THE JEW AND THE STAGE

JUDAIC DOMINATION OF THE MODERN THEATER IN AMERICA.

Christian Managers Being Gradually Forced Into Bankruptcy by Jews Who Are Shrewd and Brainy.

Detroit Free Press.

Hilary Bell, a writer on theatrical topics, who not only observes the superficial aspect of the stage, but gets into communication with its deeper penetralia, has this interesting, significant and judicial commentary in the New York Press on the present Jewish control of our stage:

The Jews are an enterprising people. Always inclined toward art, they have recently forced their way upward in the theater. Anti-Semitic journals have contested their progress step by step, yet our music and drama are gradually losing their once distinctively gentile complexion and becoming Hebraic. Rachel was a Jewess, Bernhardt is a Jewess; Edwin Booth was a Jew by blood and inherited genius. Olga Nethersole, Emma Calve, Lilli Lehmann, Anton Seidl, Mrs. James Brown Potter and Minnie Seligman, if not Jews, were of Jewish extraction. The greatest of all impresarii, Maurice Grau, is a Jew. The most enterprising and powerful of modern managers, Charles Frohman, is a Jew. The most artistic and refined of theatrical directors, Daniel Frohman, is a Jew. The Haymans, Klaw and Erlanger, Nixon and Zimmerman are Jews. Weber and Fields are Jews. Heinrich Conried is a Jew. The Sires are Jews. Rudolph Aronson is a Jew. There are almost as many Jews controlling the stage as there are employed in its performances.

It is not impossible that the art of our theater shall become a separate province of the Jews. It is not only possible but probable that the government of its ventures may be engrossed by the Jews. Our Hebrew friends have declared remarkable aptitude for its affairs. They are shrewd students of public taste, they are courageous in expenditure, they are good losers, they are philosophic and abundant in hope, they have not personal fads or fancies to force upon the audience, they do not take themselves or the drama too seriously, they regard the entertainment of the people as a legitimate business and conduct it on business principles.

Semitism seems to be the spirit of modern advancement in the drama and music. Gentile management has many faults of which Hebraic management is free. Within the past dozen years we have observed that various once famous and prosperous Christians have been forced by their own errors to relinquish control of playhouses that are now successfully conducted by Jews. Managers who insist on giving entertainment which they want rather than providing amusement that the public wants have fallen by the wayside. Lester Wallack, who decided that his patrons must accept old comedy whether or not they liked it, went into bankruptcy. By forcing Lillian Russell on us at a time when she was out of favor Henry E. Abbey went into bankruptcy. A. M. Palmer fell into disaster because he set his own opinion against that of the public.

The Jews have no nonsense or selfish sentiment in the running of a theater. Certain Christian managers have compelled their patrons to accept leading women with whom their relations were meretricious; others have forced their audiences to endure actors and authors for whom they had no approval. Such errors are not Hebraic. "Hath not a Jew eyes?" cries Shylock. "Hath not a Jew organs, senses, passions, affections?" Verily, but he does not allow them to be obtruded upon the public. Business is business. A Jew's romances and friendships are as strong as a Christian's, but they never interfere with his purpose in carrying out any undertaking to which his efforts are applied.

The Jews are not only hard-working, indefatigable, brainy managers; they are self-respecting. Scandal, too frequent in the theater, seldom assails them. Certain of the chief managers of England have been involved in disgraceful incidents. "These," to quote Shylock again, "these be your Christian husbands." There has never been scandal in the public prints about our Jewish managers. Charles and Daniel Frohman are bachelors and presumably not insensible to the beauty of women; yet the slanderous tongue of gossip has never attacked them. Lederer, Hayman, Sire, Aronson, Hammerstein, Nixon, Rich, Harris, Zimmerman and their comrades in faith and matrimony are honest husbands so far as the world knows. It is not to be argued that morality is an especial characteristic of Judaism, but the fact remains that our Jewish managers have remained singularly free from that lively love for the ladies which since Garrick's time has been the Christian manager's prerogative, although happily not always exercised.

The Jewish entrepreneur does not, indeed, invariably carry his private decorum into public. Mr. Ziegfeld is the author of diversions which have shocked modesty. Mr. Aronson introduced burlesque, and Mr. Hammerstein gave us the "Silly Dinner," George Lederer's nymphs are scantily clad, and in the costumes of Edna Wallace and Clara Betz he made the judicious grieve. The disrobing drama is not necessarily Hebraic, for it is to be noted that the majority of our present lingerie entrepreneurs are good Catholics.

Because the Jew has refused to accept theatrical entertainment as an art and prosecutes it as a legitimate business, the art of acting and of writing for actors has immeasurably progressed in America. By his efforts the enterprise of amusing not only this city, but the entire country, has been carried into an exact scheme which employs all the famous modern dramatists, which pays ample remuneration to talented players, which acquaints the general people with the grace of the drama, which interests everybody, civilian and rural, in the theater, which discovers new authors and develops new actors.

