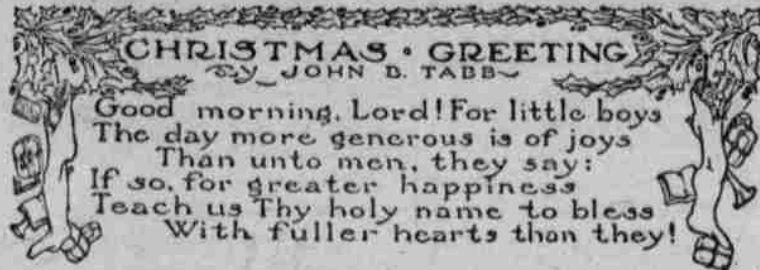


Among the Lowly.



The picture is by Leon Augustin l'Hermitte and was purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of New York City, in 1905, from the income of the Catharine Lorillard Wolfe Fund. In a letter to the directors of the museum, at time of the purchase, M. l'Hermitte says: "I have endeavored to bring to all the figures in the scene the varieties of emotions proper to each but united as one in the expression of confidence—respectful in the old, searchingly so in the young."



HEARTENING THE SUPERINTENDENT

THE superintendent was a tall, thin young man, with slightly stooping shoulders and near-sighted eyes which peered keenly through the heavy lenses of his eyeglasses. "Our Mr. Crawford," as he was always called by the general manager of the Perfection Electric Switch Company, had been transferred from his place as foreman of the wiring department to be superintendent of the factory at a time when an iron hand was needed to remedy the mischief which the lax methods and general inefficiency of his departing predecessor had created. It was a difficult problem of reorganization that he had been called upon to face, but time had proved that the general manager's faith—he had stoutly advocated Crawford against the firm's opposition—had not been misplaced. The new superintendent had entered upon his duties quietly, unassumingly, but with a tenacity of purpose and an unrelenting energy that bent all things to his will. Three of the best years of his life he gave unhesitatingly and uncompromisingly to the work before him. At the end of that time the factory was running with a smooth-

lord realized that it was because of his ceaseless vigilance and the firmness with which he held the employes at work. There were times—when he was tired, especially—when it seemed to him that he had merely developed into a successful slave driver. Sometimes at 6 o'clock, when the big gong had sounded, he would sit by the time-machine and watch the men file down the stairs. He would have given much if here and there in the long line a face had been lifted to his with a nod or a comprehending smile, but the "hands" rang in their time in sullen silence. His very presence seemed to chill their spirits, and when one of them looked at him it was either with bitterness or a blank stare. Meanwhile the Perfection Electric Switch Company prospered amazingly, and at the same time the superintendent grew a little more stooped, a little more reserved, a little more heavy of eye. In November of the third year it happened that "Our Mr. Crawford" was taken sick. At the time he was putting forth strenuous efforts to have an increase of pay for the employes, in consequence of which he was at the office several days when he should have been in bed. He wanted the hands to understand that their work had been appreciated, and although he had to grind his teeth to keep from crying out with the pain he went daily to the office and argued with the general manager and the members of the firm. The firm was obdurate. It was decided finally that, in view of the extensive additions that were to be made to the plant the increase could not be granted for another year. Sick at heart and racked with pain the superintendent staggered to his apartments in the gray November dusk, went to bed and sent for a doctor. The physician came, chided the young man for his carelessness of his health



Crawford's Shoulders Rose and Fell Convulsively.

ness that took several wrinkles out of the general manager's brow and made the firm think seriously of increasing the plant. "Our Mr. Crawford"—the firm spoke of him proudly in this manner now—had made himself necessary to the Perfection Electric Switch Company, but his success had not been entirely satisfactory to himself. With all his quiet force, the superintendent was a very human young man. He had hoped to gain the complete confidence of the men and women under him. It was respect he wanted rather than fear. The lax, easy going regime of the former superintendent had made that careless individual very popular with the factory hands. They had given him all sorts of presents on his birthdays and at Christmas time. The day his "resignation"—oh, euphonic term!—had gone into effect they had presented him with an ornate watch chain, and when, red in the face and embarrassed, he had tried to stammer his thanks, they had cheered him roundly and pressed about him to shake his hand. Powell had undoubtedly been popular with his employes, but his popularity had been gained at the expense of results in the output of the factory. Under the new superintendent the output was satisfactory—and more. The question that continually presented itself to the young man's troubled mind was whether, in the interests of the firm he had not been too harsh with the employes. In eradicating the evils Jim Powell had wrought he had found it necessary to calculate in cold-blooded fashion, to be ready with blame and charity of praise. The result was inevitable. While the profits grew steadily, Craw-

