

GOOD POINTS OF POVERTY.

I do not curse my poverty.
It has its better points;
No gout has ever come my way
To stiffen up my joints.

I do not, all the long, long night
All anxious lie awake
And wonder what the chances are
For the fool bank to break.

I do not go about with black
Heli goggles on my nose—
My coat of arms a monkey wrench
And gasoline clothes.

I do not have to dress and go
Somewhere o' nights and stay
Till 12 o'clock, and stand it while
They talk the old and gray.

Oh! I put my feet upon
My old typewriter and
I smoke my pipe and thank my stars
That I can understand.

Why Providence all-wise has cast
My lot where sunbeams fall;
A toast to poverty! It has
Its good points after all!

—San Francisco Bulletin.



A STUDY IN VALUES

By ELEANOR WEST

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The train came to a standstill in front of the little, unpainted depot. Only one man stepped off, and with but a moment's pause the train steamed on again.

The stranger stood a moment, glancing half curiously down the line of old, wooden buildings that formed the one street. "Same old place," he thought with a half amused smile. "If old Rip Van Winkle had come back here after his twenty years' sleep he'd never have known he'd been asleep. It's the old town that has taken a twenty years' nap this time, though," he soliloquized. "There is not a new building and hardly a change of any kind since I left."

As he picked up his grip and turned towards the old weather beaten hotel, he became conscious that he was the center of interest to the loafers lounging about the platform.

An hour later he sat by the open window of his room meditatively smoking. The half amused smile returned to his face as he thought of the greetings he had just received. "I wonder who all the old codgers are, anyway," he reflected. "I've a dim idea that I used to know them, but I've had too much else to think of in the last twenty years to remember them now."

"I wonder if Jack Strong is still in this little one-horse town," his thoughts ran on. "Poor old Jack. I haven't thought of him before in years. I used to think the sun revolved around Jack. Well, I suppose he has vegetated here until he is like the rest of those old fogies down there. It's a shame, too, for Jack was as bright, ambitious a boy as you will often find. If it hadn't been for that conscience of his that wouldn't let him leave home after his father's accident, he might have made his way in the world without any trouble." The lawyer puffed his cigar in silence for a while. Presently the door opened and the landlord entered with a pitcher of water. Grey lazily turned his head and inquired, "Does Jack Strong live here yet?"

"Jack Strong? You bet he does. Brownsville wouldn't be Brownsville without Jack. Poor fellow, he's been having hard luck this last year, though." The gossip-loving landlord perched himself on the edge of the table, glad of an excuse to talk, and rambled on for the next half-hour. By the end of that time his guest was in possession of the principal events of Strong's life during the past twenty years.

"Hum, lost everything he had but the old home in that fire, did he? Had to mortgage the homestead to get funds to stock up again, had his own family and the old folks to support, his old father and mother heart-broken at the idea of leaving the home-



stead. Why isn't he just the man I'm looking for in this little deal?" he soliloquized. "I can make good use of him and do him a good turn at the same time." He smoked on thoughtfully for some time, then looked at his watch. "Guess I'll look the old fellow up," he concluded. As he rose he glanced complacently at the prosperous, elegantly attired figure reflected in the cracked mirror and thought of

the probable contrast between his appearance and that of his old chum.

He sauntered down the street and into the open door under the modest sign "J. H. Strong." A man in a worn, ill-fitting suit hastened forward and wrung his hand heartily, exclaiming, "It does seem good to see you again, Dick, old boy. I heard you were in town and I knew you'd drop in. I've watched the door for the last hour."

Grey cordially returned the greeting. For the next half hour the two men recalled old times. The lawyer enjoyed a sense of conscious superiority over his old chum. "It's a pity he wasted his life here," he thought, pityingly studying the other's careworn face.

At last he pulled out his watch and turning to the merchant with a smile remarked, "Now may I talk business to you for a few moments?"

Strong led the way to the little office at the back of the store. His friend carefully closed the door be-



"But I ain't so poor that I need to sell my self-respect."

fore he sat down; then he spoke in low, earnest tones for some time, carefully explaining his scheme.

The merchant listened silently with an expression on his face that Grey could not fathom.

"Do you see?" Grey asked at last. "You say," Strong began in a queer, constrained voice, "that this Henderson has found out that there's a vein of coal running through the old Barnes place. Old Mr. Barnes don't know it, and Henderson has offered you a big fee if you can get the place for him cheap. You've got Barnes where you can crowd him for money and compel him to sell, and you offer me a clear thousand dollars if I'll buy the place and then turn it over to Henderson; for you think maybe they'd guess about the coal if Henderson tried to buy it himself, and there are reasons why you don't want to appear in it. Is that the way of it?"

