



Present Status of the Negro Race

By BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Dad Wears His Masonic Fes in Constantinople—They Find the Turks Sentive on the Dog Question—A College Yell for the Sultan Sends Him Into a Fit.

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

Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles. Constantinople, Turkey—My Dear Old "Shrine"—We got out of Russia just in time to keep from being arrested or blown up by a bomb. Dad wanted to go to Moscow, because he saw a picture once of Moscow being destroyed by fire by Napoleon, or somebody, and he wanted to see if they had ever built the town up again, but I felt as though something serious was going to happen in that country if we didn't look out, and so I persuaded dad to go to Turkey, and the day we started for Constantinople we got the news that the Nihilists had thrown a bomb under the carriage of the Grand Duke Sergius, and blew him and the carriage into small pieces not bigger than a slice of summer sausage, and they had to bury him in a two-wheeled cart and bury them in a two-wheeled cart. Wouldn't that jar you?

When dad heard about that you couldn't have kept him in Russia on a bet, and so we let the authorities have all the money we had, giving some to each man who held us up, until we got out of the country, and then we took the first long breath we had taken since we struck the God-forsaken country of the czar. If the bombs hold out I do not think there will be a quorum left in Russia in a year, either czars, dukes or anything except peasants on the verge of starvation and workmen who have not the heart to work. I wouldn't take the whole of Russia as a gift, and have to dodge bombs night and day.

Say, old man, you never dreamed that I knew all about you and dad joining the Masons that time, but I watched you and dad giving each other signs and grips, and whispering passwords into each other's ears, in the grocery, nights, after you had locked up. I thought, at the time, that you and dad were plan-



WHEN DAD PUT HIS HAND ON HER SHOULDER.

ning a burglary, but when you both went to the lodge one night, and stayed till near morning, and dad came home with a red Turkish fez, and told me that you and he had joined the shrine, which was the highest degree in Masonry, and you and he were nobles, and all that rot, I was on you bigger than a house, and you couldn't fool me when you and dad winked at each other, and talked about crossing the red sands of the desert.

Well, dad brought his red fez along, 'cause I think he expected he would meet shriners all over the world, that he could borrow money of. When we struck Constantinople, and dad saw that every last one of the Turks wore a red fez he felt as though he had got among shriners, and he got his fez out of his trunk, and he wears it all the time.

Dad acts as familiar with the Turks here as though he owned a harem. We go to the low streets, about as wide as a street car, where Turks are selling things, with dad wearing his fez, and he begins to make motions and give grand halling signs of distress, and the Turks look at him as though he had robbed a bank, and they charge enormous prices for everything, and dad pays with a smile, thinking his brother Masons are fairly giving things away. He looks upon all men who wear the fez as his brothers, and they look at him as though he was crazy in the head.

The only trouble is that dad insists on talking to the women here without an introduction, and a woman in Turkey had rather die than have a Christian dog look at her. Dad was buying some wormy sets of furniture with the Turks here, and he was seated on the floor of his shop, and giving him signs, when a certain behind the Turk was pulled one side, and a woman with beautiful eyes, and her face covered with a veil, came out with a cup of coffee for the Turk. Dad shook hands with her, and said: "Your husband and I belong to the same lodge," and he was going to go inside and visit the family, when the woman drew a small dagger out of the folds of her dress, and the Turk drew one of these scimiters, and it looked for a moment as though I was going to be a half orphan, particularly when dad put his hand on her shoulder and petted it, and smiled one of those masquerade smiles which he uses at home. "Give him the good morning sign of distress," said I, and dad leaned against a barrel of dried prunes. Dad said he had forgotten the sign, and then I told him

dations of living in a new territory relate mainly to the securing of land, the building of homes, the production of food and the securing of education. It is because of these conditions which confront the masses of our people in the south that I advocate the great importance of education, not only of the head and heart, but of the hand as well; so that the foundation can be properly laid in the material directions to which I have referred. In this connection I am glad to add that the old prejudice which existed against industrial education or hand training some years ago among our people has almost completely disappeared. The present is the time for the negro to lay his foundations in the south. Land can be bought at cheap rates on easy terms. The agricultural labor and the skilled labor are very largely in the hands of members of my race. And we will continue to be a potent factor in the life of the south in this respect in proportion as we prepare ourselves for usefulness in agriculture, in the mechanics, in domestic work, as well as in teaching and the other professions. What we most need, however, just now, is a proper and thorough economic foundation, coupled with moral and religious training.

