The Sun.

WILLIAM M. LAFFAN.

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If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for publication wish to have rejected articles returned, they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

The Canal Problem Simplified.

We observe that the Senators, Representatives and newspaper editors who persist in demanding a Nicaragua canal instead of an isthmian canal by the best available route have gone back to first principles.

That is to say, they have pretty generally abandoned the argument that the Panama route is shut out of consideration by the inability of the French company to convey a perfect title, or by the impossibility of making the necessary arrangements with Colombia.

Even Senator MORGAN himself seems to have fallen back with the others to the original position, namely, that Nicaragua must be chosen because from the point of view of engineering, navigation and economy it is superior to Panama.

The country will listen with patience to the erudite opinions of lawyers and journalists on this branch of the subject. It will not forget, however, that a commission of experts was constituted by law to ascertain the facts and report thereon; and that after a most exhaustive and impartial examination it reported unanimously and without qualification in favor of Panama.

Nixon, the Naturalist.

New York is reasonably familiar with the Hon. LEWIS NIXON, who rattles along in his automobile from district to district, carrying harmony in the hamper. The hands that he has shaken would reach across the Atlantic. The aggregate time of the speeches that he has made since becoming the MOSES of Tammany is believed to be something like sixteen years, three months and twenty days. No more hopeful or happier Democratic leader has appeared. Too little is known of the beginnings and early triumphs of this amiable amateur in politics. A strong interest attaches to the evolution of such a career. A writer in the *Democratic Advocate* of Westminster, Md., gives some precious details. From his earliest youth Mr. NIXON "was considered quaint from the fact that his thoughts towered above those of his playmates." Unconsciously he was already preparing himself for the future. Other boys loved to stir the animals up, prod them with sharp sticks, "rock" them; but young NIXON was more gentle and conciliatory in his treatment:

"At the early age of 12 or 13 years he could love a bird, rat, snake, lizard, terrapin or beetle with all the ardor of his youthful nature. His great fondness for handling them had a tendency to estrange his schoolmates from him, and they were not loath to apply the term 'fool' whenever he approached them. Indeed, his condition at times was rendered pitiable by the withdrawal of friendship from him on account of his fondness for natural history. Times without number he has approached the author of this sketch with a remark something like this: 'Oh! I have a beauty here.' To the question 'What is it, LEWIS?' he would draw from his pocket a good-sized snake and lavish his caresses upon it. * * * He has approached me with lizards and scorpions of two or three varieties, drawn from as many pockets."

Already he was a charmer, ORPHEUS in the menagerie. The dexterous touch, the compelling eye of the born political manager were already evident. On one occasion, however, his happy family in the NOAH's ark came to grief. His father had allowed him to use an unoccupied room as a storehouse of his collections. About the same time the youth began to study chemistry with a view of future fusions and combinations. The union of chemistry with natural history proved disastrous to both:

"While experimenting on one occasion with chemicals an explosion occurred which demolished for a time the chimera which had so long been the pet of his brain, and the most terrible pandemonium reigned throughout the entire house. The doors were open and the snakes, lizards, rats, white mice, beetles, spiders, toads, frogs, ground and flying squirrels ran all through the house, striking terror to the hearts of the inmates generally. Thus ended the museum."

With such earnestness and zeal did Mr. NIXON devote himself in his boyhood to the task of study. Now he is reaping the benefit. But the business of experimenting is always dangerous. An explosion may come at any moment.

Musolino and Some Others.

MUSOLINO, the Italian murderer, who slew his victims out of revenge, heartlessly and remorselessly, is the hero of the women, not only in the province where his crimes spread terror for months, but throughout Italy. In all the principal cities of that country petitions are circulating, signed by women, asking the Queen to intervene for his release; and some of the manifestoes say that, after GARIBALDI, this peasant murderer is the noblest son of Italy.

In New York State three boys, none of them old enough to bear the duties of citizenship, have been convicted of a crime so heartless in its details that it raises the question whether they can have any human sympathy. These boys, now confined in the prison in which they will be executed, are the heroes of scores, maybe hundreds, of women. These women write to them, send them gifts, and apparently have worked themselves into a fine state of excitement on their account.

In another case in this State the convicted murderer of an old and helpless man, whose crime was sordid and mean in every particular, cold-blooded and brutal in every detail, has been married since his conviction to a woman of mature age, heretofore supposed to be of sound mind.

Recently a man convicted of a brutal murder once, and saved from the electric chair only after a second trial, was greeted on his release on bail by crowds of thousands, in which women far outnumbered men, made up almost entirely of strangers to the accused man. They escorted him to his home, cheering as they might the deliverer of their country. It is the history of criminal cases that some women show an hysterical interest in the accused, side with him against the law and its officers, and make him a tremendous hero.

LOMBROSO, the Italian whose popular reputation as a criminologist exceeds that of any other in the field, says that all the women are living in the middle ages, and that the Italian murderer is a figure of the middle ages. Certainly the boys who committed murder in this State are not figures from any previous age of the world's history, and the Italian expert's explanation does not explain the feminine interest in their case. Of course, the demand for brawny men in Italy can be explained on the ground that most of the muscular citizens of that country have come to America, and are digging in the tunnel in New York; and MUSOLINO himself threatens to take his person over here as soon as his feminine admirers have brought about his release. Probably he could get a job, but if he settles down to real work he will lose the admiration of his present friends.

