

The MINISTER OF POLICE

By HENRY MONTJOY

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Synopsis.
"THE MINISTER OF POLICE," by Henry Montjoy, is a romance of Paris during the Louis XV reign, a period when Europe was in a condition of ferment and unrest; when Voltaire was being torn to pieces the shackles of religion; when Rousseau at the Cafe de Regence was preaching the right to think; and when a thousand men, some in the gutter, some near the throne were preparing the great explosion of the revolution.
Madame Linden, an Austrian lady, after completing a mission to the French court, lingers on in Paris, enjoying the gay life there. De Sartines, the minister of police, thinks she has some other motive than pleasure in delaying her departure and surrounds her with spies to discover, if possible, whether she is dabbling in state plots.
De Lussac is a noble of exceptional character of that period. Handsome, with all the elegance of a man of the court, he is still about him something that stamps him as a man apart, something of the visionary, the enthusiast and the poet, rare in that age of an unworldly, idealistic and embowered brutality. He is, in fact, steeped in the philosophy of Rousseau and is trying to put this philosophy into practice through a connection with a secret society that is plotting the downfall of the state. Before he has gone far enough to incriminate himself he falls in love with the beautiful girl, who persuades him his method of righting the wrongs of humanity is impracticable, and ends by promising to go to Vienna with her to live.
As he leaves her house a fellow conspirator, his chief, joins him, says several of the members are arrested, and entrusts the secret articles of the association to him. He then explains to De Lussac that their only hope is to intimidate the minister of police. De Lussac's cousin, with this contract in their possession they can dictate terms to the minister of police, obtain the release of the members already imprisoned and be safe themselves.
De Lussac goes home, buries the papers he has just received, writes Madame Linden that he is attempting one last mission for the society, and also writes an associate telling him where the papers are hidden. He enters Richelieu's home and almost succeeds in getting the document, but is surprised and locked in a drawer which he has unlocked. Before he can make another attempt he is arrested and taken to the Bastille but not before he has succeeded in getting the document. She, realizing how desperate her lover's position is, visits Richelieu's and succeeds where her lover has failed.

CHAPTER XI (Continued.)
"Poor mirror!" murmured Madame Linden as if to herself. "It seems to me it is having a very absurd reflection cast upon it. Now, see, I have no water for my flowers unless someone fetches it for me. Dear Monsieur de Joyeuse, would you like to be usefully employed?"
"No, madame."
"At this moment a tap came to the door and Rosine entered with a ewer of water."
"I have brought you the water for the flowers, madame."
"Thank you," replied the baroness. "You have saved Monsieur de Joyeuse from disturbing his reflection in the mirror. Place the ewer on the table."
De Joyeuse ogled Rosine as she obeyed the baroness' order and withdrew. Then he rose from his chair.
"My reflections are finished, madame. My I assist you with your flowers?"
"Thank you," said she, "if it will not inconvenience your color effect, you may hold this rose." She handed him a rose, just as a person hands a child some trifle to keep it quiet, continuing her plan against De Joyeuse. On the side of her mind while the other side occupied itself with the flowers and De Joyeuse.
She could not imagine why he had chosen to visit her this night, nor did she particularly try. This is the first time that she still able to speak and walk almost amused her; she scarcely placed him in the category of men. Yet the fashion-plate, holding the rose to his nostrils, was watching her every movement, studying the graceful lines of her figure, approving her.
"Your occupation reminds me of the latest ballad on the Du Barry, madame. It is being circulated all over Paris. The whole court is convulsed and the king is furious."
"At the convulsions of the court?"
"No, madame, at the confusion of the Du Barry."
"Repeat me the ballad."
"Madame, it is unprintable."
"Ma foi! I did not ask you to print it. And since when, monsieur, has it been the custom of gallant Frenchmen to turn women to jest in ribald ballads and glory in the fact that I am an Austrian, as perhaps you know, and your customs as strange to me."
"I know nothing of ballad writers, madame. They live, I believe, in the Rue du Tranduc and die in the ditch of the temple—by watching the streets to escape the hangman of Monsieur de Sartines."
"Ah!"
"What is the matter, madame?"
"A thorn pricked me. Are you acquainted with Monsieur de Sartines?"
"He is one of my friends. But it is not of Monsieur de Sartines that I came today to speak, but of myself."
"Of yourself?" cried Madame Linden, laughing and drying her hands on her handkerchief. "Ma foi, monsieur, what strange subjects you choose for conversation."
"Madame," said De Joyeuse, quite unmoved, "am your friend."
"Indeed? I am glad to hear that."
"You have many enemies."
"Who has not?"
"Bitter enemies."
"Are there such things as sweet ones?"
"Enemies who speak evil of you. These are dangerous times, madame, and I have come to offer you—"
"Yes?"
"My protection."
"Your protection?"
"Yes, madame," replied the fashion plate, utterly deceived by the manner of his vis-a-vis. "My heart and, if need be, my purse."
"Your purse?" said she, ignoring his heart.
"Why, yes, madame; and a well filled purse at that. I am direct, you see."
"You are indeed," replied she with a sweet smile.
"You have charmed me. Another man would have come to you and said, 'Madame, you have charmed me; allow me to offer you my services and my purse,' whereas I have paid me the insult first and the compliment after. One moment! You have heard people speaking, you have heard me called an adventurer, you have heard this and that, and you have said to yourself, 'Here is an adventurer without friends, he pleases me and I will make her my mistress.' One moment! You

