

M. Clam on American Problems

HE DISCUSSES HEROES. BY SHELDON S. CLAM.

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Clam, the renowned Parian Journalist, is amazed and confused at the American nation of reward and punishment for heroes.

Washington, U. S. 3 Jan. What shall we think of one nation that is fickle toward her heroes? We of the France, who thrill with passion when we hear the names of terrible Frenchmen of fame what shall we think of those United States which forget so quickly? With amazement I look upon that procession of American heroes, escaping so quickly into the oblivion. Oh, how those heroes are thrice fortunate if they reach the oblivion safely. Many of them are pursued by the first, but at the last it is the race to bury the dead!

In those rapid changes of heroes I see again the fever of America, the quickness, the impatience. The hero blossoms and withers in America with the quickness of the first, but at the last it is the race to bury the dead!

TALE OF THE FAMOUS REMARK

Which the Governor of South Carolina addressed to the Governor of North Carolina.

The night on which the Kentuckians hunted the stirrup cup in Mr. Watters' in this city on the eve of his going away to Spain some good stories were told in the nooks of the dining room.

"You Kentuckians," said a guest from Georgia, "have heard all your lives about the romance of the Governor of North Carolina received from the Governor of South Carolina. The story has been passed down from generation to another, each generation believing in the tradition a little more than the previous one."

"Well, gentlemen, I was down in the Palmetto State a few weeks ago, and while I was enjoying the hospitality of a kinsman named Hamilton, he assured me one evening while we were indulging in the convivial characteristic of Southern hospitality that he had a fact, I am going to tell you what he said as well as I can recall it, trusting to your charity to make due allowance for lapses which were of this sort entailed."

"A Governor of South Carolina was the guest of a kinsman of the Governor of North Carolina. The latter, in honor of his guest, had prepared a Tar Heel dinner. That is, he had had a ham, and the great temptations."

"After the feast the Tar Heel Executive invited his Palmetto guest to have a pipe on the veranda of the mansion. Between the two big chairs a capacious demijohn was placed. It was filled with clear, pure whiskey from a North Carolina resort."

"As often as the pipes were refilled the demijohn was tilted and the liquid gurgled into a gourd. This the North Carolina Governor handed to the Executive from South Carolina, who drank to the health of his host, and finished it."

"I was even told the main topic of conversation between the two was the turpentine of one State and the rice of the other State."

"The Governor of North Carolina, said my host, was a large man and full of pores. Such a man can drink a thin man to a finish any day. The liquor studies at last he was ready to say: 'So the South Carolina Executive was in a fresh condition most of the time. The Tar Heel Executive, on the other hand, was in a fresh condition most of the time. But gentlemen—I mean Colonsias—the North Carolina Governor in spite of his caution and in the opinion of his host, was the first to be overcome. His pipe from his host, and he finished it in his great chair and fell asleep."

"The Governor of South Carolina was too polite a man to notice the sudden condition of his host, continuing his argument on the staple product of his State he held his gourd near the mouth of the Executive, and cut into the dry, and finally noticing that the gourd was not as moist as it should be the Governor of South Carolina cut into his remarks on staple products and asked abruptly: 'Governor, don't you think it's a damned long time between drinks?'"

"The Governor of North Carolina slept on. His faithful but servant, hearing the inquiry, and not wanting to be chagrined by the failure of his master to finish the drink, he cut into the side of the veranda and took to the woods."

"The Governor of South Carolina, noticing the continued absence of language from his host and also noticing the decamping of the servant, likewise having tapped the demijohn, and finding it like a last year's bird nest, slowly arose, laid aside the gourd, ambled to the side black and white, and rode away. It is said that his horse never hesitated until he bore his master across the State line."

"Then the Governor of South Carolina looked back and shook his gauntlet in the direction whence he had come. When the Governor of North Carolina came out of his comatose condition and realized his humiliation he broke the demijohn and the young English prince who was lost at sea and who the King when he heard of it never forgave again. The young English prince referred to the Governor of North Carolina, the poem is first written beginning: 'The Jug that held the rye run dry. The Poel was scorched within. The Tar Heel Governor woke too late. He never smiled again.'"

Working for an Education.

