

# Napoleon of the Stockyards

From a Biography of the Late Gustavus Swift in the Cosmopolitan.



IMAGINE a procession of 10,000 cattle, marching two by two, in a line fifteen miles long; let 20,000 sheep follow them, bleating along twelve miles of road; after them drive sixteen miles of hogs, 27,000 strong; then let 30,000 fowls bring up the rear, clucking and quacking and gobbling, over a space of six miles; and in this whole caravan, stretching for nearly fifty miles and requiring two days to pass a given point, you will see the animals devoted to death in the packing houses of Swift & Company in a single day. Surely a Buddhist would think that the head of that establishment had much to answer for. Never before in the world's history was a massacre of the innocents organized on such a stupendous scale or with such scientific system.

The commander of the army of 20,000 men engaged in this work earned his first penny picking cranberries in a swamp on Cape Cod, more than fifty years ago. It was at Sagamore, on that historic peninsula, that a son was born to the house of Swift on June 24, 1839, and named Gustavus Franklin. A few years later, when the boy was not picking cranberries, he drove hogs along the cape. It was like Napoleon exercising his infant armies at school.

# The Indian's Point of View.

By Dr. Charles A. Eastman.



THE Indian's side of any controversy between him and the white man has never really been presented at all. History has necessarily been written from the white man's standpoint and largely from the reports of commanding officers, naturally anxious to secure full credit for their gallantry or to conceal any weakness.

Take as an illustration the so-called "battle" of Wounded Knee. A ring was formed about the Indians, and after disarming them of their own men resisted, and the troops began firing toward the centre, killing nearly all the Indians and necessarily many of their own men. The soldiers then followed up fleeing women and children and shot them down in cold blood. This is not called a massacre in official reports. The press of the country did not call it a massacre. On the other hand, General Custer was in pursuit of certain bands of Sioux. He followed their trail two days and finally overtook and surprised them upon the Little Big Horn. The warriors met him in force and he was beaten at his own game. It was a brilliant victory for the Indians, whom Custer had taken at a disadvantage in the midst of their women and children. This battle goes down in history as the "Custer massacre."

# The Joy of Working.

Pleasures of Which the Producer of the Present is Deprived.

By Caroline L. Hunt.



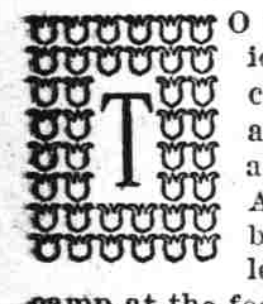
THE producer of old had pleasures of which the producer of the present knows not. He had the quiet and safety and healthfulness of a small shop. He had common interest with fellow-workers and apprentices in village politics or in church affairs. Best of all, perhaps, there was a personal quality in his work because it was done for friends or for acquaintances, and an ever-present sense of its importance because it met needs which he had seen and recognized, and which his own manner of life, similar to that of the consumer and on the same social plane, prepared him to understand.

He had, for example, possibly known for months that his neighbor was saving money with which to hire him to make the chest of drawers upon which he was working, and there was a zest and a delight in his labor because he knew just how much she needed the piece of furniture, just where it was to stand and just what purpose it was to serve. The favorable conditions of his work, the pleasant surroundings, the personal quality of labor, the feeling of its direct usefulness were intensified in case of the housewife who worked in her own house with and for those she loved.

Now all is changed. The factory hand spends his working day in a great dingy shop with the maddening of the machinery in his ears. His associates are strangers with whom he has little or nothing in common besides his work. He labors for an indefinite, far-away consumer whose manner of life is unknown to him. He has for this consumer neither the fellow-feeling which comes from sharing life in the same community, nor its only substitute, the ability which comes from broad education and from travel to project oneself in imagination across space and to put oneself in the place of a stranger and to realize his needs.—The Chautauquan.

# Arctic America.

By Andrew J. Stone, Explorer and Naturalist.



TO undertake to give people a correct conception of Arctic America, or any part of it, is difficult. Although they know that the country is much larger than the United States, they look upon it as being all alike—a country of long, dark winters, fields of ice and snow, and barren wastes. In truth, within Arctic and sub-Arctic America there is much diversity of climate. And in this beautiful summer-land of Alaska, there are in midsummer endless fields of beautiful plant life. Many times I have left my camp at the foot of the mountains, and passing through a little meadow where a variety of wild grasses waved their tops above my head, I would commence to climb among the dense, tangled, and almost tropical jungle of alders, where grew several varieties of the most beautiful ferns.

