MAPLE SIRUP PIN MONEY

NEW METHODS TRIED BY AN OHIO FARMER'S WIFE.

Increased Profit Found in Up to Date Ways of Making the Sirup and Disposing of It—An Example for Other Women Owning a Maple Sugar Orchard.

"My pin money all comes to me through maple sirup," declared the wife of a prosperous Ohio farmer. "Last season's yield brought me $500 after all expenses were taken out.

"That was the first year after I finished paying for the piping and evaporating plant. It cost a lot of money to put it in, but now that it has been done I expect it will at least last my lifetime.

"You see when I was a girl they gathered sap and made sugar and syrup very differently from now. Then they drove wooden spouts deep into the tree and a wooden trough or bucket was put under this to catch the sap. Then a wooden barrel was hauled around to collect the sap and bring it to the wooden hogshead which was placed near the cabin. From this the drippings were bailed out into the evaporating kettle.

"If sirup was to be made this ended the process with the exception of bottling it. If it was intended for sugar it had to be brought to the crystallized stage, after which it was shovelled into wooden moulds to harden. In those days everything was wooden and it required a lot of hard work for a very small profit.

"The outfit that I have had put in is all tin or galvanized iron. The old cabin was replaced by an evaporating house placed at one side of the maple orchard. The sap flows from the collecting stations to the receiving vat, which automatically feeds the evaporator. Everything is covered and must be kept so to prevent all chances of any foreign matter mixing with the sap.

"In old days the correct color for maple sugar was a light chocolate brown. That made in the new evaporator is so light that I have to shut my eyes to make sure I am eating the real thing.

"I seldom make maple sugar for profit, only enough for home use. There is almost no demand for small quantities of it in our section, because there are so many maple orchards all making sirup. As a rule the money made by the maple trees goes to the women of the family, and they are expected to bear the burden of caring for the trees as well as making syrup. Most of the women in our neighborhood after making the sirup sell it to large dealers, who in turn ship it to the cities, where it is bottled and disposed of to the retail trade.

"That is where my sirup making differs from theirs. I bottle my own sirup and sell direct to the retailers, often to the consumers.

"Up to six years ago I used to turn over my sirup to collectors and be thankful for any price they had a mind to pay. Somehow that price kept getting smaller in spite of the fact that the papers were always quoting maple sirup as more valuable. It was about this time that I married off my last daughter and being left kind of free, as it were, I determined to look into the matter of maple sirup.

"I did a lot of questioning and more reading up of all the magazines and pamphlets I could get on the subject. After that I made a trip into town and priced the new equipment, which I had learned was a great labor saver and money maker.

"By paying down a sum in cash I managed to get the outfit put in, the balance to be paid yearly when I sold my crop of syrup. My husband thought me foolish to undertake so much at my time of life, but as I had not had any notification about just when I might expect to drop off I determined to keep busy and make preparations just as if I was sure to live to be a hundred.

"When the evaporating time came instead of selling my sirup to the collector I bottled a few gallons and took it into town with me. It took quite a little canvassing to find a grocer who would promise to handle my sirup exclusively. When I did at last find a man who would condescend to listen to my proposition he told me he would be willing to handle my goods provided I would sell it to him for less than he could get it elsewhere and would take samples to certain patrons of his and get them to say they would use it on their tables and recommend it to their friends.

"That seemed a very shrewd move to that grocer, but before the end of my canvass was over I had booked orders for as many gallons as he thought he could sell. It wasn't because I tried to take the customers away from him, but because the first woman I approached asked why I couldn't deliver direct to her instead of sending my sirup through the grocer. She said she was quite willing to buy in a quantity and could easily calculate just how much she would need for the season.

"At her suggestion we cut the grocer's profit in two. This not only gave me more money, but allowed my customers to have it at a lower price.

"She sent me to other people in her neighborhood, and when I returned home it was with the understanding that I was to make monthly shipments of bottled sirup. That year I marked my bottles by sticking a piece of paper on marked 'maple sirup, made by M. M. B.' I thought I could not afford printed labels.

"It was at the suggestion of one of my customers that the next year I made a change in this particular. I had had nearly ten gallons of sirup left over. This customer suggested that I take the price of half, invest it in neatly printed labels and see how soon I would sell the other half. Because all the grocers in the town were against me I had to place this sirup in a drug store for sale. It was not there three weeks. Every bottle of it sold and people came back wanting more.

"From supplying customers in town I began to ship to high class retailers in the East. They placed their orders from sample bottles and last year wanted more than I could supply.

"It has been suggested that I buy up other women's maple sirup and bottle it under my own label. That I have no intention of trying. I may later on if the demand continues buy the sap from other orchards and make the sirup myself. I feel that having worked up a trade for bottled sirup it would be neither honest nor safe for me to put in a substitute.

"While I don't know that I should recommend a woman to invest her capital in a maple orchard for the sake of making a living, still if she has such a possession on her hands I strongly advise her trying to sell her sirup direct to retailers rather than turn it over to a middleman. My crop now brings me in almost twice as much as it did when I sold it in bulk.

"The bottling and shipping require very little more time and where a woman lives in the country it is seldom that a few days work more or less counts for much. I have found the best openings in the smaller cities with first class grocers. I never sell to more than one grocer in the same city.

"If I should carry out my plan for buying sap I think I shall try putting a few advertisements in the papers where my sirup is offered for sale. This suggestion was made to me by a grocer who has done very well in selling for me. He believes it would pay and I may try it."

