LANSDOWNE'S SEESAW CAREER

UPS AND DOWNS OF THE BRITISH FOREIGN MINISTER.

An Object of Popular Hatred During the Boer War, but an Idol of the Public Now—Success Due in Part to a Clever Wife—A Mighty Hunter of Tigers.

"How fickle is popular favor," said a well-known English politician in a London club recently. "Look at Lansdowne.

"Not long ago, when our troops were encountering disaster upon disaster in South Africa, he was the most unpopular man in England. As Minister of War he was blamed for everything overlooked or unforeseen by the army. If he had gone among a London mob after Stromberg, say, he would have stood a good chance of being torn to pieces.

"But now he is a popular idol. He has warned Russia off the Persian Gulf, and immediately he is acclaimed as another Palmerston. The whirligig of time has brought him up to the top again with astonishing rapidity.

"No man ever seemed more hopelessly ruined politically than Lansdowne when public indignation at the South African blunders forced him to give up the office of Secretary of State for War. His appointment as Foreign Minister immediately afterward was the most unpopular act of Lord Salisbury's career—and it was also the pluckiest. But it has turned out well.

"Lansdowne, starting as the best-hated man in British politics, has become the most popular British Foreign Minister since Rosebery—perhaps since Palmerston. He has a great career before him, and it would not be surprising if he succeeded Mr. Balfour in the Premiership when the latter grows tired of it."

The credit for the Marquis of Lansdowne's success at the British Foreign Office is largely due to his clever wife. Like many English women of noble families, she makes politics her hobby. Bismarck used to call her the amateur diplomatist, and say that she was too clever for most of his Ambassadors.

That was in her younger days. Since then her husband has been Viceroy of India and Canada and there, too, has won golden opinions from everybody.

Lord Lansdowne was one of the best Viceroys India ever had, but the English officials used to say that Lady Lansdowne really governed the country. If one of them wanted a bridge, or an irrigation tank, or a famine relief appropriation for his district, he would try to interest Lady Lansdowne in the matter rather than the Viceroy. If she could be convinced that the thing was needed, she would soon set the right wheels to work and get it.

When Lady Lansdowne went out into the streets her carriage would be surrounded by natives who wanted grievances redressed or privileges granted to them by the Government. She would go to great trouble to make inquiry into their cases and see justice done. At nights she would go disguised in native garb into the poorest quarters of Calcutta on missions of charity or justice, like a feminine Haroun-al-Raschid.

A retired Indian judge tells a curious story about Lady Lansdowne. He was dining at the viceregal lodge one night, and the conversation turned upon a sensational murder trial which he was conducting at the time.

After dinner Lady Lansdowne drew the judge aside and said:

"I do not want to interfere with your judicial duties, but I know as an absolute fact that the man who is charged with that murder is innocent. If you will send a detective to me to-morrow morning I will direct him to the house where the real murderer is now hiding. I only discovered the fact this afternoon when I was down there in disguise with one of our syces."

Sure enough, the murderer was caught, as Lady Lansdowne had said, and the innocent man was released. This incident, becoming known, made her very popular with the people of Calcutta, who are not used to English mem-sahibs taking so much interest in their humble lives.

Lady Lansdowne would not tell how she found out the murderer. She said that she made it a rule never to talk about her excursions in native costume, lest she should get her native guides and friends into trouble with their own people.

Her husband was famous for two thing during his stay in India—his dread of the Russians and his courage in tiger shooting. He saw the hand of the Russians everywhere—in Afghanistan, in Persia, in Kashmir, on the Pamirs, even in native riots in Calcutta. His subordinates used to laugh at his Russophobia.

"I really believe," said one of them, "that Lansdowne thinks in his heart of hearts that the Russians cause the famines and the floods which trouble us every now and then."

Lord Lansdowne spent large sums of money while in India in developing the secret service department. He hoped it would circumvent the malevolent designs which he ascribed to Russia.

Lady Lansdowne took great interest in the work, and interviewed several of the principal spies when they came into Calcutta or Simla with reports of their observations in Persia, Kafiristan, Baluchista and other countries where Russian agents were supposed to be busy.

Sportsmen in India still talk of Lord Lansdowne's skill as a shikarri or hunter of big game, and the natives speak with admiration of some of his exploits.

"The great Empress did wisely in sending the Sahib-Bahadur across the black water to rule over us," said an old Mohamedan, who had acted as beater in some of Lord Lansdowne's tiger hunts. "He is the bravest of all the sahibs I have met.

"I have seen him follow a wounded tiger alone and on foot through the jungle, and go right into the dark cave where it crouched at bay. Nothing could be seen of the beast except its two glaring eyes shining out of the darkness. The Sahib-Bahadur put a bullet between them as the tiger sprung upon him, killing it instantly."

