PANHANDLER'S CRAFT

ART IN TALES OF WOE DISCUSSED BY AN EXPERT BEGGAR.

Sobriety in Business Hours Necessary to Success—Big Men More Liberal Than Little Ones.

"Well, if youse goes on de bond not to print me name and number, I don't mind puttin' youse wise to some o' de kinks o' de graft," said the panhandler off watch, as he upended one of the barrel-house dippers filled with the 3-cent Bourbon and drank the stuff. "I ain't sayin' dat de biz is wot it used to be, but it's still wort' de w'ile of a gazoob dat's next to de best way to dodge de rough-necks wit' de tin shields, and dat un'stan's how to read charackter. Dem is de two main wires: Hikin' from de cops w'en dey've piped youse, and knowin' how to size up de maps of de right kin' o' fo'ks to brace f'r de price, says the New York Sun.

"De foist t'ing f'r de panhandler dat expec's to have de price o' all de suds he kin han'l w'en he knocks off wolk, is to keep from gettin' de bun on w'ile he's on dooty. De jag kin wait till de sun goes down, and it'll be all de better f'r havin' been waited f'r—jes' look at de fun I'm havin' wit' meself now, f'r instance," and the panhandler off watch tossed off another dipperful of the 3-cent Bourbon, without using any water or other ameliorating fluid for a chaser, and with every evidence of extreme relish.

"Yes," he went on, 'dat's de number one t'ing f'r de panhandler wot reely wants to succeed—hold off de package until de wolk's ben done, and all de coin's ben picked up on de route. A lot o' f'oks 'bjec' to diggin' up to a panhandler dat looks like he wants to lean agin a post. I don't know w'y dey should 'bjec', but a lot of 'em do, as I say.

"F'r mine, I always make it a pint to brace de big men. De little terriers ain't perducers. De little man nearly always wheels on de street graftr wit' de held-out mitt, and calls him a 'loafer,' and gits de clutch on his walkin' stick, and swells out his t'irty-two-inch chest, and turns back his head, and tries to make hisself look like Buffalo Bill a-crossin' de Alps. It dont' make no difference wot kin' of a ditty and hoochee-cooch de panhandler gives de little man in de way of a spiel, it's always, or nearly always, de same.

"De big blokes f'r mine, as I say. And de sweller dressers dey are, de better. I always picks out a swinger dat pounds along as if he owns ev'ry brick in de pavement and dat's got a swagger on like a royal marine in de beginnin' of a drunk. Youse kin always know dat a fair-haired boy like dis has got de change right dere in de little side pocket, and dat he likes to be tol', even by a panhandler, wot a blazin' hot rag he is.

"'Youse has de make-up of a gent,' says I, 'dat kin afford half a minnit's time t' listen t' de appeal o' distress of a poor guy dat's out on de rocks,' and den I jes' rubber at him out o' de tail o' me off lamp to see how he takes dat.

"If he walks right on, sayin' 'On your way!' I fall in one step behin' him, and hurl him de little one 'bout my bein' able onct to wear de same kin' o' swellerino togs dat he's sportin'. Dat nearly always nails 'em. Dey preten' dey're not listenin', but dey are, at dat, and all youse is got to do is to keep up dat line o' talk, chuckin' in one or two about benev'lent count'nances and prosp'rous, charitable looks, and dat kin', before youse'll see his right fin makin' f'r de change hole in his coat.

"W'ile he's gropin' f'r de piece o' silver youse wants to let one out about his not lookin', as if he ever had a day's bum luck in his life, and den he'll say:

"'Don't youse tink dat f'r a minnit'—I don't know w'y it is dat ev'ry guy in de swell push, w'ether he was born wit' a gilt fork in his chops or not, and dat was never hungry or t'irsty a minnit, in his life, likes to make hisself t'ink dat he's had a whole lot o' hard luck durin' de course of his career. 'I've be up against de game harder'n youse ever dreamed of,' de bloke'l say, den as he joggles de metal in his little kick, and fishes f'r de piece he's goin' to cough, and den it's up to youse to butt right in and say:

"'Well, youse don't look it, and youse must have made a win-out to beat de ban'.'