Anyway, it is very interesting to watch the women who grow hysterical over the popular murderer, and it has never led to any great harm, except in the case of the Pennsylvania jailer's wife who deserted her home and children to run away with the interesting criminals to whom she provided the means of escape. Maybe she was living further back in the middle ages than most of the women, for she let her interest in her husband's prisoners take practical and serviceable form.

It is to be doubted whether the men who become feminine heroes through the commission of crime take a really deep and personal interest in their admirers. It may please them to know that they are making a great stir among the women, but that they take any personal interest in MARY or JANE is not to be believed.

Murderers have a pretty tough time. They say themselves that their hands always seem to them to be reddened, and that the ghosts of their victims pursue them. Man is hard on them. He locks them up when caught, gives them little sympathy, and does his best to have them put out of the way as expeditiously as is possible. So the feminine interest and affection that they arouse may be their compensation for the real hardships that they are obliged to undergo.

"Stay or Scuttle," the Main Question.

The Senate will be engaged all this week, and perhaps for many weeks to come, over the question of expansion as represented by the Lodge bill for the temporary civil government of the Philippines.

The broad question of Stay or Scuttle will be at the front in the House again as soon as the Statehood bill is disposed of. The State Department has recommended an amendment to the present laws which shall permit the granting of passports "to any person owing allegiance, *whether a citizen or not*, to the United States." Section 4,076 of the Revised Statutes provides that passports shall be issued to citizens only. Under this restriction the State Department is unable to extend the protection of the Federal Government to inhabitants of our insular possessions applying for the same with a view to travelling abroad. Only in a single case, as we understand, has such a passport or certificate been issued; and that was indirectly through the Ambassador at London.

These applicants for passports and for the consequent protection of the Federal Government live under the flag, owe allegiance to the United States and recognize its sovereignty. They owe allegiance to no other sovereign. At the same time they have not been declared to be citizens of the United States. A change in the Passport law is imperatively required in order that they may enjoy one of the necessary privileges of the allegiance they profess.

Yet when this perfectly plain proposition was unanimously reported to the House the other day by the Committee on Foreign Affairs, Democrats and Republicans alike recommending it as an administrative necessity, half a dozen other Democrats were on their feet in an instant demanding why the phrase "whether citizens or not" had been introduced into the bill.

The adherents of the doctrine of Constitutional self-extension, those who hold that as long as American sovereignty covers Porto Rico and the Philippines the Porto Ricans and Filipinos are by that very fact citizens of the United States, seem to apprehend that this proposed legislation will prejudge the case against them. The Hon. CHAMP CLARK, a Democratic member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, in vain declared that in his opinion the language of the bill did not imply that people may owe allegiance to the Government of the United States without being citizens thereof; if he thought it did, he said, he would never recommend its passage or vote for it. This was his explanation:

"Because Congress has not acted, because it has shown precious little disposition to act, because the Supreme Court has not decided, and never will decide it until it is driven right up to the proposition, what the status of those people over there is, and because some of them want to travel around like other people, we have inserted this language which some gentlemen may call equivocal. That is the most you can make of it. If I thought that this language bound me for half a second to the declaration that any people under the American flag are not citizens of this country, I never would vote for it. But I do not feel that I should ever be precluded by this bill from taking any position that I pleased in regard to the status of those people in the Philippines."

But other, and, as it seems to us, more consistent adherents of the doctrine of Constitutional self-extension, were not satisfied with Mr. CLARK's logic. They declared that they would never vote for such legislation. We can understand their position. The Porto Ricans and Filipinos either are or are not citizens of the United States. If they are citizens, passports can be issued to them under the law as it stands, precisely as to citizens of New York, Ohio or California. No amendment is required to meet their case. If they are not citizens, according to the Democratic theory they are not entitled to passport privileges. They have no business to be under the flag. The Hon. CHAMP CLARK only expressed the sentiment of a great part of his party when he said boldly, "I would gladly get rid of them by next Fourth of July, if it were possible."

The main question, therefore, of Stay or Scuttle is wrapped up in the Passport bill, which becomes a special order when the Statehood bill is out of the way. The brief preliminary discussion of this proposed legislation disclosed the fundamental character of the principle involved. It is a vastly more important and respectable issue than the water-cure business, or the incidental questions of military methods which some of the Democratic leaders are attempting to use disingenuously for campaign purposes.

If the Democratic anti-expansionists will make their fight on the main issue, employing the Passport bill for that purpose, they will no doubt be met squarely and candidly by those who believe with President ROOSEVELT that the Republic which has put up its flag in those islands intends that that flag shall stay there.

Between Solos.

