THE SUNDAY JOURNAL

SUNDAY, MAY 8, 1904.

TELEPHONE CALLS.

Either Company—7 a. m. to midnight through the week and from 6 p. m. to midnight on Sundays, ask for the Journal, then ask the Journal operator for the department or individual wanted.

AFTER MIDNIGHT THROUGH THE WEEK AND BEFORE 6 P. M. ON SUNDAYS.

Old Telephone—Editorial, 3592 and 3593; circulation, 3591; counting room, 3590.

New Telephone—Editorial, 86, 883 or 775; counting room, or circulation department, 238.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

BY CARRIER—INDIANAPOLIS and SUBURBS.

Daily and Sunday, 50c a month, 12c a week.
Daily, without Sunday, 40c a month, 10c a week.
Sunday, without daily, 5c a week.
Single copies: Daily, 2 cents; Sunday, 5 cents.

BY AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

Daily, per week, 10 cents.
Daily, Sunday included, per week, 15 cents.
Sunday, per issue, 5 cents.

BY MAIL PREPAID.

Daily edition, one year.....$5.00
Daily and Sunday, one year.....7.50
Sunday only, one year.....2.50

Weekly Edition.

One copy, one year.....$1.00
One copy, six months.....50 cents
One copy, three months.....25 cents

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Subscribe with any of our numerous agents or send subscription to

THE INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL NEWSPAPER CO.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Persons sending the Journal through the mails in the United States should put on an eight or a twelve-page paper a 1-cent stamp; on a sixteen, twenty or twenty-four-page paper, a 2-cent stamp. Foreign postage is usually 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 inclosed for that purpose.

Entered as second-class matter March 16, 1904, at the postoffice at Indianapolis, Ind.

THE INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL

Can be found at the following places:

CHICAGO—Palmer House, Auditorium Annex Hotel, Dearborn Station News Stand.

CINCINNATI—J. R. Hawley & Co., Arcade, Grand Hotel.

COLUMBUS, O.—Viaduct News Stand, 380 High street.

DAYTON, O.—J. V. Wilkie, 39 South Jefferson street.

DENVER, Col.—Louthain & Jackson, Fifteenth and Lawrence streets, and A. Smith, 1657 Champa street.

DES MOINES, Ia.—Mose Jacobs, 309 Fifth street.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Harry Drapkin.

LOUISVILLE—C. T. Dearing, northwest corner of Third and Jefferson streets and 356 Fourth avenue, and Bluefeld Bros., 442 West Market street.

NEW YORK—Astor House.

ST. LOUIS—The Journal is on sale at all leading Hotels and News Stands in St. Louis and at the World's Fair grounds. Thomas M. Sullivan, special agent.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo.—F. B. Carriel, Station D.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Riggs House, Ebbitt House, Fairfax Hotel, Willard Hotel.

If Skrydloff really wants to get to Port Arthur he might try making the journey in that submarine boat.

As between Hearst and Harrison, Chicago decided in favor of the former. And she doesn't think very much of Hearst at that.

The latest news from Alexieff is to the effect that he arrived at Mukden, but the dispatch fails to state whether or not he was still running.

West Virginia is now wrestling with the problem of the waste of natural gas. About the time it gets around to doing something, the gas will have "petered out."

If Hearst is accomplishing nothing else, he is surely waking the Democratic party up. A guard of police seems to be an essential concomitant of a Democratic convention this year.

It has been estimated that Russia and Japan have already paid this country $40,000,000 for war material. Japan has our permission to go ahead and capture St. Petersburg if she wants to.

Evidently there is nothing of the Makaroff about Alexieff. The swiftness with which he got his valuable person out of Port Arthur when the Japs threatened his line of retreat was little short of marvelous.

A Chinese reformer has been sentenced to prison for life for being a reformer. They will stand for murder, arson and piracy on the high seas over there; but when a man gets the reform bacillus they put him away where he can't do any harm.

With the sudden advent of summer there will probably be a great rush to the various parks. One wonders now, when he sees the crowds that thus find fresh air and pleasure, how in the world the city ever got along so many years without a park system.

Mr. Cleveland might have gone a bit further in his history of the gold bond issues and stated that, as soon as a Republican President had been elected popular confidence was restored and there was no further need of makeshifts to meet raids on the treasury gold reserve.

Heat prostrations early in May are a distinctly new wrinkle in the weather business, but the weather has been full of such tricks this year. The chances are that the people stricken did not have a chance to let their fires die out before the hot weather overtook them.

A recent publication by the Bureau of Statistics shows that government expenditures in the United States amount to less per capita than in any other civilized country except Russia. That makes a pretty fair answer to the silly talk about billion-dollar Congresses. This is a big country, and there are lots of people in it.

The sudden descent of a great Japanese army "out of the skies" upon the rear of Port Arthur was a telling stroke, made doubly effective by the press censorship that has kept the world in absolute ignorance of the whereabouts of the Japanese forces. There is still a third great army to turn up at some unexpected place.

