

MADE YOUTH A SAILOR

GREAT MAN REMEMBERED HIS PROMISE TO BOY.

Had "Fought for Jackson," and the President Redeemed Partial Promise That He Had Made Some Years Before.

The subject of Mr. Stephen Bonsal's stirring biography, "Edward Fitzgerald Beale," was the son of Paymaster George Beale, who served with distinction under Macdonough at Lake Champlain, and of Emily, the daughter of Commodore Truxton of the famous Constellation. Young Beale, as a member of two naval families, therefore, had what was regarded in the old navy as a prescriptive right to enter the service.

With the advent of President Jackson, all such rights were brushed aside, and the claims of young Beale might have been overlooked except for a fortunate and characteristic incident.

The boys of Washington, where the Beales spent their winters, were ardent politicians, like their fathers, and they were divided by allegiance to antagonistic statesmen. The disputes between the Adams partisans and the Jacksonians grew so bitter that the boys decided to settle all their political differences once for all by the ancient test of battle.

Ned Beale was the Jacksonian champion, and the Adamsites were represented by a boy named Evans, who afterward became a distinguished citizen of Indiana. The fistie battle was appointed to take place under a long arch, which at that time marked the southern entrance to the White House grounds.

While the battle raged and the enthusiastic spectators applauded, a tall figure suddenly appeared, scattered the boys, and seizing Beale by the collar, asked him why he was fighting. He replied that he was fighting for General Jackson, and that his opponent had expressed a poor opinion of the president's politics and personality.

"I am General Jackson," said the man. "I never forget the men or boys who are willing to fight for me, but I do not wish them to do it all the time. Now put on your coats."

A few years later, when Beale reached his fourteenth year, his desire to enter the navy became overwhelming. One afternoon he called at the White House with his mother to see General Jackson and ask for a midshipman's warrant.

Mrs. Beale told her story, and spoke of the fact that her boy was the son and grandson of men who had served their country and been wounded in battle. Jackson listened with courtesy, but seemed uncertain how he should act. Suddenly the boy interrupted his mother.

"Mother, he said, 'let me speak to General Jackson.'"

He then reminded the president of the fight and the promise he had made, at least by implication, to serve him whenever the opportunity presented.

Without a word, General Jackson tore off the back of a letter lying near him, and wrote to the secretary of the navy, "Give this boy an immediate warrant," and handed it to Mrs. Beale.—Youth's Companion.

Unalterable.

"I love you, my daughter, although"—the light from his eyes was as tender as that of a June dawn, and his tones caused her heart to dance in a billowy ecstasy of joy—"you are a woman with a past."

And with a smile the theosophical bridegroom pressed another kiss upon the brow of the bride he had wooed and won long ago when the world was yet damp from the creation in the evenings and on the holidays after carrying the hod on King Solomon's temple.

Peculiar Natural Fact.

One of the puzzles of nature is the fact that many springs show an increased flow of water several hours before a coming rain begins to fall. Various explanations have been attempted, the most plausible being that the weather before a storm is often of the kind which checks loss of moisture from the ground by evaporation and hence leaves more to feed the springs.

Not for That Reason.

"Why is it that so few people heed the warning about kissing being an unsanitary practice?" "I suppose it is because so few people do it for their health."—Baltimore American.

Wanted a New Sensation.

"Dropped a little at roulette while I was abroad," remarked the ice man. "Can't beat that game," said the coal man. "Wasn't trying to. I just wanted to see how it feels to lose money."

Daily Thought.

I am more and more impressed with the duty of finding happiness.—George Eliot.

RIGHT TO PLACE IN HISTORY

Young German Discovered Error in Constitution That Had Hitherto Evaded All.

An error, so patent as to be termed glaring, has existed in the very first sentence of the Constitution of the United States since its adoption, undetected, as far as can be ascertained, by lawyers or rhetoricians. Strange to say, the error was only exposed by a foreigner applying for citizenship, whose ability to understand this foundation stone of our government was being called into judicial question.