FOUR MILES AN HOUR.

Not So Easy to Walk at That Rate as Many Persons Imagine.

There is nothing that the average person believes more implicitly than that he can walk four miles in an hour easily. Almost any one will say: "We were out walking for an hour and a half to-day. Let me see, four miles an hour; that makes six miles we went," and he is convinced that is the ground his party covered.

That same average person has only to try to walk four miles in sixty minutes to discover that it is good stiff going. There are many more folks who cover three miles in the time when they think they are going at the rate of a mile better than there are who actually know the pace they are making.

It is an easy thing to determine. For instance, one man started at 110th street on Central Park West and walked down alongside the park. He noted the time on his watch when he started and swung along at a gait that he fondly believed was a mile in ten minutes. That, for instance, would be about one-half the speed that the average mile runner would make when he was fairly new to the game, but he would have to have trained for a time to do that.

The walker didn't take out his watch until he had reached Ninetieth street, the end of his first mile. Then he looked. It was fifteen minutes almost to the second when he ended that mile.

This was a little of a shock, especially as there were only a couple of crosswalks in the way and there was a nice stretch of gravel path alongside the pavements on which to walk. But he started off again for the second mile. This time he walked steadily, using his hips, and eventually got striding at a clip that convinced him he was going at least four minutes better than the other time. At Seventieth street the inexorable watch showed fourteen minutes for the second mile.

"And then I was all out," said the walker, "and I made up my mind I wouldn't try to make time for the rest of my walk down town. Those two miles in twenty-nine minutes were about my best. Perhaps I could have done the two in a little better, but to go on for two more would have pulled the average down. It taught me something about that four miles an hour idea."

NEW USE FOR A STREET CAR.

Nervy Man Halts It to Rest His Foot as He Ties His Shoelace.

As a Third avenue trolley car went slowly around the loop at the southern end of the Post Office one afternoon last week it was halted by a man who signalled the motorman with upraised finger.

The motorman threw on the brake and brough the car to a standstill. Then the man walked to the front of the car and placing his foot on the iron fender calmly proceeded to tie one of his shoelaces.

The motorman clanged his gong, but the man paid no heed to it until he had finished lacing his shoe. Then he saluted the motorman and continued on his way up Broadway.

GO AS YOU PLEASE SHIPS

ODD THINGS ON THE DECK OF A SOUTH AMERICAN LINER.

The Horse That Was Fed on Bananas and Cocoanuts and the Cocktail That Looked Like an Inverted Glass of Beer—Railroad That Takes You There.

He was a small horse, just a trifle over pony size, that was being shipped to race in South America. He had more or less ample accommodations on deck forward, and in the feeding trough reposed several fragments of banana, of which he made a part of his meal. On the pier was a box in which he had been stalled while waiting for the departure of the ship for southern ports. In this box were pieces of cocoanut, which also had been on his bill of fare. "Pretty rich food for the horse, that," commented a New Englander who came from one of those rockbound States where horses are pastured on next to nothing.

"Wonder if he'll get seasick," another passenger remarked.

"No, sea horses never get sick," replied the irrepressible jester.

Thereupon they went into the smoking room to have one on the man who made the pun. One of the party called for a Martini cocktail. The others ordered plain drinks. When the cocktail came those of little faith had their innings.

This drink was a most remarkable affair in appearance, if nothing else. It came in a small whiskey glass and was a delicate pink in color. At the bottom was a sediment of some white stuff about a quarter of an inch thick. It looked like sugar a great deal. Stirred up, it didn't dissolve. The man from Connecticut took a sip. "Just like varnish," he announced cheerfully. Then he finished the drink.

"Where did the bartender learn that?" the man from Connecticut asked the steward.

"I think he got it out of a book on bartending," replied the steward, without ever a smile.

"Tell him to turn the book upside down next time," broke in the jester, "and the drink will look like beer."

Then the one of the three who was not going on the trip to the far south left the boat and started back to New York. He walked past the licorice smelling packages and the small and sturdy Italian longshoremen and hailed the only trolley car of the smallest privately owned railroad in the world. This used to be a steam railroad running through the stores and docks by the piers. The fare three or four years ago was 2½ cents each way, or a nickel the round trip. The company figured if you wanted to go into the stores you'd want equally to come out, so round trip tickets were sold.

Then the steam road was given up for a time and if you wanted to get into the yard you walked. The electric road is comparatively new. There is one car, marked No. 1. There is one motorman and one conductor. The road carries about 150 persons a day on the average, although on the days when the steamers go away to those queer ports which to most of us are just places on the map the traffic is apt to be heavier. The fare once was 3 cents, but now it has been reduced to two on the new trolley road.

It isn't well to worry about catching your boat even if the trolley car does get stalled on the road with only five minutes between you and your sailing time (as advertised). Trucks containing all sorts of foreign stuff, with a smell that wakes the wander spirit in any restless man, are apt to get on the tracks, and then the conductor and motorman prepare for a long wait. But don't fret. Boats that go to West Indian or South American ports, like boats that go to Spain, don't go in any great hurry.

It was on one trip that a young man made that he took boat for Spain. The sailing time was 10 o'clock in the morning and so he got up bright and early in his Harlem home and started off, with his father and sister along to see him off, for his Brooklyn pier. When the ferryboat got held up for a few moments by a fussy tug, who fretted and worried more than this young man?

