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The Compulsory Ballot Again.

"If voting could be made compulsory and well-nigh universal," remarks the *Brooklyn Eagle*, a Democratic journal whose wits are not generally duller than a razor strap, "and the ballot reform law everywhere operative, corruption would win not more than honesty in politics."

How will you proceed to make voting compulsory? After your law is passed, and your policemen have dragged the refractory voter to the polling place and immured him in the booth "with none but GOD and his little pencil," as Congressman JOHN DE WITT WARNER impressively remarks, then how are you going to ascertain whether the unpatriotic wretch has not disobeyed the law after all? Suppose he merely pretends to write or mark upon the ballot and deposits it blank. Will you submit the ballot to official inspection? Why, then you defeat the main purpose of what is called ballot reform, namely, the protection of the individual vote from identification.

But suppose the compulsory ballot law is passed, and that it can be enforced. By the same Constitutional right that enables the Legislature to prescribe that every citizen must vote, and must vote for one of two or three or four specified candidates, why should not the next Legislature enact another law obliging every citizen to vote for the candidate of the party in power, and for no other? And why should it not also pass a law inflicting a fine, or incarceration, or capital punishment upon any citizen who refuses to take any office to which he may be elected by the compulsory votes of his fellow citizens?

Then how are you going to make the present ballot law "everywhere operative"? By passing another ballot reform law declaring that the original ballot reform law must be respected and obeyed?

If all this could be, says the *Eagle*, "corruption would win not more than honesty in politics."

What stuff for a sensible Democratic newspaper to utter! Does our esteemed contemporary believe that corruption wins more than honesty in politics at the present time, or that corruption has won in politics more than honesty during the past one hundred years?

Since His Defeat.

Our esteemed Memphis contemporary, the *Appeal-Avalanche*, which seems gradually to be pulling the stuffing out of its former Prophet, will take a tremendous tug after reflecting a moment upon this bit of gentle politeness which we find in its columns:

"If Mr. CLEVELAND is not nominated, no word of complaint will ever fall from his lips. His utterances since his retirement from office have shown that he is grateful for the honors his party has already conferred upon him. He has been free with his counsel whenever asked to give it."

The main point about the Cleveland utterances since his loss of office has been his ungrateful and brutal refusal to say a word to aid the party that originally conferred office on him.

In the next election after his defeat, that of 1889, the only demonstration made from his camp was a full-pressure effort on the part of his two organs, the *New York Times* and *Evening Post*, to defeat a very important portion of the ticket nominated by the New York State Democracy. It is needless to say that it ended in farcical failure.

In 1890 the occasion and opportunity for all sincere Democratic partisans to show fight in behalf of their party were immensely greater than they had been in 1889. The Force bill was threatening, the Republican squanderers of the now famous Billion Congress were pleading for reélection, and their organization was preparing a desperate effort to dislodge the Democracy from its central stronghold, the city of New York. Democratic scouts were sent everywhere to drum up aid and comfort for the band of unwearied strugglers in the United States Senate and their energetic supporters throughout the country. This same Stuffed Prophet, the leading beneficiary of a quarter of a century of Democratic fortunes, was appealed to likewise, but he remained as deaf and dumb as a dead oyster. His mouth stayed shut while his pen kept scratching hyperbolic phrases of gratitude by return mail to some child who had sent him a photograph or a penwiper, or to some college boy who had nominated him for President. And while this interminable correspondence was going on, the author's immediate body guard, his Secretary of the Treasury, the Hon. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, and other high Clevelandites, together with the whole Mugwump outfit, men, women, and newspapers, carried on with a frenzied and merciless malignancy their campaign against the Democratic candidates for Mayor and other decisive officers of this city's government. Two years and six months after his official collapse, in May, 1891, this most ungrateful of officeholders saw he must speak, free trade or no free trade, or remain forever shut up, so, as if desiring to start all over again, he went back to Buffalo, where he had begun his political life, and spouted there. As a noted Democrat has suggested, it was very much after election.

The *Appeal-Avalanche* may pull the stuffing out of the Prophet down to his boots, and it will find the wisps of gratitude as scarce as the wisps of honest partisanship.

The Great Fair of Asia at Moscow.

Last year Central Asia had its first great fair. Europeans who visited Tashkent were immensely surprised at the manifold evidences of progress since Western ideas and enterprises took root in Russian Turkestan. This year Central Asia has come to Europe, and its big exhibition, just opened in Moscow, gives a graphic picture of Asian life and activity.

