

GRAND RAPIDS HERALD

TELEPHONE NUMBER 131
Business Office 131
Editorial Room 131
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
DAILY and SUNDAY, One Year \$6.00
DAILY and SUNDAY, Three Months 1.50
SUNDAY, One Year 1.00
WEEKLY, One Year 1.00

Parties during THE HERALD served at their homes can secure it by postal card request, or order through Telephone No. 131. Where delivery is irregular, please make immediate complaint at the office.

THE GRAND.
ALL WEEK.....Eagle's Nest SMITH'S.
ALL WEEK.....Vaudeville

WEATHER.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—For Lower Michigan—Snow, warmer in eastern Michigan; easterly winds.

MORE MONEY NEEDED.

If the state of Michigan is to be properly represented at the world's fair, the present legislature must take immediate action to increase the funds to be made available for that purpose. The last legislature, with no adequate conception of the scope and magnitude of the great exposition, shrank at a penny-wise governor, made an insufficient appropriation. In order to make a record for economy, the comparatively paltry sum was hedged about with narrow restrictions, crippling the execution of the trust reposed in the board of managers. True to his instinctive regard for economy, the outgoing governor omitted to recommend an additional appropriation, notwithstanding the president of the state board had reported that an additional allowance is imperative. The question of a respectable exhibit and the money to maintain it is one of the legacies left by the squabbling aggregation. Governor Reel rises to the occasion in a mainly commendable way. An additional appropriation be granted. The legislature will meet the recommendation in a spirit of broad liberality and prove that its pride in the matchless resources of the state is superior to mere selfish ends. Action on the matter must not be delayed. There remain but a few weeks before the great exhibition will be ready for display. To get in readiness for the opening, with Michigan's varied interests all creditably represented, will require active work in all departments. If there be no money to pay the cost, all proceedings must be suspended. The president of the state board estimates that \$50,000 will be needed to carry out projected plans. These plans are approved by experts and seem to be in harmony with good sense. In speaking of the relative position of Michigan in comparison with other states, President Weston forcefully observes: "It will be a misfortune and a disgrace if she fails to fully improve this magnificent opportunity to show the nations of the earth her industries and achievements, and thus attract the labor and capital needed for a more complete development of her immense latent wealth." He is right.

WILLIAM S. LADD.

Probably one of the most prominent figures in the history of the Pacific Northwest was William S. Ladd, whose death in Portland, Ore., yesterday, is briefly announced in the telegraph columns. Ladd went to Oregon in the late '40's or early '50's. He originally started from the middle west to join in the quest for gold, following the trail blazed through the trackless wilderness by the Lewis and Clark expedition. Instead of pursuing his way to the California gold fields, he followed the trail to the Columbia river, where at The Dalles an Indian trade-post had been established. From The Dalles, with other adventuresome spirits, he ploughed through the forest westward to a point on the Willamette river, where the beautiful city of Portland is now located. On the east side of the river James Stephens had staked a land claim, but on the opposite side the Indians and government held undisputed title. Mr. Ladd decided to locate. His companions, consisting of three or four hardy westerners, together with Joe Meek, the famous Indian fighter, each took sections of land under the government's Donation Act. Mr. Ladd soon built a log cabin. In a few months communication by water was established with Astoria. The log cabin was transferred to a hotel, where in Mr. Ladd acted as cook, bartender, waiter and proprietor. He entertained his guests by playing a squeaking fiddle while seated on a stump just outside the door, the performance being punctuated by frequent visits to the demijohn. The hotel business prospered and every dollar he made was invested in land. Soon the tide of immigration carried land seekers thither. The Donation Act was suspended. The value of land which could be bought for a trifle increased to five dollars an acre. From five dollars it has increased from year to year until today it is valued at from \$1,000 to \$3,000 a front foot. Upon these land purchases he reared a fortune estimated at \$20,000,000. Fifty years ago he settled on the Willamette a penniless adventurer. A city sprang up about him, and with no exertion he realized an immense fortune by the increase in value in the price of lands. He owned a farm of 150 acres in the center of East Portland, which he steadfastly refused to part and sell for city lots. The residence portion of the city has now entirely surrounded it. Its value is beyond that of any other farm of equal area in the world. He was the head of the banking firm of Ladd & Tibbitt, and was never known to manifest any greater degree of charity than Jay Gould. He suffered a

stroke of paralysis some years ago, but it did not reach his benevolence. He was a prohibitionist, although his first money was made on the sale of whisky to Indians and land scouts.

