

# LAFITTE of LOUISIANA

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## CHAPTER IV.

Toulon, on the Mediterranean, was at this time the great military depot of France. Its inhabitants numbered about twenty-five thousand; and more than fifty frigates and ships of the line rode at anchor in its harbor, while within its spacious magazines was collected an immense quantity of military and naval stores.

Scarcely a day passed during the fall and early winter of 1793 that did not bring to the city families and individuals from all parts of France, seeking protection from the Revolutionary's cruelties—outrages which the Committee were either unable to control, or to which they were indifferent.

At Toulon, the friends of the old monarchy argued among themselves that the violence with which their land had been filled was too terrible to be longer endured; and they began to discuss the idea of surrendering the city, its magazines, forts and ships, to the combined English and Spanish fleets lying outside its harbor, and thus help to bring about a return of law and reason to insane France.

Among those in Toulon who heard of the proposed surrender was Margot, who, with Jean and Pierre, safe under the humble roof of their new home, had for these many months enjoyed a security she had never before known.

In a measure her own mistress, and removed from the dread of Etienne, she found relief and peace in the kindly guidance of Pere Huot, to whom the boys went each day for instruction, his abode being some distance from Margot's small house, which was in a retired part of the city, near the suburbs.

A surrender suggested to her the possibility of bringing scenes of bloodshed and violence; and the very name of "English" was to her—as also to most of her compatriots—the syn-

onyms of what was utterly detestable. Her fears were realized when the surrender was accomplished, and the English ships sailed triumphantly into port, landing five thousand of their own troops and eight thousand Spaniards.

This proceeding was regarded with the greatest alarm and indignation by the Revolutionists, who, considering the surrender an act of treachery, resolved to retake Toulon, and drive the allies from the soil of France. Two armies were marched upon Toulon; and a siege was begun which for three months made but little apparent progress.

Affairs within the city became unsettled, and were soon almost demoralized; and Pere Huot having fallen seriously ill, Margot's heart grew heavy, as Jean, seeming to throw off all restraint, wandered day after day about the streets, associating with soldiers and rough characters.

Margot had not dared to communicate much of her misgivings from the day, now several weeks past, when, after remonstrating warmly as to some offense he had committed, she bade him ask himself if his father would have approved the act, and started back, as from a man's threatened attack, when the boy turned fiercely upon her.

"Never name him to me again!" he cried, with heaving breast and flashing eyes. "I have no father. Do you know my name here in Toulon? It is the same as Pierre's. He is Pierre Lafitte, and I am his brother, Jean Lafitte. And, be it saint or devil, to the end of my life I am Jean Lafitte!"

He looked so big and terrible in his rage that Margot, silent and frightened, felt that he was almost a stranger to her—this boy she had carried in her arms, and whom she had loved and watched over for so many years.

It was the last night of November, when darkness fell early over the city, and Margot was preparing her lonely evening meal. Where Jean and Pierre were, she knew not, but presumed that, as was often their habit, they would sup with some of their soldier acquaintances.

Although the evening was cold, the usual number of pedestrians were abroad, these being mostly soldiers, who were seeking excitement and gossip at the various eating and drinking places frequented by them.

One of these was called "Le Chien Heureux," a two-story house situated down near one of the quays. Lights were blinking brightly from its small windows, and inside several stoves were burning, where Thiel, the landlord, and his one assistant, were preparing supper for several civilians and soldiers who sat about, talking and drinking, at the various small tables.

Sitting near the fire, two soldiers and a citizen, together with Jean and Pierre, were listening to a man in their midst, who, from his talk and appearance, seemed to have been an extensive traveler. This was Laro, an

owner and captain. Jean listened with an attention which, for some reason, appeared to amuse Laro, who, now and then, with a quizzical smile lighting his black eyes, glanced askance at the boy's enraptured face.

Laro's story had been listened to by others seated around the tables, who occasionally reminded Thiel to hurry their suppers.

The next minute a soldierly-looking man came in, in the uniform of a petty officer showing as he unclasped and threw off the heavy cloak that had enveloped him. After demanding supper as speedily as possible, he seated himself some distance away from the group at the fire.

But Pierre had been staring open-mouthed at him; and now the sound of his voice caused Jean to start, and turn his head quickly in the direction of the shadowy corner where the soldier was seated.

"Grelaire!" he breathed. "What is that, my cocksparrow? Toulon harbors many a stranger tongue, to be sure, but I speak only my own."

