

LABOR AND THE TRUSTS.



HOW THE WORKINGMAN IS BENEFITED BY THE TRUSTS.—Kansas City Times.

PARTY OF REVOLUTION.

Republicans No Longer Stand For Conservatism.

FOLIO A RADICAL INNOVATION.

Militarism and Imperialism Are American — Republican Alliance With the Trusts Involves Upheaval of the Roots of Our National Life.

By one of the queerest kinds of reasoning which the human mind is capable of the Republican party has succeeded in persuading itself and perhaps some people outside that it is the party of conservatism and safety and that the Democracy is the party of dangerous innovations.

The truth is, as a moment's consideration must make obvious, that the Republican party in its present policies is the most recklessly revolutionary organization in our history and that the Democracy stands for all those familiar principles by which Americans have guided their lives not only through the century and a quarter of their national history, but through the other centuries during which the concepts of civil and political liberty that characterize our race were growing to maturity.

The policy of imperialism is an innovation of the most radical kind. It is a complete break with all the traditions of the American republic. Less than three years ago William McKinley denounced forcible annexation as "criminal aggression."

There never was a time before now when any political organization in America felt affronted by a mention of the Declaration of Independence. During the Dreyfus madness in France a cry of "Vive la republique" was considered an insult to the army.

Equally revolutionary, from the old American point of view, is imperialism's twin, militarism. The idea of a great standing army is repugnant to every American tradition.

The Republican alliance with the trusts involves an upheaval of the very roots of our national life. The Democratic policy here, as in everything else, is conservative. It proposes to keep as near as possible to the familiar landmarks—not stubbornly resisting all change, but not rushing recklessly into untried paths.

The habit of buying lands seems to grow on "Trusts," McKinley. He is about to purchase two more from Spain "without waiting for the aid or consent" of the United States congress, and his object in purchasing them is to prevent any other nation from getting them. The price agreed upon is said to be \$100,000, which is about \$13 a head for the inhabitants. We bought our Tagala subjects for only \$2 a head. "Niggers is just"—Columbin (S. C.) State.

A lawyer who mortally bears a distinguished name occupies an old-fashioned mansion on the edge of New York. His sister, who lives with him, tells a laughable story, which is reported in Harper's Round Table, illustrating his coolness and love of method.

Recently his sister slipped into his room some time after midnight and told him she thought burglars were in the house. The lawyer put on his dressing gown and went down stairs.

HEART THROBS.

Best—best; best—best. The heart of a man goes on, Till a smile on his face gives forth The same of his life.

The Mysterious Master.

By William Lo Queux.

I really ought not to relate this story, I suppose, because the person it chiefly concerns is still living and is one of the best known men in Europe, but as biographers have a habit of betraying confidences I think that in this matter I may be forgiven if I anticipate them.

While busy copying Durer's "Adoration of the Magi" in the Uffizi in an attempt to grasp its marvelous technical handling, and fluency of coloring three bright faced English girls, probably tourists, entered the Tribuna.

"Look! dear! What a frightful dandy! The poor fellow is a student, I suppose. But he'll never make an artist, that's certain."

An hour later I was sitting in the attic, high up above the noisy Via Condotti, which served me as a studio and living room, plunged in black despair.

The door opened, and then advanced timidly into the room a strange, ill-dressed, white haired old man, who, removing his shabby hat, greeted me affably in Italian. His face was thin and wizened, his figure lean and shriveled, but his eyes were black and full of a light that age had not dimmed.

"I trust you will pardon my intrusion," croaked the queer old fellow in his staccato voice. "I noticed you copying in the Tribuna today, and it afterward occurred to me that you might have some pictures for sale. When I returned, however, you had gone. Therefore I ascertained your address and came here. Have I your pardon?"

"You are a failure," I admitted sadly. He raised his eyes to mine with an inquiring glance and then proceeded to criticize my work in a manner which showed him to be no tyro in art.

"The young girl with the blue eyes set me weeping at the picture, and I was so glad, I fancied, however, that she liked it. I fancied, however, that she liked it."

"You see my work. I have no talent," I added despondently, when in answer to his inquiries I told him my story.

"You are mistaken," he answered kindly. "You have some talent, but you lack the dexterity which makes an artist. That picture there, for instance, and he pointed to the easel, 'might be turned into a very creditable piece of work with but little effort. If you will allow me, I'll give you an illustration of what I mean."

