

ASTROLOGY AND BUSINESS

Do you know under what star you were born? Perhaps you don't care a continental, but if you think you don't, right there you might begin to get busy with the idea that a great many people whom you would least suspect of caring, are not only concerned in astrology, as it bears upon their own past, present and future, but that right here in Chicago they are mixing astrological guesses with material fact in the conduct of their professional business. Here is a suggestive story in its practical application:

A mother of two children in Chicago had become enamored of the doctrines of Mme. Tingley, and was attracted to her colony at Port Loma, California. The father of the children was an unbeliever in the Tingley school, and one day he returned home to an empty house to find that the mother with the two children had gone to Point Loma to deliver to Mme. Tingley the two children upon which her school of training might be brought to influence.

The father's first thought was as to the possibility of bringing the law to bear upon the return of his children. He consulted an attorney, who at once saw the loopholes through which an ordinary habeas corpus might be served. The two men departed for California within 24 hours.

But in the courts there it was discovered that certain precedents under the rules of the court body made unexpected entanglements that promised delays. The attorney especially seemed doubtful and uneasy. At an opportune moment he turned one day upon his client and asked, with clouded face and brow:

"Let me see—what is the date of your wife's birth?"

The client, wonderingly, replied that she was born October 2, 1870. At the words the lawyer threw both his hands into the air with an exclamation:

"We can't do a thing! We can't do a thing! Your wife is a double Capricorn!"

His client, doubting the sanity of the man for a moment, insisted upon an explanation of the meaning of the term "double Capricorn."

"It means that she is a winner," replied the lawyer in tones of certainty that admitted no question on his part. "There's no use of proceeding in this matter—she'll beat us at every turn!" And with this the discouraged lawyer returned to Chicago.

But the father wasn't so sure, having a doubting knowledge of Capricorn even in its geographical sense. He employed a new adviser in the matter, with a result that a way was found to bring the writ at once before the supreme court of California, where the custody of the children was given to the father, almost without a question on the part of the court.

The father and the children are in Chicago today, as is the attorney who dropped his Blackstone and all his legal training at the feet of a "double Capricorn," which didn't seem to work after all.

Chicago has been referred to as one of the cities of the county which suffers widely from a lack of appreciation of the logical reasoning. It has been spoken of as the stamping ground of the cheat and the faker of all stripes. Among these fakers none has a wider swing than has the astrologer. It is the opinion of one of the leading neurologists of the city that the belief in astrology permeates all classes of society to an extent that few unbelievers might be led to suspect. When the belief goes no further than a mere probability in the life of one person who pays the faker for the horoscope, it is sometimes affecting the individual for the most part; when it becomes a matter to be brought into the professions, and to be a part of the professional advice for which the unsuspecting unbeliever has to pay, it is becoming a community question.

There are few professional men who will dispute the assertion that their professions began in astrology; there are many who will assert that long ago, these professions should have separated from the parent superstition. They have outgrown Mother Shipton and her prophecies, as they have outgrown the favorite prediction of the astrologer in all time—that the end of the world was in sight.

That medicine had its birth in astrology is a fact carried to this day on the face of the prescription which you take from your physician to the drug store for filling. The slightly altered "Rx" of the prescription blank is only a slight departure from the zodiacal sign of Jupiter.

That astrology has affected almost everything in the language may be suggested by a study of its possibilities in literature and the art. The planetary gods of the Greeks bear a testimony to the effect upon art. There

are Apollo, Mars, Mercury, Venus and Jupiter. Each of these are interpreted into types of men stood for living man types. To this day we speak of the "Jovial" man, the "martial" man, and of the "saturnine" type. Men whom we know have a "mercurial" disposition; the prettiest girl we know is a "Venus." Huyghens has been quoted in the contention that there "are on earth men of cold temperament who would thrive in Saturn, which is the farthest planet from the sun, and there are other spirits warm and ardent enough to live in Venus."

