AN EMPIRE WITHOUT POVERTY

DREAM OF THE ECONOMISTS FULFILLED IN THE WEST.

The Vast Grain Field Where There Are No Poorhouses, No Fresh Air Fund, No Charity Work, Because None Is Needed—Universal Rule That of Prosperity.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 22.—"And the Poor Commissioner, who is he?"

A list of county officials of a Middle West county was being made, and many had been named.

"We have none," was the reply. Then with a smile, "for several years no one lived on the county farm but the superintendent, so we sold the farm and discharged the manager. Now this county has no poor house."

"But what do you do with the people in need, is there."

"Don't have any. The folks all seem to be able to take care of themselves. They never ask any help from the county, unless they are sick. Then the neighbors care for them or the authorities."

This was out in the shortgrass country, the high plains, once the American Desert. In the county, with more than 800 square miles of area, live nearly 10,000 people, and not a mendicant, not a semblance of need, is there.

It is a fair example of the empire where poverty enters not, where the well to do are possessors of the soil. It is an example of the land with the highest average of prosperity the world has ever known, an average that has been immensely increased in the last eight years and has never before reached so high a figure as to-day.

The dream of the economist is a land without poverty. The ambition of the statesman is a people without want, able to obtain those necessaries the use of which will permit them to maintain a state of physical efficiency. The dwellers on the great plains of America approach near to that ideal.

From the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains, from Canada down to the new State of Oklahoma is one vast grain field. It is the home of agriculturists and of people whose prosperity depends directly on the products of the farm. To be sure, there are mines and oil and manufacturing; but the staple resource of the region is the farm.

When the crops fail the general income languishes, and this is the test of a community's business basis. In all that territory are only three large cities, Omaha, Kansas City and the Minneapolis-St. Paul settlement. St. Louis, though on the west side of the river, does not belong in the Prairie State catalogue. Denver is primarily a mining centre.

Each of these cities is remarkably prosperous; each of them has more work for laborers than there are laborers for hire; each is building and extending its limits as never before. The problem of the poor, the struggle of the tenement house and the efforts of organized charity are little known.

Poverty is unperceived because the opportunity for wage earning is, and has been, present in these rapidly developing communities, advancing as they have from villages to cities of 150,000 to 300,000, in practically uninterrupted progression. The construction of municipal improvements, the erection of stores, public buildings and dwellings, the multitude of other improvements, added to the manufacturing industries, gave all not physically incapacitated a chance.

"Have you a fresh air fund or plan for open air outings" was asked of some church workers in one of the West's bustling cities.

"Why should we?" was the reply, "when a walk of a few blocks takes any one to the fields and pinning streams? This is only a great big country town, after all."

A big country town—perhaps that best expresses the present day condition of the Western cities, those that form the centres of population for the inland empire. They retain some of the freshness and the heart interest of smaller municipalities and of the open lands.

More true is it of the middle class cities that are scattered, two or three in a State, over the level leagues, gaining sustenance from local agricultural surroundings. They are indeed big country towns.

On their boulevards one sees in summer evenings happy families stowed away in comfortable surreys; coatless husbands lounging on lawns they themselves have mowed; neighbors visiting on the porches along the best residence street as well as in the farthest suburb.

Past the finest houses in the town roll the automobiles and along the same streets roll perambulators pushed by workers in the creamery or in the carriage factory. It is a democratic procession that makes up the moving picture and you wonder where are the poor of this community of 40,000 people.

"You mean the colored population?" suggests your host. "Needn't worry about them. They are getting along all right. We would be glad to pay the women four or five dollars a week as servants, but they will not work for us. They say they do not have to do that. They can work by the day half the time and make more money. So we hire them by the day part of the time and do our own work the remainder of the week. Poverty? Go into their homes. Some of them have pianos; organs are common—they don't suffer."

"But you give to charity?"

"Of course. Occasionally a family is found that needs help. The father or mother is ill, death or accident has lessened the income. When that happens and it is known supplies are forthcoming in abundance and the needy ones are well cared for. We do not have any suffering poor with us in any other sense."

So it is in other small cities, Des Moines, Dubuque, Lincoln, Wichita, Topeka, Sioux Falls, Fargo, Pueblo, Guthrie, Muskogee. Up and down the plains region, travel from one busy capital to another, from one business centre to another, it is all the same story.

Are all rich? No, not even a considerable portion rich, as the world goes. The list of millionaires places less than a dozen in all this empire of as many States, and it is probable that the wealth of some of these has been overestimated.

But in these towns there is no fringe of that desolation or of poverty stricken dependence which mark equally large cities of the Eastern States. Every resident enjoys a familiar acquaintance with green grass, flowers, pure air and sunshine; every one in good health has sufficient to eat and wear without dependence on alms.

