



CHRISTMAS BELLS

Hear the merry bells a ringing... Hear the merry bells a ringing... Hear the merry bells a ringing...

BEN AND THE PRESIDENT



A CHRISTMAS EVE ADVENTURE

LD 49, with the coal bin piled high and her water box full to overflowing, backed suddenly down on the baggage car of the "local" from Worcester...

Ben had been saving up for this Christmas with more than the usual stinting and self-denial, and the result of it all now stood before him neatly packed in a wooden box.

Two men there were aboard the "7.30 local" whose faces reflected nothing of the Christmas cheer. Presently the fireman put down his oil can and "joked up" at the engineer.

"Half past eight to the second," growled the engineer. "Why, that'll leave 's ten miles from no'where!" cried the fireman...

"Cause the president takes this train out to Edgetown to-night so's he kip hev Christmas with his old mother. We got the tip no more than an hour ago...

At that moment a well dressed man of thirty-five or so, hatched in hand, came briskly down the platform and got into the smoker. It was the president of the road.

The conductor took out his watch. It was already thirty seconds past starting time, but on Christmas Eve one does not like to think of anybody losing the train...

At exactly 7.31 the signal was given, and with a great hissing of escaping steam and a slow "choo-choo" as

with the president lowered his weapon and sprang forward. "Hold on!" he yelled, "It's Ben!" But there was no need for the warning.

So the president had his Christmas with his mother after all, and so did Ben, and the boy thought it the happiest Christmas he had ever known.

"But I won't promise to act as fireman again," the president had added laughingly. This all happened thirty odd years ago...

"STAY JES' WHERE YER BE, STEBBINS!" train right here. Stebbins, dump the fire!

before he died, an' often's the time I rode in the cab with him. He showed me how to work the lever and the whistle valve and all the rest of it.

"I'll fire," replied the president quietly. Then turning to the trainmen he said: "This boy and I will run the train. Go back and tell the passengers that we're going right through. Then you can stop here or go on with us, just as you choose."

Then the news was passed along the train that a substitute engineer had been found and the train was to go through after all.

Aboard the engine, his gloved hands wielding a shovel, was the president of the road, while Ben, with his face out of the cab window, kept his left hand on the throttle.

In the meantime the brakemen held a short consultation with the conductor and had concluded that the best course for them was to quit the train and leave it to its fate.

A couple of the male passengers volunteered to act as brakemen and conductor, and with this assistance the train presently got under way.

It had been decided that as trouble probably awaited them at Henderson, where a large rowdy element was located, the train would stop a half mile this side of the town for the passengers, and then Ben was to run through Henderson without stopping.

On the station platform a group of a hundred men were grimly awaiting the arrival of the train. Its approach had been heralded by its whistle five minutes before.

"If the train slows up, board her, and pull off the engineer," commanded the head of the gang. "If she doesn't stop, shoot at the scabs, and smash all the windows you can!"

Suddenly a hoarse shout went up. "Here she comes! Bless me if she ain't slowin' down!" cried one.

"Ready, boys, with yer brickbats!" cried the ring-leader, revolver in hand. Leading far out of the cab window, his face smudged with coal dust, his eyes shining like stars, was Ben. The president, who had forgotten to remove his kid gloves, stood just behind, shotgun in hand. The revolver was raised, a hundred stones were poised in the air. Then, as the pale, set face of the young engineer showed up for an instant by the flickering light of the station lamps the man



BREAKFAST. Cereal flakes and cream. Sirloin steak. English beans. Doughnuts. Coffee.

DINNER. Creamed corn. Hot cranberry and whipped cream. Ripe olives. Celery. Lobster cutlets. French peas. Pickles.

ROAST GOOSE. with potato stuffing. Apple foam sauce. Boiled chestnuts and onions. Spinach salad. Lettuce. French dressing. Cheese crisps. Mince pie. Frozen plum pudding. Salted peanuts. Bonbons. Coffee.

