A Saturday Night in Glasgow

A CORRESPONDENT'S IMPRESSIONS—AN ORGY OF DRUNKENNESS AMONG THE VERY POOR—"ALL THE BEST SCOTSMEN HAVE GANGED TO CANADA," SAYS ONE MAN—AN INTELLECTUAL PEOPLE.

John Foster Fraser, author of "Round the World on a Wheel," etc.,

A blanket of muggy fog had wrapped Glasgow all day. It was damp and raw, and the people in the streets, especially the women, had pinched, screwed features, with black lines under the eyes, and splotches of red on the nose, telling of marrow-chill discomfort. The pavements and the heavy granite setts in the thoroughfare were greasy and foul as though the soot of the city had grown sodden, fallen and caked everything with grime.

Lights had been aflame in the shops since morning, and the windows were steamy.

The gray, sad day dwindles to evening. Then the illuminating electric light bulbs glow on high; the shops turn on their full lights; designs in electric advertisements glimmer like opals; a flash, darkness, blue, red, orange, smiting the gaze in turn. The electric cars are clanging, hurrying chunks of light. The whole scene lights up the fog, which is opaque and gets into the throat and tickles and causes coughing.

It is Saturday night, and the poor of Glasgow, with what money they have in their pockets, are out shopping, seeking distraction numbing their sense with alcohol. It is a throng of men in cloth caps, women in cheap finery, and others with cheap shawls over their heads.

Away from Trongate and at the corner of Bell street is a crowd. Through the mist can be seen a man on a box. He is dark, sinewy, determined, and his cry, raucous in the wet gloom, is "Give your hearts to Jesus." Around him is a lurching audience, men with blotched faces, women with faces from which all womanliness has been bleached. And nearly everybody is intoxicated.

"Let the man speak," croaks an old woman, elbowing and jerking her way to the front. She is slobberingly drunk. Her gray face is heavily lined, and her eyes are filmy. A gray shawl has slipped from her head, and matted streaks of gray hair hang limp on her cheeks. "Aye!" she gurgles, with alcoholic approval, hitching her shoulders; "yer richt; it's religion—ich! aye!" and she draws the back of a gnarled old hand across loose, wet lips.

"I tell you to give your hearts to Jesus, and all your troubles will go."

"Aye; that's it; gie yer hearts. Yer richt! Man, I ken it; it's releegion—och, be damned wi' you," and she reels round and slaps viciously at a man trying to haul her back with a shawl tug.

In an eating house some tired girls are eating hot meat pies. The poor of Glasgow are fond of hot meat pies; shaped like a collar box, the pastry well browned, and brittle on the edge. Of the quality of the meat I know nothing, but the aroma is savory and even inviting. The pies are kept warm in the ovens, gas-heated. The dealer puts out a tray of them, pours on the lid some brown stuff from a jug; it soaks through a hole to the meat. That is how the gravy is added.

A hot meat pie is a treat; it is warming. When the poor have a few pence they send for meat pies, and the lassie who goes for them will get a bit of the tasty crust, and maybe in a dark turn of the damp-odored stair leading to the tenements she will tilt a pie and take a suck at the gravy.

The tired girls are sitting with mouths lowered to the table whilst they enjoy the warmth and the seasoning of the pies.

In many a home these pies from the cookshop are the standby when the man comes home to his dinner; if anyone is ailing it is thought a two-penny meat pie will cheer them up; when friends visit the hospitality offered is often meat pies, and Geordie is sent out to fetch them.

A spray of uproar just where the Gallowgate begins to heave. A man and woman are fighting, and the woman has an infant tightly bound within the greenish tartan shawl which she has round her. She is striking at the man with claw-spread fingers. He pushes her in the breast, and she staggers. She screams and rushes at him like a bulldog. He smiles palely; pushes again. She grips him by the collar. She cries for the police.

"Do you charge him?" asks a big policeman, used to these scenes and inclined to be good-humored.

"The dirty beast!" explodes the woman.

"Well, do you charge him with anything?"

