Active Service

A BOMB exploded on the breakfast table of Captain and Mrs. Caraway, just as Mrs. Caraway was pouring boiling water upon the Indian tea.

"Jane!" cried the old gentleman; "I'm called out! They want me at the depot."

"George! it's impossible! Oh, they can never be so cruel."

"They want me immediately," he made answer. And then his wife burst into tears.

You see, Captain Caraway was in the carpet slipper period of life. He had never been a keen soldier, and with his twelve years of service accomplished, and his pension attained, the gentle-souled little man had lain by his uniform and retired into civil life with a glad heart. On his pension and a small income enjoyed by Mrs. Caraway, the worthy couple had lived for many years on the outskirts of London, going regularly to church on Sunday and tending their garden and three Persian cats during the week. He envied no general his fame, never abused the war office, belonged to no military club, and looked back on his soldiering as the majority of undergraduates look back on their school days. That he should ever buckle on his armor again was the last thought that ever entered the captain's placid mind.

Now, while Mrs. Caraway dreaded the breaking up of the home more than anything else, Captain Caraway, it must be confessed, viewed the order from the war office in other lights as well. To go back to barracks meant to him a return of bullying, or, at any rate, to what schoolboys call "ragging." His colonel, a man named Watt, he remembered distinctly as a fine, dashing major, who loved to make him the butt of messroom witticisms. If, then, he had been ragged by the major in those faraway days of his early manhood, how much more would he find himself chaffed and teased now that he was in middle life and less like a soldier than ever? Thoughts of this kind gnawed at Captain Caraway's heart, but he kept them from his wife.

Mrs. Caraway was a fine, bustling woman. Her first grief over, the good woman insisted on making the old uniform do, and herself let it out where necessary, arranging for belts and sashes to hide the trail of her needle. "We must save as much as possible," she said, when her husband hinted that Watt was always very particular about kit.

Then the day came for Captain Caraway to depart. As he kissed his wife thoughts of all she had been to him, all she had grown to mean to him, surged tumultuously into his heart.

"What shall I do without my pretty Jane?" he cried.

"Take care of yourself," she answered, "and remember to see that your servant airs your shirts and underclothing. Oh, George, promise me," she went on, "that you will change your boots and socks whenever you have been out in the rain?"

"I promise," he said, a little hoarsely.

"Then it will soon be over," said she, cheerfully, "and you will come back safe and sound. I wrote last night to the colonel, asking him to see that your bed was aired——"

"Jane!" he shrieked in horror.

"Dear George. What is it?"

"You don't mean to say you asked the colonel to air my bed?"

"Of course I did. Now, none of your ridiculous nonsense about military etiquette. I wrote secretly, because I knew you would be sure to raise some trifling objection of that kind. Your life, my dear, is much too precious for me to stand on ceremony in things of this kind. Good-bye, George, good-bye, and promise that you will change your boots——"

And so he departed from London.

It was sunset when he arrived at the country station and hailed a fly. The train was late, and with a three miles' drive before him he was fearful of arriving late for mess. Never did milksop entering school for the first time suffer greater torments than did poor Caraway during that drive. The thought that his wife had asked the colonel—the colonel!—to air his bed caused the poor fellow infinite anguish. He pictured to himself the fate in front of him. The colonel would meet him on the steps of the quarters with carpet slippers and a tumbler of warm milk. The other men would be grinning at the colonel's side, and saying over and over again: "Are you quite sure, sir, that you've aired Captain Caraway's bed?" And his servant would be in the background witnessing his humiliation. The mess waiters would have heard the colonel roaring over his wife's fatal letter that very morning at breakfast, and now all the men in barracks would be making merry at his expense. But worse than forfeiting his company's respect was the prospect of being baited by the young sprigs of subalterns. What would they say to him? What would they do to him? A cold wind blew across the darkening fields. The sun's last beams flickered behind the chimneys of a manufacturing town in the distance. Captain Caraway shivered.

He began to remember different points in the landscape, the trees in the hedges, the bends of the road. A few minutes more, and the dust stained fly would turn sharp to the left, jolt up a narrow lane, and then—the red brick barracks? He pulled out his watch and shivered again. It was 8 o'clock; he had fifteen minutes in dress for dinner!

