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PART TWO

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THROUGH GERMAN EYES

THE BARON VON POLENZ MAKES TART COMMENTS ON AMERICANS.

As Emissary of the Kaiser, He Traveled Through This Country to Study Native Character.

THINKS US ONLY HALF BAD

IS LIBERAL ENOUGH TO RECOGNIZE OUR GOOD QUALITIES.

Points Out Faults and Foibles, and Says We Know How to Make Money, but Not How to Enjoy It.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

BERLIN, May 1.—Somebody has called America "the land of unlimited possibilities." In my opinion there is a limit to all things, even to admiration for the United States, but inasmuch as Germany and America may fight some day it would be as foolish to underrate the enemy as to give him credit for more than he can do.

The more I say of America the less I sympathize with our German jingoes, but I do hope that the United States may some day be forced to fight for her very life. The victory over decrepit old Spain was far too easily won. The national heroes that unpleasantness set up on the public pedestal never went through the fire baptism of real danger and real misery. As a consequence jingoism and empty bragging are more alive than ever.

The foremost American characteristics originally came from the oak forests of Germany, the boglands of Holstein, the villages and hamlets of England and Ireland, from the lonely Scotch mountains. But four hundred years of persistent warfare with nature and elements wonderfully developed, enlarged and influenced them. The village is the nursery of the race everywhere. The Americans, too, used to be a people of farmers and planters before they branched out to be merchants, industrials and world financiers. Unless I am much mistaken about the temper, the ambitions and the political destiny of the Americans their admirable talent for assimilation and for attracting other peoples and countries will result in the annexation of Canada, Mexico and all the neighboring island world. Already they have achieved commercial and industrial supremacy in Mexico. It seems to be the mission of the United States to create an empire radically different from any Europe ever produced.

The excellent and even education offered by the public schools to all makes true Americans of boys and girls alike. They learn hardly any history aside from that of their own country, and as a general thing an American boy or girl does not care to know the classic ages and the middle ages.

A COMPARISON DRAWN.

In Germany the army officer represents the highest type of manhood; England has her "gentleman," America—her "captains of industry" and smart men, if the expression be permissible. The smart man is a near relative of the gentleman, only that he is descended from the aristocracy of business instead of birth. Germans are very apt to picture the American as a cold, calculating business person, a brutal egotist, bereft of all finer sensibilities, trained only to chase after the dollar. As a matter of fact, the American people is capable of a degree of enthusiasm and hopefulness that Germans might do well to aspire to, while, generally speaking, the sense of justice and propriety is more highly developed in the American masses than with us in Germany. In American playhouses I have often seen vast audiences acclaim virtue and raise an outcry against persons and scenes depicting vulgar, mean and bad characters or situations.

The American's ideas about women are peculiarly his own. To him woman is neither an angel nor a domestic animal. His Anglo-Saxon self-consciousness prevents his falling victim to feminism, his love is superior to that of the old-time "minnesinger" or the hysteric Frenchman. His wife is supreme ruler of an empire most appropriate for her talents and inclinations—the house, the bringing up of children, ethics and beauty. He thinks it man's first and supreme duty to protect woman because she is physically weaker than himself, but in all other respects he accords her the fullest equality.

America will shake off European influence more and more as her sphere of culture spreads toward the West and gathers strength in the South. The West, with its untold riches, hidden treasure-hoards far excelling those of California, gravitates towards Asia, the new South towards South America.

The American is a born optimist, but his optimism is of a sterner kind than that of the Slav nations, which is little more than straw fire. In the American character enthusiasm and perseverance are happily balanced. The German is more original and scholarly than the American, but the latter excels in many-sidedness, in quickness and alertness. The American temperament is best portrayed by the national humor, the pepper and salt of the country's great newspapers. A budding politician without humor might as well give up. Humor is the magnetism that enlivens banquets and the lecture platform, even the pulpit.

In Germany patriotism is the distinction of the few; in America it is general, self-evident. Unpatriotic parties, such as we have in Germany, would be impossible across the water. American patriotism is all-comprehensive; the American loves his laws, his institutions, even the faults of government—forms and parties. "If it's American it's good," is his motto. The American is a patriot waking and asleep, at his meals, whether he drinks water only or indulges in stimulants. The first cry of the newly born is a triumphant hymn for America.

SENTIMENT AND CHARITY.

The American becomes sentimental in the face of sickness, where the weak or unprotected are concerned. Nowhere in the world are asylums, homes for children, the blind, the deaf and dumb, the aged, etc., so well provided and so easily accessible as in the United States. Nowhere is charity so generous, so free and so all-comprehensive. America's poor need not humble themselves, or profess virtues they do not have, in order to gain aid. There a man need not profess religion if he wants to go to a hospital; to what denomination he belongs has nothing to do with his momentary wants. And whether or not he is a church member in any sense, manner or form is nobody's business. In a good many cases charitable institutions are supported by churches of different creeds. The American easily forgives and forgets; the afterhistory of every war the United States ever engaged in proves that abundantly.

