

New News of Yesterday

By E. J. Edwards

Year's Work Blaine Destroyed

Maine Statesman Burned the Original Manuscript of First Volume of His Famous "Twenty Years of Congress."

A housemaid in search of kindling to light her fire withal, burned to ashes the original manuscript of Carlyle's "French Revolution," and its author "sat down to his desk once more." What lover of the creator of "Sartor Resartus" does not know the story and has not marveled at it? But how many of the admirers of James G. Blaine know that the original manuscript of his first volume, the title work, to which he gave the title "Twenty Years of Congress," also was destroyed before it could be put in print?

The story was told recently by Senator Chauncey M. Depew during the course of a conversation with a few friends, in which the point was made by an ardent Blaine admirer that the plumed knight was a master in the use of the English language on the printed page.

"That reminds me," said the senator, "of a very impressive experience I had with Mr. Blaine a year or so after he had retired from the office of Secretary of State in President Arthur's cabinet in December of the same year that Garfield was shot."

"Shortly after his sudden retirement to civil life, I had been told that Blaine was to be seen in the congressional library every morning, searching among the archives, and that he was contemplating some sort of literary work. I had asked him if the report was true, and he had replied that for the first time in a quarter of a century he was at leisure and was inclined to set down in narrative form his experiences in public life in Washington. I became greatly interested in the plan and from time to time encouraged Mr. Blaine to push it through to completion.

"Well, a year or so after Mr. Blaine had first told me that he thought of writing a record of men and events with which he was familiar as a member of congress for twenty years, I called upon him one morning. I saw that he was depressed, considerably so, and asked him if he were ill.

"No," he said, "no, I am not ill, but I feel very blue this morning. I recently completed the first volume of my history. It has taken me a year of hard work. This morning I have destroyed it. It wouldn't do. I have learned that if you want to obtain clearness of statement, to escape diffuseness of style, to discover exactly the right word, really to express your thought, to catch the lilt and rhythm of narrative writing, you can't do it by dictation. I dictated nearly the whole of my first volume, and while I discovered that there is a sort of spontaneity, a rapid form of expression, as though the thought were recorded hot from the mind, when dictation is employed—something that is peculiarly appropriate for journalism—I also discovered that the calm, clear, concise and perfect form and expression which are necessary if literature is to live, must come not from the tip of the tongue, but slowly, laboriously, from the point of the steel pen.

"So I have been reading over the completed manuscript of my first volume, nearly all dictated. I found that it was full of the very defects and lacking the high literary qualities which characterize dictated manuscript. This morning I decided to throw the manuscript aside—I destroyed it. I am going to begin to-day to write over the first volume with my own hand, and I expect to complete the entire work without the assistance of an amanuensis, excepting in the way of transcribing notes and copying records."

"Mr. Blaine gave himself to this great labor cheerfully," continued the senator, "and you may remember that he was engaged upon the final pages of the work at the time of the presidential campaign of 1884. His history has now become a textbook or a valuable record for persons educating themselves or making researches in our government's history; but it also should be read by those who wish to study the secrets by which a perfect narrative style of writing is obtained."

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Fortune Vanderbilt Forgot

How the Financier Lost Track of \$195,000 in Stock which He Had Deposited as Security for a Loan a Year Before.

One of the intimate business associates of Commodore Vanderbilt was speaking to me one day of the remark attributed to the Commodore that it was much easier to make a fortune than to keep it.

"The Commodore did say that not only once, but many times," this friend said. "And he was also fond of saying that the first \$1,000 was the hardest to make and keep. Generally, when that remark is quoted as having been made by the Commodore, the important part of it is omitted, namely, that it is hard to keep the first \$1,000 after it is made.

"One day the Commodore came into the office of the finance officer of the New York Central, and asked that official how much money he was carrying. The latter named a sum.

"You haven't got it right," declared

the Commodore, "you've got a good deal more than that. Figure and see if I am not right."

"The report was speedily made, and it showed that the Commodore was within a few hundred dollars of the exact amount of money on hand. There were not many details which escaped him, and when he mentioned the sum which was in the company's treasury or on deposit, he was certain that he could not be far out of the way. It seemed to please him that he had caught us napping. Then, after a moment, he said:

"That is altogether too much money to be lying idle. You ought to put it out, somewhere on short notes or in some way, so that it will be earning interest instead of lying idle."

"You see, the Commodore had learned a lesson a year or two before. One of the officers of the company had said to him: 'Commodore, the New York Central doesn't pay dividends oftener than once in six months. Don't you see that you are losing the interest on a lot of money on that account? If we paid once in three months, your dividend would be available for earning quite a pretty penny.'

"The Commodore had never thought of that, but he saw the point at once and gave the order that from that time on the dividend should be quarterly.

"He was undoubtedly thinking of that experience when he declared that the railroad treasury was carrying too much idle money.

"Well, Commodore, one of us asked, 'what use would you suggest that we make of this money? We will want it at dividend time.'

"Why, I will borrow it of you myself," the Commodore replied, "provided you will accept New York Central stock as collateral security."

