PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Transformation.

'Twas just before Thanksgiving Day,
And little Willie White
Was sound asleep, all tucked away,
As usual, for night;
And he had swum a charming race
In apricots and cream,
When through his visions rushed apace
This most atrocious dream:

It was a monstrous turkey cock
Who stood upon the spread;
His eyes were like the courthouse clock
And dreadful turkey-red!
He had a sharp and wicked bill,
His neck was wet with gore
And thus to frighten little Will
He spake thees words—no more:

"Behold, I am the wraith of him
Who dies a death unjust:
For greedy boys torn limb from limb,
That they may eat to bust!
Oh Willie White, beware! Ere yet
Another night you see,
'Tis written down—so don't forget—
That you shall change with me!"

Then Willie shrieked amid his sleep,
And trembingly awoke;
But when his flesh had ceased to creep
He deemed it all a joke.
Alas! the words indeed were truth,
For ere the morrow night
The turkey had become the youth—
A gobbler Willie White!

—New York Sun.

FOUND MINE AND LOST IT

Thanksgiving Adventures of Three Young Seekers for Gold in the Coeur d'Alene Country.

On the day before Thanksgiving the sun was setting in a rosy glow behind the pines of Fort Sherman, and in the warm afternoon light the velvety lawns were golden green and the late nasturtiums blazed like flame. Down by the lake three lads were eagerly discussing plans for the morrow.

"There won't be another such a good day to go to Mica Peak—nobody knows when," said Jack McAllister, the quartermaster's boy, squinting his eyes at the blazing, setting sun. "My mother'll want me to go to church in the morning, too," he added, "and it isn't fair to make a fellow go to church on Thursday."

Old Indian Nachan, who fished at the mouth of the lake every Summer and Winter, had told the boys that he knew where there was gold, and he had showed them a nugget which he had picked up. They asked him where he got it, and he answered, "Si-a-a" (near), with a nod toward Mica Peak. Why didn't he go and get more, then? they wanted to know.

"Mica clat-a-wau mimaloose (Mica drives men away and kills); Mica wawa!" replied old Nachan, in a deep, awed voice, rolling his eyes in a fearsome way toward the jagged, pine-fringed crest of Mica Peak.

Other people only laughed at Nachan and his nugget, for prospectors had scraped the peak from top to bottom, and found nothing, but the boys had the mining fever, as everyone in the Idaho town, Couer d'Alene, near Fort Sherman, is sure to have at some time or other. They had been planning a trip to the peak for days, for they had no faith in Nachan's superstition about the mountain's spirit guarding the gold.

"Mica wa-wa," chuckled Wes Dobson. "I guess we can stand it, if Mica does 'wa-wa,'" he remarked. Wes was a year older than Jack and Billy Sevier, and they always followed his lead into all sorts of scrapes.

Patching Their Boat.

This afternoon the boys were putting the finishing touches to their old boat, which required a great deal of patching before it was safe for the voyage across the lake. Billy and Wes carried the lumber from the Government pile down by the saw mill, and Jack wheedled the oakum for the seams from a soldier who was also working with a boat. The boys had hidden their old tub in a cove behind some willows, for, in true prospectors' fashion, they were keeping all their arrangements secret. They talked in low tones, as they worked.

"How about our Thanksgiving dinner, Wes?" asked Billy. "And we don't want to miss seeing D Company beat the Coeur d'Alenes," he continued.

"Well, you know we'll be back sometime, don't you? If we start at half past four in the morning, we'll be back in time for dinner, and the game's not till 3," Wes replied.

Jack was noted as a late riser, and Billy burst forth, "Jack McAllister, who on earth'll wake you up at half past 4?"

Jack insisted that he was perfectly capable of waking up, if he had important business on his mind, but he finally agreed to Billy's proposition to tie a string to his toe and let it hang from his window, so that the other boys could wake him by jerking the string if he was not up.

In the early morning, two young miners came softly in at Captain McAllister's gate and vigorously pulled the string which hung from Jack's window. Jack's face appeared at the window, and he exclaimed:

"Ouch! Stop, you kids! I'm a coming."

