MODERN FABLES BY GEORGE ADE

The Modern Fable of the Hotel Pet Who Became a Byword and Lost His Stand-In with the Women Folks

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A homeless Couple living in a Family Hotel had an only Child. His Mother had him christened Claude. Not because she had a Grudge against him, but because she had been reading these Stories to be Continued in our Next. If she had given him a Middle Name, he might have called himself C. H. or something like that. But she did not give him a Show to throw off the Hoodoo. He was Claude for all time and the worst you could say about him was that he tried to live up to the Name.

When the Boy with the Handicap was one Year old his Mother began to curl his Hair on a Poker and then Exhibit him about the Hotel. He would be passed around and Bitten and tickled on the Feet and Churned and every one said he was a Beautiful Child. The other People living at the Hotel used to come up and borrow him to play with.

All the bleary old Gentlemen and the stuffy old Ladies who ate Peppermint took turn about in dawdling and dancing little Claudie and blowing in his Ears and rubbing Noses with him. If the Manikin had

Sense enough to formulate any Impressions in that early and unspoiled Period, he must have concluded that he had got into a bummy old World.

When Honey was a little older he ranged through the Hotel. The Men gave him Money and bought Candy for him and taught him to be Sassy. The Women told him he was an ipsy-dipsy Angel. A Boy can learn more in a Hotel than he can in a Kindergarten. At the age of four Claudie tolerated his parents. He had to be Bribed to get into the Bath-Tub. When his Father would get out of Patience and want to go after him with the Red Slipper, then Mother would rush in and do the Pocahontas Specialty. She would say: "No, undeed, bad old Popper shan't wallop Mommer's little Skidjums."

Claudie learned that he could work Mamma, so he became as finicky as a Dramatic Star. If the Toast was brown on one side he wanted it Done on both sides, and then when it was sent back and fixed up for him, he would let out a Wail because the Waiter hadn't brought him a plate with a Picture on it.

The Help had to be Pleasant while Mamma had her Eagle Eye on them, but they often thought what a Good Scheme it would be to lure Claudie into the Kitchen and Fricasse him.

Mamma would come to Breakfast wearing all her Diamonds, and she would expect the entire Staff of Employes to drop everything else and run to wait on Claudie. So Claudie got it into his Head that the entire Population of this Mundane Sphere was put here for the express Purpose of humoring him and giving him Nickels and telling him that he was a Pretty Boy. His Mother and her Friends would discuss his Beauty so that he could overhear it. Claudie became Self-Conscious and had the Swell Head and began to look askance at those who did not smell of Perfumery. And for fear that he would underestimate his Importance his Mamma would tell him several times a Day that he was too good to play with the Brats.

She dressed him as much like a Girl as possible and had him wearing Curls and a stiff Skirt when he ought to have been out playing First Base.

The very Idea of permitting the Jewel to mingle with the Lower Classes in the Public Schools gave her the Colly-Wobbles. Claudie grew up as a spirituelle Hothouse Flower, with a wide blue Sash and his Nose in the Air. He would sit in the Hotel Office and bite his Finger Nails and feel weary of Adulation. Sometimes the other Kids would see him at the Window and beg him to come out, just for a little while, and they wouldn't do a Thing to him.

It is a regrettable Fact that the Tike who is ripped up the Back and whose Shoes are run over, always has it in for the pale Boy who looks Spruce and hangs around the Girls. The little Tuffies were just aching to take a few Pokes at Claudie. But Claudie had a Contempt for them. He was of Superior Clay, for Mamma had dinged it into him 1,000 times and all the Young Ladies who were given the hallowed Privilege of sitting alongside of him and holding his Hand, said: "Oh Claudie, I'd just give anything for your Complexion."

Once or twice the Male Parent wondered what they would make out of the Boy, but Mamma shuddered at the Suggestion of Claudie being put to Work. Some of the worldly Boarders around the Hotel suggested that he become a Cloak Model. Claudie had no Plans of his own. He knew that he was the handsomest and dearest Thing that ever grew up in a Family Hotel and therefore he would be coddled and indulged for all Time.

Finally he became so long-legged that they had to pull him out of Knickerbockers and cut off his Curls, or else People would have thrown Things at him. When he gave up being a Pretty Boy and tried to be a Young Man, he was a downright case of Polish. He was about so many pounds of Veal. It usually happens so. The same Young Ladies who had used him as a Plaything told him "Scat!" when he came around and wanted to resume the Occupation of Holding Hands.

When he began to attend Dancing Parties he discovered that the husky Youth with the big Knuckles and the Golf Face was the Main Torch, and in grown-up Society a Fellow couldn't travel very far on his Complexion. The Young Men did not know that he was a Delicate Organism brought up in a Glass Case, so they called him Jessie the Sewing Girl, and walked over him rough-shod. When he called them Mean Old Things they threatened to give him a Slap on the Wrists.

All he could do was to fly to Mamma and pour out his Griefs. For ten years Mamma always had something to talk about, and that was how Claudie was being Abused.