GROVER AND MURPHY.

Richard Croker, the Tammany chieftain, has submitted a very clear explanation of the situation in New York politics. It must be clear to anybody that his conclusions are fair and unequivocal. Mr. Cleveland, by his open hostility to the election of Murphy, has placed himself in precisely the same attitude that Tammany occupied toward him prior to his nomination at Chicago. When Cleveland was nominated against the protests of a solid delegation from his own state the pill was a bitter one for Tammany, but it was swallowed without a grimace. When the fight began Tammany wheeled into line and poured hot shot into the republican ranks. Now Tammany is arrayed in solid phalanx in support of Murphy. Noting that a political earthquake can upheave his support, Cleveland is opposed to him. He has issued his ukase, but the democrats in the New York legislature are friends to Tammany and they will not honor his commands. Murphy will be elected. Cleveland must accept the inevitable. His loyalty to party will be sorely tested and he may seek to avoid the issue. But there is no escape. If he shall fail to extend to Senator Murphy the full faith and credit to which he will be entitled, Grover's life in the White house will be an arid desert of shifting sands. Murphy is by long odds a shrewder man than he is credited with being. He cannot construct ponderous platitudes and deliver them with Demosthenian effect, but he can operate a brewery with profit and engineer New York politics with success. If Grover will do the fair and square thing by Murphy he will make it very torrid for his concealed enemy, Dave Hill.

With some show of dignity in defeat The Detroit Journal accepts the verdict of the republican caucus in a spirit of broad republican loyalty. It opposed Senator Stockbridge with unmasked violence—and lost. It makes no sniveling apology for its defeat, nor does it crawl behind empty protestations of pharisaical political purity, like The Grand Rapids Eagle to blow hot where it has heretofore blown cold.

For brilliant political generalship Schuyler S. Olds is without a peer in Michigan. The splendid victory won in the republican senatorial caucus was brought about by his sagacious and skillful management of details. He was ably supported by an unflinching representation of loyal workers from the fifth district.

It seems that The Eagle can find no more fitting rebuke to the enterprise of THE HERALD than to compare it with that wide awake publication, The Coloma Boomer. So long as The Eagle continues to fill its columns from THE HERALD's telegraph and local service and to draw its editorial inspiration from The Boomer, it will pass current as a very fair reflection of a newspaper.

SENATOR CARLEIGH has announced that he will accept the treasury portfolio in Cleveland's cabinet. If the Kentucky democrats will shed lustre on their commonwealth they will elect Henri Watterson to succeed him as senator.

THAT dear old hen, The Eagle flops around as though its head were partly severed to belabor Senator Stockbridge with fulsome and lickspittle praise. Such contumacious hypocrisy is disgusting. But The Eagle is capable of almost any sneaking, treacherous and characterless policy to preserve its standing as a relic of old-time bigotry and partisanship.

BUDD DOBLE has begun to train Senator Stockbridge's great mare, Belle Avera. From the ease with which the senator won, it might be suspected that Budd had been training him also.

JOHN HOSKIN, the great art critic, is nearing his end, and his death may be expected any day. 1893 stands ready to snatch what genius may have been left unburned by 1892.

YESTERDAY a baby was born in a Topeka street car. If the incident had taken place in Detroit, the child might have grown up before the car reached the end of the route.

MIKE KELLEY has become an actor, and recites "Casey at the Bat" with great effect. Every day the American stage picks up another elevating influence.

SOMEbody ought to compile a directory containing the names of the persons that "have been offered a portfolio in President Cleveland's cabinet."

TOM PALMER is still president of the world's fair and owner of the Detroit Journal. In a political way that is about all he has left.

SENATOR STOCKBRIDGE was given a fine reception by his Kalamazoo neighbors and friends on his arrival home last evening.

