Diese Abteilung ist für die Familienglieder, welche am liebsten Deutsch lesen.

Vom Schauplatze des europäischen Völkerkrieges

Hervorragende deutsche Erfolge auf der russischen Front bringen einen weiteren und überzeugenden Beweis für die Richtigkeit der Annahme, daß die russische Widerstandskraft in den letzten Monaten ganz bedeutend gelitten hat. Die Angriffe der Deutschen spielten sich auf verschiedenen Teilen der östlichen Front ab, und am erfolgreichsten waren sie nordöstlich von Baranowitsch, einem der wichtigsten Eisenbahnknotenpunkte an der ganzen östlichen Front. Zwei wichtigen Hauptstrecken, die Wilna mit Kowel und Brest-Litovsk mit Minsk verbinden, in deutschen Händen befindet, haben die Russen des öftern verzweifelte Anstrengungen gemacht, sich wieder in den Besitz dieses Ortes zu setzen. Tausende und Abertausende von Menschen haben sie an diesen Versuchen, die samt und sonders in kostspielige Fehlschläge endeten, geopfert. Der letzte große Versuch wurde vor zwei Monaten gemacht. Mit zwei Armeekorps liefen sie damals an, aber eine schwere dreitägige Schlacht entstehte gegen die Russen, die, wie Berlin damals meldete, über 40,000 Tote eingebüßt hatten.

Kleinere Versuche sind seitdem gemacht worden und waren gleichfalls vergebens. Jetzt drehten die Deutschen den Spieß um und griffen selbst an. Der Angriff war erfolgreich, indem die russischen Stellungen, die Baranowitschi vom Nordosten bedrohten, weggefegt wurden. Die Stellung der Deutschen bei Baranowitschi ist stärker denn je, da die Russen über den Strobowa-Fluß, einen kleinen Nebenfluß des Schara, getrieben wurden. Sie waren unfähiger, ihnen mehr in der Lage, die Lücken, die die letzten Fehlschläge dort gerissen, wieder auszufüllen.

Aehnlich erging es ihnen am Stochod und am Najarowka, wo von den unter den furchtbarsten Opfern errungenen Stellungen der Russen Stück um Stück verloren ging, bis schließlich selbst die Hauptstellungen erschüttert wurden.

Bei der Betrachtung der Gesamtlage auf der russischen Front darf man nie außer Acht lassen, daß der Zweck der russischen Offensive im Juni der war, die deutschen Verbündeten aus Rußland zu verjagen und daß auf russischem Boden gekämpft wird. Der Vorteil oder das Faustpfand würde also in den Händen der Gegner bleiben, selbst wenn die Deutschen sich lediglich auf die Defensive beschränken. Anstatt dessen dehnen die Deutschen aber, wie der Fall von Baranowitschi beweist, ihre Stellungen auf russischem Boden noch weiter aus, vermehren also die Faustpfänder, die sie schon gegen Rußland in der Hand haben. Selbst der stärkste russische Parteigänger muß sich unter solchen Umständen sagen, daß auch die allerletzte Aussicht auf Erfolg für Rußland endgültig und für immer begraben sein muß.

Rechnet man zu diesem eklatanten Beweis der Niederlage noch die russischen Fehlschläge in der Bukowina und neuerdings in Rumänien, so gestalten sich die Aussichten Rußlands noch schlechter. Es kämpft einigermaßen aussichtslosen Kampf, den es nur aus falscher Scham und aus Eigensinn weiter führt.

An dieser Stelle ist es angebracht, nochmals auf die Meldungen einzugehen, die von russischen Separatfriedenswünschen berichten. Es heißt, daß russische und deutsche Diplomaten in Stockholm zusammengetroffen sind und daß die Wiederaufrichtung des Königsreichs Polen durch Deutschland ein Entgegenkommen für die Russen war, dahen eine polnische Grenze lieber wäre als eine deutsche.

Aber erst wenn Rumänien am Boden liegt, wird Rußland seine letzte Hoffnung begraben, und dann wird auch der deutsch-russische Separatfriede kommen.

Dunkles Ahnen.

