

HONORE JOSEPH JAXON.

Man Who Received President's Reply About "Undesirable Citizens."

Honore Joseph Jaxon of Chicago has recently figured with prominence in the public eye because it was to him as chairman of the Cook county Moyer-Haywood conference that President Roosevelt addressed the letter in which he used the now historic phraseology classing Messrs. Haywood and Moyer with E. H. Harriman and Eugene V. Debs as "undesirable citizens." He is part Indian and was born in 1863 in a buffalo camp somewhere between Montana and the Northwest Territory. He lived as a boy among the Metis, the mixed people of the Canadian Northwest, but later attended school in Toronto, where he learned Latin and Greek and attained a reputation for brilliancy in such studies. His love for adventure led him to cast in his fortunes with Louis Riel, and he was made secretary of the great council of the Metis. After the suppression of the Riel rebellion and the hanging of Riel, Jaxon was captured and was decorated with ball and chain. On being put in prison he escaped and was tramped for several days, half starved, until he crossed the line into the United States at Pembina, N. D. But he was kidnapped and was on his way



HONORE JOSEPH JAXON.

back to prison under charge of officers when he again escaped, this time by jumping from a moving train. He next turned up in Chicago in 1893, where, in connection with a carpenters' strike, he organized volunteers among the union men and directed the work of beating nonunion applicants for the places of the striking carpenters. "There was nothing in the attacks that was personally malicious," Jaxon has since said. "It was all for a principle. The strikers where necessary were late."

It was Jaxon who organized the old labor organization known as the Salted and Cannibal union. In this connection a victim of envenomers' when once expressed the hope that the book agents would all go on strike.

SALVATIONIST AND COUNT.

The New Swedish Minister to the United States and His Career.

The new Swedish minister to the United States, Count Lagercrantz, is said to be the only diplomat at Washington who has worn the uniform of the Salvation Army. His career is an example of business, politics and religion.



COUNT LAGERCRANTZ AS A SALVATIONIST. In an unusual combination, Count Lagercrantz was born in 1859 and is the son of a councillor of state. He received a military education and was appointed an officer in a crack regiment. His ability as an officer, combined with the wealth and position of his family, seemed to assure him rapid advancement in the Swedish army when he suddenly resigned from his regiment in order to devote his life to the work of the Salvation Army. He and his wife took up work in the slums of London and concerned themselves especially with the social side of the army's operations. He became a colonel, was sent to India and has much to do with building up the great system of work for the outcasts and homeless established by the Salvationists in that part of the British empire. Then he was taken ill, severed his active connection with the army, returned to Sweden and on the recovery of his health embarked in the steel business. He proved a business organizer of exceptional ability, and recognizing the value of his services to industry, the Swedish government determined upon sending him to the United States as its representative at Washington.

HE UNDERSTOOD.

An Old Backwoodsman Gives His Idea of an Oath.

"A number of years ago," said the well known attorney, who was in a rooming house, "I was taken up in the northwest part of the state on an important business. I was anxious to win it for a number of years, and I strained every nerve to get a verdict in my favor. I had every hope that I would succeed. On the opposing counsel put an old backwoodsman on the stand whose testimony was particularly damaging to my client's case. I believed then, and I believe now, that the old man was lying, but to prove it was another matter, as he told a straight story and stuck to it, so I was rather discouraged when he was handed over to me to be cross examined.

"You understand, of course," said I, "the solemn obligations of the oath you gave when you took the stand?"

"He merely granted in reply, 'I suppose,' said I blandly, 'that you understand the nature of an oath?'"

"I guess I do," he growled.

"Well, give me an illustration of your idea of an oath," said I.

"I was totally unprepared for what followed. The old man shifted his quid of tobacco, took a firm grip on his chair and ripped out a string of oaths that threatened to raise the roof. It was simply awful. I have heard hard swearers in my life, but nothing to compare to that. The profanity he used would have kept a six mile team on the jump for a week. His expletives were highly picturesque, abounding in fertility of invention and unlimited lung power.

"When the judge caught his breath he fined the fellow for contempt of court, and when I addressed the jury I made the point that he couldn't be believed under oath and won my case. I could afford to be charitable, so I prevailed upon the judge to remit the fine against the old man."—Detroit Free Press.

Presence of Mind.

General Funston at a dinner in San Francisco cited an example of great presence of mind.

"In the height of the disorder here," he said, "a mob was looting a big grocery when a band of soldiers arrived on the scene. One thief had seized two hams and was about to make off with one under each arm when he ran plump into an officer. Placing the hams in the officer's arms, he said peremptorily:

"Take care of these, my man, or the first thing you know they will be stolen."



Serags—Well, thank heaven you've never seen me run after people who have money!