"Come, gentlemen, all," said Thiel, now bustling amongst them with a huge platter. "Your suppers are ready."

Neither Laro nor the others paid any further heed to the soldier, who, seated apart from them, ate his supper with an appetite that bore witness to previous fasting. But at odd moments, when unnoticed, his eyes, with a smiling warning in them, met those of the two boys; and once, while Jean was staring at him, he laid a finger upon his lips with a swift cautioning gesture of silence.

His supper finished, Jean strolled back to the fire, before which Grelaire had seated himself, while the others

remained at the tables, some still eating, and all of them discussing matters pertaining to the siege.

Leaning carelessly against the fireplace, after a quick glance about, to make sure he was not observed, the boy looked at the soldier with a world of inquiry in his dark eyes. Grelaire replied with a comprehending smile, but again laid his finger against his lips, as if impressing silence, and then turned to the fire.

He had picked up his long cloak, and was putting it on. And no one noticed the suggestive motion of the head and hand, as, with slightly arched eyebrows, he looked once more toward Jean, who was still standing beside the fireplace. But the boy was quick to see these, and understood that he might expect to find Grelaire outside.

Allowing what he felt to be a proper amount of time to pass after the latter had closed the door behind him, Jean put on his cap, and having motioned to Pierre, they both followed, regardless of Laro's declaration that it was earlier than usual, and not yet time for them to start for home.

The two boys, with occasional sharp glances around, passed along the almost deserted street. Presently Pierre, after a quick look over his shoulder, gripped Jean's arm.

"There is a man who looks like Grelaire coming on just behind us." He had scarcely spoken when a swift but cautious footfall came close behind him, and a hand caught his shoulder, while Grelaire said in a carefully lowered voice, "Tiens! My quick-witted comrade, how are you?"

"As you see, or might, were it not so dark," replied Jean, grasping the soldier's hand. "And you?"

"Much better for the fine supper I have been eating," said Grelaire, a note of laughter in his voice.

Pierre now fell behind, and the three stepped more briskly.

"What have you to tell me?" inquired Jean, after they had gone a few paces, and Grelaire remained silent.

"Did your lieutenant send you—was he wishing to know of me?" asked Jean eagerly. But there was no answer.

"Well, yes, and no," replied Grelaire, speaking slowly, as if considering his words, and adding, as he looked down into the boy's upraised face, which even the dim light of the stars showed to be filled with keen disappointment. "Surely you have every reason to know his love for you; and he is one who never forgets. But his days are now filled with that which leaves little time for him to think of anything but this siege. He is outside the city, with the Revolutionary forces."

"He without, and you within, fighting against him!" burst from Jean's lips, as he drew himself away.

"Sh!" whispered the soldier. "These streets may seem deserted; but 'tis as well not to speak loud

words for the winds may carry them to where the wrong ears may hear them."

Jean laughed softly, and came closer to Grelaire.

"Aha—I see how it is." "Be all the more careful, then, my young master," warned the soldier.

There was silence for a time, while the three walked slowly along until they reached a street where the houses were far apart; and the last one of all, from whose windows came a faint gleam of light, Jean pointed out to Grelaire as his present abode.

"And so that is where you are living," said the soldier, as they stood looking toward it. "I tell you, lad, that had I the chance to possess so quiet a home, I should stop within it, and not be wandering into such shambles of carnage and blood as is the city now. Take my advice, and keep away from Le Chien Heureux. I can now come to your house; and that will be the best place for me to see you. But, if you are to undertake the mission of which I spoke, the less you see of that scoundrel Laro, the better will it be."

"Laro is my friend," declared Jean, his quick temper rising like a flash of fire. "He is my friend, and even you must not name him in such fashion to me."

"So?" said Grelaire calmly, taking his hand from the boy's arm. "Then I doubt if you are to be trusted, and regret telling you as much as I have. Laro is not to be trusted. He is almost old enough to be your father; and, his suspicions once aroused, he has sufficient craftiness to surprise your secret, and use it for our harm."

Jean was silent, and Grelaire went on in a milder tone. "Now tell me, were you in my place would you not think twice before risking secrets with such a keeper—one who cares so much for Laro as to have temper with an older friend, who, knowing the man's reputation, warns you against him?"

"I am not angry, Grelaire," declared Jean penitently, "and regret that I was so. Pardon me."

