NEW YORK'S FINE SPEEDWAY

Magnificent Free Equestrian Circus Furnished by a Modern City.

RACING UNDER MOST PERFECT CONDITION

Weekly Spectacle Wherein Wealth and Prominence and Nerve Show Themselves and Delight the Multitude.

Imperial Rome gave its populace "bread and circuses"—New York town, more than imperial, as yet provides only the circuses. But it is more than an open question if Rome ever spent as much upon its amphitheater as New York has put into the Speedway and its approaches.

Directly, the Speedway is an outgrowth of panic—the sad days following '93. Indirectly, it is the response to a rising demand. The city has bred and fostered a swiftly growing class of rich reinsmen, either survivors or spiritual descendants of the old Bloomingdale road brigade. With their many thousands invested in fast horseflesh, there was general and increasing discontent over having to go a Sabbath day's journey to find any place where the flyers could step their best—and, incidentally, outstep each other.

The first plan that was offered raised a roar of indignation. The gentlemen drivers had it in mind to take a stretch down the west side of Central park. Lively protests from all sorts and conditions of folk inclined them to go further—with the result of faring better. The Speedway as an accomplished fact interferes with nobody. Contrariwise, it turns to the excellent use of diversion a strip of unsightly waste. Incidentally, the turning put many dollars into honest, horny hands that otherwise would have been empty, or filled by galling charity. Altogether the course is well worth its cost, if for no more than an object lesson as to how the fanciful desires of rich men supply the necessities of poor ones.

Surprises for Sightseers.

Manhattan's face is full of choice topographical surprises. Not one of them can compare fully with the Speedway site. The course easily is among the most picturesque in the world. That, however, is less amazing than its adaptation to the ends of spectacle. Rome's Coliseum was less majestic than the rocks that frown from above it all along one side; no canal in all Venice can show more vagrant charm of waters than sparkles up from the breast of the Harlem. Now it is all sullen gray, now of a jealous green opacity, now limpid as a rain-washed morning sky, now full of softly-lapping satiny ripples, streaked with oily wakes of swiftly passing craft.

The water show, indeed, draws some part of the crowd—not so great a moiety as the road show, but still worth reckoning. Speedway builders took account of it—wherefore the waterside walk is twice or thrice the amplitude of that underneath the rocks, and beset plentifully throughout with light, easily movable benches.

The driveway proper begins somewhat before the beginning—at the commencement of St. Nicholas avenue, on the uppermost verge of Central park. It is something like two miles from the park verge to the head of the Speedway at 155th street—thus there is a parade course about four miles long. Still St. Nicholas avenue is not the sole, nor even the favorite, route of Speedway drivers who live roundabout the park or below it. Upper Seventh avenue and the viaduct spanning the Harlem valley at the head of the Speedway are chosen somewhat oftener. Another for those who like long drives and coming into the middle of things, is the new Boulevard Lafayette, which has been cut in the edge of the Hudson river hillside and makes into the course proper through Dyckman street, which is its upper boundary. Then, too, there are the suburban roads and their contingent folk from White Plains, Mt. Vernon, Yonkers, ever so many places, who have the chance of some pretty speeding on their own account along the parkways that are spreading all about through the region where New York town is still, in large part, country.

All Roads Lead to Speedway.

All roads, indeed, lead to the Speedway—even Brooklyn and Jersey folk wander in sometimes, although they have fine driveways of their own. Howsoever gathered, the show of horses and horsemen is well worth seeing. A great many people evidently are of that mind, for upon any Sunday which promises good footing 10,000 are likely to gather and stand at gaze. Special events, match races, matinees, the annual road drivers' parade, bring out from 30,000 to 50,000 spectators. The knowing ones and the sports cluster as thick as bees about the half-mile post, which is the finish mark in the brushes. If there is betting, it is strictly private, or rather individual, although, no doubt, good money often changes hands on the result of the events. Indeed, tips are given and received quite as eagerly and as solemnly as on the full-fledged courses. But the mass of those on the road and the sidewalks are there to see and to be seen, rather than from sordid hopes of profit or loss.

