

him that his kind was passing; no mate, no silver plated trappings; no cutters, no robes, no thankemoms, nothing left but the pretty girls and they were at the movies, and did not know what real sleigh riding was.

### Spanish American Trade

THE suspect that the next message of the president to congress will urge the passage of a law providing for the government to purchase or build certain lines of steamships to be run to different ports, especially those on the east coast of South America.

We hope that should this be done, and it probably will be, the Republicans in congress will insist upon a guarantee that the ships shall be kept running at regular intervals for at least ten years.

We must all keep in mind that the people of those countries do not speak English, that the great majority of them are poor and that trade with them will be mostly barter for a long time to come. The trade will have to come through establishing stores there and exchanging American goods for what those people have to dispose of. For instance, a coffee planter will want supplies for his plantation while the crop is being planted, while it grows and until it is harvested and brought to market. That means first that the merchant will require a large capital; he will, through employes, have to satisfy himself as to the solvency and character of the would be purchaser; he will have to wait through the season for his pay; then the pay will be in some commodity that will have to be sent to the United States for sale.

It will be seen that shrewd business ability, a large capital, splendid management and infinite patience will be required, and it will require a long time to build up a large and flourishing business. Withal the presence of the American ship at stated intervals will be absolutely essential. England was thirty years building up her trade, Germany was fifteen years. But the direct trade was only a part. The agents of the home companies were on the alert and kept their principals informed as to opportunities for building railroads, lighting cities, etc., until now half the stock in a dozen varied enterprises of vast value is owned in England and Germany. To get a foothold Americans will have to pursue the same course. They will have this fact to encourage them—the field is ample if they have the courage to try, the persistency to keep trying and the patience to wait. There will be always opportunities for investment; there will be ample fields for educated young Americans to find employment in, and in a little while there will be room for a world of laborers, skilled and unskilled.

With ordinary sagacity, our country would have had all this preliminary work done now, but it is not too late, if proper shipping facilities are supplied and if our merchants and manufacturers enter the field with an idea that for a few years to come the chief effort must be to build up a trade and not expect to build up swift fortunes.

That trade is not a ripe harvest to be garnered, but a mighty empire, the conquest of which must be by slow approaches and infinite patience.

It will be unfortunate if the government insists upon owning and sailing the ships, but it will be better than not to have the ships run at all, for the United States can never build up a great trade in those countries and depend upon foreign delivery wagons to carry and deliver the goods.

That snow storm was intended to give us a white Christmas, but it was storm-bound up in the mountains of Idaho and eastern Oregon and the train was twenty-four hours late. But the goods were all right when it came in.

### A LOVE FEAST

(From the French)

IN those days I was very poor and very much in love with love.

My black coat was so threadbare, that I dared not put it on or take it off without the greatest care for its delicate condition. The knees of my trousers shone like satin, my hat was at the age when little girls know how to fib, and as to my boots, modesty prevents my telling by what ingenious efforts I managed to keep the inconstant soles.

All my future rested with some manuscripts in prose and verse, which had already made me the terror of a number of editors.

Oh, I was truly very poor and very much in love with love!

When I have said that I wore my hair long, falling on my coat collar; that I was slender and delicate, that I had a pale face, a large nose and ecstatic eyes, one can see what a sorry figure I made.

It was the first night of a new play at the Comedie Francaise. I knew the Princess Loubanoff would be there, and I would sooner lose one of my eyes than this opportunity of seeing the radiant creature who had captivated my soul. Luckily I possessed the sum necessary to pay for the modest place I longed for, and a small surplus. Dinner time approached. I was hungry, and, in haste to get rid of that prosaic need, I spent my surplus money for some friend potatoes, intending to drink at the first fountain I came to. What could I desire more?

But I had reckoned without the most cruel of my faults—that which has always poisoned my existence—pride. I could never say which was the more painful to me, to be poor or to appear so.

I had no sooner got my paper horn-of-plenty

full of potatoes in my hand than I became much embarrassed, imagining that everybody looked at me with compassion. However, I lived too far away to think of returning home.

"Bah!" I said to myself. "They may think what they like. I am going to eat my potatoes in the face of the passers-by!"

And as I walked I began my repast. But I had not swallowed the first mouthful when a beautiful young girl, coquettishly dressed, passed close to me and looked at me. There was so much kindness in her gaze, her pretty eyes expressed so well her regret at seeing me dine so poorly, that nothing more was needed to completely overcome me. Ashamed, I lowered my head, and, feeling myself reddened to my ears I passed very quickly. I had scarcely taken three steps when yielding to I know not what sympathetic influence, I turned. The young girl had turned at the same instant, and for one second I met her sweet glance. Evidently I had inspired her with interest, perhaps, with pity. Much mortified I hastened on, avoiding crowded streets.

If I had listened only to my vexation I should have flung my potatoes in a corner, but my appetite having mastered myself-love I sought some quarter where I might shelter myself from the stares of the curious, and chose a gateway which was completely deserted. I sank down there, and leaning against the wall near a flight of steps I again attacked my friend potatoes, which seemed to me delicious. There, at least, I might hope to finish my repast calmly, and, again seized by the sweet, by the intoxicating obsession which pursued me everywhere, I plunged into contemplation of my love. "In a few hours," I said to myself with joyous little thrills, "in a few hours I shall see her! Perhaps as she goes through the lobby she may give me a lovely smile." And then, in imagination I saw her fine lips move, while her large eyes half veiled themselves. Oh!

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