THE JOURNAL

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The Evening Paper.

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The Legislature.

The legislative session of 1903 is a part of the history of the state. Perhaps the best that can be said of it is that it was productive of little if any vicious legislation, and perhaps that fact is important enough to overbalance in a measure the failure of the legislature to do some things that it was expected to do, and which it certainly ought to have accomplished. It has disappointed the people of the state in failing to create a tax commission, in failing to pass an inheritance tax law, in refusing to take the purely educational institutions out of the hands of the board of control, in omitting to create a state highway commission, in failing to require certain corporations to come under the jurisdiction of the state courts, in not submitting a proposition for a majority vote on constitutional amendments. But most of all, it has failed to meet its responsibilities in not providing for the submission of a tax amendment to the constitution.

On the other hand, the legislature has submitted a simple gross earnings proposition; it has provided for the taxing of the fast freight lines; separate ballots for constitutional amendments; a new codification of the game laws; has strengthened the pure food laws; increased state aid to the public schools, and passed a bill regulating the use of trading stamps. These are among the most important results of the session.

While considerable radical and some vicious legislation has made its appearance, nothing of that kind, so far as we can recall, has been enacted into law. The house, made up very largely of new and inexperienced men, has responded more closely to the wishes of the people than the senate. The latter body, spoken of as ultra-conservative, contains a strong element dominated by special interests, to which must be credited the responsibility for failure to submit a constitutional tax amendment.

On the whole, the session has been rather of a negative character, and on the theory that no legislation is better than vicious legislation, the session may be reviewed by the public with more complacency than if it had been productive of greater results, not always characterized by prudence and wisdom.

In the last hours of the session the house voted lack of confidence in its presiding officer. In the motion to appoint the last conference committee we have the final verdict of the house on the wisdom of its choice for speaker.

The Senate Kills Tax Reform.

The gravest fault of the late legislature was its failure at the last moment to give the people of the state a tax reform amendment. One of the first and most important matters to come before the legislature, it was put off and put off by the senate till the last hours of the session and it was too late to reach an agreement. Thus we have nothing to show for two regular sessions of the legislature with an extra session between. In the session of 1901 it was keenly felt that tax reform was imperative, so imperative that the work of the tax commission authorized at that session was brought before a special session in 1902. This session drafted and submitted to the people a tax reform amendment, which was not so liberal as it should have been. The people failed to adopt the amendment, and the legislature that has just adjourned has failed to give the an opportunity to pass on another proposition.

The main responsibility for the blocking of tax reform lies with the senate. It held the measure up for six weeks and insisted to the last on a complex, unscientific amendment, which would be little, if any of an improvement on existing conditions. The house did precisely right to stand firm and refuse to accept the senate's makeshift. The only mistake the house made was in adjourning before a final report on conference was received and while a conference committee was still out.

A fair analysis of the history of that measure, however, will place the burden of responsibility for no action upon the senate which delayed conference till the last hours of the session. If the senate had planned to prevent agreement with the house upon a matter with respect to which there was such a wide difference of opinion it could hardly have adopted a more certain method of accomplishing that result. We think the public will clearly understand this and place the blame where it belongs. Possibly enough members of the senate might have receded at the last to accept the house amendment if the house had remained in session, but of that the house had no assurance; no encouragement to hope for it.

A Financier's View.

An interesting article will be found on page 11, from the New York Financier, in regard to the Northern Securities decision. The Financier is one of the ablest of the financial papers, and it is significant of business sentiment outside the immediate Northern Securities circle that this decision is not regarded with disfavor or trepidation by the Financier, but, on the contrary, is spoken of as a wholesome check upon wild and reckless speculation.

The Financier points out the fact that this decision does not destroy a dollar's worth of property; that there will not be one less blade of wheat or one less ton of traffic; that there will be no less mercantile and productive business done throughout the region traversed by these lines, although there may be less speculative activity in Wall street, less reckless exploitation of securities which have ceased to be securities.

