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Those papers which are using editorial space in advising ex-Speaker Reed not to accept the candidacy for Vice President could turn it to better use by devoting it to interesting miscellany.

Aguinaldo's prediction that he will be in Manila within twenty days may come true. He has not yet shown any disposition to perish on the "far-flung battle line," consequently he may accept the forced hospitality of Gen. Otis.

Because a clergyman who has had some experience says that the presence of war ships and other evidences of national power make conditions in benighted lands more favorable for the work of the missionary, anti-expansion organs fly into a pet and accuse him of advocating a "Gatlingized Christianity."

The managers of the Jeffersonian dollar dinner in New York are bragging loudly of how much the guests are to get for their money. If it is a mere feed they are after, and not a flow of soul—and free silver politics—why not have a barbecue after the Kentucky and Shelbyville (Ind.) fashion? The guests could get more to eat for even less money.

The Aguinaldo organs remind the American people every day that our army cannot expect to subdue their favorite because the Spanish have not been able to bring the Filipinos under subjection in one hundred years. They are making the same mistake as their George Washington of the Philippines by putting American soldiers and leaders on a level with Spanish troops and officers.

The whites in Little River county, Arkansas, are said to regard the verdict of the coroner's jury to the effect that the lynched negroes "died from natural causes or were frozen to death" as a fine joke. It may be such in that country, but in time the people who laugh at oath-breaking by a coroner's jury will find that other jurors will fall into the habit of violating oaths when it will not be so funny.

One Major Lamar Fontaine has discovered the ruins of a prehistoric city in Arkansas which was thirty-five miles long and twenty-five miles wide, and which in its palmy days had a population of not less than 11,000,000 people, but the probability is that the imagination of Major Fontaine has been unduly developed like that of Chairman Jones, who hails from that State, by a too close adhesion to the follies of 16 to 1.

Those newspapers which are disposed to raise a wall over the cruise of the secretary of war on a government ship to Cuban ports should find consolation in the announcement that Mr. Alger sails on a ship which is distributing supplies and that he pays the cost of entertaining his companions, whom he regards as his guests. If this is the "Algerine" method it is an improvement over that of the members of previous Cabinets when on what are called junkets.

The Wisconsin Legislature has passed a bill designed to put an end to the evil of runaway marriages. It provides that five days must elapse between the taking out of the license and the marriage ceremony, and that during that time the license must be kept on file and recorded by the register of deeds of the county where the parties or the bride resides, or, in case the parties do not reside in the State, in the county where the ceremony is to take place. Such a law in every State would put an end to the evils which come from a large part of hasty and clandestine marriages.

Members of the Legislature and others who assisted in procuring the passage of the new local government reform laws have reason to feel gratified that their work is already receiving recognition. Prof. Howard, of Stanford University, a letter from whom is printed in this issue of the Journal, is the highest authority on the subject in the United States, and his suggestion that the new reform measures be styled the Indiana plan is likely to be adopted. It is a good thing for the State to have it advertised in connection with reformatory and progressive movements.

The news from Manila indicates important movements and severe fighting yesterday. As the movement on the part of our forces was general and after full preparation, it was probably intended to deliver a crushing blow to the insurgents. The latter fought with a kind of savage desperation, but they could not withstand the splendid bravery and impetuous advance of our troops, who seem to have carried everything before them. The loss of life is to be regretted, but that is a necessary incident of war, and as peace and stable government in the Philippines can only be had by war the harder the fighting is forced the better.

Philadelphia has been talking for a good many years about establishing a new water supply, but, though complaints of the Schuylkill water were loud, and everybody who used it knew it was unfit to drink, nothing was done. Now there is a typhoid fever epidemic and a renewed agitation in regard to filtering systems, etc., that will probably result in an improvement being made. It will be done, however, at the unnecessary cost of many lives. It seems a pity, when the causes of such epidemics are so well known and might be so easily guarded against, that city officials on whom rests the responsibility of protecting the public cannot be held criminally liable for neglect of duty. In time, perhaps, this will be possible. In connection with this Philadelphia fever scare it is a curious fact that the weekly death report of that city shows a greater number of deaths from consumption and kindred diseases than from typhoid fever, yet there is no indication that the people there are at all concerned about the prevalence of those maladies. Consumption can be prevented, too, medical scientists say, but the public still persists in regarding it as a "visitation of God" and takes no pains to check its ravages. Perhaps the doing away with this modern scourge will be one of the accomplishments of the twentieth century.

OUR DUTY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The New York Evening Post has devoted much of its editorial space within the past few months to abuse of the McKinley administration for its course in retaining possession of the Philippines and to the assertion that the Filipinos are even more capable of self-government than are Americans. Either the editor is off duty temporarily or the different departments of the paper fail to pull together, for a letter from a Manila correspondent which knocks the foundation from under all its arguments finds place in its columns. This writer explains that after a week of fighting he is enabled to complete his diagnosis of the Filipino character, which he had previously studied through six months of peace and preparation for war. He finds the Filipinos very deceptive in an intellectual way, being quick of apprehension, even precocious in childhood and youth, but not capable of deep cogitation or continued logical thought. "Such a thing as acting upon settled conclusions from logical deductions is not possible to them," he says. All the leaders in the movement for independence are young men scarcely past their majority, and many of Aguinaldo's generals and lesser officers would still be high-school students in this country. There are no wise heads among them to give them pause. "This absence of mature years in their counsels is not due," says the correspondent, "to a wise resolve of the older men to hold aloof from the revolutionary movement, but to the utter absence of wise old men. There seems to be a rapid decadence of intellect among them. The mental alertness of youth is gradually conquered by the instinct of indolence, until, when middle age is reached, ambition is extinct, the fires of youth have burned out, and there is only left a man satisfied to eat and sleep until such time as death may claim him."

