

PRISON REFORM.

The Gratitude of John Joyce, the Millionaire.

FORCED TO SELL ARLINGTON

At a Sacrifice to Please His Friends and the Aristocratic Residents of that Exclusive Suburb—The Struggle for Existence Caused by His Loss and Some Dead-Beat Boarders Belonging to the Best Columbus Families.

PART II

TWENTY-NINTH PAPER.

After my incarceration in the penitentiary it became necessary for my wife to turn breadwinner for the six worse than orphaned children, the oldest of whom was in his twelfth year (he is now private secretary to Gen. W. B. Shattuck, M. C., of Cincinnati and clerk of the Immigration Committee and the youngest a babe of less than one year. We decided, after canvassing the difficulties confronting her that she should turn our suburban residence at Arlington into a dairy farm. The residence stood on five acres of ground and was distant from the city but three miles. Hon. De Witt C. Jones, of Columbus, a lawyer by profession and a gentleman by the design of Providence, tendered my wife the free use of about forty acres of land adjoining Arlington. This pasture was provided for the cows and a brother-in-law undertook to manage the sale of the milk, the wagons, etc. In an incredibly short time she had gotten up a large patronage, as our friends took this method of manifesting their sympathy and even some of my personal enemies very generously patronized the Arlington Dairy Milk.

It can easily be surmised what an immense relief this paying enterprise was to me, locked up and prevented from providing for such a large and helpless family. All but the youngest child had been to Europe twice and they had been accustomed to every reasonable luxury and their slightest desires promptly gratified. My children were the idols of my soul. I had never laid a hand in anger upon one of them. And now that all of them are almost grown up they one and all proudly boast that they "were never whipped by their parents."

My wife, who had been born and raised on a farm, managed the dairy intelligently and to such advantage that in a short while she was clearing \$100 per month. We all took heart and the light came back to her eyes and the roses to her cheeks. The children assisted her and attended school regularly, but not the Sacred Heart Convent School in which my oldest girl was a pupil until the so-called tragedy. Promptly upon my arrest the Christian head of that institution sent the child home and followed her with a polite letter of dismissal. And this, too, where she had heretofore been the pet and favorite of the Sister teachers. I had never been very much of a religious man or orthodox Christian, but my wife was permitted to exercise her own will in these matters. It is hardly necessary to state that the unchristian act of the Sister Superior failed to improve my particular brand of religion or Christianity. I fully expressed these views to the late Bishop of the Columbus diocese, enclosing the letter of the Sister Superior for his edification and enlightenment, and by so doing thereby added another to the many reasons the good Bishop had for regarding me with pious repulsion, which he was never very slow to manifest after his own peculiar methods.

Shortly after the Arlington dairy began to pay handsomely I received a message by the runner from the front office to come to the Warden's private office. Having washed the glue from my hands and face and pinned my collarless shirt at the throat I went to the office and there found Mr. John Joyce, the dry goods millionaire, referred to in these papers. Mr. Joyce, fortunately for me, was as unemotional as an Indian cigar sign and in both face and manner manifested neither surprise nor regret at either my personal appearance or the misfortune which had overtaken me.

Mr. Joyce was business from the start to the close of the interview. He wasted no time in sentimental or sympathetic inquiries as to my health, treatment, or the overwhelming change in my fortunes.

I was indebted to him in the sum of \$7,500, for which he held a second mortgage on my city residence and on the Arlington (now dairy) property. Mr. Joyce felt that he had the right to determine which property should be sold to liquidate the indebtedness. And strange as it may appear I also had a similar feeling. But I was a prisoner and both Mr. Joyce and Warden Dyer soon convinced me that I did not any longer exercise either good judgment or discretionary powers in the disposal of my property. The aristocratic residents of Arlington resented the dairy established in their midst and in the most beautiful of all the sites and residences of that exclusive suburb. They put their heads together and decided that my wife must move out. They soon found that Mr. Joyce had a first mortgage on Arlington and a second mortgage on my Gay street, or city property. His assistance was solicited. Superintendent Miller, of the Pennsylvania Railway, desiring the place for a contractor named Cass Paris, who had the contract for supplying stone ballast to that great system and who employed several hundred men on stone crushers in quarries near Arlington, also saw his friend Joyce and urged him to gobble the property and re-sell it to Mr. Paris. Now, it will be remembered by the readers of these papers, Mr. Joyce was under some obligations to me in the Church divorce case, in which I championed his daughter (Mrs. Church) as against her husband. Hence he concluded that it would not look well before the Columbus public acquainted with our relations to foreclose a mortgage on my wife and throw herself and six children out on the cold charities of the

world. Being a man of hard sense and harder head he visited me to induce me to put a price on Arlington and sell it, so that he could get his \$7,500, every penny of which he owed me in equity and justice, inasmuch as to the championship of his daughter I was mainly indebted for my conviction and material losses, besides prestige and actual business, both in circulation and advertisements.