REFRESHING LUNCHEON. Shrimp sandwiches. Olives in tomato jelly. English yule-dollies. Iced orange juice in glasses. Fruit and nuts.

The season when "Yule fires glow and parlors are green with the mistletoe bough" seems to have come so soon again, and the feasting is also at hand. Much of the Christmas preparation may be made considerably in advance of the day.

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Later Mr. Lusk again secured the floor. He explained at length the workings of the arbitration court of New Zealand, generally talking straight at the labor people.

"You'd cut my arms off in your country?" queried Mr. Gompers. "If you were good we wouldn't amputate your arms," replied the New Zealander, "but we might enlarge your head."

A lively exchange of questions and answers which bewildered the audience followed. Mr. Lusk explained that during the hearing of a dispute between employer and his unionized employees neither side could, under penalty, change the conditions which caused the appeal to the arbitration court.

"I'd rather be at sword's points in America, an independent, than to surrender my right to strike for one minute," shouted Mr. Gompers.

There were numerous speeches, all favoring voluntary arbitration. Ben Mr. Lusk declared that America was not ready for compulsory arbitration. Mr. Lusk's speech, which was the first of the conference to unequivocally favor compulsory arbitration, pictured the success of the system in New Zealand, and created deep interest.

Warren A. Reed, chairman of the Massachusetts board of arbitration and conciliation, followed Mr. Lusk. G. Weston French, vice president of the R-public Iron and Steel Company, favored voluntary arbitration. Once voluntary arbitration is proved practicable, he said, we may trust the open mind, the humanity and the "horse sense" of the American people to do the rest.

Dr. Douglas Wilson, president of the organization of machinists and John M. Stahl, secretary of the Farmers' National Congress, also spoke. At the afternoon session, R. S. Taylor was the first speaker, and Chauncey H. Castle, followed.

Other addresses were made by Edgar A. Agard, member of the executive board of the Glass Bottle Blowers' Association, Frederick L. Hay, of the Marble Manufacturers' Association, and Frank Buchanan, president of the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers.

Benjamin L. Wheeler, president of the University of California, declared that the University was the tribunal to which labor difficulties should come for calm deliberation.

Triple Murder in Mississippi. Washington, D. C., Special.—A special from Lake Providence, La., says the Belle of the Bends, which has arrived there from Arcadia, Miss., landing reports a murder and robbery at that place Sunday, which it is thought, resulted in the lynching of two negroes there. The negroes from a neighboring levee camp went to a trading boat kept at the landing by a white man, killed him and his wife and baby. They then robbed the boat and left, after burning the craft to the water's edge. The negroes were recognized by the property of the white family and arrested. They confessed and it is said were taken in charge by a mob.

Boers Invade Cape Colony. London, By Cable.—The Boers have invaded Cape Colony at two separate points, 100 miles distant, says the Cape Town correspondent of the Daily Mail. "One commando advanced upon Philippstown, between Coleburg and Kimberley. The other, supposed to be Herzig's commando, crossed the Orange river between Oudendalboom and Beaufort, northwest of Barkly's ford. It is said to be a force of 1,000 men."

The French Academy. Paris, By Cable.—The members of the French Academy are expected to meet at the end of the year.

Christmas Morn. The signs of the morning are beginning to show themselves.

THE RIGHT TO STRIKE

Lively Discussion Before Arbitration Convention.

THE ARGUMENT ON BOTH SIDES

The New Zealand Ex-Member of Parliament Engages in a Hot Debate With President Gompers.

Chicago, Special.—The conference on arbitration and conciliation, which passed into industrial history with its opening Tuesday night, was continued during the day by a debate between Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and Hugh Lusk, ex-Member of Parliament of New Zealand. The venerable New Zealander took exception to Mr. Gompers' declaration that he wanted to see labor organization retain the privilege of striking when they desired, why they pleased, or merely because they pleased.