The fly turned the corner, crawled slowly up the lane, and presently rattled slowly over cobblestones through the barrack gates. The sentry, a smooth-faced boy, looked up at the captain, but did not salute. The barrack square seemed empty. Outside the officers' quarters, a dull, cheerless red brick building, a civilian was lounging. When the fly stopped he approached and touched his forehead. "Captain Caraway?" said he. "Yes," said our hero. "I'm Private Moore, sir, and I'm told to be your servant. You've got ten minutes to dress in, sir."

Captain Caraway followed his servant meekly up the steps, and climbed with him the echoing wooden stairs. Full as his mind was of apprehension, he yet had room there for thoughts of his home and the girl he had left behind him. Ah! how greatly to be desired was that little snug villa, with its thick carpets, its pretty curtains and the three comfortable Persian cats! He looked about him, and his heart grew sick. Here was his room. Moore had returned to the fly for his luggage, and he stood alone to a big, bare, hideous apartment; a few seedy old wicker chairs and a dull deal table occupied the larger half of this room, while on the other side of the partition was an untidy dressing table, a miserable wash-stand and a bed. The bed! He took a step forward, his mouth open, his eyes staring from their sockets. The bed! There on the pillow, peeping wickedly out of the sheets, was the handle of a warming pan. A warming pan! Poor Caraway moved hurriedly across the room, and thrust his hand between the bedclothes. They were warm, horribly, vilely warm.

When Moore returned he was prepared for the worst. While the soldier knelt over his boxes, he undressed with a swiftness that surprised himself, plunged his face into warm water and dried it on towels that were warm, too. After all, thought he, it can only be for a few weeks, and I shall soon be back again with Jane and the cats. But his heart was aching very badly when he hurried down the steps and passed out into the open on his way to the mess. When he opened the door of the anteroom his agony of mind was intense.

"Caraway," said a voice he seemed to remember, and the next minute he was shaking hands with the colonel. "I'm very glad to see you again, my dear fellow. Eh, what? We're a very dull party here, a very dull party, but you mustn't mind that. Er what? You must speak up when you talk to me; I'm as deaf as a post—can't hear a single word. Let me introduce you to Major Bullen. D'you remember Bullen? After your time, I think. Eh, what?" A very fat old man with two stout walking sticks in his hands extricated himself from the depths of an armchair and hobbled over to Caraway.

"Very pleased to meet you," he wheezed. "Fear you'll find us a bit dull after town. The colonel's deaf and I'm lame. Gout. Anything the matter with you?"

"A little sciatica at times," said Caraway, wish to make himself pleasant.

"Sciatica! Cure you in two days. Remedy of my own. Perfectly simple, and demmed quackery. Come over to my quarters after dinner, and I'll tell you about it."

"And now," said the colonel, "let me introduce Captain Simmonds. He thinks because I'm deaf he must shout; the greatest mistake in the world. I can hear well enough if people only speak distinctly."

Captain Simmonds came forward. He was a big fellow, boasting a great chest measurement and a deep base voice.

"Beastly nuisance calling us out," he said. "I believe we shall be here for a couple of years," and then he burst out laughing. Caraway laughed, too.

"What does he say?" asked the colonel.

"He says, sir," replied Major Bullen, asthmatically, "that we shall be here for a couple of years."

"A couple of what?"

"A couple of years, sir," cried Captain Simmonds.

"Don't shout? Don't shout!" the colonel said. "Well, what if we are? We're four now, and that's enough for a rubber."

"You're still fond of whist, then?" Caraway asked.

"Eh?"

"You're still fond of whist, he says," bawled Simmonds.

"Oh, yes; very. Never lost my love of a rubber. How that fellow Simmonds does bellow!"

The mess sergeant threw open the door and announced dinner. Colonel Watt took Caraway's arm and led him forward. Major Bullen, wheezing horribly, and stumbling painfully along with his two sticks, followed at a respectable distance, Captain Simmonds lounging behind, yawning loudly.

"Oh, by the way, Caraway," said the colonel, "your wife was very wise to write about your bed. Directly I arrived here I sent out for warming pans. A most important point, that. Eh, what? Ah, glad you agree with me. A damp bed is the devil, the very devil. I have kept my bed aired every night since I came here, and Bullen does the same. Simmonds, of course, is young, and doesn't take advice. Never heard a fellow shout as he does," he continued, whispering. "Got a voice like the bull of Bashan. Eh, what?" Caraway smiled and bowed acquiescence. The colonel, no longer the dashing major, seemed to him the pleasantest fellow he had ever met. Bullen, in spite of his groans, was a cheerful companion, and as long as one laughed at his single joke Simmonds seemed harmlessness itself. This, then, was his return to soldiering. A deaf chief, a lame major and a captain who made one joke and went to sleep after dinner. In his room that night Captain Caraway, happy as a schoolboy, sat down and wrote a letter to his wife.

