

LIQUID AIR IN WAR.

It is strictly within the range of possibility that before the nineteenth century, already on the brink of extinction, had ended, a United States battleship lying in the middle of the Atlantic or Pacific ocean may hurl its enemy to destruction with thunder-bolt power rammed into its guns out of the invisible air, says the San Francisco Examiner.

Liquid air may drive its engines, fill the shells in its magazines and send its projectiles on their resistless course; and every particle of this tremendous, many-sided power may be manufactured behind the steel turrets of the vessel that uses it.

Liquid air, the explosive and the driving power of the future, as there is good reason to believe it will be, is simply air condensed to the last possible degree. What Mr. Tripler effects, with almost magical ease, is the production of compressed air, packed by the withdrawal of its heat and by the force of gravitation into the density of a liquid. When he shall have applied it to hurl a projectile from a thirteen-inch rifle with more than the power of prismatic gunpowder, he will simply have perfected the argun.

There can be no question that Mr. Tripler is entirely right in asserting that this power now exists, waiting to be utilized. His experiments have fully demonstrated that. If he had reached, say, two years ago, the point that he has attained today, and if the present war had then been foreseen and prepared for, Commodore Dewey could have smashed the enemy's fleet and fortifications at Manila with explosive energies generated from the very air whose breezes rippled the waters of the harbor, and might now be entirely independent of home sources of supply for his ammunition. Drawing the atmosphere of the Philippines into his condensers, as Mr. Tripler draws the air of New York into his laboratory apparatus, Commodore Dewey would have had an inexhaustible supply of power to navigate his ships, to bombard the enemy, and to meet any fresh fleet that might be sent against him.

With the air of Manila liquefied, he could have battered Manila into submission; with the air of Iloilo he could have conquered Iloilo, and with the air of the China sea compacted in his cylinders he would now be ready to crush any armada Spain could assemble—and no thanks to supplies from home.

It is not necessary to point out what could be done with the fleets around Cuba and in the Caribbean sea if Mr. Tripler had been a year or two earlier with his achievement. No running back to Key West to fill the magazines; no need to spare ammunition in knocking the San Juan fort to pieces for fear that Cervera might come along and catch our ships short of powder. And, perhaps still more important, no towing of coilers or seeking friendly ports for precarious supplies of coal.

Mr. Tripler says that with the aid of machinery driven by liquid air and actuating auxiliary turbines, many knots can be added to the speed of our present ships, and a saving of perhaps nine-tenths of their coal could be effected. With fifty tons of coal a ship furnished with liquid air power could sail as far as a similar ship driven by steam power can now sail with 450 tons.

The application of liquid air as a substitute for gunpowder, gun cotton and other explosives could apparently be easily effected. Mr. Tripler believes it would not be difficult to construct cylinders capable of being inserted into the breach of a thirteen-inch rifled cannon, behind the projectile, that would easily and safely withstand a pressure of 12,000 pounds to the square inch, which would be the force exerted upon such a cylinder by the liquid air contained in it after that air had assumed the temperature of the air outside. The front end of such a cylinder should be so constructed that when a given force was exerted upon it from within it would give way. The force that drove out the head of the cylinder would then act directly upon the projectile. The pressure exerted by gunpowder upon a thirteen-inch projectile is about 24,000 pounds per square inch.

If, then, the head of a liquid air cylinder were constructed to yield when a pressure of 24,000 pounds was suddenly applied from within, the power of gunpowder would be equaled. The sudden increase of pressure in the cylinder from 12,000 pounds to the bursting force of 24,000 pounds could be produced simply by means of an electric spark exploded in a waq of cotton saturated with turpentine and placed in the cylinder.

The experience of a piece of iron gas pipe that was blown into atoms in Mr. Tripler's yard by means of a few drops of liquid air inclosed in it, while the miniature explosion shook the ground like an earthquake, is an earnest of what is to be expected from the explosion of a heavy shell, torpedo or mine filled with gallons of the Titanic liquid.

Just where the limit of its power should be placed it is difficult to guess. But one is tempted by the wonders already solidified into fact in Mr. Tripler's laboratory to picture the scene at Santiago harbor if Admiral Sampson could now employ liquid air as he may be able to employ it a few months hence.

