WASHINGTON CRITIC

EVERY EVENING,
BY THE
WASHINGTON CRITIC COMPANY,

HALLET KILBOURN, PRESIDENT.

OFFICE: 943 D STREET N. W.,
POST BUILDING,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

TERMS:

Single Copy	2 Cents
By Carrier, per month	35 Cents
By Mail, postage paid, one year	$5.00
By Mail, postage paid, six months	3.00
By Mail, postage paid, per month	50 Cents

Mail subscriptions invariably in advance.
Address
THE WASHINGTON CRITIC,
Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, APRIL 8, 1889.

PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTIONS.

The Cabinet meets on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12:30 p. m.

Senators and Representatives in Congress will be received by the President every day, except Mondays, from 10 until 12.

Persons not members of Congress having business with the President will be received from 12 until 1 on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Those who have no business, but call merely to pay their respects, will be received by the President in the East Room at 1 p. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

VISITORS TO THE DEPARTMENTS.

Secretaries Blaine, Proctor and Tracy have issued the following order for the reception of visitors:

Reception of Senators and Representatives in Congress, from 10 to 12 o'clock.

Reception of all persons not connected with the Departments, at 12 o'clock, except Tuesdays and Fridays, which are Cabinet days, and Thursdays in the Department of State, when the members of the Diplomatic Corps are exclusively received.

Persons will not be admitted to the building after 2 o'clock each day, unless by card, which will be sent by the captain of the watch to the chief clerk or to the head of the bureau for which the visit is intended. This rule will not apply to Senators, Representatives or heads of Executive Departments.

IDEAS FROM MISSOURI.

A St. Louis newspaper, the *Post-Dispatch*, has interviewed 500 women of Missouri and obtained from those ladies their views on politics. It appears from the dispatches that, while Missouri is still a Democratic State, the majority of the ladies there are Republican. Only a few are Prohibitionists, and not twenty in the 500 favor full woman suffrage, but quite a number of them would be glad to vote on license and school questions. Their ideal statesmen are Ingalls, Conkling, Bayard, Vest and Windom. One lady says: "Frances Folsom Cleveland is the greatest statesman of the day." A lady in Rolla says President Harrison's Cabinet is good with one exception—Proctor, and she remarks in regard to him that a man with whiskers and no mustache must be looked upon with distrust. Miss Elizabeth Harrison, also of Rolla, says: "Notwithstanding the present prominence of the family in the Republican party, and despite the fact that I call President Harrison 'Cousin Ben,' I am a staunch Democrat, and I think Thomas Francis Bayard the greatest American statesman next to Grover Cleveland."

The interviews bear on their face evidence of their truthfulness, and the showing of interest. Missouri, surrounded on three sides by Republican States and becoming more and more addicted to school-houses and newspapers every year, is certain to become Republican eventually, and it is satisfactory to know that the ladies have already been converted. Their influence in the home cannot be otherwise than good politically as it usually is in other respects.

The facts that Missouri is becoming Republican is not the most interesting thing appearing in the interviews referred to. This is a curious illustration of feminine tact and feminine impulse in what some of the ladies say. When one of them objects to a man who wears a beard without a mustache a one who should be looked upon with distrust, she puts in words what is assurredly a common feeling. The man with beard and smoothly-shaven upper lip has a Mormonish, sleek, soapy look, which could be secured by no other device. No doubt some very good men adopt this style, but the association of ideas must effect public opinion of them.

The favorite statesmen of Missouri women make a lot consorting badly, and the view of a relative of the President, that Thomas Francis Bayard is the greatest American statesman next to Grover Cleveland, is another instance of impulsive error. In Missouri, some four and one-half years ago, the wild demand in the Democratic press was: "Give us Thomas Francis Bayard," but those editors have learned something since then and recognize the fact that they have many wiser and shrewder leaders than the ex-Secretary, who so often blundered. Mrs Harrison of Rolla doubtless took a deeper interest in the campaign of 1884 than in that of 1888 and the exploded legend still affects her.

As a lot the Missouri women talk very sensibly and patriotically. Their sons will be generally patriotic and sensible citizens.

AS TO INAUGURATION DAY.

The death roll of inauguration day is not yet complete. Reports still come of the fatal termination of illness contracted on the dreary March 4, when President Harrison was inducted into office. The record is but that of many inauguration days of the past. March 4 is not the date on which the formal change of administration should occur. It should be as late at least as the last of April.

A bill changing the date of inauguration day to the last Wednesday in April passed the Senate unanimously during the session of the Forty-ninth Congress and died in the turmoil of the House. Such a measure—one of importance to the whole country—should be one of the first acts of the Congress which assembles next autumn. There is no reason why it should not be adopted, and it is demanded by the public good.

There was a small Republican opposition in the last Congress to changing the date of inauguration because it would keep in office a few weeks longer a Democratic President. This opposition was small in a double sense. There will be no influence attaching to such opposition in the next Congress, because both branches will be in harmony with the Executive.