ford's shoulders rose and fell convulsively. "We've come, sir," he said, looking at the ceiling, "to show you that, even if you're not with us, you're not forgotten. Perhaps we haven't always understood you, but anyway we know you're the right sort. We've heard all about your fight for an increase for us, and even if we didn't get it, we know it wasn't because you didn't do your best for us. So to show our respect for you and your efforts in our behalf we've brought you this." He tore the covering from a parcel he bore and held out a silk umbrella with a large pearl and silver handle. "And—Merry Christmas!" he finished. "Merry Christmas!" echoed the two other men and the two girls. A lump rose in Crawford's throat. He could only beam upon them and mutter feebly, "Merry Christmas to you!" "Some few minutes after the committee from the factory had gone the doctor came bustling into the hall. The attendant met him and shook a warning finger at him. The doctor craned his neck and peeped cautiously into the room. Crawford sat under the light. His head was hidden in the crook of one arm that rested on the window sill. Clutched tightly in the other was a silk umbrella with a large pearl and silver handle. Crawford's shoulders rose and fell convulsively; he was sobbing like a child. The doctor smiled in comprehension. "Good!" he declared, emphatically. "That's something like!" And turning on his heel he stole softly down the stairs.—From Youth's Companion.

Jack-in-the-Box — "Hands off there!" Alice — "Why his hands are off, silly!"

THE ANNUAL HOLIDAY PROBLEM.

and said a slight operation would be necessary the next day. The operation was successful, and the physician assured the anxious general manager that the patient would be at the factory in a couple of weeks. But the physician had not reckoned on many things—the weariness of mind and body in his patient, the bitterness of his recent failure to induce the firm to increase the pay of the hands, and the dragging load under which he had struggled silently for the past three years. The wound caused by the operation healed rapidly, but with the healing came no strength. Crawford sat daily propped up in a chair by the window, listless and uninterested in his surroundings. The physician was puzzled and not a little irritated; the general manager, who came daily, began to show signs of alarm. "It's the pace of modern business, sir!" the physician snapped angrily to the attendant, who had been sent up from the hospital. "Get him interested in something. It's his only chance." The man tried everything his fertile mind and thorough training could suggest, but with no results. Crawford sat silently by the window day after day, looking vacantly at the bare branches of the trees and the patches of dull cloud drifting across the early winter sky. Christmas time found Crawford propped in his chair, looking out over a world newly swathed in spotless white. The doctor declared that now it was only a question of time, and the attendant had long since ceased trying to rouse the sick man's dormant interest. On Christmas Day Crawford opened an envelope from the factory, and found it enclosed a substantial check. He smiled bitterly and handed it to the attendant. "Here, take it! Merry Christmas!" he said, in a colorless voice. At dusk it was snowing again, and just after the lights began to twinkle through the gloom Crawford, in his chair, fell into a heavy slumber. He was awakened by a lusty rapping at the door. The attendant went into the little hall and presently returned. "Two ladies and three gentlemen to see you, sir," he said. The visitors were ushered in, and as they entered the room Crawford gripped the arms of his chair and stared with wide opened eyes. There were two giggling girls from the wiring department at the factory, two men from the assembling bench and the foreman of the brass room. The girls tittered and the men looked ill at ease. Crawford sat up in his chair. Two spots of color came into his wan cheeks. The foreman advanced and cleared his throat. "We've come, sir," he said, looking at the ceiling, "to show you that, even if you're not with us, you're not forgotten. Perhaps we haven't always understood you, but anyway we know you're the right sort. We've heard all about your fight for an increase for us, and even if we didn't get it, we know it wasn't because you didn't do your best for us. So to show our respect for you and your efforts in our behalf we've brought you this." He tore the covering from a parcel he bore and held out a silk umbrella with a large pearl and silver handle. "And—Merry Christmas!" he finished. "Merry Christmas!" echoed the two other men and the two girls. A lump rose in Crawford's throat. He could only beam upon them and mutter feebly, "Merry Christmas to you!" "Some few minutes after the committee from the factory had gone the doctor came bustling into the hall. The attendant met him and shook a warning finger at him. The doctor craned his neck and peeped cautiously into the room. Crawford sat under the light. His head was hidden in the crook of one arm that rested on the window sill. Clutched tightly in the other was a silk umbrella with a large pearl and silver handle. Crawford's shoulders rose and fell convulsively; he was sobbing like a child. The doctor smiled in comprehension. "Good!" he declared, emphatically. "That's something like!" And turning on his heel he stole softly down the stairs.—From Youth's Companion.