The Iowa or the Oregon runs within range of the batteries, and the discharge of a great rifle in one of her turrets sets the water around the ship shivering and splits the air with thunder. But no smoke comes from the airy explosion that has hurled the huge shell with inconceivable velocity. Against the blue sky its rapid flight is silhouetted in a graceful curve that seems to the charmed retina of the watcher's eyes to be swiftly drawn by an invisible pencil. It rises above the

forts and over the intervening hills devouring mile after mile of atmosphere in its apparently endless career; until suddenly it dips into the narrow basin of the harbor and swoops with lightning speed upon its quarry—the big, steel-bulging flagship of the enemy, lying in the midst of his fleet, and in the fancied security of the protecting heights.

A downward, crashing stroke, which breaks the backbone of the ship, an explosion like the clap of doom, and the luckless vessel flies asunder in a hundred pieces, while her consorts have their masts shaken loose, their guns dashed from their mountings and jammed in the turrets or pitched headlong overboard by the awful, reverberating shock.

If this be thought too strong a description to apply to the explosion of any projectile that could be hurled from a gun, yet would hardly suffice to picture the effects that might be wrought with a mine or torpedo with a hogshead of liquid air and exploded in the midst of a fleet of warships. In a contracted bay like that of Santiago or Havana the explosion of such an engine would bare the bottom of the harbor at the point where the energy was applied, and hurl up the water as it leaped in the Hell Gate explosion a few years ago, "in spectral hills," hundreds of feet high, while ships not touched by the direct force of the blow would be dashed upon the rocks or bedded, half wrecked, on the sand banks and shallows. The power of dynamite would be cast into the shade, and bombs containing a pallful of liquid air would suffice if dropped into a mined channel, to explode every iron devilish that lurked beneath its surface.

A Queer Lunatic.

"Aunt Harrie" is the "ghost" of the large family left behind by Brigham Young, prophet, seer and revelator of the Mormon church.

She is one of the few remaining wives of the alleged prophet. She is the oldest of these, and the finger of madness has been laid upon her brain. She lives alone in the "Beehive," the old adobe house which once held the prophet's harem of twenty-six wives and their fifty-two children. The property has passed into other hands, but the present owner has no thought of dispossessing her. She is as much a part of the house as the lintels of the doors and windows. She lives in two rooms of the old house, and is never seen outside of them, except on June 1, which is the anniversary of the birth of her one-time husband, shared with twenty-five others.

The first of June is given over to celebration by the descendants of Brigham Young. They meet in the Beehive for a day of singing, speech-making and feasting in honor of the dead founder of the family.

Then only Aunt Harriet wakes from her dreams of the past. She dons a quaint gray silk gown, short as to the waist and wide as to sleeve, fits her old feet into the yellow-stained high-heeled slippers of more than half a century ago, puts the first rosebud of June into her white hair and goes out into the great common dining room once used by Brigham Young and his family.

All look up lovingly and pityingly when Aunt Harriet, bent and tottering with her seventy-five years, comes courtesying and simpering into the room. They understand her strange delusion. She thinks she is a bride again and that beside her stands Brigham Young, and that the guests are assembled in honor of her nuptials.

If by a rare chance any one not connected with the Young family is present, some one puts his finger significantly upon his forehead and says: "Poor Aunt Harriet, she is different from the rest of us. She has been a little queer ever since the Prophet died. She has forgotten all that happened since her wedding day."

They lead her to the head of the table and there the strange old woman nods and smiles, especially to a shadowy figure she always sees beside her. In acknowledgment of toasts to her beauty and wishes for her happiness offered by men and women long since dead.

She is a veritable spectre of the feast. And she is the only woman who ever truly loved the Mormon leader.

It does not follow that the man with the greatest number of wives is the most beloved.

Lost Dog Insurance.

A new kind of insurance is that of lost, strayed, stolen or impounded dogs. The dog insurance company registers the dog to be insured, with its full description, and provides a tag of the insurance company bearing the number by which it is registered, which tag must be constantly worn, together with its city license tag.

The insurance company keeps a man at each pound to release any dog bearing a tag of the company and return it to its owner. This is a great convenience to the owners of valuable pets, and saves the dogs from contracting the diseases which are so numerous and contagious in such a place. It also saves both dog and owner much misery and anxiety, to say nothing of the expense and tiresome red tape which are necessary to release a dog from the pound.

Detectives are regularly employed by the company to trace any dog the moment it is reported missing.

Every person pledges himself to report to the association any dog which he finds wandering about apparently lost and bearing a tag of the company.

Philanthro—Look here, my fine fellow, do you work?