Then come the villages and small towns—most of them dignifying themselves in due Western boastfulness with the title city. They may have only 150 inhabitants or the census taker may find 5,000 to 10,000. In neither event does he find reminders of pinched resources nor lack of necessaries.

Take a typical community of 5,000 people out in central Kansas. It is the centre of an average farming community. In it are twenty-four church organizations and seventeen lodges.

It has been through a boom and recovered and has the usual social difficulties attending a settlement where everybody is familiar with his neighbor's business. This is the extent of its charity work.

Each Thanksgiving Day at a union service in one of the churches is taken a collection for the city mission fund. This amounted last year to $34.60, the year preceding to $37. A committee, consisting of two members from each of half a dozen leading churches, works with the city officials, that none of the needy may be missed.

The principal expenditure is in buying Christmas baskets and sending them to the families of widows or to the aged as reminders of the day.

"Occasionally some immigrant is stranded here as he goes with his family across country in his white covered wagon," explained the chairman of the committee. "We helped two such cases last year. Some families with little children where the parents are ill have been assisted, but we have not spent all our money this year, nor did we last year."

"But do not the town and county spend something for charity?"

"Yes, and there is a poor farm, but it has only seventeen inmates, all of them there because infirm, sick or aged. It is really a hospital. It has steam heat and bathrooms, and is more a home than a public refuge. The city marshal sometimes takes food or coal to families in town, but it is when sudden misfortune has visited the home and not because of poverty in the usual sense of the word."

This was characteristic of other towns in which inquiries were made. Many of them had even a better record, not having so many railroads and so escaping the trampdom that guides its movements by the direction of lines of ties.

The tramp problem, closely allied as it is to poverty, exists in the plains region as elsewhere. While distances are expansive and opportunity for securing work so numerous as to be impertinent the procession of able bodied men loafs along the highways and halts in the parks and groves.

Questioned, most of the members of the Guild of the Wandering Foot will say they are bound for the "Coast," or are "going East to the wife's folks." Many towns have ordinances making the giving of alms to strangers an offence, specifying that beggars shall be sent to the city authorities.

In summer when the farmers are begging for help in the harvest it is aggravating to see able bodied men living their irresponsible life and refusing $2 a day and board for work in the wheat fields. Kansas asks for 25,000 workers in harvest every summer, Nebraska uses 15,000 and the Dakotas as many more.

Farmers of all these States find it more difficult each year to obtain help for their farms and thousands are selling out or renting their land and moving to town because of this shortage of farm labor. So long as he who will work can till land of his own and make more profit than he can serving others this condition will continue and it disposes of any possibility of real poverty in agricultural communities.

The exception in securing farm labor is the large ranch where much help is needed. Here grows up a comradeship that holds the men, and, as wages are high, seldom is it difficult to keep employees—for life on Western ranches is far from being barren or burdensome. Indeed, it has a fascination and a charm that attract even those who could make better incomes by being their own masters.

The small Western town seems to the visitor to offer little chance to earn a livelihood. The store is so very small, the hotel is so very cheap—a dollar a day is the top price, charged only to transient outsiders; during the harvest season the shops seem so sleepy and the streets so deserted.

But talk with a business man and you will find that every individual has a mission. Many of the men are running farms just outside the town; some of the shops are branches of bigger ones at the county seat; the hotel proprietor also runs the livery stable and charges well for his teams which are kept busy carrying drummers to the next village.

The streets may be deserted at midday, but on Saturday afternoon, when the farmers come in to shop, every hitching post will be in use and every store will be filled with customers.

Not only are these towns free from poverty in its usual sense but they offer to the well to do dweller an uncommon advantage, one not comprehended by the city resident of the metropolis.

EAGLE CHATTERS HIS TEETH.

U. S. Consul Says Pan-American Railway Is Only a Dream.

Our former Consul to Para grows almost hysterical when any one says "Pan-American." He coruscates puns. He even provides the American eagle with teeth.

The great "Pan-American railway" is a beautifully taking conception, he sarcastically exclaims in *Collier's*. The American eagle shivers in every pin feather and his teeth chatter with delight at the mere suggestion.

But however glorious this may be for the great American eagle, when the average American citizen proposes to send his own private "ten dollar eagles" a-railroading, especially a-pan-railroading, he wants to know how it is going to pan out and where the "pan" is going to dump after the "scoop" is made and where the eagle is going to light when he comes down.

Except on extensive plains the rule of railroad building is to follow the water courses, where nature has already done all the necessary grading.

The Pan-American railway dreamer proposes to shove a railway more than five thousand miles lengthwise through mountains from Panama to Patagonia, cutting at right angles every valley and hill for thousands of miles, through a nearly uninhabited region the greater part of the distance. It is perfectly safe to predict that no railroad will be built along that route very soon.