"Oh, madame, they are not hats—they are creations."
"And my bill is that, too, a creation?"
"Your bill is 40,000 francs, madame."
"A large sum, Monsieur Behrens."
"Oh, madame, 40,000 francs! What are they to the conquest of Paris?"
"So you think my hats will conquer Paris?"
"Madame, the rose flamingo hat, alone, would conquer Europe."
"Well, these conquerors of yours—have you brought them with you?"
"Oh, madame, so many hats and gowns! One can not carry those in one's pocket. They shall be sent to-night."
"That is well. And see that they are packed properly for traveling. Good day, Monsieur Behrens."
"But, madame, there is my bill."
"Ah, true; your bill. I thought we had spoken of that. You told me it would be unnecessary to pay on delivery and that I could arrange with you before I left Paris."
"When did I say that, madame?"
"When I ordered the things?"
"Certainly."
"Madame, there must have been some mistake. As for myself, I am entirely at madame's service on the table and dining, half cent. It was loathsome, though to an unthinking mind laughable, to see how that dash of cold water had washed away the dandy and brought the cur to light. He was not perhaps a coward as the times went, but he was entirely dominated for the moment by the woman with the ewer. As he crossed the courtyard she called at him as one calls after a dog, threatening it. Then she shut the window, replaced the ewer on the table and gave a last touch to the bowl of flowers. She was disturbed in her mind. Her reputation must have gone very much to the bad in the last few days, else De Joyeuse would never have dared an insult like that. She began to tremble for the first time, fully, how deeply she was hated in this society dominated by women and that odious woman worship which makes a Frenchman the puppet of his mistress, and degrades the worshiped and the worshiper alike.
"Well," she murmured as she rang the bell for Rosine to remove the ewer and to wipe up the water on the floor, "what do I care for their hate as long as I have my love?"
She spoke quite unconscious of the fact that De Lussac was at that moment being driven to the Bastille in the safe custody of Monsieur Beauregard.

