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The recent suppression of a prize fight by the order of an Ohio court will probably cause the sporting gentry to denounce government by injunction.

The starting of Mr. Bryan's paper does not seem to have caused any perceptible change in the movements of the planets as yet, nor even any social cataclysm on earth.

The various propositions for new state institutions do not represent philanthropic concern for the unfortunate half as much as they do a desire to secure the location of supposedly profitable establishments.

If Indiana could get along from the organization of the State to the present time with one institute for the blind and one for the deaf and dumb, why does it need to be adding constantly to its hospitals for the insane?

Mr. John Jacob Astor's eighteen story hotel, Fifth avenue and Fifty-fifth street, New York, will be built of Indiana limestone and brick. Indiana stone finds favor in many places outside of the government architect's office.

The House committee on irrigation and arid lands has agreed to report favorably a bill providing a comprehensive plan of government aid in reclaiming the arid lands of the West. Another scheme to pile up needless appropriations.

The impression is general in this country that the Vice President of the United States and the Lieutenant Governors of States have no opportunities to render the country timely and valuable service. It depends altogether upon the men who hold such positions.

It is announced that all persons applying for commissions in the army, whether regulars, volunteers or citizens, will be required to take a uniform and searching examination. Applicants rejected for not sustaining the same physical examination as is required of recruits for enlistment can go no further.

When a chaplain does not appear at the opening of sessions of the Senate and House it might be well for the presiding officers to repeat the oath taken by members on entering upon the discharge of their duties, in which there is something about looking after the interests of the people of Indiana.

The latest attempt at political grafting is the introduction in the Illinois Legislature of a bill to establish a State sanatorium for the scientific treatment of persons afflicted with tuberculosis. Sure enough; and why not other State sanatoriums for the scientific treatment of two or three score of other diseases?

The City Council of Springfield, Ill., has appropriated $10,000 a year for the maintenance of a Lincoln memorial library which Mr. Carnegie is expected to establish there. Such a library would be useful in making perhaps a complete collection of Lincoln literature and preserving relics and souvenirs of his life which, if not collected soon, will be lost.

A New York appraiser, having some business with the Chinese minister, Mr. Wu Tingfang, the other day, indiscreetly asked that gentleman what his Christian name was. "My surname is Wu," replied the minister with dignity. Some recent events in China have probably made Mr. Wu more disinclined than before to identify himself with the Christian religion.

Prominent Canadians are alarmed at the prospective consolidation of American railway systems, which they think threatens also the passing of Canadian roads under American control. The matter is attracting the attention of leading financiers and statesmen in Canada, who are discussing ways and means to avert the apprehended danger. But what can arrest the march of American enterprise?

The son of the late General McClellan did himself no credit when he compared the annual cost of the German soldier with the American. The former is forced to serve, while the latter enlists at will. One is worse than poorly paid, while the latter is the best-paid soldier in the world. The former has a cheap ration and the latter has the most varied ever furnished an army. The former receive little pension, if any, while the latter is liberally pensioned. No wonder the American soldier costs more than three times as much as the German.

The last meeting of the Methodist Episcopal General Conference gave to the proposed new church constitution the necessary two-thirds vote. Its adoption, however, requires, in addition to this, three-fourths of all the votes cast in the annual conferences. That it is likely to have this is indicated by the seven conferences which have thus far voted. Three of these had no votes against the new constitution, three had one each, and one had four. The new document is not so much a revision as a formulation of much that was tacitly accepted as the law of the church, but remained unwritten. It puts the general rules, articles of religion, enactments, etc., in definite, formal shape, does not alter any vital point, and keeps the church in touch with advanced conditions.

EASTERN COMPLACENCY.

