NEW LIFE IN DEAD PLACES.

PLAN TO REVIVE DECADENT LITTLE HILL TOWNS OF NEW-ENGLAND.

Edward P. Pressey Describes for Tribune Readers the Work He Is Doing Along This Line at New-Clairvaux, Mass.

In the remote little old village of Montague, in Northwestern Massachusetts, there is quietly going forward a movement which may spread until it entirely removes the stigma of "decadence" from which so many communities in New-England suffer. This movement finds its visible expression in a settlement of workers which is called New-Clairvaux Plantations. Social settlements in the slums are familiar features of city life; but this is a kind of social settlement in the country—and that is a new idea.

The members of the settlement earn their own living. They support themselves and families by farming, by fruit or poultry raising, by teaching, or by handicrafts of various kinds. These enterprises are carried on individually. All the proceeds of work go to the worker; but they coöperate by exchanging work, by exchanging tools, by conducting classes for learning handicrafts, by maintaining a coöperative exchange in the village and outside exhibitions for the sale of goods, and by a spirit of mutual and public service without compensation.

The object is to make country life interesting, and at the same time profitable, both spiritually and financially.

The Rev. Edward P. Pressey is the founder of the settlement. He desired to rid himself of the taunt that he preached the gospel of Christ, not so much for the love of his fellow man as for the salary which he drew as preacher, and while casting about for the ways and means to do this he had a vision of a society in which all should be ministers one to the other, in the literal sense of that word.

THE VISION OF THE FOUNDER.

Here is his vision as set down in words by himself:

"The time is ripe for the New-Clairvaux. The name Clairvaux is a symbol of that around which crystallized out of universally unsatisfactory conditions a new civilization. The old Clairvaux was the flower of the old Benedictine Abbey, founded by St. Bernard in the twelfth century, which one writer has thus described:

"'In France and England, in every rich valley, by the side of every clear and deep stream, arose a Benedictine Abbey, a centre of local good and Christian civilization.'

"I first saw New-Clairvaux from the top of a mountain road in the morning light, where a large mountain brook tumbles out of high upland pastures. I saw large buildings grouped around spacious quadrangles. They might have been factories, or a country college, or else some religious institution, and I learned later they were all three in a most natural combination of industry, learning and devotion.

"The several country roads that led up and down the valley were bordered by lines of young shade trees or pleasant fruits. The same may be said of the lanes that led between the fields. There were miles and miles of avenues of trees to the limits of the estates of New-Clairvaux; and among them many an inviting seat for rest or study. There were no village streets in the vicinity of the shops, but the houses were located along the roads in every direction, very substantially built in little parks averaging an eighth of a mile apart.

"Upon closer examination I found that most of the houses were built of common field stones, generally once split, showing the fresh beauty of crystalline structure unmolested by any chisel. The central or community buildings were built with just as much care and taste as the private dwellings. Outside them and in was the same finish, atmosphere and symbolism of devotion.

"But lest you think I am dreaming a dream I must begin back and tell you briefly the history of New-Clairvaux. The builder of New-Clairvaux had taken up an abandoned farm which he found readily in Central New-England for $500, $100 down. The first question naturally was, How much does it cost a family of two, three, four, five, etc., to live in the most desirable simple way? He began to experiment in the direction of testing Henry D. Thoreau's 'law of domestic economy,' outlined in Chapter 1 of 'Walden,' and found that it was an approximately reliable fact that a single man can subsist in country New-England and live the life of a cultured person upon five or six weeks of manual labor each year. To this he added another six weeks' allowance for the support of a married couple. This he found a large margin through the things shared and labor divided for creature comforts a single man would generally deny himself alone. With each addition to the family above two, the additional weeks of labor were found to rapidly diminish, and as children successfully neared adult age to disappear altogether. At the outset with a family of four, after paying for his farm, gradually stocking and equipping it, he found that he had considerably more than two-thirds, or in other words, almost precisely seven-tenths of his time on his hands for devoting to the next problem of life.

"He was a journalist by profession and by taste an ardent lover of good literature. So he set up a small printing press and sought to get more unemployed people into farming. To this end he published a little five cent magazine, partly as a missionary organ; secondly, he wanted to collect a model country library; thirdly, he wanted to print a collection of the traditions of persons and places throughout his county. The printing press enterprise paid, because altogether it served a unique purpose of substantial as well as growing popular interest.

