Politics in a Lighter Vein

O'HARA'S NOON TALK.

IN THE HEAT OF THE CAMPAIGN—A MAYOR WITHOUT POWER ONLY A MAYOR IN NAME—A PROMISING SEASON OF SCRATCH.

"Well, sur, yiz may spaik as yiz plaize 'bout th' things that are goin' on in th' politikil wurruld, but let me tell yiz wan thing, th' battle is niver won 'till it's indid, an' thin th' man who houlds possesshin ov th' field ought t' be able to dicktate th' terms."

"That seems plain enuf, Myles O'Hara, an' id don't take much gumshin, aither, t' be able to arrive at sich a conclushin."

"On gin'ril principles yiz are roight, but as regards to specifick an' politikil traitmint I think yiz are a bit toc promiscuous in yer estimayshin ov th' situayshin."

"Maybe."

"There's no maybe at all, at all, about id."

"How d'yiz make that out, O'Hara? If yiz 'ill be koind enuf to inlighten me."

"I'll be afther tellin' yiz iv yiz 'ill only wait a minnit."

"G'wan."

"Yiz see, 't is this may: We have two daycint min up at th' head ov both Dimocratic an' Republikin tickets—Misther Shepherd an' Misther Low. D'yiz see now?"

"Shure I do."

"Well, sur, yiz niver kin tell where or what Misther Shepherd is, f'r th' rayson that he's bin jumpin' about so much wid th' goold bugs, th' silverites, independint Dimocrats, reformers an' regular or liberal Republikins, that, 'pon me word, yiz kin niver get th' politikil or geographikil bearings ov his intinshins, no mather fr'm what point ov th' politikil compass yiz may thry t' box id."

"Yiz know, O'Hara, that 't isn't given t' ivery man that's gifted wid an understandin' ov all things? That yiz know as well as meself. Now, d'yiz main t' say that no wan knows nawthin' at all, at all, about whether Misther Shepherd, iv he's put in t' be Mayor, that he won't let any wan know what h'ill do wid Devery an' his man Friday —Murphy. I main—whin he gets into offis? Is id that what's on yer moind, I dunno, or is't somethin' ilse?"

"Troth, that's not botherin' me a little bit. Id cuts no ice wid me—not, ov coorse, bekase I've no stock in an ice fund thrust, th' same as little Bobby Van Wyck had afore he got th' nominayshin f'r th' Supraim Coort binch, afther th' trades union t' which he b'longs, called the Bar Assocayshin, turned him down an' branded him as bein' conspicuously unfit for th' job. No, sur. I'm not inflicted wid mintal dispepshia on that score; but this thing I will tell yiz, that there's altogether too much pratin' about what's goin' t' be done iv wan man gets on th' job ov Mayor an' th' other gets left."

"Begor, it's a rather sayrious considerayshin at this stage ov th' game."

"Shure, I know that jist as well as yiz do yerself. But hasn't Misther Low anser'd his ind ov id, an' towld yiz what he'll do iv he gets th' opporchunity? That ought t' be enuff. Misther Shepherd, on t'other hand, comes out flat futted an' sez he has nawthin' t' say, bekase spaikin' ov poleece matthers is politics, an' he don't want t' spaik politics in privit. That's th' rayson why he won't talk on th' removal o' Bully Devery t' th' reporthers."

"Look ahere, O'Hara, whin a man is spaikin' t' th' reporthers he's not talkin' in privit, so that no wan can tell what's his posishun."

"There's this diffrins bethune spaikin t' th' reporthers an' t' a bunch ov min at a meetin'. Whin th' reporthers take down th' man's words they give thim t' their newspapers, an' th' newspapers give thim t' th' public, an' th' people kin judge f'r thimselves. Now, a politikil spaichmaker kin spaik till he's blue in th' face at a meetin' made up ov peeple compos'd ov min that b'long'd t' th' same complexion ov politics as himself, an' th' divil a farther 't would go iv th' papers didn't put id in print."

