Tollgate No. 1 on the Augusta Road

Recollections of Old Toll Gates In the Vicinity of Indianapolis

An Institution Not Long Out of Date, but Superseded by Such Improvements That It Seems to Have Belonged to Remote Times... Farmers Found Toll Roads Very Expensive

"THIRTY years ago nearly all the good roads in this part of the country were toll roads," said a former gatekeeper. "The Armstrong Gravel Road Company operated the Michigan road north to the river hill, and it was there taken up and carried to the Marion county line by the Augusta Gravel Road Company. The traveler going north passed through three gates in the first twelve miles and had to secure his passport in the shape of a number of various-colored tickets. Beyond the county line was a stretch of a mile and three-quarters that was a veritable swamp in the winter time. If the traveler got through this alive he found another gate awaiting him. If he was going to Michigan City he had swamps and tollgates alternately to the end of his journey.

"I was stationed at gate No. 1 on the Augusta road from 1875 to 1882," continued the speaker. "The company's building had three small rooms in it. They gave in rent a small patch of ground for a garden and $12 a month. Six of us had to live on this. Small as the income was, there were those who coveted it and tried to have the company put us out.

"Robbers were our great bugbear. Tollgates and isolated farmhouses were frequently broken into in those days, and nearly every week we heard a story that set us on edge. We kept an immense bulldog and a big navy revolver for protection. We had many scares, though no actual attack at our gate, but an old gentleman named Siler was nearly murdered on the Armstrong road near Crownhill.

"Tollgate keeping was not very strenuous, but you could never depend on having any rest. Every day and night in the year the toll had to be collected. A big pole was pulled across the road at night. At first it was only pinned down, but thrifty travelers soon learned this, and then we had to chain and lock it. Occasionally some young fellow would think it smart to run the gate. The method was to drive up slowly until near the pole, and then whip up and dash through. We watched for such fellows, and sometimes collected a souvenir of the event in the shape of a buggy top.

"The most ridiculous people were those who traveled on the ungraveled part of the road and tried to get out of paying on the ground that they had not used the road proper.

"Persons going to a church or a funeral were not charged toll. This rule led to some ingenious lying. The uninitiated might have thought that we lived in a very religious but unhealthy neighborhood. We soon learned the liar, however, and the company did not lose much by this rule."

"What do you recall as your oddest experience?" was asked.

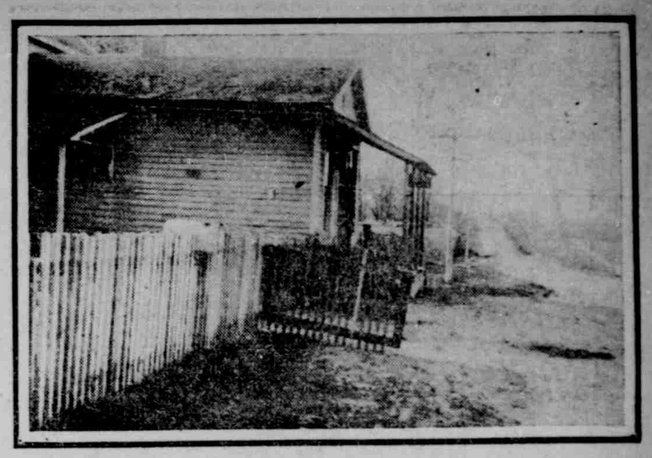
"A drove of 180 turkeys. A huckster drove them for a distance of thirty miles to Indianapolis. It was an odd thing even for that time. I suppose there were no shippers or agents in the small towns, and it was as cheap to drive the turkeys as it would have been to hire wagons to haul them. We questioned the huckster about his experience. He said the turkeys gave him no trouble. At night they flew into trees, and he rested until the next day.

"Indianapolis was the great market then, as it is now. All that was produced near the Michigan road for fifty miles north passed over it to Indianapolis. In the fall great droves of cattle, hogs and sheep went by every week. I have counted twenty wagon-loads of potatoes in one day. I used to make every farmer give me one large potato or apple and I sometimes got a bushel in a week.

"The crossroads were almost bottomless in the winter time thirty years ago and people got along with as little traveling as possible. Hucksters in covered wagons managed in some way to get through the mud, and the farmers could exchange butter and eggs for tea and coffee and sugar at their own doors. For this reason the hucksters were in demand and they did a good business. Several of them would go through the gate every day.

