1839 THE 1901

Fletcher National Bank

OF INDIANAPOLIS

Confident of its resources and its ability to handle business intelligently and economically, invites new accounts, assuring the most liberal terms consistent with good banking.

CAPITAL, $500,000
PROFITS, $350,000

S. J. FLETCHER, President.
CHAS. LATHAM, Cashier.
S. A. MORRISON, Assistant Cashier.
S. A. FLETCHER, Assistant Cashier.

FRANCE'S FIRST CITIZEN

VANCE THOMPSON'S STORY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC'S PRESIDENT.

A Simple, Laborious Man, Who Has Reasoned and Worked His Way Up in the World.

Vance Thompson, in Saturday Evening Post.

This is the story of un brav' homme.

President Emile Loubet was born at Marsannes, in the department of the Drome, Oct. 31, 1838. His mother, very aged now, still occupies the old home, a short distance outside the village, on the edge of a little river shaded with poplars. The house and the adjoining farm buildings are ample and large, built, in the old French fashion, round a big court, wherein the fowls and domestic animals take their ease and the sheep are folded at night. The peaked and red-tiled roofs, the white-washed walls, dazzling in that southern sunlight, give an air of homely comfort and thrift to the old homestead. Monsieur Loubet's father was just such a competent, worthy man as Thomas Carlyle described his father to have been. Indeed in that little corner of Dauphiny you will find so many solid qualities, so much hard-headed virtue, thrift and love of liberty, that you might well be walking in the Annandale of Carlyle's boyhood; though the golden sun of the Midi seems to have had a humanizing influence (making men a trifle merrier if less wise) that you would seek vainly in a Scotch mist. They are terrible fellows for liberty, these burghers of the little town of Marsanne. Under their old charter of 1354 they have the right to almost absolute home rule. Out of such civic liberties and communal solidarity has come all that is best in the modern republic. The elder Loubet was mayor of this little freetown for thirty-seven years. He gave his children an education which was better than fortune.

Monsieur Emile Loubet's own career differs not very greatly from that of the late Benjamin Harrison—for whom Monsieur Loubet had a strong regard—and indeed the men are not unlike, either physically or mentally. In each there is the same forthright honesty of purpose, joined to that worldly wisdom which is made up of knowledge of men and judgment of events. Capable, efficient, cool-headed, Monsieur Loubet is the essential type of the sturdy middle class of France, that bourgeoise which, as Oliver Goldsmith pointed out, is the backbone of a nation. An anecdote of the boy paints the man.

It goes back to his boyhood days.

With some companions he was bathing in the Drome near Crest. One of the lads, a poor swimmer, got too far beyond his depth, and as the current began to sweep him away he called for help. Young Loubet, who was ten years old, swam out toward him. But when he saw the big frightened lad struggling in the water he made up his mind that he would only lose his own life should he try to aid him then. So the little Loubet kept out of reach and trod water. At last when the big fellow had risen and sunk so many times that he was full of water to the teeth and so nearly dead there was no struggle in him his wise, small friend took him by the hair and towed him ashore, rolled the water out of him and brought him back to life.

That, I think, is a wholly charming adventure. The boy of ten who could reason out the one thing to be done in such an emergency and do it with calm, watchful courage had already prepared himself for getting on in the world.

HIS LIFE IN PARIS.

After taking his degree at the College of Valence Emile Loubet came up to Paris in 1857 to study law. He lived in a small room at the very top of a six-storied building in Rue Tournon. His one window looked down on the Luxembourg Palace, which in time was to be his home by right of his presidency of the Senate.

By day he studied hard; at night, being companionable, he gathered the fellow-students he liked best in his little room, made coffee for them and put them at their ease. Then, their pipes all drawing and the smoke curling up, they discussed—what should one discuss under the rotting empire but liberty? "Libertad," said Walt Whitman; 'tis a good word in any language.

The young lawyer went back to his native town to spread those ideas of republican liberty which were one day to topple over imperial absolutism and all things imperial. In 1869 he began to practice his profession at Montelimar, and a year later when the empire fell he was elected mayor of that small city. The wise and steadfast administration of the communal affairs of Montelimar was the basis of his political fortune. He became deputy, senator, president of the Senate, and when France most needed a cool-headed, competent, honest man he was made President. "Un brav' homme," the people call him, which is as though they said, "An honest goodman"—and that Emile Loubet is. After forty years' continuous practice at the bar, after having held every important position in the gift of his fellow-citizens his fortune is less than 300,000 francs—an honorable fortune and sufficient for a man of simple tastes.

His chief pleasures, outside of his family life, are those of a gun, a dog and a morning when the birds are strong on the wing. M. Loubet is a capital shot. A plain, neighborly man, courteous and tolerant, a sure friend, religious, a sound patriot and a clear-headed, patient, discerning statesman, Emile Loubet is of those Frenchmen who honor France most and represent her best. 'Un brav' homme! And that, indeed, is the true French type. The casual Parisians, the flippant internationalists who squeak and gibber in the streets of the capital, stand for nothing that is French and little that is good. Their roots are not in the soil. They have drifted here from one knows not what melancholy Polands and have made themselves Parisian, it may be, but French they are not.

