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# SIXTEEN PAGES

A party that does not know how to use power should never be intrusted with it.

Mr. Cleveland to the silver men and anti-silver men of his party: "A curse on both your houses."

Once more has the Democratic party in Congress proved its utter unfitness to legislate for the public welfare.

Suppose a national election were to take place to-morrow, does anybody believe the Democrats would carry the country?

The Journal is still of the opinion that the only hope of good government, local and municipal, State and national, is in the Republican party.

That the present national administration has proved faithless to all the promises with which it came into power is a fact too plain for argument.

Any compromise on the silver question will be a triumph for the silver-mine owners, and for the enemies of a sound currency. The responsibility for this rests on the Democratic party.

An official computation of the time gave the third race between the Vigilant and the Valkyrie to the former, thus deciding the contest. The three races were fairly won, the first two with a light breeze and the last in a half gale, thus demonstrating the superiority of the American craft beyond any doubt. The Valkyrie made a brave and determined struggle, but it was a losing fight for her from the start. John Bull will have to pick his fleet and try it again.

The chief of the Pottawatomie tribe of Indians, who once owned the site of Chicago, and who ceded it for a trifle, has written to Mayor Harrison asking that some provision be made to enable his people to visit the fair. In support of his request he says: "The land on which Chicago and the fair stand still belongs to my people, as it has never been paid for." So, it seems, Chicago owes its birth to a swindling real-estate transaction. She began early.

When the Cherokee Strip was opened to settlers, a few weeks ago, Miss Bowers, aged twenty-one, an Oklahoma girl, joined in the rush for homesteads, and succeeded in securing a valuable claim. Her "enterprise" and courage were loudly praised by correspondents and the local press, and she was congratulated on every hand. Since then she has died from results of exposure while waiting upon the line and making the run, and somehow, in retrospect, her enterprise seems less admirable than at first. In this woman's era woman usually "arrives" at the point she fixes her eye on, but she doesn't always stay.

The New York Independent last week asked a number of its contributors to say whether they thought the world was growing better or worse. All agreed that it was becoming better, and most of them took a good deal of space in which to say so, but Mrs. Lucy Stone covered in a single sentence the ground gone over so elaborately by the rest. "I believe the world grows better," she said, "because I believe that in the eternal order there is always a movement, swift or slow, toward what is right and true—a tendency toward higher things, stronger than the impulses of evil." Miss Stone was recently reported to be quite ill, but neither illness nor advanced years interferes with her grasp of the situation.

Mr. Preston C. Trusler has assumed the duties of city controller, having received his commission at the hands of Mayor Denny yesterday. The new controller is a man of the highest integrity, earnest in his purposes, and intense in his loyalty to his friends. He has been the friend and associate of Mr. Denny for many years, and his selection is therefore largely in the nature of a personal appointment. He has had the experience necessary to make a good officer, and will bring to the office a devotion to the interests of his chief and the welfare of the city that will make itself manifest from the beginning. That the appointment will be criticised is unquestionably true, but the Journal predicts with confidence that Mr. Trusler's official conduct will be of a character to disarm criticism and to win for him the good will of the community.

The world has not often witnessed as elaborate a programme of international entertainment as is now going on in France. The occasion is the visit of the Russian squadron to Toulon. The squadron, consisting of five vessels, with about 125 officers and 2,100 men, reached Toulon on Friday last, and the programme of entertainment embraces sixteen consecutive days of feasting, balls, receptions and festivities. To-day the city authorities of Toulon give the visitors an open-air breakfast, while in the afternoon there will be a battle of flowers and to-night a gala performance at the theater. But the most brilliant festivities are reserved for Paris, where the visitors will arrive on Tuesday next and remain till Saturday. Whether any political significance attaches to the event or not it will certainly bring rare enjoyment to the participants.

## THE BRAZILIAN CRISIS.

Latest advices from Brazil state that a portion of the army, which has hitherto been loyal to President Peixoto's government, has joined the insurgents, and that more of the troops are likely to follow. If the movement should become general it would indicate a speedy end of the revolution and the triumph of Rear Admiral Mello.