The Financier, viewing the matter from the standpoint of the investor alone, minimizes the importance of the consolidation of parallel and competing lines, but it emphasizes with sound financial instinct the danger threatened from disregard of sound business and public sentiment which has characterized the era of consolidation. On the whole, it regards the merger decision as an exceedingly valuable check on the unrestrained tide of financial inflation, which would undoubtedly have risen still higher if the decision in the merger case had been in favor of the other side.

A Strong Argument.

While it is too early to conclude that a satisfactory settlement of the difficulty between the railways and the northwestern flour mills has been arranged, it is pleasant to find that all the indications that are permitted to reach the public point to an understanding. If the outcome of the difficulty shall be as good as now appears, the millers will be thoroly justified in making the desperate move of closing their mills.

The dispute was such an old one that the railway officials had become callous. Notwithstanding complaints, the mills had continued to run and the roads had continued to haul an immense volume of flour out of Minneapolis and the northwest. It took a good hard blow to convince the railway men that the millers really had, by unjust rates, been reduced to desperation. It turned out that no verbal argument the millers had ever made was so powerful as the sudden collapse of the flour shipments from Minneapolis upon the closing of the mills. From average shipments of 50,000 or 60,000 barrels a day, and occasionally more than 100,000, the shipments dropped to 18,000, and in another day would have been practically nothing. At 40,000 pounds of flour to the car, 50,000 barrels means 250 cars of freight a day, and a large number of trains. The loss of such a traffic was enough to stir up the most blase railway man. One such demonstration ought to be enough for a long time.

That Halting Ukase.

Recent information as to the progress of administrative reform and the establishment of religious freedom in Russia, based on the czar's ukase, shows that even the czar may be set at naught by this bureaucracy and the various official tentacles of the central government in the provinces, and that there is only a limited prospect of the actualization of religious liberty and local administrative reform.

Local committees recommending governmental reforms have had little aid from the provincial authorities, many of whom have prevented the local committees from discussing reforms and holding communications with the czar. In some of the provinces the committees have been packed with officials representing the central government. The provincial committee of the province of Nijni-Novgorod adpted resolutions which are said to express the sentiment of the rural population of the empire, and among them there are demands for free and accessible popular education, such as primary popular schools free from the obtrusion of the ecclesiastical power and under the jurisdiction of the ministry of education, and liberally supported by the central government. Secular education is insisted upon, as is the extension of the public library system. The resolutions recommend reform in the taxation of the peasantry, abolition of corporal punishment, reform of the local police system, abolition of all forced labor affecting unjustly the peasantry; ligher customs and excise duties; a progressive income tax, and reduction of cost of exporting agricultural products.

One provincial committee dared to demand a constitutional government and the author of the resolution was banished to Archangel. Some of the demands are embodied in the czar's ukase. As to the decree of religious toleration it is interpreted in Russia as giving small relief to the Jews whose freedom is restricted chiefly by the civil laws.

With the provincial representatives of the central government generally against reforms, the czar can only carry out his limited reform program by asserting his autocracy, as against the bureaucratic trammels, which are the curse of Russia, and prove himself a czar, indeed, even if reform shall limit his own powers and a parliament monarchy is established at St. Petersburg. The reform discussion in the rural districts of Russia shows that the leaven of broader civil and political freedom is working in that backward land.

Shakspere's birthday anniversary, April 23, old style, will be elaborately celebrated at Stratford-on-Avon. A feature of the procession to the church will be thirty leading citizens carrying wreaths which will be placed over the tomb.

Attacking the President.

Some persons, impressed by President Roosevelt's great popularity, refuse to believe that there can be any opposition to him worth mentioning, even in New York. It is only necessary to read the editorial columns of Harper's Weekly to become convinced that the attack of special interests on the president has already begun. Harper's was very moderate at first, allowing only a word of mild reflection on the president to appear here and there, and even now it occasionally gives him a complimentary notice that serves admirably to add to the force of the blows it deals him. After a long and antagonistic review of the president's Minneapolis tariff speech, Harper's says:

It would be idle to follow the president for the purpose of making further exposures of his blunders. Moreover, we should thereby lay ourselves open to the charge of taking his oratorical economics seriously. Consciously or unconsciously, he is but repeating the lessons which have been taught the republican party and the country by the leading apostles of the protective principle. The difference between the apostles and the president is, very likely, that while they know that their talk is for the deception of the people and for the benefit of the beneficiaries of the present tariff, he may think that he is uttering economic truths. Whether he does think so or not, he knows that he is talking for personal and political effect, for his own renomination and for his party's triumph in 1904. If he is as ignorant as he seems he is to be pitied and his youth is to be deplored. If he is not, if he knows the truth, and says what is false, or what is only half true, for the welfare of his party, its leaders, its beneficiaries, and himself, he ought to be heartily ashamed of his task and of his performance.

