TRAITS OF THE CHINESE

QUEER THINGS THAT INFLUENCE THEIR WHOLE NATIONAL LIFE.

Personal Responsibility for Natural Occurrences—Lack of National Solidarity—Being a eGntleman.

Rochester Post-Express.

After a residence of more than a quarter of a century in a foreign country one naturally comes to look upon that country with the eyes of a native. Twenty-five years in China has made George W. Catlin, formerly of the United States, practically a citizen of the Celestial empire. Twenty-seven years ago Mr. Catlin, who was an employe in a New York tea house, was sent to Hong-Kong to take care of the Chinese end of the business, and he has not been outside of his adopted home until this year. Mr. Catlin is at present visiting friends in this city, and will soon leave for San Francisco, where he will take a steamer for the Orient, and where he expects to spend the next quarter of a century. Mr. Catlin's knowledge of the Chinese character was got at first hand, and his comments upon the late Boxer rebellion are interesting as well as authentic.

"The Boxer uprising proved at least one thing," says Mr. Catlin, "and that is that there is a complete absence of anything like a national spirit among the Chinese people; the current events in China prove another thing—that there is no national spirit among the soldiers, and that the military system as well as the administration of the government is rotten to the core. Midway beween Tientsin and Peking there is a bend in the Peiho, and on the brink of the stream stands half of a ruined temple. The other half has been washed away. Below this temple is arranged an elaborate barrier against the ravages of the river, composed of bundles of reeds tied to stakes. Half of this has been licked away by the floods that sweep wrathfully and remorselessly through the valley of the Peiho each year when the first creamy fuzz is on the rice fields. The river is half silted up; the land lies exposed to inundation, and the nameless gods of the Chinese creed, squatting in the gloom of the rotting temple, are at the mercy of wind and water. This is a type of the condition of the Chinese empire.

REASONS FOR IT.

"There are many reasons for this lack of solidarity among the Chinese people; but the most conspicuous, perhaps, is the elaborate system of responsibility that ramifies through the government and the Chinese code of ethics. It is this principle, the principle that everybody is responsible, not only for his own acts, but also for the acts of somebody else, that is the cause of the jelly-like condition of the Chinese national life, and accounts for the fact that an insignificant company of Manchu nobles are able to hold this mass together and to mold it to their own ends. To illustrate this, suppose that a theft or robbery had occurred on a street in one of the Chinese cities. If the robber were not captured, the entire street would be held responsible for the affair, and the shopkeepers along the street would make good the loss. To the Occidental mind this system is beyond comprehension, but to the Chinese it is the logical working out of a natural law. This law extends even further. The Chinese are responsible not only for human acts, but the same principle is applied to the calamities of nature. If a river rises in wrath and floods the land, destroying life and property, the governor of the province is held responsible. Disasters by fire, wind, famine, pestilence or the like are even laid at the door of the official of the district in which they happen. The luckless officials, who could not possibly forsee the calamity, usually commit suicide rather than be subjected to the degradation and punishment that inevitably follow. It will be remembered that so high an official as Li Hung Chang was stripped of his yellow jacket and peacok feather because he allowed the Yellow river to swell above the banks. It was this same law of responsibility that caused the many cases of suicide of Chinese naval officers of all ranks after the many disastrous defeats in the war with Japan. The Chinaman—no matter what his rank or caste—does not flinch at self-destruction. He takes life naturally, and it matters little to him whether that life is his own or his neighbor's. He will hack off a man's head with as little concern as a European exhibits when cutting bread, or he will whittle a man to pieces as composedly as a Yankee would a stick.

"The official class of China are corrupt. M. Monnier, the French Asiatic traveler, tells a characteristic anecdote that goes to show that Chinese commissioners of public works are not so very far behind some of their Western brethren. A short time before the Boxer troubles the Emperor of China made up his mind that the streets of the legations in Peking should be paved. To insure the work being done he himself provided the money—some $15,000. This lump sum was handed to a high official of the public roads and highways department. It entered into the mind of this dignitary—as it has entered into the minds of countless generations of contractors—that the work could be done for much less. He very soon found an enerprising sub-official who undertook the task for $5,000. No. 2 had, however, views similar to those of No. 1, and was equally successful in finding a No. 3, who, in his turn, considered $1,500 an extravagant sum for so insignificant an undertaking. The street was eventually paved for $15. A Chinese gentleman, Hop Sing, a traveled Oriental, a man of means and refinement, a personal friend of mine, lived in the street of the Boasted Corn, as unsavory and as ill-paved street as there was in all Peking. Being an intimate friend of the local mandarin, Hop Sing availed himself of this bond to press the mandarin to have the street repaved. The mandarin was all acquiescence

