A Story of Evarts.

When William M. Evarts was called to Washington by President Hayes as secretary of state his predecessor, Secretary Fish, gave a dinner in his honor. Mrs. Fish was seated at Mr. Evarts' right hand. During a lull in the conversation Mrs. Fish turned to Mr. Evarts, speaking so clearly as to be heard even at the foot of the table, saying, "Mr. Evarts, I understand that you have sent two of your sons to college."

"Yes, Mrs. Fish."

"They are twin brothers, are they not, Mr. Evarts?"

"Yes, and they have been playmates and schoolmates until now."

"But is it true that you sent one to Harvard and the other to Yale, although you are a Yale graduate yourself?"

"Yes, it is quite true."

"Then I suppose you have done that, Mr. Evarts, so that each of them can take first honors?"

Here Mr. Evarts looked curiously at Mrs. Fish for an instant and then said very earnestly, "Mrs. Fish, you have divined correctly."

PERKINS' FRESH AIR FUND

By EPES W. SARGENT

Perkins' real name was Chester Albert Montgomery Pfister, and it was his graceless uncle, Jack Pfister, who had shortened it to Perkins, a title the bearer wore with meek resignation.

It was Jack Pfister also who had declared Perkins to have been born a professional philanthropist. From his babyhood Perkins had been possessed by a love of giving excelled only by his desire that his gifts be heralded to the world. Mrs. Pfister labored in vain to instill into his mind the value of unostentatious charity. Once she had even sought to enforce her argument by aid of a hairbrush, only to find her offspring an hour later watching a lame boy eat the apple given him as a balm for his wounded feelings and gleefully informing the passersby that it was through his sacrifice that the other's enjoyment had been brought about.

After that she decided that it would be well to wait until Perkins should have arrived at more mature years before continuing her argument. Then one afternoon Jack arrived with Perkins under his arm, the boy clad only in his trousers. Between roars of laughter Jack described how Perkins had started in by giving his shoes to a barefooted bootblack and, enthused by the imaginary appreciation of the passersby, who had been attracted by the unusual sight, had gradually parted with his raiment, piece by piece, until his uncle's opportune arrival alone had saved the youngest member of the house of Pfister from coming home in a barrel and a state of nature.

Mrs. Pfister decided that heroic measures were necessary at once and turned Perkins over to his father. The latter succeeded in convincing his son that popular applause was not an essential accompaniment to charity and that secrecy and good judgment were more to be praised than ostentation—all of which, being reduced to words of one and two syllables, was duly absorbed by Perkins.

That night at the table Perkins was permitted to come in for dessert, and he gravely listened to an argument between Jack and pretty Grace Tyson as

AS IT WAS TOO PUBLIC A PLACE TO KISS JACK SHE KISSED PERKINS.

to the value of fresh air funds. It was a hobby with Miss Tyson, and Jack was jealous of the time she devoted to the fund because it interfered with their mutual pleasures.

Perkins drank in Miss Tyson's glowing description of the joys of the city child in the country and the willingness of the farmers to take them for a week. He decided that she must be right, though. He was unacquainted with fresh air funds. Usually he was sent to the country in May, but this year, some especial club business requiring his mother's presence in town, their departure had been deferred.

Fresh air funds, he gathered, meant taking poor children to the country, where the farmers fed them fresh milk and let them walk on the grass. Such enterprises were greatly to be approved, since Uncle Jack condemned them. It had been through Uncle Jack he had had that awful hour with his father in the library. Of course he did not know that after dinner, in the same library, Grace handed back her ring, declaring that she could not marry a man so thoroughly selfish. Had he seen Jack Pfister pacing the floor of his room that evening even Perkins might have been sorry.

But since it was not considered necessary to inform Perkins of his uncle's affairs he continued in the belief that fresh air funds were most excellent things to be encouraged. They were very simple too. It would be easy to find a lot of poor children, and his Uncle Montgomery would finance the affair. It was to that maternal relative that he applied the following morning, dropping casually into his office. Five dollars was promptly forthcoming, Mr. Montgomery having no idea that the donation was for Perkins' own particular fund.

