

The department of agriculture is proving its value constantly in many ways, but in none more definitely and clearly than in the encouragement of American youth to adopt the cultivation of the soil as a career.

Where is the psychologist who can give an explanation of the different ways in which the weather affects sports? There are baseball and football, for instance.

In the matter of dress we have fallen upon a decline since the days when the Duke of Wellington was refused admission to Almack's because he was wearing trousers instead of breeches and silk stockings.

The "wild garlic" which infests portions of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana is a noxious plant first seen in Pennsylvania.

A singular point evoked by recent prosecutions of fortune-tellers and palmists in another city is the fact that their insight into the futures of other people gave them no inkling of the evil influences that were about to haul themselves into the poller courts.

They figure it out that the moon is now 17,000 miles nearer the earth than usual. Everything seems to be coming down a bit.

That London newspaper man who has been doing America in 38 hours will probably get as much good out of the trip as some foreigners who have spent six months in trying to make up their minds about us.

It is reported that Ex-King Manuel of Portugal is hard up financially. This should serve as a warning to every young man to save while he has a good job.

The Hypotheses of Failure By O. HENRY

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LAWYER GOOCH bestowed his undivided attention upon the engrossing art of his profession. But one flight of fancy did allow his mind to entertain.

"Ships," Lawyer Gooch would say, "are constructed for safety, with separate, water-tight compartments in their bottoms.

The law is dry. Good jokes are few. Surely it might be permitted Lawyer Gooch to mitigate the bore of briefs, the tedium of torts and the prosiness of processes with even so light a levy upon the good property of humor!

Unprejudiced persons admitted that Lawyer Gooch received as big fees from those re-yoked clients as would have been paid him had the cases been contested in court.

Archibald, opening it, was thrust aside as superfluous by the visitor, who, without due reverence, at once penetrated to the office of lawyer Gooch and threw himself with good-natured insolence into a comfortable chair facing that gentleman.

"You are Phineas C. Gooch, attorney-at-law?" said the visitor, his tone of voice and inflection making his words at once a question, an assertion and an accusation.

Before committing himself by a reply, the lawyer estimated his possible client in one of his brief but shrewd and calculating glances.

"My name is Gooch," at length the lawyer admitted. Upon pressure he would also have confessed to the Phineas C. But he did not consider it good practise to volunteer information.

"I did not receive your card," he continued, by way of rebuke, "so I—" "I know you didn't," remarked the visitor, coolly, "and you won't get over it. Light up!"

"You are a divorce lawyer," said the careless visitor. This time there was no interrogation in his voice. Nor did his words constitute a simple assertion. They formed a charge—a denunciation—as one would say to a dog: "You are a dog."

"You handle," continued the visitor, "all the various ramifications of bust-up connubiality. You are a surgeon, we might say, who extracts Cupid's darts when he shoots 'em into the wrong parties. You furnish patent, incandescent lights for premises where the torch of Hymen has burned so low you can't light a cigar at it. Am I right, Mr. Gooch?"

refer. Do you wish to consult me professionally, Mr. —?" The lawyer paused, with significance. "Not yet," said the other, with an arch wave of his cigar, "not just yet. Let us approach the subject with the caution that should have been used in the original act that makes this pow-wow necessary.

"That's the word I was after. 'Apothecary was the best shot I could make at it in my mind. The hypothetical goes. I'll state the case. Suppose there's a woman—a dented fine-looking woman—who has run away from her husband and home? She's badly mangled on another man who went to her town to work up some real estate business. Now, we may as well call this woman's husband Thomas R. Billings, for that's his name. I'm giving you straight tips on the cognomins. The Lothario chap is Henry K. Jessup. The Billingses lived in a little town called Susanville—a good many miles from here. Now, Jessup leaves Susanville two weeks ago. The next day Mrs. Billings follows him. She's dead gone on this man Jessup; you can bet your law library on that."