Since that memorable contest for Governor between the two brothers TAYLOR, one a Democrat and one a Republican, in Tennessee in 1886, when each played on a violin to admiring audiences, and the better player was defeated by the poorer one by 16,000 majority, fiddling as a vote-getting agency in the South and Southwest has been on the decline. It need surprise no one that Democratic Candidate GREENUP of the Paducah "deestrick" of Kentucky, who has been prosecuting a strenuous canvass for nomination in that Democratic stronghold, speaking on the issues of the day (and others) while his daughter played the violin, has withdrawn. The Democratic electors of the corn-fed McCracken county, Maxon's mills and Lodi turnpike enjoyed the music, applauded the musician and commended her skill, but the time between solos, when the candidate spoke, was found exceedingly dull. It appears to have been recognized by the candidate that hopes of success at the primaries based upon the violin canvass were illusory. Musically, the campaign was a success. Politically, there was nothing doing.

So the candidate withdrew, but not until some of his envious adversaries or jealous partisans had declared that the disparity between the violin-playing and the speech-making was the most obvious feature of the entertainment. Thus is a cherished usage of the Southwest passing if not already passed. The candidate-with-the-fiddle is no longer a popular political personage.

But as this form of campaigning disappears, another, more progressive, more in harmony with existing conditions, is replacing it. In Georgia, where there is to be a State election in October, some enlightened and intrepid candidates for legislative office are employing automobiles in their campaign tours. Every candidate his own chauffeur.

The Vehicle Brake Test.

The result of the brake test, conducted last week by the Automobile Club of America on Riverside Drive, is peculiarly interesting at this time. The test was undertaken primarily for the purpose of demonstrating to the Law Committee of the Board of Aldermen that automobiles travelling at the rate of ten miles per hour would in no wise endanger other vehicles on the highways, and that, consequently, the proposed ordinance now before that committee permitting a ten-mile limit in this city should be passed.

Included in the programme were three classes of vehicles, namely, automobiles, bicycles and vehicles drawn by horses. The most complete tests, however, were made with automobiles, of which there were fifteen, ranging in weight from 800 to 2,500 pounds and representing the product of both foreign and domestic manufacturers. Of course, the quickness with which an automobile can be stopped depends largely upon the expertness of its operator; and it should be said that in the test in question all of the operators were thoroughly competent.

The result of the exhibition was satisfactory to the automobilists, who for some time past have maintained that, inasmuch as an automobile, if necessary, can be brought to a stop more quickly than any other vehicle, less danger attends its use than is the case with the horse-drawn vehicles. An automobile weighing 800 pounds and going at the rate of 8.7 miles per hour, or slightly faster than is allowed by the present law, was stopped 8 feet and 9 inches from the point passed by the machine when the signal to stop was given. A machine weighing 1,400 pounds and going at the rate of 7.6 miles per hour, or a little under the lawful rate, was stopped in 4 feet and 9½ inches; and another weighing 2,500 pounds and running at the rate of 7.2 miles per hour required but 6 feet and 8 inches in which to check its momentum.

There exists a popular notion that of all the automobiles in use, the largest and heaviest are the most to be feared, because of the supposed difficulty of stopping them quickly. The impression is doubtless due to the fact that in a majority of the automobile accidents in the vicinity of New York the vehicles involved have been of the ponderous type, weighing from 2,000 to 3,000 pounds. But whatever may be its basis, this notion must now be abandoned. It was shown by the test that automobiles weighing 2,000 pounds and over can be stopped more readily than those that are much lighter. To illustrate: A 2,100-pound "auto" going twenty miles per hour required a distance of only 34 feet and 11⅛ inches in which to come to a full stop. One weighing 1,400 pounds and going at the same rate required 45 feet and 8 inches; while a machine weighing 800 pounds and running at a twenty-mile clip covered 58 feet and 6 inches before it could be stopped.

If the question as to whether an automobile should be permitted by law to travel faster than a horse-drawn vehicle were to be determined solely by the ability of the drivers, respectively, to bring their vehicles to a stop in the shortest time possible, there can be little doubt that the automobile would win. The test proved, however, that a good horseman is able to halt his team with remarkable quickness, and that even four horses pulling together may be stopped within an exceedingly short space. For example, four horses attached to a drag and driven at the rate of nine miles per hour were stopped within a distance of 26 feet.

A comparison of the figures recorded in the New York test with those representing the result of a similar test conducted recently by the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland seems to show either that the automobilists on this side of the ocean are inferior as brakemen to the foreigners, or that the brakes in use there are more powerful than those in this country. Perhaps, however, the seeming superiority of the foreign chauffeurs may be explained by the fact that whereas such tests in England are common occurrences and are undertaken only after careful preparation by those who are to engage in them, the one made in New York was, comparatively, an informal affair, conceived and carried out expressly for the purpose of enlightening our municipal authorities, and not with the idea of breaking records.

Page 5,314 of our esteemed and generally well-edited contemporary, the *Congressional Record*, contains this impressive advertisement:

"Mr. PRITCHARD addressed the Senate. His speech will be published hereafter.

"Mr. SIMMONS addressed the Senate. His speech will be published hereafter.

"Mr. PRITCHARD addressed the Senate. His speech will appear hereafter.

"Mr. SIMMONS addressed the Senate. His speech will appear hereafter."