It was a Jew who introduced us to vaudeville. It was a Jew who developed the dainty, exquisite art of Maude Adams, who gave us the "Little Minister and "Rosemary." It was a Jew who trained Mrs. Leslie Carter into her new and splendid eloquence of expression, and who provided the "Zaza" a fit medium for her extraordinary talents. It was a Jew who produced "Secret Service," and who now fosters the remarkable gifts of its author. It was a Jew who increased the general store of good humor by "Charlie's Aunt." It was a Jew who picked E. A. Sothern out of a strolling troupe and developed him into a favorite actor with everybody. It was a Jew who lifted grand opera into prosperity, engaged the finest company of singers that music has known, and by his eminent skill in the conduct of operatic art in America was elected to management of the operatic art of England.

In these circumstances Shylock remains welcome on the stage as one of the most notable figures in the Shakspearean gallery, and his descendants in race, if not in disposition, are equally at home in the government of the stage. The fine art, as well as diversion, of the theater owes much to the Jews. From Maurice Grau, the distinguished director of grand opera, to Florence Ziegfeld, the exploiter of Anna Held, the art of entertaining in all its forms has felt the quickening influence of the Jews. From Sarah Bernhardt to Clara Lipman the play has been benefited by Jewish blood, wit and passion.

A MILLIONAIRE'S HOBBY.

Maintains a Ball Team at Summer Home for His Own Sport.

New York Press.

A man who, at his summer home, in the heart of the Catskills, supports a crack baseball team and has it play for his own amusement on beautiful grounds in his estate certainly is entitled to rank as the boss crank. Julius Fleischmann is this uncrowned king of the diamond, and he supports and equips his team in a style and comfort such as no league players enjoy. So the chief attraction this summer at Fleischmann's, one of the prettiest of all the picturesque villages in the Catskill mountains, will be the national game. This particular summer settlement was named for the late Charles Fleischmann, and now the his sons, Julius and Max C., have fallen heir to his extensive property they are indulging their propensity for athletics.

Julius Fleischmann is a crank and he is proud of it, too. Inheriting a share of his father's millions, he owns a racing stable of twenty-two horses, kept at the Somerset Stock Farm, in Somerset county, New Jersey, and has a steam yacht to add to his enjoyment, but with these and other means of pleasure within the reach of men of means he finds baseball better than all.

Men who will walk miles to see a baseball game are plentiful, but few have reached a stage where they maintain a team and hew a ball ground from a mountain side just to add to their summer's pleasure. Mr. Fleischmann has done this, and more, for since his nine began to play, a few years ago, baseball has become the rage in every town in Delaware county within twenty miles and more of Fleischmann's. Mr. Fleischmann, whose winter home is at Avondale, a suburb of Cincinnati, was at the Waldorf-Astoria last week and there it was he told me of the baseball prospects for the coming year at Fleischmann's. He modestly admitted that he played, but the fact that he plays a rattling good game I had to learn from another source.

When games are played by his team all business in the village is suspended, and farmers for miles around find excuses to get to town. The games draw better than any circus, and rustic natives of the rough mountain sides, as well as summer people from the city, cheer the players from the moment the umpire cries "play ball."

When the village far back in the mountains on the snake-like hill railroad that picks its way around hills and follows winding streams westward from Kingston was known as plain Griffin's Corner, not many years ago, baseball as a scientific game played by railroad men, many of them professionals, had not thrilled the hearts of the honest rustic disciples of Rip Van Winkle. Charles Fleischmann introduced the game to the admiring villagers, who welcomed him in their midst and soon games were played on the mountain side, where a half way hit in the right direction meant a home run every time. Baseball was then in its infancy. Now it is a full grown institution with as fine a "skin" diamond as there is in the country.

Baseball was a go. Church deacons, farmers, country sports and summer sports all became wild about it. So Charles Fleischmann looked about and finally found a four-acre tract that did not have more than a dozen hills and valleys on it and purchased it for his sons. Many thousands of dollars were spent in leveling this ground and blasting out the bowlders so that in the summer of 1895 the team had a real ball ground to play upon. Further improvements have been made so that the dirt diamond is now as smooth as a billiard table and the rest of the field is covered with a lawn perfect for the game. This ground is inclosed by a high wire fence with thousands of loopholes for the village youth to peep through, and the grand stand, with comfortable seats, accommodates five hundred persons. And when a game is on this grand stand is crowded with men and smiling summer girls, all in the gayest of summer gowns.

Players who come to try their skill against the Mountain Athletic Baseball Club, as Fleischmann's team is known, find luxury awaiting them under the grand stand, for Mr. Fleischmann has fitted the three dressing rooms with plunge and shower baths, and a man in attendance looks after the comfort of the men. Do not doubt that the members of the Mountain Athletic Baseball Club get plenty of enjoyment out of their season's work in addition to the salaries they draw and the comfortable living Mr. Fleischmann purchases for them at a summer hotel.

