

West Point Cadets



Guard Mount of Future Generals of the United States Army.

BILLIONS FOR GOSPEL

VAST CORPORATION PLANNED TO EVANGELIZE THE WORLD.

J. Campbell White, Head of Layman's Missionary Movement, Proposes a Combination Beside Which All Others Appear Feeble.

A \$2,000,000,000 corporation to evangelize the world—that is a project beside which the capitalization of the United States Steel corporation and the wealth of John D. Rockefeller pale in comparison, while the paltry \$2,000,000 asked by President Small for the support of the striking telegraphers is but a bagatelle.

The fruits of high financing no longer will be confined to the creation of swollen fortunes. If the plan, advocated by J. Campbell White, head of the Layman's Missionary Movement, is successfully carried out, big corporations will no longer be regarded as solely vicious, pandering to private interests and strangling the public's inherent rights.

Instead, the mightiest corporation, with stockholders in every state and province in the countries of the civilized world, will be a benevolent trust, the vast resources of which will be turned to the work of sending missionaries to convert the heathen. So tremendous, it is declared, the power of this movement would be that the paganism of the dark continents of the globe would be wiped out within a single generation.

When J. Pierpont Morgan learns of this latest combination the wizard of finance is expected to sit up and take notice. His Napoleonic brain never conceived a merger of common interests on such a gigantic scale. But Morgan was handicapped. He had only the backing of Wall street. The present movement will be backed, it is argued, by millions of investors, and the capitalization will represent no watered stock.

The plan, which Mr. White made public at the Winona assembly, is to issue 10,000,000 shares at \$100 each, payable in installments of \$5 a year for 20 years; and 1,000,000 shares at \$1,000 each, payable \$50 a year. With this sum realized, Mr. White asserted, missionaries could be supported in blackest Africa and in the farthest domains of the unclad islands of Oceania.

It is estimated that there are at the present time 675,000,000 heathen who have never heard the gospel, requiring a force of 20,000 missionaries to accomplish their evangelization. If every church member would give one cent a week, it was said, this force could be maintained. The Layman's Missionary Movement organization is nine months old, and already has branches in England and Scotland and has 50 men investigating missionary conditions.

Army Men to Get More Pay. Washington—Increase in the pay of the army, but no increase in its size, is the compromise which has been reached between the president and the leaders in congress who control legislation. The president has given hearty approval to the plans of the general staff of the army, which included both increases, but after consultations and conferences it has been decided that it will be impossible to do more at the next session of congress than secure an increase in the pay of the army. Immediately upon enacting bills will be introduced in the senate by Senator Dick of Ohio and in the house by Representative Cannon of Rhode Island, carrying out the agreement which has been reached.

SENT SHERMAN TO THE SEA.

Messenger of Grant's Historic Order is Now Living in Michigan.

Glengarry, Mich.—'Twas not a message to Garcia, but a message fraught with greater import that Charles May of this village carried while serving during the civil war. It was the message from Grant to Sherman ordering him to start on the march from Atlanta to the sea.

The name of Mr. May does not appear in the historical account of the sending of that message, but he possesses a Barnes school history of the war, in which is a picture to which he proudly points. It is a picture of Gen. Grant sitting upon a log and writing the memorable message. By his side stands a young orderly holding his horse and waiting for the message.

'That's me,' says Mr. May as he points to the picture. Mr. May was born in Waverly, N. Y., in 1842. He lived in Pennsylvania from 1862 until the breaking out of the war, then he enlisted in the First Pennsylvania cavalry for three years, and at the end of his term of service he reenlisted for three years. It was after his reenlistment that he was detailed as an orderly to Grant and carried the famous message.

Mr. May's regiment and another regiment were so badly cut up by the hard fighting through which they went that the remnants of the two were consolidated and called the First Pennsylvania provisional, and it was from this regiment that he received his honorable discharge.

Mr. May came to Michigan in 1866. He served on the police force at Muskegon for three years. He was deputy sheriff at Newaygo for two years. For a year he was marshal of Manton. In the village of Sherman he was marshal two years, and he is still in the ring. He is now engaged in the saloon business in this village.

HE'S AN UNUSUAL MAN.

Never Drank, Smoked, Chewed, or Belonged to Any Church.

Coldwater, Mich.—At the sailors and soldiers' reunion here recently was William Hurley, 66 years of age, whose home is 19 miles north of Denver.