"That is not liberty," cried Mr. Lusk. "It is license."

"Mr. Gompers wants conciliation and he says you can never have any conciliation unless you are ready to cut one another's throats. Well, if that is the unforgotten condition of the people of America, I am sorry for them. During the afternoon Mr. Gompers secured the stage and reiterated his assertions.

"We do not," he declared, "clutch each other's throats unnecessarily, but I would rather have the right to clutch at a man's throat than to have my arms amputated. The compulsory labor law is equivalent to the amputation referred to. I want labor to have the strength of a giant, but to use that strength justly."

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CONGRESSIONAL DOINGS.

Daily Proceedings of the National Lawmakers.

SENATE.

Eleventh Day.—The Senate committee on foreign relations held a special meeting and decided to recommend four amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. The committee adopted an amendment suggested by Senator Foraker, which declared that the Hay-Pauncefote treaty superseded the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and also strikes out of the Hay-Pauncefote agreement that article which permits the submission of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty to the other powers and invites their acceptance of it.

Twelfth Day.—The proceedings in the Senate consisted of a brief speech by Senator Teller in which he suggested the substitution of the word "abrogate" for the word "supersede" in the first of the amendments reported yesterday by the committee on foreign relations, the effect being to declare the Clayton-Bulwer treaty abrogated in express terms. He then made an argument in support of this suggestion, contending that any nation has a right to abrogate a treaty entered into with another nation. The substitute in the committee intended to hold the treaty to be abrogated that word should be used.

Fourteenth Day.—The Senate was in open session only an hour, the remainder of the legislative day being spent in executive session on the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Mr. Chandler, of New Hampshire, created a little flurry by endeavoring again to get up the resolution relating to the Montana senatorial case. The effort was futile. During its discussion, Mr. Chandler said he thought the Senate had a right to an early report from the committee on privileges and elections, and said he would be glad to know what had influenced members of the committee to delay action.

This aroused Mr. Jones, of Arkansas, who questioned the right of any Senator to demand the reasons which might influence the action of a member of any committee. He could not understand why Mr. Chandler should seek to punish him and intimated that Mr. Chandler must have some personal interest in the resolution.

Fifteenth Day.—Again the Senate had under discussion the Hay-Pauncefote treaty in executive session. No business of consequence was transacted in open session. Mr. Tillman had read the following:

"Resolved, That the President be, and he is hereby requested, if not, in his judgment, incompatible with public interest, to furnish the Senate all information and copies of all correspondence between this government and the government of Colombia, showing what steps, if any, have been taken by this government to secure a treaty between the two governments or a modification of Colombia with public treaties or concessions with the view of securing to the United States the right to construct a canal over the territory of Colombia, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans."

At 12:30 the Senate went into executive session, after which it adjourned.

HOUSE.

Twelfth Day.—The house passed the war revenue reduction bill, with the instructions to report back a measure reducing the revenue at least \$50,000,000, and including a provision for an income tax so drawn as to escape an adverse decision of the supreme court. The motion failed—139 to 155.

Thereupon the bill was passed without the concurrence of the minority, who refrained from voting. The amendment placed in the bill yesterday to tax express receipts was defeated on an aye and nay vote in the house—125 to 139.

The pension appropriation bill carrying \$13,145,230 was passed in exactly 13 minutes.

Fourteenth Day.—Under suspension of the rules, the House passed bills to divide Kentucky and West Virginia into two judicial districts; to create another district judge in the northern district of Ohio, and to refer to the Secretary of the Interior for investigation the claim of the State of Texas for money expended on public improvements in Greer county, before the decision of the Supreme Court placed within the jurisdiction of Oklahoma. An attempt was made to pass a bill to give soldiers and sailors of the civil war, the Spanish war and the war in the Philippines preference in the matter of appointment to and retention in positions in the executive departments of the government, but it aroused opposition on the ground that it would practically shut out of the government employ for years to come all civilians, and was overwhelmingly defeated. The remainder of the day was devoted to the consideration of private pension bills and a large number of them were passed.