THERE may be a few more useless customs than the usual inauguration ball and reception, but happily they are scarce.

If the Chicago Herald does not stop howling for an extra session, Grover may ask it to remind those "editorials" that won.

STATE PRESS GOSSIP.

The sentiment of the presiding officers of the state legislature is in favor of a short business session. This is also the sentiment of the people. Let each individual member pin it in his hat—signaw Courter-Herald.

had this week, their gatherings will become standard attractions.—Muskegon News.

Tammany opposes the establishment of a national quarantine. A good thing for the country would be to establish a stringent quarantine and put Tammany in it.—Adrian Times.

HIT AND MISS BREVITIES.
Some doubt exists concerning the identity of the greatest American humorist. We believe he is the newspaperman who advanced the theory that that retro-glycerine infernal machine was sent to Salmonst Kenn by some unknown friend.—Chicago Dispatch.

President-elect Cleveland, by his opposition to "Ed" Murphy for United States senator from New York state, has not only dipped his fingers, he has plunged his arm up to the elbow in the boiling political pot in New York state.—Hartford Courant.

Chicago papers say that the massive Auditorium is sinking. Possibly if Chicago would clean its streets the Auditorium would again be a level. The trouble is that the streets are rising.—Minneapolis Journal.

A real duel is but a tragic farce, and a French duel is the duel pure and simple with the tragic element entirely eliminated.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The new Colombian souvenir half-dollar doesn't strike the eye of all the critics as being an artistic success. Our own idea, however, is that it will pass.—New York Press.

POINTS ABOUT MEN.

Christopher Benson, "the pioneer engine driver of the United States," as he is called, is the engineer of the Philadelphia hospital. Although a servant of the railroads for fifty-nine years, he is now dependent on charity. He is 88 years of age, and still enjoys fair health. He held the throttle of the first engine ever brought into this country—the "John Bull." This was on May 27, 1829, and over the Albany and Schenectady railway.

Truman Henry Safford, professor of astronomy at Williams college, is one of the most remarkable "lightning calculators" now living. His manner is quick and nervous, and he can figure a large and difficult sum in his head; he walks rapidly up and down the classroom, clasping and unclasping his hands or twitching his mustache.

It is by no means certain that the Rev. E. Barton of Wellington, O., will accept the pastorate of the Shalom Congregational church in Boston, to which he has just been called. He is credited with saying that his present life is almost an ideal one, and he is reluctant to change.

The Pauline pottery, at Edgerton, Wis., is a stock company, under the management of Mr. Jacobus, while his wife, for whom the pottery is named, has charge of the decorative department. They employ about forty hands in the busy portion of the year.

Samuel S. Sanford, who is now the acknowledged patriarch of the ministerial profession, will celebrate at Philadelphia on the 15th anniversary of his own ministry, as well as of his own connection with it as a performer and manager.

J. H. Wade, a prominent citizen of Cleveland, O., has donated four acres in Wade park to the trustees of the Kelley estate for the erection thereon of an art museum under the terms of the late testator, which is said to be worth \$500,000.

William Lloyd Garrison and others of Boston are interested in a project for securing a \$600 annual salary for F. H. Lee, a Chinese, who wants to preserve his countrymen in America from the slavery of the white man.

Gen. J. T. Wilder, who was commander during the war of the famous "Wilder's brigade," and fired the first shot into Chattanooga, has resided for the last five years at Johnson City, Tenn., where he has extensive iron properties.

The home life of H. Rider Haggard is beautiful in its simplicity and genuineness. The day opens with family prayers, which are read with gentle reverence by the master of the house in the large square entrance hall.

Leon Abbott, Jr., son of ex-Governor Abbott of New Jersey, has resigned from Major-General Plume's staff, where he ranked as a major, to accept a position as colonel on Governor Werts' personal staff.

Mrs. Hannah Chard of Port Norris, N. Y., who can still thread a needle, and do good sewing, has enjoyed a merry holiday season and hopes to celebrate her 106th birthday on April 20 next.

Commander-in-Chief Weissert of the Grand Army of the Republic will visit the New Hampshire coast, after his arrival at Manchester, February 8, accompanied by the members of his staff.

