

MEPHISTOPHELES GOES TO TOWN

By John Kendrick Bangs

IT OCCURRED to me last Sunday morning that I needed certain steady influences in my day's work which the ordinary joys of the city in the good old Summer time do not comprise. Hence I ordered a hansom, started forth about half-past 10 in search of a church, where the spiritual refreshment I thought I needed might be obtained. On the whole, it was an interesting experience, for it showed me several things I had never observed before, and brought into my ken as well the most satisfied person I have ever met.

"Take me over to St. Philistine's," said I to the cabby, as I jumped into the vehicle.

"Excuse me, sir, but—where is that?" he asked in a stage whisper through the hole in the roof. And he added, apologetically, "I ain't up on the churches, sir, havin' spent most o' my time Sundays in drivin' parties out to Clermont and back."

I described the locality to the man as best I could, and in a few moments we stood before the imposing edifice which, in Winter time, is sheltered by the congregation of the famous Dr. Broadview. The doors were closed, but I supposed at first that this was merely to keep the heat out of the sanctuary, and I naturally sought a side door through which to secure entrance. I found it in short order, but, like the main doorway, it was also tight closed and locked.

"Well, sir, what do you want?" demanded an old chap with sparkling black eyes and gray hair, who appeared before me with startling suddenness.

"I want to go to church," said I.

"Well, you've been there," he remarked, with a grating laugh; "now you'd better go home."

"But isn't there any service today?" I demanded.

"Of course not," he replied. "This ain't Winter, and, besides, Dr. Broadview has gone abroad to climb the Matterhorn. Think it will return in his horizon, I guess," he added, with a recurrence of that grating laugh. "The church is closed. If you want to attend service here, come back in the last week of September."

And with this queer old fellow disappeared as mysteriously as he had come.

"That's queer," I thought. "Just when the city needs the most of the good old St. Jones, he goes to the Matterhorn. Take me down to St. Jones," I cried aloud, jumping into the cab again.

"That's down on"—began the cabby, with his usual tone of inquiry.

"Eighty-ninth street, between Unkith and Inkth avenues," I explained.

"Very good, sir," replied the cabby, and we were off.

Ten minutes later we drew up before a scene of desolation. Only a remnant of St. Jones was left upon the site of its former sphere of usefulness, and that was a part of the old bell tower that encumbered the sidewalk. Where the church had stood was now an ugly geometrical skeleton of steel pillars and beams, on the front of which was fastened a huge sign, on which, printed in black letters, was to be read the legend:

THE REDMERE FIREPROOF FAMILY APARTMENT Will Open Positively October 1.

"Nothin' doin' here," said the cabman, with a laugh.

"I should say," I muttered. "Where's the thunder has the church gone, and what the dickens is a fireproof family, anyhow?"

But there was no answer from anywhere. My blood was up, however, and I made up my mind I'd find a church somewhere, or die in the attempt.

"Take me to St. Rita's, driver," I said.

"You want to go to St. Rita's?" I inquired, for it's four doors east of the Cafe Cavalier. You must have spent many a wet night in front of its Gothic facade waiting for people who were sewing their wild and table d'hotes simultaneously down the street?"

"I know the place, sir," he chorused, "but I guess it's changed some since you were there."

"Never mind," I replied with some asperity, for I was getting irritable, and it was none of the cabby's business whether it had changed or not. I drove up there, and don't lose any time. It's after 11 o'clock now."

"Very good, sir," he answered, and whipping up his steed, he carried me swiftly to the avenue to the desired street.

"Here's the place," he said later, drawing up before an imposing building that looked more like a hotel than a church.

"What, this?" I cried, surveying the building and then gazing about me at the surroundings. "By Jove—it is, isn't it?" I added, as my eye took in the Cafe Cavalier on the corner, and the park opposite. "Doesn't look much like a church, but then in these utilitarian days there's no reason why a church edifice should be merely ecclesiastically decorative. In all probability this is the combined parish house, rectory and house of worship. One thing, it's open."

Impressed with the novelty of this fact, I entered.

"I'd like one of the front pews," I whispered to a businesslike looking young man behind the counter, whom I took to be a sort of divine, ritualistic sexton. "I'm a little deaf and—"

"Beg pardon, sir," the young man replied, politely, and eyeing me nervously, as if he thought I had suddenly gone off my head. "I'm a little deaf and—"

"Not a church?" I cried. "What the deuce is it then?"

