A Pretended Thanksgiving.

By Will Allen Dromgoole, in The Household: Aunt Emmeline got up one morning with a pain in her back. She had been busy all the week, helping the white people prepare for Thanksgiving.

"'Pears like it wuzn't made fur nobody but de rich, nohow," she told herself, as she dragged on her old shoes and set about getting breakfast for herself and little Ephraim, the boy asleep in the bed she had just vacated.

The complaint was not made aloud; not for the world would she have permitted that boy to hear her throw a suspicion on that season which to him was one bright beautiful dream.

For every night when she came home to the cabin, had she entertained him with accounts of the great dinners she had been preparing and the boy had listened, and asked questions, until the wonder in his big round eyes would be quite extinguished in sleep.

For Ephraim was a cripple, a little negro with a twisted leg, and a mind as bright as the one silver dollar that had been his.

Aunt Emmeline called him her "li'l man,' her 'ill housekeeper,' when leaving the cabin mornings for her work, and promised to tell him all about Thanksgiving when she got back, "if he tended right peart to things."

All day the little face would watch at the window for her return, although she never came until the darkness had fallen, and the streets were empty. Then, when they had eaten their scrap, would come an hour of sweet content to both, when the mother would take her child in her arms and tell him of the bright, beautiful world made brighter and more beautiful by the good, glad Thanksgiving.

And now it lacked but one day of Thanksgiving, and now Aunt Emmeline must be off early.

"Ephe," she called, when the coffee began to steam, "jump up now, an' eat yo' brekfus'. Mammy got to go mighty soon. Hit's mighty nigh Thanksgivin'."

"Am it?" said Ephraim, drawing on his ragged old shoe. "Where you gwine to be at today, mammy?"

"At de Mayor's, son. I got to dress dey-all's turkey today."

"Will dey hab cranberries, too, Ink lawyer Duffy, what you cooked de pies fur, yistiddy?"

"Yot dey will, honey, dat dey will. De Mayor ain't gwine to be outdone in nothin', I tell you, let 'lone Thanksgivin'."

"Will dey hab syllabub, Ink Miss Tilsum, too?"

"Yes, sah—en plenty ob it."

"En ressun cake?"

"En ressun cake, too."

"En sweet pickles, lack de preacher ob de gospel's wife?"

"Dee de same, en more."

The big round eyes grew bigger.

"Mebby dey'll hab oysters fried in cracker scraps, lack de resteran' man gwine hab?"

"Yes, sah, dey'll hab 'em, only dey gwine stuff 'em inside de tuckey."

The boy was silent for a moment; then, with a long, deep sigh:

"Mammy," s'aid he, "I wish't us could hab a Thanksgivin', too."

"Yes, mebby we kin, sometime. Jes' you be a good en tek keer de house en Ello while mammy go wark' an' mebby Thanksgivin' gwine come 'long to we-all, too, some o' dese days."

She didn't expect it, however; hers had been a life of hardship; romance had faded from it long ago, and lived now only in the boy.

He set himself thinking when she had left him alone. He had heard a good deal about Thanksgiving; it evidently belonged to everybody alike therefore everybody was in duty bound to celebrate it.

As to the dinner? Well, that was a feature of the day, to be sure; but he felt equal to that, too. He was rather late beginning, with such a dinner as he meant to serve, but he would do his best. In a few minutes he was hard at work, dishes clattering, kettle singing, spoons playing. The little cabin had seldom seen so busy a day; the town itself held not so happy a boy a little black Ephraim preparing his Thanksgiving dinner. When Aunt Emmeline, weary and footsore, dragged herself home at dark, she was greeted with the sound of singing, Ephraim's voice ringing out, not in Thanksgiving perhaps, he had never thought of that, but just in joy, and the gracious content that comes with employment and with hope. Perhaps that might be a Thanksgivin hymn after all, since "Joy is the grace we owe to God."

The cabin was ablaze with light, a rich, warm fire-glow that went out to meet her as she opened the creaky old door.