This year's team will be made up of twelve players, including the Fleischmann brothers. Games have already been arranged with the Cuban Giants and other well-known teams, and the season will begin about July 1.

WOMEN KISSED LINCOLN.

Famous Camp Scene Where He Accommodated the Ladies.

New York Tribune.

The following story of the intimacy and regard that existed between Lincoln and Maj. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles was told by the general himself at a recent afternoon reception given by Princess Salm-Salm in her apartments at the Hotel Cambridge:

"At a luncheon given by me to President Lincoln in camp," said General Sickles, "I noticed that the President was suffering from one of those melancholy moods that sometimes attack men of strong purpose and abundant native wit. After trying in every way that I could to dispel the gloomy thoughts that weighed so heavily on the President's mind I at last proposed to the women that they should draw up in line and kiss him. They entered heartily into the joke, but no one seemed equal to the task of being the first. Whereupon I turned to Princess Salm-Salm and declared that as she was the youngest, the sprightliest and the most courageous of the company it should devolve upon her to set the example and head the march.

"'But, general,' objected the princess, 'he is so very tall; I will never be able to get up to him.' 'Ah,' replied I, 'if you will but intimate ever so slightly your intention I am sure Lincoln will do all in his power to overcome the difficulty.'

"It is needless to say," continued the general, "that the plea succeeded. In fact, it worked like a charm and the women were not only amply rewarded for their charming bravery, but the entire camp felt with a renewed force the power and charm concealed in a woman's kiss.

"That night the President mentioned the kissing episode to Mrs. Lincoln. 'Who were they?' asked Mrs. Lincoln. 'The Princess Salm-Salm and other charming women,' replied the President. 'Ah!' said she, who from this moment was a stanch enemy of the princess, 'what could you expect? Those women are all circus riders.'

"Hence," said the general, "the origin of the story that the Princess Salm-Salm began her career as a circus rider.

"Soon after this event in the camp I dined with President and Mrs. Lincoln, and was greatly discomforted by the frigid demeanor of my hostess, that she maintained against every attempt the President made to restore peace between us, for Mrs. Lincoln was not yet able to forgive me for my sin against her in being instrumental in bringing about the camp kissing.

"Finally, almost in despair, Lincoln turned to me, and in his quiet way remarked: 'I am told, general, that you are an extremely religious man.'

"'I am entirely undeserving of the credit,' I replied.

"'I believe,' continued Mr. Lincoln, 'that you are not only a great psalmist, but a Salm-Salmist.'"

MUSIC THAT IS VULGAR.

Some of the College Songs Not Fine Specimens.

Philadelphia Press.

President Harper, of the University of Chicago, may have objected to the coon song, "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," because he knew that, as is the case with most popular songs, coarse and indecent parodies have become associated with the original words of the song, they themselves not being particularly elevating. Or he may have objected to the tune on the general principles that the music itself, aside from the words, is essentially vulgar and offensive in melody and rythm, and hence not a fitting selection for the college band to pick out, with which to make merriment for collegiate ceremonies.

Viewing the average difficulties under which the average college band labors, one can easily understand why the students should have a penchant for performing music so offensive to the president. But this does not militate against the correctness of the president's position, nor does it excuse the slovenly attitude toward music that marks college life. There is plenty of good, jocular, humorous, lively, spirited, rollicking music—vocal and instrumental, emotional, sentimental; inspiriting, affecting the head and the heels as well as the heart—that is at the command of the college world. Many of the best college songs borrowed from all times and periods are of this character, and cannot be improved on, but the habit of later years of identifying college music with the latest thing out in the way of variety stage ditties is carried to an altogether offensive extreme.

The tastes of individual college men perhaps cannot be controlled. They may sing and whistle ad nauseam the coarsest and crudest of melodic and rhythmic combinations, cheap as music and commonplace as song literature; but the college orchestra, the college band, and the college glee club should have higher standards. If these be not in evidence, the authorities should give a strong hint, just as President Harper has done. There is too much fuss made over the cheap and nasty, so far as popular songs go, and college men tend not only in the direction of the worst public taste, but even make versions of their own distinctly a drop lower. Certain music should be left to the gutter, the stables and the dives. There is no excuse for perpetuating it in the higher walks of life and dinning it into one's ears as college music.

Coureurs De Bois.

How their paddles used to dance
In the bright streams of New France!
How the broadening Wabash rang
With the wild sweet songs they sang!
They were spirits such as live
Ever far and fugitive,
Built for rough work, and to roam,
With rude camp fires for a home.
They braved lakes and streams and fens
From Quebec to old Vincennes,
And the Mississippi, too,
Well their fragile navies knew.
In their eyes the streams were made
To be kinsmen of the blade,
And their rugged hearts kept time
To the river's bubbling rhyme.
Like a dream of old romance
Is the thought that sons of France
Once along these waters came
In the lilied banner's name!