The change in date of inauguration day is a matter of common sense and good judgment. There is practically no division of opinion on the subject among thinking men. Let the change be made, by all means.

IN SPEAKING of a recent appointee of the President in the Postal Department, Mr. Wanamaker said he knew him to be "a man of irreproachable character, but pre-eminently a politician." Possibly Mr. Wanamaker knows this. But no man who knows anything at all about the business of politics knows that a man pre-eminently a politician can be of irreproachable character if the actual definition of words is to be taken into account.

IT is fair to assume that is the Postmaster-General has influence with the Fifty-first Congress, a law will be enacted enlarging the facilities for carrying parcels and packages through the mails. The parcel post system adopted in England, which allows parcels to be transported through the mails at low rates, is one of the greatest benefits enjoyed by the people of the British Isles. Of course the express companies will fight such a proposition at every step, but Postmaster-General Wanamaker's experience as the head of the largest retail store in the world will furnish plenty of data to convince unbiased Congressmen of the great benefit to the people resulting from the transportation of parcels and packages at cheap rates through the Government mails.

WHEN PHILIP H. WELCH, the wittiest writer of short dialogues on the American press, died not long ago in Brooklyn, he left a widow and four children dependent. His friends propose now to erect a monument to his memory, as appropriate as it will be beautiful, by raising a fund for the education of his two boys and two girls, all under 9 years of age. A number of prominent men in New York have interested themselves and it is proposed to make the subscription general and get from all parts of the country contributions to this most deserving cause. Funds may be sent in large or small amounts to Mr. Edward P. Clark of the *Evening Post*, New York.

AT THE President's card reception to the Japanese Prince last week Washington, the Capital of the Republic, was not officially represented. The District Commissioners received no invitation to be present. This is believed to be the first instance in the history of Washington where the Executive Office of the Nation's seat of Government has been overlooked on such occasions.

THE FIRST time the full Bench of the District Judges of Columbia have met together in any relation of business or pleasure during their official existence was at the dinner given to the new Judge, Andrew C. Bradley, at the Metropolitan Club last Tuesday evening. Judge Bradley as a judicial harmonizer is a grand success.

THE STORM of Saturday left various ponds in depressed places on Pennsylvania avenue. When the street is repaired there should be more "crown" to it. Miniature lakes inside the city limits should really be confined to the parks.

WHICH STATE will present to the Government the live wolverine wanted as one of the features of the national zoological collection, Michigan, Wisconsin or Minnesota?

THE BURGLAR'S WIDOW.

It was the burglar's widow
His coffin sat beside,
Her hot tears fell like summer rain,
And piteously she cried:
"St. Peter 'll never let him
Inside the blessed gate!"—
But came to her a sudden thought,
And she exclaimed: "Just wait!"

Then rose the burglar's widow,
And this is what she did,
She slipped his trusty jimmy
Beneath the coffin lid;
"Now let old Peter hold the door,
Jack will get in, you bet!
He's got his jimmy with him, and
It never failed him yet!"

CRITICULAR.

The bald-headed man will never be a million-hair.

Chollie Doodlet (tearfully): Oh, Ahthaw, Hattie has rejected me and I am quite in the soup, don't you know.

Arthur Clubb (cruelly): Here, waiter, take away the noodle soup.

Free of charge—Flat soda-water.

YARD ARMS.

P. M. G.: I say, Tracy, what do you call those long wooden strips fastened crosswise on the masts of ships?

Sec. Navy (ringing a bell): Blame me if I know, John. Wait till I call a messenger.

P. M. G.: No; don't. I remember now; they are yard-sticks.

Sec. Navy: That's so. I remember myself now. It's a little slow at first, John, but we catch on big after a while, don't we?

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

Once upon a Time a very Good and Pious Person saw a Bibulous Man coming out of a Saloon in a state of Mild and Melancholy Intoxication.

"Oh, my Friend," cried the Pious Person, "I am very, very Sorry to see you coming out of such a Place."

"Is that so?" replied the Bibulous Man in a Thick and Tearful Voice. "Well, I will go right Back Again." And he did so, leaving the Pious Person standing on the sidewalk in Great Amazement.

Mother: Mary, why don't you try to make Charlie Creed fall in love with you? He's the best catch of the season.

Daughter (innocently): Because, mamma, dear, I don't want the catch. I'm engaged to the first baseman, and he is too lovely for any use.

How It Rather Looks.

(Pittsburg Dispatch.)

It rather looks, 'twixt you and me,
With one month barely over,
The President would rather be
In Florida with Grover C.
A careless pig in clover.