The mounted police who enforce the regulations keep all but the racing division moving steadily in two lines—going down next to the river, coming up next the rocks. Thus the middle stretch is clear. The roadway is wide enough for five or six teams abreast. Speeding begins whenever there is a fairly dry course at the Dyckman street end, the speeders driving south. This makes the first half-mile post the finish. Of course, there are mile brushes, but the most part of gentlemen drivers prefer half miles, or even quarter miles.

A pessimistic mounted policeman who knows horses and likewise human nature, said with something of a curled lip: "Horses! Oh, yes, they love the Speedway; the soft track's good to hoofs that have been poundin' rocks and hard floors. But the drivers and the riders don't love ridin' and drivin'; it's all show-off with them. Why, if they did really care for their horses and usin' 'em, there are fifty places within range that would give 'em more pleasure than this. City Island, up in Westchester, out in Jersey, or Long Island, or 'cross the ferry down Staten Island way, horses and traps and drivers can go, any o' them, where's all right, all right; but they can't take the crowd with 'em, so here they stay. Sunday after Sunday, rain and shine, you see the same men, and all their joy is to get a new horse, or some sort of new contraption in ridin' toggery or wagons, or boots or bridles, or some such matter. But them that drive do get a few runs for their money—thing that feazes me most is the folks down the edges. It's all show with them, and if one of 'em gets her name in the papers, or has turnout sets the crowd buzzin'—Lord! they think they're made! I've been up here pretty much ever since the show began—you may take my word for it if it wasn't a show, if nobody came to look on and stare, and most likely envy, in six months the Speedway would be given up to trainers, exercisin' rich men's trotters, and some few of the rich men themselves that know enough about horses and other things to get at the real good o' drivin'."

At Its Best.

Possibly the policeman was soured. Certainly the Speedway at its best helps to put one in love with life and things. For instance, on a fine autumn Sunday morning, when blotches of red and yellow have sown themselves lightly through the overhanging foliage of Washington Heights, High Bridge and Washington Bridge, springing alertly from the bold ramp of the Heights, span the green, clear breadth of the valley and etch themselves on the wind-blown blue of the sky. Coming in from the Viaduct, far and away the most impressive approach, one sees high on the hill the historic mass of Hamilton Grange, once the home of Betsy Bowen Jumel. There is a flag in the yard of it—a flag streaming straight out upon a tricksy west wind. Behind the wooded background is the site of historic Fort George, now given over to beer drinking and the speech of the vaterland. But one need not think of that— there is enough right at hand to fill eyes and mind and perception.

The road drops in a long incline, macadam for ten blocks, after that a broad reddish-yellow earthen ribbon. The sidewalks edge it like lengths of silver lace. There is a line of green grass between the yellow ribbon and the silver lace, but one must go early to get full view of it. By 11 o'clock the walkways are so full they are no more than blurs and blotches of color. At least half the onlookers are women, tricked out in holiday bravery. Children likewise abound—the most part in gay coats, some few in somber black ones. But even the black coats have redeeming fripperies of lace and color in head and neckgear. The surprising thing about the whole assemblage, indeed, is that it is a dress parade, no less for the spectator than the performers. Beyond a doubt, going to the Speedway stands to many uptown residents very much for what going to church did to their rural or village ancestry.

However that may be, the crowd is in excellent humor with itself and the world at large, with no greater present ambition than to be reckoned "in the know," as regards the speeding and the speeders. It chats and preens itself, and ruffles into gentle ripples of interest at the daring of venturous small boys, or at the sight of cunning small girls tugging at the reins out in the road. It moves gently up and down, and back and forth, or turns to view critically some racing shell upon the waters, gently curling the lip as it hears the coxswain roar out orders evidently intended to reach its ears. Showing-off on the water, it has not come out to see or hear. The shells are, indeed, but incidents—incidents which some of the over-nice among the women incline to resent. Bare arms, and chests and legs seem to them out of place in the face of daylight; notwithstanding other women applaud the display and talk knowingly with their escorts of feathering, reaches, body swings and strokes.

