

THE ST. LANDRY CLARION.

Courtesy

"Here Shall the Press the People's Rights Maintain, Unawed by Influence and Unbribed by Gain."

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ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

SUPPOSE.
Suppose and supposing that all o'er this world
Each little girl cried when she had her hair curled—
Me! My!
What a terrible cry!
Why, all the soft kitties would scamper
And set up a-moaning by day and by night,
And dear little doggies stop wagging their tails
To howl out the howlingest, wailingest wails;
And wee little lambs in the fields far away
Would bleat and ba-a-a and refuse to go play.
And their mothers would scold them for making a noise
And call them the naughtiest of little lamb boys—
But, there,
I forgot, I declare!
I see I'm supposing the wrong kind of case,
For my little girl, with a smile on her face,
Says: "Please, I do so want to have my hair curled."
And of course she is like all the girls in this world!
—Mary H. Planner, in Good Housekeeping.

THE SISTER OF 327.

"Three Hundred and Twenty-Seven had a big sister what was a peach," said the Reformed Messenger Boy. "She had a job punchin' de keys in a lawyer's office in de Masonic an' every guy what got his lamps on her got stuck to deat." Her name was Mag an' she was de limit when it come to looks. Her hair wuz de color of a dandelion flower an' she had all de drug store blonds backed off de board. Her lamps was blue an' when she got on her glad rags an' come sailin' down Halsted on a Sunday afternoon dere wasn't nothin' else to it. An' Mag was a real lady, she was. Me an' 327 says dat de first guy what don't treat her on de square gets a corkscrew punch in de slats.

"A-course Mag has a lot a guys aendin' her mash notes an' tryin' to make dates wid her. But she's a wise daisy, Mag is, an' she gives 'em de merry laugh an' sticks to Terry Owens fer her steady company. Terry's a copper an' he's travelin' beat over on de West side, but de alderman says he'll go to de front fer him an' githim a job flyin' out of Central. Den Terry an' Mag makes it up dey'll githatched up double an' go down to Niagara on dere wedding trip. De alderman says dat he'll fix up de tickets fer 'em.

"One afternoon dere comes in a call from an office across de street, from de Masonic an' de manager sends me over. I goes up dere an' I sees when I git in dat I been dere before. Dere's a big slob wid a black mustash in de office an' he's always sendin' us kids out wid mash notes. When he seen me he says: 'Hello, kid,' he says, 'I got a good job fer you dis afternoon,' he says, 'an' dere's a silver case in it fer you if you do it right,' he says, 'grinnin'.' 'I'm glad dey sent you ober,' he says, 'cause I know you're a smood kid.'

"Den he takes me to de window an' he points across de street to de Masonic.

"See dat yellow-haired daisy dere in de window, he says, pointin' over to where Mag was a-sittin'. 'I wants to make a date wid her, see? I wants her to meet me dis evenin' at eight at de corner of Halsted an' Madison an' I'll take her out fer a little dinner,' says de big guy. 'I don't know her name,' he says, 'but I'm stuck on her,' he says, 'an' if yere smood enough to fix up de date fer me,' he says, 'I'll make it wort' yere while,' he says.

"How much is dere in it? I says, 'cause I made up my mind right away to learn dat slob not to monkey wid none of mine or 327's relations.

"I'll give you two bucks if you fix it up right,' he says.

"Make it 'ree,' I says.

"An' de big guy laughs an' says: 'We'll fix dat up all right,' he says, 'when you git de date fixed,' he says.

"I goes across de street an' shoots up to de office where Mag hits de keys.

"Hello, 142, Mag says, shakin' hands wid me. 'How's tricks? An' where's Freddie'—dat's 327—'dis afternoon?'

"I puts Mag wise to de big guy sittin' in de window across de street pullin' his black mustash, an' she gives him a flash an' den comes back into de office.

"Dat guy has been tryin' to mash me fer a mont', Mag says. 'He's always makin' goo-goo eyes at me across de street an' he's spoke to me on de street 'ree or four times. P're always give him de icy front, but dat don't seem to do no good. He keeps on waitin' fer me when I come down from de office when de boss was out feedin' his face an' tried to git gay wid me. I'd tell Terry about him, only I don't want him to git in no trouble. If Freddie—dat's 327—was big enough, I'd tell him,' she says.