"All right—all right, mon ami," was Grelaire's hearty reply. Then, again lowering his voice, he asked in a half quizzical tone, "And do you wish to see our little colonel?"

"Yes—indeed yes! You know that I would not give one of his fingers in exchange for a dozen Laros."

"Bien," said Grelaire. "Now I must be going. So adieu, and my compliments to the good dame Margot."

With this he turned about, and whistling softly, went back the way they had come, while the two boys, after watching him a few moments, bent their steps toward the cottage.

(To be continued.)

ILLS OF TELEPHONE GIRLS. Customary Salutation Constantly Rings In Their Ears. "When a central operator hears somebody crying 'Hello' to her on the street, nine times out of ten she ignores the greeting," said a telephone expert. "Why? Because she takes the salute to be a delusion.

"A girl who, day after day, hears 'Hello, hello,' dinned into her ears and who is constantly responding with 'Hello, hello, hello,' in time grows to hear and repeat the word mechanically; and when she leaves her work that word is still ringing in her ears. She can hear people saying 'Hello' to her on all sides, but the greeting of the real thing is so confused with the ghosts of dead labor that she seldom notices the first salutation of a friend.

"And did you ever know, by the way, that nine out of ten persons who habitually use the telephone have what we call 'telephone ear'? In its first stage the telephone ear becomes acute and sensitive; but after long use the hearing becomes more or less blunted, and half the complaints against poor telephone service may be attributed rightly to the 'telephone ear.' Try it some time. If you habitually use the right ear, next time use the left and see if it isn't twice as satisfactory. It is a good plan for those who use the telephone much to frequently switch ears. This keeps the hearing equally balanced, and might ward off a permanent deafness."

Herr Conrad is Worried. Herr Conrad looks as fatigued already as if he had been through two opera seasons. He is never seen without a paper volume in his hand. He rides in his automobile with such a book before him. He walks in to lunch holding the same kind of a book so close to his nose that he has to steer to his table by the waiter's eyes. He places the paper volume before him and guides his food to his mouth as accurately as possible without looking at it.

The opera director is reading plays enough for the whole season at his German theater, where many are needed.

"And it's the hardest part of the business," he says. "I would rather stage, manage and produce twenty plays than have to read five. Once I have selected my repertoire for the season, the rest is easy."—New York Sun.

Suggestion for Liquor Drinkers. Rev. Madison C. Peters of New York suggests this as an improvement on Bishop Potter's subway saloon: "A gallon of whisky costs \$3, and contains sixty-five 15-cent drinks. Now, if men must drink, let them buy it by the gallon and make their wives, sisters or mothers the barkeepers. Pay them for the drink, and when the gallon is gone they will have a net profit of \$6.75 on every gallon. Let that money be put away and when the drinkers have become drunkards their wives, mothers and sisters will have money to keep them from want."

Echo from the Far East. Little Willie—Say, pa, what is this tie pass so frequently mentioned in the papers?

Pa—It is a pass used by many alleged actors when they travel, my son.

Two Recommendations Needed. Slowly—Doctor, I suppose you can recommend your tailor to me?

Doctor—Certainly, but you will have to get some one else to recommend you to my tailor.

# LABOR and INDUSTRY

The Village Street. There away branches lace and meet  
Drifts tremulously sweet  
Above an odd-time village street,  
Quiet and cool and clean,  
The melow sunbeams filter slow  
And, interwrought with shade,  
Trace on the velvet sward below  
A shimmering brocade.

No sound disturbs the holy hush  
That wraps the silent street  
Save when at times some trill of thrush  
Drifts tremulously sweet  
Or else when purple twilight flings  
A gauzy veil and thin,  
When from the tinkling strings  
Of melow mandolin.

This is the street, serene and sweet,  
Down which in days ago  
I tripped with bare and buoyant feet  
The melow sunbeams filter slow  
Or romped at play with conrades gay  
While some long afternoon  
Droned slowly, drowsily away  
Like bees in fields of June.

Old quiet street, the steps that learn  
The city's crowded ways  
To move on easily will turn  
To scenes of ceaseless fray and fret,  
And sick of ceaseless fray and fret,  
The melow sunbeams filter slow  
Will seek, while eyes grow dim and wet,  
The restful quietude  
—National Magazine.

## NEWS OF THE LABOR WORLD.

Items of Interest Gathered from Many Sources.

Los Angeles, Cal., is to build a \$75,000 labor temple.