But no matter how often they threw him down and then piled things on top of him Claudie couldn't free himself of the Belief that he was a Pretty Boy, and that all the others ought to tell him so and let him have his own Way.

Even when he was thirty and had a bad set of Whiskers and no Shape to speak of he wanted all the Women to rush to him when he entered a Room. He wanted to sit

in somebody's lap and have her tell him that he was too Sweet for any use. Then, when they elbowed him back into a Corner and tried to forget that he was present, he would become Peevish and say, "Oh, Fiddle!"

But he was still Claudie to his Mamma. What his Father called him it will be impossible to tell, as the Postal Regulations do not permit such Matter to go through the Mails.

Moral: It is all right to be Pretty, but don't find it out.

SUBURBAN SOCIETY NEWS.

Brightwood.

Master Roy Bills is visiting relatives in St. Louis.

Mrs. Mary Riley is visiting friends and relatives in Urbana, Ind.

Mrs. John Larsh, of Lebanon, is the guest of her brother, William Larsh.

Miss Elizabeth Bentley has returned from a visit to relatives in Paris, Ill.

Mrs. I. Railsback, of Terre Haute, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Brecount.

Mrs. Rinkin has returned from a visit to friends and relatives in Ohio.

Mr. Vinton Black has returned from his summer's vacation in Ashland, O.

Mrs. C. H. Doty has returned from a short visit to relatives in Fortville.

Mrs. George Messersmith is attending the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo.

Mrs. Jacob Miller and daughters are visiting Mrs. Joseph Wolf, in Kankakee.

Mrs. James Canty is spending several weeks with relatives in Mattoon, Ill.

Miss Mary Ramsey, of Marshall, was the guest of Miss Margaret Devers last week.

Mr. James Murray, of Fort Wayne, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Kirbo last week.

Mrs. L. Branham, who was visiting relatives in Franklin, returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornburg and daughter Margaret are visiting relatives in Paris, Ill.

Mrs. Mescall and daughter Helen have returned from a short visit to relatives in Terre Haute.

Mrs. Edward Freeman and son Wilton have returned from a short visit to relatives in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Leftcowitch have returned from a two weeks' visit to relatives in St. Louis.

Mrs. B. Wallace, who has been the guest of Mrs. M. Corden, has returned to her home in Union City.

Mrs. B. A. Brown and sons Lester and Humphrey have returned from a visit to relatives in Paris, Ill.

Miss Minnie Pulley, who has been spending the summer with relatives in Cartersville, Ill., has returned home.

Mr. William Preston, who has been spending several weeks here with friends, has returned to his home in Avon, Ind.

Haughville.

Miss Pearl Atchinson, of Anderson, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Martindale.

Roland Burnett has returned, after two weeks' visit with friends in Farmer City, Ill.

Misses Lizzie and Agnes Craig returned, last week, after an extended trip through the East.

Mrs. Wyrick, of Ohio, who has been visiting her grandson, Mr. Charles Shaffer, has returned home.

Mrs. William Elliott, who was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Hicks, in West Newton, has returned home.

Mr. Frank Murray, of Farmland, and Mrs. Nickey, of Gaston, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bartel.

Mrs. Lila Penwell and Miss India Smith, of South Bend, are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Williams, on King avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Weber, Mr. Hale Harmon, Mr. Huffer and Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs have returned from Brazil, where they attended the conference of the M. E. Church of Indiana.

Miss Cora Morgan, who has been visiting Miss Ora Kidd for several weeks, has returned to her home in Fairland.

Mr. James Von Berg, of Fort Wayne, who was visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Von Berg, of Sheffield avenue, has returned home.

Irvington.

Miss Edith Mullendore, of Franklin, visited friends in Irvington last week.

Mrs. E. E. Post will return this week from a month's visit in Atlantic City.

Miss Ruth Davenport will leave Thursday for Gambier, O., to attend school this winter.

Miss Helen Downing, of Greenfield, is spending Sunday with Miss Netta Campbell.

Miss Leah Carmichael, of Rushville, Ind., will be the guest of Miss Ethel Roberts this week.

Miss Hazel Wishard, of Greenwood, Ind., is spending several days with Miss Hazel Harker.

Prof. W. D. Howe returned Friday from Europe, where he has been traveling during the summer.

Mrs. E. E. Stroup, of Shelbyville, Ind., is the guest of her father, Mr. J. A. Roberts, on University avenue.

Mrs. J. T. F. Tompkins returned Thursday from Harbor Point, Mich., where she has been for a month.

Members of the Epworth League gave a corn roast Friday evening in Osborne's Grove, east of Irvington.

Miss Charlotte Griggs entertained her Sunday school class yesterday afternoon at her home on Emerson avenue.

Miss Harriet Noble will come Wednesday from Madison, Wis., to be the guest of Mrs. C. B. Clark for several weeks.

Mr. J. N. Moore, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Moore, returned to his home in Clarksburg yesterday.

Dr. E. L. Patterson, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Will Dobyns, has returned to his home in Brookville, Ind.

Miss Mabel Norris is expected to-day from Wabash, Ind., to visit Mrs. Junius Cravens on University avenue.