Berlin, drahtlos nach Sayville. Die meisten deutschen Zeitungen melden die Rede des Premiers Asquith beim Lord Mayors Bankett ohne längere Besprechung und bemerken nur kurz, daß die Rede zum besten der Neutralen gehalten wurde, welche infolge der britischen Kriegsmethoden anfangen, die Geduld zu verlieren.

Die „Vossische Zeitung" bemerkt, daß es um die britische Sache schlecht stehen muß, wenn der Premier sogar dem brutal gemißhandelten Griechenland Komplimente macht.

Die „Kölnische Zeitung" bringt ein Interview mit einem französischen Staatsmanne, der zwar einen Sonderfrieden zwischen Rußland und den Mittelmächten für unmöglich erklärt, aber hinzufügt, daß es geschehen könne, daß nicht alle Mitglieder der Entente an demselben Tage Frieden schließen.

Zu den Waffen.

Berlin, drahtlos nach Sayville. Eine österreichisch-deutsche Proklamation, unterzeichnet von General-Gouverneur von Beseler und General Kuk, ruft polnische Freiwillige zu den Waffen, um gegen Rußland zu kämpfen.

Die Proklamation wiederholt die Versprechungen der Gründung eines unabhängigen Königreichs Polen, dessen Verwaltung wegen der Gefahr der Kriegszeiten vorläufig noch in den Händen der Eroberer bleiben muß. „Der Kampf mit Rußland", sagt die Proklamation, „ist noch nicht zu Ende. Ihr wünscht mit zu tun. Tretet deshalb als Freiwillige an unsere Seite, um unsere Siege, über Euren Unterdrücker zu vollenden. Ihr sollt unter Euren eigenen Fahnen kämpfen und die Grundlage schaffen für eine polnische Armee, indem Ihr die ruhmreichen Ueberlieferungen Eurer Kriegsgeschichte durch Eure Treue und Tapferkeit erneut."

Vertreter der Liga des polnischen Staates fanden durch Vermittlung des General-Gouverneurs an Statter Wilhelm eine Tankversche für die Proklamation des Königreichs Polen.

„Wir glauben und hoffen," lautet die Depesche. „Daß die Versprechungen erfüllt werden, und wir sind entschlossen, Gut und Blut an der Seite unserer Befreier zu opfern, um das Königreich Polen zu einem unabhängigen und mächtigen Staat zu entwickeln."

Sechs Staaten trocken gelegt.

Chicago. Als besonderes Merkmal der politischen Situation des Landes nach der Wahl ist das Faktum hervorzuheben, daß mehr als die Hälfte der Staaten des Landes jetzt trocken sind, oder trocken werden, sobald die Prohibitionsgesetze und die gewählten Beamten in Aktion treten. In Territorieller Hinsicht haben 75 Prozent der Ver. Staaten den Verkauf von Spirituosen verboten.

Dienstag, der 7. November, sah einen großen Sieg der Prohibitionisten. Sechs Staaten — Michigan, Nebraska, South Dakota, Montana, Utah und Florida — stimmten für Prohibition. Letztere zwei stimmten zwar nicht direkt über Prohibition ab, aber der Kampf fand zwischen Kandidaten der Trockenen und Nassen statt und die Trockenen siegten mit großer Majorität.

25 Staaten sind jetzt trocken, nämlich:

Maine, Kansas, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Tennessee, West Virginia, Colorado, Virginia, Arizona, Washington, Oregon, Alabama, Arkansas, Iowa, Idaho, South Carolina, Michigan, Nebraska, South Dakota, Utah, Florida, Montana. Zu diesen kommt noch das Territorium von Alaska, welches dafür stimmte, die Saloons abzuschaffen.

Eine wichtige Farmerkonferenz.

