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SIXTEEN PAGES

Diplomacy is not the administration's strong point. By the way, what is?

This is not a good year for re-establishing monarchies and restoring queens.

Grover Cleveland is the Don Quixote of diplomacy and Secretary Gresham is his Sancho Panza.

Tammany's own newspaper, America, got its thrust at the anti-Tammany President when it referred to his message as a model of studious condensation.

When nobody has any confidence in business and neither gives nor asks credit, a national bankruptcy law would be "an innocuous desuetude," so to speak.

The men whom the President will regard as his deadliest enemies are those who "worked" him with the fake that Judge Gresham was a natural born diplomate.

The administration is in much the same predicament with regard to the Hawaiian affair as the man who caught a wolf by the ears—afraid to hold and afraid to let go.

Suppose the provisional government of Hawaii, in order to "right a great wrong," should instruct its minister to demand of Mr. Cleveland his immediate resignation. Wonder what he would do?

Governor Waite, of Colorado, would have the country believe that his foes are plotting to kidnap him. His only danger of being kidnaped is from the irrepressible and conscienceless freak-seeker for Eastern dime museums.

How would Paramount Blount do for minister to Italy? True, he did not contribute $50,000 to the campaign fund, but he showed so much zeal in doing the dirty work he was sent to do at Honolulu that the administration owes him some reward.

The Monticello (Ind.) Herald says that during the war Senator Turple delivered a speech at that town in which he characterized the pending conflict as "an unholy war," and said "The men who had lost legs or arms in the service would some day be telling people they lost them in a threshing machine."

The grip, which has again reached us, is only one of the evils which come to us from Europe. It is very bad in London again, and is on the increase. A tariff or immigration law which would keep it out would be very popular. Still, it is not as dangerous as the influx of tens of thousands of immigrants who can live on a crust of bread and hive in cellars.

Almost every board of trade and commercial organization in the United States has petitioned Congress to pass a bill providing for a uniform system of bankruptcy. The Torrey bill was carefully guarded in the interest of debtors as well as creditors. It had been before Congress nearly five years, and its passage was desired by intelligent business men throughout the country. Yet when it came to a test vote the Southern Democratic members jumped on it with both feet and killed it in no time.

Mr. W. D. Howells explains that one reason why some modern novelists seem less popular that those of a generation ago is that in these days most novels are published as magazine serials before they are issued in book form. Consequently, many people read them who do not buy the books, and the editions of the latter are proportionately small. The argument seems sound until the case of one Charles Dickens is recalled. Dickens first issued his marvelous tales in serial form, but this circumstance is not known to have affected the later sales of his books to any great extent.

The latest news from Honolulu, to Nov. 14, shows that the declaration of the administration's policy had reached there, and while it caused much excitement it did not at all affect the solidity of the provisional government. As predicted by the Journal, that government respectfully declined to dissolve on the suggestion of Minister Willis, and at last accounts were holding the fort as securely as ever. It also appears that the Queen declined to accept a restoration unless she was assured of the armed support of the United States. Wise Queen! There is nothing left for the administration but to back clear down, deny everything and prove an alibi.

San Francisco papers protest a trifle too much. Instead of letting the outside world take it for granted that all they have formerly said about California's "glorious climate" is gospel truth, they indulge in columns of statistics and elaborate calculations, based on the weather reports of the past, to prove that the weather for the midwinter fair will be all that heart of man can desire. To add to the suspicions engendered by this are paragraphs elsewhere in the same papers complaining of the heavy rains. However, it seems likely that the fair will be a great success, as, in spite of the hard times, no expense and pains are being spared to make it attractive. No elaborate architecture is attempted as in Chicago, but great efforts are being made to secure the finest exhibits possible.

THE CITY AND ITS NEEDY POOR.

