Criticism By a Baltimore Paper-Some Comments Thereon by Southern Men and Women-Don Ouixote at Least a Gentleman.

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 at once that he is from the South. Occasionally, however, one meets a Southern man in, say, 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.



The Woman Who Always Gets a Scat

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 spirit it is not true courtesy. And there are a speech, in the bow, in the manner you other man. dress in the performance of the most common and ordinary of acts. Courtesy is the mark of gentle breeding and of true manhood.

Sometimes courtesy takes a most extravagant and ridiculous form as it did in the days of knight crantry, to give his seat to one of the new-The chivalric man of that time embarked upon the most hazardous and absurd expeditions for the honor and glory of his lady love. To-day chivalry takes a milder and purer form in brightening and sweetening the lives of the weak and the aged Courtesy is not limited to deference to women To guide the blind, to give a helping hand to the infirm, to show respect for those dependent is as truly chivalric as to win a smile of approbation for some gracious act to the most beautiful of women.

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 convey ance has its jostling crowd, where wa 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.

He who stands and watches the struggle in that human vortex, the entrance to the Brooklyn bridge at a rushhour, will turn away appalled and say the charge made by the Southern critic is true. Or he who rides in ele- had been in great trouble and distress while woman stands, who will notice that a pretty, well dressed woman inform her, a gentleman couldn't keep will get a seat when a poorly dressed, a seat and permit a woman, especially pale and possibly suffering sister will a pretty young woman, to stand, and get none will say the indictment is so forth. In a word, he opened a regutrue. Or he who wanders into one of lar conversation with a strange wothose great hives known as sky-scrap man. ers, enters one of the many elevators and sees women crushed and buffeted about while no man thinks of raising his hat as a mark of respect to the courtesy graciously, but he pow-wowed presence of one of the gentler sex will say the day of true gentility has passed in the great city.

Answer of the Woman. But ask the woman and she will tell you that it is not so. She will defent her New York brother. She will tell' you no better, more loyal, more tendel hearted man lives. She will ecoff a the critic from the South, she wil 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 deciare that we man herself is responsible for the seeming decadence of courtesy. few, they say, show the appreciwhich a deferential act upon the part of a man should warrant. Some wa men demand as their right that it which they are entitled only by cour tesy, and through lack of graciousnes. in receiving a kindness offered the givers bring retribution upon theil

true spirit of courtesy is not lackin; or more polite than the New Yorkers in New York, however harsh ma: They may not prance around as much seem the actions of those who, a, as some of the others, but they are Bridge entrance or in car, think only in no way lacking in their deterence of self. New Yorkers can be judged to the gentler sex.

by no established standard for no-where are conditions so abnormal as here. Nowhere has woman entered so largely into commercial life; nowhere is there such crowding, such rush or such turmoil. And, by the same token, nowhere is woman so safe, so sure of defence, so generally accepted as the ward of the strong. Woman can walk Broadway or any great thoroughfare at night as safely as can man. He who would molest her would meet with speedy punishment. Such cannot be said of London, Paris, Vienna or any great city of Europe.

It is true, too, that New Yorkers have no more carnest 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 howing and scraping and would die without knowing how uncomfortable is an "La"

Criticises the Critic.

Women born in New York say those who criticise New Yorkers for being lax in courtesy to women have more of the veneer and less of the true spirit than the New York man. They say the Southerners are lavish in their attention to women and extravagant in their professions of adoration for the sex, being ever ready to make love to a pretty girl and never willing to consider woman has any other mission in life than to make herself beautiful.

The New Yorker considers woman his equal, a person with brains, one to whom love can be made, but who is not altogether devoted to fripperies. Woman thinks this the greatest courtesy of all-to be considered as the possessor of brains. Possibly that is the secret why the New Yorker gots such earnest defence from women of New York.

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.

By John S. Wise.