If further assurance had been needed, the *Record* might have added even another variant:

"Mr. PRITCHARD addressed the Senate. His speech will be printed hereafter.

"Mr. SIMMONS addressed the Senate. His speech will be printed hereafter."

Our confidence is strong that we shall have at some future day the pleasure of reading the speeches of Senator PRITCHARD and Senator SIMMONS.

Two or three of our learned Boston contemporaries have persisted for years in this sort of thing:

Atty Gen KNOX.	Rev Dr BEALE.
Pres ROOSEVELT.	Cong CONRY.
Sec MOODY.	U S Sen HOAR.
Hon THAYER.	Rep GILLETT.
Emp WILLIAM.	Amb MEYER.

Sometimes the Boston style is pointed. Sometimes it is pointless, as in the above illustrations. The chief merit it possesses is found in the circumstance that its cult is not perceptibly spreading beyond the neighborhood of School and Washington.

The postponement of the opening of the St. Louis Exposition from May 1, 1903, to May 1, 1904, is a sensible change of programme. The time for preparation was too short in the first place. With the utmost energy on the part of the St. Louis people it would be impossible to install the fair properly twelve months from this time. This has long been evident. An additional year for construction and arrangement will greatly increase the prospects of the Exposition's success, and will cost the Government only the extra year's salary and expenses of its Commission.

Congress should grant the request of the promoters of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and, having done so, should make up its mind to resist further applications for Federal aid to local enterprises of this sort for some time to come.

Jim Crow in London.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Permit me to add my mite to your valued reminiscences of early "nigger" minstrelsy. My father resided in London from 1830 to 1839. During that time he saw what was called the American Jim Crow. As a treat for good behavior the mater would promise to get him to dance Jim Crow for self and brother. Only one verse I retain, evidently a topical verse, viz:

"Ye people in the gallery,
I wish you'd quiet sit,
And don't be throwing orange skins
At people in the pit.
Then turn about,
And wheel about
[Suiting the action to the word.]
And do just so.
[A very low bow.]
And every time you turn about
[Again turning.]
Then jump Jim Crow."
[A very high jump.]

102 W. EIGHTY-FIFTH ST. W. I. D.

A Good Word for the Venetians.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

Kindly permit me to say a word for the Venetians from my eight years' experience of their constant courtesy and kindness. During that time I have lived among them at least twelve months, and noted all sorts and conditions of men, at all hours of day and night, in all sorts of places, including the haunts of sailors, a side of life not often seen by the tourist.

To suggest that our men, who disgraced their uniforms, must have been the victims of "table games," or that our Ambassador will only have to bribe the court to obtain our rowdies' release, is hardly an adequate return for the unvarying politeness which has always been shown toward the foreigners visiting that gentle people.

A former member of our Italian embassy, who is even more intimate than the writer with Venice, has borne even stronger testimony to the excellent qualities of the Venetians: and in the two hundred or more nights during which the writer has listened to their concerts before the doors of a liquor-selling restaurant, which has not been closed day or night for 400 years, the only persons under the influence of liquor who have come under the notice of the writer have been foreigners.

The arrests and sentences lately passed on officials disturbing the good order of that exceptionally orderly community are an index of the value of their police service, and in every way praiseworthy.

SALEM, April 30. W. P. ANDREWS.

The Real Problem.

She—I found the sweetest little flat yesterday and if we have to live in a flat after we are married I want it. And it was only $2,500 a year.

He—Yes, but——

She—But what?

He—My salary is $3,000. What shall we do with the other $500?

The Ocean Chauffeur.

"He seems to be an enthusiast on horseless carriages."

"He is a perfect crank. He calls his yacht a sea-going automobile."

Use for the Squeal.

"I see that the Chicago packers use all of the pig except the squeal."

"Why not use that in making phonographs?"

NEWS FROM JAPAN.

Marquis Ito's Address to His Party—Chinese Students in Japan—Japanese Commercial Activity in China.

Marquis Ito has taken a step which is as characteristic of him as it is in itself significant. The political world of Japan, as remarked in THE SUN a week ago Sunday had been looking forward with breathless expectation to an election manifesto from the great leader. Instead of issuing a manifesto to the people at large as was expected, the Marquis has addressed a message to own followers.

The document, which bears the date of April 5, is replete with statesmanlike views and counsels such as only a leader of Marquis Ito's power and prestige can address to his followers on the eve of an important campaign. In it he reminds his followers in forcible language of the important part which Japan is destined to play in the arena of international contest for supremacy in the Pacific, and tells them that the first duty of every lover of country should be to consecrate his energies to the moral and material progress of the people so that the latter may be fitted for the great tasks that lie before them. It should be the aim, he says, of his party always to shape its political activity with a view to the furtherance of this great national end.

As for the platform for the coming election, Marquis Ito refers his followers to the manifesto which he issued in the autumn of 1900, when he first organized his party, and which contains all that the party means to accomplish. In order to secure the carrying out of the present campaign in accordance with his lofty ideal of purity and honesty, he has issued detailed instructions to the provincial headquarters of the party throughout the country.

