

Now Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TO INCLOSE YALE'S CAMPUS.

The new Phelps Memorial Gateway and Hall completes the Quadrangle. The pride of Yale will be the Phelps Memorial gateway and hall, now being built, which will be completed about the 1st of January next. The gateway will form the main entrance to the campus, and will complete the Yale quadrangle, which will henceforth be inclosed, much after the fashion of the English universities. The new structure will fill an immediate and urgent need of more recreation rooms, and carries out the idea that has lately been gaining favor at New Haven of inclosing the campus. Iron railings will be constructed between the dormitories on the campus which are not contiguous, and the entrance to Yale's classic precincts will be somewhat formal and subject to inspection from a porter or gatekeeper.



The Phelps Memorial will be an attractive structure, the highest building in the front row of the campus, its parapets towering to an elevation of 100 feet. It is designed as a tower, flanked by four octagonal turrets. There will be a lofty arch, 16 feet wide and forming the gateway, opening from College street into the campus. The style of architecture is known as the collegiate Gothic. The exterior of the handsome structure will be faced with sandstone from the Long Meadow quarries, similar to that used in Vanderbilt hall.

The memorial will occupy the space between Welch and Lawrence halls. Above the first floor will be four stories, containing 14 classrooms, and also rooms for the Classical club of Yale. It will cost \$150,000.

Among the recent notable structures which adorn the Yale campus are Vanderbilt hall, the testimonial of the munificence of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt; the new white building and the new Yale Law school building. The latter as it now stands is but a part of the structure as designed by the architects. The part already finished will be used until sufficient funds have been collected to complete it.

Another structure in process of erection is the building of the Delta Phi secret society, to be known as the Eliza clubhouse. It will be built of New Haven stone and buff colored brick and will cost \$25,000.

ASKING THE CAPTAIN. "Once on an ocean steamer," said a traveler, "we had a heated shaft bearing, or something of that sort, so that the engines stopped for two or three hours. I had often read and heard about how the captain was the great mogul aboard ship, how about all things pertaining to the affairs of the ship he held aloft and must not be approached by the passengers, and that was a sort of violation of the unwritten rules of the sea for a passenger to ask the captain anything. And there may be some reason in all this; if one passenger might ask him, all right; and surely the commander of the ship ought not to be unnecessarily disturbed by needless questions. We had been lying there three or four hours waiting. There was no danger whatever, but it was a delay and an incident of interest, and of course all the passengers talked about nothing else—the common information was that the delay was due to a heated bearing.

"I was standing on the upper deck by the door to the main companionway leading to the deck below. The captain came along the upper deck from the after part of the ship and went below by that companionway. He must pass within a foot of me, and under the circumstances it did not seem like a violently unreasonable breach of salt water etiquette to ask him what was the matter, which I did. A passenger who stood on the other side of the doorway looked at me with the amused smile of an older traveler. The captain said nothing. He simply passed on, and all outward appearances quite unconscious of my question or even my presence."—New York Sun.

A stickpin that holds its own through various modifications is the little prettier coil of gold or silver, either by itself or ensnaring a tiny stone. Twin serpents interlaced are among the various designs for necklets; bars, slender spirals starred with tiny jewels, each ending in a flower-de-luce, is another design; little wheels with curving spokes and a large stone for the hub is a third.

Yellow diamonds are having their inning. A large proportion of the prettiest jewelry of the week and especially in rings had for the most prominent feature a large yellow diamond. The appropriate relief was found in the colorless stone.—Jewelers' Circular.

BICYCLES FORCE ECONOMY.

Chicago Shopkeepers Say Every One is Economizing to Buy a Wheel. Storekeepers and tradesmen have their own ideas on political economy. They do not explain the depression in business and the financial difficulties by any of the stereotyped arguments of the public speaker. With them the cause is not the outflow of gold, it is not the silver dollar—it is the bicycle. If the twentieth century fulfills the prophecy that the man who does not ride a bicycle will be a curiosity they say they will close up shop.

Every bicycle rider, they say, is in training—physical or economic. If he is not preparing to win medals or cash prizes or prizes he is paying for his wheel. To the bicycle as a hygienic invention they do not object; for the rich man they think it is just the thing. But they do not like it on the installment plan. The installment plan, in the dictionary of the tradesman, means no cigars, no theater, no novelties in neckwear and no meals for more than 15 cents.

The chapter in the tradesman's political economy devoted to statistics presents figures something like these: In Chicago there are about 150,000 persons buying bicycles on the installment plan. They are, as a rule, people who make just enough money and have none to spare. Some of them figure expenses so closely that a day's outing with their best girls or with "the boys" means a boycott of the street car for several weeks. The bicycle for "spot cash" had little or no movement for them, but they have succumbed to the blandishments of the installment plan and are its slaves for six months.

