

The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN. THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CONNECTICUT. DELIVERED BY CARRIERS IN THE CITY, 10 CENTS A WEEK, 10 CENTS A MONTH, \$1 FOR SIX MONTHS, \$4 A YEAR. THE SAME TERMS BY MAIL.

The Pacific Coast Whaling company in fitting out a fleet for next season's whaling has ordered that each boat be provided with a complete kodak outfit and that every fish sighted be instantaneously photographed.

Horses are as cheap as shirts. Several carloads of horses that started from Oregon for Kentucky last week were stopped at Shoshone, Idaho, by the owners and the horses were taken from the cars and sold for fifty cents apiece. This was more profitable than to pay the heavy freight bill with what the horses would have brought in Kentucky.

A new system of packing butter which does away with cold chambers is being tried in Australia. The butter is packed in cubical boxes made of glass, the joints being covered with adhesive, grease-proof paper. The boxes vary in size, holding from one pound to two hundred pounds. When a box is filled it is covered with a quarter of an inch of plaster of Paris, and this with prepared paper or canvas. The plaster, being a non-conductor of heat, preserves the hermetically sealed butter.

The Gloucester (Mass.) Relief association holds its annual memorial services next week for the men of that city who have been drowned on fishing trips during the past year. It seems that 131 men have been lost from that port alone the past year, and in the past twenty-two years, for which statistics have been kept, the loss in this way has been 2,183. The relief association undertakes the very practical and necessary work of relieving the widows and orphans of these men, and last year distributed \$1,114.

The scheme to encourage negro emigration from South Carolina has the approval of the Charleston News. "We cannot expect," it says, "any considerable white immigration to South Carolina so long as the present negro majority is maintained. We need more white people and fewer colored people in South Carolina, and the legislature should regard the question from a higher and broader standpoint than the convenience of the landholders, who regard the negro as a profitable tenant only, and not as an undesirable citizen."

Some figures showing the amount of money spent for theatrical and musical entertainment in some of the great cities are published, from which it appears that during last year the theaters of Paris, exclusive of the Grand Opera House and those theaters and concert halls at which musical performances only are given, took in \$29,000,000, or \$4,000,000. The theaters of London, which are more numerous than those of Paris and charge generally more for admission, took in last year \$7,000,000. A recent computation of the revenues of New York theaters puts the total for 1895 at about \$2,500,000, exclusive of the Metropolitan Opera House, whose receipts would probably bring the total up to \$3,000,000.

Next May the National Electric Light association will hold its annual convention in New York city. In anticipation of that event, an electrical exposition company has been organized for the purpose of making a display of all the latest devices of electrical inventors and experts. Its president is Harrison J. Smith, superintendent of the Edison Illuminating company. The seven-story industrial building on Lexington avenue, in the rear of the Grand Central railroad depot, has been hired by the company. Those at the head of this enterprise say that the entire building will be filled with exhibits of all the latest wonders in electric illumination, heating, casting, welding, forging, motors, chemical, dental, surgical and general manufacturing appliances. It will be fully equal to the electrical display at the Columbia exposition, and contain a multitude of inventions that have been perfected since that time.

An attack has just been made upon the rights and privileges of one of the oldest institutions in Russia, the Imperial Free Economic society, the statutes of which have been confirmed by every Russian monarch since Catherine II. The most active section of the society, called the Committee of Elementary Education, which has worked energetically for thirty-five years in the interest of secular schools and the promotion of education among the people, is to be separated from it and theoretically transferred to the Ministry of Public Instruction. This is due to the influence of M. Pobedonostzeff, the Chief Procurator of the Holy Synod, who is credited with trying to destroy everything that he thinks can stand in the way of giving the church the monopoly of popular education. More than three hundred members of the committee, including the most active, have resigned, and the news of the abolition of the committee is said to have caused much indignation through the country. After mentioning these facts, the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Times says: "It is very questionable whether the Czar's avowed desire for

the speedy spread of education is being furthered by the suppression of an institution which has done so much for schools and libraries all over Russia, but in case there seems to be a determination not to permit any more secular education or voluntary schools. As in nearly everything else, the government and the church seem resolved to take this matter also entirely upon themselves. It is only a pity that there is not more real education and less on paper only."