Treachery is a universal trait. "The Filipino," the writer continues, "is by inheritance servile, treacherous, possessed of low cunning, and entirely devoid of the sturdy manhood of the Anglo-Saxon. In power he is a tyrant. To one stronger than himself he is a cringing slave. He recognizes the strong hand of authority, but not the voice of reason. His instincts in war are those of the assassin." Cruelty is another of his instincts. "He abuses his animals and has the Indian's pleasure in the mutilation of his enemies."

There is a good deal more to the same effect, and the letter concludes with this paragraph: "Whether a people such as this could conduct a republican form of government successfully, guarantee to all citizens their rights of person and property, respect the laws they themselves enacted and give loyal support to their own government, are questions it scarcely seems necessary to ask."

It is not necessary to ask and has not been asked by anyone familiar with the conditions. Only ill-informed persons and papers antagonistic to the administration have assumed that the Filipinos were capable of self-government. It may be that in thus printing the truth concerning them the Post wished only to show their unfitness to be American citizens in the sense of having a voice in their own government, but in so doing it proves too much. It shows the unsoundness of its own argument that our government should abandon the islands and leave the people to their own devices. Under Spanish rule natives attained a degree of civilization, but with the traits they possess and with all outside influences and restraints removed they would soon revert to savagery. The United States will not make citizens of them, but it will hold them under its control; to do less would be to fail in its duty to the world.

UNITED STATES PRISONS.

Congress at its last session made an appropriation for the construction of a federal prison at Atlanta, Ga., and a representative of the government is now there for the purpose of selecting a site for it. It is somewhat remarkable that the United States government should have allowed more than a century to elapse without establishing a prison for its civil convicts. The only prison it has is the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. It has several jails at military posts, all of which are said to be in wretched condition, but no other prison. Persons convicted for offenses under United States laws, as for robbing mails, violating postal laws, violating internal revenue laws, counterfeiting, etc., are sent to various state prisons. This, however, is only done by consent of the States and as a matter of comity on their part, and has never worked altogether satisfactorily. With the growth of population and consequent increase in the number of crimes against United States laws it has become necessary to have a national prison for that class of convicts, and it will be located at Atlanta.

The establishment of this prison will still leave the federal government without any prison for women. The practice regarding this class of convicts has been the same as with male convicts, namely, to send them to state prisons. But there are obvious objections to this plan. The national government should not put itself in the position of asking favors of this kind from the States, even though it pays its prisoners' board. Besides, only a few States have separate prisons for women, and the national government should not send its women convicts to male prisons. As a matter of fact, however, it does. There are now seven United States prisoners in the woman's prison in this city, five from Kentucky and two from this State. The United States government pays 40 cents a day for the board and clothing of each of these prisoners. They cannot be required to work as other prisoners are, and this makes them rather a demoralizing element. Moreover, the Indiana Prison for Women is now crowded to its utmost capacity, so that the managers have decided to decline any more United States prisoners. They have even declined to receive any more such prisoners from Indiana, giving the preference to state convicts, the number of whom increases from year to year with the population. The situation seems to require a separate United States prison for women, and as the new federal prison for men has been located at Atlanta, why should not a new one for women be located at Indianapolis? Such an institution would be unique among government establishments and could be made a credit and an advertisement for the city. Our senators and representatives might make a move in the matter.

THE NEW STREET-RAILWAY SCHEME IN DETROIT.

The public has heard so much of the perfect system of street-railways which Governor Pingree secured for the city of Detroit while he was mayor that there will be much surprise to learn that this perfection of rapid and cheap transit is so unsatisfactory that the Pingree interest in Detroit, and Tom Johnson and other capitalists interested in the Detroit system, have hurried a bill through the Legislature which empowers the City Council to purchase and operate the street railways. It is well known in Detroit that Governor Pingree, in his efforts to force the street-railway companies to accept lower fares, was overreached and beaten by Tom Johnson and other capitalists. All the properties being bonded for $12,000,000, which, the Free Press says, is twice their value, it is very natural that Mr. Johnson and his associates should be delighted to unload the obligation upon the people of Detroit. It is now asserted by the Free Press and other Detroit papers that the street-railway representatives, with whom Governor Pingree fought all the years he was mayor, and by whom he was finally overreached, went to the Governor and represented to him that it was a golden opportunity for him to carry a bill through the Legislature authorizing the city of Detroit, through its Council rather than by a vote of its people, to purchase the street-railway properties of the companies, to the end that the theory of municipal ownership of street railways may be put into successful operation. The blandishments of such practical reformers as Tom L. Johnson could not be resisted by the ambitious but vain Pingree, and he joined his old enemies to push the bill authorizing the city purchase through the Legislature. The Pingree following in and out of the Legislature was in Lansing, and so promptly did it do its bidding that, while the Detroit delegation was hastening to Lansing to oppose the measure, it was crowded through the Senate under the spur of the previous question after having passed the House.