CHAPTER XII.
MADAME ASSERTS HER DIGNITY.
Placide answered the bell.
"Ah!" said the baroness. "So you have returned, Placide. I have spilled some water. I have been washing a dog. Fetch a cloth to wipe it up, and you can take the ewer away. No parcels have come for me, I suppose?"
The maid went off with the ewer and returned in a moment with a cloth. She took it from him, went down on her knees and mopped up the water on the parquet.
"My legs are younger than yours," said she. "Here, take the cloth. I am going out, and should any parcels arrive for me, tell Rosine to place them in my bedroom."
"Yes, madame."
"Stay," said the baroness. "What is that?"
Voices sounded from below stairs, and in a moment Rosine came running up.
"Monsieur Boehmer has called, madame."
"Boehmer, the jeweler?"
"Yes, madame."
"Ah, he has brought my necklace. Run down and show him up."
Rosine disappeared, and in a moment returned, ushering in Boehmer. Placide left the room, and madame found herself alone with the jeweler. Boehmer was a Hebrew, a German Hebrew, very stout, soberly yet richly dressed, with a blazing diamond on the middle finger of his left hand, and a most seductive smile presiding over his commanding nose. He was very well to do. Jeweler to the court, he held a good many secrets in his keeping. Losses at cards brought many of the nobility to Monsieur Boehmer; he lent money on good security and sometimes even on bad. He was gracious to every one without pretense, for he had a good heart; he was charitable out of business and had been known to give money to those to whom he had refused a loan. But in business he had no heart.
"Good day, Monsieur Boehmer."
"Good day, madame."
"You have called about the diamonds?"
"Madame," said Boehmer, taking a parcel from his pocket. "I have brought them. The necklace is complete."
He took from the parcel a velvet covered box, opened it, and exposed to view a superb necklace of pure white stones, each a fountain of fire.
"Ah! madame; how beautiful!" cried the baroness.
"Is not it sweet?" said Boehmer, moving the casket so that the gems shone and flashed and leaped before the fascinated eyes of the purchaser.
"Quite excellent workmanship. I must congratulate you, Monsieur Boehmer."
"Thank you, madame."
"Show him up," she said to Rosine.
"And the bill, madame?" said Boehmer, as he withdrew the stones.
"Ah! the bill, 60,000 francs. I think you said the price would be?"
"Yes, madame."
"Well, I will pay you before I leave for Vienna. You said it would not be necessary to pay on delivery."
"Unfortunately, madame, when I said that I spoke without the consent of my partner, Monsieur Postang, and since then we have had some very heavy losses."
"Oh," said the baroness. "You have had some very heavy liabilities to meet?"
Before Boehmer could reply, a knock came at the door and Placide entered.
"Madame," said Placide, "Monsieur Behrens has called and wishes to see you."
"Behrens, the haberdasher?"
"Yes, madame."
"Show him up." Then, turning to Boehmer, "You mistrust me. Take your jewels away and keep them till you hear from me."
"Oh, madame, you are—"
"I am the Baroness Sophie Linden," said Placide, "and you will, Good day, Monsieur Boehmer."
"Madame, if you would but listen to me—"
"Good day, Monsieur Boehmer. Ah, Monsieur Behrens, come in."
Boehmer, astonished, half-angry, half-filled with admiration for the woman who had treated him so cavalierly, bowed himself out. A woman of the court would have raved or wheedled, promised, threatened. As he descended the stairs his acute mind told him he had been misled by the rumors he had heard; that this woman was to be trusted; but it was too late now to testify matters, so he took his way back to his shop, nearly certain that the jewels would be taken and paid for in the end.
"Well, Monsieur Behrens," said the baroness, "and my gowns?"
"They are finished, madame."
"And my hats?"

