

LITTLE MAKE-BELIEVE

A CHILD OF THE SLUMS.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER III.

Continued.

"Git up," said he, "you're wanted." This was so judicial a summons that little Make-Believe looked around for the policeman who had come to seize for some unknown crime. Seeing an officer of the law, her head sank upon her breast again.

"Don't yer hear?" cried Dot-and-carry-one. "You're wanted."

"What for?" asked Little Make-Believe, in a listless tone.

"We're going to play one of your games," replied Dot-and-carry-one. "We're going to pretend."

Little Make-Believe shook her head. She had no heart for games, not even the game which had become almost a second nature to her.

"Let me alone," she said. Some unaccounted note of suffering in her voice caused Dot-and-carry-one to stoop and lower his face to the level with hers.

"What's the matter with yer?" he inquired, less from compassion than from curiosity.

"I'm almost starving," she said, "and Saranne's waiting at home for grub and I ain't got none to give her. I ain't play no games, 'cause I ain't got strength to crawl."

"If yer'll play this game," said Dot-and-carry-one, "yer'll git lots of grub for the pair on yer. I ain't gammoning."

"What sort o' grub?" asked Little Make-Believe, incredulously.

"Pies."

"With a glad cry little Make-Believe jumped to her feet.

The mention of pies and the prospect of possessing them were like Heaven to her.

A pie was the very thing Saranne expected her to bring home.

For a moment or two she throbbled with ecstasy; then came a revulsion. Had not Dot-and-carry-one said they were only going to pretend? He saw the doubt in her face.

"Don't be a little fool," he said. "We're going to pretend to fight the savages. The chief one of 'em is Mike, the Pieman, and we'll tackle him first. He's waiting for us to play the game, and the Government's going to pay him for the pies."

This last statement was perhaps the most daring and original declaration Dot-and-carry-one had ever made. In his way, the lad was a genius, and quick in device when a questionable transaction was in view.

Little Make-Believe did not pause to consider; she thought only of Saranne and, accepting the flag handed her by Dot-and-carry-one, took her allotted place at the head of the ragged regiment.

The children sat up a cheer when they saw her there. Little Make-Believe was a great favorite with them.

CHAPTER IV.

What Occurred to the Expedition Commanded by Little Make-Believe Against Mike the Pieman.

Mike the Pieman was a little shriveled-up old man, who had been in the pie business for more years than anyone in the neighborhood could remember.

His stand was on the curb outside the principal entrance of The Maiden's Blush, and he drove a roaring trade, seldom going home without his entire stock being cleared out.

He made only one sort of pie, that sort of pie that was no man knew except himself, and no one inquired.

The only thing of which a buyer could be sure of was, that the pies were very hot in temperature and seasoning.

There was a legend that Mike the Pieman was very rich. That is scarcely probable, for a fortune is not to be made out of one pie can; it is likely, however, that he was well-to-do, for he was a close-fisted old fellow, who was never known to give away a pie or to sell one under price.

"Halt!" cried Dot-and-carry-one, and his ragged regiment came to a standstill within a few yards of The Maiden's Blush.

"There he is," said the young scamp. "There's the chief of the savages. He's got a extra hot lot o' pies running over with gravy, which he made especially for us. I can taste 'em afore-hand, can't you?"

The sight of all those hungry mouths working would have been a sight to remember.

"He knows we're here," continued Dot-and-carry-one, "but he hasn't take no notice of us till we goes up to him, or the Government wouldn't pay him for the pies he's made for us. If yer knew the juicy stuff he's put in them pies yer mouth'd water to that extent that yer wouldn't be able to speak. Now, this is what you've got to do. When I saw forward—which I shan't cry loud, in case he should hear us—you'll all on yer follow Little Make-Believe straight to old Mike. Then—let me see; who's the strongest boy in this here crowd?"

"I am!" and "I am!" and "I am!" vociferated every one of the boys.

"I should say," said Dot-and-carry-one, "that Jimmy Tyler is."

"I'll fight any two on 'em," said Jimmy Tyler, with defiant looks; "one down, the other come up!"