Monsieur Loubet is quite up to the level of his high functions. He receives kings and reporters with a dignity and grace peculiarly his own. He smokes a pipe and does not know the meaning of snobbery. Once while he was prime minister he made a flying visit—it was between two stormy sessions of the Chamber of Deputies—to his old mother at the farm in Dauphiny. The old dame was in the kitchen kneading the bread for the fortnightly baking, which is still a custom in the old families of the Midi. She put her floury arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Ah, mother, you should give over this heavy work," said the prime minister.

"And sit with folded hands on baking day!" the good old housewife cried indignantly. "No, no—but I admit it is not so easy as it was."

"Well, to-day you shall fold your hands—sit down, mother, and talk to me," said the first minister of France, and he took off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves and kneaded the bread. I doubt if it was a small task, for they are mighty eaters of bread in Dauphiny, and when he had finished and heard all the gossip of the farm, he kissed the good old mother and went back to his more conspicuous duties of statesman. I like this story better than that of Cincinnatus at his plow; 'tis more human; moreover, it paints Emile Loubet better than pages of biograpry would do; un brav' homme!

SIMPLICITY OF MANNER.

This simplicity is the chief characteristic of his presidential administration. He has no love for empty splendor. He has made the Elysee Palace as reasonably democratic as the White House. Like most hard working men, he gets early to his work. In winter he rises at 6; in summer at 5 o'clock; he drinks a cup of coffee and reads the newspapers and the reports prepared by his secrearies. Every day from 8 to 10 he walks abroad, following the avenue of the Champs Elysees and the boulevards. He marches briskly, a cane in hand—for he has a peculiar antipathy to the umbrella. "I'd rather be rained on than carry such a ridiculous object over my head," he said once.

So you may see him any day, going briskly along or pausing to look in a shop window—a broad-shouldered, efficient man, rather short, gray-bearded, with steady blue eyes and face at once strong and genial. From 10 o'clock until noon, except when he presides over the council of ministers, he receives those who have secured audience. At 12 o'clock he breakfasts with his wife and sons and usually a few friends of the family. Then until 2 o'clock he works in his study with his secretaries. It is a large and handsome room, this cabinet du president de la republique, looking out upon the gardens. The back wall, which forms a hemicycle, is decorated with an admirable Gobelin tapestry of the time of Louis XIV, representing the four elements. In front of it is the President's table—a huge affair covered with papers, pamphlets, books on political economy—favorite subjects of his study.

It is 2 o'clock and the President has drawn on his driving gloves. His phaeton, two perfect hackneys in the harness, is at the door. Monsieur Loubet takes the reins and drives toward the Bois. He knows horses and loves them. Indeed (unless it be the tariff) there is nothing outside his family for which he cares so much. At 4 o'clock the President is at his desk again. Work goes on until 7 o'clock, when dinner is served in his private apartments. The evening, unless some state affair intervenes, is his own. He spends it in his little salon, smoking a meerschaum pipe, reading his books, or chatting with his family. At half past 10 he knocks the ashes out of his pipe, puts away his books and goes to bed.

Now this is the plain picture of the life of the President of France—a simple, good, laborious life, at once French and democratic. You have not forgotten that in the early days of his presidency certain Parisians, snobs and internationalists, come from no one knows what sad Polands, spent their sharpest wit on him. It was a war much like that waged once on Abraham Lincoln. But he, whom they mistook for a timid and modest bourgeois, showed qualities of courage and tenacity against which their tinsel ridicule was most truly but "chaff." He went calmly on his republican way. He was a true son of Dauphiny, patient and firm. Firmness and patience won the day. Always popular in the calm, sane country provinces of France, he is to-day popular in Paris. Speak to what good republican you will and he will say: "Monsieur Loubet? Un brav' homme."

That would make a fine epitaph for any one, and Emile Loubet—that wholesome, prudent, kindly countryman—would, I am sure, ask no better; it is not quite so dignified as "Vive le President!" and all that, but there is in it a world of that friendly affection and widespread respect which are the just due of the first citizen of France.

USE FOR ROGERS'S MILLIONS.

Art Museum People Anticipating Purchase of "Old Masters."

New York Evening Post.

While the news of the Rogers bequests has stirred up all the departments of the Metropolitan Museum and filled the minds of those in charge with visions of additions to their collections, nowhere has it created greater expectation than in the art department, whose directors have seen their collection grow from one hundred, mostly of the Dutch school, and purchased in 1871, to 724 canvases. Nearly all these paintings have come through gifts and bequests, but the funds have been inadequate for rounding out the collection. Now, however, the possibility of taking advantage of sales is being joyfully considered by the gallery officers.

