

The St. Tammany Farmer

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The Immigration Problem.

Record-breaking immigration brings again to the public mind the question of regulating the importation of human beings. It is a matter of degree, says Collier's Weekly. To close our country to all intending citizens from Europe is proposed by no one. To leave it open entirely without restriction would not be defended either. The present laws are generally deemed too lax. When our immigrants came from England, Germany, Ireland and Scandinavia, the question was a very different one. Not only was the quality better; the number was smaller, the need of population greater and the purposes animating the newcomers higher. Now they are in large measure ignorant tools of corporations in America and government agents on the other side. When they get here they live in colonies and are slow to amalgamate. During 1904 the number was 812,870, and the record will apparently be broken in 1905. "The west and south," as one objector puts it, "now alone constitute the only truly American portions of the nation. South of Mason and Dixon's line and west of the Mississippi—that's where you must look to find Americans. As the early pioneers drove the Indian from the east to the west, so now are the hordes of southern Europe driving the Yankee toward the setting sun."

What We Call Accidents.

The number of accidents attended with increasing loss of life moves the Cincinnati Enquirer to moralize on the subject, in the course of which it lays stress on the term accident. It asks if in too many cases what we call accident is not, in fact, the violation of some law on our part which greater vigilance would prevent. It says: "Man and nature have united to make the last few days a period of disasters appalling in number and results. Miners in large numbers have been suffocated, travelers by the score in different parts of the country have been bruised, scalded and slaughtered, and in the west whole towns have been wrecked and their inhabitants mutilated and slain by cyclones. Exemption from disaster by storm and flood, by earthquake and volcano, it is not likely we shall ever attain, though the danger from them can doubtless be much diminished as we advance in knowledge, and in our control of natural forces, but everything should be done to check the fearful loss of life and widespread injury that come about by what we call accidents, but which are as a matter of fact the result of the violation of some law on our part, which increasing vigilance and care will more and more enable us to avoid."

Misfortune Makes Character.

Pain is a soul tonic. Sorrow often brings out the best there is in us. Happiness does not develop character. It gives it surface brightness and decks it with prismatic bubbles, says Medical Talk. It takes the deep-reaching arm of misfortune to trouble the depths and bring out the pearls that lie there. The most magnetic faces are lined by thought and noble care. Strong, unselfish love, even if misplaced and unappreciated, ennobles the lover. It is the frivolous, vanity-born emotions that fritter away character and make faces insignificant. To fall in high aim after earnest and honest effort is not failure. The gain it brings in strength and discipline will appear in other directions. Misfortune has often in the history of the world been the means of making a poet, orator, philanthropist, scientist or statesman out of a person whose career, but for the misfortune or physical disability, would have been commonplace and insignificant.

In breaking down the barriers between the sexes the women are beginning to practice toward men the same impoliteness that they formerly reserved for each other. Men no longer as a rule give up their seats in street cars to women because they have been taught by painful experience that the women as a class no longer appreciate the courtesy. In doing so, says the Kansas City Journal, they are rarely rewarded with even a glance and almost never a word of thanks. The man who lifts his hat when he offers his seat is often frozen with a stare which implies a doubt as to his sanity or his motives. The time may yet come when the man who lifts his hat to a woman except upon a society dress parade will be regarded with contempt for his mental softness.

When we stop to consider the millions and millions of foreigners who have come to America and have become loyal and prosperous citizens, the results establish even the keenest students of sociology, says Joe Mitchell Chapter in the National Magazine. The remaking of natives of half a dozen countries into American citizens is no small undertaking, and involves a constant succession of economic sacrifices on the part of those already engaged in our industries that is the highest degree honorable to their unselfish humanity.

Prof. J. D. Quackenbos, formerly a professor in Columbia university and an authority on hypnotism, says he believes the success of Marshal Oyama in the present Manchurian campaign is due to his hypnotic power and highly cultivated knowledge of telepathy. Prof. Quackenbos says these faculties have been responsible for the success of all great military commanders from Alexander to Oyama. At the same time it is not beyond the bounds of reason to suppose that good shooting has helped some.

