THE CAUSE OF WOMAN.

IOWA PARTY LEADERS AND THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

The Way They Have Treated the Matter—Ignorance and Worse of the Iowa Party Press—Women and the Broadway Tabernacle—Women Voters in Cleveland—The Red Cross Association and Our Delegates to Its Convention

It seems that Mrs. Rossiter Johnson of New York sent to the editor of the Des Moines *Register* a copy of this department of March 30, which treated of the defeat of the bill for a woman suffrage amendment in the lower house of the Iowa Legislature, with the query, "Does this article agree with facts so far as matters in your State are concerned?" Over a half column of the *Register's* valuable space is consumed in a public answer to this question, which begins as follows:

The article is long and contains many assertions we have not the time to compare with the records, but we are safe in saying that the review scarcely has sufficient truth to balance the fiction contained therein. For instance, after following the proposed amendment through all previous Iowa Legislatures in which it was considered, she says: "This year it passed the Senate by 23 to 16. Instantly there was a public demand from the party press that the house should 'administer such a dose as to eliminate the women completely.' This it did by a vote of 56 to 38." Mrs. Harper does not name "the party press" that demanded the administration of the "dose" but, like all other "reformers," she resorts to the statement that "the machine" defeated the suffrage amendment, and attempts to make it appear that it was defeated by "a single word from the leaders of the party in Washington to those in Des Moines."

The party organ, or one of them, which called for the administration of a quietus was the Iowa City *Republican*. The demand appeared immediately after the Senate passed the bill the last of February and on March 3 the *Republican* reproduced the following commendatory editorial from the Keokuk *Gate City*:

The Senate has passed the woman suffrage amendment. The Iowa City *Republican* calls on the House to administer the fatal dose and "eliminate the possibility of having a crank campaign made over the State in favor of an amendment to the Constitution." In that demand the *Gate City* fully coincides. The *Republican* justly argues that there is no demand for a vote which warrants the Legislature to submit the question: that Iowa has had enough of such issues, and the sooner the suffragists are given to understand that their isms are not wanted the better. "The Republican party," the *Republican* goes on to say, "is the party of administration in Iowa, and it cannot afford to be connected with such policies as are involved in woman suffrage."

We agree thoroughly with the *Republican* that it is hard to treat such follies with any degree of patience. Large as is the Republican majority in the State, the Republican party cannot afford to saddle the woman suffrage proposition upon itself. Its experience in the matter of prohibition ought to be conclusive as to that.

If the review of the situation in this department "scarcely had sufficient truth to balance the fiction," as the editor of the *Register* says, it certainly need not require a great deal of time to point out at least the most glaring of the misstatements. We challenge him to do so. He knows Iowa politics and newspapers as well as any man in the State. If either has been misrepresented let him prove it. We repeat the original assertion that the party leaders of Iowa will not permit a woman suffrage bill to pass the Legislature and that the party organs, almost without exception, used their influence to defeat the one which has just gone to join its predecessors. The *Register* says:

The truth is that the newspapers paid very little attention to the woman suffrage amendment while it was pending before the present Legislature. As we remember, the *Register* had but two editorials on the subject, and they were very lamb-like, but it published dozens of articles for the suffragists.

The full weight of its editorial influence was directed against the bill and, while not a great deal was said directly on this point, there was a steady run of such paragraphs as this: "Mrs. Catt, President of the National Suffrage Association, wants a woman's postage stamp issued. But think of the ignominy of being licked by every low-down man in the country." The clipping bureau brought in scores of editorials from Iowa Republican papers, almost invariably against the bill. The Dubuque *Times*, official organ of the county, said just before it was to be voted on by the House: "One of the penalties attaching to the honor of an election to the Legislature is the certainty of encountering this woman suffrage question. * * * The people of the State will vote it down by an overwhelming majority if ever the Legislature compels them to pass judgment on it."

The editorial in the *Register*, called out by Mrs. Johnson's search for something with which to discredit this department, makes a masterly argument against enfranchising women, in this fashion:

The Iowa men are opposed to woman suffrage because their mothers, wives, sisters, daughters and sweethearts are opposed to being dragged into political affairs. That is the reason why the *Register* is opposed to equal suffrage, and we truthfully write that we do not know of a woman among all our family relatives who is in favor of woman suffrage. * * *

We do not have a particle of doubt that the great majority of the women of Iowa are fully in accord with the majority political sentiment, including the opinion and determination that the women of Iowa should not be and shall not be dragged down into the dirty pools of politics, but shall continue to rule the homes and voters of the State.

If women rule the voters then they must be responsible for the "dirty pool of politics." But note the phrase "majority political sentiment." This is what its author would appropriately call a "lamb-like editorial," and he closed by saying: "There is no probability that Iowa ever will adopt a woman suffrage amendment to the State Constitution."

He should have said: "There is no probability that Iowa ever will have the chance." All the suffragists have asked in all the years has been that the voters shall be allowed to pass upon such an amendment but the Legislature does not dare to submit it.

