

BILL BOARD MYSTERY

THE LOCAL FEDERAL OFFICIALS ALL LOCAL DETECTIVE WORK.

They Are, However, Unable to Catch the Elusive Bill Poster and Are Discouraged.

BILL M'CLELLAN'S FIASCO

CAPTAIN OF POSTOFFICE GUARD THOUGHT HE HAD CULPRIT.

When About to Seize His Victim He Was Confronted by One of Uncle Sam's Posters.

About a year ago one of the many officials representing the United States government in this city discovered that was a flagrant violation of the federal laws to allow any billboard to be erected on or against any property belonging to the United States. The United States marshal, who is the custodian of the government property in this city, was notified of the new discovery of an old law and immediately took steps to have the obnoxious billboards and signs, which had been erected in every conceivable place about the federal building, removed. The local bill posters became very wroth at the action of the government officials, and submitted to the new order of things with a very poor grace. Time and again handbills have been found, plastered with the gaudiest of bills, leaning up against the front of the post-office building, and, strange to relate, none of the officials could ever find out who had put them there.

Time went on and the mysterious bill posters grew bolder. The posters were not only in the corridors of the postoffice, but in the very hall of the building in which the United States marshal had his office. The greater the temerity of the mysterious bill posters the more exasperated became the mystified government officials. It is related that A. A. Young, collector of customs, became so interested in the detection of the unknown bill posters that he neglected the duties of his office and would stand for days at a time in the corridors of the federal building, with his eyes glued open for the recalcitrant malfactors. On one occasion, when Mr. Young had exercised a closer surveillance than usual, he was so chagrined to find, on his way out of the building, one of the detested boards leaning against the south end of the post-office building that, with his own hands and feet, he split the board into kindling wood before the eyes of the gathering multitude.

OTHERS WATCHED. Mr. Young wasn't the only one, however, who watched and waited in vain for the bill posters. The postoffice force, from the postmaster down to the special delivery boys, made it a duty to "lay" for the bill posters that would materialize; District Attorney Wishard and his two assistants, Messrs. La Follette and Nichols, looked up the most approved way of ensnaring the criminals; the United States marshal instructed his deputies to arrest any suspected persons on sight; the clerks of the United States Circuit Court, Mr. Butler, and his assistants, looked up the records of all the criminal cases that have been tried in the Federal Court in the last fifty years in the hope of finding an analogous case that would lead to the detection of the elusive and postoffice bill posters. Finally, after every known means of detection had been employed without success and hope lay dead in the hearts of the unhappy government officials, the matter was given up as a bad job; and with the exception of a few instructions to the janitors and night watchmen employed at the postoffice, to keep a sharp lookout and detect the guilty parties if they could, the matter was dropped and the officials relaxed their vigilance.

The janitors, imbued with a desire to succeed where their superior officers had failed and knowing that only an organized effort would avail against the elusive and postoffice bill posters, held a meeting one evening and elected William McClellan, the night watchman, captain. Now Bill had been on the police force once, and though he had been subsequently released because of growing obesity (which Bill couldn't help, yet withal he was a man of splendid physique), he weighed over 300 pounds, and consequently when he snipped his hand down on the table in front of him by way of emphasizing his instructions, his companions listened to what he said. After the meeting the janitors scattered to their various homes with such an air of determination and self-confidence depicted on their faces that every body who saw them knew something was afoot to happen. Day after day they returned to their work with that selfsame look, and finally on Thursday last, after many months of faithful performance of duty, their efforts were rewarded.

LONG WAIT REWARDED. It was shortly after 5 o'clock in the evening and two of the janitors had just emerged from the postoffice building on their way to the United States marshal's office in the adjoining building. They stopped to converse for a few minutes when a bill poster's wagon was driven slowly toward them. To their utter astonishment it stopped right in front of them, and then, great Jehoshaphat! two bill posters, with the greatest nonchalance in the world, jumped out of the wagon, placed a billboard against the south end of the post-office building and began covering it with bills. The astounded janitors not daring to act without Bill's sanction ran to the head of the stairs and informed the great captain, who was reposing at length on one of the easy benches, of what was going on. It was a beautiful sight to see William come out of that basement. The smile on his face was the most expansive that had ever been seen there. To him, the captain of the janitors, had come greatness. It was to be his pleasure to land the human scoundrel who had dared to do what would be his in reporting, with a meekness becoming so great a Vidoco, to his superior officers who had been so completely outwitted. It was the opportunity of his lifetime and it had come to him just at the time of life when it would be most appreciated. With these thoughts and various others flashing through his mind, the captain led his men to the victory that awaited them. Arriving at the corner of the building the captain called a halt while he cautiously took a peep to see if the birds had flown. He saw the two husky bill posters still at their work and could scarce restrain the desire to leap upon them both single-handed and alone. The

TWO HIGH SCHOOLS

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES NOW THE CENTER OF INTEREST.

