MILLIONS OF CLAY PIPES

They Are Made in an Old Shed in a Suburb of New York.

HAS A MONOPOLY OF THE BUSINESS

Primitive Methods Still Employed Because No Inventive Genius Has Devised a Machine for Their Manufacture.

The humble white clay pipe is attracting attention because of the attempt of the American manufacturere to secure legislation regulating the importation of European made goods. The only clay pipe factory of note in this country is a one-story affair with a single kiln, located up a side alley in a New York suburb, hence the special need of government log-rolling may not strike the average person very forcibly. Yet, as over 500,000 pipes are annually made in the little shed and as many millions are imported, it will be seen that the industry is not such a small one after all. The contention is that a revised tariff would broaden and extend it and make it a means of support for many thousands. As it now exists in New York it is perhaps the most picturesque of the still surviving ancient trade.

The making of clay pipes was an aboriginal industry in this country, and many really artistic specimens made by the Indians are preserved in our museums and in private collections. The colonist, too, finding the proper material at hand, took to supplying

EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF CLAY PIPE FACTORY.

their own wants in the way of pipes, and some very early attempts at clay pipe making are recorded. The aboriginal pipe was burned in an open fireplace, and so, of course, lacks the chaste appearance of the white man's "clays," which are burned in sealed crucibles in a kiln similar to an ordinary pottery kiln.

Vast numbers of white clay pipes are annually sold here by the agents of the various European establishments and, with the insignificant duty of about two cents a gross, the American makers have of late been able to keep up only because of the low price of labor which during the recent depression has, in a degree, approached the European scale. Made from material which costs next to nothing, the clay pipes owe their value almost entirely to the labor expended upon them; and when the many handlings are considered it is remarkable that "clays" can be made at a profit in view of the low price placed upon them. Fully a dozen handlings are required to fashion a pipe from the mass of clay after it has been properly prepared and delivered to the bench. Experience and judgment on the part of him who prepares the clay and a certain deftness on the part of the artisan who forms the finished product are the qualities requisite in the pipemaker's staff.

MADE B[illegible]

The art of making clay pipes has experienced little or no change in centuries. The pipes are still—as they were of old—produced almost entirely by hand. A press is now used to squeeze the molds, but even this appliance is operated by hand. Formerly a screw clamp was employed directly upon the molds, but a lever press has the advantage of speed.

The New Jersey clay which is used in the manufacture of white pipes is of such a fineness that no preparation, other than the "milling" or "pugging"—which reduces it to a plastic state—is required. Having been "milled," the clay is next cut into pieces of sufficient bulk to make a pipe. These pieces are then rolled out beneath the palm upon a table until a tail is drawn out and a knob left at the end; these pieces are then known as "rolls," and are piled in heaps of a dozen each, resembling bunches of radishes. The "rolls" are next placed upon boards and left in the sun to dry. When thoroughly dried the "rolls" are soaked in water until a certain temper is obtained; in this condition they are placed upon the bench and within convenient reach of the operator who is seated by his press.

Taking one of the rolls in his left hand, the pipe maker inserts a wire—which he holds in his right hand—into the end of the embryo stem, and carefully draws the clay over the wire until the point nearly approaches the knob. The whole is then placed between the castiron molds and slid into the press at the workman's left. The press itself is a rather crude affair, having two motions—one lateral, the other vertical. The lateral movement squeezes the molds together; the motion from above forces a plug into the open space in the mold, where the bowl is to be formed; by this combined movement the cavity in the bowl is formed and the clay made to fill all parts of the mold. The wire is forced home against the plug within the bowl, the lever released, and the molds withdrawn from the press; both the wire and molds having been previously well lubricated with oil, the parts are easily removed from the clay, and the pipe in this stage is subjected to a sundrying, after which the clay is again soaked to prepare the pipe for the handling necessary to "finish" it for the kiln.

THE FINISHING PROCESS.