My Dearest Jane:—Here I am, a soldier again. Much as I like the quiet of civilian life, there is, I must confess it, a certain fascination about the dashing life of a soldier. When I had got into my kit I felt the old fellow again, and when I walked into the anteroom I felt all that elation—shall I say swagger?—which an ignorant public associates only with the Blues. The men are charming. Colonel Watt—you remember what a dashing fellow he was—is just as handsome as ever. Bullen, the major, a very good sort, and another man, Captain Simmons, is a tremendous wit, and keeps us all on the roar. One cannot be dull in his society. We are all very gay and jolly. And now, with love to yourself and the cats, ever your devoted husband. George Caraway.

P. S.—The follows were awfully good about the "bed" business. The colonel took it quite nicely. I will write more fully next time.

To describe Mrs. Caraway's feelings on reading this letter is quite impossible. Over and over again did the dear soul peruse her husband's words, and every time the foreboding at her heart deepened. Finally, she sat down at her modest little escritoire, and took paper and pen. What she wrote it would be wickedness to divulge, but we may at least disclose the concluding sentence of the postcript:

"Promise me, dear George," it ran, "promise me that you will not allow the dashing recklessness of a soldier's life to make you despise our little home."

By the next post Captain Caraway gave her the promise.—Harold Begbie, in Punch.

Special Display Of Fine Silks...

Complete New Lines Of Black and Fancy Silks

Black Silks—Wear guaranteed, Taffetas, Peau De Soies, Salinda Lyons, Satin Luxor, etc., from..... **75c to $2.00**

Silks for Waists — Entirely new weaves and colorings.

Corded Glasse Taffetas—Very soft and pretty..... **95c**

Bourette Striped Armure Silks—New and dainty..... **$1.50**

Cheney Bros.' Fancy Stripe High-Grade Taffetas..... **95c**

In new shades of Violet, Rose, Maise, Cherry, Royal, Metallic Blue, Etc.

MEARS & HAGEN

415-417 Lackawanna Avenue.

WOMAN DENOUNCES HER SON.

If He Is Not Hanged She Will See That He Is Put Out of the Way.

By Exclusive Wire from The Associated Press.

Portland, Ore., Oct. 2.—A mother denouncing her son as a cold-blooded murderer and threatening, in case he is not hanged, to see that he is put out of the way by other means was the spectacle presented here yesterday when Mrs. Dora Lundroot told the story of the killing of her husband by her son, Louis Ketuemeyer, on Sauvies island.

Mrs. Lundroot declares her son planned the deed two years ago, and that he had been waiting only for a suitable opportunity to commit the crime. The trouble, she says, arose through jealousy of Keutemeyer because Mrs. Lundroot's mother deeded to Lundroot thirty acres of land and gave nothing to Keutemeyer. She declares Keutemeyer had threatened not only his step-father's life, but the lives of other persons on the island, and that if he is not hanged she and those persons will see that he is put out of the way.

CRAZED OVER HIS ARREST.

Went Violently Insane When Officers Took Her Brother.

By Exclusive Wire from The Associated Press.

New Albany, Ind., Oct. 2.—As a result of the arrest of her brother, E. J. Stein, Friday, on a charge of forging the name of his father to a check for $800, Miss Jessie Stein has lost her mind and is now in a violent condition.

The unfortunate young girl was living with her brother, caring for his house during the absence of his wife, when the officer arrived to make the arrest. She is very nervous, and the scene completely prostrated her. The neighbors went in soon after the officer and prisoner had departed and found her raving. The family is a wealthy and very prominent one. Physicians are working with her, but so far have failed to find any improvement in her condition.

LAID CORPSE ON TRACK.

By Exclusive Wire from The Associated Press.

Akron, O., Oct. 2.—Late last night the mangled body of Patrick Mullen was found on the track of the electric railroad at Cuyahoga Falls. At first it was thought he had been killed by a car. Today discoveries were made which indicate that Mullen was murdered back of a blacksmith shop about a quarter of a mile away, where Mullen's hat was found by the side of a pool of blood.