In the center of the room stood Ephraim, his back to the fire, his slight body leaning against his crutch, while he bent over something that might have been a royally spread banquet table, for all the show and shine of it.

In truth, it was a big box that had served as a sort of sideboard for dishes, tins, and water buckets, all these years.

A clean, gorgeously pictured newspaper served as tablecloth; the dishes, both as to material and contents, were rare, as well as original. The board fairly scintillated with splendor, as the flames of the big fireplace mounted higher and higher up the black-throated chimney.

Blinded by the light, Aunt Emmeline staggered forward, when the voice of Ephraim rang out in delighted, if frightened, protest.

"Look out, mammy!" he cried. "You'll smash somethin' 'nuther. Don't tetch this here; dis here's de Thanksgivin' dinner fur we-all tomorrer. Look et dat! Ain't dat fine?"

Aunt Emmeline rubbed her eyes, and straightway entered into his pleasures.

"It sho' am," said she. "Hit sho' am a scrumptious 'casion. What's hit all fur, son?"

"Hit's dest a 'tend-like dinner, mammy," said Ephraim. "Dey ain't no sho' nuff eat'n's, but it's a mighty fine 'tend-like, 'sho's you bawn."

"I sho' spec it am," said Aunt Emmeline, as she dropped for a moment into the chimney corner to warm her feet at Ephraim's good blaze. "En we-all got to be satisfied wid hit, somehow, beca'se hit's all de Thanksgibin' we gwine git. De white folks dey ain't pay me much dis time; dey say dey pore, too, en ef dey kin git up dey own dinner hit's de mos' dey kin do. But dey gib me some clothes en things. Marry's got you a god pair secen-han' breeches, en a shirt, en a coat what ain't got nar' hole in it. De preacher ob de gospel's wife gimme dem. En I got a good flannel petticoat, what Miss Tilsum gimme for whippin' up her cakes, en dressin' ob de tuckey, en scourin' up de kitchen en po'ches. She's sort o' fractious sometimes, but she most allus gits ginerous 'fore she done wid you. En de Mayor, he gimme a dollar; he's de bes' one in dis town. Wid dat doller mammy gwine buy her chile a longer crutch, en dey ain't no Thanksgibin' dinner gwine git a cent ob it: naw sah."

Ephraim strolled over to the opposite side of the hearth, and stood contentedly looking down into the fire.

"We got plenty, anyhow," said he, after a long, thoughtful silence.

"Yes, we got some taters, en some meal fur a hoecake; en mammy gwine stay at home all de day, too."

"Hoecake?" laughed the boy, "I say hoe-cake en taters! We got turkey, en pound cake, en pie, en jelly, en things. Look at dat table; you forgit dat table, mammy. You forgit de 'tend-like."

There was a knock at the door that brought Aunt Emmeline to her feet in a hurry, that again endangered the Thanksgiving board.

"Look out, mammy," Ephraim called out, sharply. "Don't tetch dis here; dis here am de syllabub fur to-morrer," and he made a frantic dash for an oyster can, beautifully burnished, on top of which he had set a cracked china bowl filled to the brim with a rich, yellowish liquid that might indeed have been the much-coveted Southern syllabub, had it not been a bowl of Aunt Emmeline's own best soft-soap.

But the woman was at the door, where a young white man stood waiting admittance, a well-dressed, good-looking young fellow, evidently used to the higher walks of life.

"Aunt Emmeline," said he, a hand on either door-facing, "mother sent me by to ask you to come over and serve dinner for her tomorrow. She says she would like you to get there early, by 4 o'clock."

Aunt Emmeline thought of her aching feet, her empty pocket, the day she had meant to have at home with Ello. The young man's mother was Lawyer Duffy's wife, and her dinners were sumptuous affairs. It would be a long, hard day's work, with perhaps a pail of odds and ends—scraps from the feast—to show for it at night. She hesitated.