On the farms and in the backwoods of the Central West, however, the remains of astrology are considered in great seriousness in some of their bearings. In many of the duties of the unlettered farmer in his occupation as tiller of the ground and as breeder of live stock, he looks to the signs of the zodiac as pointing to the success of his endeavors. With him "the sign" means everything, and from this sign of the zodiac he passes to the phases of the moon as conditioning the planting of seeds and the harvesting of crops and the killing of his winter's meats.

But the beliefs of the unlettered farmer in this respect do not compare with the beliefs of the citizen who may be surrounded by the mysticism of which so much capital is made by the faker, and in touch with so many of the complications of civilization. There is scarcely a crime in the calendar of the ignorant that may not at some time involve the counsel of the astrologer and seer. The crime indeed may be traced to the astrologer, who in his generalizing way, may have referred to the probability that "you have a secret enemy"—a suggestion to the ignorant that in more cases than one has caused him to fix his suspicion and to attempt murder as his recourse. Criminals proverbially are superstitious, and the knowledge possessed by astrologer and clairvoyants and card readers, with reference to material crimes in all of the great cities could be used by the police department in tracing criminals with far more certainty than the mystical knowledge of these fakers can be used by the escaping criminals themselves.

Thanksgiving in Washington

Washington, Nov. 25.—The machinery of government in the national capital will come to a standstill tomorrow, the Panama affair, the Cuban treaty and other momentous questions will be forgotten for the time being and everyone from the President down will unite in the observance of that most characteristic of all American holidays—Thanksgiving Day. The day is usually a quiet one in Washington, socially as well as officially, but congress being in session this year things may be different. The turkey dinners, at least, will be more numerous than in previous years.

President Roosevelt believes in celebrating the holiday in the good, old-fashioned way and consequently it is sure to be a jolly Thanksgiving in the White House. The Roosevelt children are home from school, and they are bound to have a romp, in which their father and mother will join. No business whatever will be done at the executive mansion during the day. The clerks will not report for duty and all official engagements will be postponed until the following day. In the morning the President and his family will go to church and in the afternoon they will receive some visitors in a social way. Dinner will be at 7 p.m., and several friends will be invited to share it.

The President's steward gives himself no concern regarding a Thanksgiving turkey for the executive table. For more than 25 years Horace Vose, of Westley, R. I., has had the privilege of supplying the President's turkey. This is in pursuance of a custom which was established by Senator Anthony when President Grant was the chief executive. As long as the Senator lived he bought turkeys for the President, and when he died, Mr. Vose kept up the custom, and each year sent the best bird he could find in his home county. The colossal fowl which will satisfy the appetites of the Roosevelt household tomorrow and fill the White House kitchen with its fragrant aroma weighs in the neighborhood of 30 pounds. He was hatched last spring and as tenderly raised as a young colt destined for the race track.

The menu for the Thanksgiving dinner is always a staple one. Mr. Vose's turkey is the piece de resistance, and the other dishes served

are typically American. The dinner invariably begins with Chesapeake oysters. Flaky rock fish from the Potomac, terrapin from the Eastern shore and cranberries from Cape Cod are included in the menu.

All the members of the cabinet will eat their Thanksgiving dinners at their Washington homes. Secretary and Mrs. Hay will have a family party at their board. Secretary and Mrs. Shaw will dine at home in Massachusetts avenue, and will share the holiday feast with their children. The attorney general is fond of his own fireside and prefers a simple home dinner to any of the feasts in which he might participate. The secretary of agriculture has little to buy for his Thanksgiving dinner as turkeys and other gifts come to him from all over the country. The secretary of the interior, Mr. Hitchcock, and his family will dine in their home in K street. The secretary of the navy, though the recipient of many invitations, will probably follow his usual custom and dine with his bachelor cronies in the Worden house.

Impressiveness the Object.

A group of well-known Southerners was standing in the lobby of the New Willard talking of Democratic prospects and swapping stories of life in Dixie. In the party were the Hon. John S. Williams, the minority leader in the house; Attorney E. L. Russell, of Mobile; Representative Bowers, of Mississippi; and Representative Underwood, of Alabama.

