

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL
SUNDAY, MAY 19, 1901.

Telephone Calls (Old and New)
Business Office...438 | Editorial Rooms...80

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
By CARRIER—INDIANAPOLIS AND SUBURBS.
Daily, Sunday included, 50 cents per month.
Daily, without Sunday, 40 cents per month.
Sunday, without Daily, 25 cents per month.
Single copies—Daily, 2 cents; Sunday, 5 cents.
By AGENTS EVERYWHERE:
Daily, Sunday included, per week, 15 cents.
Sunday, per week, 10 cents.
By MAIL—INDIANAPOLIS:
Daily edition, one year.....\$4.00
Daily and Sunday, per year.....\$5.00
Sunday only, one year.....\$2.00
REBATES MADE TO CLUBS.

Weekly Edition.
One copy, one year.....\$4.00
Five cents per month for periods less than a year.
No subscription taken for less than three months.

REDUCED RATES TO CLUBS.
Subscribe with any of our numerous agents or send subscription to
JOURNAL NEWSPAPER COMPANY
Indianapolis, Ind.

Persons sending the Journal through the mails in the United States should put on an eight-cent postage stamp, on a twelve-cent postage stamp, on a sixteen-cent postage stamp, on a twenty-cent postage stamp. Foreign postage double these rates.
All communications intended for publication in this paper must, in order to receive attention, be accompanied by the name and address of the writer.
Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed for that purpose.
Entered as second-class matter at Indianapolis, Ind., postoffice.

THE INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL

Call be found at the following places:
NEW YORK—Astor House.

CHICAGO—Palmer House, P. O. News Co., 217 Dearborn street, Auditorium Annex, Hotel.

CINCINNATI—J. R. Hawley & Co., 154 Vine street.

LOUISVILLE—C. T. Deering, northwest corner of Third and Jefferson streets, and Louisville Book Co., 224 Fourth avenue.

ST. LOUIS—Union News Company, Union Depot.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Riggs House, Ebbitt House and Willard's Hotel.

Those who are anxiously seeking for indications of creed revision in the addresses before the Presbyterian General Assembly will search in vain. For the most part the speakers seem to take special pains to reaffirm the old doctrine.

The battleship Ohio, which was christened at San Francisco yesterday, will be the "pride of the American navy" until supplanted by some newer one. She is forty feet longer than the Oregon and her entire equipment is of the most approved kind. When she gets her "men behind the guns" she will be the greatest fighting machine afloat.

The moment that strikers resort to violence to prevent nonunion men from working or employers from prosecuting their business they raise the question of the supremacy of law, and this can only have one solution. And so far as the outcome is concerned it does not matter whether the issue is raised by strikers or their friends—we might say "fool friends"—in their behalf.

Mayor Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, has an apt way of putting things, whether he is sincere or not. Referring to the taxation of corporations he says: "The whole matter of taxes and their collection is surrounded with great injustice. The people hire a \$500 assessor and the big corporations hire a \$10,000 lawyer to look over his shoulder and tell him what to do." Perhaps the colonel is not far wrong.

About 200 farmers from different parts of Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma met in convention a few days ago for the purpose of forming an organization of Western grain growers to combat the middlemen and speculators by handling their own grain. After two days' wrangling, in which they got no further than adopting a name for their proposed combination, they adjourned. It requires good business talent to form a trust.

The New York Times says that in the past New Yorkers have paid tuition fees to Chicago for instruction in the art of speculating at a profit in wheat, corn, pork and lard. The price paid for the instruction was a little costly, but, nevertheless, the information was thorough. Recently, however, the Chicago men who are familiar with "corners" have been in New York speculating in stocks. They had cash and confidence, and played to the limit. When the collapse came they were in good position to witness its effect. In short, a large part of the liquidation of the past few days in Wall street was for the purpose of rectifying the judgments of Chicago enthusiasts. New York has the currency of the Chicago speculators.