"Den I tells Mag about how dese slob across de street wants to make a date wid her fer to take her out to a little dinner dat night, an' I says fer her to leave it to me an' 327 an' we'd make de big guy wish he'd a-fell in de river before de drainage canal was turned on. An' she says go ahead. Dat she

was tired of being bothered by him, an' mebbe it 'ud do him good to have a few hot ones handed to him.

"All right, Mag,' I says, 'you go on down to de corner of Halsted an' Madison at eight dis evenin' an' dere'll be plenty doin'.'

"I was wise dat de big guy was married an' dat if it got in de papers dat he was out mashin' girls on de street his wife 'ud quit him an' he'd lose de good job he had as de Chicago manager of a New York company.

"So I goes back over to de dub's office an' I tells him Mag is stuck on his mustash an' she'll be dere at eight. Dat she's been noticin' him a long time an' wonderin' why he didn't git his nerve up an' speak to her. An' de dub, he grins and hands me 'ree bucks an' says 'I'm a wise kid. Den I touches him up fer two more bones, makin' it five, because I know dat 'ud be de las' chance I'd have to git a piece of his money. An' he coughs up, 'cause he's so stuck on himself after what I says Mag says about him an' his mustash.

"So den I takes de coin an' screws back to de office an' puts 327 wise. An' we goes over an' hunts Terry Owens.

"It's like dis, Terry,' says 327. 'I'm her brudder an' it's up to me to hand dat fat slob a few hot punches. You can come along, Terry,' he says, 'an' if I can't give de guy all dat's comin' to him you kin help me out.'

"I'll be dere,' says Terry, 'if I lose my star fer it,' he says, 'an' when we all git 'rough dat guy'll have to be introduced to de loved ones at home. I expect de lute'll break me fer beatin' him up, anyhow,' he says, 'but I'm not carin' an' I'll do my best fer to make de guy sorry he ever batted a eye at my Mag.'

"I don't want to see Terry lose his star, so I goes over an' puts Terry lute wise to what's doin', an' de lute laughs an' says: 'You tell Terry dat it's contrary to de rules an' regulations fer a policeman to beat up anybody, an' dat if he gits a good openin' I wish he'd swat de masher a extry belt fer me.'

"When eight o'clock comes Mag comes sailin' down de street an' de big guy he's standin' at de corner, wid me an' 327 an' Terry, in citizen's clothes, waitin' inside de doorway, where he can't see us. He steps up an' speaks to Mag, an' jes' den Terry taps him on de back an' says: 'Go on home, Mag. We'll attend to dis guy.' Terry has a revolver an' he pokes it up under de masher's black mustash an' says: 'Come here. We want to see you a minute.'

"We leads de guy up de alley to Hogan's barn and takes him in dere.

"Take off yer silk hat,' says Terry, 'an' your Prince-de-Albert coat an' vest,' he says, 'an' put yere hands to-gedder,' he says, 'till I put de bracelets on you. I'm a policeman,' he says, 'an' my number 32,332,' he says, 'if you want to know, an' I'm engaged to de young lady you've been gettin' gay wid. An' dis young man here,' he says, 'introducin' 327, 'is her brudder.'

"An' I'm de kid you sent over wid de mash note,' I says, 'an' I kep' dat note an' we got two or 'tree newspaper reporters waitin' fer to write a piece about you in de peppers,' I says.

"As Mag's brudder,' says 327, 'I'll hand you a few wid dis horsewhip,' he says, 'an' when I gits tired Terry'll git busy,' he says. 'If you should yell,' he says, 'I'll put dis corn cob in your mont', he says, 'an' dere's no tellin' but Terry's gun might go off.'

"What we did to dat guy was good an' strong an' plenty. He stood de gaff all right an' never let out a peep. Den we turned him loose. An' jes' before he goes I says to him:

"I wish I'd struck you fer ten bones fer makin' dis date fer you,' I says. 'If it learns you to be careful about what daisies you try to git gay wid it would be wort' twice dat money to you.'—Chicago Tribune.

THE WAY TO SUCCESS.

Doing the Next Thing Now is the Whole Secret.

"Success in anything consists in doing the next thing—now," was a great railroad magnate's formulation of the most important maxim in business. Shakespeare had the same thought differently phrased when he said that "fearful commenting is leader servitor to dull delay." It is this useless cogitating that is the bugbear of life and the bane of business. The successful man, instead of musing difficulties in a hopeless heap, and regarding them discouragedly, purposes and instantly does each successive detail whose sum equals achievement.—S. S. Times.