It is now believed the body was placed on the track by his murderers. He had considerable money when last seen alive.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

Has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

JONAS LONG'S SONS. | SCRANTON'S GREATEST STORE. | JONAS LONG'S SONS.

Opening Sale of Newest Styles in Coats, Suits, Wraps, Etc.

We begin today a phenomenal offering sale of all that is new and good and desirable in every sort of wearing apparel for ladies.

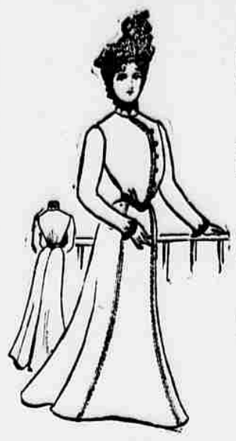
The collection is really a marvelous one, embracing everything new and desirable in style, with every attention paid to quality, even in the lowest priced.

We have never shown so large and varied assortment. Of unusual interest, because you shall buy

at our well known standard of low prices.

Getting styles that are in advance of anything in the city. Isn't that a point worth considering?

As to fit—that we absolutely provide for with our guarantee. When alterations are required, which is seldom, we have expert people here to do the work. When the garment's ready for you, "there's not a wrinkle in it."



$10 For all wool homespun suits, in medium Oxford and brown; double-breasted box jacket and the new flare skirts. Most stores would think them very cheap at $12. Indeed, they would be

$20 For exquisite man-tailored suits of pebble cheviot or Venetian cloths, all the popular shades. Double-breasted, tight fitting and blouse jackets; nine gore flare skirts. Worth a third more.

$10 For tailor-made jackets of the finest kersey cloth, self applique trimming. Made with double-breasted box front, lined throughout with the choicest satins. Real value $12.50.

$16.50 For handsome Princess coats of finest kersey cloth; large scalloped collars, plain or trimmed revers. Six button front, fine satin lining. Very swell and very cheap.

98c For some very pretty styles in all wool flannel waists, in colorings of red, blue, black and green. Half lined and perfect in fit and finish. Sold regularly at $1.25.

$15 For fine man-tailored suits of splendid all wool Venetian materials, made with box Jacket and silk facing on revers and with inverted back skirt—suit usually sold at $20.00.

$7.50 For fine wool kersey cloth jackets, made with large revers and storm collars, silk lined throughout. Colors of castor, tan, red and blue; bell cuffs. Cheap at $10.00.

$15 For strictly high grade tailor-made coats of fine cheviots and mantenacs, with satin linings. Fly front or double-breasted box, plain or velvet collars, finely tailored—worth $20.00.

$25 And upwards for exquisite styles in automobile coats and newmarkets of finest melton and kersey materials; elegantly tailored and lined with the choicest of satin.

$3.98 For handsome French flannel waists, with blouse front and new style sleeves, also taffeta silk waists, finely plaited; all new shades, blouse prints. New sleeve. Regularly $5.00.

SECOND FLOOR.

Jonas Long's Sons

MODUS OPERANDI OF RUNNING A CAMPAIGN

DETAILED STUDY OF WORK AT HEADQUARTERS.

Campaign Documents Distributed by the Million and an Army of Talented Spell-binders Kept Continuously at Work Pouring Oratorical Rapid Fire Shells Into the Ranks of the Opposition.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

Imagine, if you can, an army of 14,500,000 men. Such will be the combined hosts of voters who will march to the polls November 6 to choose a chief for the next four years. They will fight the battle of the ballots, but it will be one of peace. This mighty multitude will begin to mobilize with the rising sun on the rock bound coast of Maine. A few hours later it will fade away with the last rays of the setting sun on the Golden Gate. It will be a sublime spectacle, this quiet assemblage and dispersal of 14,500,000 men. Its like has been seen in no other land and in no other age.

The result of the presidential election may be determined by that odd 500,000 votes. To which side will the balance of power swing? Each of the great parties has organized a national committee to determine the answer to that question. Each of the committees carries on a vast, complicated campaign to win the doubtful voter. Nothing short of a book would do justice to all the details of this remarkable work, but its more important feature may be understood from a few facts and figures about the Republican national committee.

MR. HANNA IS SUPREME.

United States Senator Marcus A. Hanna is chairman of the committee and Henry C. Paine of Milwaukee is vice chairman. Senator Hanna is supreme, but as he must give much of his time to the branch office at New York his duties at headquarters in Chicago are divided with Mr. Payne. One of their most important duties is that of determining the issues to be emphasized. In forming the lines of battle Mr. Hanna's fiat is law, but he only issues it after many consultations with party leaders from all parts of the country. The conferences are continuous, almost day and night. There are thousands of conditions to be considered, thousands of problems to be solved and endless directions to be given to subordinates to keep the wheels moving.

