# PLAYING WILBUR TO SHOW

## PROFESSOR SMORTY Mc CABE TELLS of ZYLPHINA AND HER OLD FRIEND FROM HOXIE, KANSAS

BY SEWELL FORD.

"WELL, WELL," SAYS ZYLPHINA, "WHEN DID YOU HIT BROADWAY?"

IT'S ALL RIGHT. You can put the Teddy sign on anything you read in the papers about matrimony's bein' a lost art, and collectin' affinities bein' the latest fad; for the plain, straight, old, love-honor-and-cherish business is still in the ring. I have Pinckney's word for it, and Pinckney ought to know. Oh, yes, he's an authority now. Sure, it was Miss Gerty, the twin tamer. And, say, what do you suppose they did with that gift pair of terrors, Jack and Jill, while they was makin' the weddin' tour? Took 'em along. Honest, they travels for ten weeks with two kids, five trunks and a couple of maids.

"You don't look like no honeymoon couple," says I, when I meets 'em in Jersey City. "I'd take you for an explorin' party."

"We are," says Pinckney, grinnin'. "We've been exploring the western part of the United States. We have discovered Colorado Springs, the Yosemite, and a lot more very interesting places all over again."

"You'll be makin' a new map, I expect," says I.

And I've been tryin' ever since to figure out whether or no that's a knock. Now and then I has a suspicion that Pinckney's acquired some new bug since he's been out through the alfalfa belt; but maybe his idea of the West's bein' such a great place only comes from the fact that Gerty was produced there. Perhaps it's all he says too; but I notice he seems mighty glad to get back to Main-st., N. Y. You'd thought so if you'd seen the way he trails me around over town the first day after he lands. We was on the go from noon till one A. M., and his cab bill must have split a twenty up fine.

What tickles me, though, is that he's the same old Pinckney, only more so. Bein' married don't seem to weigh no heavier on his mind than joinin' another club. So, instead of me losin' track of him altogether, he shows up here at the studio oftener than before. And that's how it was he happens to be on hand when this overgrown party from the ham orchard blows in.

Just at the minute, though, Pinckney was back in the dressin' room, climbin' into his frock coat after our little half-hour session on the mat; so Swifty Joe and me was the reception committee.

As the door opens I looks up to see about seven foot of cinnamon brown plaid cloth,—a little the homeliest stuff I ever see used for clothes,—a red and green necktie, a face the color of a ripe tomato, and one of these buckskin tinted felt hats on top of that. Measurin' from the peak of the Stetson to the heels of his No. 14 Cinderellas, he must have been some under ninety inches, but not much. And he has all the grace of a water tower. Whoever tried to build that suit for him must have got desperate and cut it out with their eyes shut, for it fit him only in spots, and them not very near together. But what can you do with a pair of knock-knees and shoulders that slope like a hip roof?

Not expectin' any freaks that day, and bein' too stunned to make any crack on our own hook, me and Swifty does the silent yawp, and waits to see if it can talk. For a minute he looks like he can't. He just stands there with his mouth half open, grinnin' kind of sheepish and good-natured, as if we could tell what he wanted just by his looks. Fin'lly I breaks the spell.

"Hello, Sport," says I. "If you see any dust on top of that chandelier, don't mention it."

He don't make any reply to that, just grins a little wider; so I gives him a new deal.

"You'll find Huber's Museum down on 14th-st.," says I. "Or have you got a Bowery engagement?"

This seems to twist him up still more; but it pulls the cork. "Excuse me, friends," says he; "but I'm tryin' to round up an eatin' house that used to be hereabouts."

"Eatin' house?" says I. "If you mean the fried egg parlor that was on the ground floor, that went out of business months ago. But there's lots more just as good around on Sixth avenue, and some that carry stock enough to fill you up part way, I guess."

"I wa'n't lookin' to grub up just yet," says he. "I was huntin' for—for some one that worked there."

And, say, you wouldn't have thought any one with a natural sunset color like that could lay on a blush. But he does, and it's like throwin' the red calcium on a brick wall.

"Oh, tush, tush!" says I. "You don't mean to tell me a man of your size is trailin' some Lizzie Maud?"

He cants his head on one side, pulls out a blue silk handkerchief and begins to wind it around his forefinger like a bashful kid that's been caught passin' a note in school.

"Her—her name's Zylphina," says he—"Zylphina Beck."