"It's the Republican Club," he answered civilly.

"What's become of the church?" I demanded.

"I really don't know, sir," he replied. "I'm a stranger in New York."

I wandered sadly out.

"There's a church building over on Madison avenue and Forty-fifth street, sir," suggested the cabby.

"All right," I sighed. "Take me over there," and I sank dejectedly back into the cushions. "What next?" I muttered to myself, and in a moment the question was answered. Sure enough there was the church edifice, as my cabby had said, but, alas! spread over the front of it was a sign bearing the words:

OFFICES OF THE HAWAII, MANILA AND HANKOW EXPRESS COMPANY

"Jerusalem!" I cried. "That's one result of American expansion that nobody ever counted on. Say, cabby," I added, "have they turned the old Tabernacle into a railway station yet?"

"Not yet, sir," he answered, grinning from ear to ear.

"Then take me down there if you know where it is," I growled, and the man obeyed. It was at this point that I gave up my quest. The Tabernacle was there, and there was much good advice to be got from it, of a certain kind, but what a kind! It was painted on a piece that surrounded the building that once rang with the eloquence of some of our best preachers, and related chiefly to the special virtues of patent soap, 5-cent cigars, nerve remedies and health foods. Beyond this the usefulness of the Tabernacle seemed to have departed, and I ceased to wonder at the rumor I had heard from Lhasa that the Tibetans were preparing to establish a foreign mission in the city of New York.

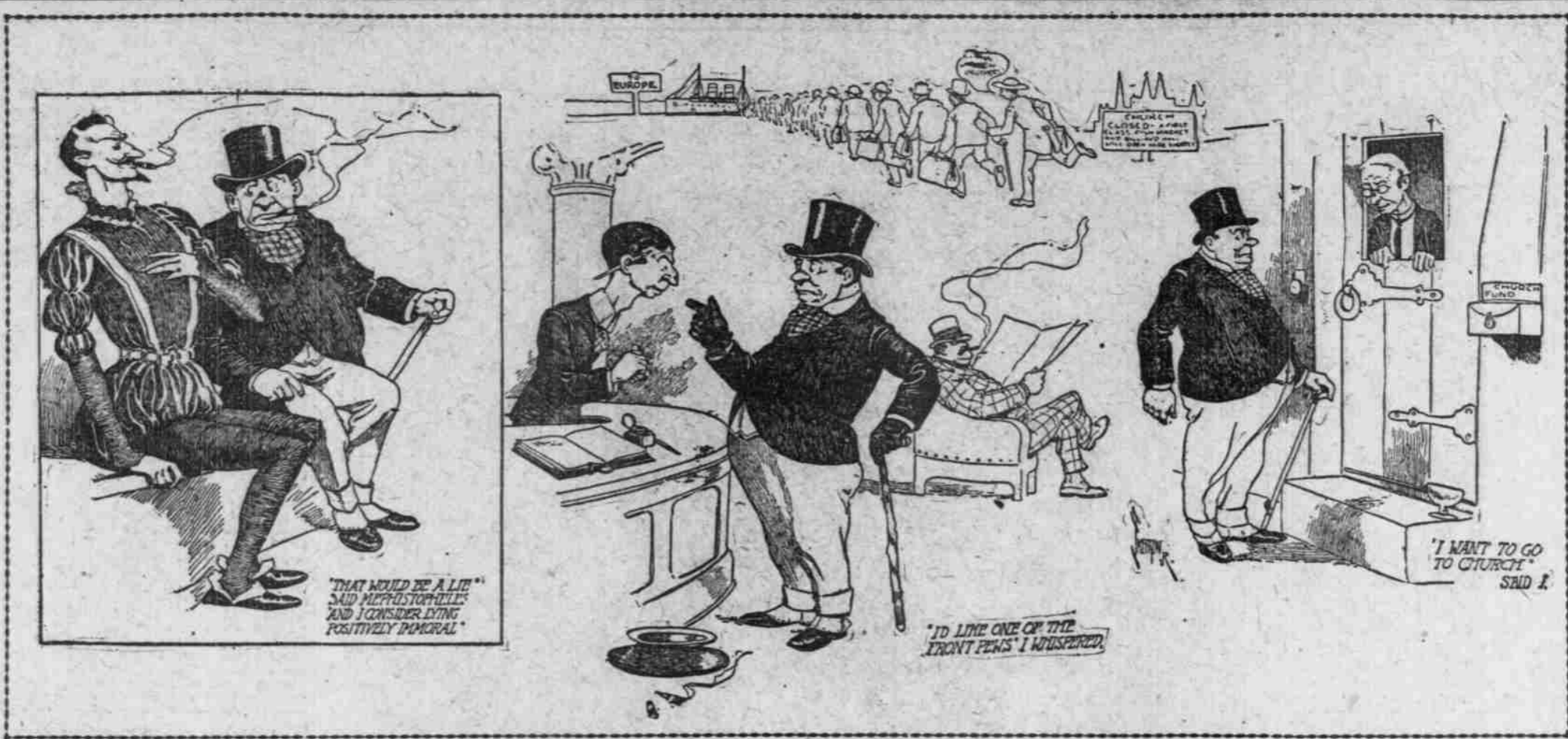
"Isn't there any place where a man can get spiritual refreshment in this town?" I asked a policeman.