Before they went to India, in 1888, Lord and Lady Lansdowne pleased the Canadian people by their friendly and unassuming manners, which were in marked contrast to those of former Governors General and their wives. At a garrison ball at Halifax the Colonel of the regiment that was giving the dance came up to Lady Lansdowne and said:

"Lady Lansdowne, won't you give me a dance, please? I'm tired of dancing with these silly little colonial girls. They have no style. I believe I'm engaged to one of them for the next dance, but you might be kind enough to rescue me."

Lady Lansdowne replied, in tones loud enough for everybody to hear, that the Colonel was unfit to associate with any decent people, colonial or otherwise, and concluded:

"If this is the way you treat your guests I will relieve you of the presence of one of them at once." Then she ordered her carriage and left the ball.

While on a tour in Manitoba one summer Lord and Lady Lansdowne were driven by a heavy thunderstorm to seek shelter in a farmhouse. They were together in a small open trap, and none of the viceregal party was with them. Lord Lansdowne gave his name as Fitzmaurice, the family name of the Lansdownes being Petty-Fitzmaurice.

The farmer and his wife welcomed them with true Manitoba hospitality, and insisted upon their staying for the night, as the storm did not abate. Lady Lansdowne helped to get tea ready and do the evening chores, while her husband listened gravely to the farmer's views on what the Government of Canada ought to do and ought not to do. They declared afterward that it was the most enjoyable evening they spent while they were in Canada.

"That old farmer," said Lord Lansdowne, in a lecture on Canada which he gave at Dover, England, some years afterward, "had a clearer head for politics than most of the statesmen and diplomatists I have met."

Lord Lansdowne is the twelfth of the statesmen to whom the conduct of foreign affairs was intrusted during the reign of the late Queen Victoria, and he bids fair to achieve as big a reputation as any of his predecessors. He has a high sense of public duty and untiring industry.

He works harder than any of his clerks, often sitting at his desk until dawn writing important despatches to King Edward's ambassadors which he does not care to entrust even to the most confidential assistant.

His courage, moral as well as physical, is another important qualification for his high office. He is not afraid to make up his mind on a big question—or have it made up for him by his clever wife—and to stand by it, whatever the risk.

The wind of popular clamor does not move him an inch. That was shown plainly enough by his contempt for the storm of abuse heaped upon him in the earlier stages of the South African war.

The British Foreign Office has been noted for generations for its hospitality. The Foreign Office parties are leading features of London's social life. They have been presided over by some of the most accomplished women of the Victorian era, among Lady Lansdowne's predecessors having been Lady Palmerston, Lady Granville, Lady John Russell and Lady Salisbury. After the death of Lady Salisbury these parties languished, but now they have been revived with more than their old splendor by Lady Lansdowne.

Lord Lansdowne holds no fewer than fourteen titles. He is a Marquis, thrice a Viscount, thrice an Earl, four times a Baron, and four times a Knight as K. G., G. C. S. I., G. C. I. E. and G. C. M. G.—honors bestowed by Queen Victoria for his successes in the difficult art of colonial government.

As Baron of Kerry he holds a title dating back to 1181. It was conferred on one of his ancestors for assisting in Strongbow's conquest of Ireland. Since then a long line of Fitzmaurices have gained title after title, estate after estate, in reward for their services as statesmen and soldiers.

COURTS TO PASS ON NUNS' GARB

STEPS TO TEST THEIR RIGHTS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The Question Whether They May Wear Their Clerical Dress While Teaching in the Public Schools Brought Up Squarely for the First Time in This State.

LIMA, N. Y., June 13.—Father FitzSimons declares that the question which has come up here, of whether nuns may wear clerical clothes while teaching in the public schools, will be carried to the highest court if necessary to establish the rights of the sisters in the matter. The question has never been decided squarely in this State. On all previous occasions it has been complicated by some controversy about the ownership of the school building where the sisters taught. It has always been some building owned by the Catholic authorities.

But in this town the building in which the controversy has arisen is owned by the public, so that there is no question as to the precise issue. It is flatly and squarely whether Roman Catholics in the various holy orders may wear their garb while teaching in the public schools of New York State. Father FitzSimons is a hard fighter when he engages in a controversy, and there is therefore a prospect that the question will be finally settled.

For thirty years there has been a Catholic school in Lima. The teachers were nuns and the building was owned by the Catholics. But there was a public school and the teachers wore ordinary garb.

About a year ago the question came up whether nuns could go into the schoolroom wearing the dress of their order and teach Protestant children. The Rev. Albert K. Bates pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Lima, was active in opposing the proposition. He went to Rochester and enlisted the support of the Presbytery of that city, and some of the more influential Rochester preachers came here to look over the situation. Among these was the Rev. William R. Taylor, pastor of Brick Presbyterian Church.

The clergymen decided that it was a bad thing to let the nuns into the public schools, and it was determined to make a fight. In the meantime School Trustee Patrick Hendrick, whose brother is the Rev. Thomas A. Hendrick, a member of the State Board of Regents, who was spoken of in connection with the appointment of an Archbishop of Manila, had hired Sisters Prudentia and Benedict to teach in the public schools.