Professor Arlo Bates, who is an author as well as teacher of English in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, contributes an article to the Forum which should receive the attention of educators because he takes the negative side of modern athletics. Professor Bates declares that "it is the general experience at the Institute of Technology that a boy's work suffers if he goes deeply into athletics." He gives an illustration in a case of a young man who, while in college, according to his own statement, had nothing in his mind but athletics. He and his associate students talked games, estimated chances and discussed teams. He kept up with his classes, but it was mere "cranking," as he confesses, of which he has no recollection now. He is engaged in a factory with his father, who is an educated man, but after two years' effort he finds that reading such books as his father reads is a bore. Professor Bates believes this case is typical of a large class, not only in its effects upon students who are members of teams, but to a great extent the whole college fraternity so far as they are concerned in athletics at present conducted. Is there not reason to fear that Professor Bates is telling a great deal of truth?

The French Chamber of Deputies, a few days ago, voted to post the declaration of "The Rights of Man" of 1789, as well as that written in French by Thomas Paine, in 1791, as a synopsis of his book in English, in all the barracks of France. The idea, evidently, was to post the book where it could be read by French soldiers. Its first publication in England, in 1791, caused its author to be outlawed by the Court of King's Bench, and it was with difficulty that he escaped from the country. He went to France, where he was received as a hero, and, notwithstanding he was an Englishman by birth, he was elected a member of the national convention. Later, he was expelled from that body, and after serving a term in prison was released. His "Rights of Man" is said to have been more widely read in England and France than any other political work ever published. It did not, however, have as distinct an effect as did his pamphlet entitled "Common Sense," published in America, in 1776. The effect of this publication in favor of the separation

and independence of the colonies was so powerful, instantaneous and general that it made its author famous. The Pennsylvania Legislature voted him a gift of \$2,500 and the Congress recognized his service. Another pamphlet of his, called "The Crisis," which was published in the winter of 1778, was by order of General Washington, read to each regiment and detachment in the revolutionary army, and was credited with doing much to nerve and hearten the soldiers. It was in this pamphlet that Paine originated the much-quoted sentence, "These are the times that try men's souls." After the war Congress voted him \$3,000, the State of New York gave him a large farm and the Pennsylvania Legislature elected him clerk of that body. Paine died in New York, in 1809, and was buried on his farm, whence his remains were removed to England and thence to France, where they found a final resting place. It is a curious freak of the French Assembly that orders one of his books posted in the military barracks nearly a hundred years after his death.

THE MACHINISTS' DEMANDS.

Reduction of the hours which shall constitute a day's labor is a logical result of the introduction of machinery which saves much hard labor and increases production manifold. To continue the twelve or thirteen-hour day of fifty years ago in manufacturing establishments would either glut the markets with the products of factories or compel them to be closed a large part of the time. Wisely the shortening of the day began with the introduction of labor-saving machinery and has continued as such machinery has been perfected so as to perform more of the labor once done by hand. Men are yet living in the East who once worked thirteen hours a day in woolen factories. The general reduction came with the spread of cotton manufacturing in Massachusetts. At the same time there was no cut in wages, but the contrary. In the great Carnegie iron works, where the machinery is most perfect, wages are the highest in the world. So far as the worker is concerned it has yet to be demonstrated if a shorter day than ten hours is better for him. We are aware that this doubt will seem absurd to most people, because the world is taught that labor with hand and brain is a thing to be escaped. We hear a great deal of unmitigated nonsense about the hard condition of the man who must earn his bread, particularly by manual labor. The truth is that labor which takes the greater portion of man's waking hours is a measureless blessing rather than a curse. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" was the mandate which God gave to man for his well-being and development after the Garden of Eden with its idleness failed. If the hours saved from labor by machinery are used by those who obtain them for their improvement the shorter day will be of value to labor. If, on the other hand, men spend the time in resorts of idleness and dissipation they would be better off with the longer day.

The effect of the strike, if it shall take place to-morrow and shall be prolonged throughout the season or a part of it, will be unfortunate. The practical increase of wages will doubtless work misfortune to employers who have contracts based upon a ten-hour day. To add more than 10 per cent to wages that have been increased in many industries during the past three years may result in irreparable loss to employer, which will in time react upon the employe. It now seems probable that many employers will accede to the demands of the employes or of their leaders. No employer can do business without profit. The intelligent employe who consults his own interests will insist that the industry in which he is employed shall afford some return to the men who are responsible for the payment of wages. If, after wages are paid, there is no money left for the employe in a short time he will have no credit at the banks, there will be no money to pay labor, and the factory will be closed. If prices fall and profits dwindle wages must share the loss by reduction. If nine hours for a day secures a better day's work, with a greater interest in the effective running of the plant, much of the loss of the hour a day can be made up to the employe. The better the work, the more careful the employe of the interests of the employe, the better for both. Sometimes that fact is not realized.

