

The St. Tammany Farmer

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There is one thing certain: A woman will have to spend all of next winter apologizing to her family if she lets her preserves burn.

"Even the hen when it drinks water looks toward heaven," says a Turkish phrase maker. But it doesn't rain corn, bugs and worms.

It is the opinion of every boy that if boys were as polite as mothers said they should be, all the boys in the world would starve to death.

When daughter paints a marine view it is so realistic to mother that mother feels the salt spray dashing in her face when she looks at it.

The neighbors, as a rule, do not consider the man who smokes half as quickly as they condemn the woman who won't let her husband smoke.

Wearing green and yellow at the same time is not in any worse taste than for a tall woman to take the arm of her little bit of a husband in public.

That annual story about the demand for an army of harvest hands in Kansas is getting to be what a distinguished Kansas man would have called "diaphanous."

An English physician says "flicence will cure nervous women and delay the coming of wrinkles." May fool British women that way, but not the wide-awake American girl.

A writer in a weekly magazine says there are one hundred thousand anarchists in Spain. Is it any wonder that Alfonso has displayed signs of pessimism concerning the future?

An evasive exchange, noting the report that Cincinnati telephone girls are going to take boxing lessons in order to protect themselves, meanly intimates that what they need most is talking lessons.

We are pleased to see so many of our citizens taking pride in their homes. The word "home," next to that of "mother" is the greatest ever uttered by a human tongue. What a refuge the home is when the darkness gathers. How glad one is to get a glimpse of home when time and space separated him from it if even but for a brief period.

Ernest had been absent for several days. His teacher asked the "circle" if any one could tell why Ernest did not come to school. One little hand went up and the owner said: "Fleese, teacher, he's sick—he's got the chicken poops." Another girl was absent. "Can any one tell me why Marie is away?" asked this same teacher. Patry gave the reason as he piped out: "Marie's got an illustrated tooth."

"One hot day last summer I saw a man digging a trench in one of the streets," says a lawyer. "He was wearing a black derby and it looked to me as if he were in imminent danger of sunstroke, so I stopped to speak to him. 'You oughtn't to be working out there in the sun with a black felt hat on,' I said. 'It will affect your brain.' He looked up at me unperturbed. 'Do you think if I had any brains to be affected I'd be doing this work?'"

"It is fashionable," said a rich man, "to spend the summer in Norway. The Norwegian rivers abound in fish, and any one is free to angle for trout in them. Some of the salmon rivers rent for as much as \$2,000 a year. I know a man who has a river that he pays \$1,500 for. He often gets fish of 60 or 70 pounds. I called on him last year, his wife came in with a 40-pounder, a 22-pounder and a 51-pounder that she had caught herself within three hours."

There lives in Alabama a man who has a tender heart, and a high appreciation of his congressman. Some days ago this gentleman wrote a letter to his congressman, in which he said: "I saw in the newspaper that a congressman committed suicide the other day on account of financial difficulties. I hasten to send you \$10, and there is more if you need it." The congressman has been showing the letter to his jealous colleagues, whose constituents do not send them money, and even threatening to refuse them their votes.

Two large photographs of the bust of John Paul Jones now form a part of the collection of pictures in the navy department library. These photographs of the first American admiral were presented to the navy department by J. Pierpont Morgan, and are photographs of the celebrated Marquis De Biron, bust of John Paul Jones, for which Mr. Morgan paid \$25,000. One is in profile and the other in full face. They are said to be the best likeness of the naval hero extant, and are printed in chrome tint, making them very beautiful.

The Madonna has at all times been a favorite theme for the painter. There is something so beautiful and sacred in the love of a mother for her helpless child that it could not but appeal to him who devotes his life to the immortalizing of beauty wherever he can find it. In the painting under consideration there is something more than the mere expression of this tender emotion. There is a charmingly soft and an unusually interesting assemblage of accessories. To allow these accessories to predominate would be to make chaos.