We may expect to see more and more of this sort of criticism of the president, with Harper's Weekly and many other organs like it and many of the great financial interests of the country prepared to support the democratic candidate for president in 1904, provided he be a "safe" man, and there be some hope of a democratic victory.

AT THE THEATERS

Metropolitan—Ibsen's "Ghosts."

The drama is the most catholic of arts. As broad as life itself, it must have a charter as large as the wind to blow on whom it pleases. That terrible pessimist, Henrik Ibsen, for whom no other light shines than the remorseless one of truth, has chosen the drama as the art-form in which to give expression to what he conceives to be the eternal verities of life. A master beyond compare of dramatic construction, a vivisectionist of the human soul, a fearless investigator who gazes into the stony eyes of fate unafraid, he treads a path into which no other playmaker has dared to turn his feet. And he follows it relentlessly to the bitter end, turning aside for none of the "superstitions" that enthrall most men, and giving heed to no consideration of dramatic effect or social conventionality.

"Ghosts" is a study in heredity, a dramatic treatment of that inexorable and inexplicable law that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children—a law not always operative but one whose penalties are so terrible because so undeserved by the innocent ones upon whom they fall. It is this great mystery of life that appeals to Ibsen as a phase of that o'ermastering fate which holds mankind in its grasp—as inscrutable as it is inevitable. The concrete working out of the study in "Ghosts" is intended neither as a lesson nor a demonstration. It is rather an illustration. And what a terrible one! Given the five characters whom he introduces at the outset, given their life historics up to that point, and the horrible denouement follows as unescapably as a Q. E. D. of Euclid.

But if that black abyss to whose brink Ibsen leads us were the only destination possible to the son of a sinful father, the human race had long ere this sought and found its own destruction. Pessimist that he is, Ibsen by no means overlooks the chief mystery of the law of heredity—the fact that it is not of universal application. The other child of the man monster whose sins are so frightfully, if vicariously explated in this play, is physically at least, normal and healthy. Her veins are full of the "joy of living," whatever may be said of her stunted moral nature. Of these two children, one is taken and the other is left. But, mark this, it is the child of a marriage of convenience who, tho morrally sound, suffers the awful penalty and visits it terribly upon the mother whose heart did not go with her hand. And the child of love, perfect physically but true daughter of her father morally, is set free when the secret of her birth is revealed, to go forth upon her mission of destruction to men. Thus are the sins of Captain Alving, with their power of causing death physiologically, also gifted with an appalling power of self-reproduction.

But after all, the chief question in considering such a play as "Ghosts" and its presentation on the stage is, can it be justified? It is art, but its power lies in the fascination of horror. It is truth, but shall such truth be spoken in such a way and in such a place? The defenders of Ibsen seek to justify him as the soul surgeon who cuts deep that he may eradicate the malignant seat of evil. That is the only justification possible and it is a doubtful one at best. Ibsen himself, worshiping at the fane of truth, would scorn it and point merely to the goddess herself as answer to his accusers. It is art, therefore it is good; it is truth, therefore let it be spoken. Yet I doubt if many persons in that audience which funereally filed out of the Metropolitan last night, sickened and stunned, could possibly feel that the exhibition of doddering idiocy on which the curtain went down was justified by the frightful warning it conveyed.