The whole press of the country, with the exception, of course, of a few hostile organs, is unanimous in applauding the noble and statesmanlike conduct of the distinguished leader, and gratefully appreciates the strenuous endeavors which he is making for the purification of the political atmosphere.

Considerable excitement seems to have been caused in Japan by the news that Mr. Tsai, the Chinese Minister at Tokio, had sent home a letter urging his Government to stop sending any more students to Japan, as those already there were rapidly imbibing revolutionary principles which would be inimical to China's interests and safety. The alleged letter, as published in some of the Tokio papers, is extremely well written in that style of modern Chinese peculiar to the educated mandarins. The Chinese Minister asserts that it is a forgery, probably concocted by some of his enemies in China for the purpose of getting him into trouble, although he does not deny that he called the attention of his Government to the importance of using more care in the future in the selection of students sent over to Japan and of doing something for the better control of their morals.

Probably Minister Tsai is innocent of this highly objectionable piece of composition, and if he was not, it is at any rate satisfactory to note that this prejudiced recommendation has not had any weight with his home Government, for official students continue to arrive at Tokio from both northern and southern China. According to the *Nichi Nichi* of April 9, the total number of the Chinese students in Tokio is now 274, of which 163 are sent by the Government, the remainder being private. The great majority of them are in the various military schools, the rest being distributed among the Imperial university and other secular seats of learning. They come mostly from the Yangtse valley and Canton. A remarkable fact is that even the Province of Sze-chuen, which is reputed to be the most conservative and anti-foreign of all, contributes no less than eleven. This is one of the numerous indications of how widespread and real is the awakening desire among the Chinese for the acquisition of Western science and methods.

Reports continue to be received of increasing Japanese economic activity in China. Recently one of the leading financiers in Tokio, Mr. Zenzaburo Yasuda, left there for Hankow in China to complete the arrangement for taking over the operation of the cotton mills at present worked under the control of the well-known Viceroy Chang Chi-tung, but which have never yielded any revenue to the treasury. Mr. Yasuda is understood to be willing to invest 1,200,000 yen ($600,000), partly for the payment of the outstanding obligations to a German capitalist and partly as a business fund. The mills are to be leased to him for a rent the rate of which has not yet been clearly stated.

The Osaka Shosen Kaisha, the second largest shipping company in Japan, is understood to have under serious contemplation the opening of a service between Hong Kong and Shanghai. That company is already running some fine steamers on the Yangtse, and its new venture is probably intended as a feeder for the above-mentioned line.

The rapidity with which the Yokohama Specie Bank's branch at Pekin is gaining favor and business among the Chinese princes and officials naturally alarms the Russo-Chinese Bank, which has hitherto enjoyed the monopoly of the field. The rivalry seems to be very keen, and one result of that rivalry is warmly appreciated by the epicurean mandarins who are continually feasted now by one bank and then by the other. Besides the Specie Bank, the Tokio Savings Bank has lately opened a branch at the Chinese capital, and is reported to be doing very well.

NOTABLE BASEBALL PATRONS.

The Diminished Enthusiasm of Mr. Cory and Gen. Hi Hi Dixwell of Boston.

From the Boston Journal.

James A. Hart, President of the Chicago National League Club, who was Frank Selee's predecessor as manager of the Boston club, has, in the last issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, an interesting article under the title of "Tales of the Diamond," with reminiscences of well-known Bostonians who were baseball enthusiasts. He refers to a staid and conservative Boston millionaire who owns a beautiful country home on one of the islands off the Massachusetts coast. This gentleman, he says, not only maintains an excellent team of his own, but pays the expenses of its contestants, who are imported to play for baseball parties given by him.

This is an exaggeration on Mr. Hart's part. He evidently has reference to Mr. Charles B. Cory, who when Mr. Hart was in Boston in the '80s invited well-known amateur ball players to spend two weeks at his summer home in Hyannis. A ball nine was formed of these guests, with others who summered on the Cape, and Mr. Cory and his friend, Mr. Crane of Chicago, always played on the team. The writer was umpire of a game between Mr. Cory's team and the Ostervilles as far back as 1884. It is fully ten years since there have been any of these gatherings at Hyannis. Harvard players would probably be a bit cautious about playing on such a team now on account of the rules against summer baseball. Then, too, Mr. Cory has become an enthusiastic golfer.

"Another enthusiast," says Mr. Hart, "is Mr. Arthur Dixwell of Boston. In 1889 he travelled with the Boston team the entire season; did not miss a single game; paid his own expenses in every way; asked no favors; and in addition presented the players with a box of cigars at the close of every game they won. Mr. Dixwell kept all the records of the National League players as faithfully as a bank clerk keeps his books. That fall the team made a trip to California after the close of the season, and Mr. Dixwell played the string out. Although ordinarily a very quiet man, he was on his feet shouting his peculiar Hi! Hi! whenever the time came for applause for the Bostons. He soon was dubbed Hi Hi Dixwell; but, being a man of dignity, the sobriquet seemed too familiar; consequently he was called Gen. Hi Hi Dixwell."