"'You've got that right—you bet I've made a win-out,' de big easy one wit' de glad rags on says, and den de coin's as good as stowed away in de jeans dat youse is wearin'.

"But if w'en youse makes de brace agin de big duck in de eighty-dollar blanket, he hans youse de merry twinkle out o' his windows and tells youse he needs all de drink coin he kin earn f'r his own low up'tites, den it's de cue to push him de frank spiel.

"'I see youse is next,' says I, 'and youse is de kin' o' man dat's got sym'thy f'r a duck dat's cold inside, and out, and dat ain't got de price of one o' de warm boys—not, I s'pose, dat youse y'reef was ever in dat bad fix,' says I.

"Wasn't hey?" says de guy, and he gets to thinkin' as he plods along, and me right behin' him, 'bout de times w'en he's been stuck in a prohibition town out in Ioway, or somet'in like dat, w'ere he couldn't nail a ball, and in nine cases out o' ten he'll come to de front wit' de chink.

"I've had gazoobs like dat say, in handin' me de coin, 'Look here, if I ever hear o' youse buyin' food wit' dat, or doin' anyt'in' else wit' it except gettin' as much red-eye as de coin's good f'r, I'll have youse pinched f'r a vag.'

"I got it on de conk wit' one o' dem geezers a couple weeks ago, howev'r," went on the panhandler off watch, sorting out three more pennies for a dipperful—in the barrel-houses the exact price is always produced, on account of the reluctance of the barkeeps to surrender any change. "He was a-swingin' along Sixt' avnoo, 'long 'bout de time f'r me to knock off—I on'y wolks until dark—and, as he had one o' dem chesty, good-natured buns on, says I to myself, 'Dat one ought to stand f'r two-bits at de leas'. I chucks him de flim-flam 'bout me need of jes' one to make me t'ink dat life's wolt' livin', and he stops and hands me sech a easy grin dat it looks to me like money in han'.

"'Youse needs a drink purty bad, eh, chum?' says de big swell, jammin' his mit into de side pocket of his Raglan.

"'Never badder since de day o' me boit',' says I, and it looked so easy dat I was hopin' he wouldn't have no change less'n a half.

"'T'ink it 'ud help you a heap, eh, pal?' says de toppy guy wit' de mellow bun, pullin' out a whole han'ful o' de bright two and four-bit pieces, and runnin' over 'em wit' his eye.

"'It 'ud make me feel like enterin' me name f'r de cake-walk at de Garden,' says I.

"'Me poor, unfort'nit man,' says he, den, sud'nly cuttin' out his grin and puttin' on de undertaker map, 'youse's is a sad, sad story, and drink, I fear, has been de roon o' youse. Here, take dis, and read it, and youse'll never feel like takin' annudder drink as long as youse lives.'

"Wot d' youse t'ink it was he handed me den wit' his left fin, as he put de coin dat he had in his right back in his pocket? Say, I wan't t' be kicked t' deat' by rabbits if he didn't reach into his left-hand pocket and pull out a track—a track!—and give it to me! Den he walks on. I kin see his shoulders a-shakin' and I knows dat he's givin' me de hoot inside o' him, but he never turns aroun' agin.

"I held de track up to de light, and I sees a picter of a sailor wot's full o' suds, and then w'ere he's gittin' run over by a milk-cart w'ile he's soused up, and den de nex' picter's w'ere he's all spruced up like one o' dese street-corner sky-pilots and preachin' to wot looks like forty-five t'ousand people in de picture. I brought de track down here and give it to Jimmy de Blink, de barkeep, to read, and w'en he seen wot it was he was goin' to give me de boots and trun me out.

"W'en youse sets out to brace de fairies in de shoppin' distric' youse is got to change de game all roun'. Youse don't want to stack up again de big, strappin', rich-togged, swell lookers at all. Dey won't do f'r any part o' de route, and dey're li'ble to foller youse up four blocks to put one o' de biddies wit' a badge nex' t'youse's lay. In playin' de wimmin along, youse wants to pick out de quiet-dressed, unassumin' little t'ings, dat ain't got no strut 'bout dem at all, an' dat walk wit' der hands in front o' 'em and der eyes on de groun'. Dat's de deep, sympat'etic kin' o' wimmin—de kin' dat've had troubles in deir families, and brudders an' husban's gone to de ki-yis, and all dat sort o' t'ing, partickler if dey're dressed in black. I always like t' tackle de kin' dat's dressed in black, and widdies is de swellest kin' of a graft f'r de panhandler.