I explained to Mr. Joyce that my wife holding Arlington she could raise her children and in a few years be independent. I offered him my Gay street property, on which there was a first mortgage for \$8,000 and in addition I agreed to pay him in cash \$2,000, thus leaving the Gay street property—a stone front house on a 50x125 foot lot in the centre of the city—standing him the sum of \$13,500. It had cost me \$16,000, including a brick building I had erected in the rear of and the full width of the lot as a printing office. No! he wanted the Arlington property sold and my wife could move into the city and run a boarding house. The cold brutality of this proposal nearly unmanned me. Here was the man whom, in a spirit of sincere friendship I had risked my paying newspaper property for, by advocating the cause of his daughter in her successful efforts to divorce her husband and by which my annual income was depleted several thousand dollars in having done so, proposing that the lady he was so anxious to accept invitations to his dinners at his Broad street mansion should socially descend to keeping a boarding house. And to her husband, too, to whom he SEVEN—GLOBE. had been accustomed to observe that deferential respect which intellectual superiority commands, even from millionaires. He knew, as I did, that my wife was as ill adapted to running a boarding house as he was to running a locomotive, while on the contrary, dairy farming was congenial work, and an enterprise which owing to her practical knowledge and early training she could and did successfully conduct.

How did I come indebted to Mr. Joyce in the sum of \$7,500? After my arrest and the exhaustion of my bank account I found it necessary to raise more money for the expenses of my trial. My attorney, General Powell, suggested Mr. Joyce as being under deep obligations to me and he volunteered to secure a loan. The loan was effected through Samuel F. Black, then an attorney in General Powell's office and subsequently Mayor of Columbus. Mr. Black's name appeared in the mortgage as loaning the money and as he was then an obscure attorney no comment was excited by the transaction, whereas if Mr. Joyce's name was known in the matter the town would be on fire and "Rome would rock on her seven hills," as Mr. Joyce was the leading Catholic (so far as wealth and social position went) in Columbus, and the A. P. A.'s were kindly and gratefully attending to my affairs just at this period. In fact I have been singularly fortunate all my life, from boyhood up in attracting the attention and subsequent hostility of every religious bigot and hypocrite otherwise unemployed or disengaged, and this irrespective of creed, class or color. I believe this has already been noted in these papers. General Powell effected the loan and conscientiously superintended its expenditure to the last penny. He managed to rake in almost \$2,000 of it himself, thus following Mr. Joyce's sage advice to "let the sparrows, but leave the obins alone." And I was a helpless tom spraw just then.

Arlington had cost me in the neighborhood of \$11,000—my wife figured it much more, but as nearly as I could estimate I had expended about that sum. When all argument and appeal to Mr. Joyce's judgment and sympathy had failed I inquired if he knew of any prospective purchaser. He did, of course. Mr. Cass Paris would call on me and make an offer. Mr. Paris subsequently called and offered \$6,000. I declined this sum as being insufficient to cover Mr. Joyce's mortgage. Further negotiations and peremptory notification or significant pressure by Mr. Joyce resulted in the sacrifice of my Arlington home for the \$6,000, the aristocratic residents clubbing in and presenting my wife with \$500 to defray the expenses of moving and the loss to be incurred in selling off the cows, milk wagons, horses, etc. Of course she lost more than the \$500 in the shrinkage in value of some eighteen or twenty cows, several milk wagons, and five or six head of horses, with the other necessary adjuncts of a dairy. The \$6,000 was turned over to Mr. Joyce and a second mortgage executed to him for \$1,500 on my Gay street property to balance his account, or the original sum of \$7,500 loaned me. The move to the Gay street residence and in due time the boarding house business followed. An expenditure of several hundred—almost a thousand—dollars, united the two buildings on my lot on Gay street, and then the struggle for existence for my wife and children commenced. Horses, carriages, jewelry, books, pictures, everything of intrinsic value were in time turned into cash at the usual sacrifice; interest had to be paid on the mortgage, wear and tear of furniture, building, etc., replaced and repaired, and owing to her inexperience, my wife lost in addition to serving meals at less than their cost hundreds of dollars by dead-beat boarders, many of them belonging to the old and aristocratic families of Columbus, one of whom, a Dennison scion, got away with some \$200. Mr. Joyce still continued to pile up his thousands annually and I neither heard from nor met him again. He is still the leading dry goods prince of the capital of Ohio, if not of the West, and I am calmly awaiting the hour in which I will be called upon to write his—obituary. Meanwhile I would not morally, mentally, and physically, exchange child for child with him for double his wealth with each son or daughter, so merciful is Providence in tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. And am only too well satisfied that much as he loves wealth he would exchange it in his old age for the family of sons and daughters the convict "Bill" Elliott has—or rather my wife—raised in the face of a fate his ingratitude made more cruel, unbearable and more difficult to surmount.