NOTABLE ORTHODOXY MARKS BIG MEETINGS
Presbyterians of All Branches Resist Theological Laxity.
CLEAR GAINS FOR UNION
Southern Baptists Even Withdraw From International Sunday School Association—Y. M. C. A. Also For Old Creed.
From the Religious Rambler.
The "big meetings," as the great denominational gatherings are called in England, have this year registered a notable development in the religious life of America. They mark this as orthodox year. In the face of an apparent widespread tendency toward theological laxity, three representative meetings have revealed a resolution to stand fast by the fundamentals of the evangelical faith.
The pan-Presbyterian gathering in Atlanta took first rank in public interest. The northern, southern and united Presbyterian churches met at the same time and in the same place. That these circumstances should best match talk of union was but natural. Even more conspicuous in the deliberations of these paradoxical Presbyterians were their steadfast orthodox. "The most orthodox assembly for a generation," is the way one man characterized the gathering of the northern church.
No Heresies Here.
Of course nobody expected heresies in the southern and united Presbyterian assemblies; their conservatism in things doctrinal is the strongest of the ties that insure their early amalgamation. Scarcely a heresy was mentioned in the deliberations of the northern assembly. Heresy hunters have long been busy in this denomination, although it is one of the ironies of fate that Prof. C. A. Briggs, of Union seminary, who was charged with heresy by the presbytery in 1890, is now deemed one of the bulwarks in the realm of scholarship of the orthodox position.
Union seminary was made an issue at Atlanta. A proposition was pending to reestablish relations between it and the Presbyterian church. The debate waxed hot, but from the first 10 minutes it was clear that the delegates were ultra conservative in their thinking. The question got into a parliamentary snarl that made a clear-cut vote on the issue impossible, so it had to go over a year; but had a ballot been taken the result would manifestly have shown an overwhelming sentiment against anything that seemed like compromise. "Hiberal" and "liberal" in other matters the same rigid spirit of orthodox cropped out. Thus, in discussing the proposed world conference on faith and order the assembly stipulated that only churches subscribing to the deity of Jesus Christ could be admitted.
Some New Creeds.
Paradoxically, both the northern and southern Presbyterian general assemblies, ultra-conservative though they were, adopted new and modernized expressions of their faith. The larger body adopted a new "intermediate Catechism," more popular in expression than the "Shorter Catechism," and covering the phases of religion that are stressed at the present time. This is avowedly a modernized and the practice of studying the catechism.
In the southern assembly the most liberal step for years was taken when a "Brief Statement" of belief was adopted. This was radical in that it riding the crest of the Westminister confession, so far as the public is concerned. For that matter it is extremely unlikely that the general public has the remotest idea of what the Westminister confession of faith looks like. The "Brief Statement" is but a restatement, in compact, present-day form, of the old creed, but the divines of the Westminister assembly would have hard work recognizing it. Although the Westminister confession church had her most conservative leaders to the Atlanta assembly, yet the assembly voted to remain in the federal council of churches, despite the charges of heresy against the latter.
Y. M. C. A. For Old Faith.
Next in importance was the striking fact that the Presbyterian assemblies to the old beliefs, or even exceeding it, was the action of the Y. M. C. A. leaders in Cincinnati, re-affirming the association's loyalty to the evangelical standards. This was done, too, by over-riding the thirty-committee report, so that in fullest, most unequivocal action the association has declared itself loyal to its earliest religious standards and mission.
This determines that the Y. M. C. A. is not to become merely a comprehensive social agency, without specific religious beliefs. Instead, there is new stress being laid upon the evangelistic mission of the movement. The far-reaching consequences of the action are indicated when the world-wide ramifications of the association are considered.
Union Makes Strides.
Despite the action of the southern Baptist convention in withdrawing from the International Sunday school lessons, a move meant to be in the interest of Baptist doctrinal integrity, the May meeting showed exceptional progress toward church union. The United Brethren general convention took definite steps toward union with Methodist Protestant church. The Southern Presbyterians and the United Presbyterians by concurrent action, advanced their prospective union, with no dissenting voice. That there may be no haste, the basis of union which was adopted will be before the Presbyteries for a year. This document steers clear of the legal obstacles to union by continuing the existing institutions of both bodies until a merger can be effected without question or opposition. The troublesome question of the United Presbyterian conscience concerning the use of psalms is solved by permitting each congregation to sing either psalms or hymns, at its discretion.
The historic Atlanta meeting put the northern and southern Presbyterians on terms of familiar acquaintanceship. Of design, no formal action was taken by both bodies jointly looking toward union. But all the same, everybody present knows that the reunion of all Presbyterians is now inevitable and near.
When all these kindred groups of churches get together, then the union of all will be within a sight. In that day, the month of May, 1913, will be remembered as a historic date contributing largely to the event.

