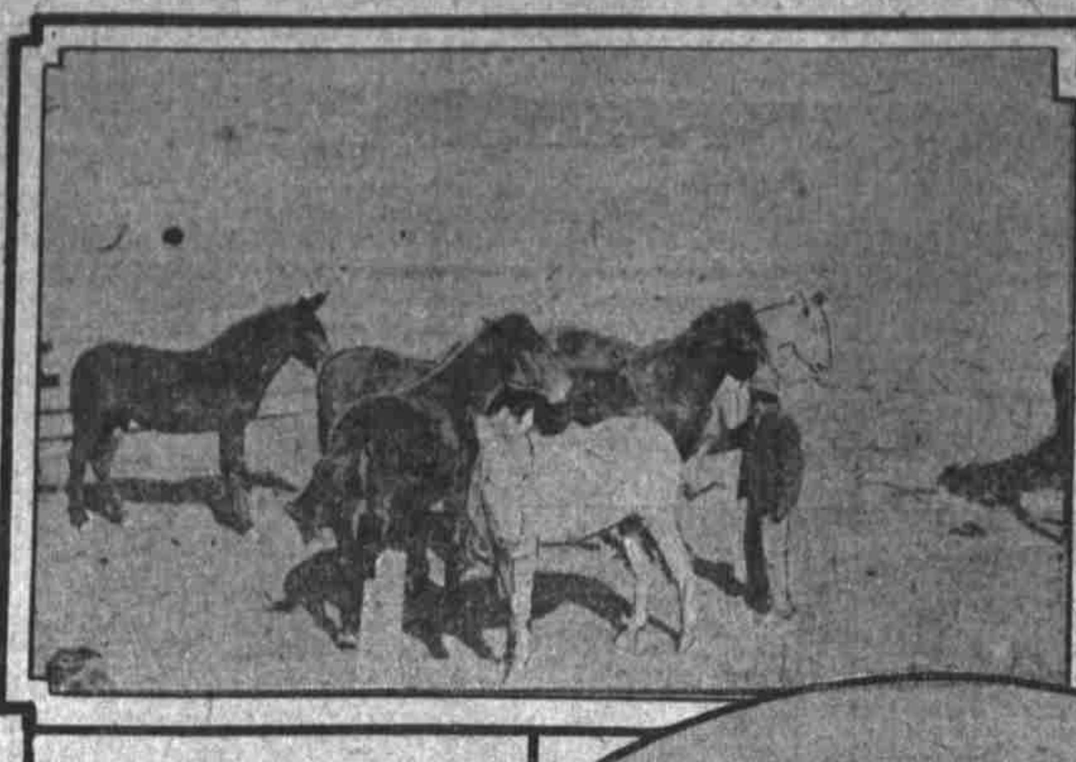
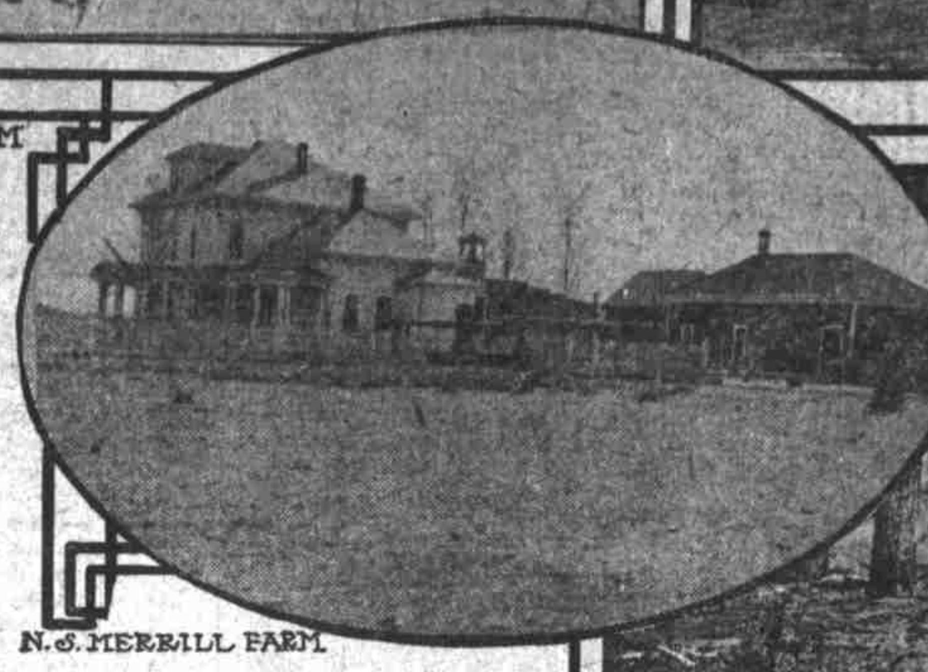
SOUTHERN OREGON'S GREAT CATTLE REGION

Lakeview, Bonanza *and* Bly Feel the Impulse of the Growing Trade *and* the Natural Development of the Surrounding Country