OUR FRIEND THE SULTAN.

Our friend the Sultan of Turkey has recently given new evidence of his good fellowship and friendly feeling for Americans by conferring a valuable decoration on a young New York lawyer. We say our friend the Sultan because, in spite of many obstacles inherent in his nationality and his office, he personally has always shown a friendly feeling for Americans. Besides, he is recognized as the temporal chief of Islam throughout the world, and there are a considerable number of Mohammedans now under the American flag in the Philippines. Politically speaking, they are loyal subjects, not yet citizens, of the United States, but in the improbable event of a religious war they would be bound to obey the call of the Sultan. As for the latter, he, like another personage who must be cautiously alluded to, is not half as black as he is painted. In fact, he is one of the most polished and gracious rulers in Europe, as he is the oldest in point of service but one. The only European ruler who antedates him is the Emperor of Austria, whose reign began in 1848, while that of Abdul Hamid II began in 1876. The Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany and the King of England are creatures of yesterday compared with the Sultan. And he can bear comparison with his brother rulers in some other respects. He has been more regular and temperate in his private life than some of them, and is more modest in his expenditures and less given to exploiting himself than are some others. Although he is the religious head and temporal chief of a denomination which numbers several times as many members as the entire population of Germany, he does not claim to be in partnership with the Almighty and His accredited agent and rightful representative on earth. In short, the present Sultan, with all of his limitations and drawbacks, for which he is not responsible, is, according to the testimony of those who have met him personally, a very agreeable and clever gentleman. His admiration for General Grant led him to show the latter distinguished attentions during his trip around the world in 1877, and he also showed many marks of friendship for Gen. Lew Wallace when the latter was minister to Turkey.

The incident referred to at the beginning of this article grew out of the visit of the United States battleship Kentucky to Turkish waters on her way to Manila a few

months ago. At Smyrna the vessel was visited by several high officials of the Turkish government, and Captain Chester and his official staff received an invitation to dine with the Sultan. Captain Chester's son, a young lawyer of New York, was one of the guests. In testimony of his regard for Americans the Sultan asked permission to confer the Order of the Osmanli upon Captain Chester, and when it was explained to him that the captain could not accept a foreign decoration he asked permission to confer it upon the son, which was granted. Several months were required to manufacture the jewel badge of the order, which has just now reached New York through the Turkish minister. Thus it appears that, although our friend the Sultan is sometimes a little slow in discharging his pecuniary obligations, he is punctilious in observing the requirements of polite society. Now that we have brought a considerable number of Mohammedans under the flag, it behooves us to cultivate friendly relations with the Sultan. President George Washington, during his second administration, sent to the Senate for ratification, and it was ratified, a treaty with the Mediterranean Mussulman nations, the opening paragraph of which was as follows:

As the government of the United States of America is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion—as it has in itself no character of enmity against the laws, religion or tranquility of Mussulmans—and as the said States have never entered into any war or act of hostility against any Mohammedan nation, it is declared by the parties that no pretext arising from religious opinions shall ever produce an interruption of the harmony existing between the two countries.

There has been a great improvement in the Mussulman powers since that treaty was ratified, and when the temporal head of Mohammedanism sets the example of decorating Americans, instead of imprisoning them, as they used to do, we should meet his friendly advances half way. Nevertheless, our friend the Sultan ought to pay his debts.

PUNCTUATION.

