

# ON EASTER MORN

Churchward Miss Phyllis walks today With a smile on her face fair. Could I could read her thoughts! Indeed, her smile might a seraph lead.

Miss Phyllis kneels in the dusky church, Bow low her pretty head. 'Tis too, would pray, but my eyes will stray, and I muse o'er her prayer instead.

Miss Phyllis whispers soft to me, And I bend my head to hear. What sweet words say on this holy day, To my bonnet straight, Jack dear?

Edith Kellogg Dunton

## CHICAGO LETTER

Things of Which the People of the Lake City Are Now Talking.

Chicago.—When Leslie Carter began her usual winter engagement in Chicago the elite of society proclaimed a "boy-cott." They announced previous engagements that would prevent their attending her opening night at the "Illinois."

Chicago society has not given its endorsement to Mrs. Carter since she appeared here in "Zaza." It seemed very near the permissible limit for indecency, and the part of the star was not one that would be envied in real life. For the last two seasons Mrs. Carter has been playing "Du Barry," David Belasco's dramatization of the revolting scenes of the court of Louis XV. It is in every way a fitting companion piece to "Zaza."



Mrs. Leslie Carter

Some actresses are society favorites in Chicago, and never visit the city without receiving marked attention from the wealthy classes. Notable among these is Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who not only receives, but returns these social favors. Mrs. Carter at one time enjoyed the same standing in Chicago society until she began the portrayal of questionable characters on the stage, and before she and her husband were divorced. Now the society dames sympathize with Leslie Carter rather than with the divorced wife.

The disapproval of Mrs. Carter seems not to in any way affect the receipts of the box office, and though society may not attend "officially," it is noticeable that the greatest carriages of the city are numerous about the doors of the theater at which she is playing.

### The Thomas Orchestra.

Chicago is making a heroic effort to retain Theodore Thomas and the world famous orchestra which he has organized. To do this it is necessary to raise a sum of \$750,000, which will be used in building a great temple of music as a home for the orchestra. That the money will be raised is not doubted. It is coming in small amounts at the present, but the small amounts will make a large sum in the end, and the city has too many patriotic, wealthy citizens who will come to the front with what is lacking in the end rather than permit the great organization to disband or go elsewhere.



Theodore Thomas

It is hard to realize what the raising of this fund means to Theodore Thomas. Twelve years ago he left a princely income as the leader of the New York and Brooklyn Philharmonic society to begin the work of organizing a permanent orchestra in Chicago. The loss of income which the change necessitated was of small account compared with his ambition to leave something to the world of music. In his 12 years of effort he has built what musical critics acknowledge to be the greatest organization of its kind in the world. He is now 67 years of age, too old to begin anew, and unless this sum is raised the monument he has built for himself and the city will crumble away in a night.

Thomas owns what is said to be the finest private musical library in the world. It has cost him \$30,000 to collect it, and this will be left as a legacy to the city when he dies.

### Society and Politics.

Pink teas, ping-pong, bridge whist, and other popular forms of amusement indulged in by polite society are playing a part in the municipal political campaign which will close within a few days.

The Twenty-first ward of the city includes a large silk-stock district along the Lake Shore drive. For the past two years it has been represented in the city council by Hon. Palmer, son of Mrs. Potter Palmer the recognized social leader of the city. He is a democrat, and was elected two years ago on a business platform.

His opponent for alderman honors Fletcher Dobyns, is equally prominent in society, a member of the most exclusive clubs, a first-nighter at the opera, a patron of fashionable charities and a favorite with the ladies.

Society matrons and fair debutantes in carriages and automobiles, are making house to house canvasses among their fashionable neighbors in the interest of their favorite candidates. Social gatherings are turned into political mass meetings, and the campaign committees of the two candidates look like a roster of the swell clubs of the city. Society is taking an interest in politics with a vengeance.

### Utility of the Auto.

Three years ago a company was organized for the purpose of operating automobile cabs and carriages on the streets of Chicago. The company was heavily capitalized, secured elaborate quarters on Michigan boulevard, and put in a large number of expensive machines for public hire. But the public didn't hire. Tastefully uniformed chauffeurs stood on the street corners and in the parks waiting for patrons. But the patron did not come.