Mr. Dixwell, too, has dropped out of baseball, and for several years has attended only a few games each year. He doubtless keeps his records as faithfully as ever, and his friends expect that he will soon renew his enthusiasm for the national game on the field. His present apathy is due to a personal difference with owners and managers of the Boston club.

China Orders Ploughs from Ireland.

From the St. James's Gazette.

A large order is at present being fulfilled by an Irish firm of iron founders, which is supplying no fewer than 15,000 Irish made ploughshares for use in China. Already some 3,000 of these are on the way to their destination, having been shipped from Dublin via Liverpool. It is the first order of the kind ever placed in Ireland.

MOUNTAIN CIVIL SERVICE.

Why the Wise Man of His Region Failed on His Original Essay.

From the Raleigh News and Observer.

Away up in the western part of this State a Civil Service examination was recently held for the position of mail carrier for a rural free delivery route. As such examinations are always advertised for some time ahead, the population in and around the village of B—— was considerably stirred up over the event. A circus or an election would have scarcely evoked more comment, and for hours at a time the sturdy mountaineers would discuss and rediscuss the approaching and all-absorbing examination.

But the wonder of the whole matter was the numerous applicants who signified their desire to enter the contest. Without regard to intelligence, education, race, color or previous condition of servitude they, one and all, girded up their loins and marched forth to battle for civil service honors. The followers of Peter the Hermit were not more zealous in their desire to get at the throats of the Infidel Moslems than were this band of mountaineers to get a whack at that examination. They, of course, had no idea what the nature of it would be. But a majority of them having at one time or another hoodwinked and outwitted the agents of Uncle Sam from another department, they felt confident of their ability to do likewise on this occasion.

At last the eventful day, or rather the day before the eventful day arrived, and with it came the Post Office Inspector who was to conduct the examination. He was a smart, bustling, bustling sort of a little fellow, and gave every indication of being able to answer questions as well as propound them. At any rate his ability in this direction was soon put to the test.

Among the numerous aspirants for civil service honors was one King, who was supposed to be the best posted man on general topics in that section of the country. He was the leading wag and wit of the village. When King saw the inspector his heart gave a great leap of joy. He was, in the estimation of the modest King, a soft snap. King would squeeze him as dry as a lemon—would pump him until he should make known every question to be asked at the approaching examination. So, immediately after supper, with this ulterior design in view, the redoubtable King sought out the dapper little inspector. He found him at his room and as may be expected under the circumstances was made heartily welcome.

In reply to several questions, Mr. King was politely informed that the examination would be practically confined to reading, writing and arithmetic. In addition, however, each applicant would be required to write an essay on a subject to be selected by the examiner. Right here was King's opportunity! Now was the propitious moment for him to make his grand-stand play! He felt certain that he could distance the whole community on the three "Rs," and if he could but show up well on the essay the prize would assuredly be his. Carefully concealing his agitation, therefore, he modestly inquired if the inspector could give him an idea as to the probable subject of the sketch.

"Oh, yes," replied the inspector, "something on the order of the Southern Railway, the Blue Ridge Mountains or the life of some eminent man, say, for instance, Abraham Lincoln."

King was delighted. If there was one point in his character upon which he prided himself more than another it was his ability to read the minds and divine the thoughts of others. Something in the voice, in the eyes and in the manner of the inspector gave him dead away. "The subject of that essay," chuckled King to himself, "is as certain to be Abraham Lincoln as grass is to grow in the spring." Prudently keeping his thought to himself, however, the wary King thanked the inspector cordially and bade him a very good night.

At 12 o'clock that night King was writing for dear life by the light of a kerosene lamp; at 1 o'clock he was still at it tooth and nail; it was the same at 2 and 3, and not until his clock struck the hour of 4 did he rest from his labors and seek repose.

The examination was, of course, held behind closed doors, and not until it was concluded could any one on the outside learn anything of its details. When the applicants came marching forth King was among them, but instead of the triumphant leer which every one expected to see on his countenance his looks betokened despondency and disappointment. Upon being gently questioned by an onlooker he broke forth into a storm of angry invective:

"It's a damned outrage! a damned ornery outrage! an eternal, low down thieving Yankee trick!" he howled, getting hotter and madder all the time. At length a friend led him away from the crowd until he could cool off. When his composure was restored he returned and gave the following account of himself:

"You see, boys, when I axed that blamed inspector about that 'ere assay, as he called it, thar was that about him which as good as said that old Abe Lincoln was the chap what we would be made to write about, and he can say what he derned pleases, but that ornery sneak knowed I thought so, and he let me go on without telling me better. Wall, I went straight home and looked up a book called 'Life of Abraham Lincoln,' which my old 'oman bought from a pedler about ten years ago. I tuk this book and went to work. I'd read a little bit, then write a little bit, and by 4 o'clock in the morning I had the neatest, purtiest piece writ that ever you seed. I allow it would make any man in North Ca'liny cry like a baby to read it. So with my assay, or whatever the derned thing is called, I went to the examination. Then what happened? Why, that damned, dirty, ornery sneak of an inspector, instead of telling us to write about Abe Lincoln, axed us to each furnish him a short article about George Washington, a man whom nobody in these mountains knowed nothing about. I tell you it was a shame! A damned shame!"

