

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE HORRORS OF TRAPPING.

By J. Howard Moore.



"The most of the skins used for furs are obtained by catching their owners in traps, and death in some instances comes at the close of hours or even of days of intense suffering and terror. The principal device used by professional trappers is the steel trap, the most villainous instrument of arrest ever invented by the human mind. It is not an uncommon thing for the savage jaws of this monstrous instrument to bite off the leg of their would-be captive at a single stroke. If the leg is not completely amputated by the terrible steel, it is likely to be so deeply cut as to encourage the animal to gnaw or twist it off. This latter is the common mode of escape of many animals. Trappers say that on an average one animal out of every five caught has only three legs. A trapper told me recently that he caught a muskrat the past winter that had only one leg. The poor remnant was caught by the tail.

"In order to guard against the escape of the captive by the amputation of his own limb trappers are advised by their guide books to use traps with small 'pans,' so that the limb of the captive, coming directly in the center of the trap, will be clutched close up to the body. No amount of self-mastication can then free the unfortunate. It may gnaw its fettered foot and in the frenzy of its agony break its teeth on the unyielding steel, but it can never get away. Here the unhappy captive must remain until it starves to death or freezes or perishes from thirst or pain or until the particular 'paragon' who carries on this accursed business comes along and confers on it the favor of knocking out its brains.

CENTRAL AMERICAN TURMOILS MUST CEASE.

By Maj. Edwin C. Hardy.



While it is the habit to ridicule the conflicts that periodically occur between Central American countries, it appears that the present one, involving Nicaragua and Honduras and Salvador, is regarded somewhat seriously by those especially who have financial and business interests in the countries. Since the outbreak of hostilities the State Department at Washington has received many inquiries in regard to it from all parts of the United States, indicating a growing interest about those countries and an increasing impatience on the part of many American business men with the recurrence of these eruptions in the body politic of Central America. There is undoubtedly now a considerable sentiment that, sooner or later, our government must exercise more openly and firmly its influence to deter the Southern peoples from resorting to arms to settle every trivial difference which they have.

Data regarding the foreign trade and population of the more important of the Central American States is not without interest. Nicaragua has a population, in round numbers, of 430,000, and its trade with the world in general amounts to over \$5,500,000 a year, about two-thirds of which is with the United States. The population of Honduras, according to the census of 1902, is 775,000. The trade with the United States is more than one-half of the total trade of the republic and amounts to \$4,500,000. Salvador has a population of 1,007,000 in

round figures and has a foreign trade of \$10,100,000 a year, of which a little more than one-fourth is with the United States, or \$2,700,000.

These countries are capable of much greater development than they have attained, but in order to attract the population and capital necessary to the development of their resources peace and order must be assured. This cannot be had under existing conditions, and there is no promise that these will be materially changed in the near future. What is manifestly needed is a union of the Central American republics and the establishment of one stable government, but all efforts hitherto to bring this about have been futile, and, while it may eventually be accomplished, the time of its attainment is probably remote.

THEATRICAL STANDARDS.

By Daniel Frohman.



The standards of the middle and lower classes—so placed from a money point of view—are higher, more sound, more durable and more in line with a desire for education. The people with less money go to the best and soundest performances. Light, trivial and flippant plays never succeed outside of the few large cities. Thus the foundation and the salvation of drama, declares Mr. Frohman in the *Delineator*, as well as of the country, rests in the sound, wholesome taste of the middle classes.

It is a peculiar fact that while Shakespeare, of all dramatists, offers the greatest opportunity for scenery, he also, of all men who ever wrote, can best do without it. In fact, I believe Shakespeare owes his greatness in part to the fact that he did not have any scenery. He had to make everything clear without it; that is why his lines appeal to the mind as well as to the action of the eye. Had he known different, Shakespeare would not have been nearly so great, because he probably never would have taken the pains. However, the converse isn't true. We are not hiding any Shakespeares behind scenery to-day.

WOMAN'S CITIZENSHIP DUTY.

By Herbert W. Ward.