He made his father and sister hurry after they left the ferryboat and he had mental visions of a ship sliding out of view, with the yellow and red banner on the foremast, as he and his folks came speeding down the pier. However, nothing like that happened. At 1:30 P. M. there were immigrants, or rather emigrants, still wandering in leisurely style down the pier and strolling onto the ship. The first meal the young man had on shipboard was the luncheon, and the boat was tied up alongside the pier then. It was long, long after 3 o'clock that the ship left.

So whenever you want to see a ship leave for one of those ports don't worry. Fix it so that you'll be an hour late and then you'll only have an hour or so in which to say good-by.

DOLLS WITH INDIVIDUALITY.

Craze in Germany Started by the Idea of a Woman Artist.

The fashion plate doll is doomed, say the toymakers. So far they haven't convinced the toy dealers, and the Christmas windows will show plenty of large and expensively dressed dolls with smug round faces, black and blue eyes and rosy cheeks. But next year—here again speaks the toy manufacturer—the dolls with the dough faces will not stand even second to the new kind coming out of Germany. Some of these dolls are on the American market this year, but not very many.

The new doll, the invention of a Munich woman, Marion Kaulitz, is known as the character doll, and it is having a tremendous vogue in Germany. Instead of a doll with a blank, lifeless face, begowned and beribboned, her dolls have individuality and they are dressed just as the children who play with them are dressed every day.

"Children who are guided by good, healthy instincts," says the inventor, "turn away from the unnatural dolls dressed out of all reason. This is seen in the oft noted fact that many a little girl will leave her fine new doll to caress and play with her old everyday one, begrimed instead of begowned. A child is always shy when the visitor's well dressed little girl is ushered in upon her, and she never plays in real earnest with her until they meet on equal terms in the sandpile."

So Fräulein Kaulitz, who is an artist, has enlisted the services of other artists, and the new doll is being turned out by hundreds. One of the first to purchase a doll was the Empress, who wanted a little boy dressed in gaudy stripes and with a real wholesome looking German face on him for the youngest son of the Crown Prince. Since then the new doll craze has been sweeping the empire.

The toy men say that this opens up an entirely new world of doll possibilities. Some efforts have been made to introduce in the world's markets Japanese and Chinese dolls, but these never ranked higher than curios that no child of any other nation wanted.

Fräulein Kaulitz was a portrait painter when the idea came to her. All the portraits she paints now are on the little papier maché heads she buys from a sculptor of Munich, who models them with his own hands. On these she deftly picks out, with the speed of the crayon artist at a Chautauqua gathering, the eyes, eyebrows, mouth, &c., giving to each a different complexion, some white, some rosy, some sunburnt.

The bodies are of leather and flexible. This permits them to be placed in any position. Effective groupings of these dolls in German shop windows are just now delighting crowds in the Christmas toy markets. Some of the German wits refer to it as the return of the doll to the simple life.

One reason why the new doll hasn't been heartily received in the United States is that all those sent over are characteristically and typically German in face, figure and gowns, and that isn't the kind of doll the American child wants. Next year the German makers propose to have American models for this market and to sell thousands of them.

EXAMPLES OF THE NEW CHARACTER DOLLS MADE IN GERMANY.

NOTES OF MUSIC EVENTS.

The programme for the coming week at the Manhattan Opera House is as follows: Monday, "Tannhäuser," with the cast already heard in this Wagner opera; Wednesday, "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," with Mary Garden as *Jean* and Mr. Renaud as the cook; Friday, "Thaïs," with Miss Garden in the title rôle; Saturday afternoon, "Lucia," with Mme. Tetrazzini as the heroine and Mr. McCormack as *Edgardo*.

The announcements for next week at the Metropolitan Opera House are as follows: Monday, "Otello," with Francis Alda as *Desdemona* and Slezak as the Moor; Wednesday, "La Gioconda," Mme. Destinn, Mme. Homer, Mr. Caruso, Mr. Amato and Mr. de Segurola; Thursday, "Siegfried," Mmes. Gadski and Homer, MM. Burrian, Whitehill, Reiss and Hinckley; Friday, "Tosca," Miss Farrar, MM. Martin and Scotti; Saturday afternoon, "La Traviata," Mme. Lipkowska, MM. Bonci and Forsell; Saturday night, "Lohengrin," Mmes. Fremstad and Wickham, MM. Jörn, Goritz and Blass.

Gisela Weber, violinist, will give a concert on Tuesday at 3 P. M. in Mendelssohn Hall.

Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, soprano; Margaret Keyes, contralto; Florence Austin, violinist; Annie Louise David, harpist; Herbert Witherspoon, bass; Hans Kronold, 'cellist, and a chorus from the Mendelssohn Glee Club will appear on Thursday night at Mendelssohn Hall in a concert in aid of the family of the late Cecil James.

The second concert of the Kneisel Quartet will be given at Mendelssohn Hall on Tuesday evening, at 8:15. The concert opens with the quartet in B flat major, op. 130, by Beethoven, one of his last compositions and one of the five great quartets. The finale is actually the last thing that Beethoven wrote that has been published in its original form, having been completed late in 1826, four months before his death. In the remaining numbers of the programme, "Le passeur d'eau," sextet in one movement on a Russian theme by Charles M. Loeffler, and the sextet in D minor, by Tschaikowsky (Souvenir de Florence), the quartet will have the assistance of Leo Schulz, violoncello, and Josef Kovarik, viola.