THE TOWN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

Everybody in Northern Texas knows Adolph Zadek of Corsicana. Zadek was a sutler in the Union army during the war, and became a howling patriot in Texas after the war. For a number of years he was postmaster at Corsicana, and during the last Congressional campaign, in the Ninth Texas District, he was chief bottle-holder for Jones of the Waco Home Market Club, who made a futile race against Roger Q. Mills. A. Zadek turned up here about Inauguration time, with a petition in his pocket praying for his appointment to the Consulate at Hamburg. He has been industriously drumming for the place ever since. Zadek has a facturity for putting his foot in it, so to speak. He likes to hear himself talk. A few days ago a delegation of Texans, consisting of General Malloy, Arch. Cochran, Colonel De Gress, A. J. Rosenthall and Zadek went to the White House. They went to plead with the President to make Malloy Marshal of the Northern District of Texas. Arch. Cochran was the spokesman. He recited eloquently Malloy's services in war and peace, not forgetting to mention that at present he commands the Department of Texas, G. A. R. When Cochran stopped for breath between sentences, the President asked if General Malloy ever before held office. Cochran coughed, to take time to consider the best way of rounding that curve. The pause gave Zadek his opportunity. He broke in:

"Vy, yees, Mr. Presidence, General Malloy vas in office fur twenty-one years. He vos reconstruction mayor uf Jefferson, and he vos collecthor uv the port mit Gaveston, und he alvays did his vork yell, und I guess I knows. It vos me, Mr. Presidence, vat vos candidate fur cunsel at Hamburg, und any von would tell you that I vos perfuctly qualified fur the place." The sober face of the President was breaking into a smile when Zadek halted. The President said: "Out in Indiana men don't enjoy a life tenure of office, and I think it would be well to establish this same rule in Texas." After this the crowd departed, feeling far from cheerful. When they reached the lawn Malloy turned on Zadek. Said he: "You ———, I've a mind to Guiteau you here now. You might just as well have plunged the cold steel into my back. If you ever speak to me again I'll make that little bullet head of yours flat." Oh, vy, vy, fut will I do?" broke in Zadek. "Here is mine frients a cussin' of me, und mine enemies a laughin' at me, und I the best Republican in Texas!"

"Jackson City," the gambling resort at the other end of the Long Bridge, that was described in Saturday's CRITIC, probably never did a bigger day's business than it did yesterday. The CRITIC's story seemed to have the effect of keeping the regular habitues of the place away, but in their stead there were more than as many novices, novices to Jackson City, anyway. Your professional gambler likes to buck the tiger in some other than a public place. Before THE CRITIC's publication Jackson City was but little known save among the fancy. THE CRITIC made it public, though, and the gams staid away in consequence. But hundreds who never knew of the existence of the place went over the bridge to satisfy a desire to try their luck and their curiosity simultaneously. The secret of the place's immunity from police interference is that it is thoroughly orderly, and serious fights are always prevented. An old man who is, of course, here for an office and whose home is far back in the interior, went over yesterday afternoon, and after playing awhile got up and said, "By ——, that's the slickest brace game I ever seen east of the Mississippi!".

In each of the elevators in the Baltimore *Sun* building on F street there is a placard tied to the wires that reads like this:

PEDDLERS, BEGGARS, AND CANVASSERS
NOT ADMITTED
ABOVE THE FIFTH FLOOR.

The result is that "peddlers, beggars, and canvassers" regard this as an invitation to make themselves at home on the four lower floors, and they do. They go about it with even an unwonted assurance. They don't quite understand it, but probably suppose that is a sort of compromise between their being given the liberty of the building and being kept out altogether. They think that for the sake of immunity on the upper floors the lower are thrown open to them. But whatever their ideas may be they never violate the tacit agreement, and never make any attempt to go above the fifth floor. The real reason for the sign is that the upper floors are occupied by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and are therefore a Government department, to none of which are peddlers, beggars, or canvassers admitted.

Down at the Marine Barracks, where they enlist venturesome boys in the U. S. Marine Corps, there has been a marked falling off in the number of applicants who wanted to be members of that hemisphroditic branch of the service the past week. There used to be from two or three to a dozen boys at the Barracks every day to enlist. This last week, though, the number has been much less, and some days there were not any. The probable reason is found in the recent Samoan disaster. However willing the boys may be to be blown up with torpedoes or peppered with cannon balls, they seem unwilling to run the risk of being shipwrecked in the service of their country in times of peace; and when you consider the tubs that compose a portion of our naval fleet you don't wonder at it. These boys who enlist in the Marine Corps are for the most part farmer boys, though a few are born and raised in the part of town called the Navy-Yard, because the navy-yard is in it. The glitter of the uniforms seems to fascinate them. The uniform of the Marine Corps is really rather more showy than those of other branches of the service; and then combining, as this service does, the glories of both a soldier's and a sailor's life, it is not odd that it should be attractive to boys whose ideas of glory lie in such lines. But the fate that overtook the marines in the Samoan hurricane seems to have dampened the ardor of the boys to a very considerable extent.