Thirsty Must Work.
From the Woodstock, Minn., News.
Hereafter when the "drys" of our town want a drink they will either have to send the money with the order or go after it themselves. The recently adjourned legislature passed a law that no person could receive orders, dry or otherwise, for any kind of intoxicating liquors.

HIRAM'S SHARE OF THE FAMILY INCOME
From the New York Post.
"Hiram," said Mrs. Potheringham suddenly from the other side of the evening lamp.
Mr. Potheringham, safe in the computer's heaven, beside his own open fire, his tired feet stretched luxuriously toward his blaze, his favorite cigar alight, and the evening paper open before him, made an inarticulate murmur in reply, but his liege lords use to indicate that they are still alive and know they are being addressed but don't propose to come out further from their abstraction unless forced to do so.
Mrs. Potheringham understood and continued briskly: "Hiram, I've just seen reading this article on the economic dependence of women. What it says is so. Marriage is an equal partnership, and the wife is entitled to half the income and ought to have it."
There was a decided note in his wife's voice that warned Mr. Potheringham to up. He lowered his paper, removed his cigar and listened. When she had finished he bent his head and eyed her quizzically over the rims of his reading glasses and in his quiet voice mildly expostulated:
"Oh, my dear! Do you really think they would be satisfied with half?"
Mrs. Potheringham wheeled around sideways, planted her elbows on the table and looked severely at her husband. Her eyes snapped and her lips opened quickly to reply. Then, she didn't reply. In a flash she saw it all—the innumerable home expenses, the bills for the children's school and college, the clothing, the gifts, the impending money, the amusements and the philanthropies of all the family, her own clubs and teas, and charities and vanities; and this quiet, strong, uncompromising breadwinner for them all, with his mere head and board, his chair, his cigar, his few suits of clothes, his routine life, back and forth, back and forth—Hiram, the base of the entire family pyramid, and she talking about "half" the income! Nay, they absorbed it all.
Mrs. Potheringham's lips closed slowly, having uttered no word. She removed her elbow from the table, rose from her chair and took up her magazine. Then a little ripple of laughter crept into her eyes, and she said softly:
"Hiram, you are simply delicious!"

BAGDAD IS NEGLECTED TERRITORY FOR TRADE
The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, of the department of commerce, has just completed part III of a report on the cotton goods trade of Turkey, and therein it is shown that more than \$7,000,000 worth of cotton goods is imported into Bagdad each year, of which the United States supplies practically none.
Practically all of the yarn and about three-fourths of the thread are now imported from British India. Under the heading of piece goods are included all the different kinds of cotton cloth, imported—sheetings, shirtings, prints, ginghams, duck, khaki, etc. The principal source of cotton goods imports has always been England, but in recent years British India has made a considerable gain in this market. The United States has been shipping cotton goods to points on the Persian gulf, but did not export any to Bagdad until 1912, when a Bagdad importer placed a small order for drills and ducks with a New York exporter.
Gray and white sheetings and shirtings constitute about three-fourths of the imports of cotton goods, and it has been said that the United States can not compete in this market with the sale of these goods. All Bagdad importers who have received samples from American exporters are impressed with the superior quality of the goods offered, but they state that the price is too high and the terms too rigid. The masses of the people are poor working classes whose incomes are extremely small. Cheapness is with them the principal consideration and, generally speaking they probably do not feel that superior and more durable material is worth a higher price, is cheaper in the end.
The general imports of cotton goods into Bagdad in 1908 were valued at \$5,207,233; in 1909, at \$6,478,511; in 1910, at \$6,263,650; and in 1911, at \$7,022,851.
Cut Out the Crime Pictures.
From the Philadelphia Bulletin.
A boy burglar in Trenton says that he had been taught to steal by watching the comparative ease with which robbers operated in the moving picture shows. This calls attention to an evil which has been apparent to most level-headed persons for a long time past. The moving pictures, like many other modern devices for the public, call instruction, can be made either a source of good or of ill, depending entirely upon the point of view of the managers or promoters of these shows. They are patronized largely by boys and girls who have a perfectly normal and childish liking for exciting pictures and plays. But there are many legitimate ways of satisfying this juvenile craving without teaching the youngsters how to steal and to commit crime in general.
A little consideration on the part of the managers of these shows should convince them that their own interests, no less than those of the public, call for the elimination of the crime films. There is already a sort of censorship over moving pictures, but this relates to immoral or frankly objectionable scenes and has no bearing on the narratives which exploit how easily and cleverly criminals may outwit honest people. Let the managers cut out the crime teaching pictures, and if they will not do it voluntarily, then let the authorities do it for them.