"Gee!" says I. "Sounds like a new kind of music box. No relation, I hope?"

"Not yet," says he, swingin' his shoulders; "but we've swapped rings."

"Of all the cut-ups!" says I. "And just what part of the plowed fields do you and Zylphina hail from?"

"Why, I'm from Hoxie," says he, as though that told the whole story.

"Do tell!" says I. "Is that a flag station or just a four corners? Somewhere in Ohio, ain't it?"

"Sheridan County, Kansas," says he.

"Well, well!" says I. "Now I can account for your size. Have to grow tall out there, don't you, so's not to get lost in the wheat patch?"

Say, for a josh consumer he was the easiest ever. All he does is stand there and grin, like he was the weak end of a variety team. But it seems a shame to crowd a willin' performer; so I was just tellin' him he'd better go out and hunt up a city directory in some drugstore, when Pinckney shows up, lookin' interested.

"There!" says I. "Here's a man now that'll lead you straight to Zylphina in no time. Pinckney, let me make you acquainted with Mister—er—"

"Cobb," says the Hoxie gent, "Wilbur Cobb."

"From out West," I puts in, givin Pinckney the nudge. "He's yours."

It ain't often I has a chance to unload anything like that on Pinckney, so I rubs it in. The thoughts of him towin' around town a human extension like this Wilbur strikes Swifty Joe so hard that he most has a chokin' fit.

But you never know what turn Pinckney's goin' to give to a jolly. He don't even crack a smile, but reaches up and hands Mr. Cobb the cordial shake, just as though he'd been a pattern sized gent dressed accordin' to the new Fall styles.

"Ah!" says Pinckney, "I'm very glad to meet any one from the West. What state, Mr. Cobb?"

And inside of two minutes he's gettin' all the details of this Zylphina hunt, from the ground up, includin' an outline of Wilbur's past life.

Seems that Wilbur's got his first start in Maine; but way back before he could remember much his folks had moved to Kansas on a homestead. Then, when Wilbur tossed out, he takes up a quarter section near Hoxie and goes to corn farmin' for himself, raisin' a few hogs as a side line. Bargin' bein' caught in a cyclone or two, and gettin' elected junior kazook of the Sheridan County Grange, nothin' much happened to Wilbur, until one day he took a car ride as far west as Colby Junction.

That's where he meets up with Zylphina. She was jugglin' stop-over rations at the railroad lunch counter. Men must have been mighty scarce around the Junction, or else she wants the most she can get for her money; for, as she passes Wilbur a hunk of petrified pie and draws him one muddy, with two lumps on the saucer, she throws in a smile that makes him feel like he'd stepped on a live third rail.

Accordin' to his tale he must have hung around that counter all day, eatin' through the pie list from top to bottom and back again, until it's a wonder his system ever got over the shock. But Zylphina keeps tollin' him on with goo-goo eyes and giggles, sayin' how it does her good to see a man with a nice hearty appetite, and before it come time for him to take the night train back they'd got real well acquainted. He finds out her first name, and how she's been a whole orphan since she was goin' on 10.

After that Wilbur makes the trip to Colby Junction reg'lar every Sunday, and they'd got to the point of talkin' about settin' the day when she was to become Mrs. Cobb, when Zylphina gets word that an aunt of hers that kept a boardin' house in Fall River, Massachusetts, wants her to come on East right away. Aunty has some kind of heart trouble that may finish her any minute, and, as Zylphina was the nearest relation she had, there was a show of her bein' heiress to the whole joint.

Course, Zylphina thinks she ought to tear herself loose from the pie counter; but before she quits the Junction her and Wilbur takes one last buggy ride, with the reins wound around the whip socket most of the way. She weeps on Wilbur's shirt front, and says no matter how far off she is, or how long she has to wait for him to come, she'll always be his'n on demand. And Wilbur says that just as soon as he can make the corn and hog vineyard hump itself a little more, he'll come.

So Zylphina packs a shoe box full of fried chicken, blows two months' wages into a yard of yellow railroad ticket and starts toward the cotton mills. It's a couple of months before Wilbur gets any letter, and then it turns out to be a hard luck tale, at that. Zylphina has found out what a lime tastes like. She's discovered that the Fall River aunt hasn't anything more the matter with her heart than the average landlady and that what she'd fell heiress to is only a chance to work 18 hours a day for her board. So she's disinherited herself and is about to make a bold jump for New York, which she liked the looks of as she came through, and she'll write more later on.

