

# BETROTHED

The early joy of a young man and maid,  
Who stand upon the threshold of life's  
morn  
Hand linked in hand, while all for them  
is fair  
With rosy promise of a day to be;  
Who know how each to each is all in all.

So each to each is of the other sure,  
Come weal or woe, the sunshine or the  
rain.  
This thing is good. For even tho' it be  
That the full promise of dawn is un-  
fulfilled  
And winds arise the landscape fair to mar  
By mists and shadows no man may fore-  
see.  
The perfect vision of the opening day  
Remains for them a blessed memory  
Thro' all the day, until all light is gone.

Closed by the last chime of the curfew,  
Yet  
To have known that glory of dawn still  
makes the day  
More beautiful than tho' it had not been.  
Most happy they for whom this time shall  
prove  
The first sweet moments of an ample  
day!  
To those for whom, until the morning  
came  
Life had been but a twilight-time where-  
in  
Each had moved solitary amid the crowd,  
Lonely in spirit, lonely in heart and  
mind.  
The coming of this dawn makes all  
things new.

For them the world is as another world;  
They are themselves, yet not their for-  
mer selves.  
And half-forgotten of all former hours,  
With Love arisen they live alone no  
more.

—C. M. Paine.

## THE RED CHIMNEYS

BY MRS. STEPHEN CRANE



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When the wind came there was a rain of maple leaves, weary and withered souls swept from the grayed branches, falling to swift currents near the ground where they swirled in yellow hosts, raising upon the air a long sound of crackling cries, a curious interminable noise of dismay at death, of fear of this implacable sweeping force that came from the red western sky which flared like an army with lurid banners.

A girl came slowly down the path that led through the maples. She walked in a dreamy way, following unconsciously the mere indication of a road, that summer path that had been swallowed in the merciless hail of the dead leaves. Finally, a man stepped from the shadows. He was smiling as he put forth his hand.

"Hello," he said.

When their hands clasped, she began to look at the dark distance of the landscape, turning her face from him.

"Well," he said at last, studying the immobile face, still holding her hand, "are you glad to see me? I just returned yesterday on the New York. Very breezy trip. I thought I had better—" then suddenly he threw away all that and spoke quickly: "And your husband?"

She made a gesture towards where three brick chimneys appeared in the distance, looming above a rim of tree tops. They both steadily regarded these as if they were three personages, three facts, emblematic exactly of a certain situation. He, with his cigarette now in his mouth, his hat still tilted, clasping his hands, said: "The infernal idiot!"

She looked at him with a swift, resentful glance, but he answered at once, making a gesture of irritation which was a sort of defiant outburst. "Oh, I am tired of treating him with magnificent respect, when, as a matter of truth, he is to me the most stupid and dense beast in the universe for not being dead."

She was lifting her chin in a battleful way and waving her fingers toward his mouth. "But he is my—"

"The devil," interrupted the young man, violently. "Do you think that I am not aware of it?" He glared at her with sullen rage.

Upon her face as she looked at him there was a vague, indescribable smile and in her eyes there were two faint points of mellow light. "Yes, you do know it," she said.

He answered her attitude, the light in her eyes. "You love me," he cried



Looming Above a Rim of Treetops.

in discontented muttering, "and yet you spend all your time in guarding the peace of that duffer"—indicating the three red chimneys with a contemptuous wave of his hand—"as if he were a sacred white elephant of Siam; and, as for me, I am to be held off with spears for fear I might kiss the tip of your little finger. And yet you love me. You are incomprehensible. I could kill him. And yet—you—why won't you run away with me?"

When she replied her voice had a subtle quality of monotony in it as if she were speaking a lesson, uttering some sentiment in which she had resolutely schooled herself. "Ah, the sin. You would never be happy with a bad woman."