A writer in the Paris periodical Nature says we do not hear our own voices as they really are, and as a means of proof advises talking into a phonograph and then listening to the sounds reproduced by the machine. If our voices really sound to other people like the weird tones emitted by a phonograph, then the most of us will wish to abandon speech and resort to the alphabet of the deaf and dumb as a method of communication.

The Manufacturers' Record, the leading trade paper of the South, comes out with a surprisingly passionate attack on the work of the Southern Education Board and begs the people of the South to spurn any such aid toward educating the people of the South, black or white. Undoubtedly its view will appeal strongly to the pride of that class of swaggerer who fails to realize that new conditions have arrived and spends half his time opposing anything and everything that might tend to keep the "niggah, sah," from "knowing his place, sah," but, at the same time, if the educational institutions of the South were to heed the advice and reject the proffered aid, they would have slender support in depending on the help they would get from those whose views agree with those of the Record. The South has a new and very robust class of business men, many of whom are heavy contributors to the work of this board, and some of whom are active in its management, and it may be taken for granted that the view of the Record will find small response among the very class it has heretofore been most anxious to represent.

JAPANESE HEROISM.

History does not record a more daring, brilliant and heroic act than the blocking of the channel at Port Arthur by the Japanese torpedo flotilla. With the sea dashing mountainous waves over the ships, eight stone-laden merchant steamers, convoyed by torpedo boats, literally steamed into the jaws of death. Submarine mines were in their path and searchlights on the hills and bonfires on the shore made them shining marks for the Russian artillerymen, but they steamed on. The channel was swept by a hail of shot and shell, but they continued to move on toward their goal. Some of the merchantmen struck hidden mines and were destroyed, but five forced their way into the passage, anchored and were blown up by their crews. The channel was a veritable hell of fire—mines underneath the water and all the Russian guns hurling deadly missiles across the surface. The crews of the ships realized there was not one chance in a thousand of living through the ordeal, but they did not shrink; in fact, they gladly volunteered for the opportunity to sacrifice themselves. No wonder Japan is winning victories. No Spartan or Greek of old ever displayed more valor and courage than the little brown man of the present day.

THE DAUGHTER'S EDUCATION.

What shall be the education of the daughter? Is there a family of moderate circumstances in the land, blessed with a daughter just coming into her 'teens, in whose councils this is not a vexed question? Of course, if the family be rich the problem is not so difficult, while if it be very poor the solution lies in circumstances requiring the daughter to get the best she can that will quickly and economically fit her for earning her livelihood. But between these lie the great middle class, where the daughter, while she is dependent, is a burden that can be carried by the head of the family, but none the less a real burden.

Shall she be given a smattering of an education and thrown into society in the hope that she may soon win a husband and a home, or shall she be fitted to win an independent livelihood, if fate shall decree that she should not find the man to her taste for a husband, and, finding, win him? There are many openings for the educated woman, aside from stenography and teaching, if these be not to her liking. Medicine, the law, authorship, editorial work and positions of trust in various commercial enterprises are not impossibilities, or even improbabilities, for the capable woman of the present day.

It goes without saying that a marriage of love and respect is the ideal of happy life for a woman, just as it is for a man, and motherhood is her crowning glory, but is it not just a bit humiliating for her to be placed on parade in the hope that some one—almost any one—may choose her; to be told that she must not be too "finicky" about her choice; to have female relatives and friends eternally scheming to throw her at the head of some eligible man; to be given to understand in innumerable ways that she is a burden, and the sooner she is married the sooner will the family be relieved?

Many a girl of scant education and opportunity whose time is put in mainly in operating a typewriter or some other honorable work is happier by far than her sister of better education and greater opportunity who spends her time in social activity and waiting for a home. The girl that works is happier simply because she has more money to gratify her daily wants and more independence of those about her than the girl at home. And when all is said and done her opportunities for happy marriage, if her character be good, are as good, if not better, than those of the girl who puts in her time in society, the male contingent of which is made up largely of young men themselves dependent on a father or holding positions that could never support two.

Educate the daughter for independence, if it is possible to do so. Then if marriage comes it is a blessing of the right kind, for she does not have to take the first that offers, nor yet the third or fourth, lest she may miss her opportunity of shifting the burden of her support to other shoulders.

MATRIMONIAL COMPLEXITIES.