A protest against Mr. Hendrick's action was made to Supt. Skinner of the State Department of Education. Up to date he has filed two decisions, both of them against the sisters, directing that they be discharged, ordering that no State money be paid to them and holding to the broad proposition that it is a violation of the law for nuns, attired as such, to teach public school children.

Here is a paragraph from Supt. Skinner's decision which has just been received here:

"The wearing of an unusual garb or dress, worn exclusively by members of one religious denomination for the purpose of indicating membership in that denomination, by the teachers in public schools during school hours, while teaching therein, constitutes sectarian influence and the teaching of a denominational tenet or doctrine, which ought not to be persisted in. It is the duty of school authorities to require such teachers to discontinue, while in the public school room and in the performance of their duties as such teachers therein, the wearing of such dress or garb."

In discussing the case, Father FitzSimons said to a reporter for THE SUN:

"The fact about the matter is that when one year ago Supt. Skinner gave his decision against the wearing of a religious garb in the schoolroom the people of Lima determined to make of it a test case. To eliminate all confusing issues, teachers wearing the garb of sisters were engaged to teach in the district school.

"They taught as any other teacher might, the only difference being in their dress. They held duly authorized certificates from the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. There was no religious instruction whatsoever, and no religious exercises. The building is a State building and the text books used were all of the prescribed order.

"An appeal was taken to Supt. Skinner, but evidently he thought discretion was the better part of valor. The teachers taught unmolested until the end of their term.

"Mr. Skinner, of course, knew that it was preposterous to suppose that any one outside of a competent court could decide the question of the Constitutional right of teachers to wear any garb they please, provided it is in accordance with modesty, and as long as the State does not prescribe a uniform for its teachers. Mr. Skinner was prudent enough not to withhold the public funds from the district, though at the end of the year he issued a decision which was valueless, because too late to be acted upon.

"The matter must be decided, however, by the courts or by Mr. Skinner. Meanwhile those who are urging the superintendent to decide are placing him between the devil and the deep sea. If he himself is to decide according to the Constitution he must reverse his former decisions in this matter as well as those of his predecessors."

A feature of the situation is that Sisters Prudentia and Benedict have been hired for the school year of 1903 and 1904. This gives them the apparent right to act as teachers for that year. Notwithstanding the order of Mr. Skinner, the sisters still continue to teach.

Father Fitzsimmons says there is a Pennsylvania case bearing directly upon the situation in this place, in which the nuns got into a controversy with the school authorities over their attire, and it was decided that they had the right to wear what they pleased.

THE APAYAOS OF BENGUET.

INTERESTING CUSTOMS OF A PHILIPPINE TRIBE.

Enthusiastic Account of the Beauty of the Women—Odd Marriage Ceremonies—Oldest Inhabitant's Privileges—Ordeal of the Sick—Sneezing Feared.

Ever since the Americans have had anything to do with affairs in the Philippines there has been talk of the construction of a hill station in Benguet, a sort of a Philippine Simla, to which all sorts and conditions of men and women might retreat during the hot and wet months in the plains. The first talk of the establishment of such a station was accompanied by tales from the Spaniards of the terrible "savages" who inhabited that mountainous country.

The Americans soon learned that the natives were not savage in the sense in which that term has always been applied to the North American Indians. The Spaniards meant by it only that the peoples to whom it was applied had not been Christianized. The Americans also learned that some of the tribes were of much interest.

The Apayaos, particularly, are a people of old established customs. They build good houses and take pains in the construction of their villages. They maintain their genealogical records by keeping the shield and arms of the men. In some houses travellers have found the arms of fifteen generations. They conform strictly to the ancient tribal laws and are governed in nearly everything by the old men of the village in which they happen to reside.

Like most of the tribes of the Philippines, the Apayaos are of Malay descent, mixed long ago with the native Negritos and with Chinese. Their language is a mixture of two or three dialects. They are only a few thousand in number and are employed almost entirely in agricultural pursuits. As is the case with most of the "Indians," as the Spaniards called them, the standard of morals of the Apayaos is surprisingly high, from the white man's point of view, and remarkably well maintained.

The man is generally tall and robust and of astonishing agility. He is a sour-visaged fellow, and has the reputation of being cowardly, bloodthirsty and treacherous. That, however, is the usual Spanish estimate of all the tribes in the Philippines and is no better borne out in the case of the Apayaos than it has been in the case of any of the tribes which finally resented the abuses and persecutions of Spanish misrule.

The arms of the Apayaos are principally the lance and bow, but they sometimes use a small, light handled, broad-bladed hatchet. They are very fond of cockfighting, as all Filipinos are, and devote a great deal of time to card playing.

They drink, sparingly however, a wine which they make from the fermented juice of the sugar cane. The men are quite likely to sit around the house smoking and playing cards or getting up cock fights while the women and children do the work in the fields.