Many amusing stories are told of Theodore C. Weeks, the banker and broker, who died a short time ago. Mr. Weeks went into the office of the late Irving A. Evans, in the Fiske building, and said to Mr. Evans: "I wish you would lend me \$5." Mr. Evans, who was somewhat hard of hearing, put his hand to his ear and said: "What?" Mr. Weeks, taking courage, said: "I wish you would lend me \$10." Mr. Evans handed out the money with the remark: "I wish I had heard you the first time. I would have been better off."

DELIA'S TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

By Gertrude S. Wentworth-James

(Copyright by Joseph B. Bowles.)

June 1, 11 a. m.—It is five years today since I even opened my Birthday Diary.

At first—after it was all over—I couldn't bear to see or to touch the little book; then when that feeling had dulled, I forgot all about it.

But this morning, I came across the volume which holds the flamboyant fancies from 17 to 20; and a mood had seized me that after five years I will again turn to my paper confidant.

Poor little book! you are faded and yellow on the margins; like your writer—the worse for wear! From 17 to 25 is a long, long while!

Who could help growing the worse for wear?

I don't suppose that many flitted women of 25 can smile with perpetual success!

It is a marvelously ugly word to write; but as a Birthday Diary demands the truth, I may not scratch it out.

Yes, at 20 I loved madly, riotously, and wonderfully—oh, God! how full of real romance I was!—and at 21 I had to teach myself to leave off loving!

I didn't think I should ever learn the lesson; but I suppose I have—now. I almost wish now that I had entered in the Birthday Diary how my lover gave me up. There was nothing particularly original about the proceeding or the way it was done, but for all that it was worth remembering.

It was after dinner. I was sitting in my boudoir waiting for him instead of going to the theater with the others, because he had wired that he wanted to see me alone.

"That wire had made me so happy. It is because he just wants to sit with his arms around me; he and I quite by ourselves," I thought with glad conceit as I got into his favorite gown.

With curious punctuality (he was usually late on every occasion) George arrived. His mouth looked straight and set as he entered the room, but when it was pressed against my own in the most passionate greeting he had ever given me up, I forgot its almost cruel lines.

When I had drawn back after that swift, spontaneous kiss, George did not make any effort to come near me again.

"I have come to tell you," he began, looking more Napoleonic than I had ever seen him—"I have come to say, Delia, that my people want me to marry a woman—with a great deal more money than you—will ever have. I had better confess it all, and—"

Oh it's no good writing down the



CAME THROUGH THE TREES.

ugly history of debt and difficulty, the mercenary edicts of a snobbish family full of generals, admirals, unpaid bills and self-importance, and the pitiful, cowardly weakness of a man with a firm jaw and Napoleonic profile!

Details are nothing; it's only results that matter, and the results are in my heart and on my face!

This morning when I woke I looked in the glass, just as I looked on the day I began my Birthday Diary—eight years ago!

At first there didn't seem to be much difference; but then gradually I understood why my only friends are clever, staid spinsters or sensible married women, and my only admirers livery colonels or prudent people who would be likely to study insurance prospectuses.

A woman of five-and-twenty! I remember how I used to rave in the term "woman" while I was young enough for it to be absurd when applied to myself; but now, oh! I'd give anything if people would only spontaneously call me a "girl!"

It seems ages since I was called a "girl" by anyone except mamma (she of course will call me one when I'm 90!). I am always a "nice little woman," a "clever woman like yourself," "you who are such a charming woman," etc.

I don't want to be a woman—not "nice," "clever," nor "charming!" I'd give all my reputation for saying smart things, being accomplished and well-read, and for dressing well, if I could just be a silly, vain, shy, arrogant "girl" again.

But no—"youth's sweet-scented manescript" has closed for me.

I am 25—I am "clever"—I am lonely—I am admired—I am unloved!

