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The red shirt peril in the Southern States is nearer home and more imminent than the yellow peril in China.

It was General Sherman who said "war is hell." If there is no war in China there is a good deal of the other thing.

If Mr. Bryan in his acceptance speech speaks of "invading the enemy's country," it must not be inferred he alludes to the Philippines.

It used to be thought that the enfranchisement of the negroes was a logical result of the war. Now it is found that their disfranchisement is a logical result of peace.

The Li Hung Chang of America is the man who is trying to make the world believe that more than half the voters in the United States are in favor of establishing an empire.

The presiding judge in the trial of Powers, in Georgetown, Ky., is the most effective of the counsel for the prosecution, because he can shut out the most important testimony.

It does not follow that the new King of Italy wrote or dictated the proclamation issued on his taking the throne, but if he did not he has good advisers. It was in excellent form.

The time to have raised the anti-expansion issue was before the war with Spain. The Nation having expanded as a necessary result of the war, the question now is, shall it contract?

In the States of Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina and North Carolina the Democrats have taken the ballot from four times as many colored citizens as there are Boers of the voting age.

The first conviction under the anti-trust law of Illinois shows that such State laws can be effective to break up combinations to control prices. The defendants were the Photo Engravers' Association of Chicago.

Shakespeare wrote: "Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away." Some future poet may write: "Imperialistic Bryan, dead and turned to dust, shows how complete fusions may go awry and bust."

In welcoming a convention of commercial men to Baltimore a local speaker said: "We have not had a horse car in the city for five years, and we have not had a bank failure since 1834." The latter fact speaks well for the conservative character of Baltimore's business men.

William T. Stead, who is laboring under the delusion that he is the source of all earthly wisdom, has tackled the Chinese war, which, he says, will last 300 years. It is of little account that none of us will live to see the end of the war, but what a misfortune that Mr. Stead and his wisdom should pass away with the rest of us.

At a "mothers' congress" held in Chicago last week Mrs. Lida Hardy told the assembled matrons "how Christ would have brought up children." Mrs. Hardy hails from Topeka, where she has been pupil assistant to the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of "how-Christ-would-edit-a-newspaper" fame. It is about time the pretense that direct telephone communication with heaven is to be had behind that pulpit would come to an end. It was never anything but offensive, and becomes increasingly so.

The census reports of Louisville and Milwaukee will tend to encourage those whose spirits were dampened by the reports of the counting in Washington and Cincinnati. Washington is not an industrial city, and capital would not select that city for large factories. Consequently its growth is that of a town which lives within itself. Cincinnati, also the city of the West, has been surrounded by rivals which have taken the expanding trade of the broadening West. It holds its own and makes its gains from its manufactures. Milwaukee shows an increase of 25.4 per cent, which indicates a good growth in industry and trade. And yet if Indianapolis shall be found to have made no more rapid growth than even Milwaukee or Louisville the census of 1900 will show a population not exceeding 150,000. A somewhat larger number than 150,000 is expected, but a population of 150,000 is an increase of 40 per cent. over 1900. There will be few cities in the older States that will show a growth of 40 per cent. during the past decade. A growth of 50 per cent. since 1850, when the population was 105,436, would mean a population of 158,150 in 1900. Several suburbs have been added to the city since 1850, so that the total population would be expected to exceed 160,000; but, all things considered, a population of 175,000, indicating a gain of 66 per cent., must be regarded as phenomenal. In view of the growth of Milwaukee and Louisville, those

sanguine persons who are predicting a population of 200,000 or 200,000 by the census of 1900 are quite certain to be disappointed.

CHINA'S REAL OFFENSE.

