

The Daily Record

N. L. MILLER, Editor.

JENNINGS. : : LOUISIANA.

VIRTUE'S REWARDS.

The baby that's good lies all day long,
Toying away with his toes,
And no one lingers to croon him a song
Or lessen his little woes;
The baby that's good neglected lies
Where the sun shines into his blinking
eyes
And the flies trot over his nose.
The baby that squalls all day, all night,
Is "mother's sweet, precious put"
She fondles and rocks him with all her
might,
And leaves everything else upset;
The baby that only knows how to squall
Is dandled and pampered and always gets
all
The care that there is to get.
The man who quietly toils away,
With never a plaint nor a sigh,
Just doing his best day after day,
With hopes of the By-and-By,
Who merely accepts what the world ac-
cords,
Receives but few of the sweet rewards
For which the successful try.
The man who demands the best there is,
Who asks—as the poorest may—
Though others have stronger claims than
his,
Takes the fairest gifts away;
The man who asks may have little worth
But he gets the best that there is on
earth,
For saying his little say.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

HIS LUCKY "HUNCH."

Ralph Holmes, express messenger on a fast night train running from Chicago to Peoria, had discharged his duties in the methodical way that comes with experience and familiarity with one's daily routine of work, and sank into an easy chair with a ride of 50 miles yet before him, and nothing to occupy his attention but his own thoughts, the rumbling of the wheels and an occasional note of warning from the engine. Thoughts came thick and fast at such times, and so it was with Ralph Holmes. The events of the four years since he was thrown upon his own resources passed him in review as a panorama.

On the long, tedious "runs" he had often been absorbed in a reverie of this sort, but in this instance there were new and perplexing problems confronting him. He had always found much that was gratifying in one of these quiet invoices of his few successes in life, and while he felt none the less pleasure on this occasion than on others, he found little in reminiscence to encourage him in certain of his desires.

In all of these communions with his own thoughts there was one central figure, and that a dear little woman, patient and loving, her hair made silvery and her form bent by the 70 years of worldly struggle. It was Ralph Holmes' mother, and well he remembered the night of his graduation from high school when she came tottering to the stage when the exercises were over, threw her arms about his neck and wept tears of joy. It was a glad event for Ralph, for he had closed his school career with honors, but it was of vastly more moment to the little old woman who proudly embraced him, for the joy which the diploma brought both of them represented years of toil and sacrifice on her part. Ralph was a sensible youth and not unmindful of the aid his mother had given him, often at the expense of her own health and comfort. He, too, recalled on this night, as often before, the assuring words he gave his mother before leaving home some months after his graduation.

"You have given me a start, mommer," he had said, "that many a boy in better circumstances might be glad to have, and I hope you'll live to see me prove that I deserved a fair start."

Then, as the train sped on, Ralph recalled his entrance to one of the great medical schools of the city and the difficulties he encountered during the first year because of his limited means. Though he had been forced to study from the books of classmates and wait on the table at a restaurant for his own board, his letters to the little mother at home were always cheerful and full of hope, containing as little as possible of the darker side of his college life. Then, during the summer vacation, he had by a stroke of good fortune secured the position of express messenger. Ralph confidently expected never to experience a happier day than when he made his first "run," for if he could but hold his place it would relieve him of the anxiety that the expense of his medical education had caused him.

To be sure, he had held the position and it had more than paid his own expense. It pleased him to note in addition that he had been able to send a little money home to his mother. The two trips a week the year round had interfered to no small extent with his attendance at school, but he had been as faithful as his cir-

cumstances would permit, and it seemed to Ralph, as he sat there musing, that the faculty must have known something of his struggle and helped him along. Then, too, he had been deprived of the regular hours for study which the other students had, but he had improved all his spare time. Night after night he had sat in that same old chair in the express car when his work was over and "cramped" until the whistle blew for Peoria. More than this, his dingy room in the Railroad hotel there had been a favorite place for study when he turned in after the long "run" for a few hours' sleep. The precious sleep had oftentimes been sacrificed that he might make good recitations at college the following day.