Here Comes the Stars.

Momentarily some star of the Speedway flashes down the line. Murmurs go all about: "Nathan Straus has Cobwebs out this morning. Pshaw! I was sure he'd drive Alves instead." "Hello! Fred Gerken in the side lines! It can't be he's going to quit the game!" "There comes Claus Bohling! Now look out, somebody. He told my cousin's uncle yesterday he had the heels of everything likely to show today!" "Albert Bostwick's trainer has got knee boots on Johnny Agan. Yes, Bostwick is automobile-crazy, still he has not quite given up horses."

A lean, brownish bay, with fair head, good legs and light middle piece flashes past. One spectator grins at the sight, saying sagely: "David B. looks as though he'd run jest about to match his namesake this mornin'." Instantly somebody retorts: "Wait till you see him finish! It's my belief he has never been quite all out here—no more than the man he's named for."

"Maybe so," says a judicial third person; "but, say, did you hear about old Cobwebs? One day a while back Straus got two friends to hold watches on the old fellow while he stepped a quarter after he got going for all he was worth, and he made it in 29 seconds flat. What do you think of that? A 1:56 gait for a horse 13 years old—and a faster quarter than ever Cresceus trotted in a race!"

"He's a wonder—no mistake," say the onlookers; then huddle to the curb, saying all together in a breath: "And here he comes now! Hurrah! He's having it out with Dave Lamar and Sally Simpson."

Down course two little dust clouds have resolved themselves into flying harnessed racers, with drivers sitting low and close behind. The wagons look cobwebby—hardly stout enough to endure the impact of rapid air. But nobody thinks of that; all hang breathless on the race. The man in front has a strong, Hebraic face, bearded, shrewd-eyed, kindly. The lips are set, the eyes tense, the whole pose full of power to claim and keep. The whip is held upright, the reins tightly clutched—now and again he speaks a low word, too low to be heard by the sidewalk throng, though evidently reaching the ears of his horse. Cobwebs may know intuitively what his master asks—he goes, goes, with his mighty stroke of a machine. His stride is low and stealing, his ears are flat against his beautiful chestnut head, his eyeballs flare, but not with temper—he has the stay and the spirit which, joined with speed, makes the horse which does or dies. On, on, he thunders, his head nodding the least bit in fine, faultless rhythm, his quickening hoofbeats sounding a march of triumph as his white nose goes past the post half a length to the good.

Another Fight for Victory.

The battle is not won. Dave Lamar wheels as soon as he can pull up, asks a question mainly with his eyes, is answered with a nod, then, almost wing and wing, the pair race away to the back stretch, and again set sail. This time the mare lies at Cobweb's wheel—in the first brush she fought for each foot of the way. She is a bay, big and shiny, in the very pink of condition, a credit alike to her trainer and her sire, the world-famous Electioneer. She goes high, so high it almost seems she scorns the earth, but her reaching plunges devour space incredibly. But for keeping in place so steadily a casual onlooker would say the horse went ten yards to her nine, and covered ground with much more ease to himself. But do what he will, stretch, strain, quicken, he cannot shake her off. She hangs like a bulldog till fifty yards from the wire; then the man in the white hat, who has been sitting statue-like, leans far forward, swishes his whip mightily, calls in shrill, whistling tones, lets out the least bit of a wrap, and the race is over—Cobwebs has lost, though by a narrow margin. A third heat is, of course, inevitable. People forget to gossip, and stand still, save when they crowd for better seeing places. This time the flyers come in view neck-and-neck, each doing a desperate best from start to finish. How the big, gallant chestnut strains! His motion is so swift no eye can follow it; the sulky wheels show only as motionless, shining rims magically impelled along the course. And gamely the bulldog bay mare keeps at his throat latch, lurching so high she seems to be fencing all the way. Neck-and-neck, stride for stride, they keep it up until the very last; but the bay will not be denied; she gets her nose in front by at least six inches. There is applause all up and down the line as she jogs back toward the starting point, but not so loud nor so hearty as the clapping which follows Cobwebs all the way to the cooling-out sheds.

