

# IS A BRAVE SOLDIER

COL. JACOB H. SMITH A BRIGADIER GENERAL.

One of the Most Capable Officers in the Army—Won Distinction at Santiago and in the Philippines—Romance of War.

Col. Jacob H. Smith, who has just been appointed as brigadier general of volunteers at the earnest recommendation of Gen. Hall, Kent, Wheeler, Bates and MacArthur, with whom he served in both the Santiago and Philippine campaigns, is one of our most capable army officers. Gen. MacArthur, in urging Gen. Smith's promotion, recalled an incident of the latter's great personal gallantry at San Juan Hill, for which he was promoted from the rank of major to that of lieutenant colonel. Maj. Smith prevented a stampede by his wonderful presence of



BRIG. GEN. JACOB SMITH.

mind in coolly putting his men, two battalions of regulars, through the manual of arms while under a galling fire from the Spanish trenches. It was one of those decisive moments which sometimes save a battle. The Seventy-first of New York, brave but doubtful amid the rain of lead, recovered its presence of mind at the extraordinary spectacle of men being hit with Spanish bullets, but continuing their evolutions as calmly as if on dress parade. Gen. Smith has secured some notable triumphs in the Philippines. In November, with two battalions of the Seventeenth infantry, he captured Magalong, taking a number of prisoners and a lot of insurgent transportation. And in the latter part of April Gen. Smith distinguished himself by the capture of the well-known Filipino leader, Gen. Montenegro, with 180 officers and men. Montenegro was sent to Manila to be presented to Gen. Otis, and is now "amigo." One adventure of Gen. Smith had a rather larger element of romance and personal danger about it. The president of Alcalá, in the province of Pangasinan, Luzon, invited the colonel to his barrio for a fiesta, intending to have the house surrounded and the colonel captured. A Filipino amigo gave warning. But Colonel Smith accepted the invitation, danced with the ladies, and even feigned drunkenness. His men, concealed near the house, gave the capturing party a warm welcome when they arrived, killing 12 and capturing 30. Gen. Smith was born in 1840, and was a first lieutenant in the Second Kentucky Infantry during the civil war. He participated in many of the battles of that war, and was severely wounded at Shiloh. For gallantry in this engagement he was made brevet major, and later appointed captain of the regular army. Gen. Smith carries a Mouser bullet in his side, received during the first day's fighting around Santiago.

## LABOURCHE ON COCKFIGHTS.

Why He Despises It Is Very Plain to be Seen.

There is no word so often misapplied as "sportsman," says London Truth. A man who owns a racehorse is called one, although he may never have ridden a horse in his life. A man who backs one man to pummel another, who knows the rules of the prize ring, is called one. And now Mr. Herbert Vivian aspires to become one of the fraternity by reviving the noble sport of cock-fighting. It is evident, however, that he is not aware of the law. A cock is held to be a domestic animal, and he would bring himself under the cruelty to animals act of 1849. But he would also come under the clause in that act that imposes a penalty of £5 on any one who keeps, uses, or acts in the management of any place for the purpose of baiting any bull, bear, badger, dog, cock, or any other kind of animal, whether of domestic or wild nature, or shall permit any such place to be used as aforesaid. Under this clause there have been a good many convictions, and it has, moreover, been held that any one who encourages or assists at a cock-fight is liable to imprisonment for cruelty to animals. I saw a cockfight nearly fifty years ago in Mexico, and it seemed a very brutal performance. The then president was an ardent supporter of cock-fighting, and he was by way of owning the best cocks in the country. He invited me to go with him to see a fight. Every man was betting, and his excellency covered all stakes set against his cocks. I lost above £100 to him myself.

## The Baby Pavilion.

An old gentleman who is certainly a genius has started a unique branch of business at Atlantic City, which enterprising people might introduce in other places. It is caring for babies at a stated compensation per hour. The old gentleman has a pavilion rigged up with a lot of swings, some hobbys, little buckets and shovels, playthings of all descriptions and a few easy cradles. He charges only five

cents an hour for caring for each little one. If a mother is tired or wishes an hour or two free from watching her baby, she only has to take it to the pavilion and the old man does the rest. It is said that the enterprise is looked upon as a great boon for mothers at Atlantic City and that it is sure to be successful. If these statements are true it would not be surprising if the baby pavilion would occupy as prominent and important a position at seaside and pleasure resorts as the trolley gallery and the merry-go-round.