The quintet of players who participated in the presentation gave tragic value and meaning to every phase of the play. Histrionism could do no more than they accomplished in those brief hours passed in the narrow confines of that gloomy house. For Ibsen has reverted in this play to the old unities of time, place and action. Each characterization fitted into the marvelously perfect framework of the play so nicely that the dramatic illusion was irresistible. Viewed merely as an achievement in acting, with few of the aids which playfolk habitually use to produce effects, this production of "Ghosts" is wonderful.

Mary Shaw, in the character of the woman in bondage to law and duty, is so convincing that it is impossible to separate her in thought from Mrs. Alving. From her first appearance in the interview with Pastor Manders, wherein her quiet, tense manner reveals the woman who has suffered and still has an immense capacity for suffering, until that final scene wherein mother love is called on for the supreme sacrifice, her impersonation is pitched in a very crescendo of woe. Could anything more heart-rending be conceived that that awful mother cry to the soul which has faded out of the face of her boy, leaving behind but a human wreck, unknowing and unseeing? There is never any straining for effect in Mrs. Shaw's work, nor, indeed, in that of any of her colleagues, which is marked by that artistic reticence so necessary in denoting strong emotions.

Frederick Lewis is the son and presents an ideal impersonation of the youth whose neurotic temperament makes the awful battle against fate so much more tragic. His pure diction, his fine carriage and his power of expression are all elements in his success.

Maurice Wilkinson declares a nice appreciation of character in the role of Pastor Manders, that strange compound of goodness and smallness, of generosity and narrowness, of gentleness and severity. It is a very human, if not a very admirable priest that Mr. Wilkinson portrays, and he contrives to let it be seen thru all the man's pettiness that he is striving to do right as he sees it.

Charles A. Gay, as the carpenter who takes the sins of others upon his own already well-laden shoulders, is admirable, and is seen at his best in the scene where in the excess of his humility he twists the pastor about his fingers. The fifth member of the cast is Miss Virginia Kline, whose picture of his putative daughter is strikingly apt. The transformation in her actions that takes place when the secret of her birth is revealed shows that Miss Kline is an actress of ability.

In short, if one doesn't mind the horrors one can see in this production of "Ghosts" as strong a play and as fine acting as ever came together.

—W. B. Chamberlain.

Lyceum—"My Friend From India."

The Ferris company has turned its attention to farce, this week, and with gratifying success. The bill is Du Souchet's "My Friend From India," in which Dick Ferris plays the theosophical barber; Ben Johnson, the Kansas City pork packer; and W. D. Corbett, his bibulously inclined son, with a mania for window smashing. The farce is uproariously funny and it kept last night's audience in laughter most of the time.

The fun of farce arises almost wholly from the ludicrous situations into which a playwright plunges his characters. In pure comedy the dialogue is usually of primal importance. In farce it is unimportant. Character studies are useless in farce; they have frequently turned a lame comedy into a gaily ambling success. The appeal of farce is to the risibilities thru the eye. The deaf can enjoy its humor; the blind find it only tedious. It is a light form of entertainment, entailing no involved process of mental digestion and hence popular.

Du Souchet was a telegraph operator when he turned out "My Friend From India," and on the night of its first production he had the pleasure of receiving the news of its success over his own wires and from his own instruments. And it was a success. No farce since "Charlie's Aunt" had created such a furore. An occasional critic swore at it, but the public swore by it, which was more to the point, and the new playwright became a celebrity in a night.

The fun of "My Friend From India" is fast and furious. It begins with the rise of the curtain upon the first act and follows the audience out into the foyer, on their way home. However, the farce is no longer new, nor is it in need of puffery.

Dick Ferris, out of the cast for several weeks, has returned to the Lyceum stage as "A. Keen Shaver," an adept in theosophy and in tonsorialism. The actor-manager of our stock company is at his best in roles of this kind, and his barber is a laugh-provoking fellow, well worth knowing. The company, as a whole, is well cast. Ben Johnson is most amusing as the choleric pork-packer and W. D. Corbett is good as his son. W. H. Murdock, however, is not happily bestowed as the Rev. James Tweedle. Miss Grace Hayward as Marian Hayste, and Miss Maude Gilbert as the pork packer's daughter, are excellent in their respective roles, and Miss Laurette Allen is very funny as Mrs. Beekman-Street. The mirror scene, played by Miss Allen and Mr. Ferris, was one of the distinct hits of the evening.