The "finishing" consists—in the case of the common sort of p[illegible]—in merely removing the little "spurs" [illegible]bout the seams of the molds, in straighte[illegible] the stem, or curving it if a curve is desired, and filling up slight defects. In the finer grades of white clays all the accessible parts are gone over with an agate, or glass, tool; this is a sort of burnishing process by which the pores of the clay are closed on the outer surface of the pipe, and a hard and glossy appearance is produced. When they are thoroughly dried the pipes are then placed in "seggars," which are made to contain about 200 pipes each. The "seggars" are simply circular boxes made of burned clay, and resemble the ordinary old-style cheese boxes.

The "seggars," before being placed in the kiln, are hermetically sealed; the kiln will probably contain about seventy or eighty seggars, so a day's baking will perhaps result in about 15,000 pipes ready for the market. Some few of the pipes are slightly damaged, both in the firing and during the subsequent handling preparatory to shipping. Those that have yet an appearance of being nearly whole or merely warped are sold to the shooting galleries, where they are made to serve as targets for ambitious marksmen.

The pipemaker apprentices are first put to work upon clay birds, which also serve as targets in the galleries. One boy will beat out a mass of pipe clay upon a board until a thin sheet resembling a "flap jack" is formed; a second boy stamps out the birds with a cutter such as is used by a housewife in making fancy cookies. This class of labor acquaints the boys with the nature of the clay and fits them for the more important work in store for them. The little flat birds are stacked in the kiln within the space between the seggars and are burned with the pipes.

The clay employed in the manufacture of white clays is, in its natural state, of a slate color, and may be depended upon to come from the kiln snowy white; with the red clays there is less of a certainty that the hue will be the one required. Some clays originally red have only a pinkish tint when fired. The red clays derive their color from the solution of iron contained in them and are not always of a uniform character. Strange to say the black clay pipes, which one occasionally sees, are made from the same material as the white pipes; the inky hue is produced by partly filling the seggars with oak sawdust or the dust of bituminous coal, and placing these seggars at the top of the kiln, where the heat is least, the carbon of wood, or coal, combines with the clay and the pipes come out of the kiln dull black in color; the pipes are then dusted with plumbago and polished off with a cloth.

Coke, obtained from the gas houses, is the fuel used to heat the kilns and the burning process lasts throughout the day—unless, indeed, there is a demand for immediate delivery, or that a very soft quality of pipe is desired; in the latter case a few hours' burning with a hot fire will suffice to whiten the clay and give the pipe sufficient stability.

A PIPE A MINUTE.

The time actually consumed by an expert workman in molding a pipe is about seven seconds; it will, however, require fully a minute's work to complete a pipe—600 pipes being considered a fair day's work. A rapid workman will sometimes make six gross a day and even eight gross have been turned out by hands employed in some of the old Scotch factories. In Scotland men only are employed and they receive from $6 to $6.50 a week. The Scotch workmen receive 17½ cents a gross for making pipes and they are sold here at wholesale in cases of three gross each for $1.36; this includes all charges for duty, shipping and commission. Pipes are made in Canada by girls, who receive 13 cents per gross; the same rate of wages is paid by the pipemakers of Germany, where children are largely employed. In France good workmen receive from $3 to $3.50 a week. In America men make about $9 a week, being paid at the rate of 28 cents a gross. The pipemakers ask in the proposal for tariff revision merely a return to previously existing conditions. Under the old McKinley bill there was a specific duty on pipes of 15 cents a gross. The Wilson bill reduced this to an ad valorem duty, which, after all, amounts to about 2 cents on the gross, a provision of benefit only to the jobber, since clay pipes are still sold for 1 cent each. The proposed clause in the still pending Dingley bill will bring the duty up again to the specified 15 cents a gross, which will in a measure protect American workmen.

The most familiar form of clay pipe seen here is a plain specimen known as a "T. D.," so called from the letters T. D. stamped or molded upon the back of the bowl. This class of pipe has been in use for many years, certainly for more than one generation. A person making a study of white clays will be amazed at the variety of designs produced. Every maker has at least a hundred different molds, and judging from the mold numbers on some of the productions of the French makers, their designs may run into the thousands. Of course, a pipe maker will not have all his molds in use at the same time, no matter how large the force of men he may employ. Smokers' tastes differ from time to time, and certain designs in pipes are produced for markets having a demand for them. All nationalities differ in their ideas as to just how a pipe should be formed, and it has even been suggested that trades may have their preferences. There may be a field here for the ethnologist; there certainly is scope for the student of human nature. The Scotchman prefers his "cutty," while the son of the green isle is universally shown with his "dudeen;" both pipes are made of the same clay, and burned together in the same kiln. A visit to the New York pipe factory mentioned above convinced the writer that all "thistle" pipes are not made in Scotland; neither are all the specimens of "Dublin pipes" made in Dublin.