The Apayao woman has always excited the admiration of the white traveller, both for her appearance and her disposition. She is of small stature, usually very well formed. An enthusiastic Spaniard in Manila who had spent considerable time in the villages of the Apayaos once put into flowery Castilian, for the benefit of the writer, his appreciation of the Apayao woman. Rather literally translated, this is what he wrote:

"She is agile and graceful, of the color of new minted copper, with black and lustrous eyes, whose lids are beautified by long lashes. She has heavy eyebrows which give a certain beauty to her face, and at the same time an indescribable brilliance to her glance, which apparently is intended to fascinate the man upon whom she fixes it. And it is my conception that it is in these beautiful eyes of hers that this woman carries the compelling darts of love, that force which, as God's own work, lives to feed the heart here among these savages even as it does among all other people in the wide circuit of the world.

"Her abundant hair, which she wears in complete disorder—as the woman of civilization would say—she forms into a covering of ebony with which she conceals, and yet reveals, her bare and voluptuous bust. Her broad forehead denotes the pleasantness of her thoughts.

"Her nose is straight and fine, the only feature that seems to separate her from her race. Her mouth is small and her lips fine, but they are discolored from betel chewing, and her teeth are blackened by a bituminous substance which she prepares from iron rust and the juice of guava.

"Her hands and feet are small, but rough and hard from being always bare. Her walk is truly graceful.

"Her voice is soft and musical and has a mysterious cadence, but more than all, this woman has the good quality of being docile, charming, affable and prudent, with which she captivates the sympathy of whoever knows her and by reason of which she is superior to the other Indians of her sex who live in the forests of the different provinces of this archipelago."

The Apayaos are a monogamous people. When a young man desires to marry he wastes no time in making love to the woman of his choice. That is not necessary. Among the Apayaos, as among the crowned heads of Europe, marriages are arranged. And the matter of personal affection is quite a secondary consideration.

The Apayao who has determined to be a bridegroom first consults his parents. If there happens to be a slender young woman who has attracted his fancy, he mentions her to his elders. Otherwise they make the selection to suit themselves.

They proceed at once to negotiate a contract with the parents of the bride-to-be, the business requiring a protracted session of all hands, with the consumption of a large quantity of sugar cane wine and venison, which it is the part of the young man to supply. The partisans of the bride furnish numerous birds of pure white plumage in token of the character of the young woman. That ends the business of the wooing and the match is made.

The marriage follows at once. What ceremony there is is performed by the oldest man in the village, who simply declares in a loud voice before the crowd that has assembled for the function that by the power of the idols he has tied the matrimonial knot. There is nothing said about untying it, but the Apayaos recognize divorce, which is granted by the elders of the tribe after a full hearing of both sides of the case. Divorce is absolute and neither person is permitted to remarry.

As soon as the matrimonial knot is declared to have been firmly tied the dance begins, the old folks furnishing the music on cane whistles. This dance continues for only a short time, and at its conclusion the newly wedded couple go to their own hut, which is always a new one, accompanied throughout the brief journey by the most tremendous howling on the part of all the guests, which is the Apayao method of showing joy at the fortunate event.

As the couple enter their hut all their companions shoot arrows tricked out with little bows of bright cloth into the walls so that the hut is gayly decorated. Then great bonfires are lighted and the dance is renewed, all the people of the village being summoned to it.

A few days later there is celebrated the ceremony of the eternal oath. All the members of the families of both bride and bridegroom assemble in one place, and each inflicts a small cut on arm or leg, from which a few drops of blood is taken.

The blood is caught in a tube of bamboo, and when each person has contributed his portion and all has been thoroughly mixed the tube is passed around again, and each in turn touches it to the lips, so that thereafter in the veins of each there shall flow the blood of all. By this ceremony each one is bound to defend every other to the death.

The Apayaos are very fond of personal adornment and gay colors. Both men and women wear constantly bracelets made of copper or silver, sometimes even of gold, and the women all have earrings of false pearls or whatever kind of bright colored stone they can obtain. They make their own rings and other ornaments, some of which show rather artistic workmanship.

The men fashion very ingenious pipes, with long stems and carved bowls, both bowl and stem decorated with silver bands cut in fantastic shapes. Like the Filipinos of the lower latitudes, they sometimes wear hats woven from fine strips of the outer skin of the bamboo and decorated with silver.

The silver that they use in this ornamentation they secure from coins, but the gold they produce themselves, and in the crudest fashion.

Along the backbone of northern Luzon there extends for miles a belt of auriferous rock which has given rise to many of the stories of the fabulous mineral wealth of that country. The careful examinations of several competent American mining engineers who have searched these provinces, however, have resulted in revealing the true situation.

This belt has neither foot wall nor hanging wall and is not rich enough to make it a paying proposition in view of the work that would have to be done. But the Apayao has nothing to put on it but his labor, which is worth next to nothing to him for any other purpose. So when he wants to be particularly gay in his personal decoration, or in the rare case when he has some ambition to outrank his fellows in possessions, he goes to mining.

He smashes up the gold-bearing rock as best he can by beating it with other stones, taking only that from the surface or near it. When it is pounded to the size of hickory nuts he grinds it, just as he, or rather his wife, does the little bit of corn they sometimes raise.