A continuous line of railway may some time in the far distant future be in operation from New York to Buenos Ayres, but it will never be used for carrying through freight between those points. As long as half an ounce of coal can be made to move a ton of cargo a mile on the open ocean no born Yankee is going to send his freight by rail to the Amazon Valley or to Rio or to Buenos Ayres.

Consolation for the Artist.

From the Youth's Companion.

The late Lord Leighton, president of the Royal Academy, once had a chance to learn something about himself that perhaps he had not suspected. His chance came to him at a picture gallery, where his painting "Helen of Troy" was on exhibition.

He joined a group of ladies who were standing before it just in time to hear one of the number say:

"It's a horrid picture—simply horrid!"

"I'm sorry, but it's mine!" Lord Leighton exclaimed involuntarily.

"You don't mean to say you've bought the thing?" questioned the same lady.

"No; I—painted it," the artist humbly replied.

The critical lady was momentarily abashed; then she said easily:

"Oh, you mustn't mind what I say."

"No, indeed, you mustn't," another began earnestly. "She's only said what everybody else is saying!"

BOZZY'S LOVE STORY.

Curious Sidelights on the Manners of the Eighteenth Century.

Augustin Filon in the Fortnightly Review.

I have been recently introduced to a new Boswell—a Boswell without Johnson, a Boswell who is in love, or very near to it, and in great danger of being loved himself by one of the most charming and brilliantly gifted women who ever lived. For that unexpected pleasure I am indebted to Professor Philippe Godet of Neuchatel and to his new book on "Madame de Charrière et ses Amis."

One of the opening chapters tells us how James Boswell, during his stay at Utrecht in the winter of 1764, became acquainted with Isabelle van Tuyll, and was for some time a prominent figure in the group of admirers who surrounded the Dutch beauty. Isabelle possessed every advantage which could attract the attention of a young man of twenty-four. Her family was one of the noblest in the land, with sufficient means to keep its rank and dignity. Isabelle, or, as she was familiarly called, Belle, was not regularly pretty, but the ever changing expression of her bright, eager face, her winning smile, her large sea green eyes, the wealth of her fair hair, cut short after a fashion of her own, her graceful figure and easy deportment, all concurred to make her extremely attractive, as her portrait, painted by Latour shortly after she had met Boswell, still bears witness.

She had a perfect mastery of the French language. We have abundant proof that she could speak and write in English almost equally well. She had studied classical languages, history, and mathematics; in painting and music she had attained to a proficiency far above the average. Before she was twenty-five she had become an authoress by publishing a novelette of a marked satirical character, which had aroused much adverse criticism in polite circles at The Hague and Utrecht. "Le Noble," in a few pages teeming with trenchant and merciless wit, exposed the vices of an idle and corrupt aristocracy.

The good people of Utrecht had other causes for wondering and gossiping about Mlle. de Zuylen's eccentricities, which were many and startling. In an age in which every word, every gesture of an unmarried woman was regulated by a tyrannical etiquette, she showed an open disregard of social conventionalities, even, it was whispered, of common proprieties. She made the most pungent and disparaging remarks about ladies of high rank; she addressed men freely without waiting to be addressed by them; she received her friends of both sexes, sometimes late at night, in her own room, even when she was in bed or dressing or undressing. What would the people have said, I wonder, if they had known, as we do, that she was, unknown to her parents, carrying on a correspondence with Colonel d'Hermenches, a middle aged married man, who wished to get rid of his wife by divorce? To this witty but stony hearted profligate she confided unreservedly her inner feelings, her most secret inclinations.

From 1760 to 1770 there was an uninterrupted *défilé* of pretenders of all ages, conditions and tempers, from a royal prince and a reigning rhingrave down to an attainted lord and a decayed French marquis, who wished to repair his ruined castles with the money of the Tuyll family. Some came and went. Some were always on the point of coming, but never came at all. It may be imagined that they were frightened away by what they saw or by what they heard.

Such was the situation of affairs when Boswell appeared on the scene.

Like Belle van Zuylen, James Boswell was of noble birth. One of his ancestors had received the estate of Auchinleck from King James IV. of Scotland, and had been among the glorious dead at Flodden Field. His father, Lord Auchinleck, was a Judge, and earnestly desired to see his son devote himself to the legal profession. To this James Boswell demurred. It is said that when a lad he had shown some inclination to become a Romish priest. Later on he wanted his father to buy him a commission in the Guards—not, indeed, that he had any taste for the military profession, but in order that he might be permitted to live in London and to move in the best and highest circles of society. At last he resigned, or pretended to resign, himself to be a lawyer, but I fancy that when he consented to go to study law in Utrecht during two years he never meant seriously to adhere to the compact, but simply meant to extract from Lord Auchinleck the yearly allowance which he needed to live and travel on the Continent.