"I's mighty nigh bruk down," said she, at last. "En tomorrer, hit's Thanksgibin'. I's done wucked all de week, mighty hard; en dey ain't nobody paid me nar' cent, 'ceptin' ob de Mayor. Aldo dey is mos' ob dem' gimme somethin' 'nother. Yo' ma ain't gimme nothin', en I wucked two days fur her. I reckin' I'm 'bleeged to stay home tomorrer en rest."

But the young man was not listening; he had stepped into the room, and was looking, with eyes that saw deeper than Aunt Emmeline had seen, at the make-believe feast of crippled Ephraim.

He was a reporter for a daily paper in the city; a very new, a very earnest, and a very ambitious reporter. He saw a story, a funny, a very, very funny Thanksgiving story in that paper-covered box, and its curious viands. He was soon to see something deeper than fun in the Thanksgiving spread. He stepped further into the room, and stood beside Ephraim looking down upon the table.

"Hello, little boy," said he. "What have we got here? A Thanksgiving dinner, as sure as I'm alive."

Ephraim's eyes danced with delight. He was innocent of ridicule in any form whatever.

"Yes, sah," said he. "Hit's sho'ly a Thanksgibin' dinner. Aldo it am dest a 'tend-like."

"A—what?"

"A 'tend-like. I 'tend like dis here box am a table, en dis here paper am one ob de linen clofs mammy done up fer de white folks las' week, en dese things am de eaten's en de drinkin's. I reckin hit's a mighty fine dinner, dest fur two niggers to eat up all by deyse'ves."

Aunt Emmeline tried to interfere, but the reporter said:

"Let him alone; it pleases him to talk."

Scarcely realizing that he did so, the young man drew a chair to the improvised table, and began to ask questions of the most remarkable Thanksgiving menu on record. He was enjoying it, too, quite as much as little black Ephraim.

"What's this, Ephraim?" said the visitor, pointing to a little round upturned fix-box in the center of the table.

"Dat? Dat's a reasun cake, what de Mayor ob de town sent me fur dinner tomorrer. Hit's a'tend-like cake, but I 'spec' hit's a resun one."

"And this?"

"This," was a sort of ob'ong bit of coal slag that Ephraim. "Don't you see de parsley, en de aigs 'round hit? Mister Lawyer Duffy sent me dat."

The reporter whistled; even Aunt Emmeline dropped her face over her bread tray to chuckle. She understood just what a surprise it must be to the starchy young reporter to hear of his grim, silent, aristocratic, close-fisted father sending a Thanksgiving turkey to a little crippled negro. But she saw no meaning in the suggestion that the turkey was a stone, as the young man saw. "He sho did," Ephraim was saying, "En dis here am de graby en stuffin's." A little fat, black finger pointed across the board to a bowl of sawdust, plentifully enriched with pebbles and old corks that he had found among some empty, cobwebbed bottles under the house.

"What makes you say Lawyer Duffy sent the turkey?" asked the reporter with peculiarly sensitive interest.

"'Case one't, 'fore my brudder Ben died, de folks all say he stole a tuckey, en dey put him in jail fur hit. En Lawyer Duffy he say he didn't do it. En he say hit till dey let Ben out o' de jail. Didn't he, mammy?"

The woman looked up from the hearth where she was kneeling in the act of slapping the corn cake upon the hoe.

"Yes, Lawyer Duffy cleared Ben," said she. "Ben worked fur him in his office long es he libed, after dat."

"Dar!" said Ephraim, "ain't I tol' you so? He's a mighty good man, I tel you."

The reporter smiled a queer sort of smile, and Aunt Emmeline did not say that Ben's years of service were paying the great lawyer his fee for defending him, but the young man understood.

"Dis here now," Ephraim went on with his bill of fare, "dis here box top o' salt am de mince pie what de preacher ob de gospel's wife done sent. Dis here plate o' shells hit's rice, en de dish o' splinters dat's macaroni, en dis here string o' spools, dey's sassages. De grocery man, on de eas' corner ob de public squar' sent dem, all ob dem. He's a fine man, I tell you. Onc't when I fotch some sassages to Miss Tilsum, when his boy was gone, he dest tuck en gimme a whole one, a big fat one, all fur myse'f. Didn't he, mammy?"

