 In this city of dazzling light;
 And perfumed fountains are spraying
 The lovers who dream in delight;
 And here in this city of beauty
 I have wandered to and fro,
 Tho' the clarion call of duty
 Sounds notes from the "Long Ago."

Sounds notes that I fain would smother
 For they sound mine own deceit
 And they hold the reproach of a lover,
 Whose love was so bright and sweet;

Let me float on this froth of pleasure,
 Forgetting my heart ever knew
 The dream that life's deepest rapture
 Meant love that was tender and true.

Let me drift on this sea of splendor,
 Forgetting my soul could e'er yearn
 For the love that was true and tender
 Let me drift where I cannot return;
 Let me drift to the light of an infinite sun
 On the barge that is called "Nevermore,"
 Let me drift and forget the work still undone
 Back there on the Long Ago shore.

Aye, leave me no memory, I fain would drug
 pain,
 And all things held dear I'd forget,
 For thought only brings to the heart and the
 brain
 A stupor too deep for regret;—

So let me live on, where thought does not
 come,
 Mid fountains and flowers that are rare
 And breathe no reproach for the work still
 undone,
 For it all may end with the Fair.

MELBA.

"Melba talked to them and it is easy to suppose they did not let the time drag for her. Melba no doubt enjoyed the morning as much as they and sent them away bubbling over with happiness. As many of them as possible will be in Columbus to hear her sing in January."

So ends a little story that appeared in a Columbus paper recently; a story that was read with great interest in Washington, in Indian Territory, in Missouri, in the Klondike, and in several places in Ohio, by those of whom it was written, members of a Browning club, the first literary club ever organized in Nelsonville.

The club members, also several teachers in the public schools at that time, still retain vivid recollections of that which was described, their trip to Columbus in a snow storm some ten years ago, to hear Melba. Their bitter disappointment when a railway wreck delayed their train until long after the final note of the great artist had passed into silence; also the sweet surprise that came to them the next day when the gracious gifted cantatrice after hearing of their disappointment received them at the Chittenden.

One member of the old Browning Club who read that account in reminiscent mood said:

"The writer of that story had the facts but he couldn't describe our feelings nor could anyone who did not know what an event it was to us. It's laughable now but it was tragical then for hadn't we each spent almost a week's salary for our railway and concert tickets to say nothing of the time consumed in talking about our anticipated enjoyment, time so industriously employed in boasting that everyone in the town of six thousand knew all about that trip; that is all we thought it would be and in fancy we could hear the sarcastic remarks and laughter of those who had envied our enterprise in securing tickets.

When the final announcement was made that we could not get to Columbus till morning there was a general wail of regret and indignation that was intensified by the fact that a band of commercial travelers who were re-

turning from trips down the Hocking Valley seemed to find our disappointment intensely amusing, but their mean enjoyment couldn't compare with that of a gentleman from our own town, Mr. Llewellyn Lampman, a coal operator, who had brought Mrs. Lampman back to our car for company for she also had planned to hear Melba.

Mr. Lampman seemed properly sympathetic remarking every now and then that it was a shame we were held there, but when we agreed that we'd sue the Hocking Valley Railway Company, if we didn't get to Columbus in time for the concert, he rushed out of the car so quickly that several of us followed to see if he meant to frighten the conductor or some one with our threats, but he was standing between the cars laughing until at first he couldn't mention what was funny but at last he managed to tell several men that our crowd was ten times better than a Melba concert, when it came to entertainment.

Some of us have been enraptured by the world's best music since then and have heard many great artists sing, but never, I think, has any music however sweet, been half so entrancing as that which we imagined favored Columbus people were hearing that night as we from time to time, glanced at our tickets and wondered if anyone was occupying the seats for which we had paid.

How miserable we were; for there came to us no vision of Melba as she appeared upon the morrow, clothed in a gown of soft, dark blue material, bewilderingly blended with pink chiffon and with sympathy unfeigned said in that marvelous liquid voice that is like a caress, 'I was a girl myself once, and I know just how you feel.'

That old Browning Club, how scattered now its members. Of those who made that trip all but one have been married since and but one is left in Nelsonville, Mrs. Laura Morehead Tedrow; of the others Jessie Bayliss lives in Montana, Jennie Sands Hubbard in Oklahoma, Stella Allard Chapelle is in the Klondike region, Anna Vore, Columbus, Mary Robson McGill, St. Louis.



MELBA.

Oh glorious melody that runs through e'en
thy name,
'Twould thrill the heart e'en tho thou wert
unknown to fame,

Suggesting that which only once our hearts
have known,
For "*Melba*" stands 'mong all the names of
earth alone.

—*Lines from unpublished verse.*

CAN COLUMBUS HAVE PURE WATER WITHOUT COSTLY FILTRATION PLANT?

