

## For the Little People

### Bruin's Triumph

By Mary E. M. Richardson

The huge, ungainly dancing bear  
Appeared subdued and meek.  
Led by his master everywhere,  
He capered with the utmost care;  
He earned a living for the pair,  
And showed no ugly freak.

The children all their money brought  
And paid to see the show.  
Grown-up spectators, also, sought  
Good points of view, and said they thought  
'Twas queer that bruin could be taught  
The "light fantastic toe."

At last the patient bear took note  
How very thin and small  
His master was; that round his throat  
There was no chain; that in his coat  
His master hid each hard-won groat,  
But gave him none at all.

Why this was so he could not see;  
And as they trudged along,  
He reasoned thus: "It cannot be  
Superior strength that governs me.  
What hinders me from being free,  
When I am big and strong?"

"If 'tis his wit, then turn about,  
I'm sure, is only fair.  
To gaze at him, I have no doubt,  
The quadrupeds would all turn out.  
Not only would they laugh and shout,  
And at his antics stare,

"But pay to see them, too. So I  
Will give him a surprise.  
I'll just improve a chance to fly  
With him into the woodland nigh;  
And, when I've trained him, by and by,  
I shall display my prize

"To all the furred and feathered tribe;  
And he'll divert each one.  
Grimacing apes, with grin and gibe,  
Shall his discomfiture describe.  
Perhaps some wisdom he'll imbibe  
While furnishing our fun."

When bruin had matured a plan  
His freedom to obtain,  
The flight for liberty began.  
He hugged the organ, then he ran;  
He tugged along the frantic man,  
Who screamed and fought in vain!

And now, to see this famous pair  
Come birds and beasts in scores.  
The biped, conquered by the bear,  
Is led through every forest, where  
He manifests his training rare  
By dancing on all fours!

### Thanksgiving in the Poultry-Yard

By Mary Allaire

"Well, what does this mean?" and two  
turkeys, young and not very large even for their  
age, looked at each other in perfect amaze-  
ment, and with some evidence of fear. "What  
have we done," they asked each other, "that  
we should be imprisoned?" No wonder they  
asked. All their lives—not long, to be sure—  
they had behaved as well-bred, well-cared-for  
turkeys were expected to behave, and sud-  
denly they found themselves shut up behind  
bars, inside of a big box turned on its side,  
with all their companions—chickens, ducks,  
geese, and turkeys—gazing at them in pity  
or sympathy, or jeering, as they expressed  
their dispositions, just like little children.

"It is the strangest thing," said a lovely  
white chicken who was a great favorite with  
every one of this poultry community. "I"—  
and she could say no more. A number of the  
feathered folk who heard her hung their  
heads and dropped their wings, except those  
who always saw fun in others' misfortunes—  
you know that kind. They always laugh when  
you fall, or spill ink on your new apron, or drop

your slate and get a bad mark for making a  
noise. Such folks are the same whether they  
wear feathers or clothes.

The imprisoned turkeys were the more puz-  
zled at their imprisonment because they were  
fed much oftener than the other feathered  
folk. They had warm mashed potatoes; then  
warm Indian meal mash, seasoned just right  
with pepper; cracked corn was on the floor of  
their prison all the time. Thick milk was  
kept in new tin pans fresh every morning for  
them. They grew so fat as to be uncomfort-  
able. There was nothing for them to do but  
eat, and after a time they became proud, and  
were inclined to treat their most intimate  
friends condescendingly. For these foolish tur-  
keys thought, "We must be something extraor-  
dinary, much finer than these other fowl, to  
be kept so exclusively and cared for so con-  
stantly. Besides, why does John [the man  
who fed them] exclaim, 'They are beauties!'  
if we are not more valuable than these other  
creatures?" Then they would spread their  
tails, stretch their necks, and give their "gob-  
ble! gobble!" with what they believed to be  
aristocratic languor. Even the white chicken,  
whom everybody loved, shook her head sadly  
as she was forced to admit that the imprisoned  
turkeys were no longer agreeable. And thus  
the feathered folk lost interest. Once in a  
while, when the mornings were cold, and the  
other people in feathers would appreciate a  
warm mouthful of meal, there was a feeling of  
resentment when the pan of smoking potatoes  
or meal was put down inside of the bars. The  
jeering folk would then crowd up to the bars,  
and humbly ask for a mouthful or two to be  
pushed through the bars. But they were  
treated with scorn, and the other folk smiled  
meaningly when they came back to huddle in  
the sun.