Apropos of this subject and before dropping it, a quotation from the Des Moines *Register* just before the Legislature assembled may possess some interest:

The present prospect is that one of the most strenuous contests of the Iowa Legislature this winter will be over the submission of the proposed Constitutional Amendment granting the unlimited and unrestricted vote to women. [illegible]

Observe the superior courage of this advice! [illegible]

The old Broadway Tabernacle, which is about to yield to the encroachments of business, has the distinction of being the only orthodox church in New York city, and one of the few in the whole country, which would open its doors to a Woman's Rights Convention before the Civil War. A most notable one occurred in the autumn of [illegible], presided over by Lucy Stone, and its business managed by the alert and practical Susan B. Anthony. Lucretia Mott and A. Bronson Alcott were Vice-Presidents, and Oliver Johnson, Secretary, while Horace Greeley sent a letter bearing his testimony to the justice of the cause.

It is doubtful if we hear such speeches now as were made in those days of stress and storm when the moral sense of the nation was stirred to its depths; when men and women who dared attack the existing order of things were persecuted to the last extremity; when those who espoused an unpopular cause were compelled to stand shoulder to shoulder for protection and safety. Not all who demanded personal freedom for the slave advocated political freedom for woman, but practically all who stood for the enfranchisement of women stood also for the abolition of slavery, so that the suffrage movement had to bear the full odium of that for emancipation and men and women spoke with that eloquence which is inspired by martyrdom to a sacred cause.

It was at this convention of 1856—almost half a century ago—that Thomas Wentworth Higginson replied to the statement which is still doing duty, "When the majority of women want the ballot, &c."

I cannot accept the position that man's duty is only to stand aside and let woman take her rights. Not so. We men have been standing for years with our hands crushing down the shoulders of woman so that she should not attain her true altitude; and it is not so easy, after we have cramped, dwarfed and crippled her, to get rid of our responsibility by standing back at last and saying, "There, we will let you go: stand up for yourself." If it is true, as these women say, that we have wronged them for centuries, we have got to do something more than mere negative duty. By as much as we have helped wrong them, we have got to help right them; by as much as we have discouraged them heretofore, we have got to encourage them hereafter.

And it was here that, in one of those impassioned orations for which he was famous, Wendell Phillips said:

No man can defend his own right to vote without granting it to woman. The only reason why the demand sounds strange is because man never analyzed his own right. The moment he begins to analyze it, he cannot defend it without admitting her. Our fathers proclaimed, sixty years ago, that government was co-equal with the right to take money and to punish for crime. Now let woman go free from the penal statute, let her property be exempt from taxation, until you admit her to the ballot box. * * * Goethe said that if you plant an oak in a flower pot, one of two things is sure to happen: either the oak will be dwarfed or the flower pot will break. We have planted woman in a flower pot, hemmed her in by restrictions, and when we move to enlarge her sphere, society cries out: "Oh, you'll break the flower pot!" Well, I say, let it break. Man made it and the sooner it goes to pieces the better. Let us see how broadly the branches will throw themselves, and how beautiful will be the shape, and how glorious against the moonlit sky or glowing sunset the foliage shall appear.

I say the very first claim, the middle and last claim of all our conventions should be the ballot; not for any intrinsic value in the ballot, but because it throws upon woman herself the responsibility of her position. Man never grew to his stature until he was provoked to it by the pressure and weight of responsibility, and woman will grow in the same way.

Perhaps there are none now who can speak as did those of the olden times, but where one was willing to lift up his voice for woman in those days, hundreds are doing so now. The old Broadway Tabernacle will carry with it many a heroic memory as it is razed, but every foundation stone is represented to-day by an orthodox church which willingly opens its doors for conventions assembled to demand the rights of women.

A certain New York paper, which is not alone in its misstatements, said of the recent school election in Cleveland: "Over 15,000 women registered and, although the majority of them stayed at home lest the rain should spoil their Easter bonnets, a fair representation went to the polls."

The truth is that about 14,800 women registered and 80 per cent. of the whole number voted. Of the registered men only 52 per cent. voted, although men could vote for the city council and women only for school officers. The *Cleveland Leader* very justly says:

It is only fair to confess that if men had as few offices to fill as the women have a chance to deal with in politics they would probably make a poorer exhibition of interest. It is not merely that the women had only the school ticket to vote for, but that they are never stimulated to great political interest and brought into the habit of regular voting by the national campaigns and the struggles for State offices, which outclass nearly all local politics in their power to draw men to the polls.

In 1896 only 2,728 women registered in Cleveland; in 1898 the number rose to 5,648; in 1900 it was 9,180, and in 1902 the maximum of 14,800 was reached. The papers which oppose woman suffrage keep very quiet, but next spring, in the "off-year" when women will have only one or two unimportant school officers to vote for and the registration inevitably will fall off, all of them will point to the fact and shout, "Woman suffrage a failure! Women do not want to vote!"

The St. Louis which will sail next Wednesday will carry two women who go abroad to represent the United States—Miss Clara Barton and Mrs. J. Ellen Foster of Washington, D. C. They have been selected by this Government as delegates to the seventh international conference of the Red Cross at St. Petersburg, May 16 to 29. Their commissions are signed by the State Department and their expenses are paid. There are four other delegates, a representative of the army and of the navy, Dr. Senn of Chicago and Mr. Tillinghast of Iowa, who secured the shipload of grain which was sent to the famine sufferers in Russia a few years ago.