PLAN ADOPTED ELSEWHERE IN THE USE OF PURIFYING CHEMICALS DISCUSSED BY LOCAL WATER AUTHORITIES.

METHOD AT ST. LOUIS TO CLARIFY AND MAKE PURE THE WATER OF THE MUDDY MISSISSIPPI.

Can Columbus be supplied with clear, pure water by means of a harmless, simple process at slight cost compared with that involved in purifying the water as contemplated by means of the new filtration plant?

This question was suggested many times in the six months I spent in St. Louis, studying the World's Fair and life in the city, for I learned that the water question, that had puzzled her engineers for forty years, has been solved by means of a process that removes from ninety to ninety-nine per cent. of the bacteria from the Mississippi river water and changes it from the muddiest water on the continent into a clear, pure liquid with a pleasing sparkle like that of artesian well water. This achievement was accomplished by using a chemical coagulant formed of milk of lime and sulphate of iron.

DEEP PREJUDICE AGAINST CHEMICALS.

Prior to the use of this coagulant there had been deep prejudice against the use of chemicals, but in this instance before the people had a chance to say, "Show me," they were "shown."

Those who received greatest credit for this work were John Wexford, who is said to have greater knowledge concerning Mississippi river water than any other man; E. E. Wall, an engineer who for a long time was connected with the sewer department and is a careful student of water purification, and Ben Adkins, the water commissioner who daringly put the theories of the other two into practice.

COST ONLY \$50,000.

Mr. Allen W. Hazen, one of three expert commissioners appointed by Mayor Wells to devise a plan of water purification for St. Louis, placed the cost of mechanical filtration at \$7.43 per million gallons for operating the filters, not taking into consideration the first cost of building them, which he estimated at about \$2,000,000. Messrs. Benzette Williams, of Chicago, and George Y. Wisner, of Detroit, other members of the St. Louis hydraulic commission, recommended the Meramee river system as most practical and efficient and estimated that it would cost St. Louis about \$31,000,000 to adopt it.

The present plant has cost less than \$15,000 and can be put upon a permanent basis for \$50,000.

This temporary or experimental station was erected at the "Chain of Rocks" for introducing the iron and lime solution into the water. The process by which the solutions are prepared for introduction into the water is very simple.

There are several vats into which the ordinary builder's lime is thrown. Hot water applied to the lime slacks is quickly, after which the solution is pumped into a well 300 feet away. In this same room the iron solutions are made. Every five minutes a wheelbarrow load of sulphate of iron is thrown into the vats, where it is dissolved and passes directly into the water.

SERIES OF WEIRS.

The coagulant is thoroughly mixed with the water in the time it takes it to pass from

the well where the lime was introduced to the south basin a quarter of a mile away. At this point the water rushes out of a great pipe at the rate of 90,000 gallons every 24 hours as muddy as the river itself, but before it has flowed a distance of 50 feet it begins to clarify.

From the south basin the water passes successively into a number of others, becoming clearer in each one. These settling basins are separated by weirs which are simply a row of bricks set up on end on top of the walls dividing the basins.

The sulphate of iron is dissolved in water and introduced into the muddy water first. This has no visible effect, but as soon as lime diluted with water is added a coagulation takes place; a chemical combination occurs between the sulphate of iron and the lime, changing the sulphate of iron into the hydrate of iron and a portion of the lime into sulphate of lime.

CARRIES BUT THE MUD.

The hydrate of iron is a flaky substance which gradually settles down through the water carrying the mud with it. The lime further acts upon the water, combining with the bicarbonate of calcium and magnesia throwing down the greater portion of these carbonates and softening the water in a pronounced degree.

As the mud settles out of the water it carries with it from 90 to 99 per cent. of the bacteria, which is as great a purification as is attained by the latest and best filters. The action of the coagulant obviates the extensive mechanical plant and owing to the decrease of scale producing material in the water as well as to the absence of mud all steam users find the expense of their boiler plants considerably decreased. Only about half the soap formerly used is now necessary. Laundries have abandoned clearing tanks and filters and find a large decrease in their operating expenses.

While the method used in clarifying and purifying the water in St. Louis is not entirely original it is practically and essentially new, being a combination, and further development of the well known Clark process. As this system is giving satisfactory results with a smaller outlay of money than any other now in use, it suggested the inquiry, "Why does not Columbus adopt this process for the purification of water?" This question was asked of a number of Columbus officials.

Superintendent O'Shaughnessy of the water works department said:

"I was in St. Louis twice last summer and spent considerable time during both visits in studying their admirable water system."

"Do you think it could be used here?"

"No, I don't think it could be."

"Why not, is there such a difference in the water as to make that system impracticable here?"

