

## DECLARATION.

How shall I say to thee in words  
What would be better broached by birds  
Or spelled by buds in spring?  
Would I might trust the nightingale  
To phrase aright so rare a tale  
As this to thee I bring!

Of flowers, the rose alone might be  
Ambassador from me to thee,  
All messengers above;  
But not the nightingale in tune,  
Nor rose, with eloquence of June,  
Can voice to thee my love.

It flutters still, a speechless song,  
Within my heart, the whole day long,  
And strives, with thee to meet,  
To find itself a silver tongue,  
To get its golden secret sung,  
That thou, oh, love, shalt hear,  
—Edith Hope Kinney, in The Century.

## PAINFUL PART OF THE STORY

Jones Has an Idea—The Thing Is,  
How Is He to Get It on Paper?

It's all very well having an idea for a story, but it's a very different matter writing it. Three difficult parts of writing a story are the beginning of it, the going on with it, and the finishing of it; and even when these facts have been accomplished to the satisfaction of the writer he still has an arduous task to perform, which is to sell it. There have been cases on record in which the last feat has never been accomplished at all.

To the young writer, like Jones, for instance, the beginning of his story appears the most painful, Jones has his idea, his story skeleton, dancing in his brain, but he can't get a hold on any of its limbs and lay it flat. It eludes him and laughs him to scorn as he tries to put paper and ink flesh on its bones.

Jones thinks of the various openings of stories he has read. The romantic style, as adopted by Scott, Dumas and G. P. R. James, comes to his mind.

Two solitary horsemen were traversing a lonely wood at the end of a hot July day. The steeds picked their way carefully as they passed over the underbrush, and for an hour or two the animals' footfalls were the only sounds heard. At length (yes of course) the elder horseman was the first to break the silence. (The elder horseman always is the first to break the silence.)

But there aren't any horsemen in Jones' story, and it's a matter of indifference to him who breaks the silence first.

The New England style next occurs to him:

"Louisa," called a hard, sharp voice from the rear kitchen, "you come right in this minute! Louisa! Louisa! Drat that gal, where is she? Gallivantin' around them Hicks' medders, I reckon. For the lan's sake, here she is now!"

Jones realizes that this kind of opening attracts attention from the start and gives promise of interesting domestic trouble for Louisa. The spelling of "minutit," though unnecessary, has a strong local color, and if Jones has a young girl and a cross stepmother in Concord, N. H., for his principal characters he will do well to ponder this opening. But he hasn't.

He thinks and thinks. Ah, here is the society novel style:

Helen Van Mustard came down the steps of Mrs. Gallashin's house in the Seventies, near the park, with compressed lips but cloudy eyes.

"Home, Julius," she said, as she stepped into her limousine, and as the well appointed machine flew along the avenue, barely within the limits of the law, she wondered dumbly how she was going to right herself with her recent hostess. Helen felt convinced that the Countess Szlaskowski had cheated, but how to prove it?

No, that won't do. There are no over-moneyed people in Jones' work, spending twice as much as they've got.

Once upon a time there was—  
Ridiculous. It sounds too much like a fairy story. Going to the other extreme suddenly, Jones conceives this start:

The thousands and thousands of accidents which occur in the daily lives of the present century teller infallibly lead to the conclusion that what we term accident or chance is really only—

Hang it! That leads nowhere. By this time Jones has almost forgotten what his story is about.

Well, he must concentrate his mind. Let him think. There's a man and a woman who marry and who separate immediately afterward. Why? Now, why? Oh, yes, because they must meet again twenty years later in order to threaten ruin to the lives of the hero and heroine, one of whom is the child of the woman by a subsequent marriage and the other the child of the man by a subsequent and bigamous marriage. And the point is—the point is—well, what is the point?