The bill in question could not, in the nature of things, be mandatory, but it confers power upon the Common Council to make the purchase any time within twenty years. The present Council is said to be hostile, but the next may not be. The features of the bill which Tom Johnson and Governor Pingree have advocated, as stated by the man employed to prepare it for the legislative committee, is as follows:

> This bill as passed authorizes the city to buy the franchises, property and assets of the street-railway company. We will acquire these rights subject to the incumbrances which are now upon the property of the company. These obligations are understood to be bonds aggregating about $12,000,000. It is a matter of public history that from 1862 on the railway companies have issued bonds to pay for all the equipment which has been put upon our streets, and that none of these bonds have been retired; also, that bonds have been issued by the present company to pay for the franchises of the old company. In other words, the city must be obligated to pay not only for the present equipment and for every horse car and strap rail that has ever been placed upon our streets, but also to pay several million dollars for the franchises, which we gave away.

This seems to be the outcome of Governor Pingree's much-heralded efforts to secure the people of Detroit cheap street-railway transportation. The bill has been carried through a Legislature which has responded to all of Governor Pingree's demands regarding corporations and taxation. The official who assails corporations has been induced by the street-railway corporations of Detroit to give his influence to pass a proposition which, if a City Council can be found to approve it, will compel the people to pay those companies twice or three times the value of their property.

WOMAN'S SENSE OF HUMOR.

The Journal has always declined to accept that popular dictum which denies to woman the possession of a sense of humor. It has held firmly to the faith that she has a sense of humor, and has been ready with illustrations to prove its point. It confesses, however, that at times its convictions on this subject grow weak and it is assailed with doubts. This is one of the times. The behavior of the W. C. T. U. of Detroit is the cause of this wavering faith. The W. C. T. U. of that interesting city celebrated what the members called their silver anniversary on Thursday, it having been twenty-five years since their work of driving the demon rum off the face of the earth began there. They met in a public hall early in the morning and held all-day meetings of the usual sort, in which "papers" on temperance topics, intermingled with prayers and religious songs, were the chief features. In the evening they gave a musical and literary entertainment. Of the character of this entertainment the Journal cannot speak; the singular decoration of the hall is what comes near undermining its belief in woman's ability to recognize a funny thing when she sees it. According to the description of the room as given by truthful Detroit papers, it must have presented a giddy appearance. Pictures of girls in tights and of women in low-necked dresses adorned the walls. A "roll of crime," made up of clippings from Detroit newspapers pasted on heavy brown paper, five columns wide and ninety-three feet long, was draped over the pictures and statuary on the four sides of the room. A life-size picture of the mayor of the city, who seems to be non persona grata to the ladies of the organization, occupied a prominent place on the scroll. By his side was a clipping saying that the naughty sights of the Capitol-square Theater could not be allowed to exist longer and that the place must be closed up. Evidently this was not the mayor's saying, for remarks by some of the speakers of the day give the impression that he is not closing up the naughty places. On the other side of the clipping was a view representing a party of Detroit's city fathers seated in the bald-headed man's row and craning their necks in the direction of a pen-and-ink stage whereon danced a maid attired in tights. But, according to the reporter, that wasn't all. The account goes on thus:

> The roll told of how John Smith, full of "high balls," cocktails and other drinks, was hit by a street car and maimed for life; how Jim White, as a result of a protracted skate, lay at one of the city hospitals fondly believing that snakes, toads and other reptiles were encircling his legs; and how Samuel Jones stood on the corner one midnight wrapped only in an Indian blanket, appealing to the sacred shades of his ancestors through the stars and later was hurried in a patrol wagon to the Woodbridge-street station to consult Police Justice Whelan in the morning. Scattered about here and there over the length of the roll were advertisements of Kentucky booze, of special distillations that made the mouth water even as one read of their delicious taste and flavor, and of brands of smoking tobacco and finecuts which would make a man leave home if his wife chanced to be a hater of the weed and insisted on keeping its delicious aroma out of her place of residence.

One reader of a "paper" alluded to this roll, saying it "told of loving wives murdered, of innocent girlhood assaulted, of men and boys ruined, of saloon keepers growing rich and prosperous, of brewers gloating over their increased gains, and of Christian men and women paralyzed at the increase of strong drink." This gathering, let it not be forgotten, was in celebration of the close of twenty-five years of labor against all the evils suggested by the pictures, the "ads" and the papers; it was not the beginning of a movement against them. Could not the ladies have produced some evidence that their twenty-five years of effort had not been in vain? Could they not find one reformed drunkard in all Detroit? Wasn't there a reverse side to the shield? Was there really nothing worth celebrating? There must have been, because no one acquainted with the energy of the W. C. T. U. will believe that it has accomplished nothing in a quarter of a century, even in so hopeless and hardened a city as the metropolis of Michigan. But no one could ever have suspected a reform from the look of that hall. Can it be that only the wicked see any joy in life up there, and that the W. C. T. U. moves in such an atmosphere of beer and high balls that it is only itself when their symbols are all about? It should cheer up and take a fresh start.

