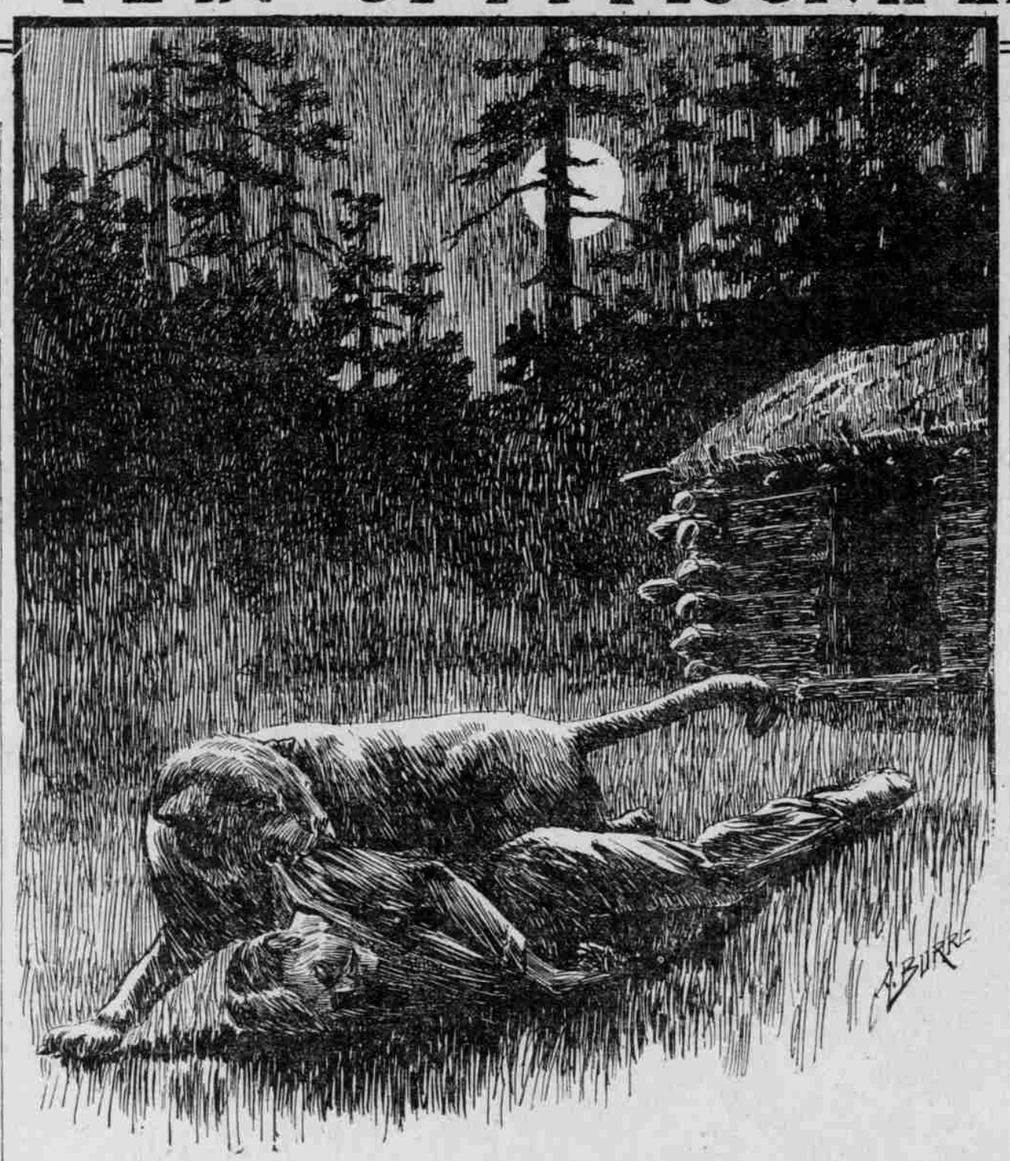
IN THE MAW OF A MOUNTAIN LION



NEXT to the grizzly bear in ferocity and far ahead of the grizzly in craft and stealth, is the animal known throughout the Pacific Coast as the mountain lion. These animals often measure 11 feet from tip to tip, and, for ferocity and strength are only excelled by one of the felidea of the Western continent, the jaguar of South America, and in cunning and craft the mountain lion excels the jauguar.