The most complex ethnological problems come from Asia. No map in recent years has excited more interest and comment than the ethnological map of Asia, a work of enormous research, by the Austrian VON HAANDT. But far better than a map to give the public a clear idea of the people who dwell in Russia's new Asian empire, is the series of life-size ethnological models, representing all of the tribes and nations from Siberia to the Afghan frontier, that may now be seen at Moscow. No people in the world have witnessed such remarkable changes in their country, in their habits, occupations, and views of life as the aborigines who are represented in these life-like models. Here, for instance, are types of the tribes of Turkomans whose chief occupation a few years ago was stealing Persian slaves to sell in Bokhara and other states along the big rivers. They knew nothing of settled government, waged war almost incessantly one upon the other, and lived by crime. To-day they no longer go on slave raids, the wild horsemen have turned to peaceful pursuits, order reigns, and slave markets are no more; for slavery has been abolished. In 1886 Bokhara, the richest, most enlightened, and most holy of the Mohammedan nations of Central Asia, declared the complete abolition of slavery; and the 40,000 Persian slaves who were found in Khiva were long ago restored to the land of their fathers.

It is worth while to obtain a clear conception of the agencies that have wrought this wonderful social revolution. Foremost among them is Gen. ANNENKOFF'S railroad, which the Russians mistakenly call "the longest railroad in the world." At the Moscow exhibition there is a series of models which tell the story of this great work, showing how it was carried across the desert, the struggle with the encroaching sands, the surmounting of engineering difficulties, and the building of a great bridge with timber brought from Europe.

This fair would not be a representative exhibition if there were not a fine collection of the manufactures for which Central Asia has been famous for centuries. Visitors to the Moscow fair will see models of Bokharan houses fitted with the heaviest and softest of hangings, fabrics of beautiful design in woollen, cotton, and silk, delicate and artistic products of the gold and silver smith, and carpets that have been admired for ages for softness of texture, beauty of design and coloring, and the great size of the single woven piece; and beside these products of Oriental art are others showing the assimilation of Western ideas. Poets who have sung the praises of the vine ripened in Asian valleys will perhaps derive no poetic inspiration from the fact that Central Asian wine is now served to the wealthy native and his harem from bottles with cork stoppers. The exhibition also shows that Western ideas concerning household furniture, toilet articles, and many other products have put their mark unmistakably upon Asian manufactures.

The Czar is turning the Jews out of Russia and keeping the world out of Central Asia. In the old days of canal traffic a large quantity of English wares passed from India and Persia to the marts of Central Asia, where the goods were none the less welcome because they were made by the hated infidel. To-day, with a railroad to Samarcand, British trade practically has been suppressed. The American company, which in 1887 applied for an allotment of land in the neighborhood of Merv, for cotton cultivation, was not permitted to establish itself in the Trans-Caspian. It is almost impossible for solitary tourists to get permission from St. Petersburg to travel over the railroad beyond the Caspian, though a French tourist agency has had the good fortune to lead two small parties of sightseers to Bokhara and Samarcand. It is evident that Russia intends to monopolize about all the good that is to come out of Central Asia. But none the less the world admires the remarkable work that Russia is doing, and wonders at the political, social, and industrial changes she has wrought in fifteen years, revolutionizing a great region that was wedded to the thoughts, the prejudices, the manner of life revealed in its history for ages past.

The transformation Russia is working in Central Asia is a far greater wonder than anything yet accomplished by the rivalry of the European nations on African soil.

The Restoration of Beer to the Boston Music Hall.

To-night will be a great night for Boston. The reunion of Beer and Music will be celebrated at the Music Hall. It may be two years and it may be three since the Bostonians have been permitted to sit in that solemn temple and regale their souls with the playing of an orchestra and their interiors with beer. In more primitive but still recent times the Great Organ was the glory of the Music Hall and wonder of the trimontane city, and travellers from Tatnuck and the uttermost parts of Dukes and Barnstable heard that instrument and went home happy. Where is that Great Organ now? Where is the public taste which it was supposed to gratify? The time came when Boston couldn't be induced to go to the Music Hall and hear the wind thundering and sobbing in those mighty pipes, and gaze upon the bronze BEETHOVEN and crack peanuts stealthily. The fashion in amusements has changed and broadened, and "China" or "Federal Street" played upon the Great Organ would no longer be regarded in Boston as a satisfying entertainment.

So the organ was taken down, and a series of summer popular concerts was given in the Music Hall, and beer was allowed to be sold upon those sacred premises. A sigh of regret went up from the whole State at the desecration, but the desecration paid, we believe, while the Great Organ had been, in the language of the dramatic critics, an artistic success but a financial failure. There was something very attractive to the ingenuous Boston mind in going to these concerts. The music was good, but that was not the charm. The new amusement seemed so delightfully wicked that Boston really began to fancy itself an earthly paradise somewhere between Dresden and Paris. Some of the straighter-laced wagged their heads wisely, and wondered what Boston was coming to, with its fiddling and boozing, but many of them went, perhaps in the uncharitable hope that they would see somebody the worse for beer, and be able to write an indignant letter about it to the newspapers, perhaps for the sake of studying the depravity which in the minds of many good people is associated with the partnership of music and beer.