A Dakota woman has added a new complexity to married life, or, at least, to marriage which is sought to be dissolved. Though divorced from her husband, she still bears his name and asserts her exclusive right to it as against that of any other woman. Her former husband having married again, wife No. 1 objects to the use of the man's name by his second wife. She claims a matrimonial copyright on the name, and the court has issued an injunction in accordance therewith. She also claims damages. Just why a woman should put such a value on the name of a man when she has repudiated the man is not quite clear. It might naturally be supposed that she would be glad to get rid of the name as well as of the husband, and so escape a continual reminder of his objectionable personality. Possibly her object in marrying him in the first place was to secure the name. Tradition tells of a woman who married solely and only, as she declared, that she might have "Mrs." engraved on her tombstone. This may have been the case with the Dakota woman. It is not worth while, however, to speculate upon her motives, for feminine motives are many and various, and their investigation leads far afield. What is plain is that she did value the name and considered it her personal property, and that the court so far respected her argument as to issue an injunction against trespassers. It is a matter that has probably never before been brought up for legal consideration. When a man marries he endows his wife with all his worldly goods and also with his name. If they are afterwards divorced she sometimes takes the goods and invariably takes the name if she wants it. He may lose the property and so deprive her of it, but he cannot take from her the name. Perhaps she has gained it as a permanent and exclusive possession, as the Dakota woman insists. If the courts sustain her position finally it will be awkward for the ex-husband, and even more awkward for wife No. 2, who must necessarily retain her maiden name. The only remedy is for the husband to secure a change in his own name by legal enactment and thus be free to bestow the new cognomen upon the new wife. But wife No. 1, in either case, will be free from the annoyance of meeting a sort of duplicate of herself in society, of having her mail go wrong, and of having her visiting cards mistaken for those of another woman. Also, the predicament in which her ex-husband and the other woman find themselves will afford her much gratification. There is reason to suspect that divorced ladies generally will approve the determined course of the Dakota woman, and will watch further proceedings in her case with great interest.

WOMAN'S CRITICS.

Ministers, essayists, didactic persons generally, who feel at any loss for a theme can usually be depended on to turn hopefully to some phase of woman's shortcomings. Whether they do this because woman really seems to them like an erring creature forever in need of reproof or advice, or because women are not likely to talk back or to turn and rend their critics is not clear, but it is certain that she forms a perennial topic. Always she is being adjured to do something or other than that toward which it is assumed her frivolous taste turns most longingly, or is being tearfully urged not to do certain things to which she is supposed to be addicted. The one single and solitary thing which her advisers, invariably masculine, agree that she may do, nay, must and should do if she would fulfill her mission in the world, is to stay at home. If she would be a good wife she must look so well after her household affairs that she will have no time for outside interests, and her husband will thereupon rise and call her blessed; if she would be a good mother she must by no means leave her offspring to the care of servants while she goes out seeking after pleasure. If she would be a good daughter she must remain at home and devote herself to domestic duties until such time as some man shall seek her out to attend to the duties of his household.

The ideal woman pictured on the mental retinue of the average man, as appears from printed discourses concerning her, takes three forms: She is presiding over a kitchen, she is soothing a crying baby, or she is sitting by the evening lamp mending the family hosiery. Invariably she is at home, with no desire to leave its sacred walls even temporarily. These are all beautiful pictures and strictly feminine, but it is undeniably true that in actual life the picture has many variations. The cook and the nurse and the stocking darner finds time for other things in these latter days, and is—the three are usually combined in one—frequently seen outside of her home, usually to the great betterment of it when she returns.

But it is because the minds of the masculine guardians have not become accustomed to the new feminine attitude that it fills them with misgivings. For a considerable period they have directed much of their criticism toward clubs, apparently regarding clubs as a profession which absorbs a woman's life completely when she has once joined the ranks. Just now, for some reason, the feminine love for Society with a large "S" is being attacked in a number of quarters; pulpit and magazine have found it a fruitful theme, and society is denounced unsparingly as an enemy to the Home, also spelled with a capital. To read these outbursts it would seem that the critics hold that a society woman is also a sort of professional who puts the frivolities of social life far above other interests, and is perpetually engaged with affairs which take her attention from family concerns. If the pathetic appeals to her to turn from the error of her ways were not tiresome, they might be amusing. As a matter of fact, as everybody knows but the self-constituted censors and guides of the feminine part of the community, there is no society anywhere in the sense of a circle of women who do nothing but attend functions of one sort or another and are given up to a continual round of festivities. Some women—and men—with more leisure or more taste for such things than others, may spend a considerable share of their time in pursuit of pleasure, but the pursuit of pleasure is not a sin in itself, and an outsider who assumes that such persons are neglecting their duty takes a great liberty and is very likely to be wrong. There may be an occasional woman who attends clubs so much that she may be called a professional; there may be an occasional butterfly who cares for nothing but social life; but, for the vast majority of women, clubs are only an incident in their lives and society a thing in which they indulge temperately. Most women, in fact, have too little social life for their own good and the good of their families, and it would be well if the advisers would inform themselves of actual conditions and evolve something original in the way of suggestion and admonition, always having in mind the fact that women will be women and strictly feminine to the end of time, and that it is not necessary to urge them to a course that they cannot do otherwise than follow.

THE PARKS DEMONSTRATION.