"We follow the sales and the condition of the private collections, which are likely to come into the market all over the world, very carefully," said Mr. Story, the curator of the gallery, to-day, "but, of course, we have never been able to buy much of anything. We will not have to do much investigating in order to find pictures, and as soon as we have the money chances enough and to spare will be thrown in our way. We shall not rush into the market for the sake of filling up our rooms. One of the things which we have always wanted most to do is to get out a really good catalogue, such a catalogue as you can buy in most of the great galleries abroad, to cost $2.50 probably. Only a few will buy it, so it is an expensive thing to bring out, but we must have one. What people seem to want at present is just a cheap little leaflet, to cost only a few cents, and to be thrown away when they come out of the gallery."

It is understood that the buying will probably be mostly of pictures of the old masters, the museum relying on gifts for the more modern works. It is unfortunate that the Metropolitan Museum has no society attached to it, as the "Societe des Amis du Louvre" is to the Louvre Museum in Paris, to furnish funds through subscriptions for the purchase of those works of art the museum itself cannot afford. This society in Paris has been instrumental in securing for the Louvre a number of valuable pictures which would otherwise have disappeared into some private collection.

Among the employes of the museum the Rogers bequest has been the cause of much hope of sharing in the general prosperity. They say that the number of visitors during the last few days has been noticeably larger than usual, especially for this, the dull season of the year. "You see, most of the people who come here," said one of the guardians, "have gone to the country now. Those who are coming now have mostly read in the papers about this will and the money that is coming to the place, and they want to see what the museum is like. It is the greatest advertisement the place has ever had. All these people feel anxious to know just why he should have left all that money up here, and they come to find out. It's my impression that most of them understand the reason just as little when they go away as before they came. The real trouble with this place is that it ain't advertised; but perhaps this money will do it, especially if there is enough of a fight over the will."

Cat Story.

Philadelphia Record.

There recently arrived in a West Philadelphia family a litter of six kittens, and the left forefoot of each kitten was bare. Otherwise they were perfectly formed, and their fur was soft and fluffy, except where it should have grown on the feet. This phenomenon may be attributed to hereditary influences. About two years ago a woman who is fond of cats was walking in the park, when she saw a tiny kitten, scarcely old enough to have its eyes open, lying in the mud on the brink of a pond, where an attempt had evidently been made to drown it. She rescued it and took it home. Then came the question of how to raise it. The kitten ignored all the accepted methods applied to feline orphans, but finally consented to stick its left paw into a saucer of milk and lick it off. In this way it grew and matured, but never would it lap from a dish. In time the sucking of its paw wore the fur away, until that member was quite bare. Not long ago the fondling, now grown to cathood, had some kittens of her own, and each one was born with the bare foot. Already they have developed their mother's trait, and when a saucer of milk is placed before them each kitten will saturate its left foot with the liquid and lick it off.

ORIGIN OF FAMOUS SONGS

CHANCE IDEAS THAT WERE WORTH THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS.

Little Incidents in the Street That Inspired Graham, Dresser and Others to Write Popular Verses.

New York Sun.

"Have you ever stopped to consider how some of our most popular songs came to be written?" said a music publisher. "The subject is most interesting. Very few people know exactly how some of the biggest hits were inspired.

"Song writing to-day is quite an art. There are more publishers and more singers than in former years. You've got to hustle or else you'll soon find out that you are not in the swim. At a rough estimate I think hundreds of songs are turned out every week in New York city alone. You've got to be up to date in your ideas and the song must be exceptionally clever before a publisher will take the trouble even to scan the manuscript.

"Of course you remember poor Charlie Graham? No? He died a few months ago in abject poverty, though he was one of the most prolific of song writers. He wrote night and day, and his compositions were very much sought after by publishers. Graham composed 'If the Waters Could Speak as They Flow,' 'Two Little Girls in Blue,' 'The Picture that Was Turned Toward the Wall' and other popular songs. He got his idea for his song, 'If the Waters Could Speak as They Flow,' strangely. He was bathing at the seashore, where he was filling an engagement, for Graham was quite a singer himself. While the bathers were splashing in the surf Graham, who was ever on the alert for ideas, abruptly turned to a friend and said:

"'Bob, if these waters could only speak as they flow wouldn't they tell a lot of funny things?'

"'You bet,' was the friend's rejoinder. 'Charlie, that would make a fine title for a song, wouldn't it?'

"When Graham went to his room in his hotel that night he sat down and composed the song which soon became very popular. Graham came to write 'Two Little Girls in Blue' by a mere accident. One afternoon while he was racking his brain for a new theme he went to a window in his home in Brooklyn and gazed into the street below. Across the way from his home was a primary school. It was about 3 o'clock and the children were just leaving school. Graham noticed two little girls. They were very pretty and, presumably, sisters, for they looked very much alike, and both were dressed in blue. Without any ado Graham quickly left that window, took out his pencil and jotted down in his note book 'Two Little Girls in Blue.'