The concerts went on prosperously until the Puritan sentiment of Boston became aroused. The Puritan sentiment can never be happy if it sees some one else so, and it counts that day lost whose low descending sun doesn't see it meddling with somebody else's business. The Puritan sentiment decided that music accompanied by beer was immoral. So the Music Hall could get no license, and as music without beer has no charms to soothe the Boston breast, the concerts were given up. A visit to Revere Beach or a clambake at Downer's Landing became the chief diversion of the town in the warm months. There was great depression among the gayer bloods, and much complaint that the cost of living had been increased by the necessity of going to New York twice or three times instead of once a month. But what was to be done? Massachusetts was having one of her periodical temperance drunks. Singularly enough, while a law was put upon the statute books to compel sedentary drinking, sedentary or other drinking in the presence of an orchestra was forbidden. The little tables in the Music Hall vibrated no longer with the passion of the big trombone and the clatter of beer glasses. This year, however, reason has returned. The General Court has permitted the restoration of bars and perpendicular imbibition, and the Music Hall is permitted to hear once more the fury of the orchestra and the shuffling feet of the waiters. In Boston, by the way, the waiters wear glasses as well as carry them.

"We should go to these concerts to be amused," says our thrilling Mugwump contemporary, the *Boston Post*. "We receive enough musical instruction during the musical season. We pay a heavy tribute to Art, and in the summer we need relaxation." It would be as useful to tell the Boston people to avoid self-consciousness. They exist to instruct and to be instructed, and the solemn task of self-improvement and of improving others sits heavy on their souls. A citizen of this town might find the Music Hall "pops" amusing, but he would wonder why the Boston people do. They sit through the concerts with a mien reverential and appreciative, or disdainful and condemnatory according to the nature of the programme and the names of the composers represented on it. They want music that is grand, gloomy, and peculiar, above all, instructive, and the cheery, devil-may-care tunes that make the best minstrelsy of summer, are an abomination to their eyes. We say to their eyes, for the programme seems to give the cue. One night, it is related, no programmes could be had, on account of a printers' strike. That night Herr WAGNER and Monsieur OFFENBACH were applauded equally. 'Tis a queer sound, though, the Boston applause, something like the crackling of twigs on a frosty morning.

Don't be frivolous if you go to the Boston Music Hall. Don't imagine that you are there to converse and make merry. You are in a school room, and you must learn, not play. A hiss as of German opera fanatics will probably smack you on the ear if your attitude isn't reverential during the music. Indigenous swells may have a larger liberty. It is recognized that they are trying to teach Boston a new code of behavior. Foreigners, too, are treated with indulgence, and it is said that five or six, especially picturesque of beard, hair, and demeanor, are retained to give the place an exotic air. Thus are the Bostonians enticed to go there and get a glass of beer and a gloss of travel, and see the great world. They don't drink very much beer. Beer is cheap, but not as cheap as they are frugal. Besides, they have, as everybody knows, an analytical mind. They would be happier if there were a chemical corner to the Music Hall, and they could analyze each glass of beer when it is brought to the table, just as they analyze the music and their emotions at hearing it, the social status of the persons about them, and the physiological, psychological, and ethical effect of the pretzels.

It is not for outsiders to question the customs of a people. Doubtless Boston enjoys itself in its industrious and unsmiling way. We congratulate her on the revival of the beer pops, and we hope that enough musical critics will stay in the town through the summer to tell her what music she likes.

A Test of True Love.

The resignation of Secretary NOBLE would enable the President to prove in the most solemn and convincing manner the sincerity of his admiration for the Hon. HENRY W. BLAIR of New Hampshire.

Mr. BLAIR is now drawing the salary of the United States Minister to Pekin, but the Chinese don't want him and won't have him. The work of that office is still performed by the accomplished gentleman whom Mr. BLAIR was to supersede, the Hon. CHARLES DENBY of Indiana.

There is an appropriation for the salary of only one Minister to China. It seems that Mr. BLAIR has been getting it ever since he received the commission to the office. Where Col. DENBY comes in is not apparent to those unfamiliar with the mysteries of State Department bookkeeping.

Now, the President loves and admires Mr. BLAIR so warmly that he feels himself bound to provide for that unfortunate statesman. It is all very well to talk about sending him to Japan, or to Dahomey, or to Yarkand, or to Spitzbergen, in order to testify to his moral and intellectual greatness, but affection and fond admiration are not usually manifested by despatching the beloved object to the uttermost parts of the earth, as if he were a bore to be rid of or a pestilential disease to banish.

True love covets the presence of the adored one, and yearns for his perpetual society. If Gen. NOBLE resolves several existing complications by getting out of the Cabinet, it will give the President a chance to take Mr. BLAIR triumphantly into the bosom of his official family.

We have no doubt that if BLAIR had the pick of all the offices open to human ambition, short of the Presidency itself, he would select this very same post of usefulness. In the Department of the Interior he would be happy enough to burst.