Miss Florence Moore entertained with a dance Thursday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Jennie Shultz, of Peru, Ind.

Mrs. Elbina Hatfield and granddaughter, of Charlottesville, Ind., were the guests of Mrs. Charles B. Clark during the past week.

Miss Maud Carroll, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Layman, returned to her home in Lynchburg, Va., yesterday.

Miss Clara McIntyre has returned from Lexington, Mass., and will spend the winter with Mrs. Elizabeth Howe, on Central avenue.

Mrs. Scot Butler and daughters, Anne and Cordelia, returned yesterday from Sylvan Beach, Mich., where they spent the summer.

Prof. and Mrs. W. F. Kelly will arrive Wednesday from Bradford, Mass., to spend the winter at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Omar Wilson.

Mrs. Joel H. Moorman entertained the members of the Shakspeare Coterie with an afternoon tea Tuesday at her home on Central avenue.

Prof. and Mrs. Jacob D. Forrest will arrive this week from Berlin, Germany. They have been spending the summer traveling through Europe.

Mrs. Elizabeth Powell, with her daughter Charlotte, returned yesterday from Denver, Col., where she spent the summer with her son, Mr. Ned Powell.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Harris, of Kentucky, and Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Thorn, of Rising Sun, Ind., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lostutter last week.

The marriage of Miss Ethel Boor Roberts, daughter of the Rev. J. A. Roberts, and Mr. Carl Raymond Loop will take place Thursday evening at 8 o'clock at the home of the bride's father on University avenue.

The Irvington Shakspeare Coterie held its first meeting of the season yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. T. L. Thompson, on Washington street. A study of "Hamlet" was begun. The club opens with the following members: Mrs. Daniel Lesley, Mrs. Sadie Blount, Mrs. Ray Williams, Mrs. T. L. Thompson, Mrs. Joel Moorman, Mrs. C. M. Cross, Mrs. Mary Calkins, Mrs. Rollin Kauts, Mrs. George Cottman, Miss Anna Tibbott, Miss Grace Blount, Mrs. C. H. Badger, Mrs. W. S. Moffett and Mrs. E. P. Wise.

North Indianapolis.

Miss Jessie Beatty is visiting friends in Petoskey, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard are visiting relatives in Petoskey, Mich.

Miss Helen Hollingsworth is visiting her grandparents in Lebanon.

Mrs. Fred Lieptag has returned from a visit to relatives in Tipton.

Miss Ida Spencer, of Atlanta, Ga., is the guest of Mrs. Ida Armstrong.

Miss Lillian Munson, of Peru, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jenkins.

Miss Bertha Jones returned from a month's visit to relatives in Rushville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. French, of Williamsport, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Shepherd.

Mrs. F. H. Scott, of Rockville, who was visiting her mother, Mrs. Ada N. Tuley, has returned home.

Mrs. Sarah Atkins and daughter, of Hartford City, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Will Erther.

Miss Nellie Treat returned last week from Berrien Springs, Mich., where she visited for three weeks.

Mr. Abram Campbell returned on Friday from Cleveland, where he attended the G. A. R. encampment.

Mrs. McCoy and children, of Peru, who have been visiting Mrs. Samuel Brown, have returned to their home.

Miss Glennie Griffith, of Greenwood, who has been the guest of Miss Ethel Hogue, has returned to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wise returned Monday from a two weeks' visit to Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Cleveland.

Mr. Virgil Houser who has been spending several weeks here with his parents, has returned to his home in Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Erther, of Yorktown, who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Erther, have returned to their home.

The Rev. C. Claude Travis, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, has returned from Brazil, where he attended the conference of the M. E. Church.

Mrs. Mary Fisher and daughter Emma, of New Haven, O. have been the guests of the former's nephew, Mr. Benjamin Swain, during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Owen, Mrs. Wilbur Conrad and Mr. Coston have returned from Cleveland, where they attended the Millennial Dawn convention.

The Current Topics Club met Wednesday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hazelrigg. Mr. Benjamin Clark read a paper before the club, his subject being "The Bright Side of Life."

The Baptist Social Circle, which was recently organized, displaces the Aid Society of the Baptist Church. The members of the circle are planning for a bazaar to be held during the week prior to Thanksgiving.

West Indianapolis.

Mrs. E. Hart is visiting relatives in Russellville.

Mrs. W. C. Ely has returned from a visit to relatives in Chicago.

Miss Bertha Lane, of Terre Haute, is the guest of Mrs. Roy Ray.

Mrs. William Lout has returned from a visit to friends in Anderson.

Mrs. C. Fairchild has returned from a visit to friends in Plainfield.

Mrs. S. Wagner, of Terre Haute, is the guest of Mrs. O. M. Quigley.

Miss Carrie Cummings, of Quincy, Ill., is the guest of Mrs. Charles Hart.

Miss Lois Rice, of Memphis, Tenn., is the guest of Mrs. Lena McOuat.

Mrs. Louis McClure, of Martinsville, is the guest of Mrs. T. T. McClure.