The death of Sam Parks in the prison hospital at Sing Sing was a most unfortunate occurrence in that it will, in the minds of thousands of the people he led and used so corruptly, cast about his memory the halo of martyrdom. The remarkable hold this man obtained over his followers is one of the strangest possible manifestations of the current of life in New York, one that is almost incomprehensible to dwellers in smaller and more thoroughly American communities. It was shown in court that this man had solicited and extorted money under threat of calling strikes—in a word, that he had used his followers in the ranks of organized labor as a weapon with which to levy blackmail. It was further shown that the money thus extorted went into his own pocket, not into the treasury of the union. All the members of his union got out of it was the hardship and suffering entailed by the strikes he occasionally called to show his power.

All these things were proven beyond dispute, yet, while he was out of prison on bond, organized labor in New York carried him about as a hero and even the efforts of the international officers of his union to unseat him were met with a repulse. How much of this was personal magnetism on the part of the man? How much of it was antagonism to all law, seeking an expression by apotheosizing the man at odds with the law? Was the sentiment behind the demonstration made yesterday afternoon personal regard for the man, won by qualities the general public never discovered, or was it hatred of the social order with the regulations of which he clashed? In this community such a demonstration for such a man would be utterly impossible.

The late Herbert Spencer, profound philosopher, scholar and semi-recluse that he was, held liberal views in regard to recreation. "I have for a long time," he writes in his "Autobiography," "deliberately set my face against that asceticism which makes it an offense to do a thing for the pleasure of doing it, and have habitually contended that, so long as no injury is inflicted on others, nor any ulterior injury on self, and so long as the various duties of life have been discharged, the pursuit of pleasure for its own sake is perfectly legitimate, and requires no apology. The opposite view is nothing else than a remote sequence of the old devil-worship of the barbarian, who sought to please his god by inflicting pains on himself, and believed his god would be angry if he made himself happy." A great many people less distinguished than Spencer have cherished similar views, but in a somewhat secret way, not having the courage of their convictions, perhaps, because of the shadow of that same old devil-worship, sometimes called puritanism in this country. It is gratifying therefore to see their opinions so boldly and so well expressed.

The position taken by Dr. Winchester, the new president of Taylor University, at Upland, Ind., in regard to intercollegiate athletics will not meet with favor from students, but will commend itself to many parents. Dr. Winchester believes in regular daily athletic exercise in a first-class gymnasium under the direction of a master of athletic science—this for the sake of insuring health, but he considers anything beyond this a waste of energy and interscholastic contests demoralizing. There is no doubt that such contests add an interest to school life, but whether or not there is any need for keeping up such an interest is another matter. It certainly detracts from the interest in the education for which parents are paying, and if young people cannot fix their attention on serious study, but must have all sorts of outside distractions to keep them contented, then their place would seem to be elsewhere than in college.

A New York Tribune reporter questioned Senator Fairbanks on matters political in Indiana and the Senator accurately described the situation in this State by saying: "The State convention in Indiana, which I attended, exhibited the spirit of live Republicanism. The platform adopted is cleancut and unequivocal in its declarations upon the tariff, currency and other important public questions. The point of Democratic attack in the coming national campaign will obviously be the tariff, and, however the Democrats may modify their expressions, they will be unable to conceal their purposes. The Democratic party is the free-trade party. The Republican party is the reliance alike of the business interests and of the laboring masses of the country. It will enter the coming campaign without apology, but proud of its record and confident of success."

Morgan is a name that has cut a considerable figure in the history of Panama. An exchange recalls the career of the old freebooter, Sir Henry Morgan, who once created havoc on the isthmus; then came Senator Morgan, of Alabama, who made the Isthmians unhappy by opposing their canal route. Now appears J. Pierpont Morgan as agent for the payment of the millions to which the French canal company is entitled. They will all love J. Pierpont down there.

A good deal of spring poetry is afloat in newspapers and magazines, and, as usual, the most of it is of the inventory sort. The writers, and eke the editors seem to have the idea that a list of vernal phenomena constitutes poetry; therefore all that is needed of an author is the ability to gather the list and put it into rhyme. Lovers of real poetry, however, feel something of a lack in these catalogues.

MINOR TOPICS.

Judge Parker's mother tells the reporters that she used to give her son a good switching when he needed it. At some time or other she must have whaled him half to death for talking too much.

A phrenologist examined Russell Sage's head and found that his most marked characteristics are acquisitiveness and economy. With this information Uncle Russell may proceed to make a fortune.

While he slept a Pennsylvania man had his teeth stolen by rats. The moral is: always sleep with your mouth shut; or if you can't do that, lock up your teeth in the safe before retiring.

Russia's villainous plot has at last come to light. She is trying to get Japan to take her entire army prisoners. Then she will eat up the Japanese food supply and starve the enemy to death.

A New York physician says that fathers should encourage their boys to play baseball. New York boys are not much like Indiana boys if they have to be encouraged in that direction.

The Russian minstry has issued an order prohibiting the St. Petersburg newspapers from issuing extras. One defeat a day is all they think the people can stand for.