"That is just what I am thinking about. The water there is softer and muddier than it is here, so that the same treatment might not give the same results. While you were investigating the system you must have noticed at the 'Chain of Rocks' how exceedingly muddy the water was prior to the use of the chemicals and how the coagulents combined with the mud and carried the impurities to the bottom leaving the clear water on the surface."

"Is a certain amount of mud necessary to make the process successful?"

"I understood that the purification was most thorough where the water was muddy because the chemicals in uniting with the mud entangled more of the germs."

TREATMENT HERE SIMILAR.

Health Officer Smith said:

"I have heard and read much of what has been accomplished in St. Louis. I'm inclined to think the results have been most gratifying. But when the proposed filtration plant is complete here the water will be treated with lime and sulphate of iron as in St. Louis or lime and alumina as seems best after trial."

"Is there any reason why the water here could not be purified by this method without the filtration plant? Would the turpidity of the Mississippi make it more feasible there than here?"

"It might have some weight, but it would only make a difference in the degree of treatment. It would necessitate a difference in the proportion of chemicals used."

ENGINEER JOHNSON'S OPINION.

Mr. Johnson, the consulting engineer, made practically the same statement as Dr. Smith relative to the use of chemicals in connection with the filtration plant. When asked why the same results could not be obtained without filtration, he said:

"It would require a coagulating station here similar to the one erected at the Chain of Rocks in St. Louis."

"But if there were such a station could the water be purified by means of the same chemicals?"

"Yes, with variations in the quantities used."

"Then why not erect the same sort of a plant and use the coagulant?"

"One of the reasons is that Columbus doesn't intend to risk chemicals alone. Columbus means to be safe and have filtration also. This city has had enough polluted water. I don't know that the cost by the St. Louis method would be less. Without meaning to disparage what has been done by Mr. Adkins, I have understood that the cost of the chemicals in St. Louis is reaching enormous figures."

DIFFERENCE IN COST.

"But as I understand you the cost of chemicals will not be eliminated by having the filtration plant, for they are to be used also. What will be the approximate cost of the water then?"

"I can't give a very close estimate, but it will be more than \$10 per million gallons."

"So much as that?"

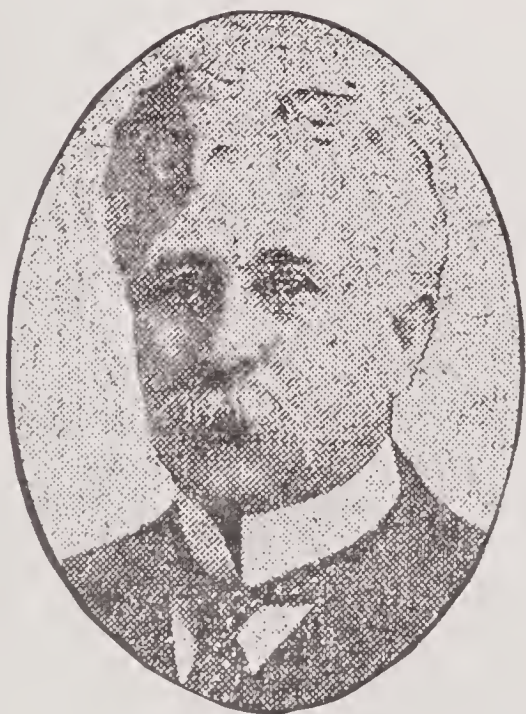
"Yes, how cheap would you want it?"

"As cheap as in St. Louis."

The cost of water in St. Louis, according to the official figures to Feb. 10, for the first three hundred days' operation of the coagulating plant, was \$3.45 per million gallons.

DR. RORICK'S GREAT GIFT.

In the change that transferred Dr. Rorick, former superintendent of the Insane Asylum at Athens to the Imbecile Asylum at Colum-



DR. E. H. RORICK.

bus, there is cause for general regret not only among those who have personal acquaintance

with the genial cultured physician, but among all who have heard of his power in dealing with the mysterious malady called madness; for to him is ascribed the attribute of knowing without being told of seeing into the heart of things, and swiftly, almost unerringly, distinguishing between a diseased brain and one where the mind cords are but jangled by some great shock or overwhelming sorrow.

Whatever the learning and experience of others who deal with mind, their power is less than Dr. Rorick's if they lack the attribute that enables one to feel sympathetically the natural and morbid sensations of a sufferer and through this impressional perception secure a proper understanding of the life and conditions of the individual. Only a faint conception can be formed as to what this power means to those to whom the whole world is a tomb of terror, those who are drifting toward the nameless shadows of insanity but who through such comprehension as his, are yet, before they reach the deepest darkness, given hope that saves.

