CATSKILL WATER MAY COME HIGH.

A COUNTRYMAN'S LURID COMMENTS.

"Can't Be Done," He Says; "and the 'Gang' Doesn't Want the Fluid, but the Job of Getting It."

Kingston, N. Y., Jan. 31.—"One hundred dollars a day! Just think of that b' gosh!"

"Who gets that nice little wage, Jim?"

"Well, Judge Fursman, for one, so I hear. He's one of those New York water commissioners who appraise the property of these Catskill Mountain farmers after hearin' evidence of its value. The judge thinks his services are worth that, but the court didn't seem to agree to it right off. Those commissioners, some thirty or more, I believe, sit around in different rooms in the old Kingston Courthouse day after day, listening to the jokes of a lot of lawyers as they question the witnesses, experts and others, as to the value of mountain land, past, present and prospective, for keepin' boarders, for gatherin' water power, for raisin' fruit and other crops, for storage of water and for all sorts of things; and a lot of nimble fingered fellers, with lively brains, sharp pencils and plenty of white paper, they take it all down, everything that's said on both sides and the middle, whether it's of any consequence or not. I'm told they not only get big pay for making their queer looking scribble marks, but also get another big pull at the crib for writing the stuff out—transcribin' it, I think they call it—into plain English. They never taught nothin' like that when I went to school."

"Why, Jim, you don't seem to realize the vast importance of this great Catskill water supply scheme to New York City. They must have more water down there, and they want it quick. So they come up here for it, the nearest place they could find."

TOO MUCH WATER NOW.

"Water be hanged! Don't talk nonsense like that to me. None of those fellers care a copper cent about the water, and you know it. Most of this gang take their whiskey straight; and I don't believe the great city really needs more water than she's got now. My uncle Ben, down in Wall Street there, he says, they've got entirely too much water now, and that's what caused all this trouble in the money market. He says they've been tryin' to squeeze out some of this water and that they've got to squeeze out a lot more yet to make things right.

"No, sir, young feller, you don't seem to understand the situation at all. The fellers that's runnin' that big city—I don't care what party they belong to; you know more about that than I do—they don't want this mountain water, and don't expect to get it in fifteen or twenty years, if ever. They want the job of gettin' it, that's all—and they've got it. D'ye see? That's all there is to this great scheme, in my opinion. Neither you nor I may ever see any of this here Catskill water down in that city unless it goes there in bottles, as it does now. First place, the friction's too great all along the line. It's more'n a hundred miles away, and the fall is five or six hundred feet. There are mud bottom rivers and creeks between and millions upon millions of dollars in plain sight all the time.

"In my younger days I went to school up here considerable, and I've been readin' the papers all my life, especially ever since this big water job first came up. Also, I've been watchin' these condemnation proceedin's here, off and on this winter. More'n that, I've talked with some of these here big scientific men, who get more pay for less work than I used to see in a year, whether they earn it or not, hangin' 'round here, and travellin' about the country. And let me tell you I've figured this thing down pretty close. If New York ever gets this Catskill water in her gorgeous bathrooms, it's going to be the most costly liquid she ever saw, and don't you forget it. Even whiskey may be cheaper.

"Thank you, don't care if I do. A good cigar is always in order with me, though my old pipe is cheaper and answers the purpose. Perhaps you think men like me never think much about anything. Well, now, call them pipe dreams if you like, but, sonny, my brain was wide awake all the time, if I was smokin'."

"But, now, Mr. Edwards—that is your name, is it not?"

"Yes, sir; it might look better that way in the newspaper, but 'Jim' is the best handle to me."

"You seem to be a well informed man, with a full share of common sense. What other reasons have you for believing that this great water scheme may never be carried out? You must know from your reading that such projects are not impossible. Perhaps you overestimate the difficulties. And then your grave imputation of bad faith on the part of New York City. Why, it seems incredible."

"Now, see here, young man; don't get excited and use a lot of big words I can't understand. Just listen while I ask you a simple question:

CAN'T CROSS RIVER.