Instead of being "pulled off" it is probable that the great prize fight has been scared off. Prize-fighters are brave men, especially in their "debs" and in their newspaper interviews, but no man, however brave he may be, can feel comfortable when surrounded by Texas rangers and Mexican dangers. This law amounts to something when its majesty is embodied in firearms which are liable to go off and hurt those in front of them. The majesty of both Texas and Mexican law has been and is in plain sight around El Paso, and the sight is not good for sore eyes. Many of the sports have already left the place, and it is probable that all of them will soon be gone, and that another "big fizzle" will be recorded. Times have changed and the many art of prize-fighting has fallen into sad disrepute, in spite of the fact that its chief exponents nowadays are all gentlemen, orators and writers.

In another part of this paper the interesting and significant announcement is made that the executive committee of the Mills meetings will continue for the present the Sunday afternoon services at the Grand Opera House. This is a good move and we hope it will be successful. It indicates an intention on the part of those making it to try to bridge the chasm that exists between the Church and the people. It is possible, if these meetings are judiciously conducted, to make them both popular and useful. Bishop Potter had something to say the other day about the duty of the Church which has a bearing on such efforts as the one which is to be made by the New Haven committee. He said: The growth of wealth and of luxury, wicked, wasteful and wanton, as before God I declare that luxury to be, has been matched step by step by a deepening and deadening poverty which has left whole neighborhoods of people practically without hope and without aspiration. At such a time, for the Church of God to sit still and be content with theories of its duty outlaid by time and long ago demonstrated to be grotesquely inadequate to the demands of a living situation, this is to deserve the scorn of men and the curse of God! Take my word for it, men and brethren, unless you and I and all those who have any gift or stewardship of talents, or means, or whatever sort, are willing to get up out of our sloth and ease and selfish diet-tantism of service, and get down among the people who are battling amid their poverty and ignorance—young girls for their chastity, young men for their better ideal of righteousness, old and young alike for one clear ray of the immortal courage and the immortal hope—then verily the Church in its stately splendor, its apostolic orders, its venerable ritual, its decorous and dignified conventions, is revealed as simply a monstrous and insolent impertinence!

These are true and forceful words. It is encouraging that there is going to be an effort by some of the teachers of religion in New Haven to get down among the people.

THE NORTH POLE STORY. If a Norwegian has really discovered the North Pole he has shed lasting glory upon himself and his country. He has also taken the shine off several other people and several other countries. Dr. Nansen left Christiania, Norway, June 24, 1893, with the intention of penetrating to a point north of the New Siberian islands and then drifting with the ice pack wherever the current might bear the ship. This was the plan of DeLong, and the Jeannette sank while imbedded in the ice north of the New Siberian islands. It is possible that Dr. Nansen drifted northward and back again, so he is able to communicate with the Siberian mainland. But until it is certainly known that the startling report which has been received is true there will be much doubt about it. Most of those familiar with Arctic exploration are already out with their doubts. Scott Kettle, who is Nansen's agent, and a member of the Royal Geographical society, said the first messages from Nansen would doubtless be to him and to Nansen's wife. Clements K. Markham, president of the Royal Geographical society, thinks it likely that Nansen has found the North Pole, but highly improbable that any message has come from him at this time of the year. General Greeley, the Arctic explorer, says the fact that the dispatch does not say where Nansen was when heard from is suspicious. His own opinion is that it is more likely that Nansen has perished than that he has sent the published message. Mr. Henry G. Bryant, who was a member of the first Peary expedition, takes little stock in the story. A dispatch from Christiania says that Nansen's relatives there have heard nothing direct and do not believe the story. Colonel Gilder, the Arctic explorer, is another who sees no reason to believe the story. On the other hand,

some German geographers and a few of those in London are inclined to think it well founded. Time will tell. Of course the world will not be easy until the North Pole is reached. Many have already lost their lives in trying to reach it. If Dr. Nansen comes back alive with a good description of it he will be as famous as he may want to be.