New York Commercial. To the boy graduating from grammar school the future presents some dark aspects. Two courses lie before him, one of which, the majority of them run blim through high school and then through college and the other—and this one the most of them choose—is to get a job and work for a wage. Both of these courses may or may not offer lucrative employment. Probably most often he comes from a family which cannot afford to send him through college, and yet did the opportunity present the aspiring student of paying even, his slight earnings suggest that he should not incur the expense of telling how some young men have worked their way through college. Probably first in the list as having most followers comes the position of newspaper carrier, a position lowly in rank, yet envied by the great men who have in the past risen from the newspaper station.

A newspaper route of 100 customers, if well managed, will net the carrier all the way from \$4 to \$6 each week. Surely good pay when all the hours which he is not more than four hours a day, and he is not more than four miles only for school work but even for a trolley of all kinds which are so common in the city. The carrier's position is one of the most desirable in all sorts of weather and means an early start for a warm bed each morning, but after all, such a life never attracts a growing boy, and only makes him grow fatter."

Each elevated station offers opportunities for a news-stand and magazine counter, which often are taken advantage of by the high school students. A little capital is needed to start with, but the business once established is a well-paying one and takes up much more of the student's time than the newspaper route mentioned above. I know of one who cleared weekly from \$10 to \$20 on these stores of all varieties of news, and the opportunity of employment is so good that he sometimes has a chance to work evenings. Such a position ought to be valued at \$10 to \$15 per week.

Each year the long vacation must be taken into account, when for two months the ambitious student can make enough money to give him a high school education, but the privilege to be highly prized.

the best seller this week. Those people become frantic again. They say to themselves: 'Forgive me, you deceived that Green Oyster? Bah! You are behind those times! It is simply grand! How glad we are that the American literature is so magnificent!' M. Brown is the true genius!"

In one week those newspapers say one more: 'Forgive me, you deceived that Green Oyster? Bah! You are behind those times! It is simply grand! How glad we are that the American literature is so magnificent!' M. Brown is the true genius!"

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Please do not talk more. There is a Washington hero many men who are heroes here. They become very pale if they see the crowd. Yet there is no danger—the crowd does not know them now. If those heroes do not seek for trouble, they are safe. But there is an unwritten law concerning heroes, which I shall tell you in a moment. We remember that terrible war between these United States and Spain. With agitation in France I read of those exploits. When I read of M. Hobson sinking that vessel Merrimac almost right, and how he would have died heroically if those stupid companions of his had not interfered, my heart knocked at my throat with emotion! I was apologetic with admiration of M. Hobson! After, when I read of those exciting American ladies always excited to kiss him, became my grand passion. 'Hurrah! Hurrah!' 'No, my dear Clam, you shall never behold M. Hobson.'

'Very well! M. Hobson became the hero American, and then suffered, like them all. Those people became jealous when he was kissed by the ladies! With hatred they plotted against him. At the last, one morning he was shot. 'Hurrah! Hurrah!' Let us send him to the Congress! Then he shall not escape the oblivion! He will be the permanent dead one! 'Hurrah!' cried those cruel people. 'Hobson goes to Congress! Now forget him!'

One day, when strolled along the avenue Pennsylvania, not having in mind much—'Mon Dieu! What should I see but M. Hobson! I had agitation! Should I salute my hero? I waited. I watched. M. Hobson shrank from those people. His was that hunted look. Yes, it was he! Impulsively I ran toward him. My heart hopped. 'I cried, 'Hurrah for M. Hobson!' Those people turned with surprise. M. Hobson started. I cried: 'A Frenchman salutes one hero!' M. Hobson became pale. Those people muttered. Convulsively, with extreme agitation, I embraced that hero. He struggled with indignation. With dejected eyes he looked at those cheeks. Those people? Bah! What do I care for them? One policeman ran up to me. 'Come with me,' said this fellow. That crowd had excitement. One cried: 'They try to lynch Hobson!' Far back in that crowd they cried: 'Lynch him! Lynch him! Lynch him! Lynch Hobson!'

I cannot remember all. It was the terrible nightmare. All was confusion, trampling of hoofs, shouts. Soon I was before one magistrate of police. The magistrate, with the chin, said: 'What is the law? If I have broken it, I shall repair those damages.' His reply: 'You have violated one unwritten law. M. Clam. No man shall make demonstration over any man who has been one hero. For why? That leads to the riot, the public fury, the lynch. Yet not daring to do so, the hero escaped. Now let M. Clam escape.'