Lawyer Gooch's client said this with such unctuous satisfaction that even the callous lawyer experienced a slight ripple of regret. He now saw clearly in his fatuous visitor the conceit of the lady-killer, the egotistic complacency of the successful trifler. "Now," continued the visitor, "suppose this Mrs. Billings wasn't happy at home? We'll say she and her husband didn't get over a cent. They've got incompatibility to burn. The things she likes Billings wouldn't have as a gift with trading stamps. It's Tabby and Rover with them all the time. She's an educated woman in science and culture, and she reads things out loud at meetings. Billings is not so. He don't appreciate progress and obelisks and ethics, and things of that sort. Old Billings is simply a blink when it comes to such things. The lady is out-and-out above his class. Now, lawyer, don't it look like a fair equalization of rights and wrongs that a woman like that should be allowed to throw down Billings and take the man that can appreciate her?"

"Incompatibility," said Lawyer Gooch, "is undoubtedly the source of much marital discord and unhappiness. Where it is positively proven, divorce would seem to be the equitable remedy. Are you—excuse me—is this man Jessup one to whom the lady may safely trust her future?"

"Oh, you can bet on Jessup," said the client, with a confident wave of his head. "Jessup's all right. He'll do the square thing. Why, he left Susanville just to keep people from talking about Mrs. Billings. But she followed him up, and now, of course, he'll stick to her. When she gets a divorce, all legal and proper, Jessup will do the proper thing."

"And now," said Lawyer Gooch, "continuing the hypothesis, if you prefer, and supposing that my services should be desired in the case, why—" The client rose impulsively to his feet.

"Oh, hang the hypothetical business," he exclaimed, impatiently. "Let's let her drop, and get down to straight talk. You ought to know who I am by this time. I want that woman to have her divorce. I'll pay for it. The day you set Mrs. Billings free I'll pay you five hundred dollars."

Lawyer Gooch's client banged his fist upon the table to punctuate his generosity.

"If that is the case—" began the lawyer. "Lady to see you, sir," bawled Archibald, bounding in from his ante-room. He had orders to always announce immediately any client that might come. There was no sense in turning business away.

Lawyer Gooch took client number one by the arm and led him suavely into one of the adjoining rooms. "Fingers by remaining here a few minutes, sir," he said. "I will return and resume our consultation with the least possible delay. I am rather expecting a visit from a very wealthy old lady in connection with a will. I will not keep you waiting long."

The broazy gentleman seated himself with obliging acquiescence, and took up a magazine. The lawyer returned to the middle office, carefully closing behind him the connecting door.

"Show the lady in, Archibald," he said to the office boy, who was awaiting the order.

A tall lady, of commanding presence and sternly handsome, entered the room. She wore robes—robes; not clothes—ample and fluent. In her eye could be perceived the lambent flame of genius and soul. In her hand was a green bag of the capacity of a bushel, and an umbrella that also seemed to wear a robe, ample and fluent. She accepted a chair.

"Are you Mr. Phineas C. Gooch, the lawyer?" she asked, in formal and unconvincatory tones.

"I am," answered Lawyer Gooch, without circumlocution. He never circumlocuted when dealing with a woman. Women circumlocute. Time is wasted when both sides in a debate employ the same tactics.

"As a lawyer, sir," began the lady, "you may have acquired some knowledge of the human heart. Do you believe that the pusillanimous and petty conventions of our artificial social life should stand as an obstacle in the way of a noble and affectionate heart when it finds its true mate among the miserable and worthless wretches in

the world that are called men?" "Madam," said Lawyer Gooch, in the tone that he used in curbing his female clients, "this is an office for conducting the practice of law. I am a lawyer, and not a philosopher. I have other clients waiting. I will ask you to kindly come to the point."

"Well, you needn't get so stiff around the gills about it," said the lady, with a snap of her luminous eyes and a startling gyration of her umbrella. "Business is what I've come for. I want your opinion in the matter of a suit for divorce, as the vulgar would call it, but which is really only the readjustment of the false and ignominious conditions that the short-sighted laws of man have interposed between a loving pair."