"Yes, but you've got to order a sandwich with it," he replied, firmly.

I jumped into my cab and fled.

"Drive around the park," I cried to the driver. "I can at least contemplate nature and administer peanuts to squirrels."

And then the most extraordinary incident



dent of the day occurred. Barely had we passed the Zoo when I became conscious of a presence alongside of me in the hansom. At first there was nothing visible, but certainly, even considering the heat of the day, an unusual warmth pervaded that other side, and a reddish glare seemed to ooze up from the vacant seat.

"Hold on, cabby! You've got a hot box on this hansom," I started to say, when a hand was laid deterringly upon my arm and the reddish glare began to assume human shape.

"Keep quiet," came a deep-toned voice, that I immediately recognized as that of the individual I had seen lurking around St. Philistine's an hour or two earlier. "The cab's all right. I thought I'd like to take a little ride with you, that's all."

"Ah, indeed," said I, "rather a cool proceeding, but still I don't seem to have any voice of the matter. Who are you, and where in Hades do you come from?"

"You are a young person of singular intuition," was his reply. "The form of your question shows that, as you will gather from my card, which will intimate to you who the deuce I am, and meet in due season I come from."

And he handed me the following card:

MEPHISTOPHELES. Office Hours 11 to 12 Daily. CIMERERIA.

"Ah!" said I, as I read, and affecting a sang froid which I did not feel. "Here for pleasure or business?"

"Both, since my business is my pleasure," he answered.

"Going to establish branch offices in town, I suppose?" said I.

"My companion laughed merrily. 'You speak as if New York were a terra incognita to me.'"

"Say rather that you are a terror incognito to New York," I retorted, discharging my duty as a tourist. "You are abominable. I'm a tus, not a ta," said Mephistopheles, lighting a cigar with the end of his forefinger. "I visit New York every Summer, June to October, but I never go, and I must say I find it a promising sort of town."

"In Summer, you mean?" I asked.

"At all times," said he. "Only in Summer it is easier to have it so. The spiritual police, as I might call the clergy, are, for the most part, out of town, and I find, therefore, correspondingly little interference with my labors. Your own experience of this morning must have convinced you of that."

"I dare say if I had persisted," I said dryly, "I should have found somebody pounding you as you deserve somewhere. I didn't get below Fourteenth street."

"Same story, my dear fellow," said my companion. "Churches down town are like a desert of commerce. Most of 'em have been driven up town."

"Nevertheless, there are a few, and I fancy that you'd feel easier in your mind about Wall street if it wasn't for Trinity at one end and the East River at the other," I said.

"I do not vex my mind about Wall street," laughed Mephistopheles. "If there is one spot on earth that has never seen the slightest anxiety it is Wall street. If I speculated it might be different, but I don't."

"I should think the incorporation of Hades would be an attractive proposition for some persons," I observed somewhat bitterly, as I thought of the several dollars I had recently dropped in other inducements.

"Not in the least," returned Mephistopheles, "the property can't be watered, so where would the profit come in?"

I was silent for a moment, for surely here was old Logic himself talking to me.

"Oh, there are plenty of ways," said I. "Divide it up into villa plots, advertise that they are swept by ocean breezes, and let the dear public in on the ground floor."

