TALKING OF SEALS.

A Joint Commission Now in Session in This City.

DISCUSSING THE FACTS.

Comparing Investigations Made in Bering Sea—Sir Baden-Powell and His Associates—The American Commissioners—A Basis for Arbitration.

ONCE MORE THE long-mooted Bering sea problem is being discussed between representatives of both parties to the controversy. There is now in session in this city a joint commission of four men deeply versed in the question and having in charge the solution of certain disputed facts and the establishment of the true state of the sealing industry in an undisputed form. This commission consists of four members, two from the United States, one from Great Britain and one from Canada. They were appointed by their respective governments last spring and instructed to visit Alaska independently to investigate the condition of things in Bering sea, to ascertain the approximate numbers and yearly habits of the seal, and to estimate whether the promiscuous hunting that is carried on each season is tending to their extermination. These and some other collateral questions were examined with great care by each side, and the object of the present conference is to bring these independent observations together and to formulate a report that will constitute what is termed in law a finding of fact for presentation to the tribunal of arbitration that is to be formed.

These commissioners are Profs. T. C. Mendenhall and C. H. Merriam for the United States and Sir George Baden-Powell and Dr. George M. Dawson for Great Britain and Canada. They had never met before Monday last, when they were brought together at the Arlington Hotel and introduced. Last summer they conducted their Alaskan investigations upon a revenue vessel of the United States and Great Britain, respectively, and did not have occasion to encounter each other during the season. In fact, it was felt to be desirable that they should work in this way, so that they could get as many individual views as possible upon the subject.

NOW A JOINT COMMISSION.

They have now been constituted joint commissioners by virtue of orders from each government and will probably continue in session in this city for several weeks. They meet behind closed doors in a small room in the State Department, between the office of the chief clerk and that which was formerly occupied by Assistant Secretary Moore and more recently the official home of Gen. John W. Foster, the agent of the State Department in the negotiation of the reciprocity arrangements. He has also been placed in charge of the diplomatic end of the conferences on behalf of the United States. Sir Baden-Powell is regarded as considerable of a diplomat and the services of a man experienced in international fencing have been deemed necessary.

There is to be no formal organization of this joint commission and no one member is to be designated as its head. The process of discussion will require little or no formality in the sessions, as the results to be obtained are largely in the nature of a compromise view of the situation, and it will be necessary to proceed in a conversational way, each side formulating and advancing certain propositions that will be accepted or rejected by the other.

WHAT UNCLE SAM CONTENDS.

It is the general program of the United States to insist that pelagic sealing without restriction is unnatural and inadvisable, and that it is tending to the extermination of the species. The British claim is opposed to this contention, and is to the effect that there is no danger of the destruction of the seals, and that the fairest system is a catch-as-catch-can season without limit beyond that imposed by the climate. As to this latter point the United States urges the adoption of an international rule for a closed season, with time limits so defined that the hunting shall be conducted only when the seals are not breeding.

This, in general, is the question to be settled by the commission. That greater and eventually more vital point of whether or not the Bering sea is a mare clausa or closed sea within the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States will doubtless be left to the arbitrators to settle. It is a point less of fact than of theory, and more of argument than of investigation. It is a problem in geography, a matter of terminology and a dispute in precedents, in combination.

THE BRITISH COMMISSIONERS.

The senior member of the British commission is Sir George Smith Baden-Powell, M. P., K. C. M. G., F. R. S. S., &c., &c. He is comparatively young, having been born at Oxford on the day before Christmas, 1847. His father was professor of geometry at the university. The son went through the usual course of instruction for a young Briton, graduating at Oxford, after an honorable career in both scholastic and athletic fields in 1876, taking high honors and winning the Chancellor's prize for the English essay, his subject being the "Relative Advantages of Large and Small States." He shaped his course for a parliamentary future and during his period of study at the university produced several monographs, the most noted being a book entitled "New Homes for the Old Country; a Personal Experience of the Political and Domestic Life, the Industries and Natural History of Australia and New Zealand." It was received most favorably by the press at the time of its issue, being based on personal observations made during a three years' tour of the colonies. Two other works appeared at this period, "Protection and Bad Times" and "State Aid and State Interference." These titles will serve to show the trend of Sir George's thought and work.

SIR GEORGE BADEN-POWELL.

In 1877 he was made private secretary to the governor of Victoria, and it is thought that it was while he was at that post that his views became so formed as to make him a strong supporter of the doctrine of imperial unity. During his stay in Victoria the political crisis that has become a matter of historical record took place in the colony. In 1880-81 he went to the West Indies to investigate for himself the actual results of the sugar bounty law on the industry, and in 1882 Mr. Gladstone sent him back as a joint commissioner to investigate the administration, revenues and expenditures of the colonies in the West Indies. His report, submitted in the spring of 1884, was regarded as one of the most complete and masterful reviews of the state of affairs in the islands ever presented. For it he was created C. M. G.

Sir George's next work of importance was the preparation of a treaty of commerce then proposed between the West Indies and the United States. At the same time he was persistently calling public attention to the need of a European conference on the subject of sugar bounties, and the result of his writings and reports was the successful commission of 1888.

In January, 1885, he went on a diplomatic mission into South Africa and aided Sir Charles Warren in negotiating with the native chiefs of Bechuanaland. He also aided in the expedition sent to drive out the Boers, and made a tour of investigation among the various territories of South Africa.

During the winter of 1886-87 Mr. Baden-Powell—he had not then received his title—was in Canada and this country making his first acquaintance with the fishery question, being sent to draw up a statement of the facts and details of the dispute, to negotiate a final arrangement of which Mr. Chamberlain was subsequently appointed a commissioner.

In the autumn of 1887 he was offered the honor of knighthood for his services in the colonies, and particularly in South Africa, and at the same time he was sent by his government to Malta as a special commissioner to arrange the details of the new Malta constitution.

Sir George is a conservative in politics, and in 1885 he stood for and was elected to parliament from the Kirkdale division of Liverpool. He was afterward re-elected.

Dr. Geo. M. Dawson is the eldest son of Sir J. Wm. Dawson, principal of McGill University, Montreal. He is a Nova Scotian by birth, and was educated partly at McGill College and partly at the Royal School of Mines, London.

Since 1873 Dr. Dawson has been actively engaged in explorations and in geological surveys, first as geologist and naturalist to her majesty's boundary commission, and subsequently in connection with the geological survey of Canada, of which he is assistant director. He is the author of numerous reports on the northwestern ports of Canada, and particularly of British Columbia, with all parts of which province he has been familiar for many years. In 1887 he was intrusted by the Canadian government with the conduct of the Yukon expedition and traversed a great expanse of previously unknown country in the vicinity of the eastern boundary line of Alaska. He is a fellow of the Royal Society of England, of the Geological Society of London and America and of many other scientific societies.

Mr. Ashley Froude is secretary to the British commissioners and will doubtless act in the general capacity of secretary to the joint commission whenever the services of such a personage are required. He is the son of James Anthony Froude, the celebrated English historian, and his tendencies being toward a diplomatic career, he is taking a preliminary course by working with various international commissions sent out from London. He is still in his twenties, but already quite an accomplished diplomat, with an exceedingly fine presence and a charming manner. He accompanied the British commissioners to Alaska last summer.

THE AMERICAN COMMISSIONERS.

The American commission is headed by Prof. Thos. C. Mendenhall, director of the United States coast and geodetic survey, to which position he has been appointed during the past few months. He is fifty-one years of age and a native of Ohio. During his course in the common schools of that state he developed an aptness for the study of mathematics and natural science, and conducted an independent study of those branches. From 1873 to 1878 he was first professor of physics and mechanics in the Ohio University and then he went to Japan as professor of physics in the Imperial University at Tokio.