Fifteenth Day.—The House devoted the day to District of Columbia business. The whole time was occupied in the consideration of a bill to change the terminal facilities of the Pennsylvania Railroad in this city and to provide for the elevation of its tracks across the Mall, south of Pennsylvania avenue. The opposition was persistent, but after an all-day filibustering the bill succeeded in securing a recess until 11 o'clock to-morrow to continue consideration of the bill.

A Work of Art. The Youth's Companion Calendar for 1901 is a beautiful work of art in the form of a book. It is a most perfect specimen of the lithographic art, the conception of the designer being reproduced in all its original beauty by the most expert engravers.

HANGED BY A MOB.

Battered Down Jail Wall's to Get at Murderer.

A BLOODY DAY IN INDIANA.

White Barber Waylaid, Murdered and Robbed on His Way to His Home.

Owensboro, Ky., Special.—Jim Henderson and Bud Rowland, negroes, were hanged at 8 o'clock Sunday night in the jail yard at Rockport, Ind., by a mob of 500 persons.

Henderson and Rowland waylaid, murdered and then robbed H. S. Simons, a white barber, early in the morning. The two men were suspected and arrested and by the aid of bloodhounds their guilt was established.

Henderson was shot to death in his cell and then hanged. Rowland confessed before he was strung up. The bodies were afterwards riddled with bullets.

Indianapolis, Ind., Special.—A special to the Sentinel from Rockport, Ind., says:

Two negroes, Jim Henderson and Bud Rowland, who waylaid, brutally murdered and robbed Hollie Simons, a white barber, early Sunday morning, were lynched in the jail yard by a mob of 1,000 frenzied citizens at night. The negroes were arrested early and although Rowland's clothing was blood-stained, the men claimed they were innocent of the crime. In the morning Sheriff Clemens, of Union county, Ky., arrived with a trained bloodhound in response to a telegraphic summons.

When the dog was placed on the trail he followed it until he reached the house where Rowland lived, six blocks from the scene of the murder, and went baying to the head the negro occupied. This was enough for the frenzied populace.

Within a few minutes a mob of a thousand howling, bloodthirsty citizens with sledge hammers, ropes and guns were running to the jail. Sheriff Anderson and his two deputies made a stand and attempted to protect the prisoners. The officers were seized by the leaders of the mob, who disarmed them. The sheriff was then locked in a room and placed under guard, but he stoutly refused to give up the keys or tell where the prisoners were hidden.

Failed to get the keys the mob made a determined but unsuccessful attempt to break in the jail door. By this time the would-be lynchers were in a perfect frenzy and securing a telegraph pole and using it as a battering ram they caved in the side of the wall of the jail. The door of Rowland's cell was then broken in with sledge hammers and he was dragged from the jail to the east side of the court yard, where a noose was placed around his neck. He was given time to make a statement in which he implicated Jim Henderson and another negro.

Rowland then begged piteously for mercy, but the mob swiftly swung the confessed murderer to a tree and riddled his body with bullets.

Leaving the body of Rowland dangling from the limb of the tree, the mob rushed back to the jail and attempted to burst open the cell occupied by Henderson, but before the steel bars yielded to the blows of the sledge some one in the crowd fired upon the terrified negro as he crouched in the corner of his cell. A few moments more and the door of the cell was broken in. The negro, more dead than alive, was dragged at a rope's end to the court house yard and swung on a tree beside the body of Rowland.

Firing a parting volley at the swinging bodies, the mob, eager for another victim, hurried away to catch the other negro implicated by Rowland in his confession. He was found at a hotel where he was employed as a porter. The negro escaped to the roof of the building and Manager Debluer succeeded in convincing the mob that the porter had nothing to do with the crime, then departed, apparently satisfied with his work of awful vengeance.