What makes this animal so extraordinarily dangerous is the stealth used in stalking its prey and the immense distance it can cover at a single leap. They lie in wait along the trails frequented by deer and elk, often springing a distance of 30 feet, striking their victim unaware and rendering it helpless by the impact. I have known one instance of a lion killing a seven-point bull elk with a single wrench of its powerful arms. It caught the under jaw of the elk with its right paw, placed the left paw on the elk's neck, and, with one twist, broke the animal's neck.

It is not surprising that an animal possessing such immense strength and cunning should inspire a feeling of dread in man, yet they very seldom attack human beings. It is only when pressed by hunger through scarcity of game that they are dangerous to the hunter. Then the onslaught is swift and terrible and the hunter is luckly to escape with his life.

In an experience of 40 years in the Cascade and Coast Range Mountains of Western Oregon I can recall but four instances of men being attacked and in all these cases the men were victors. The most thrilling of these adventures happened to a timber cruiser and I shall try to relate it just as he told it to me.

"Another cruiser and I," he said, "were cruising in the Necanicum Mountains in the Winter of '98. Each had a man to run the compass, and we made our headquarters in a deserted cabin in the midst of a dense spruce forest. We had ofen seen the tracks of mountain lions and we knew that game was scarce but we did not apprehend any danger. Like all men inured to the woods, we went fearlessly through the dense forests, careless of danger intent only upon the task before us, hurrying through the almost impenetrable jungles, because the more sections we cruised the more money we made, being paid so much for each quarter section we cruised.

"The first night we camped in the cabin we heard the cry of a lion which resembles the plaintive cry of a woman so closely that they are scarcely distinguishable. oT this we paid but little attention save to jolly each other about being caught and what we should do in a case of that kind.

"My compass man and I had our bunk made near the door and I slept on the outside, lying almost flush with the opening. It was on the fourth night our our stay in the shack that I was awakened from a sound sleep by the sensation of being drawn along the ground. Opening my eyes I saw that I was being slowly dragged away from the cabin by a huge mountain lion which had caught me by the left shoulder as I lay with my back to the door and had succeeded in drawing me out of my blankets without waking my companion.

"Fortunately I had on my trousers and in the right-hand pocket was my clasp-knift, a large one, which I always kept sharpened to razor keenness.

"Carefully inserting my hand into my pocket I slowly withdrew the knife and carefully opened it, for I knew it was all that stood between me and a horrible death.

Strange as it may seem I felt neither fear nor pain although I knew the lion's fangs were buried in my shoulder. I have been told that this is the experience of all who have had similar experiences. Carefully feeling along the lion's side I located its heart by its beating. I then placed the point of the knife blade against this spot and, with all my strength drove the blade into the lion's body, hoping to pierce the heart and thus produce instant death.

"As the blade went home the lion dropped me, and uttering a terrific roar, struck me a terrible blow which caught me in the shoulder and stripped me to the waist, the cruel claws rending my flesh like gigantic knives, and rendering me unconscious.

"Of the events of the next two hours I know nothing except what my companions told me. The roar of the lion awakened them from a sound sleep and they soon discovered my absence. A torch was improvised and a search instituted for me which resulted in finding the lion and me lying near each other, both apparently dead.

"Fever set in and it was two months before I was able to cruise again, but when well I followed my old occupation, but have never had an encounter with a mountain lion since that time. It took me years to recover from that night's terrible experience, and, now, I often dream of being in the jaws of a mountain lion and awaken bathed in a cold perspiration and chilled with fear."

B. A. CHILDERS.

THE PEACEMAKER

BY W. W. JACOBS.

THE harbor was crowded with fishing boats, and fresh arrivals were coming ine very few minutes . Until the entrance was reached they came scudding along with every appearance of haste, but then their mainsails came tumbling down to the deck and the boats with sufficient way left on them moved easily over the still water, and felt their way to a berth. Small boats conveyed the fish to the quap, where embryo fishermen were appraising the catch with a wisdom beyond their years.

There was a glut of whiting. So many whiting, and going so cheaply that it was enough to make them bite their tails from sheer vexation. Small flat fish which slid away from their pile were carefully looked after and coaxed back with the toe of a sea-boot, but whiting slid away unnoticed until they vanished from mortal ken in the pockets of predatory urchins.

In the small market, a short, red-faced man with a scrubby beard walked in a disparaging fashion from heap to heap, using a favorite briar in lieu of a hammer to knock down such fish as found bidders. The latter were few and wary, and turning a deaf ear to eloquence expressed opinions distasteful to an auctioneer's ear in crude English.