"Certainly! At once! The coolies would be at work upon it before Hop Sing had returned home. A week passed; then another visit, and so on until, in despair, Hop Sing determined to have the street repaired at his own expense. The work was satisfactorily completed. The surprise of Hop Sing was equaled only by his indignation when, on awakening one morning, he found a gang of workmen tearing up the newly flagged street. His surprise grew when he heard from the mandarin's own lips that the men were there at his orders. 'You see, my dear friend,' said the mandarin, 'I am expecting the head inspector round here in a few days. Now, if he were to see the beautiful pavement you have laid down in your street he would come to the conclusion that there was money about, and he would assuredly bleed every vein in my body. This would mean my ruin. Don't you see why the pavement really must come up? It cost me one fortune to secure my post, and I don't want to spend another in keeping it.' This is typical of official China of to-day. From the highest mandarin down to the most insignificant provincial ku-yang, it is a system of extortion. Tammany Hall could not work the graft to better advantage.

STUDY OF POLITENESS.

"In China the art of being a gentleman is sedulously cultivated. There is a whole vocabulary of words that are indispensable to the celestial who wishes to pose as a 'polite' person, words in which whatever relates to self is depreciatory. The 'polite' Chinaman will refer to his wife—if driven to the extremity of referring to her at all—as his 'dull thorn,' or as his 'stinking woman.' This trait of Chinese etiquette is aptly expressed in one of their own tales, in which a visitor is represented as calling in his best clothes, and seated in the reception room awaiting the arrival of his host. A rat that had been prying in a jar of oil on a rafter above, frightened at the intrusion of the caller, ran away, and in so doing upset the oil jar, which fell on the visitor, saturating his elegant robes with oil. Just as the face of the guest was purple with rage, the host entered, when the proper salutations were performed, after which the guest proceeded to explain the situation: 'As I entered your honorable apartment and seated myself under your honorable beam, I inadvertantly terrified your honorable rat, which fled and upset your honorable oil-jar upon my insignificant person, which is the reason of my contemptible appearance in your honorable presence.'

"The Street of the Roasted Corn, to which I have referred, is one of the curious names of streets in Peking, and suggests the singular and often confusing names given to Chinese villages. Here are a few village names taken from an area of a few miles square: 'Horse Words village,' from a tradition of a speaking animal; 'Sun Family Bull village;' 'Wang Family Great Melon village;' 'Tiger Catching village;' 'Horse Without a Hoof village;' 'Village of the Loving and Benevolent Magistrate,' and the 'Village of the Makers of Fine-toothed Combs.' Arthur H. Smith, in his bright and accurate book on 'Village Life in China,' says that a market town on the highway, the well of which was afforded only brackish water, was called 'Bitter Water Shop,' but as this name was not pleasing to the ear it was changed on the tax lists to 'Sweet Water Shop.' If any one asked how it was that the same fountain could thus send forth at the same time waters both bitter and sweet he was answered, 'Sweet Water Shop is the same as Bitter Water Shop,' and in this answer is condensed all of the characteristics of the Chinese, which, when bundled together, and a queue added, form a paradox that it is not given to a mere Westerner to understand."

THE NEGRO IN BUSINESS.

Gratifying Progress of the Race Along This Line.

Richmond, Va., Correspondent New York Post.

A successful negro business man from Chicago, in a thoughtful address which he delivered at one of the meetings of the National Negro Business League here, this week, predicted that the virtual prohibition of the negro from many avenues of labor would in time have what the speaker called a "Judoizing" influence upon him; or, as he explained it, drive the negro into business, just as the Jew has been to a large extent driven. Another negro business man, also from Chicago, told how, when not long ago he went to a Jewish dealer to buy a certain piece of machinery, he was asked if he wanted the machine for his own use. To his affirmative answer, the dealer replied: "I'm glad of dot. Dot's what the negroes haf got to do if they want to succeed. They haf got to stop looking for tips, and go into piziness."