"Oh! Wilbur," Says She. "I'm Yours."

It was later—about six months. Zylphina says she's happy and hopes Wilbur is the same. She's got a real elegant job as cashier in a high-toned, 25-cent reg'lar meal establishment and all in the world she has to do is sit behind a wire screen and make change. It's different from wearin' an apron, and the gents what takes their food there steady treats her like a perfect lady. New York is a big place, but she's gettin' so she knows her way around quite well now, and it would seem funny to go back to a little one-horse burg like Colby.

And that's all. Nothin' about bein' Wilbur's on demand or anything of that kind. Course, it's an antique old yarn; but it was all fresh to Wilbur. Not bein' much of a letter-writer, he keeps on feedin' the hogs punctual and hoein' the corn, and waitin' for more news. But there's nothin' doin'.

"Then," says he, "I got to thinkin' and thinkin', and this Fall, being as how I was coming as far East as Chicago on a shipper's pass, I reckons I'd better keep right on here, hunt Zylphina up and take her back with me."

The way he tells it was real earnest, and at some points them whey-colored eyes of his moistens up good an' dewy; but he finishes strong and smilin'. You wouldn't guess, though, that any corn-fed romance like that would stir up such a blood as Pinckney? A few months back he wouldn't have listened farther'n the preamble; but now he couldn't have been more interested if this was a case of Romeo Astor and Juliet Depeyster.

"Shorty," says he, "can't we do something to help Mr. Cobb find this young lady?"

"Do you mean it," says I, "or are you battin' up a josh?"

He means it, all right. He spiels off a lot of gush about the joy of unitin' two lovin' hearts that has got strayed; so I asks Wilbur if he can furnish any description of Zylphina. Sure, he can. He digs up a leather wallet from his inside pocket and hands out a tintype of Miss Beck, one of these portraits framed in pale pink paper, taken by a wagon artist that had wandered out to the Junction.

Judgin' by the picture, Zylphina must have been a sure-enough prairie rose. She's wearin' her hair loose over her shoulders and a genuine Shy Ann hat, one of those ten-inch brims with the front pinned back. The pug nose and the big mouth wa'n't just after the Venus model; but it's likely she looked good to Wilbur. I takes one squint and hands it back.

"Nix, never!" says I. "I've seen lots of fairies on Forty-second street, but none like that. Put it back over your heart, Wilbur, and try an ad. in the lost column."

But Pinckney ain't willin' to give up so easy. He says how Mr. Cobb has come more'n a thousand miles on this tender mission, and it's up to us to do our best towards helping him along. I couldn't see just where we was let into this affair of Wilbur's; but as Pinckney's so set on it, I begins battin' my head for a way of thinkin' up the trail.

And it's wonderful what sleuth work you can do just by usin' the phone liberal. First I calls up the agent of the buildin', and finds that the meal fact'ry has moved over on Eighth-ave. Then I gets that number and brings Zylphina's old boss to the wire. Sure, he remembers Miss Beck. No, she ain't with him now. He thinks she took a course in manicurin', and one of the girls says she heard of her doin' the hand-holdin' act in an apartment hotel on West Thirty-fifth street. After three tries we has Zylphina herself on the phone.

"Guess who's here," says I.

"That you, Roland?" says she.

"Aw, pickles!" says I "Set the calendar back a year or so and then come again. Ever hear of Wilbur, from Hoxie, Kan.?"

Whether it was a squeal or a snicker, I couldn't make out; but she was on. As I couldn't drag Wilbur up to the receiver, I has to carry through the talk myself, and makes a date for him to meet her in front of the hotel at 6:30 that eventin', when the day shift of nail-pollishers goes off duty.

"Does that suit, Wilbur?" says I.

Does it? You never saw so much pure joy spread over a single countenance as what he flashes up. He gives me a grip I can feel yet and the grin that opens his face was one of these reg-lar ear connectors. Pinckney was tickled, too, and it's all I can do to get him off one side where I can whisper confidential.

"Maybe it ain't struck you yet," says I, "that Zylphina's likely to have changed some in her ideas of what a honey boy looks like. Now Wilbur's all right in his way; but ain't he a little rugged to spring on a lady manicure that hasn't seen him for some time?"

And when Pinckney comes to take a close view, he agrees that Mr. Cobb is a trifle fuzzy. "But we can spruce him up," says Pinckney. "There are four hours to do it in."