The complacency with which Eastern writers and editors assume that every literary movement originates in their particular circle is amusing to those who live far enough away from that center to have a wider outlook. Harper's Weekly gives enthusiastic commendation of Mr. Ochs, editor of the New York Times, for his determined and successful effort to publish a special literary supplment each week in connection with his paper. "The result," exclaims the Weekly admiringly, "is that not only has the Saturday supplement of the Times become a serious and worthy factor in journalism, but all other proprietors of newspapers whose wisdom is greater than their vanity have emulated the example of Mr. Ochs. Every daily journal in New York, and nearly every one in the country, now has a well-conducted literary department. Imagine, if you can, the extent of the uplifting influence thus wrought upon the minds of millions who require a constant whetting of the intellectual appetite for the acquirement of knowledge." The praise for Mr. Ochs is, no doubt, deserved. When he came to New York three years ago he saw how little news of the literary field was furnished by most of the New York papers—not all of them, however, for a few knew there was a book world and gave heed to this branch of news before his arrival—and he proceeded to supply the lack in a way to catch the popular taste. He deserves credit for this, but papers outside of New York which conducted literary departments before Mr. Ochs was ever heard of can hardly accept him as the pioneer in the field. The Journal, for instance, which has no disposition to boast of its achievements, and merely calls attention to itself as an instance of what goes on in the newspaper world outside of New York, has for twenty years or more given particular attention to literary news. It has not issued supplements nor filled pages with exhaustive—and exhausting—reviews, but within its limited space has endeavored, and it believes successfully, to keep its readers informed of all of importance that was accomplished or was being undertaken in the world of literature. Facts about writers have been furnished—the pleasant little personal gossip which the public likes to hear—together with the plans and projects of publishers so far as they could be learned, and the little incidental gleanings of interest from the book mart. The Journal has done this, it is frank to say, not from any philanthropic motive nor because of a wish to "whet the intellectual appetite" of the public, but simply because it recognized the existence of such news and believed that its readers desired to have it. If New York papers have been slow to recognize and supply the demand the fact may not be altogether to their discredit. May it not be just possible that the demand of their public only lately came into existence? At this distance such explanation seems plausible. At all events, the papers in question should not claim too much lest they make themselves ridiculous.

NOVELS AND A NOVEL.

The dispute among professional and amateur critics over the question of what a properly-constructed novel should be will probably never cease, since critics and novel readers will never be able to agree. Mr. Howells, who has an especial dislike for the recent historical fiction, so-called, has been taking a tilt at it again, and in contradistinction urging the claims of novels portraying the life of to-day, a good example of which, he asserts, is Robert Grant's "Unleavened Bread." On the other hand, there are readers not a few who find "Unleavened Bread" an inartistic, unpleasant book, lacking in the saving grace of humor and conveying the impression that the author is pursuing the heroine, or, rather, the leading woman, of the tale, with unseemly personal animosity. Mr. Howells, too, is opposed to the purely romantic novel, and would have nothing but the realistic, yet the eagerness with which the public has accepted the flood of romances of the "Prisoner of Zenda" school shows that it will not take him as a guide, but will follow its own will. The popular fancy for a certain book does not by any means prove that it has high literary merit—the contrary is quite often the case—but it does indicate almost invariably that in the production the author has told a distinct and definite story. He may be a literary blacksmith, a crude workman, but the story, unpolished though it be, is there. The elect may value a tale first for its diction, the elegance and finish of its style; these things are secondary or unrecognized by the mass of readers. The latter must have the story, and if in itself it is a good story it is immaterial to what class it belongs. It may be historical, it may be psychological, it may be realistic and of to-day. As the Journal has often maintained, a novel writer need not be guided by what happens to be the prevailing popular taste. If he can tell a good story he may make his own school. Nor is it necessary that he should limit himself to any one class in any given novel. He may combine them, as Maurice Hewlett has done with such remarkable skill in his "Richard Yea-and-Nay." That tale is historical in a genuine sense, it is psychological—a character study—and involved in it is the purest romance. The author has studied his history so well and has so put himself in harmony with the spirit of that far-off time that he has been able to give something of its atmosphere. The reader feels himself moving among a people animated by other ideas and purposes than those which govern the world of to-day, and in a way comes into a comprehension of them as he cannot do through the dry pages of history. And whether the character of the famous Richard of the lion heart is portrayed truly by Mr. Hewlett or not, it is portrayed so skillfully, so subtly, so convincingly, that it is likely to be accepted henceforth by readers of the book as a correct estimate of that hero of the Middle Ages, and as their own estimate. Critics have had much to say of the historical and psychological qualities of this unusual book, but the most of them have passed lightly over its most striking feature—the love episode—which was yet not an episode, but a great and lasting influence on Richard's life. The love as pictured by Hewlett, however, and felt by Jehane Saint-Pol—"Jehane of the Fair Girdle"—is a very different sentiment from that set forth in ordinary romance, where it culminates in marriage and the wedded pair is left to live happily ever after. This is a love which is unselfish, which is self-sacrificing, which looks to the welfare of the beloved object and is ready to secure it at any cost to itself. It is a love prepared to endure all things without complaint so that the best interests of the loved one be served. It is the lasting love of the wife rather than the experimental, taken-for-granted affection of the sweetheart. The burdens laid upon her are greater than those borne by the "Patient Griselda," but she takes them upon herself, not in the spiritless, humble way of that ill-used lady, but willingly, understandingly, and of purpose. It is a love whose like may exist, undoubtedly, even in these days of feminine self-assertion, but it is not common in fiction, and in portraying it Mr. Hewlett proves not only originality but an understanding of woman nature and human nature that promises well for future fiction from his hands. "Richard Yea-and-Nay" is not meat for babes, but it is a novel worth reading by those who care only for the best in current literature.