"Well, youse wants to sidle up to de skoit like wot I've described, and talk low and soft so's not to scare her, and at de same time make her t'ink youse is so starved dat you can't talk very loud, and w'en she looks up youse wants to git real earnest and trun her do hungry spiel. If youse is good enough at de graft, youse'll be able to squeeze a little o' de wet into de corner o' each lamp w'ile youse is tellin' her date you haven't seen de color of a pork chop f'r five days, or somet'in' like dat.

"Now, de hungry pipe 'll nearly always nail de wimmen. Dey's somet'in' constitooshunal 'bout de right kind o' wimmen dat makes 'em feel bad over de t'ought o' a man bein' hungry. Dat's wat youse figgers on in bracin' 'em.

"But youse wants to be keerful and name de figger—always make it a dime w'en youse is tackin' a skoit, or she's purty li'ble to pass youse a couple of coppers like youse was a organ grinder; and she's purty li'ble to do it any way, w'en it comes to dat, f'r it's also agin de nachur o' wimmen to to be open and free wit' der coin. Dey have too much trouble in panhandlin' it from der husban's demselves, I s'pose.

"But in the course of a day's work youse kin sometimes stack again a woman dat'll pay youse's way. I met one o' dem on'y 'bout a month ago. She was a nice-lookin' ol' gray-headed pusson, and she wore gol'-rimmed specs. I heaved her de starve-out spooch, and she pipes me off over de tops of her specs, and she says:

"'Dear me, de po' man do look hungry!'

"'It's been four days sence I had so much as a bite, ma'am,' says I, an' bein' nachully thin—dat's one o' de t'ings dat makes me a star panhandler, 'cause I look de part—I give de nice ol' pusson de look like I could eat a jackass stuffed wit' firecrackers.

"She begins de search t'rough her pocket-book, and nixey piece o' de tin-color coin has she got. Den she rubbers at her wad o' bills, and all she's got on de small order is one o' de V boys. She skinned it off de rol land gimme de search-in' look.

"'Youse look like a honest young man, if youse is hungry,' says she, and she han's me de five-spot and tells me to run into de candy store on de corner and git change and she'll gimme a dime. Oh, yes, youse picks up enough once in a while wolkin' de skoits to make it pay."

"But," interrogated the panhandler's listener, "didn't you return the change to the old lady?"

The panhandler off watch rubbed his eyes and looked hard at his questioner. Then he fell back off the bench on which he was seated, and rolled around in the sawdust in a spasm of mirth. He choked so at the wind-up of his uncontrollable glee that he had to be rapped hard on the back, and then he resumed:

"De panhandler wot follows de graft stiddy goes up agin some queer games onct in a w'ile. On de night, las' Summer, w'en little Teddy McGovern made Frank Erne look like he wisht he hadn't, I was graftin' de bunch in Madison Square wot was boun' f'r de fight. Was doin' not so weise, pickin' up a piece change here and dere, w'en a howlin' swell comes swingin' along by hisself, and I lays me course f'r him and begins me spooch.

"Well, de swell guy cuts me right off by sayin': 'Dat'll do f'r dat, chum. De coin's youse's already. I was lookin' f'r a panhandler. I'm goin' t' bet a tousand on McGovern to wallop dis Buffalo bloke, and I've got a sooperstishinl dat I always wins w'en I coughs up to a panhandler before bettin'. And, say, he peels off a ten-spot from his roll, and han's it to me!

"Me wolk any more dat night? Not nay, Algie. I hikes me right down here to Jimmy de Blink's, and flashes de big green pape on him, and orders him aroun' somet'in' scan'lous, and Jimmy he dances me out a bunch o' goods from de nickel barrel dere agin de wall, and I chucks him de tenner like as if dere was four pounds more of 'em w'ere dat one come from.