Indianapolis has for some reason suddenly become an objective point for outside charity. One day comes the report that some benevolent Nimrod from up country has shot eleven rabbits which he will send to the poor of Indianapolis; another day is heard an affecting story of how a "Little Sunbeam" society over in Ohio somewhere has gone without candy for a month and saved its pennies for the benefit of starving children in Indianapolis. How the impression that this city is in need of outside aid gained circulation it is difficult to say, though it is probable that the too zealous correspondents of distant newspapers, in their effort to make "good reading," have exaggerated the facts brought out through relief meetings and other movements of local charity. The truth is that Indianapolis has made no calls on outsiders for aid in taking care of its unemployed people. It has no need to ask for such aid, nor is it likely to have. There is distress among a certain class of its citizens, and before the winter is over that distress is likely to extend to a greater number, but there is reason to believe that in the worst which threatens to befall the city will be able to provide for its own. Certainly it can do so if the proper public spirit is aroused and a united effort made. Indications are at present that people who can give are ready to respond freely. The chief trouble lies in the danger of too promiscuous and unsystematic giving. If all the needy are to be adequately cared for it will require the most careful expenditures under a united management. There should be no chance for the waste of a dollar, but such waste will inevitably follow disbursements by individuals and societies working at cross purposes. The necessity for centralization in the bestowal of charity will be discussed at the meeting called by the Commercial Club for to-morrow night, and it will be well for all who are interested in the relief work to give heed to the plans and ideas there set forth. The Commercial Club has undertaken to do this work in a systematic way, and it is essential that it should have the co-operation of the citizens and of other organizations in order to make its labors effective. Indianapolis, in common with the rest of the country, shares in the industrial depression, but in some respects it has less to complain of than other cities. For one thing its laboring population has, as a class, saved money, and a majority of the people have homes of their own, so that the number wholly destitute is comparatively small, while of professional paupers there are few compared with the numbers found in other towns of the size.

In a business way Indianapolis has withstood the pressure better than many places—a statement proved by the fact that relief work began months ago in Eastern cities, while here the need for it has but lately developed. Indianapolis people must give, and give freely, but if all will do their share there will be no occasion for outside charity. In this connection it may be said that working men so lucky as to have employment should contribute their proportion to the aid of their less fortunate associates. No one with a dollar that can be spared should consider himself exempt from a duty to his suffering fellow-citizens. With the duty accepted cheerfully by all the burden will not fall too heavily upon any one class, and the city can have the satisfaction of caring for its own household.

HAIR AND BRAINS.

Since the time when Samson was shorn of his luxuriant locks by the guileful Delilah and came to grief thereby, it has been understood that an intimate though mysterious relation existed between hair and physical prowess. This is illustrated anew in modern times by the flowing mane of football players, the teams with the most "tously" heads ranking highest in popular esteem. But, while the Samson idea is accepted, it is not altogether a new thought that there is a close connection between the thatch of the head and the intellect which disports itself beneath. Educational authorities recognized this some years ago when the fashion of bangs was first adopted by female pupils. In more than one school bangs were forbidden on the theory that they interfered with the proper development of mind, though whether the minds supposed to be affected belonged to the owners of the bangs or those of susceptible professors and male students who gazed upon them was never made quite clear. At all events, it was held that educational interests demanded that the brows of the young women be unadorned by fringed or curling locks and presented to the public in all the bareness of unembellished intellect. It is true that the behests of the authorities amounted to nothing and that the bang has flourished for these many years, in school and out, and has waved successful defiance to all unfavorable edicts; but the defeated educators have the unanswerable argument in their support that, though young women have advanced intellectually in spite of the bang, there is no telling how much greater their progress might have been had the dome of thought not been veiled so completely. But, though routed in one direction, the pedagogic conviction in the direct influence of hair upon brains has not been destroyed. It is manifested again in Winona, Minn., where thirty students have been suspended from the Normal School for parting their hair in the middle. Presumably these are male students, since if thirty young women were to vary their custom and elect to part their hair instead of banging it, academic tradition would require that they be encouraged in the act. The same traditions, shared to some extent by the outside populace, include a prejudice against a parting in the middle of the masculine head. This feeling, however, has not had official expression for some time, owing, perhaps, to the manner in which the educational fraternity was "done up" in the fight against bangs. What has given new life to the objection is not stated in the Winona dispatch. Whether the professors of that institution have, by scientific experiment, proved beyond doubt that the male brain will not safely endure this even division of its outer covering, and that, to be properly balanced, a parting must be made on one side—whether this or whether the recent Van Alen episode has convinced them anew that a tendency to imbecility is inevitably associated with hair parted in the middle, is left for the world to surmise. The fact remains that war has been declared upon the practice, and it is now to be seen whether history will repeat itself and an even parting become the rule in face of opposition, even as feminine bangs won in a similar fight. And if the young men tamely succumb and sacrifice the central parting, will they not prove themselves inferior in firmness of principle and in staying powers to their sisters? More important questions are involved in the Winona affair than are apparent at first sight.

TRYING TO SAVE INDIANAPOLIS.