The point might be several things, but Jones hasn't got that far yet. All Jones wants to do is to begin his story, but he can't decide whether to begin with the marriage of the parents or the lovemaking of the youngsters and go backward when he's in the middle of the narrative. He might start this way:

Ether yawned and threw down her book. The hammock felt uncomfortable to her shoulders and she wished life held more novelty for her. Oh for the medieval days of glory when knights came riding up from the East and threw down gauntlets. Oh for the—

Jones began to get nervous himself now. One more try:

"Well, for a newly married couple them two is the most businesslike parties as ever I seen," muttered the sexton as he watched the ceremony from the rear of the church. He thought of the blushing brides and the eager bridegrooms who had stood up before the Rev. Amos Dainersfield during the last fourteen years of the latter's incumbency of the—

Suddenly there was a muffled cry and a dark flash through the air. Jones had lost his reason and thrown the bottle of ink at himself.—From the New York Sun.

## GHOST ANSWERS 'PHONE.

Queer Shade Delivers Messages After Church Is Locked.

Old St. Paul's Church, headquarters of the Protestant Episcopal City Mission, has a ghost. It is an eccentric shade which whisks up stairways and disappears into nothingness, but it is also up to date. When the office force has departed and the quaint old building on Third street is secure against intruders with stout locks and bolts the ghost answers the telephone, which conduct is so utterly foreign to the popular conception of ghosts' abilities that it has dumfounded Rev. H. Cresson McHenry and his assistants.

On two occasions the strange visitor has answered the 'phone when the office force was absent and the building locked. Its answers, although briefly made, have indicated that the ghost is well acquainted with the movements of the staff. The shade informed a friend of Mr. McHenry that he "had just left the mission," and to Mrs. George Sommerer, wife of one of Mr. McHenry's assistants, it imparted the information that her husband "would be home to supper." Both persons who conversed with the unknown occupant of the mission declare that its voice was modulated to the softest tones.

Mr. McHenry saw the ghost on July 4th. The office force had a holiday, but Mr. McHenry visited the church to open his mail. As he was unlocking the iron gates at the entrance to the churchyard he glanced up at one of the windows and was astonished to see what appeared to be a man standing on the stairway inside the building.

The stairway leads from the offices of the City Mission in the basement to the church auditorium. As Mr. McHenry opened the gate the figure glided rapidly up the stairway, disappearing from view. The minister entered the church, locked the door behind him to prevent the escape of the intruder and searched the entire church from cellar to roof. He failed to find any trace of the visitor. Every door and window was locked securely and the desks untouched.—Chicago Tribune.

## Knew What He Was Doing.

For once the American had discovered something British that was better than anything that could be produced "across the pond." His discovery was a fine collie dog, and he at once tried to induce its owner, an old shepherd, to sell it.

"Wad ye be takin' him to Amer-ica?" inquired the old Scot.

"Yes, I guess so," said the Yankee. "I thought as muckle," said the shepherd. "I couldna part w' Jock."

But while they sat and chatted an English tourist came up, and to him the shepherd sold the collie for much less than the American had offered. "You told me you wouldn't sell him," said the Yankee, when the purchaser had departed.

"Na," replied the Scot, "I said I couldna part w' him. Jock'll be back in a day or so, but he couldna swim the Atlantic."—Detroit Free Press.

## Roads and the R. F. D.

Notice is being sent out from the Postoffice Department to many rural communities that unless roads are repaired and placed in condition for uninterrupted service during the year the rural service will be discontinued. This is work for good roads that will doubtless have a wide and wholesome effect. The rural mail service has become so much a part of the farmer's life as to be regarded as a necessity, and he isn't likely to let it lapse for the sake of a little time and energy needed in road building.—Atchison Globe.

## His Deep Concern.

The kind old lady noticed a small lad entering a cobbler's with a small package.

"What have you there, sonny?" she asked kindly.

"Ma's slipper," replied the lad; "you see, there is a tack out of place in it, and I want to have it fixed before ma notices it."

"Ah, what a considerate little boy! I suppose you are afraid the tack might hurt your mother's foot?"

"Well, it isn't exactly that. You see, the tack is sticking out on the sole, and this is the slipper ma spansks me with."—Chicago News.