Mrs. Rufus Burnett has returned from a visit to friends in Hammond, Ind.

Mrs. A. Clark has returned from a three weeks' visit to relatives in Tipton, Ind.

Miss Gertrude Osborn is spending several weeks with friends in Anderson and Muncie.

Miss Maggie Thompson, of Chicago, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. David Robinson.

Mrs. Charles Westover, who has been visiting relatives in Marion, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Haymaker, of Franklin, are the guests of their daughter, Mrs. Powell.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Binkley, of Dublin, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Crull last week.

Mrs. James Fox and uncle, Mr. John Fox, of Peru, Ky., are te guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Shake.

Mrs. James Fisk and daughter Esta, of Greencastle, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Duncan.

Miss Mayme Robertson, who was visiting Mrs. Bornkamp, has returned to her home in West Salem, Ill.

Mrs. Charles Wheeler and sons Ralph and Roy have returned from a short visit to relatives in Lawrence.

Mr. and Mrs. John Byers, of New Castle, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. McCready during the past week.

Mrs. John Beard and Mrs. George Kepler, of Cambridge City, are the guests of Mrs. W. D. Boyd and family.

Mrs. Angeline Williams, of Urbana, O., who has been the guest of Mrs. C. F. Wilkins, has returned to her home.

Mrs. Mary Baker, of Milton, Ind., and daughter, Mrs. H. Weaver, of New Castle, are the guests of Mrs. John Baker.

The Rev. A. R. Heath, who has been visiting E. A. De Vore and family, has returned to his home in Covington, Ind.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Morris-street Christian Church served refreshments on the lawn adjoining the church Wednesday evening.

Miss Edith Sommers and her guest, Miss Lula Jenkins, of Louisville, Ky., who have been spending several days with relatives in Martinsville, have returned. Miss Jenkins will leave for her home this wek.

When Armor Will Cease to Protect.

Hudson Maxim, in Leslie's Monthly.

That we are fast reaching the paradoxical stage in the vast defensive armaments which we send to sea every year is now admitted by many of the best critics. The time is shortly coming when armored protection will cease to protect. This means that the heavy ironclad will be generally discredited, and that a wild scramble of the nations will ensue for light and swift, but unprotected, war vessels, which depend for safety entirely upon their speed and their own ability to strike back. Would it not be worth while to recognize this principle now and save some hundreds of millions of not altogether useless dollars?

Coaling a British Visitor.

New York Press.

A big British battleship coming here to attend a patriotic function of some kind, on the invitation of our government, ran short of coal, and Uncle Sam, as host, agreed to fill her bunkers free of charge. This courtesy was done through the medium of a Jersey City merchant, who supplied fine furnace coal, worth from $6 to $7 a ton, and presented his bill to the English captain. "Send it to the Navy Department," said the latter, and to Washington it went, to be returned by the next mail with a memorandum attached, saying that an error had been made in the charge, "the government contract calling for coal at $3 a ton." And that is all the smart Jerseyite ever received.

How Old He Grows.

We're apt to think that we stand still,
That Time marks not our life's downfall;
We note the wrinkles on the brow
Of some old friend and marvel how
It is that Time has passed us by
And left not e'en a crow-tracked eye.
But, reader, when next time you pass
Your truest friend, your looking-glass,
That friend, though mute, to you will say:
"Your ebon locks are flecked with gray,
And though the lines of care are light,
They'll deepen while you sleep at night."
Not one escapes the touch of Time,
All bear his mark in every clime.

—C. D. Upham, in Boston Transcript.

THE ADULTERESS

By

MAXIM GORKI.

This is no fiction—more's the pity.

I witnessed the scene of horror and savageness here described in the village of Kandybowka, government of Cherson, Russia, on July 15, 1901. It's a twentieth century tragedy—more's the pity, I repeat.

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In the village street, past the dust-covered huts, a procession! Slowly it moves along, this peculiar procession, attended by howls and frantic yells and catcalls. After it, like a great wave, the people stream and surge over the highway. At the head walks a little horse, and a comically worn-out jade he is. His head is bent as if in sorrow. When he raises one of his forelegs his chin sinks down still lower, as if the mouth was to lick the dust. When he raises another leg his hind quarters tremble and come down—the sorry brute looks as if he would fall over and expire at any moment.

At his side, and like him chained to the thill pole, ambles a woman with uncertain step. A woman? No, a girl rather. She is small, sparsely developed, and entirely naked.

Her head, wreathed by masses of thick, dark blond, disheveled hair, is held high and thrown back; her wide-open eyes stare into space with a look that has nothing human in it. Her body is a mass of blue and black and red and yellow stains and blotches, of round and oval welts, knots and lumps; the left breast is cut in several places, and blood trickles from the wounds marking her path. The blood has made a reddish stain running from the heart across the body and down the left leg to the knee; blood has also accumulated on the top of the foot, but there merciful dust hides humanity's disgrace.

It looks as if some vandal, some bully-rough risen from a mediaeval torture chamber, had begun to flay this poor little body, but had sickened at the task after tearing off one strip of quivering skin. Still, mercy was only a spasmodic dweller in his black soul. Dropping the knife, he seized a knout to work off his fury on God's own likeness.