M. T. H. S. Commencement at English's Night of June 10 and L. H. S. Exercises on June 12.

ANNUALS OF BOTH SCHOOLS

THE SENIOR CLASSES HAVE PUT IN MUCH WORK ON THEM.

The Books Are Still in the Hands of the Printer—L. H. S. Graduating Class.

Commencement, which is one of the important happenings in the lives of young men and women, is not very far off, and among those who will graduate from the Shortridge High School and the Manual Training High School there is a flutter of excitement. A visitor to the Board of Education rooms just now would be surprised at the number of diplomas being prepared for commencement exercises. It was always the custom until recent years for diplomas to be tied with the class colors, but this year those of the Shortridge High School will be tied with white and those for the Manual Training High School will be adorned with blue ribbons. The name of the graduate is inserted in the diploma in fancy lettering, and the diploma is signed by four persons, the secretary of the board, the president of the board, the superintendent of the school, and the principal. Then the seal is put on and the diplomas are rolled. The certificates which the graduating classes of the ward schools receive are artistic affairs, but the Board of Education only sends them to the schools which have classes and the principals fill in the names, etc.

SHORTBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL. At the Shortridge High School there are 130 names on the roll, and the principal said it was safe to say that 125 of this number will graduate. The commencement exercises will be held at English's Opera House on Wednesday evening, June 12, and will consist of orations and essays, with the reading of the program. The program is usually done by the president of the school board. Six pupils are chosen for speeches—two are chosen by rank in the class and two are elected by members of the class and two are chosen by the faculty. Those who will speak this year are Ernest Sims and Miss Ruth Woodman, who stand highest in the class; Blossom and Miss Louise Pugh, who have been elected by the class, and Miss Mary Ritter and Emmett Hall, who have been chosen by the faculty. One of the most-talked-of events at the Shortridge High School these days is the "Annual," which is at the printer's and will be issued this week. From an artistic standpoint the Annual this year will exceed all previous numbers. It is all the work of the senior class. The editorial staff includes: Editor-in-chief, Mr. Ernest M. Sims; assistant editors, Miss Mary A. Pratt, Miss Gladys H. Nehrbas, Mr. Jean S. Rawls and Mr. Emmett Hall. The book is edited by Mr. Roy E. Blossom, and his assistant, Mr. Frank E. Abbott. The cover design is by Miss Nellie Blodgett and Miss Mattie Feller. The background is of red bronze and the design is a gold embossed hinge, which extends almost across the page. Below this is the monogram of the school, L. S. H. S., in dull red. The book is filled with illustrations in the book all done by members of the school, either graduates of previous years or from the class just graduating. There will be two stories, "The Fool," by Carl Hetherington, and "A Puritan Love Story," by Miss Nellie Wheeler. There will be a double page of illustrated jokes done in three colors. The book is a monogram page in the first of the book are also in two colors. There will be four half-tone tips, one from an oil painting by Miss Mary Quinn, who is a Shortridge graduate, but who is now studying in the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, and another by Miss Quinn will be a charcoal drawing of "An Urchin." From an artistic standpoint the Annual by Chester Sommers, and another is a photograph drawing by Ben Douglas. There is a full page of zinc etching by Miss Helen Ford, entitled "The Friday Pose in the Drawing Class." The Annual also contains the oration of James Gipe, who recently won the oratorical contest for the L. S. H. S. and the class program, the class history and the class prophecy. The class song is by Miss Louise Pugh; the prophecy is in blank verse, by Lilla Ketcham, and the class history by Miss Ruth Ritter. The various organizations of the school are described, and an account of the entertainment recently given by the senior class. "The Street Fair" is illustrated. One of the contributions is a comic opera, "The Shirtwaist Boy," by Miss Mary Pratt, and a descriptive piece, "The Winter Wood," by Paul Edwards. The class will issue about 1300 copies of the Annual, and attractive posters advertising it are noticed in the columns of this paper. The art department of the school will send an exhibit of its work, with that from all the public schools in the city, to the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn next month.

MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL.