And even Dolif (the boy-lover who has faithfully remembered my birthdays all these years) forgets me now.

70-day is the first time since we said good-by on my seventeenth birthday that no gift has arrived from the blushing east.

I expect I shall hear by the next mail that he has taken unto himself a wife—some young fresh-skinned thing sent straight over from home in order to test the Anglo-Indian marriage market before she runs the gamut of expensive London seasons.

Poor Dolif! He was full of all a boy's passionate fidelity.

"I shall never, never forget you or leave off loving you all my life!"

Sometimes I can hear those words as he said them that wonderful June 1, just eight years ago, when I was full of child-ribbion's arrogance.

Perhaps then—oh! here comes some one to break my solitude! Cannot they leave me alone with my birthday thoughts?

6 p. m.—Although I never believed that this birthday entry would divide itself into two halves, like some of the others, nevertheless, it has done so.

I began my diary on the river—I conclude it in the bedroom (such a tiny bungalow bedroom, where my dinner frock is laid out ready).

The "some one" who came through the trees to break the solitude of my birthday thoughts was—Dolif!

The boy-lover, bronzed and grown into a strong, almost stern-looking man.

"I thought I would bring your present myself this year, Delia," were his first words, as he stepped into the punt and dropped a packet into my lap.

In a strange, inexplicable way I wasn't surprised to see him; it almost seemed as though the water and the wind and the birds had prepared me for his coming.

"I—I—thought you had forgotten me this year," I stammered, tearing the string and paper off the packet.

"I told you eight years ago that I should never, never forget you," he answered quietly, as I raised the lid of a small cardboard box, and—

There was my birthday gift!

Another gold heart—just like the one he had given me when I was 17!

"I have come home to give you my heart ever again. Will you take it this time, Delia?"

Then I realized that there are some men who "never forget"—and thank God for them!

"But, Dolif, I have changed so much—let me move into the sunlight here, so that you can really see my face; and remember, I powder—now! . . . No, no, you must hear me! I have loved some very much, and—and he gave me up. (Jilted me, Dolif!) You will be only taking the feelings of another man; you can't want me—Dolif, you can't want me!"

With a tender smile on his face, Dolif took both my hands in his.

"Yes, dear, I can want you, and I do want you," he answered; "I have wanted you all these years—lonely, blazing years, Delia; and in my own way I've been praying all the time that some day we might be together."

A sudden feeling of resentment rushed over me (perhaps his prayers had been responsible for my being loved—and left); but then as I saw the great honesty of his eyes, nothing but thankfulness and humility remained in my heart.

"If you really mean it, Dolif, I—I am ready; but it is a risk for a man to pick up broken threads after eight years!" I said.

"It is no risk, because, with me, the threads have never been dropped."

Then he bent down and kissed my hand.

Now the second gold heart (I lost the first one years ago!) is hanging round my neck, and everyone knows we are going to be married.

We have been up to the houseboat, and Erica has kissed and cried over us both, and mamma is so happy, too.

Everyone seems happy, and—surely it can't be true—but is it that I am happy as well?

It would be wonderful if it were so, but (I sit opposite the glass as I write) it almost looks like it.

I caught myself smiling without knowing it, and the smile has taken away that long line; I'll put on my white frock and—and—why, to-night I believe I can bear to wear roses!

Ah! there is Dolif; he is calling to me from the garden below. . . .

"When are you coming down, you vain little girl!"

"Little girl,"—girl—girl!

"Not 'clever woman'—but just 'vain little girl!'"

At last I have come back to my heritage. I am 25—but some one has called me a "girl."

It is very dear to be loved, and my thankfulness is great.

Please God, the future will be all right—I think it will!

Where are the roses?

I'll put one in my hair, and a cluster on my breast.

Yes, Dolif, I am coming!

A little girl!!!