## Defense of the Top Hat.

Its doom has been pronounced, but it defends itself. The top hat is not much more ugly than another hat. And, above all, it is not uglier than the rest of our masculine costume. It has its peculiar qualities; it requires to be taken care of. The soft hat does not exercise our will; it lets us go, and it is wrong. Honor to the eight or ten reflections which are the last safeguard, or very nearly, of individual energy in the civilized states.—Journal des Debats, Paris.



## A GRITTY FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Comfort reigned around the little campfire that evening; pipes were smoked and tea brewed, material accompaniments to chat and cheer. Then some one asked a question; just what, is immaterial; only the answer matters.

"Boys," said Puffe seriously, "I thought that last winter I was all out of it. Close call, you ask? Well, pretty close, I had started out from Revelstoke with the usual outfit, a twenty-five foot Peterboro loaded down to about the six hundred pound limit with all my traps. I went away up Canoe River and had been having pretty good luck, when, boys, I played the fool. I got in a hurry. I took overlong hikes and ate cold grub to save time. We fellows don't dare do that. No man in the winter woods can stand cold grub; he must cook well and take his rest. Then it doesn't matter if he has to wade creeks and sleep wet and live wet days at a time; he can resist it, he's got the fuel in him. We have a rule that when we get in a hurry, we must camp a whole day and think it over. When I found myself going, I did camp and think it over, but I guess I was a bit late about it. I dug Oregon grape and princess pine and boiled them down for blood tonic and was lucky enough to find some fogsloe for my heart, which had begun to kick too hard when I climbed. Then I hurt my foot before the roots had put me in shape, and when I found a toe black one morning I knew I must pull down river. I cached my stuff and started. I had to hurry then.

All day I snowshoed, biting hard on a bit of pine to forget the pain. Nights I'd find a hollow cedar log, cut holes in it about ten feet apart for draft, kindle a fire at the end and lie down on the log. When the fire had burned up to the draft hole at my foot I moved up another hole. When I couldn't find a log I'd dig a pit down in the snow, kindle a brush fire in it and sleep at the edge of the ashes. I reached Smith Creek all right, and by then my whole foot was black. Boys—may I live to forget it—I fell in crossing that creek; fell in over head and ears in ice water, and nothing between me and Revelstoke to help me. If I stopped, besides the certainty of freezing, I knew my hurt would never let me start again, and I didn't think I could keep going. I felt I was gone, but I resolved I'd die hard and play the game through. Off I hiked on the raquettes; awful going it was, the pain killing me by inches and every rag on me frozen solid. Night came; I kept on like a madman, for I dared not stop a second. If I drowned an instant I was dead. I reached White's cabin; all nature urged me to go in for a rest. I had reason enough to know it would be my last rest, so I hit the trail steady with an awful limp. I prayed Kelly might be in his cabin, but it was cold and shut.

When I reached Mosquito Landing I was dying, but the thought of only six miles more kept me going. When I had been hiking steady for over forty-two hours I fell into my own door and things swam and went dark. It was three months even to crutches. The sawbones all said I'd die, but didn't I fool 'em? Going out again next winter? Sure. I've got to go back for that cache. A man must live, you know.—B. W. Mitchell, in the Outing Magazine.

## AN EVENING ATTACK.

The Balkans can boast of cities which are miniature replicas of London and Paris, declares Mr. Henry De Windt, the author of "Through Savage Europe." These are civilized centres. But the remoter districts are, as of yore, hotbeds of outlaws and brigandage, where you must travel with a revolver in each pocket and your life in your hand, and of this fact Mr. De Windt had unpleasant proof.

In the district called Ropitza an elderly Turk urged us to pass the night at a squall inn where our driver had taken us. Falling to persuade us, the old villain disappeared, and so effectively plied our driver with silowitiz that he could not sit up on the box until sunset. It was therefore dark before we could set out, along a narrow road, hewn through dense pine forest.

But the game little team dashed along, and must have covered about a mile, when there came a violent lurch, followed by a crash, and I found myself in the dusty road within an inch or so of unpleasantly active iron heels. The driver had been hurled by the shock clean over his horses' heads and lay motionless.

Fortunately my companion, like myself, was uninjured, and we set to repair with the aid of rope and a jack-knife. Then a curious thing happened.