Better Than Abuse.

Abuse is so common that it attracts no attention. But compliments are unusual. When we hear compliments about people we always repeat them.—Atchison Globe.

COLLEGE-BRED NEGROES.

Statistics Showing Use to Which They Have Put Their Education.

The fifth number of the Atlanta university publications has appeared, and is entitled "The College Bred Negro." It is an attempt to study the work of the negro college graduates both north and south and to estimate the value and probable future of the Southern college for colored people. According to this report, there have been about 2,500 negro college graduates. Of the larger northern institutes, Harvard has 11 negro graduates. Yale and the university of Michigan ten each, Cornell eight, Columbia four and Pennsylvania four. Of the smaller colleges, Oberlin leads with 128 graduates, the University of Kansas 16 and Bates 15.

The bulk of these graduates are southern born. Ninety per cent. of those born in the south stay there and work and 50 per cent. of those born in the north come south and labor among their people. About ten per cent. of these graduates are women. Most of the graduates marry between the ages of 25 and 35, and while their families are not large, they are of healthy and normal size.

The most interesting question and in many respects the crucial question to be asked concerning college bred negroes is: "Do they earn a living?" It has been intimated more than once that the higher training of negroes has resulted in sending into the world of work men who can find nothing to do suitable to their talents. Now and then there comes a rumor of a colored college man working at menial service, etc. Fortunately the returns as to occupation of college bred negroes are quite full—nearly 60 per cent. of the total number of graduates. Of 1,132 persons reporting, over half are teachers, a sixth are preachers, another sixth are students and professional men; over six per cent. are farmers, artisans and merchants and four per cent. are in government service. Most of these do not change their occupations often and stick to their callings—nearly 80 per cent. have been employed at their present occupations ten years and over. The total assessed value of real estate reported is \$1,342,862.50 and the average per individual \$2,411.

There is a most interesting symposium on the negro problems and their probable solution, bibliography of works by negroes and the opinion of a number of prominent northern college presidents and others on the higher training of negroes. In nearly every case these favor such training properly given to colored students. It is shown that colored students contribute very nearly as much toward the expenses of their training as whites.

The final conclusions of the study are:

1. The great mass of the negroes need common school and manual training.
2. There is a large and growing demand for industrial and technical training, and trade schools.
3. There is a distinct demand for the higher training of persons selected for talent and character to be leaders of thought and missionaries of culture among the masses.
4. To supply this demand for a higher training there ought to be maintained several negro colleges in the south.
5. The aim of these colleges should be to supply thoroughly trained teachers, preachers, professional men and captains of industry.

It is, however, earnestly recommended that this college work be concentrated in about 12 high grade institutions in the south instead of scattered as it is now in 34.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Scene of the Coronation.

Westminster abbey is to be entirely closed to the public for about four months next year, and all the services will, of course, be suspended during that time. Three months will be required to prepare the interior of the abbey for the coronation ceremony, and after it has taken place three or four weeks will be occupied in removing all the temporary structures and other paraphernalia. The whole of the stone pillars and many of the monuments will be entirely incased with wood, which is to be all covered with scarlet cloth. The coronation is to take place toward the end of June. The dean and chapter of Westminster are entitled to claim as "perquisites" every article which is taken into the abbey for the purpose of the coronation, and that reverend body reaped rich harvests in 1821, 1831 and 1833.

Anger.

When anger rises judgment takes a back seat.—Chicago Daily News.

Strikes.

The clockmaker is the direct cause of many a strike.—Chicago Daily News.

CURING UNCLE SAM'S MONEY.

Greenbacks Hereafter to Be Stored Until Well Seasoned.