The stories of how these two men got their start in business are so interesting that I give them here, although they are no bit more graphic or inspiring than those of numberless other men of the race which this business organization has made public for the sake of the encouragement of other men and women of the race.

The first man, the one who likened the future of the negroes to the Jews, W. F. Taylor, owns a drug store, which has been opened five years, and puts up an average of 4,000 prescriptions a year. When Mr. Taylor got ready to open his store, five years ago, after working all night to finish putting things in place, he took down the shutters with just one cent in money left to his name; and he had pawned his watch and bicycle besides. The first customer was a woman who bought 5 cents' worth of something and tendered a 10-cent piece in payment. The new druggist looked in the money-drawer, and, with apparent surprise, exclaimed: "Excuse me, madam, till I go out and get some change," and slipped across the street to get two nickles for the dime.

The second man, the one who wanted to buy the machine, is A. C. Howard, a young colored man, who not many years ago was running as a porter in a Pullman car out of Chicago. Of an inventive turn of mind, he began to experiment in the making of shoe-blacking, succeeding in a year or so in producing a satisfactory article. The porter went on running, and in his lay-offs in Chicago made blacking and sold it, until he had saved $180. With this as a capital, he embarked in business life as a manufacturer of shoe-polish. That was less than six years ago. Now it takes three teams to supply the trade in Chicago alone with his shoe-polish. Last year a Mexican firm placed an annual contract for 600 gross of it, and a New York firm has just ordered 250 gross for foreign shipment. This year's sales will amount to over $10,000.

These two men and fifteen more, all negroes, came from Chicago to Richmond to attend the convention of the league, of which they are members. They experienced no inconvenience from the Jim Crow car law, because they came in a special Pullman car chartered by them for the trip, and they had no trouble in finding hotel accommodation here, because there is a neat and comfortable negro hotel in Richmond, capable of accommodating over a hundred guests, built with negro money and managed by negro men. Money counts.

The National Negro Business League was organized by Booker T. Washington in Boston in 1900. Last year's session was held in Chicago. The object of the organization, as set forth by Mr. Washington, who has been its president from the first, is to bring negro business men and women together from all over the United States, as a source of encouragement and inspiration to themselves, and also that the country in general may see something of what the race is doing in the direction of business. From twenty to thirty States have been represented at the meetings each year, and a considerable number of local leagues have been formed to meet at certain times and report to this central body. The meetings of the leagues have steadily increased in interest and in attendance and have improved in importance and in the businesslike way in which the deliberations are conducted. In fact, the meetings this year, here at Richmond, could hardly have been improved upon by any body of business men.

FICKLENESS OF FASHION.

From Greek to Colonial Modes in a Few Years.

Baltimore American.

From Greek fashions to colonial ones seems a far cry, but we have covered the distance in a few short years. How long ago was it, anyway, that every woman wore her hair in a psyche knot, drawn back straight from her forehead, and had her evening gowns made in classic style, with the drapery falling straight from the bust to the feet?

This page remembers a lovely frock of this sort of soft, clinging white silk. The puffed sleeves were of royal purple velvet, and bands of velvet outlined the square neck. From there the folds of silk fell to the feet of the wearer; but, it is sad to relate, she had a pug nose.

Unluckily, the American nose of nondescript shape didn't always suit the Greek style of dressing, but this did not seem to discourage one whit those who loved to wear the ancient styles. There were certain anachronisms of dress also in those not distant days, for high-heeled slippers were worn, and no real Grecian maiden of proper pride in the olden times would have thought of crippling herself so.

By a gradual descent we have now reached the colonial period. It is obvious that this has been brought about by the influx of the revolutionary novels with which we have been blessed within the last five years. The colonial styles show themselves chiefly in shoes, hats and veils. The former, with their broad tongues, buckles and "clumpy" heels, might have been worn by Martha Washington herself. Why anything as ugly as this heel should have been resurrected in the present common sense period no one seems to be able to explain. The French heel, if unpractical, is graceful in its curves and beautiful in its general aspect; the colonial heel is awkward and clumsy. It isn't easy to walk on, so it hasn't even the virtue of comfort.

The Bo-Peep hat is recrudescence. It was first worn in the days of Marie Antoinette, and has reappeared at intervals ever since, but it is a pretty style, so who cares?