Armed with the crisp note, Perkins rounded up half a dozen small boys and invited them for a two weeks' trip to the country. These he marched to the railway station, and on his vague announcement that it was a fresh air fund the ticket seller fell into the error of supposing that it was a belated part of an excursion which had gone out that very morning from the real society. He provided Perkins with tickets to a town a short distance up the river. With the change Perkins purchased a generous luncheon of cough drops and peanuts, and, thus equipped, the first personally conducted excursion of the Perkins fresh air fund made a start.

It was a ride of an hour and a half by slow train to their destination. The lunch disappeared, and the children were tired and quarrelsome. When Perkins, with blind confidence, announced himself and his party as a fresh air fund and demanded to be shown the farmers who delighted to take in children, the station agent, who had been tormented that morning trying to handle the real party, promptly sent for the police force of two constables. The party was taken into custody.

Huddled into one small room in the village lockup things were not well with Perkins. He had promised an outing, and instead they had been arrested. Boylike they took prompt and summary vengeance upon Perkins, who formed the lowest layer of a pyramid of six energetic youths just as Miss Tyson was ushered into the room. The constables soon separated the combatants, and bit by bit the story came out. Miss Tyson first laughed; then she cried, and then she kissed Perkins a very great many times, for Perkins favored his mother—and Jack Pfister.

Meanwhile there was anxiety in the Pfister home. Perkins had not come home for lunch. All of the relatives were telephoned, and a clew was secured from Mr. Montgomery, who related the incident of the five dollar donation.

Jack Pfister's quick wit solved the rest of the problem. Perkins' freaks were a constant source of delight to him, and he saw in a moment how the argument of the night before had borne fruit. A telephone inquiry at the railroad station confirmed his theory, and barely had Miss Tyson made Perkins and his companions comfortable at the "fund" headquarters when Jack arrived on an express and made straight for the headquarters as the first place of inquiry.

Perkins did not know whether Jack was the more glad to see him or Miss Tyson, but he was certain that Miss Tyson cried very much more over Jack than she had over him. At any rate his explanation that he was merely trying to carry out the paternal injunction not to make a display of his good works fell upon unheeding ears, for Jack was protesting that he had been a cad the night before, and Miss Tyson was vehemently declaring that he was a shamefully neglected and decidedly dear boy, which explanation being made she took back the ring.

Then because it was too public a place to kiss Jack she kissed Perkins even more than she had in the lockup, to that young man's great bewilderment, for it had been more than an hour since he had been found. Then he and Uncle Jack went back to town, where Perkins was made much of by the family.

"I think," he said late in the evening as his golden head drooped drowsily upon his mother's shoulder, "that when you don't tell more people find out than when you do." With which sage conclusion he went to bed, while Jack Pfister went to the library to write to Grace.

A Man.

"So," said the head of the firm, "you've decided to go into business for yourself, have you? Do you think you can make more money that way than we are paying you?"

"I'm afraid not," replied the employee.

"Then why do you want to leave here? Haven't we treated you well? You get a vacation, with pay, every summer. When you happen to be sick you're not docked, and I've always made it a rule to treat my men as well as I know how. If it isn't going to be to your financial advantage I can't see why you want to leave us."

"Well, you see, I was reading the other day that no man can serve two masters, and I've been thinking about it a good deal since and about made up my mind that it's so."

"Two masters? What do you mean? I guess I'm the only master around here, ain't I?"

"Yes—but."

"But what? If there is anything going on in this establishment that I don't know about I'd be very much obliged if you would tell me of it."

"It's not here. You see, I—I got married about a year and a half ago, and—and the honeymoon's over, and the lady has assumed control. She has found that the wife of a man on a salary doesn't seem to inspire much enthusiasm in society."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Five Popes.