"This change of Administration makes cigars cheap for me," remarked an all-around politician of Republican propinquities to a CRITIC representative last night.

"How is that?" inquired the representative, as it was very natural to do under the circumstances.

"Well, I'm pretty generally known as a man of a certain amount of influence, and I get about a bushel of letters a day from office-seekers all over the country asking me to do something for them. Most of them expect me to pay postage in replying, but from fifteen to twenty-five a day do not, so I convert from thirty to fifty cents a day into a cigar fund, and I find it very convenient and economical."

"No doubt," said THE CRITIC man, "but is it just the straight thing to take the peoples' postage stamps and pay no attention to their letters?"

He winked in an earnest, eager way.

"That's all right, my boy," he replied. "I can't do anything for them, anyhow, and why shouldn't they do something for me? Besides, it's politics, and you know what politics is," and he offered THE CRITIC man a very nice looking five-cent cigar.

NAMES OF OUR STREETS.

After whom are the streets named? Not one person in a hundred can answer this question correctly. Of course every one is familiar with the history of how the city came to be laid out, and how the more prominent avenues and streets were named, but since that time many small connecting streets have been added to the topography of the city, and it is of these that the public are uninformed.

Many of them sprang into existence by the division of some large square and those on the suburbs by the laying out of some farm or estate. In these cases the streets generally received the name of the owner or some public man whom he admired. The great majority of people do not even know the location of these streets, and many living on them do not know the origin of their names. The data given below was gathered from many different sources, and in the main is correct. They will be found a ready reference for those desiring to know the situation of the named streets.

Arthur, New Jersey avenue and First, B and C northwest, is called after the successor of Garfield.

California, First and Second, E and F northeast, is after the State of that name, which was admitted too late to have one of the avenues named after it.

Chicago, First and Second, F and G northeast, takes its name from the great Western metropolis.

Clagett, Eighteenth and Nineteenth, running south from Bennings' road, is so called after John Clagett, the head of the well-known Washington family of that name, who own extensive properties thereabouts.

Carroll, B and C, First and Second southeast, was given its name after the old Maryland family of that name, the ancient mansion of one of its members being a well-known landmark of this part of the city.

Callan, Sixth and Seventh, L and M northeast, is said to take its name from Mr. Nicholas Callan, a prominent notary. He is a member of the well-known District family of that name, and once swore in a President when the Chief Justice was indisposed.

Cedar, Eighteenth and Nineteenth, S and T northwest, is so named from the number of small cedar trees that line the sidewalks.

Cleveland, Twelfth and Thirteenth, W and Boundary, takes its name from the gentleman who recently moved out of the White House.

Corcoran, Thirteenth and Seventeenth, Q and R northwest, is called after the venerable banker who passed away last year.

Colfax, First and Delaware avenue, L and M northeast, is called after Grant's Vice-President.

Decatur, North Capitol and First, O and P northwest, is called after the famous naval officer killed by Commodore Barron at Bladensburg.

Defrees, North Capitol and First, H and I northwest, is near the Government Printing Office and was named after a former Public Printer.

Eldridge, Twentieth and Twenty-first, B and C northwest, is thought to have been named after Governor Eldridge of Delaware, once a well-known resident of this city.

Franklin, New Jersey avenue and Fifth, P and Q, was doubtless named after "Poor Richard" by some admirer.

Fenton, North Capitol and First, K and L northwest, takes its name from the great Senator, Governor and Cabinet officer from New York.

French, Ninth and Tenth, R and S northwest, is so-called after an old family of Georgetown.

Grant, Ninth and Tenth, G and H northwest, is named after the soldier and President; also Grant street, avenue and road.

Gales, Thirteenth eastward, parallel with Bennings' road, runs through the large estate of the Gales family, and was doubtless so-called for that reason.

Hillyer, Twentieth and Twenty-first, Q and R northwest, is one of the prettiest little thoroughfares in the city, and is named after Judge Hillyer, who owns a great deal of property in the vicinity.

Hopkins, Twentieth and Twenty-first, O and P northwest, takes its name from a well-known District family.

Jefferson Place, Eighteenth and Nineteenth, M and N northwest, is so-called after the third President of the United States.

Jackson, North Capitol and First, G and H northwest, is generally supposed to take its name from "Old Hickory."

Kingman, Thirteenth and Fourteenth, P and Q streets northwest, was given its name after the owner of the square through which it runs.

Kirby, New Jersey avenue and First street, M and N northwest, called so after a family who own much of the property along the popular little street.

Lawrence, Eighteenth and Nineteen, R and S northwest, is the only memorial in the city of the famous naval commander whose last words, "Don't give up the ship," will ever live in history.

McLean, Third and Four-and-a-half, N and O southwest, takes its name from John R. McLean, the editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, who owns the greater portion of the square through which it runs.

Myrtle, North Capitol and First, I and K northwest, is probably so called because there is not a single myrtle planted along its entire length.

