

(Continued from preceding page.)

"No one who knows Mr. Duke will for one moment suspect him as the real parent of these parrotisms. He took them from a book, or had them from the trust-paid lips of trust attorneys, arguing before a court or a legislative commission, and but repeats them, graphophonically, as pat occasion provides. And yet it is precisely this chest-inflated, self-complacent twaddle on the sleek parts of such as Mr. Duke, that infuriates the souls of men and leads to socialism. 'Love your work,' preaches the oracular Mr. Duke to his 'hundreds of thousands' of toilers in those treadmills of tobacco he falls factories. They are not to mind the pay. Their weekly stipend may spell peace and pulse and nakedness and chilling ignorance to wives and children. 'Heed not these things!' counsels the urbane Mr. Duke, with his wine and his fire and his evening cigar. All you've got to do is 'love your work!' As well tell convict to love his fetters, or galley slave his oar!

"And every young American must 'abandon all foolish ideas about fighting against business concentration!' declares the sapient Mr. Duke, jingling his dollars drawn from watered stocks. The 'young American' is to 'seize his opportunity,' whatever that may mean, and 'work his way to the top of the larger systems.'

Duke's Picture.

Here is a pen picture which the writer gives of Mr. Duke:

"There is nothing of the hero about him—nothing fierce, nothing predatory; all is round, soft, slow, pudgy, crude, commonplace. He cares nothing for horses, or automobiles, or dogs, or yachts or pictures, or those forty other affectations which engage his gold-swollen fellows. He dilates into no palaces, expands into no wide estates. To him the table is nothing, the bottle nothing. He eats, he drinks only because he must, not because he likes to. No one hears of him at Grand Opera; for him books have no charms. The drama. Should you mention Shakespeare, he'd think you meant a town in Arizona.

"Thus you note that Mr. Duke's tastes are as few and simple as are those of—shall we say a tobacco worm? There are no arrogances, no manners. Doubtless he has his preferences, his appreciations. I think he would have pitied Sterne, despised Reynolds, dodged Johnson, had he met those worthies in their hour. He yearns not at all for politics, or the power of place. Life with him begins and ends at MONEY. Money is his ambition, his horizon, his hope, his fear, his religion, his all. It is his idol, he is its priest. By it he measures his past, bounds his future. Of it, for it, by it, he sits on his throne of tobacco and directs us—who are his subjects—in the kingdom of Nicotine."

World Smoking Like a Dragon.

At the base of this man's money god is the tobacco weed.

"This kingdom of Nicotine over which Mr. Duke sways his rod of control? It covers within its frontiers every question of American tobacco—snuff, cigars, cigarettes, smoking tobacco, fine-cut, plug. Also Mr. Duke's tobacco will be absolute in Cuba, in the Philippines, in China as well as Japan. What that should measure to is dimly thrown upon the canvas of conjecture when it is recalled that the United States, unaided, consumes annually three hundred and twenty millions of pounds of manufactured tobacco, besides twelve billions of cigarettes (thank the Centennial Exposition of 1876 for that), and more than eight billions of cigars. Americans, in chewing tobacco and smoking tobacco—mere matters of pipe and plug, and aside from snuff, cigarettes, and cigars—pay across the annual counters of Mr. Duke over \$700,000,000. Nor is America all. The whole world is smoking like a dragon. England every year wants eight billions of cigarettes alone; China two billions; Japan four billions. This outside cigarette habit puts alien millions into the coffers of Mr. Duke."

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION. GARFIELD'S DRAMATIC ORATION.

It was the 14th of April, 1865, and in the midst of the universal rejoicing over the return of peace, that Mr. Lincoln was struck down by the hand of the assassin. Instantly the telegraph flashed the news from one end of the land to the other, and the country became excited to its utmost tension.

