THE JOURNAL

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THE ENGLISH ROYAL EDWARDS

The assumption of the title "Edward VII.," by the new king of England, does not imply that he is the seventh of that name numbered among the English kings. There were two Edwards, viz. Edmund the Elder, son of Alfred the Great and Edward the Confessor, son of Ethelred II., who resigned before the conquest. The Edwards began to be numbered with the eldest son of Henry III., who began to reign in 1272. This Edward's son succeeded him as Edward II. in 1307, and the latter's son succeeded him in 1327. The next Edward (IV.) was the grandson of Richard, son of Edmund, the fifth son of Edward III., who ascended the throne in 1461. The fifth Edward was the eldest son of the preceding and one of the unfortunate princes of the tower. The sixth Edward was the son of Henry VIII., and his mother was Lady Jane Seymour.

The latter had a brief reign, but it was distinguished by the deepening of the revolt of the English people from the domination and interference of the bishop of Rome, and the production of the liturgy in the English languages. Under the first Edward, of the house of Plantagenet, there was a notable development of representation of the nation in parliament and a desire for national unity, while a very important feature of his reign was the systematization and codification of English law.

The leading feature of the reign of the second Edward was the continuation of the resistance to the claims of the Roman pope, begun by his father, who resisted the exactions of the Roman see, and he reasserted the independence of both church and crown.

The third Edward and his parliament enacted a statute which emphatically forbade the pope to nominate to English benefices and laid other obstructions to papal claims.

Edward III. was a fighter from way back. He fought Scotland, and France with great determination, without subduing the former or conquering the latter. Under him English commerce expanded.

After the house of York won in the wars of the Roses, the fourth Edward came to the throne (1461). He was brother of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who murdered his (Edward's) two sons in the tower and seized the throne.

The fifth Edward was one of the murdered princes, who would have succeeded his father had he lived. He is put in the list of kings, but he never reigned.

It is noticeable that the Edwards ruled during the early formative period of the British constitution, which is unwritten, but made up of precedents. They had much to do with the development of popular representation in the councils of the nation. At least they advanced the principle of constitutional liberty and popular rights, which has had its full development in England within the last century. The church and state, union retained yet in England, is destined to wane and perish, as it is destined to wane and perish in France and even Spain, the symptoms of such abandonment being at present very strong.

The new king of England begins his reign at the beginning of a new century,—an auspicious time—and, as he has lived during a very momentous era of the world's history he is prepared for the possible great developments the new century will bring about and will doubtless show himself a king for the period.

VICTORIA'S WOMANLINESS

That for which the world will longest remember and most honor Victoria will be found not among her official acts, or in the exercise of her royal and official functions, but in her womanliness.

In the opening chapter of his "History of Our Times," in describing the accession of Victoria to the throne of William IV., emphasis is laid by Justin McCarthy upon the gentleness, dignity, maidenly reserve, frankness, simplicity, and, withal, the remarkable self-possession which this young girl exhibited in her exalted and conspicuous position when called upon to assume the dignity of queen.

Nothing so much impressed her people at that time, both the high and the low, as the "good taste and good feeling, as well as the good sense," as Mr. Greville describes it; "and as far as it has gone," he adds, "nothing can be more remarkable than the impression she has made, and nothing can promise better than her manner and conduct do." To which Mr. Greville subjoins the cautious remark that "it would be rash to count confidently upon her judgment and discretion in more weighty matters."

History will testify that while it might have been rash at the time it would have been perfectly safe after all, for Victoria's good sense has seldom deserted her, and in the exercise of it she has contributed largely, even under the limited authority and power of the British crown, to the shaping of the character of her own government and the destiny of her own people.

And, yet, this has been done, not so much through the exercise of political authority, through attempts to influence directly her ministers and her government—for she has never been known as the author of plots or intrigues, and has seldom employed the consequences of her royal favor in an effort to promote her wishes in the government—but her power has proceeded rather from the silent influence of a strong character of womanly mold, displayed in a life of domestic purity and exemplary conduct before all her people.

BRITISH CROWN AND EMPIRE

England's new king, Edward VII., is the conspicuous figure before the world to-day. In a single moment the death scene at Osborne House changed the whole tenor of his life and placed him among the crowned heads with many of whom he is connected by the ties of blood or marriage.

It has been said that the days of the glory of the British empire would pass away with the death of Queen and Empress Victoria, and that her successor would witness the dissolution of the empire, and that the war in South Africa, which has been such a heavy pull on British resources and revealed much lack of tact and scientific fighting on the part of the British troops, is the sounding of the death knell of British prestige and will precipitate Britain from her supremacy as a colonial power and bring her to a third rate position among the powers.

