

FROM A CAR WINDOW.

The Panorama That Unfolds Itself in Going From Kansas City to Busy, Smoky Pueblo.

CIVILIZATION DWINDLES AWAY

Until All That Remains of the Far-Pamed Deserts of the Great West Breaks Upon the View.

CITIES TO BE FOUND ONLY ON MAPS.

Timber Becomes so Scarce That Trappers Are Hunted as Precious Beasts.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

DENVER, July 24.

AM to spend the summer in Colorado, and am stopping a few days in Denver, that bright, new city of dust and dry weather. I have been out here before.

Years ago I came to a crowded which, for restlessness, size and general incongruity, far other points can equal. Consumptive and capitalist, tramp and tourist, pauper and proprietor, drummers, denizens, emigrants and everything comprised within the classes of wealth-buffers and health-buffers, jog and jam each other with bags and baskets in the impatience of delay.

CIVILIZATION CREEPS ALONG THE RAILS. A dozen years ago only one route lay from here to Denver. Five through with different roads, all making about the same time, the trip may be accomplished. Civilization has crept out along the iron rails much

especially from the South, is Kansas City, whose Union depot you find through with a crowd which, for restlessness, size and general incongruity, far other points can equal. Consumptive and capitalist, tramp and tourist, pauper and proprietor, drummers, denizens, emigrants and everything comprised within the classes of wealth-buffers and health-buffers, jog and jam each other with bags and baskets in the impatience of delay.

From Kansas City its trains for the West bear off southwesterly through some of the richest rolling prairies of South-eastern Kansas. You can scarcely tell when you turn, except by consulting sun or compass, and one might imagine that he was still running east among the well-improved farms of Missouri. This is still true, and then certain narrowness of farms, houses, and briskness of village betrays the westward march, and later in the afternoon, you leave the well-kept farms behind, and the newer civilization is seen upon you. Still the houses look like homes, and a general air of well-to-do pervades the entire region.

Later, as you begin to leave the timber streaks along the prairie, you see a thin, shaly stone, which lies near the surface, and anon comes the post and three wires, enclosing only the necessary nature. And now at the very end of the road and looks square into the silver eye of the engine, the Kansas house has dwindled to a hut, with, perhaps, a box-elder gate-post in front, and a single window of golden grain fields and green maize plants still checker the prairie in a wild, neglected way, though the cereals were indigenous to this region.

WOOD GROVES PRECIOUS. To one from a wooded country the scarcity of timber seems distressing. You are reminded that at Kansas City you pocketed a lot of fawcett sticks which you have been breaking off in your teeth and sucking down your windpipe, and to add more to your misery they have grown heavy on your conscience. They have acquired a value in this respect that you never dreamed of, and had you a chance to barter with the border farmer you might mitigate your expenses considerably. So you spit out your toothpick and put the stick in your pocket, and your wood chewing propensities for fear that when the train stops for supper you might consume some squatter's entire improvement. A manager-squatter male would

manage everything; and to keep on managing it, I suppose, or else things would revert to their former condition. That's where the trouble comes in, of course. The reason for the law is the freedom of contract, how can you prevent the former condition of affairs coming into existence again? You know, after all, there is generally a reason for the institutions and social arrangements of any country; they don't spring out of nothing; they grow, and their growth is a necessity.

"Vincent Harris," said the young widow, solemnly. "I perceive the seeds of rabid Toryism beginning to sprout in your young mind. Wouldn't your father say that the reason for the law is the freedom of contract, how can you prevent the former condition of affairs coming into existence again? You know, after all, there is generally a reason for the institutions and social arrangements of any country; they don't spring out of nothing; they grow, and their growth is a necessity."

"No, sir, can you tell me?" asked the president.

"Yes, sir, God Almighty sends it to them just as they need it."

"I see," said the minister to me, "in the presence of this rough man's trust in you on speed. The engine smoke curls lower, now, in the light air; the wagon trails converge; the Pacific's tracks steal in among the hills, and you are in Pueblo, the Pittsburg of the West," all hazy with the smoke of manufacture and hazy with the hum of industry. Hence you may see years thereafter as they had been before, another investigation was made, resulting in the discovery that over 20 domestic concerns were buying spent and damaged tobacco, at least to the extent of \$100,000, and whose standing and much-advertised claim for patronage is "Absolute purity and the finest workmanship." The national government only takes notice of the fact that the adulterator is in a minority, and that our foods and drinks are good, fresh and wholesome nine times out of ten.