"Sh, Jack! you'll raise the garrison," warned Wes.

"You fellows yanked too hard," answered Jack, in a loud whisper—"felt as if the whole garrison had hold of that string."

Embarked.

In 10 minutes the boys were pulling toward Mica Peak, with a pick, a gold pan which an old miner had given them, and a big shovel that Wes' father had borrowed from the quartermaster to bank up his house. They were all dressed in their oldest clothes, and Jack wore a big pair of rubber boots which he imagined made him look like a "forty-miner." He had also had the forethought to bring some hardtack and bacon.

Billy had brought a big mince pie, as he was skeptical about getting back in time for the early Thanksgiving dinner, and Wes had prudently brought his old rifle and an ancient hunting knife which he had polished up as well as he could. They had an extra pair of paddles, and, of course, plenty of matches. They felt safe from discovery, for they started before the post was astir, and they had beached the boat and started up Couger Canyon by the time the bugle sounded "revelle."

It was a hard climb up the rocky gorge, scrambling over fallen logs and pushing their way through the matted underbrush. Once Jack stumbled, as he edged his way along on a high rock above the rushing canyon stream, and he barely saved himself by clinging to an overhanging tree. As it was, he lost the gunny sack that had been brought to carry the gold in.

By and by, the lads left the almost impassable edges of the canyon, and struck out, in zig-zag fashion, over the steep side of the mountain, crawling, climbing, jumping or stumbling as best they could. They stopped often to wash dirt in the pan with water, but although Wes, as often, gravely announced that there was no "color," they were not discouraged.

Wes was ahead, when, suddenly, he set up a yell, "Come on, boys! I've struck it rich!"

Billy and Jack rushed up and excitedly inspected the bits of mineral which Wes had found. The stuff glittered and did look as if it might contain gold, but Billy scorafully advanced the correct opinion that it was nothing but mica.

Trouble Averted.

"Well, I guess I know as much about it as you," retorted Wes. "You can't put me down, Billy Sevier! My father ranks yours, anyhow." Billy's father was master machinist and Wes' father post carpenter. The quartermaster's son laughed.

McGinty Began to Soften.

"Don't fight about it," he said. "Neither one of your fathers has any rank, and they don't know a thing about ore, anyway."

Billy changed the subject by announcing that he was hungry. He was not the only hungry boy in the party, and the hardtack and pie to which he had clung all morning soon disappeared—the pie first, of course.

Billy sat on the ground, gnawing a piece of hardtack and throwing his knife in an aimless game of "mumbelty-peg." The boys were all in a savage mood.

"I wish I was home eating Thanksgiving turkey," grumbled Billy, as he picked up his knife. The implement had broken up the ground, and Billy saw something yellow. He scraped a little deeper and saw more.

"Look here, boys! What's this?" he shouted, and the boys gathered around. Then they danced about and yelled like Comanches.

"Gold! Gold! Hurrah!" they cried. "It's gold! It's gold! We'll all be as rich as old Vanderbilt!"

There was no doubt about it this time. They hammered and dug till they had enough to fill billy's pockets—the only safe ones in the party, for Billy's mother, who was a "dandy on pockets," had just put in a set of new ones of stout denim.

The youngsters argued that there was no use in trying to take more gold than they could safely carry. "I guess the ledge will keep all right," Wes remarked, as they gathered up their tools and prepared to go home. "I never found my way to a place yet that I couldn't find my way back," said Wes.

In their excitement the boys had not noticed the black storm cloud which had come up, and it was not until they heard a long, muttering rumble of thunder that they thought of old Nachan and his prophecy.

Mica's Wrath.

The boys turned white. "Hark! what's that? Is the mountain going to speak?" spoke brave Wes, and then they all rushed pellmell down the mountain side, the pursuing thunder sounding loud in their ears. Then a great storm of hail began to fall, roaring down upon the forest, loosening the pine needles, and sending them against their faces in a stinging, blinding shower. By and by, the rain began to pour in torrents.