—J. S. Lawrence.

JUSTUS MILES FORMAN.

Speaking recently of the fallacy that a new and unknown writer has no chance to get into print, the editor of The Smart Set observed: "I remember distinctly how, just about two years ago, when the late Arthur Grissom was editor of The Smart Set, a short story of Mr. Forman's came in with the usual amount of daily mail. His manuscript was read in its turn and was considered excellent by every reader on the staff. When it was passed up to Mr. Grissom for a final decision it was immediately accepted. Two more tales came in—and very good they were—and then we were all so interested that we asked the author to call, not knowing whether he would be young, old, little or big. We found his personality as charming as his stories, and he told us that he had never before written anything. A novelette was suggested to him, and everybody knows that since then Mr. Forman's work has been appearing constantly in all the leading magazines."

BRIDES WHO MUST NOT BE KISSED.

Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald.

In Switzerland the bride, on her wedding will permit no one—not even her parents—to kiss her upon the lips. In many of the provinces the cook pours hot water over the threshold after the bridal couple have gone in order to keep it warm for another bride.

A favorite wedding day in Scotland is Dec. 31, so that the young couple can leave their old life with the old year, and begin their married life with the new one—surely a pretty idea.

The Italians permit no wedding gifts that are sharp or pointed, from which practice emanates our superstition that the gift of a knife severs friendship. One of the most beautiful of all marriage customs is that of the bride immediately after the ceremony flinging her bouquet among the maiden friends. The one who catches it is supposed to be the next bride.

THEY ARE ALL SWEET.

Life.

"My best girl is a peach."

"Then she must be from Baltimore."

"No, sir. She's not only a peach, but a star."

"Ah, I see. New Orleans."

"No. She's not only a peach and a star, but a warm baby."

"Florida."

"Guess again. I might say that, in addition to the things I have mentioned, she is hot stuff."

"Kentucky?"

"Not yet. And, besides all these, she is a winner."

"Ah, I know. Saratoga."

"You must do better than that. Perhaps I should also remark that she is a dream."

"Now I know. Philadelphia."

"Once more to the front. Remember, now, she's a peach and a star, a warm baby and hot stuff, a winner and a dream."

"New York?"

"Right!"

BUT SHE ALSO SHOOK HIM

Yonkers Statesman.

Molly: "You say you shook all over when you proposed to her?"

Cholly: "Yes, I did."

"And how about the girl?"

"Oh, she only shook her head."

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Tacoma Ledger.

A correspondent who tried to follow the president into the park was arrested and his dog shot. Such consideration is worth appreciating. The authorities might have arrested the dog and shot the correspondent.

MISSION OF THE AUTO.

Sioux City Tribune.

The automobile seems to be killing off French barons at a great rate.

Books and Authors

A NEW LITERARY OPPORTUNITY

Charles Marriott.

The Van Vorsts have very effectively written up their experiences and observations during their voluntary participation in various phases of female labor in factories. An enterprising lady has given her experiences as a housemaid and cook in private families. Another has given her experience as a saleswoman in department stores. No doubt there will be for a year or so a good many experiences revealed in special lines of work in the work-a-day world. Among those which should not be neglected is the waitress in a restaurant, who, no doubt, can give some interesting reading on the subject of the exasperating quality of some of the people waited on, and the precise conditions under which food is cooked and served in the kitchen division. The woman cashier may also have some thrilling things to relate. In this new line of literature there is an almost limitless opportunity to minister to the curiosity of the public.

