



Panama

Here the oceans twain have waited
All the ages to be mated—
Wanted long and waited vainly,
Though the script was written plainly:
"This, the portal of the sea,
Ope for him who holds the key;
Here the empire of the earth
Waits in patience for its birth."
Who shall hold that magic key
But the child of destiny,
In whose veins has mingled long
All the best blood of the strong?
Sentinel of duty, here
Must he guard a hemisphere.

Let the old world keep its ways;
Naught to him its blame or praise;
Naught its good, or hate, or fear;
For all swords be sheathed here.

And the gateway shall be free
Unto all, from sea to sea;
Yes, and no fratricidal slaughter
Shall defile its sacred water;
But—the hand that open the gate
Shall forever hold the key!
—James Jeffrey Roche in Scribner's



OCULAR DEMONSTRATION

BY EPES W. SARGENT

Annie Wheatley strolled to the window and gazed idly out. This was strictly in accordance with the instructions conveyed in the little blue covered book of typewriting which read:

"—and I will explain it all to you. (Gertrude walks to window R and gazes idly out.)"

Considering that this was the 217th time she had done this the view from the window had lost somewhat of its novelty.

She knew exactly what she would see there. At her right would be a huge electric calcium pouring its green rays upon her white dress. It had been decided that green would be better than blue. The moon had been green ever since the night when the stage manager had arrived at this decision.

There were also a couple of stage braces holding up the scenery, and sometimes a couple of stage hands in very dirty shirt sleeves lent animation to the view.

To-night the men were absent and Annie was able to give her whole attention to the floor, on which some one had chalked "I love you," in a clear print.

She wondered idly who might have done this. Some stage hand, probably considering it a good joke. Surely no one would make such an open confession and expect to be taken seriously.

She was still wondering when she heard the cue which was her signal to turn with a cry of horror to perceive Lady Gwendolin prostrate upon the floor, struck down by Hugh de Maltravers, who in private life was a most villain-like villain.

After that it was a busy time until the fall of the curtain, when she had to run for the dressing room for a change for the third-act costume. She gave the chalk marks no further thought until the following evening.

There, again, were the eloquent words, neatly chalked for her inspection. She was the only one required to use the window. She could not suppose that the message was meant for any one else.

Gradually the legend began to annoy her. Every evening the same words appeared, only to disappear before it came time to make the change for the next act.

She complained to the stage manager, but that official could offer no practical suggestion. He was certain it was none of the stage boys and that was all the satisfaction she could obtain.

The matter both annoyed and interested her. It takes but little to make talk in a company, and she wisely held her peace; but she kept a sharp eye out in the hope of discovering the offender.

She even made a practice of run-



Gazes idly out.

ning to the window the moment the curtain fell in the hope of discovering the writer erasing the lines, but by that time the marks had been obscured and she could only wait for time to unravel the mystery.

On the 25th performance Agnes Carleton celebrated the event by introducing a new gown. In place of the white satin, which was beginning to show the marks of wear and tear,

she appeared in a handsome black satin, which caused every woman in the audience a pang of jealousy and incidentally got her several newspaper items.

As usual, Annie stood by the window, wondering who her unknown admirer might be. Lady Gwendolin gave her customary shriek and Annie turned with a scream of terror to behold the villain's wicked work.

To-night she supplemented her stage horror with a cry more natural. Lady Gwendolin fell with her face to the audience that they might marvel at the play of her facial expression as she slowly died from the effects of Maltravers' cruel blow. There on the back of the black satin



"Believe me," he said, earnestly, "it was no prank."

were the marks of a man's fingers clearly outlined in white.

In a flash it all came to her. Hugh Cameron, who played Maltravers, was the only person who left the stage. He made his exit from the very window out of which she had been looking. All of the other characters were supposed to enter from the castle on the opposite side of the stage.

It was an easy matter to chalk the legend while she was having her scene with Miss Carleton. Then when he fled from the consequence of his murderous assault he could rub out the chalk marks.

