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ESTABLISHED 1855.

THE GIRL IN THE PUNT.

By ARTHUR H. ADAMS

ing, "To the Girl in the Punt."

the audacity to write to me!'

Womanlike, she never doubted that

pause to reflect that there might be

other girls in other punts. She be-

"To the Girl in the Punt-You

passed me just now and as you went

"I didn't!" the girl said hotly. "The

She read on. "But I am a lonely

man, and perhaps grow somewhat

childish in my loneliness. And ever

"I thought so!" sighed the girl.

"-Since that I have drifted, as

it seems without a guide or sign.

Companionship, friendship, love-that

is the one need of my life. A man

does not say these things out, but to

you who are a total stranger, I may

tell without fear of your scorn or of

your laughter. For once I thought

I had grasped that which I have

woman's love; but it slipped away

And now I see how impossible it is

for anyone to care for me. And yet

it means something to me to dream

that someone comprehends, would be

a little sorry for me, perhaps. So I

have written to you. It is a weak and

foolish thing to do, but I have been

strong and self-contained so long, and

all I have won from life has been

isolation. And as, when I have sign-

ed this letter I shall tear it up, as I

The girl smiled. "Cautious man!"

"Yet it is something to me," she

read, "to dream that you will answer

like me, asking all unconsciously for

ingly drifting toward you, and that

I shall step in as if it were my right,

"My willow!" she said. "How dare

"And there you will get out the tea-

She tore the letter into a hundred

the punt she sighed: "Poor fellow!"

As she was walking home she met

The girl of the punt went white

her cousin. "Did you hear of the ac-

cident this afternoon on the river?"

"A boy was nearly drowned."

"It was pretty serious," said

him, he would have been drowned.

"He was reading by the river, and

he got the boy out he seemed dead.

to work to revive him. It was over

an hour before the boy regained con-

The girl of the punt reflected.

'After all." she thought, "I may go

The man was reading on the bank.

white, but even far down that ave-

He looked up. The girl was in

Then the man was glad he had torn

pull that boy out of the water and

She gave a quick sigh of relief.

"I wonder why?"

the other asked.

'Only that?"

worked over him.

she remarked.

so long unconsciously sought-

· that—it is two

thought you smiled at me."

sensible sort of man, too!

gan to read.

conceited thing!"

that led me astray."

he didn't see me!"

vears ago, now-

since *

It was in the long vacation. Under being taken by any passerby. the shadow of the elms along the took up the magazine and began to bank lay the man. He was pretend- put the loose sheets of paper inside ing to read, but the magazine lay igits pages. But in the action she paused. Her eyes had caught the headnominously on the grass.

The man let his hat slip down over his face and dropped into dreaming thought. Below the bank on which he rested, the river dimly moved through an avenue of shade, and sometimes boat full of summer girls slid quietly

'The man's thoughts were not pleas ant. It had come upon him this afternoon that he was growing old. He had come to the stopping place where he would have to pause to reflect, to read just the value of life. Waiting for him, at some corner out of sigi. but not far off was Age. And how was he going to meet that grimly waiting, silent one? Was he unready, unprepared for that quiet comfort? Had he lived his youth out yet? Was Age the only companion that life now held for him, or would he have a friend to go with him, and with her gentle presence soften that grim acquaintance's ways? What had he done with his forty years of life if he now was lonely, as solitary, as when he entered life?

There were his men friends, all glad to see him, to have his company, to discuss and argue with him, to introduce him to their wives, to let him be god-father to their children, but they are not the friends he had once

And then there was she. He had always been a shy man, happy with his books, a little afraid of people. And women never seemed to care much for him. His few women friends treated him not quite as they treated other men. They liked him, but he felt beneath their friendship a lack-of what he scarcely knew, except that it was something for which his whole being vaguely craved.