The whole trouble in Brazil is largely due to the jealousy and rivalry which exist between the Brazilian army and navy. This is traditional, deep-seated and of very long standing. From the time that Brazil had a government the army and navy have been important factors in politics. For a long time the monarchy played one against the other, but finally they joined hands to overthrow the imperial Ministry, and it went down. The overthrow of the monarchy was the work of the army and navy, not of the people. The people were not in that movement at all. Neither did they have any hand in the proclamation of the republic. That also was the work of the army and navy, and from all accounts it was entirely an afterthought. The republic had hardly been established before the old jealousy between the army and navy began to show itself, and factional intrigues became the order of the day. They have continued under different phases and leaders from that time to the present. The conflict has now assumed the form of a personal struggle between President Peixoto and Rear Admiral Mello. Heretofore the former has been supported by the army, while Admiral Mello controlled the navy. Peixoto is also supported by a large majority of both houses of Congress, by the leaders and strong men of the Republican party and many old Conservatives. But if the army should unite with the navy in support of Admiral Mello, Peixoto would probably be forced to yield. This would probably be disastrous to Brazil. Circumstances have made Peixoto the leader of the republican cause and the representative of the better class of Brazilian people. He is also the true representative of constitutional government, and so far as there is any room for sympathy between the rival leaders and factions, Americans should sympathize with Peixoto.

## INGERSOLLISM.

Quite a large number of people in this city paid money to hear Col. Robert G. Ingersoll lecture, a few nights ago, as great numbers of people in other cities have done before and will probably do again. Colonel Ingersoll understands the public as well as the late Mr. Barnum did, and works it quite as successfully and profitably. It would not be strictly true to say that he goes about the country obtaining money under false pretenses, because he simply announces that he will lecture and people go to hear him. But he gives the people nothing of any value in return for their money. He is not a profound student nor a deep or original thinker. All that he has to say against the Christian religion has been far more forcibly said by others than by him, and has been answered a thousand times. His dogmatic assertions, his anecdotes, his epigrams and his verbal pyrotechnics are as stale as the jokes of a clown in the ring. His arguments begin nowhere and end nowhere, his smooth, velvety sentences mean nothing, his fine words are as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

There are Anarchists and Anarchists. Some men would destroy all government and substitute chaos, while others would destroy all religion and substitute the blackness of darkness. Colonel Ingersoll is a religious Anarchist, a moral destructionist. He would destroy God and religion without putting anything in their place. He asks people to throw away their yearning faith in something higher than themselves and something better than this life, and what does he offer them instead? Nothing but negations and sneers, empty shells and husks. No money is so poorly invested as that which people pay a religious Anarchist for trying to convince them that they ought to exchange even a weak faith for none at all, and become as the beasts of the field that perish.

## NOT POPULAR WITH WOMEN.

One of the literary and pictorial magazines is publishing a series of what it calls "human documents," these being portraits of distinguished individuals taken at different periods of their lives. A number of celebrities have appeared in the list, but with one exception all of them are men. But one woman has been found with so little vanity as to be willing to exhibit the pictures of herself taken in her earlier years. Lack of vanity is not necessarily implied on the part of the men who turn over their boyhood daguerreotypes and faded photographs to the illustrator. The masculine garb is such a fixed quantity that its general style does not greatly change from one generation to another. Collars may turn down or be of the standing variety, neckties be small or large and flowing, trousers be narrow or wide, but the differences are not enough in themselves to make the wearers ridiculous, and the self-complacency of the average man is apt to be sufficient to overcome any doubts as to the engagingness of his form and face in their immature stages. At all events, the magazine people seem to have had no trouble in securing portraits of prominent men, but, as stated above, only one woman has so far consented to the sacrifice. Miss Frances Willard is presented in the latest issue of the periodical as she appeared at the ages of nine, fourteen, twenty and other later dates. Now, Miss Willard, as a child, was, no doubt, a pleasing and attractive little person to those about her, but as she is here represented she excites pity. Her demure face, with funny little curls brought down against each cheek, wears an expression of pain, whose cause is suggested by her hand spread out over the pit of her stomach. The "artist" who took that daguerreotype did not pose little Frances, but allowed her to take the position that seemed to her suitable, and the result is, at this late day, not pleasing. Neither is her dress of a picturesque sort, being of a penitentiary stripe and very ill-fitting. It is also entirely unlike the gowns worn by little girls to-day, and seems odd by contrast. The gowns in the later pictures are less striking, but are, of course, "old fashioned." The face at the different periods has a certain interest to observers as showing the growth of character and expression, and Miss Willard doubtless finds gratification in the undeniable fact that she grows handsomer with advancing years, the very latest picture being the best looking of all. As this is not sure to be the case with every woman, it seems likely that human documents in feminine type will not be numerous in the list. At all events, the queer little portraits taken thirty or forty years ago will, in most cases, be retained for home entertainment exclusively. Few women will wish to add to the gayety of nations by publishing "documents" of this sort.

The Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., who has been visiting relatives in this country, has a well-defined opinion in regard to the course of the silver obstructionists in the Senate. In a published interview he says:

My opinion is that Americans are the most patient people on the face of the globe. Such an outcome from an organized system of obstruction would be impossible in England, which, I venture to say, even with my foot on New York soil, is far more democratic than America. Democracy, as I take it, means the government of the people by the people. Are true Democratic principles carried out when a minority of the legislative body not representing the feeling of the majority of the people can bid defiance to the majority of the legislative body, which does represent the feeling of the majority of the people? I am not judging the merits of the silver bill. I am delivering an opinion based on what I am told is the feeling of the country at large with regard to the repeal of the silver law. I am told that the country is crying out for repeal, and that the minority in the Senate is able to obstruct such repeal, and is actually doing it. Such obstruction, I repeat, is opposed to true democracy, and would be impossible in England.

Mr. Chamberlain thinks England is far more democratic than America. This is true in a sense. No minority party in Parliament would ever dare to oppose the real wishes of the people after they had been clearly defined and expressed through popular channels. This is what the silver clique in the Senate has done. In so doing they have defied the people and trampled on the fundamental principles of true democracy.

Manhattan day at the world's fair, the 21st, promises to be only second to Chicago day in point of attendance. New Yorkers are coming like an army with banners, and an invitation to all former residents of New York in Chicago and all parts of the country to meet them will doubtless draw a great crowd. It is hard to understand why anyone should want to participate in such a jam or attend the fair in the midst of such a hurly-burly, but experience shows that a great many do.

The local department of the Journal yesterday did unintentional injustice to a worthy person when it alluded to the man who had been making too free with another man's name as "the original Mr. Fesler." The original Mr. Fesler was he of the bees—"Old Bee Fesler," who, as related in the veracious tale by James Whitcomb Riley, went to "Floridy" with his bees, where, he said—

"Them bees o' his could be
Got jes' twice the work out of
Ef a feller managed right.
He contended ef bees found
Blossoms all the year around,
He could git 'em down at once
To work all the winter months
Same as summer."

No man who merely engages in the occupation of signing other men's names to bank checks is as original as this.

The national saddlery convention, composed of representatives of all the large saddle and harness houses of the country, will meet in St. Louis this week. The saddle and harness trade of St. Louis dates back almost to the beginning of the century. As soon as that city came into the possession of the United States by the purchase of Louisiana in 1803 it became the outfitting post for overland trains to Oregon. This was before the time of steamboats. Even after Council Bluffs, Independence, Leavenworth and Kansas City became starting points for expeditions across the plains, the outfitting was still done, for the most part, in St. Louis. The wagons, harness and saddles needed for the trip were made and most of the provisions and other supplies were purchased there. The trade then established has since grown into vast proportions.

Owing to the unsafety of the government building at Chicago Judges Woods and Jenkins, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, have entered an order that upon the conclusion of the argument of cases assigned for hearing Oct. 20 the court will adjourn to meet at the city of Milwaukee Nov. 2 and resume the call of the calendar. In explanation of the order Judge Woods said that while he did not himself believe there was danger of a general collapse of the building he thought it possible that some portion of it might come down at any moment, and he did not think it right to imperil the lives of lawyers and litigants by requiring them to do business in the unsafe building. The Department of Justice will be asked to authorize the leasing of such rooms in Chicago as may be necessary for the use of the court.

There is a colony in the Cherokee Strip which is composed entirely of unmarried women. Before the Strip was opened a Miss Annette Daisy, who had had some experience in such matters, organized an association of women who were to join in the race, enter land and form a community of their own, in which no men need apply. The young women succeeded so far as to get possession of three adjoining quarter sections of good land, or 480 acres, on which they have begun improvements. There are twenty-two women in the settlement, which they call the Daisy colony, and they are showing themselves equal to the emergency.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's forthcoming long story is called "The Bridge Builders."

Mr. Edward Eggleston is bringing out a collection of short stories under the old title of "Duffels."

Miss Ada J. Todd, Ph. D., author of "The Vacation Club," holds a fellowship in Sanskrit and philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Owen Wister, who is the grandson of Fanny Kemble, has tried his youthful pen in humorous prose, and has prepared for Harper a sketch of Wyoming life called "Em'ly."