"Everything is changed now. Free gravel roads, railroads and interurban roads and telephones have revolutionized the life of the farmer.

"The toll road was a great blessing when it was first built, but it was expensive. The farmer who went to town once a week would pay out nearly $25 a year for toll. The tollgates on the Augusta road—No. 1 and No. 2, as they were called—collected about $2,000 a year. As the road was only six miles long and could be kept in repair for a small sum it ultimately proved to be a big luxury to the farmer and had to give way to free roads."



Tollgate No. 2 on the Augusta Road

The Indianapolis Market Has Charms for Many Women

Besides the Obvious Economical Advantages It Affords, It Has Numerous Picturesque and Social Attractions

MARKET day has something of the nature of a religious festival in Indianapolis and its observance is rigid, notwithstanding that it occurs three times a week. Ladies of high degree forsake their luxurious homes, neglect their shopping and forego alluring engagements to drive to market as regularly as the market day comes around, rain or shine; thrifty women order their household affairs with an eye to the importance of the day, and overworked women rush their breakfasts in order to get in the matter-of-course marketing before the other inexorable duties of the day begin.

There are Indianapolis women, probably, who never go to market. But an observer of the ever-changing throng that surges through the big market house three days of the week will incline to the belief that the woman who doesn't join in the surging is the exception to the rule.

Market is interesting on any of its days, at any hour of the day and to marketers of every type and age. The market parties which are perennially popular with the young people are proof in themselves of the delights of a marketing tour properly conducted. They are the gayest of affairs, because unexpected things are always happening, because a market scene is always full of local color, because there is variety and sparkle in the whole thing. And in the actual marketing tour the same conditions prevail to make even the prosaic buying of meats and vegetables for the household larder an entertaining rather than a wearying process.

Saturday is the best day to go to market to see the wheels go round. Saturday is the one-all-day-long market day. There are greater throngs of visitors, there is an immeasurably greater display of vegetables and other things on the stands, and on Saturday, too, the flower market blossoms in all its glory instead of in only partial radiance. From half-past 4 in the morning to half-past 10 at night the market house is full of life and interest.

The Saturday marketing crowd is particularly interesting by reason of its variations at the different times of day. Morning, noon and night are distinctly marked epochs in market life on Saturdays. Excepting in the very early hours, when the purchasers are apt to be of the "forehanded" class of housekeepers, the morning market crowd comes nearer to being a fashionable assemblage than at any other time during the day. It would surprise many a scoffer at society, who imagines that the woman of fashion never burdens herself with household cares, leading only a butterfly existence, to see the number of aristocratic women who drive down to the market in the morning and followed by a maid or a man with the basket, or in many cases carrying the basket themselves, make the round of the stalls, selecting turnips and potatoes and other homely vegetables with the eye of a connoisseur, poking at meats, and making inspired selections of the best cuts, waiting their turns at the stalls behind the stout German woman or the wizened little Italian, with a democratic acceptance of the principle of first come, first served. Butterflies and market baskets are irreconcilable quantities, and the presence of the baskets would indicate that the butterfly element is not the preeminent thing in the make-up of Indianapolis society matrons.

THE BRIDE ON HER ROUNDS.

Another feature of the Saturday market morning is the bride. Dear thing, she comes a-marketing, usually carrying her own basket to buy joyously the crisp green lettuces, the succulent young onions, the "cute" little roasts and even the liver and bacon that the One man's appetite craves. She is usually fresh and sweet as a pink and her eyes hold a sweet seriousness of thought as she meditates whether John would prefer mutton or veal. She buys painstakingly and discriminatingly because two people need such a little bit of each thing, and at home over her accounts her pretty brows frequently knit.

"Oh, John, I just can't see where my money goes. I buy just a little bit of this and a little bit of that and at the end of the week I've spent twice what I expected to—and I'm just as careful."

John usually manages to soothe her but he doesn't tell her the remedy which he probably doesn't know—to buy a considerable amount infrequently rather than just a little bit frequently, which experienced housekeepers say is the way to keep down expenses.

Once in a while, sad to say, the bride isn't all trim and fresh and joyous in her marketing. One meets her now and again leaning against a stand, waiting her turn at butter or chickens, a peevish pout on her lips, her raincoat donned hastily over an obviously thrown-on toilet, her hair straggling down from its ineffective pins. One knows instinctively that she left the breakfast dishes standing to come downtown for her usual market routine and that the glamour of both housekeeping and marketing has vanished, temporarily at least.

