

LIFTING THE BOYCOTT

By ELLSWORTH SHAWN

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STONE, the city editor, cleared his desk and made mental note of what had been accomplished and what remained to be done. It was that hour of the night when newspapers reckon time as almost invaluable. Only the occasional entrance of a boy on some errand disturbed the quiet of the big room where the reporters worked as only reporters can—under high pressure. A few hours later a heedless public would glance over its papers with little or no thought of the immense wear, tear and strain that had been necessary to make this modern, up-to-date sheet.

But the city editor's cigar had not displayed more than a feathery rim of white ash when, as is sometimes the case in the tugging hours of early morning, the unexpected happened.

"Train robbery at Melrose!" shouted the telephone boy.

Every man in the room was on his feet. Melrose was close in, and each reporter was quick to realize that in order to get a good story for the morning's paper some very brisk hustling would be necessary.

Stone rushed to the telephone in an effort to find out from police headquarters something more definite concerning the robbery. He got little satisfaction. The police had a long standing grudge against the Post for criticizing the force, which under Chief Busby had been palpably lax in its duties. Busby's appointment by a partisan police board had been against the united protest of the better element. His incompetency was early manifested; but, like many another vain, weak man, he believed himself to be an object of persecution. And so, taking their cue from Busby, the police had organized a virtual boycott and were plainly disposed to hold out against the Post when opportunity offered and to favor the other papers in the matter of news. With this powerful agency playing into their hands, the Call and the Bulletin, opposition papers, had scored more than once against the Post. This condition of affairs did not tend to lessen the tension between the Post and Busby's men.

"The captain says he's nothing further to give to the papers," snapped the officer at the station in answer to Stone's query.

"Does he know anything more?" persisted the city editor. "Won't he tell us the source of his information and its exact wording? Won't he give us something to work on?"

"He says he will not. To do so would defeat his own plans."

"Defeat his own plans is good," returned Stone sharply. "Tell him this: We'll print more facts concerning this robbery in the morning than Busby and his whole force could secure in a week." And Stone jammed the receiver upon the hook with angry impatience.

While a good man kept at the telephone to obtain information from all possible sources, a rush was made for the telegraph. There it was discovered that Melrose could not be "raised." The telegraph company reported many wires cut between the city and Melrose, evidently the work of the robbers.

No regular train would leave for Melrose until 6:10 a. m., and to wait until a special was made up meant losing precious time.

Running back to the local room, the city editor shouted his orders.

"Here, Buller, we're not to make that twelve miles in a vehicle of some sort. You go, too, Dickman! Never mind the cost. Get to Melrose under the whip. It's now 1:30. Wire particulars if you can; if not, ride back at a dead run."

Buller heard the last order as he went out of the door. Dickman seized his coat and ran out with it on his arm. The police reporter, unable to get anything further out of the captain, had ridden up from the station in a hack and now rushed in breathless. Learning of the plan, out he went after Buller and Dickman.

Buller caught the first team in sight, a splendid pair of the wiry broncho type, hitched to a Post delivery wagon. Dickman was quickly beside him on the seat, and Harris, the police reporter, grabbed the end gate just as the wagon swung around the corner. A second later the horses, frightened at the sudden demands made upon them, were running madly east toward Melrose.

The men were too full of the important and unexpected mission to talk much for the first few minutes. After leaving the city Harris told his companions the little he had been able to learn at the station.

He said: "The chances are many to one that it's Jim Harrison and his men. Well prepared alibis have saved him on two similar occasions."

Soon the lights of the city were far behind, and the darkness seemed to settle closely about them, shutting their vision within an ever narrowing circle. Down they plunged into the valley, down into the woods where the gloom was impenetrable. Then Buller began to feel the danger of their perilous race, his inability to see possible obstructions on a strange road, but he dared not slacken the pace. They must get to Melrose under the whip—those were Stone's words. Involuntarily each man braced himself for a possible crash.

"Let me have the lines, Buller," said Harris. "I know every foot of this road. It's one of my favorite drives, and I can take you a short cut."