Mr. Carnegie may want to die poor, but it will be noticed that he is not spending the summer in St. Louis, for all that. He doesn't want to die poor so soon.

It is rumored that the Czar is sending for experts to make a thorough examination of the ikons, which have not been working properly of late.

They are getting so puffed up in St. Louis that they really imagine that Alexieff resigned so he could get a chance to attend the exposition.

Elder Elijah Dowie is now somewhere on the Atlantic ocean, heaping denunciations and other things on the heads of his audience of fishes.

The Russian papers say that the soldiers are "taking heart" from the battles on the Yalu. That's good—the Japs took everything else.

The newest mind healer, who operates in New York, claims that he can cure the severest pain by three minutes' concentrated thinking. Why can't we have some of those painless mental parlors here in Indianapolis?

The Russian newspapers used to allude to them as the "little Japanese monkeys." And now see what they are making of the Russians!

Colonel Bryan announces that he may go to St. Louis as a newspaper man. Impossible! Bryan is nothing if not a journalist.

The Ladies' Home Journal has been sued for libel. After that we will believe any seemingly impossible story you can tell us.

When the Czar heard of the Yalu defeat, he was "dumfounded." He was worse than that, if you say it in Russian.

Boston bakers are on a strike. Do Boston bakers bake Boston baked beans? If they do, the Hub is in real trouble.

During the last few days sleepy old China has waked up and evinced a desire to get on board the Japanese band wagon.

Having corked up Port Arthur at last, it would be just like the Japs to go to work and smash the bottle.

The man behind the whiskers is getting to be less and less of a hero in the far East every day.

An English chess player will marry the daughter of an American millionaire. Check mate!

Up to date nobody has accused Judge Parker of accepting money for his political speeches.

JOURNAL ENTRIES.

Love's Criss-Cross Ways.

He thought she thought; she thought he thought;
And so the woeful breach was wrought.

Double-Distilled Pride.

Arabella—How haughty Isabella seems to-day.

Mabel—Yes; she looks as if she could be a Colonial Dame, and wouldn't.

Those Japanese Names.

"Any war news, Eliza?"

"Yes; the Japs whipped the Russians awfully at a place called Go-Hang."

Long Distance Opulence.

Jerry—I can't go to the theater to-night—can't afford it.

Joe—Oh, yes you can. Just think what a lot of money I owe you.

A Friendship Monologue.

Volney—Did you have a good time telling Diana about your visit?

Virginia—No; it took her all afternoon to tell me about hers.

A Family Complaint.

Don't jest about your elders, son;
With every day whose course has run
Comes on that fateful time—behold—
When younger men will call you old.

An All-Around Good Front.

Mr. Smallburg—Asphalt streets will give our town a gay old boom.

Mr. Bigburg—No, sir; not unless you clean up your alleys.

A Reluctant Consent.

Stephen—I'm off for a game of golf this afternoon.

Sara—Well, I want you to enjoy life, Stephen; but if you had one iota of real missionary spirit you'd stay right here at home and cut the grass.

Literary Hard Luck.

Policeman—Did you push this electric button?

Book Agent—That's just what I did; and somebody in the house touched another button that knocked me clear off the doorsteps.

ART AND ART WORKERS.

The next exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers will open at the New Gallery in London in January, 1905. The admissions to the exhibition just brought to a close in London numbered about 35,000.

The American Water Color Society is now holding its thirty-seventh annual exhibition in the main galleries of the American Art Association in New York. Only 345 pictures are hung, but the exhibition is up to the high standard which this society has always maintained.

The annual meeting of the National Society of Associated Arts was held in Chicago last week, when the following were elected officers for the ensuing year: George J. Verbeck, president; Marion A. White, secretare general; Evelyn Beachey, financial secretary, and J. Ross Bryson, treasurer.

There is a sale in New York of the collection of Mortimer Green. Such painters as Teniers, Mignard, Vernet, Nattier, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Van Goven, De Keyser, Guardi, the elder Crome, Van Dyck and George Morland are represented. There are also some modern canvases in the collection.

Lloyd Warren, chairman of the committee on education of the Society of Beaux-Arts, in New York, has announced the establishment of a new traveling scholarship, to be known as the Beaux-Arts scholarship. A fund of $2,000 has been provided to defray the expenses of this prize, which will be awarded next July. The recipient will spend two years in travel and study abroad.

A baker's shovel, such as is still in use for putting bread into the oven, was discovered at the bottom of a recently excavated Roman well in the Saalburg. Similar instruments are represented on Roman frescoes, but this is the first one that has been found, according to a London authority. It is of beechwood and is made in one piece. A silver coin of Antoninous Pius, a bronze coin of the Empress Faustina and a well-preserved leather shoe were among the further contents of the well.

