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(1-5)

Vol. 11. No. 4

The Illustrated  
New York
Monthly

The foremost of its Class.



Ernest C. Fink, Editor.



Subscription Price 10 cents per Year.

Published at Buffalo, N. Y.

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New York Monthly.
The Foremost of Its Class.

Vol. 11.

BUFFALO, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1898.

No. 4

Bill.

By Mark E. Marks.

He was a singular looking specimen of humanity, long snowy white hair, clear blue eyes, in spite of his age, a firm set mouth, and a fine straight nose.

His figure was as staight as a bow, but he leaned upon a stout oaken cane. He was an unfamiliar sight to me when I was visiting my aunt in L—. Upon my asking who he was, the reply came, a hermit by the name of Bill, whose real name was William Ashley.

During my stay in L— I saw the hermit once visiting the village, and upon inquiry found he lived in a hut near the top of the mountain in the Catskills, and only came to town to get supplies of food and clothing.

In all, I only saw Bill twice, the first time he was in the village for

supplies, and the second was under a peculiar circumstance.

My visit was drawing to a close. On the last day I took my camera and proceeded up the mountain-side which, without my knowledge,

led near the hermit's home.

I had nearly reached the top, taking some fine views on the way, when I was startled by a cry of "help"! Waiting for a moment to make sure I heard aright, and when the cry was repeated in a feebler voice I dropped my camera and dashed to the spot.

I was horrified to see the hermit hanging over a sort of precipice, his only hold being upon a few roots of a tree, to which he held tightly.

With a cry of encouragement I lay down and caught his wrists,



"I was horrified to see the hermit hanging over a sort of precipice."

telling him not to struggle. Did he struggle? No, not a particle, he was just as calm as if he were sitting in his hut.

Slowly but surely, I lifted him, until he placed one foot upon the ledge, and he was safe. Both of us fell upon the ground exhausted and I suppose I fainted.

When I came to, the hermit was bending over me with a tender and anxious look in his blue eyes, and as I opened my eyes, he murmured a fervent, "Thank God" and with tears in his eyes, poured out such eloquence of thankfulness; nothing could stop him.

Being sufficiently rested, the hermit gathered my traps in his arms, leading me to his cabin a short distance from the place where the accident happened. Pushing aside some branches and brambles, we found ourselves in view of the house, which could be found by no one unaccustomed to the surroundings, only by a very diligent search.

The inside was neat, everything in order, chairs, table and all other implements arranged in neat array, as in any other well kept abode. The hermit questioned me about my relatives, and in turn I questioned him, and this is the remarkable story of his life.

The Hermit's Story: "I was born in the village of B— and had a good education. My parents though not very wealthy were well to do, and as I grew up, I had everything I could wish for.

When I was seventeen my father was killed by a train, and just one year after his death my mother also passed away. I entered a lawyer's office to prepare myself for the bar and besides I had considerable

money left me by the death of my parents. This money I saved in one of the banks of which the village boasted.

When at the age of twenty-four I married, and soon became the father of two children, a girl and a boy to bless our married life.

Lincoln's call for troops found me enlisted in the Union army. I was in the battle of Bull Run and a few others, one of which was the battle of Gettysburg. I was captured and confined in prison. Here the kindness of a chaplain, God bless him, kept me alive. He furnished me with a few necessities and did all in his power for the other unfortunate prisoners. After spending nearly two years in prison I was released. I remember one morning as I was on the train homeward bound, of hearing of the surrender of General Lee. I rejoiced greatly, but when I arrived at my home I found it closed. Upon inquiring of the neighbors, they told me my wife and children had died of scarlet fever and— here the old man's voice broke, and the tears streamed down his cheeks. After he recovered his composure, the hermit went on: "I was now wifeless and childless. Disposing of my home and other property, I converted everything into cash, moved here and deposited my money in the town bank. I took up the life I now lead. You are the first person to whom I have ever confided my troubles, and under any other circumstances you would not have heard it." The hermit paused for a moment and then grasping my hand, assayed to thank me once more. At last I bid him adieu, and returned to my aunt's house. In the

morning I took my departure for my home.

William Ashley is still the old permit, with whom I keep up a regular correspondence. Nothing can induce him to abandon the life he leads in his lonely abode in the mountain.

Every summer sees me with him, a young man with an old man.