"But did you not write a sketch of the life of Washington?" asked a spectator.

"Oh, I started one," replied King, "but all that I could remember about him were that he were killed at the battle of Waterloo, so I tore it up at the last minute." So saying and still uttering curses not loud but deep Mr. King wended his way homeward, a sadder though a wiser man.

Two Miles a Minute on Runaway Cars.

From the Washington Post.

HAGERSTOWN, Md., April 30.—Edward Black, a flagman employed by the Western Maryland Railroad, had a hair-raising experience at an early hour this morning on board a section of nine freight cars, which broke loose from a train at Highfield and ran down the mountain side at terrific speed. It is considered little short of miraculous that Black lives to tell the story of his fearful ride.

The runaway cars were attached to a regular train, which had just reached Highfield, the highest point on top of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Just how they became loosened from the rest of the train is not known, but it is believed that the breaking of a coupling link freed the section. The cars dashed down the mountain with wildly increasing speed. This side of Edgemont three of the cars plunged from the track and crashed into a water tank and two small buildings, completely demolishing them. The cars were wrecked and their contents scattered for a considerable distance. The remaining six cars, with Black aboard, continued their fast flight down the mountain to Hagerstown, where they finally came to a standstill.

The distance covered by the runaways was twenty miles, and it is asserted by railroad men that the time consumed in making the trip was but a fraction over ten minutes. This is considered the record run of the Western Maryland.

Black suffered from a nervous shock. Otherwise he was entirely uninjured. He was on top of one of the freight cars, and when the section that was derailed broke away saved himself by clinging to the footboard on top of the car.

Says He Saw Asia From America.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

TACOMA, Wash., April 30.—Judge James Wickersham of the Nome district returned to Nome in February from a trip of scientific investigation to Cape Prince of Wales. Standing on a piece of ice three miles from the shore, at Cape Prince of Wales, Judge Wickersham could look across the Behring Straits and view the continent of Asia.

A Ladylike Ping-Pong Drink.

From the St. James's Gazette.

We already have ping-pong babies, cigarettes and a host of other ping pongisms. The latest arrival is ping-pong punch. The ingredients consist of the juice of a lemon, a dash of bitters, a glass of apple cider, a fresh egg and a spoonful of powdered sugar. That is well shaken, poured into a tall glass and filled up with sparkling soda water.

Many Johns on the Water.

From the Syren and Shipping.

There are no fewer than 115 sailing craft styled John or John something or other, exclusive of the Continental Johan. The list of steamers includes three Johns and fifty one Johns with another name or names added; but though there are so many Johns, there is only one Johnny afloat.

The surest and best of Blood Purifiers is Jayne's Alterative.—*Adv.*

THE TURIN HOLY SHROUD.

M. Vignon's Remarkable Photographs of the Miraculous Winding Sheet.

From the Lancet.

M. Vignon read a most interesting paper at the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences and exhibited some photographs which he had taken of the winding sheet preserved at Turin and traditionally said to be that of Christ. This winding sheet has on it certain markings printed in a brown color which when photographed give a white imprint, as does a negative when printed from. These markings, therefore, act as a true negative, and M. Vigon has shown by certain very careful experiments that cloth impregnated with oil and aloes, as was the winding sheet in question, will receive an impression when in contact with ammoniacal vapors such as would be given off from a sweat very rich in urea, as is the case in the sweat of a person dying a lingering and painful death. Any idea of fraud need not be considered, for no one has touched this winding sheet since 1353, and no painter at that date had the skill to reproduce such an exact drawing. The impression of the head is excellent. The wounds produced by the crown of thorns and the marks of the blood drops are quite obvious. The wound in the side and even the marks of the stripes produced on the back by the flagellation are also quite evident. Each of these stripes has at its end an enlargement such as would be produced by a cord with a ball of lead at the end. It is well known that this form of scourge was employed by the Roman soldiers and such a one has been found at Pompeii. Finally, the marks of the nails in the arms are not in the palm of the hand, but show that the nails were driven through at the level of the wrist. M. Vignon's paper has created an extreme interest both in the scientific and the religious world.

The remarkable description which appears in our Paris notes of the photographs taken by M. Vignon seems to justify the belief that the human body is either radioactive or that it gives off "vapors" which exhibit a similar action to light upon sensitive surfaces. We have frequently recorded in our columns the fact deduced in an elaborate research by D. W. J. Russell, F. R. S., that almost all substances are able in the dark to act on the photographic plate and to produce a picture. The phenomenon would appear to be established always in the presence of an oxidizing process and Dr. Russell at length came to the conclusion that peroxide of hydrogen was the main factor concerned.

In the case of the sheet in which tradition says that the dead Christ was wrapped we have the analogue probably of a photographic plate or sensitized film. The cloth was impregnated with oils and aloes. It is well known that fixed oils are sensitive to oxidation and aloes contain constituents, allied to the pyrogallic acid series, which would probably turn brown in the presence of an oxidizing process. The action by which, therefore, the image of the dead Christ was recorded on the cloth would appear to be due to chemical change rather than to the effect of light. On this explanation an exact image even to minute details such as wounds produced by the thorns and the marks of the blood drops and of flagellation by whips of a definite kind is not by any means beyond the bounds of probability.