FRENCH CLAYS.

About thirty years ago white clays, made in fancy designs, some of a very pronounced and "Frenchy" character, were in every one's mouth in this country. The molds from which these pipes were made are no longer in existence, and the pipes themselves bring a good price from collectors. Specimens are occasionally found, laid away on a high beam in some old tavern or outhouse, or are recovered from between the walls of dwellings, where they have been thrust through holes in the plaster by infants, to whom they had been given for the purpose of making soap-bubbles. The delight which very young children experience in thus disposing of their playthings, including coins, has served to enrich the collection of many an antiquarian.

Speaking seriously of French clays, such as are now on sale, they are "works of art," both in regard to the designs and the perfection of finish. It is said that the French makers use a variety of substances, among which is marble dust, to give "body" to their pipe clay. First-class artists are employed to design the pipes, and regular die-sinkers make the molds. In the case of some of the elaborate designs the mold is made in three or four, and sometimes even five, parts, where there are "undercuts" in a figure which would not otherwise clear. Such pipes are sold here for 5 cents, and they are worth it to any one, even though he be not a lover of the "weed."

The perfect "clay" is, of course, the long "churchwarden," which, however, is not adapted to general use. The ordinary "T. D." will probably hold its own so long as the practice of smoking exists; or at least so long as the "weed" has improvident devotees. Selling at 1 cent apiece, the "T D" has not as yet reached the limit of cheapness. They might, by the ingenuity of the professional advertiser, be made to "puff" the particular brand of smoking tobacco with which they are given away.

Aside from national tastes in designs, there seems to be in this country a prejudice against American-made pipes. In the manner suggested above, the user of pipes may be catered to, but even the importation of English clay by American pipe makers has not satisfied the dealers. As a matter of fact, the European clays are of superior firmness and somewhat tougher than the American-made goods. Yet the ideal clay pipe is a soft pipe, as the majority of smokers will probably be willing to testify. A French clay bowl, with an egg-shell finish

TRIUMPH OF THE INTELLECT

Supremacy of Brains Over Muscle in the Animal World.

QUEER ANCESTORS OF SOME COMMON BIRDS

The Greatest Brain Weight Possessed by the Japanese—Will They Become the Dominant Race of the Future?

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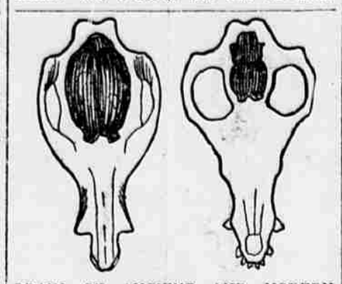
Prof. O. C. Marsh of the United States geological survey and Yale university has recently concluded a series of comparisons between the brains of fossil and modern animals, which give a new turn to the theory of the "survival of the fittest." When the investigations of Prof. Marsh are accorded their true scientific weight they will show that the struggle for existence among prehistoric beasts, birds and reptiles has really been a battle of brains. It has been suggested that these researches involve the question of the future dominating race of the world, and select as candidates for the coming honor a class of people from a totally unexpected quarter. No less a race than the Japanese are said to be the coming dominators of man, and this simply because, as a class, they possess the greatest brain weight of any people in the world.

It has always been a popular notion that when that old phrase relative to the "weakest going to the wall" was uttered that lack of brawn, and not lack of brain, was meant. But it seems now that the latter



BRAIN OF ANCIENT AND MODERN TAPIR.

conception of the phrase would have more aptly fitted geological conditions.