No man assumes to be so wise that he dare predict the outcome of the Chinese problem. At present the movement of the governments of nations which are called Christian and possess the elements of Christian civilization is to compel the government of China to recognize its obligations to its written treaties and to the unwritten laws of civilization as opposed to barbarism. During the past few years there has been a rapid passing of events new in the history of nations. President Cleveland took the initiative in the Venezuelan affair. A few years ago such interference would have led to war, but after negotiation it led to a recognition of our power, under the Monroe doctrine. Then followed the war with Spain. The United States had no real grievance against Spain, but we entered into a war with that nation by assuming to be the champion of humanity. That war led to the acquisition of the Philippines and to the concentration of American forces in that far-away land. For nearly two years the Spanish war and its results attracted much of the world's attention. Then came the war in South Africa. It was one in which the governments of Europe would not meddle, yet it was witnessed with the keenest interest by the nations. Now the civilized world is no longer interested in these wars because, almost without warning, China revolts against the civilized world and starts out to isolate itself from the nations by putting to death those in that country who are of the Christian nations.

Face to face with such a crime and the purpose of the nations to punish the offenders, the Chinese question has become the most portentous problem that has ever been presented to the civilized world. No wonder that every other topic of public interest has been lost sight of.

The civilized nations have practically agreed to punish China for violating the laws of civilization. It is not war in the ordinary sense that is causing the assembling of troops to march on Peking. All have accepted the American theory that the war is not one of conquest. While there has been talk about the partitioning of China among European nations and of "spheres of influence," the present movement is to punish China for rebelling against the international code of civilized nations. This agreement of the nations involves a new theory, which is that no nation will be permitted to close its ports and its territory to the people of other nations.

The armed movement against China is ostensibly to punish that government for violation of its treaties and for outrages committed upon foreigners. Behind this ostensible purpose is the unexpressed and thus far undeveloped idea that no nation can be permitted to isolate itself and to treat the rest of the world as enemies. Years ago the United States compelled Japan to open some of its ports to the world's commerce. There is nothing in international law or usage which warranted the United States in pursuing the course it did toward Japan, yet it was approved by all the governments at the time.

If China had given notice to the nations that it desired no further communication with them, but would give foreigners in its territory opportunity to leave, it is not probable the governments of the world would have agreed to the proposition. It is quite certain that they would have said to China that it would not be permitted to isolate itself because it is for the advantage of all the nations that all of them shall be under the code of a modern civilization, and because this is essential to the well-being of all, each must conform to it. China, whose earliest civilization has perpetuated itself in a wall to exclude the rest of the world, now protests against a civilization, one of the essential features of which is a close relation with all nations. From that point of view the present armed movement against China is one to keep China in the family of civilized nations and to compel it to accept a civilization to which its rulers are hostile. While the theory is not openly announced, the presumption, which this agreement involves is that the governments moving against China's capital hold that the civilized nations have the right to enforce their civilization upon peoples who would not accept it if left to their own inclinations.

WORK FOR OLD SETTLERS' SOCIETIES.

This is the season for "old settlers' meetings" and reports from them are beginning to appear in the news from over the State. Merely as social gatherings and as a means of keeping communities in touch, they are an admirable institution and should not be permitted to fall into neglect, for there will always be "old settlers," though the original settlers have gone their long way. But such meetings should also be put to more permanent account than is now the case. The elderly people who figure in them are the ones who have made history in their respective localities; they are fond of indulging in reminiscences, and with those who can make public speeches their recollections now and then take formal shape. As a rule, however, they are lost, and when the times come that a younger generation would like to recall their own past recovery. What every old settlers' organization should have is a historian whose duty it should be, if no more, to set down family histories as they are attainable—not from hearsay, but from family documents when possible. Nothing is so laborious as necessary; names, pedigrees, as far as may be, dates of births, deaths, settlements in the region and such striking incidents of a man's career as may come to light are all that is essential. Such information is often in demand, and in Indiana is most difficult to secure. This has been shown in legal matters, where a date, or a name fixed beyond doubt would settle a dispute; while recently the ancestral patriotic societies have realized the lack of both public and private records. Some of the counties of Indiana, perhaps a third in all, have histories prepared in each by some enterprising citizen with a personal liking for such research; these histories contain much of the class of matter outlined above, and are, therefore, of much value. The other counties lack even these. It is this lack that old settlers' societies could supply. The State Historical Society could increase its usefulness also by extending its researches in this personal and practical line. The series of papers read at the recent meeting of the Indiana

Centennial Association were interesting, but they were for the most part unverified and not always accurate reminiscences, and not history in the proper sense. Only painstaking research will secure and preserve the personal data belonging to Indiana's earlier history.