HOW TROLLEY LINES LOSE MILLIONS IN FARES.



A PUZZLER. —From the Cleveland Leader.

ABOLITION OF POOLROOMS MAY BE ABSOLUTE SOON.

Expected That Louisiana and California Will Prohibit Sending of News-Jockey Club's Bitter Fight—Every Means Used, Including Refined Violence, to Keep Information Secret.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abolition of the poolroom for good and all throughout the country is expected soon after January 1 next. Action begun by the Jockey Club of New York State, in conforming to the now famous Belmont-Slicer agreement made in 1905 to keep news from the tracks, has been followed officially in other States permitting racing and probably will be in the last two strongholds of the poolroom men—Louisiana and California. In both these States the Legislatures are expected to pass acts creating State racing commissions modeled along the lines of the New York and Kentucky bodies. These in turn probably will be asked to refuse licenses to tracks which do not agree to suppress information to the rooms. If this be done poolrooms will be things of the past. New York and Brooklyn folk who are betting this winter on the New Orleans races, or on the Oakland contests, are doing so on the English system—or handbook way. They get no advance information except in a few instances, and rely entirely on the morning papers for the prices. Following the Belmont-Slicer agreement has cost the Jockey Club thousands of dollars and has taxed the ingenuity of the best detective forces in the country. Violence has been used unscrupulously in the warfare, though no actual deaths have occurred as far as is known. The whole story of the war between the tracks and poolrooms probably never will be told, but if written would make the Old Sleuth and Deadwood Dick stories look like Sunday-school books. Armed invasion of premises where pools overlooking the tracks were erected; cutting down of these observation towers while men with drawn pistols stood over the workmen; blowing up a steel tower near Belmont Park with dynamite, and the cutting of every wire leading from a town (Saratoga), were only parts of the fight. For weeks armed patrols guarded every foot of every wire leading into the tracks, and dozens of spies were employed to ferret out rooms and from there trace the sources of information if it was at all complete. The heliograph and the wireless; the wigwag system of army and navy signals; kite flying and the old principle of the camera obscura—all were resorted to to get the news, and in fighting these and other methods the Jockey Club agents even enlisted the elements. Mirrors throwing the sun's rays in the eyes of the heliograph men spoiled that scheme; heavy currents of electricity thrown into the air at various "attunements" broke up the wireless; arrest of the wigwaggers on all sorts of charges, and other kites spoiled those schemes, while the sending of heavy electric currents over "phone wires used by poolroom men" was a fight to the death, and if the frequenters of the poolrooms of the past are to be believed, the Jockey Club won. The Belmont-Slicer agreement will be enforced just as rigorously in the racing season of 1908, if necessary.