In a general way, the truth has long been known, for, of course, it could not escape the attention of the most casual observer among naturalists that lower forms of life have smaller brains than higher forms, man having proportionately the largest brain of all. But the full significance of this fact was never understood by naturalists until a comparison was made between the brains of living animals and the casts of brains of fossil species. Of course, the actual brains of fossil species cannot be studied, as they went the way of all flesh some hundreds of thousands or even millions of years ago; but the bony brain cases (that is, the skulls) have in many cases been preserved, and for this purposes these answer equally well. It remained for Prof. Marsh to develop the force of the theory by the systematic study which he made of the brains of the fossil creatures he had unearthed in Rocky mountain region. Almost from the first he was struck with the difference between these brains and those of living animals of related species; and very soon he was able to formulate as a general law the striking statement that "All tertiary mammals had small brains"—tertiary mammals, it being explained, meaning animals that lived in the "age of mammals," some millions of years ago. If, for example, a rhinoceros of this tertiary age were compared with a rhinoceros of today of equal bulk, it would be found that the ancient beast had a much smaller brain than its descendant.

BRAINS OF THE MAMMALS.

But this was not all. The "age of mammals" was a very long period, extending over some millions of years probably, and geologists had divided it into three minor periods, known as the Eocene, or early; the Miocene, or middle, and the Pliocene, or later, tertiary epochs; and Prof. Marsh found, when he compared the fossils from the earlier of these periods with those from the later, that there appeared a difference in the average size of brain. During this time many species of animals had died out and their places had been taken by new species, and on an average the new species always had larger brains than their predecessors. This certainly was interesting. It suggested that something more than mere "brute strength" had entered into the struggle for existence among these animals, and had helped determine which ones should go to the wall, and which be perpetuated.

Here, for instance, was a great beast called dinoceras, which roamed abundantly over the plateaus of western America 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 years ago. He was a massive creature, almost as large as an elephant, and in general appearance something like a rhinoceros. For a long time his tribe flourished, and, by mere force of bulk, dominated the animal world. But it chanced that the huge creature, while abundantly supplied with brawn, had the very smallest brain, proportionately, of any known animal, ancient or modern. His body kept growing and developing, but his brain did not keep pace with it. What was the result? Presently there developed other animals of similar habits, less in bulk, but with larger brains, and these relatively brainy creatures, having just a jot more wit than the dinoceras, finally were able to adapt themselves to changing climatic conditions, to migrate, perhaps, or to roam widely in search of fresh pastures; while the dull dinoceras did not know enough to change his habits, and so his tribe perished altogether, leaving no descendants whatever. In the final turning of the scale an ounce of brain matter in a smaller animal outweighed the tons of bone and muscle with which the dinoceras was cumbered.

THE DOOM OF BRAWN.

And this particular case merely epitomizes a record that has been repeated over and over millions of times during the process of animal evolution. Indeed, Prof. Marsh has found, after studying a large collection of skulls of different periods, that the species of animal which was in the ascendancy in any geological period, and transmitted its traits to a persistent and developing line of descendants, was always one that had a brain larger than the brains of contemporary species. On the other hand, wherever a creature was found like the dinoceras, with a brain smaller than the average of its contemporaries, that species was doomed to annihilation. The whole struggle for existence among mammals, then, has been very largely a battle of brains. Brawn might win for a time, but in the long run the little beast with a big brain annihilated the big beast with a little brain. No doubt the mighty dinoceras looked with utter contempt, if his dull brain was equal to such an emotion, upon the little fox-like creature which was the horse of that period. But the little fox-like creature had a ready and plastic brain, and so after the last descendant of dinoceras had perished the descendants of the little fellow remained as the big-brained, intelligent, modern horse. One of the illustrations here given shows the brains of dinoceras and the horse drawn to the same scale. Without that larger nugget of nervous matter in his skull the horse never would have won the battle and come to be what he is.