PROF. T. C. MENDENHALL.

During his stay in Japan, which lasted three years, he conducted several important series of experiments, and established some valuable facts in the science of physics. From measurements of the force of gravity at the sea level and at the summit of the extinct volcano Fujiyama he calculated the probable mass of the earth, and attained a result closely agreeing with that obtained by Francis Baily in England by another method.

He returned to this country in 1881 and resumed his chair at the University of Ohio, and in 1882 organized the state weather service, of which he was director until 1884. He was the first to devise and put in operation a system of weather signals for display on railroad trains, which method was in general use throughout the United States and Canada until 1887. In 1884 he received an appointment as professor of the United States weather bureau and came to Washington. He was charged with the establishment of a physical laboratory at the bureau, with the introduction of a system of observation of atmospheric electricity and with the investigation of methods for determining ground temperatures. He was the first to establish stations in the United States for the systematic observation of earthquake phenomena, in which he became deeply interested during his stay in Japan.

In 1886 he resigned from the service to accept the presidency of the Rose Polytechnic Institute at Terre Haute, Ind., and he remained in that position until he was appointed to the head of the coast survey in 1890. Prof. Mendenhall is a Ph.D. of the Ohio University ('78) and LL. D. of the University of Michigan ('87). He has held various high offices in the ranks of the American scientific societies, and has written voluminously in pamphlets and monographs on numerous topics. His largest work is entitled "A Century of Electricity," published in 1887. He is a member of the National Academy of Sciences.

Prof. C. Hart Merriam of the Department of Agriculture is Prof. Mendenhall's colleague on the American side of the commission, and went with him to the sealing islands last summer. He is a comparatively young man in the realm of advanced science, being yet in the thirties, yet he has achieved considerable reputation in his own line of work—the study of natural history. He was president of the Biological Society during the past year and is a member of various other scientific organizations, at the sessions of which from time to time he has presented valuable papers. He is at present the head of the ornithological division of the Agricultural Department, and it was for his well-based acquaintance with the habits of birds and animals that he was selected for a position upon the present commission.

The Name of Christopher Columbus.

To the Editor of The Evening Star:

Some writer has recently forestalled me by calling attention to the appositeness of his baptismal name, Christopher, the Christ-bearer, for his was truly a pure and Christlike nature, due allowance being made for the influences of his period and surroundings. We must remember that his was essentially an age of religious persecution, and that notwithstanding Isabella's gentle nature hers was a nation of all nations the most bigoted and intolerant. Enlightened as Columbus was, necessarily he was of his day and generation; yet his conduct was humane and beneficent in comparison with the cruelty, treachery and fanaticism of his colleagues and contemporaries.

Therefore, it seems to me that his surname is equally apposite as well as suggestive, for Columbus means a male dove—and why not the dove bearing the olive branch? Had he been even such an one as Cortez or Pizarro he would still have "builded better than he knew," for, as the representative of the most autocratic country of Christendom, he was God's instrument to bring about the founding of this freest of all countries, free America. As the dove of Noah's pent-up ark went forth over the wild waste of waters to find a refuge for the children of God, so the Christ-bearer dove of the middle ages went out from narrow-minded, superstitious Spain across the unknown, unexplored and trackless ocean to find a refuge for future generations, who for ages have blessed and still continue to bless his name and the name of the Christ whom he bore in his heart. Here is a refuge from persecution and oppression, from despotism, violence and wrong, where each may worship and believe as he will, with untrammeled conscience. What matters their faith or creed, if in their hearts they sing pæans of praise to the Savior of mankind, whose spirit, the dove of the Holy Ghost, led on the true discoverer of America, through stress and suffering, to a second redemption of man by the power of His name?

Then should not these symbols, the cross and the dove, appear wherever a monument is raised to Christopher Columbus? And where can better befit their visible manifestation than the exposition which is to commemorate his name and fame and the anniversary of our country's birth?

LILIAN PIKE.

Against the Alderson Bill.

To the Editor of The Evening Star:

Anent all that has so far been adduced argumentatively and protestatively against the so-called Alderson bill, the bull's eye of the arbitrariness of the measure is still unhit. The bill is the embodiment of the most tyrannical attempt at unconstitutional legislation against the rights and privileges of free American citizens. Such species of levying of contributions from civil employes of the government is an injustice provocative of resentment against one of the most unwarranted abridgments of the inalienable rights of the citizenship of this country that will not be submitted to without a strenuous fight by even such apparently powerless creatures as department clerks. Congress has no more constitutional right or power to legislate 2 per cent of our salary into a fund for pensioning fellow clerks after thirty years' service than it has the right or power for similar legislation concerning the salary of employes of private corporations.

It is a prerogative of the Congress to legislate in conformity with the requirements of the Constitution to the extent of appropriating money for the payment of salaries to the employes of the government, but there the business of Congressmen ceases so far as the department clerks are concerned, who are civil employes and free agents, not to be dictated to [illegible]lly or otherwise as to what disposition to make of their limited salaries. Not all government clerks enter the departmental service with the object of serving Uncle Sam clerically for thirty years or more or until they, or many of them, attain the age of incipient senility. In writing this I express the unqualified protest of every clerk in one of the departments, excepting, of course, the few ancient clerks pressing hard onto the thirty-year limit, against a contemplated extortion humiliating to the manhood of every self-helping civil employe in the government departments.

TWENTY YEARS CLERK.

Superfluous.

From the Jester.

Perdita—"What do you think of his being so infatuated with me?"

Penelope—"I think it is a waste of time."

Perdita (delightedly)—"Because you think I would not have him?"

Penelope—"No; because I know you would take him without his being infatuated with you."

MARIE.

William McLennan in Harper's Magazine.

H'O, YES; DE H'ANG-lish, dat's ver' h'easy for me to speak.

My wife, she's h'Anglish girl, Marie. Not Marie like de French say. No! Marie, h'Anglish way—Marie Boyle.

She's de younges' daughter to de h'ol' Paddy Boyle w'at work on de mill. Dat's fonny feller, de h'ol' man. 'E speak h'Anglish ver' bad. 'E h'always say "bagorry" when 'e go for say "bagosh;" an' 'e say "kittle" for "pot;" an' 'e wea rhis pipe top side down on 'es mout'; but w'en 'e swear 'e swear good an' strong!

De h'oldes' girl, she's call Emma, an' Xiste Brouillette, de son to de h'ol' Brouillette w'at make de bar'l near de church, 'e was cavalier to 'er.

One night 'e h'ax me for to go down wid 'eem for veiller on de h'ol' Boyle; an' h'all de way he was speak wid me 'bout Marie.' Ow she was de bes' girl on de parish; 'ow de h'ol man was give plenty money wid her; 'ow she was work 'ard; 'an w'at Emma was tell 'eem she speak h'on me h'all de time.

I'll not care for h'all w'at 'e say. I'll be no know dat Marie h' ever sence she was littl' girl, an' I'll not t'ink nodding on 'er. An' ef 'e was tol' me all dat, jus' for 'ear me say some t'ing on Emma; I'll not be satisfy 'eem; I'll jus' say: "Dat don' make nodding for me."

De h'ol Paddy Boyle 'e was good feller, an' I'll go foa veiller wid 'eem, to 'ear 'eem tell de story an make 'es joke.