Jack's "forty-niner" boots, which were various sizes too large for him and the tops of which gaped wide open, were soon full of water, and as he stumbled along, he complained that he couldn't drag one foot after the other.

"Then they will have to be emptied," remarked Wes, and, accordingly, Jack was compelled to hold fast to a log while Billy and Wes held up his heels to let the water run out.

"Where in thunder are we at?" Jack inquired, wretchedly.

"I should say it was where in thunder," said Wes. "I'm inclined to think we're on the wrong side of this precious hill."

Sure enough, when they had descended some distance farther and the rain had stopped, they could see, in the distance, a faint white streak, which they knew was the Spokane River. It did not take them long to get their bearings, and then they lost no time in heading for the mouth of the canyon, where they had left their boat, a mile away, around the foot of the mountain. Through thick and thin, they had held on to the gun and to the pick and shovel. The gold, of course, was safe in Billy's deep pockets.

They found the boat just where they had left it, crossed the lake and went down the river to the garrison saw mill, which they reached just as the long, sweet notes of "taps" sounded over the water. A sentry had been stationed at the saw mill landing, with special orders to arrest any persons found prowling around the mill at night, and to turn them over to the sergeant of the guard, as a good deal of lumber had lately mysteriously disappeared.

The boys clambered up the rough dock, tired out and hungry, but about as happy as boys could be. They had heard nothing of the order to guard the lumber, and the sentry's gruff "Halt!" was a surprise to them.

"It's McGinty," said Jack. "Say, McGinty," he pleaded, "you're not going to make us go 'round the other way, are you?"

But McGinty said he had orders to let no one past the lumber pile. Then the boys began to threaten. "We'll tell the Colonel that you said you guessed you knew where your 'bunkie' went, when he deserted."

The jewel of Uncle Sam's service stood as stiff as before and gave no sign of excitement, except that he broke into Irish brogue.

"What ye givin' me? Shure I niver!"

"Say, McGinty," put in Jack, "you know the other day when you was moving the Lieutenant's lawn, you upset the baby-buggy and swore at the baby when no one was looking. D' you want us to tell the Lieutenant's wife?"

"Great Caesar! Do you s'pose I'm afraid of her?"

"And say, McGinty," Jack continued, "I'm going to tell the Lieutenant that you was sitting on your bunk the other day, swearing about inspection, and that you said you'd never polish a single damned button, if it wasn't sort of compellary."

Wes commenced to coax. "Now, McGinty, don't you remember the time you was in the guardhouse and we carried a note out in town for you, to tell Nancy you was 'on duty' and couldn't go to the dance down at Higginses? Yes, 'n my little brother went home and told, and I got a licking for hangin' 'round the guardhouse—you know I did, McGinty."

McGinty began to soften. "ere," he said, "you fellows skin up behind the barracks, and don't say nothing to nobody!" and the boys ran for home as fast as their legs could carry them.

During their long day's absense, the fathers of the three had borne the suspense with great calmness. At Billy Sevier's, his mother and little sisters had tried to be gay over the fine Thanksgiving turkey, but had utterly failed. It seemed perfectly incredible that Billy would voluntarily forego the feast, so they were sure something dreadful must be the matter.

Wes' mother took it almost as calmly as his father, knowing Wes' ways through sad experience, but Mrs. McAllister had been sobbing the whole afternoon, because nobody would go and drag the lake, for she was sure her dear boy must have gone out in a boat, fishing, and been drowned. Captain McAllister sat in the library and smoked, feeling certain that his son and heir would turn up sooner or later.

Mr. Dobson administered the punishment which his son had good reason to expect, and as he laid on the blows, he remarked, with sarcasm, "Prospectors, are you? I'll teach you a thing or two about prospecting!" Spoil your mother's Thanksgiving next year, will you? Take that sir!—and that!"

Captain McAllister Calmly Smoked.

Wes stood and bore it, without a whimper, but when it was over, he said, impressively, "Now I want you to send for Billy Sevier and his father."

