

THE YELLOW PERIL



Did See a Russian Revolution and
Faint—The Bad Boy Arranges a
Wolf Hunt—Dad Threatens to
Throw the Bad Boy to the Wolves.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK.
(Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Former Editor
of Peck's Sun, Author of "Peck's
Bad Boy," etc.)

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ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA—MY
DEAR GROCERY WITZ: Well, sir, dad
and I have got too much of Russia the
quickest of any two tourists you ever
heard of. That skirmish we saw, the
day the Russians blessed the Neva, and
shot blank cartridges filled with old iron
at the czar, was not a marker to the
trouble the next Sunday, when the work-
ing people marched to the Winter Pa-
lance, to present a petition to the "Little
Father."

We thought a revolution was like a
play, and that it would be worth going
miles to see. Dad was in South Amer-
ica once when there was a revolution,
where more than a million men, with
guns that wouldn't shoot, put on a dozen
different kinds of uniforms, and yelled:
"Down with the government," and
frothed at the mouth, and drank butter-
milk and yelled Spanish swear words,
and acted brave, until a native soldier
with white pajamas came out with a
gun and shot one of the revolutionists
in the thumb, when the revolution was
suppressed and the next day the revolu-
tionists were pounding stone, with can-
non balls chained to their legs; and dad
thought a revolution in Russia would be
something like that, and that we could
get on a front porch and watch it as it
went by, and joke with the revolution,
and throw confetti, like it was a
carnival, but that Sunday that the Rus-
sian revolution was begun, we had
enough blood to last us all our lives.

We got a place sitting on an iron picket
fence, and we saw the people coming up
the street towards the Winter Palace,
dressed mostly in blouses, and looking
as innocent as a crowd of sewer diggers
at home going up to the city hall to ask
for a raise in wages of two shillings a
day. Nobody had a gun, and no one
would have known how to use a gun, and
all looked like poor people going to
prayers. There were troops every where,
and every soldier acted as though he
was afraid something would happen to
spoil their chance of killing anybody.

The snow on the streets was clean and
as white as the wings of a peace dove,
and dad said the show was no better
than a parade of laboring men at home
on Labor day.

Suddenly some officer yelled to the
parade to stop, and the priest at the head

of the procession, who was carrying a
cross, slowed up a little, like the drum
major of a band when the populace at
home begins to throw eggs, but they kept
on, and then the shooting began, and in a
minute men, women and children were
rolling in the snow, bleeding and dying,
the marchers were too stunned to run,
and the deadly guns kept on spitting
fire, and the street was full of dead and
dying, and then the Cossacks rode over
the dead and sabred and knouted the
living, and as the snow was patched with
red blood, dad fainted away and fell off
the picket fence, and hung by one pant
leg, which caught on a picket, and
crowds rushed in every direction, and
it was an hour before I could get a
drosky to haul dad to the hotel.

Dad collapsed when he got to the hotel,
and I got a doctor and a nurse, and for
two days I had to watch the revolution
alone, while dad had fits of remorse
'cause he brought me to such a charnel
house, he said.

Well, if you ever go anywhere, travel-
ing for pleasure, do not go to Rus-
sia, because it is the saddest place on
earth. I have seen no person smile or
laugh in all the ten days we have been
here, except a Cossack when he ran a
saber through a little girl, and his laugh
was like the coyote on the prairie when
he captures a little lamb. The people
look either heart-broken or snarly, like
the people confined in an insane asylum
at home.

The czar, who a week ago was loved
by the people, who believed if they went
to him, as to their God, and appealed for
guidance, is to-day hated by all, and in-
stead of "Nicholas the Good," since he
scampered away to a castle in the coun-
try, and crawled under a bed, all the peo-
ple call him "the Little Jack Rabbit,"
and his fate is sealed, as a bomb will
blow him into pieces so small they will
blow him to swept up in a dustpan for
burial, maybe before dad and I can get
out of Russia.