One night 'e was say, "W'y don' de young feller get marry? Dey work 'ard, an' dey t'row 'way deir money. Dey get h'ol', an' den de good girl no 'ave dem'—an' 'e make long string like dat. Den 'e say, "Look dem two girl! Same day w'at dey get marry, I'll be give de feller w'at take dem one 'ondre' poun'."

Den I'll say, for some joke wid de h'ol'man, "You give 'ondre' poun' wid Emma an' you give 'ondre' poun' wid Marie?"

An' 'e say, "Dat's w'at I h say."

Den I'll say, "Monsieur Boyle, I'll take de bot'!" An' I'll don' 'ave de word speak afore de h'ol' man stiff h'out 'es leg quick an kick my stool, an I'll fall all over de floor, an' de h'ol' feller laugh, an' Xiste 'e laugh, an' de bot' girls dey laugh.

Bagosh! I'll be so mad, I'll start for make de course for 'ome, but Marie she put 'er back on de door, an' she say: "Ah, Melchior! Pleas' don', Melchior! Don' min' de h'ol' fadder, Melchior. Please don', Melchior!" An' she say dat so sof' an' she ut 'er 'an on my h'arm so pretty, an' she look me h'on de h'eye so like she was go for cry, h'all de mad was go h'off an' me go back on de fire. An' den we was h'all laugh, an de h'ol' Paddy, 'e bring h'out de bottle an' we ave de littl' coup, an' make good frien's some more; an' I'll say dat night as w'en we was walk 'ome, "Bagosh! Xiste, she's pretty girl; mos' de pretties' girl w'at I'll h'ever see."

An' 'e say, "Who's pretty girl?"

An' I'll say, "Never min'!"

Well, h'after dat I'll go on de h'ol' Paddy w'enh'ever I'll get de chance, an' dat's not any more wid de h'ol' man w'at I'll go for veiller me!

But Marie she don' be so kin' for me like dat night h'any more. She laugh plenty; she sing h'all de song w'at de h'ol' man h'ax 'er for sing; she lis'en w'en I'll tell de story 'bout de bush, an' 'bout w'en I'll go for 'unt; but I'll never 'ear 'er speak sof' like dat night, an' w'en I'll speak sof' she h'only laugh an' laugh.

But 'e was nice on dose night! 'E don' make nodding 'ow 'ard de win' blow, or 'ow 'ard de col' make; w'en Xiste an' me h'open de door an' bot' de girls an' de h'ol' Paddy was dere, an' de big stove was roar 'mos' so loud like de win', an' de fire was show red t'rough de crack an' dance on de wall t'rough de 'ole on de door; an' Emma 'er foot go h'up an' down, h'up an' down, an' de w'eel 'um wid de fire; an' Marie she make de stockin', an' 'er 'an's dey dance wid de needle; an' me an' Xiste an' de h'ol' Paddy sit an' smoke; an' we tell de h'ol' story an' sing de song and de complaintes; an' de warm of de stove 'e's good, good, till de time come for go.

Xiste an' Emma was marry de nex' spring, but h'all de time I'll don' get no more near wid Marie.

'E go h'on dat way h'all de nex' summer, an' de nex' winter, an' de nex' summer h'after dat. An' dat summer dere was come a gennelman from Mon'real, an' 'e was board wid de h'ol Paddy. 'E don' do nodding but make de picture of de h'ol mill, de church, de red bridge an' de river an' de trees. No matter 'ow big dey was, dat make nodding for 'eem; 'e jus' make dem so littl' w'at 'e want on de picture. Bagosh! 'e's ver' smart! an w'en 'e's dere fire, I'll 'elp 'eem h'all I'll be h'able.

One time I'll take 'eem h'up so far's de lake on my canoe, an' 'e was 'mos' crazy wid h'all w'at 'e see. An' sometime 'e 'oller for somet'ing, an' h'ax me for not paddle, an' 'e look, an' look, like 'e go for h'eat de 'ole boutique; an' I'll look too, an' I'll don' see nodding—jus' de same h'ol' sky, an' de same h'ol' water, an' de same h'ol' 'ills w'at spoil de good farm, an' make me tire' for look on 'eem.

Ef dat was h'all, dat was h'all correc'; but dere was Marie. I'll don' get so much chance for see 'er den, 'cause I'll work on de quarry, an' dey was pay for make h'over-time, an' I'll stay so long's 'e's not be dark. Sonday's de h'only time w'at I'll 'ave de chance for veiller; an' de h'ol' Paddy 'e was glad for see me work like dat an' make de money, an' 'e tol' me dat of Marie say yes, 'e don' say no.

But Marie! I'll don' know w'at arrive on 'er.

Sometime I'll t'ink 'e was de paint man; but 'e never say nodding. I'll never see 'eem 'lone wid 'er. 'E jus' work, work, work, jus' de same like 'e was make de money wid make de h'ol' mill an' de tree small on de picture. But I'll see Marie was h'always wear de bes' dress, an' she was glad h'every time 'e speak on 'er; an' de h'Anglish soun' so sof' an' nice w'en dey speak wid h'each odder.

One night w'en I'll say good-by, I'll turn on de door an' I'll say, "Marie, I'm wait long time."

An' she say, ver' fas', "De watch' pot never boil."

An' I'll say, "I'll don' wan' de watch' pot for Boyle, I'll wan' 'eem for me."

An' she laugh at dat, but de h'eyes dey don' laugh wid de mout'—an' she don' say nodding.

An' dat be h'always de way; I'll get de good start an' den I'll be stop like dat; an' 'e's pretty 'ard for de man for make h'all de talk by 'eemself alone.

On de middle of de summer Emma come 'ome for make de h'ol' Paddy visit.

'E was de gran'fadder now, an' de littl' feller was call' like 'eem Paddy—Patrice Brouillette. De h'ol' man 'e was proud, an' Marie she was proud too. An' she was wid de littl' feller h'all de time; 'ug 'eem, an' dance wid 'eem, an' speak wid 'eem h'all de time, like dere was no big people on de worl'.

Dat make me glad for see 'er like dat, but sometime 'e make me sore on de 'eart too—for h'all dat was make nodding for me.

Sometime she laugh h'all de time, an' don' let me say nodding; sometime she was cross, an' den I'll can' say nodding; an' sometime she was qui't, an' den she say nodding; an' h'every was she was dat's bad for me; an' I'll t'ink sometime I'll go 'way on de shanty some more.

Well, one day we was work ou de quarry an' de rock we try for blas' was jus' on de top, on de new groun' w'at open h'up. But dat rock was 'ard an' we was work on 'eem near de 'ole day an' we make two blas', but 'e don' come. An' de boss say, "Now, boys, make dis one good an' deep an' we blow de bottom h'out!"

Well, for sure I'll made dat good blas'. I'll not be mean wid de powder, an' w'en I'll put in de brick, I'll tamp 'eem down de bes' I'll know 'ow, an' I'll 'ave dat fuse fix like 'e was grow on de rock.

Bymby, w'en h'all was finish', de bossen'h'all de boys off an' me an' 'eem stan' dere, an' w'en 'e see de fuse wat's h'outside, 'e laugh an' say, "Well, dat's long 'nough for coax 'er for sure." An' den 'e say, "Let 'er go!" An' I'll light 'er h'up, an' we start.

We was walk h'over on w'ere de boys was 'ide widout 'urry, an' we was jus' be dere, we'en Tenice Lalonde jump h'up an' swing 'es 'ans an' yell: "Melchior, look, look!" An' I'll turn roun' an' I'll see de littl' Paddy w'at run 'long de top of de quarry, an' jus' be'in 'eem dere's Marie jus' h'over de top of de 'ill, w'at walk an' laugh wid de flower on 'er 'an', an' between us de smoke of de fuse go h'up like de littl' w'ite snake.