The girl can't have been an ordinary peasant woman, born and bred in poverty, fusil and degradation, for her feet are small and slender. They do not seem to touch the ground; there is, indeed, no visible support to her swaying, bleeding body. God's will alone holds it up, I think, saves it from falling and dragging along the dusty, sunburnt ground, a prey to stones and wheels.

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The driver is a tall, stalwart peasant in a white blouse and black sheepskin cap, allowing portions of his red, straight hair to escape.

His left hand holds the reins, in his right he swings a terrible scourge. Hide thy face, humanity, beloved Christ, didst Thou die for a beast like this?

The woman-born brute lashes alternately horse and woman, front or back, haunches or head—it's all the same to him. He acts methodically, machine-like. A buzz saw, I warrant you, harbors finer sensibilities in its heart of hearts, if we could only read in it!

The eyes of the red-haired peasant are blood-shot; they sparkle with mischief, cruelty and triumph. The eyes are green, and their color is intensified by the red of his hair. His blouse sleeves are rolled up, leaving his strong, muscular arms free—the arms of a gorilla, thickly covered with short, red hair. The peasant's mouth is wide open, showing long, yellow, sharp canine teeth. Every little while he cries in a hoarse voice:

"Get up, witch that thou art! Faster—don't be all day about it. We must finish our twenty miles before dusk. Ah, this" (meaning a stroke of the whip) "was a good one. It struck the right spot, dost think so, brother horsey?"

And behind this wagon to which the biped beast of burden is chained together with the sorriest of jades, roams and runs and straggles on crutches, when necessary, a vast multitude, yelping and howling, screaming and whistling. Some laugh, others sing, still others grunt with satisfaction, and all do their utmost to incite the burly ruffian on the wagon to greater cruelty. They don't like the monotonous singsong of his whip—one lash for the horse, another for the woman—they clamor for crescendo! Slow music doesn't please them, for the murderous instincts of the days when they lived in trees are once more uppermost in their hearts.

The thirst for blood, I am ashamed to say, seems to animate particularly boys and young girls. To them the tragedy enacted is as good as a circus. Every now and then some lad or girl runs up to the bleeding woman to vomit words of contempt and hatred, threats and reproaches into her scared face.

Plenty of women in the procession; they couldn't run faster, couldn't stick closer, if a new hat or frock was to be seen. Their faces are red with excitement, while their eyes gleam with pleasure and malice.

Men, too. They don't quite agree with the gorilla, but possess neither sense of justice, nor chivalry, neither love for fair play, nor enough respect for their mothers, sisters and wives to interfere. They content themselves with abusing and vilifying the owner of the wagon, steed and woman; call him the filthiest names in our, or any other, language; they might as well propose to canonize him for all he cares. Now and again he turns upon his wordy antagonists and laughs, opening his mouth still further and showing his teeth still more. After that he lets the knout fly with double impetus, the lash rends the air with a whiz and buzz—the horse has nothing to fear this time—the nail-spiked strip of raw leather wraps itself around the woman's quivering shoulders, catches her under her arms. Ah, such a cry of agony as I heard! I cannot forget it in a thousand years. And the blood spurts high. It spurts on the white blouse of her torturer. He licks it up and grins.

Of the multitudes of witnesses, the poor little horse alone seems to recoil at such savageness. He halts, and it looks for a moment as if he would refuse to go on, but a terrific blow from the butt end of the whip dissipates the thoughts of protest that might linger in the animal's brain. The horse proceeds, forcing the woman to drag still further along on the perambulating whipping-post.

I look at the horse. As he passes he shakes his head, and I know he is saying to himself: "What a disgrace to be an animal, which the biped race may force to participate in any crime it may conceive of."

And then I look at the heavens—the firmament is clear and blue and serene—not a cloud anywhere, not a shadow of a cloud. And the sun, too, looks on unblushingly.

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I repeat, the above is gospel truth—more's the pity! I witnessed the scene myself, sitting at the window of a hut while illness paralyzed my limbs. They call it The Show—and it is a peculiar amusement thereabouts, hallowed by tradition. The state winks at it, the church closes its eyes against it.

A husband who discovers his wife's adultery may yoke her with his cattle for twenty miles and lash her as much as his cattle. If he exceeds the run by a yard only, or if he doesn't divide the punishment equally between woman and beast, he is liable to arrest and to a fine of fifteen copecks, the value of a half pint of schnapps.

INSPIRATION OF ANARCHY.

Fountain Heads from Which Streams of Assassination Flow.

San Francisco Post.

The dictionaries and encyclopedias define "Anarchy," specifically, as "a social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal." Absolute individual liberty is the basis of the so-called philosophy of anarchy.