Every one who is accustomed to driving on country roads has some time or other encountered the disobliging man who holds his team stubbornly in the middle of a narrow track, and, however slow he may be going, will not turn out an inch to permit an impatient traveler behind him to pass. Such persons are great trials to patience, but so accustomed is the American public to "putting up with" abuses which might be remedied that it is the custom for the victim to do nothing more than to use strong language. A New York man, however, recently appealed to the law, and the court holds that the driver ahead not only must not obstruct the highway by slow driving or otherwise, but that he must make way, where it is practicable, for the man behind, and that if an accident should result from interference he (the obstructor) must pay all damages. As showing how the rule of courtesy—or the lack of it—has prevailed instead of a fixed "law of the road," the court says in its opinion that the only case bearing on the subject which could be found in the law reports is a Pennsylvania case sixty years old. It would be well if all the surly, cross-grained drivers who make it a point to inconvenience those behind could be made to understand that a legal penalty might be exacted of them.

Prominent colored men in the South have written to members of the administration, calling upon it to take some action to put an end to the swindling scheme of securing contributions from colored men to promote the passage of a bill pensioning ex-slaves. It is said that those who are in the movement have collected thousands of dollars from poor and ignorant men upon the assurance that every ex-slave will be pensioned. Some of those who are urging the scheme may be sincere, but there is not the slightest probability that any measure of the kind will become a law.

BUBBLES IN THE AIR.

Home Traits.

"Isn't your husband a bit dyspeptic?"

"I rather think he is; I know he always disagrees with his meals."

For the First Three Years.

"I try to be a good, law-abiding citizen, but sometimes I think I was born an Anarchist."

"Huh! So is everybody, for that matter."

A True Histrion.

The Soubrette—Say, I've walked this road before. We can make a short-cut that will save us at least three miles of tie-counting.

Barnes Tormer—Neverrr! Too long have I struggled to uphold the dignity of the profession to depart from my custom of always following the lines as laid down.

Making a Bluff.

"What do you want?" sharply asked the lady of the house as a stranger walked around to the back door of the house.

"Nothing at all, ma'am," suavely replied the stranger, bowing. "I was just making a bluff. I got put off a street car, and the conductor stood on the platform grinning at me, so I just walked into the nearest yard to make him think I had reached my destination. His old flat-wheel ice wagon has gone on now, and, with many thanks to you, I shall depart."

Mr. W. L. Alden, the London literary correspondent of the New York Times, who was quoted in last Sunday's Journal as wondering how Robert Browning could have married Elizabeth Barrett, an invalid and his intellectual inferior, has received an access of information. He has read the Browning love letters and is frank enough to acknowledge that they show Mrs. Browning to him in a new light. He says:

> The letters explain the mystery. There is nothing hysterical in them. They contain none of the striving after extravagant expression that marred her poetry. They are the letters of a wonderfully clear-headed woman, and the tender beauty of many of them infinitely surpasses anything of the sort that can be found in her published works. Browning was quite right to look up to the woman who wrote these letters. They are better even than the Portuguese sonnets. Alone they are sufficient to give her a place in literature. There are few persons who would not prefer to be known as the writer of Mrs. Browning's letters rather than as the author of "Aurora Leigh."

Now, if Mr. Alden will read Mrs. Browning's poems he will perhaps find more in them to admire than he had suspected. Even "Aurora Leigh," though it has its hysterical features, has also passages that are not only beautiful, but, to one who comes to them without prejudice, truly great. It is the fashion of late to belittle Mrs. Browning's verse in exact proportion as Robert Browning's utterances are praised. It is not necessary to compare their work; it is unfair to set the work of any poet over against that of another, since no two have like visions and in no wise come in conflict. It would be nearer the just estimate to ascribe to her more merit than is commonly granted and to give a trifle less adulation to him. It is probably true, however, that Mrs. Browning is what might be called a woman's poet, owing to the religious undercurrent discernible in her best writings—a characteristic not likely to attract the average male reader. If the rather doubtful undertaking of publishing these love letters shall result in establishing her in her proper place in the literary world the venture will no longer remain doubtful, but will have served a good purpose.

The Journal does not, at this moment, recall the character of the national costume of the Koreans, but has no hesitation in saying that the Emperor, in adopting the American style of clothing, has not improved his appearance. The costume common to civilized man may be comfortable, but it is far from beautiful.

Over $1,000,000 in cash was divided on Friday among less than a dozen men of Jeffersonville and Louisville, who were stockholders in the Ohio Falls Car Manufacturing Company. Some time ago the stockholders sold their stock in the old company to a trust at 160, taking 40 per cent. in stock and the remainder in cash. The capital of the old company consisted of $800,000 preferred stock, $400,000 of common and about $480,000 in bonds, all of which was sold on the 160 basis.

The dramatic critic of the New York Post, in speaking of a certain theatrical performance, says: "It was immensely amusing even to a person endowed with brains." It is hardly necessary to add that the play was not a "go" in New York.

An international congress of writers will meet at Rome, this spring. The Western Association will not go to Rome, but what's the matter with Warsaw?

