

THE BAD BOY

The bad boy climbs the cherry tree. And eats, and when he's done Throws cherries at the birds and breaks The limbs off just for fun;

The bad boy cuts the hammock ropes And spoils the flower-bed, And watches for a chance to push The good boy from the shed;

The bad boy gets the smaller boys To run away to swim, And while they splash around their clothes Are tied in knots by him;

The bad boy likes to torture dogs, He ties things to their tails, And what you don't want fastened down He hammers full of nails;

The bad boy breaks his mother's heart And makes his father sad; Sometimes he changes, but too oft Keeps right on being bad;

The bad boy likes to torture dogs, He ties things to their tails, And what you don't want fastened down He hammers full of nails;

A SHADOW BARRIER.

Alva had always known that David had been engaged before, but his love had been too satisfying, and she had been too happy to think very much about the matter.

When he asked Alva to marry him David told her of his previous engagement, and there the subject rested. Alva had been proud to be too honorable to question him; indeed, she was not conscious of any desire to do so.

But one evening, as they sat in the cozy window seat in the library, watching the sunset colors change and glow, there came to Alva the woman's instinct to probe the heart of the man she loves, and lay bare all its secrets.

"Do you love me, dear?" she began, moving closer to run her fingers through David's hair. "Indeed I do, my darling."

"Better than you ever loved anyone before?" "Yes, dear."

"That other woman—the one you were engaged to first—did you love her?" "Of course, or I shouldn't have asked her to marry me."

Alva's hand dropped to her side, and the man took it and held it in a strong clasp. "It seems odd," mused Alva. "I suppose you sat by her side and held her hand just as you are holding mine now. Did you make the same pretty speeches you do to me, I wonder?"

"Certainly not," replied David, gently. "No man ever makes love to two women in quite the same way."

"No; men are too adaptable for that," said Alva, but there was no malice in her voice; and David, glancing at her quickly, saw that she did not realize how deep the truth of her remark lay.

"Isn't that red sky gorgeous?" he asked, after a moment. "In a little while it will be the faintest pink."

"It's wonderful," said Alva. "Do you know, dear, that you never told me which one of you broke that engagement?" "Didn't I, dear?"

"No," said Alva, "but don't tell me if you would rather not," she added softly. "Somehow I felt sure that you did."

"Yes," David said, "you are right. I broke it."

"Yes, dear, you made me forget," said David in the same tone. "See how fast the pink is fading!" he continued. "It is just as well I could not get you that ball gown, I guess. I am afraid the color wouldn't wash."

Once Alva would have retorted gayly that people didn't wash ball gowns, but now she gave his hand a tiny pressure and said: "It must have hurt you dreadfully to be treated so. Are you sure the hurt is all gone?"

David returned the pressure, but he did not speak at once. Alva looked up at him, but the light was growing dim, and she could scarcely see his face.

"It still hurts a little, dear," he said slowly, "not because I have any regrets, but I feel a resentment because of the way I was treated. I shall get over even that in time, but now it makes me angry to think of it. I love you dearly—better than I ever thought I could love any one, but a blighted trust must always leave a scar, I suppose."

"Poor darling!" Alva's free hand went to David's head and ran lingeringly through his curls and across his forehead. With a caressing emotion her fingers touched first his cheeks and then his eyes.

Suddenly she felt something wet against her hand. Her body grew tense, and her arm dropped to her side as though she had been stung.

David had said that the other woman was nothing to him now, but—that tear in his eye! Slowly Alva drew her hand from his clasp, but he did not seem to notice. Presently she shivered, and he felt the motion.

"What is the matter, dear?" he said. "Are you cold? Shall I close the window? See, the pink is only a dull gray now."

"No, I am not cold," said Alva, wearily. All the brightness seemed to have gone out of her life; it had changed from gorgeous crimson to a dull gray while the sunset faded. Her heart ached, and her head throbbed. She wanted to be alone—to think it over.

"I have a headache, dear," she said aloud. "I think if you will excuse me I will go to bed. Perhaps it will be better by morning."