At that moment Billy and his father appeared at the door, and they all started for Captain McAllister's, with the gold, for the boys couldn't wait till morning to find out what their fortune was worth.

Billy's father trembled with excitement, "Look here, Captain!" he said. "At a rough figure these boys have got $3000 right here, in nuggets!"

The Captain marched the boys out into the dining-room, summoned the servant and ordered the tallest spread the house would afford. "We'll have that Thanksgiving feast now," he said.

The next day they all went to Mica Peak and tried to find the ledge, but they never were able to find it again.

JUANITA.

THANKSGIVING ON THE NILE.

Mr. Alligator—What will you have, dearest?
Mrs. Alligator—Some dark meat, without dressing, please.

A Fairy Dance.

Out in the wood at midnight,
The wind in the leafless tree
Is moaning among the branches
Its gloomiest melody.

And to this wailing measure
The wood fairies on tiptoe,
In tremulous, ghostly garments,
Touch lightly the moonlit snow.

New York Herald.

HIS THANKSGIVING FEAST

"Scrapper" Toby Attends Newsboys' Annual Dinner and Hears Some Very Astonishing News.

Toby was a newsboy in a great city. He belong to the fraternity of incorrigibles of his own age, and was counted a leader among his class.

Where he was born, where he came from, no one knew or cared. Toby could not trace his ancestry beyond a shack on the water front, from which he and his crippled baby brother were driven when hardly old enough to tell their names. He had a dim recollection of a sweet, lovely woman whom he called mother, and who had died from neglect and starvation.

Around his neck Toby wore a miniature of her, which she had placed there with her own hands, and with the parting injunction that it was never to be removed. This was the one bit of sentiment in the youngster's hard life, as the battle for existence began when he was little more than a baby, and he was consequently inclined to view life from a practical standpoint. After the brown earth closed upon the cold form of his mother, he was swallowed up in the capacious maw of the roaring city, and became a part of its throbbing life.

Toby and his feeble brother, Rob, lived the life of waifs, drifting with the flotsom of city life. Toby was a genuine tough, and his one redeeming quality was his unselfish love for Rob, whom he supported from his earnings as a newsboy. Rob was not able to take care of himself, and spent his days in an old, abandoned freight car, which the boys called "home."

Scrapper Among Scrappers.

Toby swore like a pirate, and there was no better "scrapper" among the whole gang of newsboys than he. He would rather fight than eat, and yet was no bully. Most of his fights were in behalf of some smaller waif who was being imposed on by the larger boys. He had helped out many a youngster just starting in the business who didn't know how to do it, for Toby was a past master, when it came to selling papers. If a poor, whimpering boy came by his stand with his arms full of unsold papers, he would yell:

"Aw, kid! Stop yer bawlin'! Gimme them papers, an' I'll show how to sell 'em! You stay here!"

So Toby would skip out and, before long, would return paperless, and hand the grateful boy the proceeds, saying, as the lad would try to thank him:

"Aw, g'wan! Don't bawl eround me, kid! G'wan, I say!"

Once, when business was dull, Toby did time in the city "cooler" for snatching a loaf of bread from a bakery wagon with which to feed some other half-starved newsboy.

There was a good, manly trait, and a keen sense of justice and honor in Tob's make-up, and no impression could be made on him by the missionaries. He was no saint, and he had no use for them; he said they made him tired. He was not even a member of the Newsboys' Association, although he thought it a good thing. He said he couldn't save enough money, after feeding his brother and shooting craps, to join the association. True to its fraternal spirit, the society offered to take the cripple off his hands and send him to the hospital, but Tob indignantly refused, saying:

They Were All Right.

"There'll be a big scrap, if them fellers try to take Rob from me. Me an' Rob is all right."

So Toby went on, selling papers, fighting, swearing and helping out other lads, too weak to hold their own against the howling, scrambling mob of newsboys. If any one has ever witnessed the scene at a newspaper office, when the papers are being issued, he will know what it means to a small boy, fresh in the business, to have such a friend as Toby. There might makes right, and the uproar is simply terrific. Even policemen are disconcerted by the crowd of jostling, yelling, pushing, swearing, scrambling imps in their struggle for the papers. Toby has been seen to snatch small boys by the shoulder, drag and shove them through the jam to the distributing center, and then drag them back, sending them off with a kick and the injunction:

"Go it, now, you bloomin' kid!"