New York City, on the morning after the assassination, seemed ready for the scenes of the French Revolution. The newspaper headlines were in the largest type. Crowds were about the bulletin boards, and the high crime was on every one's tongue. Fear took possession of men's minds as to the fate of the government, for in a few hours the news came that Seward, too, HAD BEEN MURDERED.

and that attempts had been made upon the lives of other of the government officers. Placards were put up everywhere, in great black letters, calling upon the loyal citizens of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and other neighboring cities to meet around Wall Street Exchange and give expression to their sentiments. It was a dark and terrible hour. What might come next no one could tell, and men spoke with bated breath. The wrath of the workmen was simply uncontrollable, and revolvers and knives were in the hands of thousands, ready at the first provocation to avenge the death of the martyred President upon any and all who dared to utter a word against him. Eleven o'clock

IN THE MORNING

was the hour set for the rendezvous. Fifty thousand people crowded around the Exchange Building, wedged in as tight as men could stand together. General Butler, it was announced, had started from Washington, and was either already in the city of expected every moment; and the crowd waited in solemn silence for him to arrive and address the gathering. Not a burrah was heard, but, for the most part, dead silence hung over all, broken only now and then by a deep, ominous muttering, which ran like a rising wave up the street toward Broadway, and again down toward the river on the right. In the reception-room of the building nearly a hundred prominent men—generals, judges, statesmen, lawyers, editors, and clergymen—were gathered, waiting

THE ARRIVAL OF BUTLER.

At length the batons of the police were seen swinging in the air, far up on the left, parting the crowd and pressing it back to make way for a carriage that moved slowly and with difficult jogs through the compact multitude. Suddenly the silence was broken, and the cry of "Butler! Butler! Butler!" rang out with tremendous and thrilling effect, and was taken up by the people. But not a hurrah! Not one! It was the cry of a great people, asking to know how their President died. The blood boiled in their veins, and the tears ran in streams down their faces. How it was done cannot be told, but Butler was pulled through, and pulled up, and into the reception-room. A broad craze, a yard long, hung from his left arm, in striking contrast with the countless flags that were

WAVING THE NATION'S VICTORY

from the adjoining buildings. When Butler entered the room he shook hands with the gentlemen present. Some spoke, some could not speak. All were in tears. The only word he had for them all at the first break of the silence was, "Gentlemen, he died in the fullness of his fame!" As he spoke his lips quivered and tears ran fast down his cheeks.

After a few moments, coming out upon the balcony of the Exchange, Butler addressed the assemblage. The effect as the crape on his uplifted arm fluttered in the wind, can scarcely be imagined. Men became frantic with excitement. Daniel S. Dickenson, of New York, was fairly wild. He leaped over the iron railing of the balcony, and while a by-stander held on to his coat to keep him from falling, he stood there, on the edge overhanging the crowd, gesticulating in the most vehement manner, and bidding the crowd "to burn up the rebel seed, root and branch." By this time

THE WAVE OF POPULAR INDIGNATION had swelled to its crest. In an adjoining street two men lay bleeding, the one dead, the other dying; one on the pavement, the other right in the gutter. They had said a moment before that "Lincoln ought to have been shot long ago." They were not allowed to say it again! Soon two long pieces of scantling were raised above the heads of the crowd, crossed at the top like the letter X a looped halter pend from the junction, and a dozen men followed its low motion through the masses, while the cry of "Vengeance!" surged up from every quarter.

On the right suddenly the shout arose, "The World!" "The World!" "The office of the World!" "World!" "World!" and a movement of perhaps eight or ten thousand, turning their faces in the direction of that building, began to be executed.

IT WAS A CRITICAL MOMENT.

What might have come had that crowd moved upon the office of that journal, may be easily imagined. Police and military would have availed nothing. A telegram had just been read from Washington, "Seward is dying!" Just then, at that juncture, a man stepped forward with a small flag in his hand, and beckoned to the crowd. "Another telegram from Washington!" And then, in the awful stillness of the crisis, taking advantage of the hesitation of the crowd, whose steps had been arrested a moment, a right arm was lifted skyward, and a voice, clear and steady, loud and distinct, spoke out: "Fellow citizens! Clouds and darkness are round about Him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face! Fellow citizens! God

reigns, and the government at Washington still lives."

THE EFFECT WAS TREMENDOUS.