There is considerable rivalry between the Shortridge High School and the Manual Training High School in their Annuals. Both Annuals will be issued about the same time, but it has been dead secret as to what they would both contain. Both schools, however, say that this year's Annuals will be more artistic from every standpoint than those of recent years. The Manual Training High School Annual is being prepared by Miss Margaret Mahoney, Miss Mayna White and A. Glenn Diddle. The business manager is Harry Hunt, and the assistant business manager is Charles Jennings. Miss Florence Willis is treasurer, and the president of the board is Thomas Shortin; the vice president is Elizabeth Everitt, and the secretary is Mayna White.

The cover for the Annual is dark brown, with a decorative design in crimson and blue-black by Fred Davidson. The frontispiece is a monotype of a landscape scene by Herbert Moore. There are over one hundred illustrations in the book, all contributed by members of the school. One of its new features, in place of the poster design of last year, is an illustrated calendar, which embraces the dates, with illustrations, of all the happenings of the current year. The calendar is on seven pages, and on each page there are seven illustrations, some of which are quite humorous. The Annual has made a special feature of athletics, and considerable space

is devoted to the football team, the baseball team, the track team, basketball, etc. Among the stories there is one by Sylvanus Kingsley, entitled "Ben Ali," an Arabian story; another is called "The Fate of Neopolide," by Miss Florence Bowles. Charles Jennings is the contributor of another story, "The Boy's Experiment." Miss Alice Ballard has written an attractive account of the school's trip to Mammoth Cave, and the school organizations have all been given space. AN EXHIBITION. The open day of the school, when the classes will continue as usual, but when the progress of the school will be on exhibition, has been set for June 7. There will be an exhibit of the work of the year, including exhibitions of sewing, cooking, drawing and workshop. The silver loving cup which the track team won from the Louisville Training High School and the Mooney High School, Franklin, Tenn., last week, will also be on exhibition in the library on that day. Friday, May 25, class will be observed. In the morning the senior class will present its gift of \$150 to the school, as a starter for a gymnasium fund, and in the afternoon there will be class day exercises. The commencement exercises will be held on Monday evening, June 10, at English's Opera House. The programme will be as follows: Music—"The Indiana Belle".....F. Krull Invocation.....Rev. Mr. Haines Salutatory.....Grace Hunter Musical.....J. S. Williams Orchestra. Address—"Liberal Education and Life".....Hayden Music—(a) "Moment Musical".....Schubert (b) "Bennett" from Military Symphony.....Hayden Orchestra. Valedictory.....Leland Love Music—March.....Leland Love Presentation of Diplomas.....Dr. G. W. Sloan President Board of Education. Music—"M. T. H. S. Graduates' March".....Losey Orchestra. The president of the senior class of the Manual Training High School is John Holliday, the vice president Grace Hunter, secretary Mayna White. There is an examination at the school of over 1,150, and there are now ready in the principal's office 225 applications out of a total of 575 from the eight grades. There will be 102 graduates from the school, although there will be only 100 on the platform at English's on May 10. John Holt, one of the graduates, has to report at West Point before that time, and another is absent on account of illness. LIST OF GRADUATES. The names of the graduates are as follows: —Class of January, 1901.— Motto: "Judgment commends; resolution executes." Helen D. Ballard, Roy Bodine, Jessie Burt, Frances M. Cahill, Edwin Denizer, Katherine Deartinger, Herbert L. Eckhouse, George Hays Eckhouse, Ada M. Fink, Olive Katherine Funk, Nettie E. Gilray, Anna Griffin, Rebecca Joseph, Edna M. Keith, Hunt, Harry E. Helm, Grace King, Walter Krull, Sylvanus Kingsley, Kathryn Klensche, H. Leland Love, Daniel A. Larsen, Horace A. Morgan, Irene E. Moses, Estia W. Olson, Carl W. Piel, Harry G. Pridemore, Flora Reinecke, Ora S. Reed, Burton C. Rattensperger, Muriel R. Ribble, Grace H. Stark, Bessie Shaffer, Elizabeth S. Sells, Emmerville, Blanche May Tullis, John Thainman, Jr., Anton Vonnegut, Nellie Wailes. Motto: "He conquers who endures." Chauncey W. Browne, Nettie Bristol, Frieda Barrett, Harry O. Bower, Norman B. Bassett, George M. Cox, William C. Florence May Bowles, Anna Brown, Alicia Theresa Bininger, William A. Carson, M. E. Bessie, and Mrs. Fred L. Eddy, Nixon Coval, S. H. Conaroe, Frank R. Demmerly, Mark E. Easton, E. E. Easton, Zenith May Eiler, George Fritsche, Walter A. Gekeler, Alice G. Gekeler, John Hampton Holliday, Jr., Luella E. Hibbits, John Hotz, Mabel E. Johnson, Mabel E. Koller, Herbert A. Kipp, Earl S. Keaton, Mary Lawson, Katherine Lovins, Carrie Lathrop, George Lathrop, Esther Matthews, Stella Michelson, Herbert Matt, Margaret J. Mahoney, John H. Matson, Otto Nicholas Muller, Clair L. Teck, Ralph S. Potts, Katherine A. Quinn, M. E. Sells, Clifford Selden, Olive Elizabeth Staples, Thomas C. Shirk, James T. Tandy, Ralph J. Teator, Anna Tacoma, Elizabeth Taylor, Mable T. Taylor, Mable White, Lorenz A. Wachstetter, Clarence Youm, Fred D. Yeaton.