At last, says a Rome letter, Leonardo's great picture is likely to be saved. After permitting it to undergo all manner of indignities the Municipal Council of Milan has petitioned the Italian government to take immediate steps toward saving "The Last Supper." Especially within the past year the painting has decayed so rapidly that unless something is done at once toward its preservation the great work will be obliterated or at least vanished beyond repair. With the Italian government's long awakened jealous watch over its masterpieces of art, the wonder is that Leonardo's best-known work should have been so neglected. The French certainly have exercised sufficient care over "Mona Lisa."

Billboard Advertising.

The recent decision of a society of theatrical managers to discontinue poster advertising except on regulation billboards is an indication that reform of an admitted nuisance may finally come from within. Managers of the caliber of Mr. Conried and his associates see readily the folly of the competition for garbage cans and crowded shop windows. Undoubtedly, too, the fact that these gentlemen take all possible pains with the scenery and decoration of their theaters makes them see the incongruity of advertising their best productions by means of dirt and paper rags. It surely is better business to pay for space, and there in security place some form of effective poster, than to clutter up show windows with flimsy bills and to give casual artists of the paste-brush roving commissions to deface the streets. It seems not unlikely that, in the long run, advertising, like the tariff, may be "reformed by its friends."—New York Post.

Onions from Egypt.

"It does seem like carrying coals to Newcastle for us to import staple vegetables when Philadelphia is in the center of an agricultural community," said a produce man yesterday, "but we are now getting onions all the way from Egypt, and from Ireland and Scotland are coming large quantities of potatoes. For years onions and potatoes have come to us from Bermuda, but merely because the season there is further advanced than ours. Onion-raising in Egypt is practically a new industry, following the reclaiming of the lowlands along the Nile, where the soil is exceedingly rich. They have the cheapest labor in the world out there, and even with the cost of shipping they can send us their vegetables and make a profit on them."—Philadelphia Record.

THE FUNNY YOUNGSTERS.

One Boy Knew.

A school teacher in Neodesha asked one of her pupils the other day who Nero was. The only response came from a little fellow, who held up his hand. "Robbie," said the teacher, "do you know who Nero was?" "Yes, ma'am," he answered proudly; "he's the one we sing about in Sunday school." The teacher could not recall any particular religious music devoted to Nero. "What is the song, Robbie?" she asked. "Nero, my God, to Thee," came the confident answer.—Neodesha (Mo.) Register.

All the Ingredients.

Miss Myra Kelley, who has recently attained a vogue by reason of her stories of East Side children, one day propounded this question in her mental arithmetic class:

"Johnnie went to the store and bought a pound of sugar for 6 cents, a pound of butter for 25 cents, six eggs for 10 cents and a pound of flour for 7 cents. What does that make?"

There was silence for a moment. Then a little girl who also attended the cooking class raised her hand.

"I know, teacher," she said. "Pound cake!"—New York Times.

Escaped Punishment.

A Philadelphia schoolmistress was giving her pupils instruction in the elements of physiology, and among other things told them that whenever they moved an arm or leg it was in response to a message from the brain. "The brain always sends a message to your arm or leg whenever you wish to move the particular member," she explained.

At last a mischievous boy aroused her anger by his apparent inattention to the lesson.

"Hold out your hand!" she exclaimed.

The boy did not move.

"Why don't you hold out your hand?" said the teacher.

"I'm waiting for the message from my brain," said the lad.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Went to the Head.

A school teacher of Bayonne recently had occasion to talk to her scholars about the different spellings of the word "to." She explained with great care the ways in which the word could be spelled and the meaning of it, as spelled in the different ways. Finally, in order to find out if the children had properly grasped the idea, she decided to give a test.

"Now, children, as quickly as you can, I want you to give me a sentence with all three of these spellings contained in it."

Hardly were the words out of her mouth before up went a hand.

"Well, Isaac?" said the teacher, interrogatively, and the boy, who was the solitary Jewish child in the class, answered glibly:

"Two dollars is too much to spend."—Brooklyn Eagle.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD.

When Judge Parker Does Talk.

It is necessary for Judge Parker to have something to talk about since he refuses to be interrogated on political questions, and he has a story of a young man in Savannah named Du Bose, who invited his sweetheart to take a buggy ride with him. The young woman had a very fetching lisp. When they reached a rather lonesome bit of road the young man announced:

"This is where you have to pay toll. The toll is either a kiss or a squeeze."

And the modest young woman simply replied: "Oh, Mr. Du Both!"—New York Commercial.

At the World's Fair.

In the palace of varied industries to-day the British exhibit alone was found in a state of perfection.

"You are ahead of the other countries," said the visitor to the stout and whiskered Englishman in charge.

"Naturally ahead; we are Britons," he answered.

There wasn't a smile nor a suspicion of an eye twinkle. It was the calmness and seriousness of accepted superiority. It was altogether delightful even to one who cannot be accused of pro-British proclivities.—St. Louis Letter.

China's Position.

Senator Beveridge was discussing China's somewhat precarious position in the Russo-Japanese war.

"China," he said, "seems very small and helpless beside Russia or Japan. Anything that she may say to the combatants is suggestive of the remark that the gamecock made to the horses.