The sense of the meeting being against him, the auctioneer truckled to it, and coming to another heap consisting of a selection of the most undesirable fish that swim Britannia's realm, gazed at it indignantly. There was a titter behind him, and he voiced his wrath impetuously.

"That's Joe Gubbs' catch," he bawled. "S'elp me, I'd know that man's luck anywhere."

He turned the fish over scornfully with his foot, and, with a severe glance at the hapless Gubbs, moved away to something more salable.

"Where d'ye get 'em from, Gubbs?" inquired an aggravating voice. "We never get such things in our nets. I've never seen some o' them things afore."

"There's a lot you ain't seen, Bob Tarbut," said Gubbs, turning upon him, "and what you do see don't do you much good."

"I'd be ashamed to bring home such a queer-looking lot," jeered the other.

"They mayn't be up to much, but there's none on 'em would care to change faces with you, I expect," retaliated Gubbs.

"You leave my face alone," said Tarbut, whose physiognomy was much used in the village for purposes of comparison.

"A skate's handsome to you," said Gubbs, following up his advantage.

He jumped back suddenly as the fist of the sensitive Tarbut shot suddenly out, and treading on a small fish, whirled round wildly with his hands in the air in the effort to retain his balance, and sat down heavily. The bystanders instantly separated into two groups, and two or three anxious sympathizers helped the fallen man to his feet and indicated those parts of Tarbut's frame which, in their opinion were least adapted to offer resistance to his fist.

"Stand up," said Gubbs, sternly, as he shook himself free from these friends.

"I am a-standin' up!" said Tarbut, breathing hard.

The two combatants approached each other stealthily, and maneuvering round the heaps of fish, struck safely at each other over these convenient barriers.

"Get 'em in the road," said an excited voice; "they can't 'urt each other here."

A dozen kindly hands helped them there, and finding too much strategy for sport in a large ring, at the bidding of the resourceful individual who had last spoken, gradually made it smaller and smaller. Two or three small blows warmed the combatants, and they set to work in earnest. Then Gubbs, under a heavy blow from Tarbut, went to the ground and stayed there.

It was three minutes before he came thoroughly round, and then he sat up in a dazed fashion and looked round for his opponent.

"Did I kill 'im?" he inquired, in a whisper.

"No, not quite," said one of his friends, gently.

Gubbs rubbed his eyes. "What are they patting him on the back for?" he inquired, eyeing the group who were making a fuss over Tarbut.

"'Cos he's won," said his friend.

Gubbs staggered to his feet.

"It's no good," said the landlord of the "Three Fishers," who had run over to the scene of the fray; "you wasn't properly trained, you know.

"Now, look 'ere. If you put yourself in my hands; in three weeks you can beat him holler."

"You do as Mr. Larkins ses, Joe," said his friend, impressively.

"I lived among prize-fighters afore I come down 'ere," said Mr. Larkins, expanding his small frame. "In three weeks' time, Gubbs, you'll be able to knock him silly."

"Well, what about Tarbut? He ought to be trained, too," said one of the men. "Fair play's fair play any day."

"I'll train 'im," said an old ex-coastguardsman.

"I don't want no training," said Tarbut, surily. "I've beat 'im, beat 'im easy."

"Well, beat 'im again, Tarbut," said one of his friends. "I'll put up five bob on you. Who'll take me?"

For the next five minutes, heedless of the assertion of both men that they wouldn't fight any more, bets were freely taken, Tarbut, in view of his recent success, being a hot favorite.

A jarring element was introduced into the proceedings by a small, elderly man wearing a piece of blue ribbon, who, pushing his way in eagerly, inquired what it was all about. Nobody troubling to give him a correct answer, he tried to solve it for himself, and was then caught, just in the nick of time, trying to make the enemies shake hands.

"You go off to your Mothers' Meeting, Peter Morgan," said an incensed voice.

"It's a fight," said the little man, raising his voice. "Oh, my friends—"

"It's nothing of the kind," said Larkins, hotly. "I'm training 'em for a race, that's all. They're just going to see who's the best runner."

Morgan, disregarding the publican, looked to others for information.

"It's quite right," said a bystander. "You can believe me, can't you?"

"When's it going to be?" asked Morgan.

"I don't know," said the other, turning away.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves," said Morgan, warmly. "It's bad enough to make a couple of men fight what don't want to without telling a lot of lies about it."