Notes and Items.

By Lillian Nelson.

I have seen in the amateur journals of the day, so many appeals to the girls to come forward and help the work along that at last I have set aside my maidenly modesty and now enter the ranks of amateur journalism.

The writer has received an elegant photo of the editor of this magazine. He is a very handsome young man; favor appreciated very much.

The boys are continually asking us to help pull the Dom from the mire, yet, boys, you will persist in dragging it down. I refer, especially to the consolidating of so many clubs into one large organization. This is extremely hurtful and should be frowned upon by all patriotic Dayites.

When one looks through the amateur papers one can find many ladies' names appended to articles contained in the columns of the papers and the cry for the ladies to become active needs to be changed to an appeal to continue what we have started. Look over the names on the staff of this paper and see whether or no there are no girl's names on the list.

Mr. C. I. Geibel does designing for the *Home Visitor*, a professional paper published in Philadel-

phia. The designs are neat and artistic.

And now the editor of this paper has been elected first vice-president of G. D. C. A. The Dayites have indeed recognized true worth. Mr. Fink deserves the honor.

Sequel to Percy's Humor of Last Month.

May Ess, (sweetly, after recovering from her astonishment)—No, Guy dear, but I sent in my subscription yesterday, have you done likewise?" Before Guy can reply Jimmie arrives on the scene. Guy Bell falls to the floor in a dead faint, while May Ess runs off with a mocking laugh.

(To be continued in our next.)

A Recent Spanish Victory.

By Lillian Nelson.

The Cuban digged behind a tree,
The Spaniard did the same,
The Cuban said " 'Tis clear to me,
I know your little game."
And then he quickly aimed his gun
Which he had in his hand;
But just then, there came on a run,
A Spanish cav'ly band
The Spanish charged—the Cuban ran
And out of sight got he,
The Spanish then rejoined their van
And cried, "A victory!"
The Cuban said, as on he ran
To join his own true band;
"If we had aid from Jonathan,
There'd be peace in this land."



As Saenger predicts they will appear at the '98 Convention.



Movements of the stamp world, conducted by Homer C. Tubb, Box 120, Bessemer, Ala., to whom all stamp news should be sent.

It is said that an entire new set of stamps for the United States will appear this year. Some of the designs have already been approved. The current one-cent stamp has been printed in green though none will be placed in circulation until the supply of the blue is exhausted.

Speaking of the current one-cent blue reminds me that I recently by accident came across it, watermarked triangle one, in two shades, one being a pale ultramarine while the other was a dark blue. These shades are uncatalogued in Scott's 57th. The impression in the latter stamp seemed to be the more distinct.

Upon the coming of age of Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, in August, a new series of postage stamps will be issued by the Dutch post office authorities in commemoration of that event. The queen refuses to accept any gifts from the nation, any society, or any subject at home or abroad. This settles among her subjects the much-mooted question of presents.

The postmaster general has at last authorized a special set of stamps to commemorate the holding of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha. The set will consist of the denominations of 1c, 2c, 5c, 10c, and one dollar. Suggestions for designs for these stamps will be received by the post office department. The head of De Soto will no doubt adorn one of the set.



By Vacuum Caput.

"Wang", who designed the heading of the *New Recorder*, reminds us of Percy Winterbottom in one of New York's papers.

One of the best editorial writers in amateuria is Butte H. Tipton, editor of the *Junior World*.

Mr. Fink, editor of this paper, is to be congratulated on securing so good an editor to conduct the puzzle department as Miss Amanda Smith. Miss Smith is one of the best puzzle editors throughout the Dom.

Miss Eunice Charlotte Furniss is very pretty. Somehow Mr. Fink always secures handsome young lady contributors and correspondents.

Mr. Saenger says that the G. D. A. B. O. certificate is to outshine and surpass all other certificates in the Dom. Mr. Saenger's word is reliable.

The engraver spoiled some of the plates which were to appear this month, and could not get them out on time, therefore so few.

The Diamond Club *Courier*, official organ of the Diamond Club, has been resuscitated after a lapse of a number of years.

THE ANNUAL RACE FOR VICE-PRESIDENTS.

The Leaders at the Finish.

By Miss Eunice Charlotte Furniss.