PUBLISHER MADE $60,000.

"That same night he wrote the words and composed the melody, and in the course of an hour it was all ready for the publisher. The following day he went from one publishing house to another and tried to dispose of the manuscript. At almost every place he failed to get encouragement. No one seemed to want the song. At last, in despair, he induced one publisher to buy the song for $25. Well, I guess you know the rest. The song was one of the biggest hits for years and it probably sung somewhere to-night. The publisher who bought the composition says he made nearly $60,000 out of it.

"Graham never thought much of the song himself, which goes to prove that writers of this kind of music have little business ability. Graham's other hit, 'The Picture That Was Turned Toward the Wall,' had a checkered career before it found a purchaser. Charley received his inspiration from a scene in the play 'Blue Jeans.' You remember that part where the old man—I think it was Sue's father—turns her picture to the wall? Graham, who, in my estimation, was a genius, saw a capital idea in that incident and used it for his song. This song practically made the house which published it. The firm is rated at present among the best music publishing houses in the country. I don't know how much Graham received for the manuscript, but I don't think it was more than $15. He sold most of his stuff outright and did not care to take chances on royalties.

"Paul Dresser, who has more successes to his credit to-day than any other song writer in the business, has a novel way in getting themes for his compositions. He is a very thrifty fellow and a business man, too. He is a member of a local publishing firm, and, of course, has no trouble in finding a market for his manuscripts. I consider Dresser very original. He wrote 'The Pardon That Came Too Late,' 'Just Tell Them That You Saw Me,' 'Here Lies an Actor,' 'Down on the Wabash, Far Away,' 'Don't Tell Her That You Love Her,' 'Take Me Back to New York Town,' and 'The Blue and the Gray.' 'Just Tell Them That You Saw Me' was very popular. One day Dresser met a son of an old friend in front of the Morton House in Union square. He had known the young man in a village in the West, and was surprised to see the young fellow. The young man was in ill health and nard up.

"'Well,' said Dresser to the son of his old friend, 'I'm going home to-morrow, and if you have any message to give to the old folks I will be very glad to deliver it. What shall I say?'

"'Oh,' replied the young fellow, with a touch of pathos in his voice, 'just tell them that you saw me, and that I was looking well.'

"This was far from the truth, because the young man was pale and looking ill. Dresser, after giving the fellow some money, bade him good-bye, and the two parted. Dresser then wrote the song, using the same expression, 'Just tell them that you saw me.' He changed the story around a bit and made the real character a woman who had fallen. Paul told me that the young man never lived to return home, for he died a few months after the song was published. Dresser wrote 'Here Lies an Actor' after the burial of the late John McCullough, the tragedian.

FORD AND BRATTON.

"'The Sunshine of Paradise Alley' was inspired mostly by accident. Walter Ford and John Bratton were walking west on Market street, Philadelphia, one gloomy day, trying to think of some appropriate title or text for a song. Midway between Sixth and Seventh streets Bratton suddenly paused and looked up at an old half-obliterated street sign on the side of a building.

"'There's an odd name for such a dingy court—Paradise alley,' said Ford. 'Let's go up there; we might find some material.'

"Accordingly the two sauntered up the half block, and for squalor and poverty it seemed that the limit had been reached. As they turned to go back to Market street a little girl about twelve years old came out of the tumble-down hovel, a shawl over her yellow curls and a battered tin dinner pail in her hand. It needed but one glance to show them that she was the little mother of some struggling family. She started back at seeing strangers and soon disappeared.

"'Come on, Jack,' said Ford, 'there's a song at last,' and then they wrote 'The Sunshine of Paradise Alley.' 'Only Me,' which was written and composed by the same pair, was suggested by an incident which happened at Sheepshead bay. Ford was visiting a family at that place, and after dinner Mrs. L—— proposed some music in the parlor. Two little girls, one seven and the other four, were playing in an adjoining room. In the midst of a song one of the children overturned a chair with considerable clatter. The mother called reprovingly:

"'Was that you, sweetheart?' meaning the younger child.

"The answer came back, plaintively, 'No, mamma, it was only me.'

"In a moment the unconscious favoritism was apparent. The ungrammatical acknowledgment of the mishap, so hopelessly given, seemed to lay bare a child's heart that was yearning for some of the mother's pet phrases. The song followed and Mrs. L—— has never forgiven Ford and Bratton.

"Jimmy Thornton wrote his song, 'When You Were Sweet Sixteen,' one night after a spat with his wife, Bonnie Thornton. Mrs. Thornton had reproached her husband for something he had done and accused him of growing cold toward her.

"'Why, Bonnie,' he said, much surprised, 'how can you say that? I love you the same as when you were sweet sixteen.'

"The title of the song, 'My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon,' was suggested to Thornton one night while riding on a surface car. The sky was clear, and one of the passengers, a woman, looked out of the window and peered at the moon. Then, nudging her escort, she sarcastically said:

"'I don't care for you any more; my sweetheart's the man in the moon.'