"Four weeks would be better," says I; "it's considerable of a contract."

That don't bother Pinckney any. He's got nothing else on hand for the afternoon, and he can't plan any better sport than improvin' Wilbur's looks so Zylphina's first impression'll be a good one.

He begins by makin' Wilbur peel the cinnamon brown costume, drapin' him in a couple of bath robes, while Swifty takes the suit out to one of these pants-pressed-while-you-wait places. When it comes back with creases in the legs, he hustles Wilbur into a cab and starts for a barber shop.

Say, I don't suppose Cobb'll ever know it; but if he'd been huntin' for expert help along that line, he couldn't have tumbled into better hands than he did when Pinckney gets interested in his case. When they floats in again, along about 6 o'clock, I hardly knows Wilbur for the same party. He's wearin' a long black ulster that covers up most of the plaid nightmare; he's shook the woolly lid for a Fall block derby, he's had his face scraped and powdered and his neck ringlets trimmed up; and he even sports a pair of yellow kids and a silver-headed stick.

"Gosh!" says I. "Looks like you'd run him through a finishing machine. Why, he'll have Zylphina after him with a net."

"Yes," says Pinckney. "I fancy he'll do now."

As for Wilbur, he only looks good-natured and happy. Course, Pinckney wants to go along with him to see it all turns out right; and he counts me in, too, so off we starts. I was a little curious to get a glimpse of Zylphina myself and watch how stunned she'd be. For we has it all framed up how she'll act. Havin' seen that tintype, I can't get it out of my head that she's still wearin' her hair loose and lookin' like M'liss in the first act.

"Hope she'll be on time," says I, as we turns the corner.

There was more or less folks goin' and comin' from the ladies' entrance; but no girl like the one we was lookin' for. So we fetches up in a bunch opposite the door and prepares to wait. We hadn't stood there a minute before there comes a squeal from behind and some one says:

"Why, Wilbur Cobb! Is that you?"

And what do you guess shows up? There at the curb is a big, open turin' car—one of the opulent, shiny kind—with a slick-lookin' shuffler in front, and, standin' up in the tonneau, a tart little lady wearin' Broadway clothes that was right up to the minute, hair done into breakfast rolls behind, and a long pink veil streamin' down her back. Only by the pug nose and the mouth could I guess that it might be Zylphina. And it was.

There wa'n't any gettin' away from the fact that she was a little jarred at seein' Wilbur lookin' so cute; but that was nothin' to the jolt she handed us. Mr. Cobb, he just opens his mouth and gazes at her like she was some sort of an exhibit. And Pinckney, who'd been expectin' something in a dollar-thirty-nine shirtwaist and a sagged skirt, is down and out. It didn't take me more'n a minute to see that if Zylphina has got to the stage where she wears pony jackets and rides in expensive bubbles, our little pie counter romance is headed for the ash can.

"Stung in both eyes!" says I under my breath, and falls back.

"Well, well!" says Zylphina, holdin' out three fingers. "When did you hit Broadway, Wilbur?"

It was all up to Cobb then. He drifts up to the tonneau and gathers in the fingers dazed like, as if he was walkin' in his sleep; but he gets out somethin' about bein' mighty glad to see her again.

Zylphina sizes him up kind of curious and smiles.

"You must let me introduce you to my friend," says she. "Roland, this is Mr. Cobb, from Kansas."

Mr. Shuffer grins, too, as he swaps grins with Wilbur. It was a great joke.

"He's awfully nice to me, Roland is," says Zylphina, with a giggle. "And ain't this a swell car, though? Roland takes me to my boardin' house in it 'most every night. But how are the corn and hogs doing', Wilbur?"

Say, there was a topic Wilbur was up on. He throws her a grateful grin and proceeds to unlimber his conversation works. He tells Zylphina how many acres he put in to corn last Spring, how much is shucked to the acre and how many head of hogs he has just sent to the ham and lard lab'ratory. That brand of talk sounds kind of foolish there under the arc lights; but Zylphina pricks up her ears.

"Ten carloads of hogs!" says she. "Is that a kid, or are you just havin' a dream?"

"I cal'late it'll be 20 next Fall," says he, fishin' for somethin' in his pocket. "Here's the packing-house receipts for the ten, anyway."

"Let's see," says she, and by the way she skins her eye over them documents you could tell that Zylphina had seen the like before. Also she was somethin' of a ready reckoner.