"Look behind you!" suddenly exclaimed my friend, and I turned hastily, to discover perhaps twenty silent, shadowy forms, which had apparently sprung up out of the earth around us.

There was no "Your money or your life!" business about this strange band, but its methods were quite as effectual. "You will give

us two hundred dinars,"—about eight pounds—"and we will help shift that tree," said the spokesman, in Serbian; and I instantly recognized the voice as one I had heard that afternoon in the inn.

Resistance was, of course, useless, for a match was kindled by the speaker ostensibly to light a cigarette, but probably to reveal the gleam of firearms in every man's belt. They numbered more than twenty, we only three, and one of our number half stupefied with drink and terror.

There was nothing for it but to pay up and look pleasant; and having removed the barrier, obviously placed there by themselves, the robbers vanished as rapidly and silently as they had appeared on the scene.

## A TIGER IN THE DARK.

One of the most exciting moments I have had in hunting occurred while tiger shooting in caves in Amoy, China. A friend and myself had decided to try our luck with "stripes" in the Amoy hills, where we were told there were lots of tigers. We had out searching for game several Chinese hunters who promised to let us know as soon as they found out a place frequented by tigers.

One day in March two of them called and said they knew a place where we were sure to get a shot at a tiger. We asked the hunters where we should spend the night. They said they had made arrangements with a priest for us to stay at a temple. After a ride of about three hours we arrived at the foot of a range of hills, and a good way up saw the small temple where we were to stay that night. Our beds were soon made and arrangements made for dinner. The Chinese seem to have no scruples at all, as we slept close alongside the altar. This did not prevent the villagers from coming in the early morning and burning their loss sticks to Buddha quite unconcerned at our presence.

At the first sign of dawn with our field glasses and rifles we descended to the valley. As soon as it was possible to see we eagerly scanned the tops of the hills for a sign of the tigers. In this part of the country it is customary for them to return to their lairs at the break of dawn with their prey. As soon as a tiger was sighted he was carefully watched to see if there was any opening in the cave other than the one he had entered. After a few anxious moments the hunters returned and said there was no other entrance. We then tossed up for first shot because, as a rule, in these caves one man only gets a shot. We proceeded to the place where the tiger had entered the cave, the Chinese hunters lighted their torches and proceeded to search for the tigers.

We had to wait at the entrance of the cave, as it was not desirable that all of us should enter it once; it would make too much noise. After a little time the man returned and said the tiger had been located and that it was a tigress with two cubs. This made it much more interesting, as the tigress was sure to show fight on account of her cubs.

We proceeded silently and in single file to enter the cave. Some parts of it were so low that we had to put our rifles through first and crawl on our hands and knees. In other parts it opened out fairly wide. In the sand at our feet we could see the footprints of the tigress and her cubs. After about ten minutes traveling in this manner, with the torch man ahead, he pointed out and nodded to show where the tigress was. At this time we were in a chamber about ten feet square, just room for the four of us, two Chinese hunters with their torches and spears, my friend and myself. My friend, as he had first shot, was just in front of me with one Chinese hunter on each side of him. He leaned forward to look down the cave toward the tigress when she suddenly made a dash, put out the two torches and sprang at my friend.

The moment the tigress did so my friend slipped and dropped his rifle, so he could not fire. I took a rapid shot as the tigress sprang and luckily brought her down. The situation was exciting to say the least. I could not tell if I had killed the animal. Part of the body was actually across my feet. It was almost dark, the torches were just smouldering and there were four of us in the small chamber with the creature lying in our midst. The Chinese hunters gradually got their torches alight again and I was able to take stock of the situation. My friend had been terribly mauled on the chest and was bleeding badly, but the tigress was stone dead.

After awhile I got my friend out, and then the tigress. From the time the tigress made her spring till the torches were alight again was only a few seconds, but it seemed ages.—Forest and Stream.

## DOG STRANGLER BY WOMAN.

After a struggle lasting ten minutes, Mrs. Mary E. Forrester, of Memphis, Tenn., who weighs less than 100 pounds, choked to death a powerful dog that had attacked her. The dog was a 60-pound shepherd standing two feet high, the pet of the neighborhood.