The crowd stodd riveted to the ground in awe, gazing at the motionless orator, and thinking of God and of His providence over the government and the nation. As the boiling wave subsided and settled to the sea when some strong wind beats it down, so the tumult of the people sank and became still. As the rod draws the electricity from the air, and conducts it safely to the ground, so this man had drawn the fury from the frantic crowd, and guided it to more tranquil thoughts than vengeance. It was as if some divinity had spoken through him. It was a triumph of eloquence, a flash of inspiration such as seldom comes to any man, and to not more than one man in a century. Webster, nor Choate, nor Everett, nor Seward ever reached it. Demosthenes never equaled it. The man for the crisis had come, and his words were more potent than Napoleon's guns at Paris. A murmur went through the crowd.

"WHO IS HE?"

The answer came in low whispers, "General Garfield, of Ohio." When asked some time ago to give the words he had spoken, he answered, "I cannot. I could not have told five minutes afterwards. I only know I drew the lightning from that crowd, and brought it back to reason."

He had arrived from Washington that morning, and after breakfast had strolled out upon the crowded streets, with no definite purpose in view, and in entire ignorance of the great gathering at the Exchange Building, Providence—which we misname accident—directed his steps down Broadway, and when he saw the great concourse of people he kept on to learn the occasion of the assemblage. General Butler was speaking when he arrived, and a friend on the steps of the Exchange beckoned to him to come up there, above the heads of the multitude. Providence thus furnished the man for the occasion, and soon it lent him the inspiration.

RAVINE AVENUE AS A BOULEVARD.

We have received the following communication for publication:

EDITOR NEWS-LETTER:—In connection with the proposed pavement of Ravine Avenue from St. Johns avenue to the lake, it has been suggested that Ravine Avenue should be made a boulevard. It is one of the most attractive streets in the city. The easterly portion of the street is winding and flanked on either side by high ground which falls off sharply towards the street. Years ago it was one of the show places of the city, but latterly the pavement has gone to pieces. The city has reached its limit of two boulevards permitted by the statute, viz:—North Sheridan and South Sheridan Drive. The city, therefore, cannot boulevard Ravine Avenue. Fortunately, however, a park district can be organized and park commissioners elected, who may make a boulevard of Ravine Avenue, if the City of Highland Park, with the consent of the owners of a majority of the abutting property, turns over the street to the jurisdiction of the park commissioners. The commissioners may then pave the street by special assessment, the same as the city would do, and may regulate the traffic on the street in such manner as they may deem best. The statute provides that commissioners may also take over such parks as the city may desire to turn over to them. They may also assume jurisdiction of North Sheridan Drive and South Sheridan Drive, if the city desires to turn such streets over to the commissioners.

In view of the apparent desire of the property owners who would be assessed for the pavement of Ravine Avenue to create a park district and to turn that street over to the park commissioners to be used as a boulevard, the Board of Local Improvements has postponed further consideration of the proposed pavement to March 1, 1909. In the meantime steps are being taken to institute the necessary court proceedings and to call a special election for the purpose of creating the district and electing commissioners.

A park district under the statute may be organized as follows, to-wit:

Any one hundred legal voters resident within the limits of the proposed park district may petition the county judge to cause the question to be submitted to the legal voters of the proposed park district, whether they will organize as a park district; such petition shall define the territory intended to be embraced within the district; upon the filing of the petition in the office of the County Clerk, the County Judge shall order an election to be held within the proposed district, at which the electors shall vote on the proposed district and the election of five commissioners; the court shall give twenty days notice of the proposed election; and no district shall be organized unless a majority of the votes cast in the proposed district are in favor thereof. The commissioners shall serve from one to five years; the terms of the respective commissioners shall be determined by drawing lots.

The commissioners shall have power to pass all necessary ordinances, rules and regulations for the management and conduct of their business and property. They shall have full power to manage and control all parks, boulevards and driveways maintained by such district or committed to their care and custody. They may, by ordinance, regulate and restrain the use by the public or by individuals of any or all such parks, boulevards and driveways, and may exclude therefrom funeral processions, hearse, traffic teams and teaming and all objectionable travel and traffic, and may prescribe such fines and penalties for the violation of ordinances as they shall deem proper, not exceeding \$200 for any one offense, which fines and penalties may be recovered by suit in the name of the park district before any justice of the peace in the county.