BALLADE OF PATIENCE.

It doesn't do to take offense
At each imaginary slight.
A man will show a less more sense
If he can rein his temper tight.
Of course, he may be in the right,
His patience may be sorely tried;
But then, there is no use to fight—
Just let it slide.

You may see through a thin pretense
That's made with clear, unclouded sight.
You may have solid evidence
That black is black and white is white.
But then you need not spread your light
Of intellect too far and wide.
Don't contradict the biathskite—
Just let it slide.

We learn by long experience
That nothing goes to suit us quite;
We meet with scorn and insolence
And silly slander, wrong and spite.
We sometimes rise up in our might
And vow we will not be deceived;
But barking dogs will seldom bite—
Just let it slide.

L'Envol:
If some one has been impolite
Enough your efforts to deride,
Don't let it spoil your appetite—
Just let it slide.
—Chicago Daily News.

A Profitable Embezzlement

It is the generally accepted theory that the majority of bank officials and of other people who speculate with money not their own are certain to go down to everlasting smash, financially, as well as morally. It is impossible to determine how large the percentage is, for the reason that nothing is ever heard of the men who speculate and who "win out." It is only the losers who come to the notice of the public. This is the true story of a bank cashier whose speculations with the money of the bank that employed him were to the profit of the institution although the cashier himself gained nothing through any particular deal. The man who figured in it under the name of "Brown" is a multi-millionaire well known in Chicago and New York. He is called Brown for the reason that his name is something else.

When he was 14 years of age and attended a winter school in a backwoods district in New York state he fractured some rule of the school into glittering fragments. Diplomatic intercourse between Brown and his teacher was ruptured at once. Open war followed, with the result that the strong-armed pedagogue beat the boy nearly to death. In respect of whatever Brown might have deserved in the administration of hickory oil, the thrashing he received was unnecessarily brutal and violent. Brown, however, was not the boy to suffer for nothing when there was a profit in sight. His father was dead, and he



"RATTLED THE LATCH ON HIS OFFICE DOOR."

was his own champion, a fact which in all probability enabled him to gain his financial start in the world. He visited a lawyer in the town to whom he told his story and showed his bruises. The attorney brought suit for him against the school teacher and recovered a verdict of \$1,000, which was compromised by the teacher for \$600. Having attained this sum, Brown deemed his education complete, gave up the school and launched into business for himself. He made money steadily, and within ten years was the proprietor of a shoe jobbing establishment in a small town near Boston, working 18 hours a day, saving about all that he made, and climbing rapidly toward the goal of wealth he had marked out for himself.

One of his closest friends was the cashier of the bank in which he kept his account. They were both young men, both wildly ambitious to make money and apparently neglect to take the precaution to obtain return tickets to the land of cakes. There is yet another interesting fact about Scotland. It is the land of the hale old age. Recent returns show that during one year 673 people died between the ages of 90 and 100.—Chicago Journal.

REVELATIONS BY AN EX-SPEAKER

It's trouble enough, I can tell you. I have been speculating with the bank's money and I'm \$70,000 short. The bank examiner is coming the day after tomorrow; there will be a meeting of the directors the same day, and there is no way I can stand off the exposure unless I have the money to replace what I have taken. I don't know where to get the money, and I don't know what to do.

Brown did not answer for a minute. All his available cash was in that bank, and there was a chance that it would fail. The first thing in his mind was to gain time to save his money; so he evaded a direct reply, and asked: "Where is the money?" "In stocks."

"What stocks? What shape are your deals in?" The cashier went into a long statement of the gist of which was that by closing out some of his deals at once, he would have about \$20,000 which could be turned into the bank, leaving him lower and a defaulter to the amount of \$50,000. If given time there were excellent chances that the other deals also would show a profit, but time was the one thing he could not have.

While the cashier was going through his story Brown thought hard and fast, and when the cashier had finished he had made up his mind. His own money in the bank was the first consideration, however, and he determined to say nothing until he had secured that. So he said: "I haven't any \$50,000 to give you. I am not worth that much, but we have one day in which to raise it. You come over here at lunch to-morrow, and I guess we can fix it up so that you will not have any trouble. The bank may have a little, but you won't. You come here to-morrow noon, and in the meantime for Heaven's sake keep your mouth shut."