L. T. JERRYMAN.

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By her will a lady in Paris has left a sum which will produce about \$300 a year, to provide "real banquets" on the stage. Perhaps the only actor who has not been able to one-tenth its weight of ground pepper. Amusing to relate, when the wholesale grocers and spice dealers found out that the adulterator was in a minority, and that our foods and drinks are good, fresh and wholesome nine times out of ten.

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FOOD ADULTERATION.

A Ground Cinnamon That Was Made by Grinding Up Cigar Boxes.

COFFEE MADE OF SPLIT BEANS.

Pulverized Coconut Shells Doctored Up and Sold as Pepper.

COMMUNION WISE FIT FOR A SEWER.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

With all due respect to politicians and editors, we Americans have a very decent sort of a government, State and Federal, over our heads. It is clumsy and stupid, and if we believe what we hear and read, it does an incalculable amount of harm. On the other hand, it does a work of good.

And, strange to say, of this side of its career and conduct we hear and read little or nothing. Bread and butter are probably the most important elements in the life of every citizen. Our daily food is of greater importance than our annual suffrage, and in this field the Government has long been doing a quality and quantity of work that is admirable to the highest degree.

HONEST IN THEIR DISHONESTY. Sophisticated wines and liquors were formerly very common, but in late years have become very rare. One house in Hamburg and one in Bremen were long ago noted for a large business with the United States. They were quite honest in their dishonesty and spared the Government by announcing in their advertisements that they were selling "carbontated gooseberry," their old cognac flavored "potato spirit" or "industrial alcohol" and their benedictine "medicinal wine." The Government would not allow customers, knowing probably that the New World is far superior in this regard to the Old World. Barring brandy, which is a native product, the Government has to import imitations and adulterations. The false wines will no longer compete with the virtues of California, Ohio, Missouri and New York. The liquors have gone largely to the other side of the water, and the imitation cognac and brandy have fallen down on account, partly, of the excellence of American brandy and partly the increased popularity of rye and bourbon all over the land.

In spite of the cheapness and wholesomeness of our native wines, the officials occasionally indulge in the luxury. The New York Board of Health, for example, found a "vineyard" in the cellar of a hotel warehouse in the heart of the city. It consisted of the lot of old hogsheads in which the proprietor was fermenting damaged raisins and decayed currants, and rotting wine, after being bottled and corked, was sold as a brandy. The officers threw 10,000 gallons into the sewer and arrested the vendor.

THE CULPRIT'S NOVEL DEFENSE. His defense was novel, if not ludicrous. He said: "I am a gentleman and a Christian. That is, I am a gentleman and a Christian. And I wish it distinctly understood that it is respectable, because I sell it to a thousand churches for communion wine."

IN THE MANUFACTURE OF JELLIES, confectionery and bonbons the soul of the adulterator, run riot. A cheap crabapple jelly made in New York, but sold by the trade, generally contains a large quantity of sugar, sugar, cheap gelatin, oil of vitriol and vegetable coloring. It is sold as cheap as cents a glass and is said to cost less than 3 cents a glass. As an illustration of the adulteration, Arabian Delight and jubbe paste, which was once and all of which is still believed to be imported, nearly every bottle of it contains a quantity of arsenic. It is made from wholesome ingredients by powerful machinery. It contains nothing but sugar, water, and a little coloring. These are cheap and steam power is cheap. For this reason the falsifier of the past who used sugar and terra alba as cheap means of adulteration for several years thereafter as they had been before, another investigation was made, resulting in the discovery that over 20 domestic concerns were buying spent and damaged tobacco, at least to the extent of \$100,000, and whose standing and much-advertised claim for patronage is "Absolute purity and the finest workmanship." The national government only takes notice of the fact that the adulterator is in a minority, and that our foods and drinks are good, fresh and wholesome nine times out of ten.

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RIDING IN THE AIR.

The Two-Story Cars and Omnibuses Seen in European Cities.

A SUGGESTION FOR PITTSBURG.

Experience Has Relegated Stone Street Pavements to Oblivion.

CHEAP RIDING ACROSS THE SEA.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

PARIS, July 18.—I find in all Europe only one railroad improvement which American railroads should adopt. That is the two-story car. I find these two-story cars on suburban trains about Paris and on the Nikoll road, from St. Petersburg to Moscow. The capacity of the cars running from Paris to Versailles is doubled by this upper story. The view from the upper story is lovely. The upper story in the French cars is open like the Manhattan Beach cars, while in Russia, the upper story has big glass windows. A Kodak of the two-story French car is shown. The Russian car is the same with glass windows. It was a most charming trip—sailing down

through Russia in the air. It seemed like riding on the upper deck of a Mississippi steambot during the overflow. Away off over the steppes we could see the patient Moujik plowing in the fields.