When the installment plan gets its clutches on the young man with a salary it takes \$30 to start with. As a rule he cannot spare this amount in one month, so he saves up his spending money for months ahead. When he gets started he gives up \$10 a month. Bicycle dealers are considerate in that, in most cases, they do not take away the earnings of the tradesman for more than six months. Sometimes they take \$5 a month, but that is usually all the young man can pay, and the agony of the tradesman lasts nearly a year. However the matter is figured up the tradesman loses about \$2,000.00 a month. When their statistician made his first report some of them fainted.

The restaurant keeper, the cigar man and the "gents" furnishing goods man can tell months ahead when a regular customer is contemplating the installment plan. He comes into the restaurant out of breath and pretends to be in a great hurry. He takes a seat at the lunch counter instead of at the table where he is accustomed to sit. The waiter brings him a bill of fare.

"How long will it take to get a ten dollar steak?" he asks.

"Oh, about ten minutes," says the waiter.

"Too long. Can't wait. Terrible hurry, you know. Bring me a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee, and be quick about it."

When he has finished, he pays his 10 cent check without looking at the pretty cashier and goes out on the run.

A PRESIDENT MAKER.

Adolph Friederichs! A most fascinating man—brilliant, dashing, sparkling, optimistic, impulsive and generous—a natural leader of men. He had all the qualities that win men's admiration. He had a keen sense of humor, a keen sense of humor, a keen sense of humor.

When the great man rode down Pennsylvania avenue in the magnificent inaugural procession, he was the happiest person in the grand pageant, with one exception. That exception was Adolph Friederichs. He great, round, good natured face fairly gleamed with the joy and triumph that swelled his heart. He had played a conspicuously brilliant part in the campaign, and the reward was in sight. With a position of honor, trust and profit under the administration he would be relieved of all financial embarrassment and would have an opportunity to distinguish himself for faithful public service—a most honorable ambition.

It would be a good day for him indeed when he could go back to him with a commission to an important office. With what delight he would exhibit to the old political veteran, Senator Black, and exclaim: "Ungrateful, eh? Cold and unsympathetic, eh? You did him an injustice." He would feel no selfish exultation. His chief desire was to vindicate the president in the eyes of Senator Black. And possibly he would do so before the inauguration. He would at least ask the president to cherish no resentment, as he was sure the senator acted from conscientious motives in favoring the nomination of another candidate. And the little wife, how proud and happy she would be!

The day after the inauguration Friederichs called at the White House, but he did not see the president. The great man was closeted with some statesmen who were to occupy seats in his cabinet. He left his card with the secretary and he would be content to await the great man's pleasure. The president would, of course, be besieged by office seekers, and he would appreciate the delicate courtesy of one who had a right to intrude. The president would wish to see him soon, of course. He would wait until he should be summoned.

A week went by. Two weeks, three, and not a word from the president. In the mean time Friederichs had received confirmation of some of the great man's appointees had developed in the senate. Senator Black was leading this opposition. It was too bad that Black still misjudged this great man and carried his animosity to such an extreme. He would see the president. Possibly he could do something to put an end to the waiting. He would see the president's intentions with reference to himself. He hastened to the White House and sent in his card.

"The president desires that you wait just a moment, when he will be at liberty," said the polite attendant, returning his hand. "I am glad to see you. How warm and muscular your hand feels—quite a contrast to what I have just undergone, cold, Friederichs, and clammy," and the senator gave an involuntary gasp.

"You are not yet friends?" queried Friederichs. "I had hoped you would be."

"Friends? No, but we understand each other better. There is a way to deal with cold people. Oh, yes, if you make it hot enough, they're sure to thaw. He's not a little," and the senator nodded his head in the direction of the president's room. Then with a hearty "good-by" he hurried out, and Friederichs thought he heard a soft chuckle as the senator passed into the main hallway.

Friederichs was shown into the presence of the great man. The president greeted him in a manner meant to be cordial, but Friederichs felt that he was not felt wholly at ease. The great man had changed. There was an air of conscious exultation and power about the chief executive that he did not like.

"Stop, stop, senator!" cried Friederichs. "It is not right for you to say these things to me. I know him very well indeed. He is not magnetic—no, I admit that—but he is a good man; a little chilly, yes. But ungrateful, ungrateful!"

"With the senator's delegation and the influence of its vote will have on other states I believe he will be nominated," said the senator, preparing to take his departure. "If nominated, he will be elected. In that event you should ride in the cabinet, and I, Adolph, he will put you on with a second class postoffice."