The second sonata recital of the series by Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes at the Stuyvesant Theatre will be given to night at 8:30 with the following programme: Sonata in F minor, by Locatelli; sonata in E flat major, op. 12, No. 3, by Beethoven; sonatina in G major, op. 100, by Dvorak, and sonata in E major, by Joseph Henius (MSS.; first time).

Beethoven's fifth symphony will have the position of honor on the popular programme to be given in Carnegie Hall this afternoon by the Philharmonic Society. Gustav Mahler has arranged also to present the Strauss "Till Eulenspiegel" and Dvorak's scherzo capriccioso. With the presentation of the Liszt A major concerto for piano, to be played by Yolanda Merö, the afternoon concert should not be too heavy for enjoyment by those who are fearful of the average symphony concert. The third set in the first series of concerts of the Philharmonic are scheduled for performance on Thursday evening and Friday afternoon of this week. As usual they will take place in Carnegie Hall. At neither of them will there be a soloist, but a novelty has been provided in Mr. Mahler's first symphony, which on these occasions will be heard for the first time in New York. The programme for the two concerts will include the Schubert "unfinished" symphony and Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture.

The fifth season of the Marum Quartet will begin with the concert to be held on January 6 in the concert hall of the Cooper Union. These appearances of the quartet have gained steadily in popularity and at the closing concert of the last season more than 500 persons were unable to obtain admission. The object of the organization, which is to furnish the best of chamber music at such low prices as to make it available to all, has been steadily kept in view, and although seats may be obtained for as little as fifteen cents there has been no decline in the artistic quality of the concerts. Ludwig Marum, Michael Bernstein, Joseph and Modest Altschuler still make up the organization, which is assisted at various times by soloists of reputation. The programmes for the three concerts which are to be held on Thursdays will contain interesting repetitions as well as some novelties in the literature of chamber music. The educational value of these concerts is shown by the fact that the attendants now come from all parts of New York and are no longer confined to the region in which the Marum Quartet has chiefly been heard.

The Oratorio Society's annual "Messiah" performance will take place on Tuesday afternoon, December 28, and Thursday evening, December 30, at Carnegie Hall, under Dr. Frank Damrosch's direction. The soloists thus far engaged are Mme. Jeanne Jomelli, soprano, well known here in both opera and concert; Miss Tilly Koenen, the Dutch contralto, now making her first American tour, and David Bispham, barytone, whose singing of this music is familiar to patrons of the Oratorio Society. The coming presentations of "The Messiah" will be the seventy-seventh and seventy-eighth in the Oratorio Society's history, and the 210th and 211th concerts on the organization's lists.

Sousa and his band with four assisting soloists will be the attraction at the Hippodrome to-night. The band, which is now on its thirty-fifth semi-annual tour, has just completed its ninth transcontinental, and comes to the Hippodrome for a single concert. The soloists are: Misses Frances and Grace Hoyt, soprano and mezzo soprano; Miss Florence Hardeman, violinist, and Herbert L. Clarke, cornetist.

The second symphony concert for young people to be given next Saturday in Carnegie Hall will in truth be a herald of the Christmas season. The entire programme will be sung by the choir of the Musical Art Society, under the direction of Frank Damrosch, and will contain the loveliest examples of the Christmas spirit as expressed in carols and folk songs. The programme:

Hodie Christus Natus Est .... Sweelinck
Ave Maria .... Arcadelt
O Filii et Filiæ .... Liszt
Le Sommeil de l'Enfant Jesus,
Chanson Joyeuse,
Old French Christmas Songs arranged by Gevaert.
Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming! .... Prætorius
Joseph, lieber Joseph Mein .... Calvisius
Three Kings .... Cornelius
Legend .... Tschaikowsky
Bohemian Christmas Carols .... Reidel
Stille Nacht, Heil'ge Nacht, Old German Folk Song.

The People's Symphony Society's second chamber concert will take place December 13 at 8:15 P. M. at Cooper Union. The programme, by the Kneisel Quartet, follows:

Quartet, C minor, op. 18, No. 4 .... Beethoven
Group of Piano Soli .... Stojowski, pianist
Andante con variazioni, F minor .... Haydn
Rondo, A minor .... Mozart
Sonata, F minor .... Beethoven
Forellen Quintet, A major, op. for pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello and double bass. Schubert

Beatrice Bowman, soprano, daughter of Mrs. Frederic Mead, opens her season with a concert on December 17 in the grand ballroom, Hotel Astor.

The next concert of the Symphony Society of New York will be held at the New Theatre on December 19. This concert will present the annual Wagner programme, which has come to be one of the most prominent features of Mr. Damrosch's concert year and one to which he brings a long experience as a Wagner conductor. The following programme will be given:

Prelude to "Lohengrin."
Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser," Act I. (Paris version.)
Prize Song (arranged for orchestra) .... } "Meistersinger"
Prelude to Act III .... }
Siegfried, the Forest Bird and the Dragon, from Act II .... "Siegfried"
(Arranged for concert by Walter Damrosch.)
Siegfried's Rhine Journey } "Götterdämmerung"
Funeral Music .... }
Good Friday Spell .... "Parsifal"
(Arranged for violin solo with orchestra.)
David Mannes.
Prelude and Finale from "Tristan und Isolde."