Weary—Yes, sir, when I can work the right person.—Boston Courier.

TALMAGES' SERMON.

"Then said they unto him, say now Shibboleth, and he said Shibboleth; for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan."

Do you notice the difference of pronunciation between shibboleth and sibboleth? A very small and unimportant difference, you say. And yet, that difference was the difference between life and death for a great many people. The Lord's people, Gilead and Ephraim, got into a great fight, and Ephraim was worsted, and on the retreat came to the fords of the river Jordan to cross. Order was given that all Ephraimites coming there be slain. But how could it be found out who were Ephraimites? They were detected by their pronunciation. Shibboleth was a word that stood for river. The Ephraimites had a brogue of their own, and when they tried to say "shibboleth always left out the sound of the "h." When it was asked that they say shibboleth they said sibboleth, and were slain. The Lord's tribes in our time—by which I mean the different denominations of Christians—sometimes magnify a very small difference, and the only difference between scores of denominations today is the difference between shibboleth and sibboleth.

The church of God is divided into a great number of denominations. Time would fail me to tell of the Calvinists, and the Arminians, and the Sabbatarians, and the Baxterians, and the Dunkers, and the Shakers, and the Quakers, and the Methodists, and the Baptists, and the Episcopalians, and the Lutherans, and the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterians, and the Spiritualists, and a score of other denominations of religionists, some of them founded by very good men, some of them founded by very egotistic men, some of them founded by very bad men. But as I demand for myself liberty of conscience, I must give that same liberty to every other man, remembering that he no more differs from me than I differ from him. I advocate the largest liberty in all religious belief and form of worship. In art, in politics, in morals, and in religion let there be no gag-law, no moving of the previous question, no persecution, no intolerance.

MEN WILL THINK.

You know that the air and the water keep pure by constant circulation, and I think there is a tendency in religious discussion to purification and moral health. Between the fourth and the sixteenth centuries the church proposed to make people think aright by prohibiting discussion, and by strong censorship of the press, and rack, and gibbet, and hot lead down the throat, tried to make people orthodox; but it was discovered you cannot change a man's belief by twisting off his head, nor make a man see differently by putting an awl through his eyes. There is something in a man's conscience that will hurl off a mountain that you threw upon it, and, unslung of the fire, out of the flame will make red wings on which the martyr will mount to glory.

In that time of which I speak, between the fourth and sixteenth centuries, people went from the house of God into the most appalling iniquity, and right along by consecrated altars there were tides of drunkenness and licentiousness such as the world never heard of, and the very sewers of perdition broke loose and flooded the church. After awhile the printing press was freed, and it broke the shackles of the human mind. Then there came a large number of bad books, and where there was one man hostile to the Christian religion, there were twenty men ready to advocate it; so I have not any nervousness in regard to this battle going on between truth and error. The truth will conquer just as certainly as that God is stronger than the devil. Let error run if you only let truth run along with it. Urged on by skeptic's shout and transcendentalist's spur, let it run. God's angels of wrath are in hot pursuit, and quicker than eagle's beak clutches out a hawk's heart, God's vengeance will tear it to pieces.

IT IS NOT RELIGION.

I propose to speak to you of sectarianism—its origin, its evils, and its cures. There are those who would make us think that this monster with horns and hoofs is religion. I shall chase it to its hiding place and drag it out of the caverns of darkness, and rip off its hide. But I want to make a distinction between bigotry and the lawful fondness for peculiar religious beliefs and forms of worship. I have no admiration for a noteholding man.

In a world of such tremendous vicissitude and temptation, and with a soul that must after awhile stand before a throne of insufferable brightness, in a day when the rocking of the mountains and the flaming of the heavens and the upheaval of the seas shall be among the least of the excitements, to give account for every thought, word, action, preference and dislike—that man is mad who has no religious preference. But our early education, our physical temperament, our mental constitution, will very much decide our form of worship.

A style of psalmody that may please me may displease you. Some would like to have a minister in gown and bands and surplice, and others prefer to have a minister in plain citizen's apparel. Some are most impressed when a little child is presented at the altar and sprinkled of the waters of a holy benediction "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," and others are more impressed when the penitent comes up out of the river, his garments dripping with the waters of a baptism which signifies the washing away of sin. Let either have his own way. One man likes no noise in prayer, not a word, not a whisper. Another man, just as good, prefers by gesticula-

tion and exclamation to express his devotional aspirations. One is just as good as the other. "Every man fully persuaded in his own mind."