"'She May have Seen Better Days,' another of Thornton's compositions, was written after Jimmie had witnessed a scene on Sixth avenue. A woman who seemed to be quite young, but dissipated looking, was sitting in front of a saloon. She was intoxicated, and a noisy crowd had gathered and jeered her and made life miserable for her. Before a policeman arrived a well-dressed old man stepped into the crowd and, turning to a tough looking fellow who had been her principal tormenter, said:

"'Why don't you leave the woman alone? If she's unfortunate I'll bet she may have seen better days.'

"It did not take Thornton long to realize that he had a good title, and a few days afterward he sold the song for a tidy sum.

HOW GRAY MADE A HIT.

"Billy Gray got his material for his famous song of the 'Volunteer Organist' while attending church one Sunday morning. It seems on that particular day the regular organist was ill and the congregation was not informed of this fact until late in the service.

"The preacher was in a quandary, and was about to give up in despair when a dilapidated-looking fellow, much the worse for rum, entered the church. He took a seat near the aisle and began to pray. Then he staggered toward the organ and said to the preacher:

"'Will you let me play on the organ for a few minutes? I want you to hear a few songs.'

"The parson was dumfounded, yet pleased. He turned to the stranger, and after critically sizing up his appearance, said: 'Yes, my son, you can play. Our regular organist is ill to-day, and I will thank you very much if you will volunteer.'

"Well, the stranger knew his business, and discoursed some of the sweetest melodies Gray ever heard. Gray, inside of two days, wrote a song around the incident, and published it himself. It had a big sale, and he made thousands of dollars out of it.

"The originator of cake-walk music is Fred Mills, who writes under the name of Kerry Mills. One night about six years ago Mills attended a cake walk in Detroit. The leader of the band, a negro, had considerable difficulty in keeping the walkers in step. Mills, who was just budding out as a composer, approached the leader and said:

"'I notice that the walkers here to-night can't keep in step. I composed a march which I think will do. Try it. It's called "Rastus on Parade."'

"The leader played it, and the effect was magical. The contestants were able to cake walk without much trouble to the time of the music. Although the leader tried to ring in some other music the darkies insisted on 'Rastus on Parade,' and it at once became popular. Mills then composed 'Georgia Camp Meeting,' 'Happy Days in Dixie' and 'Whistling Rufus,' from which he made a fortune.

"John Kelly, who wrote and composed 'The Girl I Left Behind,' got his idea while starring with his company out West years ago. One night the leading soubrette of his show got into a row with another member of the troupe and gave notice to Kelly that she would leave. Kelly was much worried because he could not get another woman at that time to fill her place. Kelly pleaded with her to remain, but she refused and left the next night. About two days later she repented and came back. Kelly gave her her old job, but planned at the same time to get even. So at the next stand he paid her what was coming to her and discharged her. Then gathering his entire company together he said, 'See, that's the girl I left behind.'

"I could continue all night and tell you about the history of hundreds of other popular songs which would be equally interesting. Dave Marion, who composed 'Only One Girl in the World for Me,' says that he got the theme of this song from reading the Bible. He says that Adam said to Eve, 'There's only one girl in the world for me.' I guess Dave meant to be funny, but he swears it is a solemn fact. At any rate the song was the real thing whether the Bible inspired it or not."

THE ARMY CANTEEN QUESTION.

What the Custom of British Army Has Been for Many Years.

From Blue Suirt and Khaki.

The use of spirituous liquors has been established in the British army many years, and the issuance is still carried on in the same manner that it was years ago. I do not think there is as much tobacco used in the British army as in our, although I have nothing but personal observation to judge by in the supposition; but the Britisher wants his "grog" in the army quite the same as in the navy. The issue is about half a gill of rum a day. The quality used is of the very best known, and it comes from a stock bought by the government in Jamaica about forty years ago. The last of that old supply is now being used. The use of liquor as a part of the ration in the British army is almost as old as the army itself, and although it has been fought by the prohibitionists for several years, it still continues. There is not enough issued to cause any intoxication, and the use of the amount which the men receive undoubtedly works effectively against drinking to excess. A man naturally wants what he cannot have, and if he is denied the use of liquor he immediately craves it, and to satisfy that craving he takes too much. While in the field or at Cape Town I saw but one soldier under the influence of liquor; this occurred in Pretoria on the day of the formal occupation; he had celebrated the event too enthusiastically.

There has been a great outcry in the United States against the army "canteen" as having a bad influence over the soldier. If the people who rail at this establishment will look at it in a proper light they will see that instead of increasing drunkenness it has a direct tendency to decrease it. Some men drink to excess whenever they get a chance, and such men always will do this, for alcoholism is a disease, and its victims will always find the opportunity to get drink. Others are quite satisfied with a single drink; but they want that one, and they will have it. If they cannot find it at the post they will go where they can obtain it, and that means in some saloon, where the temptation to take more is far greater than at their own canteen. Not only is the desire less in the post conteen, but should a man become intoxicated in the least degree no more would be served him; while if he were in a public house he might keep on drinking as long as he could stand up against the bar, or as long as his money held out.

