

# THE COAST BEACON.

"The Press, the Mightiest of Means, on Which the Arm of Progress Leans."

VOL. XXII.

PASS CHRISTIAN, HARRISON COUNTY, MISS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1902.

NO. 31

## Love's First Sunburst.

I feared at first 'twas a diresome spell  
Of chills and fever upon me creeping,  
My breast in its courage rose and fell  
And the blood through my veins went  
hotly leaping.  
My brain was athrob with a strange delirium  
A sweetly delicious sort of feeling;  
My step was so rubbery and no light  
It seemed that my head would bump  
the ceiling.  
And songs arose in this soul of mine  
As rich and ruddy as old port wine.  
Then flashed a picture upon my brain  
In clear-cut lines of a handsome fellow  
Whose arms seemed strong as a golden chain,  
Whose voice, full ripened, was soft  
and mellow;  
And came a memory of how last night  
He sat with me as the hours went  
flitting;  
Till he appeared in a gown of white  
And said 'twas time to adjourn the  
meeting;  
Then a whispering angel put me on—  
'Twas the glad sunburst of my love's  
first dawn.  
—Denver Post.

## The Moment of Vision.

BY WILLIAM M'LEOD RAINE.  
(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
She held out the ring to him, smiling  
in rather uncertain fashion, but  
Esterley noticed that she was very  
white. He was savagely glad of it,  
for at the time he was cold as ice and  
hard as iron.

"Has the last word been said?" he  
asked without a trace of emotion in  
his voice. "Are you going to turn me  
away on account of a little thing like  
this?"

"You may call it a little thing if you  
like, I don't. When one finds the  
man she is engaged to marry flirting  
with—"

"I wasn't flirting. I have told you  
that before," he answered doggedly.  
"But of one thing you may be sure,  
Elise. If you send me away now I  
shall not return to you."

"You flatter yourself, sir, in think-  
ing I shall want you back," she re-  
torted. "Shall I lay the ring on the  
table, or will you take it?"

He dropped the ring into his vest  
pocket, bowed coldly, and turned on  
his heel. Next moment the street  
door had banged behind him. The girl  
runk into a chair and covered her face  
with her hands. Presently deep sobs  
began to shake her. Meanwhile Ned  
Esterley, in a moody, frowning silence,  
strode down to the Union Depot with  
his suitcase in his hand. Fifteen min-  
utes later he was on a train bound for  
Cripple Creek.

He gazed out of the  
window without seeing any of the  
scenery of the winter sunshine, which  
fell in a shower of splendor on the  
white-blue range of peaks in the dis-  
tance. He was sick at heart, and bit-  
ter against the girl who had misjudged  
him. What right had she to sentence  
him before she had heard his  
vindication? What right to vote him  
guilty of delinquency because she had  
found him with Kate Sanford's hand  
in his, her eyes swimming in tears?

An hour passed, two hours; but  
Esterley took no thought of the flight  
of time. It might be five minutes  
since he had entered the train, or it  
might be five hours. He neither  
knew nor cared. His personal problem  
dove from his mind other considera-  
tions.

If Elise were going to believe—  
There came a sudden jar, which  
threw Esterley forward against the  
seat in front of him. He did not need  
to be told that the engine had been  
reversed, and the brakes set. There  
came to him the sharp grinding of  
wheels on the track, and with it the  
rhythmic jangling of spools. A moment  
later there was a horrible crash. The  
floor of the car rose to meet the roof.  
The idiot that Esterley remembered  
was plunging forward through the air.

When he came to himself, he found  
about him a great pile of debris. He  
was deep hidden in what remained of  
the car—a mass of broken timbers, of  
torn iron and of wrenched steel rods—

his legs were pinned down between two  
great timbers beyond the hope of ex-  
trication. He held a handkerchief  
around his hot head, and began his  
attempt to free himself. Had the  
timbers come two inches nearer to-  
gether, his ankles would have been  
snapped like pipestems; had they been  
two inches farther apart, he would  
have been free.

Esterley called to a passing brake-  
man. The man stopped, looked around,  
and caught sight of him. He called  
to another man.

"There's a fellow pinned down in  
this car."



"You, Elise? What are you doing  
here?"

"I'm in the second car, Norton. Send the  
gang here."

Presently Esterley could see that  
men were at work with axes, saws, and  
crowbars to rescue him. There must be  
conscious without thinking of it that  
the air was hazy with smoke, but his  
mind had taken no account of the fact.