Hurley has never tasted beer, whiskey, wine, or any other intoxicating liquors. He has never used tobacco in any form, nor does he swear, and says he does not belong to any church.

STOPS FLYER FOR MONKEY.

Organ Grinder Flays Fast Train So Tired Animal May Ride.

Oakland, Me.—While the Boston and Bar Harbor express, the "Flying Yankee," was hitting a 60 miles an hour clip between this station and Bograde, the fireman, looking out of the cab window, saw a man on the track a short distance ahead frantically waving a red bandanna.

Supposing that the track was torn up or a bridge down, the throttle went up like a flash and the emergency brakes went on, while the big train of ten coaches brought up with a jerk that threw many of the passengers out of their seats. Then the supposed life saver who had flagged the train picked up a hand organ and monkey from beside the track and calmly climbed into the smoking car, remarking: "Monkey tired; want to ride. Much obliged, Meester."

Tells Printers to Be Polite. Washington.—It is "Mr. this and 'Mas" that at the government printing office these days. No more John or Tom or Maggie. By formal order issued by the public printer the employees are prohibited from being familiar with each other, no matter how well they are acquainted. No explanation is given for the reform.

THE VALUE OF APPRECIATION.

Few Realize the Worth of Appropriate Words of Praise.

Has it ever struck you what a sweeter of life lies in a few words of appreciation and encouragement? How few of us take the trouble to stop a few minutes and praise a servant for work well done, or even pause to tell our nearest and dearest how we appreciate all the daily services which we have apparently never noticed.

HE FOUND THE DONKEY.

Imbecile Developed a Real Trait of Sherlock Holmes.

The usual group was gathered around "The New York Store" talking of Dick Mullins' lost donkey. Every one had been looking for it, without success since it had strayed out of the pasture lot a day or two before. Jim Thompson, a lanky individual, regarded as more or less of an imbecile by the townsmen, finally spoke up: "I think I could find your donkey." "How can you find him, Jim?" asked the owner, "when the best men in town ain't been able to get a trace of him?" "Wasn't," rejoined Jim, "I ain't tryin' can't I? How much is it worth to ye?" The owner "alighted," said Jim, and walked away on his search. To the surprise of all, he returned in less than an hour, leading the missing donkey by a rope halter. "Sakes alive!" exclaimed Mullins, as he paid over the dollar, "how in the world did ye find him so quick, Jim?" "Wasn't," returned Jim, "I thought to myself, now, if I was a jackass where would I go? And so I went there, and he had."

Thin Cream.

Nobody in Cedarby liked to say that Amos Howe was habitually untruthful, but his old neighbors had a cautious way of accepting his statements. "It's best to take anything Mr. Howe says with a good pinch of salt, isn't it?" asked a newcomer to Cedarby. "Me-yes," admitted one of the old residents. "Or if you're real particular, it might be just as well to eat Amos' remarks away to cool for awhile, and then if anything rises to the top, skim it off, and that'll be about all you can take without injuring your digestion, ma'am."—Youth's Companion.

Rudeness of Mother Earth.

There's a lot of contrariness about our Mother Earth," said the woman. "You'd think if we loved her—she'd be good to us, but she ain't. This is what she did to me all right enough. I went down to lie on her sands for a week and loll in her ocean. For a few days she was lovely; then she put sand in my ears and made me deaf as a post for awhile; then she sicked her jellyfish on me so it was absolute agony to go in the water. This wasn't enough, so she ended by handing me an underdone soft-shell crab that sent me straight home to the doctor."

Skeptical Post.

Joaquin Miller was once conversing with a learned professor who was visiting California. To the poet's query, "What do you do?" the professor answered that he held the chair of metaphysics and logic at a New England university. Whereupon the venerable Miller with an encouraging smile, reassuringly patted the professor on the shoulder. "Logic and metaphysics, eh? Well, I suppose we must have people to look after those things, even if they don't exist."

Uncle Sam's Attractive "Ad."

"See the world!" is the attractive heading of Uncle Sam's call for sea soldiers. Men wanted for the United States marines. Duty on sea and shore and our island possessions. The poster shows a navy-looking marine in uniform with a suggestion of the island possessions pictured behind him. The wording and coloring of the poster attract attention and suggest pleasant possibilities. Uncle Sam evidently thinks it pays to advertise.

Shy on Mythology.