Madison, Sixth and Seventh, M and N and Sixteenth and Eighteenth, P and Q northwest. There are two streets in Washington so named, both doubtless after the President as every one asked about the matter agree.

Marion, Sixth and Seventh, P and R northwest, is called after the famous revolutionary general, Francis Marion.

Monroe, Sixteenth and Seventeenth, Q and R northwest, is named after the fifth President.

Oregon, Seventeenth and Eighteenth, S and T northwest, is so called after the silver State.

Pierce, Fourteenth and Fifteenth, S and T northwest, is named after Franklin Pierce.

Portner, Fourteenth and Fifteenth, U and V northwest, is called after a Washington family who own property in the vicinity.

Riggs Place, Sixteenth and Seventeenth, R and S northwest, takes its name from the well-known District family.

Seaton, Fifteenth street eastward, parallel with Gales street, is called after the prominent District family of that name. The name was formerly Riggs, but as there is another street of that name near by it was changed to avoid confusion.

Sherman, Eighteenth and Nineteenth, Q and R northwest, is so named in compliment to the Senator from Ohio.

School, Four-and-a-half and Sixth, D and E southwest, as its name implies, is so called from a public school which was recently built there.

Swann, Sixteenth and Seventeenth, S and T northwest, is called after the famous ex-Governor of Maryland.

Union, Four-and-a-half and Sixth, N and O southwest, was named by some patriotic citizen more than a score of years ago when the war was going on.

Van, Third and Four-and-a-half, M and N southwest, is doubtless an abreviation of the President's name, but there is no record at the Commissioners of its origin.

Wallach, Thirteenth and Fourteenth, T and U, is named after one of the early mayors when the city was differently governed.

Warner, New Jersey avenue and Fifth, Q and R, is a comparatively new thoroughfare, and was named after a prominent real estate agent of this city, who owns much property in that section.

Willard, Seventeenth and Eighteenth, T and U, is so called after the millionaire who has large interests in that vicinity.

Wylie, Twelfth and Thirteenth, H and I northwest, is thought by one of the oldest inhabitants to be named after the late Justice Wylie.

Wittberger, Sixth and Seventh, S and T northwest, is called after a prominent Washington lawyer who lives near by.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Ex-Secretary and Mrs. Whitney were at Newport a few days last week.

The Misses Williamson are at home to their friends on Fridays, at 1758 N street.

Mrs. Matthew Read and Miss Frances De Knaft will leave for New York this week.

Mrs. Isaac Henderson and her sister, Mrs. Frey, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Soule.

Governor and Mrs. Alger and Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson took dinner at the White House last evening.

Mrs. L. Q. C. Lamar, jr., will sail for Europe on June 6 to attend art lectures in the foreign schools.

Vice-President and Mrs. Morton will occupy their residence at Newport a portion of the coming season.

Assistant Postmaster-General and Mrs. Clarkson have taken possession of their new residence on K street.

The Misses Porter, who have been spending the winter at the Clarendon, leave tonight for their home, Covington, Ky.

Miss Miller, daughter of the Attorney-General, will remain with friends at 1913 N street for two weeks, when she will return to Indianapolis.

The engagement is announced of Miss de Podestadt to Mr. Richard Tilghman. The ceremony will take place in Philadelphia during May.

Ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland will spend several weeks of the summer at Narragansett Pier, as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Ward.

Last Thursday evening Miss Susie Bate, at her home, near Nashville, gave a most enjoyable german in honor of her guest, Miss Louise Muldrough.

Miss Mary Breckinridge of Connecticut avenue entertained a few friends Saturday evening in honor of Miss. Clay of Kentucky, who leaves Washington this week.

Miss Louise Wilson of North Carolina is the guest of Miss Lizzie Phillips, and will officiate as one of her bridesmaids on the occasion of her marriage Wednesday, April 17.

The marriage of Miss Janet Matthews and Justice Gray will take place this summer. It will be very quiet in consequence of the recent sad loss in the death of the bride's father.

Senator Bate leaves to-day for his home, near Nashville, accompanied by Miss Julia, daughter of General Wheeler. Miss Wheeler will make a short visit to Miss Susie Bate before going to her home in Alabama.

Miss Maud Young of this city and Mr. Ed. G. Hamilton of Texas will be married on Tuesday at the Church of the Immaculate Conception. They will leave immediately for their future home in Houston, Texas.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth, daughter of ex-Solicitor-General Phillips, and Mr. William Rivers Maxell of Chapel Hill, N. C., will take place Wednesday evening, April 17, at the bride's home, 1119 K street northwest.

Madame Barreda and her two daughters are the guests of Minister and Mrs. Romero. Her husband was at one time the Peruvian Minister to this country, and their home is remembered as the centre of an open-handed hospitality.