Dr. Gray, incumbent of the new Episcopal bishopric of southern Florida, has work to do. There are pagan Seminoles and unfranchised Africans yet in the Everglades.

ALLEGED TO BE FUNNY.
"The pianist is fuller'n a billed owl," excitedly whispered the ticket seller, "and there's \$1,800 in the house!" "Oh, that's all right," said the stage manager, "but one way or another, he does nothing but Wagner tonight."—Indianapolis Journal.

"See that team of horses, how nicely they go together, John. Why can't a man and woman pull together like that?" "There's every reason, my dear. Those horses have only one tongue between them."—Yonkers Statesman.

"There is a man I know who is openly flooding the place with green goods circulars." "Can't the police stop him?" "They don't try. You see he's a dealer in plants."—Baltimore American.

M. Zola insists that he is not revolutionary. What he wants is "reform without violence. That is about the only idea of parental government."—Binghamton Republican.

The man who asks the most questions is not the man who learns the most. The man who remembers the most answers gets ahead of him every time.—Somerville Journal.

Friend—it seems to me that I have seen something like that before. What is that pointing after? Imprecious artist.—At present it is after a purchaser.—Lampoon.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The Watteau pleat in the wrapper pictured is fastened under the collar and is lined so that it may fall completely free from the figure, that is, from the tight-fitting part of the dress. The lining in front closes with hooks and eyes for about half a yard from the top, and the rest is sewn together. The upper part of the dress is formed in folds and fastens on one side towards the shoulder with a couple of hooks. Although these pleats or folds appear to hang loosely, they are held in position by bands sewn underneath and must be cut of sufficient width, as there are only two box pleats. The loose sleeves are draped with lace.

Edge your delicate colored wrapper with black ribbon. This saves the edge of the gown from getting soiled and faded the first thing, and it makes your black stockings and slippers look all right. The same idea holds in putting a puff of wool under the bottom of the street skirt, or any other skirt for that matter. The line of dark color not only makes the delicate shades above seem more delicate, but soiling is avoided. In ball dresses, too, put a puff of wool under the bottom of the skirt, matching it in color exactly. This puff is really not noticed, and it does save the edge of your gown. When it is renewed your gown is as fresh as ever, and has not been the edge of the dress itself that had soiled, there would have been no renewing.

MISS MARGARET DELAND.
The question is often asked about the author of "John Ward, Preacher," "To what faith does she belong?" People who insist upon imputing to authors the views of the puppets of their imaginations have assumed her to be a Calvinist with John Ward, a pantheist with Sidney, an egoist with Helen Ward, a rational or irrational follower with Major Lee. In England it was asked of her: "What new religion has she founded in America?" "Far be it from me to define another person's 'doxy,'" she answered. Margaret Merrington, that Mrs. Deland looks to heaven for light, to eternity for a solution of the vexed problem of life; finds in the liturgy of the Episcopal church the best expression of worship; recognizes Christ the "Counselor and King of Peace"; believes in prayer as the appeal of the soul seeking for truth to the "One who knows"; is a regular attendant at Trinity church, where the great soiled teachings of the Rev. Philip Brooks give comfort and strength to many who do profess and call themselves christians, but whose theology defies a closer classification." Mrs. Deland follows the rule that Dr. Johnson told Sir Joshua Reynolds he had laid down for himself, "to make each work the 'Gospel' and the 'municipal' offers that are continually made to her to "pad out" short stories, or "write anything, on any subject," Mrs. Deland is true to her ideals, giving only her best thought in its worthiest form. "John Ward" presents three successive, careful writings from rough notes before being typewritten for the printer. Three, sometimes four, galley proofs of her MSS. are submitted in succession to the author before she signs the copy for the printer of a page proof reading. "John Ward's" gloomy Calvinism was studied from the teachings and preachings of recognized authorities of the Presbyterian creed. Fiction, of course, steps in many husbands and wife are married, but the catastrophe as inevitable as the destruction of Oedipus, being a logical conclusion of a rigid adherence to the letter of the belief.