Says a San Francisco bank president: "This spring I entertained a prominent banker from Tucson, Ariz. I invited him to the Merchants' association dinner. My friend listened to the many speeches very attentively, and said, afterward, 'I noticed that almost every speaker said, 'This city, like Phoenix, will rise from her ashes.' Now there is some mistake about that. I have lived in Arizona all my life, and I know for a fact that Phoenix never had a conflagration."

Not Real Music.

"Pop!" "Yes, my son." "What is a trick pianist?" "A trick pianist, my boy, is one who makes you think he is furnishing music when he is not!"

HAVE CRAZE FOR FORMULA.

Smokers Follow Fashions in the Use of Tobacco.

"Make me up a package of tobacco according to the formula used by Edwin Booth," said the man with a southern accent. "That is the third man who has asked for that kind of tobacco today," said the dealer. "It is strange that people from remote parts of the country as well as New Yorkers make a fad of buying the same brand of tobacco that Booth smoked. And it ain't always the Booth mixture that they want. I have fled away the formulas for mixing the favorite tobacco of many famous persons. Smokers the country over have heard of this collection of recipes and one feature of every man's trip to New York is to try a pipeful of some big man's favorite tobacco. In most cases this special mixture is so strong that the nerves of the average smoker cannot stand it. He has to give up after a few pipefuls and go back to a popular mixture, but he has the satisfaction of having had the experience."—The New York Sun.

A PRETTY SAFE PROPHECY.

De Pachmann's Humor at Expense of His Critics.

Vladimir De Pachmann, the Russian pianist, and Goldmark, the famous opera composer, met in front of the latter's Vienna home a short time ago. Goldmark is a most estimable old gentleman and a writer of exceptionally brilliant and melodious music, but his one great fault is most overwhelming conceit, a trait which often gives his friends occasion for much merriment at his expense. As De Pachmann and Goldmark walked away from the composer's house, the pianist pointed backward over his shoulder and said: "That modest little edifice will be signally distinguished some day after you are dead." "Is that," murmured Goldmark, blushing with pleasure. "Yes," continued De Pachmann, "they will decorate it with a tablet." "And pray, what do you suppose they will say on the tablet after I am dead?" asked the composer, eagerly. "To let," was De Pachmann's pithy reply, as he scuttled across the Rink Strasse.

In the Interests of Peace.

A party of youths were camping in the mountains of the upstate district, says the Philadelphia Ledger. One of them disturbed the others every moment his lungs would allow by a ceaseless attempt to sing. One of the party, being somewhat of a musician, lawfully vowed vengeance, and at last determined to put his feelings to words. Supper was in progress as the would-be singer entered. At the end of the verse he turned to the musician and said: "The funny thing about me is that I can sing with a chew in." The musician looked at him in a kind of charitably contemptible way, and answered in a long drawl: "Well, then, for goodness sake, put a chew in."

The Artist's Mistake.

A trained nurse was looking through the advertising pages of a magazine. Presently she came to a picture which arrested her attention. "It's pretty," she said, showing it to her patient, "but can you see what's wrong with it?" The patient saw a picture of a very attractive trained nurse about to hand a cup of something to an equally attractive patient who reclined in bed. "No," she admitted. "It looks all right to me. What's the matter with it?" "The nurse's apron has big strings, whereas it should be fastened with a trim belt. I never saw a nurse in my life who wore big strings on her apron. The artist probably never noticed."

A Hypnotic Cure.

"Well, Well!" was the favorite exclamation of surprise of a certain literary worker. "Well! Well!" no matter whether things were well or ill. "Well! Well!" he exclaimed the other evening at the end of a semi-tragic story. "Two holes in the ground," said a fair listener. It took him a moment to catch on; then he exclaimed: "Well! Well! Well!" "Three holes in the ground," said the girl. And the man was cured of his favorite phrase.

Reason for His Absence.

"I never see Crockett down here any more," said the artist, as he took a seat in the most comfortable chair. "Why is it?" It used to be that I never came down here, but Crockett was here. If he wasn't actually here, a knock at the door, and Crockett! He came down here, not long ago," he explained, "and said he was awfully hard up. I offered him a five and he took it. That's why."

Stating the Case.

A woman came to court claiming as daughter the wealth of the deceased millionaire. "But if you were his daughter, why didn't you mention it when he was alive?" she was asked. "Why, what'd been the use? He'd have known I wasn't, and, besides, I only just thought of the scheme."

Seaside Engagement.