The main trouble in Southern race troubles seems to be that the negroes cannot run fast enough.

LITERARY NOTES.

It is understood that Dr. A. Conan Doyle's new novel, "A Duet with an Occasional Chorus," is to appear in book form at first, and thus avoid the loss of any of its freshness through serial publication.

Professor William James, of Harvard, believes that American men and women live too strenuously, and he has written for Scribner, in an article called "The Gospel of Relaxation," a plea for the conservation of energy.

S. R. Crockett recently underwent a painful surgical operation, from which he is rapidly recovering. His literary labors seem not to suffer from his illness, for the number of his serials running in the magazines has been increased from three to four, which if not a "record," at least ought to be.

Jules Verne says that his "Tour of the World in Eighty Days" has been worth $2,000,000 to the Paris theaters. He got the notion on which the book is based in scanning a newspaper one day. Verne, like Charles Reade and Sala, relies much on newspapers, yellow books, reports, and so forth, for his subjects, and he is a member of the learned societies.

The Literary World thinks that if confession is good for the soul in proportion to its honesty the benefit to Mr. Elbert Hubbard's must be astonishingly great. He tells Book News that he wrote "Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen because he was out of a job, and G. P. Putnam's Sons, thinking the book would sell, gave him $1.75 a day to do the work." The pleasant audacity of the statement is not uncharacteristic of its author.

Some years ago Rev. Mr. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kan., made the odd experiment of writing a serial socialistic novel called "In His Steps," which he delivered in his church in weekly instalments in place of sermons. It "took," and he published it in book form. It was rather overlooked in this country, but now it is meeting with an extraordinary, if belated, success in England. There have been seventeen editions, of which eleven appeared in a week, and secular and religious publishers compete vigorously, for the book was not copyrighted in England. It is estimated that one million copies have been sold. The novel describes the extraordinary effect produced by a few leading men in a Western city, who simply undertake to follow in the steps of Christ.

A new terror of the literary life is reported from England. The editor of a three-penny magazine has forwarded to such men of letters as he considers eminent or amiable enough for his purpose a pudding basin full of gelatinous matter, with the request that they will have it warmed, press their feet well into it and send it back. This pleasing performance is to the end that the intelligent readers of the three-penny magazine may be able to consider whether each writer has the sort of foot that would be expected from a perusal of his works or whether the works of a man with a foot like that seem likely to be worth reading. It is rumored that one man of letters favored with this delicate attention sent back the basin of gelatinous matter to the editor with the request that he press his head well into it.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "The Gayworthys" and other books popular a generation ago, is living in a suburb of Boston. One who has lately visited her says: "Although she is now a little past seventy-five, it is not flattery to say that she looks much younger than her years. Her blue eye is bright, her hair is not wholly gray, and her figure, though slight, does not lack vigor. In her widow's black, with small and becoming cap, she has a graceful dignity of manner, which, added to a certain nervous force, charms all who meet her. With her son and his children living next door to her, with her daughter and her children not so very far away, Mrs. Whitney in her pretty cottage is, indeed, happy. Her interest in all the topics of the time—literary, political and religious—is keener than that of many a woman fifty years her junior. In conversation she is as witty and original as in her printed works. She is busy now—her many admirers will be glad to know—on a new book."

Frank Norris, author of "Moran of the Lady Betty" and the later much-talked-of "McTeague," was born in Chicago, and, as a young boy, he went with his family to live in San Francisco. Ten years ago, when about eighteen, he went to Paris and studied for a year at Julian's. He gave up the idea of becoming a painter, however, and he studied for a time at the University of California and for one year at Harvard, entering with the class of '95. It was at Harvard that he began "McTeague," writing it, oddly enough, as a short theme in the composition course conducted by Professor Gates, to whom the book is dedicated. Two years ago, after his return to San Francisco, and after a period of service on the Chronicle there, he decided to make a book of the sketch. "Moran of the Lady Betty," though published first, was written after "McTeague." For a time Mr. Norris served as one of the editors of the San Francisco Wave, coming to New York about a year ago at the invitation of the Doubleday & McClure Company to take a position on their staff.

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS.

It is said that Nelson Morris, the packer, can tell by the taste of a steak or a roast of beef whether the steer came from Texas or from Montana.

Miss Kingsley, the explorer and traveler, was once the recipient of an embarrassing present—namely, three hundred husbands, the gift of a savage chief.

Gen. Guy V. Henry, Governor General of Porto Rico, was born in an army wagon at Fort Smith, I. T., where his father, Maj. William S. Henry, was then stationed.

Though the name of Collis P. Huntington is generally connected with railways, Mr. Huntington owns more coal mines than any other man in the United States, if not in the world.

Mrs. Rudyard Kipling usually acts as her husband's secretary, and her duties, she declares, are the reverse of light, for Kipling seldom ignores a letter, however unwarranted it may be.

The late Joseph Medill, of the Chicago Tribune, was one of the wealthiest editors this country has ever known. Ten years ago the annual net earnings of the paper were $275,000 a year; now they are $400,000.

An Italian medical journal states, according to the New York Medical Journal, that while water will not quench the flame of burning petroleum in a limited space, milk accomplishes the object by forming an emulsion with the oil, disturbing its cohesion, and thus attenuating the combustible element.