In many respects, the next 20 years are going to be the most serious in the history of the race. Within this period it will be largely decided whether the negro is going to be able to retain the hold which he now has upon the industries of the south, or whether his place will be filled by white people from a distance. The only way that we can prevent the industries from slipping from the negro in all parts of the south is for all the educators, ministers and friends of the negro to unite to push forward, in a whole-souled manner, the industrial or business development of the negro, either in school or out of school, or both. There should be a more vital and practical connection between the negro's educated brain and his opportunity of earning his daily living.

I repeat the industrial training will help cement the friendship of the two races. The history of the world proves that trade—commerce—is the forerunner of peace and civilization as between races and nations.

Say or think what we will, it is the tangible or visible element that is going to tell largely during the next 20 years in the solution of the race problem. Every white man will respect the negro who owns a two-story brick business block in the center of town and has \$5,000 in the bank. When a black man is the largest taxpayer and owns and cultivates the most successful farm in his county, his white neighbors will not object very long to his voting and to having his vote honestly counted. The black man who is the largest contractor in his town and lives in a two-story brick house is not likely to be lynched.

I know that what I have said is likely to suggest the idea that I have put stress upon the lower things of life, the material; that I have overlooked the higher side, the ethical and religious. I do not overlook the higher or undervalue its worth. All that I advocate is not as an end, but as a means. I know as a race we have got to be patient in the laying of a firm foundation, that our tendency is too often to get the shadow instead of the substance, the appearance rather than the reality.

Further, I know that it is not an easy thing to make a good Christian out of a hungry man. I mean that just in proportion as the race gets a proper industrial foundation, gets habits of industry, thrift, economy, land, homes, profitable work, in the same proportion will its moral and religious life be improved.

the only way out of it, alive, would be to buy something, so dad picked up a little jim-crack, worth about ten cents, and gave the Turk a five-dollar gold piece, and while the Turk went in behind the curtain to get the change I told dad now was the time to skip, and you ought to have seen dad make a sprint out the door and around a corner, and up another street, while I followed him, and we got away from the danger of being stabbed, but dad got his foot into it again before we had gone a block.

Nobody in Constantinople ever hurries, or goes off a walk, so when the people saw an old man, with a fez on his head, running amuck, as they say here, followed by a beautiful boy, they began to crawl into their holes, thinking dad was crazy, but when we were passing a sausage store, where about 20 dogs were asleep in the street, and dad kicked half a dozen dogs and yelled "get out, you hounds," that settled it, and they knew he was wrong in the head, and they yelled for the police, and we were pulled for fast driving, and taken before a Turkish justice of the peace, followed by the whole crowd.

The justice did not wear a fez, but had on a turban, so dad did not give him any signs, but after jabbering a while they sent for an interpreter, who could talk pigeon English, and then dad had a trial, and I acted as his lawyer. I told about how dad had tried to be kind and genial to another man's wife, and how, in his hurry to get away from the murderous husband he fell over a mess of dogs, and that he was a distinguished American, who was in Turkey to negotiate a loan to the sultan.

Say, that fixed them, and they all made salams to dad and bowed all over themselves, and the justice of the peace prayed to Allah, and the interpreter said we could go, but to be careful about touching a Turkish woman or a dog, particularly a dog, as the Turks were very sensitive on the dog question. So we went out of the courtroom, and wandered around the town, and you can bet that dad didn't look at any more women, though they were everywhere with veils that covered their faces so nothing but their eyes could be seen.

See, but you never saw such eyes as these Turkish women have. They are big and black, and they go right through you, and clinch on the other side. Dad says the facilities for getting into trouble are better in Constantinople than any place we have been, as the men look like bandits and the women look like executioners. Dad thanked me for helping him out of that scrape by claiming he was the agent of a financial syndicate that wanted to lend money to the sultan. If I had said that was a collecting agency, he would have sentenced him to be boiled in oil.