As for the loose, flying veil of the day, it is nothing less than a modification of the curtain veil of revolutionary times. It's a bit prettier, but the resemblance is too strong to be mistaken.

With a few exceptions this is, however, a period of moderate fashions. Our sleeves show a happy medium; crinoline is abhorred; overtrimmed gowns and hats not fashionable, and the chignon never seen. For this we must be thankful, though the chances are if any of these fashions were introduced, so sheep-like are we, that we would adjust our ideas at once to think them beautiful.

THAT "PREHISTORIC" MAN.

Kansas Citizen Turns Up Who Was Acquainted with Him.

Topeka Letter in Kansas City Journal.

I know all about that "prehistoric man" dug up over at Lansing. Were it not that I have no desire to injure the feelings of his loving relatives, who are highly respectable and much respected people, I could, by going to the records of the United States Circuit Court, give his name. He was a remarkably large man, with a beard even Peffer would have envied. He was charged with passing counterfeit money, and his defense sounded quite reasonable—so reasonable that many of us who heard the case tried to believe it.

He claimed that he was selling a banknote detector; that upon coming to a town he would visit stores and even banks and work off counterfeit bills, and later would call on the victims and tell them he had given them counterfeit money. The bills would be identified by him, and he would then point out the evidences that they were counterfeit. In this way he would sell his book and make his money. But in Wyandotte (now Kansas City, Kan.) he was arrested while operating the preliminary part of his scheme, and before he had a chance to go around and redeem his counterfeits and sell his books. He was convicted.

Mr. Justice Miller did not believe his story altogether, and said it was a very dangerous story anyhow, and refused him a new trial and sent him to the penitentiary. This was in 1871, or thereabouts. The man was a man of culture and was highly connected.

During the administration of Governor Osborn the prisoner died, but upon his deathbed had a talk with Governor Osborn, who was visiting the penitentiary, and begged so hard to be buried in some unmarked spot outside the prison walls that Governor Osborn, who was a kind-hearted man, not only promised to heed the dying man's request, but personally looked after the fulfillment of his promise.

Consent was obtained of the owner of the land upon which the body has been discovered, and one night, in the presence of the warden, the owner of the land, Governor Osborn and Hon. Thomas Moonlight, all of whom are now, unfortunately, deceased, the body was interred deep in an old abandoned abortive coal shaft, and next day the grave was plowed over and hidden.

This story can be in part vouched for by A. H. Case, whose partner at that time, Captain McDougal, defended the man, and I think by Webb Wilder, ex-Governor Morrill, ex-Senator John Martin, Judge James M. Spencer, of Los Angeles, Cal., who attended the trial; Hon. H. W. Ide, then of Leavenworth, now in the Philippines; Hon. F. P. Baker, who conducted the Topeka Daily Commonwealth at that time, and, if I mistake not, by Hon. Samuel L. Howe and Major William B. Sims, who knew Governor Osborn quite well, and must have heard this story from his lips.

When I saw the man he was about thirty-five years old. If he is 35,000 thousand years old now he must have lived a fast life since he died.

KINDLY TREATMENT,

And How It Is Accorded the Public by the Newspapers.

St. Louis Republic.

"It sounds a thunderin' sight bigger," remarks the sage of the Albany (Mo.) Ledger, "to say that 'Mr. So-and-So accepted a position' than to say he nearly ran his legs off and told forty lies to get it."

In this reflection is truth of a kind so homely that it cannot fail to approve itself to the average man. When we come to think of it, this trick of tactful expression is a great thing in the world. It is more largely instrumental in the making of reputations than any other one influence, perhaps; especially in the case of those who are not really forceful persons, but who have the knack of keeping themselves in the public eye by conventional methods.

In no department of the world's work does this truth more vividly impress itself upon the observant mind than in that of the daily newspaper, which is commonly believed to be a cynical sort of institution, wearied of life's humbugs and disposed to disillusionment. Yet it is the forbearing courtesy of the daily newspaper which is peculiarly and logically responsible for making the reputation of thousands who would otherwise have lived unknown and, justly or unjustly, obscure.

This further truth is due to the fact of the frequency with which personal mention of the most casual description is necessary and to the solicitude with which a newspaper places every individual in the best possible light before its readers. In this polite treatment of the average citizen by the average newspaper lies the secret of the vast majority of established reputations in every community.

