HE'S NOBODY THERE

THE IDLE REPORTER LOST IN NEW YORK'S MULTITUDES.

HOW HE REACHED THE TOWN.

Not in Love With the Natives of the Metropolis—His Observations About Politics—No Politeness Wasted—The English Opera.

New York, November 2d.

Dear Editor:

Until the bottom of the Atlantic ocean is laid with concrete and the rough edges of its shore smoothed down by the beneficent touch of the pickaxe and shovel, I do not expect to travel in peace and comfort on its waters. But a few days since I left on one of the Old Dominion ships for this wicked city, and everything augured well for my peace and comfort. The vessel was luxurious, the weather such as you read about in poetry, and the sea like a billiard-table. Before we started I felt that I could have digested a package of carpet-tacks, and as for the dining-saloon, why it looked like a palace. So great was my enthusiasm for the place that I hunted high and low for a photograph of it. We ate supper like orphans at the Christmas dinner, and then settle down for—trouble. As usual, the first symptoms of the ocean's rockiness came to our noses. The steamer appeared to have taken a bath in hot engine-oil, and as for us, it seemed as though we had been put on earth—or rather on the water—especially to smell it. The Commander-in-Chief, who had been giving a biographical sketch of each of her babies to an old lady too fat and cumbersome to dodge her, began to change color like a chamelion. By 9:30 o'clock the complexion of the good woman was the hue of an uncooked soft-shell crab, and her eyes had assumed the yellow tint of a sycamore-leaf in autumn. Never before had I realized how much of her good looks my life's companion had lost. And never before—God save the mark!—had I realized how cross she could be. The farther and farther we pushed out to sea, the snappier and more fretful did the petticoated porcupine become. By and by she and the engine-oil got to be unbearable. With the misery of a whole lifetime in my Adam's apple, I cut my way through the smells to my stateroom, where the floor was going up and down like the car on a switchback trestle. The upper berth was mine. It yawned down on me like the orifice of some inaccessible precipice. To climb up to it or not to climb up to it—that was the question. The job seemed a colossal one, and yet the lower berth and likewise the cabin floor seemed to be getting as crooked as a ram's horn, and each crook meant a mile of trouble for me. When I finally skinned up to my elevated perch, after the manner of my prehistoric simian ancestors among their native forests, I felt that I had accomplished the biggest undertaking of my life. Need I tell any man who has been at sea with his wife that in my berth I found the Queen Bee's hat, gloves, shawl, purse, satchel, face-powder, umbrella, and overshoes? These were my bed-fellows all that gloomy, nauseating night, and never would I have forgiven the strong-minded woman who placed them there had I not heard an unmistakable commotion in her berth a few hours later. When the noise reached me I knew that I had revenge enough.

* * *

Sleep and death are the only cures for seasickness. This letter is evidence of the fact that I resorted to the former, though I must admit that its good effects vanished with my awakening. The morning after a night on the ocean is always the crucial test of one's nerve and parsimony. I say parsimony because a stingy man would almost rather die than let the steamship company beat him out of a breakfast. The purser of the vessel told me—some hours later, mind you, not when I first unglued my optics—that it was human nature to try to eat all the meals cooked for you. He said people invariably made the fight of their lives to get up; that the majority of them actually crawled out of bed and dragged their way to the dining-room, but that the company won out when its victims smelt the food. Inasmuch as I had done exactly this same thing a few hours before, I knew that the purser spoke truly. But all the same, the company owes me a meal.

On deck that day I tried to be cheerful, as did also the Commander-in-Chief, who had once crossed the Chesapeake bay with impunity, and, therefore, regarded herself as good a seaman as Americus Vespucius. But it was up-hill work, especially when the vessel bumped over unseen snags in the water. Before we reached New York (pronounced Noo York by the natives) we felt the remorse of people who had had a good home and left it. We just couldn't enthuse, for all the beauties of Nature were served up with engine-oil, and we viewed the world through bilious spectacles.

The courtesy of the officials on the boat was unbounded, but the more kindness and affability they showed us the more we felt insulted. It seemed to us that their consideration, instead of emanating from true charity, was the result of a tendency to gloat over us in our misery. They couldn't have pleased us unless they had served up a forty-acre tract of well-anchored land on a silver platter.