## HAS SURPRISED PARIS.

At the gay French capital, which during the exposition is even more productive of novelties and big events in society than in an ordinary year, a sensation is being created by the magnificent entertainments provided by an American couple, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh. One week it is a magnificent entertainment on one of the Seine river boats, the next some grand excursion for the American colony in Paris, or a gorgeous feast; a week or two ago it was a dinner party at Belgium, where the Walshes sat next the king, and after that a unique trip in a sumptuous special train of five palace cars. In short, the society of the French capital has no greater lion than Tom Walsh. That the Walshes are not endeavoring simply to get into society by their lavish expenditures is evidenced by the fact that no particular class of society attends. All—high and low and between—are made to feel welcome, and in doing the honors, Tom Walsh derives his chief pleasure.

Mr. Walsh is immensely wealthy. His success can hardly be attributable to luck, but rather to his own hard work and enterprise. He has never had any sympathy with idleness, having continually recognized the dignity and deserts of honest labor. He was born in Tipperary, Ireland, in 1851, where, after receiving a fair education, he worked for several years as a millwright. He came to America and settled in 1870 at Worcester, Mass., for a few years. Then he went to Colorado, and was a carpenter and building contractor at the new camp of Central City. He had always been interested in mining, and from this time on he began to study up the subject during his spare time. He was fortunate, and eventually struck it rich. Now he is owner of a mine which he refused to sell a short time since for \$35,000,000. His income is approximated at \$100,000 a month. The friends of his poorer days are not neglected now that wealth has come to Mr. Walsh and his charity and friendly loans—or gifts—are known to many of his old associates.

Mrs. Walsh's health failed three years ago, and she was advised to try a lower altitude. It was then that he concluded to go to Washington, where he purchased a most luxurious home. Ever since the public has made itself free therein. Mr. Walsh has no "functions," nor "events," nor "soirees," nor "pink teas." He hates formality of any kind. It is this democratic way of doing things that has surprised the Parisian world. They open their French eyes with astonish-



THOMAS F. WALSH.

ment and sometimes a visible shrug is manifested at the ease with which Mr. Walsh invites high and low to his ball or banquet.

## Monument Like His Desk.

In the cemetery at Nebraska City the other day I saw a peculiar monument erected by N. S. Harding, an insurance agent of that place, in anticipation of a time when he may need it. A large block of sandstone, at least six feet long, four feet high and three feet thick has been carved by a competent artist to represent a roller-top office desk standing open. Lying upon it are bundles of papers neatly bound with rubber bands, and inkstands with pens and pencils beside it, a sponge cup, a bottle of mucilage, a blotter and other ordinary equipments such as are found in the office of an insurance agent. The stone affair is a copy of the desk that has been used by Mr. Harding in his insurance office for many years.—Correspondence Chicago Record.

## Created a New Industry.

About the middle of this century it was the universal custom to face the white keys of pianos and organs with ivory, and to make the black ones of ebony. Long ago ivory became too expensive for any but the finest keyboards, celluloid taking its place. Now ebony also has advanced in price, so that a substitute for it is in demand. Dogwood has been found to serve the purpose excellently, and it can be stained a fine black and oiled and polished until it quite equals ebony both in durability and appearance. The industry of cutting and marketing dogwood, once a valuable tree, for this purpose, is already giving employment to a considerable number of people.

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DISCOURSES ON CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

The Most Beautiful Flowers and the Best of Fruit—Why the Saviour Picks the Choicest First—The Day of Salvation.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.) This sermon Dr. Talmage sends from a halting place in his journey through the valleys of Switzerland. It seems to have been prepared amid the bloom and aroma of a garden midsummer. The text is Song of Solomon v. 1: "I am come into my garden."

The Bible is a great poem. We have in it faultless rhythm and bold imagery and startling antithesis and rapturous lyric and sweet pastoral and instructive narrative and devotional psalm; thoughts expressed in style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollok, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser. This great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flames of judgment into its garlands and pours eternal harmonies in its rhythm. Everything this book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer thrashing floor to the daughters of Nahor filling the troughs for the camels, from the fish pools of Heshbon up to the Psalmist praising God with diapason of storm and whirlwind and Job's imagery of Orion, Arcturus and the Pleiades.