Information has come to the Journal through a private but direct and trustworthy source that the ladies of a missionary society in Andover, Mass., are prayerfully and laboriously engaged in the preparation of a missionary box to be sent to Indianapolis. Every one who has had the privilege of inspecting a missionary box knows that it contains a collection of articles, mostly in the line of clothing. Usually a large part of the contents consists of garments in that state of repair which unfits them for use by the original owners, but which are quite good enough to be given away in the name of the Lord. The other pieces of apparel are constructed of new material by the fair hands of the society members, and are apt to be fearfully and wonderfully made. Whether the Andover box is of the regulation sort is not known, nor does it matter. A gift box should not be looked in the mouth, or words to that effect; the spirit of the donors is the main thing, and this, in the case under consideration, appears to be all right. From time out of mind women's missionary societies have sewed for the heathen; they have sent flannel petticoats to the South Africans, trousers to the trouserless Fiji islanders, and their hats of year before last to the Indians of the far Northwest. They were animated by the amiable desire to keep the Africans and the Fijis warm and the Indians from being sunstruck, but their pious primary purpose was to put these benighted creatures in a condition to be saved. They knew very well that while a naked heathen might be snatched by a missionary as a brand from the burning, the plan of salvation could make no permanent impression upon him until he was clothed in the garments of civilization. Obviously, then, it was their duty to supply petticoats and "pants" as an aid to the work of evangelization. Obviously, also, a missionary box was sent only where the missionary himself found a field. Naturally, therefore, the missionary box for Indianapolis must necessarily be accompanied by a missionary to labor with the heathen here and to distribute the clothes where they will do most good. It is but right to inform the Andover ladies that, owing to the climate and the westward march of civilization, a considerable part of the Indianapolis population already wears clothes, and the demands upon their resouces will not be as great as might otherwise be the case. As to the prospect of taming and refining those of the natives who still "chase the antelope over the plain" and go about in skins, it is not hopeless, though too much must not be expected as an immediate result of wearing Andover and made-over clothes. It may also be well to suggest to the ladies if they hold to that side of the celebrated "Andover question" which maintains that a heathen in darkness is not in danger of losing his soul everlastingly until the narrow way to heaven is pointed out and he rejects it—it may be well to suggest that in such event they assume a heavy and solemn responsibility in offering enlightenment and possible perdition to Indianapolis savages.

But there is no doubt that these ladies mean well. They can be pictured sitting in sewing circle in their snug parlor and casting their imaginations forth in the direction of far-off Indianapolis, as one garment after another goes into the box. Their fancies are vague, for they have never penetrated in person to this wild Western frontier. Some of them have been to Springfield, Mass., a few have ventured as far west as Albany, N. Y., while one or two actually thought of going to Chicago last summer, but gave it up. Still, though they do not know us they love and desire to rescue us. Let them send on their missionary box, and let us be grateful. How can we, though we are heathen, refuse to be glad? The very idea of the proposed gift is enough to bring tears of joy to the eyes of the bronze "Indiana" on the monument and to cause the eagle in her hair to flap its wings and shriek.

ALARMING ANARCHIST ACTIVITY.

A week ago the Anarchists and their allies, the Socialists, turned out in such numbers in London as to hold the police in check for a time. They have recently been guilty of cowardly crimes in Spain. Indeed, in all Europe, in one form or another, they have displayed an unusual activity, coupled with an unusual ferocity. Yesterday they exploded a dynamite bomb in the hall of the French Assembly, wounding if not killing two or more members. Of late the leaders of the conspiracy against law and organized society have been having their pernicious literature printed in English, German, French, Italian and Russian, and scattered as wide as it has been possible. A few weeks ago an attempt was made to have all European governments combine to hunt the bloodthirsty leaders to death, but Great Britain objected. It must be evident that the time has come when the governments of all civilized peoples must unite to hunt these foes of society down as they united to drive piracy from the high seas and to break up the African slave trade. The danger is now imminent, because governments and people have never appreciated the power of a few leading Anarchists for evil. They would not throw a bomb or blow up a building, but they have advocated it as means of destroying existing conditions. The unbalanced intellects are the ready disciples of such men and are frenzied to do the crimes which these leaders declare to be necessary to relieve the masses from slavery. There are to-day several periodicals published in this country which teach anarchy. There are men making addresses nearly every week who advocate bloody revolution unless they can get their so-called rights by other means. The time has come when such periodicals should be squelched and their publishers should be confined for the same reason and for really greater cause that maniacs are kept in places of security. Then there is a class of men, some of them with good intentions, but most of them gain-seeking or notoriety-hungering demagogues, who may be said to be teachers in the kindergarten and primary grades of anarchy. They are the men who declare that all the rich are more or less robbers, and that the masses are slaves who have been robbed by those who are rich. These men warp weak minds, making them cranks, who, as they develop, become eager disciples of the full-fledged Anarchist.

A GRAVE QUESTION OF VERACITY.