"I hope so, darling," answered her lover, adding in a whisper: "I am sorry. I'll go now," he continued, "and to-morrow afternoon I'll come and take you for a drive."

"Thank you, dear," said Alva, but the face she lifted to his was unresponsive to his kiss.

"Why, your hands are cold!" cried David. "How thoughtless I was to let you sit so long beside that open window! These evenings are cool. But I was watching the sunset and did not think."

Alva sighed. It was not the sunset that made him forget, she thought. All night Alva lay awake, staring into darkness. When daylight came she got up and wrote the following letter to her lover:

DEAR DAVID—I am sorry—I did not mean to hurt you last night. I did not suppose it could hurt you to talk of her. But it did, dear, and so although you do not know it, you must care for her still. If you did not love her, the thought of her could not bring tears to your eyes.

I am going to break our engagement, dear, for I love you too well to have even a memory between us. Ah, you don't know how it hurt me when I saw that you did not want to talk of her. Had I shown tact, I would have changed the subject, but I could not do it.

And I should always be wanting to talk of her to see if it still hurt you. It will be easier to endure the agony of separation than to go through life with this awful ache in my heart, and feeling that I have not power to heal a hurt that any one else could cause you.

Do not try to see me, dear. You cannot alter my decision, and you will only make things harder for me. To think of you is almost more than I can bear, and yet I must go on thinking of you, always. Good-by, dear, and God bless you.

After this letter was sent, Alva took up her life as if it were something that must be got through with somehow. A week passed without bringing any sign from David, but on the eighth day a letter came. Alva clutched it to her heart with a fierce eagerness. She had not known how hard it would be to let him go out of her life. Tremblingly she broke the seal and read the letter.

dear, you are too young. But try to believe me, and do not send me away from you. I have said that I would not plead with you, but I do plead, dear. You can do what no one has ever been able to do; you can make me forget my pride.

I know how you love me. Your letter told me that, as well as of your pain. I am sorry for the hurt, dear. I understand. But, if you send me away now, some day when you are older and have learned the difference between the troubles that are shadows and the cares that must be faced and fought, you will be very, very lonely.

Better the joy of love, dear, than the pain of loneliness. The messenger is to wait for an answer. Will you not say, "Come?"

"Cry away, dear, it will do you good," said David an hour later. Alva had said "come," but on seeing him she had burst into a passion of tears. The sudden release from the tension of the past week was too much for her self-control.

"I don't know why I am crying, I am sure," she said, "for I am glad—oh, so glad! I found out that I could not live without you."—Ina Brevort in the Ledger Monthly.

RESPECTED HIS OWN RULE. Why Andrew Carnegie Refused a Position to His Friend.

The conspicuous part played by the Carnegie Steel Company in recent years calls attention to an important condition that has helped to bring about the wonderful development of this concern.

The company is probably the only one in the world in which "influence" and "pull" are not permitted to affect promotions. A hard and fast rule is laid down that all promotions must come from the ranks, and that everybody in the employ of the concern must stand on his own merits.

Neither relationship nor any other claim is recognized, either in obtaining employment or in getting ahead after a place is won. That this is not mere idle talk was forcibly brought home the other day to a Pittsburgher, says the Saturday Evening Post.

This man, after a successful business career, recently met with a series of commercial reverses that left him practically without a dollar in the world. There was, however, nothing to reflect on his probity or on his business acumen, his misfortunes being due to circumstances over which he had no control.

As he was in excellent health, looking and feeling at least ten years younger than he really was, the disaster did not break his spirit. He determined that he would begin all over again, and make a new fortune. As a preliminary, he went to Andrew Carnegie, whom he had known intimately all his life, having been with him a member of the Duquesne Club and of other organizations.

He explained his situation and asked for a position in the works commensurate with his position and training. "I cannot give you a position," said Mr. Carnegie.

"You cannot—why?" "Simply because I haven't the power." "But you are the chief owner."

"Yes, I am, but it is a rule in the Carnegie Company that everybody must begin at the bottom and work up, and neither I nor anyone else can change that rule. If I should give an order to put you in such a position as you ask, even if there was a vacancy, no attention would be paid to it—not the slightest. In fact, if I should give you any sort of a letter of recommendation it would only do you more harm than good.