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY.

The Chicago Tribune says that "some Indianians are planning to ask Congress to appropriate $50,000 to erect a monument on the Tippecanoe battlefield to commemorate what they call the 'victory' won there over the Indians by William Henry Harrison," and adds:

> There can be no objection to the erection of a monument on this historic spot, but the "victory" which was won there was nothing to brag of. General Harrison marched at the head of 1,100 men, regulars and volunteers, to break up the settlement made by Tecumseh at the mouth of Tippecanoe creek. The Indians were not at war with the whites, but some of the latter had adopted resolutions demanding a demonstration against Tecumseh and his followers. When the little army reached its destination, instead of attacking the town at once and destroying it, it went into camp for the night. No attempt was made to intrench or palisade. The Indians made a night attack which cost Harrison 188 killed and wounded. The Indians' loss was not so great. The Indians retreated, and their village was burned. General Harrison abandoning camp furniture and private baggage, but bringing off his wounded, made his way back to Vincennes as expeditiously as he could. This little campaign made General Harrison the inevitable leader of future campaigns in the Northwest. That was all it accomplished.

This perversion of history looks very much like an attempt to revive the anti-Harrison clamor that was buried in the early part of the nineteenth century. One might as well attempt to belittle the battle of New Orleans as the battle of Tippecanoe, for while the latter was not a great battle it was a decisive one. Some of the errors of the foregoing statement are flagrant. General Harrison did not have 1,100 men. One authority places his force at 750 men, another at 800, a third at 900 and a fourth at 1,000. The latter is doubtless excessive. The Indian force was estimated by contemporary writers at 1,200. It is true the latter were not at war with the whites at the time, but they were massing and preparing for hostilities. The Governors of Missouri and Illinois Territories both united in advising Harrison to break up Prophetstown. The statement copied above intimates that Harrison's camp was unprotected, that the Indian attack was a surprise and that the Americans got the worst of it. It is true the latter did not erect defenses, but they slept on their arms, and when the attack came it was promptly met and vigorously repelled. The American loss is correctly stated above, but all contemporary writers agreed that the loss of the Indians was as great or greater. They left thirty-eight dead on the field, besides carrying off as many as possible. Their repulse was complete, and they abandoned their town, which was looted and destroyed by the Americans. As that was the sole object of the expedition it was completely sucessful and there was nothing left for Harrison to do but return to Vincennes. His return was in no sense a retreat, as intimated. He abandoned camp equipage because his wagons were needed for the wounded, all of whom were brought away. The campaign and battle of Tippecanoe were not great ones in the modern sense, but their moral effect at the time was very great. The Indians had never before been defeated in a fight with nearly equal numbers, and in this instance their defeat was decisive. The significance of Harrison's victory was fully appreciated at the time. The public authorities at Vincennes passed resolutions of thanks, as did the legislatures of Indiana territory and Kentucky. President Madison sent a special message to Congress congratulating the country on the outcome of the battle, and said: "It may reasonably be expected that the good effects of this critical defeat and dispersion of a combination of savages, which appears to have been spreading to a great extent, will be experienced not only in a cessation of the murders and depredations committed on our frontier, but in the prevention of any hostile incursions otherwise to have been apprehended." The next year the secretary of war directed Harrison to take command of all the troops of Indiana and Illinois Territories and to call on the Governor of Kentucky for any portion of its quota he might need.

These facts are recalled because the article quoted from the Tribune seems intended to belittle Harrison's campaign and the results of the battle of Tippecanoe. Similar attempts were made soon after the battle, but they were inspired by personal jealousy or political hostility and were effectually refuted by the voluntary testimony of nearly all the surviving officers who served under Harrison and by contemporary historians and public records. Congress could well afford to erect a monument on the Tippecanoe battlefield. It is historic ground.

MRS. NATION'S MOTIVES.

