

## DRAWING SALARY

BUT THE PEOPLE GET VERY LITTLE FOR THEIR MONEY.

One Week of Republicanism in the Legislature Results in but Small Amount of Good—Mention of Democratic Leaders—Pen Sketches of Members and Amusing Stories.

Special Correspondence.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 13.—Since my last letter we have had nearly a week of salary drawing among the legislators, and little else. Thursday the members worked an hour or two in completing organization according to caucus plans and parceling out minor places. Friday they did little more than listen to the excellent message from Governor Matthews. Saturday and Sunday they rested. Monday they assisted in the inauguration of Governor Mount, and Tuesday they did log rolling in connection with the night's caucus on senator. It doesn't take long to figure out how little the people got for their money during the first few days. That the house majority is afraid of the very able Democratic minority has been demonstrated by its unfair adoption of an ironclad closure rule, which prevents appeal from the decisions of the speaker except upon a two-thirds vote. The plan is to throttle nearly half of the representatives because they come from Democratic constituents.

♦ ♦ ♦ "Who will be the Democratic leaders in the assembly?" is a question that is interesting politicians at present. It is conceded that the minority of the assembly is without a single exception composed of as able a body of men as ever sat in the minority. The minority of the house has in its membership such stable men as L. U. Downey of Gosport, chairman of the caucus; the Honorable John R. East of Bloomington; Attorney Eichhorn of Bluffton and John Feist of Yorkville. The latter is an aged man who advocated the free coinage of silver back in those days when it was almost worth a man's reputation to do so. He is regarded as a typical silver man of the Holman school. Then there is "Tom" Mann of Graysville, a tall man with a flowing beard, who has been a figure in politics for a long time; Taylor Record, an influential farmer of New Harmony; Moses Remington of Brownsville, who proved such a good representative before that he was sent back, and Albert Schoonover of Attica, a bright young man whose father, Hon. J. E. Schoonover, has been prominent in politics for a long time. Other shining lights in the house are Bellamy Sutton of Shelbyville, an ex-railroad man; Allen Swope, the caucus nominee for speaker; Peter Wallrath, a German editor of Logansport, whom everybody likes and who has the reputation of being one of the biggest-headed men in the assembly; Adam Wise of Plymouth, and Solomon Wiener, of Whitely county. The latter is a Jew who went to South Whitley several years ago a poor boy and by economy and fair dealing succeeded in amassing riches.

In the senate are Mr. Sweeney of Jasper, a holdover senator who is noted for his hail-fellow-well-met qualities; Senator Horner of Brazil, author of the Indiana digest; W. H. Nussbaum of Auburn, who has devoted long years of service to the silver cause; Senator Stroup, the bright young man from Shelbyville, and Senator Bobilya, who was in the house last term and who promises to take rank as the Lord Chesterfield of the senate. And "there are others"—many of them.

The youngest member of the general assembly is Charles E. Henderson, a bright young lawyer of Bloomfield. On account of his youth, probably more than for any other reason, he was made permanent secretary of the Republican caucus. Mr. Henderson is but 25 and has had an interesting career. Young Henderson was born in 1871 at St. Paul, Ind., and at 1 year of age his residence was changed to Bloomfield. He lived there until 1886, when he went to Oregon and began a six years' course in the University of Oregon, which he completed, and then went in June, 1893, to Chicago to attend the world's fair. He had been as poor financially as Job's turkey was in flesh and it was a puzzle to him to determine how he was to see the fair without money. He finally hit upon the plan of pushing one of the chairs around the grounds. In this way he got to see the entire fair, completing a post graduate course which, while not of the regulation kind and with none of the furbelows of aristocracy accompanying it, was at least full of instruction. He was known during this time as "No. 1039," and he now laughingly relates that it was a genuine joy to him to get back his name at the close of the fair. He went at once to Bloomfield, where he taught school and made money enough to take him through Ann Arbor law school. He graduated there in 1895 and took up the practice of law at Bloomfield at once. He defeated five candidates for the nomination for representative at the primary and won a triumph in the election with the two other parties fused against him. He made 39 speeches during the campaign. In his personal appearance he is an Adonis, being over six feet tall, straight as an arrow and well proportioned. He was married on Sept. 30 last to Miss Margaret Cavins, the accomplished daughter of Colonel Alden Cavins, a prominent lawyer of Bloomfield. His friends predict much for him in the future.