"What the devil hev I got to charge him wi'?" demands the woman.

"Well, get awa' hame wi' ye," says the constable kindly; "go and ha' a guid sleep."

The little crowd grins as the woman unevenly treads away. The child on her breast has slept all the time.

Young women sell apples from barrows. Some of these ladies are not to be included in albums of feminine beauty. Yet there are one or two women huskily crying their wares who, with lusty, red-cheeked, good-featured, white-teethed, good-eyed, luxuriant-haired pagan beauty would make dim the beauty of many women far higher in the social scale. Where these women come from I do not know; but there is distinctness, individuality, in their looks, coarsened with their methods of livelihood, but women who, if reared in another sphere, with grace in body and culture in manners, would attract many eyes.

I suppose they will take to drink later on; the good looks will disappear before the brutality of the husbands; they will become like the older women.

A surge of lads and lassies are in a place with penny-in-the-slot gramophones. There are some alluring, naughty titles over the latter, and raw lads push in their pennies to gloat. But the pictures are quite deficient of naughtiness. (Oh, yes, of course I looked.) Across the road is a "two-penny music hall," with a performance lasting an hour. I pay my two-pence and find that by paying another two-pence I can have a front seat. But I am 25 minutes before the performance begins, and as the air is not the purest I come into the street again.

But that the Glasgow people are intellectual is shown by the astonishing number of stalls selling fourth and fifth-hand books. Glasgow is well provided with book shops, where you can buy many other things besides novels. In the afternoon I had dropped into one of these shops, and there were a dozen people busy book-buying—men on their way home from the office on the Saturday, with wages no doubt in their pockets, and sponding a few shillings on a book they want to read and add to their library.

Well here in East Clyde street is a gathering of men hungry for bargains in cheap books. What a miscellaneous assortment of literature! What a quantity of volumes of sermons by forgotten divines! Hymn-books! Books on medicine, published half a century ago! Piles of technical books, quite out of date!

"Pick where you like, four-pence each; any book you like for four-pence," is the bawl of a huckster. It is just as though he was selling haddock. Three old six-penny magazines go for a penny the bunch.

The keenness of these Glasgow Scots for books—hundreds of them around the barrows this chill Saturday night, turning over the volumes and making little dips in reading beneath the fitful glare of the naphtha lamps—is a thing I shall remember.

At the door of each of the public-houses is a janitor. He scrutinizes the crush of men and women driving into the place. Anyone in drunkenness is thrown out. Many are rejected. Then they stand on the pavement, their bodies swaying. They look disgustedly at the paradise of alcohol from which they are excluded. Some swear, but most accept their fate with dourness and melancholy.

We are successful in running the gauntlet. We are in a bar that is crowded. Everybody is arguing at the top of their voices. There are shouts for more drink, and there is the clash of glasses on the spirit-streaked counter. We have our drinks with the rest.

"Ye think I'm drunk," grunts a man at my elbow, having caught a glint in my eye. "Weel, I am. Tut, man; we'es a' drunk. Dammed poor lot we are. Scotland's pride, eh? Ha, ha!" And he sniggers with the sarcasm. "We're no fighters like our fathers, though we blether a deal. All the best Scotsmen hev ganged to Canada. We're just drinkin' oursels ta hell. Scotland's pride, he, he! Scotland's pride! Damn it, there'll no' be a real Scotsman like our faithers in 50 years. It's ower much eddication, an' tram rides instead o' walkin' an' gettin' drunk o' Saturdays. I'm like the rest, I'm a waster. I ken it. I'm drunk but I'm no a fool for a' that!"

Ten o'clock. Closing time in Glasgow. Most of us clear out. Others have to be thrown out.

There is a medley of people, mostly drunken, by the Trongate. Huge policemen—from Skye, I am told—drive through them, push, admonish, give that tipsy slattern a shove, grip that maudlin, argumentative man and provide him with a hitch on his way. There is quarreling. "Ca' yersel' a man? Yer no a b—— man! I'm a man!" But no fighting.

