WONDERS OF THE QUEEN'S DOMAIN

Something About the Wonderful Grain Fields of Manitoba.

WHERE MARVEL FOLLOWS MARVEL

Wheat Yielding Fifty-three Bushels to the Acre and Weighing Sixty-four Pounds to the Bushel Is No Exception in This Fertile Red River Valley.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

Brandon, N. W. T., Sept. 15.—Regina, though the capital of the Northwest Territories, with a population of 2,500, would hardly get justice done it by the general run of travelers, for it has no special beauty of situation to recommend it. Its striking feature is loneliness and immensity. The country surrounding it for about twenty-five miles is known as the "Regina plain," and while it looks barren and desolate, it is said to contain some of the best soil to be found in the dominion for growing wheat. It is a clay loam, often black in color, not less than two feet, and often fifteen feet deep. In wet weather it is very sticky, and inclined to cake on the surface. This treeless plain extends westward as far as the "Dirt Hills," which is the northward extension of the great Missouri coteau, as seen rising on the horizon in a dark blue line.

As we travel eastward we find ourselves coursing over an apparently boundless tract of undulating, swelling, and flower-scented prairie, our vision only limited by the horizon, which plays deceptive tricks. Despite the rate we are traveling, we seem to be no farther advanced on our journey today than we were yesterday; the stations are so similar, so uniform in distance and style, and each stretch of prairie is so much like the one that follows it, it is difficult to realize from the features of the landscape that the train is making any headway. Still, there is a fascination rather than monotony in this remarkable prairie ride.

After leaving this capital town, in sixteen miles we stop at Balgonie, where is another of the Canadian experimental farms devoted chiefly to grain growing—for we are soon to enter the great wheat-growing districts, Qu'Appelle, Indian Head, and Brandon. Since leaving Regina, we have been traveling on an up grade, instead of a level plain, rising 200 feet in twenty-five miles, and in eight miles additional, we are 375 feet higher than when we left the great Regina plains.

IN THE WHEAT BELT.

Qu'Appelle is a vigorous new town of 1,000 population situated amidst small bluffs of light timber. It is a supply and shipping point for a large section of country and the supply depot for the Qu'Appelle Indian agency. There are several Indian reservations in this vicinity and an important Catholic Indian mission and school established by the Jesuits in the fifties under the care of Father Lacombe. Here are two hundred Indian children varying in age from ten to eighteen years. The boys are taught a trade and the girls sewing, knitting and household work, and thoroughly fitted, many of them, for domestic servants. It is said these Indian children show great excellence in writing as compared with the whites.

Two miles west of the town is St. John's college governed by the Bishop of the Diocese. Here the pupils are taught farming, the premium charged being from fifty to one hundred pounds a year. At the farm connected with the college, stock of every description is kept. Near at hand is the Edgerly estate of 14,000 acres. This is an old post of the Hudson Bay company. Fort Qu Appelle is situated a few miles distant on the "Fishing Lakes," six in number in all about twenty miles long, with an average width of one mile; they extend along the valley for twenty miles. Not only is good fishing found here, but good "chicken" shooting all along the river and valley.

The land during the next ten miles to Indian Herd is a rolling prairie, dotted with bluffs and the soil is black loam and clay subsoil, the road traversing several large wheat farms—the Canadian Alliance farm, the Sunbeam farm, these being portions of Lord Brassey's colony, also the great "Bell Farm" which embraces one hundred square miles of land or 64,000 acres. The town of Indian Head itself lies within the farm boundaries. This farm is a veritable manufactory of wheat. Here the work is done with an almost military organization, ploughing by brigades and reaping by divisions. Here wheat is cultivated on the same stupendous scale as on the famous Dalrymple and other bonanza farms we visited in North Dakota, along the line of the Northern Pacific railway.

LARGE SCALE FARMING.