There is more mannerism to the man of the South, but the instinctive courtesy of the man of New York is as great as that of any man on earth. This publication which I see in the Baltimore Sun is simply an amusing conceit. There is not so much pirouetting by the New Yorker, but there is just as much of the true spirit of gentility and of deference shown to the hundred or more forms of courtesy, presence of a lady by the New Yorker There is courtesy in a look. in the as there is by the Southerner or any

> I may illustrate my meaning by tell ing an amecdote. 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 comers. A few minutes later some more ladies came in.

> A Southern man visiting New York was sitting with a lady. He whispered to her inquiring as to the etiquette of the situation. He was an ellerly man, and she told him not to give up his seat if he was tired, but he couldn't stand the pressure and at last he arose, and, bowing obsequiously he tendered his seat to a young woman. Then he proceeded to tell her that he



The Woman Who Stands.

vated or street car and sees man sit keeping a seat from a lady. In the section he came from, he proceeded to

His face was florid and he made many gestures to emphasize his remarks. At first the lady accepted his so much and so long that she became very much embarassed, and the man with her evidently thought the visitor from the South had been drinking, so at last he whispered to her that it would be a good idea to get off at the next corner. This is an illustration of doing exactly the same thing, but is very different ways. The New York man gave up his seat and said nothing. The other man said a good deal about it.

He Knew Don Quixote. After leaving the car I had great sport with the Southern man, who evidently was nettled by the suggestion that the effusiveness of his courtesy was due to strong waters. Finally some on in the party said something of Don Quixote, and my old friend. drawing himself up and with an injured air, exclaimed:: "Madam. I'm 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 But the reverence of woman and the any people more kind, more sourteous

HE GIANT AS A RAINMAKER

THE CANADAC STORY



There once was a drought quite severe In the kingdom of Skittles and Beer, With nothing to drink But iced Indian ink-A beverage rather austere.

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.



The giant suggested "some rain," And, seizing a big piece of cane, He stirred up a cloud Till it thundered soud

And showered o'er mountain and plain. 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.

An Old Game,

The Britons derived nearly all their games from the Romans and Greeks, and in the fourteenth century perhaps the most popular was what was called "water quintain." This was played by boys and was very popular in London. A pole or mast was fixed in the Thames river with a shield fastened in the middle of it. Three or four boys would row rapidly up to it, one standing in the stern of the boat with his lance.

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

Dandelton Blessoms. Little buttons of burnished gold. Clasping a mantie of green, Over the russet gown of earth, With jewels sewn between. Dandellon blossoms, kissed by the sun, Stealing his rays of light And hiding them in your yellow folds: While the daisy pales in affright: 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 king's fev breath Scatters your soft down away-

Away o'er the waves of the laughing brook That sweetly to me doth sing. And I know that again in your yellow COWNA You will dance with the flowers of

-Agner Helen Lockhart

Free paths of happings to know

Sabmissive accethon: "Tes; men have lived beth bus By myfiada in this place!"

the with added pass, that grief as

-Lilla Cabot Parry.

## THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

This is the story the doctor told, an narrated by W. C. Prime in Alone New England Roads":

Esokiel Crofton's farm was on the slope of the hill, two miles in a straight line from the village. But to reach %, you had to so more than two miles down the valley end a long one up the hill road. A deep ravine, where in flowed a noble trout stream, cut of the farm from more direct communication with the village. But the farmwas a compleneous object in the land. scape, as seen from the back windows of the doctor's Mbrary.

There was alcknown at the farm Exekiel's wife and Suale's mother lay fil, and the doctor had left her late in the afternoon with no little anxiety But he had other patients, for it was a elokly winter. So Susie was instruct. ed what to do if her mother grew worse. It was of no use to give Esskie orders. He was crasy. Trouble like this had never entered the farmhouse before. Sunte was to watch har mother, and report by a simple telegraph The doctor set the tall clock by his watch. At 10 o'clock, at midnight, and et 2 o'clock, if her mother should be worse, or if certain indications appeared. Suste was to burn a blass of straw on the enowbank in front of the house

