

BESSIE'S FISHING

One morning when spring was in her teens,
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate grays and greens,
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough-and-tumble clothes,
With my face at the sunshine's mercy;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped vice versa.

I with my rod, my reel, and my books,
And a hamper of luncheon recesses;
She with the bait of her comely looks,
And the shine of her golden tresses.

So we sat down in the shade of a dyke,
Where the white pond lilies teeter,
And I went to fishing like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All day I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited;
But the fish were cunning and wouldn't rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.

So when the time for departure came,
My bag was as flat as a flounder;
But Bessie had nearly hooked her game—
A hundred-and-eighty-pounder.
—Unidentified.



BY RUBY DOUGLAS

"I can never thank you, Miss Carew," began Tom Stanton for the sixth time within half an hour.

He stood in front of the big, open fireplace in the Carew sitting room, very wet and disheveled. His overcoat and hat, soaked likewise, hung over the back of a chair before the fire. A pair of skates lay on the floor.

"In only one way, you may," answered Diana, at last.

She spoke as if she had suddenly determined to say something upon which she had been pondering. Each time Stanton had tried to thank her she had artfully turned the conversation into foreign channels and ignored his expressions of gratitude.

"Give me your solemn oath," she continued, "that you will never ask me to marry you, and I am fully thanked for what I have done. Yes, I know that sounds presumptuous, Mr. Stanton, but nowadays persons labor under the delusion that if a girl does some—O some little thing like I did—for a man, that he is in honor bound to ask her to marry him. I won't have it, so promise."

She looked as well as he did in heavy wet clothing and with his hair curling recklessly about his broad, white forehead.

"But you save—" he began, but was interrupted.

"Don't—don't dare to say it! I did not!" And Miss Carew stamped her foot emphatically.

"But you did; you saw me floundering about among the chunks of ice and you ran all the way, at a great risk to yourself, and pulled me out. I was foolish to skate on such dangerous ice. I could never have crawled out before I was frozen—so there! I must refute your denial. What do you call it, Miss Carew?"

"Never mind, only give me your promise. It was mere luck that I happened to be in the window of my room and saw you go in. I know the air holes in the slough, living so near. Your promise?" she said interrogatively.

"Is that quite fair?" he asked. "Suppose—"

"No, I won't! I would never, never marry a man who thought I had saved his life even if it were years and years afterwards. I should always feel that he asked me out of gratitude."

"But I won't feel that way," said Stanton, honestly feeling it might be true, but smiling down at the look of despair she gave him.

"There you are, this very minute," she argued, "before you have known me an hour, already contemplating it. O please promise!"

Diana was so earnest that Stanton



"Don't—don't dare to say it!"

stopped smiling and turned his other side to the fire before answering.

"I'll promise on the condition that you will permit me to continue our acquaintance—if I may come to see you and learn to be friends. I could not thank you in a lifetime for what you have done, so we will let that pass. It was brave and—"

He was going to say sweet, but refrained wisely. Neither did he tell her he had the wet belt and tie which she had knotted together. He would keep that always.

"Very well, now promise," she said, extending her hand.

He took it in his. "I promise, Miss Carew, never to ask you to marry me out of gratitude," he said.

"No, no, no!" she cried, hopelessly, and taking her hand abruptly from him. "Promise never, under any circumstances, to ask me to marry you."

He hesitated while he looked earnestly into her eyes. And because he saw a troubled, eager expectancy in her expression he took her hand again and said, "I promise." But he was sorry the moment the words had left his lips.

Now that she had extracted her promise Diana chatted on merrily with



"Is it all figured out?"

Stanton, and long before he was dry enough to go out of doors she had learned why she had never seen him before.

He had only the night before come to Cedar Rapids and, in wandering about to get his bearings in the town before taking up his duties with his firm, had come upon the Little Slough. He had secured some skates at a nearby shop and—Diana knew the rest.