Knowing that the readers of your paper would like to hear from me, I chose the above subject, about the recent election. I will write a few lines and let the boys and girls know that I am alive and interested as ever in amateur journalism and clubdom, although I am constantly mingling in the professional literary circles.

Of the fifteen or twenty candidates competing for these offices only twelve could be elected. I remember seeing announcements of many Dayites, but their names do not appear in the '98 list of National Officers. As to the officers elected will say they are just the material that is wanted. Mr. Pink surely deserved the honor of being elected first vice-president, and just see how he is booming the Golden Days by that superior monthly of his. It is the most valuable addition to the Dom, which is strictly Dayite. Now that

the Dayites have a first-class amateur, national officers that will accomplish something, what we want is a convention this coming year. We heard quite a lot of the (coming) convention in '98, but somehow or other it was suddenly dropped, why, I believe no one knows. This subject must be revived and boomed at present, as there is not much time to waste if there is to be a convention. The different campaign committees which were organized are now dead, and were at that time of no use, as the officers of the committees were not active, they did not accomplish anything, it needs activity to hold a convention for the first. When you have secured activity, then go ahead and make the arrangements. Probably the reason was that the cities (New York and Chicago) did not interest the Dayites. Now would it not be very nice to hold the first convention in Philadelphia, the birth place of the Golden Days, and I know the attendance would be very large, larger in fact than if it was held in Chicago or New York. Would not Dayites be pleased to be escorted through Mr. Elverson's establishment and get some idea as to how the *Golden Days* is made up and printed, which would be new to some Dayites. Is it not the

(Continued on page 7.)



THE LEADERS AT THE FINISH

SAENGER 98

The Illustrated
New York Monthly.
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 G. D. C. A.

ERNEST C. FINK, Editor.

MISS ETHEL L. CLARK, Associate Editor

LOUIS P. SAENGER, JR., Illustrator.

C. I. GEIBEL, Illustrator.

OUR STAFF.

Miss Amanda D. Smith.

Miss Marie A. Powers.

Miss Lillian Nelson.

Miss Eunice Charlotte Furnise.

Mark E. Marks.	Jerome Fleischer.
Homer C. Tubb.	Julius Geiser.
Harley C. Mayne.	F. R. Nottage.
Wm. J. Townsend.	Guy Bell.
Harry Seabrooke.	Black.
	Percy, Our Funny Man.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

We are a little late this month, but the editor being sick it could not be prevented, and sincerely hope that it will not occur again, as punctuality is one of the secrets of success.

As announced in our December issue that Mr. L. P. Saenger Jr., Secretary of the G. D. A. B. O. would make his residence in Chicago for a few months, will say that a rush of business prevented his taking the trip, and he expects to be in Chicago soon and no doubt conduct his business in that city.

In our December issue we published the Clubite's Dream, by Mark E. Marks. In the January issue Lillian Nelson favored us with the Editor's Dream. In this issue we produce the Poet's Dream by

Mark E. Marks. Next month we have been promised the Artist's Dream, by Lillian Nelson, which will complete the series such as never have been published in any paper heretofore.

Oh! Cole why did you decrease your subscription price? Don't you know it will ruin your paper by doing this? Remember you had subscribers before you lowered your rates. What will they do? Your January issue was better than all former numbers put together. This is straight goods.

We have received numerous letters of journalists, etc., in which they ask to have their names printed on our staff, and must say that we do not wish to slight our contributors, but if we were to print our whole staff in each issue it would take up nearly a whole column, and the space is valuable. We will publish all articles and notes that are creditable and due credit will be given.

CARTOONS, this will be a feature in this magazine. Mr. C. I. Geibel, designer, and L. P. Saenger, Jr., cartoonist and designer will furnish our readers with the best illustrations and cartoons that can be produced. We will have one or more cartoons in each successive issue, on the latest topics and doings of Dayitedom and A. J.

Percy, our "Tired Humorist" will not appear before March.

NEXT month we will have a page devoted to photography in which we will have the best amateur's work illustrated each month. Mr. Will J. S. Dineen will conduct this department and in connection will be pleased to answer all questions pertaining to photography.

The Poet's Dream.

By Mark E. Marks, Author of "The Clubite's Dream."