"And I'll back yer," said Dot-and-carry-one, secretly exulting in the progress he was making. "Well, you, Jimmy Tyler, you'll jump on old Mike's back the moment yer git to him. He'll back that will Jimmy, 'cause he can stick it to the Government. I dessey the pair yer'll tumble into the road; it's jest what he wants done to him, 'cause he can git what they calls compensation. If yer hurt him a bit, all the better. Then all on yer jump on him and tumble him about. He won't mind—he'll enjoy it! And I shouldn't wonder, if yer do it well, that you'll all get medals from the Queen. Did yer hear what that man said what was standing by Mr. Dexter's shop? 'Give it 'em hot,' he said, 'for the glory of Old England.' That's what he said, and that's what the Queen likes, and that's what we're going in for. Are yer ready?"

"Yes," they cried.

"But what am I to do?" asked Little Make-Believe.

"You!" exclaimed Dot-and-carry-one, somewhat puzzled. "Oh, you'll open yer mouth and shut yer eyes and see what Gawd'll send yer!"

After which direction Dot-and-carry-one looked warily around, to see that no policeman was nigh to spoil his little game, and then said softly:

"Forward!"

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The Charge of the Light Brigade pales in comparison. Before Mike the Pieman knew where he was, Jimmy Tyler had jumped on his back and pulled him down into the road, where he lay struggling with the six or seven young ruffians bent on carrying out the orders of Dot-and-carry-one.

This young gentleman took no part in the scuffle. Directly Mike was down he opened the can, took off his cap, and swept into it at least a dozen pies, steaming hot, with which he ran off as fast as his legs could carry him.

It was the work of a moment. The great Napoleon himself could not have executed a strategic movement more deftly.

And almost before one could say "Jack Robinson" the pies were gone and the jaws of Dot-and-carry-one were devouring them.

Meantime, Little Make-Believe did exactly as she was told.

She opened her mouth and shut her eyes and waited for what God would send her.

The only movement she made for which she could claim originality was to put her fingers in her ears, to shut out the din of the battle.

The paper flag in her hand was thus elevated above her head, and seemed to stick out of it like a feather.

The cries which Mike uttered as he struggled with his foes seemed to her scarcely real; her senses were almost entirely absorbed in eager expectation of being able, through the intervention of Providence, to satisfy Saranne's wish of a pie for supper.

The battle did not last long. Dot-and-carry-one's proceedings had not been unnoticed by two or three of his followers, and he had scarcely disappeared round the corner before other unlawful hands were laid upon Mike's succulent store.

All the rest of the regiment followed suit, helping themselves without compunction; and one, less selfish than his comrades, seeing Little Make-Believe standing stock still, with her mouth wide open, popped a pie into it as he raced past her.

The pie was too large and the mouth too small to be disposed of in one bite, and would have fallen to the ground had not Little Make-Believe hastily caught it.

She had tasted it, however, and nature was strong within her; nothing in the shape of food had entered her mouth during the long, weary day until that moment; her eyes, open now, gazed with gladness; greedily she sucked her lips with the gravy on them, and in a moment of thoughtlessness was about to take another bite when the figure of Saranne rose before her.

It was enough. Choking back her hunger, she ran toward her home, holding the precious pie close to her breast.

This was the sight which Mike the Pieman beheld as he rose to his feet, flushed and filled with anger.

All the other children had disappeared; only Little Make-Believe was in sight, and in her hand food unlawfully begotten. After her he hobbled, furious for revenge.

Luckily or unluckily for Little Make-Believe, his capacity for pursuit was not of a high order.

He suffered from periodical attacks of lumbago, and this was one of his bad days.

Little Make-Believe would have got clear off had not Mike restored to another expedient in the cause of justice. He called, or rather gasped:

"Stop thief!"

This cry would have been uttered the moment he had extricated himself from the clutches of his foes had he not been proverbially short of breath, an infirmity which, aggravated by rage, had for the time deprived him of the power of speech.

But his compulsorily slow gait, as he hobbled after Little Make-Believe, brought back his wind, and with it, in a weak state, his voice.

