The Limit of Wealth, by Alfred L. Hutchinson. The Macmillan Co., New York City.

Rather a serious document appealing to the imagination than a novel, and recalling the brilliant fancies of Bellamy's "Looking Backward."

Mr. Hutchinson pictures a great political revolution which is supposed to take place at the Presidential electon of 1912, when the country takes action on a proposal that the amount of money any one can accumulate will be limited by the United States Government. A new political party called the Distributors sweeps the country and enacts laws allowing a man to dispose of, by will, no more than $1,000,000, and providing that all property accumulated by any person in excess of that amount should at his death pass to the Government. The latter distributes this surplus wealth among the people, by the construction of great public works, roads, etc. A mistake or error in judgment appears to have been made by Mr. Hutchinson in stating that in the election he describes every person who had gone before the electors as a Distributor was elected—a manifest impossibility.

Of compulsory citizenship the book says:

To prevent any party from coming into power that might result disastrously to the people, without consent of a majority of the voters, a Federal law was enacted which obligated every qualified elector to vote upon every proposition or election submitted to the people. Even sickness did not excuse one, if the illness did not affect the free action of the mind, and where a voter was unable to attend the polls he was required to send notice to the inspectors of election, when he would be visited by three special inspectors, who took his ballot under seal and deposited it in the ballot box of his precinct. Nor was absence from the precinct a proper excuse for not voting, but every qualified elector was supposed to be in his precinct and register on the Saturday preceding election and to remain in the precinct till he had voted. In case, however, he were outside the state when a special election occurred, or in case he were in a foreign country when a general election took place, in such cases only might his absence be an excuse for not voting.

Read this attractive vision of an American road in the year 1944:

That great military thoroughfare of the Roman world, known as the Appian Way, reaching from Rome to Brundisium, was but fifteen feet wide, yet seventy years elapsed between its commencement and its completion. The great thoroughfare of the American republic, unlike that of her sister republic of old, was constructed for the pleasures of the people and not for the purposes of war. Reaching from ocean to ocean, with branches leading North and South to all the large cities of the nation, it was fully 7000 miles long, and was completed within ten years from its commencement. No less than 500,000 men and women were employed from the beginning, which number increased from time to time, till the maximum number of people directly employed in its construction approximated 5,000,000.

The latest and most improved machinery was employed in all parts of the work, and with the wonderful storage-battery power, the physical work of the laborers was almost nothing. It was rather a great school of training rather than a laborious work, and it developed all the latent talents and intellectual abilities of its pupils.

This great avenue extending from Boston to New York, from New York to Philadelphia and Washington, and from New York via Chicago to San Francisco, had branchas extending to all near-by large cities, while two main cross-avenues were those extending from Minneapolis via Milwaukee to Chicago and thence to St. Louis and New Orleans, and from the Grand Canyon of the Colorado via Ogden to the Yellowstone Park.

The specifications for this stupendous work required the avenue to be twelve rods or 198 feet wide, about three times the width of the ordinary highway. It was divided into four parts. Through the center a width of twenty feet was devoted to grasses and flowering plants; on either side of the center strip was a roadway eighty feet in width, one of which was for the exclusive use of vehicles drawn by horses, and the other was for the exclusive use of auto-vehicles. The remaining nine feet on either side was devoted to sidewalks and retaining walls.

A Manual of Personal Hygiene, edited by Walter L. Lyle, M. D. $1.50. W. B. Saunders Co., Philadelphia.

The revised third edition of a famous book which plainly sets forth the best means of developing and maintaining physical and mental vigor. It is up-to-date in every respect, the most notable additions being an illustrated system of home gymnastics, a chapter on domestic hygiene, an appendix containing the simpler methods of hydrotherapy, thermotherapy and mechanotherapy, and a section on first aid in medical and sugical accidents and emergencies. The contributors are celebrated American medical experts, and the optimistic message teaching how to keep well ought to be in every home.

It was said recently by one competent to judge that a thoroughly well person after middle life is the exception in every community, and that on every side we find chronic complaint, physical weakness, weariness and overwhelming gloom, which might have been prevented by proper, timely instruction. Any large city demonstrates the fact that there is an increasing number of physical and moral wrecks, victims of the modern habit of worry. Now, no other assistance on earth can take the place of that given by a trained medical man, but it is impossible to have these experts always at one's elbow. Therefore, the book under review has a mission and to come under its beneficent spell, how to keep healthy, one should read it carefully. All superfluous technicalities have been avoided, and the general arrangement of the book based on common sense lines can be commended.

The Vision of a City, by Henry Dumont. $1. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco.

Pulsing with purity of sentiment and utterly different from the "smart" verse of young writers, these 40 poems may be read with profit. What a pity, however, they are in the same mood throughout, unnecessarily serious.