It is very likely that this is a mistaken view. It is really no more probable than that the English people will abolish the monarchy and adopt straight republican institutions. They prefer stability to frequent change.

When Queen Anne died and the Elector of Hanover took quiet possession of the throne it was demonstrated that no revolutionary party like the Stuart family could shake the security of the acquired civil and religious liberty of the English people. It was demonstrated in the reigns of the Georges that the work of the Whig party in putting limitations upon the power of the crown was acceptable to the people. That was the guiding policy of the Whigs. They saw that the guarantees of freedom were insecure if the large, undefined prerogative of the sovereign was left unrestrained and they acted upon that basis. George III. was the last of English kings who organized and led a parliamentary party and the last who took an active part in the government of the country.

The British constitution secures to the king an absolute immunity and fixes the responsibility for the due conduct of the executive government upon the minister of the crown. During the reign of Victoria she took an active interest in important questions and, in some instances, her opinion and her preference left an impression on governmental policy, but she never exercised the crown prerogative in a way to bring upon it censure or embarrassment of any kind. Neither Prince Albert nor the queen ever resorted to intrigue to promote their views.

The crown has been properly described as an "adjusting balance" of British institutions at home and of British policy abroad. The British people have no inclination to permit this balance to be disturbed. And when it comes to a question of maintaining the prestige of the empire they will rise in their mighty reserved force to prevent any impairment. They are learning, after a long term of freedom from wars with Europeans or people of European descent, how to fight in modern fashion most effectively. And it is most probable that the demise of the late queen will tend to strengthen the friendliness of the German and British empires, the two powers which together can prevent a continental war.

BRYAN'S KEY NOTE

Colonel Bryan's first editorial in his personal organ, the Commoner, is strongly flavored with the spirit of his campaign speeches and it is evident that the Commoner will be the receptacle of many copious extracts from those flamboyant utterances.

The first note he sounds is a call to "the common people" to array themselves against the "plutocrat," and he commends his choice of the paper's name on the ground that it is said of Christ and his preaching in the Bible that "the common people heard him gladly." He would convey the idea that only a certain class constituted the audience, whereas the language which Mark used and which is rendered "common people," is literally: "And a great crowd heard him gladly."

As it is frequently stated in the gospels that these large crowds which listened to the teachings of Christ numbered among them many wealthy tax collectors and members of the two haughty sects of the Jews, the crowd was not made up of a distinct "common" class. In this country the people, rich and moderately well off and the poor, are American citizens and most of them are proud to be such. Bryan would herd together a group of American citizens, characterizing them as "common" and setting them apart as a "peculiar people."

He says in his paper that the term "common people" is "properly used to describe the large majority of the people—those who earn their living and give to society a fair return for the benefits bestowed by society." Judged by this test, Colonel Bryan cannot be numbered among the common people himself, for who can demonstrate that during the past four years he has given to society "a fair return for the benefits bestowed by society?" He has sedulously sought to sow the seeds of discontent and has denounced in all his utterances the government under which he lives and by which he is protected, and has openly declared a definite policy of overthrowing the public credit and of crippling the business and industrial interests of his country. He is hardly a proper leader of the people and they are recognizing the fact by dropping him all along the line, wherever he had inveigled them by windy promises of plenteous money through the application of his nostrum.

A commoner, as originally defined in England, is a person who is not a peer of the realm. As we have no order of nobility in this country and every man who shows himself a good, faithful and achieving citizen is regarded as noble we are a nation of commoners, none the less so by reason of the unequal distribution of wealth, a condition irremovable and one which has existed since the days of Adam and which is likely to exist until the crack of doom, in spite of all the efforts of quack reformers to equalize it.

An Unrecognized Blessing. There are said to be no bald-headed fools, though the man whose thatch is light is sometimes led into the paths of error through his own vanity. Frank J. Britton of Mount Vernon, N. J., was foolish enough to regret his loss of hair and to attempt its restoration by applying thatch nostrums to his roof. Mr. Britton tried a number of lotions that were highly recommended but with no result until he struck a concoction of turpentine, kerosene and cayenne pepper and cantharides that was warranted to grow hair on the palm of his hand. He applied the liquid to his head with most disastrous results. What little hair he had became discouraged and struck work and his scalp went with it on a sort of sympathetic strike. When Mr. Britton recovered sufficiently to see his lawyer he promptly sued the hair restorer company for selling a liquid contrary to the peace and dignity of the commonwealth. The lawyers are now hard at work on the matter and whether he obtains reparation or not, Mr. Britton will have the enjoyment and excitement of a legal contest.