George Whitefield was going over a Quaker rather roughly for some of his religious sentiments, and the Quaker said: "George, I am as thou art; I am for bringing all men to the hope of the gospel; therefore, if thou wilt not quarrel with me about my broad brim I will not quarrel with thee about thy black gown. George, give me thy hand."

STARTS AT HOME.

In tracing out the religion of sectarianism, or bigotry, I find that a great deal of it comes from wrong education in the home circle. There are parents who do not think it wrong to caricature and jeer the peculiar forms of religion in the world, and denounce other sects and other denominations. It is very often the case that that kind of education acts just opposite to what was expected, and the children grow up, and, after awhile, go and see for themselves; and, looking in those churches, and finding that the people are good there, and they love God and keep his commandments, by natural reaction they go and join those very churches. I could mention the names of prominent ministers of the gospel who spent their whole lives bombarding other denominations and who lived to see their children preach the gospel in those very denominations. But it is often the case that bigotry starts in a household, and that the subject of it never recovers. There are tens of thousands of bigots 30 years old.

SPRINGS FROM IGNORANCE.

Bigotry is often the child of ignorance. You seldom find a man with large intellect who is a bigot. It is the man who thinks he knows a great deal, but does not. That man is almost always a bigot. The whole tendency of education and civilization is to bring a man out of that kind of state of mind and heart. There was in the far east a great obelisk, and one side of the obelisk was white, another side of the obelisk was green, another side of the obelisk was blue, and travelers went and looked at that obelisk, but they did not walk around it. One man looked at one side, another at another side, and they came home each one looking at only one side; and they happened to meet, the story says, and they got into a rank quarrel about the color of that obelisk. One man said it was white, another man said it was green, another man said it was blue, and when they were in the very heat of the controversy, a more intelligent traveler came, and said, "Gentlemen, I have seen that obelisk and you are all right, and you are all wrong. Why didn't you all walk around the obelisk?"

Look out for the man who sees only one side of a religious truth. Look out for the man who never walks around about these great theories of God and eternity and the dead. He will be a bigot inevitably—the man who only sees one side. There is no man more to be pitied than he who has in his head just one idea—no more, no less. More light, less sectarianism. There is nothing that will so soon kill bigotry as sunshine—God's sunshine.

EACH HAS A MISSION.

While each denomination of Christians is to present all the truths of the bible, it seems to me that God has given to each denomination an especial mission to give particular emphasis to some one doctrine, and so the Calvinistic churches must present the sovereignty of God, and the Arminian churches must present man's free agency, and the Episcopal churches must present the importance of order and solemn ceremony, and the Baptist churches must present the necessity of ordinances, and the Congregational churches must present the responsibility of the individual member, and the Methodist churches must show what holy enthusiasm, hearty congregational singing can accomplish. While each denomination of Christians must set forth the doctrines of the bible, I feel it is especially incumbent upon each denomination to put particular emphasis on some one doctrine.

Another great damage done by the sectarianism and bigotry of the church is that it disgusts people with the Christian religion. My friends, the Church of God was never intended for a war barrack.

Francis I. so hated the Lutherans that he said that if he thought there was one drop of Lutheran blood in his veins he would puncture them and let that drop out. Just as long as there is so much hostility between denomination and denomination, or between one professed Christian and another, so long men will be disgusted with the Christian religion, and say, "If that is religion, I want none of it."

Again, bigotry and sectarianism do great damage in the fact that they hinder the triumph of the gospel. Oh, how much wasted ammunition! How many men of splendid intellect have given their whole life to controversial disputes when, if they had given their life to something practical they might have been vastly useful! Suppose, while I speak, there were a common enemy coming up the bay, and all the forts around the harbor began to fire into each other—you would cry out, "National suicide! Why don't those forts blaze away in one direction, and that against the common enemy?" And yet I sometimes see in the church of the Lord Jesus Christ a strange thing going on: church against church, minister against minister, denomination against denomination, firing away into their own fort, or the forts which ought to be on the same side, instead of concentrating their energy and giving one mighty and everlasting volley against the navies of darkness riding up through the bay!

Besides that, if you want to build up any denomination, you will never build

it up by trying to pull some other down. Intolerance never put anything down. How much has intolerance accomplished, for instance, against the Methodist church? For long years her ministry were forbidden the pulpits of Great Britain. Why was it that so many of them preached in the fields? Simply because they could not get in the churches. And the name of the church was given in derision and as a sarcasm. The critics of the church said, "They have no order, they have no method in their worship;" and the critics, therefore, in irony, called them "Methodists."