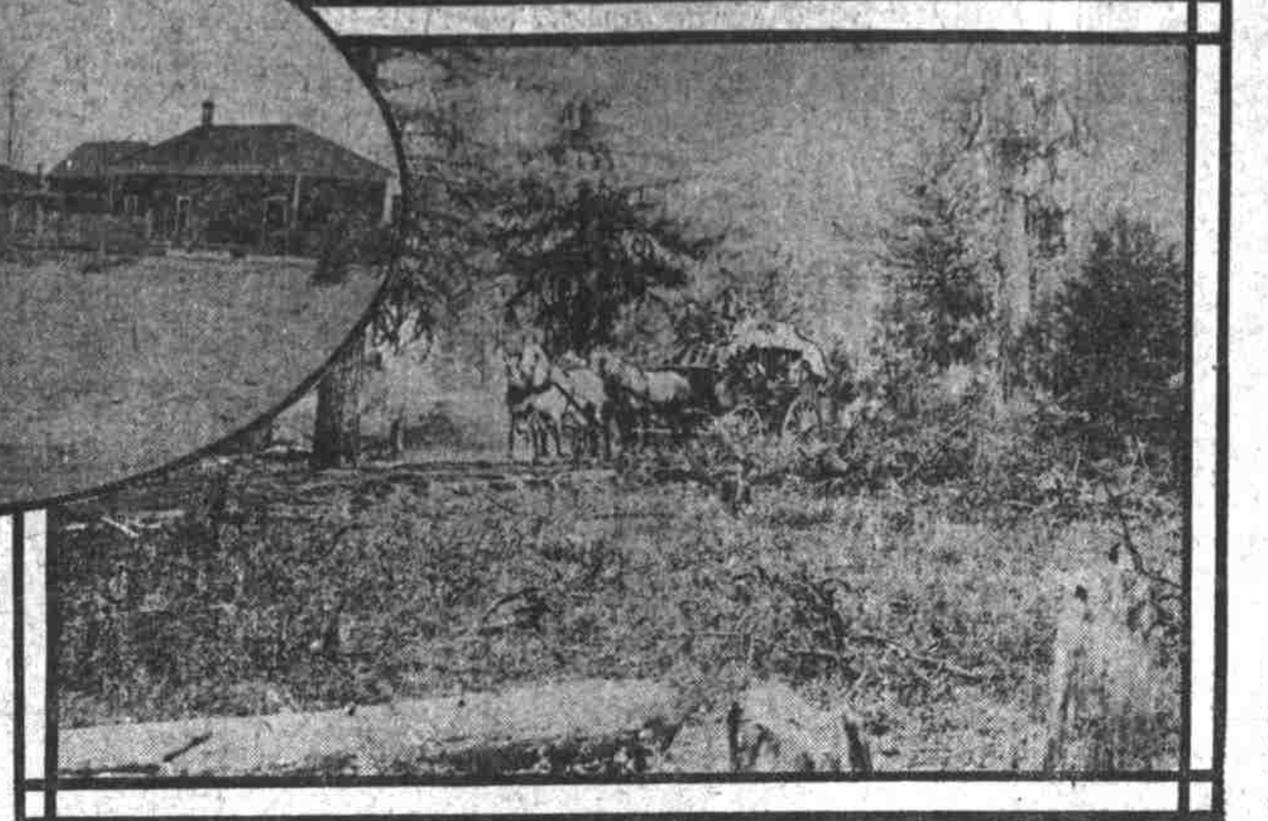


STOCK ON MERRILL'S FARM

FREIGHTERS ON THE ROAD TO KLAMATH



N. S. MERRILL FARM



STAGELINE TO LAKEVIEW.

KLAMATH FALLS, Or., Sept. 26.—The cow is queen of southern Oregon. The cattle market is moving westward. The most of us eat our beefsteak in peace, not knowing where it comes from, or how. On the stage trip of 100 miles from Klamath Falls to Lakeview, one gets a fairly good impression of the vast stock industry of southern Oregon. This country was not won by the trapper, the scout and the miner, but by the pioneer cowboy who has asserted his mastery over the frontier. Out here all things center on the stock industry; far as the eye can see to the north and south of the stage road, stretches the endless hills, dotted with large ranches in the valley, and flocks and herds on many hills.

It may seem incredible, but there is a decided element of rest in traveling through Klamath and Lake counties. One gets the extremes of the frontier, extremes of climate, habits of life and civilization. Nature's wondrous book is here unfolded. The history of the past and the promises of the future can be read as an open page, for old and new combine in this fair western land. The footprints of the pioneer are not yet lost, the traces of the red man are not all wiped away. The future of Oregon is pictured in the life of the homesteader and stock raiser, the farmer and the business man, the explorer and surveyor. It is in southern Oregon that the old and the new unite. The telephone and the stage lines are invading the sagebrush. The coyote and jackrabbit are still retreating.

Bonanza, the thrifty village of 200 population, 25 miles east of Klamath Falls, is the distributing point for a large scope of country, dotted by many cattle ranches.