All this goes to show that baldness is the gift of heaven and should not be abused.

The world is growing more sensible. A theater audience in Cincinnati refused to be thrown into a panic by a fire but walked out calmly. Instead of a long list of dead, nobody was hurt. Don't forget this.

When Mrs. Nation got out of jail on bail last night every saloon in Wichita closed. It was a strong tribute to Mrs. Nation's personal prowess.

Mr. Carnegie is willing to let his steel interests go for $200,000,000. If you are looking for an investment here is a nice opening.

What is the use of fooling with Mars when we have not yet found our own poles or gotten over killing one another.

"Too many laws will kill all our freedom," says President Hadley of Yale. Possibly he meant "too many lawyers."

Rev. D. D. MacLaurin in Detroit says "The typewriter I regard as a blessing to humanity." Yes, she is rather nice.

Aguinaldo has narrowly escaped capture. It is plain that the Wily One is the greased pig of the situation.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

The youth and ability of the chorus in "The Rogers Brothers in Central Park" at the Metropolitan, is a feature of the big show. The girls appear in many changes of costume, and are always agreeably occupied in carrying out the figures of a captivating march or dance, or singing the refrain of a popular song. The music jingles with tune, and is mainly the work of Maurice Levi, musical director of the company.

The advance sale opens to-morrow morning for the engagement of "Brown's in Town," which will be at the Metropolitan next Sunday for one night only. This bright farcical comedy was written by Mark Swan for laughing purposes only.

Wm. Greet's London company, headed by Charles Dalton, will begin an engagement of six nights and the usual matinees at the Metropolitan next Monday evening, in "Sign of the Cross." The merits of this attraction are too well known to need mention beyond the fact that practically the same company will be seen in the play this season as heretofore.

An audience commensurate with the merits of the program presented attended the second concert of Eduard Strauss and his Vienna orchestra at the Lyceum last night, and demonstrated its approval by repeated encores of the numbers given. To-morrow night another popular concert will close the engagement of Herr Strauss and his men in this city.

"The Gunner's Mate," at the Bijou this week, teels a story of intense interest. The company is all that could be desired, all of the roles being well impersonated. The attendance this week has been very good, indicating the public appreciation of this style of entertainment.

Probably no playwright is responsible for so many smiles as Charles H. Hoyt, author of "A Hole in the Ground," which will be the attraction at the Bijou the coming week. The varied characters are in the hands of exceedingly clever performers, in fact the cast is said to be one of the best ever seen in a Hoyt comedy and the scenic effects and costuming are said to be elaborate.

A FALSE ALARM ARRESTER

London Globe.

The ingenuity of the inventor is amazing. The latest in the field is a Miss Ellen E. Tyndale, whose invention certainly fills a gap, though it may be doubted whether it will be really practicable. It is meant to check the false fire alarmist, who can at present play his abominable practical joke with impunity, and it takes the form of an automatic alarm post which not only rings up the fire station, but also grips the wrist of the alarmist with a steel bracelet, blows a police whistle, and presents the man with a shilling for his trouble. The prisoner can be released by the policeman, and the authenticity of his alarm can thus be verified. The invention would hardly, perhaps, meet with general appreciation.

GLADSTONE ON DISRAELI

This extraordinary victory has been won by the nation against an extraordinary man. The time probably has not arrived, and certainly my ambition is not bold enough to attempt a full or exact portraiture of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. He is too big for a little critic. He is passing, as others have passed, before the tribunal of history. He is not a man of mere talent, but of genius. The moment of his great downfall is not the moment for dwelling on this matters, grave as they may be, which will be put down on the wrong side of his account. This much is certain, that in some of his powers he has never been surpassed; and that his career, as a whole, is probably the most astonishing of all that are recorded in the annals of parliament.

New York Daily Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL, No. 21 Park Row.

Chance for Dramatists.

N.Y Letter $HRDLhRsUcooa.¼t¼tp

Jan. 23.—A new move is being made to develop any latent abilities that American dramatists may possess. Daniel Frohman has come to an agreement with the American Dramatist's Club, whereby a series of matinees will be given at Daly's theater for the encouragement of the American drama. The first of these matinees will occur in March, at which the play produced will be written by some member of the Dramatist's Club for submission to the public judgment. Mr. Frohman will present these plays, cast from his own companies, with all the care and study, all the rehearsal and stage completeness that would mark a formal production. Neither the dramatists nor the Dramatist's Club will have to stand any cost. This is certainly a very generous offer on the part of Mr. Frohman, and the dramatists hope that the result will prove that here in America there is talent capable of writing just as good a play as can be pritten by any of the foreign competitors. Mr. Frohman frankly says that the plays of English dramatists show superiority of technique, literary art and in invention and treatment of character, although most of the brilliant English plays are based on social conditions and deal with social problems not congenial to the American theater-going public. By Feb. 9 a committee of the American Dramatist's Club will have selected from the plays submitted to them, one which will be presented at the special matinee in March. All the plays submitted are to be sent in without the author's name being known. The identity of the writer will not be known to anybody in the club until the day of the production of the play at Daly's.