These thoughts are respectfully submitted to the attention of that illogical class so prone to the fallacy of abusing the daily press for alleged cynicism and indifference to worthy achievement. A newspaper is not only invariably glad to acclaim such achievement, but errs, if anything, on the side of kindly mention of the most ordinary effort. The plain truth is that the daily press is good natured and charitable beyond the usual run of things.

Godkin in Editorial Conference.

Joseph B. Bishop, for sixteen years an assistant in the editing of the Evening Post, gives the following account of Godkin's method of choosing the editorial topics of each day:

"I can most clearly reveal the qualities of his mind by citing some illustrations of his methods. It was his custom to hold each morning an informal conference of editorial writers as to the subjects which were to be treated in the day's paper. At this conference it was understood that everybody should "free his mind" without restraint, and this was always done. What was especially calculated to unnerve a newcomer in these gatherings was the intensity of concentration in Mr. Godkin's eyes, when he turned to him, after the latter had proposed a subject, and asked: 'What would you say about it?' Woe to the poor man if he had nothing above the commonplace view to present. He would not get far in his exposition before, with an impatient wave of the hand, and whirling quickly around in his chair, the chief would dispose of the matter with an unceremonious verdict, like, 'I don't think that is worth while,' or 'We have said that already,' or, 'Oh, there's nothing in that.' After that nothing more upon the subject was to be said. Sometimes after an interested attention of a few seconds, a quick, searching question would be put that would go through the subject like a knife through a toy balloon, leaving complete and utter collapse. But if a real thought were brought forward, an old subject with a novel method of treatment advanced, Mr. Godkin's eye would kindle with delight, his mind would at once begin to play around it, illuminating it with touches of humor and expanding it with penetrating insight, till the author became fairly astonished at the beautiful proportions of his own offspring. Just at this point came the author's greatest peril. The chances were ten to the dozen that Mr. Godkin would become so delighted with the development of the subject, so intoxicated with the intellectual pleasure of its treatment, that he would say, with a serene smile of perfect enjoyment, 'I'll write on that.' "

Miser's Methods.

Baltimore Herald.

Fudge—Yes, Spinks has a splendid system of economy.

Judge—How so

"He goes to work and lays aside money for something he doesn't need."

"No economy in that!"

"Isn't there? Well, by the time he has the money saved he always finds out he doesn't want the thing—and then the money's saved."

Neighborly Interest.

Atchison Globe.

When a man dies who has buried a wife there is always a curiosity to know if his wife will bury him beside his first wife or save him for herself.

Forefathers' Graves.

Beneath the roots of tangled weeds,
Afar in country graveyards, lie
The men whose unrecorded deeds
Have stamped this Nation's destiny.

We praise the present stock and man;
But have we ever thought to praise
The strong, still, humble lives than ran
The deep-cut channels of these days?

Beneath those tottering slabs of slate,
Whose tribute moss and mold efface,
Sleeps the calm dust that made us great,
The true substratum of our race.

—James Buckham, in Munsey's.

HER PREDICTION FULFILLED.

"The clairvoyant told me to beware of a long, fair lady who would be angry with me."

"Well, did you beware?"

"Gee! I didn't know until I got home at 1 a. m. who she meant!"

THE WEALTH OF ALASKA

GOVERNMENT AGENT DESCRIBES ITS VAST POSSIBILITIES.

Territory by No Means a Barren Waste, but Capable of Supporting 3,000,000 People.

Tacoma Letter in New York Commercial.

There has just been received from C. G. Georgeson, special agent for Alaska of the Agricultural Department, a statement of the agricultural resources of the district. He says in substance:

He would have been considered a rash phrophet who five years ago had the temerity to predict that Alaska would one day become a great and powerful State. The change of opinion is due to the fact that it has been demonstrated Alaska has agricultural possibilities of high order.

Alaska has been maligned, abused and totally misunderstood. It has already paid for itself many times over and still we have scarcely begun to realize how enormous the resources are. What the profits to the lessees of the sealing privilege have been will probably never be made known, but it is interesting to note that the rentals received or due the government for the lease of this privilege from 1870 to 1895 amounted to almost the original cost of the territory. It is reported that more than an equal sum has been taken from a single mine near Juneau, to say nothing of the millions taken out in other places.