The brushes have been typical—every Sunday, every matinee, with sound footing, sees them duplicated 100 times over. Even the least considerate horse master hesitates to risk his flyers upon slippery or sloppy going, or in stiff, holding mud. Not a few horse owners have stables close at hand. E. H. Harriman, who owns the famous John R. Gentry, for example, has, right at the speedway gates, what is said to be the best appointed stable for harness horses anywhere in the world. A dozen others might be named. Indeed, no man can hope for fame upon the speedway without a considerable string which includes both blood and speed. M. M. WILLIAMS.

Physicians are calling attention to the fact that influenza or grip has come to stay. In the larger cities there has been a marked increase in diseases affecting the organs of respiration, which increase is attributed to the prevalence of influenza. Persons who are recovering from grip or influenza are in a weak condition and peculiarly liable to pulmonary disease.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures coughs, bronchitis, lung "trouble" and other diseases of the organs of respiration. It is the best tonic medicine for those whose strength and vitality have been exhausted by an attack of grip.

It purifies the blood, cleansing it of the poisonous accumulations which breed and feed disease. It gives increased activity to the blood-making glands, and so increases the supply of pure blood, rich with the red corpuscles of health.

"A word for your 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes Mrs. E. A. Bender, of Keene, Coshocton Co., Ohio. "We have been using it as a family medicine for more than four years. As a cough remedy and blood-purifier there is nothing better, and after having the grip Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is just the right medicine for a complete bracing up."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach, blood, and lungs.

The sluggish liver is made active by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Northwestern's Celebration

Pen Picture of the Exercises Installing President James.

CHICAGO, Oct. 22. (Special Correspondence.)—The modern institution of higher education is conforming to twentieth century environments. It no longer believes in hiding its light under a bushel nor in relying solely upon unsolicited recommendations of friends to recruit its annual enlistment of students. It is coming, on the contrary, to take advantage of every legitimate means of publicity to bring its advantages and attractions to the attention of the public. That explains, I believe, why recent college celebrations of significant anniversaries or the installation of new executives have taken on a much more formal and impressive character than even a decade ago. From this point of view the exercises accompanying the installation of Dr. Edmund Janes James as president of the Northwestern university, just concluded in Evanston, the beautiful northward suburb of Chicago, could not but be gratifying as highly successful in every respect. With the representatives of some 200 colleges and universities in attendance to extend felicitations and offer kindly greetings, the event was enveloped with an inter-collegiate aroma that breathed the community of interests between the various institutions in all parts of the country that are working their own way toward the same ambitious goal.

The present assemblage is perhaps more representative of the west than of the east, more representative of the colleges than of the universities—this because Northwestern is a western institution and still emphasizes its collegiate department before its professional schools. Among the delegates were many familiar faces, some of them who have been identified with Nebraska or Nebraska institutions. President MacLean of Iowa State university, formerly at the head of Nebraska's state university, was conspicuous and much sought after. Dr. S. B. McCormick, for many years pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Omaha, and now president of Coe college at Cedar Rapids, had kinds words for the theological seminary in our state in whose success he is always interested. Dr. J. H. Finley, who visited Omaha often in behalf of Knox college, when he was in charge of that institution, represented Princeton university, to which he is now attached as a member of its faculty. President Droppers of the University of South Dakota, Chancellor Choplin of Washington university at St. Louis, President Angell of the University of Michigan, all of whom have visited us in recent years, were in the academic line of march. Chancellor Andrews of the University of Nebraska had signified his intention to attend, but must have been detained as he was not visible to me in the array of college dignitaries. Another who should be mentioned was Russell Wilbur of Omaha, who is studying at Northwestern and participated as one of the representatives of his department.