Bly, a thrifty little village on the stage line, 30 or 40 miles east of Bonanza, is the center of the best stock point for a large scope of country, where the cattlemen have nearly full sway. One of the prominent ranchers at this point is J. Wells, who has the largest mule ranch in the state, while W. A. Walker raises some of the finest horses to be found in southern Oregon. L. Gruber and Charles Horton are two of the largest cattle ranchers and make a specialty of high-grade, well-bred cattle.

Lakeview is one of the most thrifty towns in southern Oregon. It is the county seat of Lake county, has a population of from 1,800 to 2,000, with all modern improvements, such as electric lights, waterworks, four splendid brick blocks, fine schools and churches, and they are building a $60,000 courthouse that is modern in every respect. Lakeview has a daily newspaper, and is connected by telegraph and telephone with the outside world. It is 65 miles from a narrow-gauge road that comes in through Nevada. It is the center of an immense stock country that reaches for more than 100 miles to the east and the north, and is tributary to a large scope of splendid pine timber. It is one of the new towns of southeastern Oregon that has an especially bright future.

"LAND OF EMPTY CRADLES" STARTS TO FILL THEM

By R. F. Franklin.

PARIS, Sept. 9.—France has taken a spoke out of President Roosevelt's wheel and while the American executive has contented himself with verbal tilts at the evils of "race suicide," or at the most, with a very promising personal example of what a true citizen should do towards the correction of the conditions, the "Land of Empty Cradles," as France has been called, has translated his words into action. "The Popular League of Fathers and Mothers of Numerous Families" and its more serious titled allied organization, "The National Alliance for the Increase of the French Population," are doing all in their power to line with roses the pathway of the parent of the big family. Although the Popular league is only a few days old it already has more than 10,000 members, and as the majority of the members look forward to a shower of benefits in the near future in proportion as they have provided for the country's future by increasing their flocks, the applications for membership are coming in faster every day.

That France stands in urgent need for some such movement as this no one can doubt. There are 1,315,000 French families without children, any number of millions of families with but two or three, while not more than 1,500,000 households can boast—or complain, as the case may be—of five or more "hopefuls." In two centuries the population of France, which was 40 per cent of that of the great powers of Europe, has diminished to 12 per cent.

In 1700 the population of France was 20,000,000, of Great Britain and Ireland 8,000,000 to 10,000,000, of Germany 19,000,000, of Austria 12,000,000 to 13,000,000. At the last census France had 39,000,000, Great Britain and Ireland over 40,000,000, Germany over 56,000,000 and Austria-Hungary nearly 47,000,000. Taken in connection with the alarming circumstances that last year there were several thousand more deaths than births in France, the figures have been sufficient to arouse the French people to action.

Dr. Jacques Bertillon, head of the statistics bureau of the city of Paris, has gone into the question very deeply and has arrived at some astonishing results. He finds that the birth rate is lowest in the very departments which are the most fertile in France. Normandy, the valley of the Garonne, Burgundy, and highest in those noted for their comparative poverty; Brittany, the Lozere, Aveyron. In the city of Paris, too, the rich faubourgs are precisely those where there are the least children. And so, too, in the fertile Lot-et-Garonne, the richest cantons show the lowest birth rate. By numerous and incontrovertible facts, Dr. Bertillon proves his statements with the inexorability of a scientist and arrives at the amazing conclusion that the very wealth, the equal distribution of which throughout all ranks and classes in France has been so long the envy of the other less favored nations of Europe, is the root of the whole evil. As the law of primogeniture was abolished in France at the revolution, a father who has three or more children must divide equally amongst them all his property with the exception of one quarter, of which he can dispose at his pleasure. Similarly if he has two children, and if he has only one child, of half. The consequence of this apparently excellent law is that a manufacturer who owns a mill or a factory, a tradesman who has laboriously created a thriving store, or a peasant who, bit by bit, has, at the price often of unceasing sacrifice and semi-starvation, added one strip of ground to another until he owns a little farm, is haunted by the thought that the business or factory or farm, of which he is so proud, will be sold at his death and pass in all probability into the hands of a total stranger. He cannot leave enough money to his eldest son to buy out the interest of the others, disagreements and bickerings may arise at his death and, in a word, a forced sale of the whole estate may be inevitable. In this dilemma what does the manufacturer, farmer or tradesman do? He prefers simply to limit his family to one or at most two.

Or the case may be slightly different. A father says: "I want my son to be a civil servant. (The "fonctionnaire" is the pride of a French family). I want him to have a better education and to take a higher social position than his father had"—and so, as his means are limited, he limits his family in order to attain his cherished object. This ill-conceived ambition of the father for his child is, in Dr. Bertillon's opinion, the cause of the decreasing birth rate in France.

How is the French father to be galvanized into a proper sense, not of his duty towards his family, but towards his country French families have, on an average, three members, not counting the parents. German families have slightly more than four. Is it impossible to induce French fathers and mothers to add one more child to the number and thus prevent the final disappearance of the nation?