After a few months of operation, in which they failed to operate, the company went the way of other companies and its doors were closed. Chicago had failed to appreciate the public auto.

Now another company is to try the operation of public automobiles; but the new company will appeal to the commercial rather than the pleasure side, and the automobiles they propose to operate will be heavy transfer trucks. The new company is making contracts with the shippers at a less rate than they have had to pay to the team owners of the city. That the introduction of such a means of freight transportation will have an effect upon the teaming interests cannot be doubted, and it may bring about a strike of the teamsters, the strongest union labor organization of the city.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

### JUST PLAY.

Come on and bring your blocks, and build them up; And bring just all your playthings, Eyes-o'-Blue; Bring "Wags" and "Nigger Baby" and your cup. And everything; and right down here with you I'm going to sprawl right out and roll and play. And build your blocks to a high pyramid. Now, this ain't peek-a-boo, it's not, I say; Now where has that wee mischief gone and hid?

Where can she be? Well, now! she isn't there! And not behind the curtains—I don't see! Oh! peek-a-boo! I see you—I declare! Just sitting right down here plain as could be! But, with your hand before your eyes like that, How could I see you? I should like to know! Now let's take "Wags" in "Nigger Baby's" hat. And perch her on the blocks; there now, just so!

Now, isn't that a picture? Cheeps did! No work to equal that, now, I'll be bound, When he erected his great pyramid, Which sits to-day on rods and rods of ground. And isn't even good to make a shade; It's most too pyramiddy, don't you see? While this—the pyramid that we have made— Is made for you to wreck with shrieks of glee!

That's right; get on my foot; and we will ride Swift giddap around a fancied track; What's that? You're hid again? Why, I espied You here just now! Oh, Blue-Eyes, please come back! Come back to dad, or else he's going to cry! Boo-hoo! boo-hoo! You've gone away so far That I'm so lonesome I could almost die— What's that? Why there, you little rascal! there you are!

J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

## The Tragedy of Toto

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

WHEN Kubelefsky had visited every part of the ship and convinced himself that it had been deserted, and that only Toto remained to keep him company, he seated himself on one of the steamer chairs that had not been swept overboard during the gale and gazed out over the sea.

"It is bad, bad!" he said, more to himself than to Toto, and then his irrefragable optimism asserted itself, and he added: "But things are not as bad as they might be."

It was indeed bad. To be adrift in mid-Atlantic on an abandoned steamer. It was terrible! It was donnerblitzlich! And the ship all mused up and broken by the storm! But on the other hand, there were endless quantities of food, the ship did not seem to be sinking, there was still Toto, and there was still his violin.

Things were really not as bad as they might be. All the world knew Kubelefsky, the magician of the violin. All America remembers his hair, his art, his eccentricities, his triumphs, and his Toto. His tour was one grand ovation, one round of teams, cheers and kisses. Musical womanhood knelt in rapture before his hair, throbbed with his art, but, above all, talked about his Toto. But every genius has his eccentricities, and Kubelefsky would not be Kubelefsky without his Toto. Some said he affected Toto for her advertising value, but we who knew him best did him no such injustice. He loved her. He loved her only as those great souls that are set high above the world by their surpassing genius can love that which is lowly and soulless and animal.

How Kubelefsky and Toto happened to be overlooked when the ship was abandoned I cannot pretend to say. Kubelefsky had been unutterably sick; sick as only the great genius can be, and as he always was when the sea was rough, and they may have left him, thinking him dead. But Toto had not been seasick. She was a splendid sailor. All cats are.

Yes, Toto was a cat; but she was more than a cat, she was a friend, a companion, almost a lover, and in the weary weeks that followed the storm she was Kubelefsky's refuge from solitude. She was his audience, his plaudits, his appreciator, and appreciation is demanded by genius. Genius lives on appreciation. For weeks, as the derelict floated on the summer sea, Kubelefsky lived on Toto's appreciation and canned goods. It is such occasions as these that bring out the noblest qualities. They are, as the advertisements of certain liniments say, "good for man and beast."