My text leads us into a scene of summer redolence. The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm, deciding even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV. at Montpelier established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shennstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world, but his garden, the "Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantages of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and rustic temple and reservoir and urn and fountain here had their crowning. Oak and yew and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious than that of Shennstone, and all that diligence and genius he brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave £300 for it. He sold it for several thousand. And yet I am to tell you today of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text—the garden of the church, which belongs to Christ, for my text says so. He bought it, he planted it, he owns it, and he shall have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune, and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last £100,000 sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the church, of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs and tears and pangs and agonies! Tell me, ye women who saw him hang! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted him and let him down! Tell me, thou sun that didst hide, ye rocks that fell! "Christ loved the church and gave himself for it." If the garden of the church belongs to Christ, certainly he has a right to walk in it. Come, then, O blessed Jesus, today. Walk up and down these aisles and pluck what thou wilt of sweetness for thyself!

## The Church is a Garden.

The church in my text is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of thorough irrigation.

That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else, they would be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be only the old fashioned hollyhock or dahlia or daffodil. But if there be larger means then you will find the Mexican cactus and blazing azalea and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to his garden, and he plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, inconspicuous, but sweet as heaven. You have to search and find them. You do not see them very often perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightened face of the invalid and the sprig of geranium on the stand and the new window curtains keeping out the glow of the sunlight. They are perhaps more like the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briars of life, giving bliss for sting. And many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble has found that they have covered it all over with flowery lasmine running in and out amid the crevices. These flowers in Christ's garden are not, like the sunflower, gaudy in the light, but wherever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted there they stand, night blooming cereuses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus—thorns without, loveliness within—men with sharp points of character. They wound almost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce

them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them, notwithstanding all their sharpnesses. Many a man has had a very hard ground to cultivate, and it has only been through severe trial that he has raised even the smallest scrap of grace. A very harsh minister was talking to a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister, "Doctor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years."

It is harder for some men to do right than for other men to do right. The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said, "I dare not join the church." I said, "Why?" "Oh," he said, "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning I was crossing very early at the Jersey City ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a large quantity of water into the milk can, and I said to him, 'I think that will do.' And he insulted me, and I knocked him down. Do you think I ought to join the church?" Nevertheless that very same man who was so harsh in his behavior loved Christ and could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without, sweetness within, the best specimen of Mexican cactus I ever saw.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive, more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find called "giants of battle"; the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wycliffes, Latimers and Samuel Rutherford. In other men there is a spark in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes fire. When they preach, it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a Thermopylae. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but only a few "giants of battle." Men say, "Why don't you have more of them in the church?" I say, "Why don't you have in the world more Humboldts and Wellingtons?" God gives to some ten talents, to others one.

In this garden of the church which Christ has planted also find the snowdrops, beautiful but cold looking, seemingly another phase of winter. I mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as snowdrops and as cold. They never shed any tears, they never get excited, they never say anything rashly, they never do anything precipitately. Their pulses never flutter, their nerves never twitch, their indignation never boils over. They live longer than most people, but their life is in a minor key. They never run up to "C" above the staff. In their music of life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the church, and they must be of some service or they would not be there; snowdrops—always snowdrops.

## Most Beautiful Flower.

But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower in all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see a century plant, your emotions are started. You say, "Why, this flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years more before other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity and that 1,900 years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the passion plant of the cross. Prophets foretold it, Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud, the rocks shook at its bursting and the dead got up in their winding sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its breath is heaven. Come, oh winds from the north and winds from the south and winds from the east and winds from the west and bear to all the earth the sweet smelling savor of Christ, my Lord!

His worth if all the nations knew, Sure the whole earth would love him too.

Again, the church may be appropriately compared to the garden, because it is a place of fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums or peaches or apricots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard or they are set out on the sunny hillside. But the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the church Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity. But he intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there then shame on the church. Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality. It is a practical, life giving, healthful fruit, not posies, but apples.

## Christ Takes the Best Flowers.

It has seemed as if Jesus Christ took the best. From many of your households the best one is gone. You know that she was too good for this world. She was the gentlest in her ways, the dearest in her affection, and when at last the sickness came you had no faith in medicines. You knew that the hour of parting had come, and when through the rich grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, you surrendered that treasure you said, "Lord Jesus, take it. It is the best we have. Take it. Thou art worthy." The others in the household may have been of grosser mold. She was of the finest.

The heaven of your little ones will not be fairly begun until you get there. All the kindnesses shown them by immortals will not make them forget you. These they are, the radiant throngs that went out from your homes. I throw a kiss at the sweet darlings. They are all well

now in the palace. The crippled child has a sound foot now. A little lame child says, "Ma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No, my darling, you won't be lame in heaven." A little sick child says, "Ma, will I be sick in heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be sick in heaven." A little blind child says, "Ma, will I be blind in heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be blind in heaven." They are all well there.