The eight-hour law of the state of Washington has been declared constitutional by the courts of that state.

The Boston Central Labor Union is actively engaged in trying to stamp out the padrono system in "the Hub."

The headquarters of the Federated Metal Trades Association have been removed from Washington to Pittsburgh.

Stationary engineers are said to have declared their intention to withdraw from the American Federation of Labor if the Brewery Workers' union is given jurisdiction over engineers in breweries.

At New Haven, Conn., eight union teamsters who were convicted last spring on the charge of conspiracy in bringing about a teamsters' strike there, were sentenced to three months each in the county jail.

Judge Halsey in the Circuit Court of Milwaukee declared the eight-hour law as applied to city contracts illegal. Judge Halsey decrees that the city charter provides for contracts being let to the lowest bidder.

Pacific coast labor unions are planning to make a fight in Congress for legislation to protect American seamen from the unimpeded importation of Chinese crews for service on vessels flying the American flag.

Rumors are afloat in the East that Theodore Shaffer, president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, is slated for the position of head of the Bureau of Labor, to succeed Carroll D. Wright.

Levi Smith was elected agent of the Painters' union local No. 104, of Lake Geneva, Wis. The trade unions of Geneva are increasing and the non-union workers disappearing. Wages have been steadily increased during the year.

The Scranton, Pa., Central Labor Union has taken the initiative in that state in a movement to place union-made goods more prominently on the market and make this class of wares appear more favorably before organized workers and their friends.

The labor organizations of Wisconsin will this winter attempt to change the child labor law of that state, raising the age limit under which children may be employed from 1 to 16 years and providing for the issuing of permits for child workers between the ages of 16 and 18 years.

Arthur E. Ireland, general organizer for the Federation of Labor, and W. F. Devine and L. C. Meyer, prominent members of the International Machinists' union, were indicted by the grand jury at Fort Madison, Iowa, on the charge of assault with intent to kill A. Matheson, a non-union machinist.

Judge Anderson, of the Federal court, made the injunction against the strikers at the McBeth-Adams glass factory, at Elwood, Ind., permanent.

By the articles of this injunction the strikers will be prohibited from picketing the company's plant or using threats to prevent new men taking the places of strikers.

The strikes of dock workers at Marseilles, France, which practically ended some days ago, have now been officially closed by the decision of the dockers' union to resume work, though a few coal heavers are still standing out. It is estimated that the forty days of idleness consequent upon this strike cost the city \$16,000,000.

Organizer Emmett Flood of the American Federation of Labor reports a strong trade union growth and sentiment in Rockford, Ill. There are many trades to be organized, but the street peddlers have formed unions. The organized workers have good working conditions and fair wages, but the non-union men are paid as low as \$1.35 per day of ten hours.

Unskilled union laborers of Logansport, Ind., are paid from \$1.75 to \$2.25 per day of nine hours, while non-union men get from \$1 to \$1.35 per day of ten to twelve hours. New unions of teamsters, bakers, quarrymen and porters have been formed and the union label receives an increased demand. In spite of the efforts of a local branch of the Citizens' Alliance no wages of union men have been reduced.

A constantly increasing desire to make their surroundings more agreeable to the workers is shown by the government and public of Germany. Some credit for the state of affairs must be due to the progressive spirit shown by the German organizations of labor, including their political activity. These thoughts are inspired by a letter from its Berlin correspondent, recently printed in the London Times.

The steel workers employed in the rail and sheet departments of the Illinois Steel Company's plant at South Chicago have been notified that when the present agreement expires, Jan. 1, 1905, it will not be renewed. This means that the same reduction in wages and lengthening of the hours will prevail in South Chicago as in Joliet. Officials of the steel company say they believe the men will accept whatever terms are offered them, as

they have had no organization of union since 1901.

Resenting the action of certain corporations in establishing a rule prohibiting the employment of men after they have reached the age of 35 years, the Chicago Federation of Labor adopted resolutions favoring the withdrawal of police and legal protection from any employer following this practice. The resolutions further provide that the American Federation of Labor should be urged to work for an amendment to the federal Constitution making such retaliatory action illegal.

In order to stimulate the interest of the members of the Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators in the columns of their journal, and thereby secure matter for publication that is both interesting and instructive, the editor of that journal will offer a prize each month for a short essay on the best method of performing some stated kind of work connected with the various branches of painting and decorating. The best of such stories seen in will be printed in the journal, aside from being awarded a prize.