All who are cognizant of Dr. Rorick's peculiar fitness for dealing with minds disordered, deplore his transference to an institution where obviously he cannot exercise his great gift.

INCIDENT AT INAUGURAL.

The cavalry wished for the swiftest pace
But this they had to forego,
For the Grand Old Veterans had their place,
And their steps tho true are slow.

Amid all the glory of the day
The Chief's heart felt keen regret
As he looked on soldiers worn and gray
For he — he could not forget.

Swift as a flash of electric flame,
His thought sent tender regard
That thrilled through deep tumultous acclaim
And gladdened the Grand Old Guard.

His thought — "These men once marched in
our need,
Through four long, weary sad years

And the nation traced each glorious deed
On their trail of blood with tears.
Grandly they marched to meet each great
shock
That threatened the nation's life
While their brave, strong hearts formed a solid
rock
That threw back the waves of strife.
There were miles of them, with eyes so
bright
With brows so fair 'neath the sun
As with one will they swung to each fight —
These trained boys of Sixty-one.
Not long are they ours to have and hold
But long as our hearts are true,
We'll never say that they are too old
To march as the boys in Blue.

The nation praises his deeds of grace
But its homage true and sweet
As incense arose when he slowed the pace
To that of those tired old feet.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

OLD TIME LAUGHTER.

Let me hear thy old time laughter
 Ringing out so clear and free,
 Let it tell me you are drifting
 Back to love and back to me ;

Let me feel the old time pleasure
 That I felt in joy of thine,
 Let me have the fullest measure
 Of thy love like rare old wine.

Let me know there is no ending;
 To the bliss that once we knew;
 Bliss all other bliss transcending
 When I held you pure and true.

Tell me once again you're happy
 Only when I am with thee
 Tell me with thy old time laughter,
 Bubbling o'er thy lips to me.

— *Press Post.*

IN THE HUSHES.

In the hushes of the night
 When you're longing for the light,
 You will wonder why from me so long you've
 strayed
 And you'll think of love most pure
 All earth's evils endure —
 And a soul that for your own has ever prayed.

You will think on the to-morrow
 Of the many storms of sorrow
 That had swept you from your moorings long
 ago
 Had I not with love's keen sight
 Pierced the darkness of the night
 And forwarned you of the deepest darkest
 woe.

— *Press Post.*

THE FARM.

Just a few, simple words but oh what power —
 They held like a mystic charm,
 O'er a soul in its darkest, weakest hour,
 "Dad hasn't much of a farm."

They were scrawled in an unformed boyish
 hand,
 They formed the very last line,
 A careless phrase with no thought of the
 land,
 But with power that seemed divine;

For a woman sobbed as she read the words,
 Dry sobs, she was past all tears,

She thought of her home and the song of
 birds,
 And the weary waste of years,

That had stretched between her and youth's
 fair day,
 When that white-haired, feeble "Dad,"
 Had waving brown hair, untinged with grey, —
 And she was young like the lad.

She could see him writing in careless way,
 The words that should pierce her heart,
 With anguish keen throughout many a day,
 As she played a soulless part.

Lines from Unpublished Verse.

ABOUT THE CAPITOL BUILDING.

Mr. Doty, clerk of House of Representatives in the Seventy-sixth Assembly, was formerly a reporter and editorial writer of the Cleve-

land World. Manifests the newspaper training in the celerity with which he grasps a situation and dispatches all business.

Freeman T. Eagleson, one of the youngest members of the House of Representatives, also student of law at the O. S. U. Mr. Eagleson, who represents Guernsey county, has the bearing of one thoughtful beyond his years, and his thoughtfulness and ability promise a bril-

liant future. At first glance his face suggests the word "true," and this impression of the character of the man as indicated by his countenance deepens when one converses with him a few moments and meets his remarkably penetrating eyes.

Opha Moore, humorous philosopher and former newspaper man, who sacrificed "His Better Future" for a clerical position under Governor Bushnell, and who has held various State House positions much of the time since then. Mr. Moore is a facile writer, and a

most entertaining conversationalist, both speech and writings sparkling with polished epigrams, and his friends regret that he did not remain in the work for which he was so brilliantly equipped

One of the young writers is Carl Dearduff, member of one of the old families of Columbus, whose clever talk and witty remarks give a little ripple of merriment to each group where he chances to stop for a few moments.

Senator Connell, of Lisbon, from the Twenty-second and Twenty-third District, a man whom a friend described as one whose voice is good, smile is good to see and whose voice is good to hear. He represents the genial, courteous gentleman to an unusual degree.

W. E. Prine, night editor of the State Journal, altho as youthful in appearance as the majority of the newspaper writers, is in point of service a veteran having worked in various capacities for the same paper since early in

the nineties. Mr. Prine is one of the most capable and reliable men in the work as is indicated by his responsible position. Quiet, unassuming, with a wholesome sense of humor he has hosts of friends.