I'll see Marie stop, an' den de laugh go, an' 'er face was w'ite an' fix' like 'e was froze w'en she see w'ere dey was come. Den she call, "Paddy! Paddy!" An' de boss yell, "Quick, boy, quick!" an' 'e start for de little feller, an' I'll start back for de blas'.

I'll see h'only de smoke what go h'up, an' I'll not know ef de fuse was burn to de top ontil I'll be kneel h'over 'eem, an' dere's jus' 'nough for take good 'ol'.

Wid de one 'an' I'll grab dat fuse, an' I'll squeeze 'eem all de 'ard I'll be h'able, an' wid de h'odder my knife go "pick, pick" on de tamp, for get de place for cut de fuse pas' de fire.

I'll s'pose I'll h'only be dere for de smalles' minute, but h'everyt'ing go on my 'ead like I'll be dere for h'ours. I'll say I'll mus'n' pull too 'ard or p'r'aps de fuse was break. I'll say I'll mus' pick de tamp too 'ard or h'else de knife was break; ef I'll not cut far 'nough down de fire go pas', and dere's no chance. P'r'aps de fire 'e's pas' now. Will 'e 'urt w'en de blas' go? P'r'aps 'e make nodding for me any'ow. Den I'll see de face of Marie, h'all w'ite an' froze, an' Ill say. like de pra'r, "O God! O God!" an' I'll risk de cut. One—two—one—, an' de fuse come 'way on my 'an', an' de h'en' was not touch'.

Den I'll try for yell, an' my t'roat was h'all stiff, but I'll 'ol' h'up de en' of de fuse, an' I'll 'ear de boss say, "T'ank God!"

An' I'll look, an' I'll see 'eem an' Marie w'at was kneel togedder on de groun', an' dey was cover h'up de littl' Paddy like for keep de blas' 'way w'en 'e come.

An' I'll 'ear de boss say, "Dere, girl! dere girl! don' cry! don' cry!" like 'e was go for cry 'eemself. An' den 'e turn roun' h'on de boys w'at was run h'up, an' 'e yell, "Get h'out dis, you fools! Go 'ome!" an' 'e swear strong, an' dey go; an' I'll not know w'y, I'll get h'up and I'll go too.

An' bymby de boys was h'ax me de question, an' I'll look on my 'an', an' I'll see I'll 'ave dere dat fuse not more long nor 'alf my finger, an' my 'an' was h'all twis' h'up wid de fire, an' 'e was cut wid my nail; but dat don' make nodding for me den.

An' dat night late I'll go down on de h'ol' Paddy, an' de h'ol' man meet me on de door, an' 'e jus' take me on de room w'ere de littl' Paddy was 'sleep with 'es modder. An' 'e don' say nodding, jus' slap me sof' on de back w'en we go on de h'odder room.

An' dere's no Marie. An' I'll say after w'ile "Marie, she was sick?"

An' de h'ol' man shake 'es 'ead, an' 'e go h'out. An' bymby Marie she come an' she sit down near de table, an' she 'ardly look on me. An' I'll speak littl' w'ile, an' I'll see dat don' do no good; an' den I'll look on 'er an' I'll say, "Marie, I'll go on de shanty dis winter."

An' w'en she don' say nodding, I'll feel my 'eart get col', an' I'll t'ink 'o's no use for try some more, an' I'll get h'up.

Den Marie she put 'er 'ead on de table, an'—I'll can' 'elp 'eem—I'll put my good 'an' on 'er 'air, w'at was sof' like de littl' Paddy.

An' de minute she feel dat, she jump h'up, wid 'er h'eye all bright, an' she say, fas' an' 'ard, "W'at for you touch me? 'Ow dare you put your 'an's on me?"

An' I'll say, "Dat was h'only one 'an', Marie;" an' I'll 'ol' h'out de h'odder w'at was h'all twis' h'up so I'll can' h'open 'eem; an' Marie she jus' say one word, an' den 'er two h'arms was roun' my neck, an'——

Well, dat's Marie w'at teach me for speak de h'Anglish good like dat.

LOST AT A PROFIT.

A Wily Sea Captain Makes a Losing Bet That Brought Him a Big Return.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

The captain of one rather old and slow steamer, finding that he would have to be a long time in China before he received a full cargo of tea, and would have probably to return in ballast, began, to every one's astonishment, to say that, owing to the repairs that had been done to his engines, he hoped to make a racing passage.

Then, still more to the astonishment of the captains of the fast steamers and the world at large, he commenced to back himself to make the fastest passage home.

In such very considerable sums of money did he wager that people began to think there was something in it, and the merchants sent their tea almost entirely by his ship, arguing that, as the captain stood to lose £500, the repairs to his steamer's engines had probably put him in a position to bet almost on a certainty.

Of course the steamer, whose greatest speed was eight knots an hour, arrived in England weeks after the others, and the captain lost his £500; but instead of having, to lie in China waiting his chance of cargo coming in from the interior—a probable delay of weeks—he had cleared in a few days, after his bets became known to the public, with a full ship, thus recouping to his owners, who of course paid his betting losses, a considerable number of thousands of pounds profit.

New York's 400.

Joe Howard in the New York Recorder.

We have no rulers here, "by the grace of God." It is entirely by the favor of the people. We have no permanent oligarchy, we have no fixed condition in which man, woman or child must remain from birth to death, but many of us long for just that sort of thing. It would gratify the silly billies and the Miss Nancys and the present race of wealthians very much if they could be perpetually known as the "Four Hundred," for instance. Now, that is a homely illustration and it must of necessity appeal to every intelligent reader. But the Four Hundred of today is not the Four Hundred of five years ago.

Let one of them lose his money; how quickly he drops out!

Is he any better because he has money? Is he any worse because he has lost it? A thoughtful glance at the men and women who are before the public in the social sense will teach a lesson pregnant and most suggestive. They, in a large majority, are men of no special headgear, and women noticeably frivolous. It is within the memory of every intelligent observer when the Vanderbilts were not asked in what is known as society. Do you suppose that John Jacob Astor, the original, the good old peddler, the graduate from a butcher's shambles, shared the hospitality of the old Dutch Knickerbockers or of Gotham's best people? Still less could he find acceptance in the giddy-headed throng, and if I read aright, vulgar as was his origin, meager as was his education, incomplete as was his social endowment, he had too much native common sense to care for either the one or the other. He knew what he was fit for. He was an excellent servitor in a butcher's shop. He was a competent butcher; he developed early the trading instinct, and his nose for progress was unusually keen, as is evinced by the marvelous purchases of land made by him in times when such transactions were regarded as the very height of folly. But the Astors of today are actually quarreling among themselves as to which is the Mrs. Astor. If the good ladies who indulge in this knew the mirth they excite, if they could appreciate the hither verge of the comical side of the situation, they would, let it be hoped, in the interest of honest American womanhood, blush at such utterly un-American, nonsensical airs and would-be graces.

Look at rugged Cornelius Vanderbilt the elder.

Start with him on his flat boat. Come up with him as that well-packed head of his brainifically ran out in various directions, and always along the right line to wealth, to usefulness, to helpfulness. See how he grew, and then mark the processional following. See what his son William H. did and then come with me and look at his sons, the grandsons of the original Cornelius—Cornelius and William K.

In society?

I should say so.

Why?