Having found this law to hold everywhere among mammals, Prof. Marsh was interested to ascertain whether it applied equally to other classes of vertebrates. In the age that preceeded the tertiary there were strange birds inhabiting the lakes of western America, which have left their skeletons in the muddy lake bottoms, since turned to rock. One of these birds, which Marsh named hesperornis, was like a gigantic loon. What manner of brain had this bird as compared with the modern loon? The briefest comparison sufficed to answer that question. The ancient bird had a brain not one-fourth as large, proportionately, as that of the bird of a later period. Other birds told the same story, and it became clear that brains had fought the battle of existence for feathered as well as furred creatures.

Yet another stage lower lie the reptiles. In the so-called mesozoic age, before the tertiary, this class of creatures abounded, and were the dominant type of life. Some of them were massive beyond any creature that has since existed on the globe—no less than 100 feet in length, and perhaps twenty in height. The thigh bone of one of them was about eight feet in length, and perhaps two feet in diameter, while the corresponding bone of the largest reptile of today, the crocodile, is about eight inches long. Of course, the creature that carried such a frame must have been a very mountain of flesh. But what about his brain? There was the rub. Of brains he had, so to speak, a mere thimbleful. The modern reptile has none too full a supply; but as compared with these ancient reptiles he is an intellectual giant. The ancient reptile depended largely upon his spinal cord—that part of the nervous mechanism which enables a frog to crawl after its brain has been removed, and a snake to wriggle when its head has been cut off. Indeed, one of the strange reptiles which Prof. Marsh discovered recently has a cavity at the posterior end of the spinal canal very much larger than that in its skull. If this cavity was really filled with nervous matter, the creature had its brain utterly misplaced, and seemingly was destined to go through the world wrong end foremost. What it did do, of course, was to go out of the world speedily when some better-brained competitors came into competition with it.

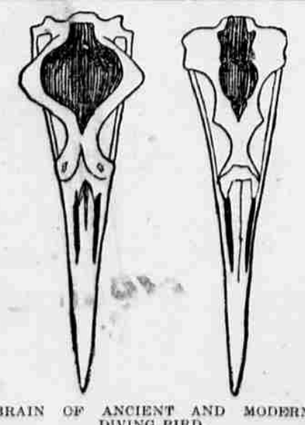
REPTILES DOOMED.

And, indeed, that fate befell the entire race of gigantic reptiles. Their spinal cords served them a very good purpose so long as they had chiefly to compete with one another; but presently mammals appeared and spinal cords were at a discount. Some reptiles still persist to this day, it is true, but they are vastly more intelligent creatures than their ancestors, and, even so, are but a mere handful as compared with the former legions of their tribe. As a race, the reptiles were doomed from the day when terrestrial creatures having better brains than theirs came to compete with them. And then, as we have seen, the early mammals whose brains were better than those of reptiles were in turn displaced by later mammals having a still better supply of cranial ganglia. And at last man came, with the best brain of all, and then it was only a matter of time until all the creatures that remained on the globe should be subordinated to this new conqueror. The tooth of the lion, the tusk of the elephant, the fluke of the whale were all equally unavailing against weapons that the big brain of man enabled him to fashion. The age of giant reptiles was succeeded by an age of giant mammals; and that in turn by the age of a single smallish mammal called man, whose sole natural advantage was that he had a bigger brain than any of his predecessors.

But man himself did not come into his realm at a bound, any more than one phalanx after another of his forbears had routed their competitors at a single blow. The geologist tells us of human fossils that carry the history of our race back some hundreds of thousands of years; and the men of that early day had no such brains as those which we, their descendants, boast. The earliest fossil that can lay claim to recognition as that of our own clan is that of the ape-man which Dr. Bubois discovered in the rocks of Java not long ago, and named Pithecanthropus. This creature lived back in the tertiary time, his contemporaries being some of the great beasts we have already referred to. But it had a larger brain than any other creature of the period, and so its destiny was sure; yet that brain was only half the size of that of modern man.

BRAIN DEVELOPMENT IN MAN.