The newspapers which are jibing at Mrs. Carrie Nation because her grandson in Chicago is barkeeper in a saloon are not doing themselves any credit. One paper remarks that "the fact that her first husband was a hard drinker and that her grandson is a bartender makes it appear somewhat as if she were merely dragging her family affairs before the public." It is not necessary to approve of Mrs. Nation's methods to say that her motives are undoubtedly those which may animate any lover of order and sobriety, any one who wishes to see temptation removed from the pathway of youth. What gives rise to these motives in her particular case or in the case of any earnest, would-be reformer is no one's affair but their own. In view of the obvious evils resulting from excessive whisky drinking it is hardly necessary to look about for any special reason to account for individual opposition to the liquor traffic. But if Mrs. Nation has suffered personally from this cause, is that any reason why she should hesitate to engage in active warfare against what is commonly acknowledged to be a great evil? Is it not rather the more cause why, with experience to teach her what the evil is, she should endeavor to save others from like experience? The circumstance that her efforts are misdirected has nothing to do with the worthiness or unworthiness of her purpose. As every one knows, women are the greatest sufferers from the drink evil; they endure anguish of mind and heart in seeing their husbands and sons go to destruction; they come to poverty and destitution because of it, and are helpless to prevent the woes that fall upon them. Is it any wonder that women who have personally endured these things rise now and then in active protest? Is it not a wonder, rather, that more of them do not so rise? It is not well that men should ask sneeringly what especial cause any "crusading" woman has for her course. There are few families which the evil has not touched directly or indirectly, few women whose hearts have not had cause to ache because of the dissipated habits of some friend or relative. If any one of them elects to become a temperance reformer there is no occasion for asking why. Silence on the part of men is best in such case, and if the silence be mixed with shame, is it not more seemly?

MRS. STOWE AND MR. SMITH.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith renews his attack on "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and attempts to give reasons for his declaration that it was and is a vicious and harmful book. Even a wise statement is often weakened by giving the reasons for it, but a foolish one is invariably made to appear more foolish. Mr. Smith says the famous book was vicious and harmful because it was potential in bringing on the civil war and because, by representing the Southern people as brutal and cruel, it fomented sectional animosities which it still helps to keep alive. It is undoubtedly true that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did contribute in no small degree towards bringing on the civil war, and that is one of its greatest glories. So far from being evidence of the book's viciousness that is proof of its virtue and power. The war had to come because slavery had to be abolished, and as far as human intelligence could see there was no other way. It was inevitable that many years of irrepressible conflict should culminate in war. It would have come eventually if Mrs. Stowe's book never had been written, but by prodding the national conscience and stirring the almost deadened moral sense of the Northern people the book accelerated the conflict by many years. Nobody whose opinion is worth anything now regrets the war. It was a national blessing. Everything that contributed to it was seemingly directed by Providence to that end, and to the extent that Mrs. Stowe's book did so it deserves to be classed among the great and good books of modern times.

There never was any reason why the book should have been denounced as fomenting sectional animosities. It did not libel nor misrepresent the Southern people as a class. It simply removed the veil and exposed some of the worst features of slavery, and this was what hurt. The author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did not create the conditions that she dealt with; she simply exposed them. She did not invent the incidents of her story; they were drawn from life. Telling the truth may often cause trouble and bring on strife or bloodshed, but it is never vicious. The viciousness was in slavery, not in drawing a true picture of it.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith is a professional lecturer, and in attacking "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has succeeded in getting some free advertising. It was a happy thought in him to hitch his little wagon to a star. As likely as not the story of his foolish attack on a canonized book will outlive anything else he has said or written.

The statement which Senator Hanna made in the Senate on Friday regarding the ship-subsidy bill was so dignified in tone as to make the contrast between him and his assailants most marked in his favor. The ship-subsidy bill is not popular in this part of the country, but it was assailed with a vehemence and recklessness of statement that ignored fact and decency. Senator Hanna has been assailed in the most malignant manner, as if he had a personal interest in the measure. With many other men he believes in giving assistance to American ships in the foreign trade. It is not a new theory; years ago, when steam was coming into use, the Collins line was subsidized by a Democratic Congress and subsequently left to perish. Conditions have changed since that time so that subsidies may not be needed, but because such men as Senators Frye, Hanna, Chandler, Hoar, Depew and others think otherwise they should not be stigmatized as rascals. Senator Hanna's allusion to the river and harbor bill, which every assailant of the subsidy bill supports because his State gets a slice, exposes the hypocrisy of such men as Teller, Turner and others who are interested in getting large and often unnecessary appropriations for their States. Mr. Hanna was undoubtedly right when he said that "there are propositions in the river and harbor appropriation that would make the subsidy bill look pale." There is a deal of hypocrisy in the constant professions of devotion to economy by the leaders of the opposition.