The resulting dust and powder he runs through a trough made of green bamboo, the inside of which serves as the quicksilver in a sluice box. None of the gold so recovered is clean, being invariably mixed with small particles of rock, which the apparatus of the Apayao will not remove. It is worth perhaps $10 an ounce, but it serves the native fairly well for purposes of ornamentation.

Clothing does not trouble these people very much. For most of the year the men make an entire suit from a simple band of cloth worn after the early fashion of the American Indians. This cloth is woven by the women on simple looms ingeniously constructed from bamboo. The material is either the wild cotton which grows freely in their country or the fibre of the cocoa tree, which also abounds there.

The woman usually has but one garment, a short skirt which covers her from the waist to the knees. Both men and women wear their hair long, the only difference being that the men wear bangs and the women bind the head with bright colored strips of cloth, the ends of which fall down over their faces. For occasions of unusual ceremony the women have skirts of a very gay material, woven from a vegetable fibre which much resembles silk in appearance.

The ordinary Apayao village is built mostly of cane or bamboo and thatched with the tall, tough cogan grass. The buildings are raised on wooden piles five or six feet above the ground.

There is always one house of better and more solid construction than the rest, which is the dwelling of the oldest inhabitant. It is a fine thing to be the oldest inhabitant in an Apayao village. You have a house built entirely of wood, and the front is covered with numberless inscriptions, setting forth the most glorious deeds and dates in the history of your family.

It might be considered derogatory sometimes to have one's family record blazoned to the world on the front of his house, but the Apayaos avoid any difficulty of that nature by remembering only the pleasant things. They record the times when their side beat the other fellows, but never the time when they had to run. Some German ethnologist will probably trace in this a connection with the ancient Greek gentleman who conceived the idea originally of victory alighting on somebody's temple and taking off her wings.

But the oldest-inhabitant business among the Apayaos has its drawbacks, for the elderly gentleman is expected to be the guiding and ruling star of all those who live in his village, and difficulties sometimes arise when he doesn't happen to guide as well as he might if he were a sure-enough prophet.

When a son is born to an Apayao woman she takes the child to the river—every village is near some stream—and there mother and baby, in the presence of the entire family, take a bath. After that she returns to her hut, where she awaits her friends.

When she has had a little time for rest the friends come in, ask what she desires to eat and immediately bring whatever she wishes. An hour or so later they present to the mother a little jug of the juice of green peppers, of which they give the child a swallow or two in spite of his vehement protests. This is because they believe that with this drink the baby will imbibe valor without limit.

Then four of the youngest of the men present pick up the mother and put her in a big arm chair, woven of bejuco, a species of rattan. They put the child in her arms. Then they dance before her, singing a curious chant in sign of jollification, while the mother throws bunches of forest flowers at them in signification of her gratitude.

After this ceremony has been completed each one of the neighbors brings the child rice, sweet potatoes, guava, dried fish and fruit.

If an Apayao falls ill his family or his friends set him at the door of his hut and then go out in the front yard and beat on a little musical instrument something like a tambourine, which they make of cane and rawhide. Meantime the sick man suffers with patience, and if his illness does not decrease he has to endure the redoubled efforts of his friends.

They also play on flutes made out of cane. The family also send their friends into the woods to make petition to the idols to end the illness.

If the sick man recovers they make a great fiesta, dance and sing to the accompaniment of their cane whistles, and eat and drink. But if the patient dies, they stop all diversion, tear down the idols and throw them into the river, and the dead man is buried, bound hand and foot.

Fifteen days later they exhume the cadaver to see if he is still dead. When they have proved that he is they have a great dance and feast, after which they reinter the body. When this is done each one goes back to his hut without speaking to any one and with head downcast, the change being meant to symbolize their grief.

Like all the other mountain tribes, the Apayaos are very superstitious. They believe in the power of anting-anting or charms to render them invulnerable and to protect them from all misfortune.

To sneeze is a terrible thing and an Apayao will flee from a person who is unlucky enough to commit that offence as he would from the very evil one himself. When about to make a visit to friends, either for business or pleasure, the caller never fails to ask upon arrival if any one has sneezed lately, and if the answer is affirmative he gets away on the instant without further parley. If that were only the custom here what a convenient method it would be of avoiding unwelcome visitors! There are some advantages in being an Apayao, after all.

DRAW POKER IN THE OZARKS.

A Drummer Tells of the Advantages of the Country for Studying Human Nature.

The talk in the smoking compartment of the drawing-room car on the eastward flying express had become extremely desultory. The day was hot and it seemed easier to think and look out of the windows than to keep up any interchange of ideas.

Presently, however, the young man from the university settlement made some commonplace remark about the variety of scenery one could enjoy in crossing the continent. He had been across the continent and back and it was the event of his life.

The travelling salesman looked at him a little curiously for a moment, and then said:

"Yes, it's true that you can see a great variety of scenery from the car windows if you travel far enough. The country's pretty big, and it wasn't all laid out by landscape gardeners.