After a conference with a score of contractors regarding the adoption of a plan of compulsory arbitration to settle labor disputes in the building trades, the board of governors of the Structural Building Trades Alliance of America decided to submit the proposition to the National Building Contractors' Council for its approval.

Well-known independent building contractors also will be asked to approve of the plan, and should sufficient encouragement be given, it is proposed to have arbitration agreements between international unions in the building trades and similar organizations among the employers. The International Association of Gravel, Tile and Composition Roofers, comprising 15,000 members, made application for membership in the alliance.

The American Federation of Labor has joined the movement for the extermination of tuberculosis, President Gompers realizing that thousands of workmen in the large industrial centers suffer from that dread disease, caused largely by the unsanitary condition of factories, workshops, mills and mines. The Illinois State Federation of Labor, in convention in Aurora last week, also took steps to prevent the spread of the disease in this state and planned efforts to secure remedial legislation at the coming session of the legislature. The Central Federated Union of New York city has also named a committee for the prevention of tuberculosis, which committee, like the other two larger organizations, will place before local unions all information that may be gained in regard to the dangers and the safeguards that should be taken and will aim generally to diffuse such information.

The United States Steel Corporation has planned to compensate its employees for suggestions that will increase the consumption or reduce the cost of manufacturing its products. A notice has been posted in its various mills throughout the country, as follows: "For the purpose of stimulating the use of our various products of both the sheet and tin mills, by developing new purposes to which they may be advantageously put, we desire that the co-operation and assistance of yourself and all subordinates, including the workmen in your mills. We would like to have it understood that anyone offering suggestions which are developed so as to increase the consumption of our products will be properly compensated. It will also be an opportune time to have our workmen understand that we stand willing and ready to properly compensate them for any method or device they may suggest or design that will reduce our cost of manufacture."

The call for the ninth annual convention of the International Seamen's union, to meet in San Francisco Dec. 5, has been issued. The various unions of lake seamen will instruct their delegates to that meeting and also to that of the American Federation of Labor to make a demand that jurisdiction be given the seamen's union over every person employed on boats. The longshoremen's union has organized the firemen, engineers, tugmen, fishermen and several other crafts working on the lakes, and this attempt of the Lake Seamen's union to take jurisdiction will be the culmination of a fight that has been threatening for several years. The seamen are willing to concede to the longshoremen jurisdiction over all workers along the docks, but claim that the dividing line must be drawn when it comes to vessels. The longshoremen, on the other hand, have been laboring for almost a decade to bring under their jurisdiction every employe on and along the lakes to form one organization, to embrace every person who is earning his bread in any manner through lake traffic.

"Once an agreement is entered into by and between a local union and a corporation, contractor or an employers' association, it should be adhered to during its existence, unless broken by the other party thereto." Such is the advice given the members of the Brotherhood of Blacksmiths by the international officers through the medium of the magazine issued by the parent body. Editor Kerr tells the membership good judgment should be used at all times when the question of agreements with employers is up for consideration. The article ends with this advice: "Good judgment should be used at all times when the question of agreements with employers is up for consideration. A reliable business man never violates an agreement, once he enters into it. He puts up with it during its existence and is very careful that he does not get the worst of it if it is necessary to renew it. A reliable union does likewise; lives up to all agreements with employers to the letter. As a result of this business policy both sides have confidence in each other, and strikes or lockouts are never heard of between them."

Theological acrobats can't balance the universe on their pin-head creeds.

# A SALT SEA HIAWATHA

The Case of Jake Russell of Brooklyn

"Of course," said the interviewer, "wily," "the life of a seafaring man nowadays is not all so romantic as it is said to be—as it is described, for instance, in Clark Russell's novels?"

The old sea-dog on the water front turned his quid in his mouth—which is a salt sea way of deliberating—and finally answered by nodding his head in the direction of a small schooner which had just arrived in the East River from Corn Island, off the Nicaragua coast, with a cargo of coconuts and logwood.

"Never heard o' Clark Russell," said he, "but Jake Russell, the mate o' that ere wind-jammer, kin tell ye that there's a darned sight more romance an' s'ch like in the sea-goin' than is altogether good fr a man as has a wife an' three kids over in Will-by-a'noo, Brooklyn."

"That's Jake's predicament, by the way, for last trip he went ashore at Corn Island an' fell in love wi' the purtiest Injun girl you ever laid yer dead-lights on. Ye never saw a man so hard hit."

