

CLUB FOR WORKMEN

A Harvester Company's Plan to Benefit Its Employees.

CHEAP MEALS SERVED.

Handsome and Most Complete Building of Its Kind in the United States Is to Be Erected Chicago.

Philanthropy of the kind that abhors almsgiving and sees in the physical and moral improvement of employees a direct business benefit is embodied in the \$75,000 men's clubhouse for which ground has been broken in Chicago by the McCormick branch of the International Harvester company.

The structure is thrown open to the 6,000 employees of the corporation next December it will be the handsomest and most complete building of its kind in the United States, says the Chicago American.

In 180 by 70 feet of area the building's three stories and basement will contain all the attractive features that were deemed advisable after a correspondence that covered the world in a hunt for ideas.

The structure will face on Blue Island avenue at the end of the car line. The most space for any one purpose in the building has been devoted to the kitchen, serving room and dining rooms, in which 300 persons can be comfortably seated at one time on its 40 by 60 feet of floor.

From 4 to 11 cents each is the estimated cost of the meals that will be

offered the tables at noon and after their day's work is finished. The idea is that there should be economy in the preparation of a large number of meals at the clubhouse in comparison with the total cost in time and materials when the lunches are prepared separately at homes or by boarding house keepers.

The dining room will be two stories high and so arranged that it can be easily converted into a meeting hall or theater. At one end will be footlights and a stage, where entertainers can find ample space or amateur actors can present dramas for home audiences.

The same floor will also contain reading, living, billiard, game and office rooms. The finishing is to be in red oak, with white maple floors. Every room will have a large brick fireplace. Bowling alleys and shower baths, with a plunge bath, as well as the heating plant, will be located in the basement. On the second floor will be four large rooms suitable for meetings or instruction of night classes.

The officials of the McCormick Harvester company intend to provide teachers for a variety of subjects and to encourage their employees to add to their education. On the top floor are two large rooms where it is intended to offer manual training for those who wish to acquire a technical or specialized knowledge outside of the "rut" of ordinary labor.

The walls will be composed of brick, and the sills will be of stone, the whole presenting a handsome appearance. Over the ornamental entrance will appear the title "Men's Club."

The hope and expectation of the stockholders and officials whose money is going into this building are that it will prove a magnet to draw the employees from saloons and other places of resort where waste of money and weariness of flesh are the penalties that add to loss of time.

Both the women and men employees of the company are enthusiastic advocates of the clubhouse, although it has been planned primarily for the use of the men toilers alone. However, there will be many special occasions when the women will be welcomed, and they will find pleasant and ample rooms for their sole use.

SEEING THE FAIR IN DETAIL

The Cock Robin Tragedy as Seen at the Big Exposition.

LESSON IN WOOD TESTING

That Is Worth While for Vehicle Buyers to Know—How the Terezo of Southern Waters Destroys Unprotected Engineering Works.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY MARK BENNETT.]

The details of that famous tragedy by which a certain cock robin met his death, as narrated in the nursery books, have never been given so graphically to the public as now at the world's fair. The whole affair is made as plain as day by an expert taxidermist who has assembled all the birds concerned in that sorrowful event, even to the murderer. Even if the murderer had not confessed when the chief of detectives put him under the sweating process, after the manner of William Desmond, his habits would have caused suspicion to point strongly toward him. As seen in the bird setting in the glass case in the Mississippi exhibit of the Palace of Forestry, Fish and Game the sparrow is dressed in the garb of savagery, wearing a cap with ray feather and carrying a hunter's equipment of bow and arrows. The air of bravado has not left him, even in the presence of accusers and mourners. It was not a case of circumstantial evidence, for on top of the confession here is the one eyed fly that saw him die, but no motive is shown for the murder.