A million years or so later man had learned to make crude tools of flint, and had developed what we now term a paleolithic or rough stone age. Armed with artificial weapons he had begun to dominate the animal world about him. He could kill even the great mammoth and feast on his flesh. But he could do more. His big brain, come now to be two-thirds as large as that of the modern European, had begun to seethe with new trains of ideae, new fancies, aspirations, day dreams, such as no smaller brain had ever domiciled. He was not content to merely fashion implements for pure utility—for the gratification of his animal desires—he began to make ornaments, to grave outlines of animals on bits of ivory. In a word, he entered the new realm of art—a realm hitherto



BRAIN OF ANCIENT AND MODERN DIVING BIRD.

unimagined. And he could do this simply because by this time his central nervous system, which is as a storage battery recording impressions from the outside world, had been aggregated into a massive cerebrum or forebrain, which connected and harmonized all the various impressions, performing for the human organism somewhat the same function that a central telephone station performs for all the myriad detached wires in a great city.

The prime function of any brain at all is to bring about such a co-ordination of impressions as this. But the earlier brains—those of fishes and reptiles—are mainly given over to supplying what might be termed substations for each of the senses. Hence we find that these brains have large optic and olfactory lobes, and very small cerebrums or forebrains. All the vertebrates of early geological ages had such brains as this. These creatures could feel, hear, smell and see accurately enough; what they lacked was the capacity to associate the impressions brought by these channels of sense and build them into wide ideas. And the evolution of the brain that went on as time progressed and enabled one race after another to become dominant, consisted very largely of the building up of a more and more elaborate series of connections between the centers of special sense. So we find that even the lowest mammals have a cerebrum proportionately larger in comparison with the optic and olfactory lobes, for example, than the cerebrum of any reptile. And with each successive geological age, the bigger and bigger brain means really a growing cerebrum. Finally, in modern man, this cerebrum has come to overshadow all other portions of the brain combined. Man cannot see, or hear, or smell as well as many lower animals, but he can co-ordinate his impressions into more elaborate ideas than any other animal can create; hence all other creatures are at his mercy.

CAUCASSIAN SUPREMACY.

Thousands of years ago man gained this supremacy, and ceased to have any competitor except his fellow man. But not all races of his species have come ahead at the same rate; so, as everyone knows, there is today a wide gap between the intellectual status of, let us say, the European and the native Australian, and this intellectual gap is explained, as is also well known, by corresponding difference in average brain weight of the two races. The biggest brained race of men seems to outmatch the smaller brained race as surely as the mammal outmatched the reptile.

As a general statement, this admits of no question, and it carries with it, to most of us, a feeling of satisfied egotism, for every one is aware that the Caucasian race is a large brained race. As the case stands today, we most emphatically feel that "we are the people," and it is gratifying to be told that our brains justify the conceit. But now comes a disturbing thought, for while the Caucasian brain is undoubtedly a large one, it is rumored that there is a larger one among contemporary races. According to statistics that seem reliable, the average weight of the Japanese brain is greater than that of any other race. Does this mean that the Japanese are the people of the future? Is the accepter of authority destined to be grasped by a hand guided by a brain larger than that of the Caucasian? If history is to repeat itself, as it has repeated itself a million times over in the course of racial evolution, such would seem to be the outlook, if it be really true that the Japanese has the largest brain in the world today. The big brain has won at every stage of the world's history, and there is no apparent reason why it should not continue to win in the future.

For a long time the white race has been physically dominant, and in material civilization, as exemplified in factories, machinery and engines of war, it for centuries has brooked no equal. But meantime a race which we have considered inferior, over there in the orient, has not been idle. Whatever the cause, it seems to have performed the all essential feat of building the biggest brain on record, and western nations may well look to their laurels, else it may presently appear that, for the final result, this is a larger feat than the building of the swiftest locomotive, the strongest warship and the most colossal fortune. It is no accident that the Japanese have shown suddenly a capacity to keep step with our western civilization. The big brain tells the story.

TRIUMPH OF THE INTELLECT

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

A Moscow bell weighs 423,000 pounds.

Gas is 75 cents per 1,000 at Wheeling.

Bank of England has 11,000 employes.

Emperor William's household employs 500 housemaids.

Two ounces of attar of roses represent the refined product of a ton of rosebuds.

It is stated that every year the railway servants of Britain get no less than $1,500,000 in tips from the public.