Now he heard a persistent, faint  
crackling sound. A horrible fear  
flashed through his brain, and he  
slew his head round. The car behind  
him had caught fire. His heart con-  
tracted and stood for a moment with  
a ghastly horror. Good heavens, he  
would be roasted alive, unless the res-  
cuers party reached him in time! It  
was a race for his life. He could see  
that they were working desperately,  
but he could not help calling out to  
hurry for God's sake. He tried franti-  
cally to draw his feet from the trap  
which plumed them, but he only suc-  
ceeded in cutting them against the  
timbers till the blood streamed from  
his raw ankles.

Then he felt quiet, saying to himself  
over and over again, "Keep cool, Ned  
Esterley. Keep cool. There must be  
some way out of this thing. Good  
God, there MUST." The sweat of  
agony poured from his face. How  
slowly the rescuers were, and how fast  
the flames leaped toward him! He  
wanted to keep crying out to the men  
to hurry, but he bit back the words.  
They were doing all that mortal men  
could do.

Gradually it dawned upon him that  
he was lost. Great volumes of smoke  
rolled between him and the rescuers,  
telling him that they could not reach  
him in time. With the assurance—after  
the first frantic rush of fear—there  
came to Esterley a singular coolness.  
He drew his revolver from his hip  
pocket, and laid it on the crook of a  
bent rod near his hand, where it would  
be ready for emergencies. Then he  
got from his coat pocket a note book,  
and from his vest a lead pencil. One  
of the brakemen above, having away  
at a cross timber, which barred their  
way, muttered to the engineer:

"Good Lord, Norton. He's writing.  
Saying that we ain't likely going to  
reach him. Ain't he got the bully  
nerve?"

Esterley first carefully noted down  
the address to which he wanted his  
letter forwarded, then wrote his let-  
ter.

Dear Elise: Our train has just col-  
lided with another, and I am pinned  
down in the wreckage. The train crew  
are working to get me out, but they  
will not succeed, for the wreck is on  
fire, and the flames rapidly spreading.  
This way, I write this note as my last  
word to you, and after writing it, I  
shall throw the note book to the men

outside. The crew have already been  
driven back from rescuing me by the  
smoke and flames. No, they are back  
at it again—almost within reach of me,  
but the smoke and heat are fearful.

"Oh, Elise, girl, our quarrel was all  
a mistake. It was my fault for I  
should have insisted on explaining that  
I was interfering with Kate for  
young Dick Hake. You know they  
were engaged, but had had a lover's  
quarrel. Good-bye, sweetheart. I have  
never loved any but you. Forgive my  
obstinate anger. I can write no more.  
The flames are all about me. Good-  
bye—till—"

The smoke strangled him. Esterley  
handed his notebook to the con-  
ductor with the request that it be  
forwarded. With singed hair and eye-  
brows the trainmen pried at the tim-  
bers which held him. The heat was  
unendurable, and Esterley fell back  
unconscious just as grimy hands  
reached for him.

Esterley lay for days in a semi-  
conscious condition. He had an im-  
pression that Elise was hovering about  
the room, and he was told afterward  
that he called continually for her. The  
third morning after the accident he  
opened his eyes to an understanding of  
what was passing. Elise bent over  
him, smiling happily. The doctors had  
just told her that Ned would get well.

"You, Elise? What are you doing  
here?"

"Taking care of you."

"Of me? What's the matter with  
—Oh, there was an accident, wasn't  
there? How did you know of it?"

"The conductor sent me your note  
book."

"And—about Kate—?"

"It's all right, Ned. She came and  
told me all about it after you left. Will  
you forgive me, dear?"

He nodded, eyes shining with joy.

## A PROFESSIONAL PRAYER.

The Odd Business of an Old Negro  
in New Orleans.

"In one of the more unique quar-  
ters of New Orleans I have found one  
of the most unique characters I ever  
saw in an old negro washerwoman,"  
said a man who has lately taken up  
his residence in one of the more pop-  
ular avenues of the city, "and she  
seems to be proceeding along original  
lines in the main purpose of her life.  
Washing clothes seems to be a mere  
incident to the general plan she car-  
ries out. She is an interesting old  
character and can quote copiously  
from the bible. This seems to be a  
hobby with her. She has some kind  
of construction to put on every line  
of the bible too. She can tell you  
just exactly what it means from her  
way of looking at it. But this is not  
the point I had in mind."