To my mind the ways of the American courts are far from ideal, but I make haste to add that their mode of inflicting punishment is most humane. America imposes fine and imprisonment upon criminals not to avenge the wrong done, but merely with a view to protect society, while full of compassion for the erring brother. As to the enforcement of laws in general, the great majority of them are on paper only. Petty thieves are punished, the big robbers escape. The lumber trust, for instance, is allowed to rob the nation of one of its most precious possessions, the forests, but no judge's arm is long enough to reach the great capitalists that sow ill wind for millions and again millions of men and women to come.

The hand that heaped up milliards by most egotistical and often unlawful exploitation of commercial conditions, is equally ready to endow universities, asylums, libraries and similar institutions for the public good. The American dollar is not always clean, but niggardliness, at least, cannot be laid at its door. The American is not really money-mad; making money is a sport with him. The alertness and energy born in him ekes him on continuously to bet and try, to gamble and speculate. At the same time he is not a good housekeeper, neither is his wife. And as to heirs, the average man seldom thinks of them. Again, many millionaires refuse to leave fortunes to their sons for fear of encouraging them to idleness. For that reason he prefers leaving his money for educational or charitable purposes.

THE LEISURE CLASSES.

The vagaries and tomfooleries of the smart set, so-called, should not be regarded as typical. The Newport set, which has been criticised so much, is not American at all, but international, being made up of Board of Trade men, speculators, sportsmen, fashionable beauties and similar characters belonging to an unrecognized leisure class. Among 80,000,000 people, notable for abundant mental and physical health, personal honor and superior diligence, this handful of semi-mad men and mad women is too insignificant for mention. There are snobs, of course, loads of them—those democratic airs every true American delights in, cannot equal or conceal the fact that an aristocracy is forming slowly but surely. The Sunday newspapers in Baltimore, St. Louis, Washington, Chicago and other great cities make a specialty of printing coats of arms. The women who can exhibit the portraits of two grandfathers thinks herself far better than the lady who is only sure of one. And those marriage contracts between dollars and foreign titles, are they not the essence of organized snobbery?

I was astonished and pleased at seeing evidence of America's fight against alcoholism on all hands. A drunken person in the streets of any American city is a curiosity. There is something great and elevating in the idea of whole States, parties, societies and classes joining hands against the most popular of vices, drunkenness. American young men are singularly well bred, for the obvious reason that they are brought up with the girls and under the influence of women of refinement, education and energy. German young men ill compare with their American brethren. How could they, seeing that they receive their social education at the beer table?

That a people boasting of so many grand and epoch-making works in the line of engineering allows its streets, and public works in general, to resemble those of ill-managed Oriental countries is no less a disgrace than a puzzle to the foreign observer. Most of the great American cities are nothing short of prototypes of slovenliness and filthy habits. They have splendid hospitals, the medical profession is of the highest character in the United States, yet the mortality is far above what it should be.

Discipline in the army and navy is notoriously lax, yet the critics of these organizations should not forget that they have been victorious in every war they ever engaged in. During the war of secession mistakes succeeded mistakes, many battles were lost, generals deprived of their rank in the midst of action, yet the imperious North triumphed over the sanguine South in the end. And when the Americans have war commerce and industry go on as if nothing were happening—nay, more, it increases in volume. The building of the great Pacific Railroad continued while war raged all around. Do you want a better proof of admirable energy and resourcefulness?

HIS OWN WORST ENEMY.

The worst enemy of America's natural beauty is the American, who decimated the Indian and abolished the buffalo and every other kind of game. But the worst of all is the unpardonable crime of forest destruction carried on almost systematically South and North, East and West. Railways carry the stranger through miles upon miles of forest cemeteries, tree cadavers on both sides, as far as the eye travels. Picknickers think nothing of setting a forest afire, the farmer allows his pigs, cows and goats to ramble in the woods and devour the young trees. On every stream sawmills, cutting up the kernel of the wood only! The rest, which in Germany and France would be esteemed of high value, is wantonly and criminally burned up. Those heaps of blackened ashes in the sawmill yards will come high to the next generation, and higher still to the one following.

America's scientists are as diligent, pushing and successful as her merchants, while her schools and universities are in no way behind ours. The vast majority of college boys and girls are ideal students, much superior to the European article. They have more earnestness, more ambition and quicker perception. American literature is progressing nobly on the lines laid down by Emerson and the Concord School and is emancipating itself from sensationalism and conventionalities. Walt Witman is its prophet, and Herbert Spencer, Tolstoi and Maeterlinck are the foreigners exercising the greatest influence.