NEW BOOKS

LEES AND LEAVEN. A New York Story of To-day. By Edward W. Townsend, author of "Chimmie Fadden" and "Major Max," etc. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

Isaac Bunton, who dealt in coal and pig iron, borrowed $5,000 one day from Dr. Paxton and made a deed of some land to him as security. The doctor went off without taking his deed, and Bunton, when he discovered the fact, sent it by his clerk, Harry Lawton, to deliver at Paxton's house, and with it some money to be given to the village minister for his salary. Harry went forth, but not on his errands. At the railway station he found his employer's daughter Daisy waiting for him, and the two took the first train, and at a town near by they were married. A few days after, Bunton went for them; sent Harry off, giving him $500 to stay away, and took his daughter home. Harry took a train for New York, having the Paxton deed in his pocket. Dr. Paxton was killed by accident a few hours after he loaned the $5,000 to Bunton. Bunton had the money; Harry had the deed, which Paxton's family should have had. These incidents form the basis of an elaborate story. Bunton kept silent and, learning that Harry had been reported killed in a railway wreck in which the cars were burned up, he thought his secret was secure. The Paxton family, thru detective ingenuity, entered upon a search for the deed, discovering that Harry had not been killed, and the story chiefly relates thereafter to the following of clues and the ultimate righting of wrongs. The author has introduced almost too many characters and has so confused himself, and he gets a little tiresome. Harry and Daisy are very forlorn and repulsive characters. The author of "Chimmie Fadden" might have done better.

THE REAL BENEDICT ARNOLD. By Charles Burr Todd, author of "The True Aaron Burr," etc. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Price $1.20.

The author believes that Arnold has not been fairly treated in the histories of our country, and he proceeds to exercise his ingenuity in vindicating him, while he admits his atrocious treason. The first chapters of the book are biographical, extolling the splendid patriotism of Arnold thru several years of the struggle against Great Britain, demonstrated in his heroic march thru the wilderness, the Quebec campaign and the battles of Saratoga. When Arnold was military governor of Philadelphia he was dazzled by the beauty of Miss Peggy Shippen, of a leading Tory family, and a strong British partizan, and married her. Soon after, the supreme council of Pennsylvania brought serious charges against him for dereliction in duty and Tory tendencies. A court-martial sat on the case and recommended that he be reprimanded by Washington, who mildly carried out the finding. His wife, meantime, had carried on secret negotiations with Clinton, the British general at New York, and hoped to persuade her husband to betray the post of West Point, the command of which Washington had intrusted to him. Arnold yielded to the solicitations of the beautiful Peggy and his treason became a matter of history. The author thinks that Peggy Shippen, who was ambitious to have her husband made a British peer, was the party to be blamed more than Arnold. The fact of Mrs. Arnold's abominable conduct does not abate one iota the severity of the judgment of history upon Arnold. To attempt to lay the responsimbility at all on Mrs. Arnold is like the attempt of Adam to saddle his delinquency upon Eve. The author says the treason would not have been accomplished had Arnold married a patriotic wife. How does he know? The effort to whitewash Benedict Arnold is as lame as the attempt to perform that operation on Aaron Burr.

YOUTH and Two Other Stories. By Joseph Conrad, author of "The Children of the Sea," etc. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

Mr. Conrad stands in the front rank of present-day writers of sea tales. Clark Russell does not surpass him in descriptive power and appreciation of the mysteries of the sea. The title story relates to the career of a ship which seemed to deserve the epithet "unlucky." Starting for Bankok from an English port with a load of coal, she made several efforts to get there, each time being battered by storms and pestered by leaks, and, having to turn back. When she neared Bankok her cargo ignited and the unlucky craft was destroyed. Such incidents are common, but the author makes a very thrilling narrative of it. The old "Judea" was a sailing vessel, and that kind of craft is decreasing in numbers before the growth of the steam merchant marine there would seem to be more romance about the sailing ship. Herman Melville's books embody much of this quality and bring out the mysteries and superstitions of the sea in a very fascinating way. Mr. Conrad's familiarity with the technique of sailing ships and sea life is a breezy feature of his style. But in "The Land of the Tether" he introduces the steamer Sofula, which steamed in oriental waters and gives us an atmosphere of romance and tragedy, and a notable character in Captain Whally, who had walked in darkness to the very verge of crime and insistently went down into the deep with the black mass, which represented the old Sofula. The "Heart of Darkness" is more of a land than a sea tale, with spurts of fighting in it and a love episode in far-away Burmah.

A New Weekly.

