THE CAUSE OF WOMAN.

THE "DOODLE FARM" IN MOLINA, GA, AND ITS FREEHOLD VOTERS.

It Is One Foot Square, and Its Freeholders Are Six in Number—They Are Men, However—Another Case Where "Politics Is Not Outside the Home, but Inside the Baby"—A Rejoinder to Priscilla Leonard—Women Voters in Australia and New Zealand.

The smallest farm in the United States, if not in the world, is to be found in Molina, Ga. It is owned by a stock company of six men, and contains one foot of land. It is known as the "doodle farm." A few years ago an exciting local election was to be decided by vote of the freeholders, and a politician deeded one foot of land to six men jointly, thus giving each of them a vote. Six men can vote by virtue of owning one foot of land between them; but the woman possessing in her own right the largest landed estate in Molina has no vote. This is one of the anomalies that the Georgia Equal Suffrage Association is trying to rectify.

The relative hygienic advantages of different kinds of street paving were discussed a few days ago by Prof. Sedgwick of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in an address before a school of housekeeping. He said: "A sealed, non-porous pavement, like asphalt, makes the least dust. A few years ago the residents on Commonwealth avenue paid the city of Boston $40,000 to have the avenue macadamized instead of covered with asphalt, because the horses' hoofs make more noise on the latter pavement. From experiments on a windy day, I have found a quart of air taken from a dust-cloud on this avenue to contain 200,000 microbes. City dust is full of intestinal bacteria." Some kinds of pavements make more dust than others, but the greater or less danger depends largely on whether the streets are kept clean. In New York the number of deaths from the diseases due to breathing putrid dust has much increased since Col. Waring ceased to have charge of the street cleaning department. It depends on politics whether the streets shall or shall not be clean. Here is another striking instance in which politics is "not outside the home, but inside the baby."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in her just published volume of "Reminiscences," says:

"As I take account of my long life, I become well aware of its failures. What may I chronicle as its successes? After reviewing the chief things in her history over which she has reason to rejoice, she says in conclusion: "Lastly and chiefly, I have had the honor of pleading for the slave when he was a slave, of helping to initiate the woman's movement in many States of the Union, and of standing with the illustrious champions of justice and freedom for woman suffrage, when to do so was a thankless office, involving public ridicule and private avoidance."

The lady who writes under the pen-name of "Priscilla Leonard" charges me with inconsistency for saying: "I is not proposed to force suffrage upon any one, but merely to give each woman the option of voting or not as she chooses, just as every man now has the option," while at the same time the suffragists urge the anti's to vote for the best candidates for the school board, in the name of the oft-reiterated declaration that the right to vote carries with it the duty to vote."

"Priscilla Leonard" seems not to see the wide difference between reminding people of a duty and trying to force them to fulfil it. Before every election men are urgently reminded of their duty to vote, by the press, by the pulpit and the party managers; but suffrage is not forced upon any man who prefers to stay at home. So many citizens neglect to do that every now and then some serious reformer proposes that suffrage be made compulsory, but the proposal is never seriously considered. In America the accepted principle is that each man shall be free to vote or not, as he chooses. We simply ask that the same freedom of choice be allowed to each woman.

But if any man makes himself prominent in declaring by voice and pen that the right to vote carries with it the duty, yet never takes a trouble to cast his own ballot, he exposes himself to be laughed at for inconsistency. The anti's who do not vote for school committee are in the same position. In words, they are constantly declaring that the right to vote carries with it the duty; by actions which speak louder than words, the majority of them care that it involves no moral obligation whatever. This recalls the Counsellor in "Lorna Doone," who "never failed to praise every Christian virtue, while abstaining from them all, accuratly and impartially." Personally, I believe that the right to vote does carry with it the duty, and I vote for the school board. The antis in Oregon, and elsewhere, say they believe that the right carries with it the duty, but they do not vote for the school board. Yet "Priscilla Leonard" says the Oregon antis are more consistent than their critic." It does not so appear.

The interest felt by Americans in the various experiments in government now being tried in Australia and New Zealand is shown by the account of these experiments called out by the recent visit of Hon. Hugh H. Lusk's new book, "Our Foes at Home." Mr. Lusk is a former member of the New Zealand Parliament, now travelling in America for his health. In an address before one of the Equal Suffrage Associations he gave some interesting facts, not generally known in this country, as to how woman suffrage was introduced in New Zealand and also a sketch of its results. Mr. Lusk says:

"Up to 1877, we had no idea of giving women suffrage in New Zealand. It was done not by argument but by experiment. By the Education act of 1877, the householders of each district were empowered to elect a committee (seven of their number to have charge of the schools of the district. I had much to do with framing this act. While the bill was in committee, another member suggested to me that 'would be a good thing to leave out the word male' before 'householder.' I saw no objection, and moved it. This was the first thin end of the big wedge by which full suffrage was now been given to all the women of New Zealand.