In the first place, it would not get you a place such as you ask, and in the second place, if you did succeed in getting in at the bottom, the very fact that I had recommended you would make everybody in the establishment watch you like a hawk. That is the way influence works in our concern."

The Pittsburgher went away and got work elsewhere, but he regrets that he did not start earlier in life in an enterprise where merit is so absolutely the test. Whether the same rule will be maintained under the great consolidation is a question that interests many people.

The American Youth's Love of Action. To the American youth the greatest attraction is a life of action, and to him the comparatively stagnant life which, in these modern times, the army officer or the university professor must live is not especially attractive.

The very essence of the American is his love of action and his dissatisfaction in a life of stagnation. A life of action may take a score of different directions to the young man in our republic who has high ambitions and high intelligence; it is the demands of commerce and industry which offer the greatest attractiveness.

These promise to give the greatest power and honor, and these lines of industry have in recent years been drawing toward themselves more and more the whole energies of the best minds, the most ambitious natures of the youth of the American republic. As a result, the bright American youths are drawn to the lines of intense activity involved in the general term Industrial.

DISSEMINATING SLANG.

CLICKING A NEW WORD FROM CITY TO CITY.

Slang Travels Faster Than Steam Because it is Telegraphed to Chums by Operators—Ingenious Explanation of the Origin of a Phrase—Wit by Wire.

It is a curious fact that "slang travels faster than steam." This is vaguely ascribed to the telegraph and the operators, but no one save the operators seems to know how quickly catch phrases are made to fly from city to city. All things center in the telegraph offices; to them go all sorts of people—theatrical folk, "horsey" men, commercial travellers, men about town, messengers, receiving clerks, and, in smaller cities, even the operators hear and are quick to "pick up" the "latest" phrases and catch-words, such as will lend themselves to interjection between the messages handled on a busy wire.

Telegraph offices are busy places, and those working in them must needs condense their humor into the smallest possible space or go without it; hence telegraphic wit is generally confined to crisp things that come out with a click, and are so edged with sarcasm as to reach hundreds of miles to the man at the other end of the wire.

One somewhat vulgar word, "bug-house," originated in a telegraph office, and had a surprisingly quick popularity. On a busy morning, the first wire of a telegraph company between New York and Baltimore "went out of balance." In other words, the delicate currents traversing it encountered a resistance great enough to cause them to cease intelligibly to actuate the multiplex instruments connected with it.

The insect's wet body formed a connection, and the current traversed it as readily as it would have a metal plug placed in the hole; therefore many hundred ohms too much resistance was thrown across the path of the passing currents. Hence the resistance box "had a bug," which created "wire trouble." This information was repeated to New York when the wire started again.

The story was told about the metropolitan office, discussed and commented upon, and a new slang word came into being, one just suited to telegraphic uses. Variations were settled upon within fifteen minutes, and the new bit of slang was sent flying over the country in every direction, as the poor wit of the operators found opportunity to use it.

Soon after I was assigned to the St. Louis wire. I knew the man in the Missouri city personally, and we were much given to joking with each other. I was ready to pass the new word on to him when occasion offered, but before the opportunity came a difference of opinion arose between us over the matter of a newspaper special then passing between us.

At an interesting point in the controversy my distant friend calmly clicked off the opinion that I was "bug-house." "Where did you get hold of that?" I asked. He said, "The man on the Cincinnati wire just yelled it at me."

So Baltimore had passed the new slang to Cincinnati. St. Louis got it next, and probably passed it to Ogden, and Ogden sent it flying to the Pacific Coast. Chicago had it from Cincinnati, and passed it to the Northwest. St. Louis clicked it to New Orleans and the Southwest. It could, travelling at the rate it maintained in the first fifteen minutes of its life, have traversed the United States and Canada within an hour.

The operators passed it to the clerks in each office, the clerks to the messenger boys, and the boys bore it into every nook and corner of their respective cities. The next day the smaller cities had the new idiom, with variations; next the small towns and rural communities received it; in a week it was worn threadbare.—G. G., in the New York Post.