It isn't a pretty scene. It makes the heart sick. Yet it is the ordinary Saturday night spectacle. I've knocked all over the world, and never have I witnessed such drunkenness as I see in Glasgow this Saturday night.

Where Were You at Twenty? Millionaires Were at Work

BY G. R. CLARKE IN CHICAGO TRIBUNE

["They scorned delights and lived laborious ways."]

When we were 21 js not the millionaire's song of joy. On the contrary, the quotation at the head of the story seems to be more applicable. In a chronological study of the self-made man, wild oats are eliminated from his history. At least if he sowed them he did not choose the physchological moment—the golden age of 20.

From 20 to 21 in almost all cases finds the men most easily thought of now as "marked by success" well started, if not already on the high road to accomplishment.

James J. Hill had selected Minneapolis then as his starting place and was serving as shipping clerk for the different steamboat firms.

FOUND THOUSANDS ON DOCKS.

Henry Clews began his work in Wall street at the age of 20.

From the time he was 16 until he was 20 Rockefeller was a clerk on a freight dock. From 20 to 21 he started a partnership in a warehouse and produce business with a young man named Hewett. He had made and saved about $10,000 all in the five years of his work at the docks.

Senator Beveridge was at De Pauw University at the same time. He had borrowed money from a friend to go and had opened a boarding house to help pay expenses.

At 20 F. A. Heinze arrived in Butte, Mont. He had just left college, but did not appear much in clubs around Butte. He set up his home in a mining camp and wore the garb of a miner. He became an engineer for the Boston and Montana Mining Company, and it was while in that service that he saw and took advantage of opportunities for reorganizing unworked mines that had lain dormant under entanglements of ownership. He leased these mines from the owners and began to work them.

CARNEGIE'S BRAIN WORKED EARLY.

Carnegie had studied out the train dispatching system which was afterward used by every single track road in the country by the time he was 20. Up to that time no one had ever dreamed of running trains toward each other and directing and side-tracking by telegraph. The attention of Col. Scott was drawn to the plan and he passed it on to the officials of the road. It was as a mark of favor for this that they made Carnegie division superintendent, which was just before he was 21.

Clement A. Griscom graduated and entered the importing firm of Peter Wright & Sons. He got his firm to purchase its own sailing ships and was made junior partner of the firm soon after he was 21. He began at 19 working on a scheme of carrying oil to Europe and bringing back crockery.

Gov. Frank Black was in college at Dartmouth. He helped his father strip hemlock during the winter and hauled it eight miles to the railway station, receiving part of the pay. He also taught school all the time he was in college. As soon as he got through he began to sell chromos to get money for law school.

LIPTON LIFTED MONEY HERE.

Joseph A. Shay, another "up state" New York man, got a job as office boy when he first went to New York just before he was 21, after having been manager in a big store owned by his father.

Sir Thomas Lipton had saved enough money in America and had started his famous store in Glasgow soon after he was 20.

Alexander Graham Bell came over at about the same age that Lipton went back, this time in search of health instead of fortune. He had been overstudying at college and was a total wreck. He came to America to die. But he began to work on electricity.

Arthur E. Stillwell, was making an income of $3,500 for a stationery and printing house and was married when he was 19. At 20 he had saved enough money to go to Kansas City and start a stationery store and printing shop. He gave them up to go out railroading three years after.

William Nelson Cromwell was taken into the office of Algernon Sullivan when he left the Columbia law school at 21. "He also took me into his confidence, into his family, and finally made me his partner," says Cromwell.

MARRIED THE BOSS' DAUGHTER.

Daniel A. Sully graduated from the Norwich Academy, after he had finished the public schools of the same town. He started to prepare for Yale, but at about the time he came to his majority he took a clerkship at $40 a month. He kept getting a little more, but still had only a clerk's position two or three years afterward, when he married his employer's daughter.

In railroad work Albert J. Earling was put on the pay roll of the Milwaukee and St. Paul road, of which he is now the president, and was local operator for six years before he was made train dispatcher, a little after he was 21.