"Oh, Wilbur!" says she, makin' a flyin' leap and landin' with her arms around his neck. "I'm yours, Wilbur, I'm yours!"

And Wilbur, he gathers her in.

"Roland," says I, steppin' up to the shuffer, "you can crank up. Hoxie's won out in the tenth."

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# The Tenderfoot and Homestead

**What a Man With Energy and $500 May Do in Oregon.**

BY WALLIS NASH.

A FEW days ago an old friend brought me a letter from his brother—a recent arrival from a middle state and this was the question he set me:

"Tell me your brother's circumstances," said I: "What brought him to Oregon? What family has he, and how much money can he spend?" My friend answered: "He was a farmer in that prairie state, but moved to a city, lost most of his money, brought to Oregon his wife and four husky boys, between 11 and 17 years of age, and has about $500 to spend."

"Whereabouts is the homestead he is thinking of?" said I.

"In one of the southern coast counties," he answered, "about four miles back from the ocean, nine miles north from his trading point, and two miles by trail from the coast road that he has to travel to get to town."

"Is the country round settled up?"

"Yes, he told me there was quite a community of recent settlers and more coming to all the time."

"Now, for the letter; let us hear how he puts it." And here is the gist of the letter, for I got a copy of it:

"I will tell you about the land. It is beach land, patches containing from three to 40 acres. Almost level, and ground that lays so it can easily be cultivated. There is some rock, but not enough to bother and it is covered with a dense growth of alder and some vine maple. The ground is very productive, as was shown by what we saw of the land when we stopped over a day with a new rancher near by. This man had a strawberry patch of 17 rows of 22 hills each. He sold 58 gallons this first season, and did not count the amount consumed by the family. He also has two rows of Loganberries, measuring 51 feet each, and he sold 15 gallons from these this, the first, crop. I saw him dig three hills of potatoes. One hill contained nine tubers that weighed 11 pounds, another hill contained 11, that weighed 11 pounds; another 16, eight inches in length. All these were smooth and nice. He also had other truck and all as equally perfect as those stated above. One could make a living on bees here."

"Well, now," said my friend, "what shall I tell him to do?"

"Do? Why, get to the county seat as quick as he can and pay his eleven dollars before someone else gets in ahead of him! What more does he want? I know that country, though not the special tract he has in mind. The climate is good—mild in Summer and Winter, and not too much rain. He will find a spring or a little creek in every canyon, and he can bring the purest of pure water to his door. He and his four boys can slash an acre a day of alder and vine maple brush, and when it is burned in the windrows he can sow clover and grass on the ashes and have good pasture the very next year."

"Can't you give him some pointers how best to start in? He knows nothing of that brush country; everything is new to him here."

I told him I would write something he could send to his brother. As I sat down to write it came to me that of the thousands of newcomers to Oregon there must be many a one facing the same questions. Not every one has four stout boys, willing to work, and many come from city life to factory and shop. How strange to them to be set down in the wilderness, everything to make, and no stores to run to for bread and milk, and meat and vegetables. No roof to cover them until they set it up—and around them the vast silence of the hills. But in the background of their thoughts is the pressing sense that they have cast their last die. Their little store holds but few dollars now. If they fail, if all dribbles out before the turn comes of incoming, not outgoing—what then?

But they need not fail. And if their strength and training is not at first equal to the task new friends will help. Here in Oregon we are kindly folk, and the neighbors—even if five miles away—will share, with labor and advice, seeds and plants, here a young pig, now a setting of eggs, maybe a ham of deer meat or a quarter of a sheep.

The first thing is, of course, a home. A good-sized tent is easily carried, and it takes but few boards to lay a floor and build up the sides to where the tent roof meets them. A camp stove will last, under shelter, for many a month, till the cabin is built and the cookstove installed. The building spot should be carefully chosen. See to it that there shall be a clear lookout, and if possible a distant view when the brush is cleared away. But find a spring or little creek above it, whence pure water may be led in home-made troughs, from the split trees, to the very door.

Then the garden spot below it. A hundred yards by fifty will not take long to clear of roots and trash, and the first year's supply of family food is well in sight. Steal time enough for a little log chicken house, and fix the door so that, shut in at night, Mr. Skunk will prowl around in vain. Take the neighbor's hint, and set out some strawberries and Loganberries—quick moneymakers, as the next Summer will show. Another hint: One colony of bees in our hills will fill three supers before the Fall rains set in, and two for the beemaster and one for the bees, yield 48 pounds of the finest, sweetest honey in the world for family or market.