It has been stated, says the Brooklyn Eagle, that Uncle Sam's greenbacks are wearing out fast and a big reserve fund is to be established, to be kept in the treasury vaults until it is more thoroughly cured than the notes now in circulation. One hundred million dollars in greenbacks are to be accumulated and will be laid aside to get completely dried out before being issued. They will be one, two and five-dollar notes, and it is estimated that it will take about three months to print them. Whenever possible it is the policy of the treasury department not to issue greenbacks until they have been stored six or eight months. By that time they are well seasoned and are in a condition to withstand considerable handling. During the last two years, however, the unprecedented demand for notes, especially of small denominations, has not permitted the department to lay aside any quantity. Most of those printed during that time have been put into circulation within one or two months after being received from the big money mill. Anyone accustomed to handling paper money can instantly detect the difference between green and seasoned bills. A note that has been thoroughly cured is crisp, firm and tough, while a green note is thick, soft and mushy. After the latter has been in circulation it becomes rough like a piece of blotting paper and is soon unfit for currency. It rarely lasts more than a year, while the life of a well seasoned note is anywhere from two to ten years. Bills issued in the 60's have come into the redemption division in good condition, showing that they were well seasoned before being sent out. Greenbacks stored for six or eight months after being printed get tough, the paper seems to get thin and some chemical action takes place that "sets" the ink.

POPULAR NOTION REVERSED.

Manuscripts from Unknown Authors Eagerly Scanned by Magazine Editors.

"There is a popular impression," writes Edward Bok, in the Ladies' Home Journal, "that the editor of a magazine never reads the manuscripts which are sent to him by unknown writers. But suppose the editors of all the magazines had, say ten years ago, stopped reading the manuscripts of writers of whom they had never heard? What would have happened? For one thing, about one-third of the writers who are popular to-day, and whose works almost everybody reads, would be unheard of. Nearly everything in the way of successful essay, poem, story or novel published during the past ten or twenty years was first printed in one of the several American magazines. Now, how could this all be if the editors did not read manuscripts? Some time ago I had the curiosity to look over the contents for an entire year of five of the popular magazines. From my knowledge of the names of famous writers I recognized less than one-half of the names in the contents of the 60 issues of the magazines. I asked the editors the reasons of this, and I found that of all the writers whose work they had published during the previous year 34 per cent. were authors who never before had written for the magazines."

THE HARBORS OF ARGENTINA.

Being Steadily Improved to Meet the Needs of the Republic.

The increase in the productive power of the Argentine Republic has caused the steady development of the various outlets to the countries beyond the sea, according to a report made to the state department by Consul Mayer at Buenos Ayres. He says the city of Buenos Ayres, the capital of the republic, has been for many years the point to which gravitated all that was of value from the interior provinces; but with the growth of production it has been found best to forward the goods to the nearest port. The city of Rosario receives yearly an immense amount of grain from the interior, and an enlargement of the present port is needed. Mr. Mayer says Buenos Ayres has an excellent system of docks, but a serious drawback is the want of water in the channel which connects them with the ocean. The largest steamers which visit the river La Plata are debarred from making use of the port of Buenos Ayres, except in certain conditions of the river, as the channel must be constantly dragged. The consul says that the next port southward is Bahia Blanca, which, as it is the terminus of the Great Southern railway, bids faintly to develop in the future.

BREVITIES OF FUN.

If a man is a millionaire he can say all the fool things he wants to without impairing his reputation for wisdom.—Chicago Daily News.

"I want a positive answer, Miss Jones. Will you marry me?" "No!" "That's hardly fair. I asked for a positive answer and you have given me a negative."—Philadelphia Times.

A Chance for Him.—"Ah!" sighed the ambitious young poet, "I long to do some great service for American letters." "Why not stop writing?" suggested Miss Kandor.—Philadelphia Press.

After the Sermon.—He—"I couldn't make out what he was driving at; could you?" She—"Not very well; but how clever he must be to understand it all himself!"—Brooklyn Life.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Swellman. "The baby has eaten a lot of that dog biscuit!" "Never mind, dear," replied Mrs. Swellman; "it just serves Fido right, for he's often stolen the baby's food. Haven't you, Fido?" "Oo naughty little rogue, too!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Miss Cantor—"Don't you think you took undue advantage of pa in selling him that saddle horse of mine?" You told pa he was a young horse, and Dr. Withers declares the animal is as old as I am." Deacon Hook—"You don't mean to call yourself old, Miss Cantor?"—Boston Transcript.

Making a Strong Impression.—"Now, ma, you know I am anxious to make an impression on those New York people. Bring me the coal-oil can. I want to perfume my clothes." "With coal oil! Mercy, child, what do you mean?" "Why, I want 'em to think we own an automobile."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE ONLY DOG DRUMMER.

Sometimes Makes Circuit with His Master and Sometimes Alone.

There is only one dog drummer in the United States. He is a fine collie that belongs to Harry Horton, of Atlanta, Ga. His owner is a traveling man and makes frequent trips up and down the Atlanta and West Point road, stopping at all the little stations along the way.

