

HAS THE MAD RUSH OF NEW YORK MADE IT A BY WORD.

In the north it has become simply brutal. In New York if a man surrenders his seat in a street car to a woman every one in the car knows that he is from the South. Occasionally, however, one meets a Southern man in New York, who has imbibed the notion that it is the thing to exhibit indifference to women. On the streets and in all public places men take advantage of their superior brute strength to jostle and hustle women out of their way to rush ahead of them, and to deprive them of their rights. It is a true remark to say that the decrease in politeness to women means simply a decrease in civilization. It matters not how a people may advance in wealth and revel in luxuries, no matter what the veneer may be, a people who mistreat women are lacking in true civilization, and assimilate themselves with the savage tribes of mankind.—Baltimore Sun.



Nothing costs so little and pays so well as courtesy. From a purely selfish, commercial standpoint, it is policy for a young man to be courteous. But where there is such a split it is not true courtesy. And there are a hundred or more forms of courtesy. There is courtesy in a look, in the speech, in the bow, in the manner you dress, in the performance of the most common and ordinary of acts. Courtesy is the mark of gentle breeding and of true manhood.

At Bridge and in Cars.
In the rush and roar of a mighty city, where every street has its multitude and every form of public conveyance has its jostling crowd, where every man has entered the professions and the trades in active competition with man, there is danger that the spirit of courtesy may be crushed. The charge is made and at times seems well founded that the men of the city are losing that refinement of breeding which can only be judged by the acts of all.

Answer of the Woman.
But ask the woman and she will tell you that it is not so. She will defend her New York brother. She will tell you no better, more loyal, more tender hearted man lives. She will scoff at the critic from the South, she will lampoon him and his form of chivalry and, every time, she will give her hand and her heart to the man of New York. She can give no greater pledge of faith.

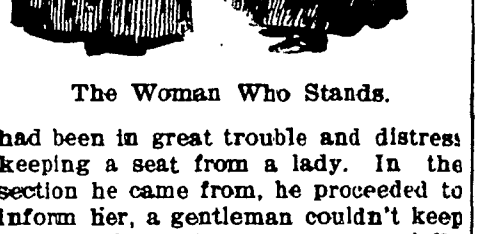
Not a few women declare that woman herself is responsible for the seeming decadence of courtesy. They say, they may, show the appreciation which a deferential act upon the part of a man should warrant. Some women demand as their right that in which they are entitled only by courtesy, and through lack of graciousness in receiving a kindness offered the givers bring retribution upon their kind.

But the reverence of woman and the true spirit of courtesy is not lacking in New York, however harsh may seem the actions of those who, at a bridge entrance or in-car, think only of self. New Yorkers can be judged

It is true, too, that New Yorkers have no more earnest advocates or defenders than the men and women of the South who come here to live. They say the New Yorker is the best dressed man in the world and the truest gentleman. They will tell you that; if the New Yorker tried to follow the Southern form of courtesy he never would get through bowing and scraping and would die without knowing how uncomfortable is an "L" seat.

Few, if any, of the prominent Southern women in New York but are more ardent in their praise of the New York man as the true courteous gentleman than even are the native born. Mrs. Lewis Nixon, who is a Floridian, showed her belief by becoming the wife of the New Yorker who is now the head of Tammany Hall. She is but one of the thousands of Southern women who find New York and New Yorkers ideal.

I may illustrate my meaning by telling an anecdote. On Christmas night I was riding in a crowded Columbus avenue car. Some ladies came in. A well dressed New Yorker arose lifted his hat and quietly moved aside to give his seat to one of the newcomers. A few minutes later some more ladies came in.



had been in great trouble and distress keeping a seat from a lady. In the section he came from, he proceeded to inform her, a gentleman couldn't keep a seat and permit a woman, especially a pretty young woman, to stand, and so forth. In a word, he opened a regular conversation with a strange woman.

He Knew Don Quixote.

After leaving the car I had great report with the Southern man, who evidently was nettled by the suggestion that the effusiveness of his courtesy was due to strong waters. Finally someone on in the party said something about Don Quixote, and my old friend, drawing himself up and with an inspired air, exclaimed: "My old friend, I am familiar with the story of Don Quixote, and while he may have been an old fool he was at least a gentleman."

It is nonsense to say that there are any people more kind, more courteous or more polite than the New Yorkers. They may not prance around as much as some of the others, but they are in no way lacking in their deference to the gentler sex.

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Along came boy giant Ah Grim;
The people their woes told to him;
Root beer springs were dry,
Naught but ink could they buy,
Which was bad for a bath, drink or swim.



In the kingdom of Skittles so queer
The people have nothing to fear;
Now water they drink,
Which is better than ink
And wholesomer greatly than beer.

When he drew near enough to the field, he would endeavor to break his lance against it. If the stroke was not skillful enough, the standing boy could be thrown with some violence to the water. But if the lance broke the boy would preserve his position and the boat would proceed on its way.

