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The business failures last week were only half as many as in the corresponding week of last year, but the failure of the anti-expansionists to brace up the insurrection in Luzon is not included in the list.

"There is no alliance between Great Britain and the United States," said Secretary of State Hay to a correspondent; "and if there is an understanding I know nothing of it." This should settle it.

The experience of the war in southern Africa confirms that of all modern wars that bombardments and long-range artillery firing are harmless in comparison with the noise made and the ammunition expended. They contribute little to eventful results.

If "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," it is equally true that war has its humors no less than peace. The capture of 800 Filipino insurgents by an American lieutenant and fifty men should contribute somewhat to the gayety of nations.

It seems that Great Britain is taking the sensational French press altogether too seriously when it threatens to boycott the Paris exposition. The French caricatures of the Queen were offensive, and so are caricatures generally. They are the lowest form of abuse.

The British-Boer war is having the same effect on newspaper sales in England that the Spanish war did in this country, and the popular demand for papers is so great that a paper famine is threatened. That would embarrass publishers as well as people, but events would go on.

It is reported that Mr. Chamberlain's speech is not approved in Washington in that it makes the United States a party to an alliance which does not exist and may interfere with the open-door policy to which the administration is laboring to bring all European nations to agree.

That Representative Overstreet should be selected by the Republican caucus committee to present its financial bill to the Republican members and to the House is a distinct recognition by his colleagues of his ability and fitness for so responsible a duty. It should be remembered, also, that the committee which has thus honored Mr. Overstreet is made up of men who are among those recognized as the most prominent on the Republican side of the House.

Governor Pingree, of whom so little has been heard of late, has been insisting that the attorney general shall conduct the investigations before the grand jury in Lansing, which is probing the transactions of members of the Legislature. Because the investigation has reached a stage where matters are to be probed in which his Excellency and his appointees are interested, the regular prosecuting attorney has refused to allow the attorney general to direct the investigation.

Some of the students in the University of Chicago went far beyond the usual college pranks on Friday, when they invaded several class rooms and broke up the recitations, insisting that Friday as well as Thursday should be a holiday. Among those set upon was Professor Laughlin, whose class was broken up and the professor called upon for a speech on expansion. As a champion of "the consent of the governed," the able professor of political economy should have dismissed his class as soon as it was discovered that those he would govern did not consent.

The first annual report of Secretary of War Root vindicates the judgment of the President in his selection. There were some who thought the secretary of war at that time should be a man of military experience, or at least of technical military knowledge. There were others who thought that the situation demanded that the secretary of war be a man of legal and civic equipment rather than of purely military attainments. The latter view is sustained by Secretary Root's report. From beginning to end it shows the grasp of a trained legal mind accustomed to deal with large questions and intricate problems, and in the habit of forming and expressing conclusions. His discussion of the best form of government for our new island possessions is very able. It is probable his main recommendations will be adopted or approved by the President, and with such indorsement they will have great weight with Congress.

Readers of many of the new books printed and published on this side of the Atlantic note with a degree of irritation that the English spelling of such words as "honor," "favor," "color," etc., is adopted, and they appear as "honour," "favour" and "colour." This fashion prevails, also, among stationers, who, in their engraved invitations, ask the "honour" of your presence at specified functions. The explanation in the first case is that the publishers offer their books for circulation in England, and, because English readers do not like American spelling, cater to their taste at the risk of offending American readers who do not like English spelling. It is not a satisfactory explanation. We should have the courage, as a people, not only of our convictions, but of our characteristics, our fashions and our customs. Since we have elected to spell "honor" without a "u" books for English consumption should omit that letter. In the matter of invitations the explanation is that "honour" is "more elegant, being English, you know." It is not more elegant or more correct; its use is simply a fad and an unlovely imitation of a foreign usage. "Honor" without the "u" is a good American word.

OBLIGATION TO GREAT BRITAIN.