In the speeches and addresses could be distinguished two special lines of thought that deserve more than passing attention. The keynote of President James' inaugural address was his plea for the conjunction of religion and education. Northwestern university is a Methodist institution. It is the capstone in the west of the educational activity of the Methodist Episcopal church, and corresponds for the states of the Mississippi valley to what the Connecticut Wesleyan is for New England and the Atlantic coast states. While a religious institution in its foundation, it is nonsectarian in its invitation to students to avail themselves of its facilities, except in the theological school, which of course expects its members to pursue their studies as a preparation for the ministry. In taking charge of such an institution it is but natural for the new president to lay special stress upon its religious character. Try as we may to make ourselves believe that there is no competition between our colleges and universities, it is none the less a fact that each depends upon its peculiar characteristics to maintain its strength and attract support from both students and benefactors. The great state universities, drawing their sustenance from taxes imposed upon all citizens alike, must in the very nature of things keep strictly along the straight path of nonsectarianism. The same is substantially true with reference to the great privately endowed universities, which, if they are to serve as monuments to philanthropic patrons, cannot well refuse benefactions that come from men of a different faith than the founder. The life of an institution like Northwestern, however, which is part of a great church organization and a beneficiary of the intricate church machinery, must cling to the bosom of the church and live in its atmosphere. Its religious discipline and Christian supervision, as the distinguishing marks of Northwestern, came in, therefore, for a repetition of praises, perhaps as much because the speakers were chosen largely from other denominational or religious colleges or universities as from the fact that they are counted among the chief elements of strength of the institution installing its new president.

What was equally noticeable and still more significant was to be found in the notes of protest several times sounded against the agitation for a shorter college course and curtailment of the requirements for the baccalaureate degree with a view to graduating young men and young women through college and professional school without consuming too much of the time that should be utilized in self-support. While no names were mentioned in this connection, either of persons or institutions, it was plain that the remarks were directed at President Eliot's recommendation of a three-year course for Harvard and President Butler's recent suggestion in his report to the trustees of Columbia, for granting the bachelor's degree at the end of two years, and substituting the master's degree for the diploma now given in recognition of the four years' college work. President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California, more plain spoken than the others, declared that in California their university had been built up in comparative isolation, working out its own salvation and that it proposed to follow its own methods of teaching and to insist on four years' work for a bachelor's degree. "We propose," he said, "to require much Latin and more Greek. We have found that the university is not a mill and that it cannot be run successfully on strictly business methods. We believe education is to be derived from the men who constitute the faculty rather than from the buildings or equipment, and that it is not the degree but discipline and character that is to be taken into account." The reception accorded this declaration showed clearly that it struck a sympathetic chord. Yet it must be remembered that the great majority of those present represented institutions centered exclusively about undergraduate work, or in which the undergraduate work far outweighed the advanced and professional instruction. It must be remembered, too, that the state universities and smaller colleges of the west have not yet reached the point where they need puzzle over the problem of the length of the collegiate course; they have been working faithfully, but slowly toward the point where their bachelor degree represents as much as that granted by the older and wealthier institutions of the east, and they are certainly not ready yet to follow any radical change in the curriculum.

The banquet tendered by the Chicago Bar association to Oliver Wendell Holmes, chief justice of the supreme court of Massachusetts, who has been selected for the succession to Justice Gray on the bench of the supreme court of the United States, must be regarded as supplementary to, although not a part of, the installation celebration at Northwestern. Judge Holmes had made his visit to Chicago in response to an invitation to deliver the address formally dedicating the new law school building of the university, and the occasion was seized by the bar to entertain him at that time. The banquet was given in the banquet hall of the Auditorium hotel, with many noted lawyers and jurists present. Perhaps 175 were seated at the tables—a representative body, yet justifying the complaint, which I overheard, that Chicago lawyers lack interest in their own profession when, out of nearly 4,000 members of the Cook county bar, less than 200 take advantage of an opportunity to meet and greet a prospective judge of the nation's highest court. Judge Woolworth and Judge Munger both came over from Omaha to attend this banquet, and it is, perhaps, worthy of comment that of the twenty-one persons seated at the guest's table three, or one-seventh of the whole number, were from Omaha.