It seemed to make him furious. He gazed at her blackly. "A bad woman! What rot! You—"

Then she suddenly acknowledged the falsity of her speech. "No—no—no, I didn't mean that, I didn't mean it, I meant that I—I could never be happy



One Long Kiss.

if I were a bad woman. I would be afraid"—she raised her finger and pointed it mournfully at him—"I would be afraid of you."

He laughed savagely. "You are as wise as seven owls. It cannot be argued. It is to be demonstrated. A renewal of my protestations of love would not be convincing." He burst out passionately, as if he could no longer endure the weight of his hopes, his fears, his wrongs. "But why not make an attempt for happiness? You love me. I love you. What is there in this infernal environment that should make us value it? What is there to suffice us if we have not each other. Nothing, I tell you, nothing."

"Wait," she said. "God forgive us—it cannot be long to wait now."

"Wait, wait. My soul is weary of this waiting," he answered. "He will never die; he is too selfish; he will see us both in our graves, I tell you. Is all our youth to be worn threadbare waiting for this selfish brute to shuffle off?" He looked at her steadily for a moment, then continued: "Do you know that I believe that in spite of the life he has led you, you love him, now, more than you do me."

She was very white and the pain in her eyes should have warned him. "No," he said, "four years is long enough to wait; long enough for you to make up your mind. Do you know that you have played fast and loose with me for four years? Four—long—years? Now you must decide. Will you come with me, dear heart, will you come with me? Say—speak—will you come to the shelter of my love or do you send me away forever? I will wait no longer; I am determined; choose—him—"

and he shook his closed hands at the red chimneys—"or happiness with me!"

The girl shivered and drew her cape closely about her shoulders. As she moved a faint perfume of lavender came to the man. He took hold of both her hands with his and drew her to him, eagerly, gazing at her face, so close to his own, noting every feature, the small straight nose, the forehead low and broad, crowned with masses of dark waving hair, the small round chin beneath the sweet tremulous mouth! And her eyes—her eyes, no dark with the pain of this passion, which she felt was mastering her. She could feel his warm breath upon her cheeks. Her hands crept up his arms and about his neck; she threw

her head back and as she did—their lips met in one long kiss.

The following morning the man awakened with a song upon the lips that she had kissed. As he dressed he strutted as a self-satisfied cock might strut while he plumed himself in the barnyard. They were to leave that night. Of course nothing could prevent her going, now—"nothing but death," she had said. All the morning he was busy arranging his affairs for a long absence.

At noon came a messenger with a note. It was from her. How well he knew the gray paper and the dainty writing! He caressed the envelope before he opened it. "Why, I am getting as sentimental as a woman," he said aloud, laughing. Then he tore the note open and this is what it said:

"Forgive, forgive me, my beloved. I have chosen death. I could not leave him and after yesterday there is no peace for me but in death. Forgive me, for I have loved you more than life."

The woman killed herself on October the 9th. Her husband died of a long, lingering illness on October 10th.

Under the maples the man walked and the little leaves of brown and yellow and those with the crimson blots danced about him. The man had grown old in two days, frost had touched his temples and his face was gray and drawn. He looked at the red chimneys above the tree tops; he held out his arms towards them, yearningly, with a half-stifled moan. The little leaves danced and flew in clouds before his eyes, they beat him upon the face; they seemed to run and jump before his sight, blinding him stinging him, as he held his arms towards the red chimneys.

## WEALTHY MEN OF OLD.

Their Fortunes Make Even Rockefeller's Millions Seem Small.