"To this I made no objection, and a few moments later he was at work with brush and palette painting away with astounding rapidity, while I stood by wondering as the picture grew beneath his hand. By the addition of subtle tints he had made the work completely transforming the work, showing the tinted and throbbing flesh a veritable winter garden."

"Sudden the servant opened a door, and I found myself with the man who had rescued me from starvation. His face was haggard and anxious, his eyes bore signs of recent tears, and as he advanced and took my hand I felt that he was trembling."

"Signora," I cried, "why, what is the meaning of this?" "Signora," he replied in a choking voice. "She wished to see you, so I have sent for you."

"She is ill! Tell me the truth quickly," I cried. "Come," he faltered, "see for yourself." And he led me to a handsome bed chamber, where in the subdued light I distinguished two figures at Charity in their big white bedgowns, tenderly watching their patient. Advancing to the bed, I bent until I saw the poor plucked white hair with the wealth of fair hair straying over the pillow. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed to be sleeping, but as the old man approached she suddenly raised her eyelids, and her gaze, wandering, fell upon me.

"It was more than you expected, eh?" he rejoined, with a laugh. Weeks passed, however, until one morning while I was busy being accompanied by Filomena. He seemed rather more feeble, and a single glance at the girl, whose sweet face, with the clear blue eyes, was such an exact replica of that exquisite little Madonna of Van Dyke in the Pitti palace, showed that she had sadly changed. Her cheeks had lost their roundness, her face was pale, and she was evidently ill.

I sympathized with her, and we fell to talking quite naturally. She was ingenuous, frank and altogether charming. The old man faded the signora away. A couple of days later, the day of the Befana, I turned from the Piazza Donatello into the Viale Amedeo and halted before a large house facing the Giardinetto. The address of the mysterious master had given me. The house, I found, was a fine, handsome stucco, and upon the door was a small brass plate with the single inscription:

CAY CORRADINI.

Corradini! I stood aghast before the door. I rang and inquired of the black coated concierge whether the signora's room was within. In response he led me through the handsome salons, with its long windows—a salon where in many a reigning sovereign has awaited the pleasure of the great master of painting—along a small gallery hung with his works and entered the large, bare and rather uncomfortable studio.

And there I found the sad faced maestro misterioso and discovered the truth. The man who had watched me in the Uffizi and who had transformed my wretched pictures, thus rescuing me from absolute poverty, was none other than the great Corradini, whose fame was known the world over, and whose wonderful pictures commanded the highest price of those of any living artist.

"You must know the truth," he faltered. "The poor child loved you from the first, but she had not returned by that curse of the human race, consumption. Her thoughts were always of you and of your welfare, and on the day before I sent for you she confided to me her secret. She confessed that she loved you, that she had met you, but that you had not reciprocated her affections. Yet she passed away happily, poor child," he added in tears.

"She knew at last that you actually loved her." And we both sat silent, plunged in unutterable grief. He had lost his only daughter. I had lost my only love.—New York Herald.

Spilling salt was held to be an unlucky omen by the Romans, and the superstition has descended to ourselves. Leonard de Vinci in his famous picture of the "Lord's Supper" to indicate Judas Iscariot by the saltcracker knocked over by his arm. Salt was used in the sacrifice by the Greeks and Romans and also by the Jews. It was an emblem of purity and of the sanctifying influence of others of a holy spirit. Hence our Lord tells his disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth."

The salt being split after it was placed on the head of the victim was considered a bad omen, being supposed to signify that the sacrifice was not accepted, and hence the superstition.

When we say of the salted fish, "hearty face he went to him in preference to any of the others and put the paper into his hands, saying: 'I will leave it with you, sir. I rather think I have given it into good hands.'" At which the king smiled and said, "Yes, you have."

A pretty story is told in one of Mr. Ruskin's books of "Christ's Walk in Jerusalem." It is the King Humbert's pleasant accessibility. A contending had come down to Lucan from somewhere in the mountains with a petition which he wished to present to the king, but when he saw him with his seguito he did not know what to do. "Presently the poor man's only idea of a king was gathered from some picture of the adoration of the wise men. So he looked at all of them and rather thought the king was not there, but perhaps one of these gentlemen would convey the paper to him. And being taken with the king's pleasant face he went to him in preference to any of the others and put the paper into his hands, saying: 'I will leave it with you, sir. I rather think I have given it into good hands.'" At which the king smiled and said, "Yes, you have."