FASHION NOTES. Looking Forward. Present indications point to an abundance of simplicity gowns for next summer. All the new gowns are of the simplest sort, and simple dresses promise to be the rule. Nothing is more becoming, and no woman need be afraid that she will spend too little money, for she must have three times as many of the dresses as if they were more elaborate, or else be unfashionable. Fortunately one does not need to be intensely fashionable in summer. Many summer gowns are semi-transparent, which means a continuation of the pretty effects of last season gained by underlining of color. As to summer silks there is every reason to believe that taffeta will be a favorite. Few goods are prettier than taffeta, and a good quality wears well. The artist contributes here a dainty blouse of black taffeta, made with a plain bias back and with draped fronts



bunched at either side of the collar on the shoulders and there finished with ribbon bows. The blouse has a deep yoke of heavy cream lace edged with narrow frills that fall over the sleeves and which partly covers the plain stock collar. It fastens in front, the draped parts concealing the hooks. Its belt is garnished on either side with large ribbon bows and the sleeves have narrow cuffs banded with lace. Silks in cashmere designs were a little overdone by the weavers, and the result is that though they are as pretty as ever and likely to be the right thing for a full season longer, their prices have come way down. Go in for one of them if possible. Nothing wears better than these firm, crisp silks of all-over design. Another recommendation for them is explained by the experience of the woman that spilled a cup of coffee all over her skirt. She sponged it off and that helped the bad matter, but still it showed enough to have ruined a plain silk. As it was, it really did like a shadowy part of the design.

COMMUNICATIONS. Are More Institutions for Healthy Children Needed? To the Editor of the JOURNAL AND COURIER: In a late exchange we find a notice of a meeting held at a Congregational church in Bridgeport for the purpose of collecting funds for the purchase at Mt. Carmel in this county of a house for "State Orphans." May I be allowed to ask, whether it is not now recognized by all well informed in the care of dependent children, that institution life for them is a mistake?

Mr. Charles Brace of New York, than whom no one better understands his subject, being present at the late conference of charities held in New Haven, lifted his eyes on Sunday to the orderly rows of asylum boys and gives in the gallery of one of our churches, and exclaimed "How I wish I could put them all in family homes" and he only voiced what would have been the thought of all familiar with institution children, and at the same time acquainted with the best European and American methods of caring for dependents.

There are in this small state of Connecticut fifteen asylums for children, and eight county homes to take in all that the asylums cannot accommodate; date; why add one more with all the dragging expense of daily support, and all the insupportable objections to institution life?

Those \$5,000 which are asked for to purchase a house are a drop simply in the bucket to what will be required to carry on an asylum from year to year. But the expense is the least part of the evil. It is the institution life which should be avoided whenever possible—the gradual making over of young people in to little machines, all of them with the same look, the same manner, the same way of walking, the same tones of voice—who live by the same rules day after day, always knowing Monday by hash and Tuesday by soup, and so on through the colorless week. Children who inevitably lose the spring and spontaneity of childhood, and are old in their youth. Do not, we beg of you, shut up any more children in asylums. Do not herd them where individual characteristics cannot be taken into account in the orderly daily grind of the machine. If there are orphans in the state that none of the twenty-three shelters now established will answer for, do not shut them up together in a twenty-fourth. Let me show you a more excellent way. "God sends the solitary in families." Everywhere among the well informed, it is conceded that family life is the best life for children. All through the villages of this state there are respectable families which would gladly receive children as boarders; families that can be carefully selected, and kept under observation, whom the expense of two or three children would be considerably less than if cared for in any institution, with all its running machinery; families where children would enter into the daily life, and be grad-

ually merged in the community, and cease to be counted as belonging to the dependent class. In Massachusetts and Pennsylvania this is what is being done with poor children and there are large buildings standing empty, which used to hold young people—because the authorities have found how much better it is for the children and for the public to board out their children in private family houses.