As soon as the bank opened in the morning Brown presented a check for the full amount of his balance, and carried off his money, to his own intense satisfaction and the indignation of the cashier.

At noon the cashier strode into Brown's office, white with wrath and fear. "What made you pull out all that money, Brown?" he demanded. "You'll expose everything, and start a run on the bank. Do you want to ruin me?" "If I have no troubles of my own to bother me," said Brown, grimly, "I can give all the more time to yours. Now sit down there and we'll fix this thing up. How much money is there in that bank now? I mean money that you can get?"

"I can't take any more," said the cashier. "Never mind that," rejoined Brown. "How much is there in the bank?" "About \$100,000."

"How much in securities that you can carry away?" "I don't know—maybe \$50,000."

"Well, now, you do what I tell you, and you will get out of this thing without being arrested—let alone going to the penitentiary. When that bank closes to-night you take everything in it—all the money—all the securities—everything. Steal everything in the way of money or securities that you can steal."

"I can't," gasped the cashier. "I've taken too much now. I'll go to prison there. There isn't time enough for me to get away. They'll follow me and bring me back."

"It isn't a question of getting away," said Brown. "It's a question of getting off. Now, you listen to me; do just what I say, and you're all right. You have stolen \$70,000 from that bank, and you've got to steal everything else that you can. You've got \$70,000 now. You can get \$150,000 more. Get it. Then when the directors meet to-morrow you walk in and say: 'Gentlemen, I have robbed this bank of \$220,000, and it is ruined. I have used the money in speculation, but my deals are in fine shape, and I can pay it all back in a short time. If you will agree to give me time, and not prosecute me, I can save the bank—otherwise it goes under. I can give you \$150,000 now. That's the money you have to take to-night. Then say: 'I can give you \$20,000 in two days, and the balance in a short time after that.' 'That is all you have got to say to them,' added Brown, 'and they will be so tickled to get that \$150,000, and that \$20,000, that they will break their necks to take your offer.' 'I can't do it,' moaned the white-faced cashier. 'It won't do. They'll never let me off.' 'It's the best thing to do,' said Brown, 'and what's more, it's the only thing. It is your own chance. Play it through, and you win. If you don't get the rest of that money, they'll send you up there. You've got to do it, man.' 'And you know,' said Brown, 'in telling the story, that I couldn't make that fellow see that that? I argued with him for hours, but he just hadn't the sand. He said he would confess everything and throw himself on the mercy of the directors, and in spite of all I could say, that is what he went and did. And the funny thing about it was that the bank held onto his \$50,000, and the stock went up, and the bank cleared about \$10,000.' 'The cashier?' 'The cashier? What happened to him? Oh, he got seven years. He ought to have got 14. A cowardly scoundrel like that.'—Chicago Record-Herald.

INSIDE HISTORY OF A STATE LEGISLATURE BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

How Bribe Money is Transferred to Purchased Legislators in Poker Games—The Betting Ingredient—A "Stake-Holder" Who Decamped—A Lobbyist's Clever Betting Manoeuvre—An Envelope Delivered to Wrong Party—Few "Squealers."

The great American game of poker has been used more than once to "safely" pay for votes in a legislature. There are "graters" in a general assembly who are over-sensitive as to the manner in which the "boodle" is to be "slipped" to them. This nicety is due to their cowardice. They are not afraid or ashamed to commit a great crime, but are afraid of being found out. They stand willing to sell their votes, but their tender consciences will not permit them to take the cold cash in an ordinary way. To meet such qualms the agent of the vote buyer sometimes is forced to adopt methods which, to the unthinking, may seem entirely unnecessary.