These two-story cars would be splendid on suburban trains out of Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, New York and Chicago, and would be a perpetual delight to the thousands who crowd the Metropolitan Elevated Railway. The second story should be low, with big glass windows and well ventilated for smokers. The fare in the top story of these cars in Europe is usually lower than below, but in America the fare should be the same. The upper story in these cars is reached from outside steps, so that the entire train would be entered. By this improvement the elevated railway in New York could double its capacity and please everybody.

Everybody smokes on a Russian train—both ladies and gentlemen. They smoke the Laferre papiras, a paper cigarette. I should not say every one, for in one car, which seemed to be occupied by very old maids and spinsters, was this sign:

This Car for Ladies Who Don't Smoke.

The tobacco smoked is invariably Turkish, which is a tasteless mixture compared with fragrant Havana or American tobacco. Some of the wealthy and fastidious Russians are

A Disease Very Like the Human Form and Thought to be Contagious. Illustrated News of the World.

Lovers of cats are requested (in a polite way) by hygienic authorities to keep a strict lookout for the signs of the disease, for symptoms of a feline disease which is believed to possess a greater likeness to human diphtheria than is quite agreeable to consider or dwell upon. The human ailment and the cat trouble have occurred coincidentally or subsequently—sometimes the diphtheria has been traced to the cat, and vice versa. The subject is at present under investigation by Dr. Klein, working in the interest of the London Government Board, and all its progress will be reported as they are satisfactorily determined.

Enough, however, has been proved to teach us that the first appearance of sickness in cats should be carefully watched and isolated from contact with their households. Children especially are given to fondle and nurse cats, and in their case the warning just given applies with especial force. I have you been so radiating as we should be in the matter of the health of our domestic animals, and the latest information about the cat may serve to place us on our guard against a disease which may be regarded as a possible source of disease.

WOMEN IN THE COURTS. Belva Lockwood Thinks She Beats the Men Stating Up Judges and Jurors. Daughters of America.

While speaking recently to Mrs. Belva Lockwood of women in the professions, I mentioned the old objection that is commonly urged by the feminine lawyers, the plea of indelicacy.

"Since they must appear as prosecutors and witnesses, why not as attorneys?" she asked.

"Then you think the appearance of women in courts would purify the atmosphere?" she asked.

"I know it by my own experience."

"Have you found yourself ever tripped in any way by being a member of the gentler sex?" I asked her.

"No, on the contrary I have owed much of my success to that very thing. Having a woman's intuition, I have been able to measure more accurately to take the mental measurements of my judge and jurors, and unlike most women I know when I have said enough."

THE FISH WAS A FIGHTER. Carlson Performance in a Spawning Bed of Lone Stone Lake.

Some days, while wading and casting for bass in Lone Stone Lake, Wisconsin, I inadvertently stepped on the spawning bed of a rock bass or "goggle-eye," as they are sometimes called in the West, says a writer in Forest and Stream.

It was a most interesting sight, and a moment later came back at me and struck quite a severe blow on my leg as I stood in the water. I stood quiet, and the little creature—it was only about a half or three-quarters of a pound in weight—ran at my leg again and again, bunting quite furiously with its head. The whole demeanor of the fish was one of great anger. As the water cleared I could see it very plainly, and it could see me as well, but it showed no signs of moving off, and evidently meant fight. I stepped away from its nest. I had unfortunately trodden upon it, and its possession was abandoned the light.

HE DOESN'T ATTEND TO LITTLE MATTERS and The Cowie Jonathan Does.

There is a wide difference between the London druggists and ours, says Julian Ralph in Harper's Weekly. There is no such craze for patent medicines there as here, and there is nothing like the American inclination for every man to be his own

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doctor. An English druggist sells face powder, cologne, soap, tooth brushes, patent pills and the like; but his main business is putting up prescriptions. He has no clientele of men who drop in for a little aromatic spirit of ammonia after a night of dissipation, or for some phosphoric acid to be used as a tonic, or for tincture of iron and so many grains of quinine, or a glass of Calisaya for a tonic, or a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to offset too hearty a meal. All that which so enriches our druggists is unknown in England. The Americans in London last summer found this out to their cost. One of them told me that he had been asked to procure a quantity of quinine. He asked a druggist for a draught of iron and quinine.