"It's none o' your business," said Larkins, surlily. "Ask no questions and you'll have no lies. You'll get some idea into that 'ead of yours and then go and split, and have it stopped."

"I never told of anything in my life," said Morgan, sharply. "My mates know that. That ain't my way. My way's persuasion and example, not forcing people to do what I want."

"There's a purse o' fifteen and six made up for the winner," said Larkins, turning away and whispering the news to Gubbs. "The spot for the picnic'll be made later on. Them what's in the know is respectfully asked to keep their mouths shut to save trouble all round."

He went back to his bar, and the other men, after standing about a bit, strolled off one by one to their teas. Mr. Morgan was one of the last to leave, and went as far as Tarbut's door with him to tell him an anecdote of a man who was struck behind the ear in a fight and killed on the spot.

A comfortable meal and a good night's rest restored Mr. Gubbs to his wonted serenity of mind, and he awoke at 6 o'clock feeling determined to shake hands with Tarbut and let the matter drop. A persistent hammering at the door, which gradually got louder and louder, interfering with his meditations, he roused Mrs. Gubbs, who was sleeping peacefully, and with some asperity bade her get up and stop it.

"It's Mr. Larkins, Joe," said the lady, hastily withdrawing her head from the window.

Mr. Gubbs sat in bed, and then with a mighty yawn rose, and, pushing open the casement again, gazed inidgnantly at the small publican, who was standing below keeping up an incessant rapping on the door with a small cane.

"Morning, Mr. Larkins, sir," said Gubbs, sniffing at the cool morning air.

"Halloa!" said Larkins, looking up. "This won't do, you know. You're wasting time. You ought to be up and out by now."

"I've changed my mind," said Gubbs, leaning out and speaking in a low voice to defeat the intentions of Mrs. Gubbs, who was looking. "I dreamt I killed Tarbut, an' it's give me such a fright that I've resolved not to fight."

"That's all right," said Larkins, briskly; "dreams always go by contraries."

"Well, there ain't much comfort in that," said Gubbs, who was anxious to get back to his warm bed, sharply.

"You dress and come down," said the imperious Larkins. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself after all the trouble I'm taking on your behalf."

Mr. Gubbs rubbed his eyes and pondered. "What's the towel for?" he demanded, suspiciously.

"Rub you down with after you've bathed," said the other.

"Bathed?" said Mr. Gubbs, with emphasis. "Bathed? What for?"

"Training," replied Mr. Larkins. "Hurry up."

"I don't believe old Bullock's going to make Tarbut bathe," said Gubbs, shivering; "it's weakening."

"You do as you're told," said the autocratic Larkins. "Bullock dont know nothing about it."

Mr. Gubbs sighed and withdrew his head, and explained to his astonished wife that he was going for a little stroll, gloomily dressed himself and joined his trainer below.

"Shoulders back," said the small publican. "Head up."

He led the way down to the beach, and, ignoring the looks of aversion which Mr. Gubbs bestowed upon the silver sea, stood by while he disrobed and picked his way painfully over the shingle to the edge of the water. It was a bright morning, but somewhat chill, and Mr. Gubbs' breathless gaspings furnished an excellent clue to the temperature of the water.

"How do you feel?" inquired Mr. Larkins, anxiously, as he rubbed him down.

"I feel ill," said the other, shivering.

"You'll feel better when you've had your run," said Larkins, cheerily.

"Ad my w-w-wot?" inquired Mr. Gubbs, staring at him offensively, and rubbing himself furiously with the towel.

"Your run," repeated Larkins, sternly. "You don't want your coat. I'll hold that. And mind, I don't want you to go running like a steam engine, or a runaway horse."

"I wasn't goin' to," said Gubbs.

"Just trot easy," continued the other, "for about half a mile. Go as far as that gate over there, then rest two minutes and trot back again."

His manner was so dictatorial that Mr. Gubbs, remembering in time his score at the "Three Fishers," swallowed something he was going to say—and it was nearly strong enough to choke him—and set off at a strange, weird gait towards the indicated goal. He reached it at last, and after a long two minutes started back again in response to the semaphore-like appeals of the enthusiastic Larkins.

"I've got my work cut out for me, I can see," said the latter, as his victim, puffing and blowing, sat down on the ground. "But I'll soon get you in trim, and you can keep quiet about it. I don't want Bullock to know."

"Why not?" demanded Mr. Gubbs.

"Because he'd train Tarbut the same way," said Larkins, with a cunning grin.