Did you ever read "The Heebreak of Notre Dame"? I believe it to be not only the most disgusting book ever written by man, and on the whole to have caused more brutality and evil than any other French writing with which I am acquainted. Balmes is unusual, but he is an artist of the highest order, and a philosopher even in his usualness. Eugene Sue paints virtue as well as vice; Dumas is absurd and useless, but interesting; Beranger blasphemous, but witty; George Sand, immoral, but elegant. But for pure, dull, virtuous, stupid, deadly poison read Victor Hugo.—Buckley's Weekly.

Mother—Miss Catchem has a lovely voice, and you know it. Why did you not go to sing for Mr. Richfield? Danster (after Mr. Richfield)—See that mirror in front of the piano? "Yes."

"Well, Mr. Richfield sits right in range where he can see her face. She looks like a whitewashed chimpanzee when she sings."—Pearson's Weekly.

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I felt the soft pressure of her fingers and saw that long, wistful look in her pure blue eyes. "You have come to me at last, Picciotto!" she whispered softly. Her musical tones, "I have waited so long—so very long, my love, my love!" I stood there rooted to the spot.

Then I dropped on my knees to kiss her hand; but alas, it was only a dead hand that my lips caressed. With that declaration of her love, the love that I had feared to see on her that well remembered day when we went up to Picciotto, she had passed peacefully away.

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ODD MOON THEORIES.

THE MANY SUPERSTITIONS THAT FLOURISH ABOUT FAIR LUNA.

Laughable and Absurd Notions That Gain Credence in Untutored Minds Concerning the Changes and Eclipses of the Orb of Night.

For countless ages the darkness of night has exercised terror on all sorts and conditions of men, and in consequence the moon has become surrounded by untutored people with a degree of "mystery" that is sometimes merely laughable, sometimes ingeniously absurd, but in most cases the natural outcome of superstition and ignorance.

There is probably no country in the world where some kind of picture has not been made out of the visible markings on the moon's surface. We have our own old man in the moon who made that famous journey to Norwich, while in many parts of France it is a hunter and his dog that folks say they can distinguish.

In eastern Asia the marks in the moon are said to be a hare sitting on its hindquarters, while the Incas of South America maintain that the dark patch is the figure of a young lady who happened to be walking in the moonlight and suddenly became enamored of the brightness and beauty of a star. She sprang forward to embrace the object of her affection, and the moon, taking advantage of her amorous leap, caught her up and has kept her ever since.

Eclipses of the moon, being commoner than those of the sun, have always attracted more attention than solar eclipses. In Peru an eclipse of the moon was always considered to be a sudden illness of that star, and so when one occurred the Peruvians would start treating everything that was capable of making a noise and in particular dog all their dogs, the theory being that the moon, witnessing the sufferings of the creatures it loved, would revive herself to come to their help.

The Khasias of northeast India have a very reasonable superstition regarding the sun and moon. They believe that the waning and increasing moon represents the state of that planet's strength as she wrestles with the sun, which is her husband.

The increasing moon represents that Luna is winning, and the decreasing moon that she is losing, until at last the sun swallows his wife and spits her head out into the sky. The wife then has another chance, so to speak, and the quarrel goes on without cessation.

A popular superstition among the Slavs was that the moon was condemned to wander through space for infidelity in company with the morning star. The Dakotas Indians fancied that the moon as she decreased was being slowly nibbled away by mice, the Polynesians that she was being devoured by spirits of the dead.

Still more extraordinary is the superstition held by the Hottentots that the waning moon suffers from headache and always hides her face with her hands.

The Eskimos maintain that the same period in the moon's history merely betokened the fact that she is hungry and retiring to rest and eat previous to beginning another fast. As regards the markings on the moon the Eskimos have a most laughable theory. They say that Anninga, the moon, brother of the peerless and incomparable Malina, the sun, was pursuing his sister and in the heat of the chase he slipped and fell. His strong face, with heavy brows, is clear cut as if carved out of cameo. It is framed in snow white hair that reaches to his shoulders.