What sort of a fellow was he at the time? "A very good humored, a very agreeable, and a very mad gentleman."

Thus does David Hume describe him in a letter to a friend dated January 12, 1766. "Very mad." These two words seem to have impressed the writer of the article on James Boswell in the "Dictionary of National Biography" to such an extent that he made all other particulars fit in with them, and so contrived to give us a view of young Boswell's moral disposition in the '60s of the eighteenth century totally different from, if not radically opposite to, the real Boswell as he appears in his after life and in his own letter, which will be soon under the eyes of the reader. To Hume's judgment we may oppose that of another man of equal discernment, Adam Smith. He had been Boswell's teacher, and told him once, several years before the stay at Utrecht, that "he was too wise, too systematic for a young man." What proofs, then, can be afforded of his "madness"? Is it that when a child he fancied himself to be a Jacobite, but changed his mind and consented to drink King George's health on the offer of a shilling given by one of his uncles? I venture to think that, on the contrary, every Scotsman and every Scotswoman will consider this as a mark of an early practical wisdom and a good augury of future success. Is it that when a boy of eighteen he fell desperately in love with a girl known to us only by the letters S. W—t? But who has not been desperately in love at that tender age? Lastly, is it that he visited Paoli in Corsica and interviewed him on his past life and his plans or that he escorted Thérèse Levasseur, Rousseau's mistress, to England? This would be the most glaring of all mistakes. Boswell was born *un curieux* (I am surprised that the word does not exist in English, since the fault—or the quality—is decidedly characteristic of this nation). He was fond of approaching and studying celebrities. Before he finally attached himself to Samuel Johnson he had made friends with David Hume, Adam Smith, Voltaire, Rousseau and Paoli, the hero of Corsican independence. A combination of enthusiasm, self conceit and good sense, a virtuous and honest prig, a meddler if you like—I mean a meddler of the good sort, for he liked to oblige and help—but a most sober and right minded man, I believe. When he met Mlle. de Zuylen he was already regulating all his actions, as he will soon explain, by self imposed rules, more tyrannical, it may be, than any of the social conventions against which she was in open revolt. If I were writing a novel (a sin which I have committed too often, but I shall not do it again), nothing would be easier for me than to imagine the peculiar kind of flirtation which took place between these two strange creatures, equally wilful, equally infatuated with their own conception of life. The duel between man and woman commonly called love must have assumed in their case one of its unwonted and most interesting aspects. Like all mad girls, she was attracted toward reasonable men. Six years later she married a philosopher, who was fond of mathematics, and both had to atone for the mistake. But it was not in Boswell's nature to be domesticated in the same way. No, not by a woman. So he strenuously resisted the charm. Her conduct was full of contradictions. She corresponded with him, but she let him see at the same time that she was corresponding with others. Without mentioning any name she spoke of a certain gentleman of whom she was thinking three times a day. Boswell retaliated by saying that he could not marry her but would like to see her married to his best friend.

So they fenced with one another for some months. To the young man Belle seemed a puzzle, a living problem. What was she driving at? What were her real feelings? Was she a flirt, or a passionate woman? Did she love too little, or too much? In either case she was a peril, and could not agree with his Scotch notions of a wife. Besides, it would never do to be entangled in an early engagement while the world had still so many curiosities and celebrities in reserve for him. So, perfectly unmindful of his duties as a law student, he fled to Berlin, from which place he dated a letter of seventeen pages, of which I give copious extracts, with scrupulous adherence to Boswell's spelling and punctuation:

BERLIN, July 9th, 1766.

MY DEAR ZELIDE—Be not angry for not writing to my fair friend before now. You know I am a man of form, a man who says to himself Thus will I act, and acts accordingly. In short, a man subjected to discipline, who has his *Orders* for his conduct during the day, with as much exactness as any Soldier in any service. And who gives these Orders? I give them. Boswell when cool and sedate fixes rules for Boswell to live by in the common course of life. Boswell might be dissipated and forget the distinctions between right and wrong, between propriety and impropriety. I own to you that this method of living according to a Plan, may sometimes be inconvenient, and may even cause me to err. When such a man as I am, employs his great Judgment to regulate small matters, methinks he resembles a Giant washing teacups or threading a needle, both of which operations would be much better performed by a pretty little Miss. * * * Is it not however a great deal in favour of my candour that I own that Plans may sometimes make one go wrong. Mr. Smith whose moral sentiments you admire so much, wrote to me sometime ago, "Your great fault is acting upon System," what a curious reproof to a young man from a grave Philosopher! It is however a just one, and but too well founded with respect to me. For a proof of it's justness I need go no farther than the letter which you are now reading. It was part of my system not to write to Zélide till my journey should be over. By my following that system, you must be almost four weeks without hearing a word from me. I will not pretend to doubt of your being sorry at this. I have even vanity enough to make me view you in tender attitudes of anxiety, such however as become a friend. Love is a Passion which you and I have no thoughts of, at least for each other.