Joseph Malkin, 'cellist, will give a recital at Mendelssohn Hall on December 15 in the evening.

Artful Legal Tactics.

From the Law Times.

Lord Chancellor Erskine, with all his arts and all his intrepidity in the face of Judge or jury, was easily upset by anything which touched his amour propre. Vanity was his foible, and he had all the susceptibility which attaches to it. One artful attorney, knowing this, used to plant a man in court, in full view of Erskine to yawn hideously at his most eloquent appeals or to titter at his most tragic tones.

Once when Garrow, the well known counsel, lost in thought, had fixed his eyes vacantly upon him, Erskine was so put out that he stooped down and hissed in his ear: "Who the devil do you think can get on with that wet blanket of a face of yours before him?" The same sensitiveness of criticism followed him into the House of Commons.

CREOLE BELLE'S LIVELY TRIP

A Knife Fight, a Steamboat Race With a Boiler Explosion and High Play at Poker.

"There was as many as three Creole Belles 't I c'n remember onto the river, first and last," said Caleb Mix, the veteran bartender on the Mississippi River packet City of Natchez. "I ain't a-sayin' what there wasn't mo' 'n that, bein' as a good many boats had fancy names, like Belle o' the Bayous, Pride o' the South, Pride o' the River, an' sich. But 'peared like Creole Belle was a sort o' fav'rite name, an' when the first un busted her b'iler an' scattered herself all over the river, another un took the name. Then when she was burnt, like a good many has been, f'm time to time, there was still another ready for to be named, an' she were called the Creole Belle, like t'others.

"There was some said it was hard luck for to take the same name as a boat what'd been burnt or busted, an' mebbe there was somepin' into it, bein' as the third Belle struck a snag an' sunk just below Helena, 'fore she'd been runnin' mo' 'n a year. A'ter that there wa'n't no mo' Creole Belles 't I knows on.

"It was onto the second boat o' the name, when I was workin' on her, Cap'n Foss bein' the old man, 't we had the hell roarin'est trip 't I c'n call to mind since I been on the river, an' that's mo' years 'n I care to count.

"First off, there was a knife fight on the lower deck just afo' we cast off the line to leave New Orleans. We was runnin' from New Orleans to St. Louis, an' was just startin' on the up trip.

"There was consid'able freight come down just at the last, an' the mate—he was a rawboned pirate fr'm Arkansas what useter drive the rousters 'round like the devil himself—he was dancin' 'round, half crazy, tryin' to get everythin' abo'd afo' startin' time, an' Cap'n Foss was walkin' the upper deck with his watch in his hand. He run the Creole Belle like it was a clock, an' the mate knowed he wouldn't keep her two minutes over time f'r all the freight there was on the levee, but all the same he'd cuss the mate hell west an' crooked if he didn't get it all on.

"Well, the mate was drivin' the best he knowed an' cussin' consid'able mo' fluent 'n I'd ever heer'd him afo' when there was one o' the rousters run into a other one an' sent him sprawlin' ag'in the rail. Come nigh throwin' him into the river, but he was up like a cat, with his knife out an' made a rush.

"He were a half breed, nigger an' Injun, an' 'tother one were a black, but they was both fighters, an' the black's knife was out afo' they come together. I heer'd a'ter what there was bad blood between 'em, an' I reckon it mought 'a' been so fr'm the way they fit. The mate he started for'ard for to get betwixt 'em, but he stopped, f'r th' old man give the order just that minute to cast off an' he turned away an' let 'em fight.

"Afo' the boat was clear o' the landin' they was both dead. I didn't have nothin' to do with the lines an' I watched the fight. It were the best I ever seen, f'r both on 'em was knife fighters f'r fair.

"They was naked to the waist an' they hadn't no guard but their left arms, so there wa'n't much to stop 'em; but knowin' the tricks like they did they was three or four minutes finishin' up; but when they fell they was both full o' holes.

"Half a mile up the levee the old City o' Vicksburg, what was the crack boat o' the river that year, was just pullin' out, an' 'pears Cap'n Foss had made a big bet what he'd reach St. Louis afo' her, so 'twa'n't likely 't he'd have no delay 'count of a roustabout scrap.

"Anyway the City o' Vicksburg bungled her start some. I reckon 'twas done a purpose, an' the Creole Belle pulled up more an' more by the time she got under way, so we had the prettiest kind of a start f'r the long race. There hadn't been no talk afo'hand, bein' as th' old man an' Cap'n Dooner o' the City o' Vicksburg had met up the night afo' an' made their bet; but 'twa'n't long afo' everybody knowed it were a race.

"Them days a race 'tween two crack boats was a big thing. There was plenty o' spo'ts what 'd bet as reckless on one on 'em as they would onto a hoss race. I done seen a heap o' races first an' last an' I've knowed a heap o' money change hands, but I never seen so many big bets made as there was that time, an' the queer part of it was 't not a dollar ever changed hands in the hull business.

"All day the first day up them two boats kept so nigh even what there wa'n't no tellin' which on 'em was li'ble for to win, an' there was a heap o' the time when they was so closet up together what the passengers c'd talk f'm one to t'other by yellin' tol'able loud. Sometimes one 'd be a little ahead an' sometimes t'other, but what one'd make by accident or f'm one pilot knowin' some place in the channel a bit bettern'n t'other one did 'd be lost again, mebbe inside of a hour.