The Americans have made more inventions than any other nation; they have taught Europe, the whole world, how to live better and more comfortable lives, how to save time and health, but for themselves do not know how to live. They have not yet discovered the real relation between money getting and money spending. Wholly absorbed with the production of material wealth, they have not given culture a chance. Real culture needs two things, which the American allows neither to himself nor to others—time and concentration.

America probably will never produce a Florence, Genoa, Venice, Nuremberg or Weimer, but I am free to confess that Chicago's packing houses, St. Paul's and Minneapolis's flour mills, Pittsburg's steel works, Buffalo's Niagara Falls power house and the New York Stock Exchange are institutions such as the world has never seen before.

VON POLENZ.

Medical Opinion.

American Medicine.

Of the two extremes we believe that vegetarianism is worse than overindulgence in meats.

TO LAND OF FLOWERS

PRESBYTERIANS ARE GOING WEST TO THEIR GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Annual Meeting of the American Church Will Be Held at Los Angeles on May 21-30.

ON DIVORCE AND REMARRIAGE

THE ASSEMBLY IS EXPECTED TO TAKE IMPORTANT ACTION.

Woman Question Also Will Be Up for Consideration—Home Mission Work—Other Features.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

LOS ANGELES, May 16.—The Presbyterian General Assembly will hold its 115th annual meeting in this city, May 21-30. For a year preparations have been in progress looking towards this great gathering. The task of providing for the reception and entertainment of the 600 commissioners and the many delegates to the missionary meetings held by women as well as by an equally large number of friends has been undertaken and executed by a committee led by the Rev. Hugh K. Walker, D. D., of Immanuel Church, where the assembly will be held.

The General Assembly meets invariably on the third Thursday of May, at 11 a. m. The credentials of commissioners and delegates are to be presented at 8 a. m. the same day, to the stated and permanent clerks, Dr. W. H. Roberts and Dr. William B. Noble, acting as a permanent committee on commissions. The Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D. D., will preach the opening sermon at 11 o'clock, after which a recess will be taken until 3 p. m., when the new moderator will be selected. In the evening the Lord's supper will be celebrated. The dates assigned to popular meetings are as follows:

The evening of Friday, the second day, to the board of publication and Sabbath school work and the Sabbath school interests of the church; the afternoon of the first Sunday, to the woman's board of home missions; the evening to the board of aid for colleges and academies; the evening of Monday, the fourth day, to missions among the freedmen; the evening of Tuesday, the fifth day, to the home mission work; the evening of Wednesday, the sixth day, to the foreign mission work, and the evening of Friday, the eighth day, to the cause of young people's work and temperance.

The annual reports of the standing committees on the boards of the church will be considered as follows:

Ministerial relief, Saturday; fredmen and education, Monday; home missions and aid for colleges and academies, Tuesday; foreign missions and publication and Sabbath-school work, Wednesday; church erection and benevolence, second Thursday, and temperance, second Friday. The standing committees on home missions and foreign missions have each two and a half hours; and those on education, publication, church erection, ministerial relief, freedmen, temperance and aid for colleges have each one and a half hours. The secretaries and the chairman of the standing and special committees are requested to make their statements within the limits of half an hour, and the remainder of the time allotted to the committees is assigned to the commissioners and to the agents from the fields of service.

There are seventeen special committees to report, including those that have been considering "evangelistic work," "divorce and remarriage," "work among Hungarian immigrants," "Omaha Seminary," "Presbyterian building in New York," "Sabbath observance," "pulpit vacancy and supply" "and "young people's societies."

STOPPED IN TRANSIT.

As this letter is written the wheels of the special assembly trains are nearing the places where they are to be held over Sunday—Salt Lake City, Albuquerque and the Grand canyon of Colorado. The Presbyterians are strict Sababth keepers. A year ago this action was taken at the meeting in New York:

"That the General Assembly enjoins all ministers, officers and members of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, also all members of their young people's societies and Sabbath schools, to special care and faithfulness for the preservation, both by precept and example, of the sacred character of the Christian Sabbath. That the day should be observed in such a manner as to be restful for the body and for the soul—a day for communion with God, for divine worship and for Christian service; that we strongly reprobate all games of sports, such as golf, ball games, Sunday photography and social functions, etc., on the Lord's day; that we remind all church members of the necessity of special watchfulness over their conduct during the summer days of vacation and recreation, either at home or abroad, with regard to their Christian example on the Lord's day; that we most respectfully but earnestly request all officers of public transportation companies to seriously consider the subject of Sunday excursions to the end that they may be discontinued in the interest of labor, morals and religion."