Boswell, having indulged in freely criticising the letters received from her, excuses himself by saying that sincerity is the privilege and the duty of friends. He has been always outspoken with his friends, and gives a curious instance:

I remember an officer of the British Army whom I had a regard for, ruined himself by extravagance. I was happy enough to save him from prison and get him sent home to his friends. I was not rich; but I had money enough to relieve him. At the very time that I was talking to his Creditors, did he propose some fancifull party of pleasure. This hurt me most severely so that I cried out with tears in my eyes, "Was there ever such a good-for-nothing fellow." This officer, Zélide, was a pretty man, a man of genius, who wrote a comedy and wrote verses. He had a fine figure; he was a good Player of Tragedy. He was generous, he was lively. Had he been at Utrecht you would have liked him much. You would have corresponded with him after he left you; and yet Zélide, this officer, is an unhappy Being, and a bad member of Society, merely from the want of that sober quality *Prudence*, a quality which you laugh at, altho' it is of all qualitys the most essential.

Then Boswell grows lyrical:

Thou favourite of Nature, listen to thy friend. Let Prudence be thy counsellor. Learn to be Mistress of thyself. Learn to live and pray despise not art. Art has taught thee to play so divinely on the Harpsichord. Let her teach thee to modulate the powers of thy mind with equal harmony.

Talk not to me of Nature's charming ease
By which alone a woman ought to please,
Nature shoots forth rank weeds as well as flowers
And oft the nettle o'er the Lilly towers.
The buxom lass whom you may allways see
So mighty nat'ral and so mighty free,
A vulgar Bosom may with love inspire,
But Art must form the Woman I admire;
Art which usurps not beauteous Nature's place,
But adds to Nature's dignity and grace.

You see I am in high spirits, for I give you heroic verses. * * *

A sermon follows on the lyrical effusion. Zélide is earnestly advised to give up her attachment to pleasure.

You will say, perhaps, that I am preaching and you will be heartily tired. However, you must have a little more of it.

This is no vain threat. For he proceeds to give her "useful hints" on religious matters. After expounding, at leisure, his views on Christ's divine mission, he puts her on her guard against metaphysics, as all such speculations, dangerous even to a man, are ridiculous in a woman. "Study history, plain and certain parts of knowledge, and, above all, endeavour to relish the common affairs of life."

Consider my dear Zélide your many *real* advantages. You are a daughter of one of the first families in the Seven Provinces; you have a number of Relations of Rank. You have a very handsom fortune, and I must tell you too that Zélide herself is handsom. You have a title to expect a distinguished marriage. You may support a respected and amiable character in life. Your genius and your many accomplishments may do you great hondur. But, take care, if those enchanting qualitys are not governed by Prudence, they may do you a great deal of harm. * * *

He then volunteers some hygienic rules for the preservation of her health. She must keep regular habits; she must be careful of her mind by employing it moderately.

I should think you should believe me. I am no Clergyman. I am no Physician. I am not even a Lover. I am just a gentleman upon his travels who has taken an attachment to you and who has your happiness at heart. I may add a gentleman whom you honour with your esteem.

Now Zélide give me leave to reprove you for your libertine sentiments of which your letters to me furnish several examples. You say that if your husband and you loved each other only a little, "*J'en aimerois surement un autre. Mon ame est faite pour des sentiments vif. Elle n'estiera pas sa destin.* * * *J'aimerois assez un mari qui me prendroit sur le pied de sa maitresse. Je lui dirois ne regardes pas la fidelité comme un devoir. N'ayez que les droits et la jalousie d'un amant.*" My Zélide what fancies are these? Is a mistress half so agreeable a name as a Wife? Is a connection of love merely, equal to a connection strengthened by a variety of circumstances which have a pleasing influence on a sound mind? I beseech you never indulge such ideas. Respect mankind. Respect the Institutions of Society.

Some details of his stay in Berlin and of the different people whom he met there are here awkwardly introduced. Then he returns to his subject.

As you and I Zélide are perfectly easy with each other, I must tell you that I am vain enough to read your letters in such a manner as to imagine that you realy was in love with me, as much as you can be with any man. I say *was* because I am much mistaken if it is not over before now.