It won't be said "Because they are Christian gentlemen." There are several others of that kind in New York. It won't be said "Because they are railroad experts." There are thousands of such in the land. It won't be said "Because they are quiet, modest, courteous, hospitable." Such, thank God, is the character of millions of Americans.

Why, then?

Obviously for the same reason that the Astors two generations ago were admitted into what is technically known as society—because they have ample means and are able to hold their own in any race where wealth is a factor.

But where you will find one such man as the late John Jacob Astor, where you will find one such man as Cornelius Vanderbilt, you will find scores of lunkheads whose aspirations are of the McAllister stripe. Aping the weaknesses of foreign lands, copying the excrescences of people who live under totally different conditions, they have developed an obvious desire to impress upon their fellows that they are really 400 very uncommon individuals.

And so they are.

But not in the way they imagine.

Aspiration.

Fallen again! So—I give up the fight,
What boots it to strive, if forever and ever,
In spite of one's utmost of pain and endeavor,
Still to cleave to the right,
Still to follow the light,
One falls from each height?

What boots it? Oh, better to climb and to fall,
To strive and to fail, to fight and be slain,
Than to grovel content on the soul's lowest plane,
At the spirit's clear call
Whoso stirs not at all—
His cup shall be gall!

—JOSEPH B. GILDER.

Ramming With an Iron Clad.

From Once a Week.

It is a tremendous moment on board a ram when the officer gives the word of command to prepare for ramming. Each man flings himself flat on his stomach, his elbows squared, his face buried in his hands, his head toward the ram. It is a moment of fearful tension. The great iron clad has been signaled to go at full speed, and as the immense pressure is forced upon her she vibrates like a thing of life, darting forward by giant leaps. Every man is at his post. Every muscle is braced, and brave hearts beat chokingly for the few seconds that elapse between the order to ram and the awful crash—to many the crash of doom.

Art Students' League. Instruction in all branches by seven leading artists. 808 17th st. n.w.

BEN BUTLER'S WOOING

A Romance Which the General Omitted From His Autobiography.

SARAH HILDRETH, ACTRESS.

A Stage Career That is Generally Forgotten—A Modern Mystery in New York—A Clever Illusion—The Decline of Carmencita in Public Favor.

Correspondence of The Evening Star.

NEW YORK, February 12.

IN ALL THE REVIEWS of that most remarkable life history, the autobiography of the Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, there has been not a single mention of one of the most interesting episodes in the famous politician's varied career. His own pen even has not dealt with it, because, perhaps, it is the most cherished event in a past that is held sacred by him. Yet it is, after all, the softening romance in Gen. Butler's life, in which the storms have far exceeded the calms. Those who know the old war horse, who have been under the spell of his eloquence, who have felt the fervor of his invective or the keenness of his satire, who have watched him in angry debate or in crafty legal argument, will be surprised most of all to know that Gen. Butler once enjoyed the romance that is commonly attributed to sentimental fledgings only. We read much of the stern labor of his younger years; his indomitable pluck, his struggle through poverty and obscurity to gain his education and his combats with prejudice and influence to gain recognition and power. But we read little or nothing at all of his young man's fancies of a tenderer nature.

There is no hint that he was ever a lover, nothing to indicate that the ambitious and grim young lawyer ever pleaded his own cause before a judge with cherry lips, cheeks of down and melting eyes. Surely, since all the world loves a lover, Gen. Butler may well have told us the story of his first and only romance—the romance that brought to him years of happiness and children to lighten his hours, and was only ended by death. There have been hundreds of romances just like it, but far more less joyous in their results. Gen. Butler married an actress. This era of playgoers, with its score of famous favorites of the footlights, has probably never heard of Sarah Hildreth. Yet she was in her day an actress of note. Surrounded by admirers, high in social favor—a rare distinction for any player in that prejudiced time—fascinating in person and brilliant in intellect, Sarah Hildreth may well have claimed homage from impressionable young men. She was the daughter of Dr. Isaac Hildreth, a reputable physician then practicing in the city of Lowell, Mass., for so many years Gen. Butler's home and the scene of some of his most famous political triumphs.

SARAH HILDRETH'S CAREER.

Sarah Hildreth was carefully educated in her native city, and doubtless her acquaintance with the theater was extremely limited during her girlhood. But that did not prevent her from becoming enamored of the stage. She was scarce eighteen when there came, to her an opportunity to realize her fondest dreams. Visiting relatives in Brooklyn, she was easily enabled to put her purpose to the test. She at once placed herself under the tuition of that admirable actress and lovely woman, Mrs. Vernon, who found in her handsome young pupil remarkably promising material. The course of study for the stage in those days was not too long. On August 10, 1837, Sarah Hildreth—doubtless to the amazement of her friends in quiet Lowell—made her debut on the professional stage, coming forth, moreover, not a minor actress, but as a full-fledged "star." The scene of her essay was the historic Park Theater in this city, the first house and the most famous of that name, and the play was "The Wife," Sheridan Knowles' powerful story of intrigue, in which the fair young debutante appeared as *Mariana*. The occasion was a benefit to W. H. Chippendale, who, oddly enough, is the only surviving member of that memorable cast. The hero, *Pierre*, was acted by Charles K. Mason, a then noted leading man. Sarah Hildreth's success was instantaneous. The house was brilliantly crowded and its auditors were disposed to be critical, for star debutantes in those days were not regarded with strong favor, the popular theory holding that they should rise from the ranks after years of preparatory service. But the gentle grace and refined beauty of Sarah Hildreth won the severest of her critics. Her lady-like demeanor, her intelligent countenance, her modest costume, all spoke volumes in her favor. At first it was observed that her elocution was somewhat marred by a lack of expression and variety, and that her manner was not quite animated enough in the more forceful scenes of the play, but on the whole her debut was marked by success, and that success made of the Lowell physician's daughter an actress destined to charm thousands of American playgoers before she should capitulate to the fierce wooing of Benjamin F. Butler.

Offers came to her at once from numerous shrewd managers. The stock-company system then ruled, and among the southern managers who had just visited New York in search of budding talent was William Abbott, who owned theaters in Charleston and Columbia, S. C. Mr. Abbott engaged Miss Hildreth for his company, which alternated between the two cities, and during that winter also she appeared in Savannah. Subsequently she played in several cities in North Carolina and Virginia, after which she returned to New York. In 1842, having then gained an enviable repute as a conscientious, powerful actress and an estimable, refined woman, Sarah Hildreth became the leading lady in the stock at the old Park Theater, this city. On the same boards, which five years earlier she had trod in fear and trembling, she now came forth crowned with the laurel of public favor and at the head of a company of players brilliant in every respect. Around her were gathered William E. Burton, the famous *Toodles*; Thomas Barry, the best stage manager of his day; Henry Placide, rare comedian and jolly fellow; Carson W. Clarke, Henry Bellamy, Mrs. Vernon (her old preceptress); Mrs. Thomas Barry (the first), and a dozen others equally noted, and all dead and gone long ago. This engagement may be regarded as the turning point in Sarah Hildreth's stage career. Her talents, it was soon discovered, were overshadowed by the riper ones of those by whom she was surrounded. Her opening performance was as *Rosalind* in "As You Like It," but there was a brave *Orlando* to command much of the applause and a *Jaques* whose cynicism drew all the laughter, so that *Rosalind* was somehow a lesser figure in the play. The result was a surprise and a sorrow to the young actress' friends, but it was a not uncommon outcome. Miss Hildreth's engagement at the Park was cut short, probably by herself, and before Christmas of that year she had accpted an offer of the "leads" in the stock at the old National, Cincinnati, then under the management of the same Chippendale at whose benefit she had made her debut. There she remained three months, during which she played as a star in Louisville, and in that city also was the recipient of a mammoth benefit.