The reporters did not see, as they were rushing down a hill, that another vehicle was rapidly approaching at right angles down a hedge flanked lane. The single horse was lathered with hard driving, and the frail buggy bounced and swayed as if in dogged protest against the lumpy ground over which it was so swiftly drawn.

Just as the buggy got around the corner the reporters' team dashed upon it with crushing impact, overturning the lighter vehicle and spilling its oc-

cupants, two men, upon the ground with stunning force.

Dickman was the first of the news hunting trio to grasp the possible importance of the accident.

"Secure the men," he shouted to his companions.

Buller and Harris, accustomed to seeing things in a twinkling, seized upon the significance of this advice, and before the dazed strangers could recover their wits they were looking anxiously into shining rims of steel, while Harris deftly secured their hands and feet with straps cut from the harness of their own horse.

Not until they were placed beyond the possibility of self help did the cap-



"Secure the men," he shouted.

tives seemed to realize the meaning of this sudden termination of their cross country ride. Then, struggling desperately to his feet, the larger of the men half fell, half threw himself at Harris, shouting eagerly, "What do you mean by this infernal outrage?"

Buller grasped him strongly by both shoulders and drew him back to the earth, while Harris, who had started at the sound of the fellow's voice, said coolly: "It's no use, Sam. Alibis won't save you this time."

Garrison, realizing that his identity was discovered, gave a mighty roar and struggled frantically, but vainly, at his bonds. And then Buller and Harris, both strong, wiry men, seized him and, lifting his writhing body high above the wagon bed, dropped him plump upon the floor, where he was made doubly safe by cross lashings. The smaller and apparently mute bandit was treated in like manner.

The reporters were in a merry humor over the turn of affairs. It was an unbroken chain of good and bad luck, and Dickman were eager for the return.

"Hold a minute, boys!" cried Harris. "Let's get all that belongs to this good steed. Wait till I search the buggy. It looks to me as though these fellows were cutting cross country to a burying ground."

Garrison swore vividly.

"I've got the swag, by Jupiter!" shouted Harris after a moment's search. "This buggy seat is a veritable Klondike."

"Wh-ah!" shouted Buller in astonishment. "Say, Harris, you are the captain of this expedition; we elect you by acclamation."

"And all kinds of material for a story, to say nothing of the necessary evidence," continued Harris, apparently ignoring the verbal bouquets—marks of esteem, praise and all of the paraphernalia for train robbing. In another hour they'd have had it buried good and safe."

Harris quickly set the buggy to rights and drove up behind the wagon to which the horse was made fast by its halter.

"Now go ahead, boys. I'll ride in the Pullman. We'll all have something worth showing up when we get back." An hour later there was a hurried conference in the Post building. Stepping to the telephone, City Editor Stone called up the police station.

"I want Chief Busby," he said.

"Well, what is it?" asked Busby gruffly.

"Any news about the robbers?" asked Stone.

"Oh, come now," said Busby impatiently. "You don't expect us to uncover this thing for the papers to spread on and scare the thieves off."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," returned Stone, assuming a jesting tone. "I'll deliver the robbers to you, together with their booty, in fifteen minutes if you'll resign."

The proposition struck Busby as intensely humorous. He laughed sonorously.

"I accept," he said when he could command his speaking voice.

And that ended the fight against the Post, and simultaneously it ended the brief and inglorious career of Chief Busby.

The Shark Files the Feather.

Speaking of sharks to an old sailor, I first heard the proverb "The shark files the feather." It appears to be true. We are acquainted with the voracity of the shark. When following a ship it will devour without discrimination any article that may be thrown overboard, such as coconuts, cans, cloth, wood, shoes, knives, spoons, forks, plates, etc. But sailors declare that it will never touch a pig's ear or a fowl, either alive or dead. It avoids sea gulls, sea mews, pelicans and every feathered thing. Such being the case, why do not people who bathe in shark infested waters wear a suit made of feathers?—New York Press.

Emphasizing a Fact.

There are peculiarities, idiosyncrasies of expression, which emphasize and accentuate facts. It is not enough to say, "he is dead." We invariably add, "as a post." It would appear sufficient to say, "he is blind," but we prefer in nearly all cases to admit of no contradiction by announcing that he is "stone blind." To be "dead" should suffice; "dead as a doornail" clinches the fact.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[Special Correspondence.]