On page 28 the words are used, "unpurged eyes," while good paper is needlessly wasted in printing the quatrains, four lines to each page. Mr. Dumont has not a warrior soul, but rather inclines to the Hagne way of thinking. He writes on "War":

A clash of arms and death; a hush
On horrors of which death is least,
Soon dying ears shall hear the rush
Of vultures crowding to the feast.

In his lines "To a Toad," Mr. Dumont speaks of "Thou poor, half-living brother worm."

Trade and Currency in Early Oregon, by James Henry Gilbert, Ph. D. The Columbia University Press, New York City.

Issued as a part of the studies in history, economics and public law, and edited by the faculty of political science of Columbia University, this book in blue paper covers is a most interesting addition to the growing literature of the Oregon country and cannot fail to win the attention it deserves.

Dr. Gilbert says that his acquaintance with the subject matter of his monograph began some two years ago with an inquiry into the fiscal history of this state. With a wealth of material to choose from, he undertook the task of tracing the development from the commodity currencies of the hunting and early agricultural periods, to the solution of the legal tender problem at the close of the Civil War.

It is shown that furs were exchanged directly for assorted goods. Then the process was complicated somewhat by the barter of wheat for furs, and that ultimately agricultural products were exchanged for gold dust, which through the operation of coinage became the metallic money of the Pacific Coast. The golden days of the Hudson Bay Company and the Northwest Company are glowingly recalled, days when the Hudson Bay Company from 1690 to 1800 found that its profits averaged from 60 to 70 per cent.

Dr. Gilbert gives credit to the files of The Oregonian for data relating to research work.

The Shadow of a Great Rock, by William R. Lighton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

Abounding in strong plot, this novel describes an emigrants' train journeying across Nebraska to the then unknown Western land in the Summer of 1854. The best word picture shown is that describing a fight between homeseekers and Sioux Indians in which the latter are defeated with heavy slaughter. The incidents recorded on the lonely prairie must parallel experiences of Oregon pioneers crossing the great plains. Mr. Lighton throws dash and color into his novel—for instance:

Across the burnt space from the hills, like an aftermath of the fire, swept a horde of the Sioux, flying like dusky phantoms.

"Wait! wait!" Frick shouted, his voice shrill with frenzy. "Aim and shoot low. Wait. Now—fire."

Then came the shock and terror of chaos. The effect of the close-range volley was murderous, as the men knew by the screams of mortal agony. But the Sioux were too near and the charge too impetuous to be checked. With inhuman rage the Indian line flung itself against the barricade, ponies and men in inextricable confusion, with a din of outcry and the flash and rattle of rifle shots. The cool-headed ones amongst the defenders lay in their place of retreat beneath the wagons, crouched to the ground, loading and firing as they could, fearful that every shot should count to the utmost.

The fury of the onset drove others out of their shelter, backed toward the center of the camp, where they stood together fighting, every man for himself. The barricade had withstood the shock perfectly, save in one place, where an emigrant's wagon was overturned, making a gap in the line. Through this gap a half-dozen of the savages plunged with reckless daring, falling upon the group within; and there the fighting was almost breast to breast.

But it is not all storm. Jack Forester and Mark Bailey carry on most of the action as men of the plains and their doings are graphically described, while an agreeable love tale brightens the picture.

J. M. Q.

LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

"The Shadow of a Great Rock" was received through the courtesy of The J. K. Gill Co.

* * *

If old clocks are a subject of interest to you, there is an article in the July number of Country Life in America which would be an admirable guide to take on tours to the antique shops. This is the ninth article of a series on "Antiques and Collecting," and it is full of interesting facts about the clocks of our ancestors.

* * *

A sorely distressed insomniac in Baltimore says she was completely cured by having Henry James', "The Ambassadors" read aloud to her by a trained nurse. But, remarks the Louisville Courier-Journal, the tale is improbable, because there is no theory upon which we can account for the nurse having stayed awake to do the reading.

* * *

According to their usual custom, the publishers have made the July issue of The World's Work the uplift number. In this issue is an article by C. M. Keyes, entitled "The Uplift of the World." Mr. Keyes' article has over 20 illustrations which give a glimpse into the far-away corners of the world where the last strongholds of barbarism are yielding to civilization.

* * *

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Shuttle" will reach a dramatic turning-point in the August Century; and most readers of Elizabeth Robins' "Come and Find Me" will find it also developing tense interest. The magazine, the Midsummer holiday number, will have short stories also by Rebecca Lane Hooper, David Gray, Annie E. P. Searing, Willa Sibert Cather and Reginald Wright Kauffman.