MUSHROOMS AND TOADSTOOLS.

The recent mushroom poisoning of a family at Harvey, Ill., three of whom died, has brought out the usual amount of popular misinformation on the subject. First a press dispatch announced that the persons were poisoned "as a result of eating toadstools which they mistook for mushrooms." A later dispatch states that "they were in fact poisoned by mushrooms and not by toadstools." It was shown, says the dispatch, "that the family ate mushrooms of the finest quality and not toadstools," and it is further stated on the authority of some alleged expert that the poisoning was due to a small black bug found on the top of the mushrooms. As the mushrooms had all been eaten and three of the persons were dead it is not quite apparent how the able expert could have diagnosed the case as one of black bug poisoning. The error in all these statements, and it appears constantly in the reporting of cases of mushroom poisoning, is in assuming or trying to establish a difference between mushrooms and toadstools. There is no such difference except in common parlance or the minds of the ignorant. Mushroom and toadstool are simply two names for the same thing. One mushroom is as much a toadstool as another, and all so-called toadstools are mushrooms. They are all fungous, closely related in their general characteristics, most of which are edible and nutritious and a few of which are poisonous. The proper distinction is not between mushrooms and toadstools, but between mushrooms which are edible and those which are poisonous. The woods abound with berries, some of which are edible and harmless, while others are poisonous, but the latter are none the less berries. If one wishes to adopt the phraseology of childhood or of ignorance one may say toadstools, but if one wishes to be correct one should say mushrooms. The botanical science of mushrooms is as well defined as that of plants and flowers, but no botanist uses the term toadstool. It is not only entirely unscientific, but is confusing to the minds of people who are trying to acquire an accurate knowledge of a very interesting and useful branch of nature study.

The "black bug" theory is entirely new and does not seem to have impressed the physician or the coroner's jury in the present case, the former testifying that the family was poisoned "by eating mushrooms," while the jury found that "poison taken in with mushrooms caused death." It would have been more simple and exact to have said that death was caused by eating poisonous mushrooms. The black bug theory is fanciful. There is no case on record of such poisoning nor any reference to it by any writer on mushrooms or by any medical authority. It very often happens that edible mushrooms are attacked by a small insect which travels up through the stem into the cap, where it deposits minute larvae which make little holes, giving the appearance of being wormy. Sometimes these little insects can be seen with the naked eye, as the little holes can easily. They never take the form of black bugs. A mushroom in that condition is not poisonous, but it is not fit to eat any more than a wormy chestnut or fruit of any kind.

The best general rule for any person fond of mushrooms or wishing to cultivate the taste is to make a study of a few, perhaps three or four different varieties, though there are a great many more edible kinds, master these thoroughly, as can easily be done, and confine oneself to that list. The different varieties are as distinct and recognizable as apples and peaches or as cauliflower and egg plant, and unless one is very incautious there is no danger of poisoning. No person who has not made a study of the subject should gather mushrooms at all, and one who thinks himself an expert should always keep on the safe side and give himself the benefit of every doubt. The edible varieties of mushrooms greatly outnumber the poisonous varieties, yet the latter are occasionally encountered, and the poison is a very active and dangerous one. For distinguishing between the edible and the poisonous kinds experience is the only safe guide. None of the tests commonly recommended, such as throwing a silver spoon in with the mushrooms are cooking to see if it turns black, etc., is worth anything. The thing to do is to let a poisonous mushroom severely alone. The best known and most common variety, the Agaricus Campestris, or meadow mushroom, can be soon learned and easily recognized by anybody. This variety is now cultivated by gardeners and sold during most of the year in groceries and on the market. It is also entirely safe, and no person need hesitate to purchase or, after becoming acquainted with it, to gather it wild. Several other varieties equally as good are found in this vicinity, but the meadow mushroom is a good one to begin on. But the first thing to be done by any person who proposes to cultivate the acquaintance of mushrooms is to discard the false distinction between mushrooms and toadstools and adopt the correct one of edible mushrooms and poisonous ones.