Twice did the summons to law-abiding citizens escape him, and he was about to utter it for the third time when a violent spasm in his back doubled him up, and he was compelled to cling to a lamp-post for support.

Coming toward him as he was in this position was the man who had addressed the children as they marched past Thomas Dexter's shop.

In his progress this man had brushed by Little Make-Believe, and had taken notice of the pie she was hugging to her breast.

With keen insight he saw immediately how the matter stood, and decided how to act.

Influenced by a feeling of compassion, he addressed a policeman who had been attracted by Mike's summons.

"Some vagabond's been stealing Mike's pies," he said, "and the old fellow's run after him."

"Which way has he gone?"

"That way," replied the man, pointing in an opposite direction to that taken by Little Make-Believe.

The policeman slowly sauntered toward the indicated thoroughfare, and the man, inwardly rejoicing at the success of his maneuver, turned his back upon lumbago-stricken Mike and more swiftly pursued Little Make-Believe.

She hearing hurried steps behind her, quickened her own, but she was no match for her pursuer, who overtook her and laid his hand upon her shoulder just as she reached the door of Thomas Dexter's shop. Then came suddenly upon her the full and true consciousness of her act.

In fancy she saw the helmet, the truncheon, the dock, the magistrate, the lockup.

The strength with which exaltation of spirit had inspired her weak form deserted her at the touch of this hand upon her shoulder, and overpowered with terror she covered down at Thomas Dexter's feet.

"What's the matter?" inquired Thomas Dexter, gazing on the crouching form.

Little Make-Believe did not stir. Quick of fancy, she was realizing the horror of her position.

It harrowed her vicariously. What would Saranne do? How could she get food—when her sister, her child-mother, could no longer provide for her?

"There's nothing to be frightened at," said the man, raising Little Make-Believe from the ground. "I sent the policeman off on a wrong scent. So you've been despoiling the Egyptians? But do you want to be taken red-handed? Why don't you eat your pie? They couldn't cut you open to prove the larceny."

"It's for my sister, Saranne," murmured Little Make-Believe, by no means sure whether kindness or treachery was intended.

"For your sister Saranne?" said the man. "But yourself, little 'up-you look hungry enough to eat a brick."

"I am," sighed Little Make-Believe. "When did you have your last meal?"

"I had two potatoes last night."

"And since then?"

"Nothin'."

"Come, come," said the man, "eat the pie. Never mind your sister Saranne."

"Let me go—let me go," cried Little Make-Believe, and she twisted herself from his kindly grasp. "You're a wicked, wicked beast!"

And before the man could recover from his astonishment she had disappeared.

"What do you think of that for heroism?" asked the man of Thomas Dexter. "Could a princess show higher qualities than that ragged morsel of humanity? She can forget her own hunger—with savory food at her very lips—can withstand the temptation—because she has a little sister at home to whom she plays the part of mother. If I had a penny to spare I'd give it her, but it's not in my power. She's off to Paradise Buildings, where she and her sister live, to complete her act of self-sacrifice. Good-night, gov'nor."

"Good-night," said Thomas Dexter, and entered his shop, strutting his shoulders.

CHAPTER V.

Thomas Dexter Has Strange Dreams.

On the following day Thomas Dexter attended the sale of old curiosities in an auction room, in Leicester Square, which had once been Sir Joshua Reynolds' studio.

He had marked down half-a-dozen lots which he was anxious to buy—enamels of no particular value in themselves, but likely to suit a customer who had a craze for them.

Having secured the enamels at a price which he knew he could double in the selling, he made his way back to Clare Market.

Never in his life had he had a day's illness, and no signs had warned him that sickness was near, but when he was within a quarter of a mile of his shop a sudden vertigo caused everything to swim before his eyes—picture shops, costermongers' barrows, flaunting pavement, gutter and sky, all jumbled up and going round together.

He caught hold of some railings to steady himself, and presently the sky went up into its proper place, and the gutter came down, and the pavement flattened itself out, and the flaunting women passed him with bold looks, and the costermongers wheeled their barrows along quite naturally.