"Bad luck t' th' word ov lie in that."

"It's thrue; an 't is glad I am t' have yiz agree wid me. Let me tell yiz, Mangan, that th' prisint campain is conduct'd on as ingaynious a line as w's iver carried into execushin. Jist look at id! It doesn't mather a cint. Whot are yiz goin' t' do about id?"

"Begor, by th' way yiz spaik, O'Hara, there don't seem t' be much chanct to alther th' prisint condisshin ov things, evin iv th' peeple do succeed in landin' a good man in th' Mayor's sait."

"A good man kin do nawthin' at all in th' plaice widout assistense an' support. Iv there's not enuff good indepindint min elected to act as aldermin, min who'll sthand by th' Mayor whin he gets there, whot kin yiz expect? Arrah, man alive! shure th' prisidint ov th' borough will be ov more conseqinse than th' Mayor ov th' city, iv yiz 'ill only look at id in th' roight way."

"An' whot's th' rimidy?"

"Only wan way—good scratchin'. 'Tisn't enuff t' scratch th' head o' th' ticket an' think that iverything is safe an' that id will all come out right in th' wash. No, sur. Yiz have got t' scratch th' Ikeys, th' Johnnies, th' Bobies, th' Andys, th' Barneys—all th' min who are in laigue wid th' corrupt illimints ov th' city. Thin iv th' min electid are good we'll have a clain city. Shure, iv yiz come t' consider id f'r a minnit, yiz kin see there's altogether too much talkin' about removin' Devery an' Murphy fr'm th' head ov th' poleece force. 'Tain't raysonable t' consaive that a big ignorant lump ov a poleeceman an' a foine ould potato like Murphy, could do jist as they plaised iv there wasn't some wan behind 'em who had good, sufishint an' substanshial raysons for keepin' 'em where they are, whin nearly ivery daycint man in th' city is axin' f'r their removal. The truth ov th' matther is this, that we don't see th' rael Devery. Th' man be that name that's bossin' th' job at poleece headquarthers is only th' mask —th' instrumint that does whot he's towld t' do an's paid for th' job. That's all."

"Faith, 'tis a purty state o' things whin a man like that—an ordinary poleeceman by thrade—is gettin' sich notriety in all quarthers. The praichers in th' churches denounce him; th' newspapers are afther him, an' th' spell-binders ov all denominayshins, except thim that are spoutin' f'r Tammany Hall, are vintilaytin' his doin's an' his record."

"Look ahere, a little ov that goes a grait way, an' we kin sthand f'r less. Dick Croker niver play'd a foiner game o' politics than he's playin' now. But he's nearin' th' ind ov his sthring, an' he knows id. Even his frinds are waikinin' toward him in their frindship. They begin t' see th' beginnin' ov th' ind. Whin that time comes, an' th' masther skips t' his English home, he wont want any ov his owld cronies f'r his guests. No wan knows betther than Croker that th' Devery continshin is only th' red rag that attracts attinshin for th' time. The Devery rag is floated in th' faces ov th' people so as to blind 'em t' th' main bizniss at isshue. Whot ivery sinsible man should do is t' not only keep their eye peeled for Devery, but likewise to size up the characther ov the min tryin' t' be elected for Disthrik Atturney, t' the Board ov Aldermin an' on th' binch, f'r ids wid thim th' success ov th' new administhrayshin natchurally rests. Iv th' min elect'd are followers o' th' masther in th' Tammany sinse o' the' word they'll do th' biddir.' o' th' boss wid th' same willingness they've been accustomed to do id at all times sinse Tweed died in jail in Ludlow sthreet. I'm as good a Dimocrat as votes—a plain, ordinary, everyday Dimocrat widout Tammany trimmin's. Dick Croker is an able man—a head an' showlders in intilliginse, cunnin' an' ability over th' min he's surroundid by—but, as he said himself, I think he's not in politics f'r th' good ov his health. He is in id f'r all he kin make out ov id, an' that's why he tolerates th' Ikeys, th' Barneys, th' Andys, th' Jimmies an' th' whole brood that live on th' graitness ov this city. That's why I say t' all daycint Dimocrats, scratch yer tickets iv th' min who are seekin' offis are not what they should be, as honist min wid th' right ov sufridge."