Then she had come into his life. And he had loved her with a vividness, an emotion, that had startled him out of himself. And she had been kind, and when he had asked her to join her life to his, she had assented with a strange show of re- know that you will never receive it luctance that he put down ness. But from that moment he had grown to love her with a love that made all that he read of love seem drab tinted and dull. Then she had written to him that letter, telling it, with a sympathy. It is all absurd, him with a cruel frankness that she of course. Yet it may be that you are was mistaken. She did not care that way. Since she had left him she had love. It may be that I am unknowmet someone who had awakened her to the fact that she had been on the tomorrow, as you go past this bank verge of making a terrible mistake. in your punt-how beautiful, how Would he release her and forgive her graceful you showed today!" The for the pain she knew she was in- letter ran on: "Tomorrow, perhaps, as flicting? And he had answered in you pass this bank you will pull up the only way a man could answer and to the river edge without a word, and gone back to his books with an infinite compassion for the girl whose love and you will say, 'So you are in time?' he had so nearly trapped.

and I shall reply, 'I have been waiting for you all my life; would I miss you But he missed her presence, her now?' Then I shall lie in the punt talk, her many unconscious disclosures of herself; above all, he missed and lazily watch you poling me up her daily letters to him. He had the river until we come to a certain grown into the habit of writing to overhanging willow-" her all his thoughts. Mentally he had always been conscious of a terrible he!" loneliness. And in his daily letters to her that feeling had been, as he things, and I shall light the spirit lamp-I saw one in the punt as you thought, forever assuaged. passed-and-"

And now-for the rest of his lifehe was shut up again with his own soul-the worst loneliness in his life. A little gust of wind lifted his hat tain pen with which he had evidentfrom his eyes, and he suddenly sat ly written it lay on the grass at her up. Along the narrow stream was feet. leisurely coming a punt, and standing in it a tall girl in pink. She had thrown her hat in the bottom of the punt, and her head was crowned with a glory of richly tinted brown. Her pieces and scattered them on the firm, brown arms were bare to the grass. "That was what he said he elbow, and as she slowly propelled would do, anyhow, and it was adthe light craft, her figure showed dressed to me," she said in her own graceful lines of bosom and limb. defense. Then as she pushed off in As she came nearer he saw dark eyes looking out of a face that would Then with a swift change of mood, have been beautiful if it had not been she pushed the punt viciously down for a nose that tilted irresponsibly the stream. "I dare say he knew I and a mouth that smiled too often to would get it when he wrote it to me, retain its classic shape. In the boat and he was hiding somewhere near were some baskets that pointed to and watched me read it. I won't the probabilty of afternoon tea. But come this way again."

"She is going to meet him further up," the man said to himself with a

vague envy. the green coolness of that avenue of "What was it?" she asked swiftly shade, she looked back once. In that and before her eyes she had a vision glance the man thought he saw a lit- of those scattered things on the river tle hovering smile. But he put the bank. thought from him with a laugh; women did not waste their smiles on

him. He determined to wait and see the punt return. But it might not return other girl indignantly. "If that man he hadn't been so prompt and rescued down that channel! Anyhow,

would wait. Perhaps there was such a girl waiting for him somewhere in the world? Then, with a short laugh at himself, he took out some sheets of pa- flung his book down and plunged in. per and with his fountain pen began The water wasn't deep, luckily, be-

in the Punt.' In the delightful afternoon which But the man was a doctor and set the girl spent in the punt no man had any part. She loved the river with a devotion few suspected. Those quiet, curving waterways, overreached with cool green, were to her something almost God-given. And so

that way tomorrow." soon she was going away to leave them all, perhaps forever! Then in the evening she was slowly drifting down stream she paused nue of shade he knew her to be the same. She was leisurely poling the remembered to have noticed the man. punt up the stream. For she saw no man, but a collection

of articles, a walking stick, a pipe, a tobacco pouch, a magazine and some scattered sheets of loose writing pa- to her yesterday just before he had o per lay unheeded on the grass. First, carefully assuring herself bring him back to life. He had wonthat the owner of these man-things dered a little when he came back attend a meeting of the state military

was not present, the girl poled ner that evening to collect his belongings and punt to the bank and stepped out. It was surely a very careless being. She would collect them and put them where they would not run the risk of the girl approached she looked where they would not run the risk of the present situation, there-said: "Please, he couldna fish vera present, the girl poled ner that evening to collect his belongings to us, the enemies of a high class for the king of Italy, as a parof its rectitude that the had torn up the letof the present situation, thereof its rectitude that it can have, and
of its rectitude that the king of Italy, as a parof its rectitu

up at him almost with a smile. Then, with a quick pressure on the pole she turned the punt and its prow shot into the soft grass. Without a word

The man went dull red. He looked at the girl in the punt. The girl waited. He stepped in. She pushed the punt off.