Miss Barton, who is President of the Red Cross Association and founder of the American branch, has been a delegate before and was always the only woman at the conference. This is the first time this Government has ever thus honored any other woman. Mrs. Foster is one of the foremost lawyers in the country and an officer in the Red Cross Association. There are women in the United States capable of representing the Government on every such occasion and of serving on every commission appointed for whatever purpose. It is time that such women were officially recognized and all that prevents it is the fact that they belong to a disfranchised class.

No stronger object lesson is necessary on the disadvantage of not possessing a vote than that afforded by the Chinese Exclusion act, which has passed one branch of Congress. Such a discrimination would not be proposed against the lowest, meanest, most ignorant and vicious class of foreigners that crawls upon the free soil of America, because our laws permit a ballot to be placed in their hands by which they can retaliate, but the Chinese cannot be naturalized and are legitimate prey.

The National Wholesale and Retail Liquor Dealers' Association announces through one of its officers, who is also President of the Kentucky Distillers' Association, that if Congress does not reduce the tax on distilled spirits it will enter national and local politics. The association will feel perfectly at home.

The clans are gathering in Los Angeles for the biennial of the Federation of Women's Clubs and the results will soon be known in black and white.

IDA HUSTED HARPER.

Thrilling Chase for a Runaway Car.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

[illegible]

POEMS WORTH READING.

Death.

He comes with stealthy tread and lays his touch
upon the babe,
Nor passes by the bride,
Nor her whom we call mother
He smiteth joy;
Pity and remorse he knoweth not.
Man to him is man;
Or rich or poor, or high or low, it availeth not.
Silently he works, and swiftly.
He enters and is gone, and with him—life.

JULIAN ROSENTHAL.

The Child at Prayer.

From the London Spectator.

A baby to a Baby prays,
Oh, Infant Jesus, meek and mild,
From 'mid the glory and the rays
Look on a little child.

As one child to Another may,
He talks without a thought of fear,
Commending to a Child to-day
All that a child holds dear:

His father, mother, brother, nurse,
His cat, his dog, his bird, his toys,
Things that make up the universe
Of darling girls and boys.

All sheep and horses, lambs and cows,
He counts them o'er, a motley crew,
And children in the neighbor's house,
And all the people, too.

His friends—why, all the world's his friend,
This four-years darling, golden curled.
'Tis long before it has an end,
The bede-roll of his world.

A child lifts up his little hands
Unto a Child; and it may be
The Host of Heaven at gazing stands
That tender sight to see.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

The Thrush.

From the Atlantic.

The briers and leaves and the underbrush
Are in league with the Thrush.
They are full of subtle and quick suspicion;
And when I am trying to find admission
Into the thicket, they reach to stay me;
And all the vines and the thorns delay me;
And when I am creeping along, along,
Softly, lest I should break the song,
The vines will flutter
With words of fear,
And the leaves will utter,
"Anear—anear!"
And the Thrush will stop,
And suddenly drop
Into the dusk of the underbrush.
Then I will listen, and in the hush
The ear perceives
A step in the leaves;
And I look below
In the shady room,
And his brown's aglow
In the leafy gloom;
And I catch his eye,
So warily shy,
And then—we are almost friends—and then
There are the chattering leaves again,
Foolish, timorous leaves that cry,
"Have a care for the folk that pry!"

MARY BURT MESSER.

"Fr-r-raish Peanuts."

From the Baltimore News.

Who is this man of mighty voice
Who bids all human kind rejoice—
Who visits bleacher and grand stand
With roasted rapture in his hand?
"Peanuts! Fr-r-raish peanuts!"

Who, when the umpire shouts: "Play ball!"
Hears with disdain the feeble call,
And whose own stentor-modelled lungs
Drown out the noise of many tongues?
"Peanuts! Fr-r-raish peanuts!"

Who stirs the circumambient air
And moves his optics here and there
To find the man who cries: "Here, boy,
Give me one sack of roasted joy!"
"Peanuts! Fr-r-raish peanuts!"

Who hastens onward with his wares
While every individual glares
Who lacks the necessary price;
Who cuts a mighty slab of ice?
"Peanuts! Fr-r-raish peanuts!"

And when we seek our restless beds
With goober goblins in our heads,
What is the awful cry that seems
To be the burden of our dreams?
"Peanuts! Fr-r-raish peanuts!"

King Drought.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

My road is fenced with the bleached white bones,
And strewn with the blind white sand,
Beside me suffering dumb world moans,
On the breast of a lonely land.

On the rim of the world the lightnings play,
The heat waves quiver and dance,
And the breath of the wind is a sword to slay,
And the sunbeams each a lance.

I have withered the grass where my hot hoofs tread,
I have whitened the sapless trees,
I have driven the faint-heart rains ahead,
To hide in their soft green seas.

I have bound the plains with an iron band,
I have stricken the slow streams dumb,
To the charge of my vanguards who shall stand?
Who stay when my cohorts come?