"A chapel was fitted up in a wing of the factory beautiful. Not a thing about or within it had been machine work, but everything was done by hand. On pleasant days the chapel door stood open from early morning until dark. Within were all the aids to devotion, including all the devotional and spiritual literature of the world, carefully bound, in cases along the walls, amid statuary of fine characters and inspiring pictures. Sometimes they had lectures here upon Ruskin, William Morris, Carlyle, Charles Kingsley, Emerson, Robert Owen, Tolstoy, or some other prophet of the heavenly this world life, the eternity of now. Sunday evenings there was a social service of song followed by reasonable exposition of some part of the Bible and an address by some visiting speaker, ending with some brief, inspiring liturgy of great dignity and sweetness.

"A prophet's chamber had been fitted up in the tower over the factory and chapel entrances. Here there most always abode some visiting speaker of any denominational persuasion or race, provided it was only some one who seemed to have something special lying at his or her heart to say to the public. The practical theology and ethics of this institution were all soul's philosophy. The prophet's chamber soon found friends to specially endow it.

"In the course of a few years a great many small industries, handicrafts and arts were added to the New-Clairvaux. There was practical sympathy here, especially for every commercially unsuccessful talent. If there was an unappreciated musician, he found a chance to make a living at something at New-Clairvaux, if it were only at gardening, and, thanks to superior co-operation, he had eight-tenths of his time left to cultivate his art. It became a special resort for skilled mechanics, artists and authors. The New-Clairvaux became a training school for many professions. It was an institution, yet it was life and industry itself. It was a church, a discipline, a new ideal of society that was to come.

"Marriages were announced generally a year in advance. The couple who intended settling in New-Clairvaux were entitled to choose any vacant ten acre lot upon signing certain simple obligations. Members of the community then turned out under direction of one of the master builders and put up a house for them equal to the highest standard of house building.

"Early as the fifth year of the New-Clairvaux, a host of people, including both very rich and very poor, already regarded it as an ideal school of truly liberal education. Boys and girls were sent there in their twelfth or thirteenth year and kept there, especially through those formative years of youth so often wasted without sufficient guide or natural employment. Here fascinating industrial arts were perfectly taught to discipline the body. The labor was paid for. There were sufficient intervals in work hours for play.

"There was neither a bookworm nor a drudge in the entire community. Leadership was natural, spiritual, generous and respectful and not spoiled by a struggling cupidity.

"And I saw no other schoolhouse nor temple therein; for the law of God, the law of love, was the light thereof."

THE VISION MATERIALIZES.

"That was my vision of four years ago," said Mr. Pressey the other day, "before ever New-Clairvaux or any visible part of it had come to pass as New-Clairvaux. This was the first picture or vision of what I intended to do, God helping me. I told my vision first in Connecticut, after all my friends had pronounced me crazy for putting the Church to one side for these things. This vision came to me on the mountain of Plainfield, Mass., looking one day over the lofty swells to the higher Hoosacs in Savoy. I imagined I saw a place that closely fits this description, the solution of the country and city problem, nothing drear, nothing urban, yet the City of God.

"It is purely imaginary. Yet it contained the germ of all that has grown since. On the strength of its simple probability there began at once to be offered us houses and lands, persons and money and a great variety else of material and moral support, often without the least solicitation. We have had several large checks sent us by mail from absolute strangers, the largest one being for $250, from a New-York man who was travelling in Europe. We declined land offered us in Connecticut, Maine and New-Hampshire, and began right where we were in Montague, Mass., nearly four years ago.

"Now I will change the picture from the air to the earth in Montague, where New-Clairvaux has begun to appear. Montague is approached by the Hoosac Tunnel line through deep shady valleys. It is a region of many pure streams, of meadows and hills with pleasant prospects between. It is a little remote, being entirely surrounded by the broad Connecticut River, high mountains and the Montague plain, which Professor Hitchcock, the geologist, called the Great Sahara of New-England. The hill and meadow farms of Montague itself are rich and charming as an oasis. An old-time Unitarian minister was once asked by a fat-salaried brother how much he got a year in his poor parish of Montague.

"'Fifteen hundred dollars,' was the proud response; '$500 in money and $1,000 in scenery.'