Except that there was a strange air of newness about everything, the moving life around him had undergone no change.

(To be Continued.)

Protecting Parisian Modes.

There is some news over from Paris that is rather epoch-making, observes the Westminster Gazette. All the important Parisian houses—Paquin, Doucet, Collet, Doeuillet, Laferriere, Raudnitz, Redfern, Rouff, Zee, etc.—have decided to club together to stop the horrible piracy that has been going on about their models. It is asserted that the Germans and Americans have been getting hold of all the newest Parisian ideas quite early in the season and bringing them out by means of cheap productions at very low prices, thus cheating these Parisian artists of an enormous amount of the profit which is their due, as with them alone must rest the credit of the original ideas that make a model of value.

This piracy has become a crying nuisance. Why should not the sartorial artist reserve the right of reproduction, just as an artist or an author or a dramatist would have? They are made up their minds that they are going to get proper protection for their works of art, and so from henceforth no models bought by Continental houses will be delivered before a certain date. Of course, these new regulations apply in no sense to their firms' private customers, only to the professional buyers.

She Never Forgot the Lost Five.

An Atchison man, says the Globe, of that Kansas town, lost \$5 in making change, and when he went home told his wife about it. This happened six years ago, and she has never forgotten it, often telling him what luxuries they could afford if he hadn't lost the money. Last week their son dropped \$200 in a poor investment. "Don't say a word to him about it," she said to her husband. "Poor boy, he feels bad enough as it is."

Household Matters

To Store Blankets. One of the best places to store blankets which are not being used is under a mattress which is continually slept upon, as here they are kept comparatively well aired, and need little extra exposure to the fire before using.

Things Worth Knowing. That a piece of charcoal thrown into the pot in which onions, cabbage, etc., are boiled will absorb the unpleasant odor.

That salt is not to be added to oatmeal until it has boiled about fifteen minutes.

That a lump of butter dropped into boiling molasses or maple candy will prevent it from running over.

That a piece of lace or thin muslin, starched and put over the holes or worn places in lace curtains will show very little and improve the looks of the curtains.

That a handful of salt, thrown into the tepid water with which straw matting is wiped up, will make it look extra fresh and clean.

First Aids to Housecleaning. To know how to clean wood work without scrubbing, how to freshen carpets without taking up, how to do over blankets without ruining them, how to render a house hygienically clean without terrible smelling antiseptics is to approach housecleaning season without fear and without reproach.

First take down all the curtains and portieres and take up all the floor coverings that are to be put away. Have them thoroughly cleaned, done up, marked and stored away on shelf or in a chest for the summer. The more things you can pack away early in the season the less work you will have in warm weather. Your home will look cooler and will be healthier.

Do up your curtains as soon as you wish to houseclean. Have them well shaken, and then if very dusty rinsed before regularly washing. Put them into lukewarm water and let them soak for twenty minutes or half an hour. During this time have heated a boilerful of water, to each gallon of which a tablespoonful of borax and half a bar of white soap, shaved fine. Squeeze the curtains out of the cold water. Lay them in a tub and pour on the boiling suds. Within another half hour they will be white and lovely. Rinse in two waters, and then add a little bluing to the third. If the curtains are cream colored, a little coffee in the last water will keep the creamy tint. When borax is used there is absolutely no need of rubbing. To rub curtains on a board is to destroy them utterly. To attach them to frames is oftentimes equally disastrous. The best way is to squeeze them gently and pin on a sheet laid on a large rug. If you starch your curtains, make the starch thin.

Have your portieres and rugs also well shaken, then beaten and fold away in borax powder to save them from the moths.—Mary Annable Fenton.

"Take ye away the stone." That which could be done by human hand she orders to be done. He would have the bystanders see that Lazarus was actually dead. "He sinketh." Seemingly to forget what Jesus had said to her when she met Him, Martha now thinks only of the condition of her brother's body and objects. The idea of an immediate resurrection does not seem to have occurred to her.