"How are they goin' to carry this great volume of water across the Hudson River—and where?—to say nothing about Rondout Creek and the Wallkill River? The engineers say they must have solid rock through which to build this monstrous aqueduct, and the geologists say there's no rock bottom to either of these streams. Don't you know that in all the borin's yet made there's been no sign of any rock? Why, I've been talkin' with a big geologist here lately, who studied the formation of this river valley for fifty years, so he says, and he don't believe the river has any solid rock bottom for thousands of feet at least, at any point. He explains it in a hifalutin, scientific way which I can't understand at all; talks of upheavals, faults, volcanic action, silt, drift, bowlders and things like that, which is mostly Greek to me. Of course, his guess may not be much better'n mine or yours. But, by George, haven't they got a little proof of this thing down there at Storm King Mountain, where they've been boring down, down, for a year or more, got down 700 feet below the mud bottom, and no rock in sight? They tell me that these big borin' contractors have now give up the job and are suin' the city for their pay. The engineers who expected to strike rock at 700 feet are now talking of 4,000 feet, and they say they'll go down that depth if they must. Of course; why not? That's a part of the game. The deeper the better, and the longer it takes the better. They say their aqueduct must carry 800,000,000 gallons of water daily at a pressure of 200 pounds an inch, and nothin' but rock can stand it. The farther they go down to find this rock the greater this pressure becomes, don't it?

NO ROCK BOTTOM.

"A big engineer friend of mine here in Kingston calls this thing a 'siphon,' and he says it must be tunnelled through solid rock, and ought to have 150 feet of rock above it, below the river. When I asked him why they couldn't put the blamed thing on piles like they did those subway tunnel tubes there in New York Harbor he laughed at me and called me an idiot; said I didn't have the least idea of the strength required to stand the tremendous weight and pressure, and there was no use givin' me any figures about it. Besides, where are they going to find a foundation for any such massive piers? he asked. 'Impossible,' he said. 'It might be carried over the river on a great bridge, perhaps, but that would cost far more than the tunnel, and never be as good, anyway.'

"Well, what did the engineer say about crossing Rondout Creek and the Wallkill River?"

"Same thing there; no rock has been found, and they must have it. But none of 'em is in any hurry to find it. They've got long years ahead, and the job must be kept alive. You can't find a single soul who will set any time for the completion of this great job; not one. And I don't believe it ever will be done. Why, there's a big railway line which must be moved and built somewhere else before even the big reservoir can be built at all, and before a gallon of water can be stored to put into this great aqueduct they talk about."

"Well, 'Jim,' don't you know that can be condemned by the city the same as your little farm is taken?"

"Yes, I see, but I notice they haven't tackled that job yet. When they begin on that little parcel of property there's goin' to be music right away. I know the man who owns and controls that railroad, and he wants it right where it is now. He's got money enough to keep it there a long spell, too; and he'll do it if things don't go about right; mark my words.

RAILROAD IN THE WAY.

"Accordin' to what my Uncle Ben down in Wall Street says, the man who owns this road isn't so near bankruptcy now as the great city of New York is. Uncle Ben says that the city's got to raise more money before this water job can go on further. But, of course, the town is rich enough, and the money is sure to come, because the gang that holds the purse strings is right on the job itself and square in the saddle, see?

"Now, young feller, you've kept me talkin' 'bout this thing because you found I'd studied the matter some, I suppose. Not half I've said will get in print, I know, nor do I care. But whatever you leave out, don't skip my prediction that this Catskill Mountain water will not reach New York in fifteen or twenty years, and that if it ever does at all it will cost three times what they say it will and prove the most costly water the world ever saw. If New York really needs more water, this seems to me is the slowest and most expensive way to get it. But this is the very reason the plan was adopted, accordin' to my views."

BUSINESS MORALS.

Three True Anecdotes That May Throw Light on the Subject.

Here are stories of three men who stand well, or did so stand for many years, in the community in which they lived. An interesting question is: Do they deserve now to stand well, or are they enemies of the common welfare?

I.

Smith (so we will call him) is a prosperous man who kept an account in one of New York's substantial banks. During the panic it was hard even for prosperous men to get money for their payrolls and other legitimate purposes. So anxious were many concerns not to cause inconvenience to their employes that they paid as much as 3 per cent to turn their checks into cash. Smith, knowing this and having $10,000 in the bank (which, by the way, he had originally deposited in the form of checks and drafts), cast about for some way to make money at the expense of somebody else. He asked his bank to cash his check for $10,000. The bank officers agreed to do so if he would assure them that he needed the cash. To get it he said he had made a purchase and that the seller would not take even a certified check, but demanded cash, and, the bargain being a good one, he did not wish to lose it.