"This gamecock, you must know, found himself one day in a stable full of huge, restless steeds. They were all kicking and stamping about. The cock had to dodge from left to right and from right to left in order to avoid being crushed. As he shot this way and that between the heavy hoofs, he kept singing out:

" 'Take care, gentlemen; don't let us tread on one another.' "—New York Tribune.

Religion for that Region.

The Rev. V. B. Carroll, a prominent Southern clergyman, tells the following story: "We were driving out one Sunday from Decatur, when we came upon a negro with a club in his hand and a freshly killed 'possum on his shoulder. We stopped to examine his prize, and the colonel said:

" 'My friend, do you know it is Sunday?'

" 'Sartin, boss.'

" 'Are you a religious man?'

" 'I are. I'se jist on my way home from church.'

" 'And what sort of religion have you got that permits you to go hunting on Sunday?'

" 'Religion? Religion?' queried the man, as he held the 'possum up with one hand and scratched his head with the other. 'Does you 'spect any black man in Alabama is gwine to tie hisself up to any religion dat 'lows a 'possum to walk right across the road ahead of him an' git away free? No, sah! A religion which won't bend a little when a fat 'possum heads you off couldn't be 'stablished round yere by all the preachers in the universe.' "—Mobile Register.

The Riddle of the Sphinx.

Above the silent desert
The mystic Sphinx's head,
Upreared, has monumented
Three thousand years of dead.

"Art woman?" asked I, knowing
Not what the deep sands hide;
And to my eager question
The carven lips replied:

"Till now I have not answered
The queries I have heard;
Three thousand years I've been here
And never said a word."

The carven lips were silent;
I lingered long, and went
Away with no more answer—
What could the Sphinx have meant?

—William J. Lampton, in New York Sun.

A Prison for Children.

One of the most remarkable schoolrooms in the world is surely that of "La Petite Roquette," the Paris prison for juvenile offenders. The system of this prison is that of solitary confinement, the whole building being so constructed that each of the detached cells is overlooked by a warder stationed on a small observation tower. The schoolroom consists of two hundred cells in the form of an amphitheater, from each of which the teacher, and the teacher only, can be seen. Each of the youthful offenders takes his place in silence, the first in the farthermost cell and the others in rotation. The closing of one of these cell doors opens that of the next cell. The voice of the teacher is the only sound to be heard in the building. Religious services are conducted in the same way, each of the inmates being able to see the officiating priest, and him alone.—Boston Transcript.

Wandering Birds.

During all the winter flocks of strange birds have been observed in the central Kansas region. Mrs. Alice M. Munger, of Manhattan, has traced them out. They are the Bohemian waxwing, wanderers who pass their winters sometimes in one country and again in another. Their meeting ground is in Lapland, and they come south only at long intervals. In olden times their presence was regarded as foreboding war or pestilence.—Kansas City Journal.

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS.

Seats are higher priced at the Paris Opera House than in any other European capital, in spite of the fact that the state gives the building rent free and the annual subvention of $160,000.

John Birch, a plumber of White Plains, N. Y., while digging a trench near his home last Saturday, found a solid silver button that had been worn by a British officer in the revolutionary war.

The Parisians are considering whether they ought to postpone the dinner hour still further from 9 to 10 o'clock or give up dinner altogether in favor of a substantial 5 o'clock tea and an after-theater supper.

It is said that King Peter of Servia, who some time ago took courage and discharged from the military service Col. Damian Popovitch, the leader of the assassins of the late King Alexander, has become so nervous that he is almost insane.

A machine has been invented which is capable of splitting wood two feet long and eighteen inches thick. It is run by a three-horsepower gasoline engine, and consists of a huge knife which works through the knottiest wood at the rate of sixty strokes a minute.

The Austrian marriage laws are very severe. They prohibit marriages between Christians and Jews and between Christians and infidels. A marriage between a Protestant woman and a man who said he had no particular creed has just been annulled by the Supreme Court.

A point in flag etiquette was settled in London on the day the Duke of Cambridge died. In ordinary circumstances the official flags would have been half-masted. But, as it was the birthday of the Princess Louise, the flags were full-masted—a birthday outranking a deathday in the royal family.

So rigid is the inspection of silver coins before they come from the mint that a defective piece is a rare thing. Yet Eugene Young, of Portsmouth, N. H., has a dime of the coinage of 1903, and it shows where the die slipped and pushed the milled edge over. Bank clerks claim that it is extremely rare that such a piece is seen.

By the demise of Miss Childs Seguin in England the Royal Academy of Music receives a bequest of $10,000 to found an open scholarship to be called the Edward and Anne Seguin scholarship, to be given to singers between seventeen and twenty-two born in Great Britain or the United States. The Seguins were English singers who came to this country in 1838, and as proprietors of the Seguin opera troupe made a great fortune. Edward Seguin's sister Elizabeth was the mother of Parepa Rosa.