"The women got the school vote, and used it. They did not say, 'Oh dear, no, it wouldn't be proper!' They went to the polls and voted for the best men. They took so much interest that at the next election some women were elected to the school boards; and they showed so much aptitude for this sort of work that when, in 1882, the license question came up, it was proposed that women ratepayers, as well as men ratepayers, should help choose the board of commissioners in each district who control the issuing of licenses. This met with great objection. We were told that now indeed we should utterly destroy the character of the ladies, for all the worst element would be brought in contact with them, and would make things very unpleasant for them. We said: 'We don't believe the men of New Zealand are as bad as you think, and if they are, they are not to be trusted to vote alone for these boards of licenses commissioners.' The women were given the license vote. To the surprise and disappointment of their opponents, they voted well and met with no trouble, and certainly they greatly improved the license boards.

"Then we felt that we could go a little further, and we gave women the right to vote at municipal elections and to serve on municipal boards. I know one woman who acted for two years as Mayor (not Mayoress) of a very prosperous little town, and did as well as any Mayor could have done. Finally, in 1893, full parliamentary suffrage was given to all women over twenty-one years of age, both those who were ratepayers and those who were not.

"Women now attend all the political meetings and it has done an immense deal of good. The men behave a great deal better.

"It seemed strange at first to find half the seats at a political meeting occupied by ladies; but when men have got accustomed to it, they do not mind it, or they like it. They found that they could take their wives and daughters to these meetings, and afterward take them home and talk about the questions which had been discussed, it was often the beginning of a new life for the family, a life of ideas and interests in common, and a unison of thought.

"Anything which draws the family together, and strengthens the bond between mother and son, is a blessing not only to the woman, but still more to the man; for the family is the foundation of everything—of society, religion and the state. We find that equal suffrage is the greatest family bond and ties the greatest strengthener of family life. Under equal suffrage, the family is taking the place of the individual. People are coming to vote as families. The persons whom they approve when they talk them over in the family are those for whom they vote when they go to the polls. The members of a family generally vote alike, though it is impossible to swear to this, as the ballot is absolutely secret. But we see it in the changed character of the men who are elected. The men who are successful now are not just the same sort that were successful before. Character is more regarded than cleverness. It is asked about every candidate, 'has he a good record? Is he above suspicion, an honorable man, a useful citizen, pure of any suspicion of complicity with corrupt politics?' That is the man who, under the combined suffrage of men and women, gets the largest number of votes and is elected.

"This is the greatest good that comes from equal suffrage. I do not defy suffrage. There might be a state of things in which universal suffrage would become the worst of tyrannies; but with both men and women voting, there is little danger of this. I see in New York the grievous results of his universal suffrage, but I believe that these would be swept away by the other hall. I have been shocked and disappointed by what I have seen in many cities of the United States. The hope that it may be altered depends, in my mind, very much upon the success of the movement in behalf of equal rights for women. Suffrage for women would do more good here than in New Zealand, because there is a greater amount of public evil to be removed."

The death of Lady Salisbury has called out many tributes to her character and worth. It will be remembered that last summer, when Lord Dunraven offered, in the House of Lords, his amendment prohibiting women from serving as municipal councillors or aldermen of London, the Marquis of Salisbury was one of the minority of peers who opposed the amendment, and he made an able speech on the women's side. After referring to the excellent work of women on the London vestries and the fact that the new municipal councils would have to look after the housing of the poor, Lord Salisbury continued:

"I maintain that women are as necessary for the purpose of assisting these local bodies to provide decent lodging for the working people as they are in administering the Poor law. It is an error to misapprehend so to suppose that this work is removed from their ordinary functions or beyond their capacity. Those women who give themselves to the subject are in closer touch with the working people than any man can be. They are able to enter the bodies on which they sit in the administration of those parts of the law which most closely concern the social life and the moral existence of the poor. You will be sacrificing a great instrument of good if you remove women from these councils. The vestries have been accused, whether justly or unjustly, of using their prerogatives more for promoting their own interests than the interests of those committed to their charge. In the presence of women in the councils you have a security against indecent and selfish administration which you will lose if they are removed. They are interested with the humanitarian element. They feel the terrible evils with which vast multitudes in this city are oppressed. They are moved to act in these matters less by motives of a secondary character, and more by the highest humanity, than the men by whose side they sit. If you remove them from the council chamber, you are taking away from that council one of the highest, one of the most constant and one of the most reliable stimulants to a true and honest and unflagging administration of the law."

John Stuart Mill said that by finding out any man's opinion of women in general one could tell to them a laughable accuracy what sort of a woman his wife was. The highest mate of women was reached in Lord Salisbury's speech may have been due, in part at least, to the fact that he had so good a wife.