Another dream I have to tell —
A dream that makes the great tears swell
Into my eyes, forsooth 'tis sad
To tell the dream the poet had.
The poet labors every day
Unceasingly to pave the way
To glory and to fame and wealth
Regardless of his injured health.
The weary work had just been done,
A night's repose was fairly won;
Though worn out with his daily toil,
The poet burned the midnight oil,
And in despair his head he laid
Upon his arms, ere he assayed
To finish his great masterpiece,
Then rest content to take his ease.
'Twas then that he began to dream
That he had journeyed fast and far
(And journeyed in a golden car)
To regions where the dollars teem
The poet now with great delight
Gazed round upon the pleasing sight
But started, as upon his right
He saw a maiden robed in white.
A kindly light shone from her eyes
When she upon the poet glanced;
While to his wonder and surprise
She spoke these words: "On thee I chanced
By fortune good; I give thee now
A boon which many men would seek;
And all before you now will bow —
List to the words that I will speak;
For see, I now will bless thy pen —
Go write and be the prince of men.
Thy pen shall win for thee a name;
Thy pen shall win eternal fame;
Thy pen shall win for thee much gold —
Thy glory shall be sounded far —
Take heed lest you your chances mar —
List to the words which I have told."
With this she vanished in the air,
And left our poet standing there.

Once more he wrote his rhymes and verse,
But strange to say, with ease the words
Flowed from his pen, like songs of birds,
In language fine, concise and terse.
No more he has to walk the street
With heavy heart and weary feet,
And meet rebuff where e'er he'd go —
No more he gets the Ed's gruff "No!"
For now the Eds to him all come,
And meekly ask him for his rhyme;
He gets from each a tidy sum,
They give what's asked them ev'ry time,
Just then when everything seemed bright
He waked to find the morning light
Come shinning in the room; near him
Upon his desk the lamp burned dim
And what a sight it was to me,
His face so pitiful to see.
He flung himself upon his bed,
To rest his weary, heavy head,
And fitfully these words he said:
"The poet's life is hard to tread!"

It was too bad he had to wake
And find that it was all a dream;
But thus of ev'rything at stake,
We get the milk and not the cream!

(Continued from page five.)

duty of the national officers to decide and choose a convention seat for the first year. The subject of



Miss Ethel L. Clark, Associate Editor.

the '98 convention should be considered and talked of by all the Dayites. Glance over the club columns of *Golden Days* during the year just past, then look at the list of officers recently elected, does it not show activity? Activity is what we want for '98. It is often said that it takes a girl to get inspiration into the boys. Let us see what it can do.

My next article will be entitled, "Why some Dayite Officers are Detrimental to the G. D. C. A.," in my view.

I must say *Au Revoir*, dear readers as I do wish to take up too much space, as you will soon hear from me again.

The Wings of Love.

By Rebecca Browning Davis.

We roamed in the leafy greenwood
Away from the world's wild clang,
Where the birds with gleeful capers
Little love lyrics sang.

And they soon found out our secret
And seemed as happy as we,
For love was fair as the blue sky
Above the bounding sea.

To the winds our love they whispered
Then the winds with laughter blew,
And when we had sauntered home, O,
We found the whole world knew.

Our Exchanges.

THE *Cynosure* is excellent.

THE *Junior World* keeps up the reputation it has attained.

Bits & Chips had a fine Christmas issue.

THE *New Recorder* is now a 9 x 12 four page paper, better than former issues.

Morsels for December contained nothing to interest anybody, but the January number is interesting.

THE *Visitor* consolidated with the January number of the *New Recorder*. Why the why Barney?

Blots' Christmas number did not arrive until January. Somewhat late, but interesting nevertheless.

THE *Home Monthly*, a professional monthly to hand. O. K.

American Monthly for November was small. Club notes, old. December or January issue has as yet not been received. What's the matter, King?

THE *Bulletin* contains plenty of news. Could be improved in appearance.

THE *Evergreen State Philatelist* gives its readers plenty of news and information.

THE *Home Worker* has plenty of philatelic news.

Impromptu Items.

By Arry de Klub.

New York City will bring out its share of new papers, this year. B. B. Klug is to issue a paper, Robt. R. Gregory will issue the *Pioneer*, Mr. Schuldt is to issue a paper, Messrs. Atkinson & Gedney are "thinking", Konwiser really can be called a New Yorker and is editing *The Bulletin*. This is active. Besides that the N. A. P. A. are issuing papers that are papers.