Well, we thought we had been in trouble before, but we are in it now worse than ever. We heard at the hotel that at 11 o'clock in the morning the sultan would pass by in a carriage, with an escort, on the way to a mosque, to pray to Allah, and everybody could see the sultan, so we got a place on a balcony, and at the appointed time the procession came in sight. It was imposing, but solemn, and the people on both sides of the street acted like they do in America when the funeral of a great man is passing. No man spoke, and all looked as though they expected, if they moved, to be arrested, and have a stone tied to their feet, and thrown into the Bosphorus, the way they kill one of the sultan's wives when she flirts with a stranger.

The masses of colored people at the south are very much in the position of a race who are entering upon life in a new country. The problems confronting a race who are laying the foundations of living in a new territory relate mainly to the securing of land, the building of homes, the production of food and the securing of education.

YANKEE MOTOR BOATS

FAST CRAFT WHICH WILL TRY FOR FOREIGN TROPHY.

Will Meet in the Contests to Be Held in September—British and French Boats of Tremendous Power.

America can build sailing yachts which can beat the world, but whether she will prove as successful when it comes to motor boats remains to be seen. Two craft are going to try for the Harmsworth challenge cup this fall. They are the Challenger, owned by W. Gould Brokaw, and the Dixie, the special hope and pride of E. R. Thomas.

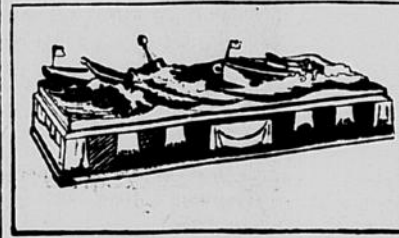
Motor boat racing is of comparatively recent date, and the development of this type of boat has received more attention in Europe than in America up to the present time, and for this reason the chances are against the Yankee boats lifting the handsome prize. Just as in automobile racing, it has been found that French machines are speedier, and French motorists more skilled and daring, so it may be found in regard to the motor boats.

The famous British international trophy, which is to be raced for by the motor boats, was given by Sir Alfred Harmsworth, and is an open challenge cup. It was won last year by the French boat Trefle a Quatre, which was given the race, though beaten by the Napier Minor, because the latter had not been properly entered.

The first race this year is fixed for September 11, and will be held in the Bay of Arcachon, France, about 35 miles south of Bordeaux.

The conditions of this race permit three boats from each country to try for the trophy. So much interest is centered in the contest abroad that England and France have each entered more than their quota, and elimination trials will be necessary to select representatives.

The race is limited to boats that do not exceed 40 feet on the water line, but there is no limit to the amount of



THE HARMSWORTH CHALLENGE CUP.

power that may be used, and the foreigners have resorted to enormous engines. The Dubonnet, which won the Prince of Monaco cup, has engines of 300-horse power, and the Brooke L, built in England, has the same power. England is going to make a supreme effort to regain the trophy. The Napier II, one of the British representatives, has two huge engines of 80-horse power each, and she is perfectly flat-bottomed, so that she is driven over the surface of the water instead of through it. This boat is built entirely of steel.

Both the Challenger and the Dixie have shown near the mile-in-two-minute mark, and from their time records seem to have a chance to bring the cup over here.

The start will be a flying one and the distance will be from 30 to 35 nautical miles. There will be no sharp turns and every boat will be put on its merits of straight running. The distance is suitable to both American boats. But the question is whether their 150-horse power engines can drive their smooth bodies as fast as their rivals, which have twice their power.

These two Yankee motor boats have been called "freaks" over here, but they are models compared to the queer foreign craft. The Challenger has proved her worth in both northern and southern waters, and to-day is queen of Yankee high-speed boats. The Dixie met with an accident in the Indian Harbor races at Greenwich, where she made her first appearance, but her trials have shown her to be a wonder. One of the conditions upon which her owner agreed to accept her was that she should develop sufficient speed to beat the Challenger, and Clinton H. Crane, who had designed the latter, presumably was sure of what he was about when he agreed to that condition for the Dixie.

The big powerful foreign boats are sure to show remarkable speed in the coming race, but as big as their engines are they will know they have been in a race when they meet the two little Yankee flyers.

Terms of Executive Service.