Justice Holmes will be readily picked out of any assemblage as a man of distinction. His carriage and poise, his precision of speech, his well modulated voice, all betoken culture and refinement. At the same time he seemed to enter fully into the spirit of the occasion and to enjoy its humor even when at his expense. His brief address in response to the facetious, yet complimentary, presentation by Judge Grosscup, is worth preserving. After a few personal remarks about previous visits to the west he said:

"The new career I have entered on marks my turn into the homestretch of life, and what are the conclusions I have come to? Let us older men tell the younger that the race is worth the running. It has many pleasures and recompenses. Praise is welcome, for we must be honest, but the chief joy of life is in the doing. If a man has become satisfied with himself he has ceased to struggle and has ceased to achieve. The greatest joys to be got out of this existence are those that come while going at full speed. To face obstacles and to measure his advancement by the number overcome—that is the real life of man.

"Nature is self-defeating, and I have thought of agitating for a society for the prevention of amusements. It is in active accomplishment, not in rest that we find the highest expression of life. However, a judge need not fear he will perish from atrophy of his intellect. On the bench are responsibilities, and to aim at the highest is to take risks. Conventional thought and process must be forsaken, and the judge must not be satisfied with consecrated phrases. He must stop to analyze the situation and ascertain what course must be taken regardless of ancient custom. The judge needs to realize the paradox that it is not necessary to be heavy to have weight.

"For twenty years I have done my best and the living of the period has been a delight. I believe my standards have been cosmopolitan, and I have sought for the best. Now that I know the cordiality of your reception it makes me almost dream it easier to succeed than to fail. I go on in the fight gladly and shall always think I hear the trumpet of your cheers."

The others who spoke for the bench were Judge Jenkins, for the federal judiciary, Chief Justice Magruder, for the state supreme court of Illinois, and Judge Gary, for the lower state courts. The sentiments of the bar were voiced by the genial George R. Peck, whose pungent wit concluded the after dinner program. And strange as it may seem, it was just the modest hour of 10 o'clock when the gavel was returned to President Ashcroft of the Bar association and the guests dispersed. V. R.

Making the Mails Go

Travel Day and Night by Rail, Boat Canoe and Dog Team.

If you could take a voyage around the earth with the flying night, so that whenever you gazed down at the globe you would find it in darkness, you would see darting lines of light going criss-cross over it in every direction.

Where the United States lies you would see more of them than anywhere else, relates the New York Sun. You would see them gliding restlessly from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. Glimmering lines would be visible to you where they go threading among the Rocky mountains.

North of the United States you would see some black patches where there would be no such bewildering maze of them. But even there, even in the wilderness of Alaska, you would see some.

In fact, you would see some lights flashing and hurrying along everywhere on the globe. You would see them rushing across Siberia.

You would see them in Africa, some flitting along the shores of the Indian ocean, some speeding down toward the Cape of Good Hope, others going along the northern coast on the shores of the Mediterranean sea.

You would see them in China and the Philippines, in India and in Turkestan. As for Europe, that continent would look to you like a great loom of flaming threads, all busily weaving.

Those lights are the railroad trains of all the world carrying the fast mail. The fastest trains, the fastest ships, the fastest horses, the fastest runners of the world are used day and night everywhere, from Point Barrow, Alaska, to the Cape of Good Hope, to carry the mails.

Your Uncle Sam was not one of the first in the field of carrying mails. Some of the smaller countries in Europe were far ahead of him for a time. But now he is the leader of them all.

He has more postoffices and employes than any other country. He carries more mail. More mail is delivered to each of his sons and daughters than anywhere else.

He has 33,000 more postoffices than Germany and 55,000 more than Great Britain. He has 8,000 more employes than Germany and Great Britain is 39,000 behind him.