Grey nodded. Jack was rising to the bait quicker than he expected. He had been a little doubtful about disclosing his hand, Strong was so likely to have queer notions. But he seemed to comprehend the situation, if he did state the case somewhat badly.

"Do you remember when old Barnes lent you the money to start out in life?" Strong presently inquired musingly.

"Certainly I do and it was paid back with interest long ago. I've loaned a good many people money in the last ten years, but I don't expect them to hold me in everlasting gratitude for it." A sardonic smile flitted over his face. No, the people he loaned money to didn't usually hold him in grateful remembrance. He didn't lend it to penniless young chaps without security—such as he once was, either, but it was not necessary to explain that to Jack.

"It would break the old people's hearts to have to leave the old place, and they're too old to begin life over again. It would mean the poorhouse in a few years." Strong still spoke in a constrained voice.

"Bosh! That has nothing to do with the question. My dear fellow, you must learn to leave sentiment out of business or you will never get along

in the world. All that twaddle about heart strings and blighted lives and the rest of that stuff doesn't count when it comes to a matter of business." Grey smiled patronizingly across at Strong, with his most worldly wise air. "Besides," he went on after a moment's pause, "when it comes to a question of heart strings I guess your father's and mother's are twined about as securely about that old place of yours as old Barnes' and his wife's are about theirs, and I understand that your place goes if you don't take this chance to save it." Then he added: "Well, do you take my offer?"

The merchant's face had grown white. He slowly rose to his feet and stood looking down at Grey, measuring him with honest, indignant eyes. Grey dimly wondered why he seemed to wither up under that clear gaze; why he who had towered so far above this country storekeeper when he entered the door had somehow shrunk until he seemed a pigmy beside a giant.

Strong's voice was low and controlled, though intense when he spoke. "No," he said, "I won't! Yes, I'm poor, but I ain't so poor that I need to sell my self-respect and every finer feeling in my nature." Suddenly his expression changed. He held out his hands toward the man who had been his boyhood's chum and hero, while his face took on a look of yearning pity. "Oh, Dick, old chum! That was all he said, but the words held a world of disappointment. They were the requiem over a shattered ideal."

Grey stared wonderingly. The man who should have been awed by his manifest superiority and have envied him his prosperity was looking at him with pity struggling against contempt in his face.

Someway, he couldn't adjust his thoughts to their former complacency. "That's all these confounded villagers know about business, anyway," he thought, contemptuously, as he reached for his hat.

BEAUTIFYING A STATE.

Two Californians Imported Birds and Turned Them Loose.

"Whenever I see any of these propagandas for beautifying a city," said Senator Perkins of California, the other night, "I always think of the work done to beautify the State of California by a citizen of Altadena, which is hard by Pasadena. The man's name is Andrew McNally, and when he came to California there were few birds at Altadena, and those few were hardly what we would call beautiful. McNally made up his mind that he land needed birds, so he built him an aviary and imported many hundreds of his feathered friends. Once a year he would open the doors of his aviary and let the young birds fly whithersoever they would, and in a short time the whole country was populated with feathered creatures of every variety of hue and song. His example was followed by Joseph Grinnell and Mrs. Grinnell, both of whom were ardent ornithologists, so that now the country around Pasadena is a garden spot for birds of beautiful plumage. Many of the birds that were imported came from Japan and China. So you see there are more ways than one of beautifying a city or a state."—Philadelphia Press.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

How Pastor's Rebuke Was Robbed of Its Effectiveness.

The pastor of the little country church had been much annoyed by having the members of his congregation struggle in long after the service had begun. One Sunday morning, when he felt that further forbearance with this fault was impossible, he decided to rebuke some conspicuous offender. About twenty minutes later than the proper hour, there entered a mild mannered little woman, one of the regular attendants of the church, but quite incorrigible in her tardiness. The minister looked up, fixed her with his spectacles, and remarked: "Sister, you are very much behind time. I hope you will not be so late in getting into heaven!"

The little woman looked up, smiled sweetly, and, without a trace of confusion, replied, placidly: "I shan't care about that, doctor, so long as I get there!"

And now the pastor feels that the smile that went round the church somehow spoiled the effectiveness of his reprimand.

