



Fiction.

THE MAN WHO HOLDS HIS TONGUE.

The man who is ready to give his all For what he thinks is right, Who shoulders his gun and answers the call...

ROGERS' SCOOP.

When Rogers walked into the City Editor's room and asked for a job, "doing anything," the latter official looked up from the bundle of copy he was editing and stared at the youth...

the workings of the conference. He looked at the programme and saw that the leading address of the entire meeting was to be given that night by Rev. Samuel F. Davis...

And all that afternoon, or what remained of it, he put in working up an abstract of a fictitious letter. It was a beautiful piece of work, lofty in its thought, clear in its expression...

That night he sat with her on the front porch until eleven o'clock, until, in fact he saw that the session of the conference was over. Then he went down to the office...

Rogers came down about 1 o'clock the next morning. He had hardly stepped into the local room when the City Editor yelled at him.

This is what Rogers read: "At the last session of the Congregational convention, held in the church on Forest avenue last night, the chairman read a telegram that was received with a shock by the members present."

Rogers raised his eyes from the paper and then lowered them slowly until they met those of the City Editor. One look was exchanged. Then Rogers laid down the paper...

The young man cleared off all the refuse paper that littered the desk he had been assigned to, and with his handkerchief dusted the legs of the chair that stood before it.

He was sent out to look up a street car accident. He was back from the house of the injured woman within forty-five minutes. He had gotten a good story and besides, had had sense enough to secure her picture from her.

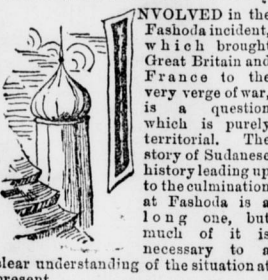
That night Rogers was taken up to Clark's dance hall to cover the plumbers' assistant's ball. He wrote the story of the affair in such a way that the City Editor saw fit to run a column of it with illustrations.

Rogers boarded up on Forest avenue, it seems well to mention at this time, for the girl he had gotten acquainted with, some way, lived up on that street also.

Rogers said "All right, sir," and pushed the elevator button. He spent the first hour and a half of the afternoon at the church, getting an insight

THE FASHODA AFFAIR.

Events Leading Up to the Crisis Between Great Britain and France.



INVOLVED in the Fashoda incident, which brought Great Britain and France to the very verge of war, is a question which is purely territorial.



MAJOR J. B. MARCHAND.

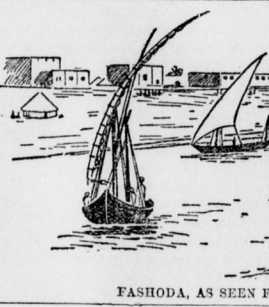
pointed a governor of the Bahr-el-Ghazal. When the Egyptians were expelled from the country the French were given a route across the African continent connecting their Congo colony in the west with the French possessions in the east.



Map showing how if France had held Fashoda she would have had a belt of empire across Africa from the Senegal River to the Blue Nile, and would have defeated Great Britain's "Cape to Cairo" project.

ject in view she has obtained from Monelek concessions to build a railway right across Abyssinia, the line being already in construction. It is essential to the scheme that this line should be carried through to Fashoda.

When the British forces of General Kitchener arrived they found Marchand and his expedition encamped there. The cable reported cordial meetings between the rival forces, but the news, previously sent, of Marchand's arrival at Fashoda created intense excitement in London and Paris.



FASHODA, AS SEEN FROM THE BLUE NILE.

of enlarging their own markets, first at the expense of the French, and latterly by maintaining the "open door." The historic meeting of Kitchener and Marchand at Fashoda is possibly the last occasion on which the French and English will meet for the division of a continent.

Not less positive are the words of Lord Rosebery, who, unlike the conservative Sir Michael, is a former Liberal Premier. He disposes of the subject by denying to Mr. Marchand the right to represent the Government of France, suggesting to France that the easiest way out of the difficulty is to repudiate Marchand altogether.

The London Saturday Review says: The facts on which the Fashoda dispute is based are very much deeper than is generally supposed. At first sight it would appear as if the French were grasping at a shadow and disregarding the substance in pertinacious laying claim to an apparently barren and unproductive spot while neglecting the fertile district of Bahr-el-Ghazal.