"So you are in time?" she said softly. "I have been waiting for you al

my life-would I miss you now?" he So she had read his letter? Ye such a thing was impossible. What

then? His astonished mind refused to follow the thing to any conclusion. He was lapsed in great content. "So you expected me?" he said at last, looking up at her slim, fair figure crowned with its glory of vivid

She stared. "Why," she said, with a little laugh, "I believe he has had "Of course," she replied. 'I knew you would be here.' impertinence! And such a quiet, It was enough. He ventured no fur ther questions. He might shatter the

dream. This day was his. the letter was for her. She did not The girl was greatly happy. There were no exclamations, no introductions to their comradeship. Immediately they had drifted into the position of dear friends; they were in-

timate at once. He told her of his life, of the other girl. "I know," said the girl in the puni with dimming eyes.

"But I know," the letter continued And it did not seem strange to him that you did not. It was my fancy that she should know. But she told him little about herself, except that "Singularly observant young man!" she had won happiness in life and was reflected the girl. "After I took the trouble to smile at him, now he says

content. meal over, they drifted lazily down the stream, languidly talking, with ong silences between that brought them more intimately together than words may ever do.

Through the silence of the he poled the punt down the river. When they came opposite the bank under the elms he got quietly out. "You will come again tomorrow?

ne asked. And the girl in the punt said softly, "Yes."

ng fair and slim and white in the the punt she went slowly nto the avenue of green shade, glimmering quietly in the gathering dusk. And the man gazed long after her vondering, vet well content. Then it suddenly came to him th

ne did not even know her name. "But she will come again tomor ow," he said.

But the girl in the punt did no come on the morrow, or any morow, though the man waited under the elms many afternoons. For the the man she loved. And sometimes followed, she thought of the man on the bank of the stream, and knew that for one afternoon she had given

him great happiness. And he remembered always and was

TEA AS A BEVERAGE

Said to Enrich a Person Both Morally and Physically.

Did you know that tea drinking is splendid aid to one's morals? At least that is the opinion of an English scientist who not long ago compiled a learned treatise to show the beneficial effects of tea drinking from a spiritual, physical and moral standpoint. A meal in the morning, he says with

tea as the beverage will enable a man to pursue his day's work with faculties unclouded, temper unruffled and a generally amiable state of nerves. Besides that, it makes the body active, it clears the sight, it strengthens the appetite and the digestion and is particularly wholesome for men of corpulent bodies and great meat eaters.

It vanishes dreams, increases the "And that's all," said the girl. The memory and prevents sleeplessness. It letter broke off suddenly. The founhas been observed that it has contributed more to the sobriety of the Chinese than the severest laws, the most eloquent harangues and the best trea-"He was in a hurry," she thought.

tise on morality. But, in addition to all this, he claims for tea a strengthening effect on morality. A man who is stimulated by a generous cupful of tea, moderately strong, will be able to withstand more successfully the manifold temptations that assail him in the business and social world into which he is plunged

than the man who is not sustained by

the same beverage.-Chicago Tribune.

- Columbia, June 7: Prof. A. C. Moore, dean of the faculty, has been selected as acting president of the that never was made." University of South Carolina by the board of trustees. Resolutions of regret at the departure of the retiring president, Dr. S. C. Mitchell, were adopted. The meeting took place in the office of Governor Blease late yesterday with all members present. Dr. Mitchell's resignation was presented and accepted, effective June 15. The resolution eulogizing the president was not signed by Governor Blease, though

he did not oppose it. The faculty's unanimous recommendation, that the degree of LL. D. be conferred on Charles W. Bain by reason of his sound learning, high character and signal service in the cause of education and progress, was approved by the board. Mr. Bain was for twelve when the little girl ran to him he just years head of the department of ancient languages in the University of South Carolina. Three years ago he

a letter. It was headed, "To the Girl cause he couldn't swim, and when took the chair of Greek in the University of North Carolina. J. Bruce Coleman of the faculty, now attending Columbia University, was made associate professor of physics at a salsciousness, and all that time the man ary of \$1,500. Good Homes and J. E. Mills, associate professors, were promoted to full professors. John A. Blackburn, of Columbia, was elected physical director, vice James Driver, resigned. Student assistants elected J. Hill and Alva I. Green. versity has received from the Uniersity of Virginia, Vanderbilt,

North Carolina, proposals for change of professors. The board exrusted the working out of details to the committee on organization and Various building contracts up that foolish letter he had written faculty. were approved. ories were named, respectively, James H. Thornwell and James