'Tis with sorrow we learn H. Burba is now minus three fingers.

Here's an easy con.: Why is this paper like a dictionary? Ans.—Because it contains "good things". "A harder one," some one says. Well: Why are the contents of this paper like a stamp just bought at the post-office? As we know no one will be able to answer this correctly we give the answer, which is: Because it has never been used. And with this we depart for the month.

The W. A. P. A. which was going to "do" the U. A. P. A. has been disbanded. The originators are going to boom the U. A. P. A.

The Weeping Willow.

By Bee

A little girl with golden hair,—
An ancient legend tells —
Fret-tered with tender loving care.
A bud, rude hands aside had thrown.
For by her humble home were known
Few flowers and trees. There lit he grew.
The barren plain was all she knew.
But happy innocence was born
To her, not sin or pride, or scorn,
Wherein all evil dwells.
"Perhaps it yet may live," she cries,
"Though bruised and broken now it lies."
With simple faith she planted it,
Where she most loved to play and sit.
Her care soon thrif-ful with life its heart,
And leaves in time from it did start
With added strength it daily grew
Toward the arching heavens blue,
And rose a stately tree.
The young girl's ceaseless joy and pride,
Its leafy branches laughed or sighed,
As she was near or far away,
In disappointment or in play,
And conscious seemed to be.

The years passed by. Beneath its shade,
Was seated now a lovelier maid,
But as the tree had stronger grown,
Her eyes had lately brighter shewn,
And life was fading fast away,
As stars before the coming day.
Her face grew pale, her limbs less strong,
Her pleasing voice less oft in song.
Awoke the birds at early dawn,
Or lull'd to rest, when day was done.

Just as one evening tinged the skies,
God's angel came and touched her eyes,
With heavenly sweet and dreamless sleep,
While dewy tears the tree did weep,
And drooped its boughs in silent grief,
While softly moaned each trembling leaf.
And there beneath its drooping grace
Was made her last long resting-place,
On earth's soft pillow;
And those who mourned gave it the name,
And to this day it bears the same.
The Weeping Willow.



Conducted by Manda.

A puzzle department for the amusement and instruction of old and young. Every reader of this paper is invited to send contributions and solutions. All words in word-forms found outside of the International Dictionary, Lippincott's Gazetteer and Phillip's Biographical Dictionary, must be properly tagged. Address all communications for this department to: Miss Amanda D. Smith, Box 20, Ardmore, Pa.

No. 3. February, 1898.

SOLUTIONS TO NO. 1.

1. Marimanda's Cake.
2. Tarsians.
3. To-get-her.

4.

C
ORB
KRAAL
ORECTIC
CRACKSMAN
BATSMAN
LIMAN
CAN
N

5. Delerium Tremens.

6.

MIGHT
IDLER
GLIDE
HEDGEHOG
TREENAIL
HALLA
OILED
GLADE

7. Hill-side.

8.

ISOTHERMAL
STOREROOM
OOLOGIST
TROPICS
HEGIKA
ERICA
ROSS
MOT
AM
L

9. Now-here.

10.

O
AKA
ANONA
OKONOKO
ANONA
AKA
O

SOLVERS.

Arty Fishel, Mentor, Tom A. Hawk, Raymond, Jo Mullin, Dottie, Topsy, Major Domo Mary Gold, 9; Humbug, Pantagrapher, Remlap, Stump, Martelia, Waldemar, 8; Celia, Harley Quinn, Rizpah, R. Dent, C. Ment, Old Soldier, 7; Locust, Mr. E., 6; Soion, America, St. Julian, Yretsymba, 5; L. M. N. Terry, King Cotton, El. Capitan, Bouncing Bess, 4; Saltonstall, 3; Bessie Brilliant, Primrose, 2; Jamaica, 1. Total 35.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Arty Fishel, Mr. E., Saltonstall, Raymond, Pantagrapher.

CONTRIBUTION PRIZE WINNERS.

Best Rondeau, Martelia; best Triolet, Jamaica; best Progressive Square, Bessie Brilliant; best Half-Square, Primrose; best Diamond, Tom A. Hawk.

New Puzzles.

No. 25. TERMINAL DELETION.

(To Phortoeytus, No. 1.)

Quoth TOTAL to Remardo,

"A riddle I'll propound:

Why is our young King Cotton

The nicest boy we've found?"