Mrs. Deland is descended from an old Scotch family named Campbell. "Father" is her birthplace. After her school days at Pelham Priory, Mrs. Deland studied art at Cooper Institute, New York. Since her marriage she has lived in Boston, where all the quickening influences of the city have stimulated her to devote to literature the keen observation, original thought and lively fancy which are her most prominent characteristics.

MENDELSSOHN AND JENNY LIND.
A charming little incident which connects the two wonderful and greatly beloved musicians, Mendelssohn and Jenny Lind, is told by Elise Polko in her "Erinnerungen an Mendelssohn." It was after a grand concert in Leipzig at which both artists had taken the audience by storm, that Mendelssohn made his first appearance as an orator. The directors of the Gewandhaus gave a torchlight serenade in honor of the famous singer, and so many people thronged into the garden of the Brockhaus, where Jenny Lind was at the time, that it was crowded to overflowing. The ovation was so wildly enthusiastic that it bewildered the "Swedish Nightingale," who turned to Mendelssohn and asked what she should do to satisfy the crowd of people who had thronged to serenade and do her homage.

"You must go down and say a few words to make them happy," prompted Mendelssohn.

"Good," she replied, after a minute's hesitation. "I will go to them, but you must lead me and speak in my place."

Mendelssohn presented his arm and they went down and out into the crowd of artists and admirers in the garden. The appearance of these two together raised a perfect tempest of applause. When Mendelssohn could at last make himself heard he spoke.

"My dear friends," said he, "you must not think for a moment that I am now Mendelssohn; I am Miss Jenny Lind, and I thank you heartily for this delightful surprise."

"After, however, taking to myself the honor of this splendid personality, I was after a return to my former self, the Leipzig musical director, and cry with you all, 'long live Jenny Lind!'"

A thousand voices echoed followed the cry; even though the singer protested against the manner in which he had performed the task she had entrusted to her, she was most graciously thanked and grace of his little speech, and accompanied by the strains of Mendelssohn's music.

NEW HOUSEHOLD BUSINESS.
A lady, compelled to provide a livelihood for herself, found she could make and furnish the following articles to customers, and also make it profitable to herself: Beef broth, 12 cents a quart; vegetable soup, 12 cents a quart; health bread, small loaves, 5 cents a pound; boiled white hominy, 5 cents a pound; boiled yellow hominy, 5 cents a pound; Aladdin hash, 8 cents a pound; rice pudding, 12 cents a quart; Indian pudding, 15 cents a quart; health bread, small loaves, 5 cents a loaf; white bread, small loaves, 5 cents a loaf; baked beans, 14 cents a quart. Monday, vegetable soup, pea soup. Tuesday, beef stew, tomato soup. Wednesday, clam chowder, pea soup. Thursday, beef stew, vegetable soup, bean soup. Friday, fish chowder, pea soup. Saturday, beef stew, tomato soup.

FITTING CHILDREN'S FEET.
Most dealers admit that more time is spent in fitting children's feet than those of adults. This is especially the case in the finer kids, for which a good price is to be paid. The trouble lies chiefly in the fact that the dealer, if he is conscientious, tries to get something on such feet that will be fairly comfortable, while the parent insists upon that point, together with a minimum size. The latter girl. The latter, meanwhile, influenced by the solicitude of the mother about appearances, smiles pleasantly in the tight shoes and nods her assent to the material question. "Are they perfectly easy, dear?" Very small children find difficulty in increasing. "This is a good deal like shoeing horses," says a good-natured shoe man. "Neither the horse nor the child will talk back at a little pinching, and, if they could, they would not so easily locate the precise spots where the shoe pinches. So we have to do their thinking for them, and when parents are not too finical we get along tolerably well."

QUEEN ELIZABETH.
The condition of Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, according to European papers, is still so serious that her return to Bucharest has been postponed indefinitely. She prefers to remain in one of the castles of her family in Germany and devote herself to writing poetry. It is said that she declined positively to return to the Roumanian capital to attend the ceremonies following the wedding of the Crown Prince and Princess Marie of Edinburgh. Her Majesty is still true to Mr. Vaccaresco, who won the heart of the young prince two years ago. The wedding of the future king will take place at Sigmaringen, Germany, his native place. The royal pair will then proceed to Bucharest, where they will receive the blessing of the Metropolitan in the Metropolitan church. The children of the marriage are to be brought up in the religion of the Greek church.