"Jimmy, he picks up de note and pipes it off, and den he picks up a mallet and comes aroun' for me, and de way he did poun' de 'fear o' de wrath to come into me and trow me de boots and lan' me on me face out in de middle o' de street was ——"

"Why," asked the panhandler's listener, "what had you done to him?"

"Oh, nottin', 'cept try to wolk off de bummest piece o' bogus green stuff dat was ever toined out of a sausage wolks!" replied the panhandler off watch, and then, slumber seeming to rest heavily upon his eyelids, he toppled off the bench, curled up in the sawdust, and had soon forgotten the strenuous life in the land of dreams.

A Self-Burying Fish.

Spectator.

The fish is called by the Maories the kakawai. Its habitat is very extensive in the North Island, and it may be found on the Wairarapa Plains, the Forty-Mile Bush, etc., New Zealand. It is generally discovered when a man is digging out rabbits or making post holes in the Summer time, and it lies at a depth of a foot or two feet under the soil. The character of the soil, whether sandy or loamy, does not seem to matter. The fish is from two to three inches long, silvery, shaped like a minnow, but rather more slender and tapering. It appears to be dead when exhumed, and if dug up in the Summer and put into water it dies at once. If, however, it is brought to daylight in May or early June (the end of Autumn), when the rains are beginning to make the soil thoroughly wet, and put into a tub of water, a curious thing happens. After a day or two it casts its skin, which sinks to the bottom, and the fish plays about bright and lively. When dug up in Summer there appears to be a growth of skin, or perhaps of a dry, gummy exudation, which seals up the head and gills. Apparently this enables it to aestivate through the dry weather, and seals the fish as an Indian fakir is sealed up before he goes in for a long fasting burial. Of course, in Winter there must be marshy spots or pools in which the fish can swim and propagate, but often all evidence of such natation disappears in Summer, and the hot, dry, waterless plain seems the last place on earth in which to find a fish. When the skin is cast off vivid little spots of red appear on the body, so that some people have said that the fish is a small trout. This is not the case (although they are now used as bait for trout); the kakawai was well known to the natives ages before trout were introduced in England; well known, although the name by some chance has been missed in making the Maori dictionaries, just as naturalists have missed noticing the fish.

The Romans built London about the year 50 A. D., but London wall was not built until 306 A. D.

THE CRAZE FOR STEINS

GERMAN DRINKING VESSELS THE FAD FOR DECORATIONS.

How They Should Be Hung—Pegs Better Than a Shelf—Some Have One Stein From a City.

Steins are the fad of the day for decoration, especially in men's rooms, such as dens, smoking apartments, dining-rooms and libraries. All sorts of steins are highly prized for this purpose, and the more unusual the shapes, designs or coloring are, the better the collector is pleased. The fad is at its height now, and for once, the rich are delighted, in that stein collecting costs considerable money, and, therefore, as the price protects them, they have something that the hoi polloi cannot imitate. The cost of a really fine collection of these drinking vessels would reach well up into the hundreds of dollars, and as comparatively few can afford to expend so much for ornamentation, the number of collections is necessarily limited.

But for those who are content to have a few pieces, each with a personal significance, there is no more fascinating form of collecting. Many buy steins as they formerly did souvenir spoons, one for every city they may spend any time in. Of course, the steins do not represent scenes in the cities, unless they may be typical of German towns; but distinctive designs can be obtained, and in the mind of the true collector, none would be forgotten. The husband of a New York woman is making for her a collection of steins from towns in Germany which he is touring, besides, he is having his friends do likewise, and he cultivates all the Germans he may come in contact with, with the same idea in view.

As these vessels are found at their best in Germany, and as many of the most typical sorts seldom find their way out of the bierkellers there he has some specimens that would make any one covetous.

So popular has stein collecting become that importers have taken it up, and they are bringing to the United States fine specimens from all parts of Europe. Some come in sets with the jug or tankard surrounded usually by half a dozen smaller steins. The tankard is always a tall, stately vessel, with high ornamentation; the stein, on the contrary, is usually short, fat and good natured looking—jolly, in fact. The tankard usually has a lip, over which the beer is poured. All have pewter covers.