"If the wouldst believe." So we see that if these sisters had not possessed hearts of faith, a willingness to believe and obey Christ, this miracle could not have taken place. If faith holds Him as the resurrection and the life, then why doubt when He is near? "Glory of God." Such a revelation of God's power as shall disclose His glory.

Lazarus raised to life (vs. 41-45). "Take ye away the stone." Martha's faith was well roused and she gave way to Jesus' request. They had accomplished all in their power when the stone was removed. Jesus now began His part. "Lifted up His eyes." An outward expression of the elevation of His mind and to show them who stood by from whence He derived His power. He lifted up His eyes as looking beyond the grave and overlooking the difficulties that arose thence.

"Thou hast sent Me." Not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. Moses, to show that God sent him, made the earth open and swallow men up (Num. 16:29, 30), for the law was a dispensation of terror; but Christ proves His mission by raising to life one that was dead. "Loud voice." He did not whisper nor mutter as did the miracle. It was a type of that voice like the rumbling of waters (Rev. 1:15), at which all who are in their graves shall come forth (John 5:28; 1 Thess. 4:16). He that wept as a man now spoke as a God. "Lazarus." He calls him by name as we call those by their names whom we would wake out of sleep. This intimates that the same individual person that died shall rise again at the last day. "Bound hand and foot." Probably each limb was separately bound, as was the Egyptian custom. "Loose him." He was a healthy, strong man and no longer needed the bandages and winding sheet. "Many believed." The miracle was convincing.

Power Boat at Fire Island. The first of the power lifeboats built for the United States Lifesaving Service will be assigned to the station at Fire Island. The craft adopted for this work is thirty-four feet in length and self-righting and self-bailing, and is propelled by a twenty-horse-power engine using gasoline for fuel. Owing to its weight and the consequent inability to launch the craft from the beach, it will be kept in the bay and brought around through the inlet when there is any demand for its services.

Swallowed Sixty Nails. Luther Sharp, forty-five years old, a wealthy Bourbon County (Ky.) farmer, has committed suicide. He left a note requesting that an autopsy be performed on his body, which was done, and which disclosed the presence in his stomach of sixty nails of various sizes, stoves screws and brass pins. Sharp wrote that he had been swallowing these articles for a month. He was subject to fits of melancholia, and had made several attempts to kill himself.

Bowls at Ninety. Bernard Solik, aged ninety, of Dunlo, Pa., challenges any person of his age in the State for a bowling contest for \$500 a side.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR APRIL 9.

Subject: The Raising of Lazarus, John 11, 32-45—Golden Text, John 11, 25—Memory Verses, 33-36—Commentar on the Day's Lesson.

I. The meeting of Jesus and Mary (vs. 32, 33). "When Mary was come." Her first heart-throb was coming, and, without notifying Mary, she went to meet Jesus just outside the village. She greeted Him with those words of sorrowful despair—"Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died." But even then there was a dawn of hope in her heart, from her experience of the power of Jesus.

Jesus replied with the assurance that He was the resurrection and the life, and prepared her for the great work He was about to do. "If Thou hadst been here," these words express the very essence of soul torture at such times. In our affliction we continually echo the if of these sisters, saying to ourselves, if we had not done this, or if we had not done that, or if it had not been for our blunder, or that of our friends, or that of our physician, our beloved would not have died. But read verse 4 of this chapter.

Christ's compassion (vs. 33-37). "In Lazarus the spirit." This is a strange term and is better rendered by the margin of the Revised Version—"was moved with indignation in the spirit." Jesus was indignant at the hypocritical and sentimental lamentations of His enemies, the Jews, mingling with the heartfelt sorrow of His loving friend Mary. These self-righteous Jews, now weeping and groaning in professional sorrow with Mary were men who would soon be plotting to kill, not only Jesus, but the restored Lazarus (compare chap. 12:10). "Was troubled." "Troubled Himself." Marg. R. V. Probably the meaning is that He allowed His deep emotion to become evident to bystanders. 34. "Where—laid him." A question addressed to and answered by the sisters.

"Timothy" has those Jews of the tenderness of the Son of God.