Mrs. Forrester grasped the brute under the head, closed her fingers about his neck and tightened her grip. All over the porch the woman and dog fought, the animal several times nearly pulling his captor from the porch. Feebler and Feebler became the frenzied animal's struggles until it fell dead.

A \$20,000,000 terminal station has been planned for the steam, electric and subway lines of San Francisco.

## GAMBLING ON THE COFFEE EXCHANGE KILLED BY BRAZIL

She Bought the Surplus Crop in a Bumper Year to Prevent a Trade Disaster and Controls the Market—Price Held So Steady Speculation is Idle—Nearly 8,000,000 Bags of Coffee Held To-Day by the State Worth \$10 to \$11 a Bag.

Transactions in options and futures in the New York Coffee Exchange have almost ceased. A year ago the daily sales were 30,000. There was a net decline in sales, mostly speculative, of 7,414,000 bags during the past twelve months as compared with the previous year.

For all practical purposes it may be said that gambling in coffee prices has ended for the time being, not only in New York but in Hamburg, Germany, and Havre, France, where are the other principal exchanges.

This has been brought about not by internal reform of coffee exchanges, for traders are keen as ever, nor by legislation, for all measures proposed at the last session of the New York Legislature to end gambling in food stuffs and stocks were defeated.

## Due to Brazil's Action.

It is due solely to the remarkable experiment now being made by the Government of Brazil to control, for the benefit of her own people, the surplus coffee supply of the world. Some merchants in the trade call the undertaking socialism, others characterize it as an example of financial paternalism, while speculators denounce it as a corner in the market, an unwarranted interference by government in private business. But those importers who are allied in the valorization scheme, as it is called, declare that it is merely a form of protection for home industry, a reversal in details of operation of our own protective tariff.

The Brazilian experiment has been in operation for a year and a half, but only during the past few weeks has the full force of its operations been felt in the markets of the world. Slowly but steadily the transactions of speculators have been squeezed down; very surely has the range of fluctuations in prices been narrowed and steadied, until to-day the possibility of rise or fall has been reduced to such a small fraction that there is neither excitement nor profit in speculation.

Nature smiled on Brazil in 1906 in unprecedented plenty, and the coffee crop for the year was nearly double the customary production. In the calendars of trade the coffee year extends from July 1 to June 30, so that officially this bumper crop is recorded as that of 1906-7.

Ordinarily Brazil produces between ten and eleven million bags of coffee, or about two-thirds of the total required for the world's consumption. She did that in the year previous and the year following the great yield that upset all calculations by amounting to 20,000,000 bags, or more than enough to supply all the world, without reckoning the output from other countries.

## Faced a Trade Disaster.

To pour such a surplus into the channels of trade would have the certain effect of lowering prices down to lowest ebb. Coffee growing is the principal industry of Brazil. It is the life of the country, the basis of the nation's financial operations. Coffee prices more than cut in half meant ruin for the planters and almost vital embarrassment to the Government itself. In this emergency the Government resolved to embark into commercial enterprise and become the dominant factor in the coffee trade of the world.

The State of Sao Paulo produces by far the larger part of Brazilian coffee, and the financial operations have been conducted chiefly in the name of its Government, although backed by the Federal Government. It was resolved that the Government should buy from the planters their surplus coffee and hold it against possible future short crops and the increasing demand of the world. This would prevent a glut of the market and a collapse in prices. The necessary legislation was enacted, and the Government, both State and National, borrowed money in the financial centres of the world to buy up the coffee.

These loans were negotiated in two ways. One form was the ordinary loan from bankers for which was pledged the export duties on coffee. This was done in the case of \$15,000,000 advanced by the house of Rothschild. In other cases great mercantile houses interested in the coffee trade, such as Arbuckle Brothers and Crossman & Sielcken, of New York, and similar firms in Hamburg and London, advanced funds with the coffee itself as security.