A young German, who, five years ago, had taken out his "first papers"—that is, declared his intention to become an American citizen—was recently taking out his "final papers" in a court of the District. One of the essential steps in this procedure is the examination of the applicant by the judge as to his knowledge of the Constitution. The form of the question is, by immemorial custom, as follows:

"Have you read the Constitution of the United States, and, if so, do you understand it?"

In this instance the young German, to the astonishment of the examining judge, replied:

"Yes, your honor, and I think the men who wrote it did not know how to write correct English. The very first sentence is defective."

"What do you mean?" queried the judge, bewildered by this foreign attack upon the bulwark of our liberties.

"Why," replied the German, "the first sentence says: 'We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union.' Now, according to the best, or indeed, any authority, the word 'perfect' means something that is by its very nature superlative; it cannot be improved upon. How, then, could the people of the United States form a more perfect Union? If it was perfect before, they could add nothing to increase its perfection. It might be made more effective or more binding, but certainly not more perfect!"

The young German got his papers without more ado.

Altered His Idea.

Wrote Tomkins, the novelist: "Woman is indeed a bright and beautiful creature. Where she is there is a paradise; where she is not there is a desert. Her smile inspires love, and raises human nature nearer to the immortal source of its being. She is the ladder by which we climb from earth to heaven. She is the practical teacher of mankind, and the world would be a void without her. Man is a wreck."

He left off just here, and went home and found that dinner wouldn't be ready for another hour yet; and the neighbors say his wife and he went at it so much that his left eye is in a sling, and he's been compelled to wear a wig till his hair grows.

A poem in six cantos, commencing "Woman is a wretch," is now in the press, and will shortly be published. Rumor whispers that the author is Tomkins.

Roumanian Tobacco.

Roumania, the dark horse of the Balkans, may be said to have been wadded into good government on a cloud of tobacco smoke. For it was the tobacco monopoly established by the degenerate ruler Couza that brought about his compulsory abdication. Every Roumanian smokes, and Couza came up against a national habit—with the usual result. It was in 1866 that the present ruler, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, was invited, in the teeth of the concert of Europe and the sultan, to become Couza's successor, and nothing finer ever happened to Roumania—except its queen, "Carmen Sylva." But the good fortune of Roumania is also due to Bismarck, who counseled the young prince to accept the offered throne, remarking: "If you fall you will at any rate have a pleasant reminiscence for the rest of your life."

Power of Smell.

If, when you went to school as a child, you carried a tin lunch box which often contained, let us say, some gingerbread and sandwiches and perhaps an apple, it is worth while to take a sniff at such a box again, now. It is surprising how this simple experiment may recall the pattering of long-forgotten feet and the memory of childish voices that startle over the long lapse of years.

These flashes of memory aided by smell are wonderful. Through smell we achieve a sense of the past; the secret members of the mind are aroused to life and memory. What a pity that we waste this talent!

That Lost Balance.

A young lady while out boat riding one day in a park, attempted to change seats, and fell overboard. When she was brought up gasping and struggling, the usual crowd gathered around and asked how it happened. "Oh, I just lost my balance," she began, when a little Jewish boy, who had been listening open-mouthed, said: "Youse loose your balance, lad, I will find it for youse."

CUT OUT THE HYPHEN

NEW BATTLECRY TAKEN UP BY WRITING WORLD.

The Explanation is That Enormous Amount of Energy is Wasted and That Mark is Not Really of Much Use.

There is enough energy wasted in placing the little hyphen in the words "to-day," "to-night" and "to-morrow" every week day to haul a passenger train around the world, according to statistics that have been compiled by those interested in the strictly modern movement toward higher efficiency.

It is claimed there are 200,000,000 English-writing people and that they average to hyphenate the words "to-day," "to-night" and "to-morrow" three times a day. That is, while some may not average to do this more than three times a week, and a few, perhaps, not three times a month, others write those words and place the hyphens in them scores and scores of times each day, especially newspaper men, typewriters, authors, business men, school children and the like.

The acquiring of sufficient power from making these hyphens each day to propel a passenger train around the world is figured on the basis that it takes half an ounce of energy to make the stroke—either with pen or pencil, and more for a typewriter—that represents the hyphen, and this would total 2,190,000 pounds of energy, or sufficient for the train.