The difference between the official utterances of a king and the president of a republic presents itself at once to readers of King Edward's speech to Parliament. "My" relations with the other powers, he says; "my" troops, "my" naval forces, "my" Indian empire—above all, "my subjects," and "I have commanded." The speech itself is not especially significant, and probably the official authority of the King of England is not greater than that of the President of the United States, but these forms of expression mark a wide difference in the feeling of King and President. The latter says "Our" troops, "our" navy, "our" country," "our" people, and "we" want, "we" will do, etc. He makes himself simply a representative of the people to do their will, and includes them with himself in his speech. The other assumes to be the kingdom, the empire, in his own person, and to have, in that sense, supreme power. It is a matter of form mainly, but to the American it means much. We would rise in revolt should our President speak of "my" army, "my" navy, "my" dependencies, and we should be very likely to resent "my" people. The matter of official phraseology has an importance that only now and then makes itself apparent.

In its review of Maurice Thompson's career the Journal called attention to the change in his political affiliations as announced by himself within the past two years, and is apparently the only paper to take note of this, all others so far as has been observed having classed him as a constant adherent of the Democratic party. In a series of articles addressed to the Journal, and, as we recall, repeated in substance later in the New York Independent, he declared himself in favor of the Republican policy in the Philippines, criticised the course of the Democrats in opposing the action of the administration there, and in so many words aligned himself permanently with the Republican party. His articles expressed a high sense of patriotism and a broad view of the purposes and responsibilities of the government. Coming from a man whose name was not associated with politics the utterances were notable, and attracted general attention at the time, but as he had no further occasion to speak on the subject they have been overlooked by his newspaper biographers.

Mr. S. R. Crockett, who has the most rapid-working novel grinder on record, writes to the American publishers of his forthcoming story, "The Silver Skull." "Since I issued the story serially in the Pall Mall Magazine, I have been all over the locality I described; that is, the 'heel of the Italian boot.'" Is it to be understood from this that he had not before been over the territory he described? Next thing we shall be having some of the writers of so-called historical romance telling us: "Since the publication of my eighteenth century novel I have been reading the history of the period for the first time." It will be easy to believe them, too.

The intimation of Governor Durbin that he will not publicly express his opinion of a measure before the Legislature until it shall have been passed and is in his hands is the correct view to take of the subject. He has an opportunity to express his views either by approval or veto. In this State the veto is no more than an official notice to the Legislature that the Governor does not consider the bill under consideration a wise measure, thus requiring reconsideration by the Legislature.

The East still boasts of its literary supremacy and proves it by announcing in one of its largest and most flamboyant newspapers, under head of "latest book news," a new edition of "Lucile Meredith." In the literary van? Why, certainly; to be sure.

In the current number of a Boston magazine devoted to domestic affairs is an article on "Housekeeping in Indianapolis," by a resident of this city. She speaks incidentally of the central market, and has this to say of the inside stalls or booths:

> One has only to enter the building to realize the impurity of the air, yet in spite of this fact scores of people are buying bread, cakes, pickles and jams that have been exposed to such an atmosphere for hours. It is deplorable that these things exist, and I think a law should be passed prohibiting the sale of such articles in public markets. (I do not mean to imply that the Indianapolis market differs from others in this respect.) The meat market is considered good, but for reasons above stated I prefer to buy my meat where it is not exposed.

Here, it is evident, is a harbor for evil-disposed microbes on which the Board of Health has not yet fixed its eagle eye. Patronizing this department of the market is all a matter of taste, however. Fastidious persons may not wish to buy meats, bread, etc., which have for hours been exposed to dust and bad air, but a good many are not so particular, and it would probably be a difficult matter to prove that they ever suffered any physical ills in consequence. The microbe alarmists fail to take into consideration the power of the human stomach to adapt itself to its traditional peck of dirt. Even the primordial railway sandwich is seldom fatal.

A Kentucky farmer claims to have succeeded in cultivating ginseng, a thing that was supposed to be impossible. In early times the plant grew abundantly in the forests of central and southern Indiana and was extensively gathered for medicinal purposes, being largely exported to China. It is still found in some localities, but in limited quantities. Its propagation or cultivation was supposed to be impossible, but the Kentuckian claims to have accomplished it by pulverizing the soil and supplying artificial shade so as to make the conditions as nearly like those of nature as possible.