Several times he took his dog with him. As the collie, Gyp by name, is an unusually handsome fellow, intelligent and friendly, he excited much admiration and received more petting than had ever before fallen to his lot.

It was after he had three times accompanied his owner that Gyp one morning came down to the station and jumped in the baggage car. The baggage master recognized him and, supposing that Mr. Horton was aboard, made him welcome. The train pulled out, and at the first station the dog got out and went to the hotel at which his master was accustomed to stop. The landlord remembered him, and he was fed and petted. He remained until the next day, then took a train and went to the next station, where he again put up at the customary hotel.

In this way he made the usual trip, much to the amusement of baggage masters and hotel men. The news of his peculiar journey preceded him, and at every town he received an ovation.

Meanwhile there was consternation in the Horton family when it was found that Gyp was missing. A fruitless search was made for him and a large reward offered. But he had been gone several days before anything was heard of him.

Then a telegram came from West Point, Ga., telling of Gyp's arrival there and of the strange trip he was making. Mr. Horton decided to let him alone and see what would be his plan. In due season Gyp arrived home, having made every town that he had visited with his owner.

The experience was so pleasant that he has often made the journey since, and is now as well known along the road as Mr. Horton. Whenever he disappears no uneasiness is felt, Mr. Horton merely remarking: "I guess he's doing my territory again."

Use the English Language.

English is the language of the Japanese office—in its intercourse with foreign diplomats, and even in its telegraphic correspondence with its own representatives abroad. All telegrams from Tokio to the foreign agents of Japan are written and ciphered in English, and replied to in the same manner, though, if the foreign minister has occasion to send a written despatch, this, as a rule, is in Japanese, which may be said to be a cipher in itself.

Alike is One Thing.

Small boys and new flannel shirts shrink from washing.—Chicago Daily News.

THOMAS HARDY.

Noted Author Was for Many Years an Architect.

Mr. Thomas Hardy reached his sixty-first birthday on June 2. He began to scribble, as he says himself, when he was 16, and in his early years he appears to have acquired some reputation as a writer—as a calligraphist, if not as an author. Long before he was old enough to understand much about Cupid, he would write love-letters for the village girls to their soldier-sweethearts in India. He did not, like Samuel Richardson, compose the letters, being merely an amanuensis; but Mr. Hardy remembers to this day how he came to be regarded in the village as a sort of writing-machine. He remembers, too, that the state of education, as revealed in some of the letters, was pitiful. "Calcutta, or Elsewhere" was one of the addresses to which he was told to write.

When Mr. Hardy began to write on his own account, his first article appeared in Chambers' Journal. It was an old production, on "How I Built Myself a House," written when the budding novelist was designing churches with Sir Arthur Blomfield. Mr. Hardy was fond of his first profession, and for 12 years he enjoyed it, becoming a prizeman of the Royal Institution of British Architects in 1863. But by the time he was 30 it had become clear to him that his work lay among books rather than houses and churches, and he relinquished architecture for literature, after the appearance of "Desperate Remedies." The sale of this book, which had been good at first, stopped suddenly after a severe criticism—aroused, perhaps, by the plain speaking on moral questions in which the author had indulged.

Mr. Hardy claims that his attitude on questions of morality has been the same from the beginning. There were many passages in the first edition of "Desperate Remedies" similar to those which have been objected to in "Tess," but some of them were eliminated to please the publishers. Mr. Hardy, who made up his mind at the very beginning to "speak out," has never ceased to regret the elimination of these passages, and will reinsert them whenever the book appears in a uniform collection of his works. For 30 years he has received letters of denunciation from both men and women, but he is quite unmoved by them, and his last book does not suggest that he has in any way changed his mind on the propriety of dealing plainly with moral questions in novels. He is reported to have said to a friend not long ago that one book of his which will live is "Jude the Obscure."—St. James' Gazette.

INITIALS OF FAMOUS MEN.

Curious Facts Presented by a British Biographical Dictionary.

Taking the "Dictionary of National Biography" standard, it is clear that there is something in a name. No man in the British Isles has become famous for ten centuries whose name began with X. Z is better—there are 21 names under it—and Q is better still, with 31. Somebody in the Z's becomes famous on an average every 50 years, and Q has been the initial on one in every thousand of England's famous men. A is much better than either—there is a famous man among the A's for nearly every year since William the Conqueror—and those whose names begin with C, H, M or S should be quite hopeful; their chance is very good indeed. But the chance of the man whose name commences with B is the best of all. There are over 3,000 famous names in our history beginning with B, and the seekers after fame in this class should keep up heart.—St. James Gazette.

