

SAID A MAN TO HIS WIFE

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SEE YOURSELF AS OTHERS SEE YOU. Examine closely every feature. Are they just what they should be—shapely, clearly outlined, symmetrical and harmonious? If there is one that detracts from the whole countenance, remember, too, that no matter how regular the features or how over-bleeding the complexion, a blemished complexion destroys all. I completely remove every line and furrow, every spot and blemish from the face or body, rendering the skin clear, smooth and natural.

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ANARCHY'S TRAINING SCHOOL

Movements and Methods of the Crimson Colony at Paterson, N. J.

LEADER OF THE MURDEROUS GANG

Recent Exaltations Over the Activity of the Order—Secret Service Agents of Many Nations on the Lookout.

No sooner had the anarchist, Czolgosz, sent two bullets tearing through the body of the president of the United States, than the anarchists of Paterson, N. J., called a mass meeting. Assembling 400 strong in the dance hall back of a saloon kept by one of the "fraternities," they congratulated one another upon the activity of the order at Buffalo, and upon the salutary effects upon the country exercised by brothers brave enough to live up to the order's great doctrine—referring, presumably, to the doctrine pertaining to removal of rulers. No attempt was made to keep the meeting secret. It was an open session—and the police of Paterson permitted it.

There are more confessions of anarchists in Paterson as far as known, than in any other city in the United States. And yet in no city are the police so tolerant of the "reds" as there. While the authorities of New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland and Detroit are rounding up all known anarchists, making them give accounts of themselves and placing them under surveillance, and police forces are allowing several thousand persons in their city to wave the red flag unmolested and unchallenged.

"I acted alone," says the assassin. There was no plot, I have no accomplices." But then all anarchists murder, under cross examination, swear to acting alone. A score of the "staff officers" in Paterson have said: "We act individually." Past killings of rulers show that the killers really do act individually—after the plot is hatched and lots have been drawn. Then each one goes his own way, and no one disappears to act henceforth individually.

Training School of Anarchy.

Paterson, indeed, is to the anarchists of this country what New Orleans is to the Society of the Mafia, what Havana is to the Nanings, what Paris is to the Comprehens, the Silk City of New Jersey is the capital of all the "Reds" in the United States. It is the seat of a kind of university for the training of regicides. Here Bresci, killer of Humbert, was trained. When the assassin's knife sank into the breast of Elizabeth of Austria, in Geneva, the secret service bureau of the United States sent a man to Paterson. Recently the life of Maria Pia, queen of Portugal, was threatened. It was a sign from Paterson. At the funeral of the Empress Frederick at Cronberg, a stronger guard than usual surrounded the Kaiser. The German police were thinking of a city in New Jersey. That uneasy lie the heads of today's monarchs is indeed in no small degree due to the activity of the Paterson group of the "Right to Existence Society of America."

But because of all this think not that when you step from the train at Paterson you are immediately confronted by men waving red flags and holding knives between their teeth. For this town is like an apple and an anarchist is its core. Except the knives of regicides and fattening the purses of royal undertakers. Here are some of the tools of his trade: "Killing a king makes people think. We want to exterminate evils by force. We never consider consequences. We are opposed to government, which means political tyranny. We do not believe in religion, laws or individual ownership of property." Esteve exhibits these tools in the columns of the La Questione Sociale and gives lessons in their use.

The brightest among the Paterson "Reds" are sent to other places, Chicago, New York, St. Louis, Cleveland, Detroit, Denver, wherever there are Right to Existence groups, even to small places like Trent, Va., where the anarchists number 200, there to preach the doctrines formulated in Paterson. These disciples of Esteve may be called professors of anarchism. They are traveling libraries of universal knowledge as well as the "removal of excellencies, imperial majesties and royal highnesses." By scattering their theories thus the anarchists dream of uniting the peoples of earth in one vast crimson brotherhood, with Paterson as their home office.

Life for a Life.

The day the news was received of the attempt upon the life of Maria Pia of Portugal, Pedro Esteve was found in his office on the top floor back, type cases to the right of him, portraits of Herr Most to the left of him, anarchist typesetters and printers before and behind him. Indignation gave a parboiled expression to all of his face not covered by his black beard, fanaticism clouded his very evident intelligence.