Your true beer drinker always uses a stein. He fills it full of the yeasty fluid, and slaps down the cover. This keeps the beer from becoming flat and stale. When he wishes a draught—the true beer drinker never swills it down, he sips—he shakes the stein with a peculiar swinging motion, thus stirring up the contents, and making the beer fresh. Sometimes a man will sip at one stein all the evening. The proper way is to chill the steins with crushed ice, and then to pour in the cold beer. In this way the beer is kept cool for a long time.

The word stein is German for stone, and steins are classed there as stoneware. This ware was first made in Ratisbon, and then in Baireuth and Cologne, and thence its manufacture drifted through the Rhine provinces in Saxony and later it was taken up in Holland and France. The Heidelburg student has his beer stein as he does his sword and duel; he keeps it hanging on a peg in his pet tavern, and many is the bout at drinking that these places witness. Although lemonade, cider and the like may be quaffed from a stein, it shocks the German mind to mention such a thing; it is a desecration to the stein to so base a use. So, too, the stein should hang from a peg—shelves will do, but are not "the" thing.

An interesting story is told of the origin of steins, and it is represented in full or in part on many of the finest steins and takards. The legend says that Jacqueline of Bavaria, Countess of Hainault and Holland, married under pressure John, Duke of Brabant, a man for whom she had neither liking nor respect. John of Bavaria, bishop of Liege, a disappointed suitor, as a result declared war against the Countess and compelled her to make him her heir. The bishop also bribed the beautiful Countess' husband to permit him to manage her estate, from which he expected to realize large fees. Disgusted with men in general, the Countess fled to England and appealed thence to the pope for a divorce. The holy father said he could find no plea which to his mind would give him just reason for granting the decree.

In England, the beauty of the Countess made a great impression upon many Englishmen of high degree. None was more infatuated than the Duke of Gloucester, who gathered a large army to march against the distressed lady's husband and the bishop of Liege. The husband of Jacqueline quickly secured the aid of the Duke of Burgundy, and the combined armies defeated the soldiers of the Duke of Gloucester. This gallant gentleman decided that beauty was in this case too set about with thorns, and, deserting the fair one, he fled to England, leaving the Countess to be imprisoned by her liege lord and his friends. She managed to escape, and on the death of the disappointed lover, in 1425, resumed her position. Her husband died shortly after. The Duke of Burgundy, from having helped defend her possessions against herself, put in a claim to be appointed her heir, and as his arguments were strongly backed by swords and lances, she agreed.

In spite of her disastrous experience with men, the Countess undertook marriage a second time. This act aroused the indignation of Philip the Good of France, one of the most active meddlers of his time. To appease the wrath of Philip the Countess agreed to give up all her possessions and retire to the castle of Teylinger, on the Rhine, where she died three years later, at the age of 36. From this the Countess' connection with stoneware is not apparent, but when it is stated that Teylinger is the seat of one of the oldest and most famous potteries, and that the Countess once, in 1424, when a fugitive, and again after her marriage, took a great interest in the development of the work it will be clearer. She gave up her time and money to advance the efficiency of the potteries, even entering them to make ware with her own fair hands. She was idolized by the workmen, who would drink her health in great steins of liquor, and then, lifting the vessels high over the Rhine, which flowed beneath the castle, where she kept open house, they would hurl them into the river, that the flagons might never be used to a less exalted toast. Some of these steins have been found, and they differ very little in shape from those in which to this day the German student or good burgomaster takes his draft of beer in the keller of his native land.

Christianity and the Asiatic.

Meredith Townsend in The Contemporary Review.