A New York dispatch, published yesterday, asserts, upon authority of Archbishop Corrigan, that he knows nothing of the bill which, it has been announced, will be presented to the Legislature of that State providing for transferring to parochial schools a portion of the public school money. That prelate is further reported as declaring that he does not approve of it, regards the movement "most unwise," and does not know of a bishop within his jurisdiction who approves it. There can be no more emphatic denial and yet there can be no doubt that a number of Catholic laymen have not only canvassed such a project, but have framed a bill and are securing signers to a monster petition to accompany it. The following is an abstract of the bill:

Any individual or association, incorporated or otherwise, having established a school for the free education of youth which shall have been in existence one year, with no less than fifty pupils in regular attendance, and shall have passed a satisfactory inspection and examination by the State or local school officers, shall be entitled to receive from the State, county or city, each year, a share of all school moneys now apportioned to the public schools under the same provisions by which moneys are now distributed to cities, townships and districts. Such sums shall be paid annually from time to time, provided that the pupils of any such school shall have passed an examination satisfactory to the school officers. Such appropriation of money shall apply only to primary and grammar schools, or schools in which the course of study is substantially equal to that in use for the public schools.

It will be seen that the foregoing bill would apply to all sorts of associations which should comply with the requirements of the law, religious or irreligious. If a minority in any portion of a city or township should become dissatisfied with school management, it could, at the end of a year, if its school numbered fifty pupils, demand a share of the school money. It is not only a plot to have church schools supported at the public expense, but to weaken and eventually destroy the present American school system.

The leader in this movement in New York is one Dr. Michael Walsh, editor of the Sunday Democrat, a paper which dispenses to its patrons Roman Catholic theology and Democratic politics in a manner which will subserve the interests of both in general, but of the Democratic party in particular. During the past week Dr. Walsh has been interviewed regarding the purposes of the instigators of the movement to press the bill. In that interview, in response to a question as to the attitude of the church authorities toward the measure, he said:

The fact is that the archbishop and the priests of the State are afraid to come out openly in the matter and say they want the bill. They will leave this matter to the laymen of the church—men who do not care if it is looked upon as a political matter. It is political, more or less, and some of the politicians will be apt to find it out before the agitation is ended, in my belief. The Catholic vote is large enough in this State, as well as in this country, to hold the balance of power. Yet because of the fear of the clergy to mix in politics that vote does not assert itself as it should when such a matter as this one now under consideration is before the public. The Catholic clergy has not attempted to assert itself as a power, as the Protestant clergy has done when a matter affecting them is at issue.

Dr. Walsh is very certain that those whom he calls the politicians are already much disturbed over the matter, and declares it to be the purpose of himself and his coadjutors to force them to meet the issue. He went on to say that similar petitions for a like law have been circulated at the doors of the Catholic churches in England, and were signed by thousands. "In England," he says, "the Catholics have said to the Gladstonites, 'Grant us our prayer and help our parish schools or we will vote against you.'" He declares that the Catholics will get some sort of a vote upon the bill in the New York Legislature as "an instructive record for them in the future." In regard to the Catholic clergy in this country, Dr. Walsh says:

No matter what they may say for publication they are as anxious to see this bill passed as are the members of their parishes who cannot well bear the expense of the double taxation.

This interesting and very frank avowal to the American people which this foe of the American school system makes for himself and associates, closes as follows:

I may say that the bill has been approved at Rome, where my ideas on the subject have been approved by the cardinals and clergy, by the leading bishops in England, Ireland and all English speaking countries, as well as by some of the most noted prelates of France and Germany. It has also been submitted to and practically approved by the leading clergy and the most prominent men in the Catholic Church in this country.

Here is a question of veracity between Archbishop Corrigan and one of his laymen who publishes a paper, presumably with his sanction, upon a subject of the highest interest to the American people. If this editor of a paper devoted to the fortunes of Tammany Hall and ostensibly to the interests of the Catholic Church, is using the latter with a view of strengthening the former, the archbishop of New York should at once denounce the plot.

It is stated on the authority of private dispatches received in New York that the papal delegate, Mgr. Satolli, will return to Rome soon, preparatory to receiving the red hat of the cardinalate. This has long been the goal of his ambition, but he has feared he might miss it through the death of the Pope, who is liable to drop off almost any time. On the other hand, however, it is said the Pope, with friendly foresight, has guarded against such a contingency by placing Satolli's name on the reserved list, which has been read to the cardinals at a secret consistory, and once a name is read and reserved in this manner by any Pope, his successor is bound to confer the red hat on the person so named. It is said that if the cardinals and bishops could have their way there would be no successor to Mgr. Satolli appointed, but as the Pope favors it he is likely to have his way.