Among the important reports to be considered is the one on "Divorce and Remarriage," which has a timely interest in view of the Vanderbilt-Rutherfurd wedding in London. The divorce question came to the front a year ago, when, in response to the fraternal request of the committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the General Assembly appointed a committee of five ministers and four elders to confer with the committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church and with smaller committees created by other churches, with a view of securing some concerted opinion and action by the churches of America relative to divorce and remarriage, and so to affect public opinion that uniform legislation may be enacted by the States that will conserve the family institution and preserve the sanctity of the marriage bond.

Closely allied to this question is that of Mormonism, which will be forced on the attention of the commissioners this year in an unusual manner, as two or three of the special trains remain in Salt Lake City tomorrow. When the assembly came West in 1892 a real-estate speculator got hold of some of the commissioners, and, under the plea that his relatives in the East were Presbyterians, he offered to give the church of his fathers a "fine site" for a Presbyterian university. The offer was transmitted to the General Assembly in Portland, joyfully accepted and ratified with the long-meter doxology. When the facts became public and the true intent of the "Presbyterian," who did not know one of the five points of Calvanism, became known, the doxology was sung again, but not in meeting; the singers were thankful it was no worse and that the Presbyterian denomination had not been made the agent of a "boom."

HOME MISSION WORK.

This is to be pre-eminently a home mission assembly. It is to be held on home mission ground, and many of its members will be men who have labored long and faithfully far from the pampered East. The men and women who, from their wealth as their poverty, have sent assistance to the Western field, will have an opportunity to see not only the workers, but also the work itself. At Albuquerque, in New Mexico, in Colorado Springs and in Salt Lake the missionaries will have an opportunity of demonstrating what can be done by them.

So near the Pacific, with the Philippines, Japan, Korea and China just beyond the horizon, foreign missions will be nearly as important as home missions, as, in fact, they always are wherever the meeting of the Assembly may be.

This year foreign missions are having a preliminary boom, due to the fact that one of the oldest and most prominent workers in China has been mentioned as the candidate for the moderatorship. The Rev. Calvin W. Mateer, D. D., went to China in 1863, and for forty years has done a work exceeded, if equaled, by few men in any land.

Another man put forward by his friends for the highest office in the gift of the church is the Rev. William Henry Roberts, D. D., of Philadelphia, the stated clerk of the Assembly. Dr. Roberts is eminently qualified for the moderatorship. He has been a pastor, librarian at Washington and Princeton, and a professor in Lane Seminary. He is in great demand as a preacher in the most important pulpits in the denomination. He has few if any superiors as a presiding officer, and if he were chosen to guide the deliberations of the body they would move with celerity and with satisfaction to all the members.

Dr. Robert F. Coyle, of Denver, formerly a California pastor; President McCormick, of Coe College, in Cedar Rapids; Prof. D. S. Schaff, of Lane Seminary, and one or two other clergymen are likely to be nominated, an honor in itself, and if the lines are closely drawn between Dr. Roberts and Dr. Mateer one of the others may be the successful candidate.

The revised Confession of Faith, adopted a year ago, has been approved by the requisite number of presbyteries during the year, and it will be ratified by this Assembly and become the law of the Presbyterian Church. This does not refer to the brief statement adopted last year "with the view to inform and enlighten the people in regard to the significance and religious meaning of the Reformed Faith, and not with the view of becoming a test of orthodoxy for ministers, elders and deacons."

The steady growth of the Presbyterian Church may be seen by the following table, giving the number of ministers, churches, additions on confession of faith, communicants, and the benevolent contributions at various periods since 1860. The comparative statement covers the last six years in succession:

Years.	Ministers.	Ch's.	Additions on Confession.	Communicants.	Benevolent contributions.
1860	5	2	.....	.....	.....
1789	177	432	.....	18,000	$858
1800	189	449	.....	220,000	2,500
1837	2,140	2,865	11,580	222,557	281,989
1849	1,615	1,673	6,377	156,583	184,439
1859	1,963	1,260	4,681	106,000	.....
1869	2,381	2,740	15,189	258,963	1,346,179
1870	4,238	4,526	32,008	446,561	2,032,865
1880	5,004	5,489	26,808	578,671	2,260,871
1890	6,158	6,894	49,308	775,903	4,358,532
1897	7,129	7,631	57,011	960,911	3,317,193
1898	7,190	7,635	57,041	975,877	3,283,670
1899	7,312	7,657	48,259	983,907	3,683,199
1900	7,406	7,750	57,183	1,007,689	3,681,918
1901	7,532	7,779	54,252	1,025,388	4,186,288
1902	7,617	7,748	65,889	1,045,338	4,504,735

JOHN BANCROFT DEVINS.