Aunt Emmeline nodded, and set the smoky coffee-pot back upon the hearth where it would not boil again.

"Dis here bowl o' syllabub, now," said Ephraim, indicating the dish of soft-soap, "Miss Tilsum sent me dat."

"Miss Tilsum? That cross, ugly, old maid? Do you mean her?" asked the thoroughly amused reporter.

"Naw, sir," said the boy. "I mean dat pur'ty, good, ginrus lady what libs on the corner ob Chisnut street. Dat's de one I means."

The reporter broke into a laugh. "But she wouldn't—I mean do you really think she would?" said he.

"Yes, sah, I mos' know she would. She gimme a piece o' pie one't, en one't she gib mammy some buttermilk to mek up de bread wid. Didn't she, mammy?"

"Twice't," said Aunt Emmeline, softly.

The young man rose, a hand in either pocket.

"You haven't told me yet what those marbles scattered over the table mean," said he, not willing to lose one item of the strange feast.

"Dem? Dey's de good wills what dese gives long wid presents, aldo dey might be unges, ef dey wuzn't ma'bles."

The reporter studied the table carefully; the "'tend-like" was pretty well complete. He would like to have a part in it somehow.

"Ephraim," he said, "you need—yes, I am sure you need another cake."

"Yes, sah," said Ephraim, "but dey ain't nobody lef' to gib it to me."

"Well, fix up one somehow, out of flour, or dirt, or cornmeal. I don't care what, and you can say 'the reporter gave you that one.'"

"Yes, sah; I'll mek it out o' flour, en den hit'll be a white one," said the boy, already getting out another plate.

The reporter turned to Aunt Emmeline:

"Here's a dollar for you, Aunt Emmeline," said he, "and the next time mother forgets to pay you, you just come to me. You'll come tomorrow?"

"Yes, sah; I'll be dar by 8 o'clock, ef de Lawd spar's me."

A moment later, the reporter was at the grocer's, whence Ephraim's imaginary donation had been sent. As he went in he met a gentleman coming out. "Mayor," he cried, "I was just going to call on you. Will you come back a moment?"

The Mayor turned back into the grocery.

"Mayor, and Mr. Johnson, both of you, I have turned missionary."

The Mayor and the grocer smiled. "That means you are out begging!" said the former. "I believe all missionaries beg."

"For others, yes, sir. I am not precisely that sort of a missionary; but I attended a Thanksgiving dinner this evening to which you two gentlemen were both contributors. I have come in here to tell you about it."

And when the story ended the Mayor was blowing his nose with all his might.

"I reckon I am an old fool," said he. "A soft old fool; the very pickaninnies have found it out. As for you, sir, you get out of here, with your 'reasun cake,' before I fine you 'for contempt.'"

The reporter went out, but he went laughing. At the door he put his head in again to say:

"And don't forget to put in an orange, both of you. He said the 'unges' were 'good wills.'"

The Mayor turned to the grocer:

"When you send the rice and macaroni and sausages, send down the cake for me. Select a good one, and be sure it has raisins in it."

"All right, Mayor," laughed the grocer. "I'll get it there by 8 o'clock tomorrow. At the door the Mayor turned back:

"I say, don't forget the oranges."

"I won't; one apiece."

"If Thanksgiving and Christmas didn't come along once a year," he told himself as he walked toward his home, "I reckon we would all forget what it is to remember the poor. They kind o' pull us up with a halt and a prick at our selfish hearts, and set us thinking of others."

The reporter meanwhile was telling his story to the "pretty good, generous Miss Tilsum," in her stiff little sitting room on Chestnut street.

"Send syllabub to a lazy nigger, shall I?" she snapped. "They're an ungrateful lot, I can tell you. Syllabub! Well, I reckon."

"This one isn't ungrateful," said the young man. "He said you gave him a pie once; and he declared you were the 'pretty, good, generous Miss Tilsum.'"