Besides, it is fair to add that the Administration would gain distinction of a certain sort by the acquisition of BLAIR. He is a nonesuch in his way. He is the only living statesman that ever made an eighty-four hours' speech to an audience of five. It was his genius that first proposed to force the Mississippi River to flow north into Hudson Bay. He invented the theory that it is the duty of the United States navy to scour the seas and seize and destroy as piratical craft any merchantman of any flag carrying a cargo of rum, wine, ale, beer, or Holland gin. And his piercing intelligence and unconquerable courage first discovered and publicly proclaimed that THE SUN is controlled and managed and written by members of the Society of Jesus.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Hebrew Journal* of this city, makes some interesting remarks on the heresy trials in various Christian denominations. Its learned editor has come to the conclusion that "the present ferment of heresy indicates how strong is the drifting away from those ideas which, by being imposed upon Judaism, made what is known as Christianity," and also "indicates a continuance of the movement toward a reversion to Judaism, which has been going on ever since the Humanists paved the way for the Reformation." We take leave to say that we feel very sure that these striking remarks of the editor of the *Hebrew Journal* would not be confirmed by the Rev. Prof. BRIGGS, or the Rev. HEBER NEWTON, or any of the other Protestant clergymen who have recently been charged with heresy. The remarks, moreover, are not such as we ourselves can uphold, and are not in accordance with our knowledge of the theological debates now in progress.

It is interesting to watch the ingenious attempts of the Chinese to evade the law by which they are excluded from this country. We have recently had reports of their getting into this State by way of Lake Erie, and into California by way of British Columbia, and into Texas by way of Mexico; and now it appears that they are getting into Louisiana while ostensibly on their way to Cuba. Truly, the heathen Chinese are a crafty, persevering, and peculiar race, capable of winning success through devices in which the Caucasian would fail. Yet there is no reason for apprehending that they will overwhelm the country. Not more than a few hundreds of them are able to work their way into the United States in the course of a year by all the available routes that have yet been discovered.

PASQUALINA ROBERTIELLO killed the father of her unborn child when he refused to marry her. Her trial for murder excited much interest, and at its close many women visited the girl, who was acquitted. They brought her presents and flowers, and manifested warm sympathy for her. MARY EGNER, herself an illegitimate child, gave birth to an illegitimate child under most pitiful circumstances. She was accused of child murder. During her imprisonment and at her trial no woman drew a single breath of sympathy for her. Her guilt was not proved, but Christian women, when asked to help MARY EGNER, refused even to see her. What difference do these Christian women see between the two cases?

IS THERE ANOTHER TERM IN IT?

Echoes of the Remarkable Interview With Young Russell Harrison.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—What Russell Harrison is reported to have said in Chicago about the purposes of his father with reference to running again, corresponds exactly to what a person in Washington who holds close relations with the President said a week ago:

"Harrison is by no means bent on seeking a renomination. Quite the reverse. Though thoroughly aware of the honor which the Presidency confers and appreciating the power which comes with the distinction, he is far from having decided that one term is not enough. This he told me himself in a recent conversation, in the course of which he seriously balanced the question, and he may yet, and before long, too, decide it negatively. There can be no doubt that Harrison is almost as likely to say nay as yea."

The gentleman who said this is willing to admit that the President's idea of the prospects of his election, were he to be renominated, may have had not a little influence in leading him to this train of thought.

The White House household of late have, on several occasions, given out what supports young Harrison's reported conversation. The same is true of a Cabinet official who has the President's confidence, and who of late has spoken in the same vein, though not by any means for publication.

As to the depth and force of the drift in favor of Blaine, the proof is growing stronger every day. It is probably as true of Harrison as of any one that he sees this fact and is candid enough to admit it. It is family talk. Hence young Mr. Harrison's Chicago interview.

WOULDN'T WEAR A SWALLOW-TAIL.

Told of the Governor Who Stood on His Dignity When the President Visited Oregon.

From the Eugene City Guard.

Though Oregon's Executive stands high on his dignity when it comes to receiving the President of the United States, yet there are times when he prides himself on "being a plain man." In 1877 he attended the Centennial of the adoption of the Constitution at Philadelphia. It ended with a banquet, at which 500 covers were laid. Oregon's Governor was invited to attend, and was deliberating whether to go when he met John A. Kasson of Iowa.

"Kasson," he said, "is every man who attends the banquet expected to wear a swallow-tail coat?"

"Most assuredly, Governor."

"Then I don't think I will go. I have not worn a swallow-tail coat for about thirty years, and I will neither buy nor borrow one for to-night."

"Oh, but you must come," said Kasson.

Gov. Pennoyer agreed to attend if Gov. Larrabee of Iowa, another "plain man," would go; so Oregon's Executive and Kasson went to the Iowa Governor's headquarters to ask him what he intended to do.