He received the cash, and straightway took it to a money broker's and got for it a check for $10,300. This check he foolishly deposited to his credit in the same bank from which he had drawn his money. The cashier recognized it as the check of a well known firm of money brokers, and upon questioning the depositor forced him to admit the deception that he had practised and requested him to take his deposit away. "We will not knowingly have a customer of that kind in the bank," he said. Smith, after many protestations and pleadings, was forced to accept his dismissal, thereby illustrating the proverb that a good name is more to be chosen than $300.

II.

Jones (or so we will call him) was discovered by a friend in the frenzied line of persons who were drawing money from a trust company which did not fail. He was a man of property and of standing. The friend expostulated with him, and tried to convince him, first, that the trust company was solvent; secondly, that it was his duty to set an example to the less intelligent and more timid; and, thirdly, that, even if there were real danger, he should take his chances with the rest and not help to bring on general disaster. To this Jones replied that everybody must look out for himself, and the rest of the world might go hang. His friend's arguments proved unconvincing, and the friend offered to bet him a hat that the trust company would pay everybody. He accepted the bet, and when last heard from had not even paid the wager—which seems to prove that some timid people are untrustworthy in more ways than one.

Brown (or so we will call him) tried to do what Smith did, but his bank would pay only in silver coin. Being greedy, he decided to accept the silver and to hire a truck and men to guard it. But the money brokers declined to buy this silver in such large quantities unless the bags were left for several days to allow them to count it; and they would give him only a receipt for bags "said to contain $10,000." This receipt being of no use to Brown, he inquired where he could get the silver changed into bills, and he was told at the Sub-Treasury. But the Sub-Treasury, being bothered by several gentlemen of the same ilk, would give him only the same kind of receipt—"said to contain," etc. By this time he found his silver a burden and an expense, and he carted it back to the bank, where he was told that all dealings with him had ceased. After paying his expenses for the hack and guards, and several days' delays on a falling premium, he came out barely whole on his venture and lost a reputation when a reputation was most valuable—which seems to prove that a man endowed by Providence with the intelligence of a truckman has no business to undertake large financial transactions.

The important thing about these experiences is that all these men felt that they had been badly treated and had acted with commendable zeal and enterprise; and, worse still, many of their friends agreed with them, claiming that they had been, or had tried to be, "smart." One wonders what proportion of our people feel that in time of stress every one has the moral right to forget the interest of everybody else. How strong or how weak is most men's sense of loyalty to the whole community, when by a selfish disloyalty they can make, or think they can make, private profit? May these little experiences not show the connecting link between panic and—a lack of character?—World's Work for February.

HIS REPERTORY.

A Camden, N. J., man recently reached the conclusion that his eight-year-old boy is a trifle too bright.

At dinner one evening the father had been entertaining a number of friends from Philadelphia with a funny story. This was at dessert. The youngster had been very quiet throughout the previous courses, but here he arose to the occasion in fine style.

When the laughter induced by his father's humor had ceased the boy, with a fine affectation of delight, said:

"Now, dad, do tell the other one!"—Harper's Weekly.

GERMAN ROYALTY ENJOYING A SPORT IMPORTED FROM AMERICA.
The Kaiser's eldest son steering a bobsleigh at St. Moritz, Switzerland.

FOR THE BUSY MAN.

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

"What are the new things of the week?" repeated the Constant Reader, when his friend, the Busy Man, put the question to him. "Let me see. The utterances of the men most in the public eye in their respective countries always arouse great interest. President Roosevelt has set forth at length his views on a variety of burning questions in his supplementary message to the people through Congress. He evidently did not exhaust his sentiments in his annual message in December, despite its extraordinary length and the variety of topics considered in it. Taking occasion now of the decision of the United States Supreme Court that the employers' liability law, the passage of which he secured by dint of repeated efforts, is unconstitutional to urge the enactment of an act that will be in accord with the courts, he goes on to discuss a great variety of topics more or less kindred. Among them are limitations of the use of injunctions, power to the Interstate Commerce Commission to fix railroad rates, restriction of railroads from pooling earnings, amendments of the Sherman anti-trust statute and the forbidding of the use of the mails for stock gambling, as for lotteries. Then the President proceeds to apply the lash to great corporations and the critics of the course of his administration. He declares that he is not attacking property but only seeking to right wrongs, and while assailing what he again calls 'predatory wealth' he asserts he is making no attack on 'law-abiding property.' He sustains the action of the courts which imposed the $29,000,000 fine on the Standard Oil Company and fined the Santa Fe Railroad, declaring that the attacks on his course have been in the interest of the Oil Trust and notorious railroad combinations. In regard to the responsibility for the financial panic, he declares it was not due to the course of his administration, but says that even if it were he would not stop in the course on which he has embarked.