In refusing the accommodation asked for—the exchange of the Gay street property—my wife was condemned to the hardest and most unremunerative toll for eight years, the last remnants of a fair competency were sacrificed in the struggle to exist and the city residence finally sold by the sheriff, as, owing to my long and protracted imprisonment, the interest on the mortgage could not be met and the Hartford (Conn.) School Pupils Trustees, who held the mortgage, foreclosed it and thus completed our absolute and entire financial ruin. And I would still be a prisoner if one of nature's noblemen, Asa S. Bushnell, of Springfield, Ohio, had not been elected Governor of the state, for although George K. Nash (the present Governor) had been a political conferee, a familiar acquaintance and a professed friend, he has neither the heart, the humanity nor the superb manhood to rise above the clamors of the malicious enemies of the unfortunate, as his noble predecessor had, when on the morning of July 4, 1899, he opened the gates of my living tomb and restored me to the wife and children, whose united prayers still ascend and will continue to ascend as long as life lasts for Heaven's choicest blessings on his person and on his family. (To be continued.)

ARE THEY BORN OR MADE?

Different Ideas as to Origin of Criminals from Congress of Criminal Anthropology.

Are criminals born or made? The congress of criminal anthropology now sitting at Amsterdam discussed the question yesterday. Differences of opinion threatened at one stage to become acute until Signor Ferri, of Rome, resorted to a compromise. Some men are born criminals, but a man with a criminal stigma does not always become a criminal; his surroundings and his general mode of life have to co-operate. This statement is as cautious as it is correct, and expresses, we imagine the last word of philosophic criminology. We may illustrate it by reference to another and a more reputable class of persons, though indeed their calling also has on high philosophic authority been pronounced "a kind of madness;" we mean the class of poets. Now, as every school boy knows, a poet is "born, not made." But we know also that there are "mute inglorious Miltons." All poets come to maturity of song. Surroundings and general mode of life must co-operate, —at least Arnold, if we remember aright, laid it down in one of his letters—somewhat disputably, we think—that leisure and a banker's balance were among these co-operating inducements to song. But, however, that may be, there can be no doubt that criminal instincts, like poetic and all other instincts, may be either stimulated or discouraged by other influences. And this is the other side of the matter which it is most useful for states to remember. There is, indeed, an heroic school of anthropologists which preaches the doctrine of "the sterilization of the degenerate;" but for immediately practicable purposes, "the reformation of the criminal" and "the prevention of crime" are better formulas. They should not be forgotten even in the case of criminal anarchism.

Origin of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

The secret of the origin of that strange story "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is related in Mr. Balfour's "Life of Stevenson." The true story still delayed, till suddenly one night he had a dream. He awoke, and found himself in possession of two or rather three of the scenes in the "Strange Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Its waking existence, however, was by no means a pleasant one. He dreamed these scenes in considerable detail, including the circumstance of the transforming power, and so vivid was the impression that he wrote the story off at a red heat, just as it had presented itself to him in his sleep. "In the small hours of one morning," says Mrs. Stevenson, "I was awakened by cries of horror from Louis. Thinking he had a nightmare, I awakened him. He said angrily, 'Why did you wake me? I was dreaming a fine bogey tale.' I had awakened him at the first Osborne writes: 'I don't believe that there was ever such a literary feat before as the writing of "Dr. Jekyll." I remember the first reading as though it were yesterday. Louis came down stairs in a fever, read nearly half the book aloud; and then, while we were still gasping, he went away again, and busy writing. I doubt if the first draft took so long as three days."

Lotteries.