A recent dispatch stated that the British government had sent a protest to Washington against the enlistment of Americans to assist the Boers. Any nation in time of war, whether with another nation or in suppressing an insurrection of its own subjects, has a right to protest against the enlistment of recruits in a neutral country to assist its enemy or the use of neutral territory by an enemy for any hostile purpose. During the recent war with Spain the United States had occasion to demand a strict observance of neutrality laws on the part of Canada, and the demand was cheerfully complied with. As a precaution against Spanish vessels being supplied with coal from Canada all collectors at Atlantic ports were ordered not to clear any vessel loaded with coal for a foreign port without first submitting the facts to the proper authorities at the capital of the Dominion and getting their official sanction. After the De Lome incident, when a Spanish agent established headquarters at Toronto for the purpose of watching and reporting upon American proceedings, the Canadian authorities made it so hot for him that he was finally obliged to leave the country. This is only one of many evidences of British sympathy with the United States during the war and of the scrupulous care of the Canadian authorities that the neutrality laws were not violated to our disadvantage. At the beginning of the war a correspondent at Toronto wrote: "There is no doubt as to the profound sympathy of Canadians with the American side in this quarrel. One would almost think it was Canada's war, judging from the applications for enlistments at United States consulates and the feverish interest in the newspaper reports." At a dinner given by the Canadian Society in New York on May 24, 1898, Mr. Patullo, a member of the Canadian Parliament, delivered a speech full of sympathy with the United States, in which he said: "In this war there are thousands throughout our land ready to enlist with your boys in blue in what they believe to be the cause of justice and humanity." Of course, such enlistments would not have been permitted in Canada, though if individuals chose to come to the United States to enlist there would have been no objection.

Americans cannot be reminded too often of the warm sympathy of the people and governments of Canada and Great Britain with the United States during the war with Spain, and of the efficient moral backing given us by the British government. If the latter has protested against enlistments in the United States to assist her enemies in South Africa this government should take prompt measures to insure a strict observance of neutrality laws. Of course, it is not likely that such enlistments would take place on a large scale, but they should not be permitted at all. It was stated a few days ago that one Gustav Theilkuhl, an employe of the Patent Office in Washington, was raising a regiment to go to the Transvaal and fight for the Boers. He was reported as saying that his men would have all their expenses paid to Paris and from there to the Transvaal. His plan was to evade the neutrality laws of the United States by enlisting men to work in the mines of the Transvaal after the war is over, and he said he had a great many offers of enlistment from all over the South. He claimed to be backed by French capitalists of ample means, who expected to get valuable mining concessions in return for their services. Theilkuhl had advertised in Washington papers for able-bodied men of military experience to go to the Transvaal, and as soon as his scheme became known he was dismissed from the government service. The government should keep an eye on him, and if he prosecutes his scheme to the extent of violating the neutrality laws he should be promptly arrested. During the war with Spain the United States would have protested very vigorously against the enlistment of recruits for the Spanish army in the territory of any friendly European power, and in the present case Great Britain would have every reason to feel incensed if the United States should not use the utmost vigilance to prevent Americans from going in any organized capacity to assist the Boers. Americans cannot be prevented from going to South Africa as emigrants or prospective miners, and after reaching there they may, if they desire, enlist in the Boer army, but the government should use the utmost vigilance to prevent such a scheme from being used to cover a military expedition, even though it might not be a formidable one. From present appearances the war in South Africa is likely to last some time, and the feeling for and against both sides may run high. Both sides have their sympathizers in this country. It is believed a large majority of native-born American citizens sympathize with the British, but, however that may be, it is to be hoped the United States government will recognize the importance of a strict enforcement of neutrality laws and will give Great Britain, if it has not already done so, friendly assurance that the duty will be faithfully performed. The United States is under a friendly obligation to Great Britain which it cannot afford to repudiate or ignore.

CIVILIZATION OF THE INDIAN.

The report of the secretary of the interior presents many interesting facts which show the progress of the Indians toward civilization. Under the act of February, 1887, 57,750 allotments of land in severalty, embracing 6,982,588 acres, were made. This means that more than 50,000 Indians have settled an area equal to one-third of Indiana and have become farmers or taken up other vocations of civilization. Outside of the five civilized tribes, which number 62,500, and the 5,320 Indians in New York, the number of Indians in the United States at the close of the last fiscal year was 181,586, or 1,454 more than the count twelve months earlier showed. This means that under the improved conditions the red men are not dying out, but increasing. The school enrollment during the fiscal year was 25,202 and the average attendance 20,522—a gratifying increase over the previous year.

The foregoing facts prove that the Indian can be civilized. He did not take to it willingly, but the results of a dozen years under a matured system show not only that he can be civilized, but eventually made self-supporting. To bring his civilization about his free agency has been ignored. The government that has brought him to better conditions is not of the kind that could with truth be styled that of "the consent of the governed." His real good has required that the Declaration of Independence should be ignored. We have been taught to believe that the Indians have been treated with great injustice by the United States government. Even in recent years we have been told that the white man's policy was that of extermination. If so, the white man has signally failed, the best opinion being that nearly as many Indians are in the country now as when Washington was President. Considered in the light of the demands of civilization, the general policy toward the Indians has not been unjust. They have often been treated with cruelty, but it was not in the nature of justice that a quarter of a million of Indians should forever hold against all comers the part of the continent now under the sovereignty of the United States simply because they found themselves here. The evolution of civilization is as much a part of the divine plan as the evolution which has made continents habitable. There is no equity in the claim that a quarter of a million savages should hold the United States when the territory was wanted for a hundred million civilized people. Indiana was held by a few thousand savages; will any one insist that it was wrong to dispossess them that the Indiana of to-day might be dragged out of the swamps and tangled forests?