Verily, strange destinies
Parcel earth and mark the seas:
Carelessly oblivion flings
Hiding dust on crowns and kings.
Now the courier knows
Not for whom the river flows,
Yet by portages and streams
It may be his spirit dreams,
And across the brooding years
Speech of France again he hears,
Or the elder Latin tongue—
Ever old and ever young!—
Of the priests he knew of old
In sonorous chant is rolled.—
"Pax vobiscum!" In the grass
Winds repeat the requiem mass.

—Meredith Nicholson, in the Vincennes Quarterly.

THE HAND AN OPEN BOOK

THE KEY TO ALL THOUGHTS AND DEEDS OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

Palmistry Fad Now Being Studied by Society and Long-Buried Secrets Are Revealed.

New York Telegraph.

Up-to-date palmistry is said to reveal fate, ambition, happiness, tragedy, comedy, all that makes up existence. One of the readers, like Veronique, glances at a hand, which is to her the sign-post of life. The one glance is sufficient; she knows, declares and her judgment is irrevocable. "Do you know," she said, "I love my science. Skeptics call it nonsense. They ridicule because they do not know. Why should not the hand as faithfully portray the character, and the march of time as the face and its features? Fatalists tell us that every moment of our existence is drawn until we cross over to the valley of death.

"Then why should it not be on record? An indestructible record, too, it is, and the hand, whether that of a banker or toiler, society queen or scrubwoman, faithfully records every step along life's pathway—even to the end. Why, we see in some hands the impress of happenings we shrink from chronicling, and seal our lips upon many a catastrophe which shows, alas, too plainly upon the faithful map which nature has created in the palm of every hand.

"Do you remember Holmes, the murderer? I shudder to recall what an awful spectacle his hand disclosed to me. Those supple fingers, though belonging to an artistic disposition, showed their murderous intent in their abruptly blunt tips, which were so prominently a feature of their termination. Nails of a dull red hue emphasized the dominant characteristics of the man. The mounts—by that I mean the balls at the base of the finger—particularly those of Mars and Jupiter (the former located at the base of the thumb and the latter below the first finger (accentuated by many lines on the Mount of Saturn (under the second finger), gave further indisputable evidence of the incipient tendency to do murder. Morbid passion—intelligent insanity—if I may use the expression—governed this man's life.

"If he had been read by a student of chiromancy and watched as his hand demanded, those murders would never have been committed. Do you know that the greatest system of identification of criminals in use in the world is using chiromancy as one of its valuable attributes? I mean the Bertillion system—now, they not only record physiognomy, but the hand is read, too, and of the two the latter will be found the more useful and the better guide to the criminal's career.

"But the criminal side is not all; the science has its rosy side as well. Lovely characteristics are revealed at a glance into the palm—lifelong friendships have been made for me, and natural enemies detected by my art. Ah, I could counsel many a lover, and many a maid, who trembles in the balance and says, 'Which shall I choose?' Could Veronique step in and glance at the man of fate she could direct the destiny of many a young life along rosy pathways, and save many a heartache resulting from an ill-mated junction of hands, which has its final parting in the divorce courts.

"Here is the outline of the hand of one of your city's most brilliant society women, who came to the hotel to see me. Her name? No, that would never do—you will understand when I get through. Outlines indicate artistic tendencies, literary appreciation, capacity for theological research, grace, tact, great diplomacy (which serves her own good purpose). The foregoing are indicated by long, slender and graceful fingers. The index finger tapers almost to a point—the second and third fingers are almost of equal length, the fingers themselves are about two-thirds the length of the palm—the palm narrow and long. This hand has a skin of milk and satin—pink and healthy. Veins (Blue blood? Yes.) are clearly traced and prominent. Now the lines: Heart line good, indicating humanity and charitableness, but no deep affection. Head line is good, also, but susceptible of influence by the heart line (which would sweep better judgment aside and thrive the rule of passion). Her faculty of secretiveness has proved a happy one, for it has served to hide one little episode of which the world and her husband 'wot not of.'

"An episode where heart, and not head, has ruler. Happy? Yes, she is happy as the world knows her, but imprinted on both heart and palm are the indelible marks of a lifelong regret. Did I tell her? Yes, why not? It was therapeutic! I comforted her! Yes, for she thought her secret safe with herself and that one other. Then she told me all and there passed into my keeping another sad story of the mistakes of life.

"You want me to discuss politics? Well, here is the hand of a man who has never failed in an understanding of any situation, and many such have checkered his life—his hand says so. Though a candidate for a prominent office, he is not a politician for politics' sake, but a man who goes in for the right, and with his hand at the helm and those strong markings in it, I venture to say the ship of state will sail safely over rough and stormy seas. Now see—spread of palm and strength of fingers indicate masterful appreciation of a situation, with intuitive knowledge of the right thing to do to achieve the right result. His thumb denotes great will power, great reasoning, and, that rarest of all commodities—the courage of his convictions—though tempered with a diplomatic utterance and great suavity of manner.