All told, the Brazilian State and National Government obligated themselves for about \$45,000,000, and they hold to-day, stored in warehouses in Santos, Rio Janeiro, New York, Havre, Hamburg and other trade centres, nearly 8,000,000 bags of coffee, worth between \$10 and \$11 a bag. Thus the Government is in absolute control of the market. It not only saved a crop panic at home but obtained a power over the world's markets that up to date has been wielded only for good.

## Scarcely Any Fluctuation.

The legislative enactments authorizing the valorization scheme fixed

the maximum and minimum prices at which the coffee should be bought by the Government. The selling price is regulated by the open market demand. If it falls below, the Government declines to sell; if it rises higher than cost price, then the Government will sell in order to lighten its load.

In face of these conditions no speculator can do business, for there is scarcely any fluctuation. During the year which closed on June 30 the extreme range of fluctuation on the New York Coffee Exchange for No. 7 (a standard grade) was 3/4 of a cent, as against 2 1/2 cents the previous year and twice as much in other years. The exchange has known coffee as low as 3 1/2 cents and as high as 21 cents a pound. To-day it rules steady and non-speculative close to 6 cents.

Of the vast amount of coffee which the Brazilian Government bought in during the winter of 1906-7 it has sold very little. Last month it put up at public auction about 300,000 bags to establish an official price for its holdings. This was necessary in order to form a basis for the new ten year loan of \$50,000,000 that is in preparation to take up all the original mercantile and banking operations in connection with the coffee deal and fund them into a single Government loan. The export tax is to be increased from 60 cents to \$1 per bag in order to provide an interest and sinking fund to wipe out the indebtedness.

There is much similarity between this coffee scheme and the demands of cotton growers in the Southern States of this country, who in recent years demanded that the Government help them carry their cotton. Likewise Kansas farmers have made demands that the Government issue money based on their wheat and corn. The action of the Brazilian Government would be analogous to the United States Government purchasing the surplus wheat crop of America in some year of extraordinary yield to keep the price from falling below some fixed figure, as 75 cents, or even \$1 a bushel.—The World.

## The Duties of the District Leader.

To Harper's Weekly John S. Burke contributes a vivid and amusing sketch of the duties of the district leader in the New York political system.

"Although the assertion would contain much truth," he writes, "it would not be the whole truth to say the District Leader preserves his political existence by his adroitness in administering the most skillfully organized charity in New York. Primarily the Leader lives by being 'in right' with the organization that rules the city, and thus getting his share of 'fat' contracts—not to mention other sources of gain that have been used at times by the unscrupulous. The Leader keeps control of his Assembly district only so long as he dominates it absolutely. Let one election show that he cannot bring out the party vote at its full strength and his sceptre is taken from him. Long ago the shrewd Leader recognized the fact that he who pays money for a man's vote is uncertain as to the delivery of the goods purchased, and is certain to be despised by the man forever after. Whereas the politician who finds work for the unemployed, and food and rent for his family until pay day comes, is sure of that man's gratitude. He need not worry about how the man will vote."

## Nebraska Sod House.

There are few surviving examples of the primitive style of architecture once in fashion on the plains. Within a radius of many miles of Central City, Neb., only one sod house that is inhabited can be found. It is the residence of Oscar Nelson and is situated south of Polk in Hamilton County. For thirty years it has sheltered Mr. Nelson and his wife, and within its walls three children were born and raised. It has weathered some very severe storms and proved so staunchly built that surprisingly few repairs have been needed. Nebraska soil has proved reliable in many ways, but few other instances can be cited of its standing the test for thirty years when forming the walls of a sod house.—Omaha World-Herald.

## Dew.

Dew does not "fall" in the sense that rain does. It has been scientifically demonstrated that "dew" is simply the moisture that is abstracted from the air by the rapid cooling of the bodies with which that air comes in contact; as, for example, the moisture that is seen of a summer day on the outside of a pitcher containing ice water. Dew is not formed on windy nights, because the drifting air then brings its own temperature to the radiating bodies, and prevents them from getting cooled as speedily as they would otherwise do.

Many doctors say that lawn tennis is the most healthful form of recreation.