Why should not Connecticut fall into line with these states which have tried both ways? Why? Can anyone tell us? Should a twenty-fourth institution be added to one already too long list of such places, and shut up healthy, jolly boys and girls in, because they need the fathering and mothering and home life, only to be found for them in kindly farmer families. WHY?

THE FLEETING SHOW. Some of Its Facts and Fancies. (Written for the JOURNAL AND COURIER.) WINTER VIOLETS. Nestled amid the shadows of the leaves, The violet, at the greeting of the sun, Lift up their heads with shy, responsive smile. Their curling petals, lilac, purple white, Half folded, as to veil in mystery The source of that sweet incense which they pour. With lavish fervor on the wasteful air, They are so humble, yet so bountiful!

So there are souls, courageous, tender, pure, Held in the limbo of a lowly sphere, In sun, in storm, in stress of circumstance, Pouring the impulsive sweetness of their hearts In helpful deeds and words of kindness, Spontaneous as the fragrance of the flower, And asking no requital: scarce they know— More than the violet—their claim to praise.

OF such the Master saith, These are Mine Own. POET AND CRIMINAL. The complexity of human nature is a matter so universal, so unquestionable, that one need hardly be amazed at any instance of it. The good and bad are strangely intermingled in us all; generous impulses sometimes overpower the selfish, honesty gets the better of deceit, while, unhappily, evil qualities struggle to the surface and for the time control even those whose usual impulses are toward the good and true.

It is said of Paul Verlaine that he was "half criminal and half angel," that with the head of a philosopher and the face of a satyr, revelling in grossness and defiant of all the laws of life, he "did nevertheless produce some of the purest and most spiritual poems that the world has ever seen, written in lines of such strange, haunting harmonies as the French language never before knew." To those who know him only by these exceptional poems how fair and pure his character must appear, and how mistaken would be their estimate—as false as that of others who would judge him only by that which he had written in his worst, most reckless moods.

Perhaps America's Paul Verlaine may be found in Irving, the "burglar poet," now serving a sentence in the Maine State Prison. When free, he was a burglar from choice, apparently, enjoying the excitement and the hazards of it. Now that he is in the house of bondage he writes sonnets in his hours of recreation. Well-tunged sonnets they are, too, usually in correct form, with ideas, rhymes and meter that are original, fluent and musical.

Some of these poems, we are told, are too horrible to print, others so audacious as to be startling. Others seem to have been written while his good angel stood beside him, and all the man's good impulses had risen in his strength to dominate everything in him that was base. In such moments, when his best was supreme, he must have written the impressive, joyful Easter sonnet, or the one, so sweet and quiet and sympathetic, that follows here:

IN THE WOODS. Now quiet Nature sets ajar for me Her inner sanctuary, cool and sweet, Where overhead the branching arches meet And tiny brooks trip down toward the sea. While faithless on mine ear the symphony

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That cymbaled leaves eternally repeat, As marching music set to fairy feet. That tread the tangled paths of memory.

Oh, days of long ago! When thoughts of thee With wild regrets and bitter longings come, At Nature's healing shrine I bend the knee, And ere I ask th' accusing voice is dumb. Touching her green-bound garments' hem, My soul Receives a virtue that has made me whole.

Another sonnet, entitled "Prescience," is surprising in its boldness, when we consider its authorship. Yet if we supposed it to be the work of a poet whose life was blameless, aspirations high and genius devoted only to the noblest purpose, should we not think that in it he had crystallized the exaltation of a mood that passed and left him grateful for such a foretaste of the future?

PRESCIENCE. God sent a poem to my heart last night; The visitation of the Holy Ghost Burst through the corridors of thought, almost Prostrating me with its divine delight, I heard the stars make music in their flight.

But in an instant was the vision fled, And I leaned, gazing, on my lonely desk. I know that it will never come again; But in that foretaste of the joys ahead, I've been of all the earth supremely blest, And thank Thee, Father, with amen, amen!