Lotteries are generally said to have had their origin in Italy, but in Crowe and Cavalcasse's "Early Flemish Painters" reference is made to a lottery drawn at Bruges on February 24, 1446 (1445 old style). This is the earliest of which the scheme, list of prizes and accounts are known to be in existence. In 1539 a lottery was drawn in Florence, the object being to meet the state expenses. Nine years afterward they were legalized in France by Francis I, and called "blanques." The lottery, instituted at Paris by the Duke de Invernois in 1572 and 1578 was for providing marriage portions for the young women belonging to this estate. The first lottery known in England was a draw at the west door of St. Paul's cathedral in 1569, temple, Elizabeth. The amount was £20,000, which in those days was very considerable. It consisted of 40,000 tickets at 10 shillings each, and the profits of the speculation were to be appropriated to the repair of the harbors of the kingdom. The drawing was very long affair, being continuous day and night from January 11 to May 6. The prizes were all in plate.

In some parts of the north of Scotland fisherfolk turn back if a hare or pig crosses their path; and at sea they never pronounce the name of the hare, —a pig, the salmon, the trout or the dog.

MAJOR PHILIP DOUGLAS

Relates His Experience of the Men in the Ranks.

THE KIND WHO ENLISTED.

The City Bred Boy and the Country Chap—All Types of Character—How Volunteer Soldiers Disagreed with the Digestion of Regular Officers—Interesting Anecdotes and Observations.

What sort of chaps enlisted? Well, I can speak only of the West. There a very large part were farmers' sons, boys of from twenty to twenty-five years of age; sound, healthy, docile, used to outdoor life and plain fare, and lacking only a quick understanding of distinctions of rank and, in their earlier service, the power of dispensing with regular sleep.

The city-bred boy, used to theatres and other sleep-robbing amusements, could keep awake on guard or on picket duty without trouble. The country boy had to acquire this power painfully. As to rank, the farmer's son put on no airs and allowed none. So at first his officers, as own playmates, perhaps, elected by the recruits themselves, appeared to his view as differing from himself chiefly in the matter of shoulder-straps and chevrons and in getting more pay. Why he should salute and call by a title a friend who had hitherto been "Jim" or "Bill" to him, did not at first discover itself. The officers were at first quite as awkward in these matters as the men, disliking "to put on airs" with their boyhood friends, and hating casts as much as did the soldiers they commanded.

I remember the startled, disgusted look of a young regular officer riding with the new colonel of a new infantry regiment, on hearing a voice from the ranks call out to the colonel, "Say, John, what's the news from home?" These things were not intentional disrespect; they were natural and hardly blamable. Of course, campaigning soon corrected the more glaring of such faults, for the men required no course of lectures, after actual work began, to teach them the value and the necessity of organization.

In this I claim the volunteer from our Western states as peerless; his wonderful adaptability, his straightforward, practical sense. These made him a trustworthy and efficient soldier while a foreigner would be learning his feelings. Young fellows who had never seen even a militia company became, with a few months' field service, efficient company commanders, sure to do the proper thing even under the most adverse circumstances. Clerks from country stores were in the same time developed into active, saries, while young family physicians became surgeons of marked capacity. They were patriotic; but hatred of the foe seemed to come in only later, after this comrade had been killed and the other one crippled, or, harder still, captured.

Many lads enlisted younger than the ages prescribed. General Rosecrans had a boy of thirteen make a sergeant on the battlefield of Chickamauga, for conspicuous bravery, and the first Kentucky (Union) had a scarred veteran or a captain promoted at seventeen for good soldiership. But as a general—ing the immature recruit broke down and went home invalided. When he escaped this, he became a thing of whiplash and tempered steel.

Likewise men came into the ranks who were past the age of useful service. A man of fifty, or even forty, however strong and healthy, was very apt to find lacking a certain resiliency, without which full value as a private soldier is not to be had.

The Mexican War veterans were at first in great demand; but apart from their methods being largely obsolete, they were generally past the military prime. The Mexican War had broken out, and its veterans were nearly middle-aged men at least. These Mexican veterans were great terrorists to us youngsters. Aggravating airs of experience were added to an unconcealed contempt for men who had never seen Taylor and Scott, and who didn't even know such names as "Paller Alter" and "Bewery Vister," to say nothing of "Cherrybuster" and "Chipulterpeck."