With agitation and thanks I shook the hand of that magistrate. Halling a fiacre, I drove rapidly to my hotel. For two days I was in bed. Gradually my heart became normal. Now I can speak of that terrible experience with the calmness of a lesson to me and one warning to my countrymen. Let them beware of heroes, when they come to these United States! CLAM.

DOG RODE FISH.

Big Sea Bass Didn't Prove a Very Easy Mount.

Whether it is from long association with fish and fishing, or cannot say, but it is a fact that the fisherman's dog is famous for its ability to catch a fish. During various seasons spent on this island I have made the acquaintance of several of these dogs, all more or less remarkable.

One evening I was sitting on the beach, and a dog came up to me. I noticed one of these little dogs, a black, spaniel-like fellow who answered to the name of Dandy on week-days, but on Sunday is known as Dude by his fishermen owner. He was standing with his head on the water, and the waves gently washed his feet, gazing earnestly out to sea. In a moment a big flying fish came soaring in, striking the water several feet from the shore. Dandy, for it was a week-day, dashed at it and caught it very much to the surprise of the fishermen. Soon another fish came in, chased by an albacore, and struck the bubbles, and before Dandy had seized and carried it off proudly with his companion, Prince, an old long-haired poodle shaved on a portion of his body, invariably went out with the boatman and apparently understood everything he said. When fishing one day a huge black sea bass was hooked and made so desperate an effort to escape that the anchor had to be taken up and the fish allowed to tow the boat about and tire itself out. The moment the fish was hooked, the dogs displayed the greatest excitement, barking and rushing from one end of the boat to the other, gazing anxiously down into the water, then at the fisherman, who was tolling with the big fish, until finally after about half an hour the fish was being hauled in, the fish, which was over six feet in length and weighed over 400 pounds, was brought to the surface, where it lashed the water into foam, deluging the occupants of the boat with a deluge of water. The fish was a brown back of the big fish appeared, flashing in the sunlight, Dandy leaped upon a second, then boldly leaped upon its back, snapping at its fins and endeavoring to seize it. Now, the venture to say, was a dog seen upon a fish, and this was only for a moment, as the big fish resented the presence of the rider and with a desperate plunge threw him off. But the little dog swam bravely, and despite the blows from its tail and the blows from that were thrown about, attempted to seize the fish until it was forcibly taken into the boat. Dandy, I was told, attacked a shark once in the same way.

HER EARLY LITERARY CAREER

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"De Lara" was a prize poem for which she received \$500 and a gold medal. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stow, then a maiden "rare and radiant," was a competitor for the honor. The poem was written on the banishment of the Moor from Spain and has been dramatized and played with great success in our American cities. "It is marked by depth and vigor of thought and utterance, and although painting in vivid colors the imagination of the soft and voluptuous scenes about Golden Granada, yet it has all throughout its pages a prevailing feminine chasteness and delicacy."

"Lovell's Polly" was her first published novel. Her purpose in writing it was to smooth down the prejudices then existing between the North and South, and to show that they were based on general misapprehensions, or were the result of false representations. The novel shows with a loving hand failed to bring forth the abundance of fruit desired.

The foundation of "Linda," one of her choice works, was laid on board a steamer on the Alabama River. The captain of the steamer, who was a passenger on board the ill-fated Belle Crooke and knew Linda's history, told Mrs. Hentz all the incidents of her romantic life and begged her to write the story. This was the idea born and Linda was written by the public with the greatest enthusiasm. Her little daughter, Callie, persuaded her to write "Robert Graham"—a sequel to "Linda"—claiming that such love as Robert's would not go unreciprocated. Also, many friends and her publisher urged her to write this book in refutation of Mrs. Stowe's libellous story of Southern life among planters, that was then scattered broadcast over the North and denounced with a green and yellow that startled plainly what the harvest would be. The story of Mrs. Hentz was a true one, she details faithfully delineated and she presented to the world in its real coloring, scenes and characters of Southern life. But the poison had done its work, and the Northern press and the Northern pulpit alike cried down her story, while the veil of prejudice was drawn more closely around the Northern mind. In her next book, "The North-South Bride," she holds out the olive branch alike cried down her story, while the veil of prejudice was drawn more closely around the Northern mind.