"Could not this man." The miracle of the blind man was referred to because it was of recent occurrence, and in the immediate neighborhood, while the two previous miracles of raising the dead (Luke 7:11-17; 8:41-56) were performed in distant Galilee, about one year and a half before.

Several leading commentators think that these Jews were unbelieving and now refer to the healing of the blind man in a deriding manner, suggesting that if He could have done that, then He could have kept Lazarus alive, and real love would have prompted Him to do it if He had power.

III. Words of comfort (vs. 38-40). "Again groaning." Because of the unbelief of the Jews. We never find Him in as much grief over His own sufferings as over the sins of men.

"Come to the grave." Lazarus was, as became his station, not laid in cemetery, but in his own private tomb in a cave.

"Take ye away the stone." That which could be done by human hand she orders to be done. He would have the bystanders see that Lazarus was actually dead. "He sinketh." Seemingly to forget what Jesus had said to her when she met Him, Martha now thinks only of the condition of her brother's body and objects. The idea of an immediate resurrection does not seem to have occurred to her.

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THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICI OF INTemperance.

Interesting Figures in Answer to the Question, "Does It Pay to Banish the Saloon From a Community?"—Prosperity of Towns That Are Dry.

The Fishkill (N. Y.) Weekly Times has a correspondent in California who has been investigating from a business standpoint the liquor problem as affecting the cities and towns of that State. In his letter to the Times this correspondent (Mr. L. C. Wood) gives some interesting figures in answer to the question, "Does it pay to banish the saloon from a community?" After naming a large number of the cities and towns in Southern California that voted "dry," and thus banished the saloon, he says that all these show a prosperous growth and some of them phenomenally so. He then instances some, "Long Beach, for example." I spent three months at this place the past summer, and have seen 25,000 people drop down there in one day on pleasure bent brought in and carried out by the steamer and electric roads, all without accidents, with no drunks and no arrests. Long Beach was a saloon town a few years ago, and when a citizen was wrestling with the problem of no saloons, all of the saloon sympathizers in Southern California predicted that it would kill the place. During the last few years it has spent \$36,000 for sidewalks, as much more in extending its sewer system, put up 629 new buildings, spent \$106,000 in new school houses and in the enlargement of others, built a new dock pier at a cost of \$100,000. Improved streets all over the city at a large expense, also its park. Besides, the Pacific Electric Railway Company has spent in new lines and buildings in the city limits \$750,000, which shows a confidence of money men in a town that a few years ago was going to die. Pasadena, another dry and dead city, has spent during the past year about \$1,000,000 in new buildings, and has now a population of 25,000 to 30,000, and an assessed valuation of over \$15,000,000. Hollywood has added 2000 to its population in two years. Whittier has added 1000 to its population in two years, and spent for new buildings in the past year \$208,000. Monrovia has increased its population by 800 the past year. Hollywood has doubled its population in eighteen months. Santa Anna voted the saloon out two years ago, and is now growing faster than ever before; it is the county seat of Orange County. Wilmington has doubled its population in twelve months; it voted dry the last election.

In the wet cities and towns, Los Angeles and San Pedro are the only ones that are prosperous in the list. The Government is spending a vast amount of money improving the harbor at San Pedro, which gives it a boom. Chepo was a dry town, but voted wet three months ago; it has had three murders since, two of which were in saloons, and it has cost this county thousands of dollars to prosecute the cases. Los Angeles has 200 saloons and 145 churches. It will have spent in new buildings by January 1, 1905, for one year, about \$14,000,000. Its population is about 150,000. Its per capita growth will not equal Pasadena or Long Beach, but it is making wonderful strides. Its criminal costs are very large. In an address, a short time since by a criminal attorney (Mr. Rogers), before the Men's League, he stated that seventy-five per cent. of the crime in the city was caused by the misuse of liquor.

If the saloons were out of service, Los Angeles would cost would not be more; he further stated that of forty murder cases he had been engaged in, in the past four years, all but four were caused by liquor. "One murder," said Mr. Rogers, "was over a keg of beer, worth \$1.25