A woman does probably her greatest share of her duty as a citizen when she makes a home a safe and happy harbor of refuge from a stormy world, when she brings up her children into noble manhood and womanhood, and when she does not destroy her husband and family by bad cooking and bad temper, but that same woman crowns her career as a citizen when she interests herself in and becomes a vital part of some problem of government. A woman who is successful in home life is desperately needed in civic life, suggests Herbert D. Ward, in *Woman's Home Companion*.

There is where you are needed. There is where the value of an independent, unpolitical organization of women comes in—an association that is formed to do the thing that men will not. What is your problem? Is it roads or schools? Sidewalks or the preservation of forests? The development of home industries or attractive school grounds? Make a start at once, no matter how isolated you are or whether you belong to a woman's club or not.

A HELP TO OTHERS.

chine, when Barclay said, with a sad expression of countenance:

"Miss Nelson, you've been a faithful and efficacious secretary, and I am sorry I've got to lose you, but the fact is, I've found the woman I want, and, of course, I shall not need you any more.

"Yes," he went on, "I've actually picked out the woman who is to be my wife. You remember all the qualities that I was fool enough to expect in one woman?"

"Yes, sir."
"Well, I've found most of them."
"I am very glad, sir."
"And you are the woman."

Barclay extended his hands toward her. "Will you be my wife?"
Mary Nelson dropped her head.
Then she stammered "No."

A strange, new light came into her face. "Mr. Barclay," she said, presently. "I am a poor girl and you are a rich man. I could not fill your requirements, as specified in your letters to other women. Besides I love my independence, and no woman of spirit cares to be traded in like shares of stock."

Barclay fell to his knees. "My dear, you are right." His big frame shook with emotion. "I am a wretched, money-warped, business-soaked dog. I do not deserve you. But I do love you, with all my heart. May I pursue this, the dearest wish of my life? Will you permit me to prove my worth?"

The haughty, contemptuous smile in the girl's face quickly gave way to the usual sweet and earnest expression.

"By this admission," she said, taking his trembling hand, "I have proof enough."

"Yes."—*Kansas City World.*

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' ART.

Military Salon in Paris to Exhibit Their Work.

Paris is to have a salon militaire, or military picture exhibition, which, it is said, will awaken both surprise and admiration. It is a strictly official affair. It is to be held in the Grand Palais, where the regular annual salon displays take place. The honorary presidents of the management are General Piquart, the minister of war; Gaston Thompson, the minister of marine, and M. Dugardin-Beaumez, who is undersecretary to M. Briand in charge of the fine arts section of the department of education.

The hanging committee received more than 800 exhibits—oil paintings, water colors, sculpture, engravings and other art products. Edouard Detaille, the great painter of war pictures, who is said to be the moving spirit in the exhibition, expresses amazement at the great merit of the work in a majority of cases. A large majority of the objects sent in will be in the display.

The contributors range from sublieutenants to generals. In the marine section captains in the navy have sent sea pieces and midshipmen studies of exotic life and scenery reproduced from nature in Africa and Indo-China. General Michel, the commander of the Second army corps, is represented by a pen and ink drawing of the barracks at Nancy and their picturesque surroundings. Colonel Renault of the infantry, who exhibited a portrait of Minister Barthou, is to have one of General Brugere in the military exhibition. Naval Lieutenant Lacaze contributes a water color, "Summer Evening in Brittany;" Naval Captain Landry, an oil painting, "Near Cherbourg;" Colonel Inspector Lapain, a picture, "Ruins of Chevreuse," and Army Chaplain Leveque, studies from still life.

Those who have seen the collection say that the cavalry artists seem to run to water colors, the artillery to painting in oils, the engineers to sculpture. The infantry are at home in every part of the work, including burnt wood and miniature painting. In the sculpture section the work of two officers who have some celebrity in art circles is described as specially good. They are Captains Allouard and Jacques Fromont-Meurice of the reserve staff.

Simultaneously with the exhibition there will be a "memorial" display of works by artists who have served in the army. It will include the names of Meissonier, who served as lieutenant colonel in 1870, and of Detaille, who was an ordnance officer on the staff of General Appert.—*New York Sun.*

The First Dancers.