It would seem that the more sensible theory is that the world is intended for civilization, to the end that the condition of the human race may be improved the world over. That civilization may have room, those races, inferior or otherwise, who do not willingly yield to the world's advancement must be treated as wards by the nations which are the civilizing forces. Better for all if they do not resist, but resistance must be quelled that obedience to those who are the agents of civilization may enable them to perform their mission. It will be time to discuss the ethics of "the consent of the governed" when they shall come to know something of government.

THE ARMY POST CANTEEN.

The secretary of war, in his annual report, treats the post exchange and army canteen question in a manner remarkable for candor, clearness and force. The subject is one that has given rise, during the last few years, to a great amount of sentimental protest and ill-advised agitation on the part of a class of people who, though good and well-meaning themselves, are unable to tolerate any difference of opinion in others or to admit that any good can be accomplished except in the way and by the methods which they advocate. The post exchange or army canteen, as probably most people know, has been introduced in our army life as a practical means of promoting the temperance, discipline, morals and health of the enlisted men. This is sought to be done by providing means of healthful exercise and amusement for the men in time of peace, and by regulating and controlling the habits of such as are inclined to drink. The whole subject is controlled by army regulations except that Congress has legislated in regard to the sale of alcoholic liquors. Under an old law still in force the secretary of war was authorized to permit one or more trading establishments to be maintained at any military post on the frontier, not in the vicinity of any city or town, the person keeping such establishment to be appointed by him and to be regarded as a camp-follower. The new regulations regarding post exchanges have practically done away with the old post trading stores. Under the old system all the profits of the soldiers' trade went to the post trader, while under the present one the soldiers save largely in expenses and get the benefit of whatever profit there is. As Secretary Root says: "The money which constitutes the capital employed in the operation of the exchange is the money of the men themselves, so that the business conducted is their own business, conducted for them, and the benefits of all kinds are equally shared by them." The profits enable the soldiers to enjoy many little comforts and luxuries not included in the army rations nor usually kept by post traders. The main features of the post exchange are a lunch counter, reading rooms, gymnasium, billiard tables and the paraphernalia for outdoor sports. As to the beneficial influence and effect of all these in army life there can be no doubt. The trouble has grown out of the regulation permitting the sale to soldiers of beer and light wine under strict military supervision, the object being to keep men from visiting saloons and vile resorts which spring up in the vicinity of army posts, and drinking bad whisky. Against this feature of the post exchange a large class of extreme temperance people have protested very vigorously. They are the same class of people who pass resolutions denouncing our Presidents for furnishing wine at formal dinners where all the guests are accustomed to it, though the President may not use wine himself, and who condemn the government for carrying mails on Sunday, for moving troops on Sunday in time of war, etc. Those who make these protests mean well and are good people from their own point of view, but they are not wise. They put theories above conditions, and refuse to see men and things as they really are. As a matter of fact, everybody knows that a great many enlisted men in the army are in the habit of drinking, and it is only a question of regulating and controlling the habit or giving it full sway with the worst possible results. In the army canteen distilled spirits are not permitted to be sold at all, and beer and light wine only under the supervision and control of officers. The lighter beverages named can only be sold by the single drink, must be consumed on the premises, never sold on Sunday, and no treating is allowed. It does not need much knowledge of life or of human nature to perceive that these restrictions are a bar to excessive drinking and a positive help towards self-control for such as need that kind of help. Of course there are some men in the army who never drink intoxicating liquors, even of the lightest beverages, and whom no facilities or temptation could induce to do so, but even these must admit that a moderate indulgence in the lighter beverages is not as bad for the men individually or for the morals of the army as unrestricted indulgence in something far worse. As the secretary of war says: "The practical question to be considered is not whether soldiers should drink or not drink, but whether they should be permitted to drink beer in the camp, surrounded by the restraining influences of discipline and good association, or whether they should be driven to drink bad whisky in the vile resorts which cluster around the limits of every military post and camp, and especially around those in which prohibition is maintained." His own conclusion is that the canteen feature of the post exchange is decidedly a reformatory measure over the old practices and conducive to temperance, discipline and morality among the soldiers. This conclusion is sustained by the testimony of army officers. As the secretary puts it: "The overwhelming testimony of the army is to the effect that the present regulation has promoted the temperance, discipline, morals and health of the enlisted men, and that in the interest of morality and effective service it should be retained." It should be added that a post canteen is allowed to exist only in States which have no prohibitory law, and where, therefore, soldiers can obtain strong liquors at vile saloons by going outside of the post limits. The secretary's frank and forcible presentation of the facts of the case should put an end to agitation against the army canteen.