The best of us rarely have such a foretaste as this, or, if we have, we lack the words wherewith to express it. The one who has both, it seems may be "half angel, half criminal," like Paul Verlaine. And oh, the pity of it that in our warring natures the evil may be so strong that the good gains only a temporary ascendancy, and that ever a human being should be content to have it so!

REMOTE. Lady of the House—Would you be willing to work if you had a chance? Weary Willy—How remote is the chance?—Puck.

"I'd like to hear you play the violin, Mr. Dillingham," said 7-year-old Tommy Dillingham, who was entertaining the caller. "But I don't play the violin, Tommy." "Then papa must be mistaken. I heard him tell mamma that you played second fiddle at home."—Detroit Free Press.

"What's that?" asked Derringer Dan, as he paused in astonishment to listen to the efforts of the parlor quartet. "That's something taken from Wagner. What do you think of it?" "Well," was the carefully considered reply, "whatever it is, Wagner seems to be giving it up mighty hard."—Washington Star.

More Entertaining.—"Dickie, you must not play with that little boy in the lower flat—his family isn't as good as ours." "Why, mamma, his family is a heap better'n ours; he's got a cousin 'at's crazy, an' a brother 'at's in jail, an' a blind uncle, an' a deaf grandma."—Chicago Record.

"You say you saw everything in Rome in three days? That's impossible!" "F—But you must remember that there were three of us. My wife took all the churches, I visited all the picture galleries, and my son went for the restaurants and cafes. Then we met in the evening and swapped experiences."—Tit-Bits.

Theory and Practice.—Doctor (to brother physician)—Yes, sir, the sovereign remedy for all ills is fresh air and plenty of it. People don't let enough air into their houses. Well, I must hurry off; I'm on an errand.

Brother Physician—Going far? "No, only down to the hardware store to get half a mile of weather-strips."—New York Weekly.

Reducing the Surplus.—"That's a pretty good idea, mother," said Mr. Jones, the father of seven quite aged daughters, to his wife. "What's that, John?" asked Mrs. J. "Why, the secretary of the navy advertises for proposals for building some torpedo boats. We might advertise for proposals for the girls."—Harlem Life.

An Unlucky Prince. The Duke of Orleans is a singularly unfortunate young man. He seems always to be in trouble of some kind, either because of his thoroughly Gallic instinct of gallantry or from his inability to stick on his horse. While out riding with the Duke of Aosta at Mandria on Saturday his horse stumbled and fell. The Duke of Orleans had his left shoulder dislocated and his right ankle-bone fractured. His condition yesterday morning was reported to be as satisfactory as could be expected. The shoulder gave little trouble, but the ankle was still inflamed. This is the third accident which has befallen the prince within recent months. In the first he was supposed to have been the victim of an attack by some Spanish passants whose jealousy he had, of course, quite unconsciously—aroused. The second was in the neighborhood of Seville, when his horse deposited him upon the road and went hunting on his own account. This accident was rather serious, for the duke's leg was badly injured, and a suggestion went around the newspapers that amputation was not improbable. Scarcely has he become fit for the saddle than he suffers ejection again.—St. James' Gazette.

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Tea Plates, 6c; Breakfast Plates, 7c; Dinner Plates, 8c; Soup Plates, 7c; Covered Vegetable Dishes, large size, 49c; Soup Tureens, 79c; Cups and Saucers, 10c. Basement, East Store

F. M. Brown & Co. GOING OUT OF BUSINESS. THE real estate having been sold to trustees of Yale College, buildings to be immediately demolished, all the personal property of F. M. Brown, known as the "old Grand Central Co." stable at 66 High Street, New Haven, Conn., consisting of seven horses, 6 or 8 landau, five cabs, one surrey, four top buggies, four double harness, six single harness, two sleds, robes, blankets, whips, etc., also ONE HULL TOP DESK in good condition, PLATFORM SCALES, office fixtures, etc., will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder on Thursday, Feb. 15, 1896, at 2 p. m.; no postponement on account of weather. C. H. TUTT, Auctioneer.