It is an intensely remarkable and interesting instance of the light which the very latest developments of scientific research may throw on traditions and controversial matters in history. We are face to face undoubtedly with a set of new phenomena, giving distinct indications of the existence of emanations hitherto not recognized from both animate and inanimate bodies. The discovery of these emanations has been due to the fact that they effect the sensitized silver film, but there is no doubt that there is a very large number of substances also which are affected in a similar way, though not to the same degree as silver in the presence of albuminous substances.

Natural photographs appear on all sides, as is proved by the simple experiment of placing an opaque object on grass or on fresh gravel exposed to the light. An exact outline of the shape of the object will be found on removing it after a time. The property of radio-activity is different, the substance in this case actually emitting radiations itself. The images due to the emanation of vapor are yet another but not less interesting phenomenon, as is abundantly manifested in the case of the traditional winding sheet of Christ.

Swazis' First Railroad Ride.

From the Scotsman.

Ubunu, the young King of Swaziland, appeared in full court dress, that is to say a forty-shilling slop suit, with a bowler hat, and attended by his "tail" of Indunas—about a dozen nearly naked Swazis—on the station platform at Barberton and waited patiently until it was almost dark, when the rumble of the train could be heard in the distance. With straining eyes they watched the track to see the flying wonder they had heard of. But when the engine, with screaming whistle and two great lamps glaring like the eyes of a monster dragon, rounded the curve and came screaming toward them, they fled like panic-stricken rabbits to the nearest cover, leaving their chief and the few white men on the platform to face the danger.

Next morning the chief reappeared on the platform with his "tail," and begged the acting stationmaster to show his Indunas the locomotive in less bellicose mood, and if it were humanly possible to give them a short ride behind it. As there was really nothing doing at the station, the stationmaster decided to humor the young chief's wish, and hooking an empty coal truck onto the locomotive, he told the driver to take them for a few miles' run along the line. Ubunu and his "tail" got into the coaltruck, the stationmaster into the cab of the engine and off they set. It was "fair and softly" for a short distance from the start, and the Swazis seemed delighted with the new sensation, but the driver put on speed, and when it got to about twenty miles an hour his passengers were clearly in a great state of alarm; they grasped the side of the truck, and gazed like paralytics at the rocks and trees flying past them.

Ubunu did his best to reassure them, but in vain, and some of them were on the point of jumping overboard to escape a worse fate, when Ubunu shouted to the driver, and asked him please to slacken the pace. No sooner said than done, and in little more than a minute their speed was reduced to that of an ox wagon. The Swazis were quite reassured, and were soon laughing and talking again as lively as ever. At a siding, half way to Avoca, they halted, the engine changed ends, and the return journey began. Ubunu gave the sign that he would like a bit of speed put on, and the driver, nothing loath, whipped her up until she was going between thirty and forty miles an hour. He imagined that the Swazis would get the funks again, for the road was not very smooth, and the truck was jumping about a good deal, but he was mistaken. The Swazis had seen enough to satisfy them that he was master of the "Smoking Horse," and a hundred miles an hour would not have shaken their confidence.

On returning to the station they got out of the truck with evident reluctance, but highly delighted with their adventure. The stationmaster was no longer a person of consequence. They crowded around the cab of the engine, made their most dutiful obeisance to the master of the Smoking Horse and his mate, and departed with shouts of "Inkoos, Inkoos!" (Thank you, my lord, thank you.)

An Absent-Minded Tourist's Trouble.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

LOS ANGELES, April 26.—A well dressed English tourist, whose name is withheld, gave the detectives a day of needless trouble by his absent-mindedness. He reported at the police station that he had just arrived in the city and went to a hotel, where he had taken a bath, and, putting his clothes on, left the bathroom. Returning to his room he missed his waistcoat, containing a valuable watch and chain. He was positive he had not left the hotel before discovering his loss, nor had he gone to any other place than his own room.

Detective Hawley made a thorough search and put in almost an entire day on the case. In the evening a telephone message was received at the station asking an officer to come to the hotel at once. After begging the officer not to tell his name, the Englishman said he had found his watch. He explained that on undressing to go to bed he discovered that he had put on his vest under his shirt, and had been wearing it in that position all day, with the watch in the pocket, as usual.

Her Size Protected Her.

From the Louisville Evening Post.

The case against Mollie Minton, a huge colored woman, charged with shooting at Harvey Young, was dismissed to-day in the Criminal Division on motion of Prosecuting Attorney Huffaker. He said:

"If your Honor pleases, in the case of this big, fat negro woman, I wish to have an order of dismissal entered. The man shot does not care to prosecute. She is a good woman, and did the shooting in defence of her son. Besides, I do not believe that there would be room enough in the penitentiary to accommodate her."

Wanted.

The horseless carriage now has solved
A problem often vexed.
We hope somebody can invent
The bogless street car next.