A Fine Clubhouse.

The New York Yacht Club is now installed in its new home on West Forty-fourth street, just off Fifth avenue, being now in the magnificent clubhouse given to the association by J. Pierpont Morgan. This new clubhouse is one of the handsomest in the city, its most promising feature being the front, which is all of Indiana limestone. There are three bay windows over the first story, all of which are modeled after the sterns of old Dutch yachts. These windows light the model room, which is really a large hall, about 100x45 feet, and contains hundreds of models of yachts. The lower hallway of the clubhouse is floored with marble and directly inside of the entrance is a flight of steps leading to the landing, which gives access to many of the rooms. The interior architecture and decorations are exceedingly elaborate and contain many pleasing innovations. The balustrades of the steps are of marble, carved to represent waves rolling upward, while round columns of colored marble flank the landing at the top. From the side opposite the main entrance is a short flight of steps leading from the landing down into the cafe, which communicates with the billiard room and this in turn with the grill room. This grill room represents the "between decks" of an old ship. There are curved beams, which like all the rest of the yacht work of the room, are of unstained oak, and the electric light fixtures are designed to represent ship's lanterns.

Lorillard's Steel Houseboat.

Pierre Lorillard of the New York Yacht Club is the latest to come forward as the builder of an aquatic beauty. Mr. Lorillard has just given his approval to plans and estimates for an up-to-date steel houseboat, which will be a two-deck affair, and propelled by twin screws. This boat will take the place of the Caiman, which Mr. Lorillard used for nine years, until she was destroyed by fire in Florida last spring. The new boat will be used in Florida waters, and its building will start early in the spring, at Newburg. The houseboat will be 125 feet long, 22 feet beam, 8 feet 6 inches hold and 2 feet 6 inches draught. Amidships on the upper deck will be an observatory, while at the forward end of the observatory will be a salt water tank of 325 gallons capacity, and at the after end a fresh water tank to hold 185 gallons. The living quarters of the boat will be as elaborate as money will permit. Mr. Lorillard will fit up the craft without stint, parlors, saloons, staterooms, toilet and baths, wineroom and library being only a few of the items of completed detail that Mr. Lorillard will have as a part of his projected floating palace.

Growth of the Telephone.

Growth of the telephone habit during the last year has been most marked, especially in New York, where because of the distances from one part of the town to another, the telephone has grown to be one of the most absolute necessities of business. Business is the mainstay of the telephone, although its use is growing rapidly as a helpmate in the household. The adoption of a scientific scheme of rates to take the place of the old flat rate of telephone service, has placed the instrument within the reach of a vast class of people who formerly considered it an expensive luxury. This telephone habit grows very rapidly, and not only is it true that once a telephone user always a telephone user, but every new telephone user helps to make others. So here in the metropolis the system goes on pushing its myriad wires and its active little machines into all quarters, the retail store and the carpenter's shop, as into the merchant's office and the financial magnate's sanctum. This is most convincingly shown by the fact that the New York telephone system gained over 14,000 new stations in 1900. —N. N. A.

WHEN VICTORIA BECAME QUEEN

From McCarthy's History of Our Own Times.

There is a pretty description, which has been often quoted, but will bear citing once more, given by Miss Wynn, of the manner in which the young sovereign received the news of her accession to a throne. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, and the lord chamberlain, the Marquis of Conyngham, left Windsor for Kensington palace, where the Princess Victoria had been residing, to inform her of the king's death. It was two hours after midnight when they started, and they did not reach Kensington until 5 o'clock in the morning. "They knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her royal highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said: 'We are come on business of state to the queen, and even her sleep must give way to that.'

"It did; and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."

* * * * * * *

Events occurring later the same day are described as follows. Sir Robert Peel told Mr. Greville that he was amazed at "her manner and behavior, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, and at the same time her firmness." The Duke of Wellington said, in his blunt way, that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better. "At twelve," says Mr. Greville, "she held a council, at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life; and though Lord Lansdowne and my colleague had contrived between them to make some confusion with the council papers, she was not put out by it. She looked very well; and, though so small in stature, and without much pretension to beauty, the gracefulness of her manner and the good expression of her countenance give her, on the whole, a very agreeable appearance, and, with her youth, inspire an excessive interest in all who approach her, and which I can't help feeling myself. * * * In short, she appears to act with every sort of good taste and good feeling, as well as good sense; and as far as it has gone, nothing can be more favorable than the impression she has made, and nothing can promise better than her manner and conduct do; though," Mr. Greville somewhat superfluously adds, "it would be rash to count too confidently upon her judgment and discretion in more weighty matters.'