Naggs—No, but I've seen people run after you because you didn't have money.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

During the Honeymoon.

The Friend—And you and George have excellent appetites for every meal. What kind of appetizers do you use?

The Bride—Kisses, dear. And we have the grandest dessert.

The Friend—Gracious! And what does it consist of?

The Bride—The same, of course—kisses!—Detroit Tribune.

The Farmer's Wife

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every tainting or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood. If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science for the cure of the above symptoms are the writings of leading teachers and practitioners of all the several schools of medical practice. These have been skillfully and harmoniously combined in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That this is absolutely true will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will but mail a postal card requesting Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a free copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities, giving the names of all the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicines and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

DOOR KEYS IN SWEDEN

Curious Custom of Hanging Them Outside the Doors.

HOUSES LOCKED, YET OPEN.

The Dangling Key Informs You the Tenants Are Out, but Friends Who Call Are at Liberty to Unlock the Door and Enter and Rest.

When the Swedes go calling, they lock up and then hang the door key on the bell or the doorknob or some other conspicuous place. When they go visiting for a few weeks, bolts and bars are slid into place, and then out goes the key. If the house is shut up for an entire season or a full year, the gayly swinging door key says "Not at home" to passersby.

There is no kicking your heels on the doormat in Sweden while the bell or knocker awakes the echoes in an empty house. Agents, peddlers, friends and relatives all know this message of the door key and seeing it out pass by.

As can be readily imagined, this strange custom has been put to good use in many instances when visitors were not wanted. Instead of telling the maid to inform callers that Mrs. Jones is not at home the mistress says to Jennie: "Hang out the door key at 3 o'clock this afternoon and bring it in at 5. I don't wish to see any one for a few hours."

About the first of the month in certain districts door keys swing to the breeze in great numbers, and collectors, knowing the custom and also its misuse, scratch their heads in perplexity at this not at home signal.

Many amusing stories are told of creditors sitting down to await the return of their man while the debtor sat on the other side of the locked door and chuckled. There have been instances where a collector has taken the key, unlocked the door and entered the house to be met by the owner, who calmly laughed over his nose. Again a creditor has entered a house in which he supposed the owner to be hiding only to find it vacant and to be caught by the frate master, arrested and made to pay a fine, while the debtor got an extension of time on his bill.

These illegitimate uses of this very old custom of not only leaving the latchstrung out, but also putting the door key at the disposal of all who pass, are not discovered at first glance, and they are really very much in the minority, for Sweden is pre-eminently an honest land. In and around about Stockholm there is very little need of policemen or strong boxes, for every man, however low down in the social scale, seems to have due respect for another's property.

Although a few of the more suspicious, or the foreigners who have not been brought up in this strange custom of leaving the door key out, may lock up with bolts from the inside and use another door for exit when they leave home for an extended visit, the old residents actually leave their homes at the disposal of any who may care to enter.

Friends who call and find the key out feel at perfect liberty to unlock the door, enter and rest a bit before passing on. Strangers seldom misuse the confidence.

The custom started ages ago when it was the usual thing for "holy men" or priests to travel through Swedish villages, stopping to leave their blessing on the households of the neighborhood. These visits were looked forward to with eagerness by the pious Swedes, and it was considered an act of gross est discourtesy to bar the door, for whatever reason, against a holy man. Consequently if a family left home the key was always put out against the arrival of the priest. Meat and drink were left, and should the holy man stop at a vacant house he entered, refreshed himself, left his blessing in the form of a candle or a bottle of holy water or a bit of consecrated green and passed. Thus the custom originated, and, although these quaint villages have become towns and traveling priests have passed away and the influx of other nations has modernized Sweden and brought the evil of theft with it, the door keys still hang out as evidence of trust and open doored hospitality.

A thief seldom takes down one of the keys and enters, for there is the uncertainty about the absence of the residents spoken of to hold him back, and the knowledge that an exposed door key may merely mean that the owner has stepped across to the store and will return any minute makes tampering with property risky business.

These facts, together with the big one that Swedes are one of the most honest people on the face of the globe, make a custom safe there which would be a foolhardy tempting of misfortune in our "land of the free."—Los Angeles Times.

Found an Excuse.

One Easter a Methodist minister in the south wrote to J. Pierpont Morgan and asked him to subscribe to the erection of a new church.

"Since I am an Episcopalian," Mr. Morgan wrote back, "I can't conscientiously join this Easter subscription to the building of a Methodist church. Before erecting your new church, though, you are going, I understand, to tear the old church down. For that purpose I gladly inclose my check for \$250."

In please will always be the result of benevolence; to be a philanthropist is the constant aim of ambition.—