TWO WAR MEMORIALS

A Playground and a Hall Commemorate Sons of Harvard.

is devoted to the football team, the baseball team, the track team, basketball, etc. Among the stories there is one by Sylvanus Kingsley, entitled "Ben Ali," an Arabian story; another is called "The Fate of Neopolide," by Miss Florence Bowles. Charles Jennings is the contributor of another story, "The Boy's Experiment." Miss Alice Ballard has written an attractive account of the school's trip to Mammoth Cave, and the school organizations have all been given space.

AN EXHIBITION. The open day of the school, when the classes will continue as usual, but when the progress of the school will be on exhibition, has been set for June 7. There will be an exhibit of the work of the year, including exhibitions of sewing, cooking, drawing and workshop. The silver loving cup which the track team won from the Louisville Training High School and the Mooney High School, Franklin, Tenn., last week, will also be on exhibition in the library on that day. Friday, May 25, class will be observed. In the morning the senior class will present its gift of \$150 to the school, as a starter for a gymnasium fund, and in the afternoon there will be class day exercises. The commencement exercises will be held on Monday evening, June 10, at English's Opera House. The programme will be as follows:

Music—"The Indiana Belle".....F. Krull Invocation.....Rev. Mr. Haines Salutatory.....Grace Hunter Musical.....J. S. Williams Orchestra. Address—"Liberal Education and Life".....Hayden Music—(a) "Moment Musical".....Schubert (b) "Bennett" from Military Symphony.....Hayden Orchestra. Valedictory.....Leland Love Music—March.....Leland Love Presentation of Diplomas.....Dr. G. W. Sloan President Board of Education. Music—"M. T. H. S. Graduates' March".....Losey Orchestra. The president of the senior class of the Manual Training High School is John Holliday, the vice president Grace Hunter, secretary Mayna White. There is an examination at the school of over 1,150, and there are now ready in the principal's office 225 applications out of a total of 575 from the eight grades. There will be 102 graduates from the school, although there will be only 100 on the platform at English's on May 10. John Holt, one of the graduates, has to report at West Point before that time, and another is absent on account of illness.

LIST OF GRADUATES. The names of the graduates are as follows: —Class of January, 1901.— Motto: "Judgment commends; resolution executes." Helen D. Ballard, Roy Bodine, Jessie Burt, Frances M. Cahill, Edwin Denizer, Katherine Deartinger, Herbert L. Eckhouse, George Hays Eckhouse, Ada M. Fink, Olive Katherine Funk, Nettie E. Gilray, Anna Griffin, Rebecca Joseph, Edna M. Keith, Hunt, Harry E. Helm, Grace King, Walter Krull, Sylvanus Kingsley, Kathryn Klensche, H. Leland Love, Daniel A. Larsen, Horace A. Morgan, Irene E. Moses, Estia W. Olson, Carl W. Piel, Harry G. Pridemore, Flora Reinecke, Ora S. Reed, Burton C. Rattensperger, Muriel R. Ribble, Grace H. Stark, Bessie Shaffer, Elizabeth S. Sells, Emmerville, Blanche May Tullis, John Thainman, Jr., Anton Vonnegut, Nellie Wailes. Motto: "He conquers who endures." Chauncey W. Browne, Nettie Bristol, Frieda Barrett, Harry O. Bower, Norman B. Bassett, George M. Cox, William C. Florence May Bowles, Anna Brown, Alicia Theresa Bininger, William A. Carson, M. E. Bessie, and Mrs. Fred L. Eddy, Nixon Coval, S. H. Conaroe, Frank R. Demmerly, Mark E. Easton, E. E. Easton, Zenith May Eiler, George Fritsche, Walter A. Gekeler, Alice G. Gekeler, John Hampton Holliday, Jr., Luella E. Hibbits, John Hotz, Mabel E. Johnson, Mabel E. Koller, Herbert A. Kipp, Earl S. Keaton, Mary Lawson, Katherine Lovins, Carrie Lathrop, George Lathrop, Esther Matthews, Stella Michelson, Herbert Matt, Margaret J. Mahoney, John H. Matson, Otto Nicholas Muller, Clair L. Teck, Ralph S. Potts, Katherine A. Quinn, M. E. Sells, Clifford Selden, Olive Elizabeth Staples, Thomas C. Shirk, James T. Tandy, Ralph J. Teator, Anna Tacoma, Elizabeth Taylor, Mable T. Taylor, Mable White, Lorenz A. Wachstetter, Clarence Youm, Fred D. Yeaton.