One of the Chicago's exchanges quotes an "old printer" as saying that certain punctuation marks are passing out of use. Not only this, he says, but some are already nearly lost sight of. The colon and semicolon, for instance, are much less used than formerly; "in fact," he goes on, "the semi-colon is almost tabooed, and it should be, for the comma, he admits, has its uses, but is less needed than formerly because the prevailing short sentences make the period about the only punctuation mark really essential. This would be interesting if it were true, but so far as the Journal can discover there is quite as much need for the comma, the semi-colon and the colon as ever. It is, perhaps, true that a more simple style of expression prevails than was once the case, and that few writers indulge in the long and involved sentences once so common, but these facts do not make comma and semi-colon superfluous. On the contrary they are quite as essential as ever, and in the best literature are used with as much effect. The better the writer, as a rule, the more skillfully he punctuates, the better he understands the fine points of the art. The printer quoted must have gained his curious ideas through familiarity with one of the eccentric newspapers which affect the short sentence and one sentence to a paragraph. This abrupt, staccato style is absurd in a newspaper; in any production purporting to be literature it would be preposterous. A book written in that way would wear the reader out like a day's ride over cobble stones. There is no doubt that comparatively few people understand the art of punctuation. Anyone who examines many manuscripts intended for publication can testify to this, and a lack in that direction is often discernible in the work of writers of reputation who do get into print. But let not the writers who are uncertain of the uses of every mark but the period, and who utilize the dash in all cases of doubt, be deceived by anything they may read concerning the abolishment of the comma and semi-colon. Those two marks are quite as useful and important as ever, and ambitious young persons anxious to get into print would improve their chances of success by learning to use them properly.

THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

The president of the Illinois State Federation of Women's Clubs, who appears to be an uncommonly sensible and practical person, gave some unexpected, and it is to be feared, unwelcome advice to her hearers in a recent address at a federation gathering. She touched upon the question of housework, and advised women to dignify it by doing it themselves and by bringing up their daughters to understand and love it. She considered that a pan of hot soap-suds had more inspiration when a club paper was to be prepared than a piano lazily dawdled over, or a seat by the window, with nothing to do but fold the hands and gaze dreamily out. If this advice were generally followed it would go far to solve the domestic service problem, but in all the discussions of the vexed question this solution is seldom advanced. On the contrary, so far from considering it as a possibility women seem to depend more and more upon the services of cook and housemaid or upon the maid of all work, and become more and more helpless in their absence. A manager of a large New York employment agency, speaking of the matter recently, said that members of the family, even in simple homes, do not now do the little tasks about the house that used to be done by the mistress and her daughters, even when a servant was kept. Everything is left for the maid, and as this makes much for one pair of hands it becomes increasingly difficult to secure the general servant. Because the mistress has not done these things herself she does not know how to measure the tasks, does not know what she should properly expect of a maid, and therefore makes her work needlessly heavy.

The fact that their mothers and grandmothers did their own housework is not accepted as a precedent by women of today. They say that conditions have changed, that the grandmothers lived more simple lives, that their housework was less complicated, that social and other outside demands upon them were less, that—and here is the nub of it—all—they could do their work without loss of caste, etc., etc. It is no doubt true that women of a generation or so ago led more simple lives, in the sense that they had fewer interests outside of their homes, but it is also true that their advantage in the way of simplicity is offset in comparison with modern living by the difficulties under which they worked. Modern improvements make everything easy for the housewife of to-day as compared with the conditions surrounding her

grandmother. Gas ranges, light weight kitchen ware, steam or furnace heat, laundry conveniences, and foods of many varieties needing little preparation, are now accepted as matters of course, but the women of the former day carried water from the well and cistern for all domestic purposes, replenished fires, washed, ironed—and they had as many trills as their granddaughters—baked, swept, cooked three meals a day, and did all their sewing by hand. They had no need for athletic exercise in gymnasiums, and they managed to have a good deal of time for other matters—reading, writing charming letters such as their daughters have no time for, entertaining guests, etc. When the time came that she could get servants she was equal to the opportunity. Really the only thing the modern housewife has to confront that her grandmother did not is the more elaborate method of serving meals and her superfluity of bric-a-brac and household ornament to be cared for. The great objection to housework, then, is that it interferes with her social liberty, and, in certain quarters, her social standing. Therefore she does not do housework herself except in case of dire necessity, nor train her daughter to do it; and if the necessity arises, either temporarily or permanently, she feels herself aggrieved. Therefore it is, too, that she must have a servant, even though she and her daughters are strong and well and her husband is struggling from year to year to make financial ends meet. And when her daughter marries she, too, must have a maid, and the spectacle is presented of a man on a small salary with a wife who does nothing to help him become prosperous, but adds an unnecessary burden. He judges at his calling; she declines what she is pleased to call drudgery. The American husband is a complaisant being and makes no complaint so far as is known, but there is reason to believe that many a young man has his matrimonial ambitions chilled by the reflection that he is able to provide for one woman, but not for two. Whatever is the outcome, it is certain that the household problem will have to be solved from within, rather than by reform methods directed toward the servant class alone.