ELECTRICITY IN MEDICINE.

There is reason to believe that the knowledge of electricity as an applied science is in its very infancy. Of the thing itself, the mysterious and powerful agent that seems to pervade it if it does not control the universe, we know but little. We know how to generate and transmit it, how to utilize some of its virtues and minimize some of its dangers, but of the thing itself we know very little. Thus far its practical applications are of a material and utilitarian character, but it is by no means impossible that it may yet be found as potent an agent in the spiritual world as it now is in the material. A few years ago nobody would have believed it possible to talk over long-distance telephones or to transmit music and pictures by electricity as is now done. Who knows but a few years hence wireless telegraphy may give way to mental telepathy, enabling mind to act upon mind at long range as easily as matter now does on matter. Electricity has another great field before it in connection with the practice of medicine. It has been but a little while since it was first heard of in connection with therapeutics; now it is recognized as one of the most effective curative agents and susceptible of almost limitless application. Modern science proves all things and holds fast that which is good. The day is past when any one school can claim to have a monopoly of medical wisdom or when medical science as a whole

can afford to close the door against any new discovery or method. All schools recognize the hygienic virtue and curative power of fresh air, and electricity is as free and universal a gift as air. A few years ago the use of electricity as a medicine or curative agent would have been characterized by the regulars as quackery; now a physician who should deny its virtue would write himself down an up-to-date sanatorium would as soon think of being without bathrooms as without electrical apparatus. Regularly educated physicians who have used it say they would hardly know how to get along without it, so useful is it in fortifying, supplementing and reinforcing other agencies. Often it succeeds where everything else has failed, as if nature chose to reserve her best gift and greatest secret for the last test. The time may come when electricity will supplant all other treatment and when it will be peddled to suffering humanity on the street, at so much a dose, curing you while you wait.

THE NEW SUNDAY.

Good people with the welfare of the community at heart used to have a great deal to say in the way of warning and protest against the adoption of the "European Sunday." By the European Sunday they meant, not so much the foreign custom of pursuing the ordinary business vocations and gaieties on that day of the week. Of late less is heard about the iniquity of such practices, but yet it is plain that Sunday has become, with a very large class of people, a day to be devoted to recreation and social enjoyments. Especially is this true of the summer season, when the natural tendency of those who wish relaxation is to indulge in out-of-door life. The bicycle gave a great impetus to this disposition of the city dwellers to seek rural haunts. Some fears were expressed by the guardians of public morals lest this tendency was full of danger, but even they had to acknowledge that the bicycle of itself was a boon to the men and women with purses too narrow to permit the keeping of horses—in short, the majority of people—and when the owner of a wheel mounted it and betook himself to the country of a Sunday morning the objections were, as a rule, few and feeble. It was held that he might better attend church services first, but as he was by no means certain to do this if he remained in the city his pleasant jaunt was condoned.

What was done by the wheelman is now done by the patrons of suburban trolley lines. Transportation to neighboring villages, to groves and parks, is inexpensive and comfortable, and Sunday, being the day of leisure for the great majority, is utilized for expeditions to such places. Neighborhood picnic gatherings, family parties, individuals, caring for rest and change rather than social pleasure, crowd the outgoing suburban cars on Sundays and return at nightfall—who shall say not refreshed and recuperated physically, mentally and spiritually? The monotony of their daily life is broken, they breathe fresh air, they see new sights, they inhale the fragrance of the soil, a thing loved by those who know out-of-door life well; they get away from themselves. In the shadow of the trees, under the blue skies, with the sweetness of the clover drenching the air about them, they may even worship a power above more sincerely, if unconsciously, than if they were housed in a chapel.