There are five great religious heads on the face of the globe. They are the pope of the Latin church, the schismatic or orthodox pope of the Greek church, the father of the faithful, ruling at Constantinople; the pope of Tibet, who has 500,000,000 subjects, and the schismatic pope of the Mohammedan world, who reigns at Morocco.

His Wistful Look.

"My husband is getting to be a scientific whist player."

"Is he? I've been wondering lately what made him look as if there was not much more left in the world that was worth trying for."—Chicago Record-Herald.

MERCHANT MARINE

Proposed to Tax Each Vessel According to Tonnage.

DEVICE OF TONNAGE DUTIES

Estimated That $5,000,000 a Year Can be Produced by the Levy of Duties.

New York, Dec. 8.—Local shipping circles were warmly enhusiastic yesterday over the character of the bill which the congressional commission on merchant marine will recommend for passage, an outline of which was contained in Washington dispatches. While unofficial, the published descriptions of the bill are quite accurate, although they are naturally not yet complete as to many details.

The device of tonnage duties on all vessels entering ports of the United States and the creation thereby of a fund for the subsidizing of American vessels of all classes and tonnage, except mail lines otherwise provided for, was greeted as a satisfactory avenue of escape from the former unpleasant alternative of a direct subsidy or a discriminating duty. The idea, far from being a new one, was embodied in one of the earliest maritime policies of the United States and was employed with beneficent results at a time when American shipping was less in need of assistance than now. In fact, the original tonnage tax law has never been repealed, but under an act of congress of May 24, 1828, the imposition of discriminating tonnage taxes has by a presidential proclamation and by treaties been so modified that the tonnage taxes are insignificant in comparison with those of other maritime powers.

For instance, France imposes a tax of one franc per ton on all vessels, French and foreign, that enter her ports and thus creates a fund which is administered in subsidies much as the marine commission proposes to do in this country. The British government imposes a lighthouse tax, to which the local authorities of different ports add various duties. In a general way, it may be said that British tonnage taxes are about three times as great as those of this country. Norway charges 35 cents a ton and other nations varying rates.

Two distinct features are embodied in the bill which will be presented to congress, a tonnage tax and a postal subsidy. The first is the imposition of a tonnage tax on all vessels, American and foreign alike, entering any seaport of the country, at a rate calculated to produce under present conditions about $5,000,000 a year. A tax of 25 cents a ton would easily do this and it is not supposed that any higher rate will be advocated. The entire fund thus raised will be devoted to the subsidizing on a basis of tonnage and miles sailed, of all vessels of American register at all engaged in the foreign trade. A system will have to be devised for the equitable distribution of this money to all American vessels, no matter of what class or size, inasmuch as the tax will be enforced against all.

Inasmuch as an overwhelming proportion of the American carrying trade is done by foreign vessels, it is apparent that the owners of these will be obliged, in the first instance, at least, to provide their American competitors with the sinews of war. The report of the commission of navigation for the fiscal year ended June 3, 1904, shows the tonnage entering American ports during that period to have been 24,679,692 tons, of which 3,881,036 tons were American and 20,816,656 were foreign, figures that sufficiently indicate where the tax would chiefly fall. A tax of 25 cents a ton, or just half the old American tax on foreign shipping, would in that year have realized a fund of $6,174,428, of which only $970,259 would represent the portion falling on American vessels and virtually rebated to them.

The Kicker's Trademark.

In the English hunting field it is the custom to mark kicking horses by tying a piece of red ribbon around their tails. Experienced hunters are on the careful lookout for all such animals, and should it happen that the steeds are running close to one another the equine with the ribbon bedecked tail is given a wide berth, as it is more than probable that it will lash out with its hind legs to the serious disadvantage of its neighbors. In the excitement of the chase horses almost lose their heads, and an animal that naturally is not in any way vicious or inclined to be bad tempered will do the most unexpected things in the way of kicking, rearing and biting.—London Telegraph.