Think of a farm where the furrows are ordinarily four miles long and also of a country where such a thing is possible. To plow one furrow outward and return is a half day's work for a man and a team. This farm was laid out in 1882, by Major Bell, at which time he was 200 miles from the nearest railroad station. Here are 6,500 acres devoted to wheat which produce from thirty to thirty-four bushels of wheat to the acre. Major Bell claims that wheat can be raised here with profit at twenty-five to thirty cents per bushel, the yield varying in different seasons about ten per cent. The neat square stone cottages of the farm laborer, and the immense barns and collection of other buildings about the headquarters near the railroad station, make a respectable village, there being also a church, a hotel, a flour mill, and of course, a grain elevator. As we rode along, harvesting was being done by the regular staff of laborers, increased by various Indians. At the Experimental farm here are numerous belts of young trees, which were planted and sown round the farm three years ago and are growing so rapidly as soon to afford complete shelter. The growth of the belts of timber throughout the prairie cannot be too much encouraged. Beside taking away the bleak appearance of some parts, it helps materially to equalize the climate.

A fifty mile run brings us to Broadview, a railroad divisional point situated at the head of "Weed Lake," with a population of 600. Near here is a reservation of Cree Indians, who visit the station on the arrival of trains, the braves being under the care of the mounted police. Here the squaws sell polished buffalo horns, millions of which are said to be bleaching on the prairies. The Indians color these horns black by some secret process and polish them until they shine, and then mount them in various forms, an art yet undiscovered by the white man.

GOOD GAME PRESERVES.

In the next 131 miles to Brandon we cross a rolling or undulating prairie, dotted with fifteen stations and occupied by prosperous farmers, of which these thriving villages at frequent intervals bear evidence. Their prosperity is particularly noticable as we approach the district of Manitoba, which we enter after leaving Fleming, 75 miles west of Brandon, joining the district of Assiniboia which lies along the American border. The railway buildings at these stations are uniform, consisting of an attractive station house for passengers and freight, a great round water tank, cottages for the section men, and the never ending grain elevators; tall, solid structures always telling the same story.

All the way from Broadview to Brandon ponds and underbrush are frequent, and afford excellent opportunities for sport. Here water fowl and prairie chicken are specially abundant, and some prairie hens, and an occasional prairie wolf. Every minute or two we see broods of chickens rising from the grass startled by the passing train, while ducks, wild geese and cranes and also the great white pelican are seen. Sportsmen drop off at these various stations.

All along during the day the alkaline lakes glisten like snow in the sunlight. Alkali exists in the surface soil in places through the prairies and we see either dry beds of soda or ponds of water with broad white alkali borders.

In reading over the game laws, we find that the Canadians are under similar restrictions as are our American sportsmen. It is a closed season in Manitoba from January 1 to October 1 for elk, deer, moose, caribou, reindeer, antelopes or their fawns. From December 1 to September 15, for all kinds of grouse, including prairie chickens, pheasants and partridges, and from May 15 to October 1, the bear, sable, muskrat, and several other animals. No description of game can at any season be hunted or shot, or caught on Sunday. Every person not a resident of Manitoba must pay $25 for a license to hunt game, but the guest of any resident may have a three days' permit without charge. In the Northwest territory, elk, moose, and caribou deer are restricted for six months and under no circumstances can any one person kill more than six head in one season. The building of the Canadian Pacific railroad has driven all big game into the interior and hunters to have what they call a "sure thing" must penetrate the primeval forests northwards.

BRANDON TOWN.

Brandon is beautifully situated on high ground at the crossing of the Assiniboine river, and is the market town for an extensive country north and south. It is only thirteen years old, but has a population of 6,000 and is the second city in importance in Manitoba and between Vancouver and Winnipeg. It is well laid out with excellent paved streets and has many handsome buildings. It is the distributing market for an extensive and well settled grain country. In fact, it is the largest grain market in Manitoba. It has five grain elevators, besides flouring and sawmills. The grain elevators have a capacity of 310,000 bushels. It is, too, a divisional point and also an important railroad center north and south. From here is a complete network of the Canadian Pacific branches, extending along the international boundary above Dakota, and leading to the fertile districts of the Souris river, and coal district to Estevan, on the Soo Pacific line, which connects the Canadian Northwest with the Middle and Northwestern states of the Union. It is also the western terminus of the Manitoba division of the Northern Pacific railway. At Brandon the standard time changes from Mountain to Central time, which is one hour earlier as we go east.