"New-Clairvaux is rich in scenery. Montague Town is an attractive village, never architecturally given like Deerfield, and has two or three hundred souls. The one really handsome old mansion of the place is the old manse, of bricks of clay dug from the same bank in its own maple glen as those of the rather fine old orthodox church on the village common facing it through a vista of elms. The manse, being too good for a modern decadent parish, has passed through many hands, and is now owned by a member of New-Clairvaux. It is now known as Spring Farm. Here is 'Ye Antiquity Shop,' where 'olde furniture' is made young and 'ye old bayberry candles' are put up; but chiefly here are the Spring Farm Dye Works, where excellent art colors are produced. They are known as 'nature colors,' and have properties of permanency and harmony. The old manse has been restored within to something of its original meaning and beauty, through a simple process, chiefly of tearing out modern 'finery' and substituting unity of lines and color. The picture frame industry at Spring Farm is an outgrowth of the same good taste.

SIMPLE PLEASURES.

"A number of pleasant evenings have been passed recently in this old house by most of the villagers and people from the farms, with the treasures of old stories, old pictures, old poetry and old songs, and the local 'talent' and the stranger within our gates. Miss Chevalier's Browning evening took up Browning's lighter charms. We have had a genuine purveyor of Paul Lawrence Dunbar. Then there has been music, much of it and always.

"Passing on into the heart of the village, we come to an old white meeting house with a square tower and attractive old Gothic windows of plain glass in front. This is the old Unitarian church, built eighty years ago. It is occupied on Sunday by 'outsiders,' including Spiritualists from 'The Lake,' remnants of the old society, strangers, and by New-Clairvaux, a 'union church.' Two or three of the New-Clairvaux people are Unitarian ministers. The speakers for Sunday also number a Baptist layman, an ex-Episcopalian clergyman and a Theosophist. We have had speaking also by a 'Scientist,' a Socialist, a liberal Catholic and other good people within a short period. All we require is an honest and loving message. I think without exception this is what we have always got. The meeting house, beginning four years ago, was redeemed from a wreck by the people of the town.

"Further down the village street is an open field, once covered with a factory and close blocks of houses. A disastrous fire a generation ago put an end forever to manufacturing in Montague Town. New-Clairvaux people found the old canal meandering through the village orchards and alder thickets. Where the old flume was choked with tons of rubbish they built a new one and placed a beautiful new shop of graceful lines and dignified proportions, a village temple to the handicrafts. This is occupied so far by 'The New-Clairvaux Press,' which is doing excellent work; by the New-Clairvaux Woodworkers, who are making simple and serviceable furniture of excellent workmanship; by the Arts and Crafts Society, which holds meetings and permanently exhibits wares made in the village and in shops on the farms of this and surrounding towns; by 'Country Time and Tide,' the monthly publication of the new country movement here represented, and by several of the young men who at times have chambers here. There is some floor space still unoccupied.

"We next pass on through the village and ascend a hill to a higher level, where we get a view of a commanding point of land covered with a scattering growth of red cedars. This is half a mile away. It is the Acropolis of New-Clairvaux. Once there, one gets a view of the village, with its long 'L' shaped, Colonial, yellow hotel, its great brick schoolhouse in the outside fields, and its two spires amid the trees. Beyond, the elevated plain, 'the Great Sahara,' fringed and dotted with yellow pines and locusts, stretches away. There is a far outlook into several valleys and mountain notches. The Connecticut winds off southward by Sugar Loaf (the Indian Wegnamps) and Mount Tom. Mount Toby is just at hand, overlooking all. Three or four of the New-Clairvaux farms slope southward till lost in pine forests near the river, just above the tiny river cliff village of North Sunderland.

"Here on the summit in summer are several camps and a white tent, inclosed by a white birch fence, under a spreading pine. Deep moss cushions all the ground. Here one could sit cross-legged under an oak, like a Hindoo, and take in the air and the scene for an hour at least, whoever one may be. A dozen to twenty boys occupy these camps for three months, cook a part of their own meals, and tell stories around the fire at night after returning from their duties and pleasures in the fields and woods and rivers below. One or more persons of soberer years return with them and help them enjoy themselves and to be comfortable in boyish luxury of simple life.

GRAPPLING WITH NATURE.

"Down a switchback path, built by the boys in the face of the cliff, five minutes away, is Prospect Point Farm, with its busy, cheerful life of children and young people and its flocks of chickens and herds of animals. The old place had been abandoned and of late years has, of course, been considerably torn up by improvements in process. Still the rough life of a creation period for unspoiled natures is pleasant.