"You say we, of Paterson, sent over a man to remove that queen. You say that at the time Bresci sailed to remove the king of Italy, thirty-nine others sailed with him, but with orders to do or die. Now these things are not so." He banged the table with his knuckles. "It is the newspapers that make all the trouble. We did not draw lots to kill Humbert. We work, each man for himself. And none know what plans his neighbor may be making. Bresci did not kill the king Humbert, he removed a king, a tyrant. He rendered a service to 30,000,000 Italians. But another king has killed Bresci—a life for a life—it is what we expect. We strike, but do we ever run away? Yes, it is true that anarchy is firmly established in Paterson. But the police do not interfere with us. Why should they? Is it a crime to say one is an anarchist?" And Esteve threw out his chest, as one who would say: "I am an enemy of everything and everybody, and I am proud of it."

In the editorial office in which Esteve thus freely declared himself a champion of a great wrong cause, the ring-leaders of the "reds" hold their secret meetings. No parliamentary red tape governs their sessions. They have no organization, no rules, no dues, no officers. Simply, on Saturday nights they drift into Esteve's lair, discuss articles in the current issue of La Questione Sociale, and suggest ways and means of helping the "causes." At the same time the rank and file of anarchism are in session in the dingy back rooms of various saloons, where drunkenness is almost unknown, but where men frequently succumb to the temptation of scotch. Whenever the newspapers print articles directed upon Paterson, then the "reds" call a mass meeting. The town is flooded with posters announcing that an open meeting of Italians—the word anarchist is not used—will be held in Bartholdi hall. The

"Apostle to the Indians"

Second only to Father De Smet in his devotion to and sacrifices for the Indians of the northwest ranks the distinguished Episcopal bishop of Minnesota, Rt. Rev. Henry Benjamin Whipple, who passed away at the age of 79 at his home in Fairbault, Minn., last Monday. Though not a contemporary of Father De Smet, the pioneer of pioneer clergymen and representing an opposing creed, his zeal in behalf of the Indian tribes and his success in carrying the lights of Christianity and civilization among them forms one of the brightest pages of western history.

Bishop Whipple combined many notable characteristics. He was at once spiritual guide and statesman, advocate and ruler, philanthropist and diplomat. He came to the Mississippi valley about the year after statehood had been attained. In 1850, when Minnesota was a new territory, he was appointed its first bishop. He undertook the championship of the aborigines and protected their interests successfully against the inroads and wrongdoings of the whites. Both individuals and governments. His two years as the bishop began the work he loved and most thoroughly trusted friend of the northwestern Indians.

Bishop Whipple was born at Adams, N. Y., in 1822, and was educated in private schools. He prepared for college, but on account of ill health, he was obliged to attend to mercantile pursuits and took an active interest in politics for several years. At one time he was prominent in the state militia, holding a colonelcy. Upon deciding to study for the ministry, he followed a theological course under Rev. Dr. William D. Wilson, who was afterward professor in Cornell university. Young Whipple was ordained deacon in Trinity church, Geneva, N. Y., in 1849, and in the following year was ordained priest in Christ church, Sackett's Harbor, by Bishop Deland. He received the degree of D. D. from Ho-

True Children of Erin

The heart of the Irish peasant is given entirely to his children. He will devote for hours on the government's policy and work himself into a fighting mood over the decisions of the county council, but when the talk leads to the "ones at home" politics pales into insignificance. "Aw, it's the children, is it? God bless their little souls, they are an angel in the proud pair! Sure, they're only fit for their beatin' of their yin can't find all Ireland." When the first born arrives Pat is a proud man, indeed, but it is only when he has to turn down the fingers on both hands to enumerate that his vanity becomes a matter of anxiety to his friends. Then it is that he assumes a new importance in the affairs of the township. He is old enough now to lose the undignified appellation of "bo-y," and swell his chest in the deserved title of "man, begob."

One of the most popular Roman Catholic clergymen in Ireland, when visiting a peasant, jokingly inquired the number of children in the family. "Aw, yer haven't seen half of them yet, yer riverince. Wait a bit." Pat opened the "front an' back doors" of the kitchen, ordered the children outside, and placed the "reds" on the floor so that no one could jump on or out. The first jumping the baskets. When everything had been arranged to his satisfaction he called to the children "to come in the front door, chase 'cross the' flure, an' this jump out agin over the 'creel' in the' back door." The jumping began, and as fast as one "gossion" disappeared from the "back door" another hopped smilingly into view. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty were counted, and still the procession continued. Then the priest noticed that several of the faces seemed familiar. He closed the back door, and when eight little urchins had crept the house and leaped into the kitchen the fraud was manifest. "Well, Pat, that's a neat trick," said the priest. "Troth, an' yer riverince, it's no trick."