Reaching the upper limits of the alders, great, waving fields of the purple lupine and dainty red columbine covered acres and acres of the high, rolling hills. Among them, wild celery and wild pansy grew many feet high, and other luxuriant foliage plants gave my surroundings an almost tropical appearance. A little farther, many little ponds grew beautiful, yellow lilies, with their great leaves resting on the surface of the water, and the purple iris bordered the shores.

Still higher came the yellow sunflowers, white and purple daisies in endless fields, and higher yet, violets, pinks, forget-me-nots, buttercups and bluebells, and dozens and dozens of dainty, blossoming plants in many colors.

Purple is the predominating color, then white and yellow and blue and pink dividing honors. But few red flowers were seen. I have traveled many miles where every foot of my way was one grand profusion of beautiful flowers in many varieties.—Scribner's.

# A Look Into the Future.

By President Roosevelt.



WE have every right to take a just pride in the great deeds of our forefathers; but we show ourselves unworthy to be their descendants if we make what they did an excuse for our lying supine instead of an incentive to the effort to show ourselves by our acts worthy of them. In the administration of city, State and Nation, in the management of our home life and the conduct of our business and social relations, we are bound to show certain high and fine qualities of character under penalty of seeing the whole heart of our civilization eaten out while the body still lives.

We justly pride ourselves on our marvellous material prosperity, and such prosperity must exist in order to establish a foundation upon which a higher life can be built; but unless we do in very fact build this higher life thereon, the material prosperity itself will go for but very little. Now, in 1902, in the altered conditions, we must meet the changed and changing problems with the spirit shown by the men who in 1803 and in the subsequent years gained, explored, conquered and settled this vast territory, then a desert, now filled with thriving and populous States.

The old days were great because the men who lived in them had mighty qualities; and we must make the new days great by showing these same qualities. We must insist upon courage and resolution, upon hardihood, tenacity and fertility in resource; we must insist upon the strong virile virtues, and we must insist no less upon the virtues of self-restraint, self-mastery, regard for the rights of others, we must show our abhorrence of cruelty, brutality and corruption, in public and in private life alike.

If we come short in any of these qualities we shall measurably fail, and as I believe we surely shall, we develop these qualities in the future to a greater degree than in the past, then in the century now beginning we shall make of this republic the freest and most orderly, the most just and mighty Nation which has ever come forth from the womb of time.

# THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

By Bayard Taylor.

Bayard Taylor was born in Pennsylvania in 1825. He was connected with the New York Tribune 1849-50. Most of his life was spent in travel. In 1853 he joined Perry's expedition to Japan. He corresponded with the American papers, and on his return to this country he lectured. From 1862-63 he lived at St. Petersburg as Secretary of the legation there. He died in Berlin, where he was United States Minister, in 1878. He has written of his travels, has translated Goethe's "Faust," and was besides a poet and novelist.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camps allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
Lay grim and threatening under;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
No longer belch'd its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:  
"We storm the forts to-morrow;  
Sing while we may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay upon the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon;  
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;  
Forgot was Britain's glory;  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion  
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—  
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,  
But as the song grew louder  
Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
The bloody sunset's embers,  
While the Crimean valleys learn'd  
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell  
Rain'd on the Russian quarters,  
With scream of shot and burst of shell,  
And bellying of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes were dim  
For a singer dumb and gory;  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honor'd rest  
Your truth and valor wearing;  
The bravest are the tenderest—  
The loving are the daring.

# Why One Girl is Single Now.

A TRUE STORY.

HE arose suddenly in the  
morning and spoke as follows:

"Married to a drunkard!  
Yes, I was married to a  
drunkard. Look at me! I am talking  
to the girls."

We all turned and looked at her. She was a woman, with dark, sad eyes and white hair, placed smoothly over a brow that denoted intellect.

"When I married a drunkard, I reached the acme of misery," she continued. "I was young, and oh, so happy! I married the man I loved and who professed to love me. He was a drunkard and I knew it—knew it, but did not understand it. There is not a young girl in this building that does understand it unless she has a drunkard in her family; then, perhaps, she knows how deeply the iron enters the soul of a woman when she loves and is allied to a drunkard, whether father, husband, brother or son. Girls, believe me when I tell you that to marry a drunkard, to love a drunkard, is the crown of all misery. I have gone through the deep waters and know. I have gained that fearful knowledge at the expense of my happiness, sanity, almost life itself. Do you wonder my hair is white? It turned white in a night—bleached by sorrow," as Marie Antoinette said of her hair. I am not forty years old, yet the snows of seventy rest upon my head, and upon my heart—ah! I can not begin to count the winters resting there," she said, with unutterable pangs in her voice.