THE UNIVERSAL RELIGION.

It Will Not Be Judaism, but What Is Best in All Creeds.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal:

I read with much pleasure Rev. T. A. Goodwin's letter in last Sunday's Journal, as I have many of his clear, incisive thoughts, but I cannot now, as I usually do, concede that his logic is correct—that Judaism will finally be the universal religion of the world. Such a final result would be a retrograde movement from an illustrious and exalted position that the world is marching upward to under the banner of reason, justice and liberty. Judaism in its earlier history is a narrow, selfish, aristocratic cult, fostered by the few that domineered over the common herd. The Jews have long since marched beyond the earlier and worst features of their own faith, just as every church has, and as all will continue to do as long as man lives, labors and thinks.

Christ began the first great reformation of Judaism by trying to establish a social democracy instead, and succeeded with the poorer classes. To return to Judaism is to leave and repudiate Christianity. Indeed, it is quite improbable that the world will ever return to any of the great systems of the past, for the very reason that it has found a better way, and religion is no exception to this rule. The history of progress shows that the world does not return to old systems. It improves the old, or invents the new, in religion and everything else. Man is the author of all he has in the way of government, literature, commerce, art, religion, and all he wants or fancies he needs. As each age knows its own needs better than an earlier age could have known them it will continue to work out its own destiny by meeting the demands of humanity. This it has done in both Judaism and Christianity.

When the world returns to earlier systems of agriculture, commerce and government, and exchanges its plows and reapers for a bent stick to scratch the earth with and another stick to beat the grain with, when it forsakes its great steamships for a dugout, and exchanges its constitutional system of liberty for the dark and clouded systems of Chaldea, Egypt, Babylon and Palestine, it will also turn its back upon its glorious moral, ethical system for the Judaism of Abraham, David and Solomon.

The final universal religion of the world, like all else the world will have, will be the collection of the best of all it has passed through. No creed will survive, but the best of its beliefs will live with the best of all. The universal change wrought by continuous and tireless evolution will cast aside all but truth that is woven into utility. Of the numerous religions each will furnish a due share of that which shall survive as a part of the whole, and each lose a vast volume of useless driftwood collected by the flood-tide of superstitious fanaticism through which our race has passed and is still passing. This will not be even a new religion, but a collection of the best fragments of the shattered old.

J. A. HOUSER, M. D.

Indianapolis, May 16.

Earliest Recollections.

Mark Twain.

I remember the day I was born. It was bitter cold. I came into the world without clothes. I was astonished. I spoke of it to my parents. They had no explanation when taken so suddenly, except the old excuse that it was customary. What was custom to me at that age of life? All you care then is how you look. I never felt so embarrassed in all my life?

WOMEN AND LOTTERIES

IN MANY THE FEVER OF SPECULATION IS VERY STRONG.

An Instance of a Housewife Using Up All Her Husband's Savings in Buying Lottery Tickets.

SOME LUCKY PRIZE WINNERS

IN INDIANAPOLIS ONE OR TWO HAVE BEEN FORTUNATE.

Method of Collecting Money When a Prize Is Won in a Lottery Drawing—Interesting Facts.

There was deep gloom in a little household over in West Indianapolis last week. A workingman, who has for many years been employed in a large factory where spokes for wagon wheels are manufactured, made a discovery that almost floored him with amazement. His better half, the wife of his bosom—the one person in the whole world whom he had considered entirely trustworthy in all things—had been playing the lottery, and playing it with the hard-earned money which he had given her to "save up toward buying a home." He had turned over to her with great regularity as much of his weekly wages as he could save after paying their living expenses, with the understanding that she was to carefully guard the little pile of gold and paper money until it had amounted to $500. "And when we get that much," he had told her, with a happy smile, "we'll start a respectable bank account, to which we'll add from time to time until we have enough to build a cottage."

But the little pile of gold and paper money never reached the "five hundred stage." It seemed to grow with unaccountable slowness. At last—one day during the early part of last week—the man-who-works-in-the-factory said to the woman-who-played-the-lottery: "Let's get out our savings, my dear, and count 'em up, and see just how near we are to starting that bank account." And then the truth came out. The savings were gone—vanished—all but a few miserable one and two-dollar bills. With hysterical tears, intermingled with prayers for forgiveness, the wife made her wretched confession. She had "just bought a dollar ticket at first, because the woman next door had won $8 from a lottery down South," and then she had proceeded to purchase several lottery tickets every month for half a year without winning a penny. She had felt that luck must surely come her way if she only kept everlastingly at the thing, and so she invested $25 in tickets the seventh time the lottery agent came around—just as an experiment. She won a prize on the drawing that time—$14 it was. She hadn't said a word about all of this to her husband, because she thought how nice it would be to surprise him when she won her big prize, as, of course, she was certain to do eventually. That fourteen-dollar prize was an omen, she imagined, foretelling a change of fortune. And so she "plunged"—went into her speculations deeper and deeper with each new drawing, and gradually the little pile of savings had melted away until—until—

"Well, you needn't say anything more about it," interrupted her husband at this point, as he rose grimly to his feet and stalked to the door of the house. "I'll go out and walk a while. I want to think about things. I want to think just what we'd better do."