"I was traveling in a private conveyance through Bibb county, in my district, one of the hottest days of the past summer," said Mr. Underwood "and when I got to the little town of Briarville was so full of dust that I looked rather on the order of a tramp. Some of the principal men of the place came up to greet me, and, while we were talking, a gentleman whom I had never met drove up in a carriage and immediately an introduction was affected between us. He was so full of business that I don't think he caught my name, and I didn't look very impressive in my dust-covered clothes.

"Pulling out a roll of paper he presented it to me, saying: 'Friend, won't you please sign this; it's a petition to have Miss Blank made post-mistress at Briarville. She is a nice young woman and ought to have it in preference to a man that's trying to get it.'"

"I looked at the petition, which was inclosed in a big envelope, addressed to 'Hon. Oscar Underwood, Washington, D. C.' 'My friend,' I replied, 'I'd Ocean.

SOME LIKE IT HOT SOME LIKE IT COLD

When Mrs. Green decided to take a young girl to help her with the work she did so after grave deliberation. She had come and made her home in the Green household till Green declared that that his pneumo gastric nerve was becoming petrified from eating so many kinds of cooking. Susan, the last cook, had been a tyrant. When the Greens wished a roast for dinner, Susan served a stew, and if Green requested French fried potatoes with the cold joint he was served with potatoes boiled in their jackets. Finally Mrs. Green's rebellious spirit awoke, and she discharged Susan and advertised for a young girl "who wanted a good home."

The first applicant was 17, she said. She chewed gum and wore a rat in her pompadour. Mrs. Green hired her, however, in spite of these drawbacks. The new girl watched Mrs. Green do the work, and made occasional futile attempts to imitate her. She read the Duchess novels in the evening and played "Hiawatha" on the piano when Mrs. Green was not at home. Finally she took to weeping, going about with red eyes and doleful lips.

"What is the matter, Jennie?" demanded Mrs. Green one day when she found her dropping tears into the dish water. "I'm so lonesome," sniveled Jennie. "This is the quietest house I ever saw. The last place I worked we had music every evening. The gentleman of the house he sung and his wife played the mouth organ, and we had real pleasant evenings. But it's so lonesome here."

Mrs. Green consulted with her husband, and he advised her to get rid of Jennie.

"If it's coming to the point where I have to turn myself into a vaudeville show to amuse the maid in the evenings, I think we'd better break up and board," growled Green.

So Jennie departed.

The next was a girl of 15, and just over from Ireland. She was pretty as a picture, with the native blue eyes and black hair, and as innocent as a lamb. She had never seen a furnace nor a gas stove, and she had strange names for things that kept Mrs. Green guessing.

like to oblige you, but you see I live in Birmingham out of this locality, hence it would not be proper for me to take a hand in this contest."

"Oh, that's all right," he answered, "just sign anyway; we're getting lots of names of people who don't live here, and have put in a lot of floaters to make a big petition. It doesn't make a particle of difference, for when the paper gets to that fool congressman up yonder, he won't know a d—d thing about it."—Washington Correspondent Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.

Modern Girls' Big Feet.

"Athletic exercise is undoubtedly adding cubits to the stature of the modern girl, but," remarked a shoe merchant, "it is likewise increasing the length of her feet, increasing, indeed, into such wonderful proportions that the perfect mine of small jokes we used to hear about the pedal extremities of Britain's daughters is entirely exploded.

"Having paid these young ladies the compliment of imitating their training, the humorist now finds that his countrywomen's feet have developed the proportions he once found so ludicrous.

"The time when to possess tiny feet was a thing to be desired, in past, the athletic girl having changed all that. The proper and beautiful thing nowadays is to be of classical dimensions. As it is shape, not size, that makes or mars the beauty of a foot, the sensible woman hails this evolution with delight, proving that the change is owing to the wholesome outdoor life of the really modern girl.

"And I may add that never has footwear been prettier than now. It is really amusing to hear the athletic girl order the size of her foot. We sell Nos. 5 and 6 now, when only a few years ago we rarely had a call for a shoe over No. 3, that being considered a large shoe."—Washington Post.

Hot Mackerel as a Weapon.

"She slapped me in the face with a hot mackerel, judge."

"Well, she said I was no lady, and I was going to show her. She broke a ketchup bottle on my head."