TWO WAR MEMORIALS. A Playground and a Hall Commemorate Sons of Harvard. CAMBRIDGE, Mass., May 25.—Memorial day in Cambridge centers always around Memorial Hall, the great building, completed in 1875, which was erected to the memory of those sons of Harvard who fought in the ranks of the Union. The impression which the transept—where the names of those who died in battle are inscribed—has made even on strangers is illustrated in a page of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's latest novel, "Eleanor." A conversation carried on in the study of the St. Peter's in Rome calls up to one of the speakers the recollection of this same transept, covered with the names of the dead, here in Cambridge. "That wall," he says, "those names, that youth, and death—they remain with me as the symbol of the other great majesty in the world. There's one, that's religion. And the other's country."

The number of names is 138—ninety-seven from the college, seventeen from the medical school, thirteen from the law school, six from the scientific school, two from the divinity school and one from the astronomical observatory. The chief inscriptions in the transept are worth repeating, as a part of the history which New England has to show the memory of the heroes of the civil war. The first, in translation from the Latin in which it is written, is as follows: THIS HALL COMMEMORATES THE PATRIOTISM OF THE GRADUATES AND STUDENTS OF THIS UNIVERSITY WHO SERVED IN THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES DURING THE WAR FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE UNION. AND UPON THESE TABLETS ARE INSCRIBED THE NAMES OF THOSE AMONG THEM WHO DIED IN THAT SERVICE.

The second: IN MEMORY OF THE MEN TRAINED HERE GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR THEIR COUNTRY. THE HALL IS BUILT BY THEIR CLASSESMATES AND FRIENDS TO THE END THAT ENAMPELS OF MANHOOD BE EVER IN HONOR AMONG YOU. While the third, in the Latin of Cicero, has been rendered thus: This is the best comfort under their parents, that they have begotten such strong defenses of the Republic, unto their children that they shall have of their own kindred examples of manhood, unto their wives that they shall be widows of husbands fitter for eulogy than for weeps.

The windows of the transept are symbolic of the same high sacrifice of life. Here is a translation in a panel in the north window: "Greeting, whoever thou art, Thou see'st the names of the men of Harvard who in ardent youth or manhood's riper resolution laid down their lives that the Republic might live. Pattern thy life by the principles they maintained in death, to make men freer, happier and more united." Memorial Hall, however, is not the only reminder that Harvard did not shrink

from her duty in the great war between the States. Across the Charles river lies the playground of the university, known as Soldiers' Field. A monument near the entrance tells by its inscription the meaning of the name:

TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF CHARLES HENRY DALTON EDWARD HARRY DALTON STEPHEN EDWIN PERKINS JAMES JACKSON LOWELL ROBERT GUILDFIELD SHAW FRIENDS COMRADES KINSMEN WHO DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY THIS FIELD IS DEDICATED BY HENRY LEE HIGGINSON.

Below is inscribed Emerson's beautiful quatrain, which one finds in the editions of his poems, under the title of "Sacrifice," as follows: Though love repine, and reason chafe, There came a voice without reply— "Thou'rt man's position to be sold, When for the truth thou'rt to die."

It is by this shaft, placed near a beautiful elm, that the student passes on his way to the sports which occupy so much of his attention, but which it was the hope of the giver of the field, marked by this dedication, to be forever associated in his mind with service to the state.

THE EXTRAVAGANT JOSEPHINE.

Wife of Napoleon Spent Money Recklessly on Her Wardrobe.