"I see that the District commissioners, through the building department, recently issued a permit for the erection of a private stable at a cost of \$25,000. Do you know that this is not a marker to the cost of some of the stables used by the thoroughbred equines of the national capital?" remarked a prominent veterinary surgeon. "Washington is known from one end of the country to the other as a city of palatial residences, more so of recent years than at any time in its history, but few people know that the owners of these dwellings have homes for their horses that cannot be outranked south of New York, and some of them have finer equipments than even the stables of New York's thoroughbred horses. One would be surprised to visit the places where Washington's high bred jumpers and driving horses are kept.

"Take, for instance, the stables of Attorney General Knox, the Letters, Patents, Townsends, Mr. Walsh and any number of owners of high class horses. They are simply marvels of excellence, and what some of them may lose in architectural appearance is more than made up by the up to date equipment for the comfort, I might say the luxury, of the occupants."

Society Gossip.

Ambassador and Lady Herbert will do no more formal entertaining this season, but propose remaining in Washington until they sail for England in June. Their two sons, Sidney and Michael Herbert, return to England this week to resume their studies in an English school.

The Mexican ambassador has leased a cottage for the coming summer at Avelon, N. J., where he, with his family and staff, will take up his residence in June. The third secretary of this embassy, Mr. Torres, with Mrs. Torres and their small children, will go to Mexico for the summer.

Miss Knox, the attractive young daughter of the attorney general, has not given up the trip to Europe which has been in contemplation for the last year, but which was temporarily abandoned on account of ill health. Miss Knox has lately returned from Florida, where she spent the latter part of the winter, and is greatly improved by her stay in the sunny south.

With her spring clothes Miss Alice Roosevelt has resurrected her toy canoe, which she adopted last spring. She carries it to teas, out driving and, in fact, everywhere and is quite a conspicuous figure in the striking gowns she now wears.

When she returned home from Baltimore, where she visited Mr. and Mrs. George Vanderbilt, she appeared everywhere in black. Now her favorite costume is a white gown and a large black hat with a drooping plume, and with this she carries the little silver mounted canoe, which causes much comment and thus far has been adopted by very few of the other society maidens.

Hanna Hash.

"Eggs, coffee and hash," said a senator to the Arlington the other morning when ordering breakfast.

"Eggs, sah; yes, sah. What kind, sah?"

"Very fresh and soft boiled."

"And hash, sah. Shall I bring you a little hanna, sah?"

"Hanna. What's hanna?"

"New style of corned beef hash, sah; very nice."

"No; I'll get my hanna hash at Hanna's," was the senator's reply.

And thus, it seems, a United States senator and chairman of the national Republican committee has given his name to a fine brand of corned beef hash breakfasts a year ago.

Cannot Pay Into a Wife's Letters.

The gratification of a husband's idiosyncrasy in receiving and opening his wife's letters against her protest will no longer be afforded. This is the command which has gone out from the post office department. As a result of repeated requests by postmasters throughout the country for a ruling in the matter this action has been taken.

The ruling is as follows: "A husband has no right to receive the mail addressed to his wife against her wishes. As to the mail addressed to the children, the father has the prior right to receive it unless there be some particular circumstances in the case which the department might take into consideration on a statement of the facts being presented."

The Dome's New Coat.

The great dome of the capitol is receiving a coat of white paint, nine painters being engaged in the work. These human spiders as they climb about the dizzy height structure attract much attention from those on terra firma. The exterior of the dome was last painted nine years ago. One thousand gallons of white paint are required to cover the exterior alone.

The main or old capitol section of the building will also soon appear in a new dress of snowy white. Another force of painters is engaged in painting the interior of the dome.

A New Vault For Treasurer.

A new vault is to be put in the cash room of the treasurer's office in the treasury department, and the work will begin before a great while. The contract for furnishing the vault has been let, and it will cost \$22,000. The vault will be of the most modern construction, fire and burglar proof and equipped with electrical signals and warnings. For new vault is much needed in the cash room.