HUMOR OF THE CAMPAIGN.

A VOTE IN EVERY PARTY.—The East Side Hebrew is the most cautious and the most uncertain element in the political field. His life has taught him the value of a political "pull," and his constant endeavor is to keep a sail in every breeze. Not long ago a Citizens Union canvasser visited a Hebrew merchant in the hope of securing his enrolment and that of his sons. With great care and detail he explained the non-partisan character of his organization. He enlarged on the disgraceful conditions of the East Side. Finally he painted in glowing colors the prospects of the campaign and reeled off a mass of figures. With the mention of figures the Hebrew began to show interest.

"Die Cit'zens Union," he said, thoughtfully. "Das ist ein partei?"

The canvasser explained the dual character of the organization.

"Und dey nominate Mr. Set' Low?"

The canvasser explained that it was the second time the Citizens Union had chosen Mr. Low.

"Den, if Mr. Low elected is, the Cit'zens Union will have much influence mit him?"

The canvasser assented emphatically.

"Vell, I tell you vat," said his host, impressively, after mature consideration. "I bin a Republican, und mine son Joseph he is a Democrat, but little Ikey, he vill first be a citizen this year, und he vill mit the Cit'zens Union vote."

THE DAYS WHEN "GRAFTS" WERE EASY.—The Tammany captain laid a dollar on the table. The chairman of the registers covered it, and the entire board put on a smile as the money was transferred to a McCullagh deputy, who disappeared in the direction of a cigar store.

"This graft ain't wot it was onct," remarked the captain, thoughtfully.

"More dough in it then?" inquired the chairman, affably.

"I should say. Why, I've cleaned up as much as fifty in a single day."

"Put us next your graft," said the Tammany inspector, who owed his appointment to the captain and was nervously agreeable.

"Well, it was back in '71 I made my best strike. It was the year o' the Chicago fire, an' ev'ry place had a box out wid a sign, 'Fer the Chicago Sufferers.' So the fust day of registration me an' my side pardners fixed up a box in our place an' put out a big red sign, 'Fer the Chicago Victims. Help Us.' An' yer'd been surprised to see the people go fer it. Why, when we emptied it there was only halves and quarters, nothin' smaller. An' when we come to clean up we had over two hundred beside the money fer the drinks, fifty apiece."

"And didn't they prosecute you?" inquired the Citizens Union man.

"Persecute us?" said the captain, innocently. "Naw. Wot fur?"

Then, as he noticed the McCullagh man had returned and was treating his fellow deputies to cigars, he added grimly. "An' we didn't have no McCullagh depities to square them days, neither."

THE TOWN OF "SWEEDEN."—The chairman of the board of registry was a young man who thought well of himself. He valued most his own good opinion of himself, but he craved also the admiration of his colleagues. He ruled his board with an autocratic hand. The McCullagh deputies took his orders unhesitatingly. Even the Tammany leader was seen to shake his head and mutter to himself at the folly of such a promising young man being wasted in the Republican ranks. The voters trembled before the august chairman like prisoners at the criminal bar. And the chairman, on his part, brushed aside their apologetic answers with a judicial brusqueness.

"Where were you born?" he thundered at an applicant, who had waited patiently while the chairman revealed fatal flaws in the election laws to his awestruck audience.

"Sweden, sir," replied the man, meekly.

"Sweden—Sweden?" repeated one of the inspectors, doubtfully. "Spell it, Mr. Chairman."

"Sweden, S-w-e-e-d-e-n," spelled the chairman, condescendingly.

The applicant shook his head.

"Please, sir, it's one 'e,' " he explained, meekly.

"Wot der you know about it?" said the chairman, severely. "Der yer think, just because yer came frum there, yer the only one that knows how to spell that town?"