EMOTIONALISM IN RELIGION.

The Journal notes with surprise and regret the action of a Methodist Episcopal Church of Stamford, Conn., in expelling from its membership a venerable brother because he prayed in too loud a voice. As everyone familiar with the traditions and customs of this great religious organization knows, one of its distinguishing characteristics is the liberty it gives to individual members to express themselves. They are not only permitted as a favor to "speak in meeting;" speaking is enjoined upon them as a duty. Both brethren and sisters are encouraged to "lead in prayer" in the public gatherings, and are required at stated times to stand up in class-meeting and tell what the Lord has done for them—whether they have been blessed or chastened, whether they "feel to rejoice," or whether they are struggling in the depths of spiritual woe. The theory of the founders of the church was that in thus relating their inner experiences and formulating their thoughts on pious themes the members were helped to fix their steps more firmly in the narrow way, and were less likely to be forced to the necessity, to use rude modern speech, of telling their troubles to the police. These wise fathers of Methodism prescribed no forms of utterance, and placed no limit on vocal talent. What they wanted was spontaneity, and they got it. If an enthusiastic brother wanted to shout, he shouted, and no one said him nay. On the contrary, such enthusiasm was apt to be contagious and one untrammeled outburst of religious joy likely to inspire others to similar expressions, so that an emotional, exuberant and noisy brother was held to be an invaluable aid in revival work. So far from being checked, noise was encouraged and the church prospered mightily.

It has been evident for some time that a change had come about in the methods and manners of this denomination. A Methodist congregation, even at prayer meeting, is now as sedate and unemotional as if it were made up of Presbyterians, while as for the class meeting, it is in a state of suspended animation. Just a few weeks ago a class-meeting convention was held in New York, in which ministers anxiously discussed ways and means of reviving this once important institution. They unanimously acknowledged its value, but reached no agreement as to the best method of putting life into it. No one suggested a return to the old fashion of lifting up the voice to as high a pitch as the vocal organs and the emotional inspiration would permit, yet perhaps this was the solution. It is true that the tendency of the time is to self-repression; it is not good form to be emotional and demonstrative, but the bottled-up man is not the natural man. Human nature is pretty much the same that it was in biblical days; strong feeling demands the outlet of strong speech and commonly of noise, with a considerable part of the population. The select few may hold themselves in seemly control, even though the heavens fall; but with the multitude the disposition is to lift up its voice in some manner or another when under the stress of grief or joy or excitement. No one is surprised or offers rebuke when the usually staid citizen strains his throat in vociferous celebration of his favorite political candidate, or in "rooting" for his home ball club. When a man is glad with the joy of living he laughs, or sings, or, when opportunity permits, shouts aloud like a child. Then why not permit religious emotion the same outlet? There is abundant scriptural authority for it. In old time "All the people shouted with a great shout when they praised the Lord." "Many of the priests wept with a loud voice and shouted aloud for joy." "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion," says Isaiah. "Exalt thy voice." "O come," says the Psalmist, "let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation;" "Shout ye daughter of Jerusalem."

In Connecticut and thereabouts man has been repressed and subject to untoward influences for so long that he runs to mugwumpism and Atkinsonism to a painful degree, and it is gratifying to know that even one brother in that part of the country is moved to shout and pray. He possibly feels that the Being he addresses is at a distance from New England at this anti-imperialistic juncture, and that only powerful tones can pierce the heavens; but he should not be cast out of the church for this. The expelling of a Methodist brother for loud praying is an act not to be regarded with patience, and on behalf of other brethren of emotional piety the Journal protests. If they want to "holler" let them holler.

American soldiers are never wanting in resources in times of emergency. Lieut. Jas. E. Monroe, of the Fourth Cavalry, is an example of what a man with a fertile brain and an abundance of nerve can do. The lieutenant was engaged in scouting for General Lawton. He had a mere handful of men—fifty troopers and three native guides—yet with this small number he accomplished more than the whole army has yet done in a single undertaking. The lieutenant learned that General Conon and 800 Filipino soldiers were at Bayombong, and he determined to bag them by working a "bluff." He first tapped the wire and put himself in communication with the rebel general, telling the latter that he was advancing on his stronghold with a large force of troops, and demanding the capitulation of the garrison and surrender of the 800 rebels. General Conon became frightened and finally yielded to a "superior force." The nervy lieutenant replied that he would soon enter the town with a small guard and formally receive the surrender of the insurgents. Then, with his entire force of fifty-three men, he marched into Bayombong and took possession in the name of the United States, the Filipinos laying down their arms and surrendering two American prisoners and seventy Spaniards, besides munitions of war. Lieutenant Monroe deserves recognition as the greatest "bluffer" the war has produced. While the dispatch does not so state, it is safe to say that General Lawton aided the lieutenant in his bold undertaking by promising to follow him with ample reinforcements.