A Premium on Matrimony.

The Philippine commission has put a premium on matrimony by making an increase of \$15 (gold) per month in the salary allowances of married officers of the constabulary. The increase is for commutation of quarters. There are many bachelors on the force.

A Ridiculous Wish.

King James I. of England was once presented with an address by his subjects in Shrewsbury, who expressed the hope that he would reign over them as long as sun, moon and stars should endure. "I suppose, then," said the king, "that you wish my successor to reign by candlelight."

CARLYLE AND EMERSON.

No Evidence That Either Ever Seriously Studied Christianity.

The grave charge is to be brought against both Carlyle and Emerson that while they were the product of Christian civilization and drew the substance of their message from the religious faith of their people, there is no evidence that either ever seriously studied Christianity. The greatest phenomenon in human history engages but lightly the attention or the enthusiasm of either, nor does either fathom the need of the humanity that has risen on the strength of the gospel of Christ. It was the dim perception of this fact that led Lord Jeffrey to remark to Carlyle that he went about as if he were to found a new religion. No one had done anything for man's soul until he came. One can hardly read the correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson without the feeling of their excessive consequentism in the presence of the immense historic achievement of spiritual genius; in the presence of the spirit, the teaching and the influence of Jesus. Both were essentially modest men, and yet they lived in the sense of a uniqueness and an importance which they do not possess. They are both frequently oracular when uttering with literary distinction only the commonplace moral wisdom of the Christian world. It is a valid criticism upon Carlyle and Emerson that they failed to recognize the presence of the spirit, the teaching and that they did not exhaust the quarry; that they were oblivious of the pit whence they were digged, and that the precious metal remained after they were taken out in boundless abundance.—Rev. George A. Gordon, D. D., in Atlantic.

The Black Death in England.

In England the black death in the fourteenth century made its first appearance in Dorsetshire and quickly spreading over the west it reached London by way of Oxford, leaving death and desolation behind it everywhere. It was as fatal in the country as in the town. Whole villages were depopulated and small towns almost wiped out of existence. The dead lay unburied as they had died, for priests had been swept away with their flocks, and in many parishes there was no one left to bury the dead. Every trade and craft was suspended in the universal terror and suspense.

To add to the horror of the times bands of marauders roamed about unmolested, robbing alike the dead and the living, and dogs, deprived of their masters by death, came together in packs, made ferocious by hunger, and scoured the country like so many bands of wolves.

A Story of "Old Ironsides."

One of the most famous of the Constitution's exploits was during the war of 1812, when she escaped from Brooke's squadron, among which she had accidentally fallen. The sea was almost a dead calm, so Captain Hull had to resort to towing. All her boats were lowered, with long lines attached, and in addition Hull had ropes spliced together from the rigging, and a cable, to which he attached a ledge anchor. This was carried in a boat half a mile ahead and dropped, when the crew hauled the ship rapidly forward. The commodore of the English squadron soon adopted the same tactics, and if it had not been for a breeze springing up the Constitution would have been captured.

Nerves and the Breakfast Table.

The longer I live the more convinced I am that breakfast is the real cause of more domestic friction than can be accounted for by mere incompatibility of temper. It is not in human nature to be amiable in the early morning.

The patriarchal system by which four or five different branches of a family live under one roof could not possibly continue abroad were the various families obliged to submit to the breakfast test. Your father-in-law, your mother-in-law, your brother-in-law and his wife, your sister-in-law and her husband contemplated over a dish of poached eggs in the early morning would be impossible, but by midday we have buried our savage instincts, assumed once more the Christian virtues and are prepared to face the world of relations-in-law with resignation and perhaps even the semblance of appreciation.—A Countess on English Customs.

Little Faults in Social Life.

A fault in the young is to form some feverish admiration for one or two particular friends, often of a so called superior social standing. These are referred to constantly. They are held up as patterns, oracles and patrons. In private circles and public places their names are loudly mentioned in the hope and desire of impressing bystanders. At bazaars, in the lobbies of theaters, at railway stations, in railway cars and, indeed, wherever the company may be described as mixed this distressing form of what is known as brag is very much in evidence. The shouting of nicknames and Christian names at moments when, in ordinary intercourse one would not be addressing anybody is also done in order to advertise some small degree of intimacy with the well known.—Success.