The dust storms follow and wrap me round,
The hot winds ride as a guard;
Before me the fret of the swamps is bound,
And the way of the wild fowl barred.

I drop the whips on the loose-flanked steers,
I burn their necks with the bow;
And the green hide rips and the iron sears
Where the staggering lean beasts go.

I lure the swagman out of the road
To the gleam of a phantom lake;
I have laid him down, I have taken his load,
And he sleeps till the dead men wake.

My hurrying hoofs in the night go by,
And the great flocks bleat their fear,
And follow the curve of the creek burnt dry,
And the plains scorched brown and sere.

The worn men start from their sleepless rest
With faces haggard and drawn;
They cursed the red sun into the west,
And they curse him out of the dawn.

They have carried my outposts out and out,
But—blade of my sword for a sign!—
I am the Master, the dread King Drought,
And the great West Land is mine!

WILL H. OGILVIE.

The Aristocrat.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

I do not know how wealthy he may be;
He does not ride along in gorgeous style,
But, dressed with modest taste, he passes me,
And always with a friendly bow and smile.

I do not know how distant he may trace
The line from which he sprang, nor do I care,
For self respect is written on his face
And sodden greed is never mirrored there.

His air is never coldly grave nor proud,
As one who moves along in constant dread
Of being lost within the common crowd;
The humble see him kindly nod his head.

His hair is white, but still erect he stands
His high brow tells a tale of buried woe,
And I can see upon his big, strong hands
The record of hard work done long ago.

I do not know how wealthy he may be,
Nor of the line from which God let him spring;
I know but this, that in his face I see
Such dignity as would exalt a king.

S. E. KISER.

My Lady's Phrases.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

[illegible]

"One Swallow Doesn't Make a Summer."

[illegible]

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Is it a fact that at one time (during the Penal days) a price was put on the head of a priest or other religious instructors by the English authorities in Ireland? I. C. K.

There were stringent laws against Jesuits and "seminary priests" in Elizabeth's time, subjecting these persons to punishment as traitors; and rewards were set on the heads of some of them who were especially obnoxious to the government. We think that there was a price on the head of Robert Parsons, S. J., for example.

Some eighteen or twenty years ago I came across a piece of poetry that I should very much like to secure again. It was, I think, entitled, "The Yankee Abroad." It represented a Yankee crossing the ocean; falling into conversation with an Englishman, who boastingly was telling him of seeing a man swimming from Dover to Calais:
"Manfully breasting the English wave."
"'Friend,' said the Yankee, 'that was me.'"
Can you help me get it again? C. W. W.

About three years ago I enlisted in the army. Owing to the opposition of my parents, I gave my name as Edward Lewis; my age as 21 and eleven months; my birthplace as Albany. My right name is Edward Lewis ——; my age should have been given as 19 years; my birthplace as New York city. I was honorably discharged last December, having served the full term in the Philippines. My discharge papers are made out in the name of Edward Lewis, age 21 years and eleven months, my birthplace, Albany. 1. How can I obtain a corrected certificate of discharge containing my full name, correct age and proper birthplace? 2. Am I liable to any civil or military law for enlisting under such circumstances? EDWARD LEWIS ——.

1. Apply to the Secretary of War; we think the change can be made without much trouble. 2. We think not now.

Please give me a recipe for making fudge. POST OFFICE.

Grate enough unsweetened chocolate to measure three-quarters of a cup; mix with one cupful of milk, and two cupfuls of sugar. When boiling add a piece of butter, (about half a teaspoonful), and stir until the spoon leaves a trace on the bottom of the saucepan and the mixture begins to thicken; remove at once, add a teaspoonful of vanilla, and beat until the mixture is thick. Then pour into buttered pans to cool, or eat with a spoon. Any kind of nut meats may be added.

Will you kindly give me a short biography of the best written and most comprehensive books and articles on the subject of "trusts" in their various aspects? This will be a considerable favor to me.

We should think it might be. Is that why you didn't sign your name? Get Dos Passos's book, "Commercial Trusts." The Library of Congress has just issued a second edition of a bibliography of trusts.

Will you be kind enough to give me the lines or the poem in which the following lines belong?—
"There is another life I long to meet
Without which life my life would be incomplete."
XAVIER WEISS.

The lines were recited by Charles R. Thorne as the painter in "Led Astray;" they are:
"There is another life I long to meet
Without which life my life is incomplete.
Oh! Sweeter self, like me art thou astray
Striving with all thy might to find the way
To mine; striving like mine to find the breast
On which alone can weary heart find rest?"

Please give me an estimate of the value of the following property: 1. Fifth Avenue Hotel; 2. Murray Hill Hotel; 3. Astor House. THOMAS T. J.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel is supposed to be worth about $3,000,000; the Murray Hill Hotel about as much; the Astor House about $1,000,000.

Kindly let me know the year the first New York daily paper was published on Sunday. TWO SPORTS.

The *Herald* has printed a Sunday edition from its beginning in 1835.

If a landlord of an apartment house furnishes a room for bicycles and you put your wheel in it and it is stolen out of that room is he not responsible for the wheel? C. D.

We think not, unless the law holds him to be an inn keeper.