"Whenever the two boats 'd get side by side the passengers 'd jeer each other an' make mo' bets. Cap'n Dooner an' the old man didn't have nothin' to say to one another, but they was both as excited as everybody else an' they was pushin' their boats f'r all they was wuth. I've heerd stories o' boats runnin' with a nigger on the safety valve an' I ain't a-sayin' they ain't true, but I never seen it happen. All's I c'n say is 't our engineer covered up his steam gauge an' wouldn't let nobody look at it.

"I wouldn't like to say just how many thousand dollars was bet on that race, even if I knowed, but there was a ter'ble lot, everybody bettin', o' co'se, on the boat he was onto. There was so much excitement that there was on'y five men on the Creole Belle what wasn't on deck all the time, an' them five was playin' a game o' poker what was stiff enough to gather a crowd any other time. As 'twas they had the s'loon to theirselves an' there wouldn't nobody else have knowed nothin' about it on'y f'r what happened a'ter.

"All of a sudden the City o' Vicksburg give a tremenjous spurt an' pulled ahead slow an' steady till she was nigh half a mile in the lead. Some o' them 't was watchin' on the Creole Belle said she was burnin' hams or somepin' diff'rent f'm wood, an' they hollered to Cap'n Foss what was in the pilot house for to burn grease hisself, but I reckon he knowed what his engineer was doin'. Anyways he didn't pay no 'tention, but kep' his eyes on the City o' Vicksburg like he was tryin' to hoodoo her.

"Mebbe he was; I dunno. But all of a sudden the City o' Vicksburg busted her b'iler an broke into a million pieces. Less time 'n it takes to tell it all 't was left hangin' together was bu'nin' fierce, an' the hull river 'peared to be covered with scraps an' people all floatin' an' struglin' f'r their lives.

"Well, it was nigh sundown when she blowed up an' 'twas long a'ter dark when Cap'n Foss made up his mind what he'd picked up everybody what was alive, an' gave the order to go ahead. We must 'a' saved forty or fifty, but that was all 't was left outen five or six hundred what was on bo'd the City o' Vicksburg.

"Just nachully it was hours afo' th' 'xcitement o' pickin' up the drownedin' an' talkin' with 'em had died down enough for to pay 'tention to anythin' else, but I happened to go through the s'loon 'long about midnight, an' if them five men wa'n't settin' there playin' poker like nothin' hadn't happened you may call me a catfish.

"When I seen who 'twas 'twas playin', f'r I hadn't taken no special notice on 'em afore, I says to myself, what most likely there'd be somepin' mo' a-diddin 'fore the trip was over, f'r there was three o' the best known gamblers on the river settin' in, b'sides a man named Roydon an' another what I didn't know him.

"Roydon was a Creole spo't what had the name o' bein' one o' the richest young men in New Orleans an' one o' the biggest devils in the hull South. He didn't make no 'count o' money, but he played poker as keen as a p'fessional an' I reckon he wouldn't 'a' been skeert o' playin' with the devil hisself, if he'd had the chanst.

"The man with him I heer'd later on, was a friend o' hisn f'm Mobile, name o' Fairleigh, what was the same sort of a hellion 't Roydon was, crazy f'r excitement all the time, an' ready f'r anythin' 't 'd give it. Him and Roydon was both handsome young fellers what looked like they c'd give a good account o' theirselves if it came to a scrap.

"The queer part of it was 't the three p'fessionals in the game was all three on 'em enemies. There was two on 'em, Dick Harris an' Bill Andrews, what had sworn to shoot at sight, no mo'n a year afo', an' Jerry Faber, what was knowed to be a outlaw even among the p'fessionals 'count o' him havin' said mo'n oncet what he'd a heap ruther win f'm a gambler nor he would f'm a sucker, was all settin' in together with Fairleigh an' Roydon, playin' f'r blood.

"I reckon mo'n likely they quit playin' f'r a spell when we was pickin' up them people outen the river a'ter the City o' Vicksburg busted her b'iler. 'Pears like 'twouldn't be hardly human to keep on playin' poker with that goin' on, but all's I c'n say f'r certain is 't they was playin' just afo' she was busted an' I seen 'em again playin' same as befo', right a'ter the Creole Belle started on up the river. 'Peared like it must be a monstrous 'xciting game an' I stopped to look on.

"Well it sho' was 'xcitin'. I c'd see right away what there wa'n't no limit for there wa'n't no limit game played them days as a gen'l thing, an' there was big heaps o' gold an' paper money on the table 'longside o' the chips, showin' plain enough what they was bettin' big money; but mo'n that, the first bet I seen made was $1,000.

"Hit were plain that there was liable for to be a fortune change hands afo' they was through, and that kind o' made it clear to me why them there p'fessionals was all in the game. They was a'ter Roydon's an' Fairleigh's money, an' mo'n likely there'd be trouble amongst 'em when they'd get through skinnin' the suckers.

"Th' on'y thing 't peared to be certain was't there wouldn't nobody in the crowd play into nobody else's hand. The gentlemen wouldn't do it o' co'se, an' the p'fessionals was all playin' f'r theirselfs.

"I reckon 'twas nigh the biggest game I ever seen, an' mostly there'd 'a' been a crowd around 'em watchin' the play, but 'count o' th' other things what had been stirrin' of us all up there wa'n't nobody but me what paid any p'tic'lar attention to it. There was plenty of others goin' in an' outen the s'loon but nobody 'peared to notice what sort of a game 'twas. I'd oughter been in the barroom, but I just couldn't get away f'r a spell, an' I knowed my man was doin' the best he could.