People have danced for thousands of years and will probably continue to do so for ages to come. This custom is of ancient origin. The first people to dance were the Curetes, who adopted dancing as a mark of rejoicing in 1543 B. C. In early times the Greeks combined dancing with the drama, and in 22 B. C. pantomimic dances were introduced on the Roman stage. At the discovery of America the American Indians were holding their religious, martial and social dances.

Practical.

"What did she say when she heard he was dead in love with her?"
"She wanted to know if he carried any life insurance."—*New York Times.*

Those who are invited to sing at a party, always report having a good time.

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin
Just for to-day.
Help me to labor earnestly
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Father, to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set thou a seal upon my lips
Through all to-day.
Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to thy grace,
Dear Lord, to-day.

And if, to-day, this life of mine
Should ebb away,
Give me thy sacrament divine,
Father, to-day.
So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Through each to-day.
—Ernest R. Wilberforce.

A Broker's Love Affair

Barclay Ashton, stock broker, had a reformed look in his eye.
"I am going to settle down," he said methodically, calculatingly and firmly. "I must get married."

Very punctilious and discreet was Barclay. He proposed to get married just as he proposed to buy Brighton "A." It was a good investment.

Then he set about it in the most extraordinary Wall street manner.
"I don't want," said he, "any giddy beauties, I want a mature, sober, economical, modest, healthy, good-tempered, affectionate, sagacious, loving, motherly, genteel, sterling woman. Girls make me weary."

When you get one of these financial intellects regularly to business he knows what he is about, and he doesn't make any mistake.

So Barclay set up a matrimonial bureau in his private office.

He would advertise.
No nonsensical rot about cultured gent desiring to meet cultured lady, but a straight business proposition.
It would involve immense clerical



"IT ANNOYED ME VERY MUCH."

system—very well, he would dictate answers for an hour every morning.

"First thing to do—get an extra stenographer. Must be business-like girl—girls, bad, but have to put up with it."

One morning there came to Barclay's office a girl with a small waist, a pearl-gray pelisse over her shoulders and a corneelian ring on her finger.
"I am a stenographer," said she very meekly. "I came to answer an advertisement."

Barclay was signing checks. It was one of the busiest moments of his life. Finally he glanced at her.

"Young woman, I want a discreet, confidential secretary to answer correspondence. She's got to be here early in the morning, attend to business strictly. The salary is \$8 a week. Do you think you can sit down to that kind of drudgery for that pittance and keep the business to yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, then," said Barclay, "the matter for which I have engaged you is aside from the regular business. By the way, what is your name?"

"Mary Nelson."

"Well, Miss Nelson, I don't want you to talk outside this room to any of the business who have to transact here. If you do there'll be trouble."

She turned her demure face toward him and said "Yes, sir," so meekly and patiently that he noticed her eyes.

So they got along very nicely without any nonsense. Barclay would come in the morning, look to see if the sailor hat was hanging on the peg, grant "Good morning, Miss Nelson," and then sit down at his desk.

His heart was constructed on solid clockwork business principles, and one morning when he came in the sailor hat was not on the peg. It annoyed him.

"Where is that young woman?" No one knew.

The next day when she came he reprimanded her fiercely.

"It annoyed me very much," he said. "You should have sent me word. It's irregular and unbusinesslike."

She looked at him in her meek way. "My mother is dying," she said. "I have neglected her to-day so as not to disappoint you."

"Confound it, Miss Nelson!" said the broker, jumping up. "What do you mean by having a mother ill and not telling me? What do you mean by coming here to-day? Will you never get any business in your head?"

He opened the door.

"Here, Sam, get a hansom."

And Sam saw the sailor hat in his hand.

About a week after this the office had three baskets of letters in it. Barclay used to come in, look at the vacant desk and go away again.

Then the sailor hat reappeared. Barclay shook hands with Miss Nelson, congratulating her on her mother's recovery.

"Pshaw, don't mention it, my child. I am about as kind as the average business man—no more, no less. We've got a lot of business here."

They both laughed.