Going to St. Petersburg for a pleasant
outing is a good deal like visiting the
Chicago stockyards to watch the bloody
men kill the cattle, and the butchers in
the stockyards, calloused against any
feeling for suffering animals, are like
the soldiers here who shoot down their
neighbors because they are hired to do
it. The murder of those unarmed work-
ing men, that Sunday, has changed a
helpless, pleading people into anarchists
with deadly bombs in their blouses
where they were accustomed to carry
black bread to sustain life, and with the
menace of Japan in the far east and an
outraged people at home, Russia is in a
bad way, and if I was the czar or a grand
duke, I would find a woodchuck hole and
arrange with the woodchuck for a fur-
nished flat.

I didn't think there was going to be
anything going on in Russia except
bloodshed and bombs, and things to
make you sorry that you were here, and

The Yellow Peril of Gold

By REV. W. B. THORP,
Chicago Pastor.

and the storekeeper, the editor and the preacher, the politician and the professor, the trust magnate and the labor organizer, are all finding excellent and most weighty reasons for such speech or silence, such action or inaction, as is personally profitable to themselves.

If we keep on in that way our boasted civilization is doomed, and Japan, alert, devoted, public-spirited, will leave us as far in the rear as we in our supreme self-conceit fancy that we have left the rest of the world. No building of big navies will prevent it. Our only deliverance is in the uprising of men with radical ideas about truth and justice and with the courage to stand by them at any cost.

I was willing to take chloroform, and let them carry me home in a box, with my description on the cover, until the doctor told me that dad was in a condition of nervousness that he needed something to happen to get his mind off of the awful scenes he had witnessed, and asked me if I couldn't think of something to excite him, and wake him up, and then dad said, after he got so he could go out doors: "Hennery, you have always been Johnny on the spot when I



AND PILED US OUT ON TOP OF DAD.

needed diversion, and I want you to take your brain apart, and oil the works, and see if you can't conjure up something to get my blood circulating, and my pores open for business, and anything you think of goes, and I swear I will not kick if you scare the boots off of me."

Well, that was right into my hand, and I set my mind to strike at four p. m. I had been out riding once with the Chicago man, in a sledge, with three horses abreast, all runaway horses, and the driver was a Cossack who lashed the horses into a run every smooth place he found in the road, and it was like running to a fire, so I got the Chicago fellow to go with me and we found the Cossack and he was drunker than usual. There is a kind of liquor here called vodka, which skins wood alcohol and carbolic acid to a finish, and when a man is full of it he is so mad he wants to cut his own throat. This driver had put up sideboards on his neck and had two jags in one, and we hired him by the hour.

I told the Chicago man the circum-
stances, and that I had got to get dad
out of his trance, and he said he would
help me. When I was out riding the
day before I noticed that the road was
full of great dane dogs, wolf hounds and
stag hounds, which followed their
master's sledges out in the country, and
the dogs loafed around, hungry, looking
for bones, and fighting each other, so I
decided to get the dogs to chase our
sledge, and make dad think we were
chased by wolves. I thought that would
make dad stand without hitching, and
it did.

The Chicago man bought some cannon
firecrackers and I bought a cow's liver,
and hitched it to a rope, and hid it in
the back seat, and my Chicago friend and I
took the back seat, and we got dad in
the seat behind the driver, and started about
an hour before dark out in the country,
through a piece of woods that looked
quite wolfy. On the way out the driver
let his horses run away a few times, like
you have seen in Russian pictures, and
dad was beginning to sit up and take
notice, and seemed to act like a man who
expects every minute to be thrown over a
precipice, and mixed up with dead
horses. Dad touched the driver once on
the coat-tail and told him not to hurry
so confounded fast, and the driver
thought he was complaining because it



DAD STOOD UP IN THE SLEDGE AND LOOKED BACK.

was too slow, and he gave a Comanche
yell, and threw the lines into the air,
and the horses just skeddaddled, and ran
into a snow bank and tipped over the
sledge, and piled us out on top of dad,
but dad only said: "This is getting
good."

We righted up, and dad wanted to
know where all the pups came from that
we had passed. I had been throwing
out pieces of meat into the road for a
mile or so, and the dogs were having a
picnic. It was getting pretty dark by
this time, and we started back to town,
and I threw out my liver, fastened to
the rope, and the Chicago man, who had
given the driver a drink of vodka when
we tipped over, told him, in Russian,
that when the dogs began to follow us,
to get hold of the liver, to yell "wolves,"
and give the team the rein, for a five-
mile run, and yell all the time, because
we wanted to give the old gentleman a
good time.