Dr. Jacques Bertillon, who is the president of the National Alliance for the Increase of the French Population, thinks not and he has given me some details of the means he proposes to adopt. There is no one remedy, Dr. Bertillon thinks. It is only by a combination of remedies that the evil can be grappled with. The main proposition is this: That numerous families have a prior claim on the good will of the state. Therefore all the minor state and municipal employments should, other things being equal, be given in preference to the fathers of numerous families—policemen, concierges, office caretakers, rural policemen, postmen—in proportion to the number of their children. As there are about 400,000 state servants in France, such a measure of preference would materially increase the birth rate.

Dr. Bertillon points out that already the great railway companies, both state and private, grant supplementary allowances to those of their employes who have big families, for instance, $30 annually to a man with four children. This system of favor might be considerably extended.

Dr. Bertillon also insists that the succession law must be altered so as to render it possible for a father so to make his will as to prevent the cutting up or forced sale of landed property or a business or factory, etc., though he does not go so far as to suggest the restoration of the law of primogeniture. He tells me that General Toutte is drafting an interesting proposal that the children and grandchildren of a testator's sons and daughters should count in the division of an estate, so that unmarried or childless heirs in the line direct would receive a smaller portion than those with children.

Ambroise Rendu, who is a barrister at the court of appeal and a municipal councillor, is the president of the Popular League of Fathers and Mothers. M. Rendu is heart and soul with Dr. Bertillon and tells me that he is agitating to secure a diminution of taxation in proportion to the number of a family. For instance, as taxation may be reckoned at about one tenth of income, he would lighten the burden of paterfamilies by as many tenths as he has children, and, more than this, would grant a dispensation from military service to one out of three sons. He points out that in Belgium bonuses are annually given by the Countess of Flanders and the court to mothers of large families, and thinks that this example might be followed with advantage in France. So, too, the heads of industrial and business undertakings might be induced to give the preference to employes in proportion to the number of their children, other things being equal. M. Rendu points out that it is the father of a numerous family who deserves best of the state, for he pays most taxes. As taxation is calculated in France on the amount of rent paid, and as a numerous family requires a larger dwelling than a celibate or a childless couple, this is self-evident. Again, he and his family must pay the "blood tax" by serving in the army, whereas the celibate's debt is paid only once.

A short time ago a peasant reservist called up for service presented himself at the barrack's gates driving a donkey and cart in which were a dozen fowls, several rabbits and a cow. He explained that being unmarried he had no one to look after his property whilst he was with his regiment, and so he had brought it along with him. It is said that the colonel sent the man home. It would have been much better, declare the "number family" adherents, if he had offered to release the man on condition of his getting married and rearing a family!

Dr. Bertillon has shown that the evil consists in the low average of French families and not in the fact that there are fewer marriages in France than elsewhere. This being the case, it certainly seems reasonable to expect the state to step in and favor those who are doing their duty as good patriots to save France from what Dr. Bertillon picturesquely calls "death by chloroform."

Progressive Oregon Towns

TALENT, Or., Sept. 26. — Talent, nestling in the Rogue River valley, seven miles south of Medford, is surrounded by an excellent farming country, but is specially adapted to the growth of the tomato. In fact, it is the center of the tomato industry of the state, as the soil and climate seems specially adapted to its growth. A cannery is very much needed to care for the surplus crop. Back from the tomato fields the country is covered with fine young orchards, and in a few years it will be prominent as a shipping point, not only for tomatoes, but for apples and pears. It has all the elements that go to make up a thrifty, intelligent, happy community. Mr. C. W. Wolters is both merchant and postmaster and has done and is doing much towards the advancement and improvement of Talent.

Phoenix, Or., Sept. 26.—The thrifty little village of Phoenix is located on the Southern Pacific five miles south of Medford. It is an interesting place from many standpoints. In its early history it was a stage station and a prominent gathering place for miners. Here they would sit around and tell stories, and the place was known as Gasburg for many years. The bottom lands around the village are, perhaps, the most productive in the state and command a price of $300 to $400 per acre. They are used entirely for garden and truck farming. Here they sell strawberries up to Thanksgiving. The village has 200 to 300 population and has just erected a splendid new school building. They also have a furniture factory that gives employment for more or less labor. Frank Towne is one of the first settlers and has been prominent in the growth and development of Phoenix for many years. He has now retired from active business life. He is one of the successful men of the valley, both from a financial and social standpoint.

(By a Staff Correspondent.)

Eagle Point, Or., Sept. 26.—Eagle Point located 16 miles northeast of Medford is the center of the onion district of Oregon. It is located on Little of this little valley are specially adapt- Creek, where the black bottom lands ed to the growing of the largest and finest onions produced anywhere in the state. It is not unusual for them to harvest 1,000 sacks from a single acre, but the onion is not all that is produced here. There are many apple and pear orchards scattered over the valley, and there are also many fields of grain and alfalfa. This thrifty little village has an excellent water power and has its origin from the erection of a grist mill, which is still in active service.

George Brown is one of the prominent early settlers and is still engaged in the mercantile business. He has held many prominent positions in the county and has given much of his time to the development, not only of his village, but to the county as well.

Underground Rivers of Australia.

From the Westminster Gazette.

There are comparatively few rivers of any size or importance in Australia, and a local learned professor of science has been explaining the reason. In consequence of the geological formation of the commonwealth most of its rivers are at present imprisoned subterranean streams.