The Political Equality Club of Castile, N. Y., has hit upon a novel plan to increase its membership. The club was divided into sides as a local option campaign, the leaders, who were appointed by the President, choosing their followers. The two parties then set out to see which side could secure the largest number of new members, the losers to give a "contest supper" to the winners. At the end of the appointed time the winners were able to report seven new members, including the Mayor, the Town Clerk and an ex-Assemblyman. The supper took place at the Town Hall; covers were laid for 108 persons, and the discussion of the eatables was followed by toasts, speeches and much merry-making.

One of the college settlements has invited the students of Barnard College to come and teach classes in different subjects, including civics, in the evening school. If these bright college girls know enough to teach civics to voters, is it not possible that they know enough to vote themselves?

Among its many other good works, the North Side Woman's Club of Denver carries on a kitchen garden in the Webster School, to teach the best methods of cookery to children from ten to fifteen years of age, and gives monthly teas, the proceeds of which are used to buy milk for the smaller children in the same school. Two members of this club have been elected to the State Legislature, and all the members can vote—but, no matter how many political rights they may have, women will remain women, and they will always be interested in cookery and in children.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

MR. ROBERTS AND THE SUFFRAGISTS.

Criticism of Miss Blackwell's Recent Remarks on the Subject.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* As a "neutral" and a believer in justice I beg you to publish the following criticism on Alice Stone Blackwell's answer to L. C. J.'s letter on "Mormon Roberts and the Woman Suffragists." L. C. J. first refers to the following statement made by Susan B. Anthony: "I think we had better let the men fight out this question among themselves. When I think of the double lives the men of the East are living without protest from any one, that they are not true to their marriage vows, it does seem unfair that the whole country should rise up in arms because one poor Mormon man from Utah has been elected to Congress." This is followed by perfect silence on Miss Blackwell's part—she has no excuse for the Suffragists' patron saint, although she well deserves a rebuke.

L. C. J. states, secondly, that the women of Utah who enjoy the privilege of the ballot, and are the so-called "Women Suffragists," assisted in the election of Roberts as well as men. To this, Alice Stone Blackwell remarks, that the "National American Women's Suffrage Association petitioned Congress for the 'expulsion of Roberts,'" &c. Would it not have been better for the "Women Suffragists" of Utah to have thought of this reform at home before the "anti-Suffragists and Neutrals" showed them their share of their wrongdoing. The women of Utah should not have participated in or sanctioned the election, or in any way have been a party to the nomination even; were they sincere in their statements and petitions which followed at a much later date and in the wake of others?

Are Suffragists on record as having worked reform among the Mormons?

L. C. J. states that the women were given equal suffrage among the Mormons in 1870. If so—now (in her's to speak—Miss Blackwell certainly adds insult to injury, when in defence of all Mormon women she makes the following statement: "No woman ever claimed to have received a revelation that polygamy was divinely ordained." If this is not their religion, what else can Miss Blackwell call it?

L. C. J. does not use polygamy as an argument against suffrage, but clearly shows that to obtain the ballot Suffragists have not excluded Mormonism in all of the four States in which it is practised. Lastly, anti-Suffragists signed the Roberts expulsion petition by the hundreds. JUSTICE.

MISTAKES IN MAILING.

Large and Small Sums of Money That Go Astray in the Post Office.

At this season hundreds of thousands of people in all parts of the civilized world are thinking about the Christmas presents they will send and receive. An enormous proportion of these gifts will be transmitted through the mails, and of these many will go astray on account of violations of the postal rules or carelessness in packing. An investigation will usually put the blame where it belongs; and in the inquiry department of the post offices of all large cities there is a force of experienced clerks employed to attend to just such cases.

As an illustration of the fact that even in the best regulated concerns mistakes will happen, it is related that an employee of a large banking house in this city about three months ago was entrusted a number of errands. Among the things he had to do was to mail a big package of letters and to deposit more than half a million dollars' worth of checks and drafts. In his haste he shipped the package of checks and drafts with the big bundle of letters into the letter box, and rushed off about his other business. He returned to the bank without discovering what the had done. Fortunately, a receipt that he should have brought with him necessitated quite a hunting, and, shivering in his shoes, before the president there stood the worst scared young man in the city. The time he made on his first round was not a circumstance to that he made on the second. Almost before the valuables got to the inquiry department the bank clerk was there. Having recovered them, the young man did not lose his place; this mistake was not so liable to happen to him again, as it would be to one who had not had such a lesson, argued the bank president.

Another busy man dumped into a letter box a bag containing $450 in gold coin, upon which there was not a single sign or letter by which it might be identified. He had intended to transmit the coin through an express company, but dropped into the Post office along with the letter announcing that he had sent it, and how. The letter reached its destination all right. Not so the coin. After a few days of waiting for possible delays the absent-minded man got a letter from up country, which set him thinking. He got back his gold.

It is not an unusual occurrence to find an envelope containing the weekly wages of some factory hand in the letterbox of the Post Office. A boy gets a package of letters to mail at the same time he gets his wages. In his thoughtless haste, he slips the letters through the opening, and his wages with them.