One morning, when it was crisp and cold,  
and a warm breakfast was fully expected by  
these two selfish, pampered turkeys, none came.  
The only one in the feathered community who  
expressed any sympathy was the white chicken.  
"Really, it is too bad," she said. "When you  
have had a warm breakfast so many mornings  
it must be very hard to go without. I wish I  
could get it for you." "Thank you," they  
said, humbly. "We do feel faint. Even a  
cold breakfast would be acceptable." "Oh,  
dear," said the white chicken, "how I wish I  
had hands! I would bring you some corn." Both  
the turkeys hung their heads. How  
often during the past weeks would it have been  
possible for them to have thrown out warm  
potato or meal to this sweet little friend, but  
they had not once! While they still looked  
humbly down, the white chicken, whose name  
was Snowball, called out joyfully, in the lan-  
guage of the feathered people, "Goody, goody!  
here comes John!"

The turkeys pressed tightly against the bars  
and waited for John. To their surprise, he  
had nothing in his hands, and Mike, the other  
man, was with him. They walked right up to  
the cell of the turkeys, and John pulled out  
two of the bars. "My, shure, but they are  
fat!" said Mike. John put his hand in and  
grabbed one of the turkeys by the leg. It  
beat its wings and shrieked, but John calmly  
handed it to Mike, who held it head down by  
the legs. John reached after the other turkey,  
who had crowded back as far as he could, and  
took him by the legs and followed Mike out  
of the yard, saying, "There never was finer  
turkeys for their age."

There was a great hush and stillness in that  
feathered world. Snowball trembled. Pres-  
ently there was a heavy thud heard just out-  
side the barn, and then only the voice of one  
turkey was heard. In a few minutes there was  
another thud, and all then was still.

John and Mike went toward the house, each  
carrying something heavy. "Shure, it's a foine  
Thanksgiving dinner they'll be making," said  
Mike.

The feathered folk looked at each other,  
and said in their own language, "We ought  
to be thankful we have not had warm break-

fasts and dinners, nor thickened milk." And  
there was a great cackling and crowing and  
gobbling and quacking in the poultry-yard.  
It was Thanksgiving morning, early.

If!

If I were the basket for holding the cake,  
I'm sorry to say that I fear  
The buns and the cookies and jumbles they  
bake  
Would in a short time disappear.

If I had four legs, like a table or chair,  
You'd never catch me standing still,—  
I'd be dancing a jig all the time with each pair,  
With a marvelous, wonderful skill.

If I were a bureau, with wheels on my feet,  
The family'd discover, I think,  
Me soon rolling over the asphalted street,  
Like the lads who skate down in the rink.

If I had six arms, like our big chandelier,  
They'd not be so quiet all day,  
But hugging my mamma and sisters so dear,  
In the lovingest sort of a way.

If I were a book for a wee little boy,  
Who never could read to himself,  
I'd spout all my stories to him with great joy  
From my place on the library shelf.

If I were a pen near a big pot of ink,  
I'd just have the loveliest times!  
I'd go to the ink-pot, and deeply I'd drink,  
And spend all the day writing rhymes.

—Harper's Young People.

### A Royal Birthday

Just now we are all more or less interested  
in Japan, so that it is quite worth knowing  
how old the Mikado, the ruler of Japan, is.  
He was born November 3, 1852, and his birth-  
day was celebrated not only in Japan, but at  
every place where Japan has a representative.  
In New York on one of the side streets down-  
town is the Japanese Consulate, and here on that  
Saturday afternoon the Mikado's birthday was  
celebrated by all the resident Japanese mer-  
chants and prominent citizens. On the wall  
in the room hung a picture of the Mikado  
draped with Japanese flags. As each guest  
entered the room he first approached this pic-  
ture and bowed as though in the presence of  
royalty, and then he greeted the visible host  
of the day—the Japanese Consul. And this  
doubtless represents the ceremony that took  
place at all the consulate offices outside of  
Japan. In Japan the birthday was celebrated,  
in spite of the war, in great pomp and ceremony  
and rejoicing, for Japan has proved herself a  
powerful country. It is said that the Mikado  
of Japan is the purest-blooded sovereign of the  
world. He is the one hundred and twenty-  
first Emperor of Japan by direct descent of a  
line which began about six hundred years be-  
fore Christ. The present Mikado, Matsu-  
Hito, ascended the throne of Japan in 1867,  
when he was a boy of fifteen years. He is  
greatly loved by his people.