"But, after all, you want to get away from the regular lines of travel and wander 'round promiscuous like, before you realize how various things really are. It's like judging people.

"You don't get much of a notion of what a queer animal a man really is while you stick to the cities."

The university settlement man grew serious.

"You ought to be with us for a while," he said, "if you really want to study the vagaries of human nature. It seems to me the place to observe men is where men are."

The drummer smiled.

"That's true, too," he said, good-naturedly. "But what I meant was that there are small communities scattered all over the country in out-of-the-way places where the customs and the speech of the people are so widely variant from the general run of Americans as to make you believe you are in a foreign country when you visit them.

"The United States cover a good deal of ground, and some of it's pretty wild yet. Tisn't all cities, nor all farms. And men are considerably like trees. You plant 'em in queer places and they grow queer."

"I suppose that is so," admitted the other, "but cities are queer, and men grow as queer there as they do elsewhere."

"Admitted," said the drummer, "but what I mean is that there are strange types that you don't find in the cities.

"I had occasion last winter to go a hundred miles away from the railroad up into the heart of the great wilderness that lies on and around the Ozark Mountain range. I was looking for a man who forgot to settle his account with us before he closed out his business.

"I didn't find him, but I did see some curious things before I got back to civilization. That's no idle phrase, either, for if the people in some of the places I visited were civilized I don't know the meaning of the word.

"I rode into a small village one evening, just before it grew too dark to see the body of a man dangling from the limb of a big tree, right in the middle of the town, if you could call it a town. I had never happened to run across anything of the kind before, and it naturally gave me a great shock, for I concluded, of course, that there had been a lynching party at work in the neighborhood, but I saw no crowd, and no sign of excitement anywhere among the few persons in sight, and I decided not to ask any questions. It's a good rule not to be inquisitive, I find, when you are among strangers.

"But after I had found the tavern—there's almost always a tavern in the smallest settlements—and I had had my supper, my curiosity got the better of me, and I asked the landlord, who was a good-natured looking man, if there'd been anything doing during the day.

"He said, no, he didn't know of anything particular, and I said I thought maybe there had, for it looked to me as if somebody had got in trouble lately. Then he laughed.

"'Oh! You mean the hangin', he said. 'Why, that was yesterday. I been complainin' quite some about that. I told the boys 'twan't fittin' to leave that scallawag danglin' onto a tree right close to home that a way, even if they did suspicion him o' bein' a hoss-thief.

"'But the trouble was, there wa'n't nobody that felt like takin' the trouble to bury him. I reckon he'll have to come down to-morrow, though.'

"This was sufficiently startling, but he went on to explain that Jake Hunter, which, it appeared, was the name of the unfortunate who had been hanged, was believed to have stolen a mule from one of the leading citizens of the place, and although there was no direct proof of his guilt, the general sense of the community was that 'he'd took the mule, an' had ought for to be strung up.' And strung up he had been, accordingly.'

"I should think," said the University Settlement young man, "that it was a good time, just then, to make a few pointed remarks to the citizens of that place."

"Does it strike you that way?" asked the drummer. "Now it occurred to me that it was a most excellent time for me to maintain an eloquent silence. Anyhow, that's the theory I went on, and I can't say I have regretted it yet. Maybe if I'd said what I thought I might be quite sorry now, unless I was pretty dead.

"I changed the conversation, and not thinking, at the moment, of any other topic but draw poker, I asked the landlord if they played the game much around there. That subject will interest any man who plays, and the landlord brightened up in an instant.

"'Yes,' he said, 'they play it right smart when the boys have money, an' they are pretty flush just now, seein' what crops there was have just been paid for.'

"He suggested that there would be a game later that evening in his back room, most likely, and assured me that I would be heartily welcome if I thought I'd like to sit in.

"It didn't appeal to me very strongly, especially in view of what I had just heard about the preceding day's proceedings, and I said that perhaps I might look on for a while, but that I wasn't much of a player. That didn't meet his view. 'The boys kind o' don't like it much to have strangers lookin' on while they plays,' he said, 'but if you care to play it'll be all right.'

"So I decided to play for a while, and pull out as soon as I had lost a few dollars.

"Toward nine o'clock the party gathered, and when I saw them I concluded that a twenty-five cent limit would be about the size of the game. There wasn't a man there who looked as if he owned more then $10 in cash, for they were all roughly dressed and rough in their general appearance, even one whom I afterward learned was a doctor, and another whom they called Squire.

"But when they bought chips they called for a hundred apiece, and flashed the money all right. And it appeared that they played table stakes.

"I didn't like to back out, even at that, so I bought, too. There were six in the game, two of them being farmers, and, as I gathered from the talk, being the ones who had diffused prosperity through the place by a run of bad luck for ten or twelve nights in succession.

"Say, it was a tolerably lively game for me, and it didn't last long. We had played perhaps half a dozen hands when one of the farmers said, quite casually, that his old gray mule had come home just at sundown. Nobody said anything till the hand was played out, and then the landlord asked:

"'You mean the one Jake Hunter stole?'