"I beg your pardon, madam," interrupted Lawyer Gooch, with some impatience, "for reminding you again that this is a law office. Perhaps Mrs. Wilcox—" "Mrs. Wilcox is all right," cut in the lady, with a hint of asperity. "And so is Tolstoy, and Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, and Omar Khayyam, and Mr. Edward Bok. I've read 'em all. I would like to discuss with you the divine right of the soul as opposed to the freedom-destroying restrictions of a bigoted and narrow-minded society. But I will proceed to business. I would prefer to lay the matter before you in an impersonal way until you pass upon its merits. That is, to describe it as a supposable instance, without—" "You wish to state a hypothetical case?" said Lawyer Gooch.

"I was going to say that," said the lady, sharply. "Now, suppose there is a woman who is all soul and heart and aspirations for a complete existence. This woman has a husband who is far below her in intellect, in taste—in everything. Bah! he is a brute. He despises literature. He sneers at the lofty thoughts of the world's great thinkers. He thinks only of real estate and such sordid things. He is no mate for a woman with soul. We will say that this unfortunate wife one day meets with her ideal—a man with brain and heart and force. She loves him. Although this man feels the thrill of a new-found affinity he is too noble, too honorable to declare himself. He flies from the presence of his beloved. She flies after him, trampling, with superb indifference upon the fetters with which an unenlightened social system would bind her. Now, what will a divorce cost? Eliza Ann Timmins, the poetess of Sycamore Gap, got one for three hundred and forty dollars. Can I—mean can this lady I speak of get one that cheap?" "Madam," said Lawyer Gooch, "your last two or three sentences delight me

I've heard all about you. I have a case to lay before you without necessarily disclosing any connection that I might have with it—that is—" "You wish," said Lawyer Gooch, "to state a hypothetical case?" "You may call it that. I am a plain man of business. I will be as brief as possible. We will first take up the hypothetical woman. We will say she is married uncongenially. In many ways she is a superior woman. Physically she is considered to be handsome. She is devoted to what she calls literature—poetry and prose, and such stuff. Her husband is a plain man in the business walks of life. Their home has not been happy, although the husband has tried to make it so. Some time ago a man—a stranger—came to the peaceful town in which they lived and engaged in some real estate operations. This woman met him, and became unaccountably infatuated with him. Her attentions became so open that the man felt the community to be no safe place for him, so he left her. She abandoned husband and home, and followed him. She forsook her home, where she was provided with every comfort, to follow this man who had inspired her with such a strange affection. Is there anything more to be deplored," concluded the client, in a trembling voice, "than the wrecking of a home by a woman's uncalculating folly?"

Lawyer Gooch delivered the cautious opinion that there was not. "This man she has gone to join," resumed the visitor, "is not the man to make her happy. It is a wild and foolish self-deception that makes her think he will. Her husband, in spite of their many disagreements, is the only one capable of dealing with her sensitive and peculiar nature. But this she does not realize now."

"Would you consider a divorce the logical cure in the case you present?" asked Lawyer Gooch, who felt that the conversation was wandering too far from the field of business. "A divorce!" exclaimed the client, feelingly—almost tearfully. "No, no—not that. I have read, Mr. Gooch, of many instances where your sympathy and kindly interest led you to act as a mediator between estranged husband and wife, and brought them together again. Let us drop the hypothetical case—I need concern no longer that it is I who am the sufferer in this sad affair—the names you shall have—Thomas R. Billings and wife—and Henry K. Jessup, the man with whom she is infatuated."

Client number three laid his hand upon Mr. Gooch's arm. Deep emotion was written upon his careworn face. "For heaven's sake," he said, fervently, "help me in this hour of trouble. Seek out Mrs. Billings, and persuade

her to abandon this distressing pursuit of her lamentable folly. Tell her, Mr. Gooch, that her husband is willing to receive her back to his heart and home—promise her anything that will induce her to return. I have heard of your success in these matters. Mrs. Billings cannot be very far away. I am worn out with travel and weariness. Twice during the pursuit I saw her, but various circumstances prevented our having an interview. Will you undertake this mission for me, Mr. Gooch, and earn my everlasting gratitude?"