* * *

Ainslee's for August has the second installment of Robert Hitchens' new story of the desert, "Barbary Sheep." Mr. Hitchens has never done a better piece of work than this, not even in "The Garden of Allah," which it resembles so far as environment and atmosphere are concerned. Into this he has woven a thrilling tale of an Englishman's adventures with an Arab, who is an officer in the French army.

* * *

In one of his addresses included in "The Citizen's Part in Government" (Scribner's) Secretary Root tells a story on Murat Halstead. "Mr. Halstead," he says, "once told me how, being a young newspaper correspondent during the Civil War, he had felt moved to write a long letter to Secretary Stanton giving his views about the matters in which the Secretary was engaged, and how, many years afterward, this letter was found on the files of the War Department indorsed, in Stantons' own handwriting:

"'M. Halstead—Tells how the war ought to be carried on.'

"Mr. Halstead, telling the story in later years, said this was the only evidence he had ever known that Stanton possessed a sense of humor."

* * *

The most important Autumn publications of the Baker & Taylor Co. will be "The Autobiography of Generals O. O. Howard." Professor Woodberry's "Appreciation of Literature," "The Challenge of the Cities," a sociological work by Dr. Josiah Strong, and "The Man of Sark," a romance of the Channel Islands, by John Oxenham, author of "The Open Road," recently published by the Macmillans.

* * *

Among the most important announcements of Fall publications is Maurice Hewlett's "The Stooping Lady," which has been running as a serial in The Bookman, and which will be issued in book form by Dodd, Mead & Co. Two other new novels are also announced for Fall publication—"The Halo," by Bettina von Hutten, author of "Pam," and "The Heart of Jessie Laurie," by Amelia E. Barr. George Bernard Shaw's "Passion, Poison and Petrification" is also on the Autumn list.

* * *

In the Napoleonic period the British Minister at the court of Hesse-Cassel, Brook Taylor, was charged by the Emperor with being implicated in a plot to procure his assassination. A lively quarrel between Napoleon and the elector turned upon the former's demand for the dismissal of Taylor. A Ralph Heathcote was at that time secretary to Taylor, and his letters, which are said to deal at some length with the queer business, are soon to be published by the writer's granddaughter, Countess Gunther Droben.

* * *

What would you think of a railroad given over to the control of ex-cowmen and gulch miners and the driftwood of humanity? In the August Popular, Francis Lynde gives an inherent account of just such a state of affairs. He tells how in the search for a man to bring order out of chaos the choice fell upon a self-confessed coward, a good-living, right-thinking, upright, but hitherto untried man who had always been content to take the path of least resistance and preferred to walk round even the smallest obstacle rather than butt against it. The story tells how he "found" himself, and the strenuous efforts he was compelled to take in "civilizing" the Red Butte Western Railroad. There is a pretty love theme running through the novel.

* * *

Writing of Thomas Nelson Page in the current issue of the Atlantic Monthly, Edwin Mims remarks: "In all his interpretation of the South Mr. Page has never struck a sectional note. There is provincialism—the healthy provincialism of Burns and Whittier—but he is right in claiming, in the introduction to the Plantation Edition, that he has 'never wittingly written a line which he did not hope might tend to bring about a better understanding between the North and the South, and finally lead to a more perfect Union.' In his stories when the passion of prejudice is at its height, human nature asserts itself. The Two Little Confederates bury in their garden the body of the Federal soldier; the heroine of 'Meh Lady,' after a long and passionate conflict between love and patriotism, yields to the Northern colonel; and the hero of 'Red Rock'—dashing soldier and Ku Klux leader—is united with the Northern girl. Mr. Page has been one of the prime forces of revealing the South to the Nation and the Nation to the South, thus furthering the most important work of the present generation—the promotion of a real National spirit."

* * *

In Uncle Remus's Magazine for the current month appears this appreciation of John Fleming Wilson, of this city, and some time ago a member of The Oregonian's staff: "Fleming Wilson is not a writer hitherto unknown to the reading public, for from time to time during the past three years he has been a contributor to the popular magazines of the country. But in "The Schooner Mary E. Pescie: Guardian," published in the June number of this magazine, he wrote what must be regarded as a genuinely big short story—one of the finest published in the last decade. It was a new story, and was handled with sympathy and strength. It marked a distinct advance in Mr. Wilson's art, and he may be counted as one of the most notable of recent literary arrivals."