Miscellancous Reading

GOVERNMENT FOUGHT SUGAR

Lobbyists Used Printing and Postal Departments. How the government printing and the postoffice department helped in the fight against free sugar through the use of congressional "literature" circulating throughout the land was brought out last Monday by the sente lobby investigators. Truman Palmer. Washington representative on the stand the entire day and the tion, testified that more than 1,500 000 copies of arguments in behalf

beet sugar had been turned out by the government printing office, made pubic documents by order of congress and had ridden on the franks of senators and representatives to the ends of the country, postage free. "Sugar At a Glance," prepared by him, he aid, had attained a circulation of ator Lodge. "Reports of the Finance eaten the pamphlet by 80,000 copies. The franks of Senator Smoot, for mer Senators Curtis and Dick and the

late Representative Malby, former Representative Picket and Represen tative Martin had swelled the total to more than a million and a half. The printing of some of this number had ple, the witness said, but the free postage had saved them about \$28,000 The tea was a success. The dainty Mr. Palmer developed that "Sugar At a Second Glance," which he intimated was inspired by the Federal Sugar Refining company, and which was at argument in behalf of free sugar, had lso been printed as a public document and circulated under the franking privilege. He did not say, nor did

> so used. Mr. Palmer said that the beet sugar men had spent about \$160,000 in their campaign against free sugar since 1902. About \$50,000 had been used since last November, and about \$14,-000 of that amount since the beginning of the present session of con gress. Much of it had been spent in publicity work," in printing, salaries and a good sized sum in motion picures. He said that the beet producers in his association were assesse about five cents per ton, he thought The last assessment was made in April, bringing in about \$18,000, and the previous one in February, about \$17,000.

Palmer said that when Lodge made a speech on sugar in July, morrow was her wedding day with 1912, the charts subsequently used in "Sugar At a Glance" were on the walls secured the permission of the senate to have them printed as a public docment. Questioned by members of the committee, the witness said that after the charts had been sent to the government printing office and proofs in black and white had been made of them, he had discovered they were not suitable for publication. He had, there fore, sent them to a private printing concern and had them prepared in a fashion he thought suitable. This, he naintained, was done with the knowledge of Senator Lodge and he considered that he was acting for the sena

tor in the matter. Members of the committee express ed surprise that any one should in any way change something authorized to be printed by the senate. They developed that the permission was secured by Senator Lodge for printing on July 27 and that one of several issues of 'Sugar at a Glance" referred to an order of the senate on August 10 in the

same matter. The second order referred to date prepared by Truman G. Palmer and ourported to be signed by Charles G. Bennett, then secretary of the senate. Mr. Palmer said he supposed that the order had been made, and that he got t in the proofs of the charts from the printing office. The Congressional Record of August 1, according to Senator Cummins, showed no such order,

nor did the Journal of the senate nor the files in the document room. "You substituted at the governmen printing office for the document you received from the clerk of the senate this privately printed copy?" said

Senator Reed. "I don't think that is a fair ques

tion," said Palmer. "I want to find out about this," said Senator Cummins. "It is a rather se rious matter to forge a signature o the secretary of the senate to an order

The committee finally dropped the question with the expressed determination to pursue it further and investigate books and records of every sort to get the information they seek. Senator Lodge will be heard in explaan tion if he desires to appear.

Mr. Palmer became indignant Senator Reed's efforts to find out everything done by the beet men in Washington.

"I don't think business men ar barred from the city of Washington, he added. "There is nothing disrepu table in talking to senators and congressmen. They don't live in glass houses. I have been free to try to convert them and prevent the ruin which I believe will result from the passage of the bill in congress."

81 YEARS OLD, IN TREASURY 49 One of Uncle Sam's Oldest Wome Employees.

Eighty-one years old, and rounding out fifty years as a government employee in the treasury department, is the record of Miss Emma R. Graves. Forty-nine years of this service, which was up April 12 last, was spent in the redemption division of the treasury. and despite the fact that Miss Graves pleaded to be left in that division for one more year, so as to celebrate he golden anniversary, she was transfer red to the register's office, says the Washington Star. She still occupies the position of an expert counter, counting notes which have been turned in to the gveornment, and which are cut in half before being destroyed. Miss Graves was among the first woman employees of the government, a number having been placed in ser-

"Can't you use what I tell you wit ... out using my name? I don't like to be interviewed." she said.

After much persuasion Miss Graves finally consented to have her name used, and, believing he had gained a point, the reporter then asked for her notograph. Up flew Miss Graves's

"Goodness!" she smilingly exclaimed. "I couldn't think of having my picture printed. Besides. I haven't had one taken for the last twenty years." Saw Exciting Times Here.