Income Taxes Compared.
From the Boston Globe.
While the democratic leaders are trying to decide upon a fair figure for the income tax which will not be taxed, with \$4,000 as the limit most often mentioned, it may be worth while to consider the limits fixed by other nations. In England the exemption is \$350, in Prussia it is \$225, in Austria \$150 and in Italy \$72.50.
These figures reveal how hard pressed foreign powers are to secure revenue. They also signify that only the very poorest people escape making a contribution from their slender funds. Our own lawmakers do not approach the problem in any such spirit as that exhibited by European powers. It is evidently their intention not to disturb the people of moderate means, but to require those who, in their opinion, are best able to aid the government, to bear the burden.
Therefore in theory, at least, our proposed income tax is class legislation, because it applies to only a limited number of our citizens.

New Job Is Safe So Far.
From the Philadelphia Record.
A man who goes to Maine each year for the hunting was quite surprised this season upon arriving at the village hotel to find one of the old and best known guides leading about idle.
"Well, Laif," asked the visitor, "don't you guide hunting parties any more?"
"No, I gave it up," slowly answered Laif. "Got tired of being mistook for a deer."
"I don't blame you. How do you earn your living now?"
"I guide fishing parties now. So far nobody ain't mistook me for a fish."

GERMANS ENCOURAGE ATHLETIC DEVELOPMENT
Following the English Association By Means of "Efficiency" Medals.
Following the footsteps of the English association, the German athletic authorities have adopted a plan to encourage all round athletic development by means of "efficiency" medals. The imperial committee of the Olympic games has worked out a system for the awarding of gold, silver and bronze medals for athletes who perform above a set standard in any one of the groups of athletic games and sports. The first group consists of swimming and gymnastics, the second of high jump and broad jump, the third of running 100 yards or a quarter of a mile, the fourth of fencing, discus throwing, rowing, lawn tennis, wrestling, hockey and golf, and the fifth group includes long distance running, swimming, skating, skiing and cycling. The idea is that moderate efficiency in five of these things shall be rewarded by a bronze medal. A silver medal will be given if the performances are repeated in each of four years, and a gold medal if the performances are repeated in each of eight years. A competitor of more than 32 years of age will obtain the gold medal if he satisfies the tests in five of the things, which is confined to Germans; is no doubt well adapted to German tastes and to present German conditions.