"He chuckled for a moment or two, but we saw that he was in earnest, and he did borrow the money, and left a block of nearly two thousand shares of New York Central stock as security.

"Nearly a year later the Commodore, plainly greatly puzzled, appeared at the desk of the finance officer, and asked how many shares of New York Central stock he owned. The officer, after looking at the books, told him the precise amount.

"Yes," admitted the Commodore, "that agrees with my own books, but I can't find all the stock. There's a block of nineteen hundred and fifty shares missing. I haven't the remotest idea of what has become of it."

"Immediately there began a search for the missing stock, which lasted several days. At last, well, where do you think we discovered it, the equivalent of \$195,000? In an inner corner of the big safe, just where it had been put when the Commodore gave it as security for the dividend money that he had borrowed. There it had remained ever since. The Commodore had clean forgotten to ask for the return of it when he gave a check for the entire amount of his loan a few days before the money was needed to pay the next quarterly dividend; and none of us had thought to remind him that he was neglecting to exercise the plainest sort of business common sense."

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How Hayes Got Rid of Bores

His Inoffensive Way of Diambling Troublesome Visitors by Sending Them Out to See the Washington Monument.

Whenever I read of the great nervous strain that is put upon a modern president of the United States by reason of the calls paid to him not only by office seekers and their backers, but also by the thousands of persons who simply want to see and shake hands with the president, I am reminded of the little trick that President Hayes confessed to me that he employed to rid himself of callers.

The afternoon in the latter part of his administration that I called on him he received me in the library of the White House. Strangely enough, he appeared to have some leisure, and was even disposed to chat a little about matters of common interest.

"Mr. President," I said, after a time, "you must often get very weary on account of demands made upon you, your time and your strength, by those who call upon you with no other purpose than to say their respects and to go home saying that they have seen the president."

President Hayes was holding in his hand a gutta serena penholder, at the end of which was a gold pen. He began to tap his desk with it, and at the same time a smile lighted his countenance, as though my question had suggested, instead of unpleasant recollections, some which aroused his sense of humor.

"Of course, it is sometimes a little exhausting to stand and receive with a handshake hundreds of persons whom you have never met," he confessed. "But I always recall my own feeling—at least the feeling I had when I was a young man—that the president belongs to the whole people, and that they have the right to make his acquaintance. And really, I do not think public receptions are so trying as frequently are the visits

of say one or two persons who are received in the library or cabinet room. When I first came here, this was one of the most trying of my experiences. Sometimes it was very difficult to convey a hint to the caller or callers that my time was occupied, and that I should be glad if they would depart. The president should be especially careful about hurting the feelings or wounding the pride of anybody. But at last I hit upon a plan which has worked admirably."

The president turned in his chair as though to look out from the rear windows of the White House upon the broad sweep of lawn, and in the direction of the uncompleted Washington monument.

"After I think the call has been reasonably long, I turn towards the window, as you see me now, and I try to say in a pleasant way: 'Have you seen the Washington monument since you have been here?' Usually, the answer is that it has only been seen from a distance. Then I say: 'Well, you should go down, crossing the White House grounds, if convenient, to within such distance of the monument as will give you a very good idea of it. No one should visit Washington without getting a near view of the monument. You know, presidents change, but the monument, when completed, is to be there for all time.'

"This hint usually has the effect desired. My callers feel complimented that I should take the trouble to suggest to them some one of the Washington sights that would interest them, and within a few moments they rise and bid me good day. I have rarely known the expedient to fail."

Again the president smiled. And then, apparently as an afterthought, he added:

"Of course, you will not make any mention of this little confession—at least, not until after I have retired from the presidency."

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Ephesus, the City that Was

Interesting Corners in the Library Where St. Paul May Have Studied.

There is no lack of knowledge concerning certain of the structures in Ephesus—the more recent ones, we may call them, though they were built 2,000 years ago. There are inscriptions everywhere, Albert Bigelow Paine says in Harper's Weekly, and some of them are as cleanly cut today as they were when the tool left them. The library was built in honor of Augustus Caesar and Livius, and it must have been a veritable marble vision. Here in its corner, books and students sat and pored over those precious documents that filled these crumbling recesses and the long vanished shelves. St. Paul doubtless came here to study during the three years of his residence, and before him St. John, for he wrote his Gospel in Ephesus and would be likely to seek out the place of books. And Mary

would walk with him to the door sometimes, I think, and Mary of Magdala, for these three passed their final days in Ephesus and would be drawn close together by their sacred bond.

The great theater where St. Paul battled with the wild beasts stands just across the way. It seated 25,000 and its stone benches stretch upward to the sky. The steep marble flight that carries you from tier to tier is there to-day exactly as when troops of fair ladies and handsome beaux climbed up and still up to find their places from which to look down on the play or the gladiatorial combat or the massacre of the Christians in the arena below.

These old theaters were built in a semi-circle dug out of the mountain side, so that the seats were solid against the ground and rose one above the other with the slope of the hill, which gave everybody a good view. There were no columns to interfere

with one's vision, for there was no roof to be supported, except perhaps over the stage, but the top seats were so remote from the arena and proscenium that the players must have seemed mere miniatures. Yet even above these there was still mountain side, and little boys who could not get money for an entrance fee or carry water to the animals for a ticket, sat up in that far perch no doubt, and looked down and shouted at the show.