Mr. Swinburne's hobby is walking—a wise one for a literary man, and more stimulating than that of a certain Homeric scholar at Oxford who seeks repose and recreation in blowing soap bubbles.

"Curiosa Mathematica" has been written by Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," and consists of "pillow problems" for the use of those who suffer from sleeplessness or want of occupation.

An unpublished poem by Ralph Waldo Emerson is to appear in the November Century. The poet's friend, James Russel Lowell, is its subject, and it was written on the ocasion of the younger man's birthday.

The first number of the Psychological Review will be issued by the MacMillans early in 1894. It will contribute to the advancement of psychology by printing original research, constructive and critical articles and reviews.

Joseph H. Spears succeeds the late Mr. Story as editor of Harper's Young People. Mr. Sears has been a member of the staffs of the Youth's Companion and the Cosmopolitan, and is a Harvard man, in his day the captain of the 'varsity eleven.

That clever English novelist, Mrs. Alexander, has been lame for two years from a curious cause. She suffered serious hurt to the knee, owing to her cramped position in the dress circle of a London theater one evening, and she is now unable to walk without a stick.

Hamilton W. Mabie says that when Jowett's translations of Plato appeared in this country twenty years ago, a Western newspaper declared, in noticing the book, that Plato was one of the greatest English writers! Mr. Mabie thinks this was unconsciously a fine tribute to Jowett.

Zola's "Lourdes," a novel dealing with the modern miracle connected with that French Mecca, will be divided into five "days" or parts, of five chapters each. He began it early in October and will have it finished by March. His "Dr. Pascal" was the last of the Rougon-Macquart series.

In spite of partial blindness, great weakness and the burden of over ninety years, Louis Kossuth has completed the third volume of his memoirs. He is unable to read the proofs, but he writes a friend that the trembling of his hands has considerably lessened. Never was a literary work accomplished under more terrible physical difficulties, but Kossuth said it was a debt owed his country.

Among the new publications by Dodd, Mead & Co. is a novel by the Indiana writer, Mrs. Angeline Teal, entitled "The Rose of Love." It is a very pretty love story with sufficient incident of a realistic sort to hold the attention of readers not attracted by a merely sentimental tale. Mrs. Teal's stories have a popular quality which insures her a constantly widening circle of admirers. The new book will add to her reputation.

## ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS.

Ex-Senator Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, has grown so weak that he can scarcely hold his head up, and is almost blind.

Sir John Gladstone, nephew of the Grand Old Man, is described as a tall, broad-shouldered young giant, as ardent a Conservative as his uncle is the reverse, and one of the most extensive whisky distillers in Scotland.

Waldo Messaros, formerly a sensational Philadelphia preacher, died in that city the other day at a gold cure institute, after a protracted spree. Messaros was a brilliant and an eloquent pulpit orator, but women and wine wrecked his usefulness.

One of the many stories about the late Dr. Jowett, of Balliol, is that a young man once observed to him as they started on a walk: "It is a fine day, sir." A half an hour later after the Professor broke his silence by saying: "That was a very foolish remark of yours, sir. Good morning."

In the world's fair Forestry Building not a single nail was used in its construction.

Lady Henry Somerset sent from Switzerland a beautiful pin set with diamonds and other precious stones, entwined with white ribbon, as a gift to Mrs. Stevens, president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Emile Zola, who is visiting London, does not appear to have impressed the English people favorably in the matter of physical appearance. With the exception of his graceful manners and pleasant smile he appears to have been regarded as rather commonplace. His wife is a handsome woman.

At the Episcopal Church of the Atonement in Brooklyn, women members of the choir now wear berettas and surplices. The new order was begun a week ago on Sunday and has been criticised as an innovation, but Dr. Wellman, rector of the church, says it is merely a return to ancient customs.

Mrs. John Brisben Walker, the wife of the millionaire editor of the Cosmopolitan, is a Virginian, the daughter of General Strother, the well-known writer and artist, "Porte Crayon." She is a quiet, retiring woman, very kindly and gentle, absorbed in family ties and in her family of nine children, of whom eight are boys.

Marlowe's Tamburlaine "meant to cut a channel * * * that men might quickly sail to India." Niccolo di Conti laid a plan for piercing the isthmus of Suez before Venitian rulers at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Sesostris began a canal thirteen hundred years before the birth of the Savior. But it is De Lesseps whose name must ever be synonomous with Suez.