"You understand, of course, that this engagement is only for the summer?" The man nodded. "Well," resumed the woman, "if you're a good cook you may have \$30 a month for the season."

Which?

"There is talk of a theatrical trust with a capital of a billion dollars." "Stage or United States money?"

IN PRAISE OF THE BORE.

One Man Rises to Defend an Unpopular Character.

Stevenson has apologized for the idlers and the thieves and the cannibals, but even that most charitable of men had never a good word to say for the bore. Neither in life nor in literature have we ever found a man bold enough to speak well of him; the croak may be forgiven, but the bore never is. Poor devil! How all the world is against him! And yet this is scarcely just; for in his way he is an excellent thing; an honest creature. He is what he is. God made him a bore; he struggles not against his destiny, but a bore he remains; there is less of hypocrisy about him than about other men, he conceals nothing from his neighbor that interests himself; out of the kindness of his heart he passes on his own experience; he is generous of himself; he has a message, and if the hints of his hearers should cause him to abate one syllable of it he would feel that he had been false to his mission; the little insouciant with which more ignoble men jolly the hours along are beneath him. Look at his motives and you will see that he is unjustly used; we all of us know him, and we should treat him with more charity, for upon occasion we have all been he.—Don Marquis, in Uncle Remus's Magazine.

SPOILED COURSE OF LOVE.

Yeung Man Misunderstood Answer of His Charmer.

There was once a bashful young policeman, whom we will name George X., who was in love with a young lady, but was too backward to propose to her. One night, however, he plucked up courage and went to her house. After being seated with her on the sofa, he said, "Mary, I love you." The young lady, who was looking for this for some time, dropped her eyes and murmured, "Ditto, George." To her surprise and disappointment he changed the subject and finally went away. The next day he was talking to some brooding policeman at the fence of a large field of cabbages. "Boys," said George, "what does ditto mean?" "Why," said one of them, pointing to a very large cabbage, "do you see that cabbage, George?" "Yes," said George. "And do you see that one next to it?" "I do," said George. "Well," said the other, "that second cabbage-head is ditto to the first one." "What?" roared George, "did that confounded girl call me a cabbage-head?" And he went his way and refused to be comforted.—Judge's Library.

A Little Touch of Nature.

A boy of 12, and a woman, aged three times 12, sat side by side in a Broadway car. They were strangers. The boy's little blue jacket was pulled out at the seams, the woman wore a last summer's hat. Both were very tired. They sat sideways and occasionally they nodded drowsily. Once during a spasmodic cranial movement, their faces almost touched. Then they braced back and looked at each other. The woman smiled. "Are you tired?" she asked. "Awful," said the boy. Then he smiled, too. "Are you?" he asked. "Awful," said the woman. Then they smiled some more, and somehow neither felt quite so tired after that. —New York Press.

Patrick's Will.

An elderly gentleman, who knew something of law, lived in an Irish village where no solicitor ever penetrated, and was in the habit of arranging the disputes of his neighbors and making their wills. At an early hour one morning he was aroused from his slumbers by a loud knocking at the gate, and putting his head out of the window, he asked who was there. "It's me, yer honor—Paddy Flaherty. I could not get a wink of sleep thinking of the will I have made." "What's the matter with the will?" asked the amateur lawyer. "Matter indeed," replied Pat, "sure I've not left myself a three-legged stool to sit down upon!"

What He Wanted to Know.

"How early in life the value of 'solid' gold and 'sterling' silver is impressed on us is illustrated by an incident told with much enjoyment by a delegate from Mississippi who attended a recent convention. One of his neighbors calling to bid him good-speed brought his six-year-old son with him, and to amuse the youngster he was shown the aquarium where numerous gold fish glittered and glistened. After gazing at them in admiration for a few moments he was asked what he thought of them, and in reply said: "They're pretty, but are they solid?"

Look Forward with Hope.

Put all your past failures behind you, forget them, let the dead past bury its dead, don't cry over spilt milk, the water that is past never will turn the mill, yesterday's flowers never will bloom again, last year's apples are dead sea fruit, the spoken word can't be recalled, and the hour glass of time when its sands are run never can be refilled. The past is behind, the future ahead. Forget the one, look with hope to the other.

Getting Even.

"He—You go and kiss another woman and then go and say things about her you wouldn't have her hear for the world. She—And you go and kiss your wife and then go out and do things you wouldn't have her know for the world."