I would like to learn where Tranby Croft (of baccarat fame) is situated—which family of Wilsons owns it; the genealogy of the family. F. L.

Tranby Croft is in Hull, in Yorkshire; it is owned by Mr. Arthur Wilson, a steamship owner; Mr. Wilson is a son of the late Thomas Wilson, also a shipowner. The family is a Yorkshire one.

Kindly give a history of the Mason and Dixon line; where located, when it was drawn and its especial object. BERINGER.

"Mason and Dixon's line" was made by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two prominent English mathematicians and astronomers, between Nov. 15, 1763, and Dec. 26, 1767. It was drawn to delimit the territories of the Penns and the Calverts (Lords Baltimore). It begins at the northeast corner of Maryland and runs due west on latitude 39 degrees 43 minutes 26.3 seconds north. The line was supposed to mark the northern limit of slavery, but had nothing to do with that matter.

1. How high is the plunge of Niagara Falls? 2. How high above sea level is the surface of Lake Erie? 3. How high above sea level is the surface of Lake Michigan? 4. How high above sea level is the city of Chicago? H. M. C.

1. 160 feet. 2. 573 feet. 3. 582 feet. 4. About 592 feet.

A bets B that the United States exported more than 10,000,000 gallons of wine, not spirits, &c., during the fiscal year ending June, 1901. Which wins? J. W. T.

We exported 1,117,858 gallons of wine in bulk, and 9,901 dozen bottles of wine, about 20,000 gallons, a total of 1,137,858 gallons. B wins.

Can you give me any information concerning the reproduction of the eel? W. M. H.

Eels are oviparous, laying eggs or spawn, which they deposit in sand and mud at the mouths of rivers and harbors where the water is brackish. For a long time eels were thought to be viviparous; the ancients thought they sprang from the mud, or were recreated from portions of the skin scraped from the parent body.

Some weeks ago you gave the proper definition of the word merk (the old "Scottish pound.") A friend contends that the plural of this word is merkin. Is this correct, or should it not be merks? If so, is there such a word as merkin (I do not find it in Webster) and what is the meaning? The same friend quotes W. Hepworth Dixon as applying the word saker to an ancient piece of artillery in "her Majesty's Tower," and claims also that one of the lexicographers defines "sakeret" as being the male of saker! How can this be? If true, then a "sakeret" could reasonably be called "a son of a gun." P. L. D.

Merkin is not the plural of merk or mark; it is a word by itself, and means a small wig or a mop for wiping out a cannon. Saker had two meanings: A species of falcon, and a small piece of artillery. Sakeret, the male of the saker, refers to the former. Your friend seems to be a humorist.

Will you publish the parody on the famous old song of "Uncle Ned," which begins thus:
"I once knew an aged, indigent colored individual,
whose cognomen was Edward.
He departed this life long since, long since,
He had no capillary substance on the top of his
cranium,
The place designated by kind Providence for that
particular substance to vegetate," &c. G. S.

Please inform me what I can read to get a good idea of the condition of things in Florida—in St. Augustine—during the Civil War. F. C. K.

We never saw the life of Florida during the war described, or heard any suggestion that it had been described. Though Florida seceded, so far as it could, in 1861, the Northern troops never allowed it to get very far away and all the important towns were held by the United States during the war.

Please let me know in what year Georgia was founded or colonized and its first settlement and the date of same. R. S. I.

George II. granted Georgia to Gen. Oglethorpe on June 9, 1732. On Feb. 1, 1733, the first colonists landed, and on Feb. 12 the colony actually began. Savannah was the first settlement and was begun on Feb. 12.

Please tell me when and where St. Patrick was born and what his religion was. C. B.

St. Patrick, whose original name was Succat, was born probably in Scotland [illegible]

[illegible]

SCIENCE.

INSTINCT IN CRABS.

Autotomy is the scientific name for the self-mutilation practised by crabs, &c. to relieve themselves from the incumbrance of injured joints and limbs. The wounded crab uses his claws (on the injured side) to pull off or cut off the offending member. The act has all the signs of a premeditated act. It appears to be intelligent, considered, voluntary. The action is itself complex and deliberate; the results to the crab are useful. But the action is certainly a reflex action, having nothing to do with the brain. It takes place even when the brain is destroyed. With some crustacea it takes place even when the animal has been decapitated. The claws, in such a case, seek the wounded member and tear it off just as before. Wounds in members that are not articulated (as in the small legs of the hermit crab) do not excite the reflex act. The wound itself is not the exciting cause, therefore. Cut one of the walking legs—for which the reflex exists—on the *hither* side of the articulation, not as before on the further side, and there will be no action. This is very curious, because identically the same nerve has been cut in both cases.

The muscles certainly play a part in the phenomenon. Autotomy involves certain special muscles. If they are injured the action cannot occur.

In a set of experiments these muscles were first injured. After this the leg could no longer serve for locomotion; but the crab made no effort to seize the leg and to tear it off, which indicates that the reflex was not excited. But so soon as the leg was cut beyond the autotomic articulation the animal used his claws in violent efforts to free himself from the wounded member. The reflex acted. In other experiments the autotomic muscles were first injured and then the nerve cut on this side of the articulation. No action.