In the British army the use of large quantities of jam is supposed to prevent, to a degree, the craving for liquor, and consequently it is issued to the men regularly. Tea is also a part of the British ration that is never used in the American army, as our men do not want it. The American soldier laughs when he hears of British troops in the field being served with afternoon tea; but its use is so universal in the British empire that the men crave it as our men crave coffee.

DIVINE SARAH'S DESTINY.

Palmist Says She May Live to Be Ninety and Die in America.

London Mail.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt yesterday trifled with destiny, when a palmist named Kismet revealed to the great actress the secrets which futurity has in store for her.

"Now," said the divine Sarah, as she extended her shapely right hand, "I know all about what is past, but you must read for me what is yet to come."

"I will begin with the line of life," said the palmist, "and it clearly foretells that you will live to a remarkable old age. I should say that you will live to be ninety years old. You have a most marvelous vitality. You are fond of hard work and are devoted to your profession. In consequence, I foretell that in whatever environment and circumstances you may be placed you will surely die in harness."

"And shall I always remain upon the stage?" questioned madame.

"Not necessarily," was the reply; "I can also perceive that you are one who would gladly escape from the mere conventionalities of life, and would infinitely prefer an untrammeled existence. Although you possess the artistic temperament in the highest possible degree, you are yet passionately devoted to the country, and would enjoy a country life, where you would be free from care. Your career line forms a perfect V, which denotes continual travel. You will probably live for a long time in America, and will probably live upon a ranch in that country. I should say that this phase of existence will possibly come about nine years hence."

"And shall I die away from my home in France?" anxiously queried the artist.

"Your line of destiny points the conclusion that you will die in America, but at an advanced age, as I have already told you. You have marvelous recuperative powers, and recover in a few days from an illness that would confine other persons to their beds for weeks."

"And shall I again travel soon?" asked madame.

"There is a line here," said Kismet, "that betokens a long journey. It seems to point to Russia, and you will go to that country. It is written, as I have said before, that you are destined to continual travel for the near future."

Mme. Bernhardt's secretary, speaking of the prophecy, said to a representative of the Daily Mail: "Madame was much pleased with the details of her future destiny, but whatever happens madame will always be found a great philosopher."

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE

HIS UNHAPPY SENSATIONS FOR A TIME AFTER COMING HOME.

He Finds It Difficult to "Place" Himself Properly and Becomes Discouraged.

Boston Transcript.

Just about this time there is a wave of weariness, sorrow, chagrin and heartburning sweeping across this country from California to Maine. I have no reference to the heat, for it isn't unbearably warm at this moment. No, this distress is of a more permanent, poignant sort. It isn't fatal, but it is worse than that. It is no joke, and yet you will laugh when I mention it. It is the lot of the average college graduate, as it begins to dawn upon him a few weeks after graduation. The revelation which comes to the young fellow is not only iconoclastic and depressing, but it seems to be progressive, capable of almost infinite extension in the sphere of misery. After he has arrived at home and has been feted and lawn partied and picnicked and hammocked in abundance, folks about town by degrees begin to inquire of him, "Well, Bill, what are you going to do?" The answer will be delivered at first in a lofty, patronizing manner and in general terms. Happy is the boy who knows what he is going to do. Most do not. Most have nothing in view and few of these care much at first what they shall do when the day-dreaming is over. It is very pleasant to sit and loll and loaf and invite your soul and the end seems afar off. But it is really close at hand. Then it is that the question asked by natives and neighbors begins to hurt. How that hurt grows and deepens as the days and weeks go by! How the answer grows less proud and more inquiring! Everything comes to the fellow by the wrong handle. The little world about him, of which he was the center, has formed a new orbit, and now moves on without him and unmindful of him. Every impression jars, every sight and sound hurts. He sits apart with folded hands, absolutely "of no account," as the neighbors with brutal frankness tell one another. Gradually there comes to him, out of the midst of this bitter railing against fate and environment, a suspicion which grows like a prairie fire into a conviction that his education is to blame for his failure—for he has already begun to acknowledge failure, the most hated word in our language. He comes to believe that his education, instead of a help, is a hindrance, a barrier rather than a ladder. How can he think otherwise, when he sees men of his own age pushing ahead in industrial, mechanical or financial fields without his equipment. "Equipment," indeed! How that once boasting word mocks him!

HE HUNTS A JOB.