THEY ARE GOOD.

The man-who-works-in-the-factory is a good man, just as the woman-who-played-the-lottery is a good woman. Many couples in their walks of life would have allowed a matter of this kind to lead them into the divorce courts. But the man loves his wife dearly and he knows that never again will a mistake so terrible be made by her. But it was a dreadfully sad little household last week, and only within the last few days have things begun to look any brighter over there in that West Indianapolis home.

This is only one of many such cases—only it is nearly always the man instead of the woman who finds the lottery such a fascinating, greedy monster. The truth of the matter is that a part of the average man's income must be deducted as a tribute to the Goddess of Fortune, and Indianapolis men are no different from their brothers all over the world. People of all classes and all descriptions "play the lottery" regularly from month to month. Some of them win little sums from time to time; some fortunate few strike big prizes and receive large sums of money in return for the half-dollar, $1 or $2, as the case may be, that they have paid for their all-powerful tickets, and some—like the wife of the factory man—"go broke" in vain attempts to win prizes through unusually heavy investments.

Indianapolis has had its share of lucky prize winners within the last two years, and this fact has greatly increased the "lottery play," as the agents call it, in this city. It is estimated that during the last twelve months more lottery tickets were sold in Indianapolis than ever before during a like period. The more recent prize winners in this city were Fred Henschel, a two-time winner, the Davie Bros. and "Cheap John," a stall keeper in the market house. Mr. Henschel's friends look upon him as an individual especially picked out by the Goddess of Fortune as the most favored of mankind. Whoever heard of one man winning a big prize in two different lotteries all in one year's time? This is what Mr. Henschel did. Within a few months after one lottery had paid him $7,500 another one turned over to him $6,000 in cash. The Davie brothers kept a small poultry farm several miles south of the city until a $1 lottery ticket, in which each owned a half share, brought them $15,000 from the best known of all lotteries. "Cheap John," a well-known character about town, has made several winnings, being a persistent investor in lottery tickets, and he looked upon the $1,000 which he recently won as something that was due him and accepted his good fortune as a matter of course.

There was never much faith in a certain lottery concern in Mexico in this part of the country, for some reason or other, until Mr. Henschel won his prize from that company. Naturally sentiment changed after that; many tickets from Mexico are sold in Indianapolis nowadays, and there have been several small prizes, ranging from $20 to $200, sent to this city from across the Rio Grande river during the last six months. But most lottery players in this vicinity prefer to cast their lots with the company controlled by Americans in the South, and the agents say that the tickets from this concern sold in this city far outnumber the tickets from Mexico.

It does not seem to be generally understood how a prize-winner goes about collecting his money from the lottery. It is done in this way: A prize-winning ticket in the most famous of all lotteries is turned over to an Indianapolis bank. As it is against the laws of the United States to send lottery tickets through the mails, the bank forwards the ticket by an express company to the New Orleans bank through which the lottery makes its payments. Within a few days a draft comes by express to the Indianapolis bank and the happy prize-winner receives his money, minus the good-sized fees which he must pay to the Indianapolis and New Orleans banks and the express company. It costs about $50 to collect a $15,000 prize, but nobody has ever yet heard of a prize-winner raising any objections to paying this sum gladly.

While the lottery company with headquarters in the South and the one with headquarters in Mexico are the only concerns of the kind that are well known in this part of the United States, there are in reality a number of other lotteries on this continent doing a big business every month. In San Francisco there are three Chinese lottery companies which are patronized by Americans as well as by the almond-eyed folks of Chinatown. There is a law in California against the maintenance of lotteries within the boundary lines of that State, but in some way or other the Chinese gambling establishments manage to continue from year to year, selling tickets on the sly, while their drawings take place in secret.