"That would be a lie," said Mephistopheles, "and I consider lying positively immoral."

"You make me smile," said I. "The idea of your posing as a moral agent."

"What else am I?" demanded Mephistopheles. "If you will indulge in a good healthy bit of mendacity some day and come down to my place and see what I do to people who don't tell the truth you may change your tune. Vitriol as a complexion wash is a joy forever when compared to the treatment we accord to the mendacious in my ballroom."

"You are giving me an entirely new view of your function. I thought your chief ambition was to destroy that which is good," said I.

"No, I merely test it," said Mephistopheles. "You can't tell whether any kind of construction is of any use until you have subjected it to a severe test. Take your battleships, your cruisers, your floor spaces, your yachts, your automobiles, your boiler engines, your best girl—everything is tested by a trial of great severity. Why not do the same with character? What else am I?"

"Oh," said I. "Then life here is nothing but a trial trip, eh?"

"That's all, and I am the tester that puts you to your trumps shortly after you are launched," Mephistopheles observed quietly.

"And yet you say you are hopeful about New York," I said.

"Very—she stands the test mighty well," Mephistopheles replied. "Even with the churches closed and other safety valves corked up, as seems to be the fashion here in Summer, with the surmount test possible applied to her moral character, every Autumn New York comes up smiling, without a screw loose anywhere or a strained timber in her construction or a blowhole in her armor. Dr. Broadview can seek the Matterhorn with a calm and equable frame of mind; Bishop Biceps can seek the seclusion of the Adirondacks for the whole season without fear; the Rev. Mr. Scarlettib can spend his Summer vacation casting for trout with unruffled mien—for all goes well. See that?"

Here Mephistopheles leaned forward in the cab and pointed out the great cannon in the Park. It was crowded with youngsters, rolling on their backs, tossing balls, dressing doll babies, eating popcorn, snatching their cheeks with ginger bread and molasses candy—a chattering, clattering mass of laughing humanity at play.

"You can substitute flat houses for churches, from Dan to Beersheba; you can sow the seeds of anarchy and discontent wherever you will; you can apply any test of character that pleases you, and that has dragged down many a soul in the past, but a city that has that sort of things going on in its midst day after day and all day long need have no fear of fire and brimstone, for it is proof."

As Mephistopheles spoke, his words received a sudden and unexpected confirmation, for, proceeding the extraordinary figure in red at my side, a group of romping youngsters came running madly down the path to greet us. They apparently thought we were a circus and they wanted to see us at close range. The effect was instant and startling, for in the face of this onslaught of innocence my companion gave a nervous start, and with a loud report, very much like that of an explosion of gasoline in a fractious automobile, disappeared from sight.

I alighted the disappointment of the youngsters by distributing a dollar's worth of sandy balls among them, and still hungering for refreshments proceeded up to the Abbey. This not being a church was open, and I enjoyed a special service upon my arrival, consisting of a horse's neck, a fine braided chicken, and a plate of strawberry ice cream, after which I drove home to my apartment in such a frame of mind that I agreed with my guest, Mephistopheles, that in spite of some things to her discredit, New York isn't wholly to the bad after all.

It is only proper for me to add that I have since learned that at two or three churches that Sunday morning the usual services were held, but I have unfortunately mislaid their names and addresses.