The Making of the Artist.

It is an old saying that a singer, in order to move her hearers, must have had a broken heart. Madame Calve does not go quite to this length, but she says very frankly that no one can be an artist except through suffering, and cites her own case as proof. She sang brilliantly as a young girl, she says, but was cold and stiff and immature, and she could not act. Her singing was mere vocal action without heart or true expression. Then she fell ill and went back to her native mountains to be healed and to learn to live. "There," she says, "I learned the meaning of pain, pain in heart and mind and body. All birth comes through suffering. Mine did, my second birth. Slowly in that dreadful time I began to learn; my soul awoke. I matured. From a child I had become a woman. * * * I was seized with the passion of my new knowledge, my desire to help others, to make the world better, happier. That comes with the knowledge of suffering, the longing to get close to humanity and help it. I went among the peasants. I learned to know them. I absorbed their point of view and saw with new eyes, eyes touched by pain. We are blind like kittens in our youth; our eyes are opened by living. No longer could nature satisfy me, though I loved her as well as ever." She then returned to the stage and had her first great success as Ophelia. "You see," she goes on, "I could act now, because I had suffered. There is one thing I am sure of. Believe me, for I know. No one can portray despair except by feeling it, going down into its depths, and no one can shadow forth love until love has taken possession of the heart. You must feel an emotion before you can render it."

This is the testimony which other would-be singers, actors, painters and writers might well heed. If the ambitious young aspirants for popularity and fame knew that they could have real success only through suffering the path they so eagerly strive to enter would look less enticing, perhaps. And what Calve says probably all other great artists would confirm if they spoke honestly.

BUBBLES IN THE AIR.

The Farmer-Fighter.

The Transvaal Boer behind the hoe
Perhaps may be a trifle slow;
But he's a sight to make men run—
That Transvaal Boer behind a gun.

Thanksgiving Day.

"Did your young clergyman give you a good sermon?"

"I thought so, but my wife says he preached as if he hadn't been invited out to dine."

The Irrational Sex.

"Women are queer."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Before we were married you didn't like it if I bought you cut-rate presents; and now you scold me if I don't."

An Evidence of Collision.

"Daughter, are you engaged to that young Mr. Skiggs, who comes every evening?"

"Oh, pa, what makes you think so?"

"Well, when he leaves here at half-past ten his chryanthemum looks worn to a frazzle."

Nonmigrants.

Far off, seeking summer, the swallow has flown—
When woodlands are bare is no bird yet our own?
Aye, aye, though cold breezes may rage as they will,
The eagle and turkey shall stand by us still.

Footnotes.

Voice doesn't always indicate character; it often only indicates climate.

Be a cynic while you are young; when you are older you will have more sense.

We would all stop talking if we could listen to the person who repeats what we say.

If the man had killed the Tiger the Lady would have only scolded him for spoiling a rug.

Two heads are better than one because this gives them a chance to blame things on each other.

When a woman makes a pie that melts in her husband's mouth he then says that it is too rich.

The girl who can make lovely angel-food generally falls back on her mother when it comes to doughnuts.

Always buy hook-handled umbrellas; they are so common-looking that some people won't steal them.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Richard Carvel" is now selling in its two hundred and twentieth thousand.

Lady Aberdeen, it is rumored, will write a book giving her reminiscences of Canada during her husband's governor generalship.

Mr. Marion Crawford's novel, "Via Crucis," appears to have hit the popular taste. Four large editions have been exhausted since its publication three weeks ago.

Of the best American magazines, the London Globe frankly says that they are superior to those of England, and adds: "It is not our fault, but the result of entirely different conditions."

It is understood that Mark Twain will publish in the spring the work of fiction upon which he is now engaged. He is in excellent health and will probably return to this country six months hence.

The long expected biography of Huxley, prepared by his son, is nearly ready for publication. It is of a varied nature, and will interest, we are told, not scientific people only, but all educated readers.

Miss Julie Lipmann, the poet, is the secretary of Miss Helen Gould, and acts for her in other matters. Miss Lipmann's literary talent is largely hereditary. Her father was secretary to Washington Irving, and her aunt was the wife of Alexander Dumas.

Mr. Kegan Paul says that the last book read by Cardinal Manning was "The Pickwick Papers." A few weeks before his death he asked for a complete set of Dickens's works. "I have never read 'Pickwick,'" he said, "and I don't think I should like to die without having done so."