One mistake the new settler often makes is to take in from the "outside" cows and horses before they have food to winter them. In every hill ranch that I know anything about a creek bottom can be found where the grass grows lush and thick, and the herbage never fails. Fence this in with rough poles, be it but an acre, and with this to fall back on the one family cow can be ventured on. Horses can wait for a year till the first pasture field can be fenced in. But the family cow—her bell sounds cheerfully in the dusk when the children go to fetch her in for the evening's milking. Her milk overpays for all the trouble. By all means choose one from the neighborhood, used to rustle for her food in the thickets and on the hillsides around.

A rough life? Truly; but a healthy and happy one—for Oregon is kind. Each month is marked by solid progress toward the time of incoming from the ranch. A neighbor of mine who has tried it all through says that after the first year thirty dollars in money is all he needed to provide for himself, his wife and child from sales of stuff he raised beyond what the ranch returned him for the family needs. So the $500 my friend's brother had in hand should be full provision for the homesteader's necessities.

### Quaint Ideas in Jewelery.

Girls are quite enthusiastic over the return to fashion of an old English method of forming mottoes with stones. It has been done in England, from peasant to royalty, for centuries. Recently it lapsed in favor, but has come back with a swirl.

The ring that Alexandra gave to King Edward when they were married spells his familiar name, "Bertie," with colored stones. This idea has been followed by English men and women of high and low degree since that long-ago royal marriage, but Americans are now taking it up with avidity.

Bracelets and rings are mounted in this way. The method is to use gems the first letters of which combined form a name or a motto.

Now that semi-precious stones are so easy to get, and are not expensive, girls can find it within their purse limit to set a ring or a bracelet in this manner.

The word "hope," for instance, is a favorite setting. It contains a hyacinth, opal, pearl and emerald. The word "luck" is also popular. It is made from a lapislazuli, Uralian emerald, catseye and a kyanite.

The most old-fashioned of these is a bracelet forming the word "regard." This is made up from a ruby, emerald, garnet, aquamarine, ruby and diamond.

### One Point of Contact.

Chicago News.

He has a few unpleasant ways,
Against the bonds of friendship straining.
An ugly temper he displays,
Of which I hear some folks complaining.
But my affection he's been gaining;
I really like him very much.
So long as he's a five remaining
He's always sure to stand a touch.

He hardly ever sees a joke
And never smiles at its relation.
He also hates tobacco smoke
And lectures me on inhalation.
With a defective education,
His grammar simply beats the Dutch.
But one thing meets my approbation—
He's always sure to stand a touch.

I love to meet that man. Indeed,
To do so always gives me pleasure,
For truly he's a friend in need—
In that respect he's a treasure.
When all his benefits I measure
I would that there were many such.
His presence soon relieves the pressure—
He's always sure to stand a touch.

FIRST PICTURES OF THE WEDDING PAGEANT OF PRINCE AUGUST WILHELM

BRIDAL COACH, AUG. WILHELM'S MARRIAGE

AUG. WILHELM AND BRIDE

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—(Special.)—These are the first pictures received in this country illustrating the recent marriage of Prince August Wilhelm, the Kaiser's third son, to Princess Alexandra. The young couple rode in the great bridal coach of gold, which is brought out only for royal functions and all the old traditions of the occasion were observed, even to the distribution of the bride's garter. It is not really the bride's garter which is given away. Slips of silk ribbon are substituted for it.

# Peasant Life Described by Tolstoi

**Hopeless Condition of Multitudes in Personal Service.**

Count Leo Tolstoi, in the Independent.

IN THE middle of the field, surrounded by a wall, stands an iron foundry with huge smoking chimneys, rattling chains, blast furnaces, a junction railway, and little scattered houses for the foremen and the workingmen. The workmen stir about in this factory and in the mine shafts near by like ants. Some dig the ore from morning until night, or from night until morning, at a depth of 300 feet underground in dark, damp, narrow, stifling passages, in constant danger of death, others put this ore on dirt carts, who with bent backs pull them in the dark to the hoisting shafts, and then take the empty carts back to fill them again. So they work 12 or 14 hours a day all the week round.

This is the way they work in the mines. In the foundry itself they work some at the smelting furnaces in sweltering heat; others where the molten iron and slag flow out; still others in the various shops as machinists, stokers, brick makers, carpenters, also from 12 to 14 hours a day all the week round.