The officers of the American League for the Protection of American Institutions, the membership of which embraces many of the ablest and best known men in the country, have issued a circular calling attention to the movement in New York in favor of a division of the school funds. The present purpose of the league is to have an amendment added to the Constitution of the United States which reads as follows:

No State shall pass any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or use its property or credit, or any money raised by taxation, or authorize either to be used, for the purpose of founding, maintaining or aiding, by appropriation, payment for services, expenses, or otherwise, any church, religious denomination or religious society, or any institution, society or undertaking which is wholly, or in part, under sectarian or ecclesiastical control.

The league will ask the forthcoming constitutional convention of New York to submit to the people, for a separate vote, an amendment prohibiting sectarian appropriations, thus removing all cause of future controversy in that State. If the foregoing proposition could be added to the Constitution of the United States, religious controversy would be eliminated from political issues.

Several times a year for many years the correspondents in Europe who imagine that they are directing the affairs of the old world and settling the fates of nations have had us on the eve of a general war, and yet there has not been a very general war in Europe since that of the Crimea. The latest prophet of war is Poultney Bigelow, who communicates to the world that Russia is preparing to take Constantinople. He knows all about it because he has been in Germany, and has just returned to London, and he knows that Russia is just wicked enough to seize Constantinople, because the Russian authorities would not permit him to go canoeing the rivers of the Czar. Nevertheless, in spite of Mr. Bigelow's confidence in the purpose of Russia, there are those who will not believe that Russia and France will undertake a policy which would array Germany, Great Britain, Austria, Italy and Turkey against the Czar.

Here is what Mr. Cleveland said about civil service reform:

Beneath all the vagaries and sublimated theories which are attracted to it, there underlies this reform a sturdy common sense principle, not only suited to this mundane sphere, but whose application our people are more and more recognizing to be absolutely essential to the most successful operation of their government, if not to its perpetuity.

It is fortunate for Mr. Cleveland that a candidate for President does not have to undergo an examination in English style.

Theodore D. Weld, almost the last of the great anti-slavery agitators, celebrated his ninetieth birthday a few days ago at his home near Boston. Among others present was Gen. Henry B. Carrington, formerly a resident of this city, but now of Boston. He read a paper on the occasion, of which a correspondent of The Critic gives the following account:

"It was a picturesque scene," said Gen. Carrington, smiling in recollection as he spoke, "when Mr. Weld saw me about to carry out my little arrangement. I rose and said I was going to read an account of an incident which occurred before the war, and which was undoubtedly new to every one. I then read a fiery and fascinating address descriptive of a band of negroes who refused to risk their lives to save the sons of their masters from a watery grave, although they were offered large sums of money if they obeyed and were threatened with the whip if they refused, but who, immediately after they were told that liberty would be the reward of every slave who manned the boats and went to the rescue, sprang to the oars, and pushed out into the waves without hesitation. Two boats were swamped, every man perishing, but this did not deter a third boatload from venturing their lives for liberty. As I began to read Mr. Weld's eye kindled, and as I continued he rose in his chair and with faltering voice exclaimed: 'Where did you get that? I have heard that before.' And then, as he tried to recall its origin, I said: 'That is the address upon the Love of Liberty which you yourself delivered, at Cincinnati, fifty-nine years ago. No one knew until recently that it was preserved, and I have now the pleasure of reading it verbatim.'"

General Carrington explained to me how he obtained the article. It seems that a young student in the audience at Cincinnati was so struck with the address that he took notes as he went along and kept them on file. This student, Joseph P. Tuttle, afterwards became president of Wabash College, Ind., and now lives in Crawfordsville.

Now that Harvard Annex has ceased to be an annex, but has become a regularly incorporated part of Harvard, its name will be changed to "Radcliffe College." It is a long journey back to the original owner of this name. While seaching the records to learn the name of the first woman to make a gift of money to the new college in the colonies, it was found that, in 1640, Dame Moulson, whose maiden name was Anne Radcliffe, sent £100 sterling across the sea for its benefit; consequently, at this late day this long departed lady is given an honor she never dreamed of and probably would not, in her time, have appreciated. A college for women would, no doubt, have seemed very shocking to the good dame's mind, but, perhaps, she is more enlightened now.

The alarming announcement is made in the Chicago papers that all the prominent productions of the Midway Plaisance were reproduced one night last week by the Young Ladies' Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, at Evanston. And this, while the New York police are declaring the danse du ventre, one of the leading Midway attractions, entirely too improper for that somewhat rapid town!