DEAF MUTE DAUGHTER OF A MILLIONAIRE TO BECOME FARMER

Miss Mary J. Crane, Heiress of a Chicago Iron Manufacturer, After Study is Ready For Her Life Work

Chicago.—Announcement that Mary Josephine Crane, daughter of the multi-millionaire iron manufacturer, Charles R. Crane, intends to become a farmer, is arousing much interest in Chicago. Miss Crane, who has been deaf and dumb from birth, is twenty years old. She is about to finish a three years' course in agriculture at the University of Wisconsin, at Madison. Her proficiency as a student has attracted favorable attention from the members of the university faculty and students. Miss Crane's companion, Miss Camp, who acts as an interpreter when necessary, accompanies the young woman into the classrooms and makes notes for her, although the latter can understand almost every word of a speaker by watching the motions of the mouth. Miss Crane, however, attends examinations alone, and has not yet failed to pass with high grade. She has made a special study of how to diet sheep and care for their wool. Recently Miss Crane's father gave her a farm near the Crane summer home at Lake Geneva. She intends personally to direct the work there next summer.

INTERVIEWS WITH LEADING EDITORS SHOW NEW ENGLAND PROSPEROUS

Financial Trouble Has Had No Real Effect Upon Industrial Activity, and the Situation is More Encouraging Than For Years.

Boston.—The Boston Herald publishes a symposium of reports of the business conditions throughout New England, gathered from the leading editors of this section of the country. These show that the recent flurry in the money market had small effect upon industries. There has been no serious letup of the wheels of activity. The industrial situation in some places is more encouraging this winter than in former years. Orders for goods from the West and South are as large as heretofore. There has been no considerable reduction of force in any of the places of employment. Many orders for goods are fully as large as a year ago, when the demand was abnormal. The effect of the money stringency in Holyoke was so small as to be unnoticeable. Portsmouth, N. H., expects to have the busiest winter in its history, while from Rutland and Barre, Vt., the situation is described as busy, thrifty, confident. From Brockton, the largest shoe manufacturing place in the world, comes the report that the output for eleven months of the year will be greater than the whole of last year. Lynn and Lawrence and Holyoke have the same story to tell. Republics Reward Officer Who Averted War. Washington, D. C.—The President sent to the Senate a list of decorations sought to be conveyed by the foreign powers to American officials. Included in the list is a gift in the shape of a large silver urn presented by the Central American republics to Commander R. Richard Mulligan, in command of the Yorktown when the friction arose between the Central American republics last summer, which he was largely instrumental in removing. Far Eastern Notes. The Russo-Chinese Bank has made good profits since the war closed. Korea has borrowed \$5,000,000 from the Hypothec Bank of Japan. Nearly all of India's large annual production of cottonseed goes out of the country. The Fuji paper mill, of Japan, is being fitted with American paper mill machinery of the latest type. Armstrong & Co., of England, are establishing a branch cordite factory in Japan. This is officially announced by the Japanese Minister of Marine.

Dishonesty of Conductors and Failure to Collect Blamed For Ten Per Cent. Loss.

From the New York Times. Indicates an enormous increase of theft in the present year, in which the affairs of the company have been prominently in the public eye. There are 3050 conductors employed on the New York City Railway lines. In 1904 1457 conductors resigned and 3491 were discharged, 3435 of the latter being less than a year in the service. In 1905 1332 resigned and 3019 were discharged, of whom 2864 had been less than a year in the service. In 1906 1634 resigned and 4976 were discharged, of whom 4770 had been less than a year in the service. In the first six months of 1907 922 resigned and 3265 were discharged, of whom 3144 had been less than a year in the service. That is at the rate of 1844 resignations and 6530 discharges of conductors for the year 1907, a total of 8374, or nearly three times the entire force of conductors employed on the surface lines in one year. The tremendous extent to which these discharges have been for stealing is indicated by these figures:

Year.	Total Discharges.	Discharged for Dishonesty.
1904	3,491	3,237
1905	3,019	2,448
1906	4,976	3,921
1907 (six months)	4,265	2,792
1907 (estimated year)	6,530	6,534

In the present year, therefore, if the average for the first six months is carried out, the entire force of conductors on the surface lines will be discharged virtually twice over for dishonesty alone. These ratios have enabled some of the Inter-Met. directors to appreciate with a warmer interest than ever before the humor of the divorce case in which alimony on a \$50 a week basis was asked from an \$18 a week man because he was a conductor on the New York City Railway.

Dividing the Graft.