Here is another experimental farm under the care of Dominion officials. The amount of good that these experimental farms are doing throughout the Dominion is incalculable; not only at the present time, but in years to come, the results obtained from them will be seen and appreciated. In so extensive a domain, soils of different qualities are to be met with and the experiments made and results obtained enable the new settler to start in understandingly, selecting the variety of seed best adapted for his particular soil as previously ascertained by experienced agriculturalists. Here in this deep, black soil is grown the "Hard Red Fyfe" wheat, the most famous of all the varieties of wheat. Every endeavor is made to obtain a wheat equal in quality to "Red Fyfe," which will ripen earlier. Many early varieties have been obtained, but they do not come up to the standard of Red Fyfe. Over two hundred varieties of wheat alone are being tested, besides, about as many of oats, barley, rye, and Indian corn. Think of this! Fodder corn was grown here last year yielding twenty-five tons to the acre. Aside from monstrous yields of oats, rye, barley and flax, gigantic potatoes, and almost everything that can be grown in a temperate climate are here produced in the greatest yields and perfection without an appreciable drain upon the soil. Fertilizers are not utilized on the great wheat fields of the northwest. From the Brandon experimental farm this spring 50,000 young trees were distributed to farmers throughout the country in lots of one hundred. To the prospects of Brandon no one can set limits, for a vast and most extraordinary fertile country is tributary to it.

ON THE WAY.

Proceeding on our journey eastward, the horizon only limits the view and as far as the eye can reach on either side the prairie is dotted with newly made farms, with great black squares, where the sod has just been turned by the plough, or with fields of grain, grain stacks, and farm houses, or with the short, sweet prairie grass, studded with brilliant flowers which cover the land on both sides of the train as with a carpet ever changing in color, that has never been cropped.

We passed several wheat fields where the cutting was finished and threshing was in progress, the click of the binder being heard on all sides. Some of this wheat was in perfect condition, well and handsomely stacked. In some fields the wheat was in a damp condition, owing to the stacks being badly built and unthatched, and in other fields the standing wheat was so lodged as to be impossible to cut it with the reaper, and it was thereupon suffering from over-ripeness and want of attention and help to gather it. An interesting sight, never before witnessed by us, was for a hundred miles the thousands upon thousands of stacks, as far as the eye could see, of wheat in all condtions ready for threshing and shipment. Owing to the enormous increase over last year's yield (say some thirty per cent.), there was a lack of help to gather it and the farmers were then sending calls for men, and according to the Winnipeg morning papers, some five thousand people passed through the city westward, over the Central Pacific railway this autumn to gather the "waving grain." Well may Consul Taylor say, in speaking of the wheat fields of Manitoba, "The future wheat area of this continent lies north of the international boundary line between the United States and Canada."

THE TOPOGRAPHY.

In describing the topography of this country—the Dominion side of the "Continental Divide"—we must say "up south and down north." The reader should bear in mind that from this divide, or water shed, the waters flow northward and downward into the Hudson Bay and Arctic Ocean. The drainage of the "Red River Valley" runs northward and downward. This valley, once a great ocean bed, commences with Fargo in the United States and extends northward to Winnipeg, and hundreds of miles further northward, growing broader and broader with each mile. The farther north we go, or lower down the Hudson's Bay valley we reach, the black soil, or mould, the organic vegetable deposit becomes heavier and deeper as the area becomes wider. It is safe to say that were the population of this province of Manitoba as dense as is that of Dakota and Minnesota, in the production of cereals, Manitoba, with its broadened area, would excel either of those states. Already with a population of 200,000 souls, including only 24,000 individual farmers, Manitoba has this year raised sixty millions bushels of wheat, half of which is the noted Red Fyfe.

Wheat is being raised a thousand miles north in Peace River county, a tributary of the great McKenzie river in Lat. 55 degrees, 5 minutes north. We were shown grain in the office of C. N. Bell, secretary of the Grain and Produce Exchange, Winnipeg, that was sown in Peace River county on May 2, and harvested on August 29, yielding thirty-four bushels an acre and weighing sixty-four pounds to the bushel or six pounds higher than the standard. According to the government report, Manitoba wheat will average twenty-seven bushels of hard wheat to the acre, practically free from smut. The seasons here are so short that the seed is sown when frost is in the ground or only enough frost is out to receive the kernel, which is often sowed through puddles of water and furrows soaked with it, consequently, the roots are kept moist all summer and little rain is needed, the hot sun bringing out the crop quickly. One Boissevain farmer got 2,276 bushels of wheat from forty-three acres, or 53 bushels an acre and his oats yielded one hundred and thirteen bushels per acre. On the Manitoba penitentiary farm, the wheat averaged forty bushels and oats sixty bushels per acre.