In due time he came to call. Only one subject was tabooed when they were together, and that was the skating accident and the promise.

"Diana," said Tom one night—he had called her Diana for some time. "I did not promise to refrain from telling you I love you, and I do! I love you better than anything in life, and if you can't figure out some way out of my difficulty, I shall be sorry you were in your window that morning. I shall, Diana!" He tried to take her hands and to force her to look at him.

"Tom Stanton, don't you dare!" she said, laughing at his seriousness. "You are dangerously near breaking your promise, and I won't pull you out if you go over the brink as I did on the ice."

Almost a year after Diana had extracted her promise from Stanton she came into the room where he was waiting for her and sat down beside him on the couch.

"Have you a pencil and paper, Tom?" she asked. "I want you to figure something for me." She moved close to him.

"But first, Tom, are you quite, quite sure that you love me—that you would have loved me anyway? No—" she said, repelling his attempt to take her hands. "Tell me."

"Yes, positively sure, Diana," he said, earnestly. "Are you going to release me?"

"Nonsense!" she cried. "I just wanted to be sure; I will never release you from that promise."

Silence fell between them for a moment. He was thinking of how many times within the year she had raised his hopes, only to dash them to the ground again. And yet he loved her.

"Now put down the figures I tell you," she said, after a minute, "and don't ask questions. One."

He put a figure one on the paper. "Beside it a nine," said Diana. He did it.

"Naught! Four!" said Diana, excitedly.

"Very well," said Tom.

"Now divide it by four," she said.

"Four hundred and seventy-six," he read, when he finished. "Well, what of it?" He was mystified beyond expression.

"Is it all figured out?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And can't you see that 1904 is divisible by four and that it's leap year, and—O, Tom, I love you so. Won't you marry me? Please do," she cried.

And if taking her in his arms and holding her as if he would never let her go again was giving a positive answer, Diana's leap year proposal was accepted.—Ruby Douglas, in Boston Globe.

GARDEN OUT OF PLACE.

Mistake Was in Locating It on Baseball Diamond.

Henry Turner Bailey, until recently State Supervisor of Art of Massachusetts, says there is a wrong and a right way to induce the children to love the beautiful, and he tells the following story as an illustration. A superintendent of schools, during the vacation period, made a beautiful garden in a school yard, thinking that if he made it beautiful enough the boys would not destroy it. With September a lot of energetic boys came back to school, and in a few weeks the garden was trampled down and ruined. The townspeople were indignant at the ruffianly behavior of the schoolboys, and spoke of them in rather harsh terms. Early in the spring there was a change of superintendents, and the new man heard almost immediately of the spoiled garden. He went up to the school and made friends with the boys, and then he said, "You boys don't like flowers, do you?"

They declared emphatically that they did.

"Then why did you ruin that flower garden?" he asked.

"Well," said the spokesman of the crowd, "they ought to have known better than to make it on our baseball diamond."

COULD NOT FOOL DARWIN.

Great Scientist at Once Settled Status of the Bug.

Miss Daisy Leiter has brought back from London a story about Charles Darwin.

"Two English boys," said Miss Leiter, "being friends of Darwin, thought one day that they would play a joke on him. They caught a butterfly, a grasshopper, a beetle and a centipede, and out of these creatures they made a strange, composite insect. They took the centipede's body, the butterfly's wings, the grasshopper's legs and the beetle's head and they glued them together carefully. Then, with their new bug in a box, they knocked at Darwin's door.

"We caught this bug in a field," they said. "Can you tell us what kind of a bug it is, sir?"

"Darwin looked at the bug and then he looked at the boys. He smiled slightly.

"Did it hum when you caught it?" he asked.

"Yes," they answered, nudging one another.

"Then," said Darwin, "it is a hum-bug."

The World Beautiful.

Oh, dwellers on the lovely earth,
Why will ye break your rest and mirth
To weary us with fruitless prayer?
Why will ye toil and take such care
For children's children yet unborn,
And garner store of strife and corn,
To gain a scarce remembered name,
Cumbered with lies and soiled with shame?