Only the black satin dress had been out of his calculations. When he had grappled with Lady Gwendolin, the chalk from his imperfectly cleaned fingers had left their mark. On the old white dress they had not been noticeable.

All through the last act the incident kept running through her head. She liked Cameron very much, better than anyone else in the company. He had been so kind to her in many little ways, so deferential, she could not believe that he had sought to insult her. She could not even imagine him doing such a thing even for a joke. He was not that sort of a man.

It hurt her to think that he had a hand in this joke. Just as the curtain fell at the close of the act she turned to Cameron.

"I should like to speak to you after you have changed," she said simply.

He bowed, but it was with no easy heart that he awaited her coming on the dark stage.

She branched the subject directly. "Mr. Cameron," she demanded, "Why do you annoy me by chalking such absurd sentiments underneath the window in the second act?"

"How did you know?" he countered. "You left chalk marks on Miss Carleton's black dress this evening," she explained. "Now I want to know why you played such an absurd prank?"

He colored like a guilty school-boy.

"Believe me," he said earnestly, "it was no prank. I meant it, every word. One night I stood by the window. The stage hands were all busy with a card game at the rear and I knew no one would see it before I came off after the murder. I picked a piece of chalk off the call board and wrote the words. You see while I play vil-

lain on the stage, I am anything but a bold man off. Just as I was going to sign them I heard the cue that brought you to the window and I had just time to whisk around the corner. I have been trying every night since then to get the courage to sign my name, but if it hadn't been for that blessed dress I never should have done so. I mean it, every word of it. Miss Wheatley. Won't you believe me?"

By special request Miss Carleton will wear her black dress at the wedding.

READY FOR HIS "SUB."

President Cleveland Was Prepared for the Usual "Touch."

When Grover Cleveland was elected president the first time, he was sitting in his office one day when Gen. Alfred Orendorf of Illinois was ushered in to see him.

"Well, Mr. President," said the general, "I suppose you have seen about every democrat in the country by this time?"

"All but my substitute, I think," replied the president. "I am looking for him every minute. He made a tight bargain and got all the money I had when he went to the civil war. I never saw him again until I was elected mayor of Buffalo. He ambled into my office there soon after I was elected. I told him I supposed he was killed in battle, but he said he had pulled out of the war with his life, was hard up and wanted \$10. I gave it to him and heard nothing more of him until I became governor of New York. He showed up promptly in Albany and borrowed another \$10. Now I am president, and he is between callers I have been watching the door all day. I'm really a little disappointed. Here I am, ready for him." And the president drew from a capacious pocket a crumpled ten dollar bill and tossed it on the table in front of him.—New York Herald.

EASY FOR HIM TO TELL.

Youngster Escaped a Thrashing and Had Smile Coming.

Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw told this story the other day apropos of a discussion as to the propriety of extending clemency to violators of the customs law who furnish evidence against their associates.

It was at a school in Mr. Shaw's native state of Iowa, and one of the boys in a class had committed some grave infraction of discipline. The teacher announced that he would thrash the whole class if some one did not tell him who had committed the offense. All were silent, and he began with the first boy and thrashed every one in the class until finally he reached the last one. Then he said:

"Now, if you will tell me who did this, I won't thrash you."

"All right, sir. I did it," was the reply.—New York Times.

Must Be Natural Affinity.

A curious correlation between the ages of husband and wife appears to have been established in the course of the recent investigation of the inheritance of physical qualities by Prof. Karl Pearson. Prof. Pearson's results, published in *Biometrika*, may be briefly summarized: "These data have shown that there is a very definite correlation between the degrees of longevity of husband and wife. Things take place as if men destined to live to old age, while short-lived men generally marry short-lived women. There has been an unconscious selection from the point of view of general vitality. This follows clearly from the study of the age of decease of a great number of couples, taken from graveyard inscriptions." The influence of grief upon the longevity of the surviving partner is not taken into account.

Better Than a Lawyer.

Congressman Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas tells of an old negro who was charged with having stolen a hog. The facts were all against him. He had no counsel, and when the judge asked him if he wanted a lawyer assigned to defend him, he declared that he did not.