In the graphic sketch of Josephine which Miss Tarbell has added to her "Life of Napoleon" there is a passage regarding the Empress's wardrobe that is sure to interest all her sex. The one real pleasure in her life was undoubtedly her toilet. She had always been extravagantly fond of personal decoration—she loved brilliant stones, gay silks, fine laces, soft cashmires, and when she found herself an empress, with every reason and every opportunity for indulging her love of finery, she abandoned herself to the pleasure until her wardrobe became the chief amusement of her life.

Almost every day men and women, bearing stuffs of all sorts—jewels, modes, laces, everything, in short, that French fancy could devise for a woman's toilet—found their way to Josephine's private apartments. Before these were they tradespeople she had no self-restraint—one should say, perhaps, no self-respect—for almost invariably she allowed herself to be wheeled into buying. The number of pieces added to her wardrobe each year indicates a startling prodigality. Thus, in one year she bought 136 dresses, twenty cashmere shawls, seventy-three corsets, forty-eight pieces of elegant stuffs, eighty-seven hats, seventy-one pairs of silk stockings, 300 pairs of gloves, 200 pairs of shoes. If this had been an unusual purchase it might be explained, but it was not. With every season there was the same thoughtless buying of all that struck her fancy. It was out of the question for her to wear all she bought, for Josephine was not one who prided herself on never appearing twice in the same costume. Many of the things she bought never put on at all, and when her wardrobes were overburdened she made a little fete of the task of lightning them, giving away piece after piece of uncut lace, pattern after pattern of velvet, silk or muslin, rich gowns, hats, stockings, shoes. Anything and everything was scattered in the same reckless fashion in which it had been acquired. Not that her giving of personal articles was confined to this occasional clearing out of stock; she gave as one of her royal prerogatives, whenever it pleased her to do so. Often she took her hand to her shoulder a delicate cashmere super-cashmere shawl to throw about some one of her ladies whom she heard about her, and she would frequently give a gown to one who had complimented her on its beauty. Mile Ducrest says that one day she heard a gentleman, M. de la Fontaine, in admiring a cashmere gown which the Empress wore, remark that the pattern was of the kind which she had worn in Josephine, picking up a pair of scissors and cutting the skirt of the gown into three pieces, gave one to each of the three gentlemen in the room.

Josephine's prodigality caused great confusion in her budget. She was allowed, at the beginning of her reign, \$7200 a year for her wardrobe, but she had increased it to \$20,000. But there was never a year during that time that she did not far overreach her allowance. Her wardrobe cost her \$2,000,000. She spent two half-dozen—some \$100,000—on great occasions, at \$2,000 a year; and she paid them each from one to two thousand dollars a year for furnishings. It was the same for all the smaller items of her toilet. Coming to the gowns, the sums they cost were enormous. Her simple muslin gowns, 20 or more, cost from \$100 to \$100 apiece. Her cashmere and silk dresses were more costly, ornamented as many of them were with ermine and with buckles, buttons and girdles set with precious stones. Her great extravagance was cashmere shawls; she never had enough, and she gave them away as freely as money, and she rarely appeared without one within reach. Her collection of shawls is said to have been the most valuable ever seen in Europe. Many of them were made after patterns she gave to her dress-makers, and they were of every delicate shade of color, and in texture they were like Spanish silk. Her gowns were like gossamer. Her jewelry was like gossamer. Her gowns were like gossamer. Her jewelry was like gossamer. Her gowns were like gossamer. Her jewelry was like gossamer.

LONG WAIT REWARDED. It was shortly after 5 o'clock in the evening and two of the janitors had just emerged from the postoffice building on their way to the United States marshal's office in the adjoining building. They stopped to converse for a few minutes when a bill poster's wagon was driven slowly toward them. To their utter astonishment it stopped right in front of them, and then, great Jehoshaphat! two bill posters, with the greatest nonchalance in the world, jumped out of the wagon, placed a billboard against the south end of the post-office building and began covering it with bills. The astounded janitors not daring to act without Bill's sanction ran to the head of the stairs and informed the great captain, who was reposing at length on one of the easy benches, of what was going on. It was a beautiful sight to see William come out of that basement. The smile on his face was the most expansive that had ever been seen there. To him, the captain of the janitors, had come greatness. It was to be his pleasure to land the human scoundrel who had dared to do what would be his in reporting, with a meekness becoming so great a Vidoco, to his superior officers who had been so completely outwitted. It was the opportunity of his lifetime and it had come to him just at the time of life when it would be most appreciated. With these thoughts and various others flashing through his mind, the captain led his men to the victory that awaited them. Arriving at the corner of the building the captain called a halt while he cautiously took a peep to see if the birds had flown. He saw the two husky bill posters still at their work and could scarce restrain the desire to leap upon them both single-handed and alone. The