And if ye gods care not for you,
What is this folly ye must do
To win some mortal's feeble heart?
Oh, fools! when each man plays his part,
And heeds his fellow little more,
Than these blue waves that kiss the shore.

Take heed of how the daisies grow,
Oh, fools! and if ye could but know
How fair a world to you is given,
O brooder on the hills of heaven.

When for my sins thou drawest me forth,
Hast thou forgot what this was worth
Thine own hand made? The tears of men,
The death of three score years and ten,
The trembling of the timorous race—
Had these things so bedimmed the place,
Thine own hand made, thou couldst not know.

To what a heaven the earth might grow,
If fear, beneath the earth were laid,
If hope failed not, nor love decayed.
—William Morris.

Wooing Done by Music.

Among the Yao Midos, one of the many Burmese-Tartar people, the young men woo their wives absolutely without words, but to the sound of music. On the first day of winter they have a great feast, at which all the marriageable girls gather, and listen to the music made by the bachelors, who sit under the "desire tree," each playing his favorite instrument. As the maiden he loves passes him the youth plays louder and more feelingly. If the girl ignores him and passes on he knows that she will have none of him; if she steps up to him and lays a flower upon the instrument he jumps up, grasps her by the hand, taking care not to drop the flower, and they go away together.

How Did He Do It?

Charles M. Schwab is still telling his friends his amusing experiences while abroad. One of these relates to an inscription he saw on the placard fastened to the breast of a beggar in Paris. Here is the literal translation:

"Gentlemen and Ladies—Kindly assist a poor man who has lost both his arms and is compelled to hold out his hands for alms."—New York Times.

Stoddard's Modesty.

As is not the case with many present-day celebrities, no one could justly accuse Richard H. Stoddard with being puffed up with an exaggerated idea of his own greatness.

"Well," said a friend to him several years before his death, "the papers will say a lot about you when you die."

"My friend," was the poet's quiet reply, "I will scarcely be mentioned."

YOUNG MASTERS OF MUSIC

Genius in That Line Seems to Awaken Early.

The accounts of Master Danewski, who at the mature age of 8 has been conducting a full orchestra at Bourne-mouth, England, in a military march of his own composition, casually remarked afterward that he had written it several years ago "when he was quite young" suggests a question which is worthy of more attention than it has received. Why are genuine musical prodigies comparatively common, whereas in other branches of art they are practically nonexistent? We say "genuine" because it is undoubtedly the case that while of course not every precocious musician is heard of in maturer life, nearly every great musician has in his time been a prodigy. One need only instance Mozart, Schubert, Haydn, Chopin, and among expectants of today, Joachim and Norman-Neruda, to realize that this is so. Have psychologists explained why the genius of music should and does awake in the soul years before that of painting and the allied arts?

Round the Globe.

A great globe ornamented with the map of the earth has been carved in

stone to decorate the estate of an eccentric Englishman at Swanage. It stands overlooking the sea, and is visible for quite a distance. One may walk about it and study it in detail. The plain surfaces, such as the oceans, lakes and deserts, are decorated with scriptural texts, which are supposed to apply especially to the locality they occupy.

Ring Strangely Returned.

A young married lady lost her wedding ring during the Glasgow exhibition of 1901, and was consequently much annoyed. A few months afterwards her husband died, and early in the present year she became engaged to a former sweetheart, and friend of her late husband. He, being something of a sportsman, was one day lately in a second-hand shop buying a gun, when his attention was attracted by a tray of rings, and on examining them closely he came across a wedding ring, with initials engraved inside, which corresponded with his fiancée's name; so in view of his approaching wedding he purchased it. Later on, when showing it to his future bride she, greatly to his astonishment, at once recognized it as the one she had lost at the exhibition—a certain mark proving its identity beyond a doubt.

Wild Excitement in a Mountain City.