Zur Erhöhung der Farmprodukte tragen nicht in geringem Maße die großen Kosten für den Produktenverkauf bei. Diesem Uebel zu steuern wird dieser Tage in Chicago eine Farmerkonferenz gehalten werden, um eine das ganze Land umfassende Kampagne zur Verminderung der Kosten für den Produktenverkauf einzuleiten. Es ist berechnet worden, daß jährlich hunderte von Millionen den Farmern und Konsumenten verloren gehen, weil die primitiven Methoden zur Beförderung der Produkte zum Markte befolgt werden. Das Problem schließt kooperative Aktion ein und ist von allgemeinem Interesse. In einigen Gegenden des Nordwestens gibt es Farmervereinigungen, die den Verkauf lebenden Viehs erleichtern. Der Farmer, der nur einige wenige Schweine oder Schafe oder Rinder zu verkaufen hat, kann nicht den Preis erwarten, der durch Sendung einer oder mehrerer Waggonladungen erzielt werden könnte. Die Farmervereinigungen haben einen Betriebsleiter, der in Fühlung mit den Farmern eines Bezirkes bleibt und die Zeit einer gemeinsamen Sendung vereinbart.

Ein greiser Held.

Berlin, drahtlos. (Ueberseeische Nachrichten-Agentur.) Daß im deutschen Heer die persönliche Tapferkeit kein Vorrecht der Jugend ist, ist wohl eine bekannte Tatsache, aber daß ein 78jähriger Veteran der alten Freiwilliger an die Front gegangen ist, sich noch das Eiserne Kreuz holt, dürfte selbst in diesem großen Kriege einzig dastehen.

Hauptmann Jahn, welcher in diesen Alter steht und bereits die Kriege von 1866 und 1870—71 mitgemacht hatte, kämpft als Freiwilliger mit den Jungen tapfer Seite an Seite und ist mit dem Eisernen Kreuz erster Klasse ausgezeichnet worden.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Live Stock.

DETROIT—Cattle, receipts 3,341. Best heavy steers, $8@8.10; best handy weight butcher steers, $7@7.75; mixed steers and heifers, $6@6.50; handy light butchers, $5.25@5.75; light butchers, $5@5.25; best cows, $5.50@5.25; butcher cows, $5@5.25; common cows, $4.25@4.75; canners, $3.50@4.15; best heavy bulls, $5.50@6.25; bologna bulls, $5@5.50; stock bulls, $4.50@5; feeders, $6@6.50; stockers, $5@6; milkers and springers, $40@90.

Calves, receipts 1,380; best selling at $11@11.50; mediums, $8.50@10; heavy, $4.50@6.

Sheep and lambs, receipts 10,932; best lambs $11.50; fair lambs, $10@10.50; light to common lambs, $8@9.50; fair to good sheep, $6.25@7.25; culls and common, $4@5.

Hogs, receipts 21,782; pigs selling at $8@8.25, and mixed grades $9@9.35, with bulk of the good ones at $9.30.

EAST BUFFALO—Cattle—Receipts 250 cars; prime grades steady, others 15c lower; choice to prime native steers, $9.50@10.25; fair to good, $8.25@8.75; plain, $7.50@8; very coarse and common, $7@7.50; choice heavy butcher steers, $8.25@8.50; fair to good, $7.50@8; best handy steers, $7.57@8.50; fair to good, $6.75@7.50; light and common, $6@6.50; yearlings, prime, $9.50@10.25; fair to good, $8.50@9; best handy butcher heifers, $7.40@7.60; fair butcher heifers, $5.75@6.25; light and common, $5@5.50; best heavy fat cows, $6.75@7; good butcher cows, $6@6.50; medium to fair, $5@5.50; cutters, $4@4.50; canners, $3@4; fancy heavy bulls, $6.75@7; good butcher bulls, $6.25@6.50; sausage bulls, $5.50@6.25; light bulls, $4.25@5.25; best feeders, $7@7.15; common to fair, $5.25@5.60; best stockers, $6.50@7; common to good, $5@5.50; milkers and springers, $65@100.

Hogs—Receipts, 180 cars; market 15c lower; heavy, $9.80; yorkers and mixed, $9.50; pigs, $8.25@8.35.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 60 cars; market 25c lower; top lambs, $11.50; yearlings, $9@9.50; wethers, $8@8.50; ewes, $7.50@7.75.

Calves—Receipts, 900; steady; tops, $13; fair to good, $11@12; fed calves, $5@5.50.