Hattie Gilmore, 122 Superior street, and Ella Snow, Orleans and Erie streets, engaged in similar repartee for half an hour at Justice Mayer's Chicago avenue police court yesterday morning.

Mrs. Gilmore alleged that Mrs. Snow had called on her, and a fight followed.

The case was dismissed.—Inter-Ocean.

But probably the most remarkable thing that Norah saw was when Mrs. Green made the annual plum pudding. She sampled the dates, citron and raisins approvingly, but when she saw them mixed with molasses, milk eggs and suet, to say nothing of the other ingredients, she shook her head, and remarked that they had nothing like that in Kildare.

Mrs. Green made an extra large quantity of pudding. She wanted it to last all winter, and she expected to serve it whenever she had guests for dinner. Green declared it was the best she'd ever made; so Mrs. Green decided to send some to her sister for Thanksgiving.

Meanwhile Nora, with the zest that 15 years gives to sweet things, had become inordinately fond of plum pudding. She was steadily eating it whenever she felt hungry, which was most of the time. Jimmy Green, aged 13, followed in her footsteps. He would get a large, heavy brown slice from the pantry every afternoon when he came home from school. Jimmy was not as innocent as Norah. He knew the pudding was designed to last all winter, but he quietly ate on.

The explosion came the night before Mrs. Green's luncheon. She had made Vassar fudge and macaroons enough for eight ladies, but when she went to look at them both were strangely depleted. With sinking heart and awakened suspicions Mrs. Green inspected the place where the plum pudding had been kept. There was scarcely a mouthful left. And she had written to her sister to expect pudding for Thanksgiving dinner. She accused Nora, who confessed innocently, and also implicated Jimmy.

Mrs. Green wept out her disappointment to Green in the library.

"Why it hasn't killed them I don't know," she ended. "Just fancy eating plum pudding at that stage, not steamed, and without sauce. Why, it's heavy as lead."

"You can't kill anyone through the stomach at their age," said the dyspeptic Green, obviously. "You'd better get a full-grown servant, my dear; it will be less wearing on everything—including provisions."—Chicago News

WEBFOOT ALL RIGHT

Webfoot Land.
Tune, Beulah Land.
I've reached the land of mud and rain,
I've struggled long this land to gain,
And now that I have reached the spot,
I often wish that I had not.

Chorus.
Oh, Webfoot land, wet Webfoot land,
As in my house I sadly stand
And gaze without thro' dripping rain,
And long to see the sun again,
I surely wish that I could fly
To lauds where it is sometimes dry.

It rains at morn, it rains at eve,
It rains at noon, there's no reprieve;
Day after day it's just the same,
I wonder why I ever came.

It does no good to kick or swear,
To throw your boots or tear your hair,
You cannot change that sky of gray
To sky of blue a single day.

You wish to go and see a friend,
It always rains, on that depend,
And if you wish to go to town
You need to wear a rubber gown.

Sometimes the mud is rather wet
And so you think a cab you'll get,
And when you've rode a mile or two
You wish you'd walked, indeed you do.

And if you stop an hour or two,
And old King Sol the clouds beats thro'
The people say, "Well, I'll allow
We're going to have good weather now."

They wouldn't lie, oh mercy no!
They simply have forgot, you know,
And when dry weather comes again
They say, "I think we're needing rain."

They fold their hands upon their knees,
And laugh and talk and take their ease,
They leave their apples in the trees,
And dig potatoes when they please.

People ride about in hacks
With green moss growing on their backs
And umbrellas on their nose,
And rubber coats down to their toes.

With green moss hanging on their clothes,
And on their feet, so I've been told,
(Perchance I'm true, perchance I'm sold)
A sort of webby substance grows.

I'm tired and sick and very cross,
I hate the sight of mud and moss;
My bones they ache, my joints they swell,
Tia rheumatiz I know full well.

If ever I do get the cash
For eastern land's I'll make a dash;
I'll live where I the sun can view
And have my clothes look nice and new.

—Oscar Donaldson, of Oregon.