Toby had never asked for favors and had never obtained any. He knew better. He fought for everything he wanted and usually got it. Today he bears many a scar which he received in this honorable warfare. The sole amusement, aside from fights and an occasional evening spent in "nigger heaven," which he allowed himself, was attending fires. He was usually the first one to arrive, and there is a story told of how he rescued a babe from the top story of a blazing building and returned it to the shrieking mother, with the remark:

"Drop loose on yer noise! Here's yer kid!"

Tob had a fight with a meddling boy who persisted in telling the story to a reporter before he could slink out of sight. He could not stand being made a hero. When accused of saving the baby, he swore roundly and declared that he wasn't at the fire and, in fact, didn't know there was one.

Thanksgiving Feed.

But Thanksgiving was approaching and, with it, the big dinner which the swells of the city were going to give the street waifs. It meant all that the boys could eat, with some sound advice thrown in by clergymen and laity who sought to smooth the hard lot of the average newsboy. A boy's stomach is the straight and narrow path to his soul, and his redemption is often accomplished by a good, square meal. He will then listen to the most valuable advice, and it is useless to approach him from any other direction.

Now, Tob had never been to a newsboys' dinner. He couldn't enjoy it with the picture of his lonely little Rob ever before his eyes, and so he never went. He had always spent Thanksgiving Day with Rob, and would save and scrape together enough to buy a big dinner on the day when we give thanks for such blessings as are vouchsafed us.

The boys wanted Tob to go this time, but, at first, he flatly refused. Finally, he was won over by the pleadings of a small boy who needed protection from the gang. That appealed at once to Tob. It might mean a fight, and that was meat and drink. Then he would see that Rob was not neglected.

At last, the great day came, and Tob went to the corner grocery store, where he bought a piece of turkey and some cranberry sauce. These he took to his brother, and then went out to find his little friend. Together they marched toward the big hall where the newsboys' Thanksgiving dinner was to take place.

Such an uproar is heard but once a year! The block in front of the entrance was packed solid with howling boys. When the big doors were swung back, there was a grand rush. In spite of the squad of policemen stationed there to keep order, the mob burst through the door and swarmed like ants for the best places.

Toby Seats His Protege.

By dint of his superior size and strength, Toby jerked his ward through the crowd and sat him down in front of a great turkey, all carved.

After the turmoil had subsided somewhat, and the boys were all seated at the long tables, a grave clergyman arose and asked the blessings of Almighty God on the little newsboys, who braved all weathers and toiled daily in the storms and vicissitudes of life. Then followed the banquet.

"Makes a feller almost wish he was holler," remarked a very small representative of the newspaper fraternity, as he viewed with despair the great quantities of good things spread in tantalizing array before him.

At the close of the never-to-be-forgotten dinner, a venerable citizen arose and addressed the boys, in kindly words. He said that he had a little information which would interest them all, Toby especially. At the mention of his name, modest Tob endeavored to escape from the hall, but a big, burly policeman held him in his seat.

Then the speaker went on and told the boys of a wealthy man who had recently come from another state, in search of the two sons of his only sister. She had died, he said, somewhere in the city. While very young, she married a man who turned out a drunkard and was killed in a drunken row. A large sum of money and considerable property, amounting to $100,000, had been accumulating during the years, and it had all been left to the sons of this woman. One of the lads was thought to be a newsboy.

This was interesting to the audience, and it paid close attention to the next words.

"The brother and myself," continued the speaker, "have thoroughly investigated the matter, and we find that Toby Bancroft and his brother, Robert, are heirs to this fortune." The maiden name of the mother was Isabella Sinclair, and it is thought that one of the boys wears a miniature of her, with her name on the back. Now, if Toby is in the hall, I want him to come forward."