"I came from Bloomville, N. Y., fifty-three years ago, on a visit to relatives," said Miss Graves, "It was right at the 'eginning of the civil war. And I tell you I saw some exciting times right here in the city of Washington. The people were always watching for an invasion of the city by the Confederate forces. "I was persuaded to stay here by my

reasury department. At that time the which the treasury is now located. "In what is now the old cash room

in the treasury a large stock of arms was kent. These were for the use of the clarks in the tressury in case of an invasion. However the war was over when I assumed my position in the reasury department. "You know Secretary Chase, of

government service. Francis E. Spinner, then treasurer of the United States, after much persuasion on his part, finally secured the permission of Secretary Chase to give the women a trial as government clerks. It had practically become a necessity for the only course open seemed to be to give the women a chance, Mr. Spinner told Secretary Chase, that if, after a trial, the women proved satisfactory, he would employ more. Then, of course, there wasn't much gold and silver, and they had to have more of the fractional currency, and they used to have to cut the money by hand. Mr. Spinner pointed out that women were skillful with the scissors than the men, and this was another argument they should be given a chance.

paper money. "Finally, after a year's trial, Treas urer Spinner went to Secretary Chase and told him how satisfactory the work of the women had been, and said that he hadn't lost a cent, and that was more than he could say for

The redemption division was estab-

the men.

"We never forgot Treasurer Spin-After his death we felt that we the appointment of women to him, so the women contributed to s fund, and a monument costing \$10,000 was bought. It is now located in Myer's Park, Herkimer, N. Y. We made several attempts to get permission to place the monument on the front steps of the treasury, but the officials refused, on the ground that it would furnish a precedent.

"The appointment of women to the government service at that time, in my opinion, opened many fields for them," declared Miss Graves. "Before that time they had never thought of leaving home, and all they did was to get ready to marry."

Miss Graves is yet alive, despite her 81 years. When the reporter called upon her she was counting the half notes and placing them in packages. She gets about just as quickly as many of the younger clerks in the department. She is the oldest of three sisters, the only members of her family now living. The other two sisters. Mrs. Elizabeth G. Menet, of Kansas City, and Miss Alemia B. Graves, of Bloomville, N. Y., are living in the city at this time with Miss Emma Graves. Her father, she says, lived to

Her father and brother both served in the Union army during the Civil war, both in the 97th New York, familiarly known as "Conkling's Riflenamed for Senator Conkling. men," Her brother, she said, at the time he enlisted as a drummer boy, was small that he could not march, and he had to be placed on the baggage wa-

Aristocracy of Labor.-Wide discus sion is being caused by recent expressions of Jonathan B. Frost, the well known southern author, on "Justifiable Aristocracy." Mr. Frost has defined aristocracy as he understands it in

new and striking way. "Note in any American city," he says, "the proportion of its successful men who were farm born and bred or who come out from other avenues of physical labor. The fact that they are self made, trumpet tongue to us the truth that we have passed the time of birth's supreme influence on social standing, intellectual attainment and natural preferment and entered the age of the justifiable aristocracy where the standing of people is self determined by industry and character."

Mr. Frost says further, "Idleness was the pride of the old aristocracy; labor is the pride of the new. The old was the order thieves subsisting upon the toll of those they were able by law to rob. The new is an order of onscientious and industrious, wishing nothing they do not deserve, but denanding what they have earned.

"The tables are turned and industry now carries the dignified head. Thus is accomplished the natural selection of the worthy. Labor will not associate with idleness. It never has time. The badge of labor, in some one of its forms, must be worn by him who enters the enobling circle of this justifiable aristocracy.

A Scotch class was examined in

Scripture. "Can any boy or girl here tell me how Noah would be likely to use his time while on the ark?" asked the inspector. One boy timidly showed his hand and replied: "Please, sir, cessful play, a "hit" by actor, singer, he wad fish." "Well, yes, he might," admitted the inspector. Another little occasions favorable comments from fellow waved his hand, excitedly, and the critics.