SEALSKIN VERY FASHIONABLE.
Sealskin seems to be in greater favor than ever, and it apparently becomes more and more beautiful as the time goes on, probably because the manipulation of the skins unceasingly grows toward perfection. It is not news to state that all that can be done in ordinary material in the way of fit, style and shape is equally well done in sealskin. Sealskin garments are lined either with plain brown satin or with rich brocades. The old regime under which a sealskin coat was expected to last for a lifetime has passed away, and with it the quilted satin lining which made slyphs look clumsy, and round figures to resemble leather pillows. In the same way fur-lined coats are increasing in favor because they are cut and fitted with such skill, style and accuracy that women are no longer afraid of being obliged to sacrifice appearance to comfort.

WOMEN LIBRARIANS IN THE SOUTH.
In nearly every southern state a woman is state librarian. The legislature of Mississippi has elected a woman to that position for the past twenty years. In Kentucky and Tennessee for almost as many years women have held the office at handsome salaries. The secretary of state of Tennessee, in whose office the librarian works, says in a private letter: "Since we have had women in the office they are not only given satisfaction in the work, but have rendered the office in which the work is done far more comfortable and attractive." South Carolina pays its librarian, a woman, \$2,100 a year. West Virginia has an assistant custodian of all public buildings, property, etc., and in that capacity she has charge of the state library.

Jerry Nicholas of Danville, Va., and E. B. Woodard of Roanoke are guests in the Morton. "We are in the city to buy furniture," said Mr. Nicholas. "It's a great city, isn't it? I never was here before, but I'm much impressed with the business-like gettinere of Grand Rapids. But all the progressiveness of the country is not confined to the north and west. The south is in the race for commercial supremacy. The new south is a great institution. We have no better agricultural and coal lands. We can furnish iron to the world. There is no better agricultural country on earth. Our products are not confined to cotton and tobacco inlets. As an example of our prosperity, Roanoke about ten years ago had 300 inhabitants; today it has 30,000. It is as lively a city as you can find in the west. That is only a sample of what the south is doing. Northern capital is constantly coming in; new blood is being introduced into our enterprises, and the south is entering an era of great commercial prosperity."

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she's "Wood Song," the pair left the place together.

SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, wife of the conqueror of Blenheim, was a woman of a fiery and energetic nature, but not very amiable, and quick to take offense. Being on very bad terms with her granddaughter, Lady Anne, she did not hesitate to abuse her everywhere. A portrait of Lady Anne hung in the duchess's drawing room, and to express her indignation she caused the picture to be blackened all over and then placed on it the inscription: "She is a mean blacker villain!" Her determination of character is illustrated by an anecdote which we find in Horace Walpole. "Old Marlborough is dying," writes Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, but who can tell last year she had had a great while ill without speaking; her physician said she must be blistered or she would die. She called out: 'I won't be blistered, and I won't die.' If she takes the same resolution now, I don't believe she will." Nor did she.

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NEWS OF THE HOTELS.

Things hummed in the vicinity of the hotels yesterday afternoon. The enthusiastic followers of Senator Stockbridge arrived in the city and thronged the lobbies. Among the first to arrive were George W. McBride and Thomas A. Parish of Grand Haven. They stopped in the Morton. "Won in a gallop," said Mr. McBride. "Luce simply wasn't in it. The old gentleman undoubtedly is disappointed, but Stockbridge deserved a reception and received only his due. I think the people are more than pleased with the result."

"Last night was the greatest one Lansing has ever known," said Mr. Parish. "I never saw anything like it. Everybody celebrated—except ex-Governor Luce. He didn't take part in the jubilation."

"THE HERALD is ace high," said "Ken" Barker of the Reed City Clarion in the Eagle yesterday noon. "It is the only one of the larger republican dailies that stood by Senator Stockbridge. It won on the speakership and on the senatorship. THE HERALD has earned its right to be the leading republican paper of Western Michigan, and of the state. I'm more than satisfied with the result. The people are, too. Senator Stockbridge deserved the honor, and is a credit to the state."