Well, uncle, I would have given any-
thing if you could have seen dad when
the dogs began to chase that liver, and
they took a certain amount of joy in
life that is denied their unfortunate
children. Life was better worth the
living in the days of old.—Rochester
Post-Express.

The "yellow peril" is
not in the far east. It
is here among us. It is
the peril of gold. The
curse upon us all is that
we are selling justice
and mercy and truth for
money. The investor
and the preacher, the politician and the professor, the trust magnate and the labor organizer, are all finding excellent and most weighty reasons for such speech or silence, such action or inaction, as is personally profitable to themselves.

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children. Life was better worth the
living in the days of old.—Rochester
Post-Express.

The wonder is how did our fathers
and mothers, our grandfathers and
grandmothers live to a green old age?
They must have imbibed billions and
billions of bacilli, but as they didn't
take anything about disease germs,
they took a certain amount of joy in
life that is denied their unfortunate
children. Life was better worth the
living in the days of old.—Rochester
Post-Express.

TAMING BUFFALOES

Two calves that thrived
well on cow's milk.

**New Arrivals Wilder—One Unfortu-
nate Fellow That Broke His Leg**
—Ill-Luck in Placing Res-
tictive Animal in Sling.

The two buffalo calves from Corbin
park, which I was attempting to rear
by hand, thrived well on cow's milk,
which I administered very frequently
in small quantities. To be sure, it
disagreed with them a little at first,
but they were quickly set right by a
simple remedy, known to every farmer
who has reared a domestic calf. After
that, they did well, and gained in
weight at the rate of a pound a day,
though I did not give them all the
milk they would have taken.

For a while or two I kept them in
the barn, where I could watch them



BUFFALO COW AND CALF.

carefully for any signs of ailment, but
as they continued to do well I turned
them out into a pasture which had
been fenced with six feet of stout wov-
en-wire fencing, on purpose for them.
They ate a considerable quantity of
grass, but came to me readily when I
appeared with the milk bottles. They
were so tame by this time, that they
would allow me to sit astride their
backs as they took their food. In or-
der to see if they would suck the
cow, I took her into the same pasture
with them. They were quite willing,
but the old cow, who had parted with
her calf some time before, would have
nothing to do with them.

Soon after this, I got two patent calf-
feeders, one with the nipple hanging
below, and the other with the nipple
at the end of a horizontal rod. It did
not take the calves three minutes to
learn what these were for, and they
would take their food from either
feeder impartially.

Thus encouraged, I telephoned to
Morrison that I was ready for the oth-
er two calves, and the next day I drove
across Crocyon mountain, to help to
catch them. I selected a little heifer
calf two weeks old, and a frisky little
bull ten days old. We were more
experienced now, and captured these
two with a deal less trouble and dan-
ger than had attended our first at-
tempt. They arrived at Sunset Ridge
that night, and the taming of the sec-
ond instalment began.

When it came to the question of
feeding, however, the new arrivals
were much easier to teach than the
older pair had been. In fact, it was
not necessary to hold them at all; as
soon as they were hungry, I held a bot-
tle of milk out to them in turn, and
they took the nipple in their mouths
and sucked freely, as though they had
often done it before.

After they had become fairly calm,
and would allow me to approach, with-
out butting or dashing themselves
against the walls of the pen, I decid-
ed to let them out of the barn into a
small pasture adjoining the one in
which the other calves were kept. Un-
fortunately, this enclosure had not
been made with the consideration for
the peculiarities of buffalo calves, and
the result was a serious accident.