His troubles grow greater; his means become straitened; his friends drop off. His romance and day dream became a tragedy and a nightmare. Worst of all, he seems to be a burden upon those nearest him, his "own folks" wonder faintly and then audibly "why he doesn't do something." All the while he is beating every bush and invading every field in wild-eyed, frenzied search for a position. He has long since stopped talking of accepting a situation; now he is simply and humbly hunting a job. But everything continues to work against him. His very manners and pose which he cultivated as proper and dignified are seen by others to be conceited and offish. His speech betrays him; his approach is as if to alien races. He trips when a slight chance comes to him. He is ignorant of rudiments, and when he is called upon to solve a difficult arithmetical problem a high-school boy outwits him who is away in the clouds of calculus and higher mathematics. In vain he explains his absence from those things for so long. "What have you been doing in college, anyhow?" they sneer and they laugh. Mortification and despair follow.

Or take a less serious case. The young man has a position (and by the time summer is over how glad he is that he has it!) He is at last earning a living—a noble feeling, one of the sweetest we may know. He is of some use in the world, he thinks. At any rate, he is no longer a burden. And yet in the summer intervening, as well as in the autumn and winter following he is not wholly happy. He has many of the same experiences of the unemployed brother. He finds how much he has lost by "going away to school;" he experiences the same dull pain "of not being in it." Even with the young ladies, when the first college flippancy has worn away, he is not facile princeps. He has no longer a chance to boast of what he will do next year. "Next year" now means in the dingy bank, or factory, or office, and no longer in the chapter hall and the athletic field. The illusions have blown away; he is confronted with, or, as the slangist says, more literally and aptly, he is up against real life and hard conditions, and they take the blush, the poetry, the dash out of him. He thinks when the summer tortures and his unfitness grow upon him "Just wait until I get to work, and then I'll show them." And therein he is most grievously disappointed. He does show them—what? Blunders, inaccuracies, generalizations where details are wanted, hasty conclusions where facts should be and palpable ignorance in important points. Suppose he is a writer—the editor cuts at his best points. Suppose by happy fate he is hired on the staff of some tipless publication, his finest work is passed by unnoticed. Unappreciation is the agony of the young man. Let him do a particularly fine bit of work and then wait for applause. Ah! that is where his soul cries out to heaven, where real misery is. He meets his readers (?) in the street or in the club and they greet him pleasantly and talk of everything else on earth but his summum opus. Let him be so case-hardened or desperate as to ask them, oh so lightly and with a twist of the mustache, now they liked "that little thing of mine," and, upon my soul, I know nine out of every ten will declare that they haven't read it. Ah, such an "onslaught on fame" is miserable indeed.

HE FINDS HIS LEVEL.

And yet the college graduate is not necessarily a fool. He has the stuff in him or he hasn't, and time alone will fix the alternative. What he must realize is that in the surface things, in the things that tell in the start of a career, he has been actually handicapped by his years within college walls. I am speaking throughout of the average graduate, mind you. He has been taken out of the course of the ordinary, work-a-day world, and while his interests may have been cosmopolitan and general, his environment has been in a large degree petty. His associates have been poets or scholars, alike unacquainted with practical affairs. His whole atmosphere has been extra-earthly, almost to the point of artificiality, with a great deal of nifalutin and pompous nonsense in it. He is tender, narrow, veally and unwise. Happy, but not broad or very likely to become broad and big as the man who continues uninterruptedly in his collegiate atmosphere. The big man, the man who has growth and power in him will need hard knocks and any amount of criticism and unappreciation and sneers to bring out the best that is in him, to smash up his pretty tricks of thought and speech, his grossly absurd conception of life and conduct, and his dilettante and unsophisticated views of men and women. And in all this smashing process three types of men are going to be evolved, the weak man who is conquered and practically wrecked, the venal smart one who sees too many of the sign posts leading to success and grabs the main chance without caring for the cost or the means, and the third whose best comes out like refined gold from the mill of hardships, and who modestly uses the talents trained in the college, which become all the better and keener for the whetting they have had in the world. To the latter class belong all the really big college men. Of course, you and I claim membership there. And after the years have rolled by until the young man begins to tire easily at hard work and grow a bald spot, these days of bitterness pass from his memory and his "Rah! Rah! Rah!" on class day becomes more hearty and happy on each recurring anniversary. Perhaps to many of these this bit of talk will be the first reminding prod they have had for many a day; it will do them no harm to remember the rasping days of their beginnings. While to the boys who are this summer in the toils and grip of dismay and chagrin this may be a word of cheer. And we'll all join hands in a happy Pharisaic chorus, "We're glad we're college-bred, sir."

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FAIRLY ACTIVE BUSINESS

WEEK ENDED JULY 20 SATISFACTORY TO LOCAL TRADERS.

Better Quality of Fresh Fruits and Vegetables After Wednesday's Rain —Better Grain Trade Situation.