Last Monday at a very early hour our attention was called by hearing the cry of monkey! monkey! Looking out on the streets we saw a strange looking object grinding out music, we all rushed to the spot men, women and children and its reported that the editor and typesetter were among the crowd that saw the monkey street performance. Two monkeys and three Italians composed the hole out fit, but we laughed to our satisfaction.—Hyden Thousandsticks.

Tokio Children Playing Soldiers.

A sketch from life by the London Chronicle's Japanese artist at Tokio.

About 40,000,000 Melons.

Some one who is fond of statistics has taken some trouble to tell us a few facts about the watermelon crop in Texas. Last year the melons were a great success as to numbers, and on this output the statistician has based his calculations. If a monument were built of the 40,000,000 melons raised there last year they would make a column 1,223 feet high, 146 feet at the base. In the bottom layer there would be 24,528 melons, occupying 21,462 square feet. This is averaging the size of the melon as 14 inches long and 9 inches in diameter.

These 40,000,000 melons would weigh in the aggregate the enormous total of 800,000,000 pounds. It would require 30,000 cars and 1,200 full trains to transport them. The trains, with not a foot of space between them would cover a distance of 170 miles.

Big Pelican Caught in Kentucky.

A magnificent specimen of the American pelican was captured by Virgil Robb on the farm of Eugene Davis, near Helena Station. The bird was seen flying in the neighborhood, and on account of its great size, attracted immediate attention. The pelican measured 7 feet 10 inches from tip to tip of the wings, was 4 feet 8 inches high, and from the eye to the end of its bill measured 13 inches. It was white, with the wings tipped with black.—Maysville (Ky.) Ledger.

A TYPICAL DEMOCRAT

JUDGE PARKER'S VIEWS, AS EXPRESSED BY PROXY.

He is in Complete Harmony With His Party as Regards Hatred of Protection and the Intention to Smash the Tariff at the First Opportunity.

Through his friend, Elliot Danforth, formerly State Treasurer of New York, Judge Parker has authorized a statement of his views concerning questions that are to enter into the national campaign of 1904. Restrained by his judicial dignity from the expression of his political sentiments in public speeches or in open letters, Judge Parker has maintained a reserve that by some people—notably his opponents in the race for the Democratic nomination—has been construed to indicate a neutral state of mind and a lack of the positive assertion which is regarded as essential in an aspirant for the Presidency. Grounds for this criticism disappear in the light of the Danforth declaration. Certainly no fault can be found, on the score of vagueness, with the candidate's position regarding the tariff. He is a Democrat and he would therefore lend his aid in the ripping up of the Dingley tariff. That much is clear from Mr. Danforth's authorized exposition:

"In a conversation recently had with him at Esopus, Judge Parker made it clear to me that the question of taxation, now, as always, is of vital importance to the people, and that the great mass of American producers and consumers demand a revision of the tariff that will equalize the burden of taxation and distribute equitably its benefits."

"He assured me that he is in favor of reducing customs duties wherever they shelter the trusts and wherever they enable lawless capital to wring extortionate prices from the consumer. Judge Parker told me that he regard-

ed that feature of our tariff system as little less than criminal.

"Nor would he stop there. He insists that wherever American manufacturers are, by means of a monopolistic tariff, enabled to sell their articles abroad more cheaply than at home, or, rather, are permitted to charge at home prices higher than those accepted abroad, then the duties on all such articles should be reduced so as to correct that injustice to the American consumer."

Being a Democrat, Judge Parker looks upon the tariff as a tax. All Democrats so consider it. Nearly all Democrats, while recognizing in the tariff a necessary means of providing revenue, contend that it should have no other function. Most of them would prefer an income tax. Practically the entire body of the Democratic party is antagonistic to the protective function of a tariff. A considerable majority of Democrats are avowed free traders, while a minority seem to favor some sort of protection, provided it is not the sort that protects.