Dandelion Blossoms.
Little buttons of burnished gold,
Clasping a mantle of green,
Over the russet gown of earth,
With jewels sewn between,
Dandelion blossoms, kissed by the sun,
Shining his rays of light
And hid them in your yellow folds—
While the daisy pales in affront;
Nothing daunted by wind or storm;
Bravely you face the gale
Till December chills your trembling hearts—
And your little forms grow pale,
So your gold is lost in the fluffy down,
And you glisten awhile on the spray;
But alas the frost wind's at his breath
Scatters your soft down away—
Away o'er the waves of the laughing
brook
That sweetly to me doth sing,
And I stand that again, in your yellow
gown
You will dance with the flowers of
spring.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

There was abedness at the farm. Ezekiel's wife and Susie's mother lay ill, and the doctor had left her late in the afternoon with no little anxiety. But he had other patients, for it was a sickly winter. So Susie was instructed what to do if her mother grew worse. It was of no use to give Ezekiel orders. He was crazy. Trouble like this had never entered the farmhouse before. Susie was to watch her mother.

talked to her. It is a wonderful life, that which some hearts have, of living with those they love, whether some way on a visit or gone across water. Men call the river of death.

Dinner was on the table. Jupiter (son of Jupiter, who was slave on Jupiter, slave of the doctor's grandfather in the same village) stood while his master ate and drank.

"Watch Mr. Crofton's arm from five minutes before to five minutes after 10 and again at midnight," said he to Jupiter. And the dark eyes set to glow, could he not easily trust.

The weather had changed. It was still cold but cloudy, and a snow storm was hastening on. There were plenty of horses in the stable, and two playful sorrels plumped out of the gateway and down the broad village street, bringing up with a fierce rattling of the bells in front of the stone house near the church where lived the clergyman. He, too, was ready, for he had received warning from the gook in the early evening, and had watched. I am tempted to speak of him, that man whose memory is cherished by so many who lived and died for their country whom he was appointed. But there is no space here. They two were men after one another's hearts. Happy the village with such a pair of saviors.

The track had been cut down like a deep canal between two banks and the drift of the light snow which lay on the crust was fast filling it. It grew darker for the moon was just setting, and it began to snow heavily. The runners cut deep in this hard pack. The horses were well used to such work, but there are no possibilities on roads before the bus teams, and they found the track of these when the snow plunged in a heavy drift at the back of the sleds where you turn up toward the cabin.

Crook's men, thus far they had come at little faster than a walk but for a few rods the horses had found high pulling, and were on a swift trot when they plunged into this drift water, diagonally across the road, full six feet deep. Down they went, while the doctors and the robes went in a confused mass over on the crest at the roadside.

the baggage. No one was hurt, and all the traces of these men were gone. The party continued in an instant, the whole company, including the ammunition and food up. The drift was wide and well as a rule, and the men, riding the sleigh, pushed up the difficulties, then drove a trail through the drift by tramping and led the horses through, and around the sharp turn into the hill road. All was made right, and they went on now very slowly, for the whole track was filled to the level of the banks and the spurs on the travelled road were now very much broken and the snow drifts filled. A hundred yards from the turn the left runner ran over a stump, caught the hard bark of the side, and lifted the sleigh so high, by an accident, the driver said, "There, no matter how well I try, I have never before seen a run like this and the machine is so

shot and sang and rode
 Again and again they sang
 till they ceased to count the miles
 they went onward with happy hearts
 And the horses were glad to
 meet at the bottom of the
 the horses end of the stage
 and rode them a mile way
 the road and vision for the
 Many good reasons for
 ing it. They were alone
 hours on the road between
 the ridge and the sea
 Here they sang and rode

here they found the oxen in a consultation. Farmer Brown owned but a single yoke of oxen, and he could not find the other yoke. It took him some time to find them in the lower half of the mountain, where they were very perplexed. But when they had worked that night, he came to get the person and the oxen beside of Mrs. Crofton's. The oxen was put over the road and went up the hill through the forest, and with infinite toil, and encouragement, they succeeded. The oxen followed in the track, broke. It stopped moving. The atmosphere far below was so warm and calm, and it was broad day when they entered the lower valley.

The roadway to the deer camp
hollow in front of the house, and
which had swept a clean path
through the snow. The apparently
empty track, however, was
the left runner from a team
upset was conspicuous. In full
of the windows, as if it were a
show, the two drivers who laid
and clutched each other before
struck the glass surface of the
house.

They struck in a slanting line
all to the verge of the porch, but
descent. There was nothing to
hold of, so they fell tight and
other, and went like a
the for slope, head first into a
soft bed of snow. Neither
Newfoundland the way on the
their heads disappeared, and
thing was visible for a moment
nine black and red down a
the top of the chimney, at
the top of the chimney, at
downward.

[illegible]

powered all sorts of machinery.
burst of laughter had caused
trouble which was killing him.

Why Lucien Left Home
Paul Lucien, a French writer
philopoli, was at one time
out of health, and took refuge in
He had taken lodgings in Rome.
one day, the proprietor of the
mounted the stairs, rapped at the

and came in. Lacroix was just then
a coughing paroxysm.
"Signe," began the American,
"who is responsible for you?"
"What do you mean?" asked the
tortured Frenchman.
"If you should die, who would
be the executioner?"
"I hope not to die, you would
wound Lacroix," he said, in a
suspicious. A feeling of
silk me."
"But who will pay me?"
"Why, man, I pay you myself."
"No, no. I am speaking of the
this arm chair." "I have," he
—everything in the chamber—
thing will have to be found in the
death of a consumptive."

The next day, indeed, he sailed for Southern Italy. But he hesitated two years to tell the story of his journey west from the Holy City.

During the night, a person on trial for having threatened to kill strongly in the family, such a thing as anyone to be murdered man, and the attorney of a certain defense in a murder case. The writings of the all that he could in the day were very important.

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