He declares that one of these underground rivers is the largest in the world, being no less than 300 miles wide and running right through the center of the continent. If these vast supplies of subterranean waters were brought to the surface and properly utilized Australia would become the richest country in the world.

Mexico is destined to become a prominent factor as a producer of refined petroleum. New wells are being constantly discovered.

DO ANIMATED-PICTURES INJURE THE EYESIGHT?

By J. Cater, M. D.

AFTER spending an hour or so in a picture gallery most persons experience a dull kind of headache, situated across the eyebrows.

Also, after looking at pictures above the natural line of sight and then suddenly consulting their catalogue, they are conscious of an unpleasant sensation consequent on the effort to adjust the sight to a nearer object.

In the former case, the discomfort results from continued strain; in the latter, from the sudden call upon the muscles of the eye to alter their tension.

Other instances might easily be quoted where similar disagreeable effects follow an undue strain of the eyesight, especially when observing rapidly moving objects too closely.

These experiences go to show that when the eyesight is employed in an unnatural way—when the muscles of the eye are engaged on some unusual task—nature resents the impropriety and the sequel is discomfort, if not actual pain.

The question before us is whether any injurious effect on the sight is likely to follow entertainment by means of "animated pictures," and, if so, whether the ill-effects are merely temporary, or in any sense of the word, to be regarded as permanent.

Probably, every person who has patronized one of these exhibitions has felt a desire to stop the works. That is to say, they have been conscious of a wish for the movements to cease in order to take in more perfectly what is being presented to the eye.

This feeling has its origin in the abnormal demand made upon the sight, in consequence of the rapidity with which each section of the picture moves. For, it must be remembered, that every one of these photographic representatives is composed of an immense number of tiny fragments, the whole of which is made to pass in such rapid succession as to afford the pleasing effect of life and motion. Something like 120 of these sections flit across the line of sight every minute, each of which is equally necessary to complete the picture.

The speed at which these sections travel across the sheet, together with the immensity of their number, involves a severe strain on the eyes, if the scene depicted is to be appreciated.

To contend that the combined effect of these quickly passing sections is but a representation of natural movement, does not obviate the strain involved in putting together the 1,000 or more minute proportions which enter into the complete picture. The scene ultimately represented may be pleasing, and even beautiful, but the means employed to present it demand an effort on the part of the eyes abnormal and injurious.

And, moreover, the constant flickering of white streaks, so generally noticed at these exhibitions, largely increase the difficulty experienced by the sight to obtain a restful view of what is thrown upon the screen.

A similar effect may be produced by persistently reading in a fast-moving train, because it is impossible to hold a book with sufficient steadiness to allow of the normal use of the sight. The continual shaking of the lettering, due to movements of the railway carriage, calls for special effort on the part of the eyes, and this extra effort naturally results in fatigue. The muscles of the eye are constantly required to alter their adjustment, and the focusing apparatus in the eye is continually called upon to adapt itself to varying distances. The inevitable result is one of more or less weariness of the sight.

Efforts to read under such circumstances may merely occasion slight discomfort, but when prolonged or frequently repeated, they may give rise to actual pain, particularly when both print and paper are of an indifferent character.

So far, we have only been concerned with the muscular structures of the eye; we now pass to consider what injury, if any, may be done to the power of vision.

The eyeball contains within itself one of nature's most delicate and complicated pieces of minute mechanicism. This wonderful organization is known as the "retina," so named from the Latin word "rete," a net.

The retina is the essential organ of vision, for upon it are focused images of all objects we see. It is composed of 10 layers, each of which differs from the rest, and plays its own particular part. The complete structure is pierced by numerous minute blood vessels, and these are liable to exactly the same troubles that may affect similar vessels in other parts of the body.

Much of what has been said with regard to the muscles of the eye applies with equal force to the retina. That is to say, injurious effects may as readily follow an undue strain of the structures of the retina when they are called upon to sustain unnatural and prolonged effort.

In fact, since the retina is more delicate in its composition, in all probability it would more quickly succumb to any unusual strain. And in the event of its being put to an improper use, its condition would eventually prove to be that which is technically known as "retinitis."

Now, "retinitis" is nothing more nor less than an inflammatory state of the retina. It is accompanied by diminuation of the power of vision, especially noticeable in dim light and the darkness of night. In its earlier stages it may easily escape detection, but later on its presence becomes evident by the person's inability to see.

During the period of inflammation the tiny blood vessels become distended, and, yielding to internal pressure, may burst and cause hemorrhage.

Retinitis is a condition very apt to be set up by frequent and prolonged inspection of "animated pictures," all the movements and flickerings of which mention has been made, are imaged on the retina; so that it is no matter of surprise if this minute and delicate construction takes on a condition of inflammation.

This wonderful structure is admirably adapted for its legitimate uses, but if called upon to undertake work for which it never was intended it inevitably yields to the inflammatory process. And, what is more, we must bear in mind that the existence of disease in other parts of the body, particularly such as affect the state of the blood, predispose the retina to take on inflammation as soon as some existing cause is at work from outside.