"Gov. Larrabee, are you going to the banquet to-night?" asked Gov. Pennoyer when the room was reached.

"I am, sir."

"Will you wear a swallow-tail coat?"

"Not much."

"Then we go together."

Gov. Pennoyer and Gov. Larrabee were assigned to seats near each other. When the feast was at its height and champagne was sizzling and waiters wearing claw-hammer coats were darting here and there with savory dishes, the Governor of Oregon cast his eye over the assembly of diners, every one of whom was in evening dress, and turning to his friend from Iowa solemnly remarked: "Governor, we are the only men in the room who can be distinguished from the waiters."

Gov. Pennoyer's last appearance in a swallow-tail coat was in 1855, when he was teaching school in Portland. He wore it when he attended church on his first Sunday in the city, and was so abashed at the wide swath he was cutting in the backwoods town of the early days that he took the first opportunity to present the coat to a farmer who lived near town.

The Christian Posture in Prayer.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* As regards the antiquity of the custom of kneeling in prayer, permit me to call your attention to various texts of Scripture, both in the Old and New Testaments, bearing upon the subject. First, in I. Kings, viii., 22 we read:

And Solomon stood before the altar of the Lord in the presence of all the congregation of Israel and spread forth his hands toward heaven.

This means that he stationed himself there, but not in a standing position, because the fifty-fourth verse of the same chapter says:

And it was so that when Solomon had made an end of praying all this prayer and supplication unto the Lord, he arose from before the altar of the Lord, from kneeling on his knees with his hands spread up to heaven.

II. Chronicles, vi., 13, reads:

And upon it he (Solomon) stood and kneeled down upon his knees before all the congregation of Israel and spread forth his hands toward heaven.

Psalms, lxiv., 6, reads:

O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

Likewise Daniel, vi., 10:

He (Daniel) kneeled upon his knees three times a day and prayed.

Luke, xxii., 41:

And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down and prayed.

Likewise the 45th verse of the same chapter:

And when he rose up from prayer.

Acts, vii., 60, reads:

And he (Stephen) kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.

Acts, ix., 40, reads:

But Peter put them all forth and kneeled down and prayed.

Acts, xx., 36:

And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down and prayed with them all.

Acts, xxi., 5:

And we kneeled down on the shore and prayed.

ROCHESTER, May 28. J. H. R.

Antarctic Ice for a Change.

Vessels ploughing the North Atlantic have not a monopoly of iceberg sighting. There are some pretty big fragments from the antarctic ice belt drifting in the South Pacific, as the report of the American bark Essex, in yesterday from Auckland, shows. About fifteen days from New Zealand, in the middle of March, the Essex passed a procession of bergs, some of which were 250 feet high, about fifty miles long.

Two Western Candidates.

From the Norfolk Landmark.

The forces required to triumph in 1892 will be drawn large'y from the great West, and it is, therefore, in strict conformity with the simplest political principle that the candidate should come from that growing stronghold of Democracy, if it should be advisable. Fortunately, too, there is no lack of excellent material there. There are several names which rise to the mind involuntarily, almost, whenever the subject is touched, any of which would answer admirably. Among them Governor Campbell of Ohio and Senator William F. Vilas of Wisconsin.

The Undaunted Prohibitionist.

From the New York Voice.

As we hoped and prophesied, the Cincinnati Conference decided to create a new national party. It could not otherwise fulfil the mission for which, in our opinion, it has come into being. To sever entirely old-party ties, a new party was a necessity. It is born. But it is born under such conditions that, in smashing old parties, it cannot smash our party. It can injure them, but ITS POWER TO INJURE THE PROHIBITION PARTY NO LONGER EXISTS.

Frank Criticism of the Man Who Writes the Editorials.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Happening to be confined to my room and having the leisure, I avail myself of the privilege a reader of 20 years' standing thinks he has to say a word to you. Your paper is certainly the brightest published and your staff is unequalled. The exception to the latter, however, is your man who writes the editorials. READER.

BROOKLYN, May 26.

LIFE AT DWIGHT.

The Illinois Village in Which King Alcohol is Knocked Out Forever.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Some years ago, twenty perhaps, you asked me why I drank. My answer was that I did not know. I have only discovered the reason now, and simultaneously I have found the remedy in this prairie village.

I have spent four weeks at Dwight for my cure, two more for observation and research, and to-morrow I leave, as certain of my permanent cure by the Keeley bi-chloride of gold method as that I live. This is saying a good deal, but I feel that I cannot say too much.

Herewith I send you an article on Dwight and its story, which I trust THE SUN will accept, or retain for me if refused. It is a record of personal observation and experience, and hence reliable. Very respectfully yours,

DWIGHT, Ill., May 20, 1891.