The Saturday afternoon crowd is made up of a class that figures less frequently in the society columns of the newspapers than do the aristocratic dames and the brides. There are brides aplenty on Saturday afternoon, though, and it is really delightful to see them on their way to and from and round the market. For, in the Saturday afternoon affairs John usually comes along to help with the marketing and to carry the basket, and the happy-faced young Darbies and Joans who mingle with the afternoon marketers are a pleasant sight to see. There is no less romance in their marketing, nor is it always more sensible than that of the morning bride.

"My, those are good-looking little radishes," said one Darby to one little city-bred Joan, discussing their purchases before a stall loaded with tempting vegetables. "You know I've always kind o' thought that those little crisp things would make good pickles. Don't you?"

Joan laughed the merry little laugh of superior knowledge. "Why you silly boy, of course not—they aren't sour enough to make pickles of," she returned; and Darby, convicted of ignorance, murmured, "Well, I suppose that's so."

Besides the young married people, the noticeable element in the afternoon crowd is the woman of moderate means and little pretensions, who sees no earthly reason why she should not do her marketing and her shopping on Saturday afternoon if she wishes to; so she does them both with all the independance in the world.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT CROWD.

But Saturday night! That's the time to go to market if you wish merely to watch the crowds. For the Saturday night crowd is infinitely more interesting than the Saturday morning or the Saturday afternoon crowd. It is a cosmopolitan crowd; Mongolian jostles Caucasian, the Latin races rub shoulders with the Anglo-Saxon; and through and among and on the outskirts of the throng, pass the different types of the African, from the "high-born lady" with her yellow skin to the veriest darkey of them all. Of all the members of the hustling, bustling, Saturday night crowd, they are perhaps the best-natured of the lot. "Huh, dis yeah mahket's wuss'n a chu'ch house, hit's so crowded," grumbled one fat mammy, every tooth in her head in evidence despite the fact that adjacent elbows and shoulders are doing their best to disturb her equilibrium and her temper.

The Saturday night market is evidently a trysting place for lovers, for the crowd always contains any number of them wandering through the aisles with eyes not for the vegetables and meats and flowers but for each other alone. The picture hat girl is conspicuous on market o' Saturday nights and with her flaring plumed hat—the plumes usually sadly out of curl—her exaggerated pompadour towering on one side, flattened to her eye on the other, contrasting with her generally rough-and-ready skirt and jacket, she adds another element of the picturesque to the shifting crowds.

And Saturday night, as well as all day long, the children are there, too, as varied in their types as are the grown-ups. There is the dainty little maid who "just loves" to come to market, and who hangs to mother's skirt, trailing along behind through rows filled with vegetables and cheeses, her eyes and ears alert to take in all the fascinating sights and smells. In the meat market she finds less interest, however, for her eyes and nose object to the unattractive piles of raw meats. There is the sturdy little chap who has been there often before, and who trudges along before his particular market party labeling everything he comes to to show that he is a habitue of the place. "Them's radishers—that's p'serves—'n' that's pies 'n' cake—'n', maw, you promised to buy me s'm' an'mal crackers, 'n' here they are now." The pickaninnies who come pushing through the crowd, ducking under market baskets, darting through incredibly narrow openings, are there in force, too.

And the wee babies come to market, too. Usually they come in parental arms, and sometimes they take a deep interest in the purchases for the family larder; sometimes they are wholly indifferent and express their contempt for the proceedings with wails that fill the market. But one baby who came a-marketing the other Saturday night disdained to come by the usual methods. He came in a carriage, as suited his royal right, and though a perambulator in the crowded aisles of the Saturday market is a little disconcerting, King Baby had no difficulty whatever in making his way along. He sat straight up and cooed and smiled, and the crowds, as if by magic, made way for his triumphal car, and nobody even hinted that his father and mother might have chosen some other method of bringing the royal heir to market.

IN THE FLOWER MARKET.

The flower market is one of the prettiest parts of the market place, and is thronged all day Saturday, for every one seems to want "flowers for Sunday." There is an impression abroad that one gets flowers very much cheaper at the market than at the florists, and, perhaps, one does now and then. It is doubtful, however, whether one can do any consistent economizing by purchasing the posies at the market unless the purchase is put off until the closing hour, and then—"Yes, we sell off our flowers cheap at the end—that is, the ones that we know aren't very fresh. But the others we just take home and bring them back next market day to sell for a little less." So the economizing is probably not such an economical process after all.