"Several days ago I got into con-  
versation with the old woman, and  
she asked me if I didn't have some  
family washing to give her. I told  
her I did not, but encouraged the con-  
versation, as I have a fondness for the  
negro of the ante-bellum type, finding  
them always very interesting. She  
finally threw a quotation from the  
bible at me, and it was followed by  
another, an still another, and so on.  
'Say, boss,' she said after a while,  
'does yo' ever have anybody to do  
no prayin' fo' yo'?' I told her I did  
not, and becoming more interested  
in the old woman, I got her to unfold  
her scheme to me. She did it with-  
out any sort of hesitation.

"She is a professional prayer, and  
makes no small sum out of it from  
what she told me. She told me she  
was praying once a week for the lady  
next door, who had employed her to  
pray for her husband to quit drink-  
ing, although he is a very light drinker,  
to my own knowledge. The old woman  
seemed to be very proud of her call-  
ing, and whatever other people may  
say about it she is an enthusiastic be-  
liever in the efficacy of her own  
prayers."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Litigious John Bull.

As a race the English people must  
be very litigious, for judicial figures  
given out in a recent parliamentary  
return show that on the average, in  
1900, one person in every twenty-five  
in England and Wales went to law  
during the course of the year. These  
are, of course, average figures, based  
on the fact that there were 1,100,000  
civil cases begun during that year.  
The London Express in explaining  
these figures declares that "the can-  
tankerously litigious person and the  
tradesman who is unfortunate in the  
number of customers who will not  
pay their debts bring up the average."

Made Senator Kittredge Talk.

Senator Kittredge of South Dakota  
takes pride in never saying more than  
"Yes" or "No" to newspaper men.  
One day recently a correspondent in-  
terviewed him, but was unable to get  
more than the monosyllables named  
in reply. Finally he asked: "What is  
the largest city in South Dakota?"  
The senator looked his surprise as he  
answered: "Sioux Falls." The cor-  
respondent bowed and left. Meeting  
a friend a few moments later he said:  
"I have all you fellows beaten now.  
I have just added the words 'Sioux  
Falls' to Senator Kittredge's vocabu-  
lary."

Modern Necessities.

"What would you rather have," said  
the young woman who asks abrupt  
questions, "money or brains?"

"Well," answered Senator Sorgtun,  
"there used to be a time when we  
were a simple and unpretentious peo-  
ple, when more money would suffice to  
win success. But now politicians have  
become so wicked and smart that  
you've got to keep your eyes open all  
the time to spend your money so that  
it will do you some good. Take my  
word for it, you've got to have money  
and brains, too."

## FAMOUS HOPE DIAMOND

Rumor That  
Will Pay  
as Valuable Gem

Negotiations for the sale of the  
famous Hope diamond to a  
rich American have been in progress  
since the big blue gem was brought  
to the United States last Novem-  
ber. The price of the diamond is  
\$600,000.

It is known that the Hope diamond  
was recently sent to Senator Frank  
at No. 49 Wall street, New York  
city, to be examined with great care.  
While he has never been known as a  
collector of rare gems he is a pur-  
chaser of paintings and costly works  
of art.

The Hope diamond came to the  
United States on Nov. 1, 1901.  
It was brought over by Simon Frankel,  
of the firm of Joseph Frankel &  
Sons of Nassau street. The  
diamond was brought in the safe of  
the German liner Kronprinz Wilhelm  
in a plain pine case screwed to a  
shelf.

The Hope diamond is one of the  
rarest of gems, a perfect octahedron  
of colorless, transparent, and is  
cushion-shaped, reflecting a deep  
sapphire blue light from nearly  
all facets. As to its origin, the  
history of many other famous gems,  
it is shrouded in mystery. In its  
present size and form it dates back  
only to 1835, but there is good reason  
to believe that it is half of what it once  
was.

A blue ribbon friendship is better  
than an honorable mention love.

Men who drive the vulgar horses  
To skeddadle from the middle of the  
street.

And she doesn't care a penny  
For the blessings (7), which are  
many.

That are fired at her with fervid vocal  
heat,  
And the wheelman whom she  
grazes

Fill the air with dark blue blazes,  
But for that she doesn't care a safety  
pin;

When she's burning up the roadway  
on a spin.

She's of modest disposition  
In her home, you'd think her mis-  
tress.

On this planet was directed from  
above;

Not a sweeter smile was ever  
By an angel flashed—no, never,  
And her eyes are gentle as the eyes  
of dove,

But her traits so meekly humble  
From her base take a tumble  
And a spirit of wild recklessness  
creeps in

When she grasps the waiting lever  
In a fit of scorching fever  
And is off upon her auto for a spin.

When she's burning up the roadway  
on a spin.