The Allusion Classical.

The agricultural appropriation bill was before the House. Representative Rixey of Virginia was advocating an increase from \$15,000 to \$25,000 for the experimental farm owned by the government at Arlington. He said the small amount allowed was not enough to produce substantial results.

Representative Wadsworth, in charge of the bill, pointed out that \$15,000 was appropriated for the farm annually, and that year after year this mounted up, and in time would have become formidable. "Rome was not built in a day," he added in conclusion.

"No," replied Mr. Rixey, "Rome was not built in a day, and if Romulus and Remus had been members of the committee on Agriculture Rome would never have been built."—Washington Times.

Looks Suspicious.

A Chicago man refuses to testify whether he had a bank account of \$2,000,000 or not, on the ground that he might incriminate himself. Must not have had it. Any man with that much money is in no danger being incriminated.

THE HEARST BOOM.

MOVEMENT FOR FREE TRADE BEHIND IT.

Calamitous Results That Followed the Adoption of This Policy in 1892 Would Repeat Themselves—Workmen Will Do Well to Remember.

The boom of William Randolph Hearst for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1904 may be said to have been launched at a mass meeting held in Washington on the 13th of August. The ambitious individual in whose behalf this movement has been organized is the reputed possessor of a fortune of several millions of dollars, represented, in great part, by a number of daily newspapers, whose columns appear to be chiefly consecrated to the destruction of wealth belonging to other people. It is upon this platform that Mr. Hearst hopes to reach the Presidency. At present he is merely a Tammany Congressman from a New York city district. In journalism he enjoys the distinction of issuing each day in four different cities the very worst lot of newspapers of large circulation and vicious influence known in any part of the civilized world. Upraval, revolution, anarchy, assassination if need be, seem to be the guiding principles in these publications.

The mass meeting of August 13 in Washington was ostensibly engineered by persons claiming to represent organized labor. In the name of American labor the Hearst presidential boom is thrust forward. By appealing to the unreason and the passions of American wage-earners it is hoped to realize the political ambition of a man whose program and platform involve the ruin of labor and industry. "Down with All Trusts!" That is the battle cry of the Hearst boomers. How shall the trusts be downed? By the repeal of the Dingley tariff and the establishment of free trade. That is the trust remedy chiefly relied upon, almost wholly relied upon. When the protective tariff is swept away the trusts will disappear. Such is the Hearst promise and plan. Take free trade out of the Hearst propaganda and nothing remains.

Workmen who are now employed all the year round at the highest wage rate ever known in this or any other country, wage earners whose deposits in savings banks have increased in the past six years of a protective tariff from less than \$2,000,000,000 to nearly \$3,000,000,000 are expected to rally to the support of a political movement whose ultimate aim is to wreck all industry and stop all prosperity. The work people and wage earners did something of this kind in 1892, and paid the penalty in loss of employment and wages, in the melting away of accumulated savings, in the poverty, hunger and untold sufferings of themselves and their wives and children. Evidently the Hearst boomers think American workmen have short memories.—American Economist.

SIGNIFICANT ADMISSION.

British Acknowledgment of the Value of Protection.

We confess that we never expected to see the officials of Great Britain deliberately furnish the Republican party of this country with the most convincing arguments in favor of protection. The Cobden club is knocked into a cocked hat, and the Anti-Cobden band of intellectual political economists, should at their next meeting make a minute of the subject. Important as was the announcement of Premier Balfour, the official statements of the board of trade, which is a government institution, are much more so. They announce that protection does protect; that, in spite of the fact that wages in this country are more than double those in Great Britain, the amount of exports of manufactured goods to this country has greatly increased, while our manufactured exports to that country are increasing rapidly. The same applies to all protected nations, so that Great Britain is declared to be in a disadvantageous position, especially as the United States can, so soon as there is a lull in local demand, flood Great Britain with goods at much lower rates.

The first duty of a nation is to look after the welfare of its own citizens. That is what we have done. In establishing protection we have not only accomplished all that the Republican party ever claimed, but have confounded our opponents here and abroad. The British government officially announces that our policy has been a successful one and will be of great injury to its own people unless retaliatory measures are taken.

Which is why we remark once more that we never expected in our day to see Great Britain, the apostle of free trade, acknowledge its own defeat and our own success. What will the Democratic party say to this in the next campaign? It seems cruel that they are deprived of their only stock argument, but facts are necessarily cruel things when opposed to fallacious theories.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Can the Democracy Get Right? The Democratic party in Congress, under the leadership of Senator Gorman, has engaged in systematic opposition to the increase of the navy—to any increase of the navy.