But the human tide ebbs and flows in this end-of-the-century Sunday. Not only do the men and women who have spent their week days in shops and factories and kitchens seek the woods and fields for relief when Sunday comes; their brethren from farm and village come for their recreation to the streets they have left. Shrewd railway managers cater to this hunger for variety, and Sunday excursion rates bring numbers of such persons to the city, where they wander about through the otherwise half-deserted streets, climb the monument steps, ramble through the Statehouse grounds, ride on the street cars and occupy themselves with unaccustomed sights and sounds. They go home weary, but with new thoughts and memories that will help them in duller days.

It is not worth while to ask if Sunday so is a less desirable day than the day as it once was. The new Sunday is here, and the old-rigidity cannot be resumed. The tendency is to make it a day of recreation, but so far, of simple and harmless recreation. Americans are a hard-working people on the other six days, and they need to make the most of the little leisure they have.

Will shirt waists for men prevail? Great reforms sometimes consume a long time in the preliminary stage and come at last suddenly when the time is ripe. There has been for a long time a smoldering and growing feeling that the conventional male garb, including vest and coat, was very uncomfortable in warm weather, and efforts have been made with only partial success to modify or escape from it. The real question is whether comfort shall be sacrificed to conventionality, or vice versa. No doubt the coat and vest add to a man's dressed appearance, but it is equally certain that in very warm weather they are decidedly uncomfortable. There are indications that the shirt-sleeve or shirt-waist movement for men has started in earnest. Several men of social standing and fashion in different places have within a short time appeared in public in the shirt-waist costume, and with a little more pushing it will prevail, at least to the extent of being permissible.

A London paper announces that the telegraph is now so nearly perfect that it will soon do away with the long distance telephone and the uncertainty of transmitting a message correctly when so many things may interfere with the hearing. With a telegraph on his desk the London business man will secure the attention of his friend, say in Paris, and will write a message, sure that it is being reproduced noiselessly and accurately at the other end of the line. He may write as fast as he pleases, use shorthand or cipher, or may even send an illustration and all will be set down before his friend. Absolute secrecy is one of the advantages of this method of communication. It is said, though why a "central," or a cross wire could not catch the message in transit is not explained. The instrument resembles a large typewriting machine and is attached to a telephone. It was not long since the public was skeptical in regard to the telephone, but so far from being doubtful as to new inventions now, it believes anything and demands them before they are ready, and is prepared to accept

as a possibility any contrivance promised. The public is very adaptable.

The city of Buffalo is soon to have an art gallery which will cost something like \$350,000. It is the gift of a leading citizen of the place, who imposed only one condition, namely, that the city should furnish the site and raise a maintenance fund of \$100,000. The lot, which is located in one of the parks, has been deeded and the fund raised. If the late Mr. Herron, who left \$200,000 for art purposes, had been thoughtful enough to impose like conditions the Art Association might own a lot by this time. As it is, it seems likely not to do so before the next century.

The death of the King of Italy made it incumbent upon every illustrated American daily to publish a portrait of Queen Margherita; the weeklies are now following the same duty. As no two of the portraits which have come under the Journal's eye are from the same plate, it would seem that the Queen had been remarkably kind in giving a special sitting for the benefit of each "art department."

A New York publisher announces "The Dull Child's Grammar" among his forthcoming books. He thinks the parent lives who will purchase such a book for his or her own angel child?

BUBBLES IN THE AIR.

Worldly Flavilla's Pose. Flavilla likes droll contrasts, and so, now and then, for fun, she goes and has her picture taken fixed up like a nun.

A Desire for Conveniences. "Kitty, what do you want for your birthday?" "Oh, I want three hat racks and a clothes horse to keep my shirt waists on."