Miss Jane Barlow tells a story of the late James Payne's puzzling handwriting. She sent a poem to him when he was editor of Cornhill, and was dreadfully vexed upon receiving a postcard from Mr. Payne, which she interpreted to say: "I have no use for silly verses." The message turned out to be, "I hope to use your pretty verses."

The mayor of Atchison has officially notified the citizens that he wants everybody to take a course of the cider-vinegar treatment for the prevention of smallpox. This treatment extends over a week, and the patient is expected to take a tablespoonful of vinegar three times a day. The mayor is backed by the city physician, who declares that it is the best preventive known.

Despite the stories circulated to the effect that Mrs. William C. Whitney was about to be removed to New York, she is still at Westburg, Long Island, where she has been since she was brought from Bar Harbor last autumn. No definite plans have been made for removing her to Mr. Whitney's new house, No. 1 East Sixty-eighth street. Mrs. Whitney is in much the same condition that she has been all winter.

President Dreher, of Roanoke College, says that Edward Austin, of Boston, once met President Eliot, of Harvard, on the street, when the following conversation took place: "What is the next building you need in Cambridge?" "A law school." "Oh, I hate lawyers, but what would it cost?" "About $70,000, perhaps more." "Would $100,000 do?" "Yes." "Well, I'm your man." And next day Mr. Austin sent the check.

Among the reforms which are to be introduced into the London telephone service when the postoffice takes control of it is the Swiss system of charging, which will reduce the average cost to the user by half. In Switzerland the subscriber pays $20 the first year, $14 the second, and after that $8 a year. The charge for calls is a cent a call, subscribers and public paying the same fixed toll, which is charged to the caller, and not to the person called. Messages can be sent by nonsubscribers and delivered to nonsubscribers by express messengers.

The mad March wind clasps dainty Prue,
It whirls her in its clutch;
But as her boots and skirts are new
She does not mind it much.
—Chicago Record.

How crazed he looks, how tempest-tossed!
A sign, 'tis said, he's loved and lost.
And yet I'll bet, sixteen to one,
It's all because he's loved and won.
—Judge.

NEW INVENTIONS.

For use on cigar boxes a box lid and tag support is formed of a piece of metal bent to clamp the end of the box close to the lid, with an extension bent at right angles, to engage the cover when open and hold a price ticket.

In a new toy dart for children a double-pointed tip is used, the latter being screw-threaded, with one end blunt and the other sharp, in order that the dart may be used in the house without injury to persons or the building.

Stamps can be carried in the pocket by the use of a handy receptacle, consisting of a flat piece of metal with one end bent double to hold a flexible strip of material to clamp the stamps, with a spring cover which closes over the outside.

Unwholesome water is purified by a New Yorker's patent, consisting of introducing sodic chloride and sulphate of alumina in sufficient quantities to precipitate the impurities, after which the water is drawn off from the deposit.

Playing cards are held in a visible position by a German's device, consisting of a fan-shaped frame with spring fingers on its face which press on the edges of the cards arranged radically from the center of the bottom of the holder.

To measure bolts of cloth as they are wound from one roll to another, an automatic device is formed of a roller held between two arms to rest on the bolt as it revolves, moving a graduated disk forward one notch at each revolution.

In a new safety pin, designed by a Canadian woman, the pin portion will not pull out under a strain, having the point formed with a small arrow-head, which enters the cloth easily, but will not pull out of the end of the clasp when once closed.

A New Yorker has designed an improved bicycle saddle, in which a flat spring bar is clamped in a vertical position on the post, with an independent circular pad mounted at each end of the bar, the pads being adjustable to form a seat fitting any rider.

Druggists will appreciate a new bottle forceps, formed of a single piece of wire bent into a double coil at the center, the ends being covered with rubber and curved to fit the neck of a bottle, thus preventing the spilling of acids on the hands in filling.

A combined spigot and bung borer has been patented by a Virginian for use in barrels, a spigot of ordinary shape having an auger fixed on the end which enters the barrel, allowing the hole to be instantly closed with the faucet without removing the borer.

Wagons will run much easier if fitted with a new running gear, the axle being divided at the center and rigidly fixed to each wheel, with a sleeve at each end of the beam in which the axle revolves, the inner end being formed into a ball, resting in a round pocket.

Towels are securely suspended by a new wire device, formed of a ring with a loop in one side, a button being attached to a short chain to rest in the loop after being covered with one thickness of the towel, the weight of the latter holding it tight in the clamp.

The tops of buggies are prevented from excessive shaking on rough roads by a pair of spiral springs attached to the axle at one end and extending upward to engage the pivotal bar of the shifting top, allowing a sufficient amount of play to make the wagon ride easy.

A locking device to prevent the detachment of gas and other meters from their connecting pipes is formed of a yoke having its interior fitted to the shape of the collar which connects the pipe and meter, the yoke slipping over the collar and being fastened with a padlock.

A handy pocket cash register has four openings in a circular plate forming the face of the register, with four discs pivoted inside to be revolved in either direction, indicating the amount of money on hand by numbers on the faces registering with the openings in front.

To prevent the point of a plow pulling out of the soil a low line of draft is secured by a new attachment, having an axle with small wheels connected to the plow beam, with a chain running to the top of the share, the team being hitched to the axle instead of to the beam.