VIEWS OF PRESIDENT'S WORDS.

"The speech of Governor Hughes outlining his views in regard to public affairs is regarded as his political platform for the coming campaign, and his admirers see in it added reason for their enthusiastic support of his candidacy. He set forth a sane and sensible attitude in regard to the questions of moment, heartily indorsing the course of the national administration, as he has done heretofore. On the tariff question he is in favor of a commission to consider revision. The attitude of the Governor toward the restriction of the powers of corporations favors the sentencing of officers to terms of imprisonment rather than the imposition of fines, which ultimately fall on innocent stockholders. Mr. Hughes is inclined to regard the rights of the states in regulating internal matters rather than to advocate sweeping federal control.

IN THE FOREIGN FIELD.

"King Edward opened the session of the British Parliament in the course of the week with his customary speech from the throne, devoted to the topics which are of most lively interest in the recent history of Europe, such as the visit of his nephew, the Emperor of Germany; the death of the King of Sweden, the Russian convention, the Hague peace conference, conditions in Macedonia, affairs in the Congo Free State and immigration in Canada. In a supplementary speech to the House of Commons he outlined the measures which are expected to be acted on at the session in relation to the affairs of the United Kingdom. An incident of the session of the House of Lords was the effort of an unrecognized claimant to an extinct peerage to secure a seat from which a vigilant official ejected him. The demonstrations of the advocates of women's suffrage also were decidedly in evidence. The state of the health of the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, is such that he was not present at the opening of Parliament. Already the conduct of his government in regard to the outrages in Ireland has come in for caustic criticism and comment. The condition of the unemployed in London has led John Burns, the labor leader, to condemn indiscriminate charity, and he told how in a crowd seeking free soup he had no difficulty in passing as a person in need, despite the fact that he wore court dress, since he had a bowler hat pulled down over his face.

"In Germany the Emperor has celebrated his arrival at the age of forty-nine, the age of President Roosevelt. Emperor William is planning a trip to the Mediterranean in March, and King Edward expects to make a like trip in April. King Alfonso of Spain will probably visit Mexico next summer, and King Carlos of Portugal, if his country is in a state of quiet at that time, will go to Brazil some time this year.

"Our battleships have reached their third stopping place on their long voyage, having gone over two thousand miles in eight days from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to Punta Arenas (Sandy Point), Chili. This will be their only stop in that country, as when they go out of Magellan Strait into the Pacific they will go past Valparaiso, and not stop until they have steamed three thousand miles to Callao, Peru. In the same way they passed by the capital of Argentina despite the efforts to get them to stop there, and the only Argentine welcome was tendered by warships which sailed out to meet the American fleet and speed them on their way, although the welcome given at Buenos Ayres to the torpedo boat flotilla shows the spirit of the nation. The crews of the battleships are now as far south of the equator as Labrador is north of it, and they are still east of their starting point, despite the fact that their ultimate destination is 50 degrees to the westward.

MORE BANKS IN TROUBLE.

"The predictions by farsighted observers of the financial situation that, despite the return of nearly normal conditions in the money market, the stress was not ended for certain institutions have been fulfilled by the financial history of the week. Four principal institutions, with a dozen or more branches in two boroughs of this city, have been forced to suspend. The involved institutions were all identified with interests which had exploited chains of banks in the same way that other business enterprises had been floated and made interdependent, so that when one link in the chain gave way the whole suspended superstructure went down with a crash. It can only be by the thorough elimination of such unsafe methods that future security will be attained by institutions which pass through the peril of panic. It is curious to note that the day that the Secretary of the Treasury set forth his reasons for the steps he took to stay the spread of depressing financial conditions should be marked by the renewed failures. The end justified the means is the keynote of Secretary Cortelyou's explanation, and he showed how well the crisis was met by the proposed government plans which restored confidence without being put to the test of practical operation in all its details. The task before him was no slight one, and it is greatly to the credit of the incumbent of the chief financial office of the nation that he met the emergency in so masterly a manner.