But flowers and vegetables and meats and preserves are not all that can be bought on market. One can find almost anything that she happens to think about wanting, from visiting cards to Belgian hares, if she has the patience to hunt for the stand. "Florodora combs" are one of the things that one doesn't think can be found on the market—or anywhere else, perhaps—until one runs into them. "Them's pretty," said a little withered-up Irish woman the other night, poking a tentative finger at the Florodoras which sell for the sum of 10 cents. "You bet them's pretty," replied the brisk little girl in charge of the stand. "You could do your hair up just lovely with them." The little old woman wore a contemplative air while one hand stole up to her head, where a washed-out pink fascinator covered sparse locks and obvious knobs. "Yes, I believe I could be doin' my hair nicely with them—would you be wrappin' them up?" she said, after a moment.

The market has its characters, though it takes an intimate acquaintance with the place to find them out. There is one man who sells cheese and butter and other things of a like nature, merely as an accompaniment to conversation. He loves to talk, and if he may talk his business may go to—anywhere it likes. Frequently in his interest in conversation he forgets whether he has given the correct change, and as he is always ready to make the correction of any suggested mistake his accounts must at times be difficult to balance. "Yes'm, that's mighty good cheese," he said the other night. "It's the last one I got, too, an' it don't look like it was going to hold out. Y' know that's the funniest thing—I thought I had another whole cheese left, but when I come to look for it it wasn't there. I was dead sure I counted six this morning, an' I thought this was just the fifth one I cut, but either I cut up the other when I was a-talkin an' didn't notice I was a-doin' it, or else somebody stole that cheese. I can't rightly say what did become of it."

Contentment.

O tell me of the valley
So wide, and fresh, and still,
That lies at rest 'neath a summer sky
Beyond a distant hill.

O tell me of the cabin
Where trail and twilight meet,
Where the sun is at the open door
And a song is in the wheat.

Where night is near and fragrant
And noon is mad and free;
Where the truant heart is satisfied
'Tis there I long to be.

O valley of contentment,
O green and distant hill!
There's a wild unrest in my soul to-night,
And the wind is at the sill.

—Jessie St. John, Marion, Ind.

In the Literary World

Something About Books, the Men Who Write Books, and Other Matters Concerning the Literary Profession

THE first sentence of an editorial article on Sir Edwin Arnold, in a late issue of the Times, is as follows:

"One of the public services which Sir Edwin Arnold performed, without in the least meaning it, was to abate the conceit of the homonymous, but not, we believe, traceably consanguineous, Matthews, 'of that ilk.'"

Since both of these gentlemen have now "joined the majority," says John D. Champlin, in the New York Times, it may not perhaps involve a violation of confidence to relate two incidents which throw light on their relations to each other. Some twenty years ago, when walking with Matthew Arnold on the banks of the little river Test, near Romsey Abbey, conversation turned on Sir Edwin Arnold and "The Light of Asia," published four or five years previously. It is not necessary to enter into Mr. Arnold's opinion of the poem other than to say that it was very similar to that of the Times as expressed in the article in question, but during the conversation I took occasion to ask him if he were related to Sir Edwin. He paused a moment, as if shocked at the suggestion, and then said:

"No, we are not of kin. Indeed, I doubt if he has any right to the name of Arnold. I have been told that he is of Jewish descent."

A few weeks later I happened to meet Sir Edwin at a dinner in London, and, prompted by, I hope, a not unpardonable curiosity, propounded a similar query to him.

"No," he replied quickly, with what seemed a shade of asperity in his tone, "I am not related to Matthew Arnold. We are of wholly different families."

Then, his face breaking into his peculiar smile, he added:

"Matthew Arnold is an intelligent dyspeptic. His brain does not digest properly."

The slight antagonism, if it may be so called, between the two did not prevent Sir Edwin from publishing, let it be remembered to his credit, an appreciative poetical tribute to his "brother" bard four years later, when Matthew Arnold died.