The Charm of the Book. "Gracious, Amelia, what is all that dreadful noise in the nursery?" "Oh, Edgar, do go up and spank two or three of those children; I'm reading 'The Reign of Law,' and I positively can't be interrupted."

Following the Wave. "I wish Sara wouldn't be so particular to write us what she is doing while she is up north."

Backaction Results. "When the boss thinks the office is getting lazy he just gets up and slings things."

Kind-Hearted Ma. "Ma always trumps up something good to say about everybody."

Footnotes. To dream of earthquakes is a sign somebody is pounding on the door to make you get up.

Cheap wit is the kind other people get off concerning our peculiarities.

In studying the Chinese pronunciation the first thing learned is that Hooster dialect must take a rest.

Reverence for the aged increases as a man begins to get twinges of that same malady himself.

As August days cool off at the end, we begin to discern that we haven't had such a bad summer after all.

What makes summer insomnia so terrible is that the man who can't sleep goes down stairs and eats up everything in the ice chest.

Things we don't want are often dear; but things we want generally have a price which seems just about right.

A meek woman never looks so funny as when she gets off what she thinks is a withering glance.

The world moves; but here and there, we still run across men who think it isn't safe to get on a railway train without wearing a linen duster.

In every family is one woman who will make herself sick eating ice cream rather than see it wasted.

Cutliffe Hynes' next novel "The Filibusters," is to be ready soon and is said to be in his "best slap-dash style." The story deals with the participants in an expedition that successfully captures the presidency of a Central American republic.

At a recent literary function in London Sarah Grand, the author of "The Heavenly Twins," responded very gracefully to the toast which had for its theme the importance of the sterner sex. She admitted that she had found the best friends among men.

It is reported in book circles that James Lane Allen received from his publishers an advance cash payment of \$50,000 for his new novel, "The Reign of Law"—this in addition to whatever his royalties may be. The book is selling well, both in this country and England.

Dr. Barry, the author of "Arden Masseter," which is his third novel, is an English priest of the Roman Church quite well known in London, where he mingled with the world around him more than any other cleric.

The terms in common use to designate the size of the pages of books, namely, "folio," "quarto," "octavo," etc., says the Boston Literary World, "so arbitrary and so largely conventional, though based on certain rules, that they are more of a hindrance than of any help to the reader."

An Eastern paper quotes the following tribute to a fellow-townsmen from a letter recently written by James Whitcomb Riley: "Mr. Tarkington's varied literary gifts are native, and these, being in constant and equal measure from his boyhood, have steadily strengthened and rounded into a distinct original intellectual force that can but rarely be equaled in the literary world."

In a recently published letter to a friend in New York Robert Barr quotes Stephen Crane as saying shortly before his death: "Robert, when you come to the hedge— that is, when you must all over to the end, you feel sleepy—and you don't care. Just a little dreamy curiosity—which world you're really in—that's all." Barr goes on to say: "Stephen died at 31 in the morning, the same night you were carried away our friend Frederic nineteen months before. At midnight, in Crane's fourteenth century house in Sussex, we two tried to lure back the ghost of Frederic into that house of ghosts and to our company, thinking that if it replied, 'when you come to the hedge,' it would be a man as Harold would somehow shoulder his way past the guards, but he made no sign. I wonder if the less insistent Stephen had suggested some ingenious method by which the two could pass on the other side, and welcoming the work of a subtle assistance of his finely-fibred friend."

A charming book. There is not the slightest doubt that when Mr. Booth Tarkington sat down to write "Monsieur Beaucaire" his mind was drenched with the atmosphere of "Henry Esmond." These are scattered through this little story, which had just appeared in book form, a thousand little touches—tricks of dialogue, of scenery, of narrative—which show how admirably the writer knows his Thackeray. "Monsieur Beaucaire" is one

Mr. Dooley On the Doings of Anarchists

By FINLEY P. DUNNE.