Marah, the Place of Bitter Water

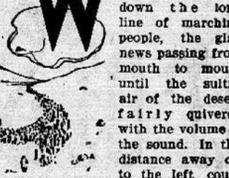
THIRD—In Cloud and Pillar Series

A STORY OF THE WILDERNESS JOURNEY OF THE HEBREW PEOPLE

By the "Highway and Byway" Preacher

(Copyright, 1904, by the author, W. A. Edson.)

Scripture Authority: Exodus 15:22-26.



Water! Water! Water!

The cry ran down the long line of marching people, the glad news passing from mouth to mouth until the sultry air of the desert fairly quivered with the volume of the sound. In the distance away off to the left could be clearly seen the vision of cool springs and shady palm trees, and the welcome sight brought a wild thrill of joy and thankfulness to the thirsty, tired people.

For two days now since their departure from the Red sea, after their miraculous deliverance from Pharaoh, the Hebrew people had been struggling across the hot, dusty reaches of the wilderness. The water they had brought with them, while not exhausted, was warm and brackish, and their thirsty bodies were longing for a draught from some cool spring. Eagerly as they marched, obediently following the Cloud which went before them, they kept a keen lookout for the signs of water, and when the cry was raised: "Water! Water!" and the people saw the welcome vision in the distance, seemingly let down out of the very heavens for their refreshing, they clapped their hands and shouted for joy, crying to their leaders to turn and hasten thither.

But apparently unmindful of the distant vision, the Cloud still led forward in the direction it had been going. What could it mean? Surely the Cloud was misleading them! Moses could not have seen!

Again the people raised the cry of "Water! Water!" and then the elders of the people hastened forward to find Moses. But to their inquiries and their expostulations he could only point to the cloud and say:

"Whither it goes, we must follow."

In amazement the people heard the answer to their pleadings and watched the steady forward movement of the Cloud. Then their astonishment gave place to bitter disappointment and the latter was followed by rebellious murmurings, so that Moses and Aaron with the help of other leaders could scarce restrain the people from bolting from the ranks and rushing off toward the distant watering place.

On and on the Cloud led, and the multitude reluctantly followed. All afternoon the vision hanging in the heavens seemed to follow them with tantalizing persistence, but as the sun set and the light faded the vision faded from their sight. A wall of disappointment and anger swept over the people, and gloomily they set about the task of pitching their tents and settling down for the night. The last draughts of the water they had brought with them were drunk with bitter misgivings, and many declared openly that Moses had brought them out into the wilderness to kill them with thirst. One fellow, Jahziel by name, a man of considerable influence who had caused Moses trouble on former occasions, and who had been the first to discover the sight of the water in the distance that day, was loud in his denunciation of Moses, declaring that if he had it to do over again he would go after the water, whether any others went with him or not.

"In fact," he exclaimed, filled with a sudden determination, "I am half minded to go this night. It cannot be far distant."

"But perhaps the march will be taken up in that direction in the morning," remonstrated his friends. "Or we may find water in another place."

And after dint of much argument, the fellow was dissuaded from his plan. But the next morning when the march was resumed, and the Cloud without deviation from its course of the previous day went forward, the murmuring of the people broke out afresh. Jahziel was louder than ever in his protests, and set about secretly to stir the people to rebellion, and all through the morning as the journey was pursued and they found no water, the people were more and more willing to listen to his seditious talk. After the midday rest and the journey had been again taken up and still no water, Jahziel and his followers were upon the point of turning back, when behold before them broke the welcome sight of pools of water.

Forgetting their disappointment and murmurings, and glad that they had not departed, Jahziel and his followers hastened forward, and behind them came streaming the multitudes eager to quaff their thirst at the cool pools. Casting aside their burdens and stooping low, they scooped up the water in their palms and sucked it into their mouths like the dry and parched earth draws in the rain when it falls upon it.

But what ails the people? With why faces they spit the water out more quickly even than they had drunk it in, and a howl is raised which spreads and grows as others of the multitude crowd up to the edge of the pool and drink also of the water. But so parched are the people and so eager for a drink that again they spit the water out as before, and again the cry of disappointment and protest rings forth.