He is a very abstemious in his mode of living. He rises at 4 in the morning, prepares himself an egg and a bowl of coffee, and works at his desk until 10. He dines at the rustic hour of 12, sups at 7 p. m.—on eggs and milk—and retires to rest at 9. During his exile he has resided for brief periods at Oxford and Cambridge, Stuttgart, Munich, Dresden, Paris and London. Paris has been his permanent abode. London, his favorite city, he calls "the pulse of the world."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

To Be Lady In Waiting. Lady Stratford, who, it is said, will be made lady in waiting to Queen Victoria as soon as opportunity offers, is an American woman. She was formerly Mrs. Samuel Colgate of New York.

The Chinese believe that when an eclipse of the moon takes place she is being vigorously attacked by a dragon. At the commencement of the lunar eclipse the dragon throws stones and granitic and bang on gongs and drums to frighten the dragon away. In the meanwhile the mandarins and exalted personages present shoot arrows at the moon, which reminds one of the story of a former king of Portugal, who, hearing that a comet was about to fall on his crown, so close to her that she was almost within his grasp, whereupon the enraged lady turned around and blackened his face and clothes with her fingers, which she had smutted with the soot of an oil lamp.

Other savages there are who maintain that the marks on the crescent are left from the monthly destruction by fire of the moon by the incendiary sun.

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Among the untutored peasants of the republic of France many strange superstitions are life as regards the moon. Many aver that they can see Judas Iscariot hanging from an elder branch, others that it is Cain they see leaning on his spade and gazing at the murdered body of Abel, while some assert that it is a peasant compelled to freeze in the moon with his bundle of faggots for attempting to wattle a fence on the Sabbath.

At certain times of the year the Malopols, a tribe of African savages, bury a live goat with many strange rites. This, they say, has to be done to appease the moon, who expects to be stated intervals. They firmly believe that the goat makes its way through the center of the earth and falls into the moon, who is waiting to receive it.—London Answers.

The Blue Pearl. "This," said the man who was showing the visitors about the office of the metropolitan daily, "is the copy room of the paper. It is the place where the matter set in for publication is boiled down to the right dimensions."

PEOPLE OF THE DAY.

Major Thomas Marchand, the French soldier and explorer who is going to China to join the allied troops there, is chiefly famous for the work he did in Egypt two years ago which brought France and Britain to the verge of war. In March, 1897, Marchand left Brazzaville, the capital of the French Congo, and steamed up the M'bomo river,



MAJOR THOMAS MARCHAND, hauling his boats over the mountains between the Nile and the Congo basins. In July, 1898, he reached Fashoda and there hoisted the French flag. After Lord Kitchener had broken the power of the mahdists at Omdurman he sought out Marchand and notified the explorer that he was on Egyptian territory. But Marchand pluckily refused to budge. There he stood, in fact, until his government ordered him to move. On his return to Paris he was given a reception that staid the bounds of even French enthusiasm.

Theodore Tilton's Simple Life. Theodore Tilton has lived abroad, chiefly in Paris, without once revisiting his native country, since 1888—17 years. To one who recently saw him in the French capital he seemed to be a survivor of the heroic ages, in face and physique, with an intellect on the same scale.

"In richness of reminiscences he was a centenarian; in vigor of mind and body a man at his zenith; in freshness of heart near his threescore and ten; that he was an inimitable raconteur, brimful of wit and humor, and the word portrait is as perfect as I can make it, but far short of the man as he really is."

Theodore Tilton is 6 feet 4 inches in height and nobly proportioned. As he decreases in the morning and increases in the evening, he is still perfectly erect, a man whose striking appearance never fails to attract attention; whether he strolls along the quays of the Seine, stopping here and there at a bookstall; whether he walks in the Champs Elysees, or whether he engages in his favorite game of chess in a neighboring cafe. His strong face, with heavy brows, is clear cut as if carved out of cameo. It is framed in snow white hair that reaches to his shoulders.

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"Doesn't that make it warm?" giggled one of the young women. "No," he replied. "But the men who write the stuff get pretty hot over it sometimes."—Chicago Tribune.

"It is hard to propose to a girl?" asked the novice in affairs of the heart. "Sometimes it's a good deal harder not to propose," returned the man of worldly experience thoughtfully. "It's always well to be on your guard."

NERVOUSNESS, An American Disease.

Dr. S. W. Mitchell is authority for the statement that nervousness is the characteristic malady of the American nation, and statistics show that nerve disease number one-fourth of all deaths recorded, the mortality being mainly among young people.

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