The West-Pointers we did not so much mind. We felt that we needed them as generals, and we had the deepest respect for their fighting qualities; but we secretly sneered at them for being so finikin over what we saw as trifles, and we were right in being early in our struggle that they had a good deal to learn as well as ourselves. Most of them had been fighting Indians, and instinct told us that fighting Confederates was another contract.

The ideal soldier was perhaps a twenty-two or twenty-three year old Ohio or Indiana boy, fresh from the farm, and with a good cross-roads school education. Some latitude may be given as to years and states—say two or three preferably added, and to the Northwest. Such boys had no vices and very rarely had bad habits. They loved their mothers and were a little afraid of the "old man." As for physical courage, no class of men, in our country at least, can be labelled one way or the other. Most men fight if incited by their passions or ordered by proper authority. A few, very few love it, and a good many hate it; but if it has to be done, man's preferences don't cut much of a figure. My own observation, when serving with a small semi-independent command, made me select for exceptionally dangerous work those men who paled a little at first and then steadied themselves. Such men had sense enough to measure the danger and to avoid adding unnecessary risks, and yet had force enough to do their duty. The reckless, dare-devil compelled admiration, but the steady fellow, who kept duty before him in spite of realizing the danger, commanded confidence.

An example of the former, one of many very old volunteer can cite, was

the private soldier in the trenches of Vicksburg, ragged and dirty, and in no sense looking like a hero, who, rising his blackened tin cup of coffee he was heating, found himself face to face with a party of officers of high rank, who had just come around an angle of the works, as a hissing grenade fell at their feet. Among the officers were men whose names are synonyms for bravery, but they stood transfixed when that ragged hero picked up the shell, and blowing on the fuse to make sure of its being over the breastworks, threw it back over the breastworks, yelling to the Confederates, "Keep it yourselves; we don't want it," and turning to his coffee as the thing exploded, just out of reach, with a force that a moment sooner would have blown them all to atoms.

Another case will illustrate the valor of a man through a sense of duty. He was a lieutenant in an Ohio regiment in its first battle. The command was lying down, sheltered by a depression, in front of which was an open field with a Confederate earthwork a couple of hundred yards ahead. Over this open place rifle-balls were singing and the stuff from the fieldpieces was whistling. The colonel of the regiment, turning from his brigadier in the rear, was on the point of going out to view the ground over which the regiment was to charge presently. In answer to a lieutenant's question, he said he had to know whether a ravine on the left extended up into the ground in front. The lieutenant pulled him down gently to where all were crouching, and said calmly, "Let me go. There's only one colonel to the regiment, but there's a lot of us lieutenants." Five minutes later, as he bandaged a badly shattered leg he had dragged back, he described the ground accurately to the colonel. This done, without a word of comment he started back to the rear to get his leg "fixed by the doctor."

Occasionally a regiment got an exceptionally good name, but rarely did one get a bad reputation for want of steadiness under fire. At one of the earlier engagements of the war, in Western Virginia, a green India regiment was taunted by the Confederates from their breastworks with the cry of "Buena Vista!" There was a story current that regiment from Indiana had flinched at the battle of Buena Vista in Mexico. The taunt cost the Confederates dearly, for within a few minutes the Indians proved beyond doubt that any question as to their willingness to fight at close quarters was a matter of past history.

In the long run the higher principled men made the higher mark. One thing which raised the tone of the whole army was the chance for promotion. Death, resignations, and promotions out of the regiment made plenty of vacancies, and every ambitious young fellow knew that his promotion depended more on himself than on any one else. One gallant young fellow of twenty-six years fell in North Georgia in 1863 as colonel of his regiment, having filled every grade from private soldier upward, not omitting those of sergeant-major and adjutant. He had been a minor clerk in a provision store in his native town when the war broke out. Until after the first year of the war brigadier-generals were the least qualified for their posts of all who wore buttons. But later on, when they were made by promotion instead of political preferment, all this was changed for the better.

VICISSITUDES OF A GIRL IN MALE ATTIRE.

[A TRUE STORY.]

"The experience of a girl tramp" is the autobiography of a lady who, after the murder of her husband and forced by her necessities to make her own living, assumed male attire for the special purpose of earning history. Her adventures on the road were not only interesting, but startling, and sometimes quite sensational. They will be truthfully detailed in the columns of THE SUNDAY MORNING GLOBE, on the staff of which this well-known newspaper writer and clever young woman is now a valued member—EDITOR G. OBE.