Mr. Wilson was graduated from Princeton (after much difficulty, he says with a reminiscent grin) about six years ago, entering newspaper work on the Pacific Coast after leaving college. As reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle and subsequently the Honolulu Commercial-Advertiser he came in contact with many of the incidents he utilizes so vividly in his stories. For several years he was a regular contributor to the Argonaut, becoming its editor a few months before the earthquake in San Francisco. His work has taken him into Eastern Siberia, Japan, Central America, the West Indies and coastwise on both the Atlantic and Pacific. He has seen a good deal of the sea and its folk, the islands and their inhabitants, and, like a good reporter, he has noted them.

* * *

In the new novel by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" and "The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight," called "Fraulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther," the heroine describes, in a letter, meeting the son of a neighbor. "Oh, yes; the son. Well, he appeared a fortnight ago, brown and hot, and with a knapsack, having walked all the way from Berlin, and is spending his holiday with his people. For a day or two I thought him quite ordinary. He made rather silly jokes and wore a red tie. Then one evening I heard lovely sounds, lovely, floating, mellow sounds coming up in floods through the orchard into my garden where I was propped against a tree trunk watching a huge yellow moon disentangling itself slowly from the mists of Jena—oh, but exquisite sounds, sounds that throbbed into your soul and told it all it wanted to hear, showed it the way to all it was looking for, talked to it wonderfully of the possibilities of life. First they drew me onto my feet, then they drew me down the garden, then through the orchard, nearer and nearer, till at last I stood beneath the open window they were coming from, listening with all my ears. Against the wall I leaned, holding my breath; spell-bound, forced to ponder great themes, themes of life and death, the music falling like drops of liquid light in dark and thirsty places. I don't know how long it lasted or how long I stood there after it was finished, but someone came to the window and put his head out into the freshness, and what do you think he said? He said 'Donnerwetter, wie man im simmer schwitzt.' And it was the son, brown and hot, with a red tie."

* * *

In his newly published book, "White Hyacinths," Elbert Hubbard says of his wife: "To make a better woman than Alice Hubbard, one would have to take the talents and graces of many great women and omit their faults. If she is a departure in some minor respects from a perfect standard, it is probably because she lives in a faulty world, with a faulty man, and deals with faulty folks, a few of whom, doubtless, will peruse this article.

"When Charles Kingsley was asked to name the secret of his success, he replied: 'I had a friend.'

"If asked the same question, I would give the same answer.

"I might also explain that my friend is a woman.

"This woman is my wife, legally and otherwise.

"She is also my comrade, my companion, my chum, my business partner.

"There has long been a suspicion that when God said 'I will make a helpmeet for man' the remark was a subtle bit of sarcasm.

"However, the woman of whom I am speaking proves what God can do when he concentrates on his work. My wife is my helpmeet, and I am hers. I do not support her, rather, she supports me. All I have is here—not only do I trust her with my heart, but with my pocketbook. And what I here write is not a tombstone testimonial, weighed with a granite sense of loss, but a simple tribute of truth to a woman who is yet on earth in full possession of her powers, her star still in the ascendant.

"I know the great women of history. I know the qualities that go to make up, not only the superior person but the one sublimely great. Humanity is the raw stock with which I work."

* * *

Strange adventures of literary people are related by Francis Gribble in "The Comedy of Literary Log-Rolling," published in the Strand Magazine. To quote: Sainte-Beuve increased the circulation of his books by insisting upon fighting a duel in the rain with an umbrella over his head. Gerard de Nerval used to be seen in the streets of Paris leading a lobster by a string. Mme. Krudener, the author of "Valerie," and the friend of Alexander I. of Russia, made the fortune of her novel by calling at all the Paris shops and asking for various articles of dress "a la Valerie." Of Victor Hugo, who just now is emerging from the cloud of depreciation that settled over his name soon after his death, and of Alexander Dumas, the elder, the following stories are told:

Nor was the great poet ashamed to roll his log even at a funeral. He seized the opportunity at the obsequies of one of his own sons. It happened that, on the way to the cemetery, the procession passed a traveling menagerie, and the lions, for whatever reason, stopped roaring just as Victor Hugo was in front of their cage. His companion, a minor poet named Pelleport, drew his attention to the fact. "Master," he whispered, "the lions recognize you and hush their voices. The King of Beasts is silent in the presence of the King of Men." Victor Hugo bowed and turned the matter over in his mind. Then, after meditation, he said: "Pelleport, that was a happy thought of yours. Couldn't you write something about it?" And Pelleport wrote a sonnet about it, and the fame of the master stood on a higher pinnacle than ever.

And finally there was the case of Dumas, of whom it may almost be said that his whole life was an advertisement. Some one once said of him that his vanity was such that he was capable of getting up behind his own carriage in order to demonstrate that he had a negro footman in his service. He certainly did many things almost as absurd as that in his restless pursuit of reclame. One of his delights was to clothe his noble proportions in a uniform and to embellish the uniform with decorations to which he was not entitled. He even went so far as to himself design the uniform in which he fought—or rather did not fight, for he arrived after the fighting was over—in Garibaldi's army; and he achieved a tremendous advertisement by conducting a well-known actress to a court ball to which she had not been invited.