But all this was in the past. This particular night found him a senior, and within a few weeks of his graduation—the culmination of his own great effort. In these closing days of his college career, however, a new desire had taken possession of him. He had felt a call to arms in the fierce warfare which involves all the medical schools at the close of the year—the relentless, uncompromising struggle for hospital internships.

True, he was not counted among the seniors of his own school as a candidate for hospital honors. This, he knew, was not because of a poor class record, for in this respect he stood well in the front ranks, but his duties outside of school had made it impossible for him to take the "quiz class"—the review of the work of the whole school course, which occupies during the last year the major portion of the attention of those who expect to take the competitive examinations for the internships. This formality, Ralph argued with himself, need not prevent him from entering the competition when the time came. He, too, had done a great deal of reviewing in a quiet way, and felt fairly well prepared for any ordinary questions which might arise in the course of the examinations. But of "catch" questions he stood in awe. But who could tell? Some would get the places and others would fail. He had made all the preparation possible, considering his condition, and why not take chances with the rest? It might happen that he would be among the lucky ones.

So, when Ralph Holmes locked the express car door early the next morning and went to his gloomy quarters in the Railroad hotel, it was with the determination to take the first hospital examination that came along, which would be on the following Saturday, and one of the days that he would be in the city.

Tired though he was, Ralph did not go to bed at once. The new excitement kept him awake. Sitting down at the table, he picked up the first book that met his gaze. Why he did it he did not know, but in doing so he followed a definite impulse—a "hunch," as he was accustomed to say. Running over its pages in an aimless sort of way, and having no thought of studying any particular subject, he stumbled, as it were, upon a chapter hitherto unknown to him, "Tumors of the Adrenal Capsule," it read.

"Well, that's a new one on me," he murmured, as he glanced casually over the pages. Inasmuch as the subject had never been assigned for study, nor, to his knowledge, had any reference been made to it in class, he thought it might prove interesting reading.

"It must be a useless lot of stuff," he murmured again, as he started to read, "or we would have heard something about it. Nothing else in particular to do, though, so guess I'll just glance over it. Might come handy some time."

An hour later Ralph laid the book aside and went to bed.

When Saturday came and students from various schools gathered for the hospital examination Ralph Holmes was among the number. He dropped into one of the rear seats in a careless sort of way, but his presence caused no little comment among the members of his own class, who expected to see him in the competition least of all others.

"What you doing here?" inquired one.
"Oh, just happened in to see what's going on," was Ralph's indifferent reply. But when he provided himself with paper and made ready to write the others were convinced that he was more than a looker-on.

Then came a breathless silence as the questions were being written upon the board. There was one on anatomy, then a query on chemistry, another on physiology, then histology, materia medica and half a dozen other branches of medical science. Fourteen questions had been given and

had been met with suppressed groans, smiles or whispers of "easy" or "puddin'" as they found the various contestants prepared or wanting in knowledge. Through it all Ralph had maintained a countenance as cold and expressionless as steel. He felt satisfied that so far he was equal to the test, but resolved not to betray his feelings to the others around him. It was the fifteenth and last question that he wanted to see, and his impatience got the better of him. He felt something tugging. A peculiar, unexplainable something took possession of him, and as the professor's hand was raised to write the question he followed it, not alone with his eyes, but with his body. He stood up, but when he resumed his seat it was with a sigh of relief that was heard distinctly in every part of the crowded room. The professor had written:

"15. Etiology, pathology, symptoms, diagnosis and treatment of tumors of the adrenal capsule."

The explosion of a bombshell would not have caused more consternation among the students than did that one question, for in none of the schools had the subject been introduced, and it had been utterly ignored in the "quiz class" work.

As for Ralph Holmes, well—he's now serving an internship in one of the leading hospitals of Chicago, and the little mother is enjoying some of the happiest days of her life.—Charles B. Younger, in Chicago Record-Herald.

VETERAN AT TWENTY-FIVE.

Young Man Revises His Views About Soldier Life.