* * *

In New York a pedestrian has no rights whatsoever. All the law allows him is the choice of a death. If he wishes he can be run over and ground to powder by a horse-car, or a cable-car, or a furniture-wagon, or an automobile, or if he is willing to climb a few steps, he can be reduced to sausage by an elevated train. It does not make any difference to the people here; they furnish ambulances for any emergency and give Christian burial to all comers who fall by the wayside. To cross Broadway without the moral support of an accident insurance policy is like attempting to have a fisticuff with a buzz-saw. For some hours after reaching town we carried our lives in our hands and momentarily expected to land in the city morgue.

The Commander-in-Chief when in Virginia wouldn't hesitate to stop a train an hour and delay things until she picked autumn leaves in the woodlands along the route, but up here they do not know her. Several times she has been completely squelched by the brusque remarks of those who did not appreciate her force of character. The good woman insists that politeness is as scarce as hen's teeth in this municipality, and confound my buttons if I don't believe she's right for once. New Yorkers measure a man by the "wad" of greenbacks in his pocket, and if the "wad" is big enough they don't give a continental who his grandfather was. The only recognized prerequisites for success in this town are an Irish mug and a roll of greenbacks. Indeed, I believe the greenbacks alone will suffice, though the Irish mug is the usual accompaniment of money. Nobody asks favors and nobody shows them. It's a malignant case of each man for himself and devil take the hindmost. One of the officials on our steamer said that he never attempted to show New Yorkers any courtesies, save those in the regular line of his duties. When new in the business, he explained, he sometimes endeavored to go out of his way to minister to their comfort, but long experience had taught him that they regarded such efforts with suspicion and resentment. For instance, if he were to offer to give a man a better room than the one originally assigned him, the traveller, instead of accepting the courtesy, would decline it. His fear of being duped would overcome his desire to improve his welfare. This may be shrewdness, but for my part I should prefer to cling to my unsophisticated ways and retain my faith in my fellowman.

* * *

If external appearances counted for aught strangers here would be led irresistibly to the conclusion that Bryan will carry the city. Democratic banners of colossal size overhang many of the principal streets, and one cannot walk fifty feet in any section of the town without seeing the Nebraskan's face depicted in some shape or form. When Bryan spoke last Saturday night in Madison Square, opposite the diplapidated and mud-stained Dewey arch, the crowd was so immense that one could not get within 300 yards of him. Street cars were blocked up as far as the eye could reach, and all classes of people were in the great multitude. No words can describe the pyrotechnic display; the heavens were illuminated for blocks around, and rockets spangled the skies with a perpetual rain of iridescent sparks.

On the streets at night one can hear "boy orators" in the true sense of the word—13 and 14-year-old youngsters, who have been employed by the Democratic leaders to expound the principles of our party. These youngsters are astonishingly clever, and "sassy," and of course, take well with the masses. The more impudent and outspoken the knickerbockered orators are the more it tickles their hearers.

The juvenile speaker whom I saw could not have been more than 13, and looked like an everyday boy who would take equal delight in killing a cat or stealing pie. He stood on a barrel and fluently delivered a speech, which if not as instructive as the output of older heads, was at least more entertaining and amusing. The very simplicity and earnestness of the harangue made it both humorous and forcible. The President, by the way, was alternately alluded to as "King William the First," and "Mister King William the First." I've heard more impotent verbal thrusts from older politicians.

Now what all these external signs signify no political prognosticator can tell. New Yorkers are so guarded in their expressions that there is no guessing their intentions. We all know, however, that "something is going to drop" on election day. It may be that Bryan will get the razzle-dazzle where the fowl got the axe, but I rather think otherwise. The registration here has gone up to 600,000, which shows that the politicians are in earnest.

* * *

Speaking of politicians reminds me of wild animals and the New York "Zoo." A few weeks ago I saw where some of the officials in the menagerie has decided that the caged animals get very bored and suffer greatly from the monotony of their existence. Some one suggested that the walls of their dens should be painted with scenes representing the wilds of nature. This has not been done as yet, but I see evidences of at least one attempt to amuse the carnivora. In the cage containing three half-grown lions a ten-pin ball has been placed, and this toy has apparently been a constant source of pleasure to the cubs. The ball was originally about five inches in diameter, but it has since been chewed almost out of shape. To see the way the young lions play with it is to recognize the close kinship between man and beast. Each cub struggles for the coveted prize, and there is some exceedingly rough play, but no loss of temper. The favorite trick of the lions is to catch the ball in their mouths, drop it almost within reach of one another, and then grab it back with their paws.