♦ ♦ ♦ One of the amusing occurrences of the past week happened at the Demosion. "Big Joe" Kealing of this city (who, by the way, is currently booked for the

office of district attorney) looks enough like Representative Nicholson to be easily mistaken as his brother. Each towers so much above the common herd of politicians in physical measurement that they have come to be known as the "twin giants of the lobby." Not all of the representatives know them apart, and among those who did not (but who do now) is a doughty little representative from one of the out counties. Nicholson, as a matter of course, bears the reputation of despising liquor in all forms as the ordinary person despises a serpent. On the evening in question the representative blew into the lobby fresh from home. One of the first men he met was Kealing. Reaching his hand out, he said:

"How are you, Mr. Nicholson?"

Mr. Kealing, ever appreciative of a joke, gave the outstretched hand a generous shake, and said, in his deep, statesmanlike voice: "How are you?"

"It's been a long time since I saw you," continued the other.

"Yes, it has," returned Kealing, and then, without cracking a smile, he stepped a pace in the direction of the bar-room, adding: "Come on and let's have a drink."

The legislator nearly fainted and Kealing turned the laugh on him in great style. The story leaked out and since then it has created a great deal of merriment among the members.

♦ ♦ ♦ That there is no mistaking the temper of the men who are at the head of the Indiana bimetallic organization was demonstrated last Friday when such leaders as National Committeeman John G. Shanklin, Chairman Martin of the state committee, Allen W. Clark of Greensburg, president of the Indiana league; John W. Kern, Hugh Dougherty, Samuel M. Ralston, O. J. Lotz and Judge McCabe met in conference at the Grand hotel. It was a meeting of the importance of which the people of the state will realize more fully in the future than now. The whole burden of sentiment was to "organize and educate," and a practical system of club organization was devised. Mr. Clark still wears in the lapel of his coat a button labeled "Indiana, 16 to 1," and he firmly believes that the year 1900 will witness Indiana in the bimetallic column. He said to me:

"While the corporations and trusts are holding monetary conferences for the avowed purpose of reforming a monetary system which was the best on earth before the election, the wage-earners and producers are also holding little monetary conferences of their own in the shops and on the farms, and the result will be known in 1900."

♦ ♦ ♦ The only colored member of the general assembly is Gabriel Jones of Marion county. He is also entitled to the distinction of being the fourth colored man to serve in the Indiana legislature, the others being Sid Hinton, who was sent from Marion county in 1881; James M. Townsend, elected from Wayne in 1885, and Mr. Bassett, who represented Howard county in 1893. It is not alone the fact that he is a very black man that makes Gabriel one of the most conspicuous figures in the legislature. He has a physique that would attract attention anywhere. He is the tallest member of the legislature. He weighs nearly 100 pounds and has an arm reach equal to that of Fitzsimmons. He wears a broad brimmed felt hat that adds to the conspicuousness of his appearance. Gabriel Jones has a voice of a deep baritone quality and a volume that recalls memories of the days when "Foghorn" Kelly used to make the legislative halls ring. He sits on the extreme left side of the house, in the chair occupied last term by Adams of Parke. He is 38 years old and has been a school teacher, an internal revenue collector and is now a deputy county recorder. He was born a slave in Tennessee and waited on tables in order to make his way through the Indianapolis high school, where he got his education. He has announced that he intends to look closely after the interests of his people. He will father a bill enabling colored children to attend the same schools as white children.