"Another farmhouse nearby, the Twin Maples, is owned by one of the young men and is in process of being fully renovated in the plain and thorough style, which these people hold to be the nearest present approach to beauty.

"Further down toward the river, and across the pastures half a mile, is the Egg Farm, with its beautiful cascades and forests and its problems much like the rest. A young man, an ex-minister, is fitting up this place for a home in the near future and a school similar to that at Prospect Point and in co-operation with it.

"On the crossroads, near the Egg Farm, in a house 'beside of the road,' lives the head woodworker of the New-Clairvaux Shops, with his wife and five children. This family has had thorough experience in community building—first as pioneers in Dakota and later with the Christian Commonwealth; with Albertson and Gibson, in Georgia; then in Mystic, Conn. A year ago they came here, still seeking 'a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.'

"Such New-Clairvaux actually seems to the stranger to-day. The arts and crafts movement interests fifty families and is 'allowed' to be a practical and vital thing. It brings additional money; it brings the pleasure of higher skill and variety in work; it brings a new and strong social bond between the sects and the 'outsiders.' The growing literature of New-Clairvaux is read by many. The Sunday speeches are listened to. The work has an odd look and the word has an odd sound to people unfamiliar with progress outside a large city and not attended with appreciable increase of population and time whistles. Yet most of the neighbors have been most wonderfully kind and take to cooperation in its proper sphere as the natural and obvious thing.

A NEW CLAIRVAUX FARM FAMILY.
At the left Edward P. Pressey, founder of the settlement. Second from the right is Mrs. Pressey.

A CLEARER VISION.

"I see now, after three years and a half, a new vision of New-Clairvaux, clearer in detail than the first, but in outline steadily the same that came to me in principle on Mount Adams in Rowe and some years after that on the mountain in Plainfield on a long summer walk. New-Clairvaux is no longer a mere community between the narrow hills. It is Montague Town; it is Franklin County; it is New-England—well, why put any limits, seeing it is the next wave of that consecrated democracy that broke last on Plymouth Rock and now long overdue. It is the co-operation of responsible individuals. In those words lies a whole social philosophy. Too long have the masses been cursed or looked to for salvation. Too long has a decadent church looked to the large congregation for salvation. On the other hand, too long have we looked to representative men for our help, too long to the leaders of the people. They have nothing for us any more than the majority vote or congregation of the masses. It does not avail the country to have a great poet or a great statesman or a great orator or a great artist. Rome and Greece had them when their civilizations were past recovery and so has every dead people. Great cities and great industries and great commerce likewise have nothing to do with greatness or happiness.

"The vision of New-Clairvaux is of the individual, the last individual; it is a vision of the units of society and not of community life itself. New-Clairvaux is a community in spirit; in practice it co-operates; it is one of the strongest arguments for the brotherhood of man. Yet it is not anxious about these things; it is a vision of the co-operative individual, not of co-operation, of the cosmopolitan hamlet, not of the parliament of man, of the single form and not of agriculture, of the one fireside in all the world, and founded in the very custom of reciprocity and social life with one's neighbor.

"In this sham, money making day one spot the modest and humble man without means will make beautiful. One bit of work with the simplest materials, and, if necessary, with few tools, shall command all our skill. We will demand of ourselves in the midst of our laborious lives pause for our best thought, and brave the fancied evil consequences. Here for once we will live with our whole hearts. At least one passage of life shall be simple. And we shall make this passage possible for all mankind after us who feel the need of it. We do not, however, delude ourselves with the thought of an easy passage or a fool's paradise. We know human nature and also the strength of the individual when thrown upon his own responsibility with the solace of comradeship and the hope of recognition. And all this is in the vision of New-Clairvaux.

"In this day of living in a closet in town and a shack in the country, one room at least shall be a temple of simple hospitality, radiant with home-staying pleasure, dynamic with the powers that make social commonwealths on right individual principles, vibrant with song and innocent laughter, pictured and storied by the great imagination of the world and the ages, a place of innocent love and of merrymaking, a monument to craftsmanship, to thrift and to religion, a nestling place for the little ones and a peaceful, warm dreaming place for the old; the holy of holies of the world, where nothing entereth that defileth or that maketh a lie.

"This, too, my eyes have seen, and the arms that can sustain it and multiply it. Two passages in the world's history are supremely cheerful and full of strength—one was the days of Jesus of Nazareth, and the other the days at Plymouth. And there is a third passage yet to be, and that is the subject of the vision of New-Clairvaux."