The most noted expounder of this theory in modern times was Pierre Joseph Proudhon, born at Besancon, France, July 15, 1809; died at Passy, Jan. 19, 1865. Proudhon was the son of a cooper; studied at the College of Besancon, and in 1839 obtained from the Academy of Besancon a pension which enabled him to spend several years of study at Paris. At the outbreak of the February revolution, in 1848, he threw himself with ardor into the socialistic propaganda at Paris; was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly, and founded the short-lived journals "Le Peuple (1848-49), La Voix du Peuple (1849-50), and Le Peuple de 1850. Proudhon was imprisoned under the press laws of 1849-52 and fled to Belgium to escape a sentence of imprisonment on the publication, in 1858, of his work, "De la Justice Dans la Revolution et Dans l'Eglise," but was amnestied in 1860.

It was not the theory of Proudhon that governments could be destroyed by individual effort or that the assassination of rulers would accomplish the purpose of his propaganda; Proudhon was a misguided visionary, but he was not altogether a fool, and his energy was concentrated in the organization of parties for the overthrow of government—parties that emanated from conspiracy against constituted authority, and, being unsuccessful, were well within the definition of treason.

Modern anarchy traces its "higher principles" to the teachings of Proudhon, but its "practical" exemplification is the result of the radical influence of Michael Bakunin, a Russian Socialist and political agitator, who is regarded as the founder of nihilism. Bakunin was born at Torshok, Russia, in 1814, and died at Berne, in 1876. He took part in the revolutionary movement in Germany in 1848-49, while Proudhon was engaged in the French revolt against constituted authority. He was exiled to Siberia in 1851; escaped to Japan, and arrived in England in 1861. While in London he founded what was called the Alliance of the Social Democracy, in 1869, which was absorbed the same year by the International, an organization that has since received its "baptism of blood" in the murderous work of the commune, emerging therefrom with the title of "the Red Republic," since shortened to the "Reds."

Less violent, more politic in the enunciation of "the principles of anarchy," but no less dangerous to constituted authority than was Bakunin, is Peter Krapotkin. Krapotkin is described as a Russian Socialist and Anarchist, born at Moscow, in 1842. He is a member of the oldest Russian nobility; was brought up as a page at court; studied geology and geography at St. Petersburg; became secretary of the Geographical Society, and was appointed chamberlain to the Czarina. He was arrested as an Anarchist in 1873, but made his escape in 1876. He was imprisoned in France, 1883-86, under a law directed against the International Workingmen's Association, of which he was a member.

These apostles of the gospel of anarchy—Herr Most, Emma Goldman, Abram Izaak and the leaders of various "groups" of Anarchists—are the disciples of Proudhon, Bakunin and Krapotkin.

The supreme anarchs formulated high-sounding and eloquent theories, full of allusion to Magna Charta, the Cromwellian regicides, the revolt of the American colonies and the French revolution—the Mosts, Goldmans and Izaaks have interpreted these declamations upon universal liberty to fit the low intellects of such creatures as Luchessi, Bresci and Czolgocz, and the logical result of these filtered doctrines is assassination of the persons in whom, temporarily, powers of authority are vested.

Emma Goldman is quoted as saying that she never preached violence; it was not necessary that she should—no more necessary than that she should place a pistol in the hand of Czolgocz, telling him in so many words that with this weapon he must kill the President of the United States.

Originally it was not the anarchistic idea that the assassination of a ruler brought them any nearer to the success of their propaganda—when the Nihilists of Russia instituted this method of "preaching" their doctrine it was solely for the purpose of "striking terror to the hearts of despots."

It was the opinion of these conspirators that if they could inculcate the fear of death, the ruelrs would grant the demands of anarcry rather than live in constant apprehension of fatal consequences contingent upon a refusal.

Gradually, however, the basest elements of anarchy have begun to murder for the lust of murder, without regard for the consequences and, apparently, with no definite ulterior object.

The murder of the Empress of Austria was a senseless act, and the attempt upon the life of the President of the United States was wanton to the extreme of insanity—the direct result of conditions of modern civilization, which permit and even encourage the utmost license of every utterance in fear that if liberty of speech is curbed governments will eventually swing back to despotism.

It is the duty of the American people, through their representatives, to define once more what constitutes liberty and to mark plainly its boundaries, to the end that in the exercise of personal right it shall not infringe upon the liberty of other men.