There breathes from the writing of Mrs. Hentz a moral atmosphere, the purity of which, as compared with many works, even along the higher plains of fiction of the present day, is as the lily above the mire of the bog. There seems to have been a great change during later years from the standards of literature in the United States, and especially among Southern readers since the days in which Mrs. Hentz wrote. The guiding star in all her productions was not simply to please, but to promote the cause of good, and her pen never traced words or thoughts so repulsive of that which is unholly or impure. Some of the authors of popular fiction of the present day could not have existed in the same moral atmosphere of which Mrs. Hentz was at once a part and an effect. To the change for the worse, we have only to compare the purity of the moral tone of "Ernest Linwood" with the suggestive vein of impurity that runs through the pages of "Trilby."

Mrs. Hentz was a varied genius. Born and educated amid the snows of New England, her life work was under the sunny skies of the South. The land of her adoption bade her welcome and, through her instinctive discernment of character, she was able to identify herself with the people of the South fully and heartily. Her observation and experience covered a wide field, as five Southern States, at different times, claimed her as a citizen worthy of the pride which she felt in her country. Her husband was then a professor in Round Hill College, Northampton, Mass. He was a man of high social position, and a man of letters. Some of his rare paintings as a naturalist still hang in the Boston Museum, and his skillful touches transferred to canvas the winsome features of his American bride.

Receiving a call to a professorship in Chapel Hill College, N. C., they bade adieu to her native hills and came to a Southern home. Cincinnati next claimed the talents and services of these noted educators. Here Mrs. Hentz's literary career was most brilliant. She moved the centre of an admiring and appreciative circle, and became celebrated as a writer of no ordinary talents.

As the years rolled by we next find them in Florence, Ala., at the head of an institute for girls. Here in this quiet town they found the rest needed from a too brilliant life in the city, and here, at Locust Dell, we will stop awhile and let our readers see some of the life of Mrs. Hentz as we hear it from the lips of those who are proud in the recollection of those days.

Mrs. Hentz was tall, of fine figure, and queenly in her carriage. Her hair was in clustering ringlets about her shoulders, and her lustrous, dark eyes beamed forth an intelligence that impressed all who met her gaze. In the precincts of her home she was kind, gentle and loving, and in society her manners were easy, simple and unpretentious. Her children were lovely in character, affectionate in disposition and charming to all their acquaintances. In 1851 we find Mr. and Mrs. Hentz living in Columbia, S. C. Here she and her husband did their best work in the educational line, as his health broke down and hers, to some extent, was shattered. So she gave up the school-room and devoted all her powers to the pen.

MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ

FAMOUS WRITER OF 60 YEARS. Many Still Living in Florence, Tenn. Who Remember Mrs. Hentz's Well-Locust Hill for Nine Years the Home of This Gifted Woman—A Sketch of Her Career and Woes of Her Writing Days.

Breathed a Pure, Moral Atmosphere—Her Aim to Promote the Cause of Good. Alexander S. Patton, of Statesville, in the Sunny South.

"Florence on the Tennessee," wrote one in a possible measure, who greatly admired this North Alabama town. Sitting as a queen on a beautiful plateau, she looks down and smiles upon the blue waters of the old river as they flow silently by. Venerable in age, proud in the lineage of her aristocratic families, she is rich in historic memories. Here is a home around which cluster associations of long interest.

This is Locust Dell, for nine years the home of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. More than fifty years have passed since that gifted woman came to this home, to which she gave the name it still bears. Many changes have swept over the scene. The old locust trees, which were the pride of her aristocratic families, which are now the home of this distinguished writer. But still the spirit of her life and character seems to hover around the old place, lending a charm to its name and a beauty to its past associations.

There are still living in Florence many who remember Mrs. Hentz well. Some of these dear old people were her pupils and have for her the most fond remembrance. They tell of her beautiful life and rare talents made impressions the remembrance of which even now makes the eye kindle and the cheek glow with an interest that reaches back over half a century.