"I had an ambition once to fight all the battles of my country so far as active field work is concerned," said a young man who served as a volunteer during the war "between the United States and Spain," "but since going through some of the rougher experiences of life in the camp I have concluded that some other fellow can do the fighting if he has an ambition in that direction. The fact is I had a rather rough time of it. My time was unusually hard. Many men who fought with me got off much lighter than I did. I had the yellow fever in Cuba and the smallpox in the Philippines. I had malarial fever and every other kind of fever indigenous to Cuba and the Philippines. I was shot in the foot by a Cuban and otherwise battered and injured on the island. I was shot again by a Filipino, and still again, and came back to my countrymen on a crutch, indeed a battle-scarred veteran, at the age of 25. Besides, I have the muscular rheumatism, and experienced several other hardships in the way of disease which I need not mention. So this is the way I come to my native home after my war experience. I had an idea that war was one grand, sweet round of slaying the other fellow, driving him from his entrenchments and chasing him about promiscuously over his own country; but after having served my country for two years as a private in the ranks I have learned that war is a two-sided game, and the other fellows can shoot a little themselves. They shot a little in my case, and two of the bullets are still in my flesh, and I guess they will remain there for a time. In spite of these things, when I come down to it, I guess I would go out again, for this soldier business grows on a man, and it makes a fellow kinder foolish about the flag of his country."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Representatives at the Hague.

Between 1840 and 1890 New York furnished several diplomatic representatives to the Netherlands, New York city being regarded as the locality having the closest traditional connections with Holland. August Belmont was appointed American minister to the Netherlands in 1854, Henry C. Murphy, of Brooklyn, in 1857, and Robert B. Roosevelt in 1888. At present the preference in such appointments is given to northwestern states in which Hollanders are now much more numerous than in New York. The present American minister to The Hague is a resident of Minnesota, and his predecessor under the Cleveland administration was from Michigan. Although the commerce of the United States with Belgium is conducted almost exclusively through the port of New York, this state has on two occasions only furnished the American representatives in Brussels.—N. Y. Sun.

Our Mixed Population.

Of foreign settlers in the United States, 29 per cent. are Irish, 12 per cent. English, 3 per cent. Scotch, Germans are 31 per cent. and Canadians no less than 11 per cent.

OFFICIAL PUNCTILIO.

Much More Pronounced in Germany Than in Other Countries.

In regard to forms and ceremonies of everyday life, such as the taking off of hats, bowing to strangers, etc., the German is much more particular than the English, who, because of their omission to say "Good morning" on entering a public room, or to bow when taking a seat at a hotel dinner table, are sometimes described by chauvinist Germans as devoid of manners. To what lengths this punctilio may run in official circles is illustrated by the following story, says the London Telegraph:

It appears that at Spandau, the fortress town, not far from Berlin, where Prussia's war treasures of coin are stored for future use, if needed, the registrar is obviously of opinion that persons duly united in wedlock must mend their ways after matrimony in regard to their clothing, whether they have time to do so or not. A workman recently went to his office to notify him of the birth of a child. The official in question refused to accept the report on the ground that the workman was in his working attire, and not in Sunday black! The laborer naturally did not see the thing from the same point of view. Time being money to him, it was obviously a loss of money to him to be obliged to go to the registrar during his hours of work to perform this citizen duty, and he did not see why he should lose more by decking himself out in his Sunday clothes for an hour in the midst of his morning's work. He accordingly did not go again to the registrar.

The police retorted by fining him three shillings. He appealed to the courts, but the judge took the view of the official, and he has had to pay his money. At Spandau, therefore, fathers have to put on their best clothes when they report the birth of their children; on the other hand, it is said that an officer of the army always goes in his undress "working" costume, and not in full dress, with helmet, etc. The operatives cannot comprehend the registrar's distinction nor the decision of the magistrate.

A LAUGHING DOG.

A Washington Barber Thinks He Has the Only One in the Country.