I shall be told that the spread of Christianity, which is inevitable, will extinguish probably very speedily the separateness of Asia, and with it all its consequences. Will it? Let us look at that belief a little closely, and without preconceived ideas. I do not find in history that a common Christianity in any degree removes hatreds of race or nationality, or prevents continuous outbreaks of bitter hostility; but we may let that pass. What is the real ground for believing that Asia will accept Christianity? Certainly there is no historic ground. No Asiatic nation of any importance can be said to have accepted it in the last seventeen hundred years. The Asiatic race which knows the creed best, and has had the strongest reasons for accepting it, reasons which prevailed with the Germans and the Slavs when pagan, still rejects it with a certain silent but very perceptible scorn. What has changed in Asia that the future should be so unlike the past? There are more teachers, no doubt, but there are not one-tenth nor one-hundredth so many as have endeavored through the ages in vain to convert the Jews. It is said that Christ gave an order to his disciples to teach all nations; that is true, and I for one believe the order to be binding, and that the Christian church which sends out no missionaries is a dead church? but where in the record has Christ promised to those missionaries universal success? Is it not at least possible that the missionaries carry in their hands the offer of eternal life, which a few accept, while the rest perish everlastingly, that is, die like flowers or the dumb creatures of God? This much, at least, is certain, that for eighteen hundred years it has been no part of the policy of Heaven I write with reverence though I use non-religious terminology—to convert Asiatics en masse, and there is no proof that this absence of divine assistance to the teachers may not continue for an equal period in the future. The truth is that the Asiatics, like the Jews, dislike Christianity, see in it an ideal they do not love, a promise they do not desire, and a pulverizing force which must shatter their civilizations. Eternal consciousness! That to the majority of Asiatics is not a promise but a threat. The wish to be rid of consciousness, either by annihilation or by absorption in the Divine, is the strongest impulse they can feel.

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Anderson, Mrs Mary
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Bennett, Mrs Cora H
Birkhardt, Mrs C
Bradford, Miss Ethel
Brewer, Mrs L
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Burgess, Miss Mary J
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Forest, Mrs L
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Gaston, Mrs Selma
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Johnson, Miss Helen
Johnson, Mrs Matylae
Johnson, Miss Hilda
Johnson, Mrs Stemy
Johnston, Ella
Johnsom, Miss Myrtle
Kaup, Mrs Laura
Ketties, Miss Jennie
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Kimball, Mrs Bertha
Kizer, Mrs E J
King, Mrs Evaline Augusta
Lambert, Miss Tressie
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Linville, Mrs Carrie
Long, Elma M
Loraine, Miss Mell
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MEN'S LIST.

Allender, E F
Allen, J W
Amme, J H
Amundsen, Antoni
Amsen, Dr E H
Anderson, Alex
Anderson, E
Armstrong, G H
Balder, Rev Andrew
Bannon, D A
Baker, G
Barlow, A J
Bedal, Charles-2
Beaver, J H
Benhke, John
Bennett, J Harvey
Bigham, Andy
Birkorosky, R J
Blue, R
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Bowen, Walter S
Bowen, E A
Bowley, S G
Bracke, L
Brannan, Rev W W
Brenner, Arthur T
Brooks, John W
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Campbell, Tommy
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Cleaver, Dr L
Cole, Mr and Mrs Daniel
Cowley, T
Cox, Frank
Curran, John T
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Davenport, Edward
Davids, Charles
Darewit, Paul H-4
Davis, J
Deming Investment Co
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Dunlap, Stockeley
Dunlap, Scott
Earl, David
Eawood, T A
Ellis, Harold
Eliot, Mr or Grace
Erfealdt, Henry
Falb, Ernest
Fitzgerald, Lonza
Francisco, Frank
Frances, Edwin
Fulton, Archibald
Gruenburg & Co
Genst, Gus
Glenn, R R
Goodwin, M
Graham, R
Gray, C
Gray, W H
Griggs, J E
Grounsell, W N-2
Haase, Alto
Hagen, August
Hagen, Gus
Halstead, John
Hall, George
Hamilton, J A
Hanley, Wm
Hansen, Claus-2
Hartley, J B
Headlee, J R
Henningsen, Nels
Henderson, Mr and Mrs Andrew M
Hicklin, L S
Hickerson, Henry
Hildreth, H H
Hill, Charles
Hollabaugh & Borguiss
Hopper, C H
Hoffman, William
Holt, Clarence
Hunter, O J
Ingebrigtson, Knud
International Art Co
Jahnsan, Hans
Jahnsan, Matt
Jacobs, J C
Jack, Glen L
Joseph, Dr Joa
Joynt, C R
Johnson, Boyd
Johnson, E M Co
Johnson, E
Johnson, N G
Jones, J A
Kaiser, Karl
King, Dick
Knudson, Carl
Larson, Minor
Leary, P O
Livingstone, John
Liberty Market Co
Linvich, Jacob
Lowe, Elmer
Love, Capt R
Luce, Jas-2
McCrillus, C C
McCutcheon, J E
McDonald, W H
McFarren, Will
McGill & Co
McGee, R F
McMillan, Mr
Maddox, B W
Maine, L
Martinson, Mike
Mason, Wm
May, S A
Met, Wm
Mekelson, S M
Misner, Smith
Morgan, Leonard
Morgan, B F
Morgan, J T
Morris, Robert E
Morris, Edw R
Murphy, E W
Melfie, Konrad
Northwest R R Co
Pangares, Z J
Perry, J P
Phillips, G
Phillips, George K
Plunkett, Sam
Pratt, Dourick
Rankin, Ed
Remington, W H
Ross, D
Randles, Guy
Sanborn, Edgar
Scheller, J A
Scott, George
Sebolt, Layton
Seatthile, John
Shumaker, Leamon-2
Shinn, W-2
Shoemaker, P
Smith, Cyrus
Smith, Frank W
Smith, D
Spalding Saw Co
Stanley, John
Staunton, Wm
Stephens, Fred
Stone, Wm
Street, George H
Talbert, J A
Thurston, Henry
Thurman, Charles
Tinker, Jim
Townsend, W R
Trusty, J H
Tucker, A B
Truidge, Jasper
Turner, Fred
Vignier, Lucien
Vigilantes
Wade, Charles M
Walton, John
Warner, E W
Watt, J G
Watson, James
Weigand, Fred
Wells, Harry
White, John
Wicks, John
Wolf, Dan L
Yakotu, S