TWO soon Remardo answered:

"The reason you would make

King Cotton the nicest is

Because 'he takes the cake'."

MARSH MONARCH.

Klondyke, Alaska.

Nos. 26 & 27. DIAMONDS.

1. A letter. 2. To cry like a crow, rook or raven. 3. One who or that which is gone beyond recovery or ruined. 4. Environed. 5. Put into an inclosed space. 6. The Domia. 7. To drain, as land, by means of wells. 8. Second lendings of the same things. 9. Half fellows at Magdalen College Oxford. 10. To ding. 11. A letter.

1. A letter. 2. A frontier river of France and Italy. 3. Decreased. 4. More woody. 5. Variations. 6. The Domia. 7. Induces again. 8. Prepares by boiling. 9. Realms (Obs.) 10. A colloquial abbreviation of sister. 11. A letter.

TOM A. HAWK.

Springfield, O.

No. 28. ANAGRAM.

LA! A STRONG EFFORT MUST
HEAVE

Old Muggins was so very strong.
The largest stoner around,
He'd grasp them as he walked along
And pull them from the ground.

And then when tired of this sport,
He'd take the largest trees
When to the forest he'd resort
And pull them up with ease.

I saw him once when old and grey,
(This last feat made me shiver)
He took a small row boat one day,
And then — pulled up the river.

SAUS SOUCL

Erie, Pa.

No. 29. CURTAILMENT.

ONES go down in TWOS to TWO
With lamps to light the way;
They rarely ever see the sun,
And night is same as day.

SALTONSTALL.

Baltimore, Md.

Nos. 30 & 31. PROGRESSIVE HALF SQUARES.

1. A letter. 2. Mother. 3. To spoil. 4. The refuse matter which remains after the pressure of fruit. 5. To border. 6. A post office of Pulaski Co., Ark. 7. One who marches. 8. Lords or officers who defended the marches or borders of a territory.

RIZPAH.

Baltimore, Md.

1. A letter. 2. A shortened form of Papa. 3. Exactly suitable. 4. A kind of platform with a parapet. 5. A plate on which the consecrated bread is placed in the Eucharist. 6. Apparent. 7. Patent (Stand.) 8. One to whom a grant is made. 9. Those to whom privileges are secured by patents.

C. MEST.

Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 32. BEHEADMENT.

If thou should'st come once more
And love me as before,
Look deep within my eyes, as in the days of
yore,

My soul would leap to thee,
And years of pain would be
Forgotten in that more than human ecstasy.

If thou should'st say once more —
As thou didst say of yore :—
"I'll love thee, FINE, I'll love thee,— for-
ever, evermore,—

My lips would meet thine own,
Forgetting every moan,
And all the long, sad years that I have been
alone.

For love, such love as mine,
For such a soul as thine,
Dost never, never die — for it is all divine.

DORCAS.

Whitehouse, N. J.

No. 33. CURTAILMENT.

By the brook
There's a nook,
Where I FIRST with a hook
Go and fish all blessed day long
While I wish
For a fish
For my supper time dish,
I drive away care with a song.

Bless the name
For this game
LAST Ike Walton of fame,
The hero of angling with rod.
Ed and Joe
Too, say so,
And when fishing we go
They caper and dance on the sod.
OLD SOLDIER.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Nos. 34 & 35. DIAMONDS.

1. A letter. 2. A pendent. 3. Heaths
4. More moldy. 5. A projecting molding
round a panel. 6. A small European cricket.
7. An Englishman. 8. Local oscillations
in level observed in the case of some lakes,
as lake Geneva. 9. Veins of ore. 10.
Nearer (Obs.) 11. A letter.

ROKERY.

Ridge, Ohio.

(To Roberta.)

1. A letter. 2. Formed with the surface closely corded. 3. Dice. 4. P. O. Crawford Co., Ga. (P. O. Guide.) 5. Natives of Venice. 6. Epochs. 7. A landing place or wharf. 8. A village of Belgium. 9. A letter.

AMERICA.

New York City.

No. 36. ANAGRAM.

PREPEND THAT ASSENT.

A year ago! What happy days
Were ours, unnoted then;
Unknown to care; misfortunes haze
Veiled not the sun, for when
We dwelt together, joyous, free,
We little recked the day
When fate should part and we would be
A thousand miles away.