You have no command of yourself. You can conceal nothing. You seemed uneasy. You had a forced merriment. The Sunday evening that I left you, I could perceive you touched. But I took no notice of it. From your conversation I saw very well that I had a place in your heart, that you regarded me with a warmth more than friendly. Your letters showed me that you was pleasing yourself with having at last met with the man for whom you could have a strong and a lasting Passion. But I am too generous not to undeceive you. You are sensible that I am a man of strict Probity. You have told me so. I thank you. I hope you shall always find me so. * * * You tell me, "*Je ne voudrois rien pour votre femme, je n'ai pas les talens subalternes.*" If by these talents you mean the domestic virtues you will find them necessary for the wife of every sensible man. But there are many stronger reasons against your being my Wife; so strong that as I said to you formerly, I would not be married to you to be a king. I know myself and I know you. And from all probability of reasoning, I am very certain that if we were married together it would not be long before we should both be very miserable. My wife must be a character directly opposite to my dear Zélide, excepting affection, in honesty and in good humour. * * * After this, I shall write in French. Your correspondence will improve me much in that language. * * * Adieu. Think and be happy. Pray write soon and continue to shew me all your heart. I fear all your *fancy*. I fear that the heart of Zélide is not to be found. It has been consumed by the fire of as Excessive imagination. Forgive me for talking to you with such an air of authority. I have assumed the person of Mentor. I must keep it up. Perhaps I judge hardly of you. Let me ask you then Zélide could you submit your inclinations to the opinion, perhaps the *caprice* of a Husband. Could you do this with chearfulness without losing any of your sweet good humour, without boasting of it. Could you live quietly in the country six months of the year? Could you make yourself agreeable to plain honest neighbours. Could you talk like any other woman and have your fancy as much at command as your Harpsichord? Could you pass the other six months in a city where there is a very good Society tho' not the high mode? Could you have a great deal of amusement in your own family? Could you give spirits to your husband when he is melancholy? I have known such wives Zélide. What think you?

The letter was about to start on its way to Utrecht when a sudden impulse moved Boswell to tear the envelope open and write again:

I had sealed this letter I must break it up and write a little more. This is somewhat like you. I charge you once for all, Be strictly honest with me. If you love me own it. I can give you the best advice. If you change tell me. If you love another tell me. I don't understand a word of your mystery about a certain gentleman whom you think of three times a day. What do you mean by it? Berlin is a most delightful city. I am quite happy. I love you more than ever. I would do more than ever to serve you. I would kneel and kiss your hand, if I saw you married to the man who could make you happy. Answer me this one question. If I had pretended a Passion for you, which I might easily have done, for it is not difficult to make us believe what we are allready pleased to imagine, Answer me—would you not have gone with me to the world's end? Supposing even that I had been disinherited by my Father, would you not have said, Sir here is my Portion. It is yours. We my live genteely upon it! Zélide, Zélide excuse my vanity. But I tell you you do not know yourself if you say that you would not have done this. You see how freely I write and how proudly. Write you with all freedom, but with your enchanting humility! *Je suis glorieuse d'être votre amie.* That is the stile. Is not this a long letter? You must not expect me to write regularly. Farewell my dear Zélide. Heaven bless you and make you rationaly happy.

Farewell.

So ends this extraordinary letter, in which the writer, while disclaiming any view to matrimony on his part, tried his best to induce the girl to confess her own love, and even went so far as to take it as an admitted fact. But Boswell was perfectly unconscious of his want of tact and delicacy, and Mlle. de Zuylen, in consideration of his undoubted sincerity and kind intentions, seems to have forgiven it without difficulty.

In 1766 she visited England, when she was duly lionized; the practice is much older than the name. So the people of fashion at first congregated around her; duchesses came and made her talk and took a minute survey of her, and, declaring themselves enchanted, turned their backs on the newcomer, never to return any more.

We have no indication that Belle saw Boswell while she was staying in London. But, when he published his "Account of Corsica," they exchanged a few letters of an almost businesslike character. She liked the book for the *parti-pris* it displayed against the French, whom both cordially hated. She proposed to make a translation, or rather a compendium of it, for her excellent taste would have soon made away with the long-winded phrases and turgid rhetoric. No member, however, of our trade ever admitted that he had sent to the printer one word more than was strictly necessary, and in this respect Boswell proved to be a genuine man of letters. The "giant," as he modestly called himself, flatly refused to be made shorter, and so a literary *pique* between two authors was the conclusion of the little *roman*.

Belle de Zuylen's after life may be summed up in a few lines. After she had been courted by princes she married, against her family's advice and almost in spite of himself, a poor Swiss gentleman, a former tutor of her brother, M. de Charrière, and would have made him the most wretched of mortals if he had not been endowed with a more than ordinary amount of patience and philosophy. She indulged in various sentimental experiments, and finally, at the age of 46, became enamored of an impertinent young rascal of 19, destined to be well known to the world, under the name of Benjamin Constant, as the lover of Mme. de Staël, the author of "Adolphe," the adviser of Napoleon and Louis Philippe. This *liaison*—whether it was a purely spiritual one, as M. Godet wishes us to believe, or whether the senses had their claim in it, as Sainte-Beuve readily admits—brought happiness to neither of them.