"Jake had one o' his headlights screwed up aloft' tryin' to get inspiration, as the sayin' is, when all o' a sudden he jumps an' begins to swear somethin' awful. His headlights had run afoul o' his missus' pitcher which was a-hangin' up against the bulkhead, havin' bin took on Fulton street, Brooklyn, trip afore last."

"That seemed the finger o' Providence, didn't it? But it cut no ice with Jake. He took an' ripped the pitcher in bits, sayin' as how the missus had two husbands, anyway, one at sea an' one on land, an' that he had weighed his anchor fr good at Will-by-a'noo an' was agoin' to drop it fr good on Corn Island."

"We tried ter coax him out o' his daffness, but there was nothin' doin'. Jake had bin hit harder'n any man I ever seed a-weepin' by the bulwarks. Well, we let 'im have his own way at first, thinkin' as how he might come around on the right tack after a while. He got inter the lumberboat wi' his sack o' togs an' his best derby hat on an' rowed ashore while we boys give him a send-off a-whistlin' that turned ole Hiwatha, for 'Jake was agoin' fr his Injun bride."

"We got the balance of our cargo aboard that night an' was to sail at daybreak. When the time come to weigh anchor Jake hadn't come back, an' we began to get scaret, for his wife comes aboard to get his money every time we comes into the East river, an' what was we to say to her, sevin' ez how she's a woman wi' a 'flent temper, anyway? (Tell 'e what, mate, there was extenuatin' circumstances in Jake's case.)"

"We talked some more an' finally we goes an' asks the skipper fr the loan o' the long boat. 'Go ahead,' sez the skipper, who knowd darned well what we was arter; 'go ahead,' sez he. So we lowered the boat an' about seven o' us gets in an' rows away to the rescue o' Jake Russell. There was a darned funny side to the business, fr Jake didn't want to be rescued. But on the other hand it was like a labor a' love, us agoin' out to bring in a wounded comrade, like. Then there was the serious side, fr we didn't know what kind o' fight them Injun lubbers was agoin' to put up, fr they was tickled to death at the idee o' a white man, an' a chief officer at that, a-fallin' in love with one o' their women."

"Anyhows, we was all ready fr any kind o' scrap that might take place. Bully Tim had a Malay knife that he picked up in the Philippines, an' all the other boys had a knife or a gully o' some sort. As fr me, I was the best armed o' the bunch, sevin' as

"Madame," sez I, "I'm darned sorry, I see, 'but there's a lady in Will-by-a'noo, Brooklyn, as has a prior claim on this 'ere gentleman."

"But she didn't seem to understand why Jake wasn't big enough fr a dozen prior claims. In the meantime Jake was makin' no end of a row. He was kickin' an' hollerin', but we eventually got him aboard, although I was compelled to use me busted revolver on the old chief's head. When we got Jake aboard an' locked up one o' their women."

"The old sea-dog on the water front turned the quid in his mouth, spat, and grinned.

"No, he ain't," said he. "That's the funny part of the whole business. What Jake said about his wife havin' a husband on land while the other was at sea seems to be no dream after all. She didn't come aboard fr Jake's money this time, an' when one o' us went to Will-by-a'noo to tell her Jake was sick an' that she'd better come an' look after him, there was nothin' doin'. She'd bolted, kids, all, wi' the landlubber."

"And?" ventured the interviewer.

"And," said the sea-dog, nodding at a man in a wide-awake hat, who was sitting on the bulwarks of the schooner scribbling on a piece of paper; "that's Jake Russell, an' we've apolo-gized, as the sayin' is, an' we're sailin' for Corn Island fr coconuts to-morrow, an' Bill's only doin' the outwards trip."—Stephen Chalmers in New York Times.