Miss Mary Garrett, the daughter of the great railroad king and sister of the present head of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad system, makes her home in Baltimore, but spends much of her time in New York. She is worth $20,000,000. She is rather stout, about five feet five, with pale complexion, blue eyes, and gold-rimmed glasses. She is thirty-two years of age, and every summer goes to Europe with her maid, traveling from one place to another quite independently.

The makers of a domestic remedy unprotected by a patent have recently discovered the value of a name. The remedy was worth a few hundreds a year until the manufacturers asked their lawyer to suggest for it a new name. On the spur of the moment he suggested a commonplace name used a little aside from its ordinary significance. The profits on the remedy have since been between $20,000 and $30,000 a year, and the manufacturers ascribe the improvement solely to the new name.

Colonel Dodge, in his delightful paper in Harper's Magazine, on the "Riders of Syria," does away with all cherished illusions concerning the Arab steed of romance. He asserts that while the exceptional Arabian is a fine fellow, he does not think that the best Arabian (aside from a certain attractiveness) is nearly as good as the best hunter, the best trotter, the best racer or the best saddle horse of England or America. "And I am quite sure," adds this accomplished horseman, "that I would stake my money on a hundred broncos of the American plains against a hundred Arabians of the Syrian desert on a pull of one or two hundred miles under conditions fair to each." The average Arabian, he notes, is so small as to be useless for any but light performance.

He was a musical crank to the core;
They say that music was all he lived for.
Operas galore he knew by the score,
And Wagner's great music thrilled him.
The songs of the day affected his brain,
But while "Annie Rooney" gave him much pain
And "Comrades" did nearly drive him insane,
It was "After the Ball" that killed him.
—Chicago Journal.

The silver Senators do not
Shoot oratoric rockets
Just merely for the fun of it—
They're talking through their pockets.
—Detroit Tribune.

## MISSING HUNTERS.

### Four Men Disappear in the Wilds of the Greasewood, in Colorado.

DENVER, Col., Oct. 14.—A dispatch from Rawlins, Wyo., tells of the mysterious disappearance and probable death of four hunters on the Greasewood, in Routt county, Colorado. The Greasewood is far distant from railroad or telegraphic communication, and the story has only just reached the authorities. The missing men are named Doniher, Reynolds, Mack and Brown. A fifth member of the hunting party, named T. H. Merrill, brought the news. He tells how he first started out from camp with Doniher. They separated, and, not being able to find his companions, Merrill returned to camp. The next morning Merrill and Reynolds started in search of the missing man. The men took different directions, and Reynolds never returned, although Merrill did. The day following Mack and Brown went in search of the two missing men, leaving Merrill in camp. They have not been seen since. That was on Sept. 29.

# CLOSE TO THE POLE

### The Steamer Newport Reaches 84 Degrees North Latitude.

### Highest Point Ever Attained by Man—Experiences of the Whaling Fleet in the Arctic Ocean.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The steamer Jeanie, tender of the Arctic whaling fleet, has arrived here from Herschel island, at the mouth of Mackenzie river. The catch of the steam whalers which wintered at Herschel island last year surpasses anything ever before known in the history of the world. It is an instance where truth is stranger than fiction. The report might not be believed were it not backed up by official documents from the captains of the vessels making the catch and the bringing into the harbor of 100,000 pounds of whalebone, with more to follow. The four steam whalers which head the list are the Narwhal, Captain Horace Smith, 41 whales; Balaena, Captain Harry Norwood, 31 whales; Grampus, Captain Vincent, 26 whales, and Newport, Captain Porter, 25 whales. The total is 123 for the four vessels. All the whales were taken in the Arctic ocean, over three hundred miles to the eastward of Point Barrow.

Captain Porter, of the Newport, must hereafter be known to fame as the man who has penetrated the northern regions of the globe the closest to the north pole of any known navigator that ever existed. An open sea, this year particularly free of ice, gave the Captain a grand chance, and while in pursuit of whales he kept working his way north until he reached 84 degrees of latitude. Herschel island is considered almost in another world, and is about 69 degrees 50 minutes north. To go fifteen degrees further north is a wonderful performance that might only be accomplished once in a century. The idea of being within six degrees of the north pole is an achievement worthy of being heralded far and wide.