C. S. Mellen started to work as a clerk in the accounting department of the New Hampshire road at 18, and at 21 was moved to Central Vermont—still a clerk. He didn't get out of country railroads until he was 29.

Robert C. Clowry was sent to St. Louis as the chief Western Union operator when he was near 21. He had begun to learn telegraphy when he was 17.

John Wanamaker was working in the Philadelphia clothing store, doing errands and odd jobs as well as selling. He became secretary of the Y. M. C. A. soon after he was 20, at a salary of $1,000 a year. He already had saved part of the $2,000 capital that he started in business with a little later.

SAVED ALL HE MADE.

Another millionaire merchant, William L. Douglas, went west when he was 19 and worked as a shoemaker in a little shop in Colorado. By the time he was 21 he had saved enough money to start a little shoe shop with another Massachusetts boy at Golden City. They kept it a year and then Douglas sold out and went back home.

When Whitelaw Reid was 21 he had bought and was editing the Xenia (O.) News. He had made the money for it in one year's teaching as soon as he left college.

John F. Dryden was an insurance agent at this time in his life. He had intended to go through Yale and had saved money to enter by teaching a country school. At the end of two years his health broke down and he turned to the subject that had always interested him—insurance. He put in leisure studying its theory, figuring and constructing tables.

PITTSBURGERS ALSO AT WORK.

Of the Pittsburg millionaires Henry Phipps was 20 when he became silent partner and night bookkeeper of Kloman & Co., who had a small forge and blacksmith shop at Duquesne borough, now a part of Allegheny. He was also bookkeeper at an iron spike company, where he had worked as an office boy. The Kloman forge was the germ from which grew the great steel business, and Phipps used to walk over a three-mile course on the towpath every night from his day job to work there in the evening.

Thomas F. Ryan was just 21 when he got his partnership with a member of the stock exchange. He had made a little money together with two years in a bank and from working in a commission house.

Edison invented a device which utilized one submarine cable for two circuits before he was 20 and the Franklin telegraph office gave him a position. He was in New York soon after and entered the Law Gold Reporting Company just as their entire plant had been shut down on account of an accident in the machinery that could not be located. The heads of the firm were excited and anxious, and a crowd of Wall street people waited around for news which they couldn't get. Edison put his finger on the trouble at once and was given a job. He had gone to New York without any money, having spent all he had made on experiments.

Eugene Zimmerman enlisted under Admiral Porter when the war broke out and rose in the navy to the position of lieutenant-commander by the time he was 21 with a salary of $2,500 a year. He was the youngest officer of his rank in the navy.

Growing Girls Need Pink Pills

THIS TONIC IS NECESSARY FOR THEIR PROPER DEVELOPMENT AND TO INSURE HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

There are throughout Canada thousands and thousands of young girls who are in a condition approaching a decline. The complexion is pale or sallow. Appetite fickle. A short walk, or going upstairs, leaves them breathless and with a violently palpitating heart. Headaches and dizziness often adds to their misery. Doctors call this anaemia which, in common English, means poor blood. There is just one sure and certain cure for this trouble—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new, rich, red blood, strengthen every nerve and bring a glow of health to pale faces. Do not wast time and money experimenting with other medicines. Do not delay treatment until you are in a hopeless decline. Get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once and see how speedy they will restore your health and strength. Here is the proof. Mrs. Joseph E. Lepage, St. Jerome, Que., says: "My daughter Amelia began to lose her health at the age of thirteen years. She suffered from headaches and dizziness. Her appetite was poor. She was pale and apparently bloodless. She had no strength and could neither study nor do any work. Doctors' medicine failed to cure her and I thought she was going into a decline. She was in this condition for several months when a neighbor advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to give them a trial. It was not long until an improvement was noticed and the continued use of the pills for a month or more completely cured her and she has since enjoyed the best of health. I feel sure that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure any case of this kind."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure all troubles due to poor and watery blood, such as rheumatism, sciatica, indigestion, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, and the ailments that makes the lives of so many women miserable. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

WHEN YOUR THROAT IS SORE

INHALE CATARRHOZONE AND GET CURED BEFORE BRONCHITIS OR DIPHTHERIA SETS IN.