### A Jungle Fight

A hunter was hunting in the East India  
jungles, and while he was there he saw many  
strange sights. This man not only hunted  
with a gun, but he hunted by laying traps  
and nets for game. One day he went out  
into the jungle to examine the traps and  
nets that he had placed there, when his  
ears were suddenly assailed by the most  
hideous noises. He hurried to the spot with  
his attendants, and there he saw a huge bear  
fighting with an enormous serpent. The hiss-  
ing of the serpent and the roaring of the bear  
filled the entire forest with noise. At last the  
bear conquered the serpent, and dragged it  
through the long grass, emitting roars of tri-  
umph.

## Post-Election Echoes

### The Experience of a "Watcher"

One of the important influences in carrying the city of New York against Tammany was that exerted by the Good Government Clubs. Members of these clubs volunteered as "watchers" to see that the voting and the counting of the votes were legal and honest. I was assigned to act as "watcher" of the count at a certain polling-place in a Tammany stronghold district on the East Side. I went (armed with a copy of the Election Law in pamphlet form, my certificate as legally appointed watcher, and my good-sized Good Government Club badge pinned on my coat) in fear and trembling, not at the thought of physical violence, but at my own inexperience and incapacity. The polling-place was in a little hardware store, but the hardest ware in it was the half-drunk Tammany henchmen, who had certificates as watchers just as good as mine. The chairman of the board of inspectors was a Tammany man and was also half-drunk. One of the two policemen was a decent and capable officer, the other was unmistakably a Tammany man and half-drunk. The effect of all this half-drunkness on the work of the day was shown when, at four o'clock, the count began. There was one ballot-box for the candidates for office, and several, properly numbered, for the different Constitutional ballots. But the Constitutional ballots had been indiscriminately put into the box with the regular votes, and the poor inspectors and poll-clerks, who, with the exception of the obstreperous Tammany chairman, seemed honest and decent, were in confusion. To make a long story short, I had to show them what to do. I showed them how to sort the ballots and how to count them. I kept the tally-list, corrected the inspector's figures, unlocked and locked the ballot-boxes, laid down the law about defective ballots, and when, at the very beginning, it was discovered that more ballots were in the ballot-box than there were voters on the poll-list, I had to instruct the inspectors how to draw out the excess by lot according to law. In a word, I took entire charge of the proceedings, and, as the evening wore on, was appealed to by all hands as umpire on any disputed point. When the last vote had been canvassed, one of the inspectors—whose fatigue, coupled with the bad tobacco smoke and fetid air of the little room, had given him, as he expressed it, five headaches—put the voted ballots, which ought to go sealed to headquarters for the official count, into the great box provided for waste ballots. When I discovered this, and called his attention to it, he exclaimed in genuine agony, "For Heaven's sake, why didn't you tell me what to do!" and together we fished the ballots out of the waste material and put them in their proper place. I endeavored to be scrupulously attentive to every legal form in my own actions, although it would have been possible for me to manipulate the vote in any way I chose. All this goes to show how dishonest and corrupt watchers and heelers can and have controlled the count, and will in the future unless this Good Government watching becomes a habit instead of an impulse. I spent seven hours in that disgusting room, but when I sat down to dinner, a little before midnight, with the knowledge that Good Government had won, I felt that the experience had paid.

### What Another "Watcher" Did

I watched at a polling-place in a coffin-shop on the East Side of New York City. My colleague—call him Johnson—was on hand early, and the ballot-boxes were arranged on tables so as to leave a little space behind them, where Johnson promptly stationed himself ready to supervise every act of the election officers, who seemed intelligent and honest, but weak in knowledge of the technicalities of the election law. Johnson knew these and insisted upon their observance—a course slow but safe. From the moment the polls opened, at six, voters advanced in a continuous line, crowding the narrow space. Every moment or two a blunder would be made, and my eagle-eyed colleague would point it out and enforce its correction, while I occupied myself mainly in checking off the names of those who had