"Marah! Marah!" (Bitterness! Bitterness!) they cried. "We cannot drink these waters."

And they sought out Moses and complained angrily, saying:

"What shall we drink? What shall we drink? For thou has led us to Marah, the place of bitter water."

"Nay, but it is God who has led us thither. Let us not murmur against him," was Moses' reply.

"But thou art not going to remain in this place!" exclaimed the people, impatiently, as they saw that the Cloud was settling down, and the horns were blowing in obedience to the signal that there the camp was to be made.

"Yes, we dare not go on, except the Cloud go before us," Moses rejoined, quietly, but with such positive emphasis that it was evident that no pleading could alter his determination.

A howl of disappointment and rage swept over the assemblage at this announcement, and Jahziel stepped forward and said:

"Would you encamp here while we perish with thirst, when the shading springs of water and the shade of the palm trees are to be found behind us? Better that we turn back to the place our eyes looked upon yesterday. Here we have naught but the bitter water. There we shall find rest and refreshing."

Nois of approval greeted this speech, but Moses, unmoved by the defiant attitude of the people, replied: "It is only as we abide where God rests his Cloud that we can expect his blessing." And as they cried again in their distress and anger that the water was bitter and they had naught to drink, Moses added: "God can make even the bitter water sweet. He will give us to drink."

"Can God change this vile stuff?" Jahziel broke in with a sneer. "Why need he have led us to such a place when we might have found springs of good water? You may tarry here if you will, but as for me, I am going back to that other place," and he turned and walked away, followed by certain of his followers.

In silence the people watched them, seeming half inclined to turn and follow, but the presence of the Cloud hovering over them and the stern, unyielding face of Moses held them in indecision until the crisis was passed and Jahziel and his company had passed out of view.

Then Moses withdrew into his tent, leaving the people standing there, and gradually the loud murmuring ceased, and a whisper went around:

"Moses has gone to pray."

For it was noted that the Cloud had settled down upon the tent of Moses and enveloped it, as it was wont to do when the Lord would talk with their leader. Subdued by the sight, the people waited, forgetting for the moment their distressing thirst and their disappointment at the bitter waters. Then the Cloud lifted again and Moses came forth. Without the least glance to the right or the left, he passed on by the people, who watched him with mingled awe and wonder. On and on he went, never pausing until he came to the very outskirts of the camp, by which time all the assembly of the people had been stirred by the unusual proceedings and came together with the rest of the people and followed him at a distance.

And while all eyes watched intently, Moses stopped before a certain tree from which he speedily gathered several bunches and then turned and went swiftly towards the pools of water from which the people had so short a time before turned away in anger and disgust.

What strange thing was this which their leader was doing? With growing interest the people followed and came up to the edge of the waters as Moses cast there the bunches he had gathered and spoke with a loud voice so that all standing near could hear, saying:

"Here would the Lord prove thee, whether ye will walk in his ways or no, for again has he given you deliverance. Drink ye of the waters, for God hath touched them with the finger of his power."

The voice ceased. But in all that great company of people there was not one who moved to stoop and drink, so blind and hard of heart were they, that they were slow to believe the words which Moses had spoken.

But at last there came one and knelt down by the waters and sipped a little hesitatingly from the hand he dipped into the pool. Then a glad shout rose from his lips, and dropping on both hands he plunged his face into the pool and drank long and eagerly. Then another and another followed his example, and soon the great thirsty throng was sipping its thirst, and shouting for joy over this thing which God had done for them.

In the meantime Jahziel and those with him had lost no time in journeying towards the place of their vision, but not that night nor the next did they find water, but the burning sands and the rocky waste. The little water they had brought with them was now well nigh exhausted, and death stared them in the face. Wearily they dragged on and on. Now no longer hoping to find the place for which they had set out, they sought to retrace their steps and regain the company from which they had so willfully withdrawn, in spite of the protests of Moses; and at last when they had about given up hope and were ready to lay down and die, they again came in sight of Marah.