To many persons the collection of a campaign fund seems to be the chief duty of the national committee. It is important, but it is only one of many details. It is quite as necessary to set state committees right and to harmonize warring factions. For example one of Chairman Hanna's triumphs in this campaign was the union of the Addicks and the Dupont Republicans in Delaware. Vice Chairman Payne in similar manner persuaded the Brownlow and Evans factions in Tennessee to "get together." These officials even help to select state tickets.

Hardly second to their work is that of Secretary Perry S. Heath, late first assistant postmaster general, for many years a Washington newspaper correspondent and four years ago in charge of the Republican press bureau. Mr. Heath is the executive officer who gives effect to many of the decisions of the committee. He receives most of the correspondence. He has supervision of the preparation of campaign literature, one of the most important features of the work, and he has the general direction of the distribution of documents and newspaper articles representing billions of words and reaching millions of voters.

Volney W. Foster, of Chicago, is the treasurer, and there is a system of cashiers and bookkeeping as complete as that of a bank. It is possible in fifteen minutes to draw off a full financial statement, and the records show how every cent has been spent.

Several other men have special departments of the campaign work. Graeme Stewart, national committeeman for Illinois, is a member of the executive committee, and the management of the campaign in this state has been turned over to his direction. Chicago being a political storm center, his duty is one of great importance.

Voters are reached by political documents, by newspaper arguments and by stump speakers. Campaign pamphlets being used by the million, not the least important work is that of preparing, printing and distributing the leaflets that are cunningly designed to win doubtful votes. Secretary Heath's editorial department consists of a staff of eighty men, who are regularly engaged in preparing campaign literature under the direction of Charles R. Buckland, a veteran newspaper man of New York. Their work is supplemented by contributions from various officials. Some of the campaign documents are the productions of congressmen, United States senators and members of the cabinet, though their names are not always used in the publicans. The work of printing pamphlets and posters is under the direction of H. H. Rand, of Wisconsin, for many years in official life in Washington and now a dealer in Mexican lands. His title is "purchasing agent and superintendent of printing," and he served the committee four years ago.

TURNING OUT LITERATURE.

Editor Buckland began his campaign work in Washington as early as March. He interviewed many public men, and sent out these "talks" to Democratic as well as Republican newspapers. They had the appearance of being news articles, but there was always some Republican doctrine concealed in them. They were published by many Democratic papers, and members of the Democratic national committee have admitted sub rosa that it was a clever and effective scheme. Mr. Buckland is assisted by three writers in Chicago, one in Washington and one in New York, and by two men who read the newspapers for good campaign articles that are worth reproducing. The committee has turned out seventy pamphlets of all kinds.

But that is only one branch of the work of the editorial staff, for the committee regards the newspaper as the best medium for reaching voters. This division is still further divided, for some papers are provided with "patent insides," some with "plates" and others with proof slips. In the first class are about 2,000 country papers, which receive every week a two-page supplement printed in Chicago and filled with Republican reading. About 200 papers, some of them country dailies, are furnished with stereotyped plate, which are shipped in six-column lots.

About 5,000 other papers receive proofs of campaign articles which must be put into type in their own offices. There is a similar service for a number of German papers. It is estimated this Republican literature appears regularly in 4,000 of these newspapers, among them some of the greatest papers of the country. If they have an average circulation of 1,000 cppies each, they must reach at least 4,000,000 voters and who can measure the influence of this work?

CATCH THE UNWARY.

Editor Buckland and his aids have been preparing an average of 103 columns of matter per week of great variety. There are for example, articles on "Troop Transports," "Rural Free Delivery" and "Sheep in Oregon," all preaching the party gospel. Many articles that look like clever and innocent bits of humor have a political point in their moral. A series of letters known as the "Dear Boy" letters purport to be the advice of a father to his son, but are Republican arguments presented under the attractive form. One of the most popular contributions has been a currency story written in Bible language. Mr. Buckland also furnishes three columns of editorials, and in examining 1,650 papers recently it was found that each of them on an average used two columns of this matter. During the campaign about 750 columns of newspaper matter will be prepared. Another feature of the work is the selection and preparation of cartoons for newspaper work.