THE HOUSEKEEPER RECOGNIZED AT LAST.—The time when politicians take a vital interest in extending the franchise of a free country to their foreign born brothers has passed for this year; but occasionally an election district captain finds it worth while, for the sake of those already voters in a family, to assist another member to become so. Such a case happened in a tenement house district on the East Side the other day. The father of three sons, two of them voters, put it "up" to the captain to enfranchise the third. The prospective citizen was abnormally dull, and it cost the captain several hours to instil into the candidate a knowledge of the principles of the Constitution. When they went to the court the captain took his stand close behind his pupil.

"What are the two legislative bodies of the State?" asked the commissioner.

"The Senate"—— said the applicant, boldly; then he paused and stammered.

"And the House, you fool," said the captain, angrily, in a stage whisper.

A smile of complete comprehension passed over the man's face, and he fairly shouted: "And the housekeeper!"

THOUGHT MICHIGAN A FOREIGN COUNTRY.—There are entire Assembly districts on the lower East Side where the native voter is an almost unknown species. On registration day you can identify the voter by the bundle he carries under his arm. At the registration booth he unfolds the precious package and discloses his papers, it may be tacked or pasted on a flat board, or more often massively incased in a heavy wooden frame. Sometimes he fishes out an almost illegible parchment, yellow and fragmentary with age. But in some form or other the paper is almost sure to appear.

In such a district as this, "Mr. B." constitutes several per cent of the native population. At registration the other day he stated his birthplace as Michigan.

"Michigan?" said the chairman of the board. "Well, where are your papers?"

"Why!" gasped the astonished man. "I haven't"——

"Cut it!" said the chairman, with dignity. 'I want you fellers to understand that this here board ain't a-goin' to register no foreigners without their papers."

THE PARADES OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS.—The night the Republicans of the VIIth Assembly District nominated their Alderman they adjourned to the streets for their annual parade. As the VIIth is a good Tammany stronghold, they were forced to make up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers. As the procession rounded a certain corner where the "gang hangs out," the Tammany captain and his followers reviewed the line scornfully.

"Where is dey?" said the Tammany captain. "Show me dem; I don't see no one."

"Wait till we parade," said his ready lieutenant, "Why, we'll turn out de hol' district."

"It ain't wot it used ter be," said the captain, sadly. "Dis district is changed. Why, I remember de time w'en dis here Seventh alone turned out a push dat took four hours to pass a given point."

"G'wan!" said the lieutenant, doubtfully.

"Dat's wot!" declared the captain; "four hours to pass a given point."

A look of intelligence came over the lieutenant's face. "Where was that point?" he asked.

"Billy Burns's saloon."

AN ALPHABET OF NEW-YORK.

A is for Apollyon, ruling New-York.

B is for Brutes and Bruisers who stalk
Brazen and Bestial through every walk.

C is for Croker, the Climax of Crime,
And his old Cry of "My pocket all the time."

D is for Devery, Murphy & Co.,
Department Directors, whose underlings go
Dragging the Dirtiest Dens of vice low,
Diving for Dollars to "make the mare go."
(Some say a whole stable, I'm sure I don't know.)

E is for the Election, when the Baron will fail
(Other words rhyming are jail, bail and sail).

F is for Fusion, the Force that would rout
The Baron's stout henchmen and turn them all out.

G is for Green Goods, Gold Bricks and Guys
Going to Gotham and returning home wise.

H is for Half of each "grafter's" all,
Handed up quietly to Tammany "Haul."

I is for Ice—I trust you have heard—
Not with the Baron a popular word.

J is for Justice Jerome and the Jar
That's already felt on the Tammany car.

K is for Kings the Tiger will lose,
Despite applications of "boodle" and "booze."

L is for Low, courageous and free,
Laying the axe at the Tammany tree.

M is for Murphy, Commissioner of Police,
Whose first name is Devery—his reign will soon cease.

N is for Nastiness, tribute of which
Makes Baron Wantage purse proud and rich.

