

WITH THE AUTHORS

'Joseph Zalmonah,' by Edward King, presents some vivid pictures of the dark side of life in New York City.

'Talk about the Hebrew riots,' continued the speaker. 'The congressmen who make the laws would make more bloody riots if they had no work and no money.'

'Nothing! Nothing!' said the audience.

'He has given some millions of dollars, and nobody knows who has it. We haven't. The American law punishes us if we commit suicide, but it lets us starve to death.'

'A thief! a thief!' shouted the audience.

Here attention was drawn to Emma Goldman. She appeared to be able to breathe the frightful atmosphere in comfort, and looked quite cool.

'If you are hungry go and get bread,' she said. 'Take it if no one will give it to you. Join the demonstration of the unemployed, under the black flag.'

She paused a moment, and then shrieked:

'The black flag, I say! Let that be your banner in the hunger parade.'

Joseph Zalmonah is a leader of his people, who tries peaceful methods for obtaining relief, while most of those around him are inciting to anarchy.

Around the sombre figure of the self-sacrificing labor-leader are grouped many interesting ones—David, the purveyor of historical plays, Ben Zion, the old and humorous little peddler, who fancies himself also a leader of people.

Nathan Haskell Dole departs a long way from the conventional lines of novel writers in his latest book, 'Not Angels Quite.'

At Lincoln Park. Fine Progress in the Season of Summer Opera—This Week's Program.

The Chimes of Normandy afforded special opportunities for the display of the capabilities of the Ideal Opera company, and this opera was given a very entertaining presentation.

Thin or gray hair and bald heads, so displeasing to many people as marks of age, may be averted for a long time by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Moving South. Convenient markets, good soil, pure water and excellent climate are advantages to be considered when looking up a home, business location, farm, etc.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured. By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear.

'A Singer From the Sea,' will be found to be quite in the usual style of Amelia E. Barr. This author has many genuine admirers.

Mrs. Sanborn whose first novel 'Sweet and Twenty' produced so favorable an impression has written a new one entitled 'Paula Ferris' in which is shown a decided step in advance.

The heroine is (naturally) a fine woman but with a foible; and having allowed herself to be admired, is dangerously near falling.

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Never order an invitation until you have seen the samples of the work done by the new Courier Publishing Co.

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who are brought to death's door—indeed the little one enters in; Roland sees the misery he has caused and dies in a delirium; and the wife returns to her parents and eventually rewards a patient lover who has waited for her for years.

The latest addition to Dodd, Mead & Co.'s 'Makers of America' series is a life of Thomas Jefferson by James Schouler, author of 'History of the United States Under the Constitution.'

The career of the great Virginian is sketched with great fidelity, and withal in a manner that is distinctly attractive.

Jefferson as a farmer, as a lawyer, as a statesman, is depicted with cleverness and precision. There is an occasional side light on contemporary Virginia life—a period fruitful in great characters, and an intelligent summing up of coincident events.

Mr. Schouler's sketch of Jefferson is a valuable contribution to a most important series. For sale by W. H. Brown.

'Phineas Finn,' by Anthony Trollope, is a thoroughly enjoyable novel. Phineas is a young Irishman who enters parliament and in a few years becomes under-secretary and approaches very near to real greatness.

Phineas is a young Irishman who enters parliament and in a few years becomes under-secretary and approaches very near to real greatness, only to abandon his political career before he is barely in his thirties to settle down in Ireland as inspector of poor houses, because he refuses to surrender his convictions, and because he has married Mary Jones, who is a dear, good little girl, but who is not at all suited to associate with dukes and duchesses, prime ministers and lords and ladies, as he has been in the habit of doing.

Phineas is very real, with his good impulses and his weaknesses. He is a hero who is not all nobility, like so many heroes. He does a number of foolish things. He falls in love altogether too frequently.

To be sure he goes back in the end to Mary Jones, his first and humblest love, but only after he has laid vain siege to the daughter of an earl and to a beautiful heiress. The glimpses of English political and social life are interesting; the characters are deftly drawn, and Mr. Trollope's style, which perhaps now and then too closely approaches the vernacular, is in the whole pleasing.