Another veteran writer frequently met in the Capitol is Henry Barlow, now working with the Press Post. Mr. Barlow also began work in Columbus in the early nineties, but has not

remained at the same stand, having been engaged upon all the papers.

Mr. Barlow is a veteran of the Civil War.

Senator P. W. Ward, a gentleman of exquisite courtesy, of much ability as a statesman and of most striking appearance, having a

crown of snow white hair above a comparatively youthful face with dark eyes of extraordinary brilliancy.

E. H. Harman, district examiner of steam engineers, and Chas. J. Manney, clerk in the office of Chief Kennedy, are among the best known men about the State House. They

have the happy faculty of making things move in their work and the tact and good will for others that enlists and holds friends.

Samuel J. Flickinger, trained and traveled newspaper man, accustomed to the close scrutiny of public action and invested with the indefinite atmosphere that reveals taste and

training, is often seen about the State House, usually surrounded by a group of admiring friends.



"TOM" BINCKLEY,

of Perry County, one of the most popular men about the State House, and member of the House of Representatives, Seventy-Sixth General Assembly.

FORMER PAGES.

Where are the men who made the laws
When we ran to and fro
As pages in the State House halls,
Just forty years ago?

Pages in the Ohio Legislature in 1864 and '65, just five of them and they were all in Columbus, Friday; met here in re-union for the first time in forty years and spent the day visiting the State House and other points of interest, taking lunch at the Hotel Hartman.

Staid, prosperous, middle-aged men that they are, the years seemed to drop from them as they recalled their pranks and pleasures as pages. It was not difficult to form a mental picture of them as chubby boys bounding

hither and thither in response to the requests of the lawmakers.

Naturally their thoughts reverted to the men who formed the General Assembly of that period and into their talk crept many little stories reminiscent of them and others who were prominent in Ohio's capital at a time when a vast army of Ohio's men were in the field. Those who enjoyed memories of the days when they were pages were R. P. Miller of Columbus, Grand Secretary of Ohio I. O. O. F.; J. A. Williams, secretary of the Board of Education, Columbus; W. D. Cosgrave, Zanesville, president of the Union National Bank of that city; A. W. Bierce, retired banker of Delaware and H. F. Miller of Mt. Vernon.

THE OLD GUARD.

When the "Old Guard" drum corps plays, the bands all stop, steps are accelerated to the double quick, dreamers awaken, peace parliaments don't seem to count, and old soldiers in their silent tents surely listen to the sounds that once swept them forward to glory.

This drum corps played on the State House steps for a few moments Thursday night, and on the waves of enthusiasm produced by their inspiring music, a large crowd was borne to the basement of the building where for seven or eight years, this organization, the most unique in America, has had its quarters. The subterranean chambers were soon filled with people assembled to greet the Old Guard on this their last public meeting prior to their removal to the New Memorial Hall on East Broad Street.

Those who have seen service are always interesting, and at this meeting of the "Old Guard" the interest was deepened by the surroundings; the rough, stone walls enlivened by gay banners, Japanese lanterns and the vivid colors of the American flag, with the white-haired warriors in their uniforms of

Blue and caps of the fashion of forty years ago, formed a picturesque picture; one worthy of an artist's brush, but the commonplace camera was all that was there to reproduce it.

However, it was worth while having secured even a photograph of such a group, for in it were representatives of the various armies that were in the field from '61 to '65.

Speeches interspersed with song and story, and the music of the old drum corps contributed to the enjoyment.

Former Adjutant General Axline made the first speech. Gen. Axline has the distinction of having served in two wars and his knowledge of the heart interests of soldiers enabled him to hold the rapt attention of his audience.

Judge Gill made the closing address and as usual made a deep impression upon his hearers, if the demonstration that followed it can be taken as a criterion.

Those who composed the drum corps were Messrs. Clark, Barlow, M. R. Jones, L. Cook, Wm. Wilson, James Kennedy, H. B. Troy, Newton and Jeffrey.

FLOWERS FROM HOME.

The flowers you planted long ago,
I wear above my heart today,
The heart that has known greater woe
Than thine, altho thy hair is gray,
And mine still has the hue of youth,
The youth that ne'er was known to me,
For I have grappled with the truth,
And sailed into an unknown sea.

The flowers you loved and tended well
May have a deeper meaning far
Than thou couldst ever write or tell,
Perhaps they, like some guiding star,
Will lead me into clearer light
Than I have known in life's great war
That has been waged in endless night.

THE RIDE.

Then I grasped the reins with my woman's
hand

And vowed there should be no hitch,—
That we'd break our necks or we'd safely land
On the other side of that ditch.