Eagerly, expectantly they pressed forward with what little strength they had left, but when they had come to the place where the camp had been pitched they found it deserted and the people had gone.

"Yes, we might have known they would have gone, for how could they remain here where the waters were unfit to drink, and were but an aggravating reminder of their greatest need," spoke up Jahziel, bitterly, as he dragged himself away from the water's edge, followed by his companions. "There is nothing for us to do but to press forward."

And on into the desert they went, ignorant, because of their sin and unbelief, of the miracle God had wrought at Marah, and missing the blessing which might have been theirs even at Marah, the place of bitter waters.

Giving to the Lord. A convert in a Bohemian village in Minnesota kept his store closed on Sunday, and would not sell tobacco. He puts one-third of his income into the Lord's treasury. Not long ago he and his younger brother began business. The first year they hit 15 cents netted them ten dollars apiece, while the average for hives in Minnesota was three dollars apiece. The Lord's bees made three and a half times as much as the common ones.

MILLIONS FOR MAILS

POST OFFICE APPROPRIATIONS ARE CONSTANTLY GROWING.

Enormous Expenditures Necessary That the Service Be Kept Up to the Requirements of the Present Day.

When Senator Penrose, chairman of the senate committee on post offices and post roads, predicted that the post office appropriation bill would in time—the senatorial life of men then in the senate, he put it—reach the enormous proportions of \$500,000,000 a year, he startled some of those who heard him, while others did not take him seriously. When the United States government was 100 years old, when it entered upon its second century of its present existence, when the Fifty-first congress appropriated \$500,000,000 a year for the expenses of the government, there was a prolonged cry about the "Billion Dollar Congress." Now Senator Penrose predicts that the post office department will cost a billion dollars every two years, just what the total expense of the government was less than 20 years ago. The present appropriation bill of nearly \$200,000,000 no doubt encourages the belief that the appropriations are to be rapidly increased within the next few years. Already it is predicted that the rural free delivery service will cost \$50,000,000 a year, and, of course, other services will increase in proportion.

The prophecy of Penrose might also be realized if the movement for a telegraph system owned and operated by the government should be adopted. The movement in that direction is slow, but it may come. We own a cable to Alaska, and are going to own another to Panama, Cuba and Porto Rico. If we own sea telegraphs why not land telegraphs, which are so much more useful? If we should adopt such a system we would find it very expensive at first, the building of the lines and installation of the service, but those who have looked into the matter are convinced that it will be self-sustaining and that the people will get a service which will be less expensive than what is now paid by the people to the telegraph companies. Then there is the parcels post proposition, meaning that the government shall carry small packages by mail at a very small cost. That would mean another additional expense to be added to the post office appropriation bill. The prophetic soul of Penrose may have seen the future better than we can guess when he predicted half-billion dollar post office bills. There are certainly possibilities, and the country is growing. Besides there is a tendency toward lavish expenditures by the general government. Many people seem to think that this great, rich, prosperous country ought not to stop at small things, that it ought not to be parsimonious, and parsimony should have no place in its management. With all the prospective expenditures for the postal service we may reach the figures of Senator Penrose in a score of years.

Clippings Came Too Rapidly. It is not often that an American politician gets sick of seeing his name in print. Yet Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, got more clippings a few days ago with his name in them than he cared to see. This is the way it happened: The day the senator introduced his meat inspection bill he telegraphed an order to one of the New York press clipping bureaus to send to him all clippings on the Beveridge meat bill. Every paper in the country printed something about the packers and the meat inspection bill. The next day following his order Beveridge received several thousand clippings and an enormous bill. The next day the clippings and the bill were trebled. The third day brought Senator Beveridge's finish and gasping over the amount of his indebtedness to the man with the shears he telegraphed as follows: "Cancel my order; have had enough."