It is her cherished project to make a railway from east to west of Africa, in order to divide the continent and thus prevent the joining of the two British spheres (north and south) by direct communication. With this ob-

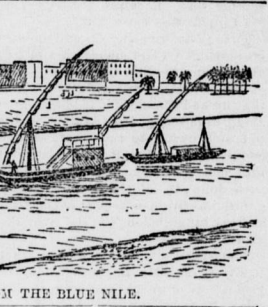
Kitchener acted wisely and with tact, while Major Marchand behaved like a gentleman of France. Nothing would have been easier than for Kitchener, by the tyrannous use of overwhelming force, to have hurried England into her twenty-fifth war with France by wounding the susceptibilities of the brave soldier explorer.

Close observers will note that England at the present juncture is specially polite to France, and the latter would be well advised to remember Mr. Kipling's hint: "But oh! beware of my country when my country grows polite."

A young Texas girl ate the heads of 212 parlor matches in an attempt to commit suicide. When she repented she swallowed a lot of lard and bacon as an antidote. The combination was fatal in a few minutes.

There are quite 100 roads of one kind and another over the Pyrenees between France and Spain, but only three of these are passable for carriages.

circumstances, becomes specially interesting, because it is probably the final episode in the long struggle between England and France for the trade belonging to the great river valleys of the world. Fashoda belongs historically to the great struggle with France which began under William of Orange and was erroneously supposed to end with the battle of Waterloo.



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AUCTION SALE COMEDY.

HOW THE TRICK OF MAKING ONE BID AGAINST SELF IS WORKED.

The Auctioneer Must Have Been a Hypocrite, considering the Price His Elderly Victim Paid For the Watteau Shepherdess—Praised Her Eve's Cult.

The vase was about eighteen inches high, and of varying diameter. It was of some sort of crockery or china ware, and it was as ornate as a Lorraine coat of arms. On one side was a Watteau young woman, clad in a truly rural pink satin puffy skirt, mostly all pinks, and an apple-green bodice, also satin, and a "shepherdess" hat that must have cost at least \$24.80, and white silk stockings that ended in pink satin slippers (high heeled), apparently No. 12, children's size.

The auctioneer held it up. "What am I offered for this real thing?" he inquired, insinuatingly. "Ladies and gentlemen, the age of this vase is beyond my humble computation. Moreover, I do not like to go beyond facts that I know. I do know that this vase adorned the home of the Russian Minister—Cacky—Caokowsky—something like that—to this country seventy-two years ago."

"Two dollars," said a coarse, brutal man at the far end of the room. The auctioneer looked grieved. "Surely," said he, "you jest. Surely, you must be unaware of the merits of the cherished school of ceramic art to which this—"

"Two 'n' a half," put in another low churl, with a business-like eye, up near the auctioneer's stand. "I perceive," said the auctioneer, sadly, "that a spirit of merriment pervades the room this morning. It is a sorry enough reflection that a gem, a prize, of this character, ladies and gentlemen, that a generation ago would have been grabbed at by—"

"Well, call it three," said the first man to make a bid. "My friends," said the auctioneer, shaking his head mournfully, "are you aware that it is among the possibilities—indeed, among the probabilities—that this vase for which you now offer me such paltry sums may at one time have embellished the boudoirs of queens—that the ill-fated Marie Antoinette's herself—"

"Three-fifty," said another man with a low forehead but a bright, alert eye. It was at this point that the determined-looking elderly woman, with the poppy-covered bonnet and the fat, old-fashioned purse, walked in. The love of tradition shone in her eyes, and she flashed a look of contempt at the bidders.