NOVELTY IN LITERATURE.

This campaign has produced a novelty in connection with the editorial department. There are special conditions to be met in the four mountain states of Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Idaho. The campaign literature prepared in Chicago is forwarded to a competent man at Denver, who makes such revisions as are needed to adapt it to the four silver states, and a supply is sent them from Denver. In similar manner there is a man in Tennessee who revises and distributes campaign documents specially suited to that state. There is also a special service for papers printed for negroes and still another for religious papers. Many of the latter are provided with sermons bearing on political issues.

COST IS ENORMOUS.

Of the seventy documents and the seven posters 80,121,000 copies have been printed at a cost of $164,209. About three-fifths of these have been furnished by Chicago printers and have been distributed from this city. The northwestern states have been supplied in part with documents printed in Milwaukee and St. Paul, and about 18,000,000 were sent out from Philadelphia to eastern states.

In the campaign of 1896 about 125,000,000 documents were issued, but many of them were small leaflets, and the documents of this year contain more reading than those of the last campaign. It is figured that placed together they would make a string 85,000 miles long. The packing boxes alone have cost as much as $300 in a single week. Most of the documents are sent by freight and express, but the postage bill runs as high as $125 a day.

SOME BIG CONTRACTS.

Superintendent Rand's printing contracts usually are for lots of 500,000 or 1,000,000, but some documents have been ordered in 2,000,000 lots. Of President McKinley's letter of acceptance 3,700,000 copies were distributed in eight languages, as follows: English, 2,500,000; German, 500,000; Norwegian, 250,000; Swedish, 150,000; Bohemian, 100,000; Polish, 100,000; Italian, 50,000; Dutch, 50,000. Some printing houses have been able to turn out 100,000 sixteen-page pamphlets per day. Others have printed eight-page documents at the rate of 175,000 per day.

For the poster entitled "McKinley Was Right" the orders were for 50,000, 300,000 and 200,000, making a total of 550,000. "The Real Issue" poster had an edition of 350,000 copies. The most popular poster is one in six colors entitled "Prosperity at Home, Prestige Abroad." It cost $25 a thousand and 100,000 were printed.

Harry G. Sommers, of Chicago, who is to be business manager of the Illinois theatre, is in charge of the shipping department. The store room at 311 Wabash avenue, looks like a wholesale paper house, and Mr. Sommers has organized a system as perfect as that of a great mercantile concern. He has shipped as high as forty tons of matter in a day and for three weeks the daily average was about thirty-five tons. He received from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 documents and posters daily through the front door and sent them out of the back door in boxes and bundles. He had to run day and night forces and had as many as seventy-eight persons engaged under him. About 5,000 boxes have been shipped and about half as many bundles. Nine drays were kept busy, and policemen were stationed in the alley to maintain a clear way for them. As many as 240 boxes were sent out in a morning. The system is so perfect that even the name of the man putting up a package is recorded and not a single mistake has been made.

WITH THE SPELLBINDERS.

The management of the campaign spellbinders is intrusted to Major Henry C. Hedges, of Ohio, assisted by Willis George Emerson, of Wyoming. Major Hedges was formerly a partner of John Sherman, and for sixteen years he has had the management of Republican stump speakers in Ohio state campaigns. Mr. Emerson has proved an able lieutenant.

These men now have nearly 600 speakers under their direction, and the number is increasing at the rate of about ten a day. There are about twenty United States senators, 100 congressmen and 450 old campaigners. Many of these are volunteers, the committee paying only their traveling expenses. Among the spellbinders are about fifty Germans, twenty-five Swedes, twenty-five Norwegians, ten Poles, ten Italians, five Frenchmen and six Finns. At the head of the German contingent is Louis Vierich, a former member of the German parliament but now a naturalized American citizen.

More than 5,000 men have sought engagement as campaign speakers, but funds are too limited to supply all of them. Many applicants are put through a catechism at headquarters, and some of them are steered into the noonday meetings, where they are unexpectedly called on for a speech. This is called "the gridiron test."

LOOKING FOR A JOB.

Major Hedges' office is besieged by would-be spellbinders and by committeemen seeking speakers. It is quite as hard to convince the committeemen that all of them cannot have senators for their meetings as it is to turn away patriots eager to serve their party for a consideration.