AMERICAN GOODS IN THE ORIENT

Opportunities for Exporters in the Markets of Japan and the Philippines.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—(Special Correspondence.)—The United States imports more Oriental goods than any other country. Her exports to the East, however, do not balance the trade scales. Consl. C. B. Harris, stationed at Nagasaki, Japan, suggests that the most expeditious way to increase American trade is through the extension of the American cable system to Japan. The inauguration of direct cable communication with the United States would greatly facilitate commercial transactions between this country and Japan. Speaking of the Mitsui Bishi Dockyard, Engine and Shipbuilding Works, Consul Harris says that the company's orders have been, and are now, even for American goods, placed almost wholly with Great Britain. There exists no good reason why their purchases should not be made to quite an extent in the United States, provided direct solicitation be made by our manufacturers. During each of the last five years the United States has purchased more of the products of Japan than any other country, and more than all Europe, yet British and Great Britain goods sell more to Japan than does the United States. Last year, however, the imports from the United States increased 12 per cent as compared with 1901, while those from Europe decreased 10 per cent. The United States continues to surpass all other countries in furnishing Japanese importations of electric-light apparatus, or instruments, electric motors, fire engines and pumps, four-wheeled motor cars, kerosene oil, lubricating oil, paraffin wax, cardboard, lead tobacco, timber other than teak, bicycles and electric light wire. The exportation of flour by the United States to Japan is threatened by Canada. The Dominion people are making a strong effort to increase their trade in the East, and at the Osaka Exposition, now open, the Canadian exhibit was as having the largest and best exhibit of any of the foreign countries. They are striving especially to advertise the merits of Canadian flour. As a result, it is reported that several large orders have already been received for that product. The United States has been furnishing from 96 to 99 per cent of all the flour imported into Japan, and last year this commodity ranked first in value among the imports from the United States, far gained cotton being the first and kerosene oil the second. The most important import from Canada during 1902 was salmon and trout, while the value of the latter nearly twice as much as the United States.

Owing to the investment of English capital in an electric street tramway in Tokyo, and the consequent increase of interest among the Japanese in rapid transit, there is a marked improvement in the market for electric motors. The electric bell is sounding the death knell of the picturesque Japkeba. An automobile has been purchased by a silk firm for use in delivering goods, and promoters are endeavoring to establish a company for operating a passenger automobile service between Nagoya and Atsuta, two cities about 10 miles apart in the center of the porcelain-manufacturing district.

Some articles which Japan imports in considerable quantities, and which the United States might compete more strongly in providing, are lifting machines, drilling and boring machines, turning lathes, machine tools, condensed milk, rails, fittings of rails, iron pipes and tubes, betting and hose for machinery and railway freight and passenger cars. Soon after the Japan-China war, the Japanese Government adopted a measure for the expansion of state railway lines. Of 73 miles of railroad then projected, 39 miles had been opened for traffic April 1, 1902, and more than half of the appropriation had been expended. Last Winter the Diet was asked for a further appropriation, which was granted, and bids for furnishing railroad building materials should not be delayed.

Figures from the Bureau of Statistics show that Japanese importations from the United States have increased from \$2,32 per cent of the total imports in 1881 to 11.5 per cent in 1902, while importations from Great Britain have decreased

become so popular there that the best merchants of other cities and towns would either take the agency for the sale of these American articles or purchase them at wholesale from the American department stores.

After American articles had thus become well known and in demand, the larger and more enterprising merchants of Germany would, of their own accord, search for the American manufacturers who originally supplied these goods. This idea furnishes the most practical method to open and firmly secure foreign markets for products of America, not only manufactured articles but products of agricultural industry as well. For many decades past our manufacturers and commercial bodies, bent on gaining foreign markets for their products, have centered their efforts on Central and South American countries and China and other countries of Asia. In his former report the Consul-General declared if these efforts, involving a vast amount of time and money, had been directed upon European markets, the results would have been far more compensating to our exporters.

Speaking of American ventures in Germany, the Consul-General at Frankfurt states that about two years ago an American firm opened a retail store for the sale of shoes in Berlin. Later on they established a retail store in Frankfurt and another in Hamburg. They sell good quality of shoes at about \$4.25 per pair. The importations of American shoes by the islanders, selling at retail in Germany, will be found to exceed in value our total shoe exportation to any one of the following countries: Brazil, Chile, Peru, Argentina, Venezuela, Ecuador, Colombia, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, China, Persia, Japan, Asia Minor.

Today, some of the American products, such as dried fruits, canned meats and vegetables, office furniture, typewriters, cash registers, and many articles of iron-ware used in the construction of buildings, etc., are well established and of constant demand in European markets. But there are few compared to the great number of articles of American make which could find an equally good market in Europe when once properly introduced.

Manufacturers of European countries, which are manufactured in the United States much better and cheaper; heating and bathing apparatus, carpets, which are cheap in the United States and dear in Germany; kitchen articles, which are more convenient and practical than those of Europe, or which are not at all known there, should find a ready market if properly exploited.

The steel works of Monterey, Mexico, are reported to have just made a contract with a Westphalian company for the delivery of 50,000 tons of German coke. This appears extraordinary, considering the close proximity of American coke ovens. Mexico imported quite a lot of coal from Mobile, Ala., during the year 1901, but the importation was cut short because of the faulty transportation facilities. The exportation of Alabama coal is increasing as rapidly as the transportation thereof will allow. The crying need of the foreign trade of the United States is transportation facilities.