* * *

In discussing values of rare editions of books, Andrew Lang says: Ten years ago book hunters were ready to pay £5 for my juvenile rhymes, and for my "Aucassin and Nicolette." I did not get the money, but my vanity was flattered, while my respect for human wisdom was lowered. Today, however, the book collectors show signs of returning common sense. There is a terrible "slump" in my first editions; about 12 6s is given where five guineas used to be paid. I daresay the books will fall to par (five shillings) or even below par, and I advise holders to cut loose and sell a bear of me, while there is yet time. One comfort is that the les petits camarades are not more in demand than myself. Even Matthew Arnold's first editions are weak on a falling market. "Poems by A" and "Empedocles on Etan" are very flat and sluggish; and so are all the early editions of Victorian singers, except the earliest and rarest things of Tennyson and Browning. I have not observed that the early first editions of G. B. Shaw are quoted, but very special books only occur at rare intervals. I have remarked only one copy of the "Odes" of 1746 which Collins burned because nobody would buy them. From the original price of one shilling, they have soared to £50, so I am glad that I secured a fine large copy for £3.

The method said to be pursued by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman in writing her stories is different from that of most authors. Before beginning a story, whether it is to be short or long, she plans it to the very end. Not only the consecutive scenes of the story are in her mind before she begins the opening paragraphs, but she has also decided upon the tenor of the conversation and much of the actual language.

The new volumes by Alfred Noyes, "The Flower of Old Japan," just published, reveals this remarkable young poet in a new light to his American readers. The poems contained in his earlier volume, striking and original as they were, scarcely gave a hint of the spirit that lurks in these new poems. The two most important pieces in the new volume are "The Flower of Old Japan" and "Forest of Wild Thyme." Both of these are exquisite fantasies of child-life, airy and unsubstantial in form, but full of a deep seriousness underneath. Mr. Noyes himself speaks of them as follows in a brief preface: "It is, perhaps, because these poems are almost light enough for a nonsense book that I feel there is something in them more elemental, more essential, more worthy of serious consideration than the most ponderous philosophical poem I could write. They are based on the fundamental and very simple mystery of the universe—that anything, even a grain of sand—should exist at all."

Gerald Stanley Lee, the editor of Mount Tom, the little "all outdoors" magazine, published in Northampton, Mass., thus describes his visit the other day to a New York department store: "I put in my time looking behind the counters—all those busy, pale, yellow-lighted people in little holes or stalls, trying to be human and natural in that long, low indoor street of theirs, crowds of women staring by them and picking at things. Always that moving sidewalk of questions, that dull, eager stream of consciousness sweeping by. No sunlight, just the crowds of covetousness and shrewdness I always wonder about the clerks and what they would be like at home or under an apple tree, or each with a bit of blue sky to go with them. They seemed, as I looked, mostly poor underground creatures living in a sort of subway of things in a hateful, hard, little world of clothes, each with his study or trick or knack of appearances, standing there and selling people in their good looks day after day at so much a yard. I suppose it is not so, and that they are not really as they look—all those rows of pleasant, half-polite, half-enduring, pale, yellow-lighted people. But I did feel like going along and handing them out a Mount Tom apiece."

"The Story of the Other Wise Man," by Henry Van Dyke, has already been translated into many foreign languages, including such unusual ones as the Armenian and Turkish, and the publishers of the book have just received an application from India for permission to translate it into Bengal.