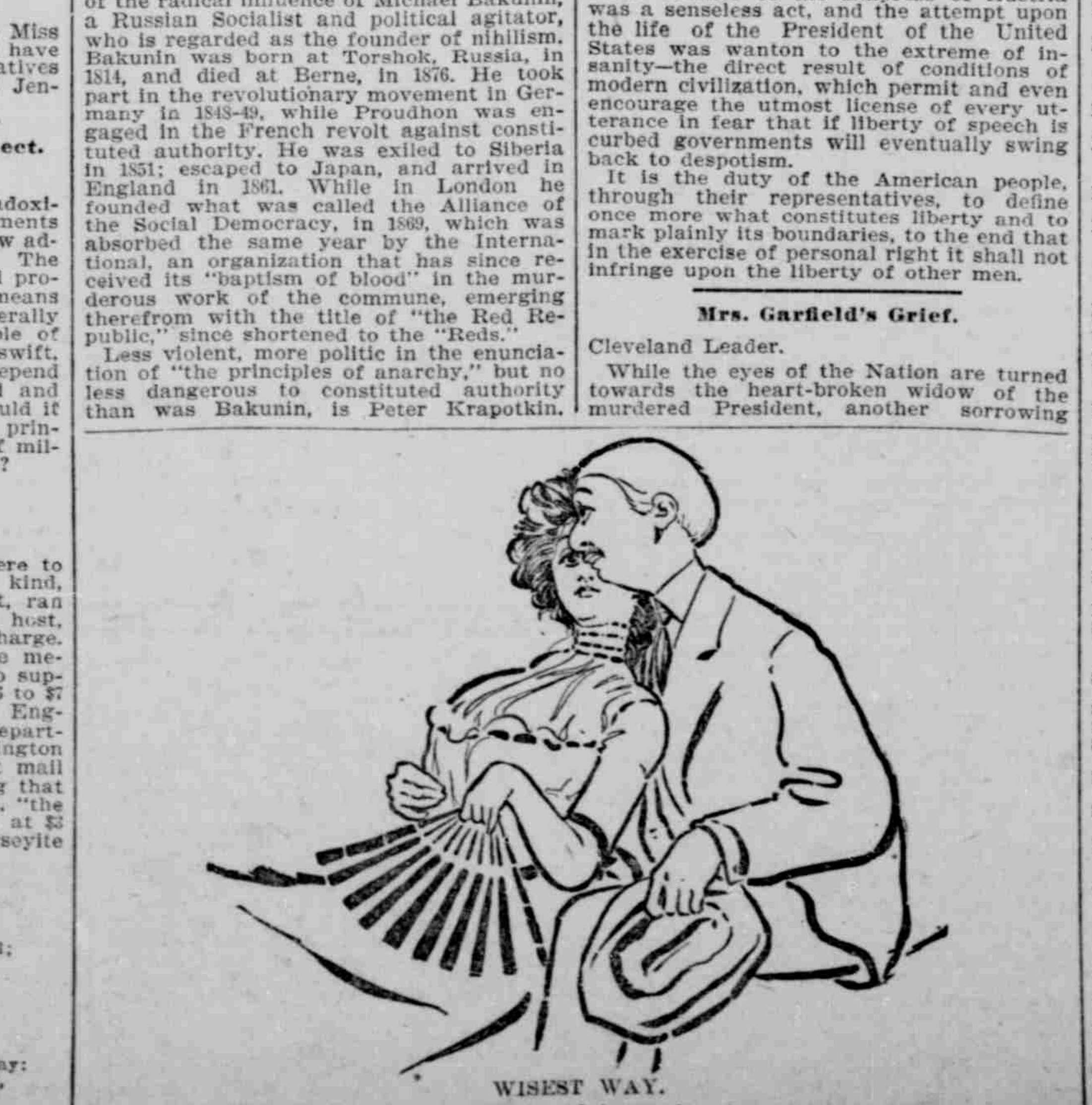
Mrs. Garfield's Grief.

Cleveland Leader.

While the eyes of the Nation are turned towards the heart-broken widow of the murdered President, another sorrowing widow, whose fate it has been to pass pass through the same heart-breaking grief, is lying at her home, prostrated by thought of the sorrow that has come upon Mrs. McKinley. The widow of President James A. Garfield, at her beautiful home in Mentor, has been prostrated ever since the news that President McKinley was assassinated. The dark days which preceded her own widowhood have been vividly recalled to her by the news of the recent national tragedy.

Since the death of her husband, Mrs. Garfield has lived at the home in Mentor, which she built on the site of the old home which they left when General Garfield became President. The home of her son, Hon. James R. Garfield, is situated on the same grounds. Of late years Mrs. Garfield has spent her winters in the South, or in California, being unable, because of feeble health, to stand the rigorous climate of Ohio. Her daughter, Mrs. Stanley Brown, the Mollie Garfield of the White House, now grown to mature womanhood, is with her, and her sons are almost daily visitors.

On account of her illness it will be impossible for Mrs. Garfield to attend the funeral of President McKinley. Her sons, Harry and James, will represent her.



WISEST WAY.

Dick—Darling, how would you advise me to ask your father for your hand?

Ethel—By telephone.

IN THE GOSSIP'S CORNER.

Thus yields the cedar to the ax's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

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Southern people, and especially the people of Georgia, will be apt to take a very kindly view of President Roosevelt's administration on account of the strong strain of Southern blood in his veins, his mother being a native Georgian of long Georgia descent. Two other interesting facts are told by the President in a letter, written by him in January of 1900, to his friend, James E. Osborn, of Wilmington, Del., who was a gallant Confederate soldier in a Georgia regiment. In it he says: "One of my uncles built the Alabama and another fired the last shot from her before she sank."