The reader can have but little conception of the beauty of the country through which we are passing with its fields of golden grain portions of it standing and ready for the sickle; others being cut and made ready for the binders; others again being placed in shocks for curing, preparatory to being stacked and housed; and others again leading in huge loads to the stock yards; the whole presenting a scene of rural animation which is rarely seen, and must be seen to be appreciated. The longer we roam among these seas of ripened grain, the more we are impressed with the fact that this region, already a great wheat mart, is destined to become the chief granary of the world. But we are told "the half has not been told" and further discoveries may appear next week.

J. E. Richmond.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Coquelin is a millionaire.
Frank Daniels is 36 years old.
The Vatican contains a theater.
Klaw and Erlanger employ 400 players.
New York has three Jewish theaters.
"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is in Rome.
Not one of the Bostonians is a Bostonian.
Sandow is the happy father of a daughter.
Bernhardt has been photographed 1,000 times.
Comic opera is the bill at seven New York theaters.
Bernhardt will act Magdalen in Bovio's "Christ."
"A Crown of Thorns" has not made a hit in London.
C. W. Couldfock has joined Wilton Lackaye's company.
"Mignon" has been given 1,100 performances in London.
James B. Mackie will be seen in "Little Jack Horner."
Audran's new operetta is entitled "Monsier Lohengrin."
Laura Burt claims that she employed a valet two years ago.
Ebyn Plympton will be seen in Keith's vaudeville theaters.
Frederick Paulding is reciting in the houses of New York's "400."
"Arizona Joe" has been played by an English company eighteen years.
Anthony Hope's "Heart of the Princess Osra" is to be dramatized.
Arthur Nikisch is the best paid of all European conductors—$15,000 a year.
Ada Rehan played Lady Gay Spanker in "London Assurance" last week.
Dr. Neitzel declares that the Germans are the most musical nation in the world.
Jessie Bonstelle, Joseph Dowling and Myra Davis will be seen in "The Great Northwest."
Louisville has never seen Duse, Tree, Willard, Nethersole, Hare, Coquelin or Mounet-Sully.
In Italy there are more theaters in proportion to population than in any other country.
Adelina Patti is to sing at Nice the leading part in Gaston Pollonais' new opera, "Dolores."
De Koven and Smith's "Mandarin" was given at Edinburgh, Scotland, for copyright purposes.
Victor Herbert has submitted an opera to the Bostonians. They did the "Bohemian Girl" in New York last week.
Gustave Salvini, the second son of Tomass Salvini, has been acting at Naples with great success in "The Merchant of Venice."
Mrs. Potter will be seen here in "Joseph of Canaan," a play that was turned down by England's play censor. Bellew will act the title role.
"The Tiber's Refused" is a Rome attraction. The "refused" are the drowned which the river rejects and throws up on its shores.
The cast of Klaw and Erlanger's production of "Jack and the Beanstalk" embraces Donnelly and Girard, Hollins sisters and Madge Lessing.
The only theater in the country that has a tailor shop is B. F. Keith's new theater in Boston. One hundred and fifteen attaches are employed here the year round, and three tailors are kept busy keeping their uniforms in perfect repair.
The English Lord Chamberlain has declined to license E. Vivian Edmonds' "For Faith and Freedom," or any other play about the Armenian troubles.
In Stanislaus Stange's comedy Andrew Mack will play Dan of Ballyhara. Not an Englishman in the cast. Etange is writing an opera for Jeff De Angelis.
At the Neustadter theater, Dresden, and in many great German theaters, music between the acts will be discontinued with the beginning of the new season.
Maggie Mitchell appeared in public again last week at New York, but not on the theatrical stage. She was a witness at Coroner Hoeber's inquest into the cause of the death of John Connors.

THE FOUR KNIGHTS.