RAT DOES TRAPEZE ACT.

Walks Telegraph Wire, Baset by Sparrows Until the End.

A gray rat walking along an electric wire 30 feet above the ground for many blocks furnished a novelty on West Baltimore street. The feat, which excels that of any trick rat ever exhibited in a show, would seem a dream of the imagination but for the fact that the spectacle is absolutely vouched for by thousands of persons who watched the strange sight from six o'clock until eight. Baset by a number of English sparrows, which seemed to take a fiendish delight in attacking the badly handicapped rodent, he at times varied his steady gait along the wire by acrobatic performances calculated to ward off the attacks of the birds. He would sit up, no larger than a lead pencil, and reconnoiter before continuing his hapless journey from pole to pole. After a most gallant fight for life, which deserved a better recognition under the rules of fair play, the unfortunate animal was finally knocked from the wire at Carrollton avenue and Baltimore street and dispatched by a dog. Just how the rat got on the wire in the first place has not been satisfactorily explained, but it is thought that a dog chased him somewhere—some persons say as far east as the neighborhood of Howard and Baltimore streets—saddled him to run up a pole.—Baltimore Dispatch to Washington Post.

WHEN A "BUNCH" HELD GOOD.

Chinese Laundry Ticket Suggested a Bet on "Wing Ting."

Key Spence, a well known horseman of Mexico, Mo., won \$1,000 at the Louisville, Ky., race meeting a short time ago as the result of a "bunch." Mr. Spence has a large breeding stable of "runners" near Mexico, and attends all the big racing events in the country. Not long since he was in Louisville and entered the betting ring to see what odds were being offered on the various entries. He found that Joaquin was the favorite at seven money, and pulled his wallet from his pocket, intending to bet on that horse. His attention was attracted by something that fell from his wallet to the ground, and he stooped and picked it up. It was a Chinese laundry ticket. He looked at the "books" again and found that there was an entry with a Chinese name, Wing Ting, at ten to one. That settled it, for he considered he had secured a "bunch" that could not be overlooked. "Wing Ting" was handily foreclosed, and Spence the seventh son of the seventh son.—Kansas City Star.

The Blessedness of Giving.

The tremendous benefactions of Carnegie and Rockefeller are having the effect, we are told, of giving the small-city philanthropists cold feet and scaring them out of the game, until it comes to pass that the man who has only the beggary \$100,000 or so, to bestow, evinces a decided disposition to pay fun less expensive. If likewise less intense with his money. This goes to suggest that philanthropists are but flesh and blood, after all, and hanker not to enter in a race where they are to be not only beaten but distanced at the post. The widow's mite is unexceptionable, of course, and it seems a pity that nobody hears the widow's name thundering down the ages.—Puck.

Satisfied as It Was.

A Richmond Va. minister not long ago was asked to perform a marriage ceremony by a young negro couple, says Harper's Weekly. As he had employed the groom for a year or two, he consented, knowing what prestige would come to the couple by reason of having been married by a white minister. At the appointed time the happy pair arrived and the ceremony proceeded. "Do you take this man for better or for worse?" the minister asked. "For all her sheyness the bride spoke up bravely. 'No, sah' ah don't," she said. "Ah'll take him jest like he is. If he was ter get any better, I'd 'traid he'd die, an' if he was ter get any worse, ah'd kill him myself."

He Had 198 Chances.

Gov. Stuart of Pennsylvania said in Harrisburg of a bill that he opposed: "This bill, at first glance, is full of promise and enthusiasm and hope, but it is alive. It is like the young man of Kensington who proposed for the hand of the millionaire's daughter. 'Well,' said the millionaire, frowning thoughtfully, 'what are your prospects?' Is there any chance of promotion in your business?' 'Any chance?' cried the young man. 'Well, I should say so. Why, we employ 200 men, and my job is next to the lowest in the establishment.'"

That Law Again.

For miles and miles the through passenger train had plodded along in the wake of the slow freight. The travelers grew irritable and even petulant. "Conductor," says one of the bold eat of them, "why do you not get that freight to take a siding while we go by?" "Under the Hepburn law," explains the conductor, sadly, "we are not allowed to pass anything."—Success Magazine.

Where He Was Known.

"Who is this fellow Rush you spoke of?" "Oh, he's a well-known chauffeur." "A well-known chauffeur?" "That's what I said!" "Why, I never heard of him." "Well, you would if you were a court clerk, like I am!"