O is for Open—wide open New-York—
But Fusion will close it and drive in the cork.

P is for Pocket, King Richard's, of course;

Q is the "Queer"—of its contents the source.

R is for Richard, Ring Rule and Ruin,
Ramapo, Robert, and the city's undoing.

S is for Shepard—the tiger he'd ride;
The Tiger came home with the Shepard inside.

T is for Tammany, Toughs, Thugs and Thieves;
Their hands in the Treasury up to the sleeves;
Crime drips off them like rain off the eaves.

U is for Union—Citizens I mean—
To sweep all the streets and police force clean.

V is for Van Wyck; no rhyme could I find!
The name and the creature are sole of their kind.

W is for Wigwam—in Fourteenth-st. they set it—
Wiskinkie, Wantage and "Where did you get it?"

X is for the Xample the Mayor will make
Of Y., Z., John Doe and all other fake
Names on the payroll that Tammany leaves
To stamp it unequalled in annals of thieves.

BIRTH OF ELEPHANTS IN CAPTIVITY.

Letter in The London Standard.

It may interest many to know that in Burmah and the adjacent Southern Shan States and Karenni the birth of elephants in captivity is by no means uncommon. To such an extent does this go on that one might almost say elephants are bred by the owners of studs. In Karenni this is certainly the case.

The instance of this which came most before my notice was the birth of a bull calf elephant in Keng-Tung, our most Easterly frontier station. The parents were both commissariat elephants, and the period of gestation was exactly twenty-three months, as dates were recorded by responsible persons. A long account of this appeared in "The Field" in the early part of 1899. When travelling in the Southern Shan States I have frequently seen female elephants with unweaned calves.

Perhaps the most probable reason for this fertility among captive elephants is to be accounted for by the fact that in the countries referred to elephants employed by the government in the commissariat and forest departments, and by Shan and Karen chiefs, etc., lead a far more natural life than captive elephants elsewhere.

MME. CLAIRE HELIOT FEEDING HER LIONS WITH RAW BEEF IN THE ARENA OF THE HIPPODROME, LONDON.

BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS.

A WOMAN LION TAMER WHO IS PERFORMING IN LONDON.

The public demands new features in all branches of amusement, and the trainers of wild animals must bring out novelties as well as the manipulators of eccentric musical instruments or the performers on gymnastic apparatus. A "real live lion" was a great attraction a few years ago, and he was admired and talked about even if he was toothless, tame and motheaten. But Hagenbeck furnished the show world with a lot of lions that ran races with tigers, rode on the backs of horses, took their places in groups composed of animals which the untrained lion usually looks upon as desirable only for food, and demonstrated to the world that the lion could be highly trained and kept perfectly in control.

At the Pan-American Exposition Frank C. Bostock's exhibition of trained lions was one of the notable features of the Midway. He had about twenty perfectly trained beautiful animals, whose performances, singly, in small and in large groups were more remarkable in many respects than the Hagenbeck exhibitions. In the latter the trainer had in the cage with him, whenever he gave an exhibition, several large and powerful bloodhounds, and these well trained animals aided the man in the cage to control the larger beasts. The dogs were indispensable to the performance, and although the trainer was perfectly familiar with the animals in his charge and the peculiarities and characteristics of each individual brute, he could not be induced to enter the cage without the dogs.

Bostock managed his animals without canine aid, but Mme. Claire Heliot, the latest aspirant for honors in that branch of the business, has the assistance of dogs in her performances with her trained lions. She is now giving exhibitions in London, and startles the spectators by feeding the animals with raw meat from a long handled fork. She watches them closely while they devour their luncheon, but no more so than the dogs, which would pounce upon the captive kings if they swerved in the least from the established rules of the performance.

NATURE'S BOUNTY IN THE TROPICS.

THE FOOD AND DRINK OF THE NATIVES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

From the Venezuela Herald.