"When Faber made that bet of $1,000, him an' Roydon was the on'y two that was in, an' Roydon never said a word, but just shoved his hull stack o' chips, and all the money he had in sight, right into the pot. Then Faber he didn't say nothin' neither, but he reached over an' counted the stack, mighty slow an' careful, like he was doubtful what he'd do.

"There was somepin over $6,000 into it, makin' a raise o' $5,000 an' a little mo'. A'ter he'd counted it, he looked mo' doubtful 'n ever, an' skint his hand down again, like he wanted to make sure what none on it had done got away. Then he says,

"'That all you got?'

"Roydon kind o' flushed a little, but all's he said was, 'That's all I bet this time. If you want to find out how much I have, mebbe you might, by raisin'.

"Well, Faber wa'n't in no hurry, an' there wa'n't nobody tried to hurry him. A man had a right for to study as long he liked over a $5,000 raise. But finally, he counted his own stack, an' findin' it were a little short he pulled out his wallet an' took enough bills outer it for to make up the difference an' put it all in.

"'I call,' he says.

"Then Roydon showed down a king full, but 'twa'n't no good, f'r Faber showed four nines. While he was rakin' in the pot Roydon set lookin' at him 'thouten a word, an' I seen what he got as white as a dead man. Then 'fore anybody c'd think o' what he was goin' to do he pulled a derringer outen his vest pocket.

"Faber seen it, same's we all did, an' I reckon he thought Roydon was goin' to shoot him. Any way he reached f'r his own gun, but afo' he c'd get it out an' afo' anybody c'd tell just what was comin' Roydon put the muzzle o' hisn in his mouth an' fired. Then he sunk down in his chair stone dead.

"'Peared f'm what we learned later on what he'd run through all his money on'y f'r a few thousand what he had in his pocket an' he'd started up the river thinkin' mebbe he mought win out somepin' handsome.

"Well, o' co'se that stopped the game. Fairleigh was all broke up, nachul enough, him not knowin' nothin' about Roydon's bein' busted, an' o' co'se there was a turrible c'motion in the s'loon.

"The old man rushed in 'most the first one, an' when he seen what 'd happened he had Roydon's body took to his stateroom an' everything quieted down best he could 'n' then he went out on deck. I says to myself what there couldn't be much mo' for to get 'xcited about that evenin' seein' what 'd happened sincet we left New Orleans less 'n eighteen hours afo', but 'peared like I made consid'able o' a mistake at that.

"It was some a'ter midnight when Roydon shot hisself, but I knowed there'd be a heap f'r me to do at the bar, so I went in there, an' me an' my man was kep' busy till mornin'.

"Must 'a' been two or three hours a'ter the game broke up when Fairleigh come out f'm Roydon's room, an' comin' to the bar called for some brandy. I set it out an' he was just pourin' hisself a drink when Faber an' Harris an' Andrews come in a'ter him.

"I reckon more'n likely they'd been lookin' f'r him, bein' as there wa'n't nothin' else liable fer to keep 'em together. Any way, they come to the bar, an' when Fairleigh seen 'em he ast 'em to join him, bein' as he couldn't very well do nothin' else.

"They said they was agreeable, an' while they was pourin' out their drinks Harris an' Andrews said somepin' decent about bein' sorry f'r what'd happened, an' Faber said somepin' about not reck'nin on Royden bein' desp'rit, an' how he wouldn't 'a' called if he'd knowed, but Fairleigh didn't say nothin'. He started to, oncet, an' got all choked up, so's 't he couldn't speak.

"But when Andrews went on an' said, sorry as he was f'r what'd happened, he didn't see no reason why they shouldn't start up the game again, now 't everything was quiet, Fairleigh found his tongue monstrous sudden.

"I couldn't begin to tell just what 'twas he said, but he was fair blazing with fury, an' he give Andrews a turrible tongue lashin', so 's 't I looked f'r him to pull a gun, but he was that hellbent on gettin' Fairleigh to play, 't he took it half laughin' an' went on to say somepin about not 'xpectin' Fairleigh to play if he was afeer'd. O' co'se his idee in that was to devil him into playin'.

"But Fairleigh was mad clear through, an' all 't he said was, 'If you say I'm afraid you lie, an' you know it.' Then, o' co'se, he pulled his gun, knowin' he'd get shot if he didn't shoot first.

"He come nigh it, as 'twas, f'r Andrews had the name o' bein' quick on the draw, an' he sure was quick that time, but Fairleigh was quicker 'n him an' he fell dead, just as he shot wild.

"Then Fairleigh turned on Harris an' Faber an' ast them if they wanted any o' the same, but they didn't, an' the old man come in, hearin' the shots. I've done seen Cap'n Foss mad more 'n oncet, but I never seen him no madder 'n he was then, an' 'twa'n't no wonder.

"'Peared like there couldn't much more happen on that trip, but when he heer'd what 'd been said an' did, he seen there wa'n't nothin' f'r him to do, an' that was the eend o' that.

"Nor there didn't nothin' more happen 't amounted to nothin' f'r the balance o' the trip. 'Peared like that was about enough."

CHILDREN COMPOSE MUSIC

ONE PIECE A SONG IN HONOR OF PRESIDENT TAFT.