"Well, why shouldn't Tarbut 'ave a doing same as me?" said Mr. Gubbs, vindictively; "why should 'e be a-laying in comfort in 'is bed while I'm catching cold bathing and killing myself running."

"Don't you be a fool," said Larkins, affectionately patting him on the shoulder. "Come into my place when you have time, and I'll put the gloves on with you a bit; and be careful what you eat, mind, else you'll undo all the good I've done you."

If it is possible for a man to expectorate sarcastically, Mr. Gubbs achieved that feat.

"Only two cups of tea with your breakfast," continued Larkins, solemnly, "and no greens for dinner, and I'll send you in one pint of old ale every day free gratis."

The tensity of Mr. Gubbs's features relaxed and he smiled faintly as he rose and accompanied his friend back. Larkins saw him to his door, and after explaining fluently to Mrs. Gubbs that her husband was training for a race, gave her explicit instructions as to his diet, and departed.

It was a source of much joy to Mr. Larkins, though he was unable to persuade Gubbs to share in his feelings, that Tarbut's trainer was satisfied with a less vigorous system for his man. He let Tarbut off with a cold sponging on rising, and as Tarbut had his own ideas as to what constituted a cold sponging, both parties were well pleased with each other.

The business-like nature of these proceedings was keenly appreciated by the inhabitants of the fishing quarter. Fights had happened before and doubtless would again, but they were mere rough-and-tumble affairs, and over before any proper excitement could be worked up. The purse had steadily mounted up to 35 shillings, and the betting varied from day to day.

Each man had his knot of supporters, and enthusiasm had reached such a pitch that Gubbs, who was naturally of a retiring disposition, had to take his matutinal tub before quite a circle of admirers. Opposition on the part of the ladies was balked by continuing to allude to the affair as a race, though Mrs. Gubbs, who got up one morning to see her man run, went home in a state of mind bordering upon stupefaction.

An uneasy feeling was caused by the anxiety of the excellent Mr. Morgan to discover the time and place of meeting. No information was afforded him, and as he had indignantly denied any intention of giving the alarm, the gentlemen interested were much exercised as to the reasons for his curiosity.

The battle was fixed for Saturday evening, the two trainers, after much wordy warfare, having selected a site which Mr. Larkins insisted had been made purposely by Nature with a view to affairs of the kind. Lofty cliffs hid it from view, and the ground itself consisted of turf so soft and spongy that Larkins predicted that Tarbut would bounce up from it like an India-rubber ball. The principals expressed themselves as satisfied, though their niggardliness in the matter of thanks for the trouble which had been taken over the arrangements formed food for conversation for the trainers all the way home.

The boats got in early on Friday afternoon with their fish. The catch was small and soon disposed of, and then the attentive trainers, rescuing their men from admirers, who were feeling their arms and putting leading questions as to their wind and state of mind, sent them indoors with concise instructions as to how they were to spend the last evening. Larkins officiously sent his man off for a short, sharp walk after his tea, and later on, going to the quay, found that Bullock had given his man the same instructions.

"Don't you go worrying of 'em, mind," said Larkins sternly to the group, "an' let 'em have an easy time of it tomorrow in the boats. Both of 'em," he added, generously.

"Spoke like a Briton, Mr. Larkins," said an old fisherman.

"What I want is fair play and no favour," said Mr. Larkins; "it's to be a genuine sporting affair. No bad blood or anything of that kind. After the little affair, all what go to see it are welcome to one drink at my expense."

"It's time my man was back," said Bullock, looking up the road which led over the cliffs. "I told him to go just as far as the ground and back."

"Old Peter Morgan's gone down to the place too, I think," piped a small lad in huge boots. "I saw 'im following Tarbut."

The landlord of the "Three Fishers" started uneasily. "It's on my mind," he said, in a melancholy voice, "that that blessed old teetotaler'll have the thing stopped. He'll tell the police or something."

"No he won't," said the old fisherman who had spoken before. "Me an' Peter was boys together, an' he's never done anything o' that sort in his life. Before old Peter got religious there was nothing he liked better than to see a fight, or to take part in one either, an' it's my opinion he'd like to see this one, only he don't like to say so."

"Well, he won't, said Larkins, grimly. "It may be as you say, but we're not going to take any risks."

Conversation became general, and in view of the nearness of the event, animated, but still the two gladiators failed to put in an appearance.

"He's overdoing it, that's what he is," said Mr. Larkins, referring to the ardent Gubbs. "You can 'ave a man too willing. He'll go and knock hisself up."