"But you are entitled to a lawyer," the court explained, "and you might as well have the benefit of his services."

"Yah Honor, wud jes gimme some cheap white trash lawyer," the old darkey replied, "and he wouldn't do me no good. If it's jes de same to Yah Honor, I'd rather depen' on de Ign'rance ob de court."—New York Times.

What One Woman Observes.

"If children could be sent to a chewing school as they are sent to a kindergarten," says a common sense physician, "there would be a marked improvement in the race."

Many women are wandering restlessly in search of happiness with their hands full of material of which the truest happiness is made.

Each is called on to do only her part—and that part is never impossible.

When a man is really hungry, his wife is apt to be a good cook.—Philadelphia North American.

A Dream of Happiness.

Sun's a-dimbin' high in de sky above mah head,
Watabildyoun time's sho' comin';
Sets mah blood a-ah when Ah dreams o' milyuns red.
Watabildyoun time's sho' comin';
When de cotton blossoms drap by de side o' de row—
Milyuns gettin' ripe by de scoah—
Den Ah dinkly jis' as wine to 'trow 'way de hoe.
An' 'est tell he 'zan' want no mo'!

Sun's a-dimbin' high in de sky above mah head,
Watabildyoun time's sho' comin';
Sets mah blood a-ah when Ah dreams o' milyuns red.
Watabildyoun time's sho' comin';
—S. M. Snuggs, Mobile, Ala.

NOT FIT FOR POWER.

WHY DEMOCRATIC PARTY MAY NOT BE TRUSTED.

Their Method of "Revising" the Tariff in 1893 Should Be Warning Enough to the Voters of the Country—Have No Right to Another Chance.

Some of the leaders of the Democratic party in Congress are trying to make the country believe that it would be safe to trust that party in the control of the government.

"There is no free trade party in the United States," says Champ Clark, "and Republicans ought to quit asserting that there is." In a recent magazine article John Sharp Williams, the Democratic leader in the House of Representatives, says:

"As to the tariff, the Democratic party stands for the principle that protectionism is a system of taxation whereby many are robbed in order that a few may be hot-housed by legislation into artificial prosperity. The method whereby 'protection' does this is by deflecting capital and labor from naturally profitable pursuits into pursuits which without legislation would have been less profitable or perhaps not profitable at all.

"The ultimate goal of Democratic striving is 'tariff for revenue only,' but in the striving toward this goal common sense, good judgment and conservatism will prevail, and time will enter as a factor. Perhaps it might be said that an ideal Democratic 'tariff for revenue only' would consist in levying import duties upon all or nearly all imports, dividing them, however, into three classes: First, necessities of life and necessities of industries; second, comforts, and third, luxuries."

"We go forth to battle," says Champ Clark, "with tariff reduction and genuine reciprocity inscribed upon our banner. Our appeal is to the great body of the people. To them we pledge our faith without hesitation and without fear." But it was not long ago that this same Democratic leader said:

"I repeat, so that all men may hear, that I am a free trader, and proudly take my stand with Sir Robert Peel, Richard Cobden, John Bright and Henry George. I may be a humble member of that illustrious company, but it is better to be a doorkeeper in the house of honest free traders than to dwell in the tents of wicked protectionists."

It was this same leader that also said that if he could have his way he would demolish every custom house in the country.

The principal reason for the present moderation of Champ Clark and John Sharp Williams is that they know the country would not follow them in a radical course; they want, therefore, to make the country believe that they are conservative, and that if put into power they would act cautiously and would not so change tariff rates as to disturb business or cause trouble.

But the country will not be deceived or misled. The best way to judge of the future is by the past. The Democracy was put into complete power in the election of 1892; they had the House of Representatives, the Senate, and the presidency for the first time since the beginning of the civil war; they could do just what they pleased. But instead of passing a tariff bill promptly, and so framed as to afford relief, they bogged over the matter for fourteen months and finally passed a bill so bad that their own president would not sign it, while lacking the courage to veto it. And the long delay in putting the measure through and the vicious character of the measure brought on the most disastrous panic of modern times, so that the Cleveland administration actually had to sell bonds and increase the bonded debt to pay the ordinary running expenses of government, and in all the great cities of the country charitable people were compelled to establish free soup houses, so that the honest men and women who had been thrown out of work by Democratic maladministration wouldn't starve to death.