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Anderson, N
Anderson, Mrs M E
Bonser, Miss Viroqua
Clemons, Miss Mildred (foto)
Dickens, Miss Florence (foto)
Ellis, Master Harold
Johnson, Elsie

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The Oldest Picture-Book.

The Nineteenth Century.

The oldest picture-book in our possession is the midnight sky. We stand out under the stars on some clear, moonless night, and, looking upward, though no forms are visible, though it is only here and there that the natural grouping can by the utmost legitimate effort of fancy be made to fit some preconceived shape, yet we still seem to see the whole vast dome covered with mysterious frescoes. There in the north shine the two Bears, the unsleeping guardians of the pole. Between them winds the Dragon. There stands Cephus the King, and by his side, in midstream of the Milky Way, is seated Cassiopeia, his Queen. The figures overhead and to the south change with the changing hours, and seasons, and the December midnight brings us the most glorious show of all. There is Orion; following him are Sirius and Procyon, his dogs; above are the Bull and Twins; and higher still, Auriga and Perseus join Casiopeia on the Milky Way. Andromeda, chained to her rock, lies beneath her boastful mother; while her enemy, the great Sea Monster, is sinking down below the western horizon. The April nights give the predominance of Arcturus, the most brilliant of the constellation of Bootes, the herdsman, who stands with one hand stretched toward the Crown, one other toward the Greater Bear. Beneath him lies the Virgin, while the Lion is rushing downward toward the west.

The Scorpion is the lord of the south during the short Summer nights, while the Lyre, with its bright blue jewel, Vega, claims the zenith; and between, the two giant heroes, Ophiuchus and Hercules, spread their huge limbs. The September midnight is the time for Pegasus, and then the watery and fish-like constellations have their turn—the Dolphin, the Sea Goat, Aquarius with his stream and the southern fish, the twin fishes, and fair Andromeda's huge marine persecutor.

We seem to see these forms, though no form or semblance of the form is really there. For from a great antiquity men have looked upward to the heavens, and have pictured thereon, in their own thought, certain forms, which we have inherited from them by long tradition; forms which became so real to them that the stars themselves, on which they based them, seem to fade out or to be but as the nails, which kept the pictures in position, while the forms remained the real objects which filled the heavens.