Revolvers are automatically reloaded by the use of an Englishman's device, having a long tube divided into longitudinal chambers, to correspond with the chambers in the revolver, the compartments being filled with cartridges, which are forced by springs into the revolver cylinder.

A new folding gate for use on private driveways has a series of pickets formed into lazy-tongs, attached to a post on one side of the road, with a lever pivoted at the top of the post and extending out within reach of a person in a buggy, to operate the gate without dismounting.

Frames for awnings are made adjustable by an Ohioan's patent, the horizontal front and top rods being double, with telescoping members, which allow them to be spread out to fit the window to which they are attached, the cloth being also divided and lapped to open with the frame.

A Kentuckian has designed a window which can be raised and lowered in the frame or tilted into a horizontal position, a skeleton frame being inserted in place of the usual window, with the latter suspended by two pivots at the sides to tilt within the frame or move vertically with it.

In an improved pocket-guard a curved plate is fixed at the opening, with a flat metal strip connecting the ends, the inner face of the curved plate having a lining of rubber studs, which extend out toward the opposite side of the guard and make it difficult to insert or withdraw the hand.

An Ohioan has patented a graduated cheese-cutting scale to secure accuracy in cutting, the cheese being mounted on a revolving platform, with a knife suspended in a slotted frame on one side to cut the amount desired after the cheese has been turned around to the proper gradation.

Windows are securely held in any desired position by an improved lock, composed of a casing sunk into the side of the window frame, with two wheels journaled on a vertical bar inside the casing, the bar being suspended on a thumb-screw to be forced against the sash by turning the screw.

In a new combined mud-guard and support for bicycles a stiff wire frame is hinged to the crown of the front fork, extending down to the crank-hanger. It is covered with fabric, to protect the rider when mounted, and the lower end swings down to the ground to form the support.

An insulating caster has been patented for use on tables containing electrical apparatus, the wheel of the caster being of glass or other nonconducting material, with a wire ball pivoted on the forks of the caster to be tilted down against a contact plate on the floor when the current is wanted.

A handy spray apparatus for distributing insect exterminators to bushes and plants is formed of a covered pail, having the bail hollow on one side and connected with a rubber bulb in the handle, the latter being squeezed to compress air inside the pail and force the liquid through the spray nozzle.

Cigarette packages are provided with matches in a Massachusetts man's invention, a sheet of stiff paper being cut into narrow strips, with match heads formed on one end, the opposite end of the paper being bent under the lid of the box to bring the matches into view when the box is opened.

A Massachusetts woman has patented a link cuff button having the heads pivoted on rigid shanks attached to the ends of a bar, the heads being tilted on a line with the shanks to insert them in the button-holes, with auxiliary shanks hinged on the bar to hold the heads rigid after insertion.

To prevent sea-sickness a Western man has invented a self-leveling chair, which counteracts the motion of the ship, a semi-circular frame being set on four legs, with pivots on two sides of the frame to support an inner frame, inside of which the chair is pivoted to tilt at right angles with the inner frame.

In place of the usual fan-wheel, a new windmill is provided with four hollow cones carried by arms extended horizontally from the central shaft, the cones being set to catch the wind on one side and revolve against it on the other, making it ready for use without waiting for it to swing around into the wind.

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

The man who doesn't agree with your methods is a theorist.—Penny Magazine.

If faith did not piece out reason many more men would commit suicide.—Penny Magazine.

The misfortunes hardest to bear are those which our kinfolks have prophesied.—Chicago Record.

There is a vast difference between speaking "one to another" and one about another. —Ram's Horn.

The pleasure to be had out of making a fool of oneself is at best but momentary. —Mrs. Merington.

The far-seeing man usually sees so much that he is too timid to undertake anything. —Penny Magazine.

You never know how much veneer there is on a man till you see how he lives at home.—Detroit Free Press.

The best definition of a lady is one who always remembers others and never forgets herself.—Philadelphia Times.

We exaggerate misfortune and happiness alike. We are never either so wretched or so happy as we say we are.—Balzac.

When a woman sits in church with a sad, far-away look in her eyes she isn't always thinking about heaven.—The Bachelor.

It is not always safe to conclude that because your neighbor leaves his henhouse unlocked you may do the same.—Detroit Free Press.

We postpone work until to-morrow knowing that in the interval we shall probably forget what we intended to do.—Emma Carleton.

There is always something to be said on both sides, except the paper upon which matter is written for the press.—Boston Transcript.

The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it.—Horace Greeley.

While I am thanking the Lord for rescuing me from the man I used to love it may be that he is giving thanks for being rescued from me.—The Old Maid.

OUR EARLIEST SPRING BIRD.

His Song Is Associated with the Opening of the Sugar Camp.

Maurice Thompson, in the Independent.

When the mild days of late winter or early spring quicken the blood in the maple trees it is time to listen for the sugar bird's song. And a brisk song it is, full of life, cheery, far-reaching and encouraging if not particularly melodious. Like his song, the singer has points—a pointed crest, a pointed beak and a pointed pair of eyes—indeed, he looks as if he could prick one from any direction with any part of himself.