HE ESCORTED HER HOME.

At that benefit, applauding the young actress as she recited the ponderous blank verse of Talford's "Ion," was Benjamin F. Butler. The lawyer, then in the catalogue of "rising young men" of the east, had already pressed his suit and had won a favorable answer. To attend the benefit he had made the journey from Lowell and it was his purpose to escort Miss Hildreth back to that city. He fulfilled his purpose, and more, too. In a few days it became known that the stage would lose Sarah Hildreth, perhaps forever. In a few months came news of her marriage to Gen. Butler. It is related that before their union she exacted a promise from her fiance that she should be allowed to return to the stage at the end of a year if she wished, but she never sought fulfillment of that promise. The cares of a family changed her views and in the quietude and happiness of her Lowell home Mrs. Butler soon forgot the glamour and the fever of the theater. She never again appeared in public. Bearing three children, she lived to see them grow into useful men and women. In the spring of 1876 she died at the Massachusetts General Hospital, in Boston, after a long illness of cancer.

A MODERN TRICK.

One of Edgar Poe's celebrated writings was an elaborate argument that a pretended automatic chess player, exhibited in his day, had a dwarfed or legless man concealed in the avowedly mechanical figure. Poe's elucidation of the mystery was theoretical wholly, and he wasted space in demonstrating that clockwork couldn't take the place of human thought; that the figure couldn't be operated by occult powers, and that it wasn't worked by wires or other outside connection. Well, see how common sense has prevailed over illusion within forty years in matters of amusement. An exact counterpart of the Poe chess player has been for several seasons an ordinary exhibit in one of our museums, and only the most unsophisticated of visitors is fooled by it. Indeed, the expert who sits inside the wooden man and guides his hand is well-known in chess circles. The illusions, which command much attention in this fifty-cent museum, must be far more difficult to solve and more pleasurable to look at than the contrivance that piqued the curiosity of Poe and his public.

An interesting conjurer has come to this establishment from Paris. He looks like everything else but a sleight-of-hand man. He bears a strong resemblance to Lord Salisbury, the English premier. The secret of his illusions lies in the possession by him of a gentle and plausible manner. He is like the refined pickpocket; you don't suspect him, and so you lose your watch. This magician, upon going to work, unbuttons his cuffs and lays bare to above the elbow a pair of fat white arms, excusing himself, in his curious, broken English, "for undressing in publeek." His greatest trick is prefaced by tableaux representing the culture of silk from feeding the worms to the finished material, dyed in rich colors. The girls who personate the Chinese in these pictures are unfortunately, with one exception, what is known as British blondes, while their hair should be Chinese black, and this part of the illusion may be justly termed a delusion, if not a snare.

The magician's trick is, of itself, one that has been shown by two of our American showmen, who bought it from him, but he presents it more elaborately. In the final tableau he appears in a monk's garb. He has, as the well-known legend runs, smuggled some silk worm eggs out of China, and he taps his pilgrim's staff with a knowing look (for it is all pantomime) as much as to say: "I have the eggs inside." In the center of the stage he suspends a silk cord loosely across two thin uprights as high as his head. Then, walking to the back of the stage, he picks up what seems to be a small wooden frame about two feet square, over which is stretched white paper. It is just such a thing as is used for cheap show cards. This he turns over and over, to show that there is nothing hidden at the back of it, and then hangs it on the line. Next he outlines upon the suspended paper the figure of a silk worm, enclosed in an oval outline. Suddenly you are simply astounded to see the frame collapse, and behind it, hanging apparently from the same cord, a large yellow silk egg, looking like a big Chinese lantern. Something is stirring inside. The next instant the shell is broken and forth issues none other than a charming woman, clad in white silk and with white wings on her shoulders. It is a wonderful trick. How did that egg get there without your seeing it? How was that one hundred and thirty pound chick suspended by that frail line, which was not even tied at the ends, but merely laid across the pegs? As we are sensible observers and don't look with the blind eyes of those travelers who see miracles in East Indian jugglery, we know that the big egg and its contents are, of course, placed there by some very simple trick, but the secret has not yet been discovered.

THE DECLINE OF CARMENCITA.

Our faddists have had enough of Carmencita. The pleasure-seekers went stark mad over her last winter, and everybody has read how the women and girls of the Four Hundred were taken in box parties to the disreputable concert hall where the Spanish danseuse danced. She has returned to the stage of her former triumph, and now she is a fiasco. All efforts to boom her fail. Recourse was had to the fiction that she was a sufferer from heart disease and was likely to drop dead in one of her gyrations, but people won't even go to see her death kicks. She dances as well as ever, but the spectators are confined to the more or less tough rounders who ordinarily frequent this gilded dive. There are a few loyal admirers of Carmencita left, however, and last night, as one of them sat watching her, he enunciated the theory of high art expressiveness that some folks find only absurd and grotesque in Carmencita.

"There is no doubt that dancing has a speech of its own that discourses eloquently to the human heart," he said, "and the fact that dancing is quite as old as speech is proof that it is of equal dignity, the only difference being that one is a language addressed to the ear and the other to the eye. The latter has the advantage of being far greater in quickness, just as sight is many thousand times quicker than sound. Now, the speech spoken by the dancer may vary, but when it comes to the fiery speech of attitude, to the fervor and passion of the poetry of motion, the Spanish dancer leads all the rest. This is the charm of Carmencita's dancing. We like it because of its ardor, its intensity, its warmth; it speaks to us in the tongue of vehemence born of life in a land of sunshine, in a land of the wine press and the olive, where people woo passionately and forget quickly. Carmencita is thoroughly Spanish, and that's the secret of her wonderful success. Her motions have the sway, and the rock, and the bend, but that is only to emphasize the whirlwind which will soon burst upon you. With lightning rapidity her slender body and limbs will strike out her thoughts as the orchestra with its quick staccato portrays a sudden emotion. You try at first to follow her flying feet, then her wonderfully graceful arms, then the motions of her head, then the quiver of her body, but you are dazed and disappointed. You begin to fear that her fame has been exaggerated."

Exaggerated! That has been the verdict in every city visited by Carmencita except New York. Her American tour was a failure in a popular and money sense. But a mention of her fiasco did not silence the adulatory man. He went on: "Oh, it is gradually that you learn to understand the language she is speaking; you give over trying to put the letters together, to make up words, or even to put words together to make up a sentiment. You wait until she has finished her sign picture and then you are charmed with its tone and coloring and contrast; it is perfect in its harmony, it has the very glow of the Spanish sunset to it, the very odor of the orange grove, the very golden sparkle of fine old Xeres. Its flavor is almost appreciable to the taste."

Ten minutes later, in the room under the stage, Carmencita sat for a brief time. Carmencita smiled on no stranger until after he was introduced by a mutual acquaintance, and even then the smile was not meant to encourage unconventional treatment.

"I don't know why New Yorkers were rapturous over me," she said in Spanish, "and I don't wonder that they've got over it."

Further conversation revealed the fact that she didn't mean, by her dancing, any of the subtleties which my friend had ascribed to her; that she couldn't even comprehend his fine theories as to the silent language spoken by her contortions, and, finally—yes—she would drink a little champagne.

Taxing Department Clerks.