The Spanish Minister gave a dinner on Saturday of twelve covers. Among those present was the Mexican Minister and Madame Romero, Senator and Mrs. Hearst, Mrs. and Miss Head of California, and the Count and Countess Sponneck.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mis Dorothy Walbridge Phillips to Mr. Edward Banker Hilton of New York at St. John's Church April 23, at 1 o'clock p. m. A reception will be held at the residence of Justice and Mrs. McArthur from 1:30 until 3 o'clock.

Mr. Thomas Broadhead Van Buren, jr., of Englewood, N. J., nephew of Hon. William Walter Phelps, and Miss Florence Trumbull, daughter of Mrs. David T. Lanman of Hartford, Conn., will be married at Christ Church, Hartford, at 8 p. m., April 29.

Mr. Wolf Schloeberg and Miss Lillie Beldman were united in marriage at the National Rifles' Armory last evening. The wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Elsner of Baltimore, and at its conclusion an elegant supper was served in the lower hall, followed by a dance.

Miss Maud Noyes will be married this month to a gentleman from California, and the ceremony will be celebrated with a wedding supper at Willard's, where her father, Crosby S. Noyes, resides. Her trousseau is now being prepared by Worth and is said to be a thing of beauty.

Miss Estelle Hayden, who has been the guest of Miss French, Dupont Circle, left this morning for New York to meet her father. She will remain there a week and go then to Columbus, Ohio. The Haydens always summer in Thousand Island Bay, St. Lawrence River, where they own a beautiful island.

Celebrating his Divorce.

(Pall Mall Gazette.)

A bridegroom is generally supposed to be in a generous mood upon his wedding day, and there are a few charitable benedictions up and down our land which date their foundation from the "happiest day" in the founder's life. The great hotel keeper, Frohler, of Buda-Pesth, who has just been divorced from his wife, is of the quite contrary opinion. It was not upon his wedding day, but upon his divorce day, that he was inspired with an enthusiasm of humanity. In gratitude for his divorce, and in perpetual memory of that "happiest day of his life," he has founded three charitable institutions—first, a pension fund for decayed Hungarian journalists; secondly, an exhibition for school boys of Austrian birth who can pass the best examination in the Magyar language and literature; and, thirdly, a village hospital in his own native place, Inzeredorf. Future generations are to be glad and rejoice because a wealthy landlord obtained a divorce, but they will hardly be able to say they owe the endowment to "the pious ancestor."

HUGO'S "POOL IN THE FOREST."

How calm, how beauteous and how cool—
How like a sister to the skies,
Appears the broad, transparent pool
That in this quiet forest lies.
The sunshine ripples on its face,
And from the world around, above,
It hath caught down the nameless grace
Of such reflections as we love.

But deep below its surface crawl
The reptile horrors of the Night—
The dragons, lizards, serpents—all
The hideous brood that hate the Light;
Through poison fern and slimy weed
And under ragged, jagged stones
They scuttle, or, in ghoulish greed,
They lap a dead man's bleaching bones.

And as, O pool, thou dost cajole
With seemings that beguile us well,
So doeth many a human soul
That loemeth with the lusts of hell.
—[Eugene Field in Chicago News.

A WASHINGTON MELNOTTE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Talking about Bulwer, boys, what a master-piece the 'Lady of Lyons' is, and how deucedly well pretty Margaret takes the part of *Miss Constancy*, eh?"

The speaker was an old young man—that is, he was 25, looked 30 and talked 35. There were two other men in his "den," who might come under the same head, and the trio had been the evening before to hear a favorite young actress who played in Washington during the early part of the season.

The room was distinctively a bachelors', as was evidenced by the numerous pictures of the fair sex scattered about indiscriminately, the photograph of one of the prettiest and most exclusive of Washington's illustrious "four hundred" smiling ingeniously between two Eve-clad hours who had pleased the fastidious eye of Mr. A. St. James de Smythe at a famous ballet that he had lately graced with his presence. Several of the pictures, and not those of the actresses, either, had locks of hair twisted into them, and on either side of the mantle and above it were two unmatched garters, costly souvenirs, whose slight outward curl and glossier outward than inner surface vouched for the truth of their present owner's assertion, that they had "seen service," and "d— fair service, too," he always added.

'Boys, I have an idea," he said, with unwonted animation.

"Strange," murmured Mr. Arthur Goodblood. "Don't let it escape 'de Smythe,'" said Mr. Richard Traderson, knocking the ash off his cigarette.

"What's the matter with having a little Lady of Lyons in real life?" asked Mr. A. St. James de Smythe.

"Great go! my Genius; but how can it be done?" asked Mr. Goodblood.

"Easily enough when your Uncle is taking charge. I'll furnish the scheme, but you fellows will have to help me push it through. Are you in for it?"

"Yes," they both answered. Mr. Traderson begged that his suspense be relieved by a revelation of the "scheme."