The Human Interrogation Point.

"Mamma," said the human interrogation point, "who knows the most-teacher or papa?"

"Why, on general topics your father is better informed, Johnny."

"Well, does papa know more than the minister?"

"Of things worldly, yes. Your father, Johnny, is a very well informed man, as I hope you will be some day."

"Does papa know more than you, mamma?"

"Johnny, when will you ever get over the habit of asking a long string of foolish questions? Run away and have your tea at once."—New York Press.

Unnecessary Worry.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the philosophical loss.

"I'm worrying about what my constituents will say to me about my vote on that bill you made me put through last night."

"Say, when did you become responsible for your constituents? I want you to understand that I'm the one who is expected to do the explaining when there's any to be done."

WOMAN AND FASHION

Lace and Nets.

Irish crochet and jet make a charming combination. Jet of a bright quality will be much used for smart afternoon gowns during the coming season. Nothing is so effective for the demitise as black gauze or chiffon over an underdress of white showing a lot of Irish cream crochet.

Irish crochet makes very pretty gowns combined with blue linen. Ecru



LACE AND CHIFFON BLOUSE.

net seems still to hold its own for pretty matinee, blouses and tea jackets. Patterned net will be used with a goodly supply of chiffon and silk velvets.

Where one has black or white skirts which are to be worn out at home an ecru coat is more than useful, while choux of bright colors will vary the toilet.

The all black point d'esprit gown is about the most economical and useful a woman can have, for it admits of many effects with the use of flowers, pale tinted chiffon, rosettes, etc.

New Style 1830 Collars.

Efforts were made last summer to introduce the 1830 collar, and some measure of success attended the movement. What present day dressmakers style the 1830 collar is really a straight scarf shortened lengthways and sideways by being drawn up in numerous rows of shirring. The shirring should be executed over cotton cord. "Lamp wick," old style, has been used for the purpose, but any cable cord heavy enough will serve the turn. The scarf is then fitted on the shoulders and pinned down where the lines prove becoming. It is then popularly supposed to become a "collar." After being spread out collarwise it should be sewed in place. From the ends of the collar spring the scarf ends, which are produced by the width or fullness of the scarf, unconfined from the shirring process. The ends look like a little flower. They are allowed to hang to a depth of an eighth of a yard and are then clipped off, turned up and finished with a simple hem.

A French Notion.

The frock illustrated is one that may be made of any material that will lend itself to plaits. The collar is round and may be slashed or not. The box plaits

are secured to the lining just below the waist line, and the sash may be passed under the plaits by buttonholes or tied on the outside to form a French frock.

Popular Fancies.

Woman could build her whole wardrobe of pongee this summer and still be in the height of the mode, so diverse and so fashionable are the moods of this dainty material.

It is used for shirt waist suits and for the trim little sailor to wear with them.

It builds our coats, plain or dressy, short, three-quarter or full length. It makes the most serviceable of petticoats.

And the traveler can find few better materials for building her underwear, at least so say globe trotters.

The pongee blouse is the top notch of smart utility wear.

While incrustated with lace, embroidered and elaborately made, it builds some of the smartest gowns to be found in the summer outfit.

The pongee parasol is the smart shade for morning and service.

An Ugly Branch.

"Wordley tells me he has been working on his family tree of late."

"Yes, it keeps him pretty busy."

"Rather complicated work, eh?"

"Well, I believe he found a noose on one of the branches, and he's having some trouble sawing it off."—Philadelphia Press.

Rodrick—Did you enjoy Mrs. Tickler's reception?

Van Albert—No, indeed. The men talked shop and the women shopping.

—Chicago News

AN INFANT MAGICIAN.

Mozart at the Age of Four Composed a Difficult Concerto.

As a child of three Wolfgang Mozart's wonderful playing on the harpsichord was the talk of Salzburg, and a year later his compositions were being played in public by his father. He was only four years old when he composed a concerto so difficult that even his father, one of the most skilled violinists in Germany, could not play it.