Trust the Democratic party to revise the tariff? Not much!—Rochester Post Express.

Easily Encouraged.

The New York Evening Post sees hope for free trade in the fact that nothing tangible in the way of tariff reform is to be expected of the Republican party. It says:

"The people of the United States have had new light on a good many subjects. They know more about tariffs and their effects than they did. They have learned that high duties not only keep out imports, but keep in what they would like to export—that is, unless they sell below cost. Ten years ago production was not so far ahead of consumption as now, and less attention was excited by this fact. But to-day our greatest aim is to find foreign markets. The Republican platform of 1900 promised to aid in this effort, but promise has not been followed by fulfillment."

If anybody has learned that a protective tariff restricts foreign trade by keeping out imports and keeping in exports, unless the latter are sold below cost, he must have learned it from false teachers, for he has learned a lie. Our total foreign trade is nearly double what it was in the latest period of Democratic tariff reform. Our exports are going out at the rate of a billion and a half yearly, and of that great total less than one-fiftieth, probably not a hundredth part, is sold below cost.

To-day "our greatest aim" is not to

find foreign markets. Far from it. Our greatest aim is to take the best possible care of a domestic market worth \$30,000,000,000 a year, and to find such foreign markets as we can without fooling away the big market at home. To assist in doing more than that the Republican party has never promised. None the less, the Republican party has done for our foreign trade double what the Democratic party ever did.

His Candidate.

William J. Bryan came to Chicago the other day, supposedly in the interest of the Democratic party. He hired a hall that no limitations might be placed upon him in declaration of principles or in expressing preferences for candidates. And yet he made no declarations of principle and made no suggestions as to a candidate.

His speech was almost wholly negative. He devoted most of his time to the criticism of the platform adopted by the New York state convention to the Democrats of the nation. In his analysis of the platform he found not a single phrase to commend, not a principle to approve.

If Mr. Bryan has any political following, if he is still the leader of the faction that controlled two Democratic national conventions, his speech was formal notice to the people of the United States that there is an irrepressible conflict and an impending crisis in the Democratic party.

Mr. Bryan, judged by his speech in Chicago, is at open war with the wing of the Democratic party under the leadership of Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Hill and Judge Parker. He looks forward to no party except in the field of his own choosing. He looks forward to no platform that does not include the Kansas City platform. He looks forward to no candidate who cannot stand upon the Kansas City platform.

The only question that Mr. Bryan leaves open is as to what candidate he will support. He mentioned none that he could approve. He was emphatic and definite as to the candidates he would oppose. The logic of his speech points to one candidate only—and that is William J. Bryan, the twice defeated, the hopeless.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Judge Parker and His Platform.

Whether or not the platform adopted by the New York Democrats reflects the sentiment of the country could be determined only by a popular vote, but it is skillfully framed as an appeal to people who are out of sympathy with President Roosevelt. The somewhat vague references to what might be called the "imperialistic" acts of the national administration were wisely put in general terms because they hold out some hope to all within the ranks of the disaffected. Attempts to particularize would have been sure to provoke divisions over questions of time and method which were properly left to the national convention and which it might properly leave to be decided after the election.

The Republican state platform had declared that the greatest national issue was the maintenance of prosperity, which it attributed by inference to the protective tariff, and it was silent on the subject of revision. This platform declares for a reasonable revision and pronounces against needless duties on raw materials. One is calculated to satisfy the protective tariff league, the other invites cooperation from all who believe that the time has come for a modification of the Dingley law.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cleveland's Position.