Long wait rewarded. It was shortly after 5 o'clock in the evening and two of the janitors had just emerged from the postoffice building on their way to the United States marshal's office in the adjoining building. They stopped to converse for a few minutes when a bill poster's wagon was driven slowly toward them. To their utter astonishment it stopped right in front of them, and then, great Jehoshaphat! two bill posters, with the greatest nonchalance in the world, jumped out of the wagon, placed a billboard against the south end of the post-office building and began covering it with bills. The astounded janitors not daring to act without Bill's sanction ran to the head of the stairs and informed the great captain, who was reposing at length on one of the easy benches, of what was going on. It was a beautiful sight to see William come out of that basement. The smile on his face was the most expansive that had ever been seen there. To him, the captain of the janitors, had come greatness. It was to be his pleasure to land the human scoundrel who had dared to do what would be his in reporting, with a meekness becoming so great a Vidoco, to his superior officers who had been so completely outwitted. It was the opportunity of his lifetime and it had come to him just at the time of life when it would be most appreciated. With these thoughts and various others flashing through his mind, the captain led his men to the victory that awaited them. Arriving at the corner of the building the captain called a halt while he cautiously took a peep to see if the birds had flown. He saw the two husky bill posters still at their work and could scarce restrain the desire to leap upon them both single-handed and alone. The

Long wait rewarded. It was shortly after 5 o'clock in the evening and two of the janitors had just emerged from the postoffice building on their way to the United States marshal's office in the adjoining building. They stopped to converse for a few minutes when a bill poster's wagon was driven slowly toward them. To their utter astonishment it stopped right in front of them, and then, great Jehoshaphat! two bill posters, with the greatest nonchalance in the world, jumped out of the wagon, placed a billboard against the south end of the post-office building and began covering it with bills. The astounded janitors not daring to act without Bill's sanction ran to the head of the stairs and informed the great captain, who was reposing at length on one of the easy benches, of what was going on. It was a beautiful sight to see William come out of that basement. The smile on his face was the most expansive that had ever been seen there. To him, the captain of the janitors, had come greatness. It was to be his pleasure to land the human scoundrel who had dared to do what would be his in reporting, with a meekness becoming so great a Vidoco, to his superior officers who had been so completely outwitted. It was the opportunity of his lifetime and it had come to him just at the time of life when it would be most appreciated. With these thoughts and various others flashing through his mind, the captain led his men to the victory that awaited them. Arriving at the corner of the building the captain called a halt while he cautiously took a peep to see if the birds had flown. He saw the two husky bill posters still at their work and could scarce restrain the desire to leap upon them both single-handed and alone. The

Full-Weight 5-Cent Cigars



A Fragrant Puff that you will thoroughly Enjoy and made of pure high-grade Tobacco.

A Cigar that is Perfect in flavor and well-made. It's a comfortable smoke at a comfortable price.

You burn your money for pleasure and real enjoyment when you smoke FULL-WEIGHT. Ask for it anywhere.

Patton Bros., Sole Distributors

New Phone No. 2287 104 SOUTH MERIDIAN ST.

Extraordinary!!

Our SUITS to Your Order

AT \$13.50

And First-Class Trousers

AT \$3.00

Using choice up-to-date Woolens, superb tailoring, correct fitting, maintaining our usual excellence. The response beats any offer ever announced.

H. Deutsch Tailoring Co.

41 South Illinois Street.

WALL PAPER

You may spend days in your selection and have it spoiled by poor workmen. We make your selection easy, give you exclusive patterns, will design each room in colors for you and guarantee the work.

Coppock Bros.

EXCLUSIVE INTERIOR ART DECORATORS. 15 and 17 PEMROKE ARCADE

The Sun

Lawn Swings \$3.00 to \$7.00 Hammocks \$1.00 to \$5.00 Tents \$1.75 and up Awning ALL PRICES Lawn Seetees \$1.00 to \$4.00 INDIANAPOLIS TENT & AWNING COMPANY, 247-29 E WASHINGTON STREET.

ROOFING Pitch & Asphalt Gravel Roofing

ROOFS REPAIRED. Henry C. Smither 330 South Pennsylvania St. Get Our Moth Paper. Both Phones 937

THE MODERN MESSENGER

MANAGER OF A LOCAL COMPANY FOUND IN REMINISCENT MOOD.

The Use of the Bicycle Has Revolutionized the Delivery of Messages—All Kinds of Boys.