How are such facts to be explained?

Are they the results of pure reflexes? Most certainly—since they occur when there can be no question of the intelligence. But, in appearance, these reflexes are most intelligent. The most enlightened intelligence could do no better. The study of such phenomena as have been described is, then, of the first importance and deserves the attention of physiologists.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE WEATHER SERVICE.

An important extension of the forecast work of the United States Weather Bureau was made during the past year. Cable reports from London furnished the central office in Washington with regular reports from various stations in Great Britain and from a station in the Azores. These, with reports from Nassau, Bermuda and Turk's Island, have been regularly published on the daily weather maps together with forecasts for the first three days of outward-bound steamers from American ports. Special storm warnings and fog forecasts have also been issued for steamer tracks west of the fiftieth meridian. Special consideration has been given to the question of improving the accuracy of forecasting and a system of marks arranged so that successful forecasters will receive certain promotion.

The bureau employs more than 1,400 paid and skilful trained officials in this work at about 180 stations. Three hundred and fifteen paid temperature and rainfall observers daily telegraph reports of growing corn, cotton and wheat regions. Some 3,000 volunteer observers—nearly one for each county in the United States—render weekly reports. About 14,000 other persons also report weekly on the crop prospects in their neighborhood. Every four weeks there are printed and distributed 168 different State crop bulletins, four national ditto, and forty-two monthly climate and crop ditto.

There are now 365 centres of rural delivery supplying about 42,000 families in the farming districts with the latest weather predictions, especially frost and cold-wave warnings. Local mountain snow bulletins are distributed throughout irrigated regions.

ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS LOOTED AT PEKIN.

It appears that Germany has determined to regard in the light of a "present" from the Chinese Government the astronomical instruments stolen by her soldiers from the Chinese observatory on the walls of Pekin. This view was set forth in a recent speech by the Imperial German Chancellor before the Reichstag. He said: "The instruments have not been restored because the Chinese Government attaches no importance to their possession, and in reply to German inquiries it placed them at the disposition of the German Government. Another consideration is that, in accordance with the peculiar views of the Chinese, the great mass of that people would have supposed that the instruments were restored by order of the Chinese Government, which would have damaged German prestige in East Asia. The Dowager Empress of China, a very clever woman who understands the political situation, would have been distinctly offended [why? we ask], while the masses would have thought that Germany had sustained some terrible defeats. The instruments ought now to be placed, in the category of presents from Government to Government, which has long been customary on both sides in our intercourse with China."

These are arguments worthy of a highway robber defending his lapse into petty larceny, and are disgraceful in the mouth of the Chancellor of an enlightened nation famous for its own researches in science.

INHERITANCE OF COLOR IN POINTER DOGS.

Sir Francis Galton proposed in 1889 a statistical law of heredity applicable to bisexual descent. Briefly stated, it was that one-half of the offspring's characteristics are derived from the parents (an equal amount from each), one-fourth from the grandparents, one-eighth from the great-grandparents, one-sixteenth from the great-great-grandparents and so on. In 1897 Galton tested the hypothesis by the consideration of a single color characteristic—the condition of being tricolor or non-tricolor—in Basset hounds. The work has lately been repeated with data obtained from the American Kennel Club stud books by F. E. Lutz and E. B. Meek. The dogs considered were 390 pointer does, of which 660 parents, 1,337 grandparents, 1,361 great-grandparents and 978 great-great-grandparents were known. The results showed an almost perfect harmony in each instance between the facts and Galton's hypothesis, the greatest real deviation being only 1.1 per cent.

A NEW FLYING MACHINE.

Mr. Henry Villard of Paris has invented a new form of flying machine which consists essentially of something like a rather flat umbrella of considerable size made rigid by an exterior steel rim and wire spokes. On the stick portion of this large umbrella and under the umbrella are two projecting arms, one carrying a screw to move the apparatus in a horizontal direction, the other a rudder for steering. Still lower down on the stick, on one side of it, as it were, near the handle of the umbrella, is the motor and opposite it the seat for the operator. The motor has two functions, one of which is to drive the screw for obtaining horizontal motion, and the other (which is the novel part of this form of flying machine) for rotating the umbrella-like portion at high speed. The idea is that the rapidly rotating umbrella with its heavy rim will act like the wheel of a gyroscope and keep the machine in one plane of rotation. The umbrella portion, which is practically a parachute, is a large flattish wheel about 23 feet in diameter. It is not really a flat wheel, but rather a helix, whose rapid rotation will lift the whole apparatus vertically.

A CONNECTION BETWEEN SUN SPOTS AND THE CORONA.

A Lick Observatory bulletin (No. 18) is devoted to a detailed discussion of the photographs obtained at the last total solar eclipse, which showed marked disturbances in a certain region of the corona. This region turns out to be directly over a sun spot, that is, over a marked disturbance in the solar photosphere. The connection of the two disturbances, or at least their dependence on a common cause, can hardly be doubted. This important observation was made by Mr. C. D. Perrine, astronomer in the Lick Observatory.

EIGHT SIMULTANEOUS MESSAGES OVER ONE WIRE.