The queerest of all lotteries is in Buenos Ayres, South America. This is the "Loteria Nacional," and the drawings occur on the Thursday afternoon of every week, under the management of the Argentine government. The lottery is supposed to be a government institution, of which the profits are devoted to the government hospitals, and in Buenos Ayres the phrase "playing the lottery" does not suggest, as it often does in this country, a mixture of lawbreaking, deceit and roguery, but instead the drawings are regarded with considerable respect as a performance of great benefit to the republic and at the same time as a harmless pastime for the people. Lottery ticket agencies in this big Argentine city are as common as corner groceries in Indianapolis, and various ones have large brass signs in their windows boasting of the capital prizes they have sold from time to time.

THE BLUEBIRD AND THE FENCE-POST.

To a bird-lover all tumble-down fences and dead tree stumps are invested with alluring possibilities, for they are the favorite haunts of the bluebird. I never look at an old fence post, shabby and gray with age, that fancy does not spy an opening on the other side and build therein a cunning grassy circle, which is promptly filled with small blue eggs. The bluebird's door is seldom one of symmetry, like that of the chickadee, but merely a jagged crevice, which warns the farmer that nature is at work pulling down his fences. Often it is in one of a row of isolated posts that have long since ceased to join hands for the purpose of keeping people out, and will soon end their existence on the woodpile. When the old fence is supplanted and the gnarled apple trees make way for younglings the bluebirds are banished to some other neighborhood, where they labor for some other farmer.

Fit a bluebird's wing into that ugly seam in the old fence, and how charming it becomes. No other bird possesses more endearing traits than he. He has a sweet gentleness and a dignified grace of manner. Into his soft tones, which never are wearying, he can throw a thrilling persuasiveness. In family affairs he appears to be a model of propriety. It is superfluous to remark on the matchless hue of his azure plumage as he drops into the grass and folds his delicate wings in the dainty manner that only a bluebird possesses.

A pair of bluebirds opened the season this year by pulling to pieces the last year's nest of the catbird and building in the martin box. This event salved some wounded feelings, as martins without number had gathered and ridiculed that same martin box every spring since it had been erected, nor had it pleased any of the feather folk except the undesirable English sparrow, who was promptly warned away. Dame bluebird tried the new nest with the air of a householder, considering the merits of a new rocking chair. Then the pair investigated the other seven compartments of the box so often that their neighbors at last were puzzled to know which story they were occupying. There was evidence of dissatisfaction—and of disagreement, too, for on one occasion when she emerged from the little door her fond mate seized her by the nape of the neck and shook her. Perhaps he was wearied with her caprice. Probably he told her that that painted, verandaed, two-storied martin box was a palace, or ought to be, to one who had put up with as many rotten old fence posts as they had occupied. But after casting a halo of happiness on all who saw them dip into the deep grass of the back garden for the space of two weeks, they deserted their nest and left their wingless neighbors in a state of wondering chagrin.

Another bluebird chapter was disclosed by a bird's noiseless flitting from post to post along the Willow road. This time it was a lear old post, and the interior was so deep and dark that only a bit of sky-blue egg was visible. Next day, as I walked slowly along the public highway, where dusty stages still come and go, a rosy-cheeked youth who serves thirsty patrons at the wayside tavern stepped across the road with a chair, on which he stood and put his head close to one of a row of tall water maples bordering the roadside. "I'm looking at my birds, too," he said, and told me that it was a bluebird's nest. I, too, mounted the chair, but the aperture was too lofty for me to see into it.

Returning along a country road, I rested on a bar of a slanting old wagon gate just as two bluebirds passed over it. The male returned to the further side of the road and paused, facing me with a tremulous lifting of the wings. Then I learned that a bluebird can assume a menacing attitude. Uttering soft notes of protest, he threatened to fly into my face. Several times he darted at me, each time curving back to the same spot. I felt very close to something precious, and, turning a little towards the huge gate post beside me, I saw bits of grass projecting from it. In its side was a rift over two feet deep, and in a neatly rounded yellow basket at the bottom were four sky-blue eggs. A few days later I peeped in again, and the little dame was there. How indescribably winning looked that little ball of heavenly blue, curled about in the depths of the gray old post, with the sky for her roof—for the top of the post was gone. Her eyes were anxious, but she remained perfectly still, and I made haste to get away and "cease from troubling."

It is possible that the gentle bluebird loves the passing show. At any rate, he is an inveterate haunter of roadside fences, and no other fellow-traveler could be half so welcome. He must retreat before the march of barbed-wire fences and sound posts, but the friendly elements will always hollow out an abiding-place for him somewhere.

"The bluebird, shifting his light load of song
From post to post along the cheerless fence."

ELIZABETH NUNEMACHER.

PARKS OF THE CITY

ALL ARE IN BLOOM AND READY TO RECEIVE THEIR THOUSANDS.

The Season for Small Picnics and Basket Parties Comes with the Opening of the Parks.

ENJOYMENT FOR THE CHILDREN

THEY PROBABLY GET THE GREATEST GOOD OUT OF NATURE.