The moon came up in the misty east,
while the sky was red in the west,
When out of the dusk, across the moor,
four horsemen rode abreast;
Rising before them remote and dim they
saw the towers of the town,
Over them, out of the peaceful sky, the
solemn stars looked down.
For many days they had traveled far together and traveled fast,
Together eaten, together drank, through
peril and danger passed;
But now, beyond where the river flowed,
they saw their paths divide,
And each to his journey's end alone
through the lonesome night must ride.
One was as fair as a woman, and sat with
an easy grace,
The long, bright locks of his yellow hair
blowing across his face;
The light laugh broke from his smiling
lips and snatches of merry song,
While he beside him complaining sighed
that the way was dull and long.
One had the face of a soldier, bronzed by
the wind and rain,
And a moody manner that he had learned
in battle and long campaign;
His dark eyes under his helmet shone
with a feverish, restless light,
And his stern, fixed gaze as he onward
rode turned neither to left nor right.
One seemed silently bearing a burden of
secret care,
His head was bowed and his eyes downcast and he muttered a broken
prayer;
The glory of sky was not for him, the
light of the earth was gone,
And he heeded not how the hours slipped
by through the desolate night or
dawn.
But one looked up with a thoughtful
glance and his eager pulses thrilled
To the joy, and the hope, and the sweet
content with which his world was
filled.
He read the secrets the growing things to
common ears withhold;
The whispering leaves and the rustling
grass to him were stories told;
In the faintest voice from the wayside
hedge, and the song of the soaring
bird,
In the murmuring river and babbling
brook a magical music heard.
One rode into the silent East to meet the
golden day,
A faithful heart and a gentle hand were
waiting him far away;
The hand would serve and the heart be
true,
Though the tenderest friends grow cold—
No fear of the future his fond faith
marred, for love cannot grow old.
And one rode into the West, where the
sky the carnage of battle veiled,
The hot blood leaped to his swarthy cheek
and his stout heart never quailed,
Though he in the gloom of another night
should lie on the trampled sand,
Dead on his shield, with a broken sword
clutched in his icy hand.
And one rode into the barren North as a
fugitive flees from Fate,
By a rocky path, up a mountain side and
into castle gate;
No fagot blazed on the blackened hearth,
and the air was damp and chill,
The halls that his vassals had crowded
once were empty and dark and still;
Through the oriel window's painted panes
he saw the dim light fall
O'er faded banners and armor old that
covered the mold'ring wall;
Lost were the treasures too lightly held,
the honors of knightly fame,
The pomp and the splendor that compass kings and the power of the ancient name.
But one heard far in the sunlit south the
murmur of surging seas,
The low, faint sighing of perfumed winds
through blossoming orange trees;
So he rode away to the sumer land and
rode in its bourgeoning bowers,
And the songs he sang to the sad earth's
heart were as sweet as its fadeless
flowers.
The Beautiful clad in shining robes beside him stood with Truth,
And under the shadows of waving palms
he found the Fountain of Youth.

—Mary H. Krout.

CUTE TRICKS OF THE POLITICIANS

Some of the Devices by Which They Win Votes.

GOVERNOR BRADLEY'S OVERCOAT

It Is an Old Greasy Garment Which Catches the Poor--Senator Call's Famous Ripped Trousers--Tom Carter and His High Hat--Other Tricks in a Campaign.

From the Philadelphia Times.

A few years ago when D. R. Francis, leader of the gold forces in Missouri, was a candidate for governor of his state, the Republicans put forward "Nick" Ford, a long, lank backwoodsman. I was on the floor of the Merchants' Exchange in St. Louis, when Candidate Ford made a speech from the rostrum. His lank figure, his cadaverous face and his general bucolic appearance aroused the brokers and merchants to much quiet merriment. They nudged each other and chuckled under their breath and winked and in many other ways showed their contempt for Candidate Ford. Perhaps the fact that Candidate Francis had been a trader on the exchange for many years influenced the judgment of the members. But the bucolic Ford came within a comparatively small vote of carrying Missouri, and the Republican managers of that campaign have said ever since that if the national committee had given them a little money and a few speakers, they could have carried the state for a Republican candidate for the first time since reconstruction days.