Consequently, when an abnormal effort of the sight is required, as it is when witnessing "animated pictures," at a time when actual disease is present elsewhere, the danger of retinitis being set up is a very grave one indeed.

What has been said, both with regard to the muscular structures of the eye and its retina would hardly apply if one's visits to these entertainments were limited to one or two; but if the pleasure is to be frequently indulged, permanent injury to the sight.

A common error in this country with regard to exhibitions of "animated pictures" is that of placing patrons too near the sheets on which the scenes are thrown. The greater the distance between the eyes and the sheet the less of movement is perceptible.

In England the higher priced seats are usually placed at the front and nearest to the pictures, while the cheaper ones are arranged at the back of the building. For the reason already given, this procedure is most undesirable, for if these "animated pictures" must be seen, by all means let us witness them from as great a distance as possible.

On the continent people are less conservative; the least expensive seats are those immediately before the screen, and in front of the rest of the audience. Those persons who are able to pay higher prices for their privilege are placed at a greater distance from the screen, while those who pay the tip-top prices sit behind the rest of the audience.

This is as it should be, if the effect on the eyesight is the primary consideration, for at the back parts of the building the peculiar strain these exhibitions involve is very considerably reduced.

Even If It's Airship Stock.

From the New York Press.

A thing that makes a man about as proud of himself as he can be is to be asked to subscribe for the stock of some corporation when he hasn't a red cent.

(From the New York American.)

The name mad parliament was given to the parliament which assembled at Oxford in the year 1258, and broke out into open rebellion against Henry III. The king was declared deposed, and the government was vested in the hands of 24 councilors, with Simon de Montford at their head.

MR. GRAYSON, PUBLISHER

By Ward McCauley.

A TALL, erect figure was Donald Grayson, despite the 70 years behind him. His was a kindly face, yet as a rule it bore the expression of a disappointed man. Therefore Mr. Samuel Boggerly, the bookseller, was surprised to notice Mr. Grayson's hopeful, complacent air when that gentleman came, smilingly, into the store one morning some two years since.

"It's done, Mr. Boggerly, it's done at last," Mr. Grayson, holding out a package for the bookseller to receive.

"Your book is published?" queried Mr. Boggerly, with deep interest.

"It is," responded the old gentleman, with impressive brevity. "And now," he continued, "I must be moving along. This is an autograph copy for yourself, Mr. Boggerly. I hope that you may enjoy it, and I must thank you for all the pains you have taken in giving me information, and in talking over matters which must have proven tiresome to you. Accept my gratitude."

"You are welcome, I'm sure, Mr. Grayson, for what I have been able to do to help you. I am only sorry that it should have been so little. I shall be here this evening and I shall read your book. I am sure that I shall enjoy it."

"Well, good day to you, Mr. Boggerly. Thank you, and good day."

Mr. Boggerly had a habit of returning to the store after supper, to spend the evening in reading. For this purpose, he had fitted up quite a cozy little office or "den," as he loved to term it. Here he took his visitors, and here he discussed business matters of private import. It must not be supposed that Mr. Boggerly was neglectful of his domestic duties and that these intimate relations with his den were continued at the expense of his obligations as a husband or a father. As a matter of fact Mr. Boggerly was a widower. No cheerful home was his to go to, to be greeted with loving smile. Nothing for him, but a boarding house. So Mr. Boggerley encouraged within himself the attachment to the pleasures afforded by an evening in his office.

The den was large enough to be cozy. The carpet and furniture were of the best. A handsome roller-top desk was in one corner, and in the other, that acme of comfort, a Morris chair.

That evening Mr. Boggerly returned to the store after supper, and ensconsed himself within the borders of the aforesaid chair.

"Let's see," ruminated the bookseller, "I came to Baldwin in 1870, and went to work for Mr. Rodney, down on Front street. That was in July. It was about the middle of September that I first met Mr. Grayson. I wonder how many times he has been in since, and always with the same tune, "Who would be likely to publish my book?"

Indeed, Mr. Grayson had been a regular, though not very frequent, caller at the establishments of Rodney & Co., Rodney & Boggerly and Samuel Boggerly, as the firm's style was altered from time to time.

Mr. Boggerly vividly recalled his first visit. At that time Mr. Boggerly was 21 years of age, and his caller was a fine looking man of 40.

"I have been writing a book, young man," Mr. Grayson said, "and I came to see if you could give me any information regarding the publishers. I am confident that I have a good thing, original, and my friends tell me well written, but you know the difficulty of securing a publisher."

"May I ask the nature of your book?" inquired the young salesman.

"You may, sir, and I am delighted that you should be interested enough to do so. The title is 'A Panacea for Poverty,' and the book was written to present, in the form of a story, a carefully worked out plan to alleviate, if not to do away with, the greater ills from which the poverty stricken are suffering. The book is bound to occasion comment, I may say. Indeed I look for it to prove quite a sensation. It goes Mr. Ruskin one better, sir, one better. In fact I am not sure but that it goes him two. Besides, it is in story form. Your novel reader will never read Ruskin, but he will read my story. Sugar-coated, sir, humanity demands its political economy, as it demands its medicine."