The small boy came up, his big boots clattering over the stones, and, shading his eyes with his hands, gazed along the road. The other men, following his, saw three men advancing lovingly arm-in-arm towards them.

"It—it can't be old Morgan with 'em," said Mr. Larkins.

"It is, though," said the old fisherman, peering through screwed-up eyes. "They have made it up through old Peter, that's wot they've done. He's been talking at 'em and getting at 'em and now there won't be no fight."

His disappointed auditors groaned in chorus. "Won't there—You don't think me and my friend Bullock here are going to slave three weeks for nothing, do you?"

"There won't be no fight," repeated the old man. "Look how loving they are! All three of 'em as close together as sweethearts."

The advancing trio certainly bore out the old man's words to the letter. Mr. Peter Morgan was in the center, and appeared to be half-embracing his companions.

"Why, they can hardly walk," said Bullock; "they've been too far."

"Yes, that's what it is," said Larkins, in a hollow voice.

"Seems to me," said the boy, slowly, "that they've 'ad a bit of a scrap already."

The crowd with bated breath stepped out to meet them, Larkins and Bullock leading. It was evident that the two heroes were clinging to Mr. Morgan more for support than from any motives of affection, and it was no less evident that the lad's remark as to a bit of a scrap was capable of wide interpretation. In a few minutes both parties were face to face, and the two trainers gazing at their charges speechless with indignation.

"Which is Gubbs?" demanded Larkins at last, in an unnatural voice.

The figure on Morgan's right arm managed to open an eye an to twist its swollen lips into something intended for a smile.

"What 'ave you been doing?" vociferated the incensed landlord.

"Fightin'," said Gubbs, speaking with some difficulty; "it's all over now. It was a draw, and we're going to halve the money between us."

"Oh, are you," said Larkins, bitterly. "Well you won't have a damned ha'penny of it. What do you mean by it? Eh?"

"I'll tell you all about it," said Morgan, who was looking radiantly happy. "I saw Tarbut going up the road and I followed him and talked to him, and by and by up comes Gubbs, and I talked to him. Then I found out what, of course, I knew before, that all you men were trying to induce these poor souls to knock each other about for money."

Mr. Larkins, choking helplessly, looked sternly at Mr. Morgan, and pointed an incriminating finger at Tarbut's visage.

"I urged 'em not to make such a brutal show of themselves for money," continued Mr. Morgan, "but they said as 'ow they would. Gubbs said it would be the easiest 35 shillings he'd ever earned, and Tarbut said it was him as was going to earn it. After a little talk o' this kind, Gubbs here 'it Tarbut smack in the eye."

Tarbut gave a faint groan in confirmation.

"Then they both started to peel," continued Mr. Morgan.

Why didn't you stop 'em?" inquired the ex-coastguard; "it was your duty as a Christian to stop 'em."

"I thought it was better for 'em to fight like that than to make a brutal exhibition of themselves," said Mr. Morgan, with dignity. "It was a revolting spectacle, shocking, and I'm glad and thankful there was nobody there but me to see 'em make such brute beasts of themselves."

A threatening murmur broke from the crowd.

"There in that sweet secluded spot," said Mr. Morgan, shaking his head, "these two men, stripped to the waist, knocked one another about for 15 rounds. First blood fell to Tarbut, he got in with his left on Gubbs' nose, then Gubbs up with a fearful blow and knocked him flat. It was as clean a blow as ever I see. I took Tarbut on my knee—poor fellow, he was doing wrong, but still he was suffering, and Peter Morgan's always got a knee for the sufferer. Second round he was more cautious, and watching 'is opportunity, he clenched and fell with Gubbs underneath. It was a disgusting spectacle."

Mr. Larkins bent savagely over to Mr. Bullock and whispered in his ear.

"When time was called"—said Mr. Morgan.

"Who called it?" inquired a voice, with the accent of one making a point.

"I did," said Mr. Morgan; "there was nobody else;—both of 'em walked round each other a bit, sparring and looking for opportunities. I think the third round was the longest of all. Both of 'em kept getting in a lot of little knocks and then dodging away again. Then Tarbut caught Gubbs one in the bread-ba—in the wind—and then followed up on his jaw and knocked him down again. It was a disgusting spectacle."

"Must he' been," said a dejected voice.