Editor W. T. Stead has accepted a challenge from Mrs. H-l-n G-g-r to engage in a public discussion on the causes of poverty and crime and other social problems. If editor Stead only realized that discretion was the better part of valor he would abandon his rash contract and make a bee-line for the other side, leaving H-l-n to have it all her own way.

There is said to be a great increase of stuttering in Germany, there being now 80,000 stuttering school children. Has it occurred to anybody to effect a cure by teaching them a less jawbreaking language, English for instance?

Five hundred and two of the 622 students at Wellesley College have put themselves on record as favoring woman suffrage. And one of the professors says: "If Massachusetts wishes her women to cease to want what belongs to them as intelligent citizens, she should legislate that college girls shall not study past politics or present history."

A Chicago paper heads a leading article, "Thoughts About Money." There is no necessity for reading it. We all have them.

BUBBLES IN THE AIR.

A Covert Threat.

Tommy—You know what a bad boy Billy Biggs is?

Mr. Figg—Yep.

Tommy—Well, his father is going to get him a sled that's jist out of sight.

A Well-Matched Pair.

"That is a wonderfully bright dog of Timmins's. Can do almost everything but talk."

"That makes them a pretty good team. Timmins can do nothing but talk."

Kindly Advice.

"Here, I've got a proposition to make the ground plan for a sugar refinery," said the architect, "and I am willing to admit that I don't know the first thing about the arrangement of it."

"Neither do I," replied his clerk, "but I might suggest that the rooms be arranged en suite."

The Fault of It.

Skriblet—I don't see what is the matter with this story. I have sent it to a dozen magazines and they all refused it.

Wright—Lemme see. You laid the improbable plot of it about a hundred years ahead, didn't you?

"Yes."

"Well, that's what's the matter with it. That would be about the time they would wish to print it if it were accepted."

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS.

Mr. Moody feels that his six months' labors in Chicago were well spent. He says that "God has blessed the work with immediate results" and it gives "promise of a hundred-fold increase as the days go by."

Mr. Lewis Rice, of Frederick, Me., has collected sufficient money to place a suitable monument over the grave of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star-spangled Banner." A flat marble slab now marks the place where he lies in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Washington.

The Gould boys never miss an opportunity to care for their own interests. Edwin Gould is going to exchange New York for Tarrytown as a place of residence. By this move Mr. Gould as one of the executors of his father's estate will annually save a personal property tax of $182,000, and of $1,820 on the $100,000, at which his own personal property is valued.

Mrs. Livermore tells how it happened that Lucy Stone abandoned the bloomer costume. After she had married, whenever she walked on the street with her husband she would be followed by a crowd of ragamuffins, who would shout: "Here they come; here they come." At last Mr. Blackwell told her that it was a crucifixion that was unnecessary; and so, for his sake, she resumed the usual dress.

Smoking during official hours in the Interior Department at Washington is to be prohibited in future. The smoking nuisance, it is said, has become the question of the hour with Mr. Hoke Smith, and, next to Senator Gordon's boom for the next senatorial term, it is the one thing which Mr. Smith desires to see knocked out. Hereafter clerks in that department must decide between their pipes and their situations.

This story of the late master of Balliol is told by G. W. Smalley in his New York Tribune letter. A student was "sent down" for failure to pass an examination in Greek. His mother called to see Dr. Jowett, and gave her son the best of characters, closing with the pious irrelevance that "he will always have the consolations of religion, and there is always one book to which he can turn." Dr. Jowett eyed her benignly and answered: "Yes, madam—the Greek grammar. Good evening."

Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria is a strong-minded young woman. She is in love with a moneyless young baron in the Austrian army named Seafried. Her parents have endeavored to quench her love, but it is unavailing. It is now said that Princess Elizabeth has prevailed upon her grandfather, Francis Joseph, of Austria, to raise her lover to the title of count and present him with a castle in Austria. The result will be that if she marries Baron Seafried he will in time become one of the princes of the empire.

An English woman says that the woman suffrage question in Great Britain reminds her of what a Sussex farmer once said to her. He had a tall, old-fashioned clock which pointed twenty minutes to 4 and struck 2. "Now," said the farmer, triumphantly, "nobody but me understands that clock. Nobody else knows that when it points twenty minutes to 4 and strikes 2 it's really half past 5!" "What we need," declared the woman suffragist, "is a Sussex farmer to tell us what politicians mean when they point twenty to 4 and strike 2."

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

The poetry business is not very remunerative, but quite exhilarating.—Atlanta Constitution.

That "intense feeling of responsibility" will be the death of Cleveland yet.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

There are four seasons in Chicago—rain, snow, slush and smoke; but the greatest of these are all four of them.—Chicago Mail.