"Well, my idea is to introduce a poor beggar I know as a fellow with a pile as big as that of a Cœsus, a regulation prince *incog.*, and all that. I can lay my hand on the very man I want, an innocent country chap, who lives within forty miles of here."

"He'll give himself away at the start, I'll bet a V," interposed Mr. Traderson.

"I'll take that bet;" and Mr. A. St. James Smythe duly entered the wager in his notebook.

"No, sir. The fellow will last a week, only he must not have the least inkling of what's going on, or the game is up. He must be as innocent as the numerous ladies of Lyons will be?"

"Yes; when will you get him?"

"I'll write to-night; tell him that there's a surety of a Government job here, and give him a pressing invitation to accept the hospitality of his old school friend till the position is secured."

"Bully boy! And if he carries off the honors well, I'll make the old man give him a counter at the store," said Mr. Richard Traderson. "It will be so deuced pleasant, don't you know, for the dear girls to see him bobbing around behind a counter after denouement."

* * * * * *

"Hello, Peter.! So you've arrived, have you? Lay your bag down and make yourself at home. Excuse me, Mr. Inosent, allow me to introduce Mr. Traderson and Mr. Goodblood. Have a cigar, John?" "Thanks."

"As to that place, you can confide in my friends here," said Mr. de Smythe, smiling blandly, "It won't be vacant for a week or two, and meantime the best thing you can do is to join us this evening at a party at Senator Blanks. Here is your invitation, for I let them know you were coming. Don't say a word about clothes, I have two spike-tails and you're welcome to the latest arrival." And so Peter Inosent went to his first "swell" party and the trio who accompanied him were exuberant, for it had been repeatedly announced in the papers for a week past that "Mr. John Peter Inosent of L——, who had recently come into a large fortune, would shortly be the guest of his friend Mr. A. St. James de Smythe," and they had not failed to confirm the report on all sides. "What a flutter the girls will be in when the new arrival is announced," said Mr. Traderson to Mr. Goodblood.

They were not disappointed. Peter Inosent was a lion from the start. It mattered not that he trampled the delicately-clad feet of the ladies during the waltz; that he stepped on the train of the hostess so effectively as to necessitate a retreat to the dressing-room for repairs; that he used his handkerchief in place of his napkin at supper, or that he filled his pockets with Senator Blank's cigars and failed to pay his respects before leaving. Little cared the young ladies for their lacerated toes when the laceration was executed by such a scion of wealth; little cared Mrs. Blank for the train that had been torn by the wealthy young bachelor, for Mrs. Blank had been blessed by an all-wise Providence with five daughters; and whose business was it if the estimable young gentleman preferred that immaculate silk handkerchief (the property of Mr. de Smythe, by the way) to a napkin? and what host with five daughters would question the propriety of a man's putting cigars in his pockets when those pockets were lined with a half million? What right, indeed, had anybody to question the harmless eccentricities of Mr. Peter Inosent?

With what infinite grace he apologized for having macerated Miss A.'s toes! How daintily he stroked his yellow mustache with the irreproachable silk handkerchief! With what matchless nonchalance he pocketed Senator Blank's cigars! What an estimable gentleman he was, to be sure.

The next day there were half a dozen invitations received by Mr. Peter Inosent and his success was assured. With commendable presence of mind at such an eventful hour he picked out from the lot an invitation to a dinner party. Oh! Genius of the Stomach! How thou riseth above the follies and frivolities of life! At the dinner he was a greater lion than ever, for the fame of his wealth had spread since the evening before and all those of the exclusives who had not had the good fortune to be at Senator Blank's party were wild to see the newest acquisition to the charmed circle.

But better, far better, had it been for thee, Peter Simple, to have donned thy greasy smoking jacket in Mr. de Smythe's model den and spent the hours in blissful wonderment over thine own all-conquering charms than to have accepted that fateful invitation; for that engraved white card, harmless as it appeared, was the forerunner of the downfall of the pampered scion of the charmed circle. Oh, Love, blessing that thou art, (out of matrimony) how couldst thou so bruise the heart of trusting innocence? At the dinner party, in the very noon-tide of success and plentitude, Peter Simple fell in love. It may be that the attack was spontaneous, and that Miss Pretty Face did not encourage the ardent declaration that followed the dinner. Judge not, gentle reader, unless it happen that you are one of the friends of Miss Pretty Face, and are in a position to judge righteously. But, in defense of my hero, I must say that Miss Pretty Face had nothing to speak of, her father having nothing but his pay as an army officer. Miss Petty Face was also older than our hero by two or three years, but not old enough to restrain the yearning dictates of her heart, and when Peter offered her his hand and heart she accepted the offer with a quickness of decision that might have surprised even that young gentleman himself, if it had'nt been for the amount of champagne he had imbibed.