"After that there was 12 more rounds," continued the narrator; "sometimes Tarbut had the best of it, and sometimes Gubbs. Both men was very determined and fought very fair. It was good, solid hard hitting, and they were marked all over before they'd finished. Once Gubbs gave Tarbut a blow over the heart, and I thought he wouldn't get up to time."

"I wouldn't if you hadn't blowed water into my face out of that puddle," said Tarbut.

"It was a most disgusting spectacle," said Mr. Peter Morgan, hurriedly.

"Seems to me——" began Larkins, ferociously.

"Two fine strong men, stripped to the waist, hard as nails, knocking each other about for money," said Mr. Morgan. "They're never going to fight any more. I made 'em promise they wouldn't. They're good friends now; ain't you, lads?"

With an utter disregard of the feelings of the bystanders the two men shook hands.

"And though I regard fighting with horror," concluded Mr. Morgan, beaming on them, "I think that, as it was a bargain, you should divide the purse between 'em."

"They won't get a farthing of it," said Mr. Larkins, explosively, "unless you like to give it to 'em out of your own pocket."

"Me!" said Mr. Morgan, opening his eyes. "Why?"

"Ask yourself," said Mr. Larkins, pointedly. "I should say if any man ever 'ad 35 shillings worth of sport all to hisself, you have; and, what's more, you know it, Mr. Peter Morgan."

The peacemaker sighed, and, turning, led his charges gently away. The crowd watched them as far as the "Three Fishers," and observing that they detached themselves by force from their guide and friend, crossed the road and followed them in.

To Destroy Famous Haunts

A GIGANTIC chreme for the improvement of the Friedrichstrausse quarter, which will entail the erection of four hotels of enormous size, is at present under consideration.

The plan, which embodies the pulling down of dozens of houses between Unter den Lenden and the main railway station, has already been submitted to the Emperor, who always has to be consulted in such matters. It is proposed to increase by 30 feet the width of the Friedrichstrasse between the points mentioned. According to the plans submitted, the undertaking will cost at least 150 million marks. Historic places such as the Cafe Bauer and the Kranzler Ecke will vanish, only to reappear in a rejuvenated form, says the New York Herald's Paris edition.

The disappearance of two such historical establishments as the Cafe Bauer and the Cafe Kranzler would be an event in the history of Berlin. There are few such celebrated places in Europe as these two world famous cafes. The Cafe Bauer was the first "Wiener cafe" in Berlin. Up to the time of its foundation the bierhaus and the weinstube were the only places of public resort. Coffee and cakes could be obtained in establishments known as "conditorei." About 50 years ago a waiter from Vienna named Bauer had the idea of endowing the German capital with a cafe on the lines of those in the Kaiserstadt. The present Cafe Bauer was the result. Its success was unparalleled, and now it is unique in the world among the establishments of its kind.

It is of immense size and can seat about 1000 people. The greater part of the day and night it is crowded to overflowing, and at all times there is a large number of people there, for the Cafe Bauer is open night and day from January 1 to December 31. In no city in the world is there so much nocturnal life as in Berlin, and the Cafe Bauer gives hospitality all the night through. It is one of the handsomest cafes in the German capital, though its decoration is less brilliant perhaps than that of some of the newer establishments. On the walls of the lower cafe are immense frescoes from the brush of Herr Anton von Werner, Germany's leading painter and the president of the Royal Society of Arts. They represent classic subjects and illustrate the odes of Horace, the classic lover of good cheer.

Cafe Subscribes for 500 Newspapers.

But what astonishes the visitor to the Cafe Bauer is the supply of newspapers. The cafe subscribes to nearly 500 daily newspapers. American, English, French, Austrian, Hungarian, Roumanian, Russian, Italian, Spanish and Scandinavian papers are to be found here. And not only the daily press, but even the weekly and monthly reviews of every country in the world. Three uniformed "Zeitungs Kellner" under the command of the genial Alex, fetch and carry them for the visitors. All the leading newspapers are subscribed for in three or four copies, so that the irritating "Il est en lecture, Monsieur" of the Paris waiter is never the reply to a request for even the best-known paper.

This immense supply of mental pabulum, of course, at once gave a literary stamp to the Cafe Bauer, especially to the rooms on the upper floor. Here at one time or another have frequented all the leading lights of German literature and the German press. The theatrical profession also contributes some of its most faithful "habitues." After the theaters the Cafe Bauer generally shows the greatest animation. The frugal German does not, as a rule, go to sup on leaving places of amusement, but at the Cafe Bauer "Brodchen" of all kinds can be obtained.