"Christendom" is the title of a new paper published in Chicago, of which Shailer Mathews, John R. Slater and James M. Campbell will be the editors. Among the contributing and associate editors are Dr. Douglas MacKenzie, Professor Richard T. Ely and President E. A. Alderman of Tulane university. Christendom has a long list of contributors, comprising many of the most eminent men qualified to discuss national and international affairs, political reforms, historical, biographical and literary subjects, educational matters, social movements, economic questions and religion and morals. It corresponds in form to the Outlook and Independent, and promises to be a very interesting and able publication.

MADE IT HOT FOR HIM

Philadelphia Press.

"I wonder," said the new benedic, dreamily, "if there is anything warmer than a woman's love?"

"Sure," replied Oldbache; "two woman's love. I heard of a bigamist once who found that out."

The Nonpareil Man.

Casually Observed.

A strong vision enables one to see Charlie's necktie.

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Girls who know how to scream and giggle when an eligible man is mentioned are empowered to start a branch of the Old Maids' society.

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Fable—A Chicago man who was out in his automobile for three days from Berlin to Paris, the rain falling all the time, was condoled with by the Parisians, who groaned deeply over the wretched weather. "Oh, well," said the Chicago man, who had been brought up to bad weather, "it was better than none." Hearing which, the Parisians understood why Chicago kills two million pigs a minute.

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The English church is giving parliament a good deal of trouble because of the various wings of the church and their tendencies and the protests arising from these tendencies. In speaking of the "Broad," "High" and "Low" church parties the other day Mr. Emmott, M. P., in a speech in the house of commons, hit them off tersely as "the Broad and hazy, the Low and lazy, and the High and crazy parties."

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Between the ravages of an unusually severe winter and the breaking out of a malignant disease known as "big head" among their flocks within the past few weeks, the Salt Lake Herald says the sheepmen of Utah, southern Idaho and eastern Nevada are afraid that the season's losses will be unusually heavy. The sheep is the last person one would expect to suffer from an attack of the big head. But it is sometimes the most simple and apparently modest people who are subject to this terrible disease. We are continually keeping tab on ourselves in this corner of the paper.

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There are good 'Gene Field stories in circulation, some of which, like Burns' unpublished poetry, are not printable. Many of the kind that can be reduced to type, would doubtless be as new and fresh to Field himself, were he to come back, as they are to the public. The point is that good story tellers are always anxious to hang their inventions on some other party. During and after the war all the good, and many of the bad, stories were placed on Lincoln's shoulders. There is, in a similar manner to-day, a new Arabian Nights growing up around Field. The Christian Register, think of that, even a religious paper, says that Field used to amuse himself sometimes with his visitors. When he was talking he would suddenly stop to think a minute, and call his assistant, who would snatch up a pad and listen ostentatiously. Then, with just enough hesitation to be impressive, Field would repeat from memory some poem that may have cost hours of painstaking labor. Between lines or stanzas he would resume his commonplace chat with the guest, as if reeling off poetry was the merest incident. Often the most difficult part was to keep from laughing at the visitor's amazement. When the poem was read to Field, he would apparently listen for a chance to correct; but he never found it. After that the visitor always had a good story to tell of the way "'Gene" composed.

When the writer visited Field in 1892, he saw a wonderful instance of the remarkable poetic touch possessed by the Chicago genius. A well known doctor of divinity from Toledo, who had been much impressed by Field's child poetry, was passing through Chicago and came in to call on the poet. It was during this short, but pathetic interview, which I shall never forget, that Mr. Field touched his visitor for $5—and got it. He was very proud of this achievement, which was but one of a thousand similar incidents in his wonderful career.

—A. J. R.

NEW VERSIONS OF OLD PROVERBS

London Truth.