The highest latitude north ever reached before was 83 deg. 24 min., and was attained by members of the Greely party in 1882. Previous to that time by fully eight years Nares and Stephenson's English exploring parties had penetrated to 83 deg. 20 min. Since these two persons, Dr. Nansen, a Greenland explorer, and Lieutenant Peary, have headed expeditions north, but have failed to pass either of these marks. The conditions under which regularly fitted out exploring parties have made their way into the extreme northern regions have been fraught with much hardship and disaster. In no instance have they been as favorable as the chance opportunity that was presented to Captain Porter while searching for whales. An expedition well supplied with dogs, sleds and provisions that could have been on the Newport and landed on the ice from the open sea in 84 deg. north might have stood a better chance of reaching the north pole than any other exploring party ever had since the world began.

SMASHED BY A WHALE'S FLUKE.

Only one fatal accident occurred on the four steam whalers. Third officer Jones, of the Newport, changed places with boatheader Lyon, of the Grampus. Hardly had the transfer been made when Jones's boat met with an accident that cost Big Charley, one of the crew, his life and injured Jones to the extent of two broken ribs. The rest of the crew had a narrow escape. During the morning of the 10th of August a large bull whale was sighted a couple of miles off on the port bow of the Grampus. Jones's boat was lowered and manned. The chase was a quiet one at the start. The monster, as the boat approached, appeared to be sleeping. The gun was trained and a shell sent into the whale with line attached. This had the effect of waking up the big fish, which immediately dived, and a few moments later came up alongside the boat. With one flap of the fluke the boat was smashed into kindling wood and every man thrown into the water. Another whale boat was already on the way to Jones's assistance when the whale rose alongside of his boat. Some of the crew held on to pieces of the broken boat until they were rescued. Big Charley, however, being unable to swim, went down almost immediately after striking the water.

The four whalers already mentioned will remain north another winter, and according to calculations should have gone into quarters at Herschel island last Sunday together with the steam whalers Jeannette, Captain Newth, and the Karluk, Captain Wing. When the Jeanie left here on the 1st of last June for the Arctic ocean she took up a cargo of supplies and coal for the steam whalers at Herschel island and a crew of sixteen sailors for the Newport to relieve those who had spent the previous winter north. Hardly had the change been made than the Newport succeeded in getting five whales all in one lump. The departing crew thought they were out of luck to miss this plum after putting in the winter.

One of the returning crew of the Newport, William Black, tells an interesting story of the cruise of that vessel and life among the whalers in winter quarters. "The steam whaler left here," said he, "in May and June of last year, reaching the Arctic in July. Success did not crown our efforts, for on Oct. 2d, when we went into winter quarters on Herschel island, the Narwhal had taken but nine whales, the Balaena the same, the Grampus six and the Newport only three. Captain Porter was very much discouraged at his poor success and wanted to start for home with the Newport. However, Captain Norwood, of the Balaena, gave him much encouragement. Having an extra lot of supplies made a winter north possible.

"The Arctic ocean began to fill up with ice in September a year ago, so that we had no time to lose in preparing for the long siege of the winter months. The lagoon on Herschel island is a large one, and vessels are perfectly safe there from ice jams and floes. On Oct. 2 we commenced housing in the steam whalers, and made good progress. During the next few days the lagoon was frozen over and a heavy fall of snow covered the ice and the vessels. All hands were out with shovels and snow packed up against the hulls of the whaler. A ladder was placed on the side so as to allow communication with the ice. The Newport was the worst supplied of all four vessels. While the other whalers had dog sleds the crew of the Newport were hitched to sleds like dogs, and had to drag a supply of fresh-water ice from the Mackenzie river to the vessels, a distance of five miles. Our supply of coal did not speak well for holding out for the winter, so we had to pick up drift wood and store it away. The other whalers had coal for fuel.

FLIRTED WITH INDIAN "BUDS."

"Indian hunters supplied us plentifully with deer meat, and the two icehouses on the island seldom had less than thirty carcasses stored there. The Indians were friendly and always willing to barter skins for food and provisions. The visits of the tribes in the vicinity of the Mackenzie river were frequent. Quite a number of social buds were blossoming among the Indians, and the dusky maidens were not at all averse to flirting with the whalers. Under these circumstances the winter was pleasantly passed. There was any quantity of reading matter on board. Our quarters were warm and comfortable, and with the light of a cheerful fire and whale oil lamps we did well. The winter was a stormy one, but the cold did not reach 50 degrees below zero.

"On all the vessels there was an accordeon or two, and music was played over and over again. The four whalers, not being more than one hundred yards apart, a good deal of visiting was done by the crews. Captain Norwood, of the Balaena, led a number of entertainments on board his vessel, and every time a native feast day of the Indians came around we had a good spread and blowout. Everything is free up that way.