Senator Cockrell, one of the leading figures of the Democratic convention, retains his popularity in Missouri largely through his simplicity and his genial manner to all who come to Washington from his state. The senator is just as plain and simple today as he was when he first came to Washington from Warrensburg. But campaign simplicity is not all natural. Much of it is assumed for the purpose of making votes among the farmers and laborers. That the plain people have no sympathy with wealth and display was indicated plainly enough by the feeling aroused twelve years ago by the "Belshazzar feast" given to James G. Blaine, which many people still think cost him the election. At least it cost Mr. Blaine a great many votes all over the country, and particularly in New York state.

BRADLEY'S OVERCOAT.

Many are the devices adopted by candidates and their friends to cajole the farmer or laborer voters. The friends of Governor Bradley, of Kentucky, believe his success in the last election was due in a great measure to an ancient overcoat which he wore when he was stumping the state. This overcoat, which was hopelessly dilapidated, Mr. Bradley displayed as an evidence that he was not an aristocrat. The ingenuous mountaineers saw in the grease-stained garment proof positive that Bradley was one of "the people," and they voted for him in such numbers that he was elected—the first Republican governor ever chosen in Kentucky. It is hardly necessary to say that this overcoat is not the one which Mr. Bradley wears when he is not campaigning. It is simply one of his political "properties." He keeps it at the executive mansion, however, for use in emergencies.

Mr. Bradley's campaign device was by no means new. It is practiced in some form in almost all the western states and in some of the southern ones. Few newspaper readers have forgotten the sockless ness of Simpson, Jerry Simpson, of Kansas. It was exaggerated in some of the newspaper stories about him, but there is no doubt he made his best point when he made a point with the farmer Populists of his district of the fact that he wore no socks.

I wonder how his constituents would have felt if they could have been with me not long after the meeting of congress and seen their sockless representative returning from the launching of one of the vessels of the new navy at Philadelphia. The simple Kansan was sitting in one of the cars of a special train of the Pennsylvania railroad drinking champagne and eating sweetbreads, all at the expense of the Cramp shipbuilding firm. It was not long after his initiation into Washington ways before Mr. Simpson was riding a bicycle. I believe he never aspired to belong to the "smart set," but he certainly learned to wear socks and a great many things less practical.

SECRET OF CALL'S SUCCESS.

Senator Call, of Florida, has been going to the senate steadily since 1879 and no one understands just why. Perhaps an incident of his campaigning explains it. Mr. Call goes out among the common people when he is a candidate for re-election. He travels about the state, stopping over night at the cabins of the natives. He wears a pair of trousers in which there is a large rent. Arriving at the cabin of the planter Mr. Call talks politics with the owner, discusses crops and inquires after the children. Presently he is invited to stay to tea and to spend the night. The Senator always accepts, and as he is about to go to bed he says to his host: "I've a bad rip in this pair of pants. Will your good wife put a few stitches in it for me?"

Of course, the good wife is overcome with the honor of mending the trousers of a United States senator. She sits up for an hour darning the rent until it can hardly be seen. The Senator is profuse in his thanks when he comes down in the trousers next morning.

Waiting till he is at a safe distance from the cabin the Senator takes out his knife and rips open the trousers where they have been darned so carefully. He is ready now for the next native with whom he will spend the night. And so the trousers are mended all over the State of Florida. Mr. Call may not know so much about the Constitution as he thinks he does, but he is well informed about the characteristics of the people of his State.

Mr. Ransom, now Minister to Mexico, kept his place in the affections of the people of North Carolina by flattery, and so extended his term in the Senate to twenty-four years. I am inclined to believe his defeat finally was due less to the political revolution in his State than to a consciousness of his insincerity which had been growing with his people for many years. When I was in North Carolina a few years ago I heard a god many people speak of Mr. Ransom, not unkindly, as an "old fraud." But to the people in the back country his insincerity was not so apparent. Whenever one of these went to Washington and received attentions at the Senator's hands he returned to his home a confirmed Ransom man. The Senator always showed everyone of his constituents the most marked consideration. Other Senators, who knew the amiable weaknesses of Mr. Ransom, used to stop good naturedly when they saw the Senator from North Carolina talking with a backwoods friend. Then the backwoodsman would be introduced to the other Senator (with whose name no doubt he was familiar) as "one of our leadin' citizens," and his bosom would swell with pride at the distinction. A quiet smile lurking about Mr. Ransom's lips left you always in doubt whether he was in earnest or not. But sincere or insincere, Mr. Ransom was liked by almost all who knew him in the Senate; and his appointment to the Mexican Mission was made at the request of Senators without regard to party.