When Miss Pretty Face tremblingly confided to her mother that evening that she was engaged to Mr. Peter Inosent, that worthy woman nearly went into hysterics of joy, and the next morning when the announcement was gravely made at the breakfast table there was a regular family jubilee and the numerous little Pretty Faces, in fond and pardonable anticipation of the good things in store for them, hugged their dear sister and praised "Brother Peter" to the skies. But papa Pretty Face, who knew a thing or two, was as dignified as the brass buttons on his uniform, and that morning divers inquiries were made and the following letter sent to a friend in L——:

[Confidential.]

WASHINGTON, D. C. —— 188—.

DEAR SIR: Will you please let me know what you can of the standing of Peter Inosent? He is represented here as being a man of great wealth and I have the best reasons for wishing to know whether the reports of his fortune are correct. Awaiting your earliest favor, I am your old comrade

A. SHREWD PRETTY FACE.

Not many days later, after Miss Pretty-Face had confided the secret of her happiness, under the most sacred promise of secrecy to an envious bosom friend, and the bosom friend had likewise confided the secret to another friend under the same sacred seal, and the little secret had been poured into the ears of about forty "dearest friends," and in every instance an invisible little Society Beelzebub had tallied one more on his long list of society perjurers, being careful not to let any less exclusive young Beelzebub pollute it with his touch, Papa Pretty-Face received the following reply to his letter:

L——, 188—.

DEAR SIR: Peter Inosent hasn't a cent of his own in the world. He left his numerous debts behind him some time ago and started to Washington to get a Government job. The report must be a joke, and I hope he hasn't victimized you on the strength of it. He is regarded here as a shiftless, but good-hearted fellow and too simple to be a rascal. Yours, truly,

A. B. C.

Why dwell on the scene that followed the arrival of this fateful epistle? Why, forsooth? The engagement came to an untimely end; Miss Pretty-Face is spending a year with relatives in the West; Messrs. A. St. James de Smyth, Richard Traperson and Arthur Goodblood had a grand Razzle-Dazzle over the great success of their "scheme;" and Mr. Peter Inosent, who never knew just what it was all about, secured a store-counter through the trio and enjoys the reputation of a monumental liar among his fraternity, because of the fabulous stories he tells of the brilliant entree, the all-conquering charms and the unaccountable social fall of Peter Inosent.

LEWIS V. BOGY.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

The Moon and the Hair.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—*Editor Critic:* SIR: When I sent you my answer in reply to your inquiry as to the effect the moon has on hair-cutting, I only stated my opinion without making any argument or explanation on the subject because I did not care to give you and your kind readers long detention. But after your publication of my view on the subject I observed in your valuable journal of the 4th instant the view of a co-professional friend, Mr. Evans, who thinks that the moon hasn't any effect on hair-cutting, and, furthermore, that anything to the contrary to his opinion might be pardoned.

Now, I don't want to be pardoned for what I say, and to show that I am right in my opinion I ask a simple question, and that is: Has the moon any controlling power on the atmosphere? If it has, then her controlling power naturally will not only include the hair but what we breathe, eat, sleep, drink and everything appertaining to the human system, no matter how insignificant it might be. If it has not, then the moon is nothing but an ornament. However, there is no harm cutting the hair at any time.

JOSEPH ORANGE,
918 Eighth street s. e.

Lenten Fast.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—*Editor Critic:* Relating to your question about "Lenten Fast" I must say the following: A total abstinence of meat and other accustomed nutritious food—especially for a long time—must damage the human body, and a person who repeats it too often may die a few years earlier than one of regular, reasonable life. Deprive the plants of their accustomed nourishment, and they droop and die at last. The principle is the same as immoderation, which will cause at last dyspepsia. But an abstinence of meat, etc., for one day in the week will not be of any damage to the body if other nourishing foods are taken. On the contrary, this state of repose can be a benefit to the body, especially to a person with rich, full blood. Certainly I speak here of sound and healthy bodies. Sick or feeble persons should never do without what they need.

P. S. REUSS, M. D.,
Late Surgeon-in-Chief of Brigade, U. S. A.,
933 Maryland avenue southwest.

Some Other Girl.

WASHINGTON, April 8.—*Editor Critic:* Your able upstairs neighbor, the *Post*, needs a historian to overlook its "copy" or "proof." This morning's issue contains an account of a visit to the venerable J. G. Bruff and his collection of curios, and, among other things noticed and specified therein, calls particular attention to "a rare copper-plate engraving, twenty-four by eighteen inches, representing Washington at Arlington on a visit to his sweetheart, the widow Custis. If George ever visited any of his sweethearts at Arlington it was *not* the beautiful widow, but some other girl. He first met Martha Custis in New Kent County, fell in love with her there, courted and married her in the house where he first met her, and like a good Christian gentleman that he was, went to church the next morning (Sunday) to old St. Peter's, twenty miles due east from Richmond. Be careful not to mislead the public, Mr. *Post*, or I shall "haul you up" again.

MAX WENTER.

BIRTHS.

In this city