The doctor would see it, and drive out It was a cold night, and the moon was young. The snow lay three feet deep on a level. A slight thaw, followed by a freeze, had left a glassy crust over everything. Then three inches of light snow had fallen without wind over this crust. It was after dark when the doctor resched home that night, and he was a weary man. Did, I may be lived alone in his house? Yet not alone, for one who had been its light until a few years before never seemed to him absent from it. And though now, as he sat before the big fire, no one sat visibly by him, therewas a cheery look on his face, just as: there used to be when he sat there and talked to her. It is a wonderful joy. that which some hearts have, of living with those they love, whether gont away on a viet or gone across what men call the river of death. This is a second

Dinner was on the table. Tuples-(son of Jupiter, who was also son of Jupiter, maye of the doctor's great dis father in the same yilings) stood while be dying.

"Watch Mr. Crofton's farm from Eve minutes before to five minutes after 19 and again at midnight," said he te Jupiter. And the dark eyes act is obony could be perfectly trusted?

The doctor was salesp on a lounge when midnight passed. There had been no signal from the farm. At 1 he stood at the back window, and says the blaze finch up from Sude's bondes. for the poor girl was frightened and heaped the straw high. By the succossive flashes he knew that she was throwing it on in armfule, and that there was great trouble and fear at

the farmhouse. The weather had changed. It was still cold but cloudy, and a anow atorm was hastening on. There were plenty of horsen in the stable, and two powerful sorrels plunged out of the gateway and down the broad village street bringing up with a florce rattle of the bells in front of the atone house ness the church where lived the clerky man. He, too, was ready, for he had received warning from the doctor 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 those over 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 doc

And now the wintry part of the story begins. For as they started a gust of wind met them, whiching the light snow which lay on the frozen crust. When they left the wall-best en village street and took the road born: down the valley a stiff pale was blow-ing. The truck had been out down like a deep canal between two pants and the drift of the light snow which lay on the crust was fast filling it It grow darker for the moon was just setting, and it began to snow heavily. The runners cut deep in the hard pack. The horses were well used to such work, but there are in possibilities on roads before the best teams, and they found the first of these when the sorrele plunged into a heavy drift at the fork of the road where you turn up foward Essential Crofton's. Thus, far they had come at little faster than a walk but her a few roads the borsess had found light pulling and wave on switt trat when they plunged into this drift water in diagonally across the road full six feet deep Down they were waite the doctors and the robes were conducted many over on the grace at No one was spart, and at the velo

of their master, who was at their heads in an instant, the sorrels recognized the situation and stood up. The drift was wide as well as dess and the men righted the sieigh gathered up the scatterings then broke transithrough the drift by transline and led the horses through and around the sheep term ante the hill road. All was made right, and they was on agree yery slowly, for the whole track was filled to the level of the banks and the track on this less traveled road was narrow, and had been imperfectly broken before the new drift filled it. A hundred years from the turn the of their master, who was at their heads A hundred yards from the tiers the left rutter ross over a minor course to the tiers the left rutter ross over a minor course the tier town at the late the left of the tiers of the tiers

ttp the hill merels the second dawn came and it was break when they several the back the Crofton Incapracy The roadway to the door hillock in front of the boss wind had event in places of

track, but at the very me the left runner few high modi-upper was accomplished. In A of the windows as I it move the windows said the said and automat such other last atruct the gloon our tape of the They struck in a signifing to alld to the verge of the ab

descent. They was more to hold of so that was light other had went like project tile ity slope, head fire Newfoundland dog was as

Why Lagran Lafe H Paul Jacretz, a. France philiophilis, was at one dissort out of health and test culting He had taken lodgittes to Ross one day, the proprietor of the mounted the states, rapp and came in Lacroix was ju e coughing percuryme.
"Bigner," being the be-

"What do you mean ?" masted Frankleson. "If you should die, w "Thops not be die yet all word lacros, "bedden fill am Micros. A mediation and ank me." "But who will pay me?" ... " Why, man, I pay you mye

"No, no. I am appealance of