MRS. EDDY'S MOVE.

"Little light has been thrown on the mysterious flitting of Mother Mary Baker G. Eddy from Concord, N. H., to the vicinity of Boston, but it is probable that the move was made because of the court proceedings in the last year to secure control of some of the funds which the aged head of the Christian Science faith is supposed to have in her custody. Following closely upon the statement that a large sum is to be expended in aid of the poor, it may mean a decided change in the management of great enterprises. The fact that some of those supposed to be in the inner circle of authority in the organization were left in ignorance of the projected movement until it was practically completed serves to show that all is not harmonious in the management and that there are some things unknown to the world at large. The splendid new home for the head of the faith is not in Boston itself, nor exactly in the separate suburb of Brookline, Mass., with its many handsome homes, but just outside the latter, in Newton.

MR. JESUP'S BEQUEST.

"The generous bequest of the late Morris K. Jesup of $1,000,000 to the American Museum of Natural History only supplemented the noble work done by him for that distinctively New York institution. He also left $100,000 to the Brick Presbyterian Church, on condition that it shall not remove from its present location. Mr. Jesup was one of the most liberal supporters of the efforts of Commander Peary to find the North Pole, but so far as is known he left no bequest to aid this enterprise.

"No more striking contrast could be imagined than that between the sumptuous scenes described in the novels of 'Ouida' and the squalor in which her last days were spent. After securing a fortune by the brilliant work of her pen she had nothing in her old age save a pension from the British government, which was not sufficient to support the pet dogs which she persisted in keeping around her even in her penury. While known to all lovers of fiction by her pen name, few knew that it was merely a childish mispronunciation of her own Christian name of Louisa, just as the pen name of Charles Dickens, attached to his earlier works, of 'Boz,' was a mispronunciation of 'Mose,' the nickname of his brother Moses. 'Ouida' was a writer of scathing criticism as well as of dashing novels, and her views in her magazine articles were apparently diametrically opposed to those in her popular stories and the plays based on them.

"Other names on the death list of the week are those of Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris; the Rev. Dr. J. E. Edgren, of the Baptist Church; Franklin B. Lord, a well known New York lawyer, and Arthur W. Fergusson, long the secretary of the Philippine Commission and one of the important men in the conduct of affairs in that part of the world."

SKATER CUTTING A FIGURE "8."
"The black ice ringing to the stroke."
—The Bystander.

SCHEHERAZADE NOW EMULATED.

ART OF STORY TELLING IS REVIVED.

Classes for Learning and Clubs for Practising Narration Become Popular.

By M. W. Mount.

The evenings of Arabian Nights' Entertainments are with us again, and the modern Scheherazade may learn to charm her Schahriah with tales told in the good oldtime fashion, to the tightening of that knot which the famous Sultan was wont to sever in a somewhat summary manner.

The modern story teller is not the product of irrepressible genius spurred to its utmost endeavor by the wholesome fear of having strangulation casually put an inartistic termination to the tale and its narrator, should either fail to interest. Far from it! The truly up-to-date Scheherazade has constructed her story in college, and it possesses every quality that a story ought to have. Its material has been carefully selected from folklore, history, fairy tales, fables, poems and myths; it has been analyzed, critically put together, with due regard to the atmosphere of time, country and characteristics appropriate to the story, and it is told with a correctness of diction and niceness of detail calculated to satisfy the most fastidious of listeners.

A cult for reviving the art of narration has sprung up in New York, and among its devotees are notable men and women, including college presidents and those distinguished in the arts and sciences as well as in other walks of life. These have formed two social organizations, the Round Table and the Story Tellers' Club. Membership in either presupposes willingness to tell a story, and, what is more to the point and quite as trying as any Masonic initiation could possibly be, ability to listen with a pleasant smile to the criticism of other members upon the quality, style, underlying principles and general worth of that story after it is told. It takes great courage or considerable genius to become a member of the Round Table, and a glance at its roster shows that genius is the principal qualification.

Some of the best brains in the country are giving serious thought to the kinds of stories that may be told to the young; to the principles contained in narratives, the impressions they produce and the style of language in which they should be clothed.