The Democrats admit that their policy is futile. It is astonishing that they do not see that it is also suicidally foolish.

The United States has a greater extent of seacoast than any other nation except the British empire. Furthermore, the United States is

pledged by its unvarying policy for three-quarters of a century, and by the firmest convictions of its people, to the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine.

When the Monroe Doctrine is attacked, as it will be unless the United States make itself so strong and ready that none will dare attack it, the attack will be made by sea power. To ward off such attack the United States must have sea power.

Yet the United States to-day ranks only fifth among the nations of the world in sea power. And of the four nations whose fleets surpass that of the United States three would gain greatly by breaking down the Monroe Doctrine.

These are the fundamental facts of the situation. These facts were never more widely appreciated by the American people, nor were the consequences of a failure in sea power ever more clearly understood, than they are to-day.

Yet the national Democracy, through its representatives in Congress, now attack the sea power of the nation and seeks to prevent its growth. Under pretense of working for peace Democratic Congressmen advocate a policy that would make war certain.

The question that forces itself upon every thinking American is:

Can the Democratic party ever prove itself worthy to rule this nation?

Can the Democratic party ever get right?—Chicago Inter Ocean.

PROSPERITY AND SAVINGS.

Deposits Have Increased to Nearly Three Billion Dollars.

There is no such thing as real prosperity in this country when the general public is short of surplus money. There is no abatement of real prosperity when the general public goes on making money and saving some of it. The speculative gambler may be rolling in wealth or he may be absolutely poverty stricken, and neither the one condition nor the other reflects the situation of the general public and the country. Something that does, unfailingly and emphatically, is the total of the savings banks deposits—the surplus wealth of the general public, when we had "hard times" with the advent of the Wilson law, savings banks deposits first ceased to increase and then actually decreased. From 1893 to 1894 they fell nearly \$400,000,000, or to a total of \$1,747,961,000. By 1902 they had risen to \$2,750,000,000. Controller Ridgley's report showed that the total of the savings banks deposits is now \$2,935,204,845.

From the experts who "went broke" in speculative excesses we hear that national prosperity turned downward in 1901. In that year the savings banks deposits were \$2,597,000,000, so that since that time to now there has been a gain of nearly \$400,000,000. This gain, since the "turn of prosperity," is larger than the gain from 1893 to 1898. It is as large as the gain from 1895 to 1899, larger than the gain from 1898 to 1900, when the boom was indeed booming, as no one will deny.

Nearly three billions of savings banks deposits to-day—nearly twice what we had in 1894—does not look as if the general public were yet quit of prosperity. Nor will it be, if this nation continues a policy which keeps our industries protected against foreign industries and our wage earners against foreign wage earners.—New York Press.

More Work for the Policeman.

The Journal's prediction that the United States would soon have to exercise police power over the semi-savage republics of San Domingo and Hayti is being swiftly fulfilled.

A delayed cablegram from San Domingo says that marines from the Newark and Columbia have had a pitched battle lasting three hours with the insurgents, who were routed without the loss of even one American life. The insurgents began the trouble by firing on the launch of the Newark and on a commercial steamship owned in New York. Four hundred marines were promptly landed under cover of the guns of the Newark and the Columbia, which shelled the insurgent camp; and they engaged the Dominicans, who lost two of their generals killed, one wounded, several officers captured, and sixteen men killed and wounded.

After inflicting this punishment the United States forces withdrew and the Newark sailed for Guantanamo.

Evidently the situation in San Domingo is becoming intolerable. The barbarian degenerates who inhabit that part of the island are only one degree better than the negroes who compose the population of Hayti. They are not fit to govern themselves, and they are becoming a menace to the peace of the whole Caribbean region.

The United States can not long permit this state of affairs to continue almost within hailing distance of its island possessions. It is bound by every consideration of selfish interest, as well as by every moral obligation to the family of nations, to put an end to it. We do not want the island of Hayti, but for the sake of our commerce we must take such police measures there as will prevent any further disturbances.

It is a satire on our civilization that at our very doors one of the fairest and richest islands of the sea is become the prey of savages in perpetual riot, many of them sunk in superstition and barbarism not found elsewhere on earth outside of the Australian bush and the interior of darkest Africa.

It is time that the United States interfered to police this island. We can not permit any other nation to do so, and it must be done.—Chicago Journal.