♦ ♦ ♦ It is a fact which has escaped general attention that when Speaker Pettit was sworn in last week all of the ex-speakers, without exception, who have served since the new statehouse was built, were witnesses of the auspicious event. They were Warren Sayre, who served in the legislature of 1887; Mason J. Niblack, who served in '89 and '91; James B. Curtis, speaker in '93, and Justus C. Adams, who wielded the gavel in 1895. There seems to be a fascination about the work of the legislature that is continually attracting the attention of ex-officials as well as ex-members.

♦ ♦ ♦ Little Claude Ewing, grandson of the ex-governor, a precocious and precocious youth, who has been the sunlight of the executive home and office during Governor Matthews' term, will be succeeded in the new condition of things by Everett Butler, Governor Mount's grandson, who, with his parents, is now occupying the Mount residence on the Shannondale farm. Little Everett is to join the governor's family later and will spend a good part of his time with his grandparents.

The governor had a long-distance telephone placed in his home before he left, so that he can talk when he likes from his office in this city to the home at Shannondale. One of his first acts after coming here was to call up the home place in order to have a talk with little Everett. The latter knew his voice, and sent back several endearing messages.

The governor tells a good story on little Everett. Just before he left home he called the pet of the family to his knee and said:

"Everett, I am going to leave today to be gone four long years. Aren't you sorry to see me go?"

Quick as a flash the latter said: "Yes, grandpa, I am sorry; but I know that when a man gets to be governor he has to go."

L. L. LUDLOW.

## FINE MILITARY SHOW

MCKINLEY'S INAUGURATION TO BE A GREAT AFFAIR.

Citizen Soldiers to Attend From Various States—Civic Clubs Will Be Numerous. Plans For the Big Hall—How the Celebrations Are Managed.

The 4th of March is two months distant, but preparations for the inauguration of Major McKinley on that date are well under way. The inaugural committee is holding daily sessions and the details of the ceremonies are being worked out as rapidly as possible.

Chairman Bell of the committee has been in New York consulting with General Horace Porter concerning the grand inaugural parade, of which the latter is to be chief marshal. This parade promises to be one of the largest and finest ever held, although its military features may not be as prominent as in the past.

There seems to be some uncertainty about the presence of the Pennsylvania national guard. There have been many inquiries at committee headquarters relative to this body of troops, but no definite information can be had. Governor Hastings and his staff will be present, and it is suggested that probably a regiment or two from Philadelphia may be sent to represent the state, but there is doubt about the full guard being ordered to participate in the parade.

For several inaugural sessions the Pennsylvania national guard has been the greatest feature of the parade. Applications have been received from several independent companies in Pennsylvania for place in line, among them one from the Washington Light infantry of Pittsburg, a well drilled body of men.

There will be a good representation of military organizations from other states, and the regular troops in and about Washington will all be in line and make a brilliant display of themselves. Four troops of the Sixth cavalry, known in army circles as the "Fighting Sixth," are now stationed at Fort Meyer, just across the Potomac from Washington. They will be in the military demonstration with their celebrated mounted band.

The Third artillery, stationed at the Washington arsenal, and the marine corps, stationed at the navy yard, will also turn out. The District militia, consisting of two or three regiments of infantry, a battery of artillery and a troop of cavalry, will be ordered out, together with several independent military companies in Washington.

Word has been received at committee headquarters that the Seventy-first New York regiment has completed arrangements for its inaugural trip. It has chartered a special train of sleeping cars and will come in on the Baltimore and Ohio on March 8. It is stated that over 400 members of the regiment have already pledged themselves to come. Company I of the Thirtieth New York regiment also contemplates attending the inauguration, and it will, it is said, issue a limited number of invitations to members of other companies to accompany it. The Twenty-second regiment of the same state is also considering the subject of taking part in the inaugural parade.