In the month of May the village of Dwight, in Illinois, is a gem of beauty. The foliage that shades its streets is abundant; its houses are always neat and often pretty, and there is a pervading air of thrift which sets off its advantages and seems to multiply them. These attractions catch the eye of the traveller as the cars slacken their speed preparatory to stopping, but he forgets all about them when the depot is reached. For there, as each train comes in, a throng of men who are evidently not native to the town are gathered to speed some parting guests and to welcome the visitors that each car disgorges. As a feature the crowd is peculiar. Its members give evidence by their dress and manner that they have been gathered from many different sections of the country, and yet they seem to have a common impulse and to be of one mind, if not of one lineage. Looking at them, they are as intelligent a body of men as can be found in any city of the land and apparently so "healthy, wealthy and wise," that a stranger would be pardoned for expressing disbelief, if, in answer to a question, he was told that the bright and talkative contingent at the depot was part of the three hundred patients who had come to Dwight for the cure of the liquor and opium habit. If he were interested further, to inquire of those who were going away on the train to their homes after taking the course of treatment, he would cease to doubt then and there that inebriety is a disease and that Dr. Keeley of Dwight has found its complete and permanent cure.

Dwight is not only a pretty village but it is a busy one. The industry of its inhabitants gives it its air of thrift. Its normal population is 1,200, and the 300 strangers who have crowded into it have not only set all the carpenters and builders at work, but have given the village such a boom in real estate as no speculator had ever dreamed. Houses and lots have quadrupled in value during the past year; a large and handsome hotel of brick and stone has been erected and will be opened in a few days; the Keeley Institute has outgrown its former offices and sought refuge in the Opera House, while its new building is going up, and yet the tide of pilgrims increases daily, and it looks as if by the Fourth of July the army of invasion would have to pitch its tents on the prairie and camp there. Every pilgrim is a preacher of the new gospel of healing and sends other sufferers to Dwight. It is one of the marvels of the place that no one is hammered to say that he has been here for treatment, but in the knowledge that he is cured and safe he is ready to take the entire world into his confidence. The 300 men who are here now for treatment will send three times as many recruits here before the year is ended.

In the days before the war Dwight had a little history of its own. It had not much of a population, but it was honored by a visit from the Prince of Wales, whose private car was side tracked at Dwight, so that his royal Highness might shoot prairie chickens and other game. At a farmhouse on the outskirts of the village, where he passed a night or two, he planted an elm, and on leaving he gave money for a church which is now falling to ruins. Tradition avers also that the young man's literary Boswell, afterward known as "Bull Run" Russell, was made the victim of a joke, and was hauled up before a Justice of the Peace and fined for killing game out of season. Neither the passing smiles or favors of royalty did much for the place, however, but it grew into importance as the trading centre for a fertile community and as the junction of two great railroads. One of its local industries is the manufacture of hay presses, which is carried on upon an extensive scale, and the whole East, as well as the West, is a debtor to Prime's Crop Reports, which emanate from Dwight, and which for a quarter of a century have passed through the hands of a son of the Rev. Dr. Prime of the New York *Observer*, and have been a monument of conscientious fidelity as well as business acumen.

Just at this point, after hearing the story of Dwight, the critic among the listeners, especially if he is a city man, will be apt to ask the question why does not Dr. Keeley take his institute to some larger place, to one of the watering places of the East or West, where patients and their friends would find more attractions? At Saratoga or by the lakes there would be infinitely more entertainment and the number of candidates for treatment would be much larger.

The question that is asked here answers itself. Attractions and amusements are not wanted in connection with the work of cure, and might easily prove distracting. Most of the men who go to Dwight do so as a matter of life and death. They know the terrible power of the drink disease, they have tested the restraints of asylums and homes, and place themselves in the hands of Dr. Keeley as a last resort. Their one anxiety is to hear from the grand old doctor, whom they all love as the healer of their lives, the welcome word, "You are cured," which falls upon their hearts like a benediction from Heaven. In comparison with this blessing neither Saratoga, the lakes, nor the islands of the Pacific have anything to offer. Said a reconstructed drunkard: "It was little Bethlehem once; it is little Dwight now," and he said it with reverence and tears of joy in his eyes.

The people of Dwight have nothing but welcome for the strangers who come to make a temporary home with them. They are all as much of one mind with regard to Dr. Keeley as to George Washington, and he has walked in and out among them year after year, while pursuing his path of practical philanthropy. He is in their eyes, as in the eyes of his patients, the man of the age, none the less great because of his modesty and quiet ways. At his request, though often to their personal inconvenience at the time, no less than fifty-four houses have opened their doors to receive patients and their friends, and to their hospitality and kindness all the pilgrims bear witness. Now they are beginning to see that in thus opening their doors they built better houses than they knew, for the value of their property is increasing in proportion to the number of visitors to this new Mecca of the West, and the bi-chloride of gold treatment is likely to prove as valuable to the town as to the patients who receive it, and a new life with it.