(Copyright, 1900, by R. H. Russell)

"Why should any man want to kill a king?" said Mr. Dooley. "That's what I'd like to know. Little greck hev I again any monarch in the deed. Live an' let live's me motto. Th' more ye hev in this wurld th' less ye have. Make in wan place, lose in another's th' rule, me boy. Little guy, little sorrow. Takin' it all an' I'd rather be where I am thin on a throne, an' be th' look iv things I'll have me wish. 'Tis no aisy job bein' a king barrin' th' fact that ye don't have to marry th' woman iv ye'r choice, but th' woman iv somebody else's. 'Tis like takin' a contract an' havin' th' union furnish th' foreman an' th' materiel. Thin if th' wurruk ain't good a wild-eyed man fr'm Patterson, Noo Jarsey, leaves his munkey an' his hand organ an' takes a shot at ye. Thank th' Lord I'm not so big that any man can get comfort fr'm pumplin' a Winchester at me fr'm th' top iv a house."

"But if I was king ne'er an organ grinder'd get near enough me to take me away with a Hotchkiss gun. I'd be so far away fr'm th' multitudes, Hinnessy, that they cud only distinguish me by the features with a spyglass. I'd have policemen at ivry tur-rin I'd have me subjects retire to th' cellar when I took me walk. Divvie a bit wud ye catch me splattherin' meself with mortar an' stickin' newspapers in a hole in a cornerstone to show future generations th' progress iv crime in this chinchy. They'd lay their own cornerstone fr' all iv me. I'd communicate with th' popl'ace by means iv gin'ral orders an' I'd make it a thing worth tellin' about to see th' face iv th' great an' good King Dooley."

"Kings is makin' thimself too common. Nowadays an' Archyshit drops into a luncheon at a railroad depot an' sees a man settin' on a stool atin' a quarter section iv a gooseb'ry pie an' drinkin' a glass iv buttermilk. 'Dye know who that is?' says th' luncheon counter. 'I do not,' says th' Archyshit, 'but be th' look iv him he ain't much.' 'That's th' king,' says th' lady. 'Th' king, is it?' says the Archyshit. 'Thin here's fr' kin king less,' he says, an' 'He'll overtake a king once in a while or he oughtn't. He don't need to be a good mixer. If he wants to hang on he must keep out iv range. 'Tis th' king's an' queens that thrusts so much in th' life iv th' people that they live in summer resort hotels an' go out walkin' with a dog that's hurted. Th' on'y person that ought to be able to get near enough to a rale king to kill him is a jook or th' likes iv that. Th' idee iv a man fr'm Noo Jarsey havin' th' chance?"

"What on earth's to be done about thim Archyshits?" Mr. Hennessy asked. "What all this, anyhow? What do they want?" "Th' Lord on'y knows," said Mr. Dooley. "They don't want anything, that's what they want. They want peace on earth, an' th' way they propose to get it is by bein' murderin' ivry wan that don't agree with them. They think we all chud do as they please. 'Tis a queer doctrine, an' I'd give an' in favor iv th' popl'ace, an' whin they've killt a king they call on the popl' to save thim fr'm th' mob. An' between you an' me, Hinnessy, ivry Archyshit I've knowed, an' I've met many in me time,