"Why not send it to Hobert & Baxter?" suggested Sam Boggerly. "They publish all the sociological works by Richard Longarn, and a number of other similar books. They are in New York."

"I don't agree with Longarn, sir; not at all. His proposition that human poverty is due to inherent inertia, cultivated by environment, is nothing less than absurd. A child can pick flaws in Longarn's logic, sir. But I will try them, anyway. I will send the manuscript at once. I am indebted to you, sir, believe me."

Mr. Boggerly recalled Mr. Grayson's second visit, about a year after the first.

"I believe I talked with you some time ago about the different publishers." Boggerly nodded, and the older man went on. "I think you recommended a New York firm to me."

The salesman nodded respectfully.

"I had some correspndence about the matter, sir. It seems that Mr. Longarn, the author, is a silent partner in the firm. They agreed to publish my work if Mr. Longarn might edit it, developing his absurd theory about the inherent inertia of the poor, cultivated by environment. Do you suppose I would consent? Barter my birthright? I would rather never publish a line!"

"Have you sent it elsewhere?" asked Boggerly, his interest now aroused.

"No, not yet. While Hobert & Baxter had it, I read Logan on 'Temperance and the millenial Age.' It was a strong work and it altered my convictions considerably. I have been obliged to revise the second, fourth, eleventh, nineteenth and thirty-first chapter of my book. This work is now completed. The whole book is much stronger, better balanced, and I am confident, will exercise a broader influence for good than it would have, if published in its original form."

Mr. Boggerly had then recommended another publisher to Mr. Grayson, and he left with roseate hopes for the early publication, and tremendous success of his book.

But his plans had again miscarried. Not only did the publisher recommended return his book, but it met a like fate at the hands of four others. This lack of appreciation filled the soul of the author with iron.

"I am casting my pearls before swine," he lamented. "I am not likely to meet honor in this day or generation. When I have passed beyond the veil, my manuscript may be unearthed, and the whole world do me homage, maybe."

The last word was spoken softly and with a sorrowful shake of the head. He had a deep, reverent love for the child of his brain and its constant lack of acceptation was a cruel blow to him. As the years went by it became nothing less than a tragedy, and yet there was always a hope. There was always some publisher still untried; always a chance that a touch here or an alteration there, might remedy the fatally weak spot that prevented its pleasing the men who dictate what the public shall and shall not read.

But month succeeded month, and Mr. Grayson's friends became convinced that he was pursuing a rainbow, that hope of successful authorship was a vain delusion. Those he confided in, one by one lost their faith in his genius and listened to his sanguine talk with covert smiles.

Mr. Grayson visited the bookstore on an average, once a year, and always to discuss the possible publication of his book. He had never purchased a book from Mr. Boggerly. Poor man, his means did not admit of his doing so. He was compelled to satisfy his needs by drawing from the library. He had spoken of this, with satisfaction, to Mr. Boggerly.

"Do you know," he said, "I have been drawing books for 20 years. Most of these have been on sociology, political economy and kindred subjects. During all this time I have, only once, found a book out when I wanted it. I hardly think people who read novels have such good fortune."

"Hardly," observed Mr. Boggerly, with a smile.

As Mr. Boggerly sat in his office, he thought over all these things. The past history of the book in his lap rolled before him as a panorama and every scene was one of hope deferred. Poor Mr. Grayson! How Mr. Boggerly pitied him! Why had he been given such a faith in himself, if he really possessed no ability? Why did so many morally worthless fellows succeed so well?

Mr. Boggerly fingered the pages of "A Panacea for Poverty" meditatively.

"A book at last," he said to himself. "The poor old man's dream has finally come true. He has seen his work put between covers and launched on the open market, where it must make or mar its own fortune by pleasing or failing to do so."

"How proud the old man was," thought Mr. Boggerly. "That book was all and in all to him. And to think that his day of triumph is, after all, an empty one. For he has published it himself. The very last resort of the author who has offered his work in the highways, and in the nooks and cranies, and has met with refusal. Poor old man, he probably thinks it has a chance to sell. A chance!" Mr. Boggerly's smile was almost bitter.

"After all, despite his foolishness, one can but pity the old man, for the bitterness of the moments when he realizes that the opinion of the editor is corroborated by the public. The public! A lot the public cares."

Mr. Boggerly was right. The author who publishes his own book cannot expect to sell it. Everything in the world is against his doing so. He does not know to whom to sell, and if he did, he wouldn't know how to sell to them. In any case, he could not sell enough of one book to pay for the expense of selling. Mr. Boggerly thought of this.

"Now suppose," he said, 'that Rogers & Cassidy published the book. Their agent would come around with it among perhaps 30 or 40 others. I would say 'send me five,' or ten, or whatever I wanted. So would all the larger booksellers in the country. The book would have a fair show. Newspapers rarely pay much attention to authors' books. An author cannot usually afford to advertise, and when he does, it is without method, and is usually pure waste."

The figure of the old man appeared to Mr. Boggerly. How beaming had been his countenance, how elastic his step! His dream had come true. But how? Because he had saved, by stern economy, enough money to pay a printer to make a book of his well-thumbed sheets. It must have meant privation, too, for Mr. Grayson was but an unsuccessful insurance solicitor.