TAUGHT IN COLLEGES.

Story telling, after a lapse of centuries, has again become a fine art and is being treated as such by educational institutions which maintain chairs for story telling. At Columbia University, for instance, two classes are industriously learning how to tell good stories, and from what sources these may be drawn, while a third class has recently been organized for the benefit of those who would become proficient in this gentle art.

Professional story tellers have been more and more in demand in recent years, to charm with the vigor and vivacity of well interpreted tales. In a little while, to this ever increasing army will be added the college trained teller of narratives, to add a delightful element to social life.

Story telling was first taught in colleges in order better to equip the kindergartner and the primary teacher for their work. A member of this sort of class studies the various forms of literature through which the life of humanity has expressed itself in the different stages of its development. To do effective story writing and story telling—for both are taught—the pupil must learn something of the scenes and people that existed in the times and countries in which the stories are laid. Practice work is provided for the student teacher in the kindergarten and two elementary school grades, where she tells her stories under the observance of an instructor.

More centuries ago than history takes cognizance of, the professional story teller, the bard and the recitative dramatic poet were welcomed guests under every roof in every nation.

Who knows what songs the older Chaldee poets sang; what tales the men of ancient Egypt told; what wonders were narrated to the "daughters of men" by "the sons of God" in that ancient Chinese Empire whose inhabitants wore that title before the Flood rose up beyond its outer barriers?

We know that the ancient poets had need to be orators and oftentimes songsters as well; that the stories of old were given a living meaning in the lips of their narrators. "What has been may be," says some philosopher. Now that we have the cult of story telling, may we not look for such exalted recitatives as the Hebrew Scriptures afford; for such a poet-songstress as she whom Homer characterized thus: "O violet crowned and sweetly singing Sappho;" for some such tempestuous bard as Ossian, or some modern Petrarch to sing his sonnets beneath the windows of his Laura's New York flat?

REOCCUPATION OF PARNASSUS.

The life of Romance has so nearly been extinguished beneath the Juggernaut of modern progress in practical things, that those in whom the spark of genius flickers, in whom the love of art for art's sake still suspires, now take heart of grace. They polish the bridle gear of Pegasus, give him free rein and gallop jubilantly to Parnassian heights, which, for some time past, have appeared as though—lacking their former usage—they might be converted into a mere signal station for Marconigrams or a good dry landing place for airships.

Romance was born in men, and women were inoculated with it. Like the blossom of the sweet-pea, it flowered to greatest perfection when given least cultivation and merely allowed free room to develop.

Greed and Romance have never thriven in the same garret. The entrance of the one has inevitably ousted the other and held in fee only the empty effects of that brightest child of Imagination.

It is the knowledge of this which has led lovers of idealism in art, however expressed, to look with hopeful, expectant eyes toward the trail being blazed for Romance to travel by men and women whose names are associated with the highest ideals of life and who would inevitably sacrifice Greed to Glory.

THE ROUND TABLE.

Romance, with unveiled face, sits at The Round Table on Columbia Heights. And who are those, her hosts? For president there is Samuel T. Dutton; vice-presidents, George W. Kirchwey, James P. Haney and Walter L. Hervey; secretaries, Mrs. William E. Waters and Marion R. Pratt; treasurer, Henry C. Pearson; executive committee, Frederick Lynch, William E. Waters, Benjamin R. Andrews, Frederick Dielman, the Rev. Dr. Richard M. Hodge, Mrs. Walter Mendelson and Mrs. Henry A. Stimson.

Others who serve with these on various committees are: Programme, Merle St. C. Wright, Susan H. Olmstead and Virgil Prettyman; educational progress, David S. Snedden, William E. Stark, Robert Watchorn, Julia Richman, Louise Veltin, William C. McGuckin, Ernest Ingersoll and Mrs. E. E. Slosson; religious education, Richard M. Hodge, John Angus MacVannel and Benjamin R. Andrews; industrial art and sciences, Charles R. Richards, Anna Hedges, Mrs. Mary S. Woolman, Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, Mrs. Charles S. Noyes; fine arts, Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke and Vincent Dumond; child study, Mrs. Horace E. Deming, Mrs. B. S. Sternberger; music, Leonard B. McWhood, William S. Neidlinger, Gustav L. Becker, Mrs. J. Edwards, jr., Mrs. H. G. Myers, Mrs. George Sweet; entertainment, May B. Van Arsdale, Kate S. Anthony, Lucy H. Weiser, Mary Curtis, Elizabeth Sage, Mrs. D. E. Waid, Mrs. Cyrus C. Turner; reception, Mrs. J. C. Coleman, Mrs. Virgil Prettyman, Mrs. Harvey H. Pike, Mrs. H. W. Hedge, Mrs. Marion T. Brockway, Mrs. Baxter Morton and Miss Carita Spencer; membership, Walter Mendelson, George Iles, Mrs. Marion T. Brockway, Henry C. Pearson, Mrs. C. C. Overton.