Origin of Marriage Customs

How little the fashionable bride in the smart set today realizes that all of the wedding customs of the present are rooted in the pagan past. The barbaric bridegroom procured his mate by one of two methods—capture or purchase. We speak always now of "capturing" a bride, and "purchase" is not wholly unknown. In the former the groom started upon the warpath with some chosen companion, who assisted him in the capture of a woman; whence cometh the custom of having a "best man." The dainty gold ring of today is a relic of the fetter by which the bride was bound, while the Josose slipper is a remnant of the missiles hurled by the angry parents. The orange blossoms came in a more civilized age, though the Christians, who were called a wed; whence our word.

The primitive Anglo-Saxon ceremonies contained these promises: "For fairer or fouler, for better, for worse, for richer or poorer." Then the man put the ring on each of his fingers, saying: (1) In the name of the Father; (2) Of the Son; (3) Of Holy Ghost; (4) Amen. The father saved the husband an old shoe, with which he tapped his wife on the head, as a sign of authority. His law permitted only moderate wife-beating. Three blows were deemed sufficient, "with stick no longer than an arm." Long after the advent of Christianity marriage was purely secular. In 1563 the council of Trent made the ecclesiastical

ceremony binding. There was, however, a custom of priests being called in to bless the marriage bed. In Nottinghamshire there is a doggerel informing the public of the time when the church permitted weddings: "Advent marriage doth deny, But Christy give the liberty of Lent, The Septuagesima says they may, Eight days from Easter says you may, Rotten hills in Slavonic times, But Trinity sets this free again." The Greek church has the most elaborate rites. They are familiar with the Russian wedding feast. In Slavonic ritual the wine drunk by the new couple is called the "cup of bitterness." Champagne is served in the car's land, and guests are given souvenir initial boxes of cake. Yet twentieth century Americans believe their marriage customs original! In Cardiganshire, Wales, a wedding is very tame unless the groom captures the bride after a thrilling pseudo-kirish. The relatives offer mock resistance, and much scuffling and horse-play ensue. A dialogue in half a dozen styles is required, the groom is admitted and seeks the bride, who is disguised as an old woman, often with a male infant in her arms, the symbol of sons and heirs. At the church the bride is snatched by her relatives and the groom's party runs on a race track. At last she is tossed back and whoever catches her will be wed within one year. (Similar to our throwing of the bride's bouquet.) Purchase gradually superseded capture. The father's wrath was mitigated by base coin. Occasionally the bridegroom offered his own sister in lieu of cash! But literal capture is still prevalent in barbarous countries, and purchase in semi-civilized ones, such as China and Mohammedan sections. Arabians fathers sometimes present their daughter with a slave, signifying freedom. For one blessed moment she belongs to no man—then she presents it to her husband, and thenceforth is in his power. Babylonians and Assyrians purchased practice for those that wear a crown. So while the local police give no more thought to the "reds" than they would to a colony of Quakers, the police departments of nations have situated the group with detectives whose system of espionage is as complete as that exercised over any band of nihilists in Russia. Every country has at least two secret service agents in Paterson. Austria has four, the United States half a dozen and Italy more than all. When an anarchist leaves his country it is the duty of the secret service agent to find out where he has gone and account for him. Those agents, unknown of course, to the "reds," live among them, fraternize with them and sometimes are present even at their most confidential conclaves. The United States excel in champagne. Cook's Imperial Extra Dry takes the lead.

The New Plan

The Right Plan

FURNITURE SALE



Notwithstanding the extremely bad weather of the past week, our sales showed extraordinary results and our total sales far surpassed any previous highest fall records. Every section, every floor of this store has been exceedingly busy. Patrons of long standing have been present in great numbers and very, very many who apparently have not heretofore been familiar with the store, have during the past week and in fact during all this season, given evidence of their satisfaction in learning of our tremendous stock, our new plan, and emphatically on becoming acquainted with our very low—the lowest—prices.

We repeat our invitation of last week. If you expect to buy any furniture this fall you are invited to look through our store. Come to look not necessarily to buy, but to see the beautiful new goods. Our goods are marked in large plain figures and it will be an interesting study of both values and designs.

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Regular Price	New Plan Price	Regular Price	New Plan Price
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Bureau, Davenport	\$45.00	Bookcase, Mahogany	\$10.00
Chiffonier	\$40.00	Bookcase	\$4.00
Chiffonier	\$25.00	Bookcase	\$2.50
Couch, Leather	\$45.00	Rockers	\$5.00
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