Spare the rod and spank the child.
One man may lead a horse to the water, but gallons won't make him drunk.
Who cannot be cured should be insured.
Never put on to-day what you want clean for to-morrow.
Too many cooks are better than none.
"Do" or you will be "done" by and by.
A kiss is as good as a smile.
Look before you lend.
Only a wise politician knows his own bill.
Hard earned, seldom spurned.
Bet not, fret not.
Continual dropping in wears away welcome.
One swallow does not make a drink.
Birds of a feather should go and buy overcoats.
A bad husband beats a good wife.
It is a wrong brain that has no learning.
Fine feathers make fine beds.
A hair on the head is worth two on the brush.
There's many a "nip" 'twixt the cup and the lip.
It's a strong cane that leads to learning.
A weak heart makes a fainting lady.
Too much broth spoils the dinner.
The want of money is the root of evil.
A stitch in time is its own reward.
A friend in need is a friend to bleed.
Honesty is the best policy. True, but the premium is high.
Never look a clotheshorse in the mouth.
All it not fried that fritters.
It is a long loan that has no returning.
A rolling stone sees much and gains polish.
When the mice are away the cat cannot slay.
A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.
Silence is the wisdom of fools; speech the instinct of after dinner.
Spare the rod, if you cannot fish.
It's no use crying over watered milk.
Fine words butter no margarin.
As the twig is bent the boy inclines.
Wilful (compressing of the) waist makes woful want (of breath).
Don't count on chickens—you may get hash.
Necessity was the invention of mothers.
Mischief finds some idle hands for satan still to do.
Early to bed and early to rise makes a man peevish and breakfast despise.
Where there's a will there's a won't.

WHITAKER WRIGHT FIGURES

Whitaker Wright, the storm-tossed financier, lived in Philadelphia before he went to London, and advocated in Philadelphia, though not with any notable success, the same startling and bizarre business methods that later on, in England, gave such questionable prominence to him.

In floating a Philadelphia company once, Mr. Wright had some difficulty in persuading a staid board of directors to adopt his suggestions. He talked to them two hours, and in conclusion he said:

"Gentlemen, you remind me a little of a Bucks county farmer my father used to know. This farmer took, every Saturday, a bag of grain to the mill to be ground. In one end of the bag he put the grain; in the other he put a big stone that about equaled it in weight, and then he threw the bag, balanced in this way, over his horse's back, and getting up behind, he rode off.

"This farmer educated his son to take the bag to the mill in his place. He showed the boy how to balance it by putting the grain in one end and a rock in the other. But the boy was shrewd, enterprising and inventive. On a certain morning, somehow, he happened to get half the grain at one end, and the other half at the other; and behold, the bag balanced of itself now, and there was no need of any stone. He threw it over the horse with a pleased air, and called his father out to see.

"'Look, father,' he said. "Look what I have done. I have found a way to balance the sack, a way to carry the grain to mill without carrying at the same time an equal weight of stone.'

"'Boy,' said the old man, 'take down that sack at once. Shake all the grain back to one end and put the rock in the other end immediately. That is how your grandfather carried grain to mill in his day, and it is how I carried it in mine. You have a dangerous bent of mind, boy.'

"Gentlemen," Mr. Wright ended, "let us not be, here in Philadelphia, like this old Bucks county farmer."

AND HE WAS A GENTLEMAN.

The absurdity of race prejudice is illustrated by a story that is told of an incident that occurred on the Pittsfield, Mass., street railway. Near Lanesboro a Chinaman boarded the car, which was pretty well filled, and took a very small portion of the end of a seat by the side of a well dressed woman. The Chinaman wore the costume of his people, which was made of the richest materials and he was neat and thoroly gentlemanly in appearance and demeanor. He had not ridden far when the woman called the conductor and requested him to have the man change his seat, as she was "not in the habit of riding with Chinamen." Without waiting for the conductor to act the Chinaman rose, and in the most polished English said:

"Madame, I am a Chinaman, but I have been in this country fourteen years, am an American citizen and a graduate of Harvard. It will not be necessary for the conductor to compel me to change my seat," and with this he withdrew and found a seat in another part of the car, while the passengers were so pleased that there was a hearty round of hand clapping.

A look of deep chagrin overspread the countenance of the woman, who had occasion to leave the car at a white post that was soon reached, and which seemed to mark no particular place.

SAVED.

Fiji Chief—Let me tell you, sir, that your contradiction of my statement has saved your life?

Missionary—Saved my life? How is that, sir?

Fiji Chief—Why, I never eat anything that I know disagrees with me.