Here's the original of that poem the Nebraska man turned into a parody on h-w it rains in Oregon:

I've reached the land of drought and heat,
Where nothing grows for man or eat;
The wind that blows with burning heat,
O'er all the land is hard to beat.

O, Dakota Land, Sweet Dakota Land,
As on thy burning soil I stand,
I look away across the plains,
And wonder why it never rains,

'Til Gabriel blows his trumpet sound,
And says "The rain has gone around."

We have no wheat, we have no oats,
We have no corn to feed our shoats;
Our chickens are too poor to eat,
Our pigs go squealing through the street.

Popular Club.

Dr. Edward Bedloe, citizen of Philadelphia and the world at large, is soon to apply for a dispensation changing the name of the celebrated "Seventy-six Million" club to the "Eighty Million" club.

The Seventy-six Million club is an organization formed by Dr. Bedloe when he lived in China. It has a simple code of bylaws, as follows:

"1. Any American citizen sojourning in the far East is a member of the Seventy-six Million club.

"2. It is always in order to take a drink when a quorum of the club is present.

"3. Two members of the club shall constitute a quorum.

"4. No mirrors or other mechanical devices shall be used in establishing a quorum."—Philadelphia Post.

Our horses are a broncho race,
Starvation stares them in the face,
We do not live, we only stay;
We are too poor to get away.

Our fuel is the cheapest kind,
Our women are all of one mind,
With bag in hand and turned up nose,
They gather chips of buffaloes.

A Reply to "Webfoot Land."
This tenderfoot he had it bad;
If he's gone East, t'wont make us sad,
We've seen too many of his kind,
And heard the way they kicked and whined.

They see so little where they're raised
That can be loved or even praised,
That pessimism holds them fast,
And they'll be kickers to the last.

No matter where their homes may be,
The good at hand they never see;
But always sing with mournful face
The praises of some other place.

To this fair land they sometimes come,
With fretful tones and faces glum,
And e're they eat their first square meal
They're looking for a chance to squeal.

If they arrive in early spring
It is for them a fearful thing,
For half a year there's no excuse
This lovely country to traduce!

The climate is the very best
In all this nation, East or West,
North, South or middle—where you please,
You neither roast, nor do you freeze.

The soil is rich; crops never fail;
No blight or blizzard, giant hail,
Cyclone or lightning, drought or flood,
Makes harried farmers sweat their blood.

Cattle upon a thousand hills
Range free from famine and the ills
Which sore beset less favored climes,
The farmer seldom feels hard times.

As e'en our critic in one verse,
Acknowledges in language terse:
"They leave their apples on the trees
And dig potatoes when they please."

Contagious sickness, fevers, "shakes"
And such, are here considered fakes,
Employment plenty, wages fair;
Hope permeates the very air.

The "chronics" coming to the West,
Month after month keep up the pest,
For something about which to howl,
And whine and caterwaul and fowl.

Their search is fruitless, efforts vain,
'Till winter comes and brings the rain,
At last! at last! Their faces thin
Are lighted with sardonic grin.

With one accord they tune the lyre
And sing of cloud and rain and mire;
Then they take breath, tune up again,
And sing of mud and cloud and rain;

With dirges growing yet more loud,
They sing of rain and mud and cloud;
And in one never-ending song
The dismal chorus they prolong.

Well, let them pass; such folks are born
In every country 'neath the sun,
The good Lord made 'em and must know
Some reason why He built 'em so.

But one request we make of these:
Just stay "back East" and roast and freeze.

Stay where there is some sane excuse
In your surroundings for abuse.

Don't come to this, the fairest land,
That ever left the Maker's hand,
And here set up your senseless cry,
Stay where you are, and live—or die.

—F. C. Loyal.

Receives an Appointment.
Governor Van Sant, of Minnesota, was unusually amused this week to receive a letter from a constituent asking for an appointment to a political office. The letter read:

"I want to be an office holder. I am not very particular as to the office. Anything within your power to confer will do; any old thing left over."

This so amused the Governor that he at once made out a commission appointing the applicant a notary public, and charged him \$3 for it.—New York Times.

He whom a child takes by the hand,
Lives close to God.

When jealousy sleeps, love is digging her grave.