Phonetic Spelling.

Phonetic spelling was evidently in fashion in the sixteenth century, when even Shakespeare could not spell his own name consistently. There is a letter dug from the correspondence of a woman of the sixteenth century in the book of the Cotswold family, the Hicks Beches. One Juliana wrote it concerning a matter of a debt between herself and "My lord a Kaldar." And she writes: "My lord Ammerl and your wife I honor and love; but your false swearing and promise I haterie a pgre." What she really meant, was "utterly abhor."

BACKACHE—A SIGNAL OF DISTRESS

A WARNING THAT MUST NOT BE IGNORED

Pain in the back is the kidneys' signal of distress. If this timely warning is ignored, kidney disease silently fastens its deadly grip—for kidney sickness first shows itself in pains and disorders in other parts, and the real cause is too often hidden until fatal Bright's disease or diabetes has set in. Suspect the kidneys if you are rheumatic and nervous or have lame back, painful, too frequent or scanty urination, weak heart, dizzy spells, headaches, bloating or neuralgia. What you want is a special kidney medicine—not an experiment, but one that has stood the test for years. **Doan's Kidney Pills** relieve weak, congested kidneys—cure backache—regulate the urine.



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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS MAKE LASTING CURES

J. R. Black, 1005 E. Sixth street, Topeka, Kansas, says: "In the spring of 1899 Doan's Kidney Pills brought me such great relief that I did not hesitate to make the fact known and give this remedy my most earnest endorsement. In my statement I said that for three years I had suffered from kidney complaint. I had a dull grumbling ache across the small of my back that greatly inconvenienced me when reaching and straining in doing my work. An annoying kidney weakness was also in evidence and it was out of the question for me to sleep well. In the morning I was all tired out and it can be seen that I was in bad shape. The use of Doan's Kidney Pills quickly and surely drove away these symptoms of kidney complaint and I have since been in good health.

The foregoing statement was given in March 1905, and when Mr. Black was interviewed on Nov. 12, 1908, he said: "I have never had a return attack of kidney complaint and I know that my cure is a permanent one. My faith in Doan's Kidney Pills is stronger than ever."

Mrs. James Crooks, First St., N. W., American Fork, Utah, says: "I had kidney complaint for ten years or more. Sometimes a twinge darted through the small of my back and I often became so helpless that I was compelled to go to bed with my clothes on. The attacks often lasted for days at a time and I could not even stoop to put on my shoes. My condition was certainly alarming. The secretions from my kidneys were irregular in passage and contained a heavy sediment after standing. I well know that the misery kidney complaint causes and I can therefore appreciate the merits of a remedy that cures this disease. Doan's Kidney Pills lived up to the claims made for them in my case and effected a cure. My kidneys were restored to a normal condition and my health greatly improved." (Statement given Aug. 22, 1907.)

On Aug. 24, 1909, Mrs. Crooks was interviewed by one of our representatives and she said: "It gives me pleasure to reendorse Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured my backache and my health is now good. Other members of my family have taken this remedy with decided benefit."

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NERVE.

Fuzzy Frank—Lady, kin I have a drink o' water?

Lady—Certainly; there's the tumbler and there's the pump.

Fuzzy Frank (insinuatingly)—An' now if you will please work de handle for a few minutes?

Still in the Family.

Among the domestic duties of a young husband is the careful supervision of the toilets of his wife's two dogs, one a Great Dane and the other a by no means diminutive St. Bernard.

"Oh, Marie," shouted hubby from the yard late one afternoon, "there's not a flea on the dogs now!"

"How splendid!" shouted back Marie. "Not a single flea?"

"Not!" yelled Tom. "They are all on me!"

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HIS VISIT MOST OPPORTUNE

Another Day's Delay and the Result Would Have Been Unfortunate—For the Physician

A lady was very solicitous about her health. Every trifling ailment, and the doctor was called immediately.

The doctor was a skillful man, and consequently had a large practice. It was very disagreeable to him to be so often called away from his other cases for nothing, and he resolved to take an opportunity of letting the lady see this. One day the lady observed a red spot on her hand, and at once sent for the doctor. He came, looked at her hand, and said:

"You did well to send for me early." The lady looked alarmed and asked: "Is it dangerous, then?"

"Certainly not," replied the doctor. "To-morrow the spot would have disappeared, and I should have lost my fee for this visit."

Household Remedies.

A little fellow rushed breathlessly into a drug store.

"Please, sir, some liniment and some ointment!"

"What?" asked the puzzled clerk.

"What's the trouble?"

"Mam hit pop on the head with a plate."—Everybody's Magazine.

A Question to Be Considered.

"Do you consider plagiarism permissible under any circumstances?"

"Well," answered Senator Borah, "it's a pretty hard when you find yourself compelled to make a choice between being interesting or original."

When a fellow feels like throwing himself down and worshipping a girl he should wait. She will probably throw him down herself.

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