Most of the speakers are assigned to state committees, who make out the itineraries, but by an elaborate system of telegrams the Chicago office keeps in daily touch with every speaker on its list. Major Hedges or Mr. Emerson can on any given night tell where each one of them is located. There are also about 250 speakers in the east, who are directed from the New York headquarters.

It is estimated that 7,000 Republican speeches are being made every week day night, including those by local orators. It is figured there are 200 in Ohio, 200 in Indiana, 100 in Nebraska, 100 in the Dakotas, 100 in Colorado and 100 in Idaho. This flood of argument will be maintained until the night before the election. With the increase in the speakers it is estimated that at least 250,000 Republican speeches will have been delivered during six weeks.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Little volume has been issued from the press of Laird & Lee, of Chicago, entitled "Viola Olerich, the Famous Baby-Scholar," which relates, without exaggeration the facts concerning this extraordinary Iowa infant, whose life of 42 months has caused such a genuine sensation in the press and the medical world. From the biography it does not appear that at any time her mental growth hindered in any way her normal physical development. And yet, before her third birthday Viola counted among her accomplishments reading, writing, drawing, a vocabulary of 2,500 English words, a fair smattering of French and German, a surprising knowledge of geometrical figures, of astronomical terms, of botanical analysis, etc., etc. A perfect temper and a sunny disposition are to be added to this long list of talents. A number of photographs corroborate the descriptions, and numerous indorsements from prominent people and leading newspapers confirm the reader in the confidence inspired by this straightforward narrative. The author, Profesor Henry Olerich, late school superintendent in Iowa, gives very patient and lucid explanation for his child's marvellous accomplishments.

Judge Leo Charles Dessar has a reputation for breaking records. With his six thousand landowning clients in his damage suits against the New York Elevated railroads, he never lost a case. When he was a judge on the bench not a single decision of his was ever reversed by a higher court. His first work in fiction, "A Royal Enchantress" has broken the record for a first book. Issued during these hot August days, when half the people of New York were out of town and the other half were crying to get away, the first edition was exhausted in that city and vicinty in nine days. If the enthusiasm of readers elsewhere be anything like that exhibited around the judge's home, many editions will be called for in the next few months.

Paul Leicester Ford whose marriage has just occurred has sold of his last novel, "Janice Meredith," 243,000 copies on the day of his wedding. 10,000 more were then on press.

An American novel full of the healthy action and atmosphere of real Americanism, comes from the World Railway Publishing company, of 79 Learborn street, Chicago. It is entitled "The Romance of Gilbert Holmes;" is by Marshall Monroe Kirkman, one of Chicago's most successful business men, and is a historical novel of early Illinois and the Mississippi river, about 1818, "when homes were far apart, Indians near and aggressive, when law and social order were in a primitive condition, and the men who have since made Illinois famous were young and ambitious, desirous of giving shape to the policy of the new state and molding its interests." Among the characters appropriately introduced are Black Hawk, Lincoln and Jefferson Davis.

Jacob Riis, who has for years been one of Governor Roosevelt's closest personal friends, and one of his stanchest assistants in reforms of all kinds, has written an unusual and peculiarly interesting article for The Outlook upon Theodore Roosevelt, sr., the father of Governor Roosevelt. The object of the article is to show how, in many ways, Mr. Roosevelt inherits, or has gained by paternal example, his good citizenship. The article which appears in the October Magazine Number of The Outlook, contains an excellent reproduction of Daniel Huntington's painting of Mr. Roosevelt, sr., especially photographed for The Outlook.

A novel that women are reading just now is Miss Grace Marguerite Hurd's "The Bennett Twins," recently published by the MacMillan company. Its humor and pathos are catching. The Twins start out in life for themselves as students—the one as a singer, the other as a painter. They starve in a tumble-down studio, fall in love and struggle along in spite of the opposition of guardians. It is a story of the wildest high spirits. The studio was run by a painter now well known in the world of art, and many of the characters are said to be partial portraits.

"The History of Colonization from the Earliest Times to the Present Day" by Henry C. Morris, formerly United States consul at Ghent, is on the press for immediate publication by the MacMillan company. It embraces the earliest establishments and expeditions of the races of Asia Minor, and brings a very comprehensive account down through the Middle Ages, early European colonizations, to the present absorbing questions.

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce for early publication Count Tolstoy's new book: "Slavery in Our Times," an inquiry into the results of modern industrialism, on which Count Tolstoy has been engaged for some months. The fundamental idea of the book is the negation of coercion. It will be published simultaneously in America and England.