The thin lips of the old woman came together in a manner that might have meant either a snarl or a smile.

"Defended me, I reckon," said she, "when you called me 'cross and ugly.'"

The reporter gasped, and absently stammered, "Yes, ma'm." And the next thing he knew he was on the pavement outside, getting away as fast as he could.

The old woman closed the door upon him and stepped over to a mirror that hung over the mantel. Then she began to laugh; and she laughed and laughed until the pale, thin cheeks grew pink as youth itself. She laughed at the negro and she laughed at the "miss ondy," separately and together. Then she laughed at herself and her "good, pretty, ginrus" record. Then she rang for the cook.

"Can you make another bowl of that syllabub early in the morning, Martha?" said she.

"Yessum; but dey's enough already made fur half de town."

"Then make as much for the other half, Martha," said the mistress. "Martha, there's some one in this town who believes that I am a 'good, pretty, generous woman,' and please God he shall not discover his mistake at Thanksgiving, that's all."

The reporter-missionary was now at his hardest task. He had seen the minister's wife, that was easy enough.

She understood and was crying like a baby before I got half through," said he. "God bless her; she knows what it is to be a 'begging missionary.'"

But he approached his father with some dread; he told his story poorly here; perhaps because the thin, stern face showed no response to the tale he was telling. When he finished the attorney looked up gravely, soberly, coldly. "Well," said he, "what do you want me to do about it?"

The young man bit his lip; there were tears in his eyes.

"Nothing," said he, "nothing! I am sorry I mentioned it. Good night, sir."

"Wait," said the older man, quietly. "Where are you going?"

"To tell mother not to expect me home tomorrow. I tell you this is a farce, a miserable farce, in which I will take no part. Thanksgiving to God when our own hearts are crushed with selfishness, like ice! It isn't Thanksgiving; it's nothing but selfish feasting, and I'll be no party to it. Never in my life did I have one serious thought of the true intent of Thanksgiving until this night, and hereafter I'll keep it the true way, or not at all."

The lawyer looked at the fiery young fellow before him and something stirred in his heart. He did not wish that boy to grow hard and selfish. Nor did he like the thought of his feeling that Thanksgiving in his own home was a "farce," or a "feast" only. Yet he had come very near the truth. It hurt him and touched him.

"I don't know much about giving," said he, his hand in his pocket; "but we all need a Thanksgiving, or a Christmas, now and then, to crack the ice of our selfish hearts. Now, if you will attend to the—what was my part?"

"A turkey, sir," laughed the young man, "with stuffing and gravy. I will see to it for you."

"Here's a dollar, then, for the turkey and—fixings."

"But I want five cents more, if you please, for the 'good will.' He said the oranges were the 'good wills.'"

The lawyer laughed and handed him the extra coin. And then the young reporter did that which made Thanksgiving in that house, and in that cold, stern man's heart, a Thanksgiving in deed and truth. He stepped to his father's chair, and, stooping, quickly touched his lips, warm with the blood of youth and impulse, to the older man's brow. And, "Thank you, sir," said he, "and God bless us. Thanksgiving. There will be no 'tend-like' in this house."

"No," said the father, "there will be no 'tend-like' in this house."

The next morning old Miss Tilsum, tasting the syllabub she was pouring into a bowl, said with satisfaction:

"No 'tend-like' about this syllabub, at all events."

The grocery man dropped an extra string of sausages into the basket he was sending out, and said, with a laugh:

"No 'tend-like' about them. Solid meat. And this cake—it's as genuine and free from sham as the old Mayor himself."

The Mayor was humming a tune as he walked down the street—a tune of his own far-away youth-time.

"Well," said he, "it's a fine day, today. I feel good, and there's no 'tend-like' about it."

And in a cabin that evening, a little negro, with round, white eyes, was watching his mother carve a juicy turkey which adorned a carefully spread table. As the broad, white slices fell slowly over the carving knife, he broke out with jubilant impatience: "Gimme de drumstick, mammy; gimme de drumstick quick. When I eats de meat off'n it I's gwine to git de tin pan, or 'tend like I is de brass band, serenadin de white folks what rent all dis here. Gimme bofe de drum sticks, mammy quick!"