It may be only a slight cold now—just a tickling in the throat.

But little colds soon grow large and dangerous. Often they become chronic, develop catarrh and end in consumption.

Catarrhozone is the remedy. It draws inflammation and soreness out of the throat. Relieves the cough, cuts out the phlegm, makes breathing easy, kills any germs lodged in the mucous lining of the throat or lungs.

Catarrhozone inhaler can be carried in the vest pocket ready for use any time. Two months' treatment costs only one dollar; trial size 25c. Sold by druggists or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

DO HORNETS STAND GUARD?

Is a hornet's nest guarded by sentinels, after the manner of ant hills? It is not so easy to decide, for their private habits do not invite familiar approach. But some experiments seemed to point that way. No noises, however near or strident, had the least effect upon the workers. Blow on divers instruments as loudly and shrilly as I would, they poured in and out of the gate or labored on the walls, intent wholly upon their own affairs. But at the slightest jar upon the window or shutter, out flew a bevy of irate insects and flung themselves against the wire window screen with an angry "bump" that showed how good was their intention, at least, to defend their home. It was always so; a squad of workers, free and ready for aggressive duty, seemed to be lurking near the gate, prompt to sally forth upon alarm. Even at night a few kept nearby, and although their port had lost its vicious swing and they moved about with sluggish pace, like sleepy watchmen, as doubtless they were, they left upon the observer the impression that they were on sentinel service, in which the community was never lacking.

A German, after having spent one week in New York, received letters from home asking him to send back something typically American as a souvenir of the land of the free. Being a conscientious man he studied conditions about town for another week before attempting to decide upon any one commodity representative of American culture and habits. Finally he made up his mind. He sent six packages of chewing gum.

In South Australia it costs the railway companies $80,000 a year to remove the vegetation that grows on the permanent ways.

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TORONTO, ONT.

LESE MAJESTE IN ENGLAND

USING STAMP UPSIDE DOWN PUNISHABLE — ROYALTY PROTECTED WITH CARE.

From Pearson's Weekly, London, England: Many people blissfully imagine that lese majeste—that is, insulting royalty—is a crime peculiar to foreign countries, and unknown in free and happy Britain. That, however, is where they make a mistake.

There are all sorts of pains and penalties on the statute book relative to peculiar British forms of lese majeste. Many of them have fallen into oblivion or abeyance, owing to one cause or another, but they could still be enforced if those in high plces claimed all they are strictly entitled to do.

It is, for instance, technically a punishable offense to stick a penny postage stamp on a letter upside down. Doing so is to insult the King through his effigy, and a few centuries ago—supposing penny stamps to have been then invented—might easily have landed the offender in prison on a charge of seeking to bring ridicule on the sovereign, or to express contempt for his authority by causing his picture to stand on its head.

Also it is a punishable offense to deface a coin of the realm bearing the royal image, and then deliberately put it into circulation again.

Any private individual who audaciously hoisted the royal standard over his dwelling would get into serious trouble. He would be peremptorily ordered to take it down and abjectly apologize, and if he escaped a heavy fine would have to thank his majesty's forbearance for his good luck. The royal standard is the emblem of the King's regal authority, to be displayed only where he is personally present, and for a subject to hoist it is nominally equivalent to high treason. The Union Jack, as the flag of the nation, is a different thing altogether, and can be displayed by anybody.

It is popularly supposed that in this country a man can get up and say whatever he likes about the sovereign with impunity. This is true only within strictly defined limits. A Socialist orator can publicly denounce the theoretical evils of monarchical institutions and anounce a decided preference for a republic, and nobody can touch him.

But if he once began to speak insultingly or slightingly of the King personally, he would be at once "run in," or at least effectually suppressed by the nearest policeman.