Mr. Ransom wore about Washington at all times a slouched hat of black felt—the typical headgear of the Southerner. He wore it because it was comfortable and he never felt the need of conforming to Eastern prejudice and wearing the high silk hat which was affected by most of his colleagues. Most of the Western and Southern members of Congress are converts to the silk hat habit and some ludicrous results are to be seen about the streets of Washington and the hotel corridors of New York. Senator Tom Carter, of Montana, lately the chairman af the Republican national committee, wears a silk hat in the East, but he returns to the black slouch when he is among his own people. Montana would not like to believe that "Tom Carter had become a dude;" and to the frontier mind foppery is indexed by the silk hat. Some years ago a newspaper man met Marcus Turelius Smith, delegate to Congress from Arizona, wearing a silk hat and puffing away at a cigarette. "Smith," said the correspondent, "I'm going to write a letter for a Western paper describing your appearance on Pennsylvania avenue, wearing a silk hat and smoking a cigarette. Do you think your constituents will take these things as an evidence of mental or moral perversion?"

"My boy," said Delegate Smith, "you may say what you please about the cigarette. The Mexicans down my way smoke them all the time and no one thinks anything of that. But as you love me ignore this high hat. If the people of Arizona thought I wore a thing like this in the East they would retire me to private life at the next election—or sooner."

He was not in jest, either. It would be a pretty serious thing for some men to be caught by their constituents wearing silk hats. Mr. Reagan, of Texas, once postmaster general of the Confederacy, then a United States senator, and now railroad commissioner of the state of Texas, used to tell on himself how he wore a silk hat unthinkingly into a Texas town. He always carried his slouch hat with him and when he reached the borders of the state of Texas he put on the soft hat and consigned the silk hat to a box. On one occasion he forgot all about the soft hat and went sailing into his home town with the silk hat on his head. Mrs. Reagan saw the hat just as the senator climbed into his carriage. She snatched it from his head and thrust it under the carriage seat. So the senator drove home without a hat. But he always thought Mrs. Reagan saved his political life by her presence of mind.

JERRY RUSK'S TRICK.

The late Secretary Rusk was a great man to get out among the people. He had been one of them and he could cooper a barrel as well as drive a stage coach. He told me once that he could foretell the result of an election with almost absolute accuracy because he made it a habit when he was in Wisconsin to sit around country stores, whittling and swapping stories with the farmers. There was no better barometer of public feeling just before election, he said, than the farmer. He told me after Harrison's defeat that he had expected the result because he found the farmers were against the Republican party in that election. Mr. Rusk always made a personal canvass when he was a candidate for office in Wisconsin.

Baby kissing was the specialty of the late Representative O'Neill, of Pennsylvania; and that has been from time immemorial a strong factor in election contests. Mr. O'Neill kept up a constant correspondence with his constituents. He knew everyone in his district by name and could address him on sight. Colonel Morrison, of Illinois, who was considered at one time a likely candidate for the Democratic nomination this year, told me some time after he had been retired from Congress in favor of Jehu Baker that he would not go back to Congress again unless he could have assurance of a longer term. He said it wore him out to be campaigning constantly and that if he wanted to be elected he had to be doing campaign work all the time he was not attending to Congressional duties at Washington.

What makes for popularity more than baby kissing or sockless ness is a good memory for faces. Mr. Blaine had a remarkable memory. So has Mr. Harrison. Major McKinley seldom forgets a face. One of his young fellow townsmen told me at Canton not long ago that one cause of the Major's great popularity in that community was his unaffected cordiality toward all, and the fact that, however long his absence from his old home, he always seemed to remember even the most casual of his acquaintances there.

Indications.

Caller—Is Mr. Swigham at home, madam?

Madam—I have a suspicion that he is.

Caller—A suspicion! Don't yu know?

Madam—Not definitely, but if you will go to the café on the corner you can find out; that seems to be the only place where he is really at home.—Boston Courier.

Lucky Adam.

Wraggles—Well, Adam was a lucky man.

Barker—In what particular way?

Wraggles—He didn't have to prance around the garden like a blamed idiot holding Eve on a hundred-dollar bike.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.