Friederichs laughingly replied: "Ah, senator, you are too severe. You wrong him, you do really. Good night, good night, and so the interview ended. There was no possibility of swerving this faithful friend. His constancy was the central and most refreshing jewel in his crown of virtues.

Senator Black's belief was verified—the candidate supported by Friederichs was nominated. Immediately following for possible administrative favor began. Messages of congratulation were showered upon the successful candidate. One delegate who had voted for the strongest opposition candidate, sent the following telegram to the nominee:

"We were successful. I never at any time doubted your popularity with the intelligent representatives of our great party. Accept my sincere congratulations."

A few delegates attended an evening session to nominate a candidate for vice president. Friederichs was neither with those who sent congratulatory messages nor the enfeebled minority that named the present incumbent. He came with a party of kindred spirits celebrating the victory and extolling the nominee before the shrine of Bacchus. With a charming accent that betrayed his German birth, but left his English unaffected, he recognized the virtues of the great man, and after the great man himself had retired, and mayhap was soundly snoring, his faithful Friederichs was sounding his praises and predicting for him magnificent achievements.

"The great man's name," said the great man to the present incumbent, "is a great name. The name of Adolph Friederichs was on many tongues, and there was much speculation as to what post of honor he would be called in the event of the great man's ultimate success."

"A cabinet portfolio," said one. "Minister to Berlin," hazarded a second. "A consulate in a congenial climate," ventured a third. "Private secretary," "public printer" and many others were suggested.

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"But, Mr. President, I did not expect that. He was going to say that he did not expect one of the best officers when the president interrupted him: 'Of course not. You did not give me your support with the expectation of reward. Your motives were wholly unselfish and patriotic. That is why I so warmly appreciate your friendship and support.'"

Did the president purposely misunderstand him or was this but an honest exhibition of obtuseness? A feeling of indignation and resentment came over Friederichs, but he repressed it. The president was so much obliged to him, not or he would cheerfully offer him some post under the administration. Then he thought he would tell the president that all his friends expected him to receive some distinct mark of favor; that he would be immortalized in the eyes of the people of his state if he failed to receive it; that his efforts in the president's behalf would be a jest for his enemies. He was on the point of saying all this, but his pride overcame him.

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at that moment entered at the hall door. "I went for a copy of the afternoon paper, sir," said the valet. "Suicide of a prominent politician at the National hotel."

The senator glanced at the headlines and turned pale. Then he read the story. "Poor Friederichs!" he said.

Farther on he read, "No cause can be assigned for the rash act."

Another paragraph: "The deceased carried a heavy life insurance."

"What's this?" the senator's lips curled as he read: "Mr. Friederichs was a war a personal friend of the president, who as soon as he learned of the sad occurrence sent a dispatch of condolence to the widow, in which he highly eulogized the character and eminent abilities of the deceased."—Richard Linthicum in Chicago Times.

ABOUT INDIAN MONKEYS. The Method They Employ When Robbing a Cornfield. It is still an article of faith, not only in India, but in all lands where monkeys go in packs, that they have a king, laws and language of course. Saving the first item and duly limiting the others, the belief is sound no doubt. But the king has a great many followers. When a subject is caught, he contrives to send a message to the sovereign, who forthwith dispatches an army, and when they come to the town they pull down the houses and beat the people on the head. It is said, and many say, this is not quite so ridiculous as it looks, for the sacred apes that frequent an Indian village will readily gather to avenge an injury, and it is a common practice with them to destroy the huts when angered.

They have a great many children, and when a child is unlike its father and mother it is thrown out on the high road. Then they are taken by the Hindus, who teach them every sort of handicraft, or sell them at night, that they may not find their way home. At Shabar, which appears to have been somewhere near Madras, people dare not travel by night in the woods, for fear of monkeys, which is certainly not exact, since these creatures never move after sundown, but if there be a foundation of truth in the legend, it is curious. We are not aware that any Indian apes at this day will attack a peasant unless gravely provoked. But there are plenty elsewhere that will.

It is a well known fact that in proceeding to raid the cornfields in certain parts of Africa apes have a combined plan of action. The old males go first—some of them scout on either flank, and others give emence near the line of march, to assure themselves that the route is safe. After reconnoitering, they give orders in such different tones of voice that each must have a special meaning. The elders are silent when advancing, but the main body, females and young, keep up an incessant chatter, playing and feeling as they go, and less brought to an instantaneous halt by signal. Behind follows the rear guard of males, who drive looters sharply on.

On reaching the cornfields the scouts take post all round, while all the rest fall to plundering with the utmost expedition, filling their cheeks pouches as they will, and then tucking the heads of corn under their armpits.

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