The fish with the little dish of the victim's blood completes the chain of evidence, if that link were needed. Cock Robin lies in a white velvet coffin, wrapped in the shroud made by the beetle with its thread and needle. The owl is on hand with spade and shovel to fulfill the promise to dig the grave. The rook with his little book officiates as parson and the lark as the clerk to see that the death is properly recorded. It fell to the kite, not being in the night, to carry him to the grave and the linnet to carry the torch. The dove is chief mourner, and the thrush sings from the bush the favorite psalm. The widow of the deceased is heavily veiled and leans upon the arm of a near relative. The bull, who can pull, tolls the bell which very conveniently hangs in a tree. All the birds of the forest are present with as much curiosity as the crowd at a state funeral, and the solemnity of the scene has a touching influence.

Barring certain schoolboy prejudices against young hickory, it cannot be denied that it has admirable qualities. Years change the points of view. Second growth hickory is the king of woods in vehicle construction, and every test proves it. Here are results of two tests in the Palace of Forestry, Fish and Game at the western end of the great building. In the twisting test it split into a thousand fibers till it looked like a piece of rope, but it didn't break. In the bending test it resisted 27,800 pounds to the inch, with only a start to break. Black hickory ranks next and bitternut or pignut third. The wood of the red gum cracked as if it had no fiber with but half the pressure the hickory withstood.

The terezo is a form of sea life in warm regions that looks like a bit of soap with just enough consistency to hold together, but it can make greater havoc with timber work in a few months than ordinary decay can bring about in twenty years. For many years it has been the custom to treat timbers for piling and dock construction with creosote and other preservatives. The exhibit of woods that have been treated with preservatives in contrast with those that have not is an eye opener to those who may not know what money saving results follow the saturation of the wood with preserving fluids. The terezo consists principally of a drill point composed of lime as large around as a wheat stalk. Ethics in terezo colonies forbid that one terezo shall burrow through the walls of another terezo's tunnel. He may come as close as he pleases, but at least the thickness of tissue paper shall remain as a separating wall. A heavy pile of foot and a half through will be honeycombed by a terezo colony below the water line within a twelvemonth. Creosoting completely prevents their attacks. The process of creosoting is ingenious and interesting to those who may not know how it is done. Timbers are piled in quantity upon specially built cars and run into a strong cylinder that may be sealed at both ends. The timber is treated so that all the juices and gums of the wood may be loosened, and then the air is exhausted almost to the thinness of a vacuum. In this manner the pores of the wood are opened and freed of water and gums, leaving little else but fiber. The creosote is then allowed to enter the cylinder and is drawn into the very centers of the timbers by the pressure due to the vacuum. In the southern cities the creosoting of timbers for marine engineering construction is an important industry. In the mining gulch at the world's fair the process of creosoting may be seen, and in the western end of the Palace of

TRUTH TRUMPHS.

Barre Citizens Testify for the Public Benefit.

JAPANESE CAVALRYMEN

Love Displayed by the Soldiers for Their Horses.

THEY CARESS THEM.

A Field Surgeon Tells of the Patient and Affectionate Care Bestowed by the Riders on Their Mounts.

The Japanese cavalry was generally criticized at the outbreak of the war because of the poor quality of the horses Japan had been able to secure. Horses were unknown in the old Japan and are practically unused there now. But the Japanese cavalry has done pretty well, after all. The soldiers take care of their horses. A field surgeon, writing about the Japanese cavalry in the Independent, says: "About a week ago I came upon a company of men who were engaged in transporting supplies for the army. The march was beastly, the weather was vile, and the roadless country was the worst of all. The horses were tired. Depend upon it, the men were quite as tired as the horses. As soon as they came to a halt I saw a number of these fellows rush with their own canteens in the direction of a little stream of water.

"Why don't you lead your horses to the stream?" I asked one of the horse-men. What he said was simply this: "Why? Why, dear sir, these horses have made many miles over the country where they are too barbarous to have roads. They are tired, and we are running to fetch some water for them." And they did run, these men, like mad, fetching water, fodder and what little green vegetation there could be found.