I notice that the fine gardens sometimes have high fences around them, and I cannot get in. It is so with a king's garden. The only glimpse you ever get of such a garden is when the king rides out in his splendid carriage. It is not so with this garden, this King's garden. I throw wide open the gate and tell you all to come in. No monopoly in religion. Whosoever will may. Choose now between a desert and a garden. Many of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a chagrin. So it was with Theodore Hook. He made all the world laugh. He makes us laugh now when we read his poems. But he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his festivities he confronted a looking glass, and he saw himself and said: "There, that is true. I look just as I am—done up in body, mind and purse." So it was of Shennstone, of whose garden I told you at the beginning of my sermon. He sat down amid those bowers and said: "I have lost my road to happiness. I am angry and envious and frantic and despise everything around me just as it becomes a madman to do."

O ye weary souls, come into Christ's garden today and pluck a little heart-ease. Christ is the only rest and the only pardon for a perturbed spirit. Do you not think your chance has almost come? You men and women who have been waiting year after year for some good opportunity in which to accept Christ, but have postponed it 5, 10, 20, 30 years, do you not feel as if now your hour of deliverance and pardon and salvation had come? O man, what grudge hast thou against thy poor soul that thou wilt not let it be saved?

Some years ago a vessel struck on the rocks. They had only one lifeboat. In that lifeboat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The vessel had foundered and was sinking deeper and deeper, and that one boat could not take the passengers very swiftly. A little girl stood on the deck waiting for her turn to get into the boat. The boat came and went, came and went, but her turn did not seem to come. After awhile she could wait no longer, and she leaped on the taffrail and then sprang into the sea, crying to the boatman, "Save me next! Save me next!"

Oh, how many have gone ashore into God's mercy, and yet you are clinging to the wreck of sin! Others have accepted the pardon of Christ, but you are in peril. Why not this moment make a rush for your immortal rescue, crying until Jesus shall hear you and heaven and earth ring with the cry "Save me next! Save me next!" Now is the day of salvation! Now! Now!

## Some Flies Are Balloonists.

According to I. M. Aldrich and L. A. Turley, two well-known European zoologists, man is not the only living being who delights to go skyward in a balloon. There are certain flies, they say, which invariably go through the air in balloons whenever they get tired of flying in the ordinary way. These airships are composed of small bubbles, which are exuded from the bodies of flies and the air in which suffices to support the insects whenever their wings become weary and the fancy takes them to ride through the air on their tiny gossamer bladders. They can go, it is said, in any desired direction by simply swaying their bodies toward the goal which they expect to reach. In one of these curious airships the zoologists found the body of a very small insect, and they are now wondering whether it got in there by chance or whether the proprietor of the balloon thoughtfully placed it there with the object of feeding on it during its aerial journey. As an argument in favor of the latter hypothesis they point out that flies while traveling in balloons cannot satisfy their hunger unless they return to the earth.—New York Herald.

## Detroit's 200th Anniversary.

Detroit, Mich., besides being one of the prettiest of American cities, has the distinction of being among the oldest. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard or they are set out on the sunny hillside. But the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the church Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity. But he intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there then shame on the church. Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality. It is a practical, life giving, healthful fruit, not posies, but apples.

## Princes in War.

No fewer than five princes are actively engaged in the South African war. They are Prince Christian Victor, Princes Adolphus, Alexander and Francis, of Teck, and Count Gleichen. Most of them had previously been engaged in military operations in other parts of the world. Prince Christian served in Ashanti, the Sudan and other campaigns. Prince Alexander of Teck did good work in Matabeleland, and his brother, Prince Francis, served as a captain in the Egyptian war of 1878-79, while Count Gleichen took part in several of the Sudan expeditions.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII. SEPT. 16, LUKE XII. 13-33.

Golden Text: What Shall It Profit a Man, if He Gain the Whole World, and Lose His Own Soul?—Mark 8: 36.—Life's Great Gifts.

13. "One of the company." Not a disciple, but one of the hearers who had listened untouched by the solemn discourse of Jesus (Luke 12: 1-12). "Said unto him." Perhaps interrupting the discourse. "Speak to my brother." He does not ask Jesus to arbitrate between him and his brother, but to give a decision against his brother. "That he divide the inheritance with me." In the East there is comparatively little wealth in the easily convertible form of coin, and investments so familiar among ourselves are absolutely unknown, but a man's property is estimated very much as in the days of Abraham, by the number of his flocks and herds, and of his household goods, as changes of raiment.