Some of the lecturers at forthcoming meetings of The Round Table will be Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Dr. K. G. Rudolf Leonhard, professor in the faculty of law, University of Breslau, and Kaiser William professor in Columbia University; Dr. Richard Morse Hodge, Teachers College; Dr. George W. Knox, Union Theological Seminary; Percival Chubb, Ethical Culture School; Carroll D. Wright, president of Clark College; Mrs. Florence Kelley, secretary of the Consumers' League, and Miss Mary E. Woolley, president of Mount Holyoke College.

The Story Tellers' Club, of which Richard Wyche is president, is a somewhat less ambitious organization than The Round Table, although ambitious to attain the same ends, namely, the development of the story in narrative form.

A GHOST STORY PARTY.

There is in a story tellers' club an endless source of entertainment coupled with instruction. New York libraries employ professional story tellers to relate narratives to children; some of the city's social clubs have nights for story telling, and sometimes persons give entertainments, the feature of which is the story telling done by the guests. Such an entertainment is a great success when held under proper auspices.

One woman invited each guest to come prepared to tell a ghost story. The unaccustomed narrator had all his awkwardness dispelled at the door, where he was greeted by the sound of clanking chains and a grinning skull, weirdly illuminated from within, peering above a swathing sheet. Alcohol burning in salt emitted purple and green flames which gave a ghostly, unrecognizable appearance to the faces of guests as they assembled in an otherwise dark room. These found they were expected to sit on cushions upon the floor in semicircles around a fireplace filled with logs, which flashed up into a warm glow as the first story was begun. An atmosphere of romance and unconventionality had been thrown about the setting of the stories and free rein was given to fancy. Gray heads and black alike forgot themselves under the inspiration of environment, and flames had faded and stories were told before the pressure of an electric button lured shadows from the corners of the room and chairs and conventionalities appeared together.

To be at his best the story teller must have his mise-en-scène, the bard his harp, the poet his pipes of Pan.

CHIVALRY IN SUBURBS.

Modern Delivery Wagon Bayards Who Rescue Fair Ladies.

"Chivalry will not die so long as there are grocery and butcher clerks," said a suburbanite, as she watched the grocer's team out of sight. "I simply couldn't keep house if it wasn't for those men who call for the orders and afterward deliver the goods, and, between you and me, they're a bigger help than my husband. You see, he's in town all day, and when something comes up during the morning I just wait cheerfully for the grocery man or the butcher man, knowing they will help me out of difficulties that need a man's strong, guiding hand. They never refuse me, and they all seem to be 'Handy Andys.'

"Now, that young man that just left has saved my house from being flooded. Just before he came the water pipe sprang a leak. The plumber telephoned he couldn't come for two hours, and I didn't know how to shut off the water. But my grocery man did. Oh, yes, indeed, he just poked down in the cellar a few minutes, and, presto! the water was turned off. One day the butcher's man came and found me standing in a chair, almost in hysterics. No, it wasn't a mouse, but a tiny, green, harmless grass snake had crawled into the kitchen and lay basking by the fireside. He killed it and saved me from having a convulsion.

"You know how pesky it is to open a can. Well, I don't even try any more. I put cans and can opener on the table, and when the grocery man comes he opens them all. He takes the covers off tin boxes also for me, and more than once he has put a new washer on the faucet.

"The butcher's man saved me from serious trouble one day. A tramp had walked boldly into my kitchen and demanded food. I ordered him out and tried to frighten him, but he sat calmly down and leered at me. I was ready to faint with fright when I heard a welcome 'Any orders to-day, ma'am?'