But a laugh rang out, a shout of glee.—
It came from a boy at play.
How that laughter rang and thrilled through
me

From a hundred miles away,
Till my brain grew dizzy, my sight grew dim,
And the nerves that had been like steel
In the face of death for a silly whim
Began to throb and feel.—

I glanced but once at earth's far off rim.
I was never one who could pray.
But, "Oh, for the love of Christ save him"
My drawn lips managed to say.
Oh, I see you yet with your pale face set
And your eyes with their wondrous glow
As you murmured, "Dear Heart" do not forget.
" 'Twas because I loved you so."

Then how did it happen there at the last
I remember one wild embrace
As your arms encircled and held me fast,
And then I seemed hurled through
space.—

A flash, and a crash, then darkness so deep
I wonder now at the light,
And when I awoke from a long, strange sleep,
Your face had passed from my sight.

Did you throw me forth to the nearest wall,
Or did both madly clear that ditch?

There's a kind of haze hangs over it all,
Till I swear I cannot tell which.

We're bruised and broken since that mad
ride—

Where honor had "Right of Way."
But we mix with the world whate'er betide,
And our laughter still rings gay.
We've taken to politics mixed with verse.
And we both take life at random,—
While the world says, "Oh, it might have
been worse
Had you failed to manage a tandem."

But the world doesn't know that over it all
A sorrow is brooding ever.
A sorrow that hangs like a funeral pall
O'er our bravest and brightest endeavor.

No, the world doesn't know we play our
parts—
When we meet on life's glittering stage,
And we smile at the mention of broken hearts,
For this is cold intellect's age.—

An age when we trample our hearts 'neath
our feet—
And swear that a toy beguiles—
While we face the sorriest, saddest defeat
With our trained professional smiles.

But the boy's laugh rings unchecked at his
play,
And we to our best, — seem true,
So what will it matter till that last day,
That the secret is held by two.

Extracts from "The Ride."

HOC HOCKING HILLS.

Oh yes, it is time to go nutting
 On the hills near that dear old stream
 On the hills of the old Hoc Hocking,
 Where life glides by like a dream. —

* * *

Dear friend you have roamed the whole world
 o'er

And I have gone with you in heart
 Since the happy nutting days of yore,
 Since our life paths led far apart.

I'm told that you're worth half a milion.
 I doubt if I have fifty cents,
 But never the dearth nor the having
 Can e'er place between us pretence.

* * *

Oh, I still can feel my feet slipping
 And terror that thrilled me through
 As the swift waters closed around me.
 Then I reached my hands to you,

Quite sure the strength that was in you —
 Was all sufficient to save. —

Quite sure you would take me from danger
 Or both would go down in one grave.

Then "Steady, steady," your voice rang.
 Strong was the fold of your arm,
 And then it seemed a sweet bird sang,
 As darkness fell like a charm.

And now when I feel life's great darkness
 As I slip down with the tide,
 I know that you would strengthen and save
 If you were here by my side.

Oh, comrade across a great distance,
 I send my thoughts out to you,
 The trusted friend of my girlhood.
 The friend so tried and so true.

And my thoughts of the old Hoc Hocking
 Must e'en reach you where you roam,
 So come and we will go nutting —
 On the dear old hills at home.

Published in Ohio State Journal.

ANOTHER WORLD.

Oh, I long to climb the grand hill heights —
 That tower o'er a stragglng town,
 I long for a glimpse of the cottage lights
 By a dirt road leading down,
 To where the toiling ones dwelt in peace, —
 And the smoke from their chimneys curled
 While they passed to their toil in damp, dark
 mines,
 As each morning dawned on the world.

Yes, I long for the old free hill life, —
 Where the strong protect the weak, —
 Where little is known of the money strife,
 Or the Judas kiss on the cheek.

Oh, the hilltops echo the singing —
 That springs from the hearts of the free.
 They gladden the world with the ringing
 Of joy bells ye never can see.

Yes, I long for a glimpse of the cottage
 With tangled vines running o'er
 Till it seemed like a bird's nest in a bush,
 With a brown brook near the door.
 And the honeysuckle close to the wall,
 With its fragrance filling the room
 And the great, grand tree that towered over all,
 But never could darken the gloom.

FROM THE STREET.