Things were truly not as bad as they might be. Kubelefsky had his violin and he had Toto, and he drew great solace from each. When he pressed his chin against the vibrant wood of the violin and drew the living bow over its speaking strings, he forgot the world in an ecstasy of joy, and when he glanced down at Toto, sitting sedately and watching his eyes for the smallest token of love, his soul was filled with contentment.

They had always been good friends, had Toto and Kubelefsky, but they became more than that as week followed week. In all his walkings to and fro she followed at his heels, and when he paused she would rub against his shins and purr with delight. He talked to her as one would talk to a sweetheart. He fondled her, and held her in his arms, and when he was weary after playing a difficult rhapsody, he would bury his hot face in her soft fur and gain new strength.

Sometimes he would vainly speculate whether he loved his violin or Toto the better, but he quickly put such thoughts aside, for why should he think of distressing possibilities? He lived for his violin, but Toto lived for him.

It was an odd companionship, these three; Toto, with her dove-colored coat, the violin, in its rich reddish-brown, and Kubelefsky, with long raven locks. These three alone in the midst of the boundless, desolate ocean. It was the 15th of August that the first break came to mar the happiness of the trio, and it was a violin string that broke. As the sickening "snap" of the string interrupted the obligation that Kubelefsky was executing, he paused and tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Poor thing! Poor thing!" he murmured, as he stroked the mutilated violin, and Toto, seeing his grief, came and laid her head gently on his foot.

"Thanks, Toto, sweetheart," he said, "you teach me to endure to be brave, to be a man," and he dashed aside the tears.

It was soul-trying to play with one string missing, but Kubelefsky was a wizard, and none but he would have known the loss, so sweet were the tones he drew from the remaining strings. But the loss had taught him a lesson, and he used the violin less and gave Toto more attention.

But why should I prolong this tale or render it one anguish long drawn out? It is pleasant, I admit, to tell of this trinity of dependence and love but my heart is pained as I write for I cannot forget the sadnesses of the climax, and I must hasten on.

One by one the strings of Kubelefsky's violin snapped, and each catastrophe seemed like a snapping of his heart string. When but one string was left he confined his violin exercises to a few short minutes each evening, playing the "Carnival of Venice," without variations, as arranged for one string by Bouned. It was not much, but it was something, and without his violin Kubelefsky would have been lost.

And then one evening the last string broke! The moon was nearing the western horizon, and dark clouds were crowding up from the east, but a flood of silver light still suffused the sea and the ship. Kubelefsky was leaning with his back against a funnel, and Toto was sitting in the steamer chair.

When the last string snapped, Kubelefsky let his hands fall to his side, and a depth of woe and horror passed over his face so great that Toto, knowing something was amiss, sprang from her chair and ran to him, mewling piteously.

As the first paroxysms of his grief passed, Kubelefsky burst into tears, and, bending down, seized Toto and pressed her to his heart and walked back and forth.

"You are my all now, Toto," he cried, "my last hope, my only friend! You will not desert me, sweetheart. You will not fall me. In you I can trust."

His cries were more like those of one seeking assurance than of one speaking a fact, and Toto licked his hand and put a soft paw against his cheek and sought in every way a cat can to reassure him, and this gave him great comfort. Presently he became quieter and seated himself while Toto lay in her customary place on his lap he found his mute violin as a mother might fondle her dead babe.

Occasionally a tear would well in his eye, but he would dash it aside, crying: "No! I will be brave! I have my Toto."

Again he would sway his body to and fro, crying: "My poor violin! My poor Strad! So dead, so silent! Oh, I am bereft! I am undone!"

Thus he passed the night, without sleep, and all the next day he walked the deck constantly. He would not allow Toto out of his sight an instant. As the evening drew near he became even more restless, and when the hour arrived at which he was wont to play his daily "carnival," he fell under a cloud of melancholy. The longing to hear the voice of his violin rent him in a thousand ways. He craved it as an opium eater craves the drug, as a drinker craves alcohol. His nerves were unstrung, his hands trembled.