Grain, Etc.

DETROIT—Wheat, cash No. 2 red wheat, $1.82 1-2; December opening with a gain of 1-2c at $1.90 1-2, advanced to $1.91 and declined to $1.88; March opened at $1.93, gained 1-2c and declined to $1.93 1-2; No. 3 white, $1.81 1-2.

Corn—Cash No. 3, $1.06; No. 3 white, $1.08; No. 3 yellow, $1.08; No. 3 white, 59 1-2c; No. 2 white, 58 1-2c.

Rye—Cash No. 2, $1.50.

Seeds—Prime red clover, $10.80; December, $10.90; alsike, $10.40; timothy, $2.50; alfalfa, $9@10.

Feed—In 16-lb sacks, jobbing lots: Bran, $30; standard middlings, $31.50; fine middlings, $35; cracked corn, $45; coarse cornmeal, $42; corn and oat crop, $29 per ton.

Flour—Per 196 lbs. in eighth paper sacks: Best patent, $9.80; second patent, $9.40; straight, $9.20; spring wheat, $10.50; rye flour, $8.30 per bbl.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, $14@15; standard timothy, $13.50@14; No. 2 timothy, $12@13; light mixed, $13.50@14; rye straw, $5.50@9; wheat and oat straw, $7.50@8 per ton in carlots, Detroit.

General Markets.

Nuts—Chestnuts, 18@20c per lb.

Pineapples—$4@4.50 per crate.

Pears—Common, 75c@$1 per bu.

Cranberries—$3.25 per bu and $9.75 per bbl.

Grapes—Concords, 28@30c for 8-lb baskets; pony Catawbas, 22c.

Apples—Fancy, $3.50@4; choice, $2.50@2.50 per bbl; No. 2 75c@1 per bushel.

Dressed Hogs—12 1-4@13c per lb.

Tomatoes—Hothouse, 16@17c per lb.

Celery—Kalamazoo, 18@25c per doz.

Cabbage—$2.75@3 per bbl. $1.25 per bushel.

Dressed Calves—Fancy, 13 1-2@14c; No. 2, 11@12c per lb.

Potatoes—In carlots: Bulk, $1.60@1.65, in sacks, $1.65@1.75 per bu.

Honey—Fancy white, 14@15c; amber, 10@11c; extracted, 7@8c per lb.

Lettuce—Head lettuce, $1.50@1.75 per case; hothouse, 10@12c per lb.

Sweet Potatoes—Virginia, $3.40@3.50 per bbl; Jersey, $1.35 per hamper, $4.50 per bbl; Jersey, $1.35 per hamper, $4.50 per bbl. and $3.50 per bushel.

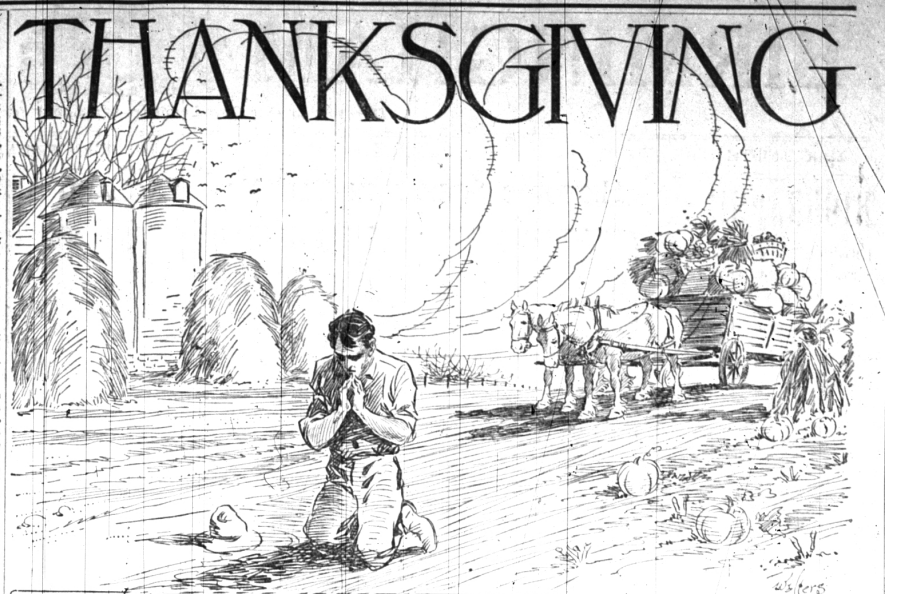
Live Poultry—Spring chickens, 16@17c; No. 1 hens, 16@17c; good hens, 13@14c; small hens, 12@13c; ducks, 15 1-2@16 1-2c; geese, 15@16c; turkeys, 22@23c per lb.