Oh the tender memories thronging
 Oh the agony of longing
 That comes to me while listening
 To that music from the street,
 Music from a street piano?
 Yes, 'tis music grand and sweet
 For it echoes through the hushes
 Of my inmost soul and heart,
Bringing back to me a vision
 That I wish would ne'er depart —
 Just a memory, just a vision,
 Of a laughing, brown-eyed boy,
 Who whene're he heard that jingle
 Danced about the room with joy;
 Keeping time to every measure,
 Swinging feet and head and hands;
 Whistling, laughing, dancing, singing
 "It's almost as good as bands."
 We were living on the top floor
 Of a house that once was fine,
 And we only had one window —
 But a light that seemed divine,
 Filled the dark old room with glory,
 Lighting up surroundings quaint
 That held some forgotten story
 And some fragrance sweet and faint.
 Oh that face of boyish beauty
 How it lit the dim, old room,

How it called me back to duty
 Chasing from my heart its gloom.
 Oh that music how it haunts me
 Bringing back how he has striven
 Oh that music how it taunts me
 Shall I ever be forgiven?
 It is thrumming on my heart strings
 Like the wildest, maddest strain,
 With the memories that come throbbing
 Like a child's sobs choked with pain.
 Oh the tenderness that sweeps me
 In the depths of my despair
 When those strains arise to greet me
 Bringing back his face so fair—
 Bringing back that boy's endeavors
 When my own weak will gave way
 Bringing back how he has striven
 To protect in boyish way.
 Oh no boyish voice is ringing
 To the rafters as of yore
 And no boy is dancing, singing,
 He will dance and sing no more.

Ay my heart has borne the world's stings.
 But it seems 'twill break in twain
 With this thrumming on its weak strings.
 And this throbbing deadly pain.



Dox.

 CONFESSION.

Backward, backward, I am trending
 To the path that once we trod
 To the path that hath no ending
 For 'twas formed above the sod;

Backward! backward! find no issue
 Where I have not been to thee
 All that man could be to woman—
 All that mortal e'er could be
 Say, to slaves who claim that spirit
 Hath no power above their art—
 Say that I command and hold thee
 By the power of soul and heart;

Tell those slaves altho in bondage
 That thy shackles are divine—
 Shackles formed in dim old ages
 When the gods declared thee mine
 Tell them also that I hold thee
 As the dearest prize on earth.

Tho decreed to be your master
 Long before your earthly birth
 Tell them that your master trembles
 Lest some harm should come to thee
 That for thee he oft dissembles
 But he ne'er will set you free.
 Tell them that his slave's least grieving
 Wrings his heart with cruelest pain
 That life goes when she is leaving
 But returns with her again.—

Slave come hither 'tis my will—
 Think no sighs or tears can save—
 'ow go hence lest love should kill—
 Lest thy master kneel thy slave—
 Nay, too late this saving feeling,
 Come thou back,—see I implore—
 See thy master low is kneeling
 Slave to thee forevermore.

 LINES FROM COLORS FLYING.

From the low hung lights on the walls of that
 dream
 Let your gaze sweep up to the stars
 And with pride that passes for patience su-
 preme
 Draw your cloak o'er your wounds and
 scars.
 Then step with your old proud grace to the
 last—
 And cover still with a smile—
 The unhealed wounds from that dark, bitter
 past—
 They can bleed but a little while.

And when you have eaten your last dry crust
 And have drained to the dregs your wine
 Oh still disdain the degrading dust—
 That is proffered for gifts divine.
 Look down on the tribe that knows no worth
 Save the trappings and sordid gain
 Look down from the heights of a loftier birth
 Tho you've neither wealth nor a name
 Let the old blood speak through a beggar's
 guise
 Let it flush over brow and cheek
 Let it flash disdain from your dying eyes
 When your lips have ceased to speak.—

 THOUGHT.

Ah thought need not be held in check,
 The world controls it not—
 Could I not hold thee in this way,
 All life would be a blot;
 A blot to stain, eternal **plan**
 Which long ago decreed
 That when my heart had need of love,
 Thy soul must give it heed.

Across the space that holds with bands
 Our clay but not our hearts
 There is no need to reach our hands
 For thought the touch imparts.

So let yourself upon me lean
 When all the world seems drear
 For if there should be worlds between
 I could not fail to hear.—

One sigh from thee that held my name;
 One word that breathed thy woe,
 Would call me to thy side again
 Tho none but thee should know—
 That sweeping through the realms of space
 My thought should take the word
 That ere sustains and gives thee grace
 As tho it had been heard.

1897

1904

Men and Women Identified with the Newspaper World in Columbus, 1897-1904.

PRESS.

L. P. Stephens, General Manager.
DeWitt C. Jones, Editor.
W. P. Huntington, Associate Editor.
E. C. Cook, City Editor.

Herbert Corey, Assistant City and Political Editor.
Thomas Cooper, Telegraph Editor.
Gertrude Harrington, Society Editor.

Virginia Thurman Cole, Features.
Henrietta Weber, Music Critic.
Lily Gill Derby, Art Critic.
Helen Wright, Book Notes and Sketches.
Lida Rose McCabe, Features.