There never could be a greater misconception in regard to a geographical fact than the popular idea that Alaska is a snow-covered waste. As a matter of fact, one can travel from one end of the Yukon to the other in summer and never see snow. On the contrary, one will see a tangle of luxuriant vegetation, large forests and such delicacies as wild raspberries, red currants, huckleberries and cranberries in profusion. In places the grass grows as high as a man's shoulders.

People who got as far north as Skagway and back again to Seattle fondly imagine they are studying Alaska, when, as a fact, they have not been within 200 miles of the 141st meridian, where Alaska proper begins. To get anything like a correct idea of Alaska one must go inside.

Hardy vegetables are grown with marked success all over Alaska south of the Arctic circle, except on the coast of Bering sea. I have never seen finer potatoes, cauliflower, cabbage, pale peas, lettuce, and radishes than have been grown at the experimental stations at Sitka and Kenai.

At Dawson the Chamber of Commerce rooms display fine samples of barley, oats and wheat in many varieties, perfectly normal in all particulars, and grown there by a local experimenter. At Eagle I have seen a luxuriant growth of sweet peas, poppies, mignonette and a host of flowers in full bloom.

GROWING WINTER WHEAT.

Winter wheat seeded at Rampart, in latitude 65, lived through the winter perfectly under a good covering of snow. Although the temperature fell to 70 degrees below zero, the wheat came out in the spring in perfect condition and matured grain by August.

At Sitka I have for three years past grown as fine spring wheat as one would wish to see and barley and oats have been grown there successfully for four years. These grains have been grown successfully at the experimental station at Kenai peninsula, where there are thousands of square miles of land available for farming and grazing. At Fort Selkirk an American, Frank Bach, and at Dawson, two brothers named Morgan, also Americans, have secured from the Canadian government tracts of upward of 100 acres each, which they are farming successfully.

Cattle are kept at every considerable settlement in Alaska except, perhaps, Nome. They all do well. The treeless region to the westward of Sitka is especially well suited to cattle. The Alaska Commercial Company has kept cattle, sheep and angora goats at Kadick for many years. The natives of Kenai and Nihilchik, on Cook inlet, have kept cattle for half a century or more.

Mark E. Bray, an American miner, told me he used five mules in his mining operations on one of the tributaries of the Tanana. He abandoned them in the fall when he went out, it being too expensive to buy food for them in Dawson, where he wintered. When he returned to the diggings the following April he found four of them alive and well; the fifth had been killed by Indians.

There are extensive areas of grass land in many parts of the interior. The distance between Eagle and Valdes, as the trail runs, is 435 miles. Within a strip of thirty-five miles wide along this distance it is estimated there are 2,000,000 acres of pasture and farm lands.

The development of agriculture in Alaska means the settlement and development of the country. It means the making of homes, a permanent population, the creation of wealth, the building of a state.

An adequate food supply is the first essential to the growth of population, to prosperity, and if this factor were lacking in Alaska it would be doomed to remain a scantily populated territory. It is fortunate for Alaska that she has agricultural possibilities to an extent which will make the fullest development of her resources practicable.

CAN FURNISH HOMESTEADS.

Alaska can furnish homesteads of 320 acres each to 200,000 families. She has abundant resources to support a population of at least 3,000,000. The development of agriculture would reduce the cost of living, make labor more plentiful and give rise to better transportation facilities.

When the fishing industry of Alaska is developed it will engage the labors of hundreds of thousands who must be fed in a large measure from the farms. The salmon is as yet the only fish that has attracted attention. There are thousands of square miles of cod banks; the enormous halibut grounds have not been touched, and the myriad shoals of herring go by unheeded.

An oil and guano factory has been established at Killsnoo, a little village near Sitka, in which herring are used. There is room for fifty such enterprises. The guano sells readily for $30 a ton.

With such facts as to resources why is Alaska not settled? Simply because settlers cannot get title to land. To get title the settler must buy soldiers' additional homestead scrip, which can be located on unsurveyed lands. This will cost anywhere from $5 to $15 an acre. Then he must deposit in the surveyor general's office an amount which will cover the cost of survey. Deputy surveyors charge $15 to $20 a day and traveling expenses in Alaska.