The district shall have power to acquire, lay out, establish, construct and maintain parks and boulevards in the district, provide boating basins in the parks and have full power to control, manage and govern the parks and boulevards and the use thereof. The district may also sprinkle streets within its territory; provided, the voters within the district so determine.

The park district shall have power to acquire by gift, grant or purchase, or by condemnation under the act of eminent domain, any and all real estate, lands, reversionary estates or rights, and all other property required or needed for any such park or boulevard, or for extending, adorning or maintaining the same within its territory. The park district may also take possession of submerged lands under certain conditions.

The park district may levy a general tax for the support of the district; provided, the aggregate amount of taxes levied for any one year, exclusive of the amount levied for payment of bonded indebtedness or interest thereon, shall not exceed the rate of four mills on each dollar of taxable property in the district.

The district may levy a special assessment for local improvements in the same manner that the City of Highland Park now levies such assessments.

The district may issue bonds for payment of land condemned or purchased for parks or boulevards, for building, maintaining, improving and constructing the same and for the payment of expenses incident thereto. These bonds may be issued to such an amount, including existing indebtedness of the district, so that the aggregate indebtedness of the district shall not exceed 3 per cent of the value of the taxable property therein.

Any public street, road or highway, or portion thereof, situated within the limits of any park district may be taken charge of by the district and improved and maintained by it as a pleasure drive or boulevard; provided, that the consent of the corporate authorities having control of such street, highway or portion thereof shall be first obtained, and also the consent in writing of the owners of the majority of the frontage of the lots and lands abutting on the same. If the street has already been set aside as a pleasure driveway or boulevard, then the consent of the owners is not required to set the same over to the park district. Any park or boulevards in the city under the control of the local authorities may, with the consent of the city, be turned over to and placed under the control of the commissioners.

COULDN'T SEE THE POINT.

At a dinner during the recent Episcopal convention at Richmond a young lady sitting near the bishop of London said to him, "Bishop, I wish you would set my mind at rest as to the similarity or dissimilarity between your country and ours on one point. Does the butterfly because the tomato can?" The bishop laughed heartily at this vivacious query. Not so young Englishman of his party, who, after dinner, sought his host. "I want to know, you know," said he, "about that joke of Miss B.'s. She asked me if the butter flew because the tomatoes could. Pray tell me what the point is." Christian Register.

An agreeable person is one who agrees with you.

The troubles that trouble us most are the troubles that never come.

The man who buys what he does not need will soon need what he cannot buy.

There is no difficulty in getting a fellow to play the first fiddle, but it's an awful struggle to scare up the rest of the orchestra.

A TRAP FOR EAVESDROPPERS.

Simple Device Well Calculated to Insure Privacy.

The eavesdropper, ere applying his ear, applied his eye. Through the keyhole another eye looked coldly into his. He started back, pale with fright. He tiptoed off hurriedly. "I'll lose my job," he muttered.

Meanwhile his mistress, the widow, sat with the young and gallant captain in the room from whose door the eavesdropper had retreated. A cigarette smoldered between her slim fingers and her dimpled elbows were on the table, among the litter of fole gras sandwiches, cold partridge and champagne.

The young captain pointed to the door. A hand mirror, its silver-gilt back towards him, hung from the door knob.

"Why did you put that there?" he asked.

"It is a trap for peepers," replied the widow. "Suppose my butler or cook stole to the door and put his eye to the keyhole. His eye would meet another eye. Believing himself discovered, he would trot silently away."

DAYS OF TRIBULATION OVER.

Persistent Office-Seeker Had Finally Landed Soft Job.

"I remember one man from my home town," a western senator said recently, "in the good old days of civil service examinations, whose dream of earthly attainment was a government place. When his party was finally successful he immediately set out for Washington and was 'on the job' long before the 4th of March, but there seemed to be a hitch somewhere. All through the spring he was about town. Wherever I went I would see him, striving for or just after an audience with some department official. By June he was seedy and broken looking, but still appeared to be 'game.' Finally I found him in the gallery of the senate chamber apparently endeavoring to kill time."