Down the avenue she's rattling  
While a film of steam is falling  
In her wake as feecy as a  
ragging

At the knob her foot is  
tapping  
And the gong is loudly  
clanging  
At pedestrians who turn a  
pale!

See them rushing head-  
strong,  
Seeking for a place of shel-  
ter

While the fair 'moblister's' f  
flash a grin,  
For it is her sweet opinion  
None dares question her do-  
ctrine

When she's out upon her auto  
for a spin

In a reckless way she forces  
them to spin.

## One of the Best of Ian Maclaren's Stories

Mr. Beecher's funny story of the  
"loaded" drummer which has been  
published last Sunday reminds me  
that good stories have no local  
interest.

Ian Maclaren, in his light-  
hearted, humorous style, tells a  
story of a drummer, which  
he was very fond of exploring.

Wenstone says one of Jamie's  
cousins strokes was his great  
response to the humiliating in-  
jury of a lay preacher, who had  
freed Kirk for an exhortation  
to wake up Drumtochty to  
its sinful condition, not being  
of the people of that village of  
their religious deep down in their  
and not upon their sleeves.

"Now, my dear friend," said  
exhorter, "all who wish to go to  
en, stand up, and Drumtochty  
a solid mass, except Lachlan  
bell, who considered the preach-  
er as the very elements of  
trine, and Jamie.

"Do you really mean that you are  
ready to go to where I  
mentioned?"

"Am I anxious for sic a rowl,"  
said Jamie, blandly, "but 'a' cudna bear  
tae see ye stannin' alone, and you a  
stranger in the parish," and Drum-  
tochty went home satisfied that it  
was not always safe for strangers to  
come patrolling the village upon  
their superior goodness, at least while  
Jamie was to the fore.—H. B., in  
Boston Journal.

thorns, so that you trespass at your  
peril; the cat's paw strikes at you  
as you pass, tearing your clothing and  
lacerating your skin. Even the agaves  
and the yuccas, the green foliage of  
which looks soft enough in the dis-  
tance, are armed with leaves each of  
which is a double-edged sword with a  
sharp point. The leaves of the  
spreading bunches of bear grass,  
which covers a thousand desert hills,  
are so stiff, needle-pointed, and  
rasped that no animal ever ven-  
tures to touch them. Even the green-  
wood and the strange paloverde tree  
the 'green pole' of the Mexicans, a  
tree with branches, but with almost  
invisible leaves—while having no  
spines, yet know well how to protect  
themselves. Break off a twig of either  
and the smell of it that clings to your  
fingers will cure you of further de-  
sire to meddle."

If the evil in men is visible it is an  
easy matter to overlook all the good.

## GONE FROM THE EARTH.

The Man Who Called at Night and Read  
His Neighbor's Newspaper.

"What has become of the man who  
used to visit his neighbor in the evening  
and spend the time reading his  
neighbor's newspaper?" asked one who  
travels in the interior of the country.  
"I suppose he was never known in the  
city, but he was much in evidence in  
the smaller towns a long time ago.

"I think he has perished from the  
face of the earth. I used to see him,  
and heard of him often.

"He usually made a call accompanied  
by his wife, if he had one. It was  
when the newspaper had a place on the  
table alongside the family Bible.

"The visitor, having made the usual  
remark about the weather, adjusted  
his spectacles, picked up the newspaper  
and drew sigh to the shined lamp,  
judging from his manner and the time  
he devoted to it, nothing escaped his  
notice, and judging from his face,  
everything was alike to him.

"He was oblivious to the conversa-  
tion of others. When he had finished  
the last column of the last page of the  
sheet he tossed it aside, and when one  
of the family circle asked him what  
was the news he always said there  
was none, and looking at the clock on  
the mantel remarked that it was later  
than he thought and took his departure.

"I have an idea that he would not  
be tolerated now, but when he was on  
earth nobody was annoyed by him."  
—New York Sun.

John A. Sutter,  
Box 23, Pass Christian, Miss.  
ARTESIAN  
Well Contractor,  
Correspondence solicited.

Dufrechou's  
LUNCH HOUSE  
Front Street, 1 Door East City Hall.  
Excursion Dinner 50c.  
Meals at All Hours 25c.

Meals, Hot Coffee, Oyster Leaves, and  
Ham Sandwiches Served at  
All Hours.

OYSTERS IN ANY STYLE  
SERVED AT TABLE  
AND COUNTER.

I also deliver Fresh Salt Oysters in  
any quantity to all parts of town free  
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Counselor who is  
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For liberal rates apply to the  
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Religious News for Church Ladies.