Louise Bower, Features.
Mrs. Arnold Isler, Fashions.
Mary Robson, Features.
Harry Wadland, Artist.
Cornelia Liggitt, Features.

Charles H. Kipp.
Homer C. Howard.
Charles E. Creager.
Carl Dearduff.
Robert Collier.

Edward S. Wertz.
H. C. Schumaker.
C. T. Fritsche.
Frank Potter.

JOURNAL.

Col. J. C. Ellison,
S. G. McClure, Editor.
E. H. Miller, Managing Editor.
W. E. Prine, Night Editor.

J. C. Mossgrove, City Editor.
E. K. Rife, Political Editor.
Nellie Elizabeth Slaughter, Society Editor.
E. H. Hilt.

Elise Fitch Hinman, Woman's Clubs.
Ella May Smith, Music Critic.
Helen Wright, Art and Book Review.
Lily Gill Derby, Art Critic.

Hattie Toler, Juvenile.
Virginia Thurman Cole, Features.
Lida Rose McCabe, Features.
Mary Robson McGill, Features.

Wm. Bloomer, Cartoonist.

Harry Westerman, Artist.

Ed. Sims.
Robert Ryder.
Jack Ryder.
T. T. Frankenberg.
Richard Collier.
Frank Osborne.

Fred Myers.
Henry Barlow.
Geo. Crawford.
Alex Clark.
M. V. Copeland.

PRESS.

Clarence Jones,
Ellis Jones,
Alfred Lee,
Harry West,
O. C. Riddle,
Thomas Cooper,

Clara Markeson,
Jeannette Converse,
Edith Hale.
Tom Barron.
Clarence Sullivan.

JOURNAL.

A. H. Fenwick, Managing Editor.
J. A. Tunison, Editorial writer.
Alice Brown, Dramatic critic.
Doll Patterson, Society.

A. S. Hard.
Geo. B. Toole.
Robert Read.
Hartzell Caldwell.

DISPATCH.

W. D. Brickell,
O. C. Hooper,
Clarence Metters,
V. S. Morris,
W. W. Bond,
Chas. M. Lewis,
Harry Wylie,
L. C. Haddox,
E. S. Barnard,
Penelope Smythe,
George Gordon,
Marie Isler,
Hayes Cockins,

James M. C. Glenn,
Geo. A. Hibbard,
Arthur C. Johnson,
J. H. Galbraith,
A. C. Henney,
M. R. Matthews,
Geo. Atkinson,
William Morford,
A. C. Stevenson,
Cary Shauck,
Chas. A. Wickoff.
W. C. Parsons.
Ellen Conners.

CITIZEN.

Geo. W. Dun,
Geo. Smart,
Col. W. A. Taylor,
J. W. Strimple,
M. A. Dickey,

Eugene Kerr,
Alice Fay Potter,
Robert Jones,
Nan Cannon.
T. T. Frankenberg.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

Carl Landon.
Allen Beach.
Robert H. Stevenson.
George Marvin.

O. V. Shimansky.
Ben Allen.
Hal Landon.
Harry Blair.

JOURNAL.

Robert E. Wolfe,

Harry F. Wolfe.

PRESS.

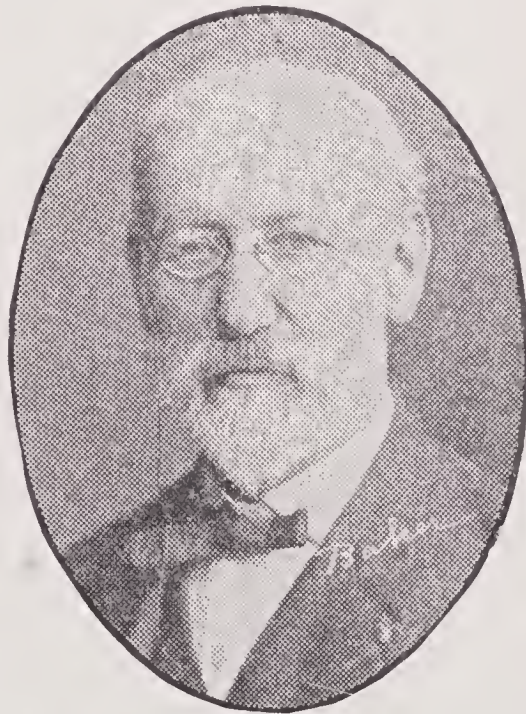
M. C. Daugherty,

L. C. Parsons.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

Chas. S. Bash,

Alex Sands.

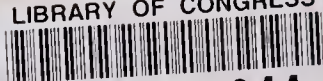


"LEO" HIRSCH,

Veteran German newspaperman, proprietor and editor of the Express-Westbote, for many years supervisor of state printing and one of the most prominent and popular officials.

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