Zola intends to close his literary career with three more novels, "Travail," "Verite" and "Justice." The last named is, he says, to be a Utopian romance, a lyrical apotheosis of humanity in its onward march toward goodness and beauty. After that is finished, he writes, "I shall rest. I am dreaming of settling in the Balearic isles."

Not often does it happen that a poem brings in $45,000, with the capacity of still greater profits, yet that is the record up to last accounts of Kipling's "The Absent-Minded Beggar," which is being recited and sung in the principal music halls of England for the benefit of the families of the reservists at the war. Since Sir Arthur Sullivan has set it to music, which he has done very successfully, the receipts have been very much larger than they were.

One strange thing that Mr. Lang recalls in his recent tribute is that the late Grant Allen did not like fiction—did not even read it if he could help it. "As an instance of his kind temper," Mr. Lang says, "I remember that he showed me proofsheets of a novel in which I appeared as the villain. The personal portrait (apart from my series of heartless crimes) was flattering, but recognizable; and, at my request (for it could only cause gossip), the villain was altered out of all possibility of recognition. 'The body is yours,' he said, 'but the soul is the black soul of ——.' The soul appeared to me to be that of the common miscreant of romance. Mr. Allen's whole career, as far as I witnessed it, was kind, gentle, beneficent, and, above all, courageous."

The London Mail says: "The discovery of the Oxford India paper has made possible a number of publishing feats which a few years ago would have been laughed at as grotesque imaginings. Among these the complete works of Robert Browning in one volume is not the least remarkable. We are now informed of the preparation of an India paper edition of the Bible, by Mr. Henry Frowde, which weighs only four ounces, is bound in khaki, and is intended for the knapsacks of British soldiers."

An enormous quantity of new books is on the London publishers' shelves, and the advertising columns of the literary weeklies are crowded with announcements, says W. L. Alden. The war in South Africa has not yet had any apparent effect on the book trade; but if it continues it will inevitably cause a heavy loss to the publishers. The war correspondents will have things all their own way, and novelists who write of fictitious battles will be unable to compete with correspondents who write of battles that they have seen.

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS.

A new public school in St. Louis is to be named in honor of the late Eugene Field, who was a native of that city.

Richard Mansfield has an electric bell rung twice before the curtain goes up on an act to notify the audience, stop their talking and concentrate their attention on the stage.

The King of Servia, Alexander I, is the poorest potentate in Europe. His father, Milan, inherited $4,000,000 from his grandfather, Milosch, who was a hog raiser before he became King, but Milan squandered it all.

Paper shingles have been introduced into Japan by an entreprising Tokio firm as substitutes for the wooden articles. The new idea is a slab of thick-tarred pasteboard, more easily managed than ordinary shingles, and costing one-half as much.

Clara Barton, the noted Red Cross worker, was asked the other day the proper number for a small working committee. Remembering how often she had been compelled to do the work of others in such circumstances, she replied: "Three, if one is sick and another can't come."

Ira D. Sankey says that his most popular hymn, "The Ninety and Nine," was written twenty-six years ago in Edinburgh. A new hymn was needed. He saw the verses in a newspaper, sat down at the piano, worked out the music in fifteen minutes, and never altered a note since.

Julia Arthur says that she will ring down the curtain whenever and wherever anyone in an audience insults her or the humblest "super" on the stage. An actress, refused the entrance of the theater where Miss Arthur is playing through fear of her making a disturbance, threatens to sue the star and her husband for $50,000 damages.

Announcement was made in a press dispatch recently from the West of the death of some old retired soldier "who was one of Greely's men on the north pole expedition." General Greely says that this man was never with him and that the seven survivors of that expedition are all known to him and their whereabouts kept track of.

Commandant Cronje, of the Transvaal army, is said to be a fatalist. In the raid combat at Doornkop, when the bullets were whistling rather too loudly around the spot where he was seated, a field cornet suggested his retiring to a more sheltered position. "No," said Cronje, "I am in the hand of God, and if I am to be shot I shall be hit just as soon in one place as in another."

Ellen Terry's son and daughter are both said to be clever. The daughter, Ailsa Craig, who is entirely unlike her mother, being dark and severe looking, designs most of her mother's stage costumes, and had everything to do with the costuming of "Robespierre." Her brother, Gordon Craig, is much like his mother in temperament and appearance. He is erratic and has tried his hand at a good many pursuits, including painting, journalism and verse writing. He is now bringing out a quarterly called the Page, of which he is the editor, proprietor, artist, verse writer and story teller.

And yet when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head;
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive.
—Arthur Hugh Clough.

The British are not getting all
The glory, though the Boers they maul,
For a well-defined style
Of whisker, the while,
Is everywhere called the Oom Paul.
—Detroit Journal.