"It is true," said Lawyer Gooch, frowning slightly at the other's last words, but immediately calling up an expression of virtuous benevolence, "that on a number of occasions I have been successful in persuading couples who sought the severing of their matrimonial bonds to think better of their rash intentions and return to their homes reconciled. But I assure you that the work is often exceedingly difficult. The amount of argument, perseverance, and if I may be allowed to say it, eloquence that it requires would astonish you. But this is a case in which my sympathies would be wholly enlisted. I feel deeply for you, sir, and I would be most happy to see husband and wife reunited. But my time," concluded the lawyer, looking at his watch as if suddenly reminded of the fact, "is valuable."

"I am aware of that," said the client, "and if you will take the case and persuade Mrs. Billings to return home and leave the man alone that she is following—on that day I will pay you the sum of one thousand dollars. I have made a little money in real estate during the recent boom in Susanville, and I will not begrudge that amount."

"Retain your seat for a few moments, please," said Lawyer Gooch, arising, and again consulting his watch. "I have another client waiting in an adjoining room whom I had

very nearly forgotten. I will return in the briefest possible space." The situation was now one that fully satisfied Lawyer Gooch's love of intricacy and complication. He revealed in cases that presented such subtle problems and possibilities. It pleased him to think that he was master of the happiness and fate of the three individuals who sat, unconscious of one another's presence, within his reach. His old figure of the ship glided into his mind. But now the figure failed, for to have filled every compartment of an actual vessel would have been to endanger her safety; while here, with his compartments full, his ship of affairs could but sail on to the advantageous port of a fine, fat fee. The way for him to do, of course, was to bring the best "rain" he could from some one of his anxious cargo.

First he called to the office boy: "Lock the outer door, Archibald, and admit no one." Then he moved, with long, silent strides into the room in which client number one waited. That gentleman sat, patiently scanning the pictures in the magazine, with a cigar in his mouth and his feet upon a table. "Well," he remarked, cheerfully, as the lawyer entered, "have you made up your mind? Does five hundred dollars go for getting the fair lady a divorce?"

"You mean that as a retainer?" asked Lawyer Gooch, softly interrogative. "Hey? No; for the whole job. It's enough, ain't it?" "My fee," said Lawyer Gooch, "would be one thousand five hundred dollars. Five hundred dollars down, and the remainder upon issuance of the divorce."

A loud whistle came from client number one. His feet descended to the floor. "Guess we can't close the deal," he said arising. "I cleaned up five hundred dollars in a little real estate dicker down in Susanville. I'd do anything I could to free the lady, but it out-sizes my pile."

"Could you stand one thousand two hundred dollars?" asked the lawyer, insinuatingly. "Five hundred is my limit, I tell you. Guess I'll have to hunt up a cheaper lawyer." The client put on his hat. "Out this way, please," said Lawyer Gooch, opening the door that led into the hallway.

As the gentleman flowed out of the compartment and down the stairs, Lawyer Gooch smiled to himself. "Exit Mr. Jessup," he murmured, as he fingered the Henry Clay tuft of hair at his ear. "And now for the forsaken husband." He returned to the middle office, and assumed a businesslike manner.

"I understand," he said to client number three, "that you agree to pay one thousand dollars if I bring about, or an instrumental in bringing about, the return of Mrs. Billings to her home, and her abandonment of her infatuated pursuit of the man for whom she has conceived such a violent fancy. Also that the case is now unreservedly in my hands on that basis. Is that correct?"

"Entirely," said the other, eagerly. "And I can produce the cash any time at two hours' notice."

Lawyer Gooch stood up at his full height. His thin figure seemed to expand. His thumbs sought the armholes of his vest. Upon his face was the look of sympathetic benignity that he always wore during such undertakings.