'Phineas Finn' is published in three pretty little volumes by Dodd, Mead & Co.; for sale by H. W. Brown.

Will the Elsie books ever come to an end? Their publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company, advise us that it is not probable so long as the juvenile public clamor loudly for a new volume.

Each year, as the time for its appearance approaches, a host of inquiries rush upon them from the author. The new volume this season—the nineteenth in the series—is called Elsie at Ion.

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ALL A MISTAKE.

W. QUAD WASN'T EXACTLY BUNKOED IN CHICAGO.

It is Always a Very Bad Thing to Be Misjudged, and Quad Feels Very Much Fainéed and Humiliated—The Facts in the Case.

[Copyright, 1905, by Charles B. Lewis.] I have been considerably pained and humiliated over the fact that an item is going the rounds of the press to the effect that I was bunkoed out of \$300 at the World's Fair.

Some of the editors extend their heartfelt sympathies; others advise me to apply to the courts for a guardian. Had it been an item charging me with sheep stealing, bigamy, arson or jail breaking I should have laid back on my dignity and never let on that I was worried.

As it is I feel that it is due my character to make an explanation. I was taking a stroll on the Midway pleasure when a stranger tapped me on the shoulder and joyfully exclaimed: 'Hello, old man! but who'd have thought of meeting you here!'

We shook hands. I didn't exactly remember whether his name was Jones or Brown, or whether I had met him at the Sullivan-Corbett prize fight or at the opening of a new cemetery up the Hudson. I am no hand to go into all these little details.

'How are all the boys on Newspaper row?' he asked as he offered me a cigar. 'All well and content,' I replied as I lit the end off.

'And my friend the mayor?' 'Tolerably fair, I believe.' 'And the boys down in Wall street keep busy, I see?' 'Yes.'

'Well, old man, I'm a heap glad I met you. Just does my eyes good to look at a man from New York! Remember our little trip to Long Island last summer?' 'I do.'

I humbly acknowledge that I didn't remember anything of the kind, but I didn't want to hurt the man's feelings. 'And our excursion to Long Branch?' 'Yes.'

I humbly acknowledge again that I prepared, but what was I to do? You can't hurt a man more than to forget you went on an excursion with him.

'By George! but this is lucky,' he feelingly exclaimed as he patted me on the shoulder. 'You've got a family Bible in the house, of course?' 'I—yes.'

'But you've no objection to a new one—something in Turkey—morocco—gilt-edged—2,000 illustrations—worth \$25?' 'No.'

'Then come with me. Big publishing house down here failed the other day, and I bought 100 Bibles for a song. Have given away all but five to my friends. Just a little token of remembrance, you know—something to keep my memory green.'

Could I suspect such a man as that of having evil designs? Had I the slightest reason for taking him for a bunko man? It's all right enough to say I ought to have known better than to go with him, but put yourself in my place. Does it seem possible that a bad man would want to present you with a gilt edged Bible worth \$25? We walked side by side for a good many squares and finally turned into a doorway and ascended a flight of stairs and entered a small room.

There were five Bibles piled up on a counter—just such Bibles as my friend had described. He ordered a narrow minded young man to put one of them in a box and address it to me, charges prepaid. I was expressing my thanks in a broken voice when a sad faced young man called our attention to the fact that he was an agent for a Cuban lottery, and that he would be rejoiced to see us hit the corporation for about \$30,000. I thought it real kind of him to express himself in that way, and I frankly told him so. That seemed to please him, and after that I think he gave me his full confidence.

The dear friend who had brought me to the Bible house didn't seem to take any interest in hitting \$30,000 in that lottery—that is, he didn't for the first few minutes. It was only after the sad faced young man had explained how much good we could accomplish in the name of charity with such a sum of money that he threw off his mantle of indifference and took me aside for a private talk.

He said we had struck a soft snap and that it would be almost criminal on our part not to take advantage of it. His half of what we struck would be turned over to Chicago hospital, while I might do as I liked with mine, though I would probably remember the orphans of New York in a liberal manner.