A good story is told of a Rochester  
divine, not noted particularly for his  
humor. The Ladies' Club of a certain  
church was called to meet at a stated  
time, and every member was especially  
charged to bring an item of religious  
news.

One of the ladies, probably accus-  
tomed to depending more upon others  
than upon her own resources, finding  
herself unprepared with the requisite  
item as the hour for meeting ap-  
proached, conceived the notion of call-  
ing upon Dr. Blank, pastor in another  
denomination. He responded to the  
call on the telephone, when substan-  
tially the following conversation en-  
sued:

Clubwoman—"Dr. Blank, I am just  
on my way to a meeting of a woman's  
club at— Church. We are required  
to bring an item of religious news. Can  
you give me one?"

Dr. Blank—"Um, ah! The  
Church, you say?"

Clubwoman—"Yes."

Dr. Blank—"Tell them that Jesus  
Christ died to save sinners."—Hester  
Herald.

The Emblematic Lion.

The lion plays a considerable part in  
costs of arms, being heretofore rami-  
fant in those of Great Britain, the  
Netherlands, Spain, Belgium, Norway  
and Sweden, and passant in that of  
Persia. The British lion is as famous  
as the American eagle, yet Great Brit-  
ain divides the honors between a lion  
and a unicorn, the former represent-  
ing England and the latter Scotland.

"Lion and unicorn fighting for the  
crown, lion whipped the unicorn and  
drove him out of town." That is one  
version of the old song. A diminutive  
lion, stantant, wearing a crown on his  
head, stands upon the crown in the  
coat of arms. The French heralds  
called the British lions leopards; as  
confidingly Napoleon said to his sol-  
diers: "Let us drive these leopards (the  
English) into the sea."—New York  
Press.

Spanner on His Own Style.

"I may fitly say of my own style that  
from the beginning it has been unpre-  
meditated," says Herbert Spencer in  
Facts and Comments. "The thought of  
style considered as an end in itself has  
rarely if ever been present, the sole  
purpose being to express ideas as clearly  
as possible, and when the occasion  
called for it, with as much force as  
might be. Up to 1850 my books and re-  
view articles were written. Since then  
they have all been dictated. There is a  
prevailing belief that dictation is apt  
to cause diffuseness, and I think that  
belief is well founded. It was once re-  
marked to me by two good judges—the  
Lewises—that the style of 'Social Sta-  
tics' is better than the style of my  
later works, and assuming this opinion  
to be true, the contrast may, I think,  
be ascribed to the deteriorating effect  
of dictation."

DAM, E. J.—Newsdealer and sta-  
tioner. Stand in Beacon Building.

AMIEL, DENIS—Horseshoer, car-  
riage builder and repairer.

DELEBERG, F.—Painting, cal-  
cinating and furniture repairing.

CHAPOTEL, C. L.—Plumber, sta-  
smith and stove repairer. Stores  
for sale.

COURTENAY, ESTATE OF O.—Gen-  
eral merchandise.

DEDAUX, MARTIAL—Livery stable,  
horses and carriages to hire. Tally-  
ho teams reasonable.

DUFRECHOU, B.—Dealer in and  
shipper of oysters. Shop first door  
east of town hall.

HANSON, J. ED.—Manufacturing  
and dispensing pharmacist.

JANG, JOHN H.—Real estate agent,  
undertaker and livery. Dealer in  
coal and firewood.

POUX, JULE—Painter.

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might be. Up to 1850 my books and re-  
view articles were written. Since then  
they have all been dictated. There is a  
prevailing belief that dictation is apt  
to cause diffuseness, and I think that  
belief is well founded. It was once re-  
marked to me by two good judges—the  
Lewises—that the style of 'Social Sta-  
tics' is better than the style of my  
later works, and assuming this opinion  
to be true, the contrast may, I think,  
be ascribed to the deteriorating effect  
of dictation."

Spanner on His Own Style.

"I may fitly say of my own style that  
from the beginning it has been unpre-  
meditated," says Herbert Spencer in  
Facts and Comments. "The thought of  
style considered as an end in itself has  
rarely if ever been present, the sole  
purpose being to express ideas as clearly  
as possible, and when the occasion  
called for it, with as much force as  
might be. Up to 1850 my books and re-  
view articles were written. Since then  
they have all been dictated. There is a  
prevailing belief that dictation is apt  
to cause diffuseness, and I think that  
belief is well founded. It was once re-  
marked to me by two good judges—the  
Lewises—that the style of 'Social Sta-  
tics' is better