THE SENATORIAL FIGHT

Fergus Falls Journal—There are a lot of disappointed men in and out of the legislature, although they are on the winning side. There are a numbers of well-known "grafters" who never intended to see two senatorships escape with such ease as Senators Nelson and Clapp have secured them. Such speedy and sentimental contests are unprofitable. It was what they call a "hot air" campaign. Nothing but "talk" in them. It is an excellent thing for the republican party that it was settled so speedily. This is due to the fact that the leading republican papers all over the state demanded that the republicans go into a caucus and settle it among themselves. * * * Hennepin county and the great city of Minneapolis must feel deeply humiliated at the course which they have pursued. There was a universal feeling all over the state that the senatorship ought to go there, but when it was almost within its grasp the city divided its forces and lost the prize. It is wonderful how Mr. Evans held his support so well in view of the deadly backfire from those who ought to have sustained him. That he was the leading candidate for fourteen ballots under such circumstances is certainly a strong testimonial to the esteem in which he is held by the people of the state. It is to be hoped that Minneapolis and Hennepin county have learned a lesson which they will not forget, but it is to be regretted that it is learned at the expense of so able and worthy a man as Robert G. Evans.

Duluth News-Tribune—With a united effort though, Minneapolis might have named the man. Dissension was fatal to Hennepin's chances.

St. Cloud Journal-Press—The "business interests" of Minneapolis evidently thought a senatorial contest was like a "hoss" race—the more entries the made the better their chance of success. And the pitiful thing about the Minne politicians is that they don't learn anything by experience. Six years ago they lost the senatorship because they were not loyal to Washburn, and they lost it again this time because of the same d. f. policy.

Mankato Free Press—The defeat of Robert G. Evans of Minneapolis in his contest for the republican nomination for the United States senate was somewhat disappointing to many of his friends, but that disappointment is only temporary and in no wise discouraging. Mr. Evans made a splendid fight against great odds, and he probably comes out of the contest with more warm friends than he would have had had he won the senatorial toga. There was not a man who heard his speech after the close of the caucus Saturday afternoon, who did not feel deep seated and genuine love for him. His fight throughout was so manly, his course so straightforward and his demeanor toward all so kind and genial that he made friends of all; but when he faced that great republican audience in the house of representatives a defeated candidate for a great prize—a prize that could have been his with anything like loyalty on the part of his home city—it was that the greatness of the man was revealed.

No man ever stood upon the platform where he was invited to address his fellows that ever received a more enthusiastic reception or a warmer ovation. It was a triumph in defeat. It was the spontaneous outburst of loyal friends who loved him most for the enemies he had made. The battle of ballots of a few moments before had been forgotten, and all joined in paying a tribute of affection to a man whose unwavering republicanism was as deep in his heart in the moment of blasted political hopes as it could have been in the hour of a victorious contest. It was a magnificent spectacle—a most deserved tribute.

In all great contests defeat must come to some. While this contest was spirited it happily lacked any resemblance of bitterness, hence there are no wounds to bind—no sores to heal. The contest from start to finish was between Clapp and Evans. All other candidates were mere side shows. A good man won—a no less deserving man lost. It could not be otherwise. Moses Clapp won the senatorship; Bob Evans won the hearts of all the people. The one is clothed with power; the other will be called to high political places later.

St. Cloud Journal Press—While Mr. Evans was defeated those who followed the contest closely know that he rendered the republican party greater service than any of the other aspirants. It was Evans who insisted on a republican caucus, and that a nomination be made by the caucus. It was the Evans men who secured the caucus, and Mr. Evans insisted on an open vote. It was this action that saved the party from scandal, and achieved so satisfactory an outcome as the election of Moses E. Clapp. Mr. Evans is a young man, and the republican party of the state has need of men of his stamp. He has more friends in Minnesota to-day than ever before, and perhaps no man in this state ever rendered the republican party greater service than did Robert G. Evans by insisting that the choice of senator must be settled by republicans by an open vote. Every republican can join Mr. Evans in congratulating the party on the selection of Moses E. Clapp—but the real hero of the contest, after all, was Mr. Evans.