I believe we bought \$100 worth of tickets. I think the idea was to hit all the prizes in the lottery at once and bankrupt the whole island of Cuba. Then we put up \$250 apiece to prove to the sad faced young man that we were financially responsible for something or other. My friend seemed to know just what to do, and I let him manage the business. There was a drawing. It was a drawing without any great amount of ceremony connected with it. We didn't hit anything. The manager was sorry for us and suggested another trial. We somehow missed it again by a hairbreadth, and we tried it again. We came within just one

of hitting \$75,000. Our money was now all gone, and so we went out and walked up and down in the glad sunshine and spoke to each other only at long intervals. When we finally parted, my friend acted chilly and distant and left me abruptly. I haven't the least doubt that he had thought it all over and concluded I was a bunko steerer.

I don't want any sympathy. I won't admit that I was bunkoed. I simply met a generous man who took me for an old friend of his and wanted to make me a present. True, the Bible hasn't reached me yet, but there might have been a mistake in the address, or the express car might have been held up. He didn't want to go into the lottery enterprise. When I think of how I encouraged him and realize that my enthusiasm lost him \$300 in

hard cash my conscience cries out that I am a villain. If we ever meet again, I couldn't blame him if he refused to recognize me.

THE ARIZONA KICKER. The Editor Explains That the Wave of Civilization is Rolling On.

SALT RIVER JOE.—The other day there came riding up THE KICKER office an ancient looking reptile who called for the editor and announced himself as Salt River Joe. Joseph was mounted on a one eyed, bobtailed cayuse of the drift period, and Joseph himself had ha'r two feet long and a buckskin suit of the flavor of 30 years ago.

'What's all this yere about?' asked Joe as we stepped out. 'What yere?' 'Why this yere printin of a newspaper around yere and uppottin society a.l changin things over! Durn my hide if I didn't see a man back yere a-sittin down to drink! And gouge my eyes if folks hain't wearin reg'lar clothes and drinkin thar liker out o' glasses. And you kin call my ole cayuse a kyote if I hain't seen wimin folks around—reg'lar wimin with dresses on to 'em!'

We started to explain that the wave of civilization was rolling on, but Joseph canted his old cayuse about in a circle and yelled: 'Waugh! It's got to stop! You've skeert all the b'ars and wolves away and nigh ruined the kentry! I've rid up from Salt River to purtise in the interest of sufferin humanity. I now purtise to purtise!'

We began to explain that the wave of civilization could not be stopped, when he jumped his critter over our hitching rack and yelled: 'Waugh! Whoop! No more buffer, b'ars, wolves or Injuns on the warpath! What's goin to become of ole Arizona?' 'She's goin to fall into line and have her h'ar cut and wear white shirts.'

'And what's goin to become of me and my ole pard?' 'You'll have to come in out of the wet.' He dug in the spurs and made his cayuse back and cavort for a minute, and then yelled: 'Waugh! Never! Stranger, I purtise—solemnly purtise! I've rid over 100 miles to ask ye to stop fussin and foolin and let this yere kentry remain as the Lord made it. Your dratted ole newspaper has made grizzlies skasser than gold. It has driv the buffer to other pastures and the wolf to his hole. It has made the Injun behave himself, and I hain't seen a real bad man fur a y'ar. Ar' you goin to keep right on till I hev to eat butter on my bread and put reg'lar milk in my coffee and drink my whisky out o' one o' them befangled glass dishes? Stranger, ar' the time a-comin when I've got to peel off this ole buckskin, when some blamed varmint will laugh at my h'ar, when I may git into a place whar I've got to take my hat off to eat and can't use my fingers nor drink out o' the coffee pot?'

'That's what she's comin to, Joseph, and it isn't so far away neither.'

And with that he uttered a whoop, rode his critter up the steps and through THE KICKER office and out at the back door, and the last we saw of him he was making for the hills with tears in his eyes and his long locks waving in the breeze.

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'She ar' fur a fact,' says the marshal as he proudly swelled out his bunsin. 'Kin a man gita squardeal in these yere parts?'

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