Curious Street Pavements.

Paris, we are told, is to be paved with glass, and this has been referred to as if glass streets were at present unknown. It is, however, not so. Everybody who has been to Lyons knows the Rue de la Republique, with its glass pavements laid in blocks eight inches square, so closely fitted that water cannot pass through them. But streets of glass are not by any means the most curious streets in the world. There is a street in Gwandu, Africa, which is a veritable place of skulls. The town, oval in shape, has round it a ring of poles, every one of which is crowned with a human skull. There are six gates to the town, and every one of them is approached by a pavement of skulls, of which something like 12,000 were used. The pavement is snowy white. Philadelphia has a street made with compressed grass, and the experiment promised so well after a year that there may be many companion streets of grass by this time.

Strength Due to Simple Diet.

The Roman soldier who built such wonderful roads and carried a weight of armor that would crush the average farm hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in habit and regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onion and watermelon. The Smyrna porter eats only a little fruit and sour olives, yet he walks off with his load of 100 pounds. The coolie, fed on rice, is more active and can endure more than the negro fed on fat meat.

SLANG EXPRESSIONS.

May Have in Them the Making of Dictionary Words.

"Slang is not only convenient and forcible in the expression of one's views," said a gentleman who keeps up with contemporary literature to a New Orleans Times-Democrat writer, "but slang as a matter of fact in a great many instances has a well authenticated historical origin. Some of the sublimest passages in the best books of earlier times have been twisted and distorted until they have simply become the slang expressions of these modern times. Many words once looked upon as belonging to the cheap vernacular of the street have crept into the dictionary and are now looked upon as belonging to the queen's English. So in time it will be with many words now classed among the slang expressions of the day. I have just been wondering what the size of the English dictionary will be, say just 100 years from now, and how many new and strange words will have been added to the vocabulary. And no doubt many of the slang and grotesque sayings of to-day will be put down by the compilers of the future because of a certain depth of meaning which they have. Really many of the expressions are more forcible than English that would be regarded as of a purer type. The future compiler will probably be forced to recognize and preserve many of the phrases now in common use. I expect some rather curious results, too, along this line. The man of the future in fumbling the pages of the dictionary, for instance, will probably run across the familiar saying, 'out of sight,' all jammed up together in one huge word. In the 's' one will probably find another slang phrase crystallized into a single word, and 'up against it' will no doubt be defined with as much precision as any other word in the dictionary. Really there is no reason why the words should not in time be placed among the good words of the English language. There are many such, and they are full of expression, and add much that is rich in coloring to English speech. Of course they may look a trifle awkward at this time because we are not used to them, and the combinations may partake somewhat of grotesqueness. But after awhile the rough edges will wear off, and they will sound no harsher than other words of the language. Besides they will save time and space because the meaning of many words will be crowded in one."

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

Great Comedian Has Found the Fountain of Perpetual Youth.

"In Florida, where Ponce de Leon failed to discover the fountain of perpetual youth, Joseph Jefferson seems to have found it," declares James S. Metcalfe, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "He is a picturesque figure. His ruddy cheeks and bright eyes give the lie to his 73 years. He is slender, but not with the leanness of age. His hair, mostly black, streaked only here and there with gray, and in length showing a wholesome contempt for the fine art of the barber, blows about in the breeze. His fingers are as quick and deft at knotting a line or adjusting a sinker as those of a boy on the banks of a stream, and he enters into every detail with boyish enjoyment. His fishing he alternates with landscape painting, writing and the care of plants. In none of these pursuits does he claim professional skill, but he brings to them something more than professional zest. Mr. Jefferson is a very abstemious man. In eating, as in other things—except occupation in the open air—he evidently believes in moderation as a means to well living and long living. He did not join in our after-luncheon smoke, stating that if he had not given up tobacco a good many years ago he felt sure that he would not be with us now. Whatever the secret of his long and useful life, it is safe to say that every one of his countless friends and admirers would be glad to lengthen it by a fulfillment of his own life's favorite benediction: 'Here's his health and his family's, and may they live long and prosper!'"