Despite the heat that has prevailed during the week closed on July 20, in several lines a very satisfactory trade was enjoyed, and on Commission row business was in excess of the corresponding week of 1900. In the early part of the week receipts of fruits and produce were light, not enough to supply the demand. Following the rain of Wednesday, the market took on more activity and the week closed with prices hardly as strong as prior to the rain. Watermelons and canteloupe are arriving liberally, and as the demand is good the commission houses are handling more melons than in July of last year. Some very fine canteloupe are arriving from Terre Haute and the southern part of the State. Most of the watermelons are from States south of the Ohio river. The quality of melons shipped from the Southern States and those of Indiana growth is excellent and improves steadily as the season advances. Lemons are in active request, with prices very firm. The last day or two it was noticeable that receipts have increased and lower prices are likely to rule when present stock is cleaned up. Oranges are quite firm, as are bananas, with holdings light. Tomatoes are firm, the dry weather tending to cut down arrivals and make the market stronger. Huckleberries, blackberries and currants are in good supply, with prices ruling much the same as in the early part of the week. The poultry situation is unchanged, supplies not coming forward in any large amount. Young chickens are selling higher than they were at this time last year, and sales are curtailed on that account. Smoked meats are in active request at prices as revised in the early part of the week. There is an active demand for choice butter and it sells readily if good. It is the season of the year when butter is not expensive and people will eat only the best. The cheese market is sufficiently supplied for the trade, with prices unchanged. Eggs are firm at quotations. The flour market is unsettled, with conditions favoring an advance, and one will not be a surprise at any time. The decline of five points in sugar on Wednesday was not unexpected. It is claimed that sugars are higher than is necessary and should decline. Importations of foreign made are not assisting to keep prices up to the standard of value now being forced by refiners, and lower prices must prevail. The coffee market is without new features. Navy beans are selling well, prices ruling easier than thirty days ago. For the first time in many months the iron and hardware houses report trade rather quiet, but such a condition is temporary. The hide market carries a firm tone, but no further advance is looked for in the immediate future. Leather is in a strong position, but the tendency to a hardening of prices is not so pronounced as thirty days ago.

The local grain market, during the past week, was the most active in many months. Local receipts of wheat have averaged about fifty cars a day, and there has been some increase in receipts of corn. All arrivals are in active request. The local flouring and cerealine mills are turning out more products than at any time for some months post. The cerealine mills are experiencing some trouble in getting corn in such quantities as they require and of the grade desired. Quotations on the Board of Trade ruled as follows on Saturday:

Wheat—No. 2 red, 66c, track; No. 2 red, 66c on milling freight; No. 3 red, 62@64c track; wagon, 66c.

Corn—No. 1 white, 52¾c; No. 2 white, 52¾c; No. 3 white, 52¾c; No. 4 white, 48¾@50¾c; No. 2 white mixed, 49c; No. 3 white mixed, 49c; No. 4 white mixed, 45@47c; No. 2 yellow, 49¼c; No. 3 yellow, 49¼c; No. 4 yellow, 45¼@47¼c; No. 2 mixed, 49c; No. 3 mixed, 49c; No. 4 mixed, 45@47c; ear, 56c.

Oats—No. 2 white, 37c; No. 3 white, 36c; No. 2 mixed, 35c; No. 3 mixed, 34c.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, $12@12.50; No. 2 timothy, $10.75@11.25.

Inspections—Wheat: No. 2 red, 19 cars; No. 3 red, 1; rejected, 4; total, 24 cars. Corn: No. 2 white, 2 cars; No. 3 white, 19; No. 4 white, 1; No. 2 yellow, 2; No. 3 yellow, 1; No. 2 mixed, 2; No. 3 mixed, 1; no established grade, 1; total, 29 cars. Hay: No. 1 timothy, 1 car; No. 2 timothy, 2; total, 3 cars.

WAGON MARKET.

Wagon Corn—48@50c.
Oats—26@30c per bu.
Hay—Timothy, choice, $10@11; mixed, $9@10; clover, $7@8 per ton; new hay, $7@8 per ton.
Sheaf Oats—$7@8 per ton.
Straw—$4@6 per ton, according to quality.

Poultry and Other Produce.

(Prices paid by shippers.)

Turkey hens, 6c per lb; young toms, 4c; hens, 7c; cocks, 4c; young chickens, 12½c; ducks, 6c.
Cheese—New York full cream, 13c; domestic Swiss, 17c; brick, 14c; limburger, 13c.
Butter—Choice roll, 11c per lb; poor, No. 2, 7@8c.
Eggs—9c per dozen.
Beeswax—30c for yellow, 25c for dark.
Wool—Merchantable medium, 16c; burry and unmerchantable, 3@5c less; coarse grades, 14c; fine merino, 10@12c; tub washed, 24@27c.
Feathers—Prime geese, 30c per lb; prime duck, 20c per lb.

HIDES, TALLOW, ETC.

Green-salted Hides—No. 1, 8¼c; No. 2, 7¼c; No. 1 calf, 9½c; No. 2 calf, 8c.
Grease—White, 4c; yellow, 3¼c; brown, 2¾c.
Tallow—No. 1, 4½c; No. 2, 4c.

THE JOBBING TRADE.

(The quotations given below are the selling prices of the wholesale dealers.)

Produce, Fruits and Vegetables.

Pineapples—$1@1.25 per doz.