Detroit papers state that the Baroness Von Ketteler, widow of the late German ambassador to China, who was slain in the siege of the legations at Peking, has been summoned to Berlin by Emperor William and will be the guest of the imperial court. She is a great grand-daughter of General Lewis Cass, a former statesman and diplomat of Michigan, and has been visiting relatives in Detroit.

Prof. E. Benjamin Andrews is quoted as saying that five minutes is a long enough time to devote to the perusal of any newspaper. Professor Andrews is, of course, speaking for himself only. Other people who do not "know it all" find a longer time necessary.

FROM HITHER AND YON.

Department Store of the Future.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Who are those solid-looking men going up in the express elevator?"

"They are capitalists. We have a marked down sale of railways to-day on the twenty-fourth floor in the second annex back."

Boyhood's Diversions.

Harper's Bazar.

Mamma—John, Mrs. Cummern was here just now to complain how you are all the time fighting with her little boy. Don't you know that we must love our enemies?

Johnny—Why, mamma, Dicky Cummern ain't no enemy. He's my best friend.

Strictly Business.

Washington Star.

"Do you believe that Mars is inhabited?" asked the young woman.

"I am sure I haven't the faintest idea," answered the young man with the close-cut hair and the striped shirt. "Supposing it is. What's the use? I couldn't get there to sell the people any of our firm's goods."

A Professional.

Yonkers Statesman.

Church—You say your boy at college writes for the magazines?

Gotham—Yes; he's written several articles for them.

"I don't suppose he's a professional writer?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, he doesn't write for money."

"Doesn't he? You ought to see some of the letters he writes to me!"

Education.

Detroit Journal.

The university, understand, owes its foundation to the munificence of the president of the Pickled Pigs' Feet Trust.

Just imagine, then, the professor of Sanscrit saying: "No, thank you!" when pickled pigs' feet are passed him at breakfast.

Of course he will be forced to resign!

He will, perhaps, pretend that he was declining canned liver, au gratin; but this will avail him nothing. There is a Canned Liver Trust, and his conduct is, in any event, a thrust at capital.

Wu.

> He might have been a Jap,
> Or a little English chap,
> Or a good American.
> But in spite of all temptations
> To belong to other nations,
> He remains a Chinaman.
> He remains a Chi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yi-na-man!

—Chicago Tribune.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Zangwill is said to have in his notebook plots enough for a couple of hundred novels.

Ouida has prepared a new volume of short stories which she calls by the odd name of "Street Dust."

William Dean Howells is to spend the late spring in Europe. A portion of his time he is to pass in London, where, it is understood, he will be the guest of Henry James.

Mr. Marion Crawford's sister, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, is about to publish a new novel. This story, called "A Little Gray Sheep," deals with English character and social life. The scene is laid in Devonshire and in the Thames valley.

It is said that Robert Browning used to tell with glee the story of his meeting Queen Victoria at the house of Lady Augusta Stanley. The royal lady did not speak to him of his own work, but said that she admired his wife's "Aurora Floyd!" What would the author of "Aurora Leigh" have said to this?

Copies of the ballad at once came to hand, but there was a disagreement as to the authorship, several names being given and no proof offered in support of any. He now offers another prize of $50 for proof that any one of the names already presented is correct, or $100 for proof supporting beyond doubt a name not yet mentioned. Address Stringtown Ballad Committee, Station H, Cincinnati, O.

The fact that Maurice Thompson has lain dangerously ill for the past two months at his home in Crawfordsville, Ind., does not prevent the announcement by three different publishing firms of forthcoming novels from his pen, to be issued this spring. "Milly," "Sweetheart Manette," "The King of Honey Island"—one at least of these titles has a familiar sound. It is probable that all three are early works of the author, which owe their resuscitation to the success of "Alice of Old Vincennes."

Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis," lives in Warsaw, Russian Poland, occupying, with his daughter and mother-in-law, the second story of a tenement house. He is a widower. The rooms are very simply furnished in old-fashioned style. Many pictures, the gifts of friends, cover the walls. The study of Sienkiewicz is a large, light and airy room, containing a commodious writing table and many well-filled bookcases. A lifesize picture of the deceased wife of Sienkiewicz hangs on one wall, and hunting trophies on the others.