On Sundays all these people receive their wages, wash themselves, or get drunk without washing themselves in the saloons and dramshops which surround the iron factory on all sides to entice the workingmen. And early on Monday morning they put themselves in harness again for work.

Near by the peasants plow other people's fields with tired, starved horses. These peasants rise with the sun, if they have not passed the night on the pasture land, at the swamp, the only place where their horses can graze. At sunrise they return home, put their horses in harness at once, and, taking with them a piece of bread, set out to plow other people's land.

### Breaking Stone.

Other peasants sit on the country road near the factory and beat stones in the shelter of a temporary bark shed. The feet of these people are battered, their hands horny, their entire body dirty, and not only their faces, hair and beards, but also their lungs, are penetrated through and through with lime dust.

They take a large stone from the heap, put it between their feet, covered with vast shoes and wrapped in old rags, and strike upon it with a hammer until it is shivered into pieces. After the stone has been broken in this way they take the smaller pieces and hammer them until they are broken into still smaller pieces. Then they take a large stone again and repeat the process. So these people work from the gray of dawn until late at night for 15 or 16 hours a day, resting for two hours after their midday meal, but taking to strengthen themselves only bread and water at breakfast and other short intervals of repose.

This is the way in which all these people live, those in the mines as well as those in the iron foundry, the farm laborers as well as the stone-breakers, from youth until old age. Their wives and mothers live in the same way, working beyond their strength, and, in addition, bearing the sufferings of childbirth and motherhood. So also live their fathers and children, poorly fed and poorly clad, overstraining themselves in excessive, fatiguing labor from morning until night, from youth until old age.

The tinkling of the bells is heard and a carriage comes rolling past the iron factory, the plowing peasants and the stonebreakers. On the way it meets ragged men and women with sacks on their backs, who wander from place to place and live by alms. The carriage is drawn by four bay horses, the poorest of which is worth more than the entire homestead of each of these peasants, who regard the four-in-hand with great satisfaction. Two young girls sit in the carriage, displaying their gay parasols, ribbons and feather hats, each one of which costs more than the horse with which the peasant plows his field. An officer, the galloons and buttons of his uniform dazzling in the sunshine, occupies the front seat of the carriage. A fat coachman in blue silk shirtsleeves and a velvet jacket is perched upon the box. He narrowly misses running down the pilgrim women and throwing into the ditch a peasant in a shirt covered with ore jogging along in an empty cart.

"Can't you see?" cries the coachman, raising his whip against the peasant who did not get out of the way soon enough. The peasant, frightened, pulls the reins with one hand and the cap off his head with the other. Three bicyclists, one woman and two men, spin noiselessly along a short distance behind the carriage, their nickel-plated machines sparkling in the sun. They laugh as they overtake the pilgrim women, who cross themselves in fright.

On one side of the road two horseback riders come galloping, a man on an English stallion and a woman on a palfrey. The lady's black hat and lilac veil alone, not to mention horse and saddle, cost more than a stonebreaker earns by his labor in two months, and for the modern English riding whip as much was paid as that young man, who is now walking up the path with such a contented look because he has succeeded in getting a position, receives for a week's work in an underground mine. As the young man turns out of their way he gazes with admiration at the sleek figures of the horses and the riders, and at the fat, exotic, powerful dog with a valuable collar on his neck running after them with his tongue lolling out.

This party is followed at a little distance by a cart occupied by a smiling girl gaudily dressed, with artificial locks of hair and a white apron, and by a stout, red-faced man with side whiskers and a cigarette between his teeth, sitting at the girl's side whispering something into her ear. There is a samovar in the cart, several bundles wrapped up in napkins, and a small refrigerator.

These are the servants of the people in the carriage, on the horses, and on the bicycles. It is no exceptional day for them. They live in this manner throughout the Summer and go off on excursions almost every day. Sometimes, as today, they take with them tea, various drinks and dainty food, so as to enjoy an occasional change and not always to have to eat and drink in the same place.

The carriage, horseback and bicycle riders speed by like beings from a different world; but the workmen in the foundry, the stonebreakers, and farm hands continue their toilsome, monotonous labor, which they perform not for themselves, but for others, and which will end only with their death.

"What a life these people have!" they think, and they follow the Summer folks with their eyes, and their painful existence seems to them even more painful than before.

Must it be so?