To strike the King would, according to the strict letter of the law, render the assailant liable to the death penalty, no matter how trifling the blow was in reality.

Lieut. Pape, who is usually reckoned among those who attempted the life of the late Queen Victoria, could not have actually contemplated murder. He had no lethal weapon in his possession at the time of the outrage, but he struck her majesty across the face with his walking stick. This was sufficient to bring him within the shadow of the scaffold. He was condemned to death, and would have been hanged had his sentence not been commuted.

Apart from direct methods of committing lese majeste in England—and the foregoing does not by any means exhaust the list—the unwary subjects can be guilty of the offense in a more roundabout way.

It is lese majeste to bring the King's uniform into contempt. Members of theatrical companies who have appeared on the stage as comic character attired in discarded military or naval uniforms have occasionally been unpleasantly reminded of this fact. Careful stage managers put themselves on the safe side by seeing that no uniform, whether to be worn by the hero, villain or low comedian of the piece, is an exact copy of the real uniform of any branch of his majesty's forces.

The miscellaneous objects which have been collected by Harry de Windt, the traveler, who has started on a reindeer trip in the Lapland form a grewsome private museum. A Buddhist praying wheel, the skull of a Dyak warrior, Dyak shields adorned with hair from the scalps of enemies, daggers and spears in abundance, a Russian convict's dress, a set of chains which once hung from the legs and arms of a Siberian prisoner, and a genuine English cat-o'-nine-tails are among the most curious objects.

HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD

A Lady who cures her husband of His Drinking Habits Writes of Her Struggle to Save her Home. 97

A PATHETIC LETTER

"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Tasteless Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Tasteless Samaria Prescription, and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that had set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me—a peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive loving husband, comforts and everything else dear to a woman's heart; for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving him the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot, to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from promises before. He never has and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

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Clark's Sliced Smoked Beef is a product of the *Best Canadian Beef*—perfectly cured, with all the waste of butcher's meat eliminated. Consequently it is tastier and more nourishing than ordinary beef.

Eaten hot with poached eggs for breakfast it is unsurpassed. Hot or cold it is always ready in cases of emergency. Order from your dealer. Purity and quality guaranteed by the stamp "Canada Approved Establishment 24," and by the name

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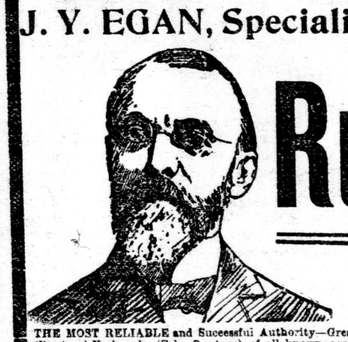

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LADIES suffering from Navel or any form of Rupture should not hesitate in having their case attended to at once. Everything strictly private and professional.

MOTHERS—Look to your children—Now is the time to have them cured, while young. Don't allow them to grow up handicapped in the race of life, with rupture.

MY CHARGES are within reach of all, the poor man as well as the rich. Terms can be satisfactorily arranged, no reason why you should not consult me at once, during this visit.

VARICOCELE, FALSE RUPTURE

MEN OF ALL AGES SUFFER from this terrible affliction in some way. There is no other affliction to which man is heir that so completely unfits him for the duties or pleasures of life as Varicocele.

The universal tendency of these conditions is to grow worse and more complicated—leading to impotency, nervous debility, wasting, stricture, lumbage, sexual exhaustion, etc. Do you intend to allow this insidious affliction to sap away your vitality? It is doing so now and if not checked will result in the above conditions. No matter how serious your case may be, time afflicted, or the failure you may have experienced in trying to be cured by medicine—free trials, or Electric belts—my Biotone system will cure you; the wormy veins return to their normal condition and hence the sexual organs receive proper nourishment, the parts become vitalized and manly powers return. No temporary benefit, but a PERMANENT one. NO OPERATION necessary. No detention from business. If you have had the usual experience you have no doubt spent large sums of money and still larger quantities of time searching for the remedy that I offer you here.

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