At least two regiments of the Ohio guard, numbering about 1,200 men, will participate in the inaugural parade. They are the Sixteenth, including that crack military company the Toledo Cadets, Colonel H. H. Bunker, and the Second, Colonel Kuert. The railroad officials have decided to make the rate from Columbus for people in general 1 cent a mile, or \$11 for the round trip. For the national guard from that point it probably will be half a cent, or \$5.50 for the round trip. Perhaps other Ohio regiments will take advantage of this cheap rate and join.

The inaugural ceremonies are largely in the hands of the people of the District. They raise the money for the different features, and if there is any money made out of the inaugural ball, the rental of stands along the route of the parade and from concerts they get the benefit. A guarantee fund of \$50,000 has been required, and there is now within \$5,000 of that amount subscribed.

The proposed departure from the custom of holding the inaugural ball in the pension building has happily fallen through. It was proposed to use the new library building, one of the finest structures in the world for that purpose, but there was such a general protest that the scheme was abandoned and the big ball will be held in the big, barnlike pension bureau building, where there is plenty of room and where there are no temptations to vandalism, as there would be in the library.

Those who have labored long to make the national library the richest and most artistic of its kind in the world were horrified at the proposition to pack it with 8,000 or 10,000 people on inauguration night. There are too many evidences of the irrepressible relic hunter and the deliberate vandal in defacement of the capitol, the White House, Washington monument and other public structures to warrant the beautiful marbles, statuary, bronzes, carvings and paintings of the library immunity from their destroying touch.

Chairman Bell has decided that the arrangements for the ball shall be the same as four years ago. The big pension building offers the best of accommodations. The great hall, or court, of the structure is 280 feet in length and 130 feet wide. The apex of the roof which covers it is 150 feet from the floor. The framework of the roof is supported by eight massive pillars, 80 feet in height, and placed four abreast, so as to divide the court into three equal compartments, but wide enough apart to allow free movement between them.

Surrounding this immense space are three galleries, rising one above the other, two of them being 20 feet in width and the third 10 feet wide. The latter is a balcony, projecting from the

walls of the building and inclosed with an ornamental iron railing.

There are four entrances to the hall. At the north and south and east and west fronts of the building and surrounding the court are a number of large and commodious rooms on the first floor, which were used at former inaugural balls for cloak and toilet rooms, barber shops, supper rooms, information and press rooms, telegraph offices and police and fire departments.

The committee has already received notices from enough Republican clubs throughout the country to insure a civic parade of 15,000 people. While Ohio will have the most prominent place in the military display, she is also reaching out after the place of honor in the club demonstration. Pennsylvania, however, will contest with her for this prerogative.—Washington Cor. Philadelphia Press.

## THE RESULT OF EXAMPLE.

A New Disciple of the Stephen Crane Decadent Cult.

Stephen Crane, the novelist, who recently has attracted the attention of the highest literary circles in England as well as at home, was unheard of until he published a few lines which are utterly incomprehensible to the average reader about "the chatter of a death demon in the tree tops."

No sooner did he put into print stuff which no one could understand than he immediately sprang into prominence as the leader of a new cult, the American apostle of poetical decadence.

And now Crane's laurels are insecure. Out from the far west comes a pupil of Joaquin Miller, who sings like this:

Mystic spring of vapor,  
Opiate odor of colors,  
Alas, I'm not all of me!  
Wanton fragrance, dewy dim,  
Curl out from my drowsy soul,  
Wrapping mists about its breast.

I dwell alone,  
Like one eyed star,  
In frightened, darkness, willow threads.  
In world of moan  
My soul is stagnant dawn—  
Dawn; alas, dawn my soul is!  
Ah, dawn—close fringed curtain  
Of night is stealing up—God,  
Demon, light,  
Darkness, oh!

Desert of no more I want—  
World of silence, bodiless sadness tenanted  
stillness.