CLIPPING COLLECTORS

and Romance Sometime Mystery of Desire to Accumulate

Offhand a press-clipping bureau doesn't savor of romance. mostly impels patronage of those establishments where newspapers are carefully read and paragraphs mentioning patrons clipped at 5 cents clip. But there is a mildly romantic side to this, as to most other busi-

Seven Big Schemes for Saving There is that worthy recluse well or toward middle life who has a mania for sentimental poetry such as still finds admirers in the columns of 'coun'ry" newspapers and certain other publications. Saccharine sentimentality she craves. Her clipping oureau searches everywhere for poetry, and a special reader culls selec tions from the harvest.

relatives and take a position in the To him falls the duty of separating wheat from chaff. Wheat are thos sentimental outpourings that have sweet sadness: chaff those with a flip pant twist. She demands this culling and pays a special price for the select

> The bureau nearly lost her ver profitable patronage in the early days of its service, because it sent her poems that treated her grand passion in a humorous and glib sort of way These she has no use for. For suc ocems as she wants, however, she is

> Years ago this lady, who belongs one of New York's oldest and wealthiest families, was engaged to be mar ried. Three days before the date se for the wedding her flance was stricken with pneumonia and died after but a two days' illness. The bride-to-be never fully recovered from the shock Now, a partial wreck mentally, and complete one physically, she divide her life as a shut-in between reading love poems and worshipping before shrine of portraits of her dead love Perhaps this is as good an evidence o her devotion as scattering flower upon his grave.

> A quietly effective charity is reveal ed by the demand of a wealthy widow for "all clippings referring to babies n need of aid in New York and Westchester counties." This woman, working in absolute anonymity, has in her employ, investigators who search ou and render immediate assistance to such cases as appeal to her when she sees the stories in print. She works on much the same

as did the late James R. Keene, who in that not very remote winter when soup kitchens had to be opened in New York city to feed the starving poor, ordered his charity messengers who were to distribute \$25,000 he gave "render immediate assistance, worthless. Don't investigate too much; feed 'em if they're hungry, clothe 'em if they're naked, heat 'em if they're cold." The cases the woman referred to finds through the services of the clipping bureau are not handed over to any charity society, but are attended to by her own physician, two trained nurses, and investigators so long as

died when less than a year old, and its father, whose death followed shortly after. Just why one man should want de tails of all "unusual suicides" is a puzzle to the managers of one bureau It is hardly probable that he wishes to find a novel way of self-destruction for he has been taking such clippings for five years and shows no signs o insanity. On the contrary, he is prosperous merchant. He is a jovial, thoroughly likable man, with a fondness for wholesome stories with good laugh in them and a regular at tendant at the best of the vaudevill theatres, where his manifest enjoyment over boisterous fun is satisfying to actors and auditors alike. Just why

she thinks they need immediate aid.

She does this charitable work as

tribute to the memory of a child, who

dexed, as he does, is therefore much of a mystery. A western Pennsylvania spinister gets from a Pittsburgh agency all the 'anecdotes and poems about cats" she can secure. She has been doing this for the last ten years, insisting that the clippings shall come to her in such shape that they can be "neatly pasted in my scrapbooks, with the names of the papers in which they appear and the date of their publication." Her country place is always the home of a score or more of cats, waifs and strays she picks up on the highways in her tours about the coun-

One woman, very ambitious socially, has preserved for her all clippings referring to the social doings and life of the royal families of Great Britain, Germany, Italy and Spain. They go to her in a weekly batch, together with publications referring to certain families of the old regime in France. Her order is a profitable one, as it includes "all publications in either the English or French language." A frequent visitor to European capitals, she is assumed to believe that these excerpts from the papers keep her in touch with the gossip of the courts, etiquette and dress, which she is just a little resentful," save the last known to follow as closely as possible in her social life.

pings about such unusual subjects as walking sticks, bottles, signboards, snuffboxes, shoes, fans, and laces. One man takes all the clippings he can get about artificial flies, (used in fishing.) Another is strong for "big and unusual catches of fish;" a third wants the rather indefinite "fishing yarns," still another "all poker stories," while a earning for "snake stories of all kinds" possesses another individual. Gossip about authors, painters, culptors, singers, and musicians of all

sorts, playwrights and actors, ministers, and acrobats is wanted by scores of persons. These orders follow the appearance of a new book that achieve a position as a "best seller," a sucor musician,, or a new painting that

Such orders often tell the story of a

these latter cases, as they are apt

be expensive luxuries. They were found so by one young lady, smitter by a very prominent woman singer when her "carte blanche" order for all "pictures of and stories about" this star of the musical firmament reached a total of 2.300 clippings at 5 cents each, or \$115.—Philadelphia Ledger.