I am told that in Astor library, New York, kept as curiosities, there are 207 books and pamphlets against Methodism. Did intolerance stop that church? No; it is either first or second amid the denominations of Christendom, her missionary stations in all parts of the world, her men not only important in religious trusts, but important also in secular trusts. Church marching on and the more intolerance against it the faster it marched.

What did intolerance accomplish against the Baptist church? If laughing scorn and tirade could have stopped the church it would not have today a disciple left. The Baptists were hurled out of Boston in olden times. Those who sympathized with them were imprisoned, and when a petition was offered asking leniency in their behalf all the men who signed it were indicted. Has intolerance stopped the Baptist church? The last statistics in regard to it showed 44,000 churches and 4,000,000 communicants. Intolerance never put down anything.

In England a law was made against the Jew. England thrust back the Jew and thrust down the Jew, and declared that no Jew should hold official position. What came of it? Were the Jews destroyed? Was their religion overthrown? No. Who became prime minister of England? Who was next to the throne? Who was higher than the throne because he was counselor and adviser? Disraeli, a Jew. What were we celebrating in all our churches as well as synagogues only a few years ago? The one hundredth birthday of Montefiore, the great Jewish philanthropist. Intolerance never yet put down anything.

But now, my friends, having shown you the origin of bigotry or sectarianism, and having shown you the damage it does, I want briefly to show you how we are to war against this terrible evil, and I think we ought to begin our war by realizing our own weakness and our imperfections. If we make so many mistakes in the common affairs of life, is it not possible that we may make mistakes in regard to our religious affairs? Shall we take a man by the throat or by the ear because he cannot see religious truths just as we do? In the light of eternity it will be found out, I think, there was something wrong in all our creeds, and something right in all our creeds, but since we may make mistakes in regard to things of the world, do not let us be so egotistic and so puffed up as to have an idea that we cannot make any mistake in regard to religious theories. And then I think we will do a great deal to overthrow the sectarianism from our heart, and the sectarianism from the world, by chiefly enlarging in those things in which we agree, rather than those on which we differ.

THE GOSPEL PLATFORM.

Now, here is a good gospel platform. A man comes up on this side of the platform and says: "I don't believe in baby sprinkling." Shall I shove him off? Here is a man coming up on this side of the platform, and he says: "the saints." Shall I shove him off? No. I will say: "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus as your savior? Do you trust him for time and for eternity?" He says: "Yes." "Do you take Christ for time and for eternity?" "Yes." I say, "Come on, brother; one in time and one in eternity; brother now, brother forever." Blessed be God for a gospel platform so large that all who receive Christ may stand on it!

I think we may overthrow the severe sectarianism and bigotry in our hearts, and in the church, also, by realizing that all the denominations of Christians have yielded noble institutions and noble men. There is nothing that so stirs my soul as this thought. One denomination yielded a Robert Hall and an Adoniram Judson; another yielded a Latimer and a Melville; another yielded John Wesley and the blessed Summerfield, while our own denomination yielded John Knox and the Alexanders—men of whom the world was not worthy. Now, I say, if we are honest and fair-minded men, when we come up in the presence of such churches and such denominations, although they may be different from our own, we ought to admire them, and we ought to love and honor them. Churches which can produce such men, and such large-hearted charity, and such magnificent martyrdom, ought to win our affection—at any rate, our respect. So come on, ye 600,000 Episcopalians in this country, and ye 1,400,000 Presbyterians, and ye 4,000,000 Baptists, and ye 5,000,000 Methodists—come on; shoulder to shoulder we will march for the world's conquest; for all nations are to be saved, and God demands that you and I help. Forward, the whole line! In the Young Men's Christian association, in the bible society, in the tract society, in the foreign missionary society, shoulder to shoulder, all denominations.

One army of the living God, To his command we bow; Part of the best have crossed the flood, And part are crossing now.

And I expect to see the day when all denominations of Christians shall join hands around the cross of Christ and recite the creed: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the communion of saints, and in life everlasting. Amen."

FEUD BETWEEN MILLIONAIRES.

The purchase by Marshall Field of the most valuable business corner in this city, says a Chicago special to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, from his former partner, Levi Z. Leiter, for \$2,100,000, adds another interesting chapter to the feud which has existed between these two multimillionaires since they ceased to be members of the same firm in 1881.