Cheese—Michigan flats, 16 1-2c; New York flats, 24 1-2@25c; long horns, 27c; Wisconsin daisies, 27c; Michigan daisies, 24 1-2@25c; imported Swiss, 56@60c; domestic Swiss, 27@33c; brick 24c; limburger, 24@25c; do 2-lb pkgs, 22 1-2c per lb.

Onions—Spanish, $1.75 per crate; Michigan, yellow, $3.75@3.85 per 100-lb sack.

Hides—No. 1 cured 24c; No. 1 green 21c; No. 1 cured bulls, 17c; No. 1 green bulls, 15c; No. 1 cured veal kip, 30c; No. 1 green veal kip, 25c; No. 1 cured murrain, 20c; No. 1 green murrain, 18c; No. 1 cured calf, 38c; No. 1 green calf, 36c; No. 1 horse hides, $8; No. 2 horsehides, $7; No. 3 hides 1c and No. 2 kip and calf 1 1-2c lower than the above; sheepskins, as to amount of wool, 50c@$2 each.

One man is alive who would not buy had Carl Mallan, clerk in David Larkins' gun store, at Battle Creek, accepted $10 for a $3 revolver. The refusal angered the would be purchaser, so David Larkin, proprietor of the store, followed the man to Spring & Barker's store and prevented his buying a gun there. A deputy sheriff detained the man until he could identified as W. H. Lippert, of Cleveland, a sanitarium patient, whose nurse was even then hunting for him.



GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us; Selah. That thy way may be known upon Earth, thy saving health among all nations. Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee. Then shall the Earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us. God shall bless us; and all the ends of the Earth shall fear him.

From the 67th Psalm.

PRAISE HIM for This Most Precious Gift . . . .

ON AN evening of this week it occurred to a man, sitting alone in an upper room, that Thanksgiving day was at hand. So he bestirred his mind to consider those things for which an American might sensibly offer up gratitude to God.

He reflected that across the Atlantic millions of human beings were at that very moment engaged in the dreadful task of killing other human beings with every invention which ingenuity and skill could bring forth from the laboratories of science and the workshops of industry.

In other lands at that very moment tens of thousands upon tens of thousands of helpless folk—feeble, aged men and women, mothers with babes clinging convulsively to their breasts, little children sobbing in terror, a vast army of the innocent and the ungrudged—were enduring the extremities of exposure, of hunger, and of despair as they fled from their wasted farmsteads and burning villages, escaping from the pitiless cruelty of savage men only to lie down to suffer and die under the pitiless skies of God in the winter and the bitter storms.

At that very moment most dreadful war hid half the world in the blackness of its darkness and from that horrid cloud rained destruction upon unhappy Europe—upon her ancient capitals, upon her pleasant cities, upon her villages, her fields, her temples, her treasures of art, upon all the accumulations of a thousand years of genius, of learning, of industry, of skill, and of patient advancement of the happiness and the civilization of the race of man.

So he that considered all this wickedness that was being done under the sun, this drunken dance of death and hell above the fetid corpses and the multitudinous graves, this awful nightmare of inexplicable woe and wrath, said in the bitterness of his heart that no God ruled over such a madhouse world and there was no thanksgiving due to the Giver of Gifts that were not good, but everyone altogether evil.

And when the man had made an end of his philosophizing, he went and stood in a window and looked out upon the evening, because it was fair to see.