So pretty and dainty was Nan
It was sad that her studies began.
But she wished to be wise,
Perhaps even to rise
To a level with cleverer man.

She studied and labored in vain,
Till at length she was driven insane.
'Twas the awful result
Of an antepenult
On a weary, one-syllable brain.
—Life.

Mr. Dooley on the Gratitude of the Public

By FINLEY P. DUNNE

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"This man Dewey—" began Mr. Dooley.

"I thought he was ye'er cousin George," Mr. Hennessy interrupted.

"I thought he was," said Mr. Dooley, "but on lookin' closer at his features an' r-readin' what th' pa-apers says about him I am convinced that I was wrong. Oh, he may be a sicond cousin iv me Aunt Judy. I'll not say he ain't. There was a poor lot, all iv thim. But I have no close rilitives in this counthry. 'Tis a way I have iv savin' a little money. I'm like th' good an' gr-rateful American people. Th' further ye stay away fr'm thim th' more they like ye. Sicond-cousin-iv-me-Aunt-Judy-George made a mistake comin' home, or if he did come home he ought've invistigated his welcome an' see that it wasn't mined. A man cud stand up all day an' lave Packy Mountjoy whale away at him, but th' affection iv th' American people is always aimed thrue an' is invaryably fatal.

"Th' la-ad Dougherty was in to-day, an' he exprissed th' feelin's iv this grateful Raypublic. He says, says he: 'This fellow Dewey ain't what I thought he was,' he says. 'I thought he was a good, broad, lib'ral man, an' it turns out he's a cheap skate,' he says. 'We made too much fuss over him,' he says. 'To think,' he says, 'iv him takin' th' house we give him an' tur-rnin' it over to his wife,' he says. ''Tis scand'lous,' he says. 'How much did ye contribute?' says I. 'I didn't give annything,' he says. 'Th' collector didn't come around an' I'm glad now I hung on to me coin,' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'I apprechate ye'er feelin's,' I says. 'Ye agree with th' other subscribers,' I says. 'But I've med up me mind not to lave annywan talk to me about Dewey,' I says, 'unless,' I says, 'he subscribed th' maximum amount iv th' subscription,' I says, '38 cints,' I says. 'So I'll thank ye to tip-toe out,' I says, 'befure I give a correct imitation iv Dewey an' Mountjoy at th' battle iv Manila,' I says. An' he wint away.

"Th' throuble with Dewey is he was so long away he lost his undherstanding iv th' thrue feelin' iv th' American people. George r-read th' newspapers, an' he says to himself: 'Be hivins, they think well iv what I done. I guess I'll put a shirt in me thrunk an' go home f'r to see; 'tis hot out here, an 'ivrybody'll be glad f'r to see me,' he says. An' he come along, an' New York was r-ready f'r him. Th' business in neckties has been poor that summer, an' they was necessity f'r pullin' it together, an' they give George a welcome an' invited his admirers fr'm th' counthry to come in an' buy something f'r th' little wans at home. An' he r'rode up Fifth avenue between smilin' rows iv hotels an' dhrug stores, an' tin-dollar boxes an' 50-cint seats, an' he says to himsif: 'Holy smoke, if Aguinaldo cud on'y see me now!' An' he was proud an' happy, an' he says: 'Raypublics ar-re not always ungrateful.' An' they ain't. On'y whin they give ye much gratichood ye want to freeze some iv it or it won't keep.

"'Tis unsafe f'r anny man alive to receive th' kind wurruds that ought to be said on'y iv th' dead. As long as George was a lithograph iv himsilf in a saloon window he was all r-right. Whin people saw he cud set in a City Hall hack without flowers growin' in it an they cud look at him without smoked glasses they begin to weaken in their devotion. 'Twud've been th' same, almost, if he'd married a Presbyteeryan an' hadn't deeded his house to his wife. 'Dewey don't look much like a hero,' says wan man. 'I shud say not,' says another. 'He looks like annybody else.' 'He ain't a hero,' says another. 'Why, annybody cud've done what he did. I got an eight-year-old boy, an' if he cudden't take a baseball club an' go in an' bate that Spanish fleet into junk in twinty minyits I'd call him Alger an' thrade him off f'r a bicycle,' he says. 'I guess that's r-right. They say he was a purty tough man befure he left Wash'n'ton.' 'Sure he was. Why, so-an-so an' so-an'-so.' 'Ye don't tell me!' 'Is there annything in that story about his beatin' his poor ol' aunt an' her iliven childher out iv four dollars?' I guess that's straight. Ye can tell be th' looks iv him he's a mean man. I niver see a man with squintin' eyes an' white hair that wudden't rob a church!' 'He's a cow'rd, too. Why, he r-run away at th' battle iv Manila. Ivrybody knows it. I r-read what Joe What's-his-name wrote—th' brave corryspondint. He says this feller was sick at his stummick an' retired befure th' Spanish fire. Why, what'd he have to fight but a lot iv ol' rowboats? A good swimmer with sharp teeth cud've bit his way through th' whole Spanish fleet. An' he r-run away. I tell ye, it makes me tired to think iv th' way we abused th' Spanyards not long ago. Why, say, they done a lot betther thin this fellow Dewey, with his forty or fifty men-iv-war an' this gran' Nation, miles away, standin' shoulder to shoulder at his back. They niver tur-rned over their property to their wives.' 'Yes,' says wan man, 'Dewey was a cow'rd. Let's go an' stone his house.' 'No,' says th' crowd, 'he might come out. Let's go down to th' v'riety show an' hiss his pitcher in th' kinetoscope.' Well—."