"I am highly pleased," continued this charming delineator of palms, "with the way society has taken hold of this 'palmistry fad,' as they call it. I think it is one of the most sensible studies and one which cannot fail to prove instructive and entertaining. It is growing, too, and before long the callow youth, whose nights among the fast set are alternated with appearances at functions, will be exposed in all his duplicity—betrayed by his hand—which the season's belle insists upon reading to test her skill—and then, well, scorn, a few tears, and a fresh start."

IN PRAISE OF TEA.

Testimonial to the Healthful and Sustaining Qualities of the Beverage.

New York Post.

If tea had no other claim upon popularity Admiral Dewey's recent statement that he has long considered it an excellent beverage would doubtless give it at least a temporary vogue. But although it was once despised, tea is at last coming to take its proper place as one of the benefactors of mankind. I do not much wonder that it has been under a cloud when I recall the various decoctions, not infusions, that have paraded under the name of tea at most restaurants and boarding houses throughout this country. It has often recalled the story of the man in the restaurant who called the waiter to him and, pointing to his cup, said:

"What is this, waitah?"

"I think it is tea, sir."

"Well, take it away, and if it is tea bring me coffee, and if it is coffee bring me tea."

Mais, nous avons change tuot cela, and now it is really possible to get a cup of fairly good tea in New York at least.

But I wish to point a moral with some experiences, and will begin with my mother, who is an inveterate tea drinker. She begins the day with the cup brought to her bedside before rising, and ends it with the cup of tea brought to the drawing room after dinner, and in between times consumes tea at breakfast, sometimes at luncheon, if she comes in tired from calling or shopping or has a headache, besides afternoon tea.

The natural inference is that she must be a bundle of nerves, with shattered health. Far from it. She is one of the healthiest women I ever saw, and, although the same age as her gracious majesty, Queen Victoria, she is still one of the brightest of women. She belongs to literary clubs at which she reads original papers, not long since delivered a course of lectures on literature, enjoys a game of whist, is vice president of church and other societies, and in fact, is a first-class advertisement for tea, if one were needed.

Five summers ago I did some very trying work in the unrevised tenement district, during one of New York's "hot spells," and every New Yorker knows what that means. I was out in the blazing sun a great part of the time, and I am very sensitive to a high temperature. Instinct, which always comes to the rescue in time, told me that scalding hot tea would save me, and every day at noon I made my way to some decent restaurant, sometimes walking almost a mile before I found one I cared to enter, and arriving in a state bordering on collapse I then ordered tea, "just as hot as you can get it," of which I swallowed two large cups, eating a little bread and butter. The effect, naturally, was to throw me into a violent perspiration, but I was then able to continue work, perfectly refreshed and without any headache or fever.

On my return home in the evening I again drank three cups at least of hot tea, and it is to this beverage solely that I attribute my endurance at that time, and the fact that I did not succumb to sunstroke or a coup de chaleur, as so many do who freeze their internal organs with iced drinks in hot weather. Hot tea has, therefore, become my infallible restorative when feverish and exhausted by exposure to the sun or to a high temperature.

Then, again, I have never suffered from any gastric or intestinal trouble, which, I think, is in great measure owing to the fact that the water for tea is always boiled and I do not depend on cold, impure water to quench my thirst, as most people do, at the expense of their health, for icing drink does not purify it.

Then last, but not least, as a remedy, restorative, and prophylactic for those addicted to alcohol, it is invaluable. A friend of our family was in the habit of overindulging in various strong drinks, and before I awoke to the fact I thought he was chiefly faint and exhausted from hunger and fatigue and I knew not what. So, as soon as he entered the house in this peculiar excited condition, I would at once give him a cup of good tea and a chop or whatever could be most quickly prepared. The result was remarkable, and the ill effects of his drinking very soon wore off. And, strange to say, whereas he had always drunk coffee and despised tea as not fit to drink, he would now refuse coffee, saying it affected his heart, and ask for tea, even for breakfast, instead of coffee, which he had drunk all his life.

By a judicious course of tea and plain, wholesome food, his health and mental condition improved rapidly and perceptibly, as he was the first to observe, and I am not a little proud of my success with my first patient under tea treatment.

But tea must be genuine, and carefully infused, not stewed leaves of mysterious and uncertain origin.

IMITATIVE FILIPINOS.

American Local Paper Says They Borrow Many Ideas.

Manila Freedom.

Of all the races peopling this mundane sphere not one has such an extraordinary spirit of imitation as that which inhabits the Philippine islands. This race of people, of Malay origin, which occupies all the archipelago of the Celebas sea, lacks entirely the aesthetic taste necessary for the proper combination of colors, constructive ability, uniformity in architectural designs and the good taste which is required for the culture and advancement of a people. They have no ideas of this kind of their own, and in all matters of taste do nothing more than what they see in races of the West.