For several hours I wandered around the outskirts of Norfolk endeavoring to make up my mind to leave the city and tramp out into the country. A gentle snow had been falling all day, but towards night it began to get colder and sleet and rain, with fast approaching darkness made anything but a cheerful setting to my first night alone on the road—utterly miserable, but not despondent. There was a potent reason why I did not dare to lose my courage, nor for a single moment to give way to the very natural fear that filled my heart, but was not permitted to cloud my brain or to weaken my resolution to make my own way and ask charity of no man.

So determined was I to be absolutely self-dependent that I had by this time fully made up my mind to put down all feminine scruples to such a course and bid good-bye to Norfolk once for all.

It is needless to recall all the hardships endured by a tramp totally unaccustomed to such an existence, but I will state that with all the attending ills of my position I yet found a grim humor in it, especially, for instance, when upon reaching a small village about seven miles from Norfolk I went to the one store in the town, which, as is quite common, was at once postoffice, depot, commissary and general meeting house for the villagers. The only new comer in the crowd, I naturally attracted more or less attention, but, secure in the belief that not in their wildest dreams would it occur to these simple people to suspect that I was in disguise, I mixed freely with them, and learned much from their conversation of their town, people, and their life interests. One by one the loungers left the store, I alone remaining for want of where to go. I can remember distinctly just how I was sitting on a nail keg near the stove, and how I finally plucked up courage to ask the storekeeper if he could suggest a place where for ten cents I might get a night's lodging. He scratched his beard and studied for a moment and then replied: "Waal, I guess Mr. Jones might 'commodate you, but he's a mighty particular man. Fends on how you get at him." After

receiving a few directions about how to find Mr. Jones' house, I set out for his place.

Mr. Jones proved to be a retired preacher-farmer. He invited me to supper, and I did eat. A cosy little room and a snow-white bed was placed at my disposal, but "nary" a ten cents would this good soul accept in return. If he should chance to read this account after many years, it is to be hoped he will know now, if he did not then, how much his kindness to a wanderer was appreciated.

My next adventure was with a very poor family, and its inevitable accompaniment of the baker's dozen children. I arrived at their home about dusk and helped some of the boys put up the horses and feed the cattle, as they were quitting work for the night. I gathered from their conversation that they were devout Baptists, and thinking to give some plausible reason for my request for a share of their hospitality, I told them that I was a young Baptist Bible student. This was well enough if they had accepted it in silence, but, no doubt, wishing to show they knew what treatment should be accorded one so exalted a calling they promptly invited me to read them in prayer. Here was a situation that I had not looked for. In childhood days I had been a Bible student, though not of the Baptist persuasion. Recalling as best I could some of the beautiful prayers of the Episcopal service, I reverently and sincerely repeated them, while this simple family listened with an approval.

I have often wondered if any Baptist student ever made use of such prayers before or since, or if those people realized the prayers I uttered that night were not, as is the custom with the character I was assuming for the time, purely extemporaneous.

On Good Friday I reached Elizabeth City, N. C., and was in time to attend service at the picturesque Episcopal church at that place. After service I waited at the door until the rector came out. I spoke to him and asked if he could direct me where to find work of any kind. For answer he took me by the arm and led me across the lawn to his home. Presently his wife invited me into the dining room and set before me as dainty a lunch as ever pleased the palate of a prince. He then bade me make myself perfectly at home while he consulted his wife as to the possibility of finding employment in that town for me. In the meantime I seated myself at the piano and began to play all the hymns I had known and loved in my childhood, and finally my fingers idly wandered over the keys until I remembered and began to play Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream." What a contrast were here. Cold, dreary weather, no home, no money, and almost no friends, and yet I could play that masterpiece embodying the perfect abandonment of delight and joyousness. It was this characteristic that ever sustained me during this trying experience.

I spent two weeks at Elizabeth City, during which time by playing the piano at social entertainments and in many other little ways, I managed to earn a few dollars. Making myself known as a Good Templar to the leader of that order in this city, I was able to secure a railroad ticket back to Norfolk. It may seem strange that I should have been trying at this time to get back to the city which little more than two weeks before I was so anxious to leave. The reason for this was that in leaving Norfolk, instead of following a road which would have led me in the direction of Washington, I lost my way, and when in Elizabeth City was about as far away from Washington as it was possible to get in that direction.

Just opposite Norfolk is a little place called Berkley, Va. Here I alighted from the train and walked to the ferry, on which for three cents one can cross to Norfolk.

(To be continued.)

A RECORD BREAKER. IN SUITS TO ORDER.

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