"Well what?" demanded Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," Mr. Dooley continued, "I was on'y goin' to say, Hinnissy, that in spite iv me hatred iv George as a man—a married man—an' me con-timpt f'r his qualities as a fighter, in spite iv th' chickens he has stole an 'th' notes he has forged an' the homes he has rooned, if he was to come r-runnin' up Archey road, as he might, pursooed by ladies an' gintlemen, an' th' palajeem iv our liberties peltin' him with rotten eggs an' ol' cats, I'd open th' dure f'r him, an' whin he come in I'd put me fut behind it an' I'd say to th' grateful people: 'Felloe-citizens,' I'd say, 'lave us,' I'd say. 'They'se another hero down in Halsted shreet that's ben married. Go down an' shivaree him. An' you, me thrusted collagues iv th' press, disperse to ye're homes,' I'd say. 'Th' keyholes is closed f'r th' night,' I'd say. An' thin I'd bolt th' dure an I'd say: 'George, take off ye'er coat an' pull up to th' fire. Here's a noggin' iv whisky near ye'er thumb an' a good seegar f'r ye to smoke. I'm no hero worshiper. I'm too old. But I know a man whin I see wan, an', though we cudden't come out an' help ye whin th' subscription list wint wild, be sure we think as much iv ye as we did whin ye'er name was first mintioned be th' stanch an' faithful press. Set here, ol' la-ad, an' warrum ye'er toes by th' fire. Set here an' r-rest fr'm th' gratichood iv ye'er fellow-counthrymen that, as Shakspeare says, biteth like a asp an' stingeth like a adder. R-rest here as ye might r-rest at th' hearth iv millyons iv people that cud give ye no house but their own!'"

"I dinnaw about that," said Mr. Hennessy. "I like Dewey, but I think he oughtn't to've give away th' gift iv th' Nation."

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "if 'twas a crime f'r an American citizen to have his property in his wife's name they'd be close quarthers in th' pinitinchry."

WISDOM OF CURRENT FICTION.

All philosophy falls dead when the heart speaks.—The Bondwoman.

It is only when we know too much that Gravity marks us for her own.—The Sowers.

Love, duty, the world—in those three words lie all the human, all the divine tragedy.—Flute and Violin.

Love's flame is superior to physical law in that the less ventilation it has the more fiercely it b[illegible]s.—Janice Meredith.

A woman [illegible]pointed of strong feeling, hoped for a[illegible]esired, is less kind than a strong man [illegible]feated of expectation.—Via Crucis.

As a pair of wheels that run truly with a pleasant murmuring, so is the talk of a man and wife in a house which is well ruled. —The Etchingham Letters.

To be refused is a shame which no loving woman will accept while love is living; and an insult which no strong woman forgives when love is dead.—Via Crucis.

As to the battles of the creeds, it is, I think, easier to believe that we ourselves can go out like a candle than can those for whom we care.—The Etchingham Letters.

No two people have the same experience. Only a shallow nature believes that a resemblance in two cups means that they both contain the same wine.—Red Pottage.

In America life is yet a joke with us, even when it is grotesque and shameful, as it so often is, for we think we can make it right when we choose. — Their Silver Wedding Journey.

However hard and stern the old Presbyterian faith was, its upholders had the merit of knowing what they believed and of stating the belief without flinch or waver.—Janice Meredith.

They agreed that the supreme charm of travel, after all, was not in seeing something new and strange, but in finding something familiar and dear in the heart of the strangeness. — Their Silver Wedding Journey.

To grow stout is not necessarily to look common, but if there is an element of inherent commonness in man or woman a very little additional surface will make it manifest, as an enlarged photograph magnifies its own defects.—Red Pottage.

As you grow older you will find that the work you want to do is the work you can