"And these men, after fetching food and drink for the horses, after comforting them with all kinds of caresses, these tired men turned in and took to cooking beans in iron pots. Ask them why it is when they are so thoroughly tired, while their stomachs are empty and their legs are aching under them, they should take the trouble of cooking dry beans which are not meant for their mouths. In explaining this matter to a friend of mine I heard one of these transport men say: 'You see, sir, green feed—I mean too much of it—is not always good for the horses. Sometimes green feed and a strange climate make a rather rocky combination for the poor horse, and then, you know, these Chinese beans are not the softest things that you could bite, and heaven knows these horses of ours have enough trouble without swallowing these beans green and uncooked.'

"No sooner are they done with their duties toward their horses than they find these good horsemen of ours rolling themselves up in a blanket and throwing themselves as if they were so many sacks of potatoes down anywhere at the feet of their horses and pull for all they are worth for the land of sleep. I came upon a soldier the other day. He was trudging along a dusty highway and crying like a child. I laid my hand upon his shoulder and asked him, 'What is the matter? Are you wounded?' Startled at first by the touch of my hand upon his shoulder, but in a second recognizing that I was nothing more than a surgeon, he shook his head without saying a word. Then he went on crying as bitterly as ever.

Naturally I questioned him as to the reason for his grief. All the answer I received was a series of sobs, which were more heartrending than the ones that had shaken his body, and always weeping, he struggled on.

"At last he tried to say something, but could hardly say one word. His sobs broke even one word into so many pieces that I was obliged to sharpen my wit and senses pretty keenly in order to catch the meaning of what he was trying to say. I fancied that he said something about his horse.

"What about the horse?" I asked. He was overwhelmed once more with his grief, with his tears and with his heartrending sobs. It was very pitiful, and the sight of him touched my heart to such an extent that I was voiceless for many a minute. As soon

as I regained my breath, with a hard heartedness that passes all understanding, I persisted in saying, 'What did you say was the matter with your horse?'

"'D-d-d-dead!' he at last managed to blurt out, and once again he was overwhelmed by the storm of tears and sobs that seemed to rend him into a thousand pieces. I do not know why I did not laugh outright. Perhaps his grief was too overwhelming, and there is that dignity that always belongs to the expression of sincere human emotion.

"I have seen many a soldier burying a hundred of his dead comrades after a fight. I have never seen such an overwhelming expression of grief as was shown by this lonely fellow who had lost his horse and refused to be comforted."

A Politeness Club.
"To promote politeness and a more accurate and dignified use of the mother tongue" is the object of the Knights and Ladies of Courtesy, a club recently organized by the pupils and alumni of Holy Angels' academy at Chicago. The society has elected an "optimist" and a "pessimist," whose duties are "to keep a keen watch of the state of social amenities and to report respectively upon the symptoms of improvement and decadence in the public and private manners of the community," says the Chicago Tribune. Meetings will be held at the academy. Miss Agnes Miller of Chicago is secretary of the organization.

A Poet-Politician.
While the literary man is invading politics more and more, it is not often that the politician breaks into the field of letters; but this is what Senator P. H. McCarran, the Brooklyn Democratic leader, recently did in his paper, the Brooklyn Record. "Long Day," as he is familiarly called by his associates, stirs up the issue after this fashion:

If obstacles beset your way,
And darker grow the clouds each day,
Do not feel sad, but, ever gay,
Press on.

If on a trolley-car you ride,
Do not upon the platform hide—
Of course there's a standing room inside—
Press on.

If you've a girl that's neat and chaste,
Who wears good clothes and has good taste,
Remember that she has a waist—
Press on.

The Car as a Healer.
During the czar's recent tour the marshal of the nobility was applied to by ailing peasants at Kaluga, who wished to be allowed to touch the car in order that they might be healed, says Leslie's Weekly. A man sprang forward to touch the emperor's cloak, but was struck down by a guard, who took him to be a nihilist. When the czar heard of the mistake he promptly sent for the peasant, gave him a present of 10 rubles and allowed him to kiss his hand.

The Cheyto Pagoda.
The Cheyto pagoda in Burma is built on a huge rockling stone poised on another at a height of 2,000 feet.

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The Times' Daily Short Story.