It is even more surprising that from 40,000 to 50,000 tons of coke are annually imported into California from England and Belgium, when Washington State has some of the finest coking coal-beds in the world.

Consul W. Stanley Hollis, writing from Lourenco Marques, says that the importation of American cattle into South Africa is taking on larger proportions with the arrival of each succeeding freight-bearing vessel from the United States. The cattle are drawn principally from the Texas ranges and include Short-horns, Shorthorn-Herfords, Jerseys, Holsteins, and pure-bred Devons. Almost 10,000 head have already been received at Delagoa. Notwithstanding the long drive from the interior of Texas to a seaport, and the still longer journey by sea, the animals have arrived in good condition, and are far superior to the wild-fed specimens. The losses during voyages are very slight, the highest number dying on a trip being 22 out of a consignment of 2,500 head, and not infrequently these mishaps are counterbalanced by the young arriving at sea.

DR. MILES' Anti-Pain Pills

Quickly and effectively in all cases of Nervous Headache, Sick Headache, Lumbago, Sea-Sickness, Car-Sickness, Irritability, Periodic, Bearing-Down and Ovarian Pains.

"I could not get along without Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. They give me almost instant relief from almost any pain. I give them to all of the children, even the baby, and we feel no bad effects afterwards, as one does from most remedies."

MRS. H. ALLEN, 208 Indiana Ave., Riverside, Calif.

"Two years ago I had a severe attack of La. Grippe, and was under the doctor's care for five days without any relief. Then I bought a box of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and five Pills cured me. A short time ago I had another attack, but thanks to the Pain Pills I was soon cured, taking only three of the Pills.—JOHN N. FLETCHER, Grand Rapids, Ore."

"I have used Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for a number of years, and find that they promptly relieve ordinary and neuralgic headache. They give similar relief to my wife."

D. B. BAKER, Los Angeles, Calif.

"Once, and often twice a week, for years I have had spells of dull, heavy pains across the forehead, accompanied with pains in the heart, arm and shoulders. I find Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills very beneficial, one tablet usually being sufficient to stop the pain."

MRS. LEONA ELDER, Wheatland, Calif.

"I have frequently used Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for Neuralgia, and they give speedy relief. Also my husband never without them, using them usually to prevent drowsiness and headache."—E. L. SANFORD, Mgr. Etna Springs Hotel, Etna Springs, Calif.

MRS. M. S. TOBEY, who owns 11 years postmistress at Carpinteria, Calif., says: "I suffered a long time from nervous headache, and very severe pain in the back of my neck. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills brought relief, for which I was very grateful. I am pleased to recommend them to others."

"Only One Pain Pill Cures It."

Ague Pains, Indigestion, Dizziness, Nervousness and Sleeplessness. Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache, La Grippe, Pain in Stomach.

"I have used Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for Neuralgia and Nervous Headache and always received prompt relief. The headaches occurred at intervals usually in the morning, and by taking a Pain Pill when first symptoms appeared, always prevented the attacks. My husband also used them for headache, and says he could not get along without them."

MRS. W. H. BEARDSLEY, Moscow, Idaho.

"I am very grateful that I have found such a perfect remedy for headache. I had a sunstroke while in the army, and ever since have suffered greatly from headache and biliousness. The only thing that ever gave me any relief was Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, which I have used with satisfactory results for a number of years."

M. S. BALLARD, 98 Catlins Ave., Pasadena, Calif.

"I have been bothered for years with headache and dull pains. I came across some of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and tried them, and they gave me relief at once. I have found them to be just the thing, and recommend them highly."

MRS. J. FRANK STRENS, Eugene, Ore.

"I was long subject to spells of severe pain through the eyes and across my forehead—caused by indigestion. The attacks often continued two days during which time was unable to do anything. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills relieved the pain, and I afterwards prevented the attacks by taking one Pill when I felt the pain coming on. I have used them for a long time and they never fail to relieve me."—W. E. HOTZ, Hillsboro, Ore.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by all druggists, 25 cents a box, under a positive guarantee that the first box will benefit or money refunded.

The Genuine Dr. Miles Remedies are Never Sold at Cut Prices.