A writer in a Jewish magazine has been looking into the Agadic history of the Talmud, and believes that there were richer men before the Christian era than there are now. We know that Croesus was rich, and that there were huge Roman fortunes in the times of the empire. The Talmud stories go back further still. The great corner in corn that Joseph managed was fabulously profitable. Tradition says that Joseph, acting for Pharaoh, got his hands on pretty much all the ready money there was in his day, and buried three enormous treasures, one of which was found by Korah, whose fortune estimated according to the modern standards of value, is rated by the magazine at three billion dollars. Solomon's stable, with its horses, chariots and horsemen, is said to have represented a sum the modern equivalent of which would be three or four hundred millions, and he spent two hundred and fifty millions on his temple. Herod's temple cost more still. In Jerusalem in Roman times there were three Jews, who between them, felt able to face an expenditure of a hundred millions a year for twenty-one years. They offered to feed the million inhabitants of Jerusalem for that length of time rather than surrender the city. One of these Jews, Nikodemus, gave his daughter a dowry of \$425,000,000. There were other Jews of whose enormous wealth the Agadic history makes record.—Harper's Weekly.

## Juggling With Accounts.

John D. Rockefeller, at a directors' meeting in New York, was describing certain methods of juggling with accounts—certain deceptive ledger and journal entries that firms make when they are about to fail dishonestly.

"The other day," said Mr. Rockefeller, "I heard of a woman who would have made an excellent account joggler. This woman's husband always left in her possession a number of blank signed checks. She was free to use these checks, but he required from her a full explanation of the expenditure that had been made with each of them.

"He was looking over the stubs one day.

"You say here," he said, "that check No. 272, for \$25, went for church expenses. What church expenses were these?"

"A new Easter bonnet," the woman answered."

## Maranda.

A crescent moon lingers to greet the morn.

The stars of beauty smiling in its rays;

The birds sing low—as wooing their own lays;

The young May-blossoms freshened zephyrs warn;

Least closer touching win, not bud, but thorn;

The air breathes lover's breath on fainting haze;

While Silence, eloquent with voiceless praise,

Guards well the stillness—and the day is born.

The poet's soul saw type of this fair hour

In sacred recess of a living heart;

Its peevish melody, its bloom, its flower, its beauty, and its mystery are part

Of hymnic music, telling of sunrise in the soft shadows of a maiden's eyes.

—Mary M. Adams, from "The Song at Midnight."

## Church Pews as Investments.

At Kirkham (Eng.) Parish church the greater portion of the pew rents, instead of swelling the exchequer of the church, go into the pockets of private individuals, who, for the most part, do not attend the church or even reside in the district. The peculiar situation originated in 1823, when, to meet the expenses of rebuilding the church, about forty pews and a few organ seats were put up for auction and realized amounts varying from \$175 to \$500. The church warden was endeavoring to come to an arrangement with the pew owners with a view to securing a larger share of the rents for the benefit of the church

# AS TO STANDING PAT

WHY NOT, IF IT IS THE BEST THING TO DO?

The Main Point to Be Kept in Mind is That There Shall Continue to Be a Sure Market for All Products of American Labor and Industry.

A lowering of import duties on manufactured goods means a surrender of an American market, or a large part of it, to the people of other lands. The surrender of the American market would mean less employment and lower wages and that the workingman would not have sufficient wages to enable him to buy the best products of the farm. With low wages he would cease to be a consumer of beef. With lower wages he could not purchase chickens, butter and eggs. Lower schedules in the American Tariff would be disastrous—whether the lower schedule were introduced by the Republican party or the Democratic party.

There is nothing the American manufacturer so much needs as a customer. He can manufacture all he pleases, and if he does not have some one to buy his product he will go into bankruptcy. The beauty of the Dingley Tariff is that it assures the American manufacturer of a consumer. Manufacturers do not have sufficient capital to take the risk of making goods without knowing in advance that somebody is going to have the means with which to buy.

The Dingley law has made the stock and corn growers of Iowa rich. It has furnished these producers with a thrifty class of workmen, in the manufacturing centers, to buy the surplus products of the farm. The workman out of a job is of no sort of help to the farmer. This was illustrated during the last Cleveland administration. There were plenty of men to work, but no work to do.