"Five dollars," said she, pushing through the crowd close to the auctioneer's stand. "Ah, madame," said the auctioneer, "you have arrived in season. It is readily to be seen that you know a good thing when you see it—this vase is a cultivated eye, that is to say, for such perfect products of a sadly deteriorated art as this. Yet I fear you, too, strike too low a note. Five I am offered—who, then, is to make it ten? who makes it ten?—ah, ten I am offered—"

Nobody in the room had spoken. The determined-looking elderly woman looked around defiantly and adjusted her spectacles defiantly. "—ten I am offered—who makes it fifteen?—"

"Fifteen dollars," said the determined-looking woman, and all of the rest of the room's assemblage looked on with a very great silence. "Fifteen I am offered—it is dreary enough to reflect upon it—but fifteen I am offered—fifteen—fifteen—now, who is to display his acumen and make me—ah, twenty—"

Nobody in the room had spoken. "Twenty-five dollars," said the determined-looking woman, and she didn't notice the grins of the canaille about her. "And sold to this lady with the cultivated eye for twenty-five dollars," said the auctioneer, snappingly. "Oh, yes," said the auctioneer in an easy whisper to a friend, "when you can get 'em to bid against themselves you're all right." Then she sold another vase of the same sort for \$2.50.—Washington Star.

A RED TAPE COMEDY.

Terrible Commotion in Germany Because a Kite Caught on a Wire.

At Gleiwitz, in Upper Silesia, a youngster's kite got caught on the electric wire of a fire alarm. A policeman noticed the accident, and in order to get the kite removed made a written report, which, after having been perused by the "Polizei-Kommissar," was forwarded in succession to the "Polizei-Inspektor," the Magistrate and the "Feuerloschgerat-Kommission."

But the "Feuerloschgerat-Kommission" determined that the matter should not rest there. They sent a deputation to the local School Board to ask that all school inspectors in the district should be instructed to see that all the children in the local schools received a similar warning.

The headmasters of all the schools were accordingly supplied with written instructions as to the way in which the necessary warning should be conveyed. Circulars were distributed among the juvenile population. The head school inspector was informed of the steps that had been taken. He informed the School Board, and the School Board the Burgermeister. Finally the written documents relating to the affair were collected, and after being furnished with a formidable register number, were laid to rest in the official pigeon-hole.

Be not merely good; be good for something.—Thoreau. Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart.—Hood. Our ancestors have traveled the iron age; the golden is before us.—St. Pierre. Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things and is not hurt by them.—Faulstich. No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life as not to receive new information from age and experience.—Terence. Our lives, by acts exemplary, not only win ourselves good names, but do to others give matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.—Chapman. There cannot be a surer proof of low origin or of an innate meanness of disposition than to be always talking and thinking about being genteel.—Hazlitt. Narrow-minded and ignorant persons talk about persons and not things; hence gossip is the bane and disgrace of so large a portion of society.—Sheridan. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within more than the lustre of the armament of bards and sages.—Emerson. We can have no positive idea of any space or duration, which is not made up of, and commensurate to, repeated numbers of feet or yards, or days or years, and whereby we judge of the greatness of these sort of quantities.—Locke. Love as we may other women, there stands first and ineffaceable the love of "mother;" gaze as we may on other faces, our mother's face is still the fairest; bend as we shall to other influences, still, over all, silent, but mighty, reaching to us from long-gone years, is a mother's influence.—J. F. W. Ware. Wanted. Wanted—A skillful dentist to fill the teeth of a gale. Wanted—A cook to prepare dinner on a mountain range. Wanted—A set of artificial teeth for the month of the Mississippi. Wanted—A crown for the brow of a hill. Wanted—A well-fitting shoe for the foot of a mountain. Wanted—Several hundred women to scour the country. Wanted—An energetic barber to shave the face of the earth. Wanted—A lady to wear the Cape of Good Hope. Wanted—Locks for the Florida Keys. Wanted—A wise man to teach the Scilly Islands.—Anglo-American. Passing of "The Lady of the House." "The lady of the house," once esteemed a highly polite and conciliatory form of address, is now, said a city dweller, "a quaint and obsolete word with those who pursue business by modern methods. In advance practice the custom is now to address the lady of the house by name, a method vastly more impressive and one susceptible of varied application. Thus an establishment with which we already have relations sends out a new circular and this is left at the door by a man who says not 'for the lady of the house,' but 'the So-and-So sends this to Mrs. Blank.' This beats 'the lady of the house' out of sight, and marks the refinement of modern methods of doing things."—New York Sun. Not Counted. It is estimated that there are 1200 islands in the Philippines, but there has been no official counting.