NOT BASED ON FACTS.

A Logansport telegram to the Chicago paper claiming the largest circulation in the Northwest reads as follows: Department Commander Beem, in his address before the Grand Army, said that of the original colonels of the One-hundred-and-fifty-sixth Indiana, appointed by Governor Morton, only sixteen survive. This statement would give the impression that Indiana had one regiment, the One-hundred-and-fifty-sixth, which had a large number of "original colonels." As that regiment was the last mustered into the service the fair assumption from the foregoing luminous sentence is that having enlisted every other man in the State that would serve in the rank of colonel, as a last resort, to fill the State's quota, Governor Morton enlisted a regiment composed largely of colonels. If there was not a whole regiment of that rank the number of "original colonels" must have been sufficiently numerous to fill all positions of commissioned and noncommissioned officers. The statement of the correspondent is so startling that, to put the matter in its true light, the Journal has consulted the official records and finds that the One-hundred-and-fifty-sixth Indiana had but one "original colonel," and if sixteen of him yet breathe this vital air, all predictions regarding the dwindling of the pension roll during the next decade are fallacious. Turning to the text of Commander Beem's address, it is discovered that he said nothing of the kind, his statement being that only sixteen of the original colonels of the regiments raised for the defense of the Union in Indiana are now alive. Thus falls the fearful imputation that Indiana had a regiment with an infinitely large number of "original colonels." Another astounding statement of the correspondent reads as follows:

An effort will be made to make the soldier's monument at Indianapolis a national instead of a State affair. While it may be true that Chicago is undertaking to make the Federal government assume the financial responsibility of its elaborate sewerage system as a national work, no one in Indiana has so much as hinted that it would be willing to make Indiana's monument to her sons who fought for the Union a national instead of a State affair. The Journal feels fully warranted in declaring that the statement of the Chicago morning paper of largest circulation, and also of much-proclaimed independence, lacks the element of fact sometimes essential in a newspaper.

EVERYBODY HAS HEARD OF THE OLD LIBERTY BELL AT PHILADELPHIA, AND EVEN SCHOOL CHILDREN KNOW SOMETHING OF ITS TRADITIONS. DURING THE WORLD'S FAIR IT WAS SENT TO CHICAGO UNDER PROPER GUARD, AND ATTRACTED MUCH ATTENTION. NOW THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE WANT IT AS AN ATTRACTION AT THE INTERSTATE AND WEST INDIAN EXPOSITION AT CHARLESTON. THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA HAS WRITTEN A LETTER TO THE CITY AUTHORITIES OF PHILADELPHIA ASKING THAT IT MAY BE SENT. HE SAYS:

More than one hundred years ago the soldier's monument at Pennsylvania, and the establishment of the great American Republic, were the result of the same men, and their people shall always stand and work together for whatever shall promote the glory and good of our common country. The story shows a good spirit, and there would be eminent fitness in putting the old bell on exhibition within sight of Fort Sumter.

The importance given to what was not even an incident in the late Grand Army encampment and the absurd misrepresentations relative thereto that were insisted upon by correspondents was the cause of considerable comment that was not complimentary to newspapers. One of these stories was to the effect that a prominent Grand Army man who was for several years, up to 1900, a member of the resolutions committee, was dropped from the head of the committee after it had been learned that he was determined on an expression to which the commander was hostile. Upon this assumption was hung a report of considerable dimensions and sensationalism. As a matter of fact, the member was dropped from the resolutions committee in 1900 at his own request, because he had been placed at the head of a state institution for soldiers. His name was never thought of in connection with the committee this year. Nevertheless, the dropping of this comrade from the committee became one of the stock stories of reporters. Some one suggested it, and most others used it. If one of them had asked the department commander, or a score of other prominent comrades, or even the man whom they deposed, he would have

been shown that there was not a grain of fact for the story. Such insignificant cases as this coming to the knowledge of several hundred men destroy the confidence which reputable newspapers strive to be worthy of.