[illegible]

IMMIGRATION [illegible]

[illegible]

ART AND ARTISTS.

Are the New York artists going to respond to the appeal for contributions of their works, to be disposed of at an international art lottery in The Hague, for the benefit of the Boer women and children?

Mention was made last Sunday of the names of several of the French artists who contributed paintings, drawings and statuary, in response to this appeal, the list including Breton, Duran, Gérôme and Rodin. This sort of appeal is frequently made to French artists, so frequently that it has come to be expected by many persons that the artists will take these occasions to rid their studios of cumbrous relics of misspent hours. On the present occasion, however, it is said that the artists have signified their sympathy for the cause represented by sending in works which would adorn great collections.

This is true, it is said, both of paintings and drawings by the best-known men and of the productions in bronze, marble, terra cotta and wax, which the sculptors have contributed. That the works in the aggregate must make an interesting collection may be taken for granted from the fact that they are now on exhibition in the galleries of the Messrs. Durand-Ruel in Paris. They are good enough, too, to have provoked the fling from the British that owing to the nature of some of them it is clear that other motives besides sympathy for the Boers will induce some art lovers to patronize The Hague lottery.

New York artists are receiving the appeal from the Lottery Committee at The Hague, which asks that the contributions may be in hand by the end of May. The circular is signed by Dr. W. de Ridder, President; Dr. Beelaerts van Blokland, Fiscus; the artists Israels, Mesdag and Jansen, and a half dozen other persons.

The English of the appeal is peculiar enough to give momentary amusement to the recipients, even if they are not moved by its earnestness. Works of the artists' hands are requested, "to have them raffled, the benefit of which will bring mitigation in the condition of the terribly afflicted in South Africa," and the committee say: "Do you also gladden us with a promise of your support in this, and be so kind to return to us annexed postcard with your signature."

The works received from all countries are to be exhibited at The Hague before sale, and the lottery is to take place in the presence of a notary.

New York may have its "Ten"—the Ten American Painters—all of whom are men. London now has its Twelve Club, which is made up of twelve women painters. It already had a Women's International Society and a Society of Women Artists, and the British artists had begun to take in women members after a century of exclusion, but this was not enough.

The Twelve Club has just had an exhibition to show that these women painters, like our own "Ten," can do something "strong." Their exhibits are declared to have been marked by an absence of any of the "prettiness," which is sometimes regarded as a feminine ideal and inseparable attribute and, therefore, is despised by masculine artists of either sex.

The Art Students' League is to continue its summer school the coming season, owing to the success of this school during the last two summers. A scholarship of one year's free tuition at the league is to be awarded for the best work in the summer classes. George W. Breck, who won the first Lazarus travelling scholarship, is to have charge of the life and antique classes, and St. John Harper and Antonin Skodik will be the other instructors.

An expedition is to leave Copenhagen next month to engage in archæological research in the island of Rhodes. Dr. Blinkenberg conducts it and will begin work at the town of Lindos.

Gen. Pitt-Rivers would never publish his admirable works in archæology, but only print them privately, and they have therefore been in the possession only of personal friends, archæologists of note or large libraries. A few sets of seven volumes, however, have now been offered in the London market at no small price, and have been reviewed with interest owing to the excellence of Gen. Pitt-Rivers's methods of research and of reporting his researches.

One of the curious things on which he dwelt was the wide distribution of the chevron pattern in the Bronze Age. He traced it on gold and bronze and earthenware of the Bronze Age, on earthenware and metal of the Iron Age, and in England, Scotland, Italy, Germany, France, Ireland, Sweden, Denmark, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, Macedonia, Spain, Egypt, Cyprus and the Caucasus.

Benjamin Constant has been so ill that the reports sent out from Paris have declared that his end cannot be far off.

Why need people have ugly and tawdry things about them when beautiful and artistic things may be had and will work to their good? The critics are constantly berating the artists for producing things tawdry or commonplace, or made "for the market"—for doing "potboilers" and exhibiting them with hopes of sale—instead of sending forth the highest achievements of their art and letting Art Satisfied be their recompense. It is the critic's habit to blame the artist.

Sir Martin Conway in his last volume, which has engaged considerable attention, takes the contrary view. He says: "The great need of the present day, from the point of view of the production of Fine Art, is the education of the amateur, the purchaser."

There are a good many complacent purchasers who would thank him to leave them out of his classification. But his statement is as true as is the fact that results of educational work among amateurs are constantly to be seen on every hand, even though evidence of the want of such work is more insistent in challenging the attention.

The artists who go into public contribute to this educational work, even when they are not conscious of doing so. Take Chase, for example. What matters it if someone is sure to cry "Poseur" when this exquisite [illegible] for the term fits him appears before them? There is such a saturated solution of the artistic Sir Martin Conway would probably spell the world with a capital A—in Chase's presence, manner, and in every expression, that he cannot talk in public without even the cavillers saying, "Well, he is artistic all the way through, however he paints."