Small sums of money in coin are often lost in transit through the mails. The person addressed gets a mutilated envelope that should contain 25 cents, but does not. He says: "Those thieving letter-carriers!" and there the matter ends. In cases of this kind, the coin, slipping around inside in the letter, pressed by a heavy article, perhaps a book or an electrotype, is forced through the envelope; but, although it does not reach the person for whom it was intended, it has been neither stolen nor lost. The aggregate of small coins lost in this way from letters, and sent from the New York city Post Office to the Dead Letter Office in Washington, is not less than $100 a month. This money can be recovered by the owner at any time if he will take the proper steps; but if the amount is small, as it usually is, it is more trouble to look it up than it is worth.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Earth, the Beautiful.

I think the time will never be
When earth will not seem fair to me.

If I may see the arching sky,
With fleecy cloud-wrack floating by;
A tree with green, uplifted head,
And clover in its shadow spread;
Or see a river's stately flight,
Its ripples dancing in the light;
Though keen my sorrow, deep my woe,
Yet happiness my heart must know.

Or if to sightless eyes no ray
Should enter from the brightest day,
If I might smell a violet,
My darkened way I should forget,
And in my fancy see once more
The woodland aisles with boughs stretched o'er,
And gathered thickly round my feet
The bending wild flowers, fair and sweet.
Or if my hand might hold a rose,
The garden gates would swift unclose,
And I would rush to pick therefrom for me
Far fairer flowers than now I see.
The ocean waves would sing for me
The mournful strant arm chorus;
And when in ocean tones arise
Storm voices grandly to the skies,
My pain-woe, attuned to clay,
With them would quickly pass away,
And in the deep sea sending calm
My soul would join in Nature's psalm.

ROCK ELM, WIS. NINETTE M. LOWATHER.

A Drop of Intellectual Lymph.

The fool, the wit and the wise man.
Should never forget great Nature's plan,
And that is there's a sure to be
A bigger fool, a greater wit, a wiser man than he.

New LONDON, Conn. B. H. H.

Tess.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

Sleep.
Now that the chance is won,
Sleep in the narrow cloud;
Now it is set of sun,
Sleep till the trump of God.
Sleep.

Sleep.
Fame is a bugle call
Blown in a crumbling wall;
Battle is lean fought;
Castle and crown are not:
Sleep shall outlast them all.
Sleep.

LILYTTE WOODWORTH REESE.

A Challenge.

From the Philadelphia Conservator.

I too am a street walker.
I stalk the highways and byways,
Scuttering I look my fellow in the eye.
I have no shame.

In the street yours, that I should not walk in it?
Is the light of day, I must be in lights indoors?
Yours the choice of fellowship in street and at night?

The street to me is home.
My city is my castle.
Respect me in it, as I respect you there.
Hurl me no epithets! My foot is on my own soil,
And freedom mine.

JANE STUART BROOKFIELD.

A Song of Women.

From the Westminster Gazette.

Our lips shall sing the victory,
Vow vengeance for defeat
Our gold we bring with willing hands,
Nor come with lagging feet.

With voices brave and kindling eyes,
We arm our men to fight
And when the last farewell is said—
We stand and face the night.

At night the little lamps go forth
To seek the newly slain.
The broken into house of life,
That shall not stand again.

England! O splendid name! for thee
With all we have we part.
Nor keep but women's heritage—
Tears and a breaking heart.

E. G.

The Solitaire Player.

From the Literary Review.

He shuffles the weary cards again,
And deals the pack anew.
And he plays the game with a heedless hand
In the game that is never through.

He deals them out with a heedless eye,
He plays with a careless hand;
He shuffles and cuts and begins once more
In the play that is never done.

Some that He deals are kings and queens,
And some are attendant jacks.
But most are the half-way number cards;
The bulk of the weary packs.

And here and there in the jostled rows
Is a lonely, solitaire, sad ace
But most, if the cards are compound things,
With the sum of the loss on they fall.

He lifts and places them one by one,
And combines them as they fall,
And builds on the ace that base the whole,
And the kings top off their all.

But ever He shuffles the cards again,
(We can hear and He deals anew
And He waits for the queens to play
In the game that is never through.

R. V. RIELEY.

Piscator Dreams.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

When city streets are dull and gray,
And office hours are dull as they;
When like a schoolboy back at school,
I dream about the salmon pool,
Down from my mantelpiece I reach
The idle reel and make it screech.

What glorious memories will be found
In that ethereal sound!
The freshness of the autumn breeze,
That whistles through the rowan trees;
The moorland air, the geese that calls;
And, best of all, the spate that falls.

The spate that, as it harries by,
Bears down my realistic fly;
Mr. Wilkinson, my silver Scott,
My yellow Dever, or what not,
A specious morsel to invite
The salmon's jaded appetite.

Humor this folly to the full
And give my listless line a pull;
A sudden jerk, that I may feel
The thrill, and hear the whizzing reel,
Me fight again those fights of mine,
With strenuous rod and running line.