The general rule of "boodlers" when they have sold their votes, get their money, and they don't care how they get it so it is handed them with no "outsiders" to witness the transfer, and with no bills marked. Some of them stipulate that the money must be in the shape of small bills, as the possession of new, crinkly hundred-dollar notes might awaken awkward suspicions. But there are some boodlers who think that dead walls have eyes and bare floors have ears. So to meet their needs the method of paying bribes over a poker table was invented.

Time hangs heavy on the hands of most members of a legislature. To spend the slow hours the members play cards, and so it happens that in every state capital, when the legislature is in session, there are numerous poker games running. Some of them are little penny ante, nickel limit games and in some the ceiling alone limits the height to which the pot may reach. It was while watching one of the high games that I saw several hundred dollars distributed without even a suspicion of the transaction until toward the last of the game, and then I could not have sworn that I had seen anything but an ordinary game of draw poker in which large stakes were played.

The game was one of a dozen running in the hotel that evening; the players were four members of the house and an attorney who represented a large corporate interest. No attempt was made at concealment; the bell boy was called in at frequent intervals to fetch cigars or drinks, men dropped in, watched the game for a few moments and left. I sat in the room behind the attorney for an hour, looking on. Nothing occurred to excite my suspicion at first. While I knew the yellow chips were worth a hundred dollars each and blue ones were worth \$50, I saw nothing out of the way, for all I knew to the contrary the players were abundantly able to make large bets on their hands.

I noticed first that the attorney was a steady loser. He would gather in a small pot occasionally, but lost every jack pot and the jack pots were good fat ones, but as the attorney was banker it was difficult to say how much he was losing. Then I noticed that the other players did not seem to win from each other. The attorney came into every hand; he stayed with every jack pot.

The rule of the game called for a jack pot when three of a kind or better were shown, and such a hand having been called and shown the next deal meant a jack pot. I saw the cards in the attorney's hand. He was dealt a three kings, an ace and a queen. He neatly rapped the table with his knuckles and said: "I can't open it," when, as any poker player knows, he had a hand which has opened countless jack pots. The man to his left opened the pot by tossing a yellow chip on the table. The other members laid down, but the attorney, saying, "I'll come in, but what's the use; I can't win anything," threw a yellow chip into the pot and called for one card. "Maybe I can fill a belly straight," he said, with a laugh.

He caught another ace. He held kings full on ace and I said to myself, "He'll make it, but not sure this regard for the ethics of his profession." The lawyer grinned up five yellow boys and pushed them to the center. I could just see those chips coming toward the lawyer. He looked at his hand a minute; then, saying, "Well, I'll see what you have," shoved \$500 worth of chips into the pot. The legislator threw his hand down and showed he had made his bluff on two little pair. "That's too big for me," said the lawyer and pushed his kings-full-on-aces into the discard. While the house member gleefully pulled all the chips to himself.

For a moment I thought the lawyer had taken too many high balls. Then all in a flash I saw through the scheme. He was deliberately losing to the members of the lower house, and but one inference could be drawn—he was "cutting a melon." I left the room and later in the evening, meeting the attorney, he said: "The boys combed me good and proper, but luck was against me to-night."

It must have been torture for that attorney to lay down the good hands he held that night, for he was a first-class poker player and, like all thorough poker players, had a mighty respect for good hands. His passion for the game got the better of his regard for the ethics of his profession one night. He sat in a "melon cutting" game and after having made the "divvy" proceeded to win all the money back again. It chanced that the men he was paying the bribes to

REVELATIONS BY AN EX-SPEAKER

over the poker table were rather sporty, so they saw the merit of his claim that having given them the money he owed them he was justified in winning "on the square" so long as they sat in with him.

There was a popular bartender in the capital who made a good deal of money one session from his "rake off" as stakeholder. He was the agent employed to distribute boodle by the betting method. The vote buyer and the vote seller having agreed on the price would go to the saloon in which the bartender mixed his famous cocktails. The two boodlers, getting into a discussion, would make a bet, the size of the bet being the amount of money which the member was to receive for his vote. The money then would be placed in an envelope and the envelope put in the hands of the "stakeholder." After the roll call the man who sold his vote would go to the stakeholder who would give him the envelope—he had won the bet. Good fortune, however, turned the bartender's head and one day, having in his possession a large number of stakes, he packed his grip and left with all the boodle. Nor did any interested party dare go after him to demand the money he had won on a "clinch" bet. The bartender knew too much.