For a week the business of the office went on as usual.

It was a Monday morning. She had hung up her hat, and dusted her ma-

"That was a beautiful thought the minister gave us about being on the lookout for little unobtrusive ways we can help others, wasn't it?" said Miss Spears, fervently, to Mrs. Wallely, as the two women walked slowly home from church together.

"Um-m, yes, it's a beautiful thought," said Mrs. Wallely, in a guarded manner, "but the last time parson preached that sermon—'twas five years ago, just before you came here—it made considerable trouble in my family."

"Yes," continued Mrs. Wallely, with an unseeing gaze on the changing foliage of the village trees, "Hiram saw a letter directed to his Aunt Letitia lying on the sitting room table, and he thought he wouldn't wait for me to ask him to post it, same as I always had to do two or three times before he remembered."

"That sermon was right fresh in his mind, and he picked up that letter, sealed it, stamped it and posted it, all without saying a word to me till next day. Then he spoke of it real modest and yet pleased with himself."

"I'm going to try to live up nearer to that sermon than I've been doing, Mandy," he said to me, "and make things easier for you; lift some o' the little burdens o' life off'n your shoulders."

"Well, Hiram," I said, as soon as I could speak without taking his head right off, for you know I'm high-tempered, excepting for what grace I've got, "I know you meant well—but that wasn't a letter to your Aunt Letitia you've sent off."

"That envelope had her old address on—of course you didn't notice that, she'll get it, but it'll make her mad as a hornet when she sees it and thinks I've been careless and forgotten the new place; and inside were three elegant crochet patterns I was calculating to take over to the minister's wife to-morrow. I put 'em in that old envelope for safe-keeping—they've been there more'n six months. I was intending to let the minister's wife copy them. I laid the envelope out soon as we got back from meeting, so I'd remember."

"Your Aunt Letitia despises fancy-work, so she'll throw them in the fire and then sit down and write me."

"So she did," added Mrs. Wallely, grimly, "and it took a good deal of work to get her straightened out."

"On the whole, there wasn't any lasting harm done, but I was only thinking as I sat there this morning, I was sort of relieved to think Hiram's cold kep' him home from church to-day, all things considered."

MARK TWAIN'S "INSIDE PRICE."

How the Poor Bookseller Felt Over "Discounts."

Mark Twain some time ago told this story at a dinner given to Tax Commissioner Charles Putzel at the Freundschaft Society Clubhouse in New York:
"I saw Mr. Putzel twenty-five years ago in Putnam's book store. I went in there and asked for George H. Putnam, and handed in my card. A young man took it in, but came back and said that Mr. Putnam was busy and could not see me. I had merely gone there on a social call and started to leave. As I was going out my eye was attracted to a big, fat, interesting-looking book. It was entitled 'The Invasion of England in the Fourteenth Century by the Friars.' I asked the price of it.

"'Four dollars,' was the answer.
"'What discount do you allow publishers?'"

"'Forty per cent off.'
"'Well,' I said, 'I am a publisher.'
"'He put down the figures '40 per cent' on the card."

"I said: 'What discount do you allow authors?'"

"He said: 'Forty per cent.'
"'Well,' I said, 'I am the author. You can put that down. What discount do you allow the clergy?'"

"He said, '20 per cent.'
"'Well,' I said, 'I am on the road.' So I took 20 per cent for that."

"He put down the figures and never smiled once. Here I was working off all these scintillating brilliancies on him, and not even a spark of recognition. I was almost in despair. I thought I would try him once more, so I said:

"'You know I am also a member of the Human Race. Would you allow me 10 per cent off for that?'"

"He set that down—never smiled—so I said:

"'There is my card with my address on it. I have no money with me. Send the bill to my home at Hartford.'"

"I picked up the book and was going away when he said: 'Wait a minute; there is 40 cents coming to you.'"
—*Publisher's Weekly.*

Happy.

"But," said Brightley, "if you were sure the fellow who beat you in the saloon was a policeman, why didn't you take his number?"

"Well," replied Luschman, "I—er—had had a number too many already."
—*Philadelphia Press.*