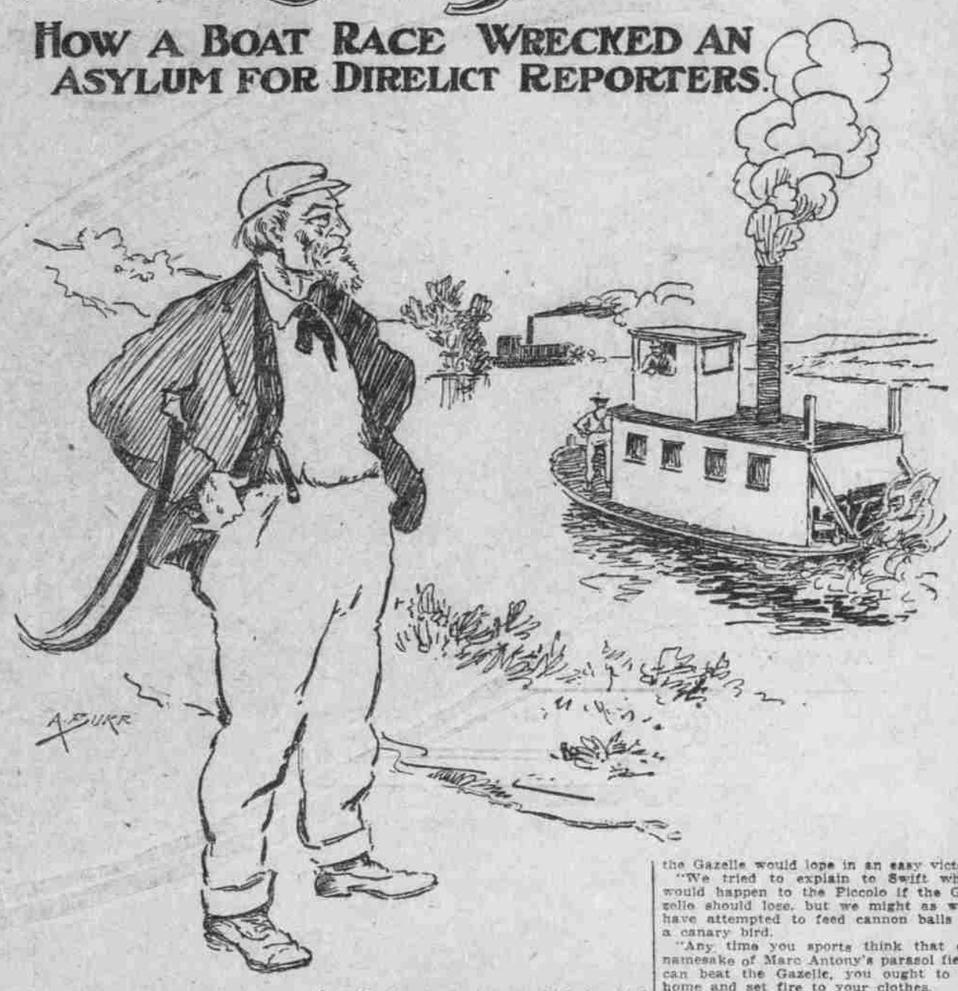
NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Care of the Baby," by J. P. Crozer Griffith, M. D. Fourth edition. $1.50. (Saunders Co.)

"Plane and Solid Geometry," by Edward Rutledge Robbins. $1.25. (American Book Co.)

Bill Swift's Philanthropic Daily

HOW A BOAT RACE WRECKED AN ASYLUM FOR DIRELICT REPORTERS.



BY GLADEN GORIN.

"YOU might as well try to paddle alarm clocks in a deaf and dumb asylum as to inveigle me into performing any more fancy stunts," proclaimed Siang Jack Sherwood the other evening as he contemptuously tore up a volume of Robinson Crusoe in the High Wine Room of the Ostracised Club.

"My last departure from the prosy path was in covering the waterfront for a month on the Daily Piccolo, at Frogport, Oregon, and its golden-loving cups to pewter thimbles that never again will a bunch of scene shifters be clustered together who could touch the staff on that rag, and I'm not using the word 'touch' in a mercenary way, either.

"The Piccolo was owned by an old printer whose purse was inclined to obesity, he having made a wad of money by a scratch in the mines. One day in a mellow, reminscent mood, he recalled that there was quite a herd of derelict journalists ambling about the country, and then and there in the goodness of his heart, he resolved to establish a newspaper for their especial benefit.

"Bill Swift was the name of this charitable chap, and the flock of language butchers he had under his wing certainly compelled him to go some. Bill made it a rule that no one could work on the Piccolo unless he had been exiled at least five times from other newspapers for becoming over-bevereaged. Any one owning a trunk or watch was barred.

"When I began my marine painting at Frogport, the graft had been so thoroughly advertised that cots had to be placed in every available niche of the Salvation Army barracks to accommodate the army of eligibles.

"The city editor of the Piccolo had worn a journalistic groove from Biddeford, Me., to San Diego, Cal., with a breakover beginning at Palatka, Fla., and terminating at Blaine, Wash. Sometimes he used his shirt front for an assignment book, and his hair was more than 26 ems long. They called him 'Hank' for short, but this is nothing to do with his unvarying financial inefficiency.

"Jim Gatt, who did police and society, had probably exasperated more city editors and pestered more business office cashiers than there are flaws in a packing house. He and I roomed together, that is for a while, until I was obliged to divorce him, as he became so light-fingered that I had to sleep on my pawn tickets to prevent him from annexing them. Whenever he got hilarious, Gatt would swell around telling everybody that he was Western correspondent for Hostetter's Almanac, and there didn't seem a time that you couldn't use his meal ticket for a cribbage board.