"Of course," said the infant magician, "no one can be expected to play it without diligent practice." A year later, when Wolfgang was only five years old, he was invited to give a recital in the hall of the university, when the magic of his tiny fingers worked his auditors to a pitch of the wildest enthusiasm.

At six he made a tour of Germany and became the idol of the courts, the empress herself taking him on her knees and hugging him in an ecstasy of admiration, while Francis I. embraced him and called him "my little magician." Shortly after he had passed his eighth birthday Mozart was electrifying England, was being petted and caressed by George III. and his queen and was publishing sonatas, a symphony and an anthem, which created a furore among music lovers from one end of the country to the other.

A Remarkable Clock.

Japan possesses a remarkable timepiece. It is contained in a frame three feet wide and five feet long, representing a noontide landscape of great beauty. In the foreground plum and cherry trees and rice plants appear in full bloom. In the rear is seen a hill, gradated in ascent, from which apparently flows a cascade, admirably imitated in crystal. From this point a threadlike stream meanders, encircling rocks and islands in its windings and finally losing itself in a faroff stretch of woodland. In a miniature sky a golden sun turns on a silver wire, striking the hours on silver gongs as it passes. Each hour is marked on the frame by a creeping tortoise, which serves the place of a hand. A bird of exquisite plumage warbles at the close of each hour, and as the song ceases a mouse sallies forth from a neighboring grotto and, scampering over the hill to the garden, is soon lost to view.

Same Old Excuse.

An old minister returned to his alma mater after forty years of ministerial service, and was being conducted over the old place.

"Same old corridors," he ejaculated as he entered—"same old corridors." They took him to the dining hall. "Ah, me! Same old dining hall!" Then he opened a study door. "Same old study—same old study!"

Half round the fire a screen was drawn, and behind it he saw a student talking with a young lady.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the old minister pensively. "Same old practice—same old practice!"

The student sprang up indignantly.

"Excuse me, sir, this is my sister!"

A small broke over the ancient one's face.

"Ah, and the same old explanation—same old excuse!"

Wild Birds in Germany.

A correspondent of the London Mail at Dresden writes that the Germans are far in advance of some other people in caring for the wild birds in their towns.

During the winter shelters for the snow are erected in public parks and private gardens for them and plentifully supplied with food of various kinds, including mountain ash berries for thrushes and blackbirds and other seeds for the smaller birds. This mixture is sold at a very cheap rate in shops for the purpose. In springtime one may see many birds nesting in special wooden boxes placed in the higher trees, out of the reach of cats. The boxes are of different sizes, to suit starlings, sparrows or tomtits.

Wouldn't He Twice.

Nora had been told to stay at the door that her mistress was not at home when certain callers appeared upon the scene.

It evidently went much against the grain for her to make herself responsible for even so small a white lie, but she promised to do so, and, with certain modifications, she kept her word.

"Is Mrs. Blank at home?" queried the caller.

"For this was toime, Mrs. Smithers, she ain't," said the maid, "but hinv help her if you ask me again. I'll hinv twice for anybody livin'!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sharing His Bed.

A Grub street friend of Dr. Johnson's was Derrick, of whom he wrote, "I honor Derrick for his strength of mind." One night when Floyd, another poor author, was wandering about the streets he found Derrick asleep upon a bulk. Upon being suddenly awakened, Derrick started up.

"My dear Floyd," said he, "I am sorry to see you in this destitute state. Will you go home with me to my lodgings?" And they turned in on the bulk together like the good fellows they were.

Why Harry Wasn't Proud.

Little Harry's oldest sister has just presented her husband with a new baby.

"Well, Harry," said his father, "do you feel proud of being an uncle?"

"No," replied the uncle.

"Why not?" asked his father.

"Cause I ain't no uncle; I'm an aunt. The new baby's a girl!"—New York Press.

His Assumption.

"Scribbler's such a queer fellow."

"Is he?"

"Yes. He sent the manuscript of his new book by express and labeled it 'Valuable.'"

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