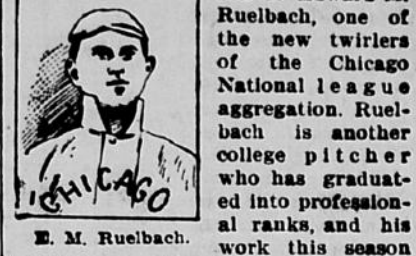
The pasture consisted of two open
spaces connected by a narrow strip of
ground, with a fence on each side. Soon
after the calves had been put into it,
I went out with a bottle of milk to feed
them as usual. I approached them
along the narrow strip spoken of
above, and the little heifer, in a mo-
ment of nervousness, slipped past me.
Now, there is, in buffaloes of all ages,
a very strong tendency to stick to-
gether, and seldom is a buffalo content
ed if separated from his companions.
Where others of his kind are, there he
will go if it is possible to reach them.
This tendency at once exerted itself
in the young bull, and he made a fur-
rious dash past me in order to rejoin
the heifer. But, in passing, he tried
to swing too wide, and in doing so,
dashed into a fence post, and fell
stunned almost at my feet. In a mo-
ment he recovered and leaped to his
feet, striking out vigorously with his
hind hoofs, and I thought he had sim-
ply had a narrow escape. But alas, as
he turned, I saw his right fore leg
swinging loose, and I knew that he
had broken it above the knee. In two
minutes I had telephoned for men to
come and help me to catch him, and
in three I had a man off to town to get
a surgeon.

We caught the calf, and put him in
to a crate, and that night, while three
of us held him, the surgeon and an
assistant set the broken limb in plas-
ter. And then I made a big mistake.
I ordered the animal put in a sling, as
a domestic calf would have been treat-
ed had it been considered worth the
trouble. But the buffalo calf, wild as
a hawk, could not brook the restraint,
struggled and worried himself into a
fever and died. Had he been liberat-
ed as soon as his leg was set, I believe
he would have come out of his trouble
all right.

ERNST HAROLD BAYNES.
Hint to Move.
Reggy—Ah, Miss Wose, I love you so
deeply that even when I think of yaw
now my mind wanders.
Miss Rose (yawning)—But—can't
you keep up with your mind, Reggy?
Chicago Daily News.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

One pitcher who has made quite a
name for himself by his work this sea-
son is Edward M. Ruelbach, one of
the new twirlers of the Chicago
National league aggregation. Ruel-
bach is another college pitcher who
has graduated into professional
ranks, and his work this season
has been sensational. His first profes-
sional work was done with the Sealia
club of the Missouri Valley league last
season and the previous one. He
pitched at Sedalia under the name of
Lawson, and he could not have done
so had it been known that he was
pitching professional ball. He also
played on the Montpelier and Barrie
independent teams under an assumed
name. His best work was done while
a member of the Vermont university
nine, where he won two no-hit, no-run
games. The same season he won ten
games and lost one. This is his first
year in fast professional company. Ac-
cording to a story that has been cir-
culated, Ruelbach, like many another
good pitcher, has been in the habit of
playing with independent teams dur-
ing the summer season, and in this
way help pay his college expenses. It
is said that last summer he pitched
with a little team at Hinsdale, Ill.,
and, although the town had only 500
inhabitants, it paid Ruelbach \$125 a
week to pitch for its team, the pride
of the town. That proved to be only
"neekle money" with Ruelbach, for he
made even more wages by receiving
on the side \$2.50 for every man he
struck out and \$50 for every time he
pitched out of his turn. As Hinsdale
met many hard teams Ruelbach
pitched about two extra games a week,
and in one game struck out 18 of his
opponents, so that his extra compensa-
tion for that game alone amounted to
\$45 for strike-outs and \$50 for tak-
ing another man's turn in the box, his
"scale" for the day being therefore \$95.
A millionaire baseball fan, residing at
Hinsdale, made possible the big "rake
off" for the ball players. He had the
baseball fever in the most aggravated
form, and frequently presented Ruel-
bach with \$10 notes for pulling a par-
ticularly tight game out of the fire.
Many a minor league team was brought
to Hinsdale for exhibition games with
the collegians, and then Ruelbach's
strike-outs would tickle the "angel"
of the team so that he would shower
the crack twirlers with more bank notes
for meritorious service. As feeling ran
high in games between towns in New
Hampshire and Vermont, there was
considerable speculation, and when
Ruelbach was carded to pitch he usu-
ally backed himself with as much money
as he could find takers for. Ruel-
bach made so much money with the in-
dependent ball team that he had no
thought of getting into the major
leagues. But in an evil moment he
signed with the Sedalia team of the
Missouri Valley league.