At a critical moment in her life she had used literature as other women in similar circumstances use religion. Her disappointed hopes, her impatience of rule and authority, her unquenchable thirst for love, her brilliant genius for satire, were thrown by her into three or four thin volumes which failed to obtain much attention from her contemporaries. But thirty years after the writer had been in her grave Sainte-Beuve raised her to a high position among the great masters of the French language. Prof. Godet's new book is likely to confirm her in that exalted position.

SOUTH WANTS MEN.

Europe Is Being Ransacked to Provide Farm Laborers.

The Call of the Cultivated is so loud that the Call of the Wild seems pretty faint in comparison. All over the country the farmers are howling for laborers.

The voice of the South comes on every breeze. Scarcely one of the Southern States but has sent its agent abroad to try to direct immigration to its own particular boundaries.

Whole colonies of immigrants are being planted along the railway lines, and still the cry is for more.

Already several hundred German farmers have been located along the Southern Railway between Richmond and Danville, Va. Hungarians, Germans and Poles are to be found on farms between West Point and Richmond. These settlements are growing constantly, says the Charleston *News and Courier*, and the farmers are sending to the mother country for their friends and relatives.

At Valdese, N. C., fifty familes of Italian farmers have been organized into a profitable community, and they too are inducing colonies of their countrymen to come out to America.

Russian farmers are now engaged in trucking at Aiken, S. C., and near Summerville a little band of French-Canadian farmers are in similar pursuits, with most encouraging results. At Lumber City, Ga., Italian farmers and woodworkers have found the country and sawmills in that vicinity so remunerative that they are urging their countrymen to come there.

From Birmingham, Ala., to Greenville, Miss., Italians have been secured as cotton growers. From Mobile to Birmingham there are scattered settlements of German, Hungarian and Polish farmers, whose abilities and energies have made a marked difference in the neighborhood where they have established themselves.

BIRD MIGRATIONS.

Some Do Not Dare Travel by Day—Night Has Its Dangers Too.

The birds that are surest and swiftest of wing, as the swallows, do not hesitate to travel by day. Those less strong of wing and of conspicuous plumage dare not risk the daylight.

But the night migrations have their special dangers too. The gas and electric lights of cities and towns, with the network of wires in their vicinity, to say nothing of church spires and lighthouses, are the cause of many bird disasters during migration time.

These same lights prove a friend to many of our night foraging birds during the insect season, when a good meal is always easily secured in their vicinity.

Many screech owls have been seen around these lights in town the present summer, says a writer in *Good Health*. Their whereabouts during the day was always easily traced by the excitement of the birds in that locality.

One morning we were awakened by a clamor among our birds, the special cause of trouble seeming to centre in two large maple trees. This continued all day and do the best we could nothing could be discovered to warrant such a tumult. The mystery was explained when dusk came on and a number of screech owls began making investigations in our birdhouses.

We captured one of the owls and kept it long enough to observe some interesting things, chief of which was the double set of lids with which nature has provided these particular birds. The under lids look as if they might have been made from mica and are edged with a little dark line. These serve to subdue the strong light of day which is so trying to owl eyesight. The outer lids close only in sleep.

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SHOOTING ON LONG ISLAND.

SPORT FOR MANY SORTS OF CITY AND COUNTRY GUNNERS.

Comedy and Tragedy Mixed—Wild Scenes on the Four Days of Deer Hunting—When, Where and What to Shoot and the Cost—The Game Laws.

Hunting on Long Island, or shooting as the folks term it who think the first term sacred to fox hunting and sport with big game, is a comedy on which the curtain has just been raised for the annual success. The incidents of the play are mainly farcical, but there are stirring and realistic happenings—good sport to wipe out memories of the pot hunting—and the four days of deer shooting, a massacre of the innocents, is often marked by the killing or maiming of a gunner. The first pop of guns has been at snipe, fair game since July 16, and the woodcock season has been on since August 1, but the long bills are now scarce, and the sport not what it was before the hunting grounds were all plotted as building lots.

Grouse, pheasant and quail may be shot from November 1 to December 31, but the season opens fifteen days earlier on Robbins Island and Gardiners Island. Summer boarders and cottagers, on their inland walks and drives, found many young covies during August. The favorite playground for a quail and her brood is a bare, dusty and sunny place on one of the old roads in the scrub oaks. The birds are now strong and the broods well divided up, so that there should be some good shooting for quail on the well guarded land next month. There is little open shooting for quail now on Long Island, for the warning signs against shooting are now as common as fence posts.