"Well, have you given it up?" I asked, trying to be sympathetic.

"Oh, I got the job, all right," he replied with a satisfied smile. "I'm working now."—Success Magazine.

The Earliest Religion.

Religion was at first purely dogmatic, an affair of the family, pure and simple. The gods were the dead ancestors, and the worship consisted of the perpetual care of the hearth fire and the graves of the departed relatives. It was the ancient belief (the most ancient, so far as we know) that the departed ancestors continued to live in or about the tomb, and that their peace and happiness depended absolutely upon the care with which their posterity looked after their worship. If the hearth fire was allowed to die down, or the tomb was neglected, or the food and drink were not faithfully taken to the tomb, their existence became a wretched one; whereas, if these things were carefully attended to, all was serene with them. There is much to show that this domestic belief obtained for a long time before the belief in God and a future life came in.—Chicago American.

Mirror for the Sick Room.

"Only a hand mirror should find place in a sickroom," said a doctor, "and it should be one flattering to the patient—the kind, for instance, which if the face is too broad, will lengthen it a little. And the patient should only be allowed to look in the mirror at propitious times. Many a patient has been frightened literally to death by his haggard reflection—has looked, sighted, and renounced hope. But many another patient in a really bad way—really desperate, too—being given a look at himself just after he has taken a stimulant, has buckled up wonderfully. In fact, a sickroom mirror, wisely handled, is a curative agent, while recklessly handled it may kill."

Loved and Hated.

Europe hates our rich art patrons and loves them. It loves them for the money they have made and are willing to spend on old masters and new masters, even when they are spurious. It hates the rich American when he beats a rich European in competition for some highly desired art treasure. Then Americans become mere men who triumph by brute strength of the longer purse, and, worst than that, art consumers who raise art prices to unreasonable heights by their traditional desire to get what they want when they want it.

Seen There Before.

A new constable was on duty at one of the London police courts, and was conducting a prisoner to the cells. "Mind the step," he said, as they came to a dark corner. "All right," muttered the prisoner. "I knew that step before you were born."

le debate. The date and place for debate has not yet been announced.

MODERN STAGE DENOUNCED.

Archbishop Freley scores the stage vigorously. In a sermon at Patrick's cathedral, New York, last day, the archbishop said that "the day is worse than it was in the days of paganism." He added: "I see to-day men and women—old men—who ought to be exercising a supervision over the young to their companionship. Instead of setting evil examples, they are often found in the public places in shamelessness with their youngsters cannot escape corruption."

There are a few very modern stage exhibits that are educating and instructive. It is a lamentable fact that the show is a direct play on the senses and a seductive contribution to immorality. The sense of decency is so grossly outraged that and boys and girls are shocked. The musical play of the day is a string of ideas strung together with meaningless or silly songs that are often indecent and sometimes lewdly attractive. Even the low-class which makes no moral meaning, but is the most degrading and the most degrading of decent contortions of the body, called women as well as men of almost all classes.

THE REVERSE PICTURE.

Apply there is an opposite to this picture of the modern play world. It is a growing force of manly men and womanly women who are facing social evils of the age with might and main.

The Illinois Vigilance Association, held at Chicago last Monday was the expression of a few mentalists, it might have been or twenty years ago. It voiced the note of vigorous campaign against slavery and all its associate and agencies.

The meeting, although held in the dingy hours of the day, nearly filled a large auditorium of the Y. M. C. and was addressed by judges and lawyers and by the clergy and a representative woman. The significance of this movement is much more than a mere protest against vice. It is an organized force with men of moral muscle and men of pure life and love behind it. In its hands the weapons of law and the courts of law are being used to crush the vicious monster in its more aggressive attacks.

has the sympathy and co-operation of many ministers and teachers, the active service of good women are beginning to see that the sub-truths of human sex life may be left to the ignorant suggestions of the school playground, the street workroom, all of them fed by the vile literature and quack medical advertisements.

THE TOBACCO KING.

Human Life devotes three pages in February issue to a sketch of Mr. Duke, who is at the head of the tobacco trust.

The article in "Human Life" is not being given to certain moralisms which he preaches as conditions of peace, and the article in question