"My husband was a professional man. His calling took him from home frequently at night, and when he returned he returned drunk. Gradually he gave way to the temptation in the day until he was rarely sober. I had two lovely little girls and a boy." Here her voice faltered, and we sat in deep silence listening to her story. "My husband had been drinking deeply. I had not seen him for two days. He had kept away from his home. One night I was seated beside my sick boy; the two little girls were in bed in the next room into which I heard my husband go as he entered the house. That room communicated with the one in which my little girls were sleeping. I do not know why, but a feeling of terror took possession of me, and I felt that my little girls were in danger. I arose and went to the room. The door was locked. I knocked on it frantically, but no answer came. It seemed to be endowed with superhuman strength, and throwing myself with all my force against the door the lock gave way the door flew open. Oh, the sight! the terrible sight!" she walked out in a voice that haunts me now, and she covered her face with her hands, and when she removed them it was whiter and sadder than ever.

"Delirium tremens! You have never seen it, girls. God grant that you never may. My husband stood beside the bed, his eyes glaring with insanity and in his hand a large knife. 'Take them away,' he screamed. 'The horrible things, they are crawling all over me. Take them away, I say!' and he flourished the knife in the air. Regardless of danger I rushed up to the bed, and my heart seemed suddenly to cease beating. There lay my children, covered with their life blood, slain by their own father! For a moment I could not utter a sound. I was literally dumb in the presence of this terrible sorrow. I scarcely heeded the ma-

nic at my side—the man who had wrought me all this woe. Then I uttered a loud scream, and my wallings filled the air. The servants heard me and hastened to the room, and when my husband saw them he suddenly drew the knife across his own throat. I knew nothing more. I was borne senseless from the room that contained my slaughtered children and the body of my husband. The next day my hair was white and my mind so shattered that I knew no one."

She ceased! Our eyes were riveted upon her wan face, and some of the women present sobbed aloud, while there was scarcely a dry eye in that temperance meeting. So much sorrow, we thought, and through no fault of her own. We saw that she had not done speaking, and was only waiting to subdue her emotion to resume her story.

"Two years," she continued "I was a mental wreck; then I recovered from the shock and absorbed myself in the care of my boy. But the sin of the father was visited upon the child, and six months ago my boy of eighteen was placed in a drunkard's grave, and as I, his loving mother, stood and saw the sod heaped over him I said, 'Thank God! I'd rather see him there than have him live a drunkard,' and I turned unto my desolate home a childless woman—one on whom the hand of God had rested heavily.

"Girls, it is you I wish to rescue from the fate that overtook me. Do not blast your life as I blasted mine; do not be drawn into the madness of marrying a drunkard. You love him? So much the worse for you, for married to him the greater will be your misery because of your love. You will marry and then reform him, so you say. Ah! a woman sadly overrates her strength when she undertakes to do this. You are no match for the giant demon 'drink' when he possesses a man's body and soul. You are no match for him, I say. What is your puny strength beside his gigantic force? He will crush you, too, girls. It is to save you, girls, from the sorrows that wrecked my happiness that I have unfolded my history to you. I am a stranger in this great city. I am merely passing through it, and I have a message to bear to every girl in America—never marry a drunkard!"

I can see her now as she stood there amid the hushed audience, her dark eyes glowing and her frame quivering with emotion as she uttered her impassioned appeal. Then she hurried out and we never saw her again. Her words, "fly spoken," were not without effect, however, and because of them there is one girl single now.—Selected by Editor J. H. Waish.

# Vanderbilt Children.

The arrival of a new Vanderbilt grandchild points again to the prolific record of this dynasty of great wealth. With the Vanderbilts, at least, there is no hint of the race suicide charged generally against the rich. It is a family notable for early and fruitful marriages.

Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, who died in 1877, left twelve children. His eldest son, William H., dying in 1855, left eight, and the eldest grandson, Cornelius, who died in 1890, six. The old Commodore has had forty great-grandchildren. They form a genealogical exhibit which may be compared for fecundity with that of the early Dutch and Puritan colonists, whose large broods furnish frequent texts for homilies on race degeneration.

This newcomer, an Elliot F. Shepard granddaughter, is born to a double heritage of wealth and brains, her mother having gained fame as the prize essayist of the woman's law class of the University of New York. Is there any Vanderbilt child who is not born to at least moderate wealth? A casual examination of the family tree shows none. It is a race distinction for a family of such size.—New York World.