Cleveland had been in office nearly a year before the evil effects of Free

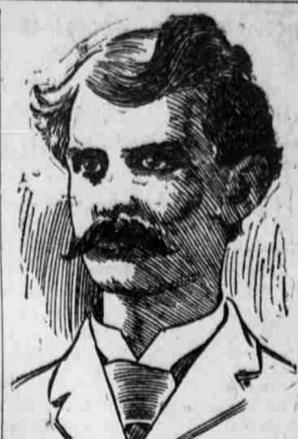
thing to do. They cannot give a satisfactory reason for any of these except they want to be doing something—create some sort of sensation. They want to talk loudly and receive applause from unthinking men.

Why not let well enough alone? Business has been so good that Wall Street could not throw the country into a panic. The land never experienced anything like it before. Iowa was never so prosperous. Her farms are glowing. Her factories are running. Her railroads are busy. Her schools and colleges are booming. Why stop it all by new policies and uncertainties? Give old Iowa a chance. We ought to have as much sense in prosperity as we had in adversity. When our people were in adversity they all knew what was the matter. They know that they simply needed somebody to buy in order to put men to work. Why struggle for a change? —Des Moines Capital.

## The Farmer's Prosperity.

For the American farmer to continue his prosperity by continuing the market at home, where he must sell his products if they are to be sold at his advantage, the American factories, which take 80 per cent. of their raw material from the American farm, must be kept open and the 6,000,000 operatives in those factories whom the American farmer feeds must be kept employed. So for all the American people to continue their prosperity the American home market must be maintained. It can be maintained and always will be, when we keep our own wage earners at work, giving them the money with which to buy American articles of commerce in the home market. It cannot be maintained if this country takes the product of foreign wage earners, the tariff barrier being leveled, in place of that of our own wage earners, who must quit their employment when the cheaper made output of the foreigners may come here to undersell the American-made output of our own mills and factories and shops.

The American people will determine this choice for themselves when they



JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS

John Sharp Williams, temporary chairman of the Democratic national convention, is the Democratic leader in Congress. He is now serving his sixth term in the House from the Eighth Mississippi district and is an eloquent speaker and a keen debater. Mr. Williams was born at Memphis, Tenn., July 30, 1854, and after the battle of Shiloh, where his father, a confederate captain, was killed, the family moved to Yazoo county, Mississippi. Young Williams was educated in the Kentucky Military Institute, the University of the South, the University of Virginia and at Heidelberg, Germany, and after studying law was admitted to the bar in 1877. He also has extensive interests as a cotton planter.



MARTIN W. LITTLETON

Martin W. Littleton, who made the speech at the Democratic national convention in St. Louis nominating Judge Alton B. Parker, was elected president of the borough of Brooklyn in 1903. He has been a power in politics in New York for many years and has a strong following. His personality is striking and he is an orator of no mean ability.

## RUSSIAS SINK TWO SHIPS.

Discover an Attempt of Japanese to Enter the Harbor.

ST. PETERSBURG.—A few nights ago Admiral Togo attempted to repeat the Japanese exploit with torpedo boats at Wei Hale Wia during the Chinese-Japanese war by sending torpedo boat destroyers into the harbor of Port Arthur for the purpose of sinking ships at their anchorage, but the attempt ended in disastrous failure. Four torpedo boat destroyers succeeded in creeping into the harbor, which was not protected by booms, but only one escaped. Two were sunk by the shore batteries and one crippled. The reckless bravery of the Japanese in going to almost-certain destruction excites nothing but admiration here. The channel at Port Arthur is so tortuous and strewn with wrecks without, that evidently it was regarded as unnecessary to use a boom. On account of the difficulty in getting into the harbor the feat is looked upon in naval circles to be fully as daring as that of the Japanese at Wei Hai Wei, where Japanese torpedo boats in a storm and covered with ice, were jumped over the booms protecting the harbor and destroyed Chinese warships. So far as known the Japanese torpedo boat destroyers did not even succeed in launching torpedoes.

## STRENGTH OF THE GARRISON.

Russians Have 40,000 Men at Port Arthur.