The Muncie woman who called in her neighbors and bade them dance when her husband deserted her for the sixth time took a proper view of the matter. The departure of a husband of that kind ought rightfully to be looked upon as cause for rejoicing.

California fruit raisers have undertaken a crusade whose purpose is to create such a popular taste for the prune that this article of commerce will take the place of candy. If a bigger task than this is under way it has not come to the Journal's notice.

THE BOYS' CLUB.

Few persons outside the circle of men and women actively interested realize the extent and importance of the work being done in the Boys' Club. It began in a small way and with uncertain prospects, but the need of an organization for the benefit of young boys in danger of falling under the evil influences of the street became more and more apparent as time went on, and the efforts of the enterprise redoubled their fervor and sought to interest others in the work. The gift of a clubhouse by the late Mrs. John M. Butler was a most substantial and welcome recognition of their labors and has enabled the association to achieve more than it had hoped. The work has now advanced to such a stage, however, that further aid is imperative. An appeal is issued to the public, which first outlines the character of the work being done. In substance, it reads:

The club, under the tactful management of Miss Alice Graydon, now has four hundred and sixty-one boys and girls under its membership. They pay a semi-annual membership fee of 10 cents, which entitles them to the privileges of bath, gymnasium, wood-working room, games, library and Sunday school, with a monthly social, or "pleasant evenings." On these evenings some citizen, qualified for the task, talks to the boys, while music and other attractions are furnished. A feature of their occupation is the planting of gardens in the lot adjoining the clubhouse. Last year the three most successful gardeners were given monetary prizes. It was remarkable, say the managers, how many remarkable articles that money purchased for the home folks. The boys will soon issue their first paper, The Boys' Club News. The great value of this work has been proved in various ways; for instance, several graduates are now holding good positions, which they would probably not have secured otherwise, and which they are filling with credit to the good influence of the club. The directors, who will soon issue a circular letter on the subject, desire to raise an endowment fund. They ask that those whose notice is not called to such a letter respond to appeals through the daily press. They appeal to those who cannot now assist to remember the cause in their wills, or through life insurance policies. They appeal to those from whose earthly care a loved child has been removed, as well as to those who would honor a dear one in life, to aid in order that permanent support may be assured and this useful work be not hindered at this important stage by monetary perplexities. Responses may be sent to the chairman of trustees, Mr. T. C. Day, Law building.

FROM HITHER AND YON.

Philadelphia Bulletin.
"Why don't you have your house and your office connected by telephone? This your wife could call you up when she liked."
"Oh, she wouldn't care anything about that. She'd rather wait till I got home and call me down."
Undoubtedly.
Judge.
"Quiverful moves into his new house next week," said Gazzam to Tenspot.
"With all those eleven children?"
"Yes."
"Then I suppose he won't have any other house warming."

THE FINAL ARGUMENT.

Chicago Tribune.
"Yes, he's a fine dog, Uncle Rastus, and I'd like to own him, but your price is a little too high."
"Betch git 'im while you 're kin, Cunnel Hawkins. Mistah Peapont Mawgan might want to buy him some 'o dese days, an' den whah'd you bet?"
Fortified.
Life.
Mrs. Hatterston—I am going to meet my husband at 1 o'clock to select some decorations for the drawing room.
Mrs. Catterston—What do you want him with you for?
"I wish in case they don't turn out right I can say it is his fault."
A Precedent.
Judge.
Hank Medders (proprietor of Meadowlark House)—It's mighty lucky we had Professor Leggett boardin' with us last fall when he was trainin' for his walkin' match, ain't it, mother?
Mrs. Medders—Why so?
Mr. Medders—Wal, I kin advertise that our place is only ten minutes' walk from the station, an' it won't be quite so much of a strain on my conscience as it used to be.