I see him leaping over there,
A bar of silver in the air;
I hear the onlookers pronounce
Him twenty pounds if he's an ounce;
His rushes and his sulks begin,
He struggles—but I always win.

I never feel the sudden drag
That proves the broken round a snag;
Life may admit of griefs like these,
But they are not for me, if I please
The chalice of delight I quaff,
And always bring him to the gaff.

Ballad of the Milkman.

From the Chicago Record.

He came when morn in crimson broke
Athwart a sky of ashen gray,
And at his voice I straightway woke,
I woke and moaned at break of day,
Full bitterly as morning broke,
I brooded as I groaning lay.

I'd dreamed a sweet and soothing dream,
All gray and gloomy, all dole fraught,
When came a sudden whoop and scream
That made me jump as I were shot,
Vanished that sweet and soothing dream—
My anger rose upon the spot.

Who, lost in rapture and delight,
With everything as fine as silk,
Would not be moved to shock full of fright,
Roused by that strident yell of "Milk!"
Who but a fiend would take delight
In wailing folk by bawling "Milk!"

Some might opine that I was wrong;
My violence they might deplore,
But I had borne and suffered long
Ere that I yelled that milkman's gore.
I think myself this murder's wrong—
I never killed a man before.

Long weeks I'd listened to his whoop
His "Milk!" unto his demon horse,
His hob-nailed boots upon the stoop,
His slamming, banging, clanging course.
He never failed to raise a whoop,
And that is why I've no remorse.

The man who wheels a cart around
And asks for knives and shears to grind
With me a day's enjoyment found.
He grinned them all quite to my mind;
My Monmouth snickersee he ground
And other weapons of that kind.

I coaxed that noisy varlet in;
I lured him with a winning smile,
I spoke of whiskey, beer and gin,
The same with purpose to beguile.
He seemed quite willing to come in,
He came; he stayed for quite awhile.

I told my little serving maid
To bring a bucket and a mop;
I wiped the red and dripping blade
That on that milkman's head I did lop,
We cleaned away—I and the maid—
And straightened up the littered shop.

The milkman's boss called round next day
His purpose was to remonstrate.
I told him why I had to slay
He thought it was precipitate,
But owned it was the only way.
And that the man deserved his fate.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

We would like to know the difference between a battleship and a cruiser; a torpedo boat and a torpedo-boat destroyer; what is meant by a protected, a sheathed and an armored craft? What is the name of the largest ship of war now afloat? What nation owns it? Can faster ships be built than now afloat? Can a ship be built so large and strong as to be able to defy the fiercest storms? What kind of coal is used on steamships? Is petroleum ever used? If not, why not? How large a ship can New York harbor admit? Then, we would like you tell us about the coastwise trade; how does it compare with our foreign trade? BIGNORS.

A battleship is an armored vessel of comparatively low speed, carrying heavy guns, and intended to fight with other vessels of her class. A cruiser is a swift vessel, sometimes armored, sometimes not, carrying guns of medium size, intended to act as a scout, and to destroy and run away; it occupies to the battleship the same relation that cavalry does to artillery and infantry in an army. An armored cruiser carries armor over its vital points—machinery—a protected cruiser has a protective deck, and very light armor; an unprotected warship has neither armor nor protective deck. A torpedo boat is a very swift, unarmored vessel carrying light guns, whose offensive arm is the torpedo. The torpedo-boat destroyer is simply a larger and swifter torpedo boat. The largest war vessels afloat are the vessels of the Majestic class in the British Navy; they are of 14,000 tons displacement. The vessels of the "improved Majestic" class—the Implacable, Irresistible and London, are to be heavier when finished; they are afloat but not armored yet. Faster ships can be built and are to be built. Ships have been built that have defied any storm they have met; but it is conceivable that a storm might rise that would destroy any vessel. The best coal procurable is used on war vessels; no particular kind has the call. Petroleum has been tried on small vessels, but it hasn't been used successfully. Engineers say that the best method of using it has not been invented yet. New York harbor can admit the largest vessel ever built. Our vessels in the foreign trade in 1898 had a tonnage of 726,213; our coastwise vessels had a tonnage of 4,028,526.

1. Is Great Britain's power increasing or declining since the wars of Napoleon? 2. How many men could she possibly place and maintain in the field if all her resources were called into play? 3. Is her tax rate as high as that of the Continental powers? A. F.

1. It has been increased since Napoleon's time. 2. Seven hundred thousand more or less drilled; and many more undrilled. 3. "Imperial" taxation amounts to about £2 4 sh. a head; the local taxation is as much more. That is, the total taxation is about £4 10 sh. more or less, or say $21 a head. In France the taxation amounts to 40.65 francs a head, or say about $18. In Germany the imperial taxation is only about $2.50 a head; local taxation is another matter.

Pente and Pentecost strike me as possibly being names with histories. Can you give me the etymology of either of them? W. F.