Prof. John Uri Lloyd, author of "Stringtown on the Pike," recently offered a reward of $200 to the person who would furnish him with the complete text and the authorship of the ballad from which the following lines are quoted in his novel:

> "Oh, yes, I am a Southern girl, and glory in the name;
> I boast of it with greater pride than glittering wealth and fame;
> I envy not the Northern girl her robes of beauty rare,
> Though diamonds deck her snowy neck and pearls bespread her hair."

Miss Jeannette Gilder, writing to a Chicago paper, destroys some more of the popular ideas about the novel writing field as a means of rolling up wealth. Unless one strikes a success, as did Mary Johnston, and as Marie Corelli, she says that 5,000 copies of a novel is a good sale so far as the publisher is concerned. But it means so little to the author that it is not worth his while. It means anywhere from $500 to $700 for him, and he may have worked for a year over his manuscript. If the publisher makes that much, or even less, he is satisfied, for it builds up his average. He has so many books on the market that anything that he makes is worth while and swells the grand total.

While $100,000 may be paid, on occasion, for a horse, $50,000 is said to be a record price for a book—that is, for one copy of a book. That is the sum paid recently for the superb manuscript of the "Evangelia Quator," which for over fifty years was in the library of the Earls of Ashburnham, and was sold (much to the regret of the English) to a foreigner. The volume in question, beautifully written and bound, and exemplifying the art of the goldsmith and the jeweler, as well as of the calligrapher and bookbinder, belonged for many centuries to the abbey of noble canonesses, founded in 834 by the Emperor Lewis the Pious, on the Lake of Constance. Upon the dissolution of the abbey in 1803 its goods were divided, and the book fell to the Canoness Antoinette, Baroness von Enzburg, and after her death in 1846 came into the London book mart and was immediately bought by Lord Ashburnham.

WISDOM OF CURRENT FICTION.

Your true epigrammatist steals in the rough.—Lord Linlhgow.

When some folks call ye a fool 's a ruther good sign ye aint.—Eben Holden.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle which fits them all.—The House of Egremont.

I think men cannot feel as strongly as women do the near presence of those who live no more.—Maya.

A splintry way leads to the Cross, where even things consecrate must tear the feet. —Richard Yea-and-Nay.

"Lord, what is man?" cried the Psalmist in dejection. "Lord, what is man not?"

"MODERN FABLES," by George Ade.

The Modern Fable of the Girl with a Handicap, Who Had to Lock Up Her Parents

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Once there was a Nice Girl who liked to have Young Men drop in of an Evening. She always used them the best she knew how, and she might have closed a Deal early in the Game had it not been for her Parents. They were not overly Bright, for they carried the Delusion that they could help Daughter in her efforts to jolly along the local Lotharios.

Instead of taking to the Back Rooms and giving little Jeanette full Leeway in the Parlor they would butt into the Tete-a-Tete and try to be Cordial with the Young Man and sort of throw out the Impression that they were ready to Entertain any fair and businesslike Proposition.

Father's Idea of making himself the Life of the Party was to tell of his Experiences at the Battle of Stone River and what he said to Cap and what Cap said to him, and plenty more that never got into the Records of the War Department. Mother thought it would Help Some if she would sit over by the Gentleman Caller and fill him up with what all the Teachers said about Jeanette's Voice and also refer to the two Distinguished Relatives, so that the Young Man might know that there was a Family Tree. Mother's work was very much to the Sand-Paper and Jeanette would try to Call her off.

After Father had told what he could remember about the Civil War and the Pipe had gone out and Mother had spread herself on the Prominence of their Relatives in the East the Young Man would move his Feet a few times and guess he would have to be going, as it was getting late. Jeanette would follow him out to the Hallway and help him with his Coat and tuck in his Muffler and tell him to be sure and come back soon. He would Promise, of course, but it was Dollars to Dumplings that many a Moon would Wax and Wane ere George went against that Combination again.

Jeanette was a dutiful Child and respected her Parents, but after they had dished many a Bright Prospect she had to rise up and have her Say.

"You two would be Strong Cards in an Old People's Home," she said, "but when it comes to ribbing up a Good Time for one of the Boys you are a couple of superannuated Shines. I am only a poor, weak Maiden with a Vocabulary of about three hundred Words, and I do not belong to the G. A. R. or know much about our Family History, but if you two will go lose yourselves and let me handle all Comers alone and single-handed I wouldn't be a bit surprised if there would be Something Doing in a little while."

Although convinced that she needed their Assistance, they yielded to her Wishes and she moved the Sofa out in front of the Grate and extinguished all the Lights except a couple of blue Candles, and the next time a Young Man called he didn't care if he never went home.