"Observe that he didn't say the one Hunter was suspected of stealing, but the one he stole.

"'Why, yes,' replied the farmer. 'Leastways I thought so, but 'pears the peaky critter broke pastur, an' strayed over to George Hapgood's place, an' he brung her home to-day.'

"The landlord was dealing, and he didn't even pause in passing out the cards, as he said:

"'I kind o' thought you fellers was a leetle hasty when you hanged Jake.'

"But the only reply to this was a careless remark from the Squire.

"'Oh! I don't know,' he said. 'Jake was a pizen low-down ornery whelp anyhow. I reckon he's better off dead, an' nobody else is any the worse off.' And that closed the discussion.

"I confess that I was rattled, and I was trying to cook up some excuse for quitting the game, when I got one unexpectedly.

"The second farmer, who had not said anything up to that time, but who seemed to be in a morose temper, suddenly pulled a knife from somewhere. I couldn't see where he carried it, though he sat next to me, for his motion was quicker than a cat's.

"But, having it out he drove it, with one vicious stab, clean through the Squire's hand, down into the heavy table, and left it sticking there, while with another motion, as quick as the first, he pulled a pistol and thrust the muzzle in the Squire's face.

"'Now sit still,' he exclaimed with a furious oath. 'Do you all see,' he continued, addressing the party generally, 'where that scoundrel's hand is?'

"We all did see. It was directly on the discard pile, where it certainly had no business to be just then.

"'I caught him palming a card a bit ago,' continued the farmer, 'an' I watched him till he tried to get rid of one he didn't want. Count the discard.'

"We counted it, and there was one card too many.

"Nobody spoke, however. It seemed to be up to the farmer and the Squire to do the talking, and the Squire spoke first.

"'I can't fight you,' he said, 'with one hand pinned to the table, nor I can't say nothin' when you've caught me dead to rights. I don't reckon you mean to shoot me, but if you'll pull out this knife I'll pay you back about four hundred I've won off'n you, an' I'll light out afore mornin'.'

"'All right,' said the farmer, coolly, 'but you'll get a duckin' in the horse pond first. Won't he, boys?'

"This seemed to meet the views of the party, and after the Squire had handed over the money we all cashed in and went to the horse pond. I did not take any part in the exercises, but I was much interested in them.

"An hour later four men sat down again at the poker table. I went to bed, and the Squire had lit out.

"Now, I venture to say that you might pass a long time in a big city and never spend an evening like that," said the drummer in conclusion, and the other admitted that he might.

PROFESSIONALISM IN COLLEGES.

President Jordan of Leland Stanford University Attacks Coach Yost.

David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University, California, made a sensational declaration touching professionalism among college athletes a couple of nights ago at Chicago. President Jordan's remarks involved Coach Yost of the University of Michigan and formerly of Leland Stanford, and Gregory, the star centre of the Michigan football team, and were made at the annual meeting of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools at Cobb Hall, University of Chicago. The opportunity for the accusation presented itself in the shape of a discussion on a paper entitled "The Regulation of Athletics in Colleges: What Next?" read before the members of the organization, to the number of 150, by Prof. C. A. Waldo of Purdue University. In the audience was Prof. F. M. Scott of the University of Michigan and it seems he was aware of Prof. Jordan's intention, for the latter said:

"I have the permission of the Michigan representative at this meeting to say a word. As coaches after Walter Camp at Leland Stanford University we had two other Yale men—Cross and Chamberlain—who were good college sportsmen, but they did not win games.

"Then we had Yost. What I want to get at is an illustration. A young fellow came from the mines. He was not prepared in his studies to enter the university, but he showed an interest in his mining subjects and was admitted as a special student. He could not pass any entrance examinations and did not pass in any of his work after admission, and so he dropped out.

"Yost went to Michigan. This young man went on to Michigan, and has been the centre around which Yost has built up a strong team. He has played through two seasons, fifteen games or so.

"It is up to us as a faculty to see that such things do not happen. All of us who have ever had Yost or any Yostlike man about us are not to be counted as sinless. The faculty has duties to perform. It is impossible to do away with men like Gregory unless we do away with other idlers.

"We shall as soon as possible, at Stanford, abolish the gate money. Athletics started with us on a good plane. Walter Camp, who is a college sportsman, was our first coach, and instilled a spirit of sportsmanship which has not altogether died out.

"Some of our problems are solved, because we have only one great game. Here in the Middle West some institutions have fifteen or twenty games to a season. It is impossible to have that many games without hurting the work of the football players, and it is impossible to treat the football players severely if the other loafers are allowed to go on to the end of the term without studying."

Those who listened to Prof. Jordan were not very much surprised, for the previous day he denounced the "dandy and butterfly loafers" in colleges. During his address Prof. Waldo frequently quoted Prof. Hollis of Harvard on vital points and practically substantiated the stand taken by the Cambridge professor. President Harper and Coach Stagg of Chicago the University and Director Butterworth of the Northwestern University were attentive listeners to President Jordan's remarks.