In Marion county, Tennessee, a farmer driving a cow stopped to throw a stone at it and was seized with a pain at his heart just as he drew back to throw. He fell over and died within a minute.

The railway companies of Great Britain carried 930,000,000 passengers in 1895, of whom 386 were killed. During the same year, in the city of London alone, 586 persons were killed by falling from buildings or out of windows.

According to Pliny, Lollia Paulina, the wife of Caligula, wore on her hands, arms, neck, head and waist pearls and diamonds to the value of $1,680,000. Faustina had a ring worth $200,000, Domitia possessed one worth $300,000, and Caesonia had a bracelet worth $400,000.

Miss Stella Evans of Colorado Springs was boiling a can of lard over a cook stove, and, picking up an egg, thought she would boil it in the red-hot grease. The egg no sooner touched the boiling lard than a loud explosion occurred and the young woman was literally covered with the flying lard.

The following are the commonest names in New York, according to the New York City directory for 1897, from which they are selected: Smith, 3,183; Brown, 1,562; Miller, 1,495; Murphy, 1,210; Meyer, 1,103; Johnson, 1,086; Kelly, 1,074; Cohen, 1,006; Levy, 961; Williams, 893; Jones, 892; Murray, 884; Wilson, 883; Clark, 848; Sullivan, 820; Martin, 816; White, 782; Davis, 762; O'Brien, 760; Ryan, 752; Moore, 752.

Hardham's tobacco shop in Fleet street, near Ludgate circus, London, is to be torn down after nearly a century and a half's existence on the same spot. The fortune of the place was made by Garrick, who, to help along the proprietor, a former actor, praised on the stage his "No. 87" snuff. The shop became fashionable and Hardham left $110,000 to charity at his death in 1772.

A report of a queer lawsuit comes from Eastkill, a hamlet in the heart of the Catskill mountains. The plaintiff is Ole Halverson, a Swede, who cultivates a small farm on the mountain side. He is suing Rev. J. G. Remerton, a German Lutheran minister, for damages for christening his baby by a name which was not to his liking. Halverson is a patriotic Swede and wanted the child named after King Oscar. The minister claims that he christened the baby according to the wishes of its mother.

JACK'S LETTER TO BOB.

The Lotus.

Dear Bob: I am going to be married,
But before saying more I must write
About something which weighs on my conscience.

Of course, you remember that night,
In the Carnival season at Venice,
When we trained through the dampest of towns
With that party of jolly Venetians
That at first we mistook for the Browns?

How, after the ball, I was married,
In joke to an angel in black—
To that ghostly and dark-haired marchesa,
That madcap queen of the pack?
Her mask simply heightened the romance,
And the joke seemed immense, till I knew
That that rascally priest was a real one,
Which made me uncommonly blue.

For they said that the marriage was legal,
And things took a serious shape,
Till you got up a duel and killed me.
To get me out of the scrape.
And I took the next steamer for Naples,
And left my fair widow to fate—
It's queer how her eyes come and haunt me,
Whenever I'm thinking of Kate.

I could kick myself well, when I think that
I played such an asinine role,
And I pray that you'll bury the secret
Deep down in your innermost soul,
For my Kate would make things rather lively
For me, if she ever found out,
And now I will tell in what manner
Our little affair came about.

We met on the steamer from Naples,
Whence I sailed, as you know, for the states;
And at table kind fortune had placed me
In the chair which was opposite Kate's.
She's a friend of the Browns, Bob, a beauty
With manners both arch and demure;
And she's tall, and her eyes, if you saw them,
Would remind you of Venice, I'm sure.

In the nook just back of the wheel-house
We talked of things joyous and grave,
Saw the waters grow dark in the twilight
And the moon's silver bridge cross the wave.

The rest is the usual story,
Which no one knows better than you.
We'll be married tonight, and I'll pause here,
And write you some more when we're through.

POSTSCRIPT.

Well, it's done, Bob, and—would you believe it?
She knows all about that affair,
And that was the Browns' party—great Caesar!
They did us up brown, I declare!
And I love her the more that this follows,
Of course, when such cases arise),
For I've married—just think—my own widow,
Je-rusalem! Yours,

JACK VANSIZE