Any one who has observed the Filipinos will have noticed that they have no ideas at all in regard to the proper combination of colors in their wearing apparel, as, in spite of their dusky complexions, they select in their clothing the colors which are least suitable to them. You will see Indian girls and half-breeds as brown as berries using in their dresses and scarfs such colors as blue, green, yellow, brown and black. A woman of dusky complexion with a dress of any of these colors presents an appearance that it is hideous in the extreme. It is not uncommon to see dark-skinned Indian girls dressed in such bright greens that if they should encounter a carabao they are liable to be eaten by that festive animal on account of their similarity to a bunch of hay.

The reason why these people cut this ridiculous figure is that they see these bright colors on European women, and, without thinking of the effect which, on account of their different complexion, such hues are liable to produce, readily adopt them and consider themselves the most elegant of the elegant.

No sooner does a new fashion arrive from Paris, Vienna or Berlin in shoes, trousers, hats, shirts or neckwear, no matter how extravagant, the Indian and the half-breed immediately adopt them.

The American troops had been in Manila only a few days with their brown suits before the stores on the Escolta were besieged by the natives and half-breeds buying all the brown cloth obtainable, wool, cotton or silk, and in a few days they were all arrayed in suits of the same color as those worn by the army of occupation. They noticed the hats of straw or felt with a blue polka dot band, and in a few days all the Indians and half-breeds were wearing the same kind of hats as the Americans.

I believe that the Americans will have but little trouble in introducing here their usages, customs and language, as to that end the spirit of imitation which predominates in the native race will be a powerful factor.

DYNAMITE IS CAPRICIOUS.

No One Can Ever Be Sure of What It Will Do Next.

Chicago Chronicle.

"A cartridge of dynamite is prettty much like a woman—you can never tell what it is going to do next, because it doesn't know itself," said a boss blaster. "I have seen a powder salesman throw a cartridge of dynamite into a red-hot firebox of a twenty-horse boiler and the stuff just burned like lard. Next day I saw a cart boy repeat the experiment with a blacksmith's forge and a pill of dynamite no larger than a pea—and there will be wholesome fear and soft coal in that boy as long as he lives. I have seen a case of 100 sticks of dynamite fall 800 feet down a shaft and never wink, and I've seen an Italian drop a half cartridge from his hand to his boot and not a grease spot did the poor fellow leave behind.

"At that the poor fellow deserved a better fate, for he made a miserable fight for it before he scattered. He was loading a blockhole at the time and had just broken a cartridge in half, when he dropped one of the pieces. Before it touched the ground he sort of half caught it and then began a desperate brief juggling act. Again and again he half caught the deadly thing. Then he missed it. He made one last effort and stuck out his foot to break the fall against the hard ground, but it didn't work. There was a bang and it was lucky no one stood near him. Which shows that dynamite is like a woman, because in my time I have dropped similarly hundreds of cartridges of dynamite and still I am here with a good digestion.

"But it is in winter, when dynamite freezes, that it is most capricious. Then if you want it to go off it simply refuses, or burns with a dull roar, like a boiler blowing off steam. It is in thawing dynamite that most of the accidents happen about which you read. There are two ways of thawing dynamite—one, by placing the cartridges on a steam boiler or within safe distance of a fire; the other by immersing them in pails of hot water. As the latter method draws out considerable of the nitroglycerin from them it is often discarded in favor of the more risky thawing by an open fire. I once saw an inexperienced powder man thaw a dozen cartridges by an open fire, though, as the sequel will show, he completely lost his head when suddenly confronted with an unusual emergency. He had placed the cartridges within a foot of an open wood fire and had seated himself nearby to await developments when one of the cartridges caught fire. Had he left it to burn itself out the chances are a thousand to one that nothing very startling would have happened, for it is concussion and not fire that explodes dynamite. Instead, he rushed forward, picked up the burning stick by one end and holding it upward like a candle began to blow and blow until he was black in the face. He didn't go until the flame began to nip his fingers, and then in his excitement he threw the cartridge to the ground and began to stamp on it with his heels as if he were killing a snake; and, by thunder, he stamped out the burning cartridge and lived to tell about it. The cart boys called him 'Angel' after that, because by rights he ought to be an angel now.