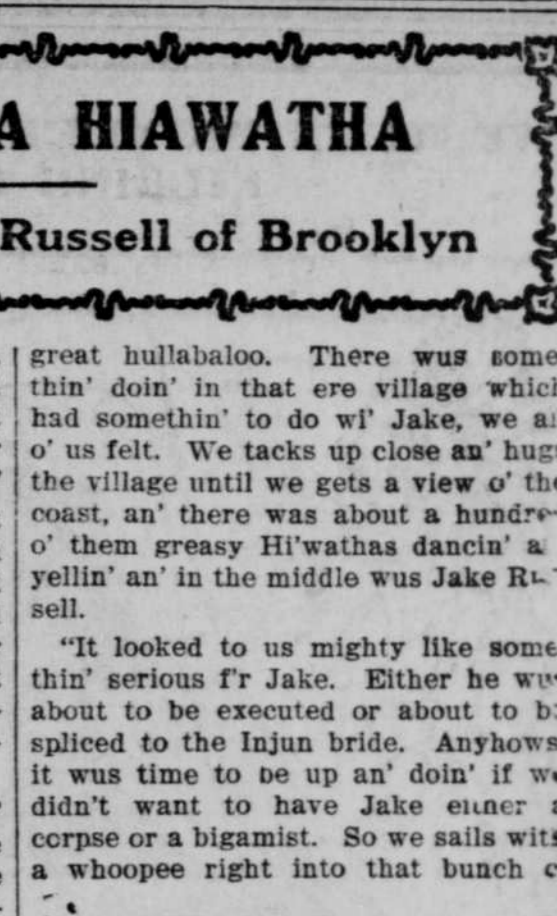
A Warning in Boston. "I have heard and read a good many things about Boston which I did not believe," said a man of travel. "But a sign which I saw over the side on a train of a home on one of the principal thoroughfares caused me to think hard things about the town. The sign read:

Observe the Dog.

"I submit, notwithstanding my profound respect for the academic atmosphere of the old town, that this is too Bostonesque fr us. When I tried to express my tag 'ceing at this affection my friend who liberates in Cambridge said that the sign originally read 'Ecce canem.' I believed it, without prejudice."

Over the Wire. Stubb—"It is nice to propose to a telephone girl. You can give her such a cheap ring."

Rena—"Yes, but she generally returns it."



"Mighty Like Somethin' Serious fr Jake."

greasy niggers an' knocks down a few. Presently we comes face to face w' Jake, who was a-lookin' up at the sky w' the weirdest look in his eyes. Darn it, but he looked as if he was seelin' all kinds o' angels an' was grinnin' all over, while in his right paw he was holdin' 'the cause o' all the trouble. Keehlau me fr a longshoreman if that Injun bride wasn't somethin' worth being a corpse or a bigamist for. She was the—the—but, anyhows, this is Jake's affair, not mine. I'm a respectable married man myself.

"Jake," sez I, "you're comin' aboard wi' us," sez I.

"The h— I am!" roars Jake, usin' language that made the Injun bride look kinder repentant like.

"He cussed us all over the earth, just as we had expected, an' ended by tellin' us that he was still our s'perior officer an' that he would put the whole bunch o' us in irons if he did not come aboard—which he wasn't an' way."

"We argued fr no end o' time, an' Jake's language got wuss an' wuss. Finally we saw there was nothin' to do but get a hold o' the fool an' carry him aboard. Which we did. Four o' us managed the job, while the other three follered up in the rear, keepin' the Injuns an' the Injun bride from interferin'. The girl blubbered to beat a cyclone, but I set to her, sez I:

"Madame," sez I, "I'm darned sorry, I see, 'but there's a lady in Will-by-a'noo, Brooklyn, as has a prior claim on this 'ere gentleman."

"But she didn't seem to understand why Jake wasn't big enough fr a dozen prior claims. In the meantime Jake was makin' no end of a row. He was kickin' an' hollerin', but we eventually got him aboard, although I was compelled to use me busted revolver on the old chief's head. When we got Jake aboard an' locked up one o' their women."

"The old sea-dog on the water front turned the quid in his mouth, spat, and grinned.

"No, he ain't," said he. "That's the funny part of the whole business. What Jake said about his wife havin' a husband on land while the other was at sea seems to be no dream after all. She didn't come aboard fr Jake's money this time, an' when one o' us went to Will-by-a'noo to tell her Jake was sick an' that she'd better come an' look after him, there was nothin' doin'. She'd bolted, kids, all, wi' the landlubber."

"And?" ventured the interviewer.

"And," said the sea-dog, nodding at a man in a wide-awake hat, who was sitting on the bulwarks of the schooner scribbling on a piece of paper; "that's Jake Russell, an' we've apolo-gized, as the sayin' is, an' we're sailin' for Corn Island fr coconuts to-morrow, an' Bill's only doin' the outwards trip."—Stephen Chalmers in New York Times.

A Warning in Boston. "I have heard and read a good many things about Boston which I did not