Teacher—What happened when the man killed the goose that laid the golden egg? Dick Hicks—His goose was cooked.—Brooklyn Life.

It is to be hoped that the Prendergast case will not haunt Chicago as long as the Cronin tragedy has done.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

There is a rumor that the Rev. Joseph Cook has concluded to abandon the lecture platform and let the world go headlong to its doom.—Kansas City Star.

"When something is very difficult to understand," said a distinguished professor of biology, "it is called science; when it is impossible it is called philosophy."

The President's oracular platitudes fell upon the wearied public ear with the rattling sound of chestnuts upon the dried leaves of autumn.—Trenton Gazette.

New York has suppressed the danse du ventre, not that New York really objects to the dance, but in order to show the utter vileness of Chicago.—Kansas City Journal.

Mr. Cleveland sent in a message. And the next day it snowed.—Baltimore American. No wonder it snowed. Everything has gone wrong since the 4th of March.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Dinks—What did that reporter say when you told him that in the duels you have witnessed there were over forty principals and sixty seconds? Danks—Nothing; just made a minute of it.—Buffalo Courier.

LITERARY NOTES.

Senator Dawes has written for the Century a paper on "The Garfield-Conling-Blaine Controversy."

"The Light of Asia," Sir Edwin Arnold's famous poem, has recently been translated into Russian blank verse.

A number of the unpublished letters of S. T. Coleridge will appear in the pages of the Atlantic during the coming year.

The most successful novels of the season in England, to-wit, "Dodo" and "The Heavenly Twins," are both the work of amateurs in literature.

Another surprise to the world is a new work by Charles Lamb, the MS. of which is now in the hands of the Scribners. It has been in this country since 1858, and is called "Cupid's Revenge."

Jane Campbell is the editor of the new monthly entitled Woman's Progress, published in Philadelphia. The magazine is devoted to the advancement of women in literature, science, art education and politics.

Canon Kingsley's daughter, Mrs. Harrison ("Lucas Malet") has written a story whose title consists of the last five words of the Psalmist's appeal, "Save my soul from the lion, and my darling from the power of the dog."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. issue a more elaborate Holiday Bulletin than ever before. It fills forty large octavo pages, twenty of which are given to descriptions of new books—especially of "The Autocrat," "Deep Haven," and other illustrated gift books—pictures from these and other volumes, with portraits of several well-known authors. The remaining pages are devoted to classified lists of books of essays, fiction, history, biography, travel, etc., selected from the catalogue of this house.

A monthly magazine is soon to emanate from the University of Chicago. It will be called the Lakeside. The faculty of the university contains many writers, such as Professors Von Holst and Laughlin, who would be welcome contributors in any publication of this sort.

The Scribners have secured the new novel which J. M. Barre has written, and it will first be published as a serial in their magazine. The only hint as to what it is like comes in the guise of an opinion that it will be found "one of the most original books in English fiction."

Mrs. James T. Field is entertaining at her home in Boston a granddaughter of the King of Belgium, who is known in private life as Mme. Blanc. Under the pseudonym of "Th. Bentzon" she is known to the literary public as a translator of American books into French, her work in this line having done much to popularize American writers in France.

Mrs. Helen Campbell, whose ill health for two years past has prevented much of her usual work, has now fully recovered, and has gone to Madison, Wis., for some special work in the School of Economics under Dr. Richard T. Ely, as well as to take part in the university extension course of the University of Wisconsin, in which she is entered as a lecturer on woman's work and wages.

A NEW AND DEADLY PROJECTILE.

The Destroyer Carries Out a Supply of Justin Dynamite Shells.

New York Mail and Express.

The Destroyer, now rechristened the Pirating, is all ready to leave port in tow of the Santuit, to rendezvous with the other vessels of the new Brazilian fleet at some point in the Windward islands. The Pirating will carry a quantity of the most terribly destructive projectiles known to modern warfare, and which have never yet, in fact, seen the actual test of war. These consist of a supply of armor-piercing Justin projectiles for the four and seven-tenths caliber Hotchkiss guns on the Nictheroy and America.

These shells were manufactured for the Brazilian government by the Justin Projectile Company of Syracuse, N. Y. They are made of the best crucible steel, forged and tempered, and are capable of penetrating five inches of steel armor. The shells are filled with dynamite, and each is provided with a base-delayed-action impact fuse, which insures its explosion after passing through the ship's side. Unlike the Zalinski model, the Justin shells do not require the cumbrous and unwieldy air guns, but are so designed that they may be fired from any gun without the slightest danger.