R. B. They, winner for the second
time of the Gordon Bennett cup, and
Calliois, his team-mate, who finished
fourth in the international automo-
bile race run over the Auvergne
circuit in France the other day, will
represent that country in the
Vanderbilt cup

contest to be run over the Long Island
course in August. Duray will be the
third French representative, and oth-
ers who took part in the great event
are coming to America for the Vander-
bilt race. It only remains for They to
win the American road race to make
him the recognized champion automo-
bile road driver of the world. Few
dispute his claim to that title now, for
he has been consistent in his work for
the last two years. Winning the
French elimination test in 1904, he
followed this up, defeating the pick of
the world in the Bennett race of that
year. He repeated this season, easily
scoring first in the French trials for
picking a team to represent the coun-
try. This will be the second visit of
They and Calliois to this country.
They came over last fall, not to drive
in road races, but to try their skill at
track work. In this branch of the game
they were disappointing failures.

That the 1905 Gordon Bennett was
run without a mishap of serious nature
surprised those who know how dan-
gerous the course really is. None of the
drivers in the affair was hurt, acci-
dents to cars being the only mishaps.
They might not have had such an
easy victory had Lancia not met with
an accident. The Italian not only
caught They in the first lap, but
passed him, having the race well in
hand in the third lap when his car
broke down. Those who contended
that a low-powered car driven at mod-
erate speed would show to advantage
had their theories upset, for it was the
cars with the big power that scooped
up the prizes. They's car was of 96-
horse power, and he skimmied over the
road as smoothly as a giant bird. The
showing made by the Americans was
disappointing.

Martin J. Sheridan of the Irish-
American A. C. of New York city won
the title of amateur champion all-
round athlete of America at Boston the
other day, creating a new record of
6.12½ points.

The Leanders, who defeated the Ves-
pers of Philadelphia by a length, in
the rowing regatta at Henley, Eng-
land, won the final heat in the contest
for the Grand Challenge cup, defeating
the Belgian crew by two and a-half
lengths in the splendid time of 5:56.
This is only five seconds outside the
record.

Hint to Move.
Reggy—Ah, Miss Wose, I love you so
deeply that even when I think of yaw
now my mind wanders.
Miss Rose (yawning)—But—can't
you keep up with your mind, Reggy?
Chicago Daily News.

Don't say "was" for "is."
Example: "The greatest of all paint-
ings was that by Raphael," should be
"The greatest of all paintings is that
by Raphael."
Note—What is true at all times
should be expressed by using the verb
in the present tense.
Example: "What did you say his
name was?" should be "What did you
call his name is?"

Don't say "was" for "have been."
Example: "I was never in Alaska,"
should be "I never have been in Alaska."
Note—See "saw" for "have seen."
Don't say "was" for "were."
Example: "Was there any prison-
ers?" should be "Were there any prison-
ers?"

**Don't say "wearies" for "weary" or
"awary."**
Example: "He wearies of life" should
be "He is weary of life," or "He is
awary of life."
Don't say "we both" for "we."
Example: "The young man called
and we both took a walk," should be
"The young man called and we took a
walk."
**Don't say "wedding trousseau" for
"trousseau."**
Note—A trousseau is a "bride's
outfit," hence, the word wedding is
superfluous.
Don't say "we" for "us."
Example: "Let we girls go with you,"
should be "Let us girls go with you."
Don't say "went" for "have gone."
Example: "I never went to China,"
should be "I never have gone to China."
Don't say "were" for "was."
Example: "A large gang of men
were at work," "A bevy of girls
were in attendance," should be "A
large gang of men was at work," "A
bevy of girls was in attendance."
Note—"The best authorities use the
single verb with collective nouns.
"The Writer," Boston Mass.—To my
ear the former seems more euphonic.