The Portland Oregonian speaks thus to a growing tendency: "There is a growing tendency in American politics toward lengthening the term of service of executive officers, both in state and municipal affairs. The doctrine or principle of rotation in office was once supposed to be the bulwark of representative government. That idea has in a great measure been dispelled. The public office is more of a public trust than it was in the days when the victor captured the spoils without restriction of civil service rules. Conditions have changed. The complex problems of state and municipal life call for expert assistance of a high class. Hence it is that the terms of executive service are being lengthened and well-proven ability is protected in subordinate places in government."

Not Darkest Before Dawn.

The idea that the darkest hour is just before the dawn is poetical but incorrect. The darkest hour is midway between sunset and dawn, and the legend is of a piece with the statement often made that the hour preceding dawn is the coldest. In many countries there is a fixed belief that just before the break of day there comes an ebb when nature grows cold and pulseless and life fluttering in the breast of the dying man finally expires. According to science, such dissolution should occur between three and four o'clock, investigation extending over a period of several years has proved that the temperature is lowest then.

FLICKERTAIL NUGGETS.

Munich—The blind pigs were given ten days to close up.

Albert—The Lutheran church has received a 1,900 pound bell.

La Moure—The Catholics are to have a larger church which will cost \$5,000.

Walcutt—While engaged in a friendly scuffle John G. Johnson broke his leg.

Aneta—Some tough characters were arrested on a charge of breaking into a beer car.

Sheldon—A petition has been sent to Washington asking for a rural route southwest of here.

Bismarck—So far there have been no prosecutions for violation of the pool room law in this state.

Washburn—Some fine stock have been purchased around here for early shipment to the market.

Minot—A bather dived into the murmuring Mouse river and cut his head badly on a sharp rock.

Grand Harbor—Will Richter shot himself through the right breast and there is little hope for his recovery.

Granville—There is a regular mail clerk between here and Sherwood and the pouch service has been continued.

Kenau—The National bank has been authorized to do business and it makes the fourth national in Stutsman county.

Glencoe—George Day sold his farm and left the state last fall. He is back now and says he intends to remain in North Dakota.

Churches Ferry—The farmers' elevator company here declared a dividend of 35 per cent. It handled 130,000 bushels of grain last season.

Dickinson—Ranch cattle are said to be in nice condition but not as fat and solid as in some years when the grass is more matured at this date.

Aneta—Some miscreants have been destroying rural route mail boxes in this vicinity, and the federal authorities will likely take a hand in settling with them.

Churches Ferry—A sum sufficient to guarantee the erection of a creamery has been subscribed, but the share holders are still circulating the list, being desirous of securing a surplus fund with which to commence business.

La Moure—The ladies of this place got tired of waiting on the men to beautify the park and band stand. The other day they painted the stand and pushed lawn mowers like hired men, until they transformed the place.

Washburn—Very few counties in the state will show so large a percentage of increase in population as McLean county. The population, which was only 960 in 1890, and 4,791 in 1900, is 15,372, according to the census just completed.

Fargo—Too many checks caused trouble for Fred Schell, a young man, who has been around the city some time. He is alleged to have drawn them on a bank in which he had no funds. His arrest was made at Detroit, Minn.

Jamestown—The development of the creamery interests of the state has been one of the most striking features of North Dakota's progress for the past six years. There were 10 in 1899 and there are 82. More than 6,000 separators are in use in the state.

Jamestown—Upon recommendation of Col. Peake, Company H, is to be mustered out of the state guard. This will make the First regiment short two companies of infantry and give ambitious towns an opportunity to furnish companies to supply the vacancies.

Fargo—Efforts are being made to populate McKenzie county, midway between Williston and Dickinson. It was created at the last legislative session. The county was named after the republican boss of the state and the county seat, Alexander, after his first name.

Minot—Neil Harkins, about thirty years of age, a resident of Waukon, Iowa, committed suicide in a barn located upon the farm of E. W. Finks, about two miles southeast of Berthold.

Deans Rhue, an Austrian by birth, aged 45 years, was found dead in bed by several of his neighbors. From all appearances death was caused by heart failure.

Grand Forks—The personal property valuation of Grand Forks county, as equalized by the county board, aggregates \$2,149,349. There are 890,172 acres of land in the county equalized at \$3,130,783, and the structures and improvements thereon aggregate \$386,449, making a total valuation of the county, as equalized, of \$7,066,671.