"Then, sir," he said in kindly tones, "I think I can promise you an early relief from your troubles. I have that much confidence in my powers of argument and persuasion, in the natural impulses of the human heart toward good, and in the strong influence of a husband's unflinching love. Mrs. Billings, sir, is here—in that room—the lawyer's long arm pointed to the door. "I will call her in at once; and our united pleadings—"

Lawyer Gooch paused, for client number three had leaped from his chair as if propelled by steel springs, and clutched his satchel. "What the devil," he exclaimed, harshly, "do you mean? That woman in there! I thought I shook her off forty miles back."

He ran to the open window, looked out below, and threw one leg over the sill. "Stop!" cried Lawyer Gooch, in amazement. "What would you do? Come, Mr. Billings, and face your erring but innocent wife. Our combined entreaties cannot fail to—" "Billings!" shouted the now thoroughly moved client; "I'll Billings you, or I'll let it go!"

Turning, he hurled his satchel with fury at the lawyer's head. It struck that astounded peace-maker between the eyes, causing him to stagger backward a pace or two. When Lawyer Gooch recovered his wits he saw that his client had disappeared. Rushing to the window, he leaned out, and saw the recreant gathering himself up from the top of a shed upon which he had dropped from the second-story window. Without stopping to collect his hat he then plunged downward the remaining ten feet to the alley, up which he flew with prodigious celerity until the surrounding building swallowed him up from view.

Lawyer Gooch passed his hand tremblingly across his brow. It was an habitual act with him, serving to clear his thoughts. Perhaps also it now seemed to soothe the spot where a very hard alligator-hide satchel had struck.

The satchel lay upon the floor, wide open, with its contents spilled about. Mechanically Lawyer Gooch stooped to gather up the articles. The first was a collar; and the omniscient eye of the man of law perceived, wonderingly, the initials H. K. J. marked upon it. Then came a comb, a brush, a folded map and a piece of soap. Lastly, a handful of old business letters, addressed—every one of them—to "Henry K. Jessup, Esq."

Lawyer Gooch closed the satchel, and set it upon the table. He hesitated for a moment, and then put on his hat and walked into the office boy's ante-room.

"Archibald," he said, mildly, as he opened the hall door, "I am going around to the supreme court rooms. In five minutes you may step into the inner office, and inform the lady who is waiting there—that—here Lawyer Gooch made use of the vernacular—" "That there's nothing doing."



HE HURLED HIS SATCHEL WITH FURY AT THE LAWYER'S HEAD.

with their intelligence and clearness. Can we not now abandon the hypothetical, and come down to names and business?"

"I should say so," exclaimed the lady, adopting the practical with admirable readiness. "Thomas R. Billings is the name of the low brute who stands between the happiness of his legal—his legal, but not his spiritual—wife and Henry K. Jessup, the noble man whom nature intended for her mate. I, concluded the client with an air of dramatic revelation, "am Mrs. Billings!"

"Gentlemen to see you, sir," shouted Archibald, invading the room almost at a handspring. Lawyer Gooch arose from his chair.

"Mrs. Billings," he said, courteously, "allow me to conduct you into the adjoining office apartment for a few minutes. I am expecting a very wealthy old gentleman on business connected with a will. In a very short while I will join you, and continue our consultation."

With his accustomed chivalrous manner Lawyer Gooch ushered his soulful client into the remaining unoccupied room, and came out, closing the door with circumspection.

The next visitor introduced by Archibald was a thin, nervous, irritable-looking man of middle age, with a worried and apprehensive expression of countenance. He carried in one hand a small satchel, which he set down upon the floor beside the chair which the lawyer placed for him. His clothing was of good quality, but it was worn without regard to neatness or style, and appeared to be covered with the dust of travel.

her to abandon this distressing pursuit of her lamentable folly. Tell her, Mr. Gooch, that her husband is willing to receive her back to his heart and home—promise her anything that will induce her to return. I have heard of your success in these matters. Mrs. Billings cannot be very far away. I am worn out with travel and weariness. Twice during the pursuit I saw her, but various circumstances prevented our having an interview. Will you undertake this mission for me, Mr. Gooch, and earn my everlasting gratitude?"