Shooting black and gray squirrels, hares and rabbits will be legal after October 31 and until December 31. There are many stretches of woodland in the interior that afford good rabbit shooting, and the sport is the favorite one with city gunners. The early morning trains throughout the season are crowded with them and each sportsman brings along at least one dog, the pack in each smoking car including specimens of every known and many entirely novel sorts of hunting dog. The trips are fruitful of fun for the gunners and of profit for the country guides, hackmen and saloonkeepers. The game is plentiful, despite the many raids, and nearly every party on the return trip can show a string of bunnies.

Deer may be shot on the first two Wednesdays and the first two Fridays of November, the dates being November 7, 9, 14 and 16. The hunting is in clubs of eight or a dozen usually, the men camping out on the runways that lead to the preserves of the South Side Sportsmen's Club and the grounds of private owners on which shooting is forbidden. The members of the shooting companies are in their places over night, in the hope of getting a shot at a deer aroused by the dogs and racing toward a safe retreat. There is a fusillade of guns when game is started and on a kill the deer is divided between the different claimants. Within a company the division is on an equitable basis, but complications arise when outsiders make a demand that often lead to fights. Many of the companies or deer hunting clubs are made up of city gunners, but the locals get the cream of the shooting.

It is a sort of guerilla warfare along the firing line and as dangerous as picket duty in an enemy's country. The nerves of all the watchers are on edge and a sudden movement in a bush, even though the cause may be only the upturning of a pocket flask, is apt to bring a load of buckshot whizzing through the trees. The sport has the spice of danger to the participants, without doubt, and there is the further excitement of mix-ups with the guards on the forbidden grounds, within which the deer are safe. The preservation of deer on Long Island is inspired by sentiment and in the best interests of sport the killing might well be restricted altogether, or else limited to but one day. Still, there is a crowd out on each open day, while from forty to sixty deer are bagged each season.

Snipe shooting has thus far not been good, but the sport will be better in October. The salt marshes and the beaches have been well patrolled, but the yellow legs and jack snipe have not been abundant. The little sand pipers still frequent the old shooting grounds, but they are game not worth the candle. Not so very many years ago the big snipe were a sure bag along the beaches from Norton's Point to Montauk, on the south shore, but they have to be stalked as carefully as the few bighorn sheep left in the Rocky Mountains. In October the snipe shooting will no doubt be good, for the summer boarders will no longer vie with the birds for the possession of the seashore. The royal sport of Long Island, water fowl shooting, will also be in order then.

Waterfowl, ducks, geese and swan will be fair game from October 1 to December 31, with the exception of Great South Bay west of Smith's Point, where the season opens on October 19. On the south side private clubs own many of the best shooting waters, but there is plenty of open shooting if one knows where to seek it. The best way is to go gunning with one of the local guides, or captains, who hold forth in each of the towns. The gun license is usually $10 and the expenses will average $5 or $10 a day, but the sport under a skilful guide is worth whatever it costs. The stopping of spring shooting has led to many ducks breeding on Long Island waters and with the migrants added the waterfowl shooting is expected to be unusually good this season. The guides often keep inns or they know where to find one handy, and after a successful day's shooting the evenings may be passed in comfort.

Waterfowl may be hunted from floating boxes at any distance from shore in Long Island Sound, or on Peconic, Gardiner or Shinnecock bays, and, in Long Island Sound, Peconic and Gardiner's bays sailboats may be used.

FRENCH SPOLIATION CLAIMS.

Reasons Why Appropriations to Pay Them Are Not Made by Congress.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In THE SUN of August 19 you announce that the Government is negotiating for an amicable settlement of all outstanding questions between Great Britain and the United States.

No one will dispute that this effort is in the interest of humanity and the welfare and prosperity of both nations. It would also be in the interest of justice and fair dealing for the Government to settle the just claims of its own people, and there never was a time more befitting than the present to call the people's attention to the unsettled claims against the Government known as the French spoliation claims.

I have no interest in these claims directly or indirectly, but have known the history of them for over thirty years, and with your permission would lay before your readers a brief explanation of their origin.

The history of the French spoliation claims is as follows: By the treaty of 1778 the United States guaranteed to the King of France "forever against all other Powers the present possessions of the Crown of France in America, as well as those it may acquire by the future treaty of peace." The King of France on his part guaranteed to the United States "liberty, sovereignty and independence, absolute and unlimited," and also the possession of any additions or conquests obtained through the war with Great Britain; and in case of war between France and Great Britain it was agreed that the reciprocal guarantees should have full force and effect at the instant such war should begin. The moral effect of this alliance was a great factor in bringing our war of independence to a successful conclusion.

The treaty worked all