"One day a professor from Stevens's Institute of Technology came to the quarry and asked me to perform a certain experiment for him. We printed with dynamite direct from a newspaper on to a block of iron. The professor said the experiment proved most interesting, as he had discovered among other things that dynamite works downward and not upward, like black powder. Our way of proving that in a quarry is to lay a stick of dynamite on top of a bowlder. After the shot the bowlder is smashed to bits. But the professor had his own notions. He carried three round blocks of iron six inches in diameter and three inches thick. Then he took a newspaper from his pocket and spread one sheet over the face of the block. I placed half a stick of dynamite on top and covered it with a little heap of sand and touched her off. You would hardly believe the result, but you can see the block on exhibition in a glass case in the Stevens Institute library, and you can read on it distinctly—of course, the type appears backward—the printing of that part of the paper which covered the block at the time of the explosion. But the professor had another wrinkle up his sleeve. He picked an ordinary oak leaf and spread it over the face of a second block. I prepared a charge similar to the first, and this time the ribs of the leaf and even its outlines appeared distinctly pressed into the iron surface. According to the professor, the action of the dynamite was so quick that the ribs of the leaf had not time to burst apart before they were impressed on the iron. In the case of the newspaper the printed letters were harder than the surrounding white of the paper, therefore the impression.

"The professor's third block is not on exhibition for the reason that we never found a piece of it larger than a clove—and that reminds me, what do you say?" The reporter said "Yes."

Summer Care of Pansies.

Ledger Monthly.

As a general thing, we do not get many flowers from the pansy after hot weather comes, and these we do get are inferior in all respects. The pansy is essentially a cool-weather flower, and it should get a treatment which will enable it to do its work during the seasons congenial to it. In order to secure a full fall crop of flowers from plants which have bloomed through the spring months, it is well to cut the plants back very sharply in July. Cut away the entire growth of the season, in fact, leaving only the crown of the old plant. It may seem like heroic treatment—it may seem cruel almost—but it is the kind of treatment that will result in satisfaction to the owner of the garden later on, and it is really a kindness to the plants, because it prevents them from wasting their vitality in a vain attempt to do something which they cannot do well under the difficulties with which they have to contend. Treated in the manner advised, they rest for a time, and get ready for creditable work when the days are cooler and the nights moister. And when the favorable season comes they seem to have renewed their youth, for they will cover themselves with flowers as large as those of spring, and as magnificent in color, and then you will begin to see what benefit was derived from the treatment outlined. It is well to give them some assistance in fall, by applying a good fertilizer to the soil about them. Fine bone meal is excellent for this purpose. Dig it into the soil well, and do it as soon as the plants begin to show an inclination to make strong growth. By this treatment one can have fine pansies up to the very edge of winter.

Bob White.

Over the hedge, away in the clover,
All through the months of May and June,
Whistled and sung, over and over,
Comes to my ear this cheerful tune,
"Bob White!
Bob, Bob White!"
Over and over,
Wandering about in the fragrant clover,
He whistles from morning till night.

Down in the shade of the reeds and the rushes,
The wee wife sits in her little home nest;
Bob White is out with the larks and the thrushes,
Dressed like a king in his speckled vest.
"Bob White!
Bob, Bob White!"
Away in the clover.
I hear his calling over and over,
And the little mate calls "all right!"

Sometimes he comes to the edge of my garden,
Tiptoeing by so dainty and gay,
As if to say, "I beg you pardon
For coming so often along this way.
Bob White!
Bob, Bob White!
I'm not much of a rover,
I've a snug little home out here in the clover,
I'm looking for supper to-night."

Down came the reapers one Monday morning—
Two big horses and boys and men—
To cut the clover without any warning;
Oh! what will poor Bob White do then?
Bob White!
Bob, Bob White!
Poor little rover,
I hear him calling away in the clover;
Oh, what will you do to-night?

I fear for the nest as the reaper passes,
Round and round, with its busy hum;
Will it leave uncut the reeds and grasses
That shelter the little housewife at home?
Bob White!
Bob, Bob White!
I hear him call when the day is over,
And the little mate calls "all right."

—M. Adelaide Preston.

Borrowed Trouble.

Baltimore American.

A woman in Buffalo has lost her mind through worry over the trial of a Christian science healer for manslaughter, and a man in Poughkeepsie has sacrificed his reason to brooding over the abduction case of Baby Clarke. Nervous tension is so high nowadays that when people have not troubles enough of their own to drive them insane, anybody else's old trouble will do. If they cannot contract the worry at first hand, they hasten to look for it in newspaper columns. Less mental exercise and more good, hard, honest manual labor would bring the average mind down from its excessively delicate poise to a safe and healthy balance.

Dictates of Fashion.

Atchison Globe.

If a woman has any style to her she is always dressed in such a way that she can't eat with comfort.

Four Dollars

A special price and the greatest value ever offered in this city. This $4 Trousers offer will give you choice in selection of our *entire stock of* CASSIMERES AND CHEVIOTS, and, also many SERGES and WORSTEDS.

Indigo-Blue Serge Suits At Only

Fifteen Dollars

Also a number of styles that have not been ready sellers we have reduced from $20 and $25 to *only $15.* Among these are *some specially choice Worsteds and Cheviots.*

☞UNCALLED-FOR SUITS. We have on hand a number of "uncalled-for" and "sample suits"—nearly all sizes—of which we will dispose at about half the original price.