For stern bravado, says the United Service Magazine, it would be hard to rival the feat of Ensign Gillis, who saw a stray torpedo coming slowly but surely toward the anchored torpedo boat Porter in the Spanish-American war. He sprang overboard, turned the nose of the torpedo in a safer direction and screwed up the firing pin tightly so that it would not operate. Then treading water he saluted Lieutenant Fremont and reported: "Sir, I have to report I have captured a torpedo." "Bring it on board, sir," commanded Fremont, and Gillis actually did so, swimming with it to the ship and fastening tackle to it.

Maytime.

The May is here, and orchard orioles sing
Of lush green grasses and of violets blue;
The trees are tinged with tender burgeoning,
And cuckoo-cups are filled with honey-dew.

The peach-tree boughs are clouds of rosy hue,
And every bonny, blooming, growing thing
Wakes into life as if all nature knew
The May is here, and orchard orioles sing.

The haw's in leaf and gentle south winds fling
A veil of verdure round the lilacs, too,
And spread the meadows with soft carpeting
Of lush green grasses and of violets blue.

Though here and there, with hardy hold, a few
Brown, rifled pods to the catalpas cling,
Yet through the woods and down the lanes anew
The trees are tinged with tender burgeoning.

Bright cowslip tufts in golden clusters spring
Between the tall, green-tasseled meadow-rue;
In slender spires the budded bluebells swing,
And cuckoo-cups are filled with honey-dew.

And, listen! Yonder, flashing into view,
A pair of piping robin redbreasts bring
Fresh proof at last it is divinely true
The cheerless frost has flown on wintry wing.
The May is here!

—Evaleen Stein.

English as She Is Spoke.

An old gray-bearded, well-to-do farmer from up the State on a visit to this city had a queer opinion of the English language before he was here an hour. Arriving at Broad-street Station, he accosted a cabman and inquired what it would cost for a trip to League island and back.

"Two plunks," replied the cabby.

"Two what?"

"Plunks—bones—cases—can't you understand?"

"I asked you what it would cost for the trip, and I'm not here to be made a fool of," replied the farmer with some heat.

"That's what I am trying to tell you. Two daddies. See?"

"Excuse me, but I don't seem to catch what you mean."

"Well, haven't I tried to tell you five or six times already? Two bucks, two cartwheels."

It was then the up-the-State man seemed to grasp the meaning of what the cabby was trying to tell him, and he said in the meekest of voices: "You don't mean two dollars?"

"Yep, that's what I have told you already a half a dozen times."

At that the farmer climbed aboard and the cabby mounted the box and drove in the direction named.—Philadelphia Press.

Landed on Its Feet.

"The ability of a cat to light on its feet is well known, but never until the other day had I seen a practical demonstration of it," said one of the instructors at the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, at Eleventh and Clinton streets. "Just opposite the college building on Clinton street is a three-story house surmounted by an attic, in which is a dormer-window. My attention was attracted by a cat that had crawled through the open window and was prowling about the roof. She was evidently of an investigating turn of mind, for she leaned far out over the eaves, and the next moment I saw her wildly clawing the air in a vain endeavor to regain her lost equilibrium. Down she went to the pavement below, a distance of perhaps thirty-five feet, turning and twisting in the air in her descent. I expected to see her crushed to a pulp, but she landed on all four feet and didn't even seem dazed, as she ran up the front steps and squatted at the door, as though waiting for someone to come and let her in."—Philadelphia Record.

The Largest Stone-Arch Bridge.

In spite of mammoth steel arch, girder and cantilever bridges, the stone-arch bridge is still employed under certain conditions, and the largest structure of this kind in the world is now in course of erection at Plauen, Saxony. This bridge will have a span of 296 feet, exceeding by twenty feet the famous Luxembourg bridge opened last year, and by still more the Morbegno bridge in Lombardy and the Cabin John bridge near Washington, D. C., which have held, in turn, the record as the longest stone-arch bridges. The Plauen bridge differs from the Luxembourg bridge in being of masonry throughout, instead of consisting of two parallel arches connected by iron and concrete. Its cost is estimated at about $120,000, a sum made possible by the low cost of labor in Saxony and the abundant supplies of suitable stone in the vicinity. It is an arch crossing a valley, and a good example of modern stonework.—Harper's Weekly.

Fern Baths.

A successful flower grower recommends a weekly Turkish bath for ferns, palms and growing plants. Remove the pots to the bathroom, and, closing the window, fill the bathtub with scalding water, allowing the plants to steam for an hour or more. Gradually cool the room before replacing the flowers in their ordinary atmosphere. This plan is said to be superior to washing and spraying.—Country Gentleman.

Queer Delusion.

One of the oddest hallucinations which ever took possession of a mind diseased is that of Elmer Spare, a Brown county man who has been sent to the Topeka Asylum. He imagines that his stomach has been replaced with an organ which requires a diet of lard and catsup. He eats all the lard and drinks all the catsup he can get his hands on.—Kansas City Journal.