And yet today, we know that time
Shall never change our vows:
That years which pass shall never chime
Our love's death knell; arouse
Affections new within the breast,
Displacing that of old;
For we are sure the old is best.
And it will ne'er grow cold.

PHORTOEYUS

New Haven, Conn.

No. 37. TRANSPOSITION.

I'd greatly fear to cross the LAST,
Within a PRIMAL small;
I'd go aboard a liner fast,
Or I'd not go at all.

HARLEY QUINN.

Baltimore, Md.

No. 38. ICOSAHEDRON.

1. The common European gull. 2. A troche. 3. Crecents. 4. Lofty. 5. The cormorant. 6. A special involucre formed of one leaf and inclosing a spadix. 7. Upward. 8. To seesaw. 9. The ahu or jairou. 10. To belong. 11. Needle-shaped. 12. Ornaments. 13. A small fresh-water cyprinoid fish of Europe.

L. M. N. TERRY.

Balti. Md.

No. 39. ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

ONE bossed the job and soon the willing clerk,

The goods had ornamented with raised work.

TWO claret drank and then anon did take,
Upon her plate a kind of frosted cake.

THREE traps a wolf, then cunningly doth wait,

In expectation to insnare its mate.

FOUR sweetly spoke and said 'twas no excuse,

The custom now was rare and out of use.
FIVE cartage paid—he owned a wagon light

And loved to play a game at cards each night.

Oh ALL, great praise we hear from every side,

Behold the one that doth "The Domia"
guide!

LOCUST.

Denver, Colo.

No. 40. TRANSPOSITION.

I would love to ONE TWO the parks
When the flowers and the trees are green,
Were it not that signs "keep off the grass,"
On every hand are seen.

ELMA.

Baltimore, Md.

(Answers in two months.)

Prizes for solutions: 1. Best complete list, one year's subscription to *The Hermit and Crypt*. 2. Best incomplete, one year's subscription to *The Mystic Tree*. 3. First answer to No. 28, one year's subscription to *Head Hammerings*. 4. First answer to No. 36, six month's subscription to *The Oracle*. 5. First answer to No. 38, one year's subscription to *The Domia*. 6. Best rhymed answer to No. 37, one year's subscription to *Mysticalia*. All lists must be in within two weeks after receipt of the paper.

Accepted contributions: Saltonstall—Curtailment; America—Transposition, Anagram, Progressive Half Square; 6 Square, 9 Diamond; Rizpah—Virginia Pentagon, Progressive Half Square; C. Ment—Progressive Half Square; Marsh Monarch—Term, Delection; Phortoeytus—Anagram; Old Soldier—Curtailment; Saus Souci—Anagram, 2 Mutations, Charade, Reversal; Rokeby—Two 11 Diamonds; Locust—Acrostical Enigma; Lie Ley—Anagram, 11 Diamond; L. M. N. Terry—Icosahedron, 7 Square; Primrose, 11 Half Square, Omeagram; Mentor—7 Square; Frantz—6 Flats; Jamaica—Anagram; Kappa Kappa—2 Anagrams, beheadment.

Chatter.

Once more The *Domia* greets the mystic fraternity laden with a feast of good things. Our sincere thanks are again extended to the many friends who have favored us with their support. Time and money will not allow us to answer each individual communication much as we would like to do so. Rest assured that your favors are appreciated, and let us hear from one and all in the line of cons. sols. and subs.

The Marsh Monarch mystery has ceased to be a Jo. King affair. Marsh is now in Klondyke, where he has staked out a Goodrich claim. If he returns home a victor, he will probably publish a puzzle magazine or a puzzlers' directory.

The Griffin's charade remained unconquered to the last. It was a pretty "tough" flat and spoiled quite a number of completes.

After reading the December issue of the *Mystic Tree*, we feel awfully glad that Ardmore isn't in Philadelphia. It is now quite evident that more than one puzzle editor gets in a bad humor when writing his "Chat."

Uncle Arty is authority for the statement that there was an Auntie Fishel feeling at the late Balto—E. P. L. convention. We wonder if she felt badly the next day.

A certain puzzle editor complains about the tardiness of Phila and in the same breath announces that he is about to fill out the unexpired subscriptions to a puzzle magazine which suspended eleven years ago, providing he can secure the address of the heirs of the original subscribers.