* * *

English opera is now on the boards at the Metropolitan Opera-House, and if you care for music—or even if you pretend to care for it—you might as well be dead as miss these shows. The proper caper is to go and criticise the singers, so that everybody for several seats around can know that you understand music. The Commander-in-Chief, who performs on a melodeon which we keep in our parlor, and therefore knows whereof she speaks, says that 'most everybody in the troupe is "off key," and that they all "flat" on their high notes—whatever that means. She is right, too, for all the adverse criticisms I heard agreed with the comments of my sage companion. We heard Fanchon Thompson in "Carmen," or, rather, we didn't hear her, for the poor girl had a frog-in-her-throat and couldn't line 'em out to the 50-cent gallery wherein we sat. The little woman has been making quite a hit in Europe, and it was her debut night in merciless New York. Everybody was there to criticise and get their money's worth. The audience expected the singer to be perfect, and at the same time to give them a chance to pick her to pieces. Fanchon couldn't do both, so she resorted to the latter course. The more she sung the worse she sung. Everybody was alternately delighted and infuriated. Finally, in the third act, after the prima donna had gotten more flowers than she would have needed at her funeral, she broke down completely. She, poor little thing, simply came forward, and said she couldn't sing the next song, and with that she skipped behind the scenes and wept. Think of it—the tragedy of that one scene. Years of study, success in Europe, and then an awful collapse on her debut night in New York.

Later on it was announced from the stage that Miss Thompson had been suffering from a terrible cold, and had been advised not to appear that night, but that she had done so despite the protests of her physician.

Justice compels me to say that after that the audience treated her very kindly whenever she reappeared, but the mischief had then been done.

For my part, I don't wonder the little woman collapsed. The tenor who paid court to her weighed about 200, looked like a Chinaman, and made love with the easy grace of a Bologna sausage.

HIS The Idle Reporter MARK

"I'm Simply all Worn Out."

Overworked Women.

Fatigue is the natural result of hard work, but exhaustion results from weakness.

Hard work for a weak woman is traffic in flesh and blood.

It makes little difference what the field of work is, whether at home or elsewhere, if there is weakness, work brings exhaustion.

Ability to stand the strain of hard work is the privilege of the healthy and robust.

How our hearts ache for the sickly women that work for daily bread at some ill-paid factory employment!

How distressing also to see a woman struggling with her daily round of household duties, when her back and head are aching, and every new movement brings out a new pain!

If the mere looking on at these suffering women touches our hearts, how hopeless must life be to the women themselves?

Their devotion to duty is a heroism which a well person cannot understand.

Can these ailing, weak women, who are called upon to do work which would tire a strong man, be made to see that they can easily and surely better their condition?

Will not the volumes of letters from women made strong by **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** convince them of the virtues of this medicine?

How shall the FACT that it WILL HELP THEM be made plain?

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me"?

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak and sick and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. You have some derangement of the feminine organism, and **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** will help you just as surely as it has others.

Read the letters from women in the opposite column of this paper, and when you go to your drug store to buy this sterling medicine, do not let yourself be persuaded to accept the druggist's own valueless preparation because it is a few cents cheaper than

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Evidence of Mrs. Pinkham's Cures.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—One year ago I read a letter in a paper telling how much good one woman had derived from **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** I had been sick all winter and was nearly discouraged, as the medicine the doctor gave me did me no good. I had kidney complaint, leucorrhœa, itching, bearing-down feeling, and painful menstruation. I wrote to you describing my trouble and soon received an answer telling me what to do. I followed your instructions, and have taken nine bottles of Vegetable Compound and used one package of Sanative Wash and one box of Liver Pills. I am well now, do not have those sick spells at the monthly period, but can work all day, and that I never could do until I began taking the Compound. I cannot praise the Compound too highly. I do hope every suffering woman will learn of your remedies and be cured as I have been. I wish all success to the Compound; it has done wonders for me and I am so thankful."—MRS. GENIE KELLOGG, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