The result of all this is that a piece of raw land in Alaska will cost him as much as a good, improved farm in the States. Such conditions are prohibitive and Alaska will not be settled as long as they prevail.

Again, a homestead of eighty acres, which the law allows, is not large enough. Three hundred and twenty acres would be more in harmony with conditions, which require considerable pasture lands to make farming a success.

THERE YOU ARE.

Visitor to Insane Asylum—Who is that poor fellow with the wild, staring eyes? He seems to be trying to hide something under his coat.

Keeper—He imagines he's caught in the rain, and he's trying to keep his Panama from getting wet.

THE RUSSIAN JEW.

These Immigrants Readily Absorb and Assimilate New Ideas.

Maurice Fishberg, in Review of Reviews.

To dispel an erroneous inference, we must emphasize that the stunted appearance of the Jew by no means incapacitates him from meeting the usual contingencies of every-day life. As has been shown by Herbert Spencer, tall and muscular men, who can lift great weights, jump great heights or run great distances, are not usually the ones who are fitted to withstand the strain of modern life or to do hard work under unfavorable conditions. In the case of the Jew, we may observe the energy he lacks in his muscles is chiefly concentrated in his nervous system, thus adapting him to withstand the hazards of modern civilization, when brute force is of rather secondary importance.

Arriving at New York, the Russian Jew finds himself handicapped to a greater extent than immigrants of other nationalities. Besides the lack of the English language, he also finds all the conditions different from those under which he was reared in his native country. It must be recalled that the industrial development of Russia, particularly the fifteen governments of the "Pale," is at least fifty years behind that of the United States. Any trade that he may have spent years in acquiring he must learn over again, according to American methods. The only useful qualification a Russian immigrant brings over with him to the United States is his adaptability. This he has acquired during constant migrations for the last 2,000 years, bringing him in contact with all peoples and their civilizations, and rendering his organism pliable. This power of easy adaptation to a new environment is peculiar to the Jews to such an extent that scientists are inclined to consider them a cosmopolitan people, who can live and prosper in all continents, in all climates and under any environment. Another characteristic of the Jewish immigrant is his readiness to absorb and assimilate new ideas, new sentiments, new conceptions of life, and in the course of one or two generations the descendants of that uncouth Russian Polish Jew appropriate American modes of life and activity, and are no more to be distinguished from the surrounding population. It is all due to his ready response to new environment and new spirit of the time.

CONCERNING THE SMITHS.

Where They Are Something Is Always Doing.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

In one of his occasional poems good old Dr. Holmes spoke of a classmate as one who in late tried to conceal by naming him Smith. It sounds trite, but it is not correct. The Smiths are never concealed. They are always in the open. They are found in the pulpit, on the bench, in politics, business and everywhere else.

The Peapack Smiths, of New Jersey, have just had their annual gathering, and nearly three thousand of them vied with each other in honoring the name that is, perhaps, more widely distributed than any other in that branch of humanity that speaks the various forms of Teutonic language. Even in Scotland, there are more Smiths than followers of any of the clans. In this city there are enough to fill twenty-six pages of the directory in closely printed double columns, not counting the Smythes, the Smithes or the Smyths and other variants of the good old name.

The multitude of the Smiths is not remarkable. The name arose at a time when a man's calling was added to his Christian name to differentiate him from others of the same name. The smith has even been held in honor from the days of Tubal Cain to Carnegie. The worker in metals was a man of skill and in great demand, principally, we regret to say, until recent times, because he could make armor and swords. When the Romans or Saracens had the finest swords in the world they had the poorest agricultural implements. War being the natural state of man, it was essential that he be equipped, and so the Smiths thrived from time immemorial.

Smith, as remarked, is a Teutonic word. You find it among the Germans, the Scandinavians and Anglo-Saxons. Some philologists claim it is derived from a Greek word meaning knife, but after a diligent perusal of Athenian and Lacedemonian literature we fail to find a hero named Smith, and we must beg leave to differ from the learned book worms. Wherever there have been Smiths there has been something doing that has been recorded. The smiths were in Rome, but not the Smiths.