THE DRAGON'S HEART.

Detroit Journal.
As the hero of the grand opera pressed forward dogtightly to the attack the dragon roared.
"Hat! Thy heart falleth thee!" sneered Sigfrid.
"Bomblemelement! Yee!" cried the monster, shrinking away. "Barring the smell, I sometimes think a gasoline motor would be better than such a heart."
But the sensibilities of the patrons had to be considered, obviously, whatever the limitations thereby put upon the art.

LITERARY NOTES.

George Ade has transferred his desk for the time to Asheville, N. C., and from there he sends out his little "Fables in Slang." The statement is made by his publishers that several dramatists are actually asking for the privilege of putting his fables on the stage.
Some one endeavoring to pluck out the heart of Hamlet's mystery has written a big book, convincing to the writer, that it is a mere matter of punctuation. Take, this writer says, Hamlet's exclamation, "O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else? And shall I couplet hell?" and put a question mark after hell and the whole business is cleared up. Then we have, "O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else? And shall I couplet hell?" The question is, should he marry Ophelia when all women he for him under the curse of Gertrude's monstrous crime?
A variety of conclusions may be drawn from this recent remark by an author, as reported in the Atlanta Constitution: "I am just forty, but you observe that my hair is white. True, modern writers do not care if I have had easy sailing right along. In an author's club of which I am a member all the young men are gray-haired. Perhaps worry is responsible for it, yet they are as merry a set of fellows as you wish to see, and comparatively few of them are married. It is that the

"MODERN FABLES," by George Ade.

The Modern Fable of the Gallus Barker and His Contending Advice to the Governor.

(Copyrighted, 1901, by Robert Howard Russell.)

A highly respected Pastor had a Son who was a Bad Egg. They could not drag him to Camp-Meeting and when they called the Roll for Thursday Evening Prayer-Meeting, Son was Not East. He liked to wear a Red Sweater and read the Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan. At last he sloped between two days and his Father did not see him again for many Shaws.

One Day the Pastor wandered down to the Open Lot back of the School House to take a sort of a Side Glance at the Greatest Stock on Earth. The Pastor was only Human, and he certainly did Hone and Hunker to go in and study the Sacred Animals, such as the Behemoth of Holy Writ, the Leopard that couldn't find anything to take out the Spots, and the Camels of Egypt, where the Israelites came from. But he didn't dare to go in, because all the Members of his Congregation were in there and he would have been Shoked to catch him taking a Shy at any Worldly Pleasure. They were early at the Ticket-Wagon and stuck for the whole Shooting-Match, including the Grand Concert, but the Shepherd of the Flock had to stand out by the Cook Tent and listen to the Band. That was the Best he got.

There was a large Commotion in front of the Side-Show and the Reverend Gentleman edged around that way to listen to the speaker in the excitement of the day. He was an Impassioned Eulogy on the Ossified Man, the Cuban Lady weighing the Enormous Weight of 700 Pounds, the Hairly Man from Madagascar and beautiful Jujy, Queen of the Serpent World. The Barker addressed the Pack of Humanity as Neighbors, and he gave them a come-along Song that brought the Currency right out of their Clothes. When the Pastor drew near, he was amazed to discover that the Bally-Ho Artist with the Fog-Horn Voice was none other than his own Son. He was so surprised that he stepped forward to shake hands with him. As soon as the Crowd had rushed into the Annex, the Grief-stricken Divine confronted the Truant and began to Roast him for being in such a Business.

"Let up, Father," said the Orator, coming down from his Perch. "Is this the Welcome you have framed up for a Young Man who comes back after making his Way in the World? It seems to me that I am entitled to the Glad Hand and a Dewey Arch. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language and Convincing Manner, all inherited from you, I have developed into a Peacherine. I Jump from Town to Town, scattering my Flowers of Speech and bringing Happiness to untold Multitudes of Hiram and Hattie. I am now the Main Guy of this Congress of Wonders. Take it as a well-Money-Maker. You always wanted me to take after you and blossom into a Word-Weaver, and here I am. Thanks to my Stage Presence, Easy Flow of Language