voted. The very air was snapping with antagonism to us, and presently came a test of mettle. From a miserable lodging-house, numbered 386, twenty-three men had registered names as voters, all of whom, after an investigation, we decided to challenge impartially. They began to appear early in the day, and Johnson compelled the very first one to swear in his vote. The second one proved so stupid and drunk that finally he was unable to vote at all. These tactics raised a storm. Tammany men crowded the room, and howled demands that we be put out; but the officers knew better, and we diminished opposition by inviting the Tammany leader to share the position of vantage behind the table. He sputtered there all day, but couldn't gainsay the law. The mental and physical strain were incessant. One typical ward-rough became especially troublesome, and when forced into order went out and brought in half a dozen others of his kind to annoy and interfere with us as much as they dared. But here, as everywhere, the exact knowledge, persistent courage, and vigilance of the Good Government men made them respected and feared. "Take care!" they were continually saying. "If you do that, or don't do this, it will be a crime, and we will never rest till you are punished." Voters and officers were guided into the right and warned against the wrong. In many cases flagrant violations of law were followed by instant arrest. The police everywhere were eager to sustain the very letter of the law. About 2:30 the scum of the district began to be steered in by the "workers," who meant to rush them through—an old trick. The rough spoken of above had kept quiet for an hour, and perhaps thought himself forgotten. Suddenly he sneaked past me, made a dive down the room, seized the arm of a voter who had just received his ballots, and hurried with him into a booth. This is probably the worst offense contemplated by the present election law. The next instant a policeman and myself were upon him, dragged him out, the voter's ballots already in his fist, and the room ringing with shouts of execration, partly of his act and partly of his arrest. The news spread, and just as the captain at the nearest police station was about to lock him up a lawyer and bailor appeared. Every voting district had them retained for the purpose. The party then hurried to a police court, and was met there by a prominent lawyer representing the Committee of Seventy, who took charge of the case, leaving me free to return to my work. The man was held for trial. When my day's work closed, at ten o'clock in the evening, I had the satisfaction both of victory for Good Government and of the first bite to eat that had passed my lips since my five o'clock breakfast.

### Civic Duty in a Tenement-House

A father with two sons, old enough to vote, live in an East Side tenement in New York. During the campaign they bought a picture of Mr. Goff, the new Recorder-elect, and put it in their window. All the other tenants in the house were Tammany followers. When the picture had hung in the window a couple of days, the father was notified that unless the picture was taken down he and his sons "would get their heads broken." This threat was treated with scorn, and the picture remained in the window. The next step was characteristic. The owner of the house was notified that unless the offending tenants were put out of the house all the other tenants would move. The owner secured a dispossession warrant, which was served on the anti-Tammany men. But they were not to be intimidated. They went to court and fought the dispossession proceedings, and succeeded in having them quashed. It was the feeling, undoubtedly, that all honest citizens of New York were back of them that gave these men the courage to make a fight against this typical Tammany oppression. One who studies the election returns is impressed with the fact, indicated by this anecdote, that there was as determined a rebellion against Tammany in the tenement-house districts as in the brown-stone quarters—certainly a rebellion under greater obstacles. We hope Mayor Strong will re-

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You know what you are eating when you use Cleveland's.

member his East-Side allies. They deserve remembrance.

### Let us Have a Blanket Ballot

As the writer was awaiting his turn to vote, the line was blocked by a German, who, as we learned, had been sent back to his booth twice, and now had to be sent a third time to get his ballots properly folded. He had already spent fifty minutes in the operation, while the law allows but thirty; but the inspectors good-naturedly agreed to give him another trial at it rather than "disfranchise" him. The writer had a little the feeling that any man who couldn't fold his ballots right with the instructions before him ought to be "disfranchised;" but the next morning he learned from a friend of an old gentleman in a "silk-stocking" election district—a lawyer, too—who finally gave up his vote in rage and disgust. Whatever the right of this lawyer and this German to the suffrage, the rest of the community certainly has a right to be relieved from five minutes' work folding different ballots when all the names could as easily be printed on one. The prospect of a blanket ballot is one of the blessings in the defeat of Mr. Hill.

### A Tammany Tribute

At a Tammany ratification meeting on the Bowery the Sunday evening before the election, Police Justice "Tom" Grady was reviling Dr. Parkhurst to the extent of his lung capacity, when the audience was simply swept from him by the laughter and applause which greeted a shout from the pit: "He's a stayer, Tom." "He's a stayer" is the Bowery equivalent for "he has the perseverance of the saints;" and that heroic virtue, which Dr. Parkhurst possesses in an eminent degree, still appeals to the hearts of the worst of men when they see it exemplified instead of hearing it preached.

## Tired, Weak, Nervous

"I was troubled with that tired and all-gone feeling, had no appetite, had a cough and asthmatic symptoms. I have been troubled thus some thirteen years, and had to

### Give Up All Work

three years ago. Last spring I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and felt better from the first. My appetite returned and my cough left me. I have used half a dozen bottles and am a well man. I should have written this statement before, but wanted to wait until after cold weather had settled with us and see if any symptoms of my trouble returned. But not so, for I am now in the best of health. I am 64 years of age, and doing a full day's work at blacksmithing. Hood's Sarsaparilla

## Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

cured my complaint and gave me renewed health." FRANK CHARON, Claremont, N. H.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache indigestion, biliousness. Sold by all druggists.