"I was a Luce man," said Representative C. K. Hoyt of Hudsonville, in the lobby of the Morton. "I'm a Stockbridge man now. I voted for Governor Luce in the caucus—one of the twenty. It seemed to me that the best interests of the state would be served by electing him to the senate. The majority of the members of the legislature did not take this view of it, and I am willing to abide by their decision. I don't take any stock in the nonsense about boodle. The vote was a fair, honest one, and Mr. Luce was fairly defeated. I think the result is acceptable to the people of the state."

"The farmer racket is played out—no good," said Don Henderson, the veteran editor of the Allegan Journal, in the Morton. "You can't fool the people by that sort of business. Think of Tom Palmer and 'Doc' Blodgett in the role of horny-fisted farmers, regular old-time mosbaks, so to speak. Both of them are farmers, though. Palmer had a log cabin establishment near Detroit and Blodgett has a farm near Henry. Governor Luce is also a farmer. So are our bank presidents in the state. I am a farmer myself. That granger business is where Governor Luce fell down. I'm an Odd Fellow, a member of the G. A. R. and belong to the Scottish Rite, but I shouldn't think of asking a man to vote for me on that account."

M. McGrath of Muskegon, one of the most enthusiastic knifers of Senator Stockbridge also, was a guest in the Morton yesterday. "I opposed Stockbridge because I did not consider him the man for the place," he said. "I should like to have seen some reasonable blood in the senate. I regard Mr. Luce as almost too old to fill the bill, but still in my opinion he was preferable to Stockbridge."

George A. Farr of Grand Haven was a guest in the New Livingston, and freely confessed that he was disappointed in the election. "Still I'm going to accept the inevitable gracefully. I did not favor Senator Stockbridge. He is a general, generous, whole-souled fellow, but I think he lacks the elements for a United States senator. If the election had been left to the people, a popular vote would have elected Luce. But the election will cause no split in the party nor any dissension. I'm willing to submit to the result of the caucus."

Willard A. Smith of the Charlevoix Sentinel was a guest when he reached the city. He helped celebrate the night before and decided to go to bed the moment he arrived in the Morton. Judge J. Byron Jenkins and ex-Sheriff Grant of Reed City were at the New Livingston. "Great old right," said Mr. Grant, "but it was a class case, and the people of Michigan may be proud of the result."

"I'm satisfied," said L. McKnight Sellers of the Cedar Springs Clipper. "I am a personal friend of Governor Luce but wished to see Senator Stockbridge re-elected. Stockbridge has a greater hold on the affections of the people than most persons believe. He is an enthusiastic worker for the party, and doesn't hesitate to go down in his pocket whenever the good of the party demands it. If \$10,000 were needed for legitimate campaign expenses he would write the check himself without a moment's hesitation. It is not the money that he craves, but until the state has gone republican before he does anything. He gets out before election and sees that the state goes republican."

"I agree with that," said Neal McKinn of Rockford. "Senator Stockbridge's interest in the party is not confined to his own candidacy. Any republican that is a candidate for office is sure to receive substantial support from him. He's a shrewd business man and a mighty good republican. I wish there were more of them."

John Hanson, editor of the Hart Journal and an enthusiastic supporter of Senator Stockbridge, was a guest in the New Livingston last night, on his way home from Lansing. "I don't see anything to indicate that wheat will come up," said Charles Knickerbocker, a Jackson mill man, in the Morton yesterday. "The millers here are buying in a declining market all the fall. Consequently it has been a bad year for them. Wheat is about as low now as it can go; but if it ever comes up the flour men will stand a chance to get even."

George Vanderbilts collection of Rembrandt's etchings is considered the finest in the world.



NEWS OF THE HOTELS.
Things hummed in the vicinity of the hotels yesterday afternoon. The enthusiastic followers of Senator Stockbridge arrived in the city and thronged the lobbies. Among the first to arrive were George W. McBride and Thomas A. Parish of Grand Haven. They stopped in the Morton. "Won in a gallop," said Mr. McBride. "Luce simply wasn't in it. The old gentleman undoubtedly is disappointed, but Stockbridge deserved a reception and received only his due. I think the people are more than pleased with the result."

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