Senator Known as Peacemaker. Concerning the junior senator from Massachusetts a correspondent writes: "Crane slips silently about with his quiet smile, smoothing down difficulties and rubbing the fur on the animals the right way. His motto is: 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' and his patron saint is Henry Clay, who was known in his day as the compromiser." What Crane really ought to be is chief justice of an international court of arbitration. There would be no more war."

Senator's Days Lengthened. Senator Spooner has stopped smoking. He was mourning his sad fate in the Republican cloakroom when Senator Dooliver, thinking to be sympathetic, said: "Well, I guess it is pretty well admitted that the use of tobacco tends to shorten a man's days." "That's right," Senator Spooner replied. "I find that my days without it are about 90 hours long."

Maryland Senator Pleases. As was to be expected, William Pinckney Whyte, the venerable successor of Senator Gorman, has made a most favorable impression on his colleagues. Dressed faultlessly and with his courtly bearing, fine burgundy complexion and snow-white hair, he attracts much attention. One of the best things said of him during his first day came from a small tow-headed page. "I hear the Maryland fellows call him Pink Whyte," said the lad, "and his complexion and hair are right up even with his name."

Secretary "Boarded" Dog. Miss Irma Shaw, daughter of the secretary of the treasury, is a great dog fancier. She is at present abroad with her mother and recently purchased in London a fine young bull terrier. She shipped it to Washington and for a time the secretary had a wonderful time looking after the animal. "Finally," he says, "I decided it would be cheaper to pay some one to take care of the blasted thing and now I have agreed to pay \$7.50 a week for it until my daughter returns and takes it off my hands."

WRITES NAME OFTEN.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Reynolds Kept Busy Affixing Signatures to Documents.

"Jimmy" Reynolds, of Boston, assistant secretary of the treasury, is the champion long-distance signature writer of the Roosevelt administration. He writes his name oftener than any other man in any of the government departments, and as his signature is of the fancifully straitened brand, he probably "signs more ink" affixing it to public documents than any other one "chief" in Washington.

Secretary Reynolds has beaten the signature signing record of Uncle Joe Cannon, who, as speaker of the house, has a distant name of "Chief" Secretary Taft, another of the short name fellows, isn't in the same class with Mr. Reynolds. Even President Roosevelt doesn't sign his name as often as Secretary Reynolds.

The fountain pens that Secretary Reynolds has put out of business would fill a large waste basket. He uses up three a day, signing his mail, and while they are made and used again eventually, their life is short and strenuous and their period of usefulness brief. He scorns the slow going "dip" pens.

"Jimmy" Reynolds has been assistant secretary of the treasury for nearly 15 months. In that time he has signed his name a trifle more than 100,000 times. He puts his name at the bottom of 300 carefully scanned documents or letters a day. Two messengers keep busy handling the papers.

"What they need in the treasury department," said Mr. Reynolds, recently, "is a Chinese official whose sole duty it shall be to sign all the mail. I am thinking of broaching this subject. What a cinch a man would have with signing letters whose name was 'Ah Sin.' He could get through 4,000 letters and warrants an hour, or about 30,000 a day. That would be worth while. Then, too, there would be a great saving in ink."

Mr. Reynolds uses a bottle of fountain pen ink a day the year round.

Last summer when the temperature was 100 under one of the treasury department electric fans, and Mr. Reynolds was simply delighted with the ball game article the Washingtons were putting up, and work was getting slack, 12,000 Indian warrants came in. They had to be signed. The other assistant secretaries were on their vacations, and "Jimmy" signed them, the whole 12,000. He lost 21 pounds and scoured his disposition.

WANTED TO FIND OUT. Statesman Had Doubts as to Whether Senator Riddleberger Was Able to Agree with Himself.

Senator Blackburn tells a