The negroes' victim, Simons, was waylaid and murdered in the most brutal manner one square from the main street of the city as he was going to his home from his barber shop at 2 o'clock in the morning. As was customary with him he carried the day's receipts at his place of business. The negroes were aware of this and evidently laid their plans accordingly.

Crouching behind a fence they awaited their victim, jumped from their place of concealment and attacked him from behind, striking him over the head with a heavy club with a large terribly beaten Simons made a desperate fight and his cries and struggles soon attracted two boys, who went to his assistance, but they were a moment too late. The victim of the two negroes having succumbed to the terrible beating lay dead then free.

The murderers then drove the would-be rescuers away and accomplished their original design—that of robbery—securing a bag containing something over \$10 from the prostrate form of their victim and made their escape. Simons was terribly beaten; his skull was crushed by his head and face beaten into a pulp. Found galling wounds on his neck and back. A knife also had penetrated the dead man's skull and penetrated his brain.

Talking More Temperately. London, By Cable.—The Chamberlain has been reported to be more temperate in his remarks.



Hale the Yule log in; Heap the fagots high; With merry din Rouse old Revelry! Cry "Noel! Noel!" Till the rafters ring, And the glacial bell Peals its answering!

Trim the Christmas cup From the wasail-bowl; Now the flame leaps up With its ruddy soul! In the glowing blaze How the dancers spin! Defeat in the maze, Nimbly Harlequin!

Quickly clambering down, he ran up to the group. Facing each other were the engineer and the president. "This is a dastardly plot of yours," Mr. Pearson, the president, was saying. "But you won't force me to give in by any such course."

"All right, sir!" replied the engineer, sullenly. "Then we'll have to quit the

made of ground pine roping. All meats and desserts on the Christmas dinner table should be ornamented, if possible, with holly.

Yule Dollies.—Cream together one-half cup of butter and one cup of sugar. Add gradually two well-beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of cream or rich milk, one te-spoonful of vanilla and three cups of flour, with which has been sifted two te-spoonfuls of baking powder; then stand for an hour in a cold place. Have ready a tin cutter in the shape of a doll about five inches long. Roll out a portion of the dough at a time, about a half inch thick; cut into dolls. Brush each over with milk and dredge lightly with powdered sugar; use small currants for eyes and make in a moderate oven. When cold decorate the skirt of each doll with ruffles of frosting. Wrap separately in sheets of waxed paper until ready to serve.

That Wonderful Tree. The Christmas tree has the unique distinction of growing with the same vigor in all climates and bearing fruit without any preparatory blossoming. Like Jonah's gourd, it springs up in a night and withers into nothingness in a day or two. No soil is too poor to prevent its growth; no soil rich enough to prolong that growth beyond its accustomed limit.

Charles Dickens's Good Work. But for the great novelist, Charles Dickens, there is little doubt but that the keeping of Christmas, except as a purely religious feast, would have died out many years ago. His efforts led to a revival of Christmas as a festival of general rejoicing and jollity.

Too Good to Live. If the small boy were always as good as he is on Christmas Eve he would certainly die young.—Puck.

A Holiday Echo. The signs of the morning are beginning to show themselves.

"I think I could use an old dog," said



The president felt himself beaten, but at that instant Ben's voice, shrill with excitement, rang out sharply: "Stay jes' where yer be, Stebbins. I'm not going to have the president's Christmas and my folks' Christmas spoiled by any o' yer fool orders!"

When Ben had realized the situation he had dashed madly into the baggage car, wrenched open his Christmas box and taken from it the shot gun intended as a present for his brother. In a trice he had loaded it and then had climbed up on to the engine from the other side.

The signs of the morning are beginning to show themselves.

"Five hundred dollars to the man that shoots the engine's crew early in the mornin' and Mr. Pearson."

"I think I could use an old dog," said