To the Editor of The Evening Star:

Please allow me space enough in your valuable paper to express my opinion in regard to taxing departmental clerks for the pensioning of the aged government employe. I cannot understand why any one employed by the government for fifteen or twenty years should need the aid of a charity fund. They certainly receive all they are worth, and if they are capable of filling a position under the government they ought to be capable of taking care of their salary. Even if such a "fund" were started none would need a pension but those that patronize the pool rooms, saloons and gambling houses. There are very few mechanics or laborers that ask for assistance from charitable institutions if they are able to perform manual labor, and why should employes of the government? Their salary is surely better than the average. Would it not be better to contribute a small amount at once for those in actual want? I refer to the poor widows and helpless children mentioned in THE STAR a few evenings ago. It would not be a bad idea for Uncle Sam to have a set of "Franklin's maxims" printed and hung on each government employe's desk or in a conspicuous place.

MECHANIC.

Evidence to the Contrary.

From Puck.

Photographer—"But why do you wish to be taken with your watch in one hand and your pocket book in the other?"

Mr. Bascom—"I'm a-goin' to send this picter to my wife, young man; when I left home she said she'd bet I'd be buncoed out o' everythin' I had before I'd be'n in the city two hours."

Lord Salisbury has recovered from his illness.

REAL ESTATE GOSSIP.

The Street Railroad Facilities Proposed in Congress.

SOME OF THE MEASURES NOW BEFORE THE LOCAL LEGISLATURE—THE INCREASE IN THE NUMBER OF GOVERNMENT EMPLOYES RESIDENT IN THE CITY—OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.

IT IS NOT LIKELY that all the street railroad measures introduced in the present Congress will become laws. If every charter or additional privilege was granted that is asked for this city would be pretty well gridironed with car tracks. But of course only a very small proportion of such bills ever receive favorable action, much less pass the two houses. Each session, however, witnesses an increase in the number of measures of this character that are brought to the attention of Congress. In fact the question of the street railroad facilities of the city has within the past year or two taken a prominent place with those interested in the material progress of the District. It used to be that street improvements was the main theme of the requests made yearly upon Congress for legislation affecting District interests. Street improvements still represent very important and material needs of the District, but they have now to yield or at any rate to share the first place to the question of railroad facilities. It is easy to understand why this should be so. This city has reached the stage in its development when the population is pressed out from the center and the outlying territory is occupied with homes. It is necessary that the occupants of these homes should have easy and rapid communication with the business center. There are some sections of the city which have become thickly built up, and yet they are without street railroads. The residents, as well as the owners of property who desire to find a market for their property, are naturally anxious that this need should be supplied at once. Hence the demand made upon Congress. In recent years three railroads running into the suburbs have been chartered and one or two of the existing city roads have been authorized to build extensions. But practically, as far as the city is concerned, the street railroad facilities are about what they were fifteen or twenty years ago. Of course there are two-horse cars instead of the bob-tailed car and a cable system and cushions on the car seats and other improvements, but the street railroad system of today covers about the same territory within the limits of the city as it did years ago.

SOME PROPOSED MEASURES.

The efforts that are now being made to supply what are regarded as deficiencies in the present service are represented by bills authorizing the construction of entire new roads and also by bills providing for the extension of old roads. As is well known to the readers of THE STAR, Senator McMillan, the chairman of the District committee, has announced as his policy that so far as possible the absolute needs for new service should be supplied by building branches or lines connecting with those of existing companies. A number of such measures are being or have been considered by the District committees. For example, it is proposed that the Washington and Georgetown railroad should be extended to the new Georgetown or Free bridge, and the property owners and residents in the vicinity of the 7th street road would be delighted if this company would continue the cable system along this street beyond the present terminus of its road, which is at the Boundary. Real estate along 14th street extended has been appreciating in value ever since it was determined that the cable system would be continued out to Mount Pleasant. The 7th street property owners look forward to the same gratifying results in the event that 7th street extended is made a part of the cable system.

It is also proposed that an extension to the Metropolitan road be built along P street from Dupont Circle east to 9th street. It is held that there is a necessity for a cross-town road and this plan has been suggested as a means of supplying this need. Another branch of the same road is advocated which would leave the main stem at East Capitol street run along 11th street to the south and thence east along Pennsylvania avenue to the new bridge. Then there is the Columbia railroad with its western terminus at New York avenue and 15th street. It is designed to continue this line along Pennsylvania avenue to 17th street, thence south to G street and west along that street. As an alternative proposition the new branch could leave the present line at 13th and H streets, run along the latter street to 17th street and so on along the route as above indicated.

The House has already passed a bill granting an extension to the Eckington road, which will allow its tracks to be continued along G street to New Jersey avenue and thence south, reaching the Capitol grounds at the end of North Capitol street. It is desired that the new Rock Creek Railroad Company should have the privilege of extending its tracks from 18th street along Boundary to 7th street. The Anacostia railroad would like to come up 6th street to F and thence along F to 11th and south to its present line near the Center Market. Some of these plans have taken the form of bills and others are still under consideration. It is fair to presume that some of these measures, as well as some bills providing for entirely new lines, will survive the uncertainties of congressional action and become enacted into laws. The importance of supplying the city with ample street car facilities is fully recognized, and there is no doubt but that much of the future prosperity of the city depends upon the development of this feature of city life.

THE PROFITS OF A SYNDICATE.

The practice of handling large tracts of land or high-priced property by means of syndicates has become well established here, and it is comparatively easy to organize a syndicate if there is any profit in sight. Some times when an alluring prospect of this character is somewhat hazy those who form the syndicate go in on the doctrine of chances and accept the result with philosophic composure. As a rule syndicates make money just as individuals do who put their money in Washington real estate. Perhaps there are cases where in the opinion of those most interested the harvest is not as great as they had expected, still there are exceptions to every rule. A member of a syndicate which is quite large enough to be dignified with the name of an incorporated company recently told a STAR man that his company was about to pay a second dividend amounting to 12 per cent. They had been organized less than two years, and with a capital of $100,000 had acquired a large block of city property. The greater portion of the purchase money had been secured by a trust, and in addition to paying the interest, taxes and other expenses they had accumulated a surplus of some $50,000 and still owned about half the property. The profits, in addition to the surplus, were represented by two dividends—one of 10 per cent and one of 12—which made the total profits on an investment of $100,000 in less than two years some $72,000.

THE NUMBER OF GOVERNMENT EMPLOYES.

An interesting side light was thrown upon the question of the increase during the past two years in the number of residents of the city in the government service by the compilation of the statistics of the Blue Book for 1891, which has just been issued. According to the figures furnished by Mr. Ames, who has charge of this publication, the total number of government employes resident in the city at the close of the last fiscal year was 23,144. According to the same authority the Blue Book issued in 1889 contained the names of only 16,234 such employes. On the face of the returns the increase in the number of government employes during the past two years would be 6,910. Mr. Ames, however, explains that the Blue Book of 1889 did not of course give the names of 2,710 persons employed in the census office, as that bureau was not then in existence. The new Blue Book also contains the names of some 1,170 persons employed in the navy yard of this city, which were not included in the issue of that volume for 1889. There were other omissions in that publication which have been supplied in the new Blue Book. Making due allowance for these and other omissions a conservative estimate places the increase in the number of employes located in this city at about 1,500, a yearly increase for the past two years of some 700.

MR. CAMPBELL'S RESIDENCE.