It takes an ounce of energy to make the hyphen on a typewriting machine and three ounces of energy to make it on a typesetting machine, and the same statistician has figured that typewriting and typesetting machines alone take up sufficient energy each day to propel a battleship from New York to the Panama Canal.

All these figures were not compiled for amusement, but as an argument against using the hyphen in these words. Many people do not use the hyphen, but it appears that the majority do. Those who are working toward greater efficiency in everything claim that the hyphen in these words is not at all necessary and should be discontinued by everyone, saving a great deal of valuable time and energy.—Exchange.

Bridge of Arta.

It was by the bridge at Arta that the Greeks on the west side entered Turkey. "The Bridge of Arta," one of the most pathetic of Greek folk songs, tells of the sacrifice of a human victim at the building of a bridge to appease its demon. In the version translated by Mr. J. C. Lawson sixty apprentices and forty-five craftsmen have toiled for three years at the bridge, and every night their day's work falls in ruin. Then the demon's voice bids them sacrifice the master craftsman's wife as she comes to supper. They induce her, with a false story of a ring to be fished up, to let herself be lowered, and her husband himself hurls a stone down upon her. She prays that the bridge may ever tremble and all who cross it fall as now she trembles and her tresses fall; but a reminder that her brother may some day cross it changes her prayer to one that bridge and passengers may be as iron-like as she now feels.

Where Art is.

The guards at the International Exhibition of Modern Art understand what the cubists and futurists are trying to do. They know that the "Nude Descending the Staircase" seeks to represent the lady on every step, besides, apparently, a collection of other poses. A young woman approached one guard.

"Where are the, er—er?" "Movies on yer right, lady," he answered, and there she found them.—New York Evening Post.

Supposed to Need Only One.

A newly married couple left the office of Probate Judge D. A. McCannless in Wichita a few days ago. In the bride's hand was a marriage certificate. Presently the groom re-entered the office and stood gazing at the judge. "What can I do for you this time?" asked the judge. "I—I, well, I'd like my marriage certificate," stammered the young man. He was told that it had been given to his wife. "Oh," he remarked, "is that all we get? I thought we each got one."

Anxious to Be Firm.

"Now, Rufus, I hope I have convinced you that there are no such things as ghosts." "Yassuh. You has convinced me." "You are absolutely sure?" "Yassuh, an' all I hopes is dat no ghos' am g'inter come along an' force me to change my mind."

No Fasting.

"No, sir-ee," said Uncle Sheepskin, "yeou don't ketch me takin' a fast train right threw tew Chicargey; I kin dew without most anything else on the keers except eatin'."

Favorite of the West Indies



MORRO CASTLE, SANTIAGO

At the very southern gate of the United States lies Cuba, the Pearl of the Antilles. The name was given by the Spaniards, who knew what they were talking about. For some reason of soil of climate Cuba is the most favored of all the West Indian islands. Not only is the scenery of the island of wonderful beauty and variety, but the products of her soil are finer in quality than the products of any of her neighbors though they lie in practically the same latitude and grow the same things.

Wrapped up in Cuba is most of the military romance of our generation. The war with Spain was a very little affair as wars go nowadays. All the fighting that took place hardly amounted to the size of a good skirmish in the Russo-Japanese war. But it was an intensely dramatic and picturesque campaign and it was the only American war of our generation. It marked the full development of the United States as a world power. And it was the most elaborately reported war that ever took place. Naturally, therefore, we think a good deal of it, though it may seem a small affair to other nations. And as a matter of fact it was intensely interesting and amusing. If you ask any war correspondent who has attended the campaigns of the last fifteen years, which of them all he remembers with the most interest, he will certainly choose the Spanish-American war as the best experience of his life.

The Broken Hawser.