REGENERATION OF THE WORLD

Since Spanish-American War. seven different ways has the world been on the point of being regenerated since the Spanish-American war. For the completeness with which the world has been reconstructed consult the current files of the newspapers. The world was to be made over by means of the bicycle. The strap-hanger was to abandon his strap and ride joyfully down the Broadway cable-slot, snapping his fingers at traction magnets, and imbibing ozone. The factory hand was to abandon his city flat and live in the open country, going to and from his work through the green lanes of fifteen miles an hour, with his lunch on the handle-bars. The old were to grow young again and the young were to dream close to the heart of nature The doctors were to perish of starvation. But where is the bicycle today?

The world was to be made over by ilu-pitsu. Elderly gentlemen were to egain the waistline of their youth by en minutes' practice every morning in the secrets of the Samurai. Slim young women, when attacked by heavy ruffians were to seize their assailants by the wrist and hurl them over the right shoulder. The police were to discard their revolvers and their night sticks and suppress rioters by mere muscu lar contraction. The doctors, as before, were to grow extinct through the rapid process of starvation. But where s jiu-jitsu today?

The world was to be regenerated by denatured alcohol. Congress had merely to remove the internal revenue 'tax and a new motive power would be let loose, far transcending the total available horse power of our coal mines. Denatured alcohol was to drive the farmer's machines, propel our automobiles, run our factories and reduce the cost of living to a ridiculous minimum. But where is denatured alcohol today?

The world was to be regenerated by the bungalow. The landlord was to disappear and in his place would come a race of freemen bowing their head to no man and raising their own vegetables. Kitchen drudgery was to be eliminated by the simple device of abolishing the kitchen and calling it a er, also a native of Niegush, kitchenette. With no more stairs to climb, rheumatism would pass into tury and a half priest-princes of the bungalow is still with us, but, alas,

are the doctors. The world was to be regenerated by sour milk; by the simple life; by sleeping in the open air. But where now are Prof. Metchnikoff and Pastor Wagner? And the pictures of roseembowered sleeping porches in the garden magazines have been supplanted by pictures of colonial farm houses transformed into charming interiors by two coats of whitewash and a thin-

paper edition of the classics. Does this show that we must give up all hope of seeing a new world about us before 1915? By no means We still have eugenics.-New York

Evening Post. A Smooth Swindle.-Not long ago an "an American" called upon a West End jeweler in London and bought a splendid pearl, for which he paid \$5,000-in real money. A few days later back he came. "My wife is in ecstasies over that pearl" he told the jeweler. "She wants another just like it." "How much does she want it?" inquired the jeweler. "Pearls of that grade are very rare, hard to find, and, for purposes of matching, blooming expensive." They talked price, he buys clippings of such a morbid and "the American" went away, after character, keeping them carefully ina perfect match for the pearl could

be obtained. One day in drifted a stranger with pearl, which so far as the jeweler's nemory served him, was an exact duplicate of pearl number one. The stranger didn't much want to sell it, but when an offer of \$15,000 was made he couldn't resist. So the jeweler handed over the cash and tucked away the new pearl in the safe, with a promised profit of \$2,500 clinging to it. But where was "the American?" Not at the address he gave: not even anywhere in London, apparently. Then the truth began to dawn upon the jeweler. He had bought back the original pearl, and gave "the American" a profit of \$10,-000 on the transaction. The game is old, invented long before America was discovered.—New York Press.

Serious and Humorous, But Not Resentful. — The Yorkville Enquired makes a courteous reply to what the Daily Journal had to say about its attitude toward the present administration, from which we discern that The Enquirer very readily grasped our meaning when it declared that we were "partly serious, partly humorous, statement. We did not mean to be resentful as we have no occasion for manifesting this kind of spirit to-Fads of patrons who are "collect- ward The Enquirer. It has always ors" are shown in orders for all clipno cause for holding it in any other than the highest esteem. It certainly has convictions and it is not afraid to stand by them. We always ac nire a man and a newspaper that are not afraid to come out in the open and let people know just what they stand for. And it is the only of a newspaper that is worth a cop-

per. The Enquirer asks: "Has the Journal ever had its motives secretely impunged who would injure it? H who would injure it? Has it never been the victim of cowardly reports, circulated with intent to injure, and in such a way that it could not fix state senators, and she bore him three responsibility? The Enquirer is sons and six daughters. The Monte-familiar with these things. It has had so many baseless reports circulated about it, that it sometime thinks it is callous to such things. We can answer this question in the affirmative, and answer it most em-phatically. We expect to have to conphatically. inue contending with misrepresenta tions as long as we have the courage and the manhood to stand for what such orders often tell the story of a boundarie attachment by an impressionable matinee girl for some star, lonable matinee girl for some star,