BY PHONETIC SYSTEM.

Children Thus Taught, but No Spelling Reform Proposed.

Radical reform in spelling, or any method of phonetic spelling, will not at present be introduced in the public school system of Baltimore, says the American. So stated Professor Van Sickle in conversation with a reporter of the American. He also said that he did not think a reform in the English language could be forced by a radical and decided change in the methods now used, but that the simplification would be gradual and the result of time. Since Shakespeare the English language has been changing for the better and becoming simpler.

A change in the direction of simplifying words was made about 1897, when a list of about a dozen words in ordinary use were shortened, some of them being "altho," "thru," "thruout," "thoro," "catalog," "program" and so on, and which list was adopted by the National Educational Association. A resolution was introduced, but not adopted, at the recent meeting attended by Professor Van Sickle to "memoralize the board of directors of the National Educational Association to appropriate $1000 for each of the next five years, to be expended in promoting the cause of simplifying our English spelling under the direction of a commission to be named by that body."

Although no radical mode of phonetic spelling will be introduced in the public schools here, still the children in the primary grades are taught words by a phonetic system, and a reader prepared for that purpose is interesting. The first lesson is in sounds. The picture of a dog is shown, with the sound made by a dog's growling, thus r-r-r, then f-f-f for the angry spitting of a cat, then the sound a-a-a, as in "at." Then, by combining the growl of the dog, "r," and the "a" from "at," the combination of the word "rat" is easily formed. Each lesson introduces new sounds, until finally the child reads readily.

In connection with this subject is the question of language as affected by our new political relations. With respect to orthography, the spelling of the Spanish language is almost purely phonetic, and even an English-speaking child just beginning to learn could much more readily learn to read the Spanish than his own language.

In closing, an example of a radical phonetic change in our language may be interesting: "Unfortunetli, the helps tu the lerner ar fu and bi thoz hu most ned them not ezi to find. In Ingland the wurcs of Ellis and thoz ov Pitman ar the best—almost the onli wunz."

Music and the Tom-Tom.

Monthly Review.

In a quiet country walk we know from the sound heard that a cart is passing along the highway, that water is near by the murmur it makes in going over the pebbles, and a rumble of distant thunder indicates some disturbance of the atmosphere in the direction whence the sound proceeds. But we soon find that sound results from the emotion (or motion) of organic as well as inorganic bodies, for, in passing the farmhouse, we disturb the watchdog, which barks furiously, and, before coming to the end of the lane, the sound of laughter tells us that some of the farmhands are enjoying themselves. Now we have heard all these sounds without seeing who or what has caused any of them, and yet we have described in detail the agents which have produced them. How is this? Simply from the association of the sound with the originating motion or emotion. But the thunder draws nearer and its peals become almost deafening. As we hasten homeward we notice in an adjoining field some horses careering up and down in a state of great excitement. The thunder has frightened them. How? Again the answer is "From the association of the sound with the originating emotion." The instinct of self-preservation leads them to apprehend danger from such a convulsion of nature, and the poor animals are quivering with excitement. In other words, there is reproduced in them the same emotion, if such a term may be used, from which the thunder originated. This accouets for the effect of the tom-tom, which our ancestors worshipped as they did the thunder, thinking that each was the voice of a god; and although it is not easy to say whether they liked the tom-tom, all accounts go to prove that they were highly excited by it. It is more than probable, however, that it produced in them a sort of savage delight, for it is known that by its aid savages are accustomed in their wild dances to work themselves up to such a pitch of excitement that they will perform the most frantic leaps and the most violent bodily contortions, even going the length of hewing at their own bodies. The other occasion (besides the war-dance) on which the tom-tom is used among primitive races to produce excitement is during the performance of their religious rites, at which human sacrifice appears to form the most essential feature. So that the feelings which seem to be excited are essentially savage feelings, gloomy and terrible.

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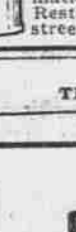

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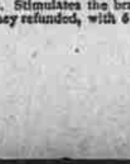

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*4:00 P. M.	Albany passenger...	*10:10 A. M.
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