Kahn Tailoring Co.

EDUCATIONAL.

GREAT OPPORTUNITY!

Summer School.

Special rate to enroll this month. Electric fans, cool rooms, magnificent equipments, best systems. Students assisted to positions. Write for full particulars.

Indianapolis BUSINESS UNIVERSITY

When building, opposite postoffice.
E. J. HEEB, President.
Pennsylvania street. Phone 499.

Girl's Classical School

Eighteenth Year. Opens Sept. 26, 1899.

Prepares for ALL COLLEGES admitting women. EIGHTEEN instructors. Special courses. Music. Art. Physical Laboratory. GYMNASIUM. KINDERGARTEN. DEPARTMENT OF HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE to open in September. Handsome accommodations for boarding pupils.
THEODORE L. SEWALL, Founder.
Send for Catalogue, 633 North Pennsylvania st., Indianapolis, Ind.
MAY WRIGHT SEWALL, Principal.

THEODORE STEIN.

ABSTRACTER of TITLES

Corner Market and Pennsylvania streets Indianapolis. Suite 229, First Office Floor, "The Lemcke." Telephone 1760.

The Time To Reach Out After Business Is When Business is Scarce

In the summer months the man who advertises "keeps going." THE JOURNAL is the best advertising investment you can find for the money.

RAILROAD TIME CARD.

P. M. time is in BLACK figures.—Trains marked thus: *—Daily. S—Sleeper. P—Parlor Car. C—Chair Car. D—Dining Car. †—Except Sunday.

C. C. C. & St. L. Ry—Big 4 Route
City T'k't Office, No. 1 E. Wash. St.

	Depart.	Arrive.
CLEVELAND LINE.		
Muncie accommodation	6.35	3.10
Union City acco'dation	*4.50	*9.25
Cleve, N. Y. & Bos, ex. s.	*4.25	*10.35
Cleveland, New York & Boston mail	10.50	6.00
Cleve, N Y & Bos "Knickerbocker"	*6.25	*11.50
BENTON HARBOR LINE.		
Benton Harbor express	6.35	3.10
Benton Harbor express	11.15	8.45
Wabash accommodation	*4.50	*9.25
ST. LOUIS LINE.		
St. Louis accommodation	7.30	5.40
St. Louis southwestern, lim, d s	*11.45	*6.10
Terre Haute & Mattoon accom	4.30	10.20
St. Louis express, s	*11.20	*4.05
CHICAGO LINE		
Lafayette accommodation	7.45	5.45
Lafayette accommodation	3.15	10.45
Chicago fast mail, d p	*11.45	*2.35
Chicago, White City special, d p	4.15	6.10
Chicago night express, s	*12.05	*3.20
CINCINNATI LINE.		
Cincinnati express, s	*3.45	*11.50
Cincinnati express, s	*4.15	*11.05
Cincinnati accommodation	7.00	*8.40
Cincinnati accommodation	10.50	11.15
Cincinnati express, p	*2.45	*11.40
Greensburg accommodation	8.30	5.00
Cincinnati, Washington f l ex, s d	*6.20	*4.15
N. Vernon and Louisville ex, d s	*3.45	*11.50
N. Vernon and Louisville ex	2.45	11.40
PEORIA LINE.		
Peoria, Bloomington m and ex	7.25	2.42
Peoria and Bloomington f ex	*11.45	*6.16
Champaign accommodation	4.35	10.20
Peoria and Bloomington ex, s	*11.15	*3.30
SPRINGFIELD AND COLUMBUS LINE.		
Columbus and Springfield ex	5.10	11.55
Columbus and Springfield ex	3.20	10.40

CIN., HAM. & DAYTON RY.
City Ticket Office, 25 W. Wash. St.

Cincinnati express	*3.55	*12.45
Cincinnati fast mail, s	*8.25	*6.50
Cin. and Detroit ex	†10.45	*10.35
Cincinnati and Dayton express, p	*3.45	11.45
Cincinnati and Dayton limited, p d	*4.45	†3.29
Cincinnati, Toledo, Detroit	*7.07	†7.50

CHI., IND. & LOUIS. RY.
Ticket Office, 25 West Wash. St.

Chi'go night ex, s	*12.55	*3.50
Chicago fast mail, s, p d	*7.00	*7.35
Chicago express, p d	†1.50	†2.40
Chicago vestibule, p d	*3.35	*4.27
Monon accom	*4.00	†10.00
LAKE ERIE & WESTERN R. R.		
Mail and express	*7.00	*2.40
Toledo and Michigan City ex	*1.20	*6.00
Peru and Toledo ex	*1.20	*10.20
Peru and Plymouth accom and ex	*7.00	*10.20
INDIANA, DECATUR & WESTERN RY.		
Decatur and St. Lou