Mr. Boggerly opened the book. In the first chapter, Mr. Grayson undertook to prove the poverty-stricken condition of the people. As he read, a tear came near to coming to Mr. Boggerly's eye, but it was not for sorrow for the poor. It was in pity for the man with such a faith in his work. With a sigh, Mr. Boggerly was forced to admit that what he had read was poorly written, crude and amateurish. There were some good points but they were never really brought to a head. The grammatical construction was loose, and Mr. Boggerly was obliged to admit that constant revision had not made "A Panacea for Poverty" a smooth piece of work.

As he read into the second chapter and the third and on, Mr. Boggerly grew more gloomy. Instead of improving, the work became worse. The main fault was one common to those inexperienced in writing—incoherence. He rambled from one subject to another and from argument to tearful plea, with seeming disregard for any relation the two might bear each other. It was simply hopeless, yet, back of it all, Mr. Boggerly read the painstaking care with which the work had been composed. Carelessness could not be said to be one of its faults.

"I wonder what The Herald will say?" thought Mr. Boggerly. "I suppose Mr. Grayson's life depends on their approval."

Next day Mr. Grayson again visited the bookseller.

"Well, Mr. Boggerly, have you read it yet?" he eagerly inquired.

"I didn't have time to read much of it," replied the evasive merchant. "I found it of interest. I am only sorry that you published it yourself."

"Ah, but you cannot deny a man a hearing, Mr. Boggerly, and if publishers will not put my work before the people, I must do so at my own expense, though to do so requires self-denial. A man is not worthy who will not sacrifice comfort for his life work."

"How much of an edition did you have, Mr. Grayson?"

"One thousand, but I told the printer to hold the type, as I expect to print more soon. I have sent out 32 review copies, and I ought to get some return from that."

"Well, I hope you do, Mr. Grayson, I'm sure. You may send me half a dozen copies, and I will do my best to sell more for you."

"Thank you, Mr. Boggerly, I will give you my best wholesale rate. Good day to you, sir."

Mr. Boggerly read:

A week later, Mr. Grayson entered the book store, trembling with rage.

"Look at this, Mr. Boggerly, look at this," he fairly shouted, in excitement, "just see what this infernal puppy wrote about me. Oh, I could—but I must control my anger. We should be above these things."

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Boggerly, soothingly.

"Read this," said Mr. Grayson, holding out a newspaper clipping, not over an inch long. "It's from the Chicago Ripper."

"We have received from an ignoramus named Grayson of Baldwin, Ohio, a book called 'A Panacea for Poverty.' The author publishes his own book, and far as we can see, the only poverty he mitigates, is that of the printer who made his book."

"Never mind, Mr. Grayson. These reviewers, when young and giddy, care more to be clever than they do to tell the truth."

"Do you really think so?" asked Mr. Grayson, almost delightedly. "I had almost made up my mind to write him a sarcastic letter. Perhaps I had better ignore him, do you think so?"

"I certainly do," responded the bookseller. "These fellows like nothing better than to get into a controversy. He would print your letter and make all manner of fun of it."

"I am glad I spoke to you about it. I shall follow your advice."

The old gentleman called on Mr. Boggerly many times during the year that followed, to show him reviews, and to inquire as to the interest taken in the book by customers. Mr. Boggerly had succeeded in selling no more than four copies, for the book was cheaply bound, and the printer's rate had forced Mr. Grayson to put a good price on the volume.

It was about a year and a half after the publication of "A Panacea for Poverty" that Mr. Boggerly received an urgent message from Mr. Grayson, asking him to come to his home at once. "I am ill," the note concluded, "and I may not live long. I am obliged to dictate this."

When the bookseller reached the boarding-house, the landlady, in a softened voice, told him that Mr. Grayson was dead.

"He expected to talk to you about some books," she said.

A few days later, Mr. Boggerly received word from Mr. Grayson's cousin, who had taken charge of the funeral, that he wished to dispose of some books. Mr. Boggerly called on him immediately.

"How many have you?" he asked, when informed that "A Panacea for Poverty" was the book in question.

"Nine hundred and two," said the other.

Mr. Boggerly held up his hands. "Poor man," he said, softly. "It was a sad ending for his dream."

Isn't It Odd?

Walter Pulitzer, in Success Magazine.

That it is usually the man with nothing to do who can never spare you a moment?

That though "love is blind" it can "always find the way"?

That a good lover is not good if he's too good to be true?

That an author's royalties are often far from royal?

That in the mathematics of matrimony one and one make three?

That once a fellow wins a girl's hand he is under her thumb?

That the well-to-do man is generally hard to do?

That a heart must be broken several times before it is rendered unbreakable?

That gild-edged security often is guilt edged?

That the big responsibilities of marriage are the little ones?

To overcome the objection on the part of some women to high-heeled shoes, because of their danger to weak ankles, a Virginia woman has devised a T-shaped piece of metal, to be inserted in the heel of a shoe and extending on either side of the foot to support it.