Membership in New-Clairvaux Plantations is regulated simply by consensus in ideas with existing members, and ability to find work for a living in the locality. Each member is responsible for himself and for a spirit of public service. Those who seek wages or to profit by hiring others or who in any way go out of their way to seek charity or who cultivate any low idea of work or religion, or who are pessimists, make themselves ineligible. Nothing is done about it. There is no organized general membership. Everybody is allowed to assume the name at his own discretion. The organization comes in along the lines of education and particular activities, like those of the Arts and Crafts Society, for instance. Everybody is fellowshiped who has the least desire for fellowship with the members, though he sin against every one of their principles.

SETTING TYPE IN THE NEW CLAIRVAUX PRINTING SHOP.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

San Francisco, April 6.—The appointment of Jeremiah F. Dinan, sergeant of detectives, as Chief of Police of San Francisco to succeed Wittman, marks another step in the progress of the Schmitz administration. Dinan is a strong personal friend of Mayor Schmitz and he can be counted on to obey orders from the Mayor. Wittman had proved independent on more than one occasion, hence his sudden decapitation on the ridiculous charge of not suppressing gambling in Chinatown. That Dinan is not sure of the permanency of the Schmitz administration is shown by the fact that he secured a year's leave of absence as detective sergeant before he accepted the position of head of the Police Department, so that should Mayor Schmitz be removed or fail of re-election he would be able to retain his old position.

The "recall" amendment to the Los Angeles charter, which provides for the removal of city officials by the votes of qualified electors, has excited much interest throughout the country as Los Angeles is the only American city which has such a provision in its charter. This week a case came before the State Supreme Court to test the right of electors to remove a supervisor who had voted for obnoxious franchises. The court did not decide that the amendment was constitutional, but apparently assumed that it was, for all except the Chief Jusice held that the removal of Davenport was illegal only because the names of several who petitioned for the call for an election to remove Davenport were not on the great register. Chief Justice Beatty dissented from the remainder of the court, holding the removal was legal.

The appointment of Tiry L. Ford as State Prison Director has been received with favor by the public and the press. Ford has been prominent in public life for years, having been State Senator, attorney for the Harbor Commissioners and Attorney General of the State. He is now leading counsel for the United Railroads, and his ability and tact were shown last year in aiding to prevent a great strike on the San Francisco streetcar lines.

A line of steamers has been established by W. R. Grace & Co. to bring shipments of nitrate from Chili and Peru to San Francisco. The increase in the shipments of nitrate has made it impossible for the Kosmos Line of steamers to carry all the nitrate offered, so Grace & Co. have been forced to put on their own line. On the return voyages these steamers will carry flour and general merchandise.

The last hope of escape of the four "boodling" State Senators has been dispelled by the decision of the Supreme Court. These four men have been expelled from the Senate for accepting bribes, but they desired to secure a writ of mandate, by which subterfuge they hoped to retain their places in the legislature. Their contention was that the Senate had given no fair hearing of their case before expelling them. The date of trial of Senator Harry Bunkers, who was indicted by the Sacramento Grand Jury, has been set for April 17.

The sentence this week of Allan, or "Kid," Goucher was noteworthy, because it pointed a moral effect of evil associations on a boy of good birth and breeding. Young Goucher came of a fine Southern family of the San Joaquin Valley. His father was once a famous lawyer and politician, and still has a large practice. But the boy developed vicious traits, consorted with criminals and was involved in the killing of a policeman here three years ago. One of his associates in the crime was sentenced to death and the others received long terms in the State penitentiary. The father defended his boy and made an able plea, but the judge sentenced him to twenty-five years in prison, holding out, however, the hope that good conduct might lead to a parole.

John Hays Hammond, the mining engineer, who lately removed his headquarters from this city to New-York, has given $5,000 to San Francisco for the purchase of a special library of mining and metallurgical works. The books will probably be placed in the State Mining Bureau, although they may be added to a free public library. Of course, they will simply be for reference, not for general circulation.

The purchase of the Selby Smelting Works, the largest plant of its kind on the Coast, has been involved in much mystery. Originally John Hays Hammond was named as the leading spirit in a new combination that would operate the works. Then the Guggenheims were reported to have absorbed the Selby works in order to add them to the great Smelter Trust. But the latest report, which seems to be well verified, is that the works have been bought by Bernard M. Baruch, of New-York, who is said to have associates who will aid him in fighting the big trust. The Selby works for years have done a large part of the smelting for California and Nevada, and even with the heavy freight rates they have smelted much of the Tonopah and Goldfield ores.