Owatonna Journal—Fortunately for the state the St. Paul candidate was entirely worthy of public confidence and the only harm done by the Minneapolis style of campaigning was to those responsible for it.

MODIFYING THE SALOON EVIL

In the January number of the American Journal of Sociology, published by the Chicago University Press, there is a paper full of valuable suggestion on "The Saloon in Chicago," by Royal L. Melendy of the Chicago Commons. Mr. Melendy presents a careful and interesting estimate of the influence of fraternal organizations, turnvereins and singing societies, trades unions, boys' clubs, church societies, social settlements, amusement enterprises, billiard halls, lodging-houses, lunch counters, reading-rooms, special substitutes, the Salvation and Volunteer armies, as minimizers of the attractions of the saloon. He finds that, aside from the social settlements, the Salvation and Volunteer armies, Y. M. C. A. and church reading-rooms, there is comparatively slender offset to the brilliantly lighted and warmed saloon, with its well-cooked, plentiful food to be had for a drink, with comfortable quarters in which to spend the evening. His personal investigations lead him to the conclusion that the churches of Chicago, over 700 in number, are not doing their full duty in rescuing men and women from degradation. The cheap lodging-houses, which he personally sampled, are frightfully foul, disease-breeding, vicious in every respect; the fraternal organizations usually meet over saloons and drink liquor after meeting; that trades union men do not waste money on liquor as much as do the non-union men, but save wages and buy homes and other comforts. Settlements do much in the way of reclamation, but the success of counter attractions to the saloon depends on the business ability of the manager, the financial backing and upon the freedom of the enterprise from anything like the aspect of a "mission."

Mr. Melendy, who has for years studied the problem by personal contact with the "submerged," says some of the causes for the present saloon evil may be removed by improving the lodging of the people by model tenements; much better facilities for getting cheaper and more wholesome food, like those in successful use in the London coffee-houses; providing public toilet conveniences, labor bureaus, public parks and playgrounds; by general recognition by the churches of their social mission to increase the social intercourse of the masses and by persistent technical education of the young. Mr. Melendy thinks that, even with these modifying substitutes, beer-drinking will still be more or less common among the masses of the laboring people.

Trembling for the Future.

Novoye Vremya.

One fears for the future of mankind. The most ominous sign is not the fact that the cook, servant girl, and lackey want the same pleasures which not long ago were the monopoly of the rich alone, but the fact that all, all without exception, rich and idle as well as poor and industrious, seek and demand daily amusements, gayety, excitement, and keen impressions—demand it all as something without which life is impossible, which may not be denied them.

Appreciated Them.

Buffalo Express.

A New York man has been arrested for stealing twenty bicycles from as many friends. This shows the value of friends.

One Political Wayfarer.

Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald.

Wharton Barker is doing down the middle of the road almost unobserved.

Plans for a New House

BY LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

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"It is an ideal afternoon for a walk," he said, as they came down the steps.

"Perfect," she replied. "Which way shall we go?"

"I am at your service, as usual. But suppose we take Oak avenue. The pavements are a little less mountainous."

And so they turned the corner and proceeded up hill along the most fashionable street of Brynmore, a gem of a county town, set on hills and embowered in trees. It was a pleasant view on either side. The avenue was an ascending ridge and from it could be seen the fair country on either side. There was a touch of frost in the air and the sky was clear and beautiful.

"Did you win your cases to-day?" she asked.

"I believe so—at least, in one of them I got a verdict, and I think my prospects are favorable in the other."

"You generally win, don't you?"

"I have been fortunate," he answered. "Are you really going to-morrow?"

"Don't you think it is time? I have been here six weeeks, and I fear my welcome is becoming a little worn."

"Nonsense. You know your sister and Herbert are only too glad to have you, and then—your friends."

She laughed. In truth, she did not want to go. Brynmore is one of the most delightful places in the world. It is away from the hurly-burly. The people have good health and they take enough time for enjoyment to keep themselves well and happy. As the county town it has political importance. As the center of a rich agricultural region it has safe prosperity. Its interests are reliable. Herbert Jasmore was the leading architect of the county and his home was one of the finest in the town. His wife was Miss Ruth Thornton's sister and Miss Ruth had been making them a prolonged visit. She had received the attention of the gallants around, but the most persistent was Joseph Morwell, the young lawyer, who had stepped into his father's large practice and increased it by his ability and diligence. He had inherited money and he was making money. As a pleader in law he was brilliant, but as a pleader for himself he had his drawbacks. Even a lawyer has modest spells.

"I have enjoyed it greatly," she said, and then suddenly: "Isn't that a lovely prospect? Look how the little hills roll away like waves and lose themselves in the distance like the ocean!"