Sounds That Chill.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"It is curious how men are afflicted by sounds," said an observant man, "and I suppose I am just about as susceptible to torture from this source as most other men. I can understand why it was that the primitive man believed that the echo was a mocking spirit, for I have heard echoes myself which sent the cold chills up my back. Go into the Mammoth Cave and yell in a long deep voice if you want to learn something of the horribleness of the echo. Or go into some of the lesser caverns in the Ozarks and go through the same performance and you will be impressed in the same way. It is something awe-inspiring, something suggestive of ghosts, and one cannot ward off the cold shivers. And there are other sounds which have the same effect. For instance, there are but few persons who are not annoyed by the howl of a dog, and it doesn't matter whether they take any stock in the old legend that it is a bad omen or not. The sound is terrifying. Take the shrill shriek of the screech owl as another instance. I have seen men and women of a high order of intelligence burn leather and stick the poker in the fire and do other things in order to suppress the horrible noise made by the screech owl. Of course, the owl would go right along with the howling just the same, despite the burning leather and the red-hot poker. Sound has a strange influence on the human mind, and I guess we must inherit, in an unconscious sort of way, some of the superstitions of our savage ancestry, else we would not quake and get cold when we hear some of these more horrible sounds. I guess we are but partly civilized after all, for our minds are not yet strong enough to ward off the bad influence of the mythical things associated with the sounds we hear."

What Not to Drink.

Harper's Weekly.

When the French people, who are supposed to know more than any others about food and drink—especially the latter—begin to decry certain popular beverages, it is time for us to take a leaf from the Gallic book and make it our own, for a very large class of Americans, that drinks much, though it contains few drunkards, consumes an immense quantity of stimulants and appetizers with French names.

The French Academy of Medicine has advised the government to prohibit by law the sale of absinthe, anisette, vermouth and Chartreuse, as well as gin and all classes of "bitters." Alcohol has been the bugbear of previous opponents of the drink habit, but the academy finds more dangerous constituents than alcohol in the compounds named and in some others.

It charges the various "bitters," which are the basis of all "cocktails," and many "temperance drinks," so called, with abounding in serious menaces to health; the essential principle of absinthe and vermouth, one or other of which is used in almost every "pick-me-up," with being a poisonous stomachic irritant; anisette, supposedly a mild cordial, for it never "goes to the head," with containing an essence which by inhalation can suspend physical animation; while Chartreuse, long prepared only by a religious brotherhood, and supposedly still compounded according to the original formula, is said by the academy to be very poisonous, and to contain thirteen ingredients that are dangerous to health.

Such an indictment from such a source is far more affrighting than anything the prohibitionists have told us about alcohol.

A Defense of Claret.

London Lancet.

We learn that his Majesty, the King, received the offer from various wine merchants and growers of the Bordeaux district of a thousand bottles of claret or more if so desired. The bottles were not to bear any names of firms or owners of vineyards and the gift was simply intended to commemorate the coronation. It is stated that Lord Pembroke in his reply regretted that claret was not used in the hospitals of this country, but that all the same he thanked the wine growers who had made this generous offer. It may be true that claret is not used in British hospitals, but is there any reason why it should not be—any reason so cogent as to cause this excellent gift horse to be looked suspiciously in the face? Claret, by which we mean sound Bordeaux such as this wine would have been, is an excellent and wholesome drink, and we think that it is a thousand pities, from every point of view, that the generous and kindly thought of the Bordeaux growers was not more appreciated.

Magnificent Display of the New Fall Styles

Our first showing of the new modes has been the talk of Indiana's best dressers. The many flattering comments from the throngs of customers who visited our store last week were convincing proof that they accepted Besten & Langen's as the style store of Indianapolis. :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

This Week's Showing

Of new and exclusive high grade novelties in Costumes, Suits, Coats and Skirts by far excels anything ever shown by us before. It embraces selections from the foremost weavers and makers in the world. Months have been spent in making up this collection and the very highest skill and refined taste used in choosing. Many ideas are shown which are confined to this house alone. To get the opportunity of picking from the choicest you must come in early.

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THIS SELECTION EMBRACES every desirable fabric and pattern of this season's productions suitable for Overcoats, Business and Dress Wear.

TWENTY DOLLARS and upwards is our price for made-to-measure Suits and Overcoats. $25 and upwards for Dress Garments.

All goods draped. We respectfully solicit your inspection.

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NOTE—Beware of people who want to give you something for nothing. The following prices are the lowest in the city, and the best we can do.

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