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THE GROWTH OF TOWNS IN WESTERN CANADA

A BAROMETER OF THE GROWTH OF THE AGRICULTURAL DISTRICTS.

The traveler passing through a country is impressed favorably or otherwise by the appearance of the towns along the line of railway. As they appear prosperous and of healthy growth he at once assures himself that there is either a local industrial factor to cause it, or a splendidly developed agricultural area from which is drawn the resources that contribute or make for the growth that is so readily apparent. On the other hand, if evidence of impoverished streets, badly appearing residences and business places and lethargic citizens, there is an absence of local industry and surrounding agricultural prosperity. There is no line of railway, whether main or branch, throughout western Canada, that through the towns or cities that are built along the ribs of steel do not convey the most favorable impression. The cause is not always apparent, but the facts are there and easily seen. In most cases the growth and the stability of these towns are caused by the excellent agricultural districts that are tributary; in some cases manufacturing enterprises have sprung up, caused by the agricultural demands and needs. The Winnipeg Free Press and the Edmonton Bulletin have recently sent corps of correspondents through the provinces to secure data concerning the growth of the two or three hundred towns that have come into existence during the past two or three years. The particulars make interesting reading, and as one reads of the station house, the blacksmith shop, the boarding house and the store of April, being dwarfed in August by a hundred or more dwellings, by large hotels, by splendid stores, and a half dozen implement warehouses, not forgetting the two or three churches and the excellent public school buildings, it causes one to stop and think if they ever heard of such marvelous changes. Certainly not often. These are facts, though, as related of western Canada. Then, too, there are now cities—yes, cities of from ten to fifteen thousand people—where five or six years ago there was but the bare prairie and the lone section post. The changes in the Canadian West during the past eight or ten years have been marvelous, and it is no idle tale to say that the development in number and growth of the cities, towns and villages there in the past decade has eclipsed anything in the history of the building of a new country. Agriculture has been the basis, and it is agriculture of the kind that is lasting. The ease with which an excellent productive farm, capable of yielding a splendid living and large profit to the operator, is such that it has encouraged thousands to follow that pursuit, and also other thousands on the limited and expensive farms throughout the Central Western States as well as some of the Coast States, to enlarge their field of enterprise. The climate is excellent, and just the climate that is desirable for the healthy growth of man and the products of the field. All varieties of the smaller and better paying grains are raised, and generally with every assurance of good fields. With government supervision of railway rates, splendid markets are certain, and the highest prices realized. The Dominion Government, that has been carrying on a propaganda of securing settlers for the vacant lands, issues literature descriptive of those available in the provinces, and on request of your nearest Canadian government agent, copies will be forwarded free.

A Lesson for Diplomats. Elitha Root, at the luncheon in Providence preceding the dedication of the John Hay Memorial Library at Brown university, said of John Hay: "His diplomacy was gracious, and it was prudent as well. I remember, in an argument about a certain international complication, how very warmly and aptly he once insisted on prudence."

"It was the Christmas season, and he said that we might learn a lesson from a little girl who was naughty in the early part of December. "Dear me," her mother said, "if you're going to be naughty I'm very much afraid Santa Claus won't bring you any presents."

"The little girl frowned. "Well," she whispered, "you needn't say it so near the chimney!"

Old Houses. Old houses have a far larger commercial value than their owners always remember. Milton's well-known observation in his "Areopagitica," "Almost as well kill a man a good book," applies not a little to a good old building, which is not only a book but a unique manuscript that has no fel low.—Address by Thomas Hardy.

Placed. Mrs. B.—Is she a Mary of the vine-clad cottage? of Mrs. M.—No, a Martha of the rubber-plant flat.—Harper's Bazar.

Sioux City Directory EXCELLENT BARGAINS in rebuilt typewriters and used typewriters. Write for list of twenty-five special bargains.

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J. C. RENNISON CO. FLORISTS Floral emblems and cut flowers for all occasions. SIOUX CITY, IOWA