"And you do not regret going?" He knew the scenery from boyhood.

"Of course, but we cannot stay where we wish forever."

"Why not?"

"Because we cannot. That's a woman's reason, but it will have to serve."

They walked along in silence for a while, and a handsome couple they were. People looked from the windows, and those they met turned and gazed at the beautiful young woman and the strong, sturdy young man, who swung along as if endowed with enough energy to climb all the hills of life.

"It is so good to get out in the air, so fine to see this glorious country; it makes me feel like something let out of its cage," she said.

"And you are really going?"

"Mr. Morwell," she exclaimed, somewhat severely, "I am not Shakspere, but I cannot keep on repeating forever. I told you last night that I was going——"

"Yes, and just then Jasmore had to come in. Confound him!"

"And I have already told you twice within the past ten minutes that I was going, and if it will be any comfort for you to hear it for the last time I beg to inform you once more that I am going, and if you want the details, the express wagon is to call for my trunk at half past 9, and I shall take the 10:30 train. Do I make myself clear?"

"Here is the place I want you to see," he said, without replying to her question.

It was a wooded space of several acres on one of the highest knolls, a site that commanded a full view of all the valley and the surrounding hills. They clambered up the little bank and stood looking over the scene.

"I wish I were an architect," he declared, "like your brother-in-law. An architect builds something. It is solid. It rises and it stays. In law we construct arguments, but they are blown down by a breath or upset by a stupid judge or a fool jury."

"Why abuse your friends?" she asked, mischievously. "They are generally on your side, aren't they?"

"Now," he went on, "if we were two architects and were going to build a house here, how would you want it?"

"Really, I do not know," she replied.

"Would you like the porches all the way around and the kitchen and the other belongings built back, or would you prefer them only on three sides, or——" he paused and looked solemnly at her, while she turned her eyes upon the landscape. "Really," he added, "you are not going to-morrow—you must not, you know—I can't let you."

"You?" she asked. "And, pray, what have you to do with it?"

"What have I? What have——"

"Hello," came a voice from the road. It was from Herbert Jasmore.

"There it goes again," exclaimed Morwell, grinding his teeth. "It makes the fifth time, and I'll kill him yet."

But Jasmore, with tall legs that seemed to wear seven-leagued boots, was up the bank before the murder could be committed.

"You're just the ones I want to see," he declared. "I've been up here all the morning, almost all day, in fact, studying the lights and the currents and the site in general. It's superb, but at the same time it's a little peculiar, and I must have your decision about one or two points. Come this way a little."

They followed as a matter of course, not knowing what else to do.

"Now, you see, by swinging our design around a little we can get a corner porch view here that will beat anything this side of paradise. It will look more regular to place the building in line with the street, but from what you both have told me, you desire the best possible artistic effect—don't want to be too prim or prosy, in fact. Is that right?"

Miss Ruth Thornton turned to Mr. Joseph Morwell and asked very soberly: "Will you please tell me what he is talking about?"

"If you do not know I am sure I do not. I suppose he's gone crazy!"

Jasmore looked first at one and then at the other and puckered his lips in a whistle of wonderment.

"What do you want it for—a lunatic asylum?" asked Jasmore.

"If one is to be built I know of a patient," said Morwell with an attempt at sarcasm.

"Well, in all my born days, did I ever see such ninnies!" he exclaimed, still gazing at them. "Now, look here, Joe Morwell, didn't you direct me to find out Ruth's idea of a house and then prepare the plans accordingly, and didn't L tell you——"

"I deny everything you say," said Morwell.

"And didn't I do it? And didn't Ruth Thornton study all my books on architecture and help me with the plans of just such a house as she would like to have, and didn't we sit up o' nights fixing it this way and changing it that way until we got a perfect gem of a home?"

"Really Herbert, you must be dreaming. I know nothing about it."

"Jehosaphat Jones! Where am I at?" and the befuddled architect wiped his forehead with his hand, while Miss Thornton and Mr. Morwell stood with averted faces, as motionless as statues.

"Say," asked Jasmore, after he had gathered himself together a bit, "have you broken it off?"

"Broken what off?" demanded Morwell.

"Your engagement."

"There has never been any engagement," said Miss Thornton firmly.

Jasmore whistled again.

Then Morwell with fist doubled advanced upon him. "And it's all your fault, you miserable, intermeddling duffer," he said, shaking it near his face. "I tried four times to propose to Miss Thornton in your house and every time I got near the point you came in and broke it up. To-day I thought I'd get her away and have a chance, but here you are and I'd like to slaughter you in cold blood."

