

## MISCELLANY

### "TOILING AND TOILING AND TOILING—ENDLESS TOIL."

From the Chicago Chronicle of Oct. 22.

"Lying on his parlor floor at 510 West Twelfth street, covered with a black mantle and surrounded with lighted candles and grief-stricken relatives, after the manner of the Jews, lay last night the body of Isaac Reingold, the tailor-poet of the Chicago ghetto.

"Reingold was only 31 years old and a tailor by trade, but was so gifted with poetic feeling that his patriotic and lyric poems have made him famous all over this country, if not in Europe. Tuesday evening he attended the Star theater and while there wrote a song—which was his last—with the prophetic title, "I Have No More Time." At two o'clock the next morning his wife awoke and found him dying, as his physician says, of dilation of the heart.

"Reingold, whose real name was Isaac Toomim, was born in the province of Zhitomir, Russia, and fled from his native country when he was 15 years old in consequence of the persecutions waged against his race. He came to America the next year, spent one year in Baltimore, another in New York and then came to Chicago, where he lived until his death. He married a Milwaukee woman, who, with five children, survives him.

"His poems were all composed as he sat at his sewing machine, and related to the sufferings of his race in Russia, the joy they experienced in finding an asylum in America, their hardships in the Chicago sweatshop, their longing for home and peace and native land, and their passionate desire for freedom. They are all in the Yiddish language, and the following is the only translation:"

The roaring of the wheels has filled my ears,

The clashing and the clamor shut me in,  
Myself, my soul, in chaos disappears,  
I cannot think or feel amid the din,  
Toiling and toiling and toiling—endless toil.  
For whom? For what? Why should the work be done?

I do not ask or know. I only toil.

I work until the day and night are gone.

The clock above me ticks away the day,  
Its hands are spinning, spinning, like the wheels.

It cannot sleep or for a moment stay,  
It is a thing like me, and does not feel.  
It throbs as though my heart were beating there.

Heart? My heart? I know not what it means.

The clock ticks, and below I strive and stare,

And so we close the hours. We are machines.

Noon calls a truce, an ending to the sound.  
As if a battle had one moment stayed,  
A bloody field! The dead lie all around.  
Their wounds cry out until I grow afraid.  
It comes—the signal. See, the dead men rise.

They fight again. Amid the roar they fight.

Blindly and knowing not for whom or why  
They fight, they fall, they sink into the night.

### HOW THE CANADIANS FEEL ABOUT IT.

From the Toronto News.

Lord Alverstone (to Canada)—Is there anything more I can do for you?

Canada—We would like to go on drawing our breath.

Lord Alverstone (to Messrs. Root, Lodge and Turner)—Any objections to our young friend continuing to use the atmosphere?

Messrs. Root, Lodge and Turner (cheerfully)—None at all—just now.

Lord Alverstone (with judicial air)—My decision is that you are entitled to the temporary use of all air not required for United States purposes.

### A GOOD SHERIFF.

Sheriff Barry entertained four youthful prisoners of the juvenile court yesterday. The four lads were taken up stairs to the sheriff's residence suite, and there they were given their dinner at Sheriff Barry's own board. The reason for the sheriff's hospitality to the prisoners is that he did not care to have children of so tender an age incarcerated, even temporarily, in the county jail.

All four of the lads had been given a hearing in juvenile court. Their ages ranged in years from seven to 12. All had been taken from questionable lives, and Judge Callaghan sent them to the city's farm school at Hudson. Hitherto it has been the rule for boys so committed to be kept in jail until such time as the Hudson authorities saw fit to send for them. Barry objected strongly to this, however, and yesterday, after giving them their dinner, sent them at his own expense to Hudson so as to obviate the necessity of their being kept too long in the county jail.—Cleveland Plain Dealer of Oct. 18.

### MAYOR JOHNSON'S WAY.

SUCCESSES OF ADMINISTRATION.  
John Jones, of Toronto, superintendent of streets and of garbage disposal in the Canadian city, called upon President Springborn, yesterday, after having made an investigation of the street cleaning methods in vogue in Cleveland. Mr. Jones said that the Cleveland

streets are much cleaner than those of Toronto.

The methods in Toronto are very similar to those in Cleveland, both "white-wings" and sweeping machines being employed. Toronto, however, has not yet adopted the flushing machines which have recently been provided in Cleveland.—Cleveland Plain Dealer of Oct. 24.

It is probable that the Cleveland system of accounting, which has been devised and inaugurated by Auditor Madigan, will be prescribed by Auditor Guilbert, as the system to be adopted by all the cities of the State.

E. H. Archer, an expert examiner from Mr. Guilbert's office, has been conducting his examination in Cleveland for several weeks. Yesterday he completed his labors. During his work he made his headquarters in Mr. Madigan's office, and examined not only the city accounts, but the accounts of the board of education as well.

Mr. Archer said yesterday that without doubt the Cleveland system, with one or two minor changes, would be adopted all over the State. He said that Cleveland is the only city at present which keeps a close itemized account.

Before leaving the city Mr. Archer thanked Mr. Madigan for the courtesies which had been extended to him.—Plain Dealer of Oct. 24.

### THE DEER AND THE MAN.

Deer hunting is now on in the Adirondacks and the north woods.

It is great sport.

The method of procedure is as follows:

The hunter, having armed himself with a trusty rifle, takes the midnight train for the hunting grounds. He is met at the way station by a fierce guide and together they track through the untrodden wilderness, until they come to a convenient watching place.

And some time their patience is rewarded. The preoccupied deer walks out into the open. The hunter takes careful aim. There is a puffless puff of smokeless smoke. And the deer drops dead, shot through the heart.

Sometimes, however, the deer is not killed at the first shot.

He staggers on through the woods, leaving a trail of blood behind him—and often an excellent trail it is. This, of course, adds to the enjoyment of the pursuit.

To the hunter the advantages of this kind of sport are evident.

In the first place he is perfectly safe. Then he is indulging himself in "manly" exercise. He is also developing a