An adroit lobbyist corralled a dozen votes for his bill at a cost of a hundred dollars each by making what is known as "fool bets." A count of noses had shown him that he lacked half a dozen votes. He knew of a group of legislators who had adjoining rooms in the principal hotel, and who were not to be bought. They were men who did little in the house but vote; they were plain ordinary lawmakers, but honest. They played their little games of penny ante, hearts, cinch or euchre, occasionally had a social glass and were not adverse to making small bets on trotting horses. The lobbyist went on a still hunt for votes in this group with poor success until he conceived the idea of warming up their sporting blood.

He managed to get an invitation from one of them to join in a game of euchre, and while in the room led the small talk to a discussion of the bill in which he was interested. By degrees he developed the conversational discussion into a heated argument as to whether the bill would pass and, taking the negative side, for none of them knew he had any particular interest in the measure, he asserted with great positiveness that the bill could not get an affirmative majority in the house. Pulling out a roll of bills he stripped off a hundred dollars and offered to bet that the bill would not pass the house. One of the members took him up and the money was placed in the hands of another member who was selected stakeholder. Then the lobbyist, apparently getting excited, offered to take all the bets on the odds of 100 to 1 they would offer. The odds were so great that the others could not resist the temptation and before he left he had made bets with ten members, to win a hundred dollars each, for the bill and it passed.

The lobbyist, of course, lost his money, but got his votes and got them cheap.

The simplest way of paying a bribe is to take the vote seller to a secluded corner and hand over the money. As the only witnesses to the transaction are the bribed and the briber, and as each is as guilty as the other, this also is the safest method. Every once in awhile one reads of a lobbyist and legislator who form a line and march into an office where each is handed an envelope. This envelope is supposed to contain the price of his vote. I very much doubt if any boodle has been distributed in such way. The envelope with the mysterious number on it which has figured so often in stories of boodle is not used by practical bribers. Mutual confidences between the bought and the buyer is an essential prerequisite in the purchase of votes. It is a strictly "honour" transaction. The legislative boodler promises to vote "aye" or "no" for so much money; the businessman boodler promises to pay the agreed price when the vote is delivered. Sometimes a certain per cent. of the money is paid in advance, the balance to be paid when the roll call is a matter of record. Both parties to the transaction want no "middle man." Neither wants a scrap of written paper to be brought forward as an accuser or witness. And it will be found that most boodling transactions which are brought to light are given publicly first over a bar. Some one gets drunk and talks. It is seldom that any money is telegraphed or written paper of any kind is brought forward in court to testify against a boodler.

For some years there reposed in the safe of a high state official an envelope, a common manila paper envelope, which contained five \$100 bills. This envelope, carefully sealed, was found by a member of the house on his desk in the legislative hall. Across the envelope was written his last name. He opened it and found the enticing new bills. He belonged to the unpurchasable, but a member of the same house, bearing the same name, was looked upon with some suspicion. The man who found the envelope on his desk sought out the other man and offered him the envelope. The "other" man indignantly denied that the money was for him and refused to accept the envelope. That evening the "other" man was heard loudly lecturing a well-known lobbyist for his "fool action" in giving the right envelope to the wrong person. The man on whose desk the envelope was placed turned it over to the state official, and no one claiming the money, after some years it was turned into the "conscience fund" of the state treasurer. There is where the envelope method worked the wrong way.

Or Goes Out.

The torch of truth wanes dim when the winds of opposition die.—Chicago Tribune.

BRITISH PASTIMES

YOUTH OF THE ISLES ARE "ROUGH AND READY."

Some of the So-Called Genteel Academies Pretty Rough—"Scuttling Matches" Nothing More Than Battles with Stones—"Prisoners' Bars" and Hockey Popular Diversions—Football Never Brutal.