An avenue barber has what he claims to be the only "laughing dog" in the country, says the Washington Star. The dog does laugh, or rather smile; that is self-evident, but whether it has any brothers or sisters of the canine tribe who perform similar stunts cannot be verified. At any rate the barber is willing to back his dog for any amount as a champion laugher against anything in the dog line that is produced, and scores of his friends stand behind him to do the same thing. The dog is a remarkable one. He is a thoroughbred collie, a beautiful specimen, and came from Meriden, Conn., some months ago, where he was purchased by the owner at a large figure. His father is said to have been sold for \$5,000 and his mother is also credited with having commanded a handsome price in the dog market. The laughing dog is called "Chris." A "Here, Chris," or a "Good boy, Chris," always evokes a smile from the dog. When poked or patted Chris is all smiles. He wags his tail furiously, and, lifting his head high in the air, draws back his lips, showing his big, sharp, white teeth in pleasant reminder of just what some of our big-mouthed human brothers can do when they are provoked to mirth. Chris' smile is unmistakable. He will laugh at the slightest provocation and seems to enjoy it all when surrounded by a crowd of wondering people who admire him for his strange ability.

Old Theater Checks.

In Wilkinson's "Londini Illustrata" (1819) there are 24 illustrations of the checks and tickets of admission to the public theaters and other places of amusement, among others the Red Bull theater, which flourished from about the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth until some time after the restoration—a check for the "upper gallery." For Drury Lane theater there is one "for the first gallery, 1671," on the obverse the head of Charles II. and another with the bust of James II. and Maria d'Este, his queen, dated 1684. There is also another "for the first gallery" of the Queen's theater, bearing the same date. The remainder are modern and comparatively of recent dates.—Notes and Queries.

Not Very Proud of It.

Some married women who claim to have found their affinity don't look as though they were very proud of the discovery.—Chicago Daily News.

WRITING A BOOK.

A Novelist's Confession of How He Put Together a Story.

The following confession of a novelist as to the method in which he wrote one of his books is not without interest, says the London Morning Post: He had had the story outlined in his notebook for a long time, and ought to have been able to write it, but did not feel able. Then one day he happened to think of it again, and saw, almost as if it had been a strange scene, the little tableau with which the book was to close—one of those ends which are also a beginning. So he began to work, and in a short time had completed the first three chapters. Then—for no reason that he can give—there was a jump, and he wrote the chapters which are now numbered XXI. and XXII., the last in the book. Then he went back and wrote straight on from IV. to XVII.

The story had been with him so long that it was the easiest thing in the world to write it, and so he got through this part of the work with remarkable celerity. In the eighteenth chapter nothing happens. Every day for a fortnight he rose, breakfasted and tried to write that chapter. Every night he tore up a big pile of manuscript which he knew to be hopelessly bad. Then he got desperate. The chapter should be written and should stand, whether good or bad. He wrote it and left the house, because it was bad, and he had resolved not to tear it up. Next day he wrote chapter XIX. and on the morrow he re-wrote chapter XVIII., and somehow or other contrived to get into it all that he had failed to get before. Then he wrote chapter XXI., and the book was completed.

TO FIGHT SEASICKNESS.

A French Society Has Been Organized to Find a Cure.

The notion of a "league against seasickness" appears at the first blush slightly absurd. Many are the people who dread a sea voyage if subject to seasickness, but the majority of sufferers would be inclined to say that there is no reliable preventive, and that the only thing to be done is to bear with the nausea and discomfort occasioned by the movement of a ship until land is reached. The promoters of the league in question in France are looking, it seems, further than the temporary indisposition of the individual who happens to be a bad sailor. They consider the consequences of seasickness, from a national standpoint. It is, for example, contended that were a "green lot of reservists," absolutely unaccustomed to the sea, put on board ship and suddenly called into action with crews long enough out to have passed the critical period they would surely find themselves in a state of great inferiority. Moreover, it is believed, the mal de mer terror constitutes a real obstacle to French colonial development. In any case, the league is handling the question in a scientific manner. Very likely no way of totally preventing seasickness will be discovered. But something may be done to mitigate the horrors of an ocean voyage for such as are poor sailors.—Paris Messenger.

SALT SMUGGLING IN CHINA.

Her Valuable Cargoes Get Through Without Paying Duty.

Many cases of salt smuggling have occurred recently. The most notorious instance is that of the boats that were conveying the literary chancellor. Salt amounting to \$50,000 is said to have been found in them. This report has not been confirmed, but it is not at all improbable, for smugglers love to shelter themselves under the wing of an official, presuming that the customs officers will not dare to search the boat or boats especially of a high mandarin. Of course, it ought to be understood that the smuggling has not necessarily any connection with those who have hired the boats. That is a business belonging to the captain and his men.—China Mail.