Various statements of what this system of graft was worth to individual men have been made up, but only as estimates. One man high up in Inter-Met. councils said that a former valet, who was put in on the road as a motorman found that his share of the daily graft was from \$2 to \$3 under normal conditions. It is explained in this connection that it is wise for a conductor to have a motorman in his confidence, inasmuch as the latter is in a position to "drag" the car—that is, make it get behind on its schedule sufficiently to fill up very full of passengers. Knocking down fares is a much easier matter in a crowded car than it is in a relatively empty one where passengers can see the cash register. When the loss of a percentage of the gross income of the road runs in the estimates as high as in the present case, it becomes an important factor in the schemes of reorganization. Leading interests in the board of the Inter-Met. make no bones of admitting this to be the fact and are therefore moved to place the more importance upon the introduction of the pay-as-you-enter car, under the new traffic regulations proposed by the company and recommended in the main by the police experts whom the Public Service Commission has been examining. The new car, according to the plans, will be operated on the basis of a seat for every passenger, so that both the company and the traveling public will enjoy whatever benefits may follow its introduction.

There is another thing that complicates the situation, according to information from inside the traction merger. That is the very large increase of transfers used, properly and improperly, which has steadily reduced the return to the company per passenger carried until in recent times it has run as low as 3.25 cents per five cent fare. With this is combined an increasing competition with the Subway, which brings in its own results to the Interborough-Metropolitan Company, but does not simplify the management of the New York Railway as an independent proposition supposed to take care of its own affairs in the system.

Discharged For Dishonesty.

What part of these enormous losses is due to failure to collect fares and what part to the dishonesty of employes is entirely a matter of estimate and was admitted to be such by officials of the Interborough-Metropolitan Company, who discussed the subject yesterday. A compilation of figures showing the number of conductors discharged by the New York City Railway during the last three years and a half throws a good deal of light on the subject, however, and

LACONICS OF NOTED MEN.

Origin of the Word and Many Illustrations. Laconians, whose chief was Sparta, were famous in ancient Greece, not only for their success in war, but for their scorn of luxuries and their brevity of speech. When King Philip of Macedonia, father of Alexander the Great, threatened them, saying: "If I enter Laconia I will level your city to the dust," they sent back the reply: "It." Their short answers give to the English language the word "laconic." There were not a few famous laconicisms of later times. Talleyrand, when told on one occasion that a certain notorious personage, sick and in great pain, was suffering the torments of the lost, made the wicked reply, "Already." John Wesley once met a blustering fellow in a narrow path, who confronted him, saying: "I never make way for a fool." "I always do," returned Wesley, quietly stepping aside. Dean Hole, being in a railway carriage with a man who bored him with many stupid questions, was finally asked by him: "What comes after 'itchin'?" "Scratchin'," replied the dean, wearily. Douglas Jerrold, meeting a bore in the street, found himself promptly buttonholed by the latter. "What's going on?" asked the bore. "I am," said Jerrold, and did so. To an opponent in argument who denied the existence of purgatory a Catholic cleric replied: "You might go farther and fare worse."—Chicago News. There has been a revival of the whaling industry. A few years ago the annual industry which had been

THE BEST WISHES OF THE SEASON

O the Solitary, the dwellers apart, by choice or by chance, with heart-fires that for one burn dull and for two would glow and sing—to all of these, A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

O them that are set in Families, where love, bestowed with no thought of its return, passes back and forth abundantly between open hearts—to all of these, and parents, children, kinsmen, friends, A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

O the Poor and the Rich, envying each the other's freedom from the cares of too little and too much, yet learning year by year that without health and enthusiasm and faith and love, none can be rich, and with them none can be poor—to these, A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

O the Workers, the vast fortunate majority, in humble places and in high, often baffled and disheartened, questioning if there is not somewhere for them a greater work with a greater reward; yet happy at the last, if they will have it so, in seeing the figure they have wrought in the fabric of living, a figure drawn by the great Designer for their weaving and none other's—to all of these, A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

O Old and Young, with the years behind and the years ahead, years that show but a span in the centuries since the Light first shone from Bethlehem upon the path of service, humility and sacrifice, and gave to all the ages a spirit that has made them one; to Young and Old, treading with gladness these lighted paths, even though not always knowing whence the Light comes—to all, A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!