Philosophy of Simon Frost. Children are wise men hadn't oughter speak till they're spoken to. The biggest pods ain't always got the most beans in 'em. Blood's thicker 'n' water, an' sometimes it gits so thick that it's stagnant.

There's them that likes to laugh at a man fer bein' poor, but nobody's fooled into believin' they ain't mighty poor themselves, specially in manners. There's always some hope left for the feller that can look ye square in the eye. A feller that makes friends too easy ain't generally the kind that keeps 'em long.

CHLOROFORMING INCURABLES.

A Sall into the Seas of the Future "Advanced Civilization."

The civilization of to-day has not been ground to that razor-edged keenness when the painless putting to their final sleep of incurables would be justified," said a well known Washington alienist to a Star reporter.

"But it does not follow that the civilization of 1,000 years hence may not be such that the power of the state over the lives and property of its citizens will extend to that extent. I will take two recent instances as a basis for my remarks: "First, the passage of a bill by the Legislature of Minnesota, which prohibits the marriage of imbeciles and persons afflicted with one or two other mental and physical diseases of serious nature.

The purpose of such a bill is open to discussion, and certain of its features are worthy of strong commendation, but its practical workings are nullified because such couples may cross the border into another State and be legally married. To become an effective measure of protection the law would have to be universal in the respective States.

The progeny of a single couple of degenerates and paupers have been traced to their various ramifications through several generations, and out of over 1,000 descendants 95 per cent. have become paupers, thieves, convicts, murderers, persons of ill-repute and charges upon the public in one form or another, male and female alike. Students of this interesting social question have made other compilations of degenerate families with equally authentic and startling results.

"The power of the State to legislate for the protection of the majority against the acts of the minority is undisputed, and is exemplified in many ways, notably in arresting law breakers and confining them in prisons, the control and restraint of lunatics, and the seizing and isolation of smallpox patients.

In the advanced civilization of future centuries this power will have been greatly extended, and will, no doubt, place an iron-bound restriction upon the marriage of persons in undesirable mental and physical condition with the object of the benefit of mankind in general.

"The second instance is the humane disposition of incurables. It is called to my mind by the case of a woman in Bellevue Hospital in New York, who has been bed-ridden from paralysis for forty years. "This woman is practically dead, and has been so from the beginning of her affliction, for we cannot truthfully and accurately say during her life. Her brain is alive, but her body and nervous system are substantially dead. In the advance of civilization of which I speak such a subject would probably be chloroformed or otherwise humanely disposed of in the same light of humanitarian motives which is manifested to-day in the shooting of a horse with a broken leg 'to put it out of its misery.'"

"Of course, in this country, such an act would properly be considered barbarous and murderous, and so it would be, but 1,000 years hence incurables of this type may be looked upon in the light of the injured horse of to-day. A horse's broken leg may be set, but it would cost more time and money than the horse is worth when sound, and a stiff-legged horse is valueless, but he would live if cared for. It is the same with the human body when it becomes worthless by reason of disease. The advanced civilizationists would reason that life within such a body would bear a relative value to that of the horse of to-day.

"While I will admit that the second proposition may be considered radical and inhuman, the first one is the one which commands the attention of the advanced deep thinkers of to-day. I believe that the time is not far distant when some real and concerted attempt will be made to prevent the spreading of degeneracy, pauperism, disease and crime by striking at the very root of the evil either by the isolation of or the prevention of control of the marriage of such persons.

"How or the manner in which it is to be accomplished is the problem which will have to be solved."

Tenacity of Racial Instincts. The white rat in comparison with wild congener is somewhat less vigorous and hardy (especially does not endure cold or hunger so well), and has sloughed off some of the timidity and suspiciousness of the wild rat; on the other hand, his senses, with the exception of sight, are as keen, his characteristic rat traits are as persistent, and his adaptability is as considerable.