He has nearly 316,000 more miles of mail routes than the next nearest country, Russia. He spends $10,000,000 more a year on his mails than any other country.

But he is behind in some things still. Germany, for instance, has 8,000 more letter boxes than Uncle Sam. He ranks second in this.

In the number of postoffices, as compared with population, he is seventh in the list. The countries that lead him are New Zealand, Canada, South Australia, New South Wales, Victoria and Switzerland.

Uncle Sam has been making some comparisons between his postoffice business and that of other places, and he has found queer things.

For instance, he has found that while the United States, Germany and Great Britain have the most postoffices in the world, the country that has the fourth place is far away in Asia. It is British India, and it ranks fourth in the number of its postoffices.

Another country that stands high in the list is Japan. It is eleventh in the list for number of postoffices and leads such European countries as Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Norway, The Netherlands, Denmark, Belgium and Greece.

The land that has the smallest number of postoffices is the independent republic of the Congo. It has thirty-two.

In these thirty-two it employes seventy-seven men. Every now and then a letter carrier of the Congo postoffices is eaten by a lion or a leopard.

The path of these bearers of the mail is throught forests and swamps. Sometimes they must camp at night in places where the wild beasts prowl around them in the darkness.

Uncle Sam has some peculiar mail routes himself. Even in the populous middle Atlantic states scores of his carriers have to drive, ride or climb along roads that are old Indian trails.

Some of his carriers have to ride armed. He has real western rough riders, who go through defiles of the Rocky mountains on bronchos. He has Indian runners and canoemen in Alaska.

All kinds of steamboats carry his mail. They range in size from great coast liners and tramp steamships to little puffing launches.

Men dwelling on coral islands in the Gulf of Mexico are sure of one visitor at least, and that is the mail boat. Sternwheelers go into the beautiful dreamy bayous of the south with a mighty splashing that frightens alligators and herons and deliver the United States mail in lonely marsh settlements.

Even whaling ships are used by Uncle Sam. They go far north into Behring sea. One mail route of Uncle Sam is attended to entirely by steam whalers that sail from Seattle in Washington.

These ships take letters and packages from home to men hidden away in the frozen country north of Behring Straits. The whalers and sealers in the Arctic circle are hunted for by Uncle Sam and he tries to deliver their mail to them, though they may have been cruising for a year or more.

Sometimes he will send their mail from ship to ship, until at last one will find the vessel and send the letters aboard. They may be many months old by that time, but they are none the less welcome for that, you may be sure, and they are read over and over in the dim light from oil lamps in the laboring, tempest-beaten ships.

One of Uncle Sam's mail routes in Alaska uses ships and canoes and dog teams and sleds. It is a route more than 4,000 miles long and carries the mails into the far interior, where the mighty Yukon river roars in the solitudes. Four round trips are made over this route each year and each trip costs Uncle Sam $1,495.

The letter carriers who do this work do not wear the neat uniforms that you see on the letter carriers at home. They are athletic men, ready to swim a river full of drift ice if need be and think nothing of sleeping in a blanket and a rough tent by the side of the trail with the thermometer far below zero.

The postoffice that Uncle Sam has at Point Barrow, in Alaska, is the most northern postoffice of the world. Never before was mail delivered so near the North Pole.

From the cheapest that's good to the best that's made

That's what you'll find here, and, what's more, you'll have pick from the largest collection in the west of our respective lines.

Bed Room Furniture

Here are a few pieces that it might pay you to investigate.

Three-piece Bed Room Suit, bed, dresser and washstand, dresser has French bevel mirror—price for three pieces..... 13.75

Our new Suits are in and we show a choice collection of three-piece Bed Room Suits at $19.50, $22.50, $28.00, $32.00 and up.

Pyro Decorated Pieces

Burnt Wood Taborette, 12-inch square top.....90c
Burnt Wood Taborette, 12-inch round top.....1.15
Book Trays—exquisite designs in burnt wood—special each.....1.75

Dressers

158 patterns to select from—all styles, in all woods and finishes. For a Solid Oak Dresser with French bevel mirror, we start them at $7.75, $9.45, $11.65, $13.75 and $15.00.