BRIBED BY THEIR OWN POCKETS.

(Hearst's Chicago American.)

Many a man is called incorruptible who is bribed every day of his life. Many a nation, including our own just at present, has been bribed without realizing it.

The man who would rage justifiably at the suggestion of a bribe, the man who would spurn an offer of any amount from another, can be easily bribed by the money in his own pocket.

The writer has in mind a man of great ability who illustrates singularly well the corrupting power that lies in a man's own money.

When the man mentioned was young he was enthusiastic in the cause of the people. His ideas were sound, his ambitions lofty. He had nothing, and his sympathies went out to others who were as poor as he. Today his inmost feelings and ideas are the same as of yore. But his financial condition has changed. There used to be nothing in his pockets. Now his bank account, safe deposit vault and real estate foot up twenty millions of dollars.

The man's daily life is at variance with the good instincts that were planted in him originally.

He used to earnestly sympathize with every effort to increase wages, when he worked for wages. Now he pays wages, and the money in his pocket corrupts him and impels him to cut down where he can, and to grudge where he might well be liberal.

To a friendly critic he will say in perfect good faith:

"Property has a quieting influence. Money brings responsibility. Consistency is all very well, but financial matters often change the early nasty view,' etc.

The money in his pockets corrupts him; he is bribed by his own fortune to violate his conviction. No other man's money could tempt him to go against what he knows to be right. His own fortune thinks for him, acts for him, and changes him.

Do not believe that a man must own twenty millions to be controlled by the money in his purse.

How many men of small fortune, how many men of practically no fortune, were bribed by their pockets or their future financial hopes in the late election?

The republican party managed to create the impression that with them lay financial prosperity.

If a voter said:

"Trusts are dangerous, vicious and illegal,"

The republican party replied:

"If you destroy trusts you will frighten rich men, rich men will lock up their money and you will not be able to get any of it."

The country, bribed by its pockets, voted to continue the trusts in power.

An extremely intelligent politician, Mr. Steckler, said to this writer long before election:

"The savings bank depositors decide elections. If the republicans once succeed in frightening them, they will succeed to win."

The republican party with its [illegible] falsehood, and plausible talk, succeed in frightening the savings bank depositors.

It was no great sum of money that bribed the average savings bank depositor.

Seventy dollars, $200, perhaps, differed in tens of thousands of cases to dwarf all noble considerations in the mind of the voter.

Imagine the average hard working man saying to the republican party:

"Why do you ignore the Declaration of Independence? What pretext have you to offer for changing our system of government without the people's consent?"

The republican party replied:

"Never mind the Declaration of Independence, and as to your other question, we don't want any excuse. Listen to this: You have $200 in the savings bank, haven't you? Very well. Vote for the democrats and that money will shrink to $100."

The statement is false, and the voter feels that it is false. Yet he has some slight dread that there may be something in it. He knows all about his $200. He pats and loves the greasy brown bank book. About other things he can only speculate.

Compared to his real two hundred, the Declaration of Independence itself is of speculative importance.

He looks at his brown bank book with the entries so slowly and laboriously made and votes for the republican party, bribed by his own money.

There has been much talk of corruption in election, much talk of bribery, and a vast fund for buying votes.

Such a fund existed and was used, of course.

But the real corruption fund to be dreaded lies in the voters' own pockets.

The party which can use that fund apparently can win in this country.

The democrats must bear this in mind and be prepared to add to the arguments which appeal to the mind and to patriotic influences others that shall appeal to the pocket.

A Chicago cloakmaker, Belfeld or Belstein, said in a public speech before election:

"The real issue is yourself."

When the shameless speech was made, this newspaper, as in duty bound, denounced it. But there is only too much truth apparently in the statement of the cloakmaker, Belstein.

He felt no shame in saying that in a land which had made him rich, the issue was still "Self," as it had been when he was poor.