"Oh, we can't give you that without a prescription, you know," the man replied.

The American persisted, but the druggist was firm.

"Well, can you give me an ounce of tincture of iron?"

"Yes, sir."

"And two two-grain quinine pills?"

"Yes, sir."

Having all these things the American dropped a dozen drops of iron in the water, and took that and the pellets down with a gulp. The druggist looked on with keen interest, and then said, very gravely:

"Do you know, I call that very neat. It is very neat, indeed."

READING FROM THE LIPS. Facts in regard to a remarkable power that can be developed by the lips.

Lip-reading is not quite a new thing. The idea is mentioned in Bede. About 1740 a German and a Frenchman corresponded in Latin on the subject and came to the conclusion that the deaf could be taught to exercise the power of speech by watching the movements of the vocal organs. Children are much readier in learning than adults. Some children can begin as early as 5 years old; with others 7 is too young.

At Ealing College, England, there was a little fellow—a brother, I believe, of Mr. Cyril Flower, M. P.—born deaf, who was remarkable for his power of lip-reading. "Lip-read" anybody. Another pupil, a nephew of Lord Holland, learned much more quickly.

By close observation the pupils have to imitate the movements of the teacher's lips, tongue and teeth in producing certain sounds. Thus the deaf learn to speak by seeing instead of hearing. Many adults who have become deaf learn lip-reading, of course, in order to follow a conversation by the eye instead of by the ear. With them the best method is to read from a book and let them repeat the words by seeing and imitating the movements of the teacher's vocal organs. As a rule deaf-mutes learn lip-reading more quickly than those who have become deaf, because of their observation is exceptionally well developed.

NOT USED IN ENGLAND. A Few American Words That Make the Englishman Blink.

I had an experience all my own in Lock & Co.'s hat store, in St. James street. The aged proprietor displays ancient helmets and caps in his window, which is kept scrupulously dusty. Noting this, I said: "This must be a very old store, indeed."

"Store," said the man. "It's no store at all; it's a shop, sir. I call a store a place for the sale of a miscellaneous lot of goods; but this is a shop, sir. You ought to be more careful in your use of terms."

He had been trained for a brilliant political career; his father was a very rich and given to socialistic ideas. Vin is still studying and finds an excuse in the interruptions at his father's house to secure a suite of rooms just across the street from his home. He has an aunt who is just now busy improving him with the important matter of securing an American wife for himself. At his home he is greatly amused by his father's tales on the violin, and straightway he secures a piano on which he answers her plaintive notes. This at last leads to a formal introduction of the young people.

CHAPTER IV. STALLED OX AND A DINNER OF HERBS. On this particular evening, as it happened, Vin Harris had promised to dine at home; for his aunt was returning to Brighton on the following day; and there was to be a little farewell banquet given in her honor. Of course aunt and nephew sat together; Mrs. Ellison had arranged that; knowing that at these semi-political dinners parties the company was frequently a trifling mixed, she took care that one on side at least should have a pleasant neighbor. And indeed when the guests had taken their places—there were about 20 in all—the table presented a pretty sight. From end to end it was a mass of flowers; at intervals there were pyramids of ice, draped with roses, blue-red and yellow; but the candles in the tall chandeliers were not lit—the soft, tinted globes of the electric lights shed a sufficient and diffused light. It was a sumptuous entertainment; and yet there prevailed an air of elegance and refinement. When soup was served, it was not the aldermanic

get away from that other and dangerous topic; and whether or not he believed in her innocent desire for knowledge, he began to discourse on the possibility of universal human happiness being reached by a voluntary equality in the distribution of the products of labor.

"Voluntary, do you see, aunt?—that is the very essence of the scheme," he rambled on, while she appeared to be listening gravely. "Thompson will have nothing to do with force; he himself points out that if you once bring in force to redress the inequalities of wealth, you leave it open for every succeeding majority to employ the same means, so that industry would be annihilated; the capitalists would not lend, the workers would not work. No, it is all to be done by mutual consent. Those who have wealth at present are not to be disturbed; what they have amassed is but a trifle compared with what the millions can produce; and it is this product of universal co-operation that is to constitute the real wealth of the world. Well! I suppose it is only a dream," he proceeded. "On the other hand, there is generally a reason for the institutions and social arrangements of any country; they don't spring out of nothing; they grow, and their growth is a necessity."

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