an' quiet, law-abidin' citizens they was, too, had th' makin' iv a thrafficker in th' arms. If they was no newspapers they'd be few Archyshits. They want to get their piteers in th' ban-apers, an' they can't do it be whievin' ban-apers through th' streets or milkin' a cow, so they go out an' kill a king. I used to know a man be th' name iv Schmitt, that was a cobbler iv profession an' lived nex' dure but wan to me. He was th' daughter's man iv yer kin. He kep a canary burrd, an' his devotion to his wife was th' scandal iv th' neighborhood. But, bless my soul, how he hated kings. He cudn't abide Cassidy after he heard he was daycendin' fr'm th' kings iv Cannock, though Cassidy was what ye call a prolootario, or a talkin' workin' man. An' th' wan king he hated above all others was th' king iv Prussia, an' th' barbuter's-Hobbes, which was th' barbarous country he came fr'm. He cud talk fairly decent about other kings, but this wan—Ludwig—was his name, an' I seen his piteer in th' pa-aper wanst—wud throw him into a fit. He blamed ivrything that happened to Ludwig. If it was a strike he charged it to Ludwig. If Schwartzmeister didn't pay him fr' half-sol'n a pair iv Congress gaiters he used to wear in thim days, he tied a string ar-round his finger fr' to remind him th' he had kill Ludwig. 'What have ye agaln th' poor king?' says I. 'He is an' ap'ose fr'm th' poor,' he says. 'So ar-re ye, I say?' says I. 'No, he says. 'He's explainin' th' prolootario, 'th' prolootario, 'Sure,' says I, 'th' prolootario can explody thimself pretty well,' says I. 'He oughtn't to be allowed to live in luxury while others starve,' he says. 'An' wud ye be killin' a man fr' holdin' a nice job?' says I. 'What good wud it do ye?' says I. 'I'd be the emancipator iv th' people,' he says. 'Ye'd have th' wurruk on th' coffin-ild,' says I. 'Why,' says he, 'think iv me, Schmitt. Oogooost Schmitt, stakin' th' forth to avinge th' woe iv th' poor,' he says. 'Loo'dwig, th' cursed, goes by. I jumps fr'm behind a three an' gletly is freed fr'm th' monarcher,' he says. 'Thin iv th' story iv it,' he says. 'Oogooost Schmitt, emancipator,' he says. 'I'll prove to Mary Ann that I'm a man,' he says. 'Mary Ann was his wife. Her maiden name was Riley. She heard him say it. 'Gus,' says she, 'if I've iv ear iv ye shootin' er a king I'll braver ivry bone in yer body an' I'll be th' man fr'm Noo Jarsey havin' th' chance?'

"It's vanity that makes archyshits, Hinnessy—vanity an' th' habits kings has nowadays iv bein' as common as life insurance agents."

"I don't like archyshits," said Mr. Hennessy, "but I like archyshits less. They ought to be killt off as fast as they're caught." "They'll be that," said Mr. Dooley. "But killin' thim is like wringin' th' neck iv a mickrobe."

year such permission to strangers to see the pictures and pictures as I have done in my lifetime."

Kansas, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of its admission into the Union as a Territory, proposes to hold in 1901 at Topeka, its capital city, an interstate exposition, to which the world will be invited. A strong organization has been effected to plan and carry forward the undertaking, and the preliminary work has already vigorously begun. F. D. Coburn, secretary of the Kansas Board of Agriculture, is the promoter of the exposition, and Capt. H. M. Phillips, of Topeka, is the secretary, having matters directly in charge. The promoters of the exposition promise that Kansas, through this 1901 exposition, will reveal itself to the world in an attractive light hitherto little suspected by those who at a distance have unwittingly regarded it as merely a part of the wild and woolly West.

She has promised to marry a newspaper man; but she's not quite broadly hinted that she'll break the engagement as soon as she can. When he gets all her poetry printed.—Judge.

"I suppose you are fond of Gounod," said John, who was fair as Gounod. "But the man who pronounced it Gounod, said: 'I ain't never et none, younded.'"—Philadelphia Press.

WISDOM OF CURRENT FICTION.

It takes but a minute to get a pack of fools together at any given point.—The Banker and the Bear.

The right way to belong to yourself is to have as few possessions as possible of other kinds.—No. 5 John Street.

It is nothing to a man who died yesterday whether he was called a prince or a peasant while he lived.—The Last Sentence.

I know now how, but in the greatest tumult of mind we generally contrive to hear the one thing that concerns ourselves.—No. 5, John Street.

"You men can never understand," said Ethelberta, "that however fond a woman may be of a man, there are times when she pulls the wool over his eyes."

A run on a bank is like a slit in a man's veins; it does no particular harm if it is stopped in time, but the stopping of it is imperative,