PAUS AND PINKSTER.

The Dutch Eastertime Festivals in the Mohawk Valley.

Next to New-Year's Day, Paus and Pinkster were the more popular and generally observed holidays of the old Dutch in the Mohawk Valley. Paus was Easter and Pinkster was Whit Sunday. Pinkster was particularly a gala day, when young and old gave themselves up to jollity and boisterous fun. The joys of the day began in the morning with sports, outdoor games and contests, and ended late at night with indoor games and dancing. There was "egg butting," a custom that is observed to-day at the White House in Washington, only it is called "egg rolling," and "riding at the ring." The latter sport was probably a rural adaptation of the tournaments of the days of chivalry. The necessary arrangements were a cord tied across the road just above the heads of men on horseback. From this cord was suspended by a short string a finger ring. Each horseman was provided with a short, sharp pointed stick about the size of a meat skewer, which was held between the first finger and thumb. The competitors were obliged to ride at full gallop under the cord and attempt to thrust their "lances" through the ring and carry it off three times. When one of the contestants had accomplished this he was chased by all the other contestants. If he succeeded in reaching the goal without being caught he was the winner. The prize was the payment by the other contestants of the bill for himself and his best girl at the dance and supper to be given in the evening. If, however, he was caught, he was obliged to foot the bill for his captor and his best girl.

For a week before Pinkster the inhabitants, black and white, began to make ready for the festival by erecting booths of boughs from the thickly leaved trees and shrubs on a place in or near the village, chosen because of its convenience and beauty. In these booths the tables were set with good things to eat and drink. Besides the "egg butting" and "riding at the ring," there were impromptu horse races, wrestling matches and occasional "scraps." The music for dancing was provided by the fiddle and jewsharp. Pinkster was a great occasion for the slaves. On this day they had unusual liberty to enjoy themselves according to their own ideas. One way of doing so was a dance, which was no doubt a relic of one of the many religious dances brought from Africa by the captured slaves. The music was obtained from a huge drumlike instrument, four or five feet long and a foot in diameter, covered at either end by a tightly stretched sheepskin. This was held between the legs of the largest and oldest slave in the community. This drum he would beat with palm and fingers, and all the time he sang a wordless song which, as the excitement increased, would become wild and weird, and was accompanied by muscular contortions, wagging and twisting of the head and rolling of the eyes. One after another of the slaves would join in the dance, as the spirit moved him or her to do so, till the musician was surrounded by a ring of black and yellow twisting, wriggling, hysterical negroes, who for the time were thousands of miles away in the heart of superstitious Africa. One by one they would fall to the ground exhausted, when their places would be taken by others, who were just beginning to feel the moving of the spirit. It was not unusual for this wild dance to continue through two days.

A RUSTIC LANDMARK.

Birthplace of Horace Greeley, in New-Hampshire, Still Preserved.

Scarcely fifty miles from Boston, isolated and alone, in a delightful rural community among New-Hampshire's hills, sheltered by protecting oaks and elms, decorated with fruitful orchards and fertile gardens, surrounded by dense thickets of pine forests, homelike and cosey, with all its woful lack of paint, is a quaint old fashioned farmhouse.

Not the large, roomy, old domicile of Colonial days, nor the rough unfinished and uncouth shack of a frontier farmer; rather, a small, real, homelike New-Hampshire farmhouse. Six rooms measure the size of the house, with woodshed and cattle barns near by.

The exact date when the old house was built is unknown, but it is a production of the Colonial period of architecture; for before the Revolution a band of counterfeiters occupied it, and here manufactured, until captured by the authorities, their spurious coin.

A broad drive leads to the front door. The exterior is black with age, except for a few decorated patches of recently applied clapboards to keep out the wind. No blinds guard the windows, and the sunshine sparkles through the small window panes without hindrance.

A front door and a side one are the means of egress and entrance. A large strip of lawn fronts the house, and besides the efforts of nature, man has unknowingly aided in the beautifying, by an adornment in the shape of a huge pile of pine and birch logs, the winter's supply of fuel. Giant shade trees shelter the roadway leading to the house; the blue peaks of the nearby hills look down upon the fifty acres of fertile farm land, where good crops of oats, potatoes and Indian corn are grown; the sharp ledges which jut from the hillsides and the rocks which rise promiscuously here and there among the corn fields, convincingly prove that the fertility of these lands was the result of much labor and trouble on the part of the pioneer New-England farmer.