"On the 14th of July we were ready once more to make a start. The ice had not broken in the lagoon, although the ocean was nearly clear of ice as far as we could see. The Narwhal and Balaena, which are built with ice bows, cut the way out for us, which was necessary, as the Grampus and Newport are not built that way. It was a curious sight to see the Narwhal force her bow up over the ice and cut her way down like a knife. As we were leaving the island Indians arrived from Cape Bathurst with the information that a school of whales had been seen in Liverpool bay. With this news in mind we were soon off to the eastward. What the Indians said was true. Whales were plentiful, and there was little difficulty in making a good beginning.

"The Newport was formerly a coasting steamer, and only registers 218 tons net. We had no appliances for trying out blubber such as the other whalers had, so whenever a whale was captured the head was cut off and the body allowed to go adrift. From Cape Bathurst we cruised along the edge of the ice, went past Prince Patrick island in 78 degrees north and continued as far as we could go. Captain Porter figured that he had reached 84 degrees. The ice blocked our way then. Had it not been for this fact I think we would have gone right straight to the north pole."

Whaling in the Arctic ocean, as far as Cape Bathurst to the eastward of Point Barrow, was unknown five years ago. Such a thing as a whaler going in that direction to follow his calling was looked upon as the height of foolhardiness. The first man to draw attention to the possibility of securing whales in that direction was Capt. Lewis H. Herendeen, an old New Bedford whaler, who had spent most of his life in the Arctic regions. When whales began to get very scarce he set his wits to work. Then he remembered hearing the story from Indians on the Arctic shore about the tremendous big whales that had been seen near the mouth of the Mackenzie river. Other whalers laughed at the reports, considering them fairy tales, but Herendeen, the more he thought of them the more he became impressed with the idea. In 1877 he secured sufficient backing to fit out the schooner Nicoline for a two years' cruise in the Arctic, and decided to winter at Herschel island.

Bad luck attended the enterprise from the start. He had got no further than Point Barrow when the ice closed in on him and he had to winter there. The next spring the steam whalers Grampus and Mary D. Hume, which had been sent out on a similar experiment to the Nicoline, passed the schooner. Captain Herendeen had talked so much of his plans and researches that others took up the idea of exploring the Arctic for whales in unknown localities.

When the winter of 1889 closed in the Grampus, Hume and Nicoline were in the lagoon in Herschel island. Not a whale had been seen, and disappointment ruled. The crews became dissatisfied, and a number of sailors tried to run away. They were captured by parties sent out, and on being returned to the vessels were lashed and beaten. In July, 1890, the three vessels left the winter quarters. Herendeen was ill-fitted to remain north another winter, having already spent two within the Arctic circle. He cruised around for several weeks, and then started for home a discouraged man.

The Grampus and Hume, having steam power, could risk remaining in the Arctic longer, and it was decided to cruise to the eastward of Herschel island, which is British territory, being just beyond the Alaska boundary line. Three days after parting with the Nicoline the two steam whalers sighted eight bull whales, the largest, the sailors claimed, that they ever saw in their lives. In less than three weeks' time the Grampus had eighteen whales and the Hume eleven. The former brought the catch of both here, while the Hume remained north, securing twenty-seven whales the next year. The Hume's catch of two years of thirty-eight has been thrown into the shade by the Narwhal's "high hook" of fifty for a similar period.

Captain Herendeen, the originator of the whaling expedition, returned broken in spirit and ruined financially. His dreams of wealth had vanished like thin air, and the poor old man went to his Eastern home never to go to sea again. It is safe to say that those who followed up his ideas on Arctic whaling are to-day $2,000,000 richer than five years ago.

Captain Mason, of the steamer Jeanie, which brings the news of the phenomenal catch and Captain Porter's penetration of the previously untraveled Arctic latitudes, says that Captain Vincent, of the Grampus, told him that everything was going along so smoothly that he would be just as well pleased to winter north as in this city.

## CHICAGO'S JANE CLUB.

### The Dainty Co-Operative Life of Forty Working Girls.

New York Sun.

When a New York woman, for whom no Jane Club exists, sits down to write about the one out West in Chicago she doesn't know where to begin. It is such a fairy tale of impossible good things made possible.

The real starting point, however, is the name. The club was named after Miss Jane Addams, the well-known and well-beloved founder of Hull House, a Chicago institution similar to the College Settlement, down on Rivington street. Miss Addams has been the good fairy, at the waving of whose wand the Jane Club sprang into existence. She obtained the house, a big double one, on a quiet, shady street, and she got it at a very low rent. Then, as godmother of the project, she furnished it from basement to garret.