Jasmore has a large face, but the smile that went over it swept along like a tidal wave, and he looked first at one and then at the other, finally saying:

"Well, run along in the gloaming and get engaged and be quick about it, for I want you to see this viey before the sun goes down and settle the location. I'll turn my back and watch down the road, and if I see anybody coming I'll whistle. Bless you, my children!" and he sprang away just in time to escape the consequences.

There is not much more to be said. They got the view before the sun went down, and when one stands at the corner of the roomy old porch and takes in the scene across the rippling hills and far away it does, as Jasmore said, beat anything this side of Paradise.

CURIOUS ROADS TO HEALTH

One of the English magazines, The Harmsworth, which does not have any circulation in this country, owned by Alfred Harmsworth, who has recently been much talked about in the United States, has a curious article in its December number on "Some Extraordinary Roads to Health."

One of these roads is found in an invention by a Swede which takes the place of the hand in massage. Massage treatments originated in Sweden, and now this Stockholm physician has invented a machine which twists, rubs or shakes any part of the body "in a way that human hands can never hope to rival." Each machine has a different motion and a different action. In the words of the article, "this one will shake all the rheumatism out of the sore ankle joints; the next will smooth away the horrors of indigestion; another will make the crooked, undeveloped child as straight as a life guardsman; while a fourth will infuse new vigor into the aged frame."

It is said that the patients enjoy the cure as much as they would bicycle riding.

Over at the state university, in the athletic department, they have an apparatus for baking the football man's bruised leg or arm to take the soreness out. An invention was perfected in London along this line in 1893. It is possible to subject any part of the body needing it to a temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit for three hours at a stretch. The air is kept perfectly dry. A cylinder envelopes the part of the body to be treated, in which the hot air, free from all moisture, is formed. If there were any moisture, the patient would be scalded to death.

In spite of the fun that was made some years ago of the "Father Kneipp cure," the little village of Worishofen, not far from Munich, is thronged with people who go about in cold and heat walking in the dew, or in water if it is to be found. "The whole town," the article says, "is given up to the water cure. Every garden paling is covered with dripping sheets and towels; pants, shirts and other garments flutter on ropes, while nine-tenths of the windows are open and packed with bedding out to dry. The place is thronged with patients, all dressed as scantily as decency will allow, sauntering about in bare feet and carrying their boots in their hands. * * * Best of all is to walk in running water, or with bare feet through the wet grass or over wet stones. And if you can bring yourself to walk barefooted on fresh-fallen or melting snow, you will be cured of almost anything."

The variety of baths now in use in Europe for the cure of disease is said to be almost endless. One of them much in vogue is the costly milk bath, which is said to be very pleasant, and is supposed to, but does not, give strength to weakly persons. Another bath, also called a nutritine bath, is composed of pure blood. It is said that a man needs good nerve to go into it for the first time, but that, once the aversion is overcome, "his sensations as the warm, velvety fluid closes over him are delightful." This is one of the most expensive baths, for many animals have to be killed in the near vicinity to afford the material.

Several other baths are in vogue in England, among them an alleged nutritine bath is of soup, which is supposed to give the body strength but does not; a bath made up of ooze collected from the bottom of rivers believed to have medicinal properties; the mud bath, which has also been used for various forms of rheumatism in this country, and the bog bath, made up of peat or bog, which, so it is said, gives a most delightful sensation after one gets into it.

There is no question but that the civilization of Europe has reached a stage where it needs a liberal amount of toning up; but the Harmsworth writer seems to have hit the nail squarely on the head when he says of those who are traveling on these various roads to recover lost health, that if they had exerted the same amount of energy beforehand, they would have prevented its loss.

O, FOR THE HILLS

O, for the freedom of the hills,
And the wild bird's far retreat;
For the scent of the pines as the evening stills,
And the plaintive piping of whip-poor-wills
By the hush of the woodland sweet.

O, sing us a song of the blue, blue skies,
And the haze o'er the foothill's rim,
Where the beckoning arms of the tall trees rise,
Where the shadows are born, and the sunlight dies,
As the day grows cool and dim.

O, sing us a song of hope that cheers,
And the weary will forget
The bitter failures—the hot shed tears—
For the flowers they hunted in early years
Bloom fair on the hillside yet.

—Edna H. Edwards.

Misapprehension.

Rochester Post-Express.

A small boy the other day heard the couplet of a hymn which runs thus:

And Satan trembles when he sees
The meekest saint upon his knees.

His pity was all for satan. "Why does satan let the saint sit upon his knees if it makes him tremble?"

Will Curb His Enthusiasm.

Kansas City Journal.

Ben Harrison may take some interest in the Indiana campaign, but he is almost sure not to become overheated.