The Diamondalians were duly delighted when the news reached them that their friend and Comrade had been elevated to the presidency of the E. P. L. He is the right man in the right place, and congratulations are hereby extended. The whole board of officers elected at Baltimore on New Years Day, is an excellent one throughout, and we venture to predict that the Pittsburg convention will be a rousing success. On to Pittsburg!

Can't Tell has opened a puzzle department entitled "Mysticalia," in the *Storyette*. Address, Stevens Baker, Chatsworth, Ill., for a sample copy.

After reading "Head Winds" in *Head Hammerings*, one can scarcely imagine that such breezy chat emanates from an M. T. Head.

If you want to receive one of the breez-

iest and spiciest puzzle papers published in recent years, subscribe for the *Hermit and Crypt*. Send 25c to Box 1685, New Haven, Conn., and you will get it for one year.

A glance at our list of accepted contributions will reveal the stock of good things we have in store for our readers. We will try to give the work of all our contributors a showing in due season.

President Comrade should now appoint a committee to investigate some of the pernicious punsters now pestering puzzledom. It should begin with Phortoeytus and wind up with M. T. Head. (N. B.—Remardo is responsible for all the puns perpetrated in *The Domia*. We are compelled to publish them under the threat of being debarred from the use of his new Standard dictionary.)

Some one complains that our "Chatter" last month wasn't "girlish." Well we hope it wasn't churlish, either, like the chat some of our brother editors have been writing lately. As L'Allegro would say, Phortoeytus is the Manda give us cheerful chatter.

Kappa Kappa is conducting a puzzle department for young folks, in the *Farm Stock and Home*, of Minneapolis, Minn. She is doing a good work and needs a helping hand. Address, Mrs. C. C. Winters, Hawley, Minn., with a batch of puzzles suitable for young people.

May Ess says if Phortoeytus had not initiated a certain quadruped of the genus *Sus*, by devouring her Xmas cake at one sitting, he might have saved the doctor considerable trouble. But, having contracted that bill of \$15, he should have allowed the M. D. to charge the amount to the dust and then the recent heavy rains would have settled it. "Be ye temperate in all things," Phortoeytus.

Some excellent work will appear in our next issue, don't miss it. Have you subscribed? If not, why not?

And even St. Julian will have to admit that there is nothing slow about a Phila puzzler when it comes to travelling to an E. P. L. convention on a free railroad pass.

Owing to the irregular appearance of the *American Monthly*, and the careless manner in which the paper is mailed to subscribers, Remardo has decided to discontinue *Puzzlers Paradise* therein. He expects to resume the department in a reliable paper in a month or two.



What Some of Our Readers Say.

✻ ✻ ✻

These letters are Unsolicited.

✻ ✻ ✻

Dear Ed.

Your paper I received,
Will say, if you don't mind,
It is exactly as you claim,
"The Foremost of its Kind."
—F. C. Westphal.

✻

Received your December issue and must say it is worthy of success.—Frank H. Stanford, Jr., Elizabeth, N. J.

✻

December issue was excellent and you are to be congratulated.—C. I. Geibel.

✻

It is a fine paper I assure you.—Wm. B. Russel.

✻

Your Monthly received and I congratulate you upon the excellent typographical appearance and upon the general character of the news you present your readers.—Homer C. Tubb.

✻

Copy of December issue The Illustrated New York Monthly received. It is ahead of them all.—F. R. Nottage, S. Walpole, Mass.

Dear Ed.

The rose is red,
The violet blue;
Your paper's a bird,
And so are you.
—Mark E. Marks.

✻

Sloan, N. Y., Jan. 15th, 1897.
Ernest C. Fink,
Pub. Illustrated New York Monthly,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sir.

Enclosed please find thirty dollars. Please continue our ad for six months. It is surprising to see what good results our advertisement in your magazine brings us. We have received over 100 letters in less than two weeks, each letter stating "saw your ad in the I. N. Y. M." We do not wish to change our ad monthly, which you give your customers the privilege of so doing. We like your method of fair dealing and hope the I. N. Y. M. a continued success.

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P. S. We get so many letters of inquiry, etc. that we must ask you to address a stamp when writing us. I. R. C.

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L. P. SAENGER, Jr.

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