The marvellous natural prepared food of the American tropics had received but little attention until the expedition of Humboldt to the Orinoco, whose account was at first so wondrous and startling as to cause incredulity. There is, first, bread —"the staff of life." It is found in many of the starchy substances of the palm and sago, but more especially in the bread fruit tree, where it is gathered just as the manna was found in Egypt. Next to this important food product come the tubers, which are found plentifully in a wild state, such as cassava, yucca and wild yam. These grow all over the tropics, and seem adapted to a wide diversity of soil and climate. The same is true as to corn, and no product of all the vegetable kingdom affords so good an opportunity of studying the laws of acclimatization, while its capacity to accommodate itself to the different conditions of temperature seems almost unlimited. The cassava is generally made into farina, a coarse but nutritious flour, by grinding between stones. There are numerous plants at the equator which produce milky emulsions, but none so wonderful and nutritious as the famous palo de vaca, or cow tree. By making an incision into its trunk it exudes an abundance of glutinous, thick white milk, which is most agreeable to the taste, and forms an important aliment of the natives.

Long before the outside world had discovered caseum as the basis of cheese the Indians were drinking this milk and eating the cheese from its coagulated juice. An excellent vegetable butter is obtained from the papaya tree and answers every purpose of that which we obtain from cow's milk. The lard of the Orinoco savage is largely obtained from a cavern bird, called the guacharo, and is so pure that it will keep for many months without becoming rancid. It is entirely free from any disagreeable smell and really forms an excellent substitute. The famous yuruma bread is the principal food of the Amazon tribes at certain seasons, and it is obtained from the sago tree. One single tree will often produce 500 or 600 pounds of meal. The manioc of the llaneros of Venezuela is simply a fish dried, powdered and reduced to a paste. This fish bread is similar to that described by Pliny, which was prepared by the people along the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea. To these various natural food products can be added the innumerable farinaceous fruits, oily nuts, roots, herbs and barks which are not only palatable but nutritious and healthful. Even a variety of ants, known as vacharos, are preserved and eaten by the tribes about the delta of the Orinoco. The abdomen of this ant is a lump of white fat, and, though having a strong acrid taste, is a very healthful aliment.

In the matter of intoxicating drinks, our uncivilized brother has a most extended line, which are as diversified as the wines, brandies, whiskeys and beers of more enlightened lands. The mescal and pulque of Mexico are well known products of the agave; the tiste and michla of Nicaragua are made from the juices of plants as well as bananas and cassava; the highly intoxicating cocuya of New-Grenada is obtained from the fique plant, the same which produces the fine fibre for coffee bags; the gurapo and miche, universally used by the peons of Venezuela, like rum, is largely obtained from the fermented juice of sugar cane; the chicha of the Caribs is decocted from the candela tree, as well as from Indian corn, while papelon and other sweet drinks are from crude brown sugar. Many of these decoctions have the elements of very powerful poisons, which serve to madden the brain, sometimes making demons of their devotees.

Besides the food products and beverages, nature is bountiful to her wild children in the way of clothing, medicines and other necessaries. She furnishes ready woven garments from la vida and marima, wax and glue from the guaco, as well as the pollen of flowers and varnish of leaves; silk from the macoa and ramie, illuminating candles from the candela, arrow poison from the cuspa and piquine, cups and saucers from the calabash, oils from the cocoanut, blowpipes and musical instruments from the bamboo, hardwood weapons from the sassafras and laurel, perfumes from the incienso and sarapia, and medicines from a hundred herbs and trees. In his rude attempt at art the Indian finds his colors in fustic, indigo and several varieties of clay, over which he smears a coat of varnish obtained from the anato and other resinous plants.

The curios brought from the Orinoco and Amazon, in the way of quaintly carved calabashes and cocoanut shell, are painted and varnished in this way, being found very durable and lasting. The red pigment is obtained from chica leaves macerated in water, the yellow tints are from the juices of the paruna as well as anato, and dark brown colors from the caruta, which is also used in tattooing. The lasting qualities of some of these colors when covered with a protecting varnish or balsam are demonstrated by the painted mummified remains of tribes which have been extinct for centuries. In fact, the savage has been the pioneer in discovering important and nutritive substances in a wide family of the vegetable world, where nature has deposited them in the sap, bark, roots and fruit.