The proportions of a masterpiece even to the least important details of the background or foreground, may not be tampered with in reproductions for Chase, without encountering his fine scorn and reiterated condemnation. [illegible]

[illegible]

he read to them from a manuscript built upon his entertaining Samoan diary. He was extremely interesting, and more than one woman went home feeling an uneasy impulse to pick upon art.

But see how they do it in Japan, where they begin to teach the art of making the things of daily life beautiful, and therefore, to teach them appreciation of the beautiful in art. In the book just published by Mortimer Menpes and his daughter, "Japan: a Record in Color," the authors declare that the secret of Japanese art is perfect "placing"; that by perfect "placing" the Japanese attain perfection in art.

Children are trained in the art of placing a cherry bough, in blossom, or a vase of flowers, so that it shall stand in proper relation to the furniture and other objects in a room. The same attention to decorative effect is to be observed in street signs and lanterns, it is declared. Under these circumstances it is not surprising to be told, in this "Record of Color," that "The Japanese have given to the nation not only the house beautiful, but also (what is even more important to the community at large), the street beautiful; and that is where Japan differs so widely from Europe.

"A poem meets your eye with every step you take, and how pretty is each street corner, with its mellow light and dainty arrangements." The book even tells a story that the Japanese house-boy has ideas of the value of contrast, which lead him to place the hot water pitcher in a different position each morning, and then look longingly back to note the effect produced. To be sure, there are Philistines who would ascribe such backward looks to a shifty expectation of a tip, but no such motive finds a place in a book of art like this one.

A beggar, or worse, strolled into the Holbein studios some days ago, and when he was discovered by one of the artists walking aimlessly through the halls, and was asked his business there, he said that he was looking for Mr. Holbein.

"This is his place, isn't it?" said the intruder.

"Yes," said the artist laconically.

"Where is he?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Holbein is dead," said the artist. And the wanderer looked straight at him for a moment and then turned and went mournfully downstairs. Which shows how a short and truthful answer sometimes saves time and trouble. To have procured the police would have been arduous.

George Inness Jr.'s gift of $5,000 to the Artists' Fund Society this past week is only one of many things of a generous nature which Mr. Inness has done for artists. He has been a liberal purchaser of paintings and sculptures, some of which it would be a libel on his taste, his friends declare, to believe that he bought out of admiration for the works. He has helped a number of men along, and he has given various medals and small prizes.

George A. Hearn in his admiration for tonal landscapes, to which the "Lotos Club crowd" are so much given, has been a valued patron of George H. Bogert and other men more or less identified with the Lotos artists who affect the tonal school. Mr. Hearn buys the American works of this school, along with similar paintings by foreign artists, and is as often found at an auction where a good American picture of the sort is to come up as at a sale of conspicuous foreign productions.

He is a pretty accurate judge of the money value of paintings by men whose work he likes, whether they be Americans or French or Englishmen, and he knows pretty well in advance what it is likely to cost him to add a picture which he admires to his collection.

John D. Crimmins and Hugh J. Grant are among the men who come into the public market with liberal ideas when Barbizon paintings are to be sold, and these men, particularly, are likely to be heard from in contests for religious paintings.

Among new buyers this winter have appeared some Standard Oil Company men.

In Vienna the women artists have been having an exhibition of work by themselves and their sisters. The exhibition is an outgrowth of one which eight Vienna women painters inaugurated last season. That exhibition was wholly their own. This year they invited women artists from elsewhere to show with them. The exhibition, however, turned out to be chiefly their own again, few foreigners contributing.

At the Founders' dinner at the Salmagundi Club on Thursday evening, Charles F. Naegele presented to the club a portrait of its first President, Joseph Hartley, a brother of the sculptor J. H. Hartley.

Stranger Than Historical Novels.

From the Chicago Tribune.

THE NEW FLAT.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellover started out house hunting early one morning, intending to spend the entire day in that occupation.

The agent of the first flat they examined told them the rent would be $20 a month, which was $10 less than they had expected.

"Any objection to children?" asked Mrs. Wellover.

"None at all," replied the agent.

"How often does the janitor wash the windows?"

"Whenever you want them washed, and no oftener."

"How about the steam heat?"

"We don't shut it off until the last of May and not then if the weather is cool."

"What kind of a janitor have you?"

"He's a good-natured man with an impediment in his speech, and can't talk."

It was a second-floor flat, with rooms well lighted, as many closets as rooms, a large pantry, deadened floors, all the modern conveniences, and was new and in a good part of town.

"And only $20 a month!" murmured Mrs. Wellover. "Can I be dreaming?"

Whereupon she pinched herself, and found she was.

THE YOUNG ORATOR.

The valedictorian then stepped forward and delivered his oration.

His subject was "Some of the Problems That Confront Civilization."

He merely enumerated the problems.

He had no solution for any of them.

THE CON MAN AND THE FARMER.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the confidence man, meeting an honest granger on the street. "Isn't this my old uncle Hi Hoskins of [illegible]?"

"Yes, it is," replied the honest granger. "And you're my nephew, [illegible] biggest rascal that ever [illegible] [illegible] If it's convenient I'd like to have that [illegible] you borrowed of me sixteen years ago. Thought I'd forgot it, did ye?"

The One That Came to Pa.

From the London Sporting Memoirs.

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