"And this!" he cried. "All this because I have not one poor little string, one piece of cat!"

He did not complete the word, for his eye fell upon Toto sitting at his feet gazing up at him with trustful, confiding eyes. Did she tremble as he began the word, or was it his imagination that deceived him? He tried to put aside the thought that had flashed across his mind. He struggled with himself. But a power greater than himself seemed to urge him on. His poor, mute violin seemed to cry out to him. His fingers seemed to plead for the touch of the strings. All the musician, all the artist, urged him on. But when he glanced at Toto—his friend, his companion, his sweetheart—he paused.

It was midnight before the struggle was ended, and through it all Toto sat patiently at his feet in perfect trustfulness, purring a love song. When at last he moved his body away and he staggered like one drunk with wine, and for the first time he shut Toto out as he entered the cabin. When he came on deck again he carried a bottle in his hand, and the label bore the legend, "Chloroform!"

Toto had wandered away, but as Kubelefsky's foot touched the deck she came running toward him.

"Come, Toto," he said. They entered the dark cabin together, and he closed the door.—N. Y. Times.

## WESTWARD THE SWALLOWTAIL

well Society Garb of the Dominant East as It is Regarded in Western Kansas.

Slowly but surely western Kansas is losing its distinctive social characteristics by passing under the thrall of the dominant east, says the Kansas City Journal. It is related by the Hays City Republican that at a banquet given by the masonic bodies of that town one night lately no less than six gentlemen appeared in costume de rigueur, or, to put it in the language of the region, "spike-tail coats." This was the first function in Hays at which the spike-tail made its appearance. For a number of years there have been men in Hays who were possessed of the garments, but they were cloistered sacredly from the local eye, and kept only for use when their owners were eastwardly abroad. But now the ice is broken, and no future function in Hays will be without the swallow-tail. The bonds of local custom have been broken. A final breakaway has been had from the rule period when the ballroom attire of men was composed of boots, spurs, sombrero and six-shooters, and when the height of elegant manners was to invite your girl after every dance to the bar to take a drink. And Hays is not alone among the western towns in coming to the ways of the east. The same phenomenon is noted for its town by the Anthony Republican, and we quote as follows:

"The new crowd that is coming on, sprouting mustaches one week and shaving them off the next, practising the courtesy and posing before the mirror to find the limits of lowness for a ball gown, is investing in raiment that befits the joyous and regular reveler. The spike-tail coats in this town already number eight, although some of the owners lack the courage to wear them at home. A careful count locates 27 pretty dresses but round the neck to show the pretty limp over the collarbone nature made to hold a locket. There are 11 square-neck gowns that are very fetching when their owners are in them, and three gowns that are very well and low. One is so very low that the lady who owns it, and is a trifle plump, never dares to sneeze when she has it on."

It is a fact worth moralizing on, however, that the women of western Kansas go with greater reluctance to the attire of their eastern sisters than the men do to spike-tails. In any western Kansas town, costumes such as are seen at a carnival ball in Kansas City, for example, would create a riot. That which the western Kansas woman considers as daring décolleté is the simple low neck in which school-girls go to the photographer's in eastern cities. Lacking possibly some of the graces of their eastern sisters, those western Kansas women are possessed of a rugged modesty which forbids such a display of the naked person as eastern fashion has decreed. And it will be a long time before a function at Hays or Anthony can witness such a display of shoulders and bosoms as is common in the region of the spike-tail coat.

## THE YUCATAN TOE.

Free Use of the Toes Among the Maya People in Doing Many Kinds of Work.

The toes of civilized people have lost much of their cunning as helpful members of the body in any work that requires skill. The Maya people of Yucatan, however, have kept the free-and-easy use of the toes in doing many kinds of work. It is said that the Maya women, who always go barefooted, will pick up a pin from the floor as easily with their toes as with their fingers. An archeologist who has spent some time among that people in the interest of the Peabody museum, of Harvard university, tells the following anecdote of his landlady at Chichen Itza, says Youth's Companion:

"Coming into the house one day, the American noticed that the pig had been rash enough to trespass upon the domain of the mistress of the house. The woman was in close pursuit of the intruder, but piggy would look in any direction other than toward the door.