# How a Great Emperor Ate.

The diary of a German gentleman, Bartholomew Sastraw, who lived in the times of the Emperor Charles V., has just been reprinted for its historical sidelights. Sastraw's description of the table habits of the greatest ruler in his day is very interesting.

Young princes and cousins served the repast. There were invariably four courses of six dishes. The Emperor had no one to carve for him. He began by cutting his bread in pieces large enough for one mouthful, then attacked his plate. He often used his fingers while he held the plate under his chin with the other hand.

When he felt thirsty he made a sign to the "doctor" standing by the table; then they went to the sideboard for two silver flagons, and filled a goblet which held about a measure and a half. The Emperor drained it to the last drop, practically at one draught.

During the meal he never uttered a syllable, scarcely smiled at the most amusing sallies of the jesters behind his chair, finally picked his teeth with quills, and, after washing his hands, retired to a window recess, where anybody could approach him with a petition.—New York World.

# A Curious Surgical Discovery.

An old soldier living at Suguy, in the Ardennes, who was shot in the war of 1870, afterward had the bullet removed. During an operation which he has just undergone the surgeon found a penny, dated 1856, deeply embedded behind the bullet scar. It was bent, and had evidently been carried by the bullet from the man's pocket into the flesh.

# A Thoughtful Wife.

Every thoughtful wife has a suspicion that a million dollars may fall into her husband's lap any minute, and she has the list of the things she will buy then all made out.—New York Press.

# FOR THE HAIR

## HIGH HEELS IN FASHION.

The craze for hygiene and athletics has done much toward the suppression of the high heel, which, according to many doctors, not only deforms the wearer's feet, but is bad for the general health by reason of the unnatural strain on the body caused by the weight being thrown on to the ball of the foot.

Now, however, for a while the high heel is to be in favor again, says the London Express, owing to the new fashion of the short skirt, which barely reaches to the ankle. It is thought that the high heel decreases the apparent size of the foot.

High heels are more generally worn in Paris than in any other city in the world; but in Vienna, where they were much in vogue some time ago, the tailor-made costume has been the means of bringing in the square heel.

## THE HEAD.

Though the coiffures are still picturesque, they are neater and closer than they were a few months ago, and a great many are parting the hair in the centre. Wise people adapt the fashions to their own requirements, especially in hairdressing. They must be modified to suit the form of face and figure. The broad style, which is adapted from the Gainsborough days, has led to the introduction of lace and tulle interthreaded through the hair, giving a cap-like effect to many a young girl, and the idea would seem to have originated entirely in the facile brain of one milliner, who had studied the fashions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with good effect. It is generally more by accident than anything else that the best notions in dress are originated and then improved on. In very truth it depends more in the putting on of clothes than anything else.

## THE LACE CAP ONCE MORE.

The Pompadour style of tegown has brought in again a pretty conceit for wearing in the hair with the lace cap or snood. This is merely a small triangle of old lace which is fastened here and there on the top of the hair with a jeweled pin and tied either high up on the right side just under the ear or taken behind and pinned below the knot of hair at the back. Lace is so becoming to the face that it is a wonder greater use is not made of it as a headress; perhaps it is the old-fashioned name of cap which militates against it, yet what's in a name? For instead of adding on to the apparent age of the wearer it detracts therefrom, being both youthful and becoming. In the eighteenth century lace fillets in the hair were universally worn by the young matron of fashion; then in early and mid-Victorian days the cap became the badge of sedate matronhood and spinsterhood, and all over thirty years of age were expected to wear it and consider themselves henceforth as passe, which, of course, the bachelor maid of to-day never would do, and so the cap had to retire.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## TREATMENT OF BRIMS.

Plateau and bergeres and other flat or semi-flat hats, writes the Paris correspondent of the Millinery Trade Review, are being very materially transformed. One of the latest ideas is to roll the brim over on both sides so as to form a point at the back, while at the front it assumes almost a square shape. This is called the cornet de plaise, after a certain kind of thin biscuit which has been known to many generations of French children as plaisir, probably because it is all surface and contains a minimum of nutriment. The point is generally kept in position by a piece of ribbon tied round it and arranged underneath in a knot composed of many loops. Flowers clustered low are frequently added at the side, partly resting on the rolled-over brim, partly on a cache-peigne; some, however, have an ostrich feather fastened at the point, tip forward. Another arrangement consists in folding the brim over flat on both sides and likewise the point at the back, the effect in front being that of a square poke similar to the preceding. Under these circumstances there is no room for a cache-peigne, and the trimming lies on the top on the over-turned brim.