Toby Is Marched Forward.

Toby was pale with excitement, but the thought of facing that great throng was too much for him, and he sat glued to his chair. Finally, he was taken to the platform by two policemen, and there he removed the picture of his beautiful mother from his neck and handed it silently to the speaker. He and a strange man, who proved to be the brother of the boy's mother, carefully examined it and found on the back, in the faded writing of long ago, the name of Isabella Sinclair. There were tears in the eyes of the stranger, as he gazed upon the likeness of the sister whose bright young life had been cut short.

No use to make a long story out of a short one. The evidence was all clear, and it was shown, in the presence of the assembled newsboys, that Tob and Rob were wel. born and far above the lowly station of a newsboy.

When the 500 newsboys realized what the revelation meant for one of their number, they set up a shout that was deafening. The loyal little hearts of these waifs knew not the feeling of envy, and they gloried in the good fortune of their comrade

As for Tob, he was overcome and helpless. He had a slight realization of what the fortune meant and, as usual, began to plan for little Rob. The money had come to him and his brother from an uncle, who had died childless. As the boys crowded around Tob, he shook hands with them, and for the first time in his belligerent life, didn't want to fight.

But the story does not end here. The good in Tob finally rooted out the bad, and he became a worthy citizen. Long since he laid the tired little Rob away to rest, and his great heart almost burst with grief, when the big brown eyes of the sweet child closed on earthly scenes forever.

Tob has never forgotten his ups and downs as a newsboy, and he still entertains a spirit of comradeship with the fraternity.

ALICE M. WELLS.

ON OUR THANKSGIVING DAY.

On our Thanksgiving day
I sit by Grandpa Gray,
And we laugh and we laugh, my grandpa an' me,
And he tickles me hard when the rest don't see.
I get oysters and gravy and giblets and things,
An' I don't have to eat no old drumsticks nor wings.

But I get the wishbone each time—yes, I do!
And me and my grandpa, we break it in two;
And I get the wish, and it always comes true—
Sure something that's splendid and jolly and new,
When I wish with Grandpa Gray
On our own Thanksgiving day.

SAILS SHIPS IN THE AIR.

New York Genius Who Makes Novel Use of Kite Strings.

New York has a genius, according to a writer in the World of that city, who spends his Sunday mornings at Coney Island, sailing miniature ships on kite strings high into the air. It is not uncommon for him to send them up a thousand feet, where they look like small specks in the sky. The beauty of the inventor's novel plan is that, when the ships reach a given altitude, they are released automatically, the sails drop and they come rushing down the kite cord at an amazing clip. Then again the sails are readjusted and the small ships again resume their skyward sail.

His sky-sailing craft is lightly built, though staunch enough to stand a strong wind. It is constructed mainly of cedar with a light bamboo mast, the sails being of linen. The hull of his boat is constructed much like the modern life-saving surf boat, both bow and stern having the same lines.

Stepped three-quarters forward is his mainmast. This is reinforced with an array of strings so that a strong wind will not snap it off. At both ends of his tiny craft he has a swivel wheel, which permits the ship to pass over the kite cord. The ship is rigged on the square plan, the upper yards being weighted slightly in order that the sails may drop quickly and securely.

When ready to sail his little ship the sailor passes the end of his kite cord through the little swivel wheel. Below his string of kites the inventor has fastened a small spool. This is the buoy that marks the end of the ship's voyage into the air. When the bow of his tiny boat strikes this spool the sails are released by an ingenious contrivance and drop to the deck.

The boat carries a counter-balance weight suspended to the keel. This weight not only enables the ship to stand upright while sailing up the cord, but gives it the impetus to carry it down the kite cord against the wind after the sails have been lowered.

"Clara," said a mother to her little 2-year-old daughter, who had been spending the day with a neighboring playmate, "were you a good girl during your visit?"

"I don't know, mamma," replied Clara, "I just had so much fun that I forgot to pay any attention to myself."—Philadelphia Journal.

DINNER'S READY.

Mrs. Howes Fly—Come, children! Your Thanksgiving dinner is ready.