CASUS BELLI A STRONG CASE

Girl Justly Angry at Her Rival's Joy Over Ghost Story.

"What a horrid creature Milly Smith is!" said the girl in the blue blouse.

"She is," assented the girl in gray, "but how—"

"How did I find it out?" said the girl in the blue blouse. "Why, we spent our holidays at the same house! The way I came to grief with her was this. We decided to give a ghost party one night. You sit in a dark room and tell ghost stories in turn. The person that tells the most blood-curdling one gets a prize. Of course the incidents are all supposed to have happened to you personally, but—"

"Why, goodness, how delightfully creepy!"

"So it is. Of course I wanted to create a good impression, especially as Harry was there that week, and that Smith girl was fairly haunting his footsteps. Somehow I couldn't manage to think or to dream of a good one. Finally, the day of the party, I went to see my laundress about my dress—we were all to wear white, you know. To my joy I found on her mantelpiece an old dog-eared book of ghost stories. I borrowed it at once and took it home in triumph, and that evening I told one of the stories from it, of course making myself the heroine. It began with my arriving at the country house late at night, you know, and being given a bed in a haunted room—"

"And waking up conscious that something was in the room. I know." "Yes, well, it was a great success, and I felt that the prize was mine, when that Smith girl stopped talking to Harry and began to applaud. And what do you think she said?"

"Something awful, of course." "Clasping her hands, she said: 'Oh, how delightful! And did it all really happen to you?' 'Of course it did,' I said. 'How perfectly charming!' she cried. 'My old nurse used to tell me that story when I was a very little girl, and I shall enjoy it so much more now that I know you were the heroine!'"

"I had never had any luck on the races," said Mr. J. H. Jonah, "nor in games of chance. In fact, my 'number' is all wrong one way or another, and if anybody proposes a scheme where it's win or lose you can betsky that it is little Jimmy Jonah to lose. Just now I am referring to Tivoli pool. Ever lay it? In that game, you know, the table slants and is studded with little prongs projecting about two inches. There are three holes, through which, if the ball drops, you are enabled to make large scores. The object of the projections is to embarrass the ball and to prevent it from going into the holes. But there is no need to particularize, since what I am talking about is bad luck. The other evening I met up with three South Side friends and we had several games with Tivoli pool, 25 cents each in the pot, highest score to win. Well, sir, you shoot six times each during a game, and in sixteen games I held the lowest score. Then I got mad. I offered to go into a pot at a dollar each, winner to be the person who made the lowest score. They jumped at it. Need I say what happened? Try as I would not to score, I rolled the highest that anybody had made in any game that evening. Luck? I can't figure it out anyway."

Just His Luck.

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His Prayer.

Chaplain Hale no longer asks Senators to join with him in repeating the Lord's prayer at the morning devotions. This arises from the fact that when he did make the request there was no response. This circumstance was the basis of a report, printed in some newspapers, that none of the senators knew the prayer. The report in turn became the source of no little anxiety to Dr. Hale.

"Can it be possible that such a deplorable condition of affairs exists?" he asked more than one senator, and he was apparently much relieved by the assurance given him that the newspaper report was without foundation.

"I'd just like to see the test made," said Senator Tillman when he heard the story. "I fear they'd all be like two fellows they tell about down in South Carolina. They were in peril of losing their lives by drowning, when one of them insisted the other should pray, notwithstanding his companion remonstrated that he did not know how to pray."

"Just pray anyhow," said the other, whereupon the one said:

"Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive."—Washington Post.

Faithful to His Friends.

One thought had he, to live his life,
To link with joy its utmost end,
But in the thickest of the strife
He was faithful to his friends.

Cared not he for right nor wrong,
Honor's call nor duty's way;
He but lived among the throng,
Lived among them for a day.

Thus he lived and thus he died,
Yet each one now his life defends;
For we saw the rule applied,
He was faithful to his friends.

Rough and tempest tossed the road,
Crooked was the path he trod;
 Oft he staggered 'neath the load,
 And swore loudly at his God.

But after all his varied years
No reason he to make amends;
He left no payment in arrears,
He was faithful to his friends.

—Henry R. E. Briggs.

Deer Make Pretty Picture.

A Middlesex, Vt., farmer, while drawing logs two or three days ago, saw a group of eight deer on a meadow about a mile and a half south of the village. He describes the animals as sleek and in good condition, and says they made a picture well worth looking at.