In view of the many generations of luxurious idleness of the white rat, this profound and enduring nature of specific psychic traits is striking. A pertinent illustration was furnished by a young rat that escaped from his cage and was loose about the laboratory for several days. He had just been weaned when the accident occurred. Food was rather scarce and he got hungry. Finally one morning he found his way into the chicken pen, and in less than two minutes had killed two chickens, and was upon the third when discovered. The chickens were three times as large as himself. The killing was done by biting through the throat of the victim, and was as neatly and deftly executed as if the executioner were an old hand.

The importance of this illustration lies in the fact that this is exactly the method of killing employed by rats. The only possible preparation in his experience this pygmy could have had for such serious business must have been in play with his fellows. This, at best, was of slight importance, as he had reached the playing age but a few days before.—W. S. Small, in American Journal of Psychology.

Spain's New Navy. Spain had only one battleship left at the end of the recent war. She is now building six new war vessels.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

General Trade Conditions.

New York (Special).—R. G. Dun & Co.'s "Weekly Review of Trade" says: "Anxiety regarding unfavorable possibilities in the future rather than any actual present misfortune depressed securities and caused cancellation of some orders for merchandise by Western dealers. Retail distribution of goods will not be curtailed by the labor controversy unless it is of long duration, as the men have saved money during the recent period of full employment at high wages.

Beyond advancing prices of steel sheets and depressing the market for tin, quotations have not been affected by the strike of the Amalgamated Association.

Woolen mills are more generally active than at any time this year, orders for heavy-weight goods arriving in large numbers. The light-weight season will soon open, and although it is expected that concessions of from 5 to 10 per cent. from last year's prices will be made, there is prospect of profitable operation unless the raw material should advance.

Stability of prices seems assured in the footwear industry. The firm tone is sustained by the steadiness of leather and buyers are not seeking concessions. Bradstreet's says:

Wheat, including our shipments for the week aggregate 5,221,800 bushels, against 5,016,149 bushels last week, 3,620,381 in the corresponding week of 1900, 3,408,073 in 1899 and 2,333,459 in 1898. From July 1 to date shipments aggregate 12,762,455, as against 7,871,849 last season and 9,177,866 in 1899-1900. Corn exports for the week aggregate 1,714,081 bushels, against 2,800,738 last week, 4,182,159 in this week a year ago, 3,666,294 in 1899 and 2,822,728 in 1898. From July 1 to date exports aggregate 6,008,768 bushels, against 10,613,755 in the season of 1900-1901 and 10,951,433 in 1899-1900.

Business failures in the United States for the week were 208, as against 199 last week, 202 this week a year ago, 174 in 1899, 188 in 1898 and 220 in 1897.

LATEST QUOTATIONS.

Flour.—Best Patent, \$4.45-4.90; High Grade Extra, \$3.95-4.40; Minnesota bakers, \$2.80-3.00. Wheat.—New York, No. 2 red, 74 3/4c; Philadelphia, No. 2 red, 71 1/2c; Baltimore, 66 1/2c. Corn.—New York, No. 2, 54 1/2c; Philadelphia, No. 2, 54 1/2c; Baltimore, No. 2, 51 1/2c.

Oats.—New York, No. 2, 36 1/2c; Philadelphia, No. 2 white, 39 1/2c; Baltimore, No. 2 white, 37 1/2c. Rye.—New York, No. 2, 57c; Philadelphia, No. 2, 56c; Baltimore, No. 2, 51c. Green Fruits and Vegetables.—Onions, new, per half-bbl basket, 70-75c; Cabbage, native, per 100, Wakefield \$1.00-1.50. Corn, per dozen, 58c; do Eastern Shore, per doz, 68c. Cucumbers, Norfolk, per bushel, 80c-85c. String beans, per bus, green, 35-40c; wax, 35-40c. Squash, per basket, 35c.

Tomatoes, Florida, per 6-basket carrier, fancy, \$1.50-1.75; Norfolk, per 2-basket carrier, \$1.25-1.75; Anne Arundel, per basket, 85c-1.00. Apples, Eastern Shore, Md. and Va., per bbl, choice, \$1.50-2.00. Peaches, Md. and Va., per box, ordinary, 50-75c; Florida, per 6-basket carrier, \$1.25-1.50. Pears, Southern, per half-bbl basket, 40-75c. Blackberries, per qt, 34c. Raspberries, red, per pint, 34 1/2c. Huckleberries, 6-7c. Cantaloupes, North Carolina, per crate, \$1.00-1.50. Watermelons, Florida and Georgia, per 100, \$15.00-20.00.