Those who have gone out from Dwight cured have had practical treatment that the village life as it exists there is best adapted to their case. In the first place, the average patient finds his time pretty well occupied in taking his remedies, in exercise, and in writing home to his friends. Four times a day he is under orders to report to headquarters and receive a hypodermic injection in the upper left arm. It takes fully a half hour for the long column to pass under the operating physicians' hands. Every two hours during the day, also, and as long as he is awake, the patient is required to take a dose of the bi-chloride of gold mixture, and as he must not intermit it at any time his mind has to be set upon it. On the street, at his boarding place, at the club, he is continually reminded of his duty in this respect, and the lapses from memory become very few. To a stranger, seeing and listening to the patients as they gather and disperse, it would seem as if the entire business of the inhabitants consisted in taking medicine. Yet those of the medicine men who pervade the streets are as happy and healthy to all appearance as the land could furnish.

There is a club at Dwight which also provides for the rational entertainment of such patients as are naturally gregarious. Its charter name is the Bi-Chloride of Gold Club, and it has a constitution and appropriate badge, a comfortable place of meeting which is kept open all day, club paper with appropriate heading, and an average of 100 devoted and enthusiastic members. Necessarily the club is changeful, its offices frequently have to be filled anew, farewell and reception speeches are made at every daily meeting, but the sympathetic tie that binds the members together is so strong that there is never any diminution of enthusiasm. By way of showing its zeal in the cause, the club occasionally gives public entertainments, to which the town and their friends are invited, and in addition to the musical and recitative features, speeches have been made by men whom the country has delighted to honor, and sketches recited and stories told by humorists who have made the whole people smile.

There are other little clubs and friendly cliques to which men of a kindred calibre attach themselves, and which seem to fill up the time by singing and story telling, by shooting matches and pedestrian tours, so that no one seems to have any spare time. Little coteries of friends indulge in dinners on the Chicago and Alton dining car, which is switched here all day long, or in suppers in which the festive strawberry figures with ice cream. But suppers are ended early. Many patients retire at 9 and all by 10 o'clock, and to sleep ten or twelve hours at a night is a common feat. Old prowlers in city haunts, who used to fancy that they could never get to sleep until daybreak was near at hand, find themselves growing sleepy at 9 o'clock under the touch of the Dwight atmosphere, and yielding to the unaccustomed influence they go to bed and enjoy ten hours of such sweet and restful slumber as they have not known since a mother's hand rocked their cradle.

It is a quiet life at Dwight, but not a dull one. There is no chance for dullness and stagnation where so many newspaper men, politicians, lawyers, war veterans, and city men of affairs are gathered. People find out each other here, and when a man is found out he is expected to turn in and do his best for the general amusement or the public good. Nearly every candidate for the Bi-Chloride of Gold course goes to Dwight with the desire and intention of keeping his visit a secret, and many make elaborate preparations at home for carrying out the fiction of a visit to the Springs or a trip to the seaside. But it amounts to nothing. They meet old acquaintances who have come on the same errand; they are recognized by friends on passing trains, or gossipy people who are writing home send lists of distinguished inebriates who are their companions. The secret always comes out. But the strange part of the story is that after the first week no one wants to hide the fact that he has passed through Dr. Keeley's hands. He is proud of it, and he exults in the idea that he will be able to tell his friends that the chains have fallen from his wrists and that he is free. "I am going home next week," said a happy patient, "to let my wife get acquainted with me. We have been married twelve years and she has never known her husband!"

Such sunshine as this has fallen upon a thousand households that once were desolate, but now are filled with happiness. This will explain why so many who came with reluctance and with doubt are glad to hear from the Doctor's lips that they must stay another week, and even then leave Dwight with reluctance. This is why strong men break down in tears when they come to say good-by. They have formed acquaintanceships which are different from any they made before and which are the blossom and fruit of a common knowledge of sorrow and a common bitter experience. The friendships made in Dwight are unlike any that come up in the ordinary business of life, and will be apt to outlast most others. The badge of the Bi-Chloride of Gold Club is likely also to be the longest worn of any such ornaments. All the members have promised to wear it at all times, not only as a shield and reminder, but also as a pleasant memorial of their days at Dwight and the friends they made there.

As the day of their departure draws near patients who wonder why they were side-tracked at an unknown village, see the wisdom of the plan that brought them to Dwight. In a large city or at a watering place the work they have been doing for themselves would have been doubled by the temptations and distractions that presented themselves. In the little village, whose peaceful homes are shaded by the cottonwood and maple, and whose every open door welcomes the stranger, the work of rest, peace, and regular habits proceeds apace. To the jaded brain the song of the thrush and the call of the robin come with new meaning, as the man finds the years that were once worse than wasted dropping from him, and that the vigor of early manhood, with its hopes and ambitions, are returning. This is the work of restoration and reconstruction that is claimed for Dr. Keeley and Dwight, and to which 5,000 saved men stand ready to bear witness. The work and the place are adapted to each other perfectly. The great and good physician who has given the best years of his life to the rescue of the drunkard comes before the world fitly framed in by the pretty little village of Dwight, where his work began and from which he has sent out a perpetual stream of sunshine on innumerable homes. There, where men who had lost all hope, heard from his lips the first promise of a cure, and there they will look back to see him always, as they last saw him, with a smile of trust upon his lips. And the last thing they forget in life will be Dr. Keeley and the work he did for them at Dwight.