Extraordinary Somnambulism.

A young lady living in Camberwell, England, recently asked her mother to wake her at six o'clock in the morning. When her mother entered her room the young lady was absent, and the mother naturally concluded that her daughter had aroused herself. At seven o'clock the daughter was discovered in bed fast asleep. Between six and seven o'clock she had been seen on her bicycle in Dulwich park. Of that there is no doubt whatever, the evidence of it is unassailable; and yet the daughter herself is entirely oblivious of the circumstances. Her mind is a complete blank in the matter. She got out of bed, dressed, bicycled round Dulwich park, put up the bicycle and returned to bed while in complete slumber.

THIS AND THAT.

A "Georgia society" is to be formed at Raleigh, N. C. Its membership is to be made up of those Georgians who have emigrated to and cast their lot with the Old North state.

Catharine II. was a handsome woman in early life, but dissipation and vice soon destroyed every trace of her good looks. She became very fleshy and coarse in appearance.

A writer in the Cologne Gazette declares that servants in the United States do only half as much work, demand twice as much free time and four times as much wages as servants in Germany.

Extensive irrigation schemes are springing up all over the west. Ditches in some cases 50 miles long have been mapped out. Vast tracts of now valueless lands will be made fit for cultivation.

St. Louis proposes to cover 1,100 acres of territory with her world's fair and expend \$30,000,000 in money on its preparation. This amount is nearly double the cost of the Columbian exposition at Chicago.

The educational manager of the coming St. Louis world's fair says the fair will show the world's life, from its lowest beginning up to man, in all races and nationalities, as he lives and works, from his lowest to his highest.

The largest single item of trade between the United States and Korea is kerosene, which for the year 1900 amounted to \$895,220. The Standard Oil company maintains extensive warehouses at Chemulpo and is now erecting others at Fusan. The trade is growing rapidly.

NEWSPAPER AT SOUTH POLE.

Daily Journal Is Published Aboard the Ship Discovery.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the Discovery, the ship which recently started on its trip to the south pole, is the wardroom. From it are entered the cabins of the captain, officers and scientists—all cozy, if necessarily somewhat cramped, apartments.

The wardroom itself is very capacious, comparatively speaking. Down the center stands a large table, and around this the staff will gather in the long day-nights of the antarctic to compare notes and prepare their reports.

An ingenious plan for warming this room has been devised. Up on deck there stands a large pipe, something like a ventilator on an ordinary steamship. Down this pipe the icy air will be drawn and filtered through the glowing coals of a stove fire in the wardroom. The stove has a door of tale, above which is a funnel-like arrangement, and through this the warm air will be poured into the room, to pass upward again through what may be called the "up-draught" at the other end of the apartment.

The wardroom will not be devoted exclusively to business. Frequent "sing-songs" will be held, and a piano-forte and a "pianola" will contribute to the harmony. Then there will be the preparation of the newspaper which everybody who has ever helped to make one regards as the most amusing occupation possible. The Discovery's newspaper will be edited by Lieut. Shackleton, who will likewise act as his own sub-editor, leader writer, reporter, printer, compositor, publisher and advertisement canvasser. When seen by a representative of the London Daily Mail the lieutenant appeared quite resigned to his fate. His printing plant is not very extensive, consisting of a typewriter and a duplicating machine. He cannot be responsible for outside contributions, even when stamps are inclosed.

CONDUCTOR WAS IGNORANT.

And He Managed a Car in Boston at That.

"I had a peculiar experience in Boston a few days ago," said a gentleman to a Washington Star reporter the other day, "and if I had not been a party to it I would have scarcely have believed it. It was nothing more nor less than a meeting with a street car conductor in the Hub who did not know where Harvard college was, and to make matters worse, his car actually ran by that institution. He knew where Harvard square was, as that was the end of his route, but he did not know that the square was in front of the college and derived its name from that circumstance. Hereafter I shall always take with considerable allowance any story which credits the car conductor of Boston with unusual erudition. What would you think of a Washington conductor who didn't know the location of the capitol? Well, in Boston, Harvard college is an attraction as great as is the capitol in this city."