$30.00 Curly Birch Dresser, handsomely hand polished, choice design—special..... 22.50

Morris Chirs

Our new stock of these very comfortable chairs now in, and we have some special prices to offer you on special pieces.

Solid oak frame, hand polished—prices varying—$5.75, $6.90, $7.35, $8.25 and up.

A Great Opportunity to Cover Your Floor Cheap.

Matting About four hundred yards of Matting used at the Coliseum the week during the Christian Convention will go on sale Monday morning at 8 o'clock at one price per yard—**10 cents.**

1,000 yards Matting and clearing up sale of odd remnants of Matting, pieces containing from 5 to 25 yards, all go on sale Monday at less than one-half price.

Don't miss this opportunity. Bring measurements of your rooms.

October Lace Curtain Sale

Only five days more in which you can buy Lace Curtains at our October Sale prices.

Brussels Lace, Irish Point Lace and Fancy Fish Nets, Real Renaisance, Bed Sets and Curtains, all at phenomenally low prices—note some:

$3.50 Curtains, $1.95 pair.
$5.00 Curtains, $3.75 pair.
$7.50 Curtains, $5.00 pair.
$10.00 Curtains, $7.50 pair.
$15.00 Curtains, $10.00 pair.
$8.75 Door Curtains, $5.00 pair.
$10.00 and $12.00 Door Curtains, $7.50 pair.
15c Curtain Swiss, 36 inches wide, 12½c yard.
50c and 65c Curtain Swiss, 45 inches wide, 37½c yard.
Sash Nets—special price.

Upholstery Goods

Special for all week, including Silk Damasks, French Goblins, Sicilian, Mowbrays, Moire Rep, Brocade Velour, Flox Velour, English Tapestry, French Juts.

$1.00 Draperies at 50c yard.
$1.50 Draperies at 75c yard.
$2.00 Draperies at $1.00 yard.
$3.50 Draperies at $2.50 yard.
$5.50 Tapestries at $4.00 yard.
$7.50 Tapestries at $4.50 yard.
Novelty Stripe at 50c yard.

Any Rope Portiere in the store, including all our $6.75 and $7.50 Curtains, for Monday only, each $5.00.

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RELIGIOUS.

The venerable Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, who has preached for fifty-six years, has never spent a single Sabbath upon a sick-bed.

The next meeting of the Baptist congress will be held in the First church, Boston, November 18-20. The program will be issued soon.

Prof. William Bell Langsdorf has resigned the chair of Latin in Miami university to become a missionary to Japan.

Father Lais of the vatican observatory at Rome has nearly completed the colossal task of photographing the heavens, on which he has been engaged for several years.

Father Premendand Bharati, a missionary of the Vaishnava religion, has arrived in New York and will try to spread a knowledge of his faith and get converts to it in America.

Miss Mary Andrews, a daugter of ex-Sheriff Robert N. Andrews of Hamilton, O., has been elected pastor of the Universalist church at Kansas City, Mo., the first woman pastor the city has ever had.

When the new episcopal residence shall have been finished in connection with the great cathedral in New York Bishop Potter or his successor will be housed as no other clergyman has ever been in this country. The site chosen for this palace is at the southwestern corner of the cathedral grounds, of which the main building of the group is to occupy the eastern half. The sum of $65,000 is now in hand for a beginning on the residence.

Joseph W. Ogden, a New York banker, will build a new Presbyterian church in Chatham, N. J., as a memorial to his father, the late Rev. Dr. Joseph M. Ogden, who for fifty years was pastor of the church in Chatham.

Quietly and with an absolute lack of ostentation Dr. and Mrs. Edward Everett Hale celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage one day recently at their home in Roxbury, Mass. There was a general homecoming of the different members of the family and there was a public reception lasting two hours.

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