He saw in vision at that instant the vastness of the republic and the multitude of the good and happy folk who live under the shelter of its strength. He reflected how brief a time had thus magnified the works of our pioneer fathers and our pioneer mothers, those brave and simple men and women whose names should never be mentioned with anything but profound gratitude.

And to this American, glad with a great pride in the deeds of his people and the story of his country, and grateful to the Goodness which has guided and sheltered his fathers and his folk, lifted up his eyes to the night, to the quiet stars, to the brooding immensity above, and said in his heart:

"Thank God that I am an American!"

And, citizens, that is the one outstanding, splendid fact for which each one of us should soberly and most gratefully thank God on Thanksgiving day this year.

The finest thing you possess or ever can possess is your American citizenship. It is neither necessary nor becoming on this day or on any other day to cheapen this birthright of ours by brag or spreadeagle declamation.

But it is highly becoming on this Thanksgiving day to feel a deep gratitude and a manly pride in this heritage.

And so we firmly believe you do feel.

We all hear it repeated that patriotism is a thing of the past; that our people have become commercialized; that the masses have no deep-rooted loyalty to the country; that our rich men put dollars above the obligations of their citizenship; that our poor folk care little for the ideals of free government; that we Americans are decadent in the virtues and valor which marked our fathers.

That is not true.

If there be any power in the world which plots war against us Americans and promises itself victory over us on the assumption of our decadence in loyalty, that power will find how terrible was its mistake when our country calls her sons to battle in her defense.

We have, it is true, in our capacity as a collective people, left undone things that should have been done and done things which should have been left undone; and there is more truth than there should be in much that is jeeringly said by those who hate us.

We acknowledge that much of our politics offends common decency.

We see, here and there, painful evidence of corruption among lawmakers and even among the judges, who should know only justice and integrity.

We see rich men who do betray their country and foul their hands and soil their souls with most infamous dealings and most shameful profits.

We see Americans who do put the dollar above every consideration of right and duty, above the claims of our common humanity.

But while these things are true, it is true also that the heart and conscience of the American people, take them as a nation, are sound and sane and wholesome.

The blood of our fathers still runs in the veins of their sons. The spirit of the nation may indeed seem to slumber in the soft bed of long-enjoyed peace and security. But let war come against the land and no man need doubt that that spirit will spring up instantly awake.

We are lightfully be grateful that it has fallen to our happy lot to live in this most wonderful of all ages and to be citizens of this most wonderful of all the nations.

Let your hearts swell with just pride as you contemplate your country, so august, so splendid, so renowned in the earth.

Look upon your flag as it streams its bright folds yonder above your heads, with proud and happy eyes. Remember how honorable is its story, and forget not how many thousands of brave and good men died that it might wave yonder, the ensign of a free people.

Tell to your children the story of their forefathers, of those men and women who, amid the wilderness and forests that stood where now stand mighty cities and stretch cultivated farms, erected, with hardships and endurance and most heroic faith and valor, the noble edifice of our republican liberties.

Speak to them of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge and Saratoga and Yorktown, and of the great Declaration—that most famous Charter of Human Freedom.

Tell them to thank God for their fathers' and mothers' hardihood and courage, for the wars they fought, for the victories they won.

Tell them to salute their flag with high and proud hearts.

Tell them to thank God this Thanksgiving day that they are Americans.

And then do you soberly, gratefully, proudly, thank God yourself that you are an American. Oh, dear and mighty motherland, what better gift or more to be desired could God give than to be born and to die, Strong Daughter of Liberty, between thy shining feet!—From the Chicago American.

U. S. TROOPS MAY USE CACTUS FOR WATER

In the pursuit of Villa and his bandits through the arid regions of northern Mexico the United States troops traversed a region whose only vegetation is the parched and forbidding cactus. To any but a cowboy or a trained plainsman of the Southwest, inhabitants themselves of the "cactus belt," this plant seemingly has no more of the name the veriest weed, but it may well be that it may prove of great value to the troops in the absence of water, fodder, or even food for human beings.

In the punitive expedition there are many cowpunchers of the "cactus belt" serving as scouts, and in the cowboy and the Indian of the South west the lowly cactus has its greatest admirer, for they know what a game struggle for life this plant has to make against an unloved desert soil. Even their ponies and cattle and the poor beasts of the desert know of these uses of the cactus for water and fodder, says the New York Herald.