"The average life of a messenger boy in the service," said the manager of the A. D. T., "is about three months. Of course, some of them stay longer, some of them even two, three or four years. But a boy who stays four years or more usually has a little different line of work from that of the common messenger. "This thing of messenger boys is a great study. Once in a while it is a great problem for us. You see, we have to give good service always. I suppose you've found fault yourself more than once. Possibly it was well founded and possibly not. You considered only your side of the case and didn't stop to think you were not the only one in town who had use for messengers. As a rule, however, we have good boys to use and complaints are few. But, any rate, it's hard to get boys. They're not so plenty as they used to be. I remember the time, several years ago, when we had 'boys to burn'—but not now.

"What do you suppose is the greatest thing in the development of the messenger service in the last ten years? Well, it's the bicycle. The wheel has practically revolutionized the business and it has brought with it a change of methods in all departments. Only a few days ago one of our kids bicycled here. He went to fourteen hundred something East Washington street, then to Keystone avenue and then to Seventeenth and Ashland avenue, delivered messages and collected money in each place and got back here forty-five minutes from the time he started. I think that's about eight days' work. What do you think of that? Why, when I was a boy 'rushing' messages I could have taken all day to do that run and then thought I was doing well to get back at all.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF BOYS. "There's a great difference in the boys now, too. The service demands more and the bicycle makes it possible to use fewer boys and yet keep up with the requirements. They don't have time now to loaf as formerly, but even now they have plenty of time for all sorts of diversion. New kids are not as a rule, though, intimidated as they used to be. I remember once a kid bicycled here. He was a good fellow, but he lacked confidence and was altogether conscientious. He was a 'mark,' and the kids were not long in finding it out. In fact, he had been here but a few hours when he was sent to the Journal office. From there he went to the Union Station, then to the Big Four yards and then over to the Deacon House, and I believe to several other places. When he came back he reported to me that 'Them fellows all say their ground wires is busy and you can't get it until to-morrow'—and then the other boys got in their work. About the same time one of the boys sent out on a similar bike before he had gone far and never did come back. There then's a kid who were sent for pigeon's milk, the left-hand monkey wrench and a thousand and one other things. There's very little intimidating done now. But the boys will have their fun. We have to 'can' one once in a while, but we get along pretty well. Why? Just a few days ago a boy came in late at night, wet to the skin, but bearing aloft in triumph a great big bottle filled with whiskey. He reported and then 'planted' back here in the alley. He was a 'hero,' I tell you. It was some time before we got to it here in the office, and then the boy had a new chap here. He was a good fellow, too. Along about Christmas time I remember we had a complaint. One of the boys went riding at full speed past the courthouse, where the vendors had their stock of Christmas trees. This chap had looked at them longingly for a number of trips, and finally, when he was in a good mood, he rode up close to the curb, and, while running at full speed, picked up one of the trees and brought it into the office. He got in when there was little doing and the kids didn't do a thing. Why, they pulled out, and in a short time they had a regular Christmas tree planted here in the den. All sorts of lights, from matches to bicycle lamps, including candles, were used for illumination. Where they got all the stuff I don't know. I don't suppose they

could have told. Anyhow, they wouldn't. The fact is, you can't get one boy to peach on another. They stick together like glue. And it don't take them long to get wise, either. NOT MANY COWARDS. "If there's anything in a boy—good or bad—this business will bring it out. Afraild? I should say not. At least, people generally don't see the boy that has the least cowardice in him. It soon shows itself, and, of course, that boy is destined to day duty. He may perhaps be given a trial at night, but if he don't show up right the first night or two he don't go. Just a few nights ago we had a call for a boy. He didn't know where he was going. He left here about 11 o'clock and was gone about an hour. He'd been 'away down at the end of Prospect street, or 'round there somewhere. He met a couple of coppers and asked them where the place was, but they didn't know. He ducked around a while and came in. We were going to wait till morning to deliver the message, but this kid got a chum and they went out together. They came back about 1 o'clock, and the only answer we got to the question as to whether he had delivered the message or not was 'course,' and the slip which had the signature. One night not long ago that chap who just went out (a boy apparently about six years of age and just out of the cradle) had a run 'way out the other side of Brightwood—I don't know where it was, but he got there—he 'carried the message to Garcia.' "People, as a rule, don't know much about the messenger boy. They are after the service—and they get it—and don't bother themselves about the whys and wherefores. They ought to get down around this alley back here. That's where the boys are 'at home.' You know those fellows who run about the streets and sell ice