MRS. GENIE KELLOGG

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to let you know that **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** has cured me of painful menstruation from which I suffered terribly. I really believe that I would be insane to-day if it had not been for your medicine. I cannot praise your Compound enough, and feel that if all who suffer from female troubles would put themselves under your care and follow your advice they will find relief."—MISS K. E. SOHOLTES, Mt. Oliver, Pittsburg, Pa.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For eight years I have suffered with inflammation of the womb and bladder, profuse and painful menstruation, and at times it seemed as though I should die. I doctored most of the time, but seemed to fail every year. A short time ago I began to take **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** and, thanks to your wonderful medicine, I am to-day a well woman. Your medicine is woman's best friend."—MRS. L. L. TOWNE, Littleton, N. H.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I write this letter for you to publish for the benefit of poor, suffering women. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** has done me a great deal of good. I have taken three bottles and feel like a new woman. When I began the use of your medicine I was hardly able to be up, could not do half a day's work, I ached from head to foot, was almost crazy, had those bearing-down pains, and stomach was out of order. Now all of these troubles have left me and I can work every day in the week and not feel tired."—MRS. JENNIE FREEMAN, 402 Pennsylvania Ave., Lima, Ohio.

PETRA M. LOYA

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was sick for seven years without any relief, although treated by two of the very best doctors in this city. A few years ago I was nothing but a living skeleton. The doctor said my heart was the cause of all my sickness and that I could only be relieved, but never get well. Sometimes I would get so exhausted and short of breath that I would not know what to do. My nerves were very weak, blood impure. Was troubled with hands and feet swelling; also had leucorrhœa. I have taken six bottles of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** and feel well once more. I have gained twenty-seven pounds and am able to work all day in the store and do not feel tired when I get home at night. Words cannot express my gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham for what her medicine has done for me."—PETRA M. LOYA, care of L. Wolfson, San Antonio, Texas.

$5000 REWARD

Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lynn, Mass., $5,000, which will be paid to any person who can show that the above testimonials are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writers' special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., Lynn, Mass.

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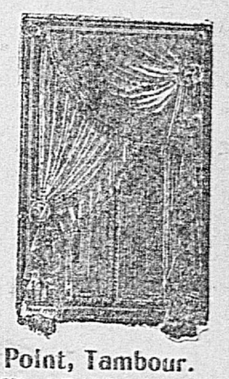

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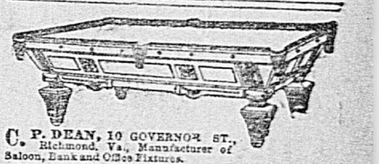

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Appointments for Speaking.

Headquarters
State Democratic Committee,
Room 82, Chamber of Commerce B'd'g.
Richmond, Va., November 3, 1900.

Speakers and places of speaking are announced as follows:

WILLIAM HODGES MANN.
Powhatan Court, November 5th.
JOHN L. JEFFRIES.
Spotsylvania Court, November 5th.
Fredericksburg, November 5th (night).
HON. JOHN LAMB.
H. L. MAYNARD.
Princess Anne Court, November 5th.
EDWARD ECHOLS.
Rockbridge Court, November 5th.
N. B. EARLY, JR.
Albemarle Court, November 5th.
A. J. MONTAGUE.
Franklin Court, November 5th.
J. HASKINS HOBSON.
Greenesville Court, November 5th.
A. M. BROWNLEY.
Isle of Wight Court, November 5th.
W. A. YOUNG.
Elizabeth City Court, November 5th.
CHARLES T. BLAND.
Elizabeth City Court, November 5th.
R. E. BOYKIN.
Isle of Wight Court, November 5th.
Isle of Wight Court, November 5th.
S. L. KELLEY.
Albemarle Court, November 5th.
Covington, November 5th (night).
T. J. WOOL.
Princess Anne Court, November 5th.
GEORGE C. CABELL, JR.
Charlotte Court, November 5th.
W. P. BARKSDALE.
Rockbridge Court, November 5th.
JOHN WHITEHEAD.
Princess Anne, November 5th.
Norfolk, November 5th (night).
J. TAYLOR ELLYSON, Chairman.
Joseph Button, Secretary.

If I Should Die To-Night.

(Published by Request.)

If I should die to-night
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hand with lingering caress;
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped,
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance,
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And often in the old familiar way,
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I would rest forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow,
The way is lonely—let me feel them now.
Think gently of me, I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn;
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead.
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

It is well to know that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve will heal a burn and stop the pain at once. It will cure eczema and skin diseases and ugly wounds and sores. It is a certain cure for piles. Counterfeits may be offered you. See that you get the original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.