There are some thousand varieties of this monstrous vegetable family, not counting the 200 varieties of the agave, or century plant (incorrectly included by many—in northern Mexico. The varieties of the yucca palm and all other forms of vegetation known to the arid region have the same faculty of sucking up from the soil every drop of the all too little moisture in it and storing it up in their tough and leathery leaves and pods.

Of the many varieties perhaps the most remarkable is that member of the family known to those schooled in desert craft as the "water barrel." This plant is shaped somewhat like a beer keg and is about the same size. Through all the years of its growth it has been sopping up what moisture the furnished earth contained and retaining it. It is the sole reliance of desert dwellers in time of drought, and the troops, far from water holes and with water scarce, may yet be obliged to drink from it.

The "water barrel" is tapped by slicing off the top with a sword or machete and pounding the pulp until the water contained in it wells up into the saucer thus formed. The pulp itself is pure and the water stored in it is likewise pure and refreshing.

Not all the water bearing cacti are as gracious to a thirsty man, however, as the "water barrel," for most of them have protected themselves against the marauding of those who would drink and live by imparting a bitter taste to the water they contain. The "coyote" especially, which abounds in the plains and deserts of Arizona, has a trick of disembowling depredations upon it, for its plump and juicy pulp secretes a bitter and poisonous juice.

In the last few years scientists have interested themselves in the study of the cactus for its possibilities as food, fodder and economic by-products. Dr. Leon E. Landone, foremost in the study of this desert plant, several years ago conducted extensive experiments in Los Angeles to ascertain the value of the thornless cactus as an article of food for human beings. In an effort to prove his contention that it contains food properties sufficient to enable a man to work 18 hours a day, he and his two secretaries for two weeks lived on a daily diet of the leaves and fruit of the cactus, the former being served green or fried and the latter either raw or cooked. While the "cactus squad" survived the experience and professed to have enjoyed their novel diet, it is a fact that the cactus never has attained the popularity of a filet mignon.

In the whole vegetable kingdom probably there is not another plant family having so many differentiations of form as the cacti. For it is possible to find among them species that crawl and creep like vines, other than stand erect in a single unbending stalk, like a green living monument of the desert; still others that are rooted to the spot, with their highest growth close to the ground and bearing almost no resemblance to usual forms of vegetation, and others, again, that branch out in thick unblooming branches.

WHERE THEY CALL HIM "CHARLIE."

Charles M. Schwab, the Bethlehem steel king, is probably the most beloved "boss" in America. His men say there should be no strikes if others were like him. The American Magazine prints an article about him in which this occurs:

"They call him 'Charlie' at Homestead; he is 'Charlie' when he goes back there now to visit the 'boys.' There who were there in the old days he still knows by name, and just how long they have been on the job. When he went down to Homestead to say goodby, after resigning as president of the Carnegie Steel company, five thousand men turned out in a body to wish him good luck.

"'God bless you, Charlie!' 'Here's good luck to you, Charlie!' they shouted.

"'Do I know him well? said one grizzled employee at Homestead. 'Is it Charlie Schwab you mean? Sure, don't I mind the first day he came here? An' didn't I work wid him for years? Wid him mind you. Not for him. Shure, I helped cut the first piece of steel that ever went out of this mill. There isn't a man here that don't give his good will to Charlie Schwab. There'd be no strikes in Amerikky if ivry boss was like him. The first day he come I says to him, says I, "Have you a match?" "I have four," says he, "an' you're welcome to them," he says. "Thanks!" says I. "What's your name?" "It's Schwab," says he, "Charlie Schwab!" . . . An' faith, he'd give me a match today as quick as he was after givin' it to me thin.'"

THE BRUTE.

Mrs. Willis—Wake up, John! Wake up!

Mr. Willis—What's the matter?

Mrs. Willis—I hear a harsh, grating noise. I think someone is trying the door.

Mr. Willis—Nonsense. It's some rat trying that cake you made today.—*Life.*