With the recollection of the disastrous results of the proposition for Democratic reform in 1892 yet fresh in mind, it is not likely that the American people will listen to the voice of the Princeton "siren" as long as he simply insists on tariff reform in general terms. They have had experience with that, and a burnt child dreads the fire. If Mr. Cleveland wishes the people to exalt his party once more on the issue of tariff reform he will have to file a bill of particulars and set forth just what kind of reform in the tariff it is proposed to make. For it is certain that the public wants no other such period of suspense as before, and neither will it be content to have the matter of reformation placed in the hands of a scholastic theorist who knows no more about practical business and its needs than an ordinary porker does of the Christian Sabbath. What is it you propose, Mr. Cleveland? Is it free trade, is it tariff for revenue only, or is it modified protection? Or is it, as before, a nondescript muddling of all three?—Peoria Herald.

A Contrast.

It is admitted that 1894 was the best Democratic year in foreign and general trade, and no one will dispute the fact that 1903 was not the best Republican year. Now, compare the outflow of gold in April, May and June of each of those years:

	April.	May.	June.
1894.	\$11,723,771	\$27,496,801	\$23,280,220
1903.	1,705,466	14,488,268	12,597,538

This comparison shows the following lesser outflow of gold in favor of the three months named of 1903, Republican year:

April	\$10,018,205
May	12,918,533
June	10,772,632
Total advantage	\$33,709,370

Good times, or poorer times, it matters not. The trade and fiscal policies of the Republican party meet every condition and every emergency.—Walter J. Bellard.



What He Really Needed.

"What I need," said the young man who had just returned from college to the little town, "is a wider sphere."

"What you need," replied his father, "is a pair of boots you can stick your pants into, instead of them garters you've got on. You git the boots and I guess your sphere'll be wide enough."

Righting a Wrong.

Plinks (angrily)—I understand you said my face would stop a clock.

Plunks—I never said it, old man.

Plunks—Then I have been misinformed.

Plunks—That's what. Why, instead of stopping at sight of your face any reputable clock would increase its speed.

Some People's Luck.



Mr. Citrus—"Well, Uncle Henry, how did you like our new church soloist? He gets \$10,000 a year."

Uncle Hi—"Waal, he gits tew much, then. W'y, Harve Perks, who leads our choir, only gits \$14 a year an' he kin holler twicet as loud as this feller."

Leap Year Query.

"Here's one for you," said the "answers correspondents" editor.

"What 'tis?" asked the horse reporter.

"A chap writes to inquire how much rope he should give a spinster who shows symptoms of proposing," rejoined the other.

Poor Thing.

Maud—Just think, I read the other day about a lady who had just died, who was the daughter of a duke, the wife of a duke, the sister of a duke, the mother of a duke and the grandmother of a marquis.

Ethel—My goodness, what a poor, dull place heaven must seem to her.

Fine Finish.

They had bought an upright piano on the pay-weekly plan. "John," she said one day, "I want you to stand off and take note of the exterior of this piano. Can you see its finish?"

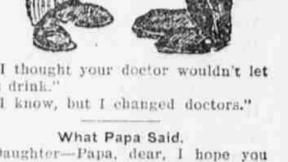
"I should say so," sighed John. "When the installment man comes."

Protection.

"Yes," said Miss Passay, "Mr. Shrupe has called upon me several times lately, but he always brings some other young man with him."

"I suppose he thinks a young man can't be too careful in leap year," replied Miss Speltz.

The Reason.



"I thought your doctor wouldn't let you drink."

"I know, but I changed doctors."

What Papa Said.

Daughter—Papa, dear, I hope you are not angry because George is going to marry me and take me away from you?

Papa—I should say not. But if he ever does anything that will cause you to come back to me I'll do him bodily harm.

The Truth or It.

"I hope, Johnny," said the visitor, "that I haven't disturbed your pa and ma at dinner."

"No," replied Johnny; "we was just going to sit down, but pa seen you from the window, an' he told ma not to have dinner till you went."

Not Sure.

"I suppose that picture is one of your choicest works of art?"

"I don't know for sure," answered Mr. Cumrox. "You see, mother and the girls have ideas of their own, and they won't let me keep the price tags on 'em."

Unquestionable Evidence.

"Are those girls really friends?"

"Oh, yes indeed. Why, there isn't even a string to the compliments they say each other."