"'Yes,' I said in a flash, 'throw this tramp out.' And he did.

"Let me tell you what happened last winter. I hired a man to shovel the snow off the back roof, for I was afraid the roof would break under its heavy burden. He showed up all right, but he was as drunk as a lord. In spite of my protests he went clambering out of the window and commenced to shovel. At every shovelful he nearly fell off, and at every shovelful I shrieked at him to come in. But, no sir, he was going to do that job or bust, so he said. Just then my knight came, only it wasn't the grocery or the butcher man this time, but the fish man. I implored him to get that drunken fellow off the roof, and he did, somehow, although he got a black eye in the process.

"When my little dog had its leg nearly chewed off in a dog fight the butcher man arrived in time to bind up the wounded leg and to save the little animal from bleeding to death. Once one of these knights unlocked the pantry door for me, after I had been kept in there for half an hour by my baby boy, who had accidentally turned the key, and, of course, did not know how to turn it back again. Those chivalrous men have 'scrapped' with disagreeable ashes collectors for me; they have pointed out to me why my fire wasn't burning better; they have taken a hand in moving heavy furniture for me in housecleaning time, and they have even consented to mail my letters. You can talk about your knights of old, but give me these twentieth century knights in white smocks who come in my kitchen door every morning looking for orders, but ready to respond to almost any call of mine for practical aid."

REINDEER IN ALASKA.

Remarkable Success of Experiment of Dr. Jackson, a Missionary.

Great interest is being excited in scientific and commercial circles in America by the splendid results of the skilled and assiduous efforts of Dr. Sheldon Jackson, a Presbyterian clergyman, to preserve from extinctiton the Esquimau tribes of Alaska, says "The Pall Mall Gazette." Few persons in England may be aware that in the middle of the last century a scheme for utilizing camels in Arizona was tried. This was a disappointing failure; but many people are now saying that if the attempt had been backed by Dr. Jackson it might have been crowned with success.

A most difficult problem has been triumphantly solved in Alaska, where there were fifteen years ago only sixteen reindeer. To-day, in consequence mainly of Dr. Sheldon Jackson's persevering efforts, there are in the territory 15,000 of these animals. This able pioneer some years since realized that starvation must be the fate of the Esquimau unless some means of subsistence other than the chase could be devised for them. He noticed that with the advent of white settlers the whales, seals, caribou and walruses were disappearing. He knew that the Siberians, living in climatic conditions closely resembling those of the vast peninsula, were self-supporting, simply because they possessed immense herds of reindeer. Not only is the animal wonderfully prolific, but its flesh is excellent for food, its hide furnishes good clothing and its strength, docility and endurance render it invaluable either for carrying or drawing loads.

Dr. Jackson is a philosophical ethnologist. He carefully studied the Alaskan temperament, and he became convinced that the Esquimau of the territory, nomadic by hereditary custom, were unfitted for any of the white man's vocations except that of herding. He believed that reindeer herding would be a pursuit of fascinating interest to these natives.

The initial success of the experiment induced the United States authorities to take up the scheme in earnest, and reindeer stations are now scattered widely over Alaska, while new ones are constantly being established. The industry in a general way is under the supervision of the Bureau of Education, which is attached to the Department of the Interior. Dr. Jackson is the bureau agent of education in the northern section of the territory.

Experience is proving the immense value of the deer as draft animals. In the winter of 1906-07 the superintendent of one of the stations travelled four months with reindeer teams, traversing two thousand miles of barren country, the deer living entirely on moss which they dug from the snow. On another occasion a relief expedition sent to ice-bound whalers at Point Barrow took along three hundred reindeer, which were driven eight hundred miles, with the temperature from 20 to 50 degrees below zero. The animals reached their destination in perfect health, and several fine fawns were born on the way. For several winters the reindeer have been used to carry mails to the little villages along the coast of Bering Sea. Most useful results have followed the introduction of these animals. The native hovel has changed its character, and is now a house, often furnished quite comfortably, with pictures and even musical instruments.

Recently the Russian government has objected to the sale for transportation to Alaska of any more of the Siberian reindeer, but this is by no means a serious blow to the new industry, for the territory can now be completely stocked from the increase of the present herds within its own borders. The yearly increase is about 40 per cent, and by the year 1910 there should be seventy thousand reindeer in Alaska.