BY OSWALD LYLE TRAFFORD.
Editor of "Library of Inspiration and Achievement," "With the World's Great Travelers," etc. Author of "Beacon-rod: a Romance of Queen Victoria's Reign" (Announced).
(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The good people of Lancashire and Yorkshire have pretty tough constitutions. It shows in their pioneer achievements in the arts, sciences, invention and all-round doggedness. As they learned to "rough it" long before they reached their teens. Two imps, swaggering along the streets in all the glory of their first breeches, were very unlikely to pass each other without the bigger one either chaffing or challenging the other. "The waddles (the 'wad' pronounced like a bad) like a owd duck 'I them breeches th' mother made these aat 'I dad's owd duds'!" Any peg serves for a rough-and-ready test of a youngster's grit (courage and endurance are there symbolized as grit, short for granite, as here the symbol is sand). The usual result is a match at brag, or a round of stick-ups, in which the smaller fellow makes or loses a reputation.

From the example above it must not be inferred that the challenges belong to "the lower orders." I must confess that "genteel" youngsters who were schooled in select "Academies" and "Seminaries for the Sons of Gentlemen," used to glory in their proficiency in the art of the slums, which they discreetly tried to veil from their deluded mentors in the home and school.

I have a vivid recollection of a strapping I earned from my venerable, if not venerated, dominie, who was passing during one of the usual exchanges of salutations, provoked by a ragged urchin with a huge bundle of firewood for sale, whose most proper fury had kindled. Something of this sort was going on when I was marched away by the ear, a fortunate escape from the licking I would most likely have had for which my public strapping and lecturing in school was probably a bargain exchange.

Without being ambitious to pose as a hero, the average small boy, in those days and parts, soon found it would say him to be able to "stick up for himself." The schooling was rough, but so is the way of the world, and youngsters are not the only victims to inelegant fashions. A black eye on a small boy's face is perhaps less ornamental than a court plaster patch or a surfeit of rouge on the face of a would-be beauty, yet I have known the time when the wearer of that green-blue eyemark was, while it lasted, the pride and glory of his school.

These ultra elegant "Academies" were sprinkled over the genteel suburbs of the great cities, usually reincarnated in reverend divines who had failed as pulpit preachers. Gentle manners were assured that no vulgarity, no roughness of speech or play, could possibly penetrate the borders of scholastic paradise. They believed it. We never disturbed that sweet faith, save by accident.

It was the custom for these schools to "scuttle" each other. We scorned each other in the bullying fashion of the European nations, and scuttling matches were our mode of war. In some mysterious way, unfathomed by us of the rank and file, our big fellows managed to find, provoke, or invent the necessary cause belli with a neighboring school, and for weeks the coming fray monopolized our souls, leaving but a sorry fraction of mind for lesson drudgery.

The secrecy was deliciously exhibited. We met in the dark and exhibited our latest weapons, always home-made, and thrilling were our emotions if one of the captains praised our newest device. We made death-dealing slings of leather and cord; tied three-cornered stones, of every size up to that of an egg, in our pocket handkerchiefs; and cut sturdy oak branches into long-reaches bludgeons. No knives, daggers or pistols were thought of, much less resorted to. These fights took place in the dusk. We were on our mettle in hand-cannonade of stone ammunition, which was over in about five minutes, and then the grand charge and hand-to-hand conflict, usually ending after a hot 15 minutes, by which time we resolved ourselves on both sides into a working Red Cross committee, which included the duties of making each other as presentable as schoolboys usually are when they enter the drawing-room after the two evening hours of "play."

Obviously, with these grand battles before his eager eye, the seven-yearling David took early lessons in the fine virtue of fortitude. We took them because we could not help it, they came whether we wanted them or not.

As we were able, trying to make his other foot touch the ground or get him to loose his thumb from the buttonhole. The instant he did so he had no right to whack us, so that we chased him back to his place, but if, while hopping, he managed to hit one of us, both had to fly home and hand in hand slay forth to whack and be whacked. Very soon the row of prisoners would number as many as the free, but only the two end men were free to use their knouts, while we could whack at will at the whole line, especially at their joined hands, to break them.