The Philistine, which first permitted Mr. Crane's "death demon" to "chatter to the tree tops," also introduces this new decadent—or decaying—literary puzzle. If this be poetry, give us more verse. A single line from Riley, Stanton or McGaffey is worth incoherently more than all the "opiate odors of colors" and "death demons" that a diseased imagination ever conceived or a degenerate publication ever foisted upon a very tired public.—Frank S. Pixley in Chicago Times-Herald.

## A REAL SANTA CLAUS.

He Is a Postmaster in Iowa, Who Sent Presents to All Who Asked.

A year ago Postmaster Edward H. Hunter of Des Moines received a letter from a poor little girl addressed "Santa Claus" and telling of her wants, which consisted of a doll for herself and a pair of mittens for her little brother. She said her father was dead, and her mother could not buy any presents.

The case was looked up and found to be genuine. Mr. Hunter thought there must be others. So he raised some money, hunted them out and had Christmas presents sent to over 200 children.

He repeated it on a larger scale this year. The carrier looked up the worthy cases and delivered presents Christmas eve and morning. Several hundred dollars have been subscribed by business men for the purpose. Scores of letters were received from poor children, telling what they desired Santa Claus to bring them.

## Experienced Kentucky Woman's Choice.

The Paris News tells of a queer character who for a number of years has been an inmate of the Bourbon county infirmary. "She is 75 years old, is now living with her seventh husband and has changed her religion five times. As the widow of her sixth husband she was entitled to a pension, and application for the bounty was quickly followed by a request for a permit to take out herself husband No. 7, who is blind. Being advised that the marriage would invalidate her pension claim, she was told to choose between a pension and a husband. She meditated a moment and replied: 'I don't know the value of a pension, but I do know a husband's value. Gimme the husband.'"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## LI MIGHT BE EMPEROR?

Discontented Masses in Southern China Ready to Make Him Their Ruler.

Latest advices from China state that the new viceroy is bitterly hated by the masses. Large quantities of arms and ammunition are said to be pouring into the Kwangtung and Kwangsi provinces through every available channel, and the viceroy is reported to be very uneasy because he has reason to believe that secret societies are very active throughout southern China.

It appears, in fact, that there is every prospect of the masses rising in the southern provinces in the near future, and in such a determined manner that the insurrection will not be easily suppressed.

It is a step like this that would lead to the overthrow of the present Chinese dynasty, and all that is needed is for Li Hung Chang to declare in their favor to lead to his being emperor of China.—New York Journal.

## Settled For All Time.

In answer to a correspondent I would say that the proper way to pronounce the name Li Hung Chang is Lee Hung Chang. His family name is Li, and when addressed he should be called Earl Li. General Weyler's name is pronounced Way-ler, and Maceo is May-say-o.—William E. Curtis in Chicago Record.

## BRYAN AND HIS BOOK

IN LITERATURE, AS IN POLITICS, HE IS A BUSY MAN.

A Peep Into His Workshop—Mrs. Bryan Sits on One Side of the Table, He on the Other—His Book Coming on Slowly. Story of His Daily Life.

William J. Bryan is engaged just at present in writing a book. He is the literary man just now, not the orator, and there is a difference. Bryan in his workshop looks the literary man—the literary man that you read about, the man whose thoughts run to his ink well rather than to his coat. Bryan has not had his hair cut for some time. It is not heavy on the top of his head, but about his ears it falls very long, with a manifest tendency to curl. His face takes to itself the darkening shades of an ambitious beard in a single day, but he does not take time to shave every day. William J. Bryan is a working-man just now—not that this is anything new, for he is one of those people so peculiarly constituted that he seems to enjoy work. During the late campaign Bryan's smile became famous. Many thought that it was only a candidate's affectation, but they were wrong. Bryan's campaign smile was not a campaign storm coat, to be thrown off after the rain, it was simply—William J. Bryan. He smiles all alone in his library over columns of uncorrected proof.