There are about forty lucky young women who belong to the club. A candidate must be backed up by the written guaranty of two members, and, this affidavit having been accepted, she must receive a two-thirds vote of all the members of the club. The succesful candidate then makes her triumphal entry. She finds that affairs are in the hands of a president, vice president, recording secretary, treasurer, librarian and last, and most important, a steward. The president and the steward form the house committee. A general meeting of the members is held on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month, when all "cranks" and "kickers" may present their grievances. This affords a safety-valve for the institution, but it is getting rusty for lack of exercise. Tuesday is pay day, when every member is required to pay a weekly due of $3.

But would you know what these girls receive in return for those $3? It is enough to make the New York hall bedroom girl gasp from sheer amazement. In the first place, she has a large and well-furnished house for her home. There are two reception rooms, a library stocked with good books, a music room, three large dining rooms, a kitchen, four bath rooms, and ten bedrooms. There is a large laundry in the basement. The club employs a cook for $7 a week and two housemaids for $5 a week each. At the table are served the best of roasts, the juciest steaks and chops, the choicest fruits, and puddings and cakes, and the lightest biscuits.

The steward does the marketing and is a very important personage. At present she is represented in the person of Miss Kitty Ryan, who was inducted into office with great pomp and circumstance a short time ago. The previous incumbent had been out of town a good deal, and had left cook in charge of the commissary department. Cook improved the opportunity to run up large bills with the butcher and the grocer. Steward Kitty saw that this would never do. So, although the officers of the club are not salaried, she herself took charge of the purchasing department.

She could the more readily do this because she was a dressmaker and had given up her business down town in order to devote her time exclusively to making pretty gowns for the club members and their friends. Thus she is in the clubhouse by day and night, and can keep sharp watch over things in general.

The members must be unmarried, or else widows without small children. The age limit is from eighteen to forty-five years. There is one person living in the clubhouse who is more than forty-five. This is the sixty-year-old mother of one of the girls, and she is chaperon and coddler for the entire household. This is not a club of old maids, sour or otherwise. The present membership are all under twenty-eight years of age, and are a well-dressed and jolly company. They are stenographers, typewriters, milliners, bookbinders, dressmakers, shoemakers and so on.

They have plenty of friends, and sweethearts, too. The best proof of that is that one of their number was married just last week. Cupid evidently fears such schemes as the Jane Club, for he has wrought much havoc in its ranks. He probably thinks it will make girl bachelorhood so attractive that matrimony will look flat, stale and unprofitable beside it. Perhaps he is right. There is, alas! no Jane Club in New York to put in evidence on this point.

The club members entertain as if they were at home, which, in reality, they are. Small dances, informal musicales and occasional receptions do not disturb but enliven the even tenor of the Jane Club's way. Naturally enough, the next thing to record is that other Chicago young women, before whose envious eyes the Jane Club has sprung up and flourished, are about to organize more clubs of the same pattern. The spectacle of a large household, whose members share and share alike in the expenses and the benefits, and among whom there are no wrangles, no quarrels, no fights, no jealousies, but where all things are as merry as the marriage bell occasionally heard therein—such a spectacle is an example whose light might shine even as far as New York.

## Just a Matter of Duty.

Chicago Record.

The next time you happen to see two girls kiss each other just watch and notice how they do it. It is a very interesting study, and you will be surprised to discover how many hundreds of methods there are of kissing. A girl usually kisses another girl because she feels that it is her duty, and one of the things she can't evade. Sometimes she does it when there's a man around, for it is well to set him a good example. Once in a while, though, she kisses her friend beause she likes her.

The most popular fashion is to make a hurried dive and both kiss the atmosphere. Kissing on the cheek is considered quite the thing, too, but as for one girl to kiss another girl's mouth—well, it is not to be even thought of. The tender, gentle girl usually puts a hand on either side of her friend's face and presses her lips on the friend's forehead, or maybe her chin or her eyes.

And some girls just press their cheeks together and let it go at that. Most girls consider it a bother, anyway.

## A Lady Manager Robbed.

CHICAGO, Oct. 14.—Mrs. John R. Wilson, of Deadwood, N. D., and a member of the world's fair board of lady managers, is mourning the loss of $5,000 worth of diamonds. She left the jewels in her room at the Palmer House yesterday and to-day they were gone. There is no clew to the thieves.