"Had she been compelled to stoop and seize the animal with her hand, the outcome of the chase might have been doubtful. Mayan training, however, gave her a great advantage. She reached out her foot as the pig ran by, seized him by the tail between her great toe and the second toe, and with a graceful swing of the leg she landed the pig some yards beyond the threshold.

"When told by the American that he had never seen the thing done in his own country, the Mayan woman replied that it was as easily done with the toes as with the fingers."

A Classification.

"Yes," said the person who was telling of the episode, "she seemed to be utterly wrapped up in her home until she heard Signor Gaspozzi sing. After that she was never happy unless listening to his concerts, and finally she disappeared her friends and disgraced her family by running away with him."

"Ah!" said the listener. "His vocal music was instrumental in bringing about the affair, then?"

But the narrator being dense anyway, and, besides, being all worked up over the scandal, failed to grasp the thought.—Judge.

Real Walking Dictionary.

A 14-year-old boy in Chilton, Wis., knows by heart the definition of every word from "a" to "z" in Webster's dictionary.

A Farmer's Good Story.

Velpen, Ind., April 8th.—Wm. O. Sullivan, a highly respected farmer of this place, tells a personal experience to show that there is still some genuineness and honest worth to be met with in this age in which so many frauds are reported.

"Yes, I have been humbugged," said Mr. Sullivan, "and when I was so ill with the Rheumatism, Kidney and Heart Trouble, I used a good deal of stuff that claimed to be remedies for these diseases only to find them worthless.

"But, as you know, I did find the genuine remedy after all and I had not been taking Dodd's Kidney Pills very long before I knew that they were an honest remedy that would do all and more than was claimed for them. They cured me, made a well man of me and I am now as sound as I ever was."

"I can testify that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a genuine remedy for Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble."

Mrs. Greene—"That chicken you sold me yesterday was tough as sole leather. Really, believe the bird was as old as I am. Butcher—"And surely, Mrs. Greene, you would not call yourself old!"—Boston Transcript.

"Why, Willie," said mamma, "you're pulling the cat's tail." "Mamma, I ain't pulling her tail. I'm only holding it, and she's doing the pulling."—Humane Society Bulletin.

Stops the Cough and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

Upton Parke—"Is your wife's new girl a fixture?" Cyril Down—"Seems so to me; I don't see her moving around any."—Town and Country.

Whoever are least disturbed in mind by calamities, and in act struggle against them, these are the best men in states and in private life.—Epictetus.

Optium and Liqueur Habits Cured. Book free. B. M. Woolley, M. D., Abama, Ga.

Pitch a lucky man into the Nile, says the Arabian proverb, and he will come up with a flea in his mouth.—Willis.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

I find nonsense singularly refreshing.—Talleyrand.

Every one desires to live long, but no one would be old.—Swift.

WHEN PAIN AND ANGUISH WRING THE BROW, A MINSTERING ANGEL THOU: BROMO-SELTZER 10¢ SOLD EVERYWHERE.

## Ask Your Doctor

If he knows of any better laxative and stomach remedy than Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

If he is not prescribing it in his practice, he knows what it is, and if he is honest, he will satisfy you and us with his reply to your question.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is not sold in bulk, but all drug-gists sell it in 50c and \$1.00 bottles and refund your money if you receive no benefit. Fair, isn't it?

L. E. Corey, M. D., Savannah, Tenn., writes under date of Aug. 1, 1900: "I have used Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in both my own family and in my practice, and unhesitatingly state that I have got better results from it than any other form of pepsin I have used. I consider it a most excellent preparation."

Dr. T. Jones, of Osgood, Mo., writes under date of Oct. 28, 1899: "I have used Syrup Pepsin for some time, and find it gives most excellent results and is in one of the best selling preparations I have ever carried in stock. I do not hesitate to recommend it."

Your Money Back If It Doesn't Benefit You. PEPSIN SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.