"Mary Ann."

I studied my table over and over, and backward and forward, too;
But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do.
Till sister told me to play with my doll, and not to bother my head.
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while, you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name);
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four" a hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always looks so proud,
Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said, "Now, Dorothy, tell if you can";
For I thought of my doll, and—oh, dear me!—I answered "Mary Ann."

—Anna M. Pratt in Brooklyn Eagle.

AT CENTER OF THE WHIRL

What a Presidential Election Is Like in Greater New York, the Heart of the Nation.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—My Dear Friends: Think of being in the largest political center of the country during one of the most exciting Presidential campaigns that the Nation has ever known! The excitement was something almost inconceivable. Banners were floating all over Greater New York; in the evenings political meetings were held in halls and on the street corners; electric stereopticon pictures were thrown on many of the large buildings; torchlight processions were regular occurrences; great crowds of cheering men gathered about the quarters of the different political clubs throughout the city, and private residences were almost universally decorated with the Stars and Stripes, and pictures of the candidates.

One of the most gigantic, as well as impressive celebrations was the Republican parade, on November 3, which began at 10 o'clock in the morning and lasted for 10 hours. The weather behaved much like an Oregon day on the 4th of most Julys. It was cold, and rained ceaselessly, and the pavements were flooded all along the line of march. But, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, 100,000 men turned out.

Stop to think what that means! Why, the population of Portland does not equal that number of people, all told—and we are inclined to think that Portland is a big place.

Neither did the rain prevent multitudes of people from assembling on the sidewalks and in the windows lining both sides of Fifth avenue. The spectators used quite novel means of cheering the paraders. Many had megaphones, through which they yelled words of encouragement; others had flags, and some had two sticks which they struck together, thereby saving their hands and also creating much din. In one window there were three people who attracted much attention by making use of a broom, a towel and a tin pan.

Looking down upon the street from a fourth-story window, I saw a confusing mass of umbrellas, which finally resolved itself into columns of men, in the street, and crowds of people—men, women and children—standing 10 deep on the sidewalks. The procession was heralded by a troop of mounted police, followed by Governor Roosevelt, in his carriage, bowing right and left, in answer to the cheering thousands. In front of the Dewey arch he reviewed the paraders. Wholesale and retail merchants, physicians and surgeons, lawyers, journalists, public officers, mechanics, with their little tin dinner pails, and Columbia College boys marched past him in the rain, from the Battery to Forty-second street, a distance of five miles.

There were over a hundred bands. Before the music of one passed out of earshot, another was heard coming. Some were brought into the city for the occasion from towns as far away as Reading, Pa., and as far south as Washington, D. C. "The Blue and the Gray," "Marching Through Georgia," "Star Spangled Banner" and many other patriotic airs were played, and, of course, Sousa's marches were much in evidence.

But all the demonstrations that took place before election could not begin to equal those of the evening of November 6. We made up a party to go down to watch the election returns, I feeling that it would be a sight I might never see again. We went in front of the Herald Building, into a mob of tens of thousands of people.

As we stepped off the car we saw before us a turbulent, restless sea of upturned faces, whose owners were watching the returns as they were flashed on the front of the building, and who were expressing their approval or disapproval by cheers or hisses. The crowd was supplied with tin horns and other apparatus for making unearthly noises, and it succeeded in the endeavor. The Republicans were in the minority, so far as numbers go, but they made up for this shortcoming by their enthusiasm and artistic (?) blowing of horns.

One could not help being enthusiastic. The excitement was in the air and was contagious. All traffic was stopped, as the people took upon themselves the right of way, the most timid braving the dangers of cars and horsehoofs.

At 11 o'clock, when it was definitely known that McKinley was re-elected, and that Bryan had not the ghost of a chance, the enthusiasm was at its highest pitch. But when the crowds began to disperse, then came the danger of being lost or crushed, as people hurried away in different directions, paying no attention to the horses, cars and other vehicles. I was glad to get safely out of the noise and confusion of the streets to our quiet apartments.

MARION E. BAUER.