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With the yacht races scheduled to begin within the present week, the lay mind should seek to make itself familiar with the nautical terms which will be most frequently used. I therefore append a list which is, I think, more nearly complete than any heretofore published:

ABAFT—Anywhere after, or behind, the middle part of the vessel.
BEAM—Extreme width of a vessel's hull.
BEAM ENDS—List of vessel to port or starboard side to such an extent that her beams approach a vertical position.
BLANKET—A vessel is blanketed when another passes so close to windward as to take the wind out of her sails.
BEATING—Making progress against the direction of the wind.
BEFORE THE WIND—When the wind is following the vessel.
BENDING SAIL—Securing sails in their positions to a yard, boom or gaff.
BOWLINE—Specifically, a bowline is a knot, but in sailing pariance a vessel is on a bowline when she is making a long stretch with the wind a little forward of the beam.
CROSS SEA—Where the waters of a channel and the sea meet.
EASE OFF—To slacken; usually refers to the sheets.
EVEN KEEL—When a vessel has no list and floats evenly.
FREEBOARD—The part of the side of a vessel which lies between the line of flotation and the upper side of the deck.
GARBOARD-STRAKE—The first range or strake of planks laid on a ship's bottom, next her keel.
GATHER—The act of overtaking another vessel.
HALLIARDS—Lines by which any rigging aloft may be handled from the deck.
HARD DOWN—To put the tiller as far to leeward as it will go; conversely, the helm is hard up when it is put as far to windward as possible.
HEAD SEA—A sea coming from the same point of the compass the vessel is directed toward.
HEAD TO WIND—The situation of a vessel when she has been thrown up into the wind and all her sails are shaking.
HEAVE TO—To bring the vessel's head to the wind.
IN STAYS—When a vessel has come up into the wind preparatory to going about on another tack. A vessel "stays" when she goes about, and "fills" when she completes the evolution and takes her new course.
KNOT—A nautical mile, containing 6,080.27 feet.
LEEWARD—Quarter toward which the wind blows.
LIE TO—Keeping a vessel so close to the wind that she makes little or no headway; a ship "lies to" when she is "hove to."
LIST—The incline of a vessel to port or starboard.
LOOSE—To unfurl sail.
LUFF—A vessel is luffed by putting her tiller to leeward and bringing her up into the wind. The luff of a sail is the part next the mast; per contra, the "leach" is the outer edge.
MISSED STAYS—When a vessel loses the wind from her sails in taking another tack.
PORT—The left side of a vessel looking forward.
RUN—To sail swiftly before a breeze.
SHEET—The tackle by which the mainsail is hauled in or eased off and secured in position by cleats.
SAG—When a vessel drifts sidewise under the influence of a wind.
SCUD—To drive before a gale.
SEA—A wave.
SET OF THE TIDE—The direction in which the tide is flowing.
STARBOARD—The right side of a vessel, looking forward.
SPARS—A general term applied to masts, booms, gaffs and yards.
STAKEBOAT—The boat or buoy which makes the imaginary line of the start or turning point in a race.
WINDWARD—Quarter from which the wind blows.

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An Indiana man, just back from Buffalo, tells an amusing experience of the complications which are prone to arise in times of stress and crowds, such as those natural to a great exposition. He and his wife boarded at a private residence where were another gentleman and his wife, from another part of the country. The Indianian's wife took a bath in the one bathroom, one morning, and he went later for the same purpose. After dressing himself he found a woman's undergarment and, thinking it was his wife's, he took it to his room. She denied ownership and he returned with it, but met the supposed owner, evidently in quest of her property, and both retreated to their rooms in some confusion. "Here," he said to his wife, "she's coming herself. You take 'em." The wife took the garment, but met the husband of the owner in the hall, and again there was a retreat. And deponent sayeth it took considerable strategy to return the offending article to the rightful owner.

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It had been my intent to say something, four weeks ago, about Bret Harte, whose "Heathen Chinee," "Our Society Upon the Stanislaus," and other dialectic poems stand in a class by themselves and are familiar, as such, to the reading world; but other plans and press of other matter intervened, and I passed the opportunity by. Harte was sixty-two years old on Aug. 25, having been born on that day, in 1839, in Albany, N. Y. Had we talked about him when I intended, it probably would have been of his life and of those poems by which the world knows him, but speaking of him now, in the light of the tragic events of the past sixteen days, I want simply to call your attention to a little-known and less-appreciated poem of his, that I think is splendidly typical of the Christian fortitude exhibited by the great captain of Americanism at Buffalo. It is called "The Two Ships," and this is it:

I stand by the cross on the lonely mountain's crest
Looking over the ultimate sea;
In the gloom of the mountain a ship lies at rest,
And one sails away from the lee;
One spreads its white sails on a far-reaching tack,
With pennant and sheet floating free;
One lies in the shadows, with sails laid aback—
The ship that is waiting for me.

And lo, as I gaze, the clouds break away,
The Gate's glowing portals I see;
And I hear from the outgoing ship in the bay,
The song of the sailors in glee;
So I think of the luminous footprints that bore
The comfort o'er dark Galilee;
And I wait for the summons to go to the shore,
To the ship that is waiting for me.

THE GOSSIP.

Artistic Outer Garments

Fashion's mirror will be found this week in Besten & Langen's metropolitan apparel store, reflecting all that is correct in this season's fashionable attire for dressy women.

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