HERO OF BLACK MOUNTAINS

Comes From a Line Who Has Ruled

Many Years. king of Montenegro descend from a family which has ruled the land of the Black Mountains for many ages. But the family served while it And a similar humble pride exalts the present occupant of the throne. His schooling in Paris, begun so sensationally, shows the boy to have been father to the man. He was a born poe and knight-errant, but not inclined t bend his talents to the exacting exergrew to a sort of unofficial leadership of his fellows. He was always present at the students' battles, the righter of others' wrongs, and invariably fought

to make a generous use of his vic-

tory." M. Sevrette, who is now, as h

was in King Nicholas' student days in

Paris, a professor at the college, tells

us how gladly the future warrior-rufled the labors of the study. He had to do just the same menial vice as the others. soap and razor," and the future sovereign would trip blithely away to perform the office of barber's boy, content because it gave him a brief respite from his studies. The ruler who has recently hung his shield in the grans as a challenge to all Europe was, in his youth, as docile a "fag," as was or's in the High street at Eton to get son's son, mended, or as the father of the present Duke of Marlborough when he coursed dutifully over the

same historic highway to buy his se-

nior's breakfast of democratic bloat-

But, as already indicated, service For hundreds of years prince as pliance with the dictates of the very have each been prophet, priest people used to elect their ruler, but in that year they chose a young m Danillo Petrovitch, and decreed that though he as one vowed to cellbacy could have no heir, yet he sh own blood. Thus the young monk of Niegush became the first hereditary prince of the land, as the present rulthe first hereditary king. For a cenine, and every head of the house, up to 1852, was an unmarried monk, who was also general in battle, spiritual guide in time of peace, teac

inspirer. The present king's uncle, Danillo II. was the first to throw off the priestly role. He declined to vow himself to celibacy, married a rich and beautiful woman, and, more warlike than his predecessors, raised the banner of revolt against the hated Turk, and re-Geerned his little land from the rule of the Turk.

King Nicholas was born in time to take a glorious part in that campaign for freedom. The great heroic figure of the movement, however, was Nicholas' father, Mirko, "the Sword

Montenegro," as he was called. Although Mirko never ruled, he embodied the national spirit as few of his house had done. In war he was terrible, in peace he was par excellence the patriarch of the people. This man whom the Turks had such good reason to fear was, when his sword and shield were hung upon the wall, practically the only schoolmaster in the land. It was "the Sword of Montenegro" who taught the children of the feudal chiefs their three R's, and agreeing to pay as much as \$17,500 if trained them to feats of hardshood and bravery.

Danilo II, was slain by an assassin's dagger on the field of battle, and the Turks, in spite of the heroic valor of Mirko and his son, threw vast armies into the little mountain kingdom and again subjugated it. Famine followed defeat, and cholera supervened upon famine, and in this Mirko, hero of so many fights, died when with his son he was tending the stricken. King Nicholas succeeded, thereto, the shadow of a sceptre, the skeleton of a dominion, while he himself all but shared the fate of the uncle in whose

stead he was called to reign. How he quietly reorganized and rearmed his people, how by superb tactics and indomitable valor he won back his land from the oppressor and gave her new territory, is now part of the history of modern Europe. It is a fact that he raised a new spirit in the Montenegrins. They are but a handful-250,000 of them-but he made them one of the most formidable

forces in Europe. In the meantime, he wrought in the art of peace as great a revolution as in the arts of war. He gave the country a constitution. Better still, he gave it a system of national education. Montenegro has produced many notable poets, but they had to sing their verses; they could not write them. This warrior-prince, however, made education as much a sine qua non as feats of arms. And he actually made his people work. There was in them a good deal of the old spirit of the brigand. The men did not toil; the labor of the farm was left to the women. They were fighters first and foremost, and when there was not an external enemy to buffet, they kept their hand in by means of the sanguinary vendetta.

Nicholas himself sought a bride of his own nation, Milena Petrovna Vucotic, daughter of one of his own beautiful women in Europe. One of Nikolalevitch of Russia, a second to the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholavitch a third to Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, while Princess Helena is, of course, queen of Italy. A curious