Apropos of the Times's remark that "The Light of Asia" is a "piece of versified journalism," it may not be uninteresting to add that Sir Edwin told me that it was written on letter envelopes, the edges of newspapers, and other odd bits of paper, during his daily trips on the railway in and out of London. The several scraps recovered from his pockets at night were then transcribed into an ordinary paper-covered manuscript book. This book, the original copy of "The Light of Asia," was presented by Sir Edwin to Andrew Carnegie.

Charles Dudley Warner.

Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Fields, widow of the Boston publisher, has lately published a volume of recollections of Charles Dudley Warner.

She knew Warner well, and gives an intimate portrait of his amiable personality. From his friends she has also gathered a number of entertaining anecdotes, and supplemented these with extracts from his private letters that have their share of whimsical pleasantry.

Thus he writes to Mr. Howells in May, 1874:

"My Dear Mr. Howells:

"To-day is fit to make a body cry; sky distant and deep blue, clouds fleecy and floating, the world full of apple blossoms. On such a day you said you'd come. You admit that man is a two-fold being. It takes two of him to make one. You promised long ago to visit here. You admit that. How did you keep your promise? You only half came. Now we expect the whole of you. We are compelled to look upon you, although you are poet, essayist, traveler and critic, as only a fraction, without Mrs. Howells."

Again he writes, in October, after a visit to the Howells household:

"My dear friend, since you will not let me give you the title of 'Mr.,' which Harvard conferred on you, the time has come to say good-bye, and I hate to say it and am not jocular a bit. I was lonesome a good while after we came away from your sincere household. It almost makes me cry now to see Johnny with swollen eyes and suppressed sobs thrusting his hands into the basket of grapes and casting glances upon the wreck of the table to see if there was anything else that could better stay his grief. Happy boyhood that can conquer grief by filling the mouth. You wouldn't believe what a great place you have got in my heart, both of you in both our hearts. I feel so much richer for it. God keep us all safe and well and give us more days for the enjoyment of a friendship which I believe has no selfishness in it."

Among the anecdotes this one furnished by one of Mr. Warner's associates on the Hartford Courant has a psychological interest:

"I recall once, that at my urgent request, when Mrs. Stowe was reported dying, he wrote an editorial about her to be published at her death. She rallied and lived months, perhaps years. When finally the article appeared he was in the South. On receiving his Courant he wrote home expressing his hearty approval of the editorial, adding that there were things in it he had always intended to say when the time came. He was quite curious to know who the author was."

Book Purchasers Deceived.

Literary Collector.

Book collectors are smiling broadly over a check recently made out and signed by the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, speaker of the House, in favor of an accomplished book agent, who dumped on the Hon. Gentleman a subscription set of historical volumes, by the power of his gifted tongue. The check should be worth as much to some collector of large and sad experience after it has been through the bank as before its payment. It should be reproduced and hung in many a full-gilt extra library. The check is indorsed in full as follows: "This check is in full payment, both legal and moral, for sixty volumes of books called in the contract with the payee [here is named the publication.] The books are not worth a damn, and are high at that. 'We are never too old to learn,' but the way the gentlemanly agent came it over your Uncle Joe is worth the check."

We saw in a bookseller's shop last week a set of subscription books—twenty-two volumes—got up in the fake subscription book manner, evidently printed from worn plates, and shoddily put together. The books were on sale, and the tale that goes with them is this: An invalid gentleman of New York is very fond of books, but is unable to read to himself, his eyes having given out. For years he has had constantly with him a nurse and companion who has been eyes and hands to the sick man. A short time ago this companion was called away and the invalid was left for awhile alone. A book agent called and was admitted to pass away the time. His persuasive eloquence and the display of a sample volume caused the gentleman to sign an order for the set, the price as he understood it being $150 all told. He could not see the order he was signing, but it was read to him by the agent. When the books were delivered the bill called for the payment of $150 for each of the twenty-two volumes, and the demand was backed by the order signed by the gentleman's own hand. Realizing the futility of fighting the claim in his weak state, he paid the bill of $2,300 and sent the books to a bookseller for disposal.

It seems to be the publishers of this same set who are being sued by a New Jersey woman, because they announced that this "author's edition" was to consist of twenty-six copies from specially designed type, and, since purchasing it, she finds it printed from plates that have been used for other editions. We have not seen the end of the suit.

Why Novels Are Read.

Philadelphia Ledger.