A MARRIAGE IN THE DARK

Geoffrey Curran was sleeping soundly in his bed when a neighbor rapped at the front door and asked if some one in the house would go for a clergyman to attend a dying man. Geoffrey, being young and vigorous, was called, put on his clothes, yawning the while, and sallied forth into a stormy night. He had been up late for several nights and found it difficult to get himself thoroughly awake. However, he found his way to the residence of the nearest minister and rang the bell. A maid opened the door, let him into the hall, which was unlighted, and thence into a waiting room. There she scratched two or three matches, all of which failed to ignite. Then she went away.

Geoffrey sat down in an easy chair and in a few minutes was sound asleep. He was awakened by a voice saying:

"For heaven's sake! Asleep? Get up. There; take hold of her hand."

Geoffrey, only half awake, stood on his feet, felt a soft little hand grasp his and heard a man's voice rapidly speaking words which ended, "What God has joined together let no man put asunder."

The words restored Geoffrey to his full consciousness. It was plain that something unusual had happened, and he was curious to know what would be the result. By a street light that shone dimly in at a window he saw several figures leaving the room, heard a carriage door shut without and the rumbling of wheels.

"You understand what to do, I suppose," said a man's voice.

"Certainly," replied Geoffrey, and walked out of the room and the house. It had come over him suddenly that through some mistake he had been married. There was only one woman in the world he wished for his wife and that was his cousin. He was much troubled. How the law would regard the matter he did not know, but he feared it would hold him to be a married man. For the time being the thing for him to do was nothing. He was the only one cognizant of the fact that he, Geoffrey Curran, had gone through the marriage ceremony, and he resolved to keep the secret. He hunted up another minister, and took him to the house where he was expected. Then Geoffrey went home.

Ten years passed. Geoffrey, whose cousin had married another, was in middle life and was getting tired of living alone. He had fancied several women, but loved none. This he had considered fortunate, for the scene in which he had taken part in the minister's waiting room constantly came up before him like a dream, and he feared to marry unless his unknown bride might turn up.

One evening at a ball Geoffrey met Eugenia Elmore. The acquaintance

ripened into friendship and friendship into love. Miss Elmore was about ten years his junior, just the age a man nearing forty would prefer. For the first time since his cousin married he wished to take a wife. Miss Elmore gave every sign of response, and there seemed nothing in the way of their union except Geoffrey's secret. He put a suppositious case to a lawyer, who told him that the intention of the law not being fulfilled perhaps he was not married, but the weak point was that either the man or woman in the case must prove that he or she had been married by mistake and either could make trouble for the other. Geoffrey would not wed without making a clean breast of the affair to the lady he was to marry. One evening he sallied forth to see Miss Elmore, tell her the whole story and ask her if she loved him well enough to take the risk of a marriage that might be pronounced illegal by the courts. He skillfully led up to the subject, declared his love and without waiting for a response added:

"But I regret to say that there is an impediment to my marrying any one."

"That is doubly unfortunate," replied the lady.

"How so?"

"I have a confession to make. I have loved before."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, when a very young girl—only sixteen—I was infatuated with a youth of eighteen. My father objected to my marriage on the ground that I was too young. In an evil hour I consented to a secret marriage. It was arranged that at midnight, after all were asleep, I should steal out, greet my lover at the rectory and be married. On arriving here the rector was just coming downstairs in the dark, and my fiancé was in the reception room. I was very much frightened and would not wait for lights. Indeed, I preferred to run no risk of being seen. The marriage took place at once, and we separated immediately after. The next day I was surprised to learn that my boy lover had weakened and had not gone to the rectory at all. His father got wind of his relations with me and sent him away. I have never seen him since."

Geoffrey listened to this brief recital with astonishment, and when it was ended clasped his love to his breast, exclaiming:

"My wife!"

He was so delighted that it was some time before Miss Elmore could calm him and get his story. She would not, could not, believe that so singular a coincidence had come to pass and would not consent to another marriage which both considered necessary until Geoffrey had procured affidavits of those who knew of his going out on the eventful night to secure a parson. This he did, and when the ceremony took place it was in broad daylight and in the presence of a large number of witnesses.

ARTHUR CHESTER LOVERING.

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