Such is the exterior picture of Amherst's most noted landmark—the birthplace of Horace Greeley. —(Boston and Maine Messenger.

MOTORING SPORTSMEN.

Americans have invented a new form of sport. They attend their big prairie chicken, quail, partridge and grouse shoots on motor cars. The cars are run into fields whose crops have been harvested, and on solid tires run after the dogs across prairie and farm land.—(Motoring Illustrated.

FOR THE BUSY MAN.

Constant Reader Tells What He Missed in Last Week's Papers.

"Seems to me that it's time to go travelling," said Busy Man. "Didn't I read that both the rulers of England and Germany are away from home?"

"Yes, that's true," replied Constant Reader; "and by the way, it happens that our own chief executive is also on a trip. The Kaiser has gone to Italy after his visit to Morocco, where he alarmed France by saying that Germany stood for the open door on Moorish soil. At Naples he was cordially received by King Victor Emmanuel. It looks as if the German monarch, to strengthen further his stand in Morocco, wants to cement still more solidly the Triple Alliance."

"But how do you explain King Edward's journey?"

"That's said to be another part of the Moroccan drama," replied Constant Reader. "The King crossed France on his way to meet Queen Alexandra, at Marseilles. On his way he visited Paris and was warmly welcomed by President Loubet. The people went wild with delight to have the English King their guest, for they said it meant that England would back up France's pretentions as the dominating European power in the Sultan's realm; it meant, they said, that the Anglo-French entente had come to stay."

"Well, well," exclaimed Busy Man, "with England and France getting chummy, and Germany, Italy and Austria cemented still tighter, where does Russia come in?"

"Not even the Czar, I guess, can answer that question," responded Constant Reader. "Russia just now has more than she wants in simply looking out for Russia. The revolutionists are constantly becoming better organized, and may at any time spring up in the shape of armies to depose the autocracy. St. Petersburg has learned that all signs point to a general uprising of the workmen and peasants soon after the Russian Easter. Bands of peasants are already marching about burning and ravaging the property of the big land lords. Socialists are circulating thousands of copies of a document, calling on the people to establish a republic on the ruins of the bureaucracy. A congress of doctors summoned to devise means for combating a cholera epidemic turned itself into a political convention and voted for an assembly of the people. Troops fired on a mob in Warsaw last Sunday and killed four and wounded forty. Another effort was made to blow up General Trepoff, Governor General of St. Petersburg."

"Meanwhile, I see that the Russian army is still retreating," remarked Busy Man.

"General Linevitch has withdrawn some distance further north, and the Japanese are said to have assembled an army of four hundred thousand men to pursue him. In the mean time both the Russian and Japanese fleets have been heard from in the neighborhood of the Straits Settlement."

"India has had a bad shake-up."

"A fearful catastrophe. Whole villages in the vicinity of Lahore, in the Punjab district, were destroyed by an earthquake, and hundreds of lives were lost. Simla was badly shaken, and Lady Curzon just escaped death from falling timbers."

"Balfour, too, I understand," said Busy Man, "has been shaken a bit."

"In a way he has. Brighton, a strong Conservative borough, went Liberal, and the victory caused a great demonstration in the House of Commons, where the Liberals shouted on seeing Balfour enter the chamber, 'Resign! Resign!' And here is more foreign news for you: Signor Fortis's Cabinet appeared before the Italian Parliament, where the Premier announced that the reforms of the former Ministry would be continued. A revolution has been begun in Crete. The Simplon tunnel was opened for trains. Spotted fever, which has caused eight hundred deaths in New-York this season, has become a dangerous epidemic in Silesia. England may prevent the payment of British bondholders by Venezuela, by not permitting government officials to handle the money, as according to agreement."

"And all this time the President has been getting nearer big game," said Busy Man.

"Thus far Mr. Roosevelt's vacation has been crowded with considerable speechmaking. He is to be away two months, so he may have time to rest later. He left Washington on Monday, making his first stop at Louisville, Tuesday morning. On the way he spoke at Pittsburg. He also passed through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, speaking along the way, and at St. Louis he got a rousing welcome. Passing through Kansas and Indian Territory, he was received enthusiastically. At San Antonio he joined the Rough Riders, who are holding their reunion. This week the President has planned to begin hunting. 'Jake' Borah, one of the guides engaged for the President while he is in Colorado, says he will put him on the trail of the biggest grizzly in the Rockies."