Barnley, in his "English Surnames," says that the names of holy days were given often in the early days to children born on those days; and "no sooner made part of the personal than they became candidates for our hereditary nomenclature." He instances a servant of King Henry III. (1216-1272) as being called "Pentecostes." It is possible that the name Pente may be a short form of Pentecost.

1. Of what race is the Moor? 2. Is the birthrate increasing in the New England States? 3. Is the birth rate larger among the foreign born or native born in the New England States? J. M. F.

1. He is of Arab descent, born in Africa. 2. The birth rate in the New England States having full vital statistics varies very little. The census of next year will afford a basis for determining whether in half a century it has changed much. 3. It is larger among the foreign born.

1. When was Dewey appointed Admiral? 2. When did he first receive an Admiral's date? 3. Did he have his own flag in New York harbor when he displayed Farragut's? 4. Who gave him Admiral Farragut's flag? 5. On what occasion previous to its being worn on Dewey's ship was it last displayed? F. D. H.

1. March 3, 1899. 2. He had one made as soon as he heard of his promotion. 3. Yes. 4. Commander George W. Baird, U. S. N. 5. At the unveiling of the Farragut statue at Annapolis in 1881.

I am informed that in Scotland the rent payers, not property owners, are compelled to pay a road tax, school tax, poor tax, a tax for the Established Church, &c., and I think that this is the same throughout the United kingdom. Is this so? D. E.

In Scotland, as well as in the other parts of the British Isles, the landholders and occupiers pay local taxes or rates, which are apportioned among various objects: Police, poor, schools, roads, &c.

Who was the original character in Thomas Dunn English's song, "Ben Bolt." A claims he was a sailor, B claims a farmer. R. D. C.

Dr. English said he wrote a "sea song," which displeased him; then he wrote some stanzas, now known as "Ben Bolt," and added the first four lines of the rejected song; these form the last half of the last stanza. We think A wins.

1. Does Sir Henry Irving receive more money for seats when he is performing in London than Mr. John Hare, Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, or any other first-class actor in England? 2. Does he (Sir Henry Irving) put all desirable seats in the hands of speculators at his London theatre as he does here? C. P. B.

1. No. 2. The "speculator system" has comparatively little hold in England.

Kindly let me know how much it cost Sir Thomas Lipton in the contest for the Cup held by America, not including the sum paid for the steam yacht "Erin." This is to decide a bet. J. C.

Including everything, it cost Sir Thomas Lipton about $450,000 to try to "lift the Cup." To keep the Cup here is said to have cost about $240,000.

A and B start from Denver, Col.; A travels north 12 degrees and B travels south 12 degrees. Which travels the greater distance and why? C. U. L.

They travel the same distance. The length of the degrees of latitude do not change.

Suppose a bird should start from the State House in Boston on the next night of a full moon and fly at the rate of sixty miles an hour directly at the moon, where would the bird be when the moon set in the morning? READER.

1. What are the "gates of China?" 2. What was the song sung in France during the Hundred Days, called "Faire des tours?" E. T. K.

F. O'D.—The population of Hoboken in 1899 is estimated at rather more than 60,000.

F. A. B.—In 1890 there were 62,687,880 males and 50,564,370 females in the United States.

M. S. S.—Miss Ada Behan played *Julia* in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," at Daly's Theatre, in 1895.

G. Smith.—The local pronunciation of Faneuil is Funnel; the French pronunciation was almost Fan-oy.

J. O'Neill.—Prof. John William Draper author of the "Conflict between Religion and Science," died Jan. 4, 1882.

J. M. Kirby.—The Forty-fifth Infantry, U. S. A., sailed from San Francisco on Nov. 16, and should be in Manila in a few days now.

H. M.—When a noun ends in s, the possessive case singular is formed by adding an apostrophe and an s, thus: Bass, nominative; possessive, Bass's.

James Blood.—Legal adoption in this State requires the order of a county judge; the papers in your case are on file in some county clerk's office. You should consult a lawyer.

R. S.—Great Britain does not subsidize her merchant marine. Certain established lines of steamships receive high pay for carrying the mails, but there is no subsidy for merchant vessels in general.

"Drawer D," Hartford.—To find the market prices of commodities for seven years back, consult the "Statistical Abstract of the United States," or the files of the *Journal of Commerce* and commercial papers generally.

J. K. E. M.—Gen. James Johnston Pettigrew, C. S. A., who was mortally wounded in Lee's retreat after Gettysburg, was of French descent, his great-grandfather went from France to Ireland, and settled in Pennsylvania, in 1740. There is a life of the General, by W. H. Trescott.

H. M. Gitt.—The Society of Jesus, commonly called the Jesuit order, which occupies so important a place in Roman Catholicism in this country, is the same society which has been "banished from so many Roman Catholic countries and stands to-day banished from the German Empire."

J. N., Brooklyn.—We don't see but that you are as much "ashamed to father" your letter as the persons are of whom you complain. The city of New York is expressly permitted to charge 7 per cent. interest on on unpaid taxes; the charge, though called interest, is really in the nature of a penalty.