A handsome residence is to be erected by Mr. Charles M. Campbell on Harvard street between 13th and 14th streets, Columbia Heights. The design has been drawn by Harvey L. Page, architect, and is a fine example of the colonial style of architecture. Brick is the material that will be used and the two stories will be surmounted by a high pitched roof, which is pierced with dormer windows and is finished with a balustrade. The house will have a frontage of 44 feet and is nearly square. The feature of the house is a rounded porch at the main entrance supported on carved Ionic columns and having at the top a characteristic railing. The interior arrangement is spacious. There is a wide entrance hall leading into a staircase hall. The rooms open on these halls and the entire first floor can practically be thrown into one room. The finish on this floor will be hard wood, and all the appointments of the house will be handsome and complete.

THE CARROLL INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Since the recent sale of the property of the Carroll Institute, on F street near 6th, the members have been anxious to secure another site and to begin the erection of a building which would be more suitable for the needs of this growing organization. It was difficult to secure a lot that met the requirements of the case in all particulars, but finally Mr. Charles W. Handy, the real estate broker, has secured for the institute a lot which has met the approval of those interested. The deed transferring this property to George Bogus, the treasurer of the institute, has been placed on record and the final steps have therefore been taken. The new location is on the west side of 10th street between I and K streets and consists of three separate pieces of property belonging to these individuals. The entire property gives a frontage of 70 feet on 10th street with a depth of 90 feet to a 25-foot alley. This property was purchased by Mr. Handy in connection with H. C. Stewart & Son and A. M. Gorman, real estate brokers, from Charles F. E. Richardson, Robert D. Mouton and W. W. Goddard, executor, et al.

The price paid for the entire property was $23,495, which is at the rate of about $3.72 per square foot. Plans will be at once prepared for the erection of a handsome building, which will be specially adapted for the needs of the institute. In addition to the library, reading rooms, school rooms, &c., there will be a gymnasium, a large hall and reception rooms. It is estimated that the building alone will cost some $40,000.

Against Pensioning the Clerks.

To the Editor of The Evening Star:

The proposition to reserve 2 per cent of departmental clerks' salaries for the creation of a pension fund is the most sickly sentimentalism based on the grossest injustice. Nor are the advocates of the Alderson bill the least backward in making unwarranted statements in support thereof. "C. H." in a recent issue of THE STAR says: "The young especially are in favor of the bill." On the contrary we have failed to discover this class of youngsters. The government pays the most liberal salaries, exacting fewer hours to the day than private concerns. Law, medical and other schools of the very best all have classes at hours when the clerical force of the government can attend. The enrollment of clerks in these classes show that a large per cent are fitting themselves for independent professional business with a view to quitting the government's employ before the weight of years is upon them. This class is not "especially in favor of the bill." The young or middle-aged clerk who happens to be an "obnoxious partisan" on the change of the administration had a little rather have the 2 per cent of his salary to go with his "removal" than to leave it for some one who has not voted since Andrew Jackson ran for President. The clerk who has spent twenty-five to thirty years in the government's employ and who is now worth from the tens to the hundred thousands of dollars certainly is an object of charity and ought, if he has to give up his clerkship, to be paid 2 per cent of the student clerk's $900 or $1,000 salary! Or he of less business tact, but who knows how to lead a "merry life and a short one," who knows how to spend his salary before he gets it, should, after his thirty years of big salary and riotous living, be allowed to put his hand in the pocket of the young man who is trying to save enough money to buy a little professional library or a few mechanical instruments and take out 2 per cent of his gross earnings that the wine may not stop when he is thrown out on the cold world. Let those who wish form their mutual benefit associations, but do not force tribute from those who would not voluntarily become members. Perhaps if the heads of the departments would take the trouble to find out the financial condition of these old and useless clerks they might find that the service of a great many could be dispensed with without "cruelty." The man or woman who fails to lay by from his or her thirty years of liberal salary something to keep them when old age comes on certainly has a poor claim for pension on the government and far less on the fellow clerks. The character of the service and the rules governing does not admit of comparison with the military service. It is claimed the scheme is a charitable one, but it is strange charity that is founded on extortion.

PENSION OFFICE CLERK.

John Will Keep Quiet.

From the New York Tribune.

A young married couple who live in an apartment house up in Madison avenue went out to dine last Sunday afternoon, and, as they had allowed the servants the same privilege, the apartment was deserted when the owners returned in the early evening. When they had disembarked from the elevator and the lord of the household began to fumble for keys he was horrified to discover that they were either lost or snugly ensconced at that moment in some other and inaccessible pocket.

"Carrie," he said in stricken tones, "I think—I'm afraid—that is, I—I've left my keys!"

"You don't mean it?" she ejaculated.

"I really do," he said, fumbling nervously in impossible nooks and crannies of clothing for the longed-for bunch.

"The elevator boy of course has a key," announced his wife. "Call him."

"There are only two and we have both," he answered briefly, still fumbling in a hopeless way.

"Can you pick the lock, Edward?" she asked.

"I was not educated for a burglar, Caroline."

"Then we must send for a locksmith."

"Tonight—no shops are open. I am afraid we must either break the door or send for the superintendent," he said decisively.

They rang the bell for the elevator, and sat dismally on the stairs till it came.

It is a terrible thing to sit on an apartment house stair and look at your own door closed against you.

"John," said the keyless proprietor when the elevator arrived, "have you a key that will fit our door?"

"No, sir."

"Is the superintendent in the building?"

"He has went to Harlem, sir, to spend the evening."

Two groans.

"John, you are not a large man."

"No, sir."

"Do you suppose" (with a gleam of hope) "that if I offered you a dollar and boosted you you could squeeze through the transom?"

"I might try, sir."

"I wish you would."

There was a rattle of coins, followed by much shuffling, pushing and squirming, and at length only a pair of irregular elevator boy legs, capped by a pair of dilapidated shoes, remained in sight. Having gone that far John stuck.

"Hi, there," came in muffled tones from the half inside.

"Yes."

"Try the door."

The luckless flat owner turned the knob, and to his astonishment the door opened, and inside, hanging in the lock, was the bunch of keys.

"Caroline," he whispered. "The door's open—wasn't locked at all."

"Well, you're a careless thing, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself for leaving the flat unlocked," she declared emphatically.

But the husband did not hear. He gave a final pull at the dangling humanity over the door and landed it on the inside.

"John," he said anxiously. "You can keep quiet sometimes?"

"Sometimes, sir."

"Here's another dollar. You understand."

Benevolence That Paid.

From the Boston Transcript.

A crowd was gathered in the hotel smoking room and a stranger, somewhat seedy, but of gentlemanly manners, entered without causing any particular remark. Presently there came from without the mechanical notes of a piano organ. The stranger arose, went to the window, looked out for a moment and then said in sympathetic tones, "Hard lines for a poor fellow to go about the streets playing lively tunes that must be exquisite sarcasm to one in his forlorn condition. Come, gentlemen, let us take up a collection. I'm not wealthy, but I'll start it with half a dollar." So said, he took off his hat, and, after dropping a half dollar into it, passed it around. All responded more or less liberally and with a brisk step the stranger went out to make the organist happy. It is probable that he succeeded, for a few moments later the stranger and the street musician were dividing the benefaction equally between themselves in a familiar way, which would seem to indicate that they were partners in a common enterprise, especially in view of the fact that the stranger pocketed a half dollar before the allotment began.

Perdita—"Papa says I shall marry the man I wish to."

Mary (who has had experience)—"What will he do? Hypnotize the man?"—*Life.*

Miss Von Gimp—"I wouldn't marry the best man living."

Dr. Perkins—"No—ah—er—perhaps not, but—er—that is really no obstacle to your marriage with me."—*St. Paul Globe.*

"I don't take any stock in that old saw, 'Two heads are better than one,'" said the man who had just fitted out his two boys with new hats.

"My gracious! I do," said the hatter.—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*