TIEN TSIN.—Three Frenchmen who arrived at Taku Thursday from Port Arthur, having come over in a Chinese junk, report that 30,000 soldiers and 10,000 marines compose the garrison of the Russian stronghold and that the Russians have mounted 700 guns on the heights north of Port Arthur.

They say also that the Russian torpedo boat destroyer Lieutenant Burdoff has made in all four trips from Port Arthur to Newchwang.

## Cashier Does Not Break Bank.

SARATOGA, N. Y.—The citizens' National bank, which suffered a heavy run Saturday, is declared to be sound and fully prepared to meet all obligations should small depositors continue their demands. Losses by unfortunate investments and alleged irregularities of Cashier John H. De Ridder are placed at from \$30,000 to \$40,000. The American Surety company of New York is upon De Ridder's bond as cashier to the amount of \$25,000, and has been officially notified by the bank to refund the amount.

## THE TERRIBLE INFANT.



Trade got around to the farmer. Finally the lack of employment reduced the farmers' market and farm products went down in price because the American farmer was depending entirely upon the foreign market for the sale of his largely increased surplus. For a time the farmer smiled at the manufacturer under the Cleveland administration. Everything he bought went down in price and the effect not having reached him, he concluded that the ideal condition of trade for the Free Trader had arrived. He concluded that his life was to be one long sweet song. But finally the paralysis of business in manufacturing industries reached him and he concluded that it was not all that had been painted.

He began to study the question. He finally decided that his home market was best, and that his home market depended on the full employment of the workingman. And he concluded that the full employment of the workingman depended on a Tariff high enough to keep out foreign made goods.

During the last Cleveland administration everything was prostrate. Since that time every railway bridge, every railway track, every railway station, every viaduct, nearly every public building, nearly every college and church, nearly every court house, nearly every school house, has been rebuilt. The rotten ties have been taken out of the railway tracks. Grades have been lowered, long lines have been straightened. The farms have been equipped with new houses and barns, new scales and new elevators. Every city has had new sewers and new sidewalks. Practically, during the past eight years, everything in the United States has been rebuilt.

Yet there are people who want to change all this. They want to stop it all. They want to rip everything up. They want lower prices. They are revengeful. They want to strike the steel trust and to hit the Standard Oil monopoly. Many of them do not know what they want, but they simply want to destroy. They want to stop the saw mills and the rolling mills. They want to burn the workmen out on the streets for the lack of some-

vote as between the Republican party of protection, with Mr. Roosevelt its candidate for President, and the Democratic party, with Judge Parker or any other man it may nominate.—New York Press.

## Useless Contention.

It is a waste of words for Edward Atkinson, the New York Journal of Commerce, and other worshippers at the shrine of Richard Cobden to enforce the contention that unrestricted commercial intercourse between the States and Territories of the American Union has been of great advantage to the people of the United States. Of course it has. Nobody disputes the proposition. But does it follow that because free trade among our own people has been a good thing, therefore free trade with all the world would be as good a thing for Americans? Far from it. Production in any part of the United States necessitates the employment of American labor, the payment of wages to Americans and the distribution of these wages among Americans. When free trade opens the gate and admits to our market competitive productions from abroad, precisely the reverse is true. Foreign labor is employed, wages are paid to foreigners, and the money of Americans goes abroad instead of being kept at home. That is the difference between free trade between our own people and free trade with foreigners.

## The International Trust.

Under the free trade policy, which Democrats favor, the only survivors among our American industries would be those powerful would-be monopolists which usually control the most profitable plants. These would then be in a position to safely unite with their brethren in other lands in the creation of a universal trust to dominate the affairs of mankind. That this is no idle dream is shown by the fact the wires transmitted a synopsis of the speech of Senator Dilliver they brought also the news of a secret meeting in London of the great steel manufacturers of the world to form in the steel trade a new trust of exactly that kind.—Clinton (Ind.) Citizen.