J. H. Emerson.—The Jeannette expedition under Lieutenant Commander George W. DeLong left San Francisco on July 8, 1879; his body was brought to New York on the Frisia, reaching here Feb. 20, 1884. Lieut. Greely started on his expedition from St. John's, Newfoundland, on July 7, 1881; the survivors and the remains of the dead were brought back on the Thetis and reached Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on Aug. 1, 1884.

AT THE NEVERSTICK CLUB.

One Man of Many Jobs Tells of Methods of Borrowing From Cashiers.

"I'll tell you one thing," said one of the Neversticks, "I've had twenty-three jobs in my life and I haven't lost time when it comes to experiences with cashiers. I've met 'em old and young, sporty and religious, icy and easy, and I guess when it comes to landing 'em I'm up near the trump.

"The first job I ever bucked against was an office boy in a coal dealer's store. I was only a little chap of 14 years but I was out with a rush that would give Sherlock Holmes the equine giggle for cunning. Talk about nerve! That was the gang that stole the ice wagon full of the frozen and hid it in an empty stable. Then they goes to the man that owned the load and tells him that they won't put him on where the wagon is for less than ten. They knew the ice would melt and melt fast and they got the ten in time for the man to save his load of ice. There were no shades over their pupils and I was one of the stars. I used to shoot craps in those days and I needed the money about three times a week, sometimes o'tener. Well, I hadn't been there but a few days when I said to myself it was about time to throw a little talk into the cashier.

"I had been looking him over for some time. He was a nice old gentleman, one of those codgers that figure away on their books humming 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' all the time. I was only 14, but I meandered up and opened it this way:

"'Mr. Trainor, I've never had the benefits of the spiritual education that I should have liked. No one has ever asked me to come to Sunday school and I've almost cried sometimes when I saw the other boys so bright and happy on Sundays whistling on their way to Sunday school. I don't want to take any time away from your work or seem to be idling myself, but if you could talk to me a little while after business hours this afternoon about a nice place where they would receive me into their Sunday school I would be deeply grateful to you, sir.'

"That settled it. You talk about an easy graft! Why he put me on a chair beside him and talked to me for an hour. He said that without a doubt I was one of the best-principled young men he had ever seen and that he would take pleasure in providing for my needs in the matter of spiritual education. There was a smile on the old fellow's face all day and when I told him that I wanted $2 to get something with he handed it to me and begged me to regard it as a present.

"That was too good to last, though, seeing that I never went to the Sunday school but 'hooked' it all the time. When he found out that I never went, and the stall about being sick at home was played out, I got wise one day that my services were no longer required. Then I tackled the advertisements in the papers for a few days and finally landed in a dry goods store, where they put me to work wrapping bundles. I didn't discover the cashier's cave for several days and when I finally spotted him I knew I was up against it. He was one of those thin, sour-faced individuals who never smiled in his life and who seemed to have a lisegrown chip on his body. Well, I sized him up as well as I could, and finally one day when I saw him coming I doubled up in a knot and pretended that I was in the greatest agony.

"'What's the matter? he asked.

"'Nothing, sir,' I groaned, letting on that I was in the worst kind of pain, but was still straightening up and trying to do my work.

"'There must be something wrong with you,' he said.

"'Well, sir,' said I, 'I suffer a great deal with indigestion, and sometimes I am laid upon bed with it. I am in great pain just now.' I said this with my face tied up in a knot and bam tears in my eyes.

"'I never knew,' said he, 'anybody but myself to suffer so early in life with that same complaint. I certainly can sympathize with you. Here's a dollar; be so good as to go out and get yourself some of this and I think it will help you.'

"You never heard anybody in your life make any such profuse thanks as I did and the way I skinned out and spent that same store was a caution. It was easy after that—as easy as tripping over a gold note on a dark street. I guess I wasn't built for the dry goods business, though, for one day they told me the same old story about not needing me any more and I started on a career that has taken me Newport wide.

"The next place I fell into was an insurance office. They had an accident department and it kept me busy hustling. I found time, however, to size up the cashier after I had been there a few days and I soon found out he was cracked on the subject of amateur photography. I thought a great deal about the matter and at first determined to throw up the job rather than learn anything about photography, but soon I thought better of the thing and went into it strong. One of my friends used to take pictures and he had a lens that was the up on all the fine points. Say, you ought to have seen me studying the science of taking pictures for the next few days. Finally one afternoon he comes through the office where I was catching flies and looking busy. He had his camera with him and I knew I was in the way.

"'What size pictures does your machine make, Mr. Fenneman?

"'Five by eight,' he answered.

"'That's bigger than mine,' said I, turning away as if I knew all about the subject.

"'You don't mean to tell me that you take pictures,' he said.

"'Oh yes,' said I, pulling a picture out of my pocket that my friend had lent me, 'this is one of mine, although it's not the best by any means.'