There is no one hardy enough to contend that novels are not the most popular and most widely read of the books that come from the publishers' presses, but few novel readers could give a philosophical explanation of their fondness for fiction. A writer in the London Bystander has undertaken to enlighten them. "Solemn lovers of their species," he says, "lament on platforms over the preponderance of the fiction which is taken out of circulating libraries as compared with other matter. But no one seems to see the obvious truth that the reason why novels are preferred to books of science or philosophy is because they are so much more important. A novel deals with a man's life. And a man's life is obviously more interesting than a man's theory. A man's life generally ends in death, which is a very romantic episode, whereas a man's theories generally end in nothing at all. Only very enthusiastic supporters of a theory would be interested in what became of that theory, whereas any one who had ever met him would be mildly interested in what would become of a man. He might be made king or be hanged. So that there is a very real difference between tossing away, half-finished, a book of philosophy or a book of fiction. It is all the difference between throwing a book over a cliff and throwing a man."

American Fiction Abroad.

New York Tribune.

If we are to believe a plaintive correspondent of the London Morning Post, the growing popularity of our native romances has greatly reduced our importation of the foreign article, and there has been "a general decline in the value of American rights" of British novels. We are told that "a British publisher of spirit is now visiting the States in order to investigate this and other professional problems." Perhaps we ought to shed sympathetic tears over the plight of the Britons now being edged out of a lucrative market, but, as a matter of fact, we see nothing to regret in the situation. If the publisher aforesaid is not only spirited, but a man of open mind, he will tell his authors when he returns to England that all they need to do in order to hold their own over here is to write better books. No foreign novelist of genuine ability misses his chance in this country; on the contrary, he is sure of an appreciative audience and of substantial returns. It is only the mediocrity who is going to the wall, and that strikes us as being a good thing for all concerned. It is true that the American novelist who is displacing him is often mediocre enough, but that is beside the point. If we must put up with twaddle let us, at any rate, have as little of it as possible.

Kipling's Parodies.

W. L. Alden's London Letter.

Mr. Kipling has been writing a series of parodies which have appeared in one of the daily papers. They are good parodies, and in every case Mr. Kipling has caught with admirable precision the style of the author whom he has parodied. But for one I could never take any interest in parodies. They merely present us with the outside of their originals, and though a clever parody must of necessity show cleverness on the part of the parodist—if the word may be permitted—it seems a wholly unnecessary exhibition of cleverness. I do not think that the general public has cared much for Mr. Kipling's parodies. Had he written nothing better we should doubtless have been attracted by the cleverness of them, but when we think of the superb work he has done we rather grudge the time employed by him in merely imitating some one else. Why should the man who wrote "The Seven Seas" condescend to imitate lesser men—for surely there are few among the poets whom Mr. Kipling has parodied who are not far below him in merit. But Mr. Kipling is entitled to amuse himself in his own way, and if he finds rest in writing parodies we can easily forgive him.

No Inspiration There.

Philadelphia Press.

"All I want is a room with an open fireplace in it," said the Literary Man.

"I don't care how small the room is, or how bare, but it must have an open fireplace or I can't work in it.

"You see, in the summer a chap can get his inspiration from out of doors, but the rest of the year he has to depend on what he can see indoors. Now, you can always see something in an open fire and get something out of it. But a steam heater is strictly business. There's not a spark of the artistic temperament in its makeup. That's why I've left my apartments and am in search of a little workroom with a fireplace.

"I sat and stared at my steam heater a whole night and not a suggestion did it give me. Finally I shut my eyes and imagined a fire, and had just managed to begin work when Thump! Thump! Thump-thump-thump! went the heater, and I couldn't write a line because it was beating the wrong time. No, sir, I want an open fireplace, please."

Deciding the Price.

Chicago Post.

The great magazine editor was wrapped in thought and cigar smoke. To him came an assistant editor with a poem.

"This seems to have passed the usual test," said the assistant.

"Have I read it?" asked the editor.

"Yes."

"Was I able to make anything of it?"

"No."

"Then accept it, of course."

"But how much shall we pay for it?"

The great editor increased the cloud of thought and cigar smoke.

"Have you read it?" he asked, at last.

"Yes."

"Were you able to make anything out of it?"

"No."

"Looks as if it might be pretty valuable, doesn't it? How many of our manuscript readers have tackled it?"

"Six."

"Could any of them make out what the poet was driving at?"

"Well, Robinson thought he got a glimmering idea of the underlying meaning."