The guns from which these shells are to be fired from the most effective armament on the ships, giving, as they do, a muzzle velocity of 2,100 feet per second and a striking energy of 1,370 foot tons. The frightfully destructive effects of shells carrying bursting charges of high explosives, when exploded inside a war vessel is known from actual experiment by France and England upon condemned ironclads.

Should the expected naval battle between the rival fleets take place, it will be the first time that high explosive shells have been fired from powder guns in actual warfare.

Too Willing.

Detroit Free Press.

"Dear me," he whispered, "do you think if I married you your father would ever forgive us?"

"I'm sure he would, dear," she asserted, softly.

"And would he give us a house of our own?"

"I know he would, dearest."

"And would he give us enough to live beautifully on?"

"I'm sure of it, Harry."

"And would he take me into the firm?"

"Certainly, he would."

"And let me run the business to suit myself?"

"Of course he would, darling."

She snuggled to his bosom, but he put her aside coldly.

"I can never marry you," he said, hoarsely. "Your father is too willing to get you off his hands."

He Hadn't Trained Her.

Dorothy Maddox, in Philadelphia Inquirer.

She kissed him right in the mouth. I felt so sorry for the man, as I do when a woman insists upon clinging in daylight to his arm. The horse-car passengers were, as they always are, on the qui vive for amusement and they got it. I wondered that this masculine hadn't trained the little woman to less pronounced methods. Madam might have been starting for a trip around the world, so impressive was her good-bye. I fancy, however, she was only off on a shopping tour. Think of it and she was so pretty, and such a sensible-seeming body, but she hadn't learned the wisdom of carrying her heart somewhere beside on her sleeve for horse-car daws to peck at.

A Moral Lesson.

Chicago Tribune.

After leading carefully up to the subject the teacher of the class in the Waifs' Mission Sunday school felt confident that he had made an impression on Snub-Nosed Mike, the bootblack.

"And now, Mike," he said, adapting his style of talk to the vocabulary of the class, "what sort of kids do you think go to heaven?"

"Dead ones," answered Snub-Nosed Mike, solemnly.

And the moral lesson ended right there.

A Good Guess.

Detroit Free Press.

Another one of Detroit's nimrods home from a hunting expedition is denying the story, but it is true.

He had been out all morning with a boy, who had seen him shoot several times before, and the birds had kept at such a distance that he couldn't get a shot.

"Well," he exclaimed in disgust after awhile, "I never saw birds so shy."

"I guess they don't know it's you, sir," remarked the boy, and went plunging right ahead through the field.

Those Heavy Sermons.

Detroit Tribune.

"If you make me a present this coming Christmas," said the parson with some asperity, "I really hope you will select something else than a paper weight. It cost $12 to transport my present supply when we moved last spring, and besides I never used one in my life."

"No, I suppose you never have, dear," replied his wife, patiently, "you really don't need them, do you."

A Bit of Mark Twain's Philosophy.

The Century.

There is no character, howsoever good and fine, but it can be destroyed by ridicule, howsoever poor and witless. Observe the ass, for instance; his character is about perfect, he is the choicest spirit among all the humbler animals, yet see what ridicule has brought him to. Instead of feeling complimented when we are called an ass, we are left in doubt.

The End of the Century Girl.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Miss Innocent—Have you seen the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray?"

Miss Fly—Yes, I saw it in New York.

Miss Innocent—Was it good?

Miss Fly—Well, it's one of those sort of plays that one wouldn't care about bringing one's mother to see, don't you know.

What She Wished.

Washington Star.

"Dear me," said the girl with black snappy eyes, "I wish I was a football player."

"What do you mean?" asked her mother, aghast.

"Just what I say. I wish I was a football player, and that hateful, snippy little Sallie Giggles was on the other side."

His Theory.

Boston Transcript.

"And when you told her she was the prettiest woman in the world, you think she believed you?" "Oh, dear, no. Had she believed me, she never could have any regard for my intellect. She knew I was lying, and also knew that I must think a good deal of her to tell such a whopper."

The World Grows No Better.

Chicago Tribune.

"If Theodore Thomas is a musician," said Banks, "why is it that nobody ever saw him play a cornet, for instance?"

"He doesn't have to," said Rivers. "He can always find some subs to toot."

The Floral Cipher.

Life.

She—I am not up in the language of flowers. What did that bunch of Jacqueminots mean that you sent me?

He—I don't get the translation from the florist until the end of the month.

Thanks to Adam.

Mark Twain.

Whoever has lived long enough to find out what life is knows how deep a debt of gratitude we owe to Adam, the first great benefactor of our race. He brought death into the world.