14. "And he said unto him, Man." As in Rom. 2: 1, 3, the form "O man" was one which expressed grave censure and indignation. Was it for this that men came to him, instead of seeking for the kingdom of God? "Who made (appointed) me a judge?" A public officer, who would judge the kingdom, whose business was to examine and decide the cases that came before him. "Or a divider." I. e., umpire, arbitrator, one who separates into parts, to carry out and execute the decision.—Professor Kendrick.

15. "And he said unto them." The crowds of people he was addressing when the man interrupted him. "Take heed." Look out. Have your eyes fully open to this man, and to the danger which besets you all as it has him. Jesus points him out as an example. "Beware of covetousness." Guard yourselves from covetousness. R. V. "Keep yourselves from all covetousness." That is, from all forms of covetousness. "For a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." I. e., "It does not follow, because a man has abundance, that his life consists in wealth. Life depends for its value upon the use we make of possessions."—Int. Crit. Com.

16. "The ground of a certain rich man." This man is represented as rich, not because successful covetousness is worse than unsuccessful covetousness, but because the rich are more exposed to this sin, and to show that even if one gains all that his covetousness desires, still it is folly. "Brought forth plentifully." His crime was not dishonesty, though we do not know how he acquired his land. The great harvests were innocent gains.

17. "And he thought within himself." He dialogued with himself. "What shall I do." A common perplexity of the wealthy. He did not know how to invest his surplus.—Abbott. He does not seem to have thought of using it for God and humanity. "No room where to bestow my fruits." All the products of his land.

18. "I will pull down my barns." He was planning for a long life, and larger worldly resources. In modern times the parable would have spoken of investments, trusts, bonds, stocks and real estate.

19. "I will say to my soul." His conscious self, the seat of activity, desires, enjoyment, including his higher nature. He would feed even this on husks. "Much goods laid up for many years." He counted on a long life, and imagined that his "much goods" could satisfy his soul. "Take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." More energetically in the four words of the original; rest, eat, drink, enjoy.—Farrar. Such was his conception of life!

20. "But God said." By whom his days were controlled. "Thou fool." Literally, fool, senseless, unthinking one: So different from what the above man thought he was. "This night." Instead of his proposed "many years." "Thy soul shall be required of thee." Greek, they are demanding back from thee thy soul. "Then whose shall these things be?" It would make little difference to him whose they were, since they were not his, and could no longer minister to his pleasure.

21. "So is he." A complete fool, a miserable failure; one who has transformed the possible riches of heaven into coils of fire. "Layeth up treasure for himself." Not in heaven, not in humanity, not in character. "And is not rich toward God." Rich in those things which God loves, and which bring him glory to God.

22. "Therefore." As the conclusion from the parable and the incident that led to it. "Take no thought." This translation has troubled many a tender conscience. Take thought, in this passage, it was a truthful rendering when the A. V. was made, since thought was then used as equivalent to "anxiety" or "solitude." So Shakespeare (Hamlet). "For your life, what ye shall eat." To support life. "Make not your physical and temporal wants the special and great objects of thought and care." Do not let them burden you so that you cannot give your time and thought and money to better things.

23. "The life is more than meat." (1) Life is the greater gift, which none but God can give. He will not give you the greater gift and withhold the lesser.

## Cut in Ocean Rates.

New York correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch: If any proof were needed that the Paris exposition is not increasing ocean travel from America, it was afforded today by the announcement of a cut in rates by the White Star and Cunard lines. These companies have reduced their charge for passage to Europe to their regular winter schedule two months earlier than usual. In other words, one will be able to go to Europe in August and September at the same cost for tickets as is paid in the winter, when rates are always lower. The understanding is that the other ocean lines will cut their rates, too. The matter was the subject of general conversation about Bowling Green today. Travel has been less this summer than it was three or four years ago, when the White Star is said to have had its best year. There is a great deal of secrecy maintained by the steamship companies about the business they have been doing, but it seems as if there is no doubt that the rates all around for passenger accommodation eastward on the Atlantic will be cut for August and September.

## Millionaire Friend of Boys.

One of the bluest-blooded Knickerbockers in New York is Evert Jansen Wendell, a millionaire known all over the poor quarters of the city as "the friend of the boys." He has a fond looking after poor little fellows, and carries on correspondence with hundreds of them, many of whom might safely be put down as "bad." Through Mr. Wendell's practical charity thousands of boys have been rescued from evil surroundings and placed on farms and in villages, chiefly in the west.