The reason for this lies largely in the romantic scenery of the Santiago province. The harbor of Santiago with its ancient Morro castle guarding the entrance is one of the most picturesque sheets of water in the Caribbean. It runs inland through a gap in the high rocky coast like a long sieve. Just inside the entrance the sieve turns, so that from the outside it is impossible to see the harbor at all. When Schley, with his flying squadron, was sent around the south side of Cuba to search for Cervera's fleet, he passed by Santiago and declared there was no Spanish fleet inside. That evening a coaling vessel which was being towed along by one of the warships broke the hawser and was left behind for a few hours. While the cable was being mended one of Cervera's vessels came and poked her nose out of the mouth of the harbor thinking that the American fleet had gone. She was seen immediately by the collier and Schley was brought back to bottle up Cervera. If that collier had not broken her tow-line Cervera might have come out of Santiago and proceeded to Havana; and the whole course of the war would have been different.

That would have been a pity; for Santiago provides the most wonderful setting for a campaign. Back from the rocky coast, a few miles inland, runs a high range of mountains. Between these mountains and the coast the country is covered with the richest vegetation. The American army in attacking Santiago had to advance along one narrow path through an almost impenetrable forest. When Grimes planted his battery on the famous hill of El Poso which lies about three miles from the entrance to Santiago bay along the light green of the grassy slopes, the attack had begun. The American army, after lying for hours under the galling fire of the Spaniards, had at length made up its mind to stay quiet no longer. It rose and slowly walked up the ridge of hills. That was a little bit of a battle as battles go. But size even in war is not everything. And in the history of American arms there is no more romantic page than that which describes the frontal attack on the San Juan

hills without any proper artillery preparation and practically without orders. Marvelous Changes.

That block house still stands on San Juan hill to show where the American troops came up the ridge. The lane through the woods is now a fine macadamized road. But the wonderful setting remains just as it was 15 years ago when Theodore Roosevelt rode up the ridge at the head of the Rough Riders. During these fifteen years comparatively few Americans have visited the scene of our only recent war. It has been difficult of access. When the war broke out there was no railroad within three hundred miles of Santiago. The line from Havana stopped one-third of the way down the island at Santa Clara. All the eastern part of Cuba had been devastated by long years of revolution. Just after the war Sir William Van Horne came out of Canada and proceeded to open up the eastern part of Cuba. By 1902 the Cuba railroad was ready for traffic. And now it is possible to go in 24 hours from Havana to Santiago in a comfortable train with good sleeping cars and observation cars, just like a limited train between New York and Chicago. A few years have worked marvelous changes in traveling conditions.

This year traffic to Panama is heavy. Instead of going direct from New York to Jamaica and on to Panama, the traveler should, if possible, go first to Havana, from there through the heart of Cuba to Santiago, thence to Jamaica, and so on to Panama.

From Santiago to Kingston in Jamaica the journey is just a night's run. So that those who are going to see Panama have no possible excuse for not seeing Cuba first. They can ship to Havana and proceed by rail to Santiago, and then across to Kingston and pick up their Panama steamer there. And if the truth must be told the visit to Cuba will be the best part of the trip. Every year Cuba is being brought a little nearer to us by improvements in the steamship and railroad services. Very soon it will be the favorite winter resort of the United States. For the scenery, especially in the east of the island, is matchless and the climate all the year round except in July and August, when the rains come is almost perfect.—Town and Country.

Portrait of Cervantes Found.

One of the most interesting "finds" recently is that of a portrait of Cervantes, discovered by a Spanish collector of curios in Seville. The portrait is by Juan de Jaurigui, and is alluded to by Cervantes in the preface to an edition of his novels. This picture, according to the Century Magazine, which prints a reproduction of it, "has been sought for all over the world for three centuries by admirers of Cervantes."

New One to Him.

A wealthy farmer was in a lawsuit the other day. In the trial the authorship of a certain newspaper article came up. It had been signed by his name. "I never wrote that," he said. "Why, there's words in here I never saw before." "Ah," said the other man's lawyer. "And will you point out one of them?" "Well," running a thick finger down the page, "here's one of 'em. 'V-i-z.'—San Francisco Argonaut.

To Be a Man.

A man shall and must be valiant; he must march forward and quit him self like a man.—Carlyle "On Heroes."

The Result.

"How was the silence broken?" "Somebody dropped a remark."