"Jack Leggett, who covered the Courthouse and politics, was surely the most careless and forgetful fellow who ever had his copy shopped. His conning tower was so full of other and irrelevant things that he couldn't remember it if any one owed him money.

"Bill's pedals became somewhat frosty when Jack made the paper say that Sheriff Johnson could not catch the smallpox in an epidemic. But when Leggett got a story in the Piccolo, stating that the leading society lady of Bonanza had eaten a can of caviar, thinking it was blackberry jam, Bill embossed "20" all over him with the toe of his boot, and Jack was again turned loose upon a cold and cheerless world. The last we heard of him he was driving a milk wagon in La Grande.

"When it devolved upon Bill to plug the vacancy caused by Jack's literary gaiety, he wanted to sell the paper, but finally reconsidered.

"Slips of paper with the names of the waiting eligibles written upon them were placed in a hat, and the Mayor of Bonanza, blindfolded, drew out the ticket upon which was inscribed the title of him who was to assist us in irritating the community.

Lovick E. Bond was announced as Leggett's successor, and Bill and Hank started for the barracks to claim the human lottery prize.

"Bond said he was a native of the state situated between Illinois and Kansas. He possessed the legendary skepticism generally attributed to sons of that commonwealth in such a degree that he annointed his eyes with Missouri River water every day. As he explained it, his burning ambition was to be a piano-tuner, and he began taking a correspondence school course for the purpose of becoming a virtuoso in that line, but his distant tutors were careless and mixed up his lesson sheets with a treatise on boiler riveting. This discouraged Lovick, so he broke into the newspaper game by signing as star reporter on the weekly in the town of his birth.

"But I shall have to relate in his own words the circumstances which impelled him to leave home.

"'Paw sold a lot of hogs in St. Louis,' Lovick said, 'and brought home one of the durndest, fanciest bedsteads you ever seen. The dog-gone thing was so purty and pazzazatatin' that all my sisters thought it must be a planner, and they and maw fought and scratched and pulled each other's hair, a scrappin' to see who would play on it first. Well, the whole thing started a hostile, family battle, and ended in my bein' banished from home. But I kept tellin' 'em all the time that it wasn't a planner.'

"When Bill heard this he almost guiped down a pint of digitalis and plunged his feet into a bucket of scalding water. Hank rushed to the composing room and pulled out the only paying ad we had on the front page.

"'How did my name happen to be expunged from the payroll of the Piccolo?'

"'Well, it all seemed to occur in a bunch.

"'The Baxter River, which moistens one edge of Frogport, was sparsely populated with steamers that have merry-go-rounds attached to the rear. The stream never got so muddy that you couldn't see the bottom, and I was afraid that some one would come along with a sponge and steal the freak of nature which secured me a job on the Piccolo.

"'The flash packets on the Baxter were the Cleopatra, 16 tons eight dwts. burthen, and the Gazelle, 18 tons seven dwts. burthen. There was intense rivalry between the captains of these boats, which culminated in their agreeing to race from Jamestown to Frogport, a distance of eight miles, Marquis of Lloyds rules to govern; time spent on sand bars to be deducted, an imperative that both stick to the stream and refrain from cutting across promontories. News of the coming marine contest circulated rapidly through the town, and in a short time there was nothing of tangible value that was not bet on the result.

"'The captain of the Gazelle and Bill were great pals, and as that boat's wheel possessed six more paddles than the Cleopatra's, Bill had the soft-sad-eyed craft doped so strong to win, that in spite of protestations, he wagered the cylinder press against the Cleopatra that the Gazelle would lope in an easy victor.

"'We tried to explain to Swift what would happen to the Piccolo if the Gazelle should lose, but we might as well have attempted to feed cannon balls to a canary bird.

"'Any time you sports think that old namesake of Marc Antony's parasol fiend can beat the Gazelle, you ought to go home and set fire to your clothes.

"'Then we all went up and stood off the village Delmonico for a stack of meal tickets.

"'On the day of the race, everybody, including cripples from both towns, lined the river banks between Jamestown and Frogport. I was detailed on the Gazelle to write the story. Bill, feeling very indignant that morning, was mounted on a reformed bronco, intending to ride along the bank and jolly up the captain and crew of the Gazelle.

"'The start was fair enough, but the Gazelle had gone only about 23 feet when she stopped with a jerk, and then started slowly ahead. The Cleopatra shot around the first bend, and was soon lost to view behind a clump of willows.

"'Bill nearly fell off his horse. He was so excited at first that all he could do was to wave his arms around like a windmill.

"'Ship ahoy, there! Avast, you lubber on the Gazelle! Do you think you are a windjammer? This ain't no slow race. You're overset a block. Kill a few galleys and get busy! Get busy! Bill shrieked.'