The writer has spent a part of several years in travelling among the uncivilized tribes of Central and South America, compelled at times to subsist for weeks upon their native foods taken from the trees and plants of their surrounding forests, and can vouch for their nutritious properties and general healthfulness. In fact, the traveller in these unfrequented countries can do no better than to follow the example of these natives, not only in their foods, but their beverages and native remedies in case of sickness.

THE BERLIN FIREMEN'S EXHIBITION.

From Consul General Mason's report.

The International Exposition of Fire Preventing and Extinguishing Appliances, which opened at Berlin on May 26, closed on September 15. Although in its nature more or less technical, and appealing specially to persons directly interested in fire insurance, architecture and the saving of life and property from fire, the exposition has been popularly successful, and attracted throughout the summer a steady and fairly numerous attendance.

It has occupied a group of specially constructed buildings favorably located in a western suburb of the city, and surrounded by ample space for special constructions designed to exhibit fireproof materials or details of buildings. In the rear of the main machinery building were two structures in the form of towers—one of wood six stories in height, the other of masonry and somewhat lower —which have been used in the illustrative and competitive tests by firemen of different cities and nationalities in various exercises of climbing, water throwing, and the rescue of inmates by means of ladders, rope and baskets and other devices. The exposition has been rendered attractive by music, restaurants, electric illumination, and especially by daily competitions and tests of various kinds, for which a large space flanked by tiers of seats was provided.

Notwithstanding the early official publicity which was given in the United States to this enterprise, it failed to attract more than four distinctively American exhibits. . . . There was no American fire engine, hose cart or hook and ladder apparatus; no American fire company or engine squad competed for the prizes, such as were so decisively won by our firemen at Paris the year before.

This indifference of American exhibitors, who are known to represent the highest development of fire extinguishing machinery, was a real disappointment to the managers of this exposition, but can be explained mainly by the fact that many of them had made large expenditures for exhibition at Paris last year, or were busy this year with the Pan-American display, and did not feel disposed to make an additional exhibition at Berlin.

To what extent they have thereby lost a valuable opportunity is a point upon which expert opinion is somewhat disagreed. It needed but a glance at this exposition to show that, complete and admirable as it was in many features, it represented machinery and methods adapted to conditions which are radically different from those which exist in the United States. The engines, both hand and steam—for the hand-driven pumping engine still plays an important part in small European towns—are much smaller than those in use with us. Such steam fire engines as made any pretence to high power were enormously heavy in proportion to their water delivery, and nowhere in the exposition was there any provision for fighting fire above the altitude of a five story building.

NO "BOBTAILS" FOR THE PRESIDENT.

From The Washington Times.

The carriage horses which were purchased for the President in New-York last week have arrived. They were taken from the train to their new home yesterday afternoon by A. J. Hurley, who has charge of the White House stables. Two of the trio of animals are as finely mated a carriage team as will be seen on the streets of Washington this season. They are about fifteen hands high, and in their clean cut, though powerful, limbs, and their graceful necks and heads, are every sign of the Kentucky thoroughbred trotter. The pair can turn a mile on the road in less than three minutes, which will doubtless suit the President's ideas of energy.

The third horse will be used for single driving purposes, but is so broken that he may easily be driven with one of the carriage pair if necessity demands. President Roosevelt will inspect his new stable this morning. There is little doubt that the animals will please his critical eye.

One point which Mr. Roosevelt clearly impressed upon Douglass Robinson, who, as the President's purchasing agent, paid a good round price for the trio in New-York the other day, was that they should possess long tails and manes. The President, like almost every other true horse lover, is strongly opposed to the custom of docking. Later in the week a Shetland riding pony will be brought on from Oyster Bay for the use of the Roosevelt children.

Instruction.

For Young Ladies—City.

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