"That takes $10 off the price," said the editor. "Just figure it up according to the usual method—$10 added for every man who couldn't understand it and $10 deducted for every man who could. We've got to pay good prices for good poetry, and there is only one way to decide what has real magazine merit."

Literary Notes.

Mr. Joseph Conrad, whose new novel, "Nostromo," is to be published in book form before long, is reported to have undertaken the composition of a series of essays dealing in anecdotal fashion with the sea and the author's experience with ships and sailors.

Referring to Carlyle, Herbert Spencer says that "he either could not or would not think coherently." The philosopher expressed admiration for George Eliot, both physically and intellectually, but says the report which was current that he was in love with and intended to marry her was untrue.

The immense undertaking of calendaring England's state papers concerning the war of American independence, begun by B. F. Stevens and continued after his death by a trained staff, has been completed and is bound in 180 manuscript volumes. It indexes the contents of the principal archives of England and the continent, and cannot fail to be an immensely valuable aid to historians of the Revolution.

Dr. Everett T. Tomlinson, author of "A Lieutenant Under Washington," and many other popular historical stories for boys, has just been given another five years' appointment as a member of the New Jersey State Library Commission by Governor Murphy. Dr. Tomlinson lectured last week on "Heroes and Heroines of the American Revolution" before the cadets of the Montclair Military Academy.

Professor James Albert Woodburn, of Indiana University, reports that his recent books, "The American Republic and Its Government" and "Political Parties and Party Problems in the United States," have been adopted as text-books in Purdue University, Eartham College and the Texas Christian University. Professor Woodburn has been spending the winter delivering a course of lectures at the University of Wisconsin.

The London Times publishes advance extracts from the autobiography of Herbert Spencer, which give interesting and curious remarks made by the philosopher. For example, he says: "After reading six books of the Iliad I felt that I would rather give a large sum than read to the end," and "After a perusal of Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice' I have lost all faith in Ruskin's judgment; doubtless he has a fine and eloquent style, but he has uttered multitudinous absurdities."

At a cost of $120,000 each, ten sets of the works of Charles Dickens, in 130 volumes, are being printed by a Boston publishing house. When completed, about eight years from now, they will be sent to J. Pierpont Morgan, the Duke of Westminster and eight other men of wealth. The books will be printed on rare parchment, such as is said not to have been used for four hundred years, and will be illuminated by French and Italian artists. The bindings will have solid gold decorations.

Nowhere in the world, says the Bystander, can the bookworm practice his wriggling art with such delight as along the Seine. The great metal-lined boxes on the broad stone parapets are watched over by relics of an age when that most terrible of proverbs, "Time is money," did not mean life at 100 horsepower. The old booksellers are booklovers, too, and they can talk about their books as well as sell them. Recently rumors of an intention to abolish the quayside bookstalls startled the city, but a monster deputation to the prefect of the Seine has saved them—for the present.

G. B. Burgin, the well-known English novelist, whose "Shutters of Silence" is winning attention on this side of the Atlantic, is said to "write" all his books by dictating them to a phonograph. Mr. Burgin has adopted this ultra-modern method, not for the sake of speed, but because, being freed from both the labor of writing and the presence of a second person, it brings him into the closest sympathy with his characters. By running over the cylinder he can actually hear his characters talking among themselves, and finds it simple thereafter to continue with them their natural and spontaneous dialogue.

George Madden Martin, the author of "Emmy Lou," was thought at first, because of her masculine sounding name, to be a man. George Madden Martin is her own name and she does not like to have it mistaken for her husband's name or for a pseudonym. The American public now understand this, but the English public, which has been recently introduced to "Emmy Lou," does not. The Pall Mall Gazette, in a recent review of "Emmy Lou," says ingenuously: "George Madden Martin indeed knows so much about little girls that we cannot help suspecting that femininity is concealed behind the masculine nom de guerre."

Her Spring Hat Bought, the Girl Looks for Pretty Shoes

Peculiarities of the Foot and Also of the Customer That the Wise Clerk Is Familiar With

THE rain was coming down in torrents outside; the streets were practically deserted, and so was the shoe store. Once in awhile some one would come in and purchase a pair of rubber shoes, but aside from this there was "nothing doing." The clerks were lounging lazily around the store.

"Did you ever notice that people are right-footed?" said the oldest clerk in the establishment, as he sat down on the edge of one of the large cases. "Watch the clerks here and you will see that a customer will invariably put out his right foot when going to be fitted."