"'Well, well, well,' said he, 'I would say——'

"'It was going too good just about that time, and I had to break in on him and put in the clinker. This is how it went:

"'I'd like to show you some new style developer, Mr. Fenneman. I made it myself on the perfect model photographer and it's nices. I'll bring you down a bottle of it. I'm going to make some up to-night.

"'That remark just cost him two. He pulled out the money and almost knocked me down making me take it to cover the expense of the developer I was to bring down.

"Next day I turned up with a bottle of the liquid that I had borrowed from my friend who took pictures and the delight of that cashier knew no bounds. He almost fell on his knees with gratitude. But, as usual, that was too good to last. They said I acted rude to a customer one day. The man had a claim for excellent money and came in with a bundle of doctors' certificates under his arm. I took him for a pedler and told him to get out of there.

"It wasn't long before I got a job in a shoe store—a big one at that—and I had a pretty fair berth as a salesman. I was about voting age at the time. I was getting eight per and was disposed to do the jovial about three evenings a week. You know eight ain't much. Well, about Tuesday I ran out of money, but I couldn't find a single point to work on with the cashier. I watched him carefully, but I couldn't guess him out a little bit.

"One night I was against a beer in a place downtown when I saw the cashier of the shoe house and he was coming on up stairs in the rear. I was all curiosity and I followed. I asked the bartender what was doing. He told me that they were a bunch of poker fiends and let me on still more when he told me our cashier was one of the worst fiends of the bunch.

"Next day I was waiting for change for a ten spot when I happened to say to the cashier, who wasn't very busy:

"'Something unusual happened to me last night.'

"'What was that,' he asked naturally.

"'Why, I played poker, a thing I don't do once a year with my system.'

"'Say I hate to tell you about it. It was a sin and a shame. The way that man stopped counting money and pricked up his ears would have done a mummy's heart good.

"'System?' he asked, 'what system?'

"'Oh, just a little system of my own. It's a bird, though.'

"'I'd like to hear about that,' said he, falling right into my arms, 'come around when business slacks up a little and tell me about it.'

"After a week I wandered around to the brass screen and I told him the story about the double up bets and with a wink made him think that unless the other people had fours it was a cinch to get all the coin. I got five that evening before he left and as luck would have it he tried some of my rules that night and happened to come out the only winner. Maybe I wasn't strong there for a week or two. Well, before I had a chance to make good for my touches, I was fired. The poker player said six about the advances he had made because he had strict orders not to give up. I suppose he fixed it on the books.

"'These sounds like first-class schemes,' said a young man who had been listening, 'my cashier has a bug on farming.'

"'Cinch,' said the custodian of the fund, 'you've got the easiest graft in the world. What you want to do is to tell him about the turnips and onions you are growing in your back yard at home and he'll give you the keys of the moneyvault if you want 'em.'

Lost His Voice on the Queen of Hearts.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

BOWLING GREEN, O., Dec. 4.—Some days ago Charles West, of this city, was engaged in a game at a well-known resort in Toledo. He had been losing heavily and his last dollar was at stake. As the cards were being dealt out he remarked: "If that queen of hearts turns up again I hope to God that I may never speak again." To his consternation the fateful card turned up. He attempted to utter an oath, but found that he could not articulate above a whisper. He has tried various remedial agents, but up to the present time he has not regained his voice. Many of the friends of Mr. West look upon his affliction as a visitation from God.

OLIVE OIL AND ITS MANY USES.

Very Valuable in Medicine and Necessary in Manufacturing.

Olive oil suggests to the lay mind little beside salad; and statistics regarding the amount of olive oil imported into the United States annually would call up vistas of indigestion appalling even in this dyspeptic nation. Then, too, the facts about the adulteration of olive oil are calculated to harrow the feelings of a people opposed, on general principles, to being cheated by anyone whose profits are not intended for American use. National pride helps an American to endure being cheated by a fellow countryman; but to be "done" by a foreigner is gall and bitterness. In the matter of adulterated olive oil, however, Americans connive at their own destruction. They cast their bread upon the waters in the shape of cotton seed oil exported to France and Italy; and, after many days, it comes back to them in bottles labelled "pure olive oil." They pay for pure olive oil plus the duty of 50 cents a gallon, and then eat their salad in content.

By far the largest share of our olive oil is imported from France. The best and the worst comes from Italy. The olives of Lucca, in fact of the whole Tuscan district, are famous for their flavor and make the most delicious olive oil on the market; but the Italians haven't the practical business ability of the French, and have never made their oil industry compete with that of France. The market for French oil is so great that the olive crop of France is always inadequate to supply the demand; and every year many French manufacturers send into Italy, buy up Italian oil, clarify it, and sell it under their own labels. French oil of the best quality is thought by connoisseurs to be inferior to the best Italian oil, for the very reason which makes it more attractive in appearance. It is more thoroughly clarified, and the process improves its appearance but removes much of the albumen which