It is a sharp bargain which the head of the greatest dry goods house outside of New York City has driven with his old friend, the father of "Joe" Leiter, famous for having run the greatest wheat corner ever known, using up in his collapse many of his father's millions.

When the deal was first announced there were approving words for Marshall Field for having come to the relief of Levi Leiter, with whom he has been on the most unfriendly terms for 17 years, every court in the city having had some phase of their quarrels to adjust. It was supposed that the troubles which "Joe" had heaped on his father's head had softened Field's heart so that he had forgiven.

But no sentiment entered into the trade. All the stories of a dry goods prince going to the rescue of an old friend just because the son of that old friend had doubted nature's ability to produce more than a certain amount of wheat, read well but lack truth.

Levi Z. Leiter needed ready money and offered a good piece of real estate for it. Several men wanted the property, but they did not have the necessary cash.

Marshall Field has a corps of men who do nothing but look out for real estate investments. They heard of Leiter's desire. Mr. Field had the cash, and he made what is regarded as one of the very best investments ever made in Chicago through his brokers.

There was no personal meeting of the principals—no dramatic rushing into each other's arms of long-separated prisoners. The most thrilling part of the trade was the signing of a check for \$2,100,000 and the affixing of the necessary two-cent war stamp thereon by Mr. Field and the cashing of the check by Mr. Leiter, who will charge it up to the account of his son Joe. The cold facts in the case are that the ground which Mr. Field purchased, capitalized at \$2,800,000; on a 5 per cent basis, \$2,240,000; either of which would be the largest sum ever paid for a tract of land in this city. Schlesinger & Mayer receive the ground under a 99-year lease for \$12,000 a year, or 5 per cent on \$2,400,000, which is \$120,000 more than Mr. Field paid for it. All the experts consider the price paid "too low," and that Marshall Field has not a better bargain than he has ever advertised.

Marshall Field and Levi Z. Leiter both appeared as employees in the dry goods trade here in the fifties. Potter Palmer was in the trade then. The young men became business associates in 1861, when the firm of Farwell, Field & Co. was formed, with Leiter as partner. In 1867 it became Field, Leiter & Co., and so continued until 1881, enjoying years of increasing prosperity.

In the last years of their alliance it was understood that their personal relations were under a strain. Marshall Field had yet one hobby. He wanted his name impressed on the mercantile business just as he has since impressed on the Columbian Museum, in the Chicago University and elsewhere. It was buy or sell. Both were men of millions. Leiter at the time had selected Washington for a place of residence, and besides his heavy investments in Chicago was rich in Colorado mining property. His social ambitions were high, and he was willing to get out of "trade," he said.

The dry goods business became again so attractive, at any rate, that Mr. Leiter put up a magnificent office building for Siegel, Cooper & Co., in which that firm conducted a great department store, a very important rival to the business Mr. Leiter's old partner was doing a few blocks away on the same street.

The serious differences between Mr. Field and his former partner were not brought to the public attention until in January, 1883, when the courts were called upon to take a hand in their trouble. The old firm occupied a big building at the southeast corner of Washington and Market streets, which was used as a wholesale store. It had been bought by the two principals of the firm and leased to Marshall Field & Co. After Mr. Leiter withdrew from the firm he wanted a brick wall built through the center of the property. This the court finally decided should be done. Mr. Leiter in the division getting the corner lot, but paying Mr. Field a bonus, which was fixed by the court. For a year there was a truce in the courts.

Then the war was resumed over a party wall between property owned by the two old-time friends in Monroe street. Mr. Leiter owned the property next to the corner on which now stands the magnificent Woman's Temple. Mr. Field had long contemplated the erection of this structure, and entered into a contract with Leiter to increase the strength of the party wall to support the new structure. The contract did not specifically give Mr. Field the right to extend the foundations under the building on the Leiter lot, but he did so, invading the basement of Mr. Leiter's building. Mr. Leiter promptly began ejectment proceedings. The court held for Mr. Field.

During all these contests Mr. Field displayed no animosity, while Mr. Leiter was not always conservative. In the ways of the two men there were always great differences, though equally great in business affairs. Mr. Leiter was always referring to his big street railway holdings and his ownership of real estate. No man was ever prouder of any possession than Levi Z. Leiter was of his son "Joe" during the wheat deal.