Sugar bird is but another name for the tufted titmouse, the ashy gray little brother of the chickadee, named by ornithologists Parus Bicolor. You will know him by his keen and brilliantly aggressive call, which is both a whistle phrase and a pure voicery, sounding like wheeto—wheeto—wheeto, flung from some low tree, or out of a thicket, but if his song cannot satisfy you, get a glimpse of his forehead and you will see a black spot slanting up toward his crest from the base of his upper mandible. He is built like a bluejay from tip to tip and has the bluejay's bold manners; though, in general make-up, he also resembles the cardinal grosbeak. His drab coat and diminutive size, however, take him out of such splendidly robed company. What he lacks in colors and stature he tries to make up with incessant motion.

This little titmouse can bear a cold winter very well. I have seen it resident above 40 degrees north latitude when the thermometer did as it pleased. But no bird responds so readily to a fair turn of weather. A single day of soft sunshine in late January will bring out its song. Long before the robins or bluebirds have arrived out of the far South, even in advance of St. Valentine's day, pairs of sugar birds may be seen busily considering the prospect for a nesting place in hollow boughs and deserted woodpecker dens. They sometimes actually build as early as the 20th of March in Kentucky and southern Indiana. North of Indianapolis I found eggs on the 2d day of April.

In the magnificent "sugar camps," as the sugar-maple woods are called in the West, when the sweet sap is running, and parties of sugar-makers—men, women, boys, girls—are abroad with noggin and pail, carrying the fragrant liquid from trough to kettle, I like to linger on the outskirts where the activities of both birds and people can be most satisfactorily observed.

It is March, and the ground is not warm, but there hangs in the air something like the mist of a faded rainbow, a tender, elusive haze, a dreamy hint of skyey substance quite unapproachable and suggestive of coming heat. An ax rings energetically from a fallen tree-top where a man is chopping furnace wood; voices of youth and maid echo from hollow to hollow; sheep are bleating on the hillsides where the hazel bush grows, and in a little ravine, draped with mild grapevines and thinly set with stunted hackberry trees, I hear a crested titmouse piping as if life depended upon the efficacy of its whistle.

Pretty soon I see the restless little body flitting from twig to twig. With my binocular glass I can watch the fine expression of its prominent hazel eyes, which have a way of protruding saucily at every turn of its head. Its crest or tuft is slightly movable at will, and so in moments of excitement becomes an organ of expression by which the bird indicates its emotions. When the tuft feathers lie flat and smooth, Mr. Titmouse is scared and means to skulk away from danger; when each feather stands apart and stiffly erect, battle is offered to all comers, and when the crest is drawn to a nice point, like that of an artist's finest brush, you may know that all is serene inside that fiery little breast.

In habits the titmouse resembles a woodpecker as much as it does the jays and grosbeaks. At nesting time, which, as I have said, is very early in spring, the pair go about looking for a cavity ready made for their use; but if one be not found they will fall to and dig it with great labor of beak and foot. Usually they choose a natural pit in rotten wood which they enlarge and shape to suit them, male and female working turn about. When the hole has been completed they line it with soft substances, like inner bark shreds and weed lint, and immediately the eggs begin to appear, one each day until five or six are laid.

It is a delicate jewel box of a nest, and sometimes the eggs number as many as ten, beautiful little spheroids, creamy white, with thick-sown freckles shading from dark brown to pale olive, fading and thinning toward the smaller end. While incubation continues the male bird is very noisy in the immediate neighborhood of the nest, often uttering a tremulous tender whistle, as if of the most solicitous endearment, and I have heard the little mate answer in a keen, fife-like strain from within the nest hole, albeit she does not sing. When the numerous brood comes forth, the whole family soon strays away, keeping together for a month or two.

The farmer, fruit grower and gardener have no more faithful and valuable friend than the titmouse. It is an incessant searcher after insects. No hiding place of bug, worm or larva escapes its keen eye and penetrating bill. I have seen it try apparently every scale and cranny of a tree's bark from root to topmost twig in the course of an hour, picking away considerable spaces and dragging forth every egg, moth, caterpillar and grub that it could find. It loves sweet sap, and is often seen on the rim of a bucket in the sugar orchard drinking its fill. In winter I toll it to my library window sill by spreading thereon the broken kernels of nuts and fine bread crumbs.

As a tippler, furthermore, this titmouse delights in the juice of ripe grapes, but I indulge it here, for I have seen how well it cleans the vines, especially very early in spring. Rose fanciers should coddle the titmouse. I watched one going through a tangle of my cabbage rose vines seemingly feeding upon something plucked from the stems. This was in February. Throughout the coldest part of winter one or two pairs are always to be seen in my hedgerow.

But, after all, it is in summer that I most enjoy the titmouse; for then I find him a shy yet faithful companion afar in the lonely woods, where I can lie upon a mossy log and dream my dreams, while he flutes cheerily in the beech sprays overhead.

What a shame it is that the ugly and uninteresting English sparrow should have been imported to exterminate nearly all of our little native birds. The destruction is especially rapid in the case of the titmouse, and of all the small builders in cavities. The English sparrow takes all of the nesting places, and with ruthless beak and claw tears to shreds every trace of a titmouse home that it can find. In a comparatively short time this useful and entertaining little fellow will be no more.