And there was no War Talk.

Then when she began to wear an Engagement Ring Father and Mother had to Admit that she had been right.

Moral—A Good Girl doesn't need any Help.

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE LOW-DOWN EXPERT ON THE SUBJECT OF BABIES.

Once there was a Mean Man who became Weary of having Young Parents brag about their Offspring. He knew that each Couple thought that its own particular Cherub was the most Precocious one that ever occurred and had every other Young One beaten at least a Block. But he did not care to hear all about it, so he delved into the Libraries and read all the Known Works on the subject of Babies, and when he had finished he was Loaded and Primed for any Cocky Young Parent.

When a grinning and enthusiastic Papa tackled him in the Street and took up his Time with a Story of how little Robbie, only Seven Months Old, could say "Moo" like a Cow then this Ornery Cynic would pull out his little Book and cite the Case of a Child in Lynn, Mass., who at the age of Five Weeks could Imitate a Cow and bat his Eyes intelligently when asked, "Where's Horsey?" and say "Dada" whenever the Male Parent came into the Room. He showed a little Table of Statistics indicating that the Average Age at which Infants begin the "Moo" Specialty is about Five Months, so that Robbie was really somewhat Backward and some one ought to advise him to Smoke Up.

One Day a Mother cornered him and exhibited her first and only Izzy-Wizzy and asked him if he had ever seen a Child of that Age with such a full Head of Hair. If he had been the ordinary, polite Hypocrite he would have expressed Amazement and Delight at the Growth, but he was a Moral Hero with a Mission to perform, so he let her know about a Baby in Michigan that had to have its hair braided in three long Queues at the age of Three Weeks. After that the Mother never spoke to him again.

He could prove by Huxley that the Grunting Sounds and the Facial Grimaces were not indications of an Early Intelligence bestirring itself, but were caused by Wind on the Tummy.

In Company one Evening a beaming Papa and Mamma were handling a small, squshy one around from one Guest to another and listening to the Heartfelt Declarations of Rapture. They called the Mean Man's attention to the Fact that the Darling was willing to go to any Stranger and asked him if he did not consider it Unprecedented. By way of Reply he brought out some Notes from Scientific Works proving that a Small Child always shows a Discriminating Affection and Distrust for Unfamiliar Faces unless its Faculties are Stunted. He said the Records would show that a Child who will warm up to any Caller usually develops into an Easy Mark for Life Insurance Agents and Confidence Men.

He knew just when the first Tooth ought to be through the Gum and what Age a Tot should manage to Stand by holding on to a Chair and how soon it ought to begin to speak Pieces and sing "Little Birdy in the Tree."

It gave him Cruel Joy to prove to Parents that one Baby was about the same as another and that all the Star Performances of little Itchy-Kitchy Pet had been duplicated at least a Million Times in other Nurseries.

By following these Cold-Blooded Tactics he protected the General Public from a Common Variety of Bore, but when the Mothers got together of an Afternoon he was read out of Decent Society and the time came when he never received an Invitation to Dinner.

Moral—Pretend to be Interested and Pleased.

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE WORRIED HUSBAND AND HIS FOXY PLAN.

Once there was a Husband who was still deeply in Love with his Wife, although she was tired of seeing him around the House. She used to have Company as often as possible so as to have some on else to Talk to, and when he was away from Home she used to send him frequent Wires assuring him that everything was running along Smoothly and not to hurry back. He realized that they were Drifting Apart and he wondered if there was not some Way of regaining her Affection and causing her to like him just as well as she had before she found out all about him.

One evening at a Continuous Show he saw a clever little Sketch in which a Husband won back his Wife by pretending to make a warm species of Love to another Woman, thereby arousing the Jealousy of the Wife.

On the Stage the Husband's little Scheme worked out without a Kink or a Break and led up to a Reconciliation that was worth the Price of Admission.

This Husband decided to try the same Cure. So from that day he began to pay Marked Attention to other Women so that his Wife could not fail to Notice what he was up to.

As soon as she saw him Cutting Up with other Women and apparently preferring their Society to that of his Wife she said to herself: "I have stood for this Crustacean going on Three Years because I thought if I gave him the Shake he might do something Desperate. I thought that I was the Only One he cared for and that if I set him into the cold Street his Heart Strings would snap. His Present Conduct indicates that he is fond of a few Others, so that makes it Easy for me. To-morrow we dissolve Partnership.

And she gave him his Walking Papers.

Moral—The Ordinary Husband never was intended for Strategy.