To the latter class Judge Parker apparently belongs. He would revise the tariff and "distribute equitably its benefits." How? We presume he does not know. The Democratic record of distribution of tariff benefits has invariably been anything but an equal distribution. In the Democratic scheme of tariff making foreign producers have never failed to reap the lion's share of the benefits, while domestic producers and domestic labor have never failed to get the worst end of the distribution.

Judge Parker feels himself on safe ground when committing himself to the reduction of tariff duties on commodities competing with trust products. To smash the trusts he would smash the tariff. Evidently he does not consider it worth while to calculate the effect of that sovereign specific upon 60 per cent or more of producers that are wholly outside of trusts. While lowering the tariff bars for the smashing of the few trusts that are guilty of wailing extortion

Me prices from the consumer, what would happen to the non-trust producers? How would they escape the consequences of competition in the inflow of lower-priced commodities from foreign mills and factories? They would not, of course, escape it; any school-boy can see that, provided he wishes to see it. Judge Parker, being a Democrat, does not want to see it. He wants to smash the tariff; that is all he sees.

Exactly the same blind adherence to a partisan idea is shown in the proposition to withhold all tariff benefits from manufacturers who sell to foreign consumers at lower prices than those maintained in the domestic market. It is a characteristic Democratic proposition to smash the tariff and abolish protection because an amount not exceeding one per cent of the total of manufactured products, not four per cent of the manufactured exports of the United States, is disposed of in foreign markets at reduced prices. In order to deprive a few manufacturers of the privilege of disposing of their surplus production abroad at the best prices obtainable—a bargain counter privilege which is exercised more or less in every known branch of trade—it is seriously proposed to take away all tariff protection from the thousands of industrial producers whose yearly output reaches the enormous total of \$15,000,000,000. That is the Democratic idea of a valid excuse for attacking the tariff. That is Judge Parker's idea. We think him sufficiently explicit alike to satisfy Democrats and to warn Republicans.

Concrete Facts.

One of the most flagrant misrepresentations of the free traders in their attacks upon the protective system is their persistent assumption that protectionists underestimate the value or ignore the importance of foreign trade. One of the favorite illustrations used by the opponents of protection is that the advocates of the protective system propose to build a Chinese wall about the country to shut out foreign trade

LOOKING FOR NEW ISSUES.

HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF DEMOCRATIC ISSUES FOR HALF A CENTURY. "REST IN PEACE"

FIAT MONEY, FREE SILVER, IMPERIALISM, MILITARISM, BRYANISM, POPULISM AND OTHER "S.M.'S." TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION.

FREE TRADE

RECIPROCITY IN COMPETITIVE PRODUCTS

DEMOCRACY

Of course, the protectionists have denied this from the outset, and they have shown that this assumption is contrary to reason. Every additional year under protection, however, has given additional concrete facts to show that there is absolutely nothing in this theory of the free traders. The exports have increased at an incredible rate, notwithstanding the protests of the theorists.—Marion (Ind.) Chronicle.

Simple Platform for Democrats.

Some Democrats, recalling what happened to their party with the long-drawn-out declarations of Chicago and Kansas City, are calling for a short platform this year. It should be easy to comply with such a demand. The Democratic party would correctly define its position with regard to every important public policy by simply adopting this plank:

"Whatever it is we're agin it.—Troy Times.

Suits Entire Country.

"We are in favor of the retention of the Philippine Islands," says the Illinois Republican platform, "and of maintaining the open-door policy of trade in eastern Asia." That plank suits an immense majority of the American people. Even the southern states believe in it, though most of them will vote against their convictions.

The Old Story.

The dissatisfaction of Democratic organs with the attitude of the Republicans on the tariff, however, is not a new development. It has been on exhibition during all the years in which the country has been building up and growing under beneficent Republican rule.—Kansas City Journal.

Bound to Be Against It.

The surest way to make the Democratic party insist on a protective tariff would be to put a free trade plank in the Chicago platform.—Philadelphia Inquirer.