Potatoes.—White, new, Norfolk, per bbl, No. 1, \$2.60-2.80; York river, per bbl, No. 1, \$2.40-2.60; Eastern Shore Md., per bbl, \$2.25-2.50; Eastern Shore Va., per bbl, \$2.40-2.60. Provisions.—Bulk shoulders, 8 1/2c; do short ribs, 9 1/2c; do clear sides, 9 1/2c; bacon rib sides, 10 1/2c; do clear sides, 10 1/2c; bacon shoulders, 9 1/2c; fat backs, 8 1/2c; sugar cured breasts, 13c; sugar cured shoulders, 9 1/2c. Hams—Small, 13 1/2c; large, 13c; smoked skinned hams, 13 1/2c; picnic hams, 9 1/2c. Lard—Best refined, pure, in tierces, 9 1/2c; in tubs, 9 1/2c per lb. Mess pork, per bbl, \$16.00. Live Poultry.—Hens, 11-11 1/2c; old roosters, each, 25-30c; spring chickens, 14-15c. Ducks, 7-8 1/2c. Spring ducks, 9-11c.

Hides.—Heavy steers, association and salters, late kill, 60 lbs and up, close section, 10 1/2-11 1/4c; cows and light steers, 9-9 1/2c.

Eggs.—Western Md. and Pa., per doz, 13 1/2c; Eastern Shore Md. and Va., per doz, 13 1/2c; Virginia, per doz, 13 1/2c; Western and West Virginia, per doz, 13 1/2c; Southern, per doz, 12 1/2-13c; guinea, per doz, 7c.

Dairy Products.—Butter—Elgin, 21c; separator extras, 20-21c; do, firsts, 19-20c; do, gathered cream, 18-20c; do, imitation, 17-18c; lard, extra, 15-17c; lard, first, 14-15c; choice Western rolls, 14-15c; fair to good, 13-14c; half-pound creamery, Md., Va. and Pa., 21-22c; do, rolls, 2-lb, do, 20c.

Cheese.—Large, 60 lbs, 9 1/2-10c; do, flats, 17 lbs, 9 1/2-10 1/2c; picnics, 23 lbs, 10 1/2-10 5/8c. Live Stock. Chicago.—Cattle—Good to prime steers, \$5.00-6.20; poor to medium, \$3.80-5.20; cows, \$2.70-4.75; heifers, \$2.35-4.00. Hogs—Mixed and butchers, \$5.70-6.00; good to choice heavy, \$5.00-6.10; rough heavy, \$5.00-5.85; light, \$5.65-5.90. Sheep steady to strong; lambs steady; good to choice wethers, \$3.90-4.50; fair to choice mixed, \$3.50-3.90; Western sheep, \$3.50-4.00; native lambs, \$3.25-4.00; Western lambs, \$3.75-5.00.

East Liberty, Pa.—Cattle steady; extra, \$5.85-6.00; prime, \$5.50-5.70; good, \$5.20-5.40. Hogs dull and lower; prime mediums and heavies, \$6.07-6.10; best Yorkers and pigs, \$6.05-6.07 1/2; common to fair Yorkers, \$6.00-6.05; skips, \$4.75-5.75; roughs, \$4.00-5.00. Sheep steady; best wethers, \$4.00-4.20; culls and common, \$1.50-2.50; yearlings, \$3.00-4.75; veal calves, \$7.00-7.50.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY. Parasols do not pass through several different "hands," as do dresses, but often are made from first to last by one worker. The making of one parasol provides a woman with work for the best part of a week, if it be a very special and beautiful one.

Two years ago there wasn't a sliver of fence on what is now Mr. Watson's 7000-acre farm. He bought seven quarter sections for \$35 apiece and accrued taxes. He had nine head of cattle then. He has 500 head now.