The First Hole.
Scholar. "Well, Master, here I am upon the tee and there lies the ball. How shall I strike it?"
Golfer. "As you will, sir. There are as many ways to drive a ball as to kill a cat, and these ways we shall consider, but for this first hole, I would have you assail the ball in any fashion that may please you; for it will be a great time hence when you please yourself again, before which way you shall be glad to see the dharma and that, and a great grief to see it in the hands of a fool."
Scholar. "Shall I stand in this fashion?"
Golfer. "No, sir, bestride not the ball like the Colossus which was at Rhodes, for in such stiff and ungraceful posture you cannot put your eyes and shoulders into the blow. There are three strange golfers that spread themselves in this fashion, and play with elbows, to the great detriment of the landscape, so that when I walk over the links I could wish for binders, that horses wear. Let your feet be more neighborly, so, and have it at."
Scholar. "The ball is gone, yet I saw it not."
Golfer. "Well hit, Scholar; as true a ball as ever left wood, and as far as most."
Scholar. "Why, sir, it was nought; I did but swing the club, and felt not the blow."
Golfer. "A brave shot, Scholar; which you shall have sweet remembrance of these many months to come. Marry, if you take my advice you will rest content, and sell these tools of wood and iron, to your great peace of mind and the contentment of some of such friends as now you have."
Scholar. "Sir, I take not your meaning. Let us to the ball, that I may strike it again, for my impatience is not to be despised for a mate in golf."
Golfer. "Come then; for compared with the task of staying you, it were a profitable employ to discourse to the deaf or to show pictures to the blind. A sparrow, new come from the south-land, sings for a mate in a ronder maple tree, yet I warrant you would not; there are patches of springing green in the grown carpet of the links, yet this pleasing tapestry serves but as background for the golfer's lies, well up. Take notice, Scholar, and whilst you fall upon the ball I do desire to look another way."

Conditions in Hungary.
From Consular Reports.
Hungary experienced a year of great prosperity in 1911. The adverse trade balance, far from being an unfavorable sign, indicates Hungary's ability to buy foreign goods. Commercial activity was never greater; the banks report substantial gains in deposits, the railways earned more money, and handled more freight and passengers. Good harvests, with few exceptions, worked full time throughout the year.
That such conditions exist in spite of Hungary's unfortunate geographical position and in spite of the keen competition of Austria and Germany, is a sign of its inherent strength and a guarantee of its future position among the important industrial nations. Hungary's per capita foreign trade is nearly as great as that of the United States. This is the more striking when it is remembered that Hungary's imports always exceed its exports in value.
The minister of the interior places the number of emigrants from Hungary to the United States during 1911 at 70,000, compared with 13,000 in 1910. This decrease is regarded in Hungary with much satisfaction, and is attributed in part to the better conditions of life which are beginning to obtain among the emigrants. It is doubtless true that conditions have improved during the last few years, but there has not been a sufficient improvement in the ratio of wages to the cost of living, and for a 50 per cent decrease in emigration, and the real reason must be sought in the fluctuations of the American labor market.

Meat of Nuts That Wise Men Crack.
By Marshall Cushing.
Old Ben was right about the difference between good printing and bad printing—which is all the difference in the world. Bad printing is weeds; bad fails. Bad printing is weeds that fail; it is one of those things, like certain kinds of virtue, which one—notice the nice use of the word "one"—is entitled to shrug his shoulders at or turn up his nose at, and thus effectively condemn.
Good printing need not necessarily cost very much more than bad printing—indeed, it need not cost any more. Actually, it never costs so much. And this is for the simple reason that you pay for that produces what you have to have is cheap; and no matter how cheap anything is, it is dear at the price if it doesn't serve the purpose.

William E. Irons in Ad-League Bulletin.
When you want printing make up your mind what you want, go to some body who has demonstrated he can give you what you want, when you want it, and at a fair price. Don't shop around, get a lot of estimates, then think the lowest is the cheapest. Paper is a staple article, a printer of known ability commands a fair price for his service, and gives you value received. Five good printers will figure on a specified job and not vary more than 5 per cent. If five estimates run in the neighborhood of \$50 and the sixth is \$75, hesitate before you give the work to the \$75 man. The chances are that you will be out more than the difference in the end.
A Little Nonsense.
Wig—Success has turned many a man's head.
Wag—Yes, it's a long head that has no turning.—Exchange.