During the campaign Bryan underwent a strain that no other candidate for the office of president had ever undergone before. "He worked himself out until the carpers all said that he would collapse, and then, when he did not break down, they said that if he was defeated he would never rally from the shock. Bryan was defeated, but there was no collapse. It is doubtful if he ever lost a moment's sleep. It certainly did not cast him down or detract anything from his great capacity for work."

Western people do not expect to live in the same house forever, and therefore they do not care so much whether they are built to last for a lifetime or not. The Bryan homestead is a "boom" house, such as every western town knows—built not to shelter half a dozen generations, but built to shelter a western family until it gets ready to move into a better house—and none too good, not even the house that is painted white.

The flat prairie town, the muddy streets, the very western house and the children's dog all fade from the memory when one enters the workshop of the Bryan home and the doors are drawn, and the interest centers only in the man to whom millions have listened surrounded only by the stage settings of his own den. This man Bryan does not change much under any surroundings, however. He is too honestly candid for that. You think that you are going to discover him as he is, and you find that you only discover him as you knew he was. He has on an old velvet smoking jacket and a three days' beard, and when, after you are seated, he throws himself into his work chair behind a pile of books and papers and says, "Here is where I like best to be," you know that he is speaking the truth.

The book will be called "The First Battle." It will be a history of the first great battle for free silver by the general himself. The book will contain Bryan's speeches during the campaign, an account of his wonderful campaign journeys and also Bryan's ideas as to the battles for free silver which are to come as well as the historical account of the one which is passed. It will also contain an account of his life, written by Mrs. Bryan, and the letters of acceptance of the other candidates and all the principal historical facts of the last campaign. It will in all the years that are to come be one of the most important historical documents of this country.

"I am working harder now than I did during the campaign," said he—"that is, it is more wearing upon me. I start in to work as soon as I get my breakfast, and I work until 10:30 at night. I never go down town—I don't know whether you had better mention that or not, but I never do—because, if I do, you know, I meet so many people, and they want to shake hands and talk, and I cannot spare the time. Now and then I take a short walk, but I do not get out of the house much. I stay right here, and there is no place I feel so contented as shut right up here in this room. Mrs. Bryan, you see, has her seat right across the desk, and it is here that I can enjoy myself."

The room in which Mr. Bryan is living all the time he is not asleep at the present time is not a large room. It is well lighted and is so packed that it seems cozy. A large, square, flat desk occupies the center of the room, and at this desk Mr. and Mrs. Bryan sit opposite each other to do their literary work. The walls of the room are lined with bookshelves, and of this library Bryan is very proud.

"I want you to look at my books," was one of the first things he said to me after he had welcomed me to his den. He pointed them all out before he had finished. Not one of the books had beautiful and elaborate bindings; as far as I was able to discover not one of them was a present. They were simply the books Bryan and his wife had bought since the day they were married to read and study. It was a complete library only in one thing—it contained the speeches of almost all the famous orators, from the man who gargled a pebble in his mouth down to the present time. It is evident that there was no prejudice in the selection of these volumes, for "The Speeches and Public Documents of Grover Cleveland" had a place of honor between the speeches of Cicero and those of Wendell Phillips.

"Not much light literature in all this," I remarked. "Where are the novels?" "Well, there are Dickens and Thackeray," said Bryan. "You could not call them light literature perhaps, but they are our favorite novels. I guess they are about all the novels we have."

This plural pronoun is something peculiar to this man Bryan. He and his wife seem so closely connected in habits and tastes and so constantly in each other's minds that he says "we" where all the 999,999 men out of 1,000,000 would say "I."

Bryan had expected that his book—or, if you follow out his plural ideas, "their" book—would be ready by the first of the year, but he does not think now that he can have it ready by that time. "It is a bigger thing, when you get into it, than it seemed before," said he. "New ideas keep occurring to you after you get settled to the work, and you find it necessary to depart from your original ideas. Then this thing of going over all the speeches is a great work." He grabbed up a pile of pasted clippings off his desk—printed speeches—which he had been carefully going over, cutting out the applause and looking for repetitions. "I have to hunt out all the abbreviations," said he, "and put in the 'do nots' for the 'dons'."