There are many Belsteins among us; they must and should vote, and since their pockets think for them, plans must be made to reach these pockets, and through the pocket reach the brain.

It will not be time wasted for democrats to think of this during the next four years.

COST OF LIVING GREATLY INCREASED.

Chicago, Ill.—(Special.)—The following figures show the rise in price of food and other domestic necessaries since election. The trusts are beginning to experience prosperity.

There is talk of a further advance in the price of meats, at least those that did not feel the boost of last Saturday.

	Old Price.	New Price.
Coal	$6.25	$7.00
Butter	.32	.25
Eggs	.20	.25
Tenderloin	.18	.22
Sirloin	.16	.20
Rib roast	.14	.18
Round steak	.10	.12
Mutton chops	.16	.20
Bacon	.11	.12

ONE YEAR OF THE NEW JERSEY TRUSTS.

Trenton, N. J.—(Special.)—Oct. 31 was the last day of the fiscal year in New Jersey. The returns for the year made by the secretary of state to State Controller Hancock show that during the twelve months the following trusts, with a capital of $5,000,000 and more, were organized:

Pure Oil Co.	$160,000,000
Carnegie Co.	160,000,000
American Bridge Co.	70,000,000
Am. Sheet Steel Co.	52,000,000
Cosmopolitan Power Co.	40,000,000
Telephone, Telegraph and Cable Co.	30,000,000
Philadelphia Electric Co.	25,000,000
National Sugar Refining Co.	20,000,000
Consolidated Railways, Electric Lighting and Equipm't Co.	16,000,000
Shelby Steel Tube Co.	15,000,000
White Knob Copper Co., Ltd.	15,000,000
Hudson County Gas Co.	10,500,000
Havana Traction Co.	10,000,000
American Timber Co.	10,000,000
St. Johns Typobar Co.	8,750,000
Cuba Co.	8,000,000
Continental Automobile Co.	8,000,000
Alaska Industrial Co.	10,000,000
Havana America Co.	10,000,000
Marconi Wireless Tele. Co.	10,000,000
Manhattan Light and Heat Co	8,000,000
Imperial Iron Co.	7,000,000
Artificial Lumber Co.	12,000,000
American Sash and Door Co.	6,000,000
Porcelain Faced Brick Co.	6,000,000
McClellan Arms Co.	6,000,000
Federal Publishing Co.	6,000,000
Gold Hill Copper Co.	5,000,000
North American Iron Co.	5,000,000
California Products Co.	5,000,000
Great Northern Portland Cement Co.	5,000,000
Fosmos Co.	5,000,000
United Metal Selling Co.	5,000,000
Excelsior Telephone, Telegraph and Subways Co.	5,000,000
Standard Shoe Machinery Co.	5,000,000
Locben Incandescent Co.	5,000,000
Alaska Copper Co.	5,000,000
Atlantic City Realty Co.	5,000,000
United Telegraph and Telephone Co.	5,000,000
Denver & Southwestern Railway company	5,000,000
Santa Rita Mining Co.	5,000,000

During the two years ending October 31 the state has received in fees for incorporation upward of a million dollars, while in previous years the fees received from the same source amounted to only a few thousand dollars annually. The fee for chartering a company with a capitalization of $125,000 or upward is 20 cents on the thousand dollars, or $200 on the million.

At Chicago Judge Grosscup has decided an interesting case as arbiter for the Bricklayers' union and Mason and Builders' association. When the lockout was declared, in February, an apprentice indentured by the union had only served four years and two months of his five years' term. The boy was thrown out of work and his employer refused to pay him wages, although he was under obligations to furnish steady employment or do so. The controversy was referred to Andrew Linquist for the employer, Thomas Preece for the union, and Judge Grosscup. The latter decided in favor of the boy and the employer must pay all back wages.

The Presbyterian churches of New York City last week spent much of the time in prayer for China. A special memorial service for the Presbyterian missionaries killed at Pao-ting-Fao was held in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church.