Singletick fencing was practiced with few rules, and we had free whacking matches besides. Shins, now hockey, was played in the streets and on the ice; the only rule I remember was "Look out for your own shins and smash all others." Our football was never brutal.

In our walks along the busy streets in holiday hours, three or four in a group, it was our custom to set each other "craddies," such as this: "We would agree that the first one who should spy a tall white hat on a man's head, should be entitled to give each of the rest three good thumps, unless they were quick enough to spit (pretend to) over their left little finger. These seemingly silly games proved to have been an invaluable training in mental and physical alertness, the sugar-coated pills of practical education, worth much more than half of the book grinding drudgery we had to endure."

TURNERS IN THE CIVIL WAR

These Patriotic Societies Did Valiant Service for the Country of Their Adoption.

The first turner societies in the United States were founded in Philadelphia and Cincinnati in 1848, and shortly after the New York Turnverein had its start in Hoboken, writes Ralph D. Falne, in Outing. Two years later ten societies were flourishing, and these were formed into a national turner union. The revolutionary spirit which blazed fiercely in Germany in 1848 was crushed for the time and many patriots of superior education and intelligence fled to this country as an asylum. They were strangers in a strange land unable to communicate with the native-born, and sociability was limited to intercourse with their own countrymen.

They had been turners at home, something this organization as a nursery of patriotism, in which high ideals of political, social and religious progress were cherished, together with the training of the body for the hardships of the field and camp. This ideal of classic times, wisely reincarnated in modern Germany to serve a nation's needs, was transplanted to the United States by the fortune of war. The turner societies aroused some antagonism, based on the specious claim that they were an attempt to create a state within a state, and to keep the Germans apart from the life around them. This contention was magnificently shattered a little more than a decade after the first turners were organized in this country.

When the civil war began these German citizens of the United States volunteered in such numbers that in New York a turner regiment was enlisted and sent to the front under Col. Max Webber. The Ninth Ohio was another regiment of turners, from Cincinnati, and in Philadelphia and St. Louis turners filled the ranks of regiments which did not have the distinctive name. Gen. Sigel commanded several thousand turners in his force, and was their idol; for he had been a leader of the turner band in his own land, and was one of the fighting revolutionary commanders who led his army into Switzerland and there disbanded it after the cause was lost.

PREFER NIGHT TRAVEL

Left to Their Own Inclination Hogs Make Their Journeys During the Cool of the Night.

The Arizona Republican says the hogs were corn fed and exceptionally fat. They were started for town during the day, but by the time they reached a point a little less than a mile from home many of them were unable to continue the journey, and the march was stopped. During the cool of the evening they were taken back home.

A hog is a foolish thing, and in going a few miles many frequently take unnecessary steps, thus making the distance much longer than it really is. This partly accounts for their becoming so hot such a short way from their starting point. They were allowed to spend the night at home, but the next night the trail was taken up again.

This time after dark, or rather after sundown, for it was almost as light as day, from the moon. The hogs seemed to be delighted with the new order of things, and the way they capered to town was caution. It was almost all the drivers could do to keep up with them. They gave no trouble whatever and reached the shipping yards in fine shape.

Man of Mark.

When Police Commissioner McAdoo, of New York, was a member of congress he paid a visit to a Virginia town not far from Washington. As he was having his shoes shined at the tavern a very pompous individual strode around the place for a minute and stalked out.

"Who's that?" inquired Mr. McAdoo, much amused. "Does he own the town?"

"Dat's kunnel George Washington Bustah, sir," said the ducky with the brush.

"Well, he acts mighty large, doesn't he?"

"Oh, yes, suh," grinned the ducky. "De kunnel's de grinnest ambuguous person we's got beah, suh."—Cleveland Leader.

Rapped and Didn't Know It.

Dumley—I never saw a man like Brixton to drift away from the subject under discussion.

Barrass—As for instance?

Dumley—I just asked him what he was doing the night I saw him down the road, and he evaded an answer by remarking that he had known people to get rich by attending to their own business. I have no doubt he has; but why should he mention it at that time?—Chicago Journal.