Hunter—Gale's store was burglarized and among the things stolen were eleven razors, some revolvers and pocket knives. It was the third burglary within a month and the business men are preparing to take some method of protecting themselves.

Fort Ransom—While moving weeds about his barn, Anton Anderson, ran over his 4-year-old boy, cutting off both the boy's legs above the knees. The boy and his 6-year-old sister were hunting for eggs in the tall weeds when the sister heard the mower approaching and endeavored to save her brother, but was to late. The boy is not expected to live.

Starkweather—At Munich, a new extension town on the Great Northern, H. E. Dollan was arrested for assault and battery on complaint of Marie Wood, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to 130 days in the county jail. As a starter toward cleaning up the town nearly every business man signed a petition, which was presented to the "riggers" asking them to close up within ten days and remain closed.

DONT'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 Orthodoxy and Criticism," "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 criticism, if perchance, I too, have erred. One's 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 printed much; shall profit more. I now record them that I may benefit others as well as myself. Many of them are recorded for the first time.

Other authorities on "will" and "shall": Rule: "Shall" in an affirmative sentence in the first person and "will" in the second and third person merely announce future action.

Example: "I shall go to town to-morrow." "I shall wait for better weather." "We shall be glad to see you." "I shall soon be 20." "You will be pleased." "He will go with us."

Rule: "Shall" in an affirmative sentence, in the second and third person, announces the speaker's intention to control.

Example: "You shall hear me out." "He shall be my heir." "They shall go, whether they want to or not."

Rule: "Will" in the first person, expresses a promise, announces the speaker's intention to control, proclaims a determination.

Example: "I will (I promise to) assist you." "I will (I am determined to) have my right." "We will (we promise to) come to you in the morning."

Rule: "Shall" in an interrogative sentence, in the first and third person, consults the will or judgment of another; in the second person, it inquires concerning the intention or future action of another.

Example: "Shall I go with you?" "When shall we see you again?" "When shall I get well?" "When shall we get there?"

Rule: "Will" in an interrogative sentence, in the second person, asks concerning the wish, and, in the third person, concerning the purpose or future action of others.

Example: "Will you have an apple?" "Will they be willing to receive us?" "When will he be here?"

Caution: Will cannot be used interrogatively in the first person, singular or plural.

We cannot say "Will I go?" "Will I be late?" "Will we see you again soon?"

Official courtesy, in order to avoid the semblance of compulsion, conveys its commands in the "you will" form instead of the strictly grammatical "you shall" form. It says, for example, "You will proceed to Key West, where you will find further instructions awaiting you."

Shall, is rarely, if ever, used for will; it is still that is used for shall. Expressions like the following are common and incorrect:

Where will you be next week? I will be at home. We will have dinner at six o'clock. How will you go about it? When will you begin? What will you do with it?

In all such expressions, when it is a question of mere future action on the part of the person speaking or spoken to, the auxiliary must be shall and not will.

"Should" and "would" follow the regimen of shall and will. Would is often used for should; should, rarely for would.

Correct speakers say: I should go to town to-morrow, if I had a horse. I should not; I should wait for better weather. We should be glad to see you. I should like to go to town, and would go if I could. I would assist you if I could. I should have been ill if I had gone. I would I were home again. I should go fishing to-day if I were home.

I should so like to go to Europe. I should be delighted. I know that I should be ill. I hoped that I should see you. I was afraid that we should have had weather. I knew I should dislike the country. I should not like to do it, and will not (determination) unless compelled to. The Verbalist.

How to use shall and will. (From the New York Times.) "There is probably no more confusing part of the English language than that which regulates the proper use of shall and will. The reply of James Russell Lowell to the woman who wrote, saying: 'I would be very much obliged for your autograph' has been often in print, and has undoubtedly been clipped for scrap and pocket book reference by many persons.

"The poet essayist granted her request in the following fashion: 'Pray do not say hereafter 'I would be obliged.' If you would be obliged, be obliged and be done with it. Say 'I should be obliged,' and oblige, yours truly, James Russell Lowell."

"An additional hint to go with this 'cut me out' is that of the old verse: 'In the first person, simply shall foretells; in will, a threat or else a promise dwells; in the second or third, doth threat; Will, simply then foretells the future feat."