DON'T'S For Speaker and Writer

Ready Reminder of Errors in
the Use of Common Words,
Arranged Alphabetically

BY EDWARD B. WARMAN, A. M.
(Author of "Practical Orthography and Crit-
ique," "The Voice: How to Train It:
How to Care for It," etc.)
(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Author's Note.—It is one thing to record
errors, quite another to avoid them. He
who waits for the faultless one to cast
the first critical stone waits in vain;
therefore, as one of many working for
the betterment of the English language,
I shall be pleased to receive kindly criti-
cism, if, perchance, I too, have erred.
One who theory often is better than one's
practice. This was exemplified by the
teacher of language when he said to his
class: "Never use a preposition to end
a sentence with."
Many years ago I began to be watchful
of errors. I noted them in a little book;
the book grew as the years passed. I
profited much; shall profit more. I now
record them that I may benefit others as
well as myself. Many of them are re-
corded for the first time.

Don't say "was" for "is."
Example: "The greatest of all paint-
ings was that by Raphael," should be
"The greatest of all paintings is that
by Raphael."
Note—What is true at all times
should be expressed by using the verb
in the present tense.
Example: "What did you say his
name was?" should be "What did you
call his name is?"

Don't say "was" for "have been."
Example: "I was never in Alaska,"
should be "I never have been in Alaska."
Note—See "saw" for "have seen."
Don't say "was" for "were."
Example: "Was there any prison-
ers?" should be "Were there any prison-
ers?"

**Don't say "wearies" for "weary" or
"awary."**
Example: "He wearies of life" should
be "He is weary of life," or "He is
awary of life."
Don't say "we both" for "we."
Example: "The young man called
and we both took a walk," should be
"The young man called and we took a
walk."
**Don't say "wedding trousseau" for
"trousseau."**
Note—A trousseau is a "bride's
outfit," hence, the word wedding is
superfluous.

Don't say "we" for "us."
Example: "Let we girls go with you,"
should be "Let us girls go with you."
Don't say "went" for "have gone."
Example: "I never went to China,"
should be "I never have gone to China."
Don't say "were" for "was."
Example: "A large gang of men
were at work," "A bevy of girls
were in attendance," should be "A
large gang of men was at work," "A
bevy of girls was in attendance."
Note—"The best authorities use the
single verb with collective nouns.
"The Writer," Boston Mass.—To my
ear the former seems more euphonic.

Don't say "what" for "that."
Example: "I cannot believe but
what he did it," should be "I cannot
believe but that he did it."
Don't say "were at" for "where."
Example: "Where is he at?" should
be "Where is he?"
Don't say "where to" for "where."
Example: "Where has he gone to?"
should be "Where has he gone?"

Don't say "which" for "that."
Example: "The lawyer which won
the case is now in court," should be
"The lawyer that won the case is now
in court."
Note—A restrictive clause; hence,
that, not which.
Don't say "who" for "that."
Example: "This is the man who
saved my life," should be "This is the
man that saved my life."
Note—The use of that or who depends
upon the construction of the sentence.
"It is a restrictive clause, that should
be the relative; if co-ordinate, who or
which.
"That" is the proper restrictive, ex-
planative, limitive or defining relative.
—The Verbalist.

Don't say "whom" for "whom."
Example: "Who do you know?"
"Who did she marry?" "Who are you
looking for?" "Who are you talking to?"
should be "Whom do you know?"
"Whom do you see?" "Whom did she
marry?" "Whom are you looking for?"
"Whom are you talking to?"
Note—The last two are according to
many grammarians; but I prefer them
thus:
"For whom are you looking?"
"To whom are you talking?"

Don't say "whom" for "who."
Example: "Searching for his daugh-
ter whom he thought might have been
saved," "To marry the woman whom
the lawyers endeavored to prove was
his first wife," "Whom Christian Sci-
entists claim has shown," etc., should be
"Searching for his daughter who he
thought might have been saved," "To
marry the woman who the lawyers en-
deavored to prove was his first wife,"
"Who Christian Scientists claim has
shown," etc.
Note—These would read—as first
given—whom might, whom was, whom
has.—The Writer, Boston, Mass.
Don't say "widow" for "wife."
Example: "He left a widow and
three children," should be "He left a
wife and three children."
**Don't say "widow woman" for
"widow."**
Example: "A widow woman lives in
that house," should be "A widow lives
in that house."
Note—It would be as correct to say a
"widower man" as to say a "widow
woman." In each case the former im-
plies the latter.