## A ROYAL ARTIST.

The fuss which has been made over the picture of a friend exhibited by the Duchess of Argyll reminds one that the late Sir Edgar Boehm, who was a good judge, had a very high opinion of the duchess' talents as an artist, and especially as a sculptor. She has his pupil and used often to visit his studio. She has a very practical studio at Kensington Palace, where she has executed most of her works, including the picture referred to above, the sitting statue of the late Queen which faces the Round Pond, the statue of the late Queen which she did for Manchester Cathedral, and the bust of the late Queen which stands in the gallery of the Institute of Water Colors in Piccadilly.

The Duchess of Argyll has been favored by time, and at the present day she hardly looks over thirty. Her figure has preserved its grace and slenderness. Her features are good; she has the long, straight nose and large eyes of the royal family. Her hair is soft

and abundant. She is a thorough mistress of the art of dress and the best dressed of the royal sisters. She has a certain amount of dramatic power and looked magnificent in tableaux vivants which Princess Alice used to arrange at Falkland House, Osborne in the last reign. Her talents have excited the admiration of so competent a critic as Herr Johann Wolf, the violinist. Like all her family, she is keenly interested in golf.—London Tatler.

## UTILITY PARASOLS.

Ever so pretty are the little shades for morning use. No longer in order to be serviceable, most are able to be plain. For instance, one for morning is of green silk, spotted in white. At the edge there is a broad band of plain white silk in tiny tufts. About the tip at the top is an arrangement of white satin ribbon, looking like a half-open eye. Isn't that prim prettiness for you? Another, in the popular green and blue silk, with little cross-bars of white in it, has a deep border of the blue silk, over which the top falls in a loose edge, like a deep border of plain green. It looks as if there were a deep border effect of the blue and green in folds and the plaid top. It is very pretty and does yet quite the practical thing for working and practical use.—Philadelphia Telegraph.



In the United States the majority of librarians are women.

Miss Gwendoline Stewart, of California, is lecturing in London on American ways of housekeeping.

It is not necessary to use the complexion brush daily. Used too frequently it may coarsen the skin. Once a week is sufficient.

Adolphine Kok, the first woman ever admitted to practice law at the bar of Holland, has just passed her examination, her husband, also a lawyer, acting as her sponsor.

A patent on an improvement on a typewriter was devised by Miss Emma D. Mills. The invention necessitated the construction of special tools and these she made also.

The House of Commons ordered medals to be presented to the American women nurses who served on the hospital ship Maine in South Africa and Chinese waters.

An important attachment to the sewing machine was invented by Miss Helen Blanchard, and the hand retractor and lunch box is the work of Miss Phillips, of Dorchester, Mass.

When applying cold cream to the skin, rub on with a slow rotary motion, using a slight pressure. Take time and lay in a stock of patience when setting out on the journey after beauty.

The Italian Minister of Marine has decorated with a silver medal for valor Luigia Feliciotti, a girl seventeen years of age, for two conspicuously brave deeds. She first rescued from drowning at Porto Recanati, her native place, a man much her senior, and afterward swam out from the shore to perform a similar service for a girl who had fallen out of a small boat.



The belt is a prominent feature of the most swagger summer toilettes.

The new full skirt, with its very much fuller back, is now seen everywhere.

White cuffs and collars—so white as to be almost cape-like—are the favorites of fashion.

Patent leather ties, with the high military heel, are holding first place for walking shoes.

A wide girdle, with sash ends, is an exceedingly smart and much-liked finish for summer bodices.

Black and white are still the favorites for the most desirable costumes, but tan and brown are close seconds.

"Ensemble" gowns are very modish now and particular attention is paid to matching the sunshade, gown and hat.

Before the end of the summer, lace open-work hosiery is to be superseded by the finest of plain silk or fine hose.

The general outlines of the newest skirts are a full back, smooth over the hips, falling from there full to the ground.

The cape and capelet effects are the necessary accompaniments to the large hats in vogue, to provide a becomingly broad basis for the head.

The restaurant gown and picture hat to match are now indispensable to the complete feminine wardrobe, so popular has dining in public become.

Linen suits of ecru, white, green and blue, with an instep length skirt and long-skirted, slightly bloused coat, will be among the smartest of the summer.

Black patent leather and red Morocco belts about four inches broad, perfectly plain and with a very simple buckle, are among the new tailor gown accessories.

A nine-inch knotted fringe, as an edge finish for the deep shoulder collar of a smart taffeta walking suit, is an advance idea that promises to be quite popular.

For the flower-trimmed hat the mauve shades of lavender are the fashionable fad, adorned with lilacs, wisteria or a larger blossom that resembles the azalea.