Waltzes Written by Children of 7 and 9—These Are Results of the System of Teaching Music by Means of Dolls and Colors—The Future Operagoers.

When President Taft was in Birmingham, Ala., he was called upon to halt in front of a children's school to hear a chorus of 125 children sing a song that they had composed in his honor. The President said that it was a good song, one of the best songs he had ever heard, and he could hardly be convinced that the youngsters who were singing it had in reality written and composed it.

It was the Margaret Allen School, where Mrs. Flournoy Rivers is demonstrating the merits of her new method of teaching music to children by means of dolls and colors. In this school composition is treated as the fundamental principle upon which real musicianship hangs—composition with children of 6 and 7 as the composers.

That these compositions are not without merit those who listened to the song in the President's honor can attest. A New York publishing house sent out the other day the first published composition of one of the school's most ambitious pupils, little Elizabeth Jordan. The composition, which is entitled "Fairy Dream Waltz," is launched with praise on other counts than that the composer is only 9 yearsold.

Two years younger still is Miss Tot Wilson, who plays the piano as skilfully as her seven-year-old hands will permit and who has already produced several original compositions. Her most ambitious composition, which she calls "Roller Skating March," has convinced many of those who were inclined to be sceptical about this new system of training musical conception in children.

The little composers always name their compositions and the names always fit harmoniously. "A Merry Song Waltz," by little Mary Adah Tarrant, aged 8, sparkles and radiates happiness throughout its short length. So does the "Merry Waltz," of nine-year-old Mary Byron Frazier.

"How do you manage to get these children to do so difficult a thing as compose?" Mrs. Rivers was asked.

She smiled as she answered. "It is nothing more than developing an inherent quality which is usually allowed to die through disuse or misuse. The tonic chords are but mental habits in which true musicians subconsciously think.

"The child if treated properly recognizes with pleasure and awe that certain musical verities are in its ears by instinct, and as it listens to the magic seven tones the natural impulse is to try its own hand on those tones and bring new beauties to life. Composition is, first of all, the awakening of the listening faculty."

"But how do little children understand all that?" asked the grownup listener. "How can they realize it?"

"They don't understand—that is, they don't realize that they understand," was the reply. "Unless a child is the musical genius whom no false training could spoil it must be taken before it gets to the age when it tries to understand or realize.

"They simply feel what the tones say through listening to the sounds themselves and aided by visual tone colors, gay, red and yellow, sad, tone lowered black, and so on. Major and minor strains, the essence of harmony, become a part developed from an inherent instinct before the child reaches an age of realization."

"It sounds very beautiful," said the grownup, "but I can't quite comprehend it."

"No, you are too old," said the inventor of the new system, with no intent of impoliteness, "and you are not a genius. A muscial genius is a genius by virtue of always remaining a child.

"He always realizes and feels the elemental harmonies, understands them fully and can play upon them elaborately without ever realizing the source of his power. He simply listens to the great tonic chord. His knowledge is inherent and he doesn't know it is knowledge. Music is not an acquired education for him—a thing apart."

"Are you teaching the whole school how to compose?" was asked.

"Practically the whole school," was the response. "In some the original spark is brighter and stronger than in others and quickly gleams forth as talent, but you'd be surprised to know that it exists in some degree in nearly every child.

"I have three classes here besides a chorus of sixty-five voices composed of older girls. All are required to hand in original work twice a week, but I shouldn't really use the word 'required.'

"And above all," she continued, "they don't realize that it is composition. My whole life work has been to find out how to get the fundamental principles revealed to the child, how to state verities simply and directly so that the child will accept them simply and without question."

"And you are succeeding?" asked the listener.

Mrs. Rivers smiled. "They say I am," she replied. "Abroad children have always had better opportunities not to learn music but to feel and understand music. There they teach harmony and counterpoint before anything else.

"And even though our children do not become celebrated composers—and it would be wonderful if many of them should—the sense and appreciation of music will always remain. The majority of people miss the keen enjoyment of music because of this very lack—the spark long ago died out. They like a two step or a coon song because merely a sense of rhythm is appealed to. Harmony is to most an unknown quantity, and it is so easily fostered."

"Think of the opera audiences of the future," suggested the listener, "when the musically appreciative audiences who have been reared on the fundamental principles——"

"Laugh as you will," said the fosterer of the perishable spark, "but come down to Birmingham and I'll have some of my seven-year-olds compose a song in your honor which will make you think seriously. I believe, even if the spark in you was long ago extinguished by too many hours a day at the piano."

CAT AND FOX MEET.

And Reynard Retires the Worse for the Meeting.

From the London Globe.

In a recent number of a German sporting paper a forester describes a scene which he witnessed in a clearing in the forest.

He came one afternoon upon a big black cat, occupied apparently in the pursuit of mice, and from the shelter of a tree he watched its movements through a field glass. After a few minutes an old fox made its appearance. Slinking slowly forward toward the cat, it lay down within a few steps of it, ready to spring.

The cat had observed its enemy, but beyond keeping a sharp lookout on its movements it made no sign. Shortly a young fox joined the old one, and almost immediately bounded at the cat, which sprang aside and struck its assailant so efficaciously across its face with its sharp claws that it retired as quickly as it came. After an interval the old fox, advancing slowly and carefully, made its attack; but the result was the same, the cat, spitting and hissing, struck out hard, and the fox retired discomfited.

A minute afterward it again sprang forward, but this time the cat got much the best of it and was left in peace.