The rooms on the upper floor form a gallery around the cafe on the ground floor, and those who take their coffee or liqueur on the first floor can look down through the sheets of glass which enclose the gallery on the animated scene below.

The "Zahlkellner" in the Cafe Bauer are personages as well known in Berlin as the Kaiser himself. For in the Cafe Bauer, as in all other cafes in Berlin, the waiter who serves does not receive the money or get any tip. For this there is the "Zahlkellner," who does nothing else but take payment for the "consommations." He it is who pays the whole staff, and in spite of this the profits of the position run to from 15,000 marks to 20,000 marks a year. Most of the 'Zahlkellner" in the large Berlin cafes become wealthy men, and, like Herr Bauer himself, found cafes in their turn.

Last of Old Berlin "Conditorien."

Kranzler's, on the other side of the street, is equally popular with the Berliners. It is not, however, a cafe in the strict sense of the word, but one of the last survivors of the old Berlin "conditorein." This is shown by the fact that the waiters are clothed in white and not in the traditional swallow-tail of their colleagues of the cafes and restaurants. There no money is taken by them. The waiter simply writes the amount on a slip of paper and the visitor pays at the counter as he goes out.

Kranzler's has one advantage over the Cafe Bauer, and for that matter over every other cafe in Berlin in that it possesses a terrace. It is true that from a Paris point of view this "terrace" is a very small affair, a single row of little tables, but at any rate those lucky enough to secure one can sit outside and watch the world go by. Kranzler's, like the Cafe Bauer, has its scores of "Stammgaste," customers who have taken the same refreshments at the same table, at the same hour for years past. Its disappearance will undoubtedly leave a blank in the life of the German capital.

Both the Cafe Bauer and Kranzler's figure in the well-known picture by Herr Anton von Werner, "The Departure of King William for the Seat of War in 1870." This picture shows the future Emperor's carriage driving down Unter den Linden and the crowd thronging both the famous cafes giving him "Godspeed."

To Prevent Fourth of July Accidents

Duluth News-Tribune.

A city in Iowa has found a simple and practical solution of the Fourth of July problem. Council Bluffs has totally eliminated accidents and fires from the celebration of the National holiday, and the scheme, in my belief, is well worth adoption. It worked to perfection last Fourth and would doubtless do so again.

The method is to make young America himself a policeman. From the 1st to the 5th of July each year the city swears in a squad of about 50 little boys and girls as special officers.

It is the duty of these diminutive bluecoats to see that there is no premature celebration of the Fourth, and also no dangerous celebration of the Fourth, and also no dangerous explosive used. They go about the task with the vim and vigor with which other youngsters commemorate the day.

The system was started several years ago, and since its inception there has not been a serious Fourth of July accident in the city, nor any fires due to the celebration of the holiday. The children are interested in law and order and consider themselves the guardians of property, and in this manner are early inoculated in the spirit that makes good citizens.

It is strange that the sensible and effective plan has not been taken up elsewhere. The same plan adopted for other celebrations, such as Labor and Decoration Day, would prevent many drownings and other accidents.

Neighbors.

We have some arrivals next door to our flat—
The janitor says they are "swell."
And—well—I am ready to think they're all that
And something more dreadful as well.

They hammered and pounded a week and no less,
And now they are pounding some more—
They're nailing their rugs to the ceiling, I guess,
And the walls as well as the floor.

They have a new auto that honks in the street,
And my, how their bow-wows do bark!
And phonographs—sounds like a dozen complete—
Are going from dawn until dark.

There's a big pianola that keeps up a noise
With sometimes a fiddle between,
And I'm sure that at least they have seventeen boys
And an infantile squalling machine.

"Whose Name Was Writ in Water."

New York Sun.

Had he been living then, would Keats have sung
Unlaurelled, poorly held of his own time?
Would not the ecstacy of his pure rhyme
Have swayed us utterly? Would we have flung
Thus meanly measured alms of praise—have rung
So faint an echo to that silver chime?
We would have loathed the fratricidal crime:
Ah, yes—and Keats would not have died thus young!

"Had we been living then"—Oh, foolish word,
How false! We had done nowise else than they!
A foregone son of song they honored so,
As we this other: Burns. Oh, vision blurred,
That looks, while some Keats dies unwept today,
To later men to meet the debt we owe.
—T.

Plenty of Time.

The firecracker has one day
To burn and maim and wound;
The auto doesn't hustle so,
It works the year around.