THE STORY OF A BOX OF DUST.

Wonderful Pecos Soil Rises in Its Might and Smashes Things in a College.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* A series of curious phenomena recently observed at Colorado College cannot but interest the readers of THE SUN. Some time ago a box containing soil from the lower Pecos Valley, N. M., was sent to the professor of science to be analyzed. It was put away for vacation leisure in a storeroom adjoining his laboratory and was covered up soon after by a pile of boxes containing specimens for the museum.

From time to time, recently, the professor has heard strange noises in the store room and now and then the fall of a box. Thinking his assistant was sorting over the stuff, he simply called out to him to handle the articles more carefully, and went on with his work.

On last Wednesday the noise among the fossils became so loud as to disturb a recitation in history in the room above. The professor dropped his blowpipe and hurried to the storeroom door to remonstrate with his assistant, but, to his surprise, met him in the hallway, sent on a similar errand by another irate professor. The door was locked and neither had the key. The nest of a mudwasp completely filled the keyhole, and it happened that neither had been near the storeroom since the boxes were placed there. Just then they heard a crash of glass at the south window of the storeroom. Hurrying around there, they found nothing but an innocent olive branch thrust through the broken pane. Neither cared to approach too near the aperture for closer investigation. Leaving his assistant to guard the window, the professor procured the key and, with a few armed attendants, opened the door. Everything was silent within, but the orderly pile of boxes had been overturned and scattered on the floor in indescribable confusion. On the top of the pile stood a well-grown, though somewhat cramped olive tree. How it got there was a mystery. It was at first supposed to be a joke which the students had prepared for Arbor Day, but after removing the rubbish it was found to have root in the box of soil from the beautiful valley of the Pecos. Most of the wood in and around the shattering boxes was thoroughly decayed, but in the soil were found the two halves of the shell of an olive pit. The box containing this germ had been placed next to an unbanked wall, under a south window, in a forcing house as it were, and those familiar with the efficacy of the soil in the Pecos Valley say that the carelessness in so storing the box has had only its natural result.

In seeking to remove the tree it was found to be firmly fixed in its place. Investigation showed that the floor of hard seasoned Georgia pine was split wide open where a root had gone through in search of water. Getting into the cellar, this root had followed a partition wall fifty feet along the cement bottom, turned around the end, and crawled back forty feet to the water pipe. About this it had coiled seven times and literally crushed in the iron cylinder. The roots had so completely filled the interior of the pipe that not a drop of water escaped, save through the pores of the tree, yet the water motor had tripped along as diligently as ever.

Perhaps the most remarkable and most important of these phenomena was discovered when the boxes of fossils were rearranged. One consisting of some unusually good specimens of three famous insects found in South Park had broken and scattered its contents near the box of earth. Some of the soil had fallen on a stone, and a poorly preserved plant stem of some doubtful antedeluvian species had been enriched with this wonderful natural fertilizer. The broken end had sent forth leaves and two buds, so that, it is said, there will be no difficulty in determining its nature, and thus settling a long disputed point in science. Yours faithfully, VERITAS.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Col., May 27.

WOMEN AT POKER.

A Bit of an Error that Caused a Party to Break Up in a Spat.

From the Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Another type of woman to be dreaded at the card table is the tender-hearted one. She was at her best the other night when a jackpot won to the tune of about a dollar and 25 cents. Everybody was in it, and everybody was prepared to bet pretty heavily, when the tender-hearted lady said: "Now, children, I'm not going to let you be cheated; there's no possibility of anybody beating my hand, and so there's no use in my taking any more of your money."

The natural conclusion was that she had a royal flush. Had she? When that marvellous hand, taut was to beat everybody, was laid down, it was a straight jack high! The woman opposite her held four aces, a man had a full hand, queen high, and another one held four treys. A madder party than this you never saw in your life. And the woman who held four aces gave her friend a piece of her mind. Said she:

"When you don't know how to play a game, don't fool away the time and upset the tempers of people who do, and when you are playing cards don't get too tender-hearted. Keep that sort of feeling for the seclusion of your family and for your sewing society. I don't care if you do cry; if you don't know how to play the game you have no business to make things uncomfortable for other people, and, if you want to learn, then you ought to be willing to endure disappointments until you find out the right way. You've broken up the game; you've made