"Shall, in the first, and will in the second and third persons, are to be regarded as simple declarations, and both shall and will in all other cases serve a threat."

Note.—The tendency to the misuse

of these words may be seen, still, in the following: "A countryman, telling of what he had seen, remarked that if the emigration went on, as it was doing, we would (should) have an ever increasing number of the Old Town of Edinburgh to rebuild."—H. Miller. The old, old story of the man falling in the Thames furnishes another good illustration of the misuse of these troublesome words: "I will be drowned, nobody shall help me."

Don't say "wipe off" for "wipe." Example: "Wipe off your feet." "Wipe off your pen." "Wipe off your nose." should be "Wipe your feet," "Wipe your pen," "Wipe your nose."

Don't say "with" for "of." Example: "He died with consumption." should be "He died of consumption."

Don't say "without" for "unless." Example: "I'll not go without it is necessary." should be "I'll not go unless it is necessary."

Don't say "wore" for "worn." Example: "I have wore it many years." "It has wore off." should be "I have worn it many years." "It has worn off."

Don't say "wore" for "woven." Example: "When was it wore?" should be "When was it woven?"

Don't say "wrench off" for "rinse." Example: "The teeth should be wrenched off every morning." should be "The teeth should be rinsed every morning."

Note.—The foregoing sentence (concerning the teeth) appeared in the examination papers of a teacher attending a county Normal.

CONFESSION IS SHAMELESS

Maine Editor Tells About Furnishing Graduation Essays for Pupils.

The time draws near when the very good papers of Maine will begin to give the teachers advice as to how schools should be conducted so as to bestow the most good upon the pupils, says the Bangor News. It is then in season to find fault with the average graduation essay and the graduation oratory, and tell of the horrible English and worse sense that are employed by the undergraduates. No editor who attends to his duty can let pass the opportunity to insist upon a closer study of the English branches, particularly to the department of English which gives instruction in how to write essays and letters.

Let us see about this matter. During a more or less close newspaper connection of some 25 years the writer has received on an average fully 30 applications for help a year from undergraduates who did not or would not or could not know or learn how to compose such productions as pass muster at high schools and academies and seminaries. Of these requests—and all have been most emphatic—perhaps the writer has complied with as many as ten a year. He has never received a cent in compensation for any one, though financial reward has been offered in nearly every case. In other words, the writer has turned out more than 250,000 words of copy for the relief of those who stood in need of help. The topics have ranged all the way from how to tame mud turtles to how to make over the solar system so it can be of most use. Most of the efforts have been read or delivered extempore, it is hoped to the satisfaction of the hearers. It is our belief that nearly every other man who is connected with newspapers has performed similar tasks, and done so for the sake of helping a fellow sufferer out of a hole.

If the foregoing presumption is correct, can the pupils and undergraduates be blamed for the errors which they did not commit? If the samples of English which we hear at commencements and public exercises at schools are disgusting poor, are not the helpful but misguided editors to blame for the fault? Let us not jump upon the undergraduates as a class until we learn the facts in the case. In all fairness as representatives of the human race, the persons who compose the manuscripts, and not those who deliver them, should bear the brunt of condemnation. For an editor to condemn the offspring of his own pen or his own typewriter is very mean.

Devoted Japanese Nurse.

A pathetic story of the war is told by a Japanese correspondent at Kobe. Fiodor Chesnetzky, a young Russian soldier, was taken to the Red Cross hospital at Matsuyama riddled with shrapnel. All of his limbs were amputated and after the operation, to the amazement of the doctors, Chesnetzky lived for eight months, lying quite helpless. He was attended by Nurse Kawaguchi and he became so much attached to her that he would cry like a child when he could not see her. Her devotion and tenderness were such that she scarcely left him for eight months and she was with him when he died.

Ruman Marvel.

Hicks—Bjenska has a wonderful intellect, hasn't he? Wicks—Yes. Whenever he has a cold he can always figure out just where and when he got it.—Somerville Journal.

KNEW THE GAME.



Brown (who has lent his dog to another sportsman)—Well, how did he work for you? Sportsman—Wonderfully. He led the way straight to the poultry's.