The writer believing that the South owes Mrs. Hentz a debt of gratitude, has taken the pen to portray to a new generation a short sketch of the life and work of this woman, who was a gifted author of poetry and in prose. Surely in Southern hearts her memory should be kept fresh, for she sang our praises and by her pen enriched the field of literature in our Southland. And, wider all the more, her remembrance upon all who admire the gifts of mind and heart, and who would delight to honor a name once written high upon the list of the noted writers of her age.

HER NOBLE BIRTH AND LINEAGE. Mrs. Hentz was by birth a New Englander, and by adoption a daughter of the South. Her father was first ranked under the beautiful elms of Lancaster, Mass. She came of distinguished lineage. Her father, General John Whiting, was an efficient officer in the United States Army, and was killed in the battle of Red Bank in 1810. Her two brothers were educated at West Point and served gallantly in the Mexican war. Hers was the home of culture and refinement, and she was reared in the best of all that home. Her education was of a high order, and she was familiar with the best facilities of the old Bay State. Visiting in the highest circles of society in Boston, she met a young Frenchman, a Huguenot exile, who, in her youth, was the lion of a whole circle. He wooed her with the bright New England girl, and in 1824 she became his bride as Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Her husband was then a professor in Round Hill College, Northampton, Mass. He was a man of high social position, and a man of letters. Some of his rare paintings as a naturalist still hang in the Boston Museum, and his skillful touches transferred to canvas the winsome features of his American bride.

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TRADITIONS OF NEW YORK

SOME VERY ANCIENT CUSTOMS. Ancient Germans Had Only Two Seasons—Summer and Winter, and Knew Nothing of the Year as We Know It—As a Result of Roman Dominion They Followed the Roman Customs of Calculating Months and Seasons—James Was Roman Door God; Hence, January the First Month—Customs of Giving Gifts Originated With Rich Romans.

D. H. V. in New York Evening Post. The ancient Germans, devoted for the most part to agriculture, loosely divided the year into two parts—summer and winter. With them the winter began early. The ground froze and the snow began to fall in the month of November. So, as early as the sixth century, the Germans conceived the idea of keeping the eleventh day of November, known as the feast of St. Martin's Day, or Martinmas, as New Year's Day.

When the Romans, however, invaded and conquered Germany, the conquered began to reckon months and seasons like the powerful Romans. Wherever the Roman army went, it always left its mark, not only in physical landmarks, such as towers and city walls, but also in the customs and habits of the people. The Roman Christians in England organized the Church as it had never been organized before. Wales and York must conform to Canterbury. So the Germans abandoned the 11th of November for the 1st of January, or St. Martin's Day, as New Year's Day. January the Roman was the Roman god who presided over open doors, so it was most appropriate to call the door-month of the year after him. The god Janus was represented as a man with two faces, one looking backward into the past and the other looking forward into the future. The moral is easily seen. It is to be noted that the Germans did not abandon Martinmas customs, though they did the day. There was always so much merriment connected with Martinmas that this unselfish saint, who in life had dried his coat with a beggar, became known as the drunken saint.

Showing that Martinmas was once the German New Year's Day, the saying has come down to us that a man has helped to eat many a St. Martin goose, instead of saying he has lived many years.

In olden times, on New Year's eve people, with their swords, sat down on the roofs of their houses to discover what good or bad events would occur during the year about to open. Others knelt down at some crossroad on a cowhide to listen for oracles.

THE GIFT-IDEA ORIGIN.

The custom of giving and receiving presents on New Year's Day is of great antiquity. It originated in the past among the Romans, and the custom of giving presents on New Year's Day, in fact, they developed to such a degree this custom of exchanging presents on so many occasions that the Emperor Claudius prohibited the demanding of presents except on New Year's Day.

Henry III of England exacted presents of plate from his people, while Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe and jewelry were largely supplied from these gifts. It is said that the Queen was ever careful to give less than she received.

Gloves were once very popular as New Year's gifts, and they were very expensive. When money was given instead of a gift it was called "poin money."

It is interesting to note that when the first metal pins were manufactured in the reign of Henry III, a statute was passed called "An act for the true making of Pynnes." These ornaments of the past, among the luxurious Romans, in fact, they developed to such a degree this custom of exchanging presents on so many occasions that the Emperor Claudius prohibited the demanding of presents except on New Year's Day.

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APPLE TREE

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