You see, and there is a good deal of work about it. But what do you think of my pictures?"

Bryan's pictures are on a par with his library. Fronting him as he sits at his desk are engravings of Jefferson, Washington and Lincoln. Over the fireplace is that old familiar picture of Clay, with his arms stretched out in a most unnatural position, addressing the United States senate. Then all around the walls are pictures of Douglas, Calhoun, Webster and all the other famous orators. A man could hardly be confined in the room for an hour without getting the orator itch. But these things are not affectations with Bryan—he loves the memory of the orators, because he loves oratory.

Bryan disclaims any descriptive powers, but at the same time he has literary ambitions beyond those to be realized by an account of a political campaign, such as he is at present preparing. I did not know that I was asking such a leading question when I said, "But you intend to do other writing than this, do you not?" Bryan has no artifice about him, and yet he has an idea that it is not a good thing to talk too much for publication. He hesitated, and then said, "Well, yes, perhaps; but please excuse me if I do not care to discuss such a matter at this time." Later he laughed, and said: "Now, in writing about me, say as little as possible. You newspaper correspondents can do that, because you can work in so much descriptive. That is why I would never make a newspaper correspondent. I am no hand at descriptive writing. I have to content myself with a statement of facts and ideas."

Bryan has great hopes for the book he is preparing. It will undoubtedly have one of the largest sales ever known. About the lecture business he is not so confident. "Don't say much about that," said he, "I don't know how I will like it yet. I don't know how long the lecture tour will last, and, although I am doing some work upon it at odd times, I do not care to announce the subject of my lecture as yet."

In his library, among his books, surrounded by the pictures of the great orators—among which future generations will place his own—Bryan, for all his pleasant smiles and winning ways, is a wonderfully earnest man—earnest, very much in earnest about everything, but there is still a great deal of boyishness about him.—Kansas City Times.

## A BOY AND AN ORANGE.

Laurence Hutton Tells How He Succumbed to a Temptation in His Youth.

The boy was taught, from the earliest awakening of his reasoning powers, that truth was to be told and to be respected and that nothing was more wicked or more ungentlemanly than a broken promise. He learned very early to do as he was told and not to do, under any consideration, what he had said he would not do. Upon this last point he was strictly conscientious, although once, literally, he "beat about the bush." His Aunt Margaret, always devoted to plants and to flowers, had, on the back stoop of his grandfather's house, a little grove of orange and lemon trees in pots. Some one of these was usually in fruit or in flower, and the fruit to the boy was a great temptation. He was very fond of oranges, and it seemed to him that a "homemade" orange, which he had never tasted, must be much better than a grocer's orange, as homemade cake was certainly preferable even to the wonderful cakes made by the professional Mrs. Milderberger.

He watched those little green oranges from day to day as they gradually grew big and yellow in the sun. He promised faithfully that he would not pick any, but he had a notion that some of them might drop off. He never shook the trees, because he said he would not. But he shook the stoop, and he hung about the bush, which he was too honest to beat. One unusually tempting orange, which he had known from its budhood, finally overcame him. He did not pick it off, he did not shake it off. He compromised with his conscience by lying flat on his back and biting off a piece of it. It was not a very good action, nor was it a good orange, and for that reason, perhaps, he went home immediately and told on himself. He told his mother. He did not tell his Aunt Margaret.

His mother did not seem to be as much shocked at his conduct as he was. But in her own quaint way she gave him to understand that promises were not made to be cracked any more than they were made to be broken—that he had been false to himself in heart, if not in deed, and that he must go back and make it "all right" with his Aunt Margaret. She did not seem to be very much shocked either; he could not tell why. But they punished the boy. They made him eat the rest of the orange.

He lost all subsequent interest in that tropical glade, and he has never cared much for domestic oranges since.—"A Boy I Knew," by Laurence Hutton, in St. Nicholas.