Another bomb exploded when President J. H. Jesse of Missouri State University rose to speak. He told how his alumni deceived him in 1896 by having a hired player on the team. But after the college secured Dr. Hetherington as athletic director there were no more professional tactics. President Jesse further said that the University of Missouri and Washington University had purged the lower half of the Mississippi of professionalism.

The professional coach in general came in for some hot shot at the hands of Prof. Waldo, and he advocated that he be put off the campus for good and all. He said these men received salaries which make some of the university presidents envious, and that these coaches in some cases are satisfied to hire men to play for the teams in which they are interested for the purpose of winning and sustaining their reputations.

Prof. Waldo proposed the following eight reforms:

"Absolute business publicity; receipts and expenditures published annually.

"An annual record of all athletic achievements for each year, published as an award of honor.

"One year's residence, in which a student shall have reasonable success in his studies before allowed to participate in athletics.

"No voluntary recruiting agencies.

"Graduate coaches without pay.

"Disarmament; that is, the doing away with all professional coaches.

"Lower admission fees.

"A new athletic fraternity made up of men who have won their initials in honorable contests to guide and guard the purity of athletics; this being the fraternity proposed by the State University of Iowa."

In a paper on "The New Departure or Revolution in Methods," by Dean C. M. Woodward of St. Louis, he advanced the plan of abolishing gate receipts and of incorporating athletics in the curriculum and providing for them like any department.

Gregory, Michigan's centre rush, who is now at Ann Arbor, Mich., made the following statement on President Jordan's charges that Yost's methods were sinful and that Gregory's connection with the team was shady:

"It's a downright shame, and it's a rank slander on Yost, who is the squarest coach in the country. It puts me in a bad light. There is absolutely no truth in what Jordan says, and I will make certain that he gets a prompt denial from me. I never saw Yost in my life until I went to Stanford. In fact, I never heard of him before that. My home is in Redding, Cal., which is a mining town, and my folks own considerable property. I did not go to Stanford with the intention of studying mining. I went there to prepare myself for the law profession. That is my ambition, and I have not a scratch against my class record since taking it up here."

JUDGE JIMMY DOLAN'S SERMON

REPLY TO ONE PREACHED ON THE PRODIGAL SON.

It Related to an Episode of the Civil War and Brought Out a Curious Sequel When Repeated the Other Day by an Upstate Lawyer to a Massachusetts Preacher.

The Prodigal Son was the subject of a sermon preached in a New York church two Sundays ago by a minister who occupied the pulpit of the pastor, now in Europe. After the sermon a lawyer from up the State called upon the minister to compliment him upon treating an old subject in a new way. Then he told the minister the story that follows, and the minister told the lawyer a better one. The lawyer said:

"There was a Judge Dolan in the State where I formerly lived, whose physique and waddling gait would have been a Falstaffian study for any great actor who wanted to play the part. He had a fund of philosophy that was in keeping with his unique personality.

"On one occasion he attended a service, as I have done, at which the minister based his sermon on the parable of the Prodigal Son, as you have done. At the conclusion of the meeting the old county Judge replied to the little dominie, the dominie having consented. The reply, as it lingers in broken fragments in my memory, was something like this:

"'History has parallel columns, but parables don't. You all know my boys. You know Caleb, especially.

"'He struck me for his portion of what I had arranged to give him, saying that he wanted to go off and have a good time, promising to come back when he got through and take his place as a hired man. I told Caleb if he thought there was any more fun away from the farm than there was on it he could skedaddle whenever he pleased, but he couldn't do it on my money.

"'Well, you know that he went. Some of you come around to console me, and the boy's mother all but went crazy for a long time after he disappeared.

"'I am not saying that I didn't used to get out of my bed and set out on the porch waiting for him to come back. I used to wonder as I sot thar whether, if I should see him coming up the lane, I'd run out and meet him, or take the shotgun and chase him back. I never quite made up my mind which I'd do. And then I'd sneak back to bed and try to pray.

"'Every day I would go into the room up in the attic where Caleb used to hang out, and look at his picture. I never could make up my mind whether to shoot it full of holes or take it down and cry over it, so I just set on the side of his bed and bit my lips. I quit looking for letters from him. Not once did he ever write.

"'You all know when the unpleasantness 'twixt the North and the South come up just where I stood. I was for keeping my niggers if it bust up the Government. My other boys went off with Coon Thornton's artillery and followed Pap Price clear through, and stayed, and stayed. They never come back.

"'Meanwhile the niggers was freed and they went off and stayed and stayed, and they never come back. If they did it was in the night and then they skipped out before daylight.

"'My wife finally died, as you all know, and I was left all alone. And then I went away. I was rheumaticky and bent over, but what thar was left of me I offered to the Confederacy. The C. S. A. wasn't as particular about accepting recruits as the Yankees. Anything would do.

"'They wouldn't let me carry a gun