"'Thinking to be agreeable, the grizzled old mariner depopulated the Gazelle's culinary establishment, then, puffing from the exertion, growled:

"'I'll be keel hauled and eat a bale of oakum if I know what's wrong with the blamed old boat. She never acted like this before.'

"'Then he crammed on enough steam to run a battleship six months, and jettisoned two of the crew. But, in spite of all this, the Gazelle could only make a noise like a menagerie and crawl. Bill finally became so frantic that he had to be restrained from wading out and soaking the captain with a fence rail.

"'In the meantime, the Cleopatra was leisurely making her way to Frogport, where afterwards the captain became editor of the Piccolo.

"'But what's the use in trying to make a comedy out of a tragedy?

"'I suppose the Gazelle would be grunting along on her hands and knees yet if the captain hand't discovered that some one had tied an anvil to her keel.

"'What became of Bill?

"'It was back to the mines for him.'

NewYork With Megaphone Man

Continued From Page Four.

races are held. The auditorium holds a larger number of persons than any other structure of its kind in the country. Its capacity is almost as great as that of a subway train.

As we drive along the Great White Way now you may notice that theaters are as numerous here as saloons are on State street, in another city. The man on the curb with the bird cages is not selling canary birds. They are English sparrows bleached with peroxide of hydrogen.

Metropolitan Opera House, where "Salome" was left on the doorstep. It has a large chorus, but strange to say "Johnnies" never block the stage door.

The Times building, one of the new sky-scrapers. It is rocking from the blasts in the excavations of the Pennsylvania railroad tunnel terminal at Thirty-second street. Persons living near do not mind it. They are all deaf or have moved.

Long-acre Square—Discovered by Oscar Hammerstein and the Hotel Astor.

Quit smoking, gents. This is automobile row and the air is charged with gasoline. So are the owners.

We now enter Columbus Circle. Apartments in these high buildings to our right in Central Park West are rented at so much per square inch. Secretary Taft and Tom Johnson could never afford to live in them.

And here, breaking upon our vision, is Riverside drive. The beautiful palisades on the other shore are becomingly decorated with foundries, mills and quarries. How Ruskin would have enjoyed this view. The only improvement overlooked is a glue factory.

Ahead of us is a place for the thirsty, when they cometh not afoot; looming up behind it is Grant's tomb. The view from the south of this magnificent piece of masonry is helped out by two of the largest gas tanks ever erected. The only apparent way to change the view is to move the monument out of the way of the tanks.

We are now in Harlem and these immense brick walls with holes in them are flat houses. People live in them. In some of them dogs and children are allowed.

Behold now Central Park, the greatest area of grass and trees confined in a large city. Outside of the drive it is principally inhabited during the day by nurse maids, Fidos and squirrels. At evening the moon and benches attract the young and mushy. In Summer concerts are held on Sunday and you can get near the bandstand if you go out the night before.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, where many old masters are hung and many bad masters need to be hung. Painters of the present day can take up half of a cheese sandwich, study the walls all day and go home and eat the other half.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is a house from the architect's dream book. It was erected by Senator Clark and is almost ready for occupancy and the newspaper photographers. It has cost several million dollars and many artistic souls' unrest.

From here we see the Metropolitan Club. The glass in the windows is carefully sterilized each day so that the members may escape infection from the sordid views without.

Here is a de luxe department store. The management is thinking seriously of doing away with all entrances except the carriage entrance.

This crossing is Thirty-fourth street and the Waldorf-Astoria.

You can loaf in its corridors and look like a guest as cheaply as anywhere else. That noise you hear is John W. Gates betting a million on a select prize fight in his apartment.

What you have seen, ladies and gents, is but a small part of this little burg. It cannot spread out any more, so it is going up and burrowing down. Real estate is increasing so in price that the assessors have to go around every day and make a new valuation. Often an intending purchaser of a piece of property, haggling over the price, finds that it has gone up 10 or 20 per cent during the interim. It is nothing to wake up in the morning and find that the place you dwell in has been pulled down during the night and that you are occupying the new excavation for a sky-piercing apartment house. As for the rent—all New York is busy inventing ways and means of getting it.

And now we are back to Madison Square again. The huge mound that we are dodging is not a relic of an ancient race. It is a little snow and dirt overlooked by the street-cleaning department from last Winter. It serves to remind us that we have a Winter, and we should feel lonesome without it. We will part with any of our rights, but leave us our mounds of dirt and snow. Some of it will be melted by the end of Summer, of course. Then election day may bring it a cruel fate. It may be removed the day before.

This ends the sight-seeing. Whoa, there. Pull 'er up, Bill. All off.