Some of the Features That Help to Make a Day in the Parks Pleasantly Agreeable.

To one who enjoys watching his fellow-beings in all of their different phases of character there is scarcely a better spot in which to pursue the study than in one of the big parks on the city's outskirts. Last week marked the beginning of the "small picnic" or "basket party" season, the first stretch of warm weather this spring bringing out many holiday-makers desirous of spending an idle afternoon away from the noisy city. There were parties of school children, "with teacher and no lunch," mothers and fathers with three or four children, all lugging more lunch than they could possibly consume before nightfall; pairs of lovers with neatly tied-up pasteboard boxes, no doubt containing lettuce sandwiches, sugar-kisses and pickles, and occasionally a solitary person sitting near the paths or driveways whiling away the time in "loafing and inviting the soul," as the poet Walt Whitman would have said.

Just now the parks and the country surrounding them have reached their highest stage of beauty. The grass is long and vividly green, while the forest trees have put forth their tender shades in feathery leaves which do not as yet completely hide the soft brown of the trunks and branches. The banks of the streams are carpeted with yellow, white and purple violets, and here and there stands the low dogwood tree in perfect shower of beautiful white blossoms.

When the discerning observer dismounts from the trolley car at the park entrance he is surprised to find that so many people, who have come for an outing, seem to possess no more love for nature at her best than to sit down on the benches that border the loop of the car tracks and remain there for hours at a time. These are the sort of fresh-air-seekers who prefer watching the people who journey out to the parks on the cars than to feasting their eyes upon the lights and shadows of the woods and stream. In every gathering of human beings there are always some persons who have no faculty for amusing themselves, but must be amused by others. The lovers, of course, disappear immediately. There is no special desire on their part to linger about the park entrance watching for familiar faces. They wander far away, oblivious of time and surroundings, and pick their way back through the woods again in the dusky twilight, guided by some kind Cupid who is the dog that leads this sort of band folk home.

CROWD OF CHILDREN.

There is always a crowd of children who have come out to the park for the express purpose of riding in the merry-go-round, while seasick mothers sit by and watch them with expressions of mixed joy and woe flitting over their faces. In children this love of whirling round and round to the tune of a once-popular song, ground out laboriously by a weather-beaten mechanical organ, may be attributed to immaturity, for childish natures are ever craving sensations of this sort. But how is one to account for the delight many "grown-ups" take in mounting a fantastical wooden monster and being bent on a circular journey for five minutes or more with a musical accompaniment of "Josephine, My Jo," minus several measures, which were left out because they were too difficult of execution for the poor old organ? Sometimes you will run across one of these overenthusiastic grown-ups leaning helplessly against a tree staring into space. It is best not to pay any attention to the grown-up under these circumstances. Your sympathy would be wasted, for he does not care for your companionship. He wants to be left all alone for a few moments more. There are times when it is downright cruelty to impose one's presence upon a fellow-being. Like Dolly Varden in the opera of that name, this grown-up has "something the matter with him inside"—only it isn't love that is causing the commotion.

The observer will note that the band of children "out with teacher" is a well-behaved company of youngsters and quite different from the troupe of impudent innocents that are visiting the park without an adult commander, who dash madly up hill and down, shrieking and screaming, calling out sarcastic little references to the personal appearance of the people they meet, and flinging banana skins and empty paper bags wherever they go. But, although one may admire teacher's orderly band, one cannot help but feel sorry for teacher herself, who never gets a chance to enjoy the afternoon, but must listen to the never-ceasing prattle of all her pupils, while being compelled to support, with no show of favoritism, at least three little girls on each side of her as they hang lovingly on her arms. Besides these living incumbrances, clinging like barnacles to a ship, she must carry any number of coats and capes, and is expected to take care of enormous bunches of flowers that have been gathered by the entire band and lovingly presented to her. The schoolroom itself could not furnish her with an afternoon of harder work.

A NEW PARTY.

As Teacher and her devoted followers disappear, the observer's attention is drawn to a party of five that has just arrived on the scene. The newcomers belong to the domestic branch of picnickers. The sweet-faced woman is the mother of the boy and the girl, as one can tell at a glance. The short, young woman is a fond aunt and the kindly-eyed young man is doubtless a friend of the family who can get an afternoon away from work when he wants it. All of them are carrying big baskets full of all sorts of good things to eat. These people know just what they have come out to the park for, and just where they are going. It is worth the observer's time to follow a party like this, and he trudges along at a distance behind.

These happy holiday-makers stroll to the boathouse and prepare to engage a boat—a most difficult thing to do, for both children want to do the rowing, of course, while the young man advises that he be allowed to attend to this important feature for