"The President said something about railroad rates somewhere on the line, didn't he?"

"He stated his policy regarding that subject at Austin, Tex. He said that after a wise law was passed he would nominate a board of fearless men, who would see that it was executed. He also voiced the conviction that the right kind of a law would be passed. The members of the new canal commission were also announced last week. They are Theodore P. Shonts, chairman; Charles A. Magoon, governor of the canal zone; John F. Wallace, chief engineer; Rear Admiral Endicott, U. S. N.; Brigadier General Peter C. Hains, U. S. A. (retired); Colonel Oswald H. Ernst, corps of engineers, U. S. A., and Benjamin M. Harrod. The news also came out of Washington that it was at the suggestion of Emperor William that President Roosevelt started the movement among the powers which led to Russia and Japan regarding China as neutral territory. A supplemental extradition treaty between the United States and Sweden was signed. It is regarded probable that an international committee will be appointed to sift out fraudulent Dominican claims. Secretary Shaw announced that he would call in about $27,600,000 of the government's funds in depository banks. The government will ask a rehearing of the Philippine tariff case, according to which, by the decision of the United States Supreme Court, it may have to refund more than $7,000,000 duties."

"I see that Albany has passed the tax bills."

"Both the mortgage tax measure and the one taxing stock transactions were rushed through Senate and Assembly. Some New-York members protested, but to no avail. The Governor will not give any formal hearing on the bills, but he said he would appoint a commission, if the legislature authorized it, to investigate the whole subject of taxation and report next year. The Assembly also passed the bill lengthening the Mayor's term to four years. The bill depriving the Board of Aldermen of New-York of its power to vote on franchises has been favorably reported by a Senate committee, and, I believe, will pass the legislature. The inquiry into the official integrity of Justice Hooker, it's said, will lead to his indictment."

"I see Chicago elected a Democratic Mayor."

"Judge E. F. Dunne was elected on a platform of municipal ownership, having over 22,000 votes more than J. M. Harlan, the Republican candidate. St. Louis re-elected Mayor Rolla Wells, a Democrat, although the Republicans will control the City Council. Michigan had a minor State election and went Republican by 70,000 majority."

"How far has the gas probe gone?"

"Not far enough to make Charles F. Murphy cry out loud," replied Constant Reader. "Senator Stevens, head of the investigating committee, announced that no politicians would be called to the stand, although he may bring out Murphy's alleged connection with the Gas Trust some other way. Facts were adduced, however, to show how the monopoly bought gas for 28 cents and sold it for $1, and manufactured electricity for 2.66 cents a unit and sold it for 15 cents. It also showed how the capitalization was high above the actual value of the plants. The Equitable Assurance directors met Thursday and adopted the amended charter, giving to the policyholders the naming of twenty-eight out of the fifty-two directors. The mutualization of the company is to take place in 1906. The chief solicitor of the Standard Oil Company issued a statement in reply to criticisms of John D. Rockefeller's gift to missions, in which he said Mr. Rockefeller made his money honestly."

"Considerable news around town, isn't there?"

"Police Commissioner McAdoo almost found his detective bureau in open revolt because its head stated at Albany that some of the detectives were accomplices of thieves. The Commissioner suspended one detective sergeant for criticising his superiors. The Department of Health is to provide suitable buildings for the isolation of contagious diseases. The chair held by Professor Felix Adler at Columbia has been endowed. The Marié collection of miniatures, many of which were painted by Carl Weidner, has been placed on exhibition at the New-York Historical Society's building. More charges of incompetency, partially, and double dealing were brought against Isaac A. Hopper, Superintendent of Buildings. Five floors in an apartment house under construction in Central Park West caved in. Two weddings in the Stokes family were announced, that of James Graham Phelps Stokes to Miss Rose Harriet Pastor, a Jewess, and of his uncle, James Stokes, to Miss Florence Brooke Chatfield."

"I see that William F. Potter is dead," said Busy Man.

"Mr. Potter, president of the Long Island Railroad, died from meningitis. Others who died last week were Mrs. Frances Grant Cramer, sister of General Grant, and Joseph Peabody, the Boston banker."