At this juncture a large woman came in, and he continued: "Now watch this corpulent woman who has just sat down over there." Sure enough the woman with great weight of body took a seat and as another clerk approached poked her right foot from beneath an expanse of skirt.

"It's always the case," the first clerk observed, "and I don't believe I ever knew it to fail. The shoe manufacturers evidently are wise to this fact, as in the cartons the right shoe is always packed on top. Once a lot of shoes came in here with the left shoe on top, and it caused us all such annoyance that the proprietor wrote to the manufacturer, calling his attention to the matter, so that it wouldn't happen again.

"The majority of people are right-handed, yet a left-handed person has the right-foot habit. The right hand is larger than the left, as it is used more, and consequently the development of the muscles is greater.

"Now," continued the shoe clerk, "the question of which foot to fit is an important one to us. It may seem strange to you, but it is rare that we do not experience some trouble in fitting one foot, while the other is easily covered. A popular belief obtains that the right foot of every person is the hardest to fit, and that is why purchasers always want to try on the right shoe first.

"If a shoe fits the right foot is it often a very difficult matter to fit the left foot?" was asked.

"It is true," the clerk said, "that in a majority of cases if you succeed in fitting the right foot you will have no trouble with the left. My practice is to try both feet before I pronounce a pair of shoes a perfect fit. Then I am sure of avoiding any mistake growing out of peculiarities of foot formation. No two people have feet formed exactly alike, and the storekeeper who thinks they have and is governed accordingly will meet with many complaints.

"The only rational theory I have ever been able to evolve is a very simple one, when you come to consider it. Nine people out of every ten you meet are right-handed. If you will observe the person who uses the right hand when he is standing and talking you will notice that he invariably rests the weight on the right foot, and the left-handed person will also rest his weight on the right foot, which seems strange.

"That is my explanation of the common belief that the right foot is the standard to go by in fitting shoes. But, as I have already said, there is no rule that is absolutely safe to follow, and my plan is always to fit both feet before I let a customer leave my shop."

At this juncture of the conversation a neatly-dressed young woman came in and asked to look at some high-priced spring shoes. The clerk showed her a number, a $5 pair being the lowest in price. She tried on two or three pairs of the more stylish and then said that she saw none that suited her and walked out. The old clerk, as he saw her go down the street, laughingly said:

"I knew that was the way that sale would turn out," and judging that he might be something of a Sherlock Holmes, he was asked for an explanation.

"Well," he said, "in the first place, her clothes were not stylish enough to warrant her buying the kind of shoes she called for. Another thing that made me feel that she would not buy was that the shoe she took off when she tried on the other was an ordinary $3 shoe. That girl simply came in here to see what the latest styles were in the high-priced shoes, and now she will go to some cheaper place and buy a pair.

"There are a number of girls here whose pocketbooks are a trifle thin who do this. They like to be up to date in their footwear and yet they have not the money to purchase the finer shoes, so they come here and look at the leather and last and then go elsewhere to buy. They may not be able to obtain the same thing in the cheaper shoe, but they will come pretty close to it, for there is no better shoe made in the world than the $3 shoe which is made and sold in America.

"The time is near at hand for women to begin to look for pretty shoes," said the clerk, "and while the young man's fancy may lightly turn to love, I will say that the modish young woman's turns to shoes. All winter she has been able to hide her shabby footwear with rubbers, but not so when the warm days of spring come. A woman is not so particular about her shoes as a man. Perhaps it is because there are so few places where she can get a shine; and, again, it may be, dissimulation being innate in her, that she depends upon her skirts to hide her feet.

"The thing that is going to be noticed in women's shoes this spring is the extension soles on the walking boot. It has the merit of being comfortable and making the feet look smaller. Bluchers are having a great run in both low and high shoes, and are very appropriate to tailor and shirt-waist gowns, so the stylish dressed women tell me.

"A hospitable member of Indianapolis society told me the other day," continued the shoe clerk, "that if she could afford to build a house with only one room in it she would make that room a company room. Every woman should say if she can afford to buy only a pair of shoes, or a pair of shoe trees, that she will take the trees every time, for without them it is absurd to think of keeping shoes in shape, and it is incongruous to see a dressed-up woman wearing a sloppy, run-down-at-the-heel, shapeless boots."

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