

THE EVENING TIMES. FRANK A. MUNSEY. PUBLICATION OFFICE, Tenth and D Streets.

Any person who cannot buy the Morning, Afternoon, or Sunday Edition of The Times on any news stand in Washington, in suburban towns, on railroad trains, or elsewhere, will confer a favor by notifying the Publisher of The Times, Corner Tenth and D Sts., Washington, D. C.

RECOGNITION OF MR. CARNEGIE.

From a purely aesthetic standpoint, the European governments have the advantage of America in being able to reward conspicuous deeds and conspicuous services with conspicuous badges of honor. France confers the Cross of the Legion of Honor, England has the Order of the Star and Garter, and Germany the Black Eagle. While these are distinctly akin to the idea of nobility in blood and birth, today they are, through the growing liberality of the age, attainable by those who deserve them, although lineage and ancestry may be to a certain extent wanting. America has no special decoration, nor is there need that she should imitate the Old World in this respect; but if we did have a Cross of the Legion of Honor, an Order of the Star and Garter, or a Black Eagle, or all three of them, Mr. Andrew Carnegie would be the man to receive them. It was suggested in these columns a few days since that the philanthropic ironmaster be presented with a loving cup by Washington—the Capital thus setting the example to many other communities that have been the beneficiaries of Mr. Carnegie's distribution of millions. That idea seems to have met with approval in various quarters. Washington can vindicate its sense of appreciation by putting the idea into concrete form.

Our Senate and Our Senators.

By WILLIAM E. MASON, Senator from Illinois.

The most agreeable men I have ever known are the Senators of the United States. No set of gentlemen with whom the writer has been associated seem so considerate of one another's wishes and convenience. In fact, it is a question if this has not been carried too far, at times even to the point of interference with the transaction of public business. The word "parliament" is derived from parley, or talk; and how they happened to call our august body the Senate, instead of the Parlyment or Talkment, I cannot fathom. There are great Senators who can set their lips moving—that is, begin to parley—and let them run for days at a time without apparent physical or mental effort. The first parliament, so far as natural history shows, was organized by our interesting friends, the monkeys. For ages they have met in the forests and, one at a time, expressed their views. At the end of his parley each one was duly applauded; whether it was because of some wise saying or simply because he had quit I don't know and cannot tell, as the learned professor who was to translate the monkey dialect and possibly publish their Congressional Record has, I think, not completed his work. Mankind says the monkey imitates the man, but as they had a parliament or senate before the kings allowed men to have one, I hold that man, and not the monkey, is the imitator. This leads to the thought of the election of United States Senators. The people pay the Senatorial salaries and are bound by the Senate laws, but they have mighty little to say in most cases as to who shall be United States Senator. A State may go by 50,000 majority in favor of one platform, and yet its Legislature may elect a United States Senator on the other platform. This system removes the Senate too far from the people. Senators are often elected without having their public and political record before the public for an hour. In my humble opinion there is little prospect of the prompt transaction of public affairs until the people elect the United States Senators. But the Constitution? Well, let us amend it. That has been done, and each time it has been improved. If a man holds his seat in the Senate by use of his check book he owes allegiance to no man. If he holds his seat at the dictation of a political boss he bosses the people and serves the boss. But if he holds his commission from the people he needs must answer to the people alone. The pay of a United States Senator is \$5,000 a year, with mileage of five cents a mile—which will about pay one's fare if one leaves his family at home and gets a pass for oneself, and also if one is not held up too often by the sleeping car, the dining car, and the loss of the road, commonly called the porter. We all admit that our pay is too small, but we have to admit that we all know what the pay was when we so reluctantly accepted the office. I have examined the statutes and the Constitution very carefully and can find nothing in either which prevents our resigning. Some time ago, while I was visiting a friend in Illinois, he showed me the pictures of three famous United States Senators—Clay, Calhoun, and Webster. In the course of a most interesting conversation he told me that he had heard all three of these illustrious gentlemen take part in a single debate. One Senator had said to him that Calhoun was the lightning, Webster the thunder, and Clay the rainbow of the Senate. Clay and Webster and Calhoun are dead, but their spirits live and still contend upon the Senate floor. Henry Clay can never die while there is one American citizen contending for the doctrine of protection to American industries. One can still see the spirit of Calhoun, like a lightning flash, pleading for State sovereignty, and still hear the swarthy Webster, like the voice of thunder, saying in reply: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!" The contest began by these two Senators did not end with death. It went on and on until the lightning flash of the South and the thunder of the North broke into storm, the cyclone of the civil war. The spirit of Calhoun began the argument at Sumter and the spirit of Webster closed the debate at Appomattox.

What Is Being Worn.

The Reappearance of the White Frock.

In the old-fashioned novel the white gown was a synonym for all that was simple. It was the property of the young girl in whose favor the sympathies of the reader were to be enlisted. It was worn by no one past the age of twenty-five—at that myrtle date the old-fashioned novel relegated a woman to a neat black attire with turned back collars and cuffs of lawn. The old-fashioned novelist would be astonished if he could see the white gown of this year of grace. It and simplicity are unacquainted. And it is quite as much the property of the woman of as of the young girl. No polite word is complete without it, and high, low, trained, and demi-trained, it is more worn than any other dress, at all sorts of gatherings. But it is not of that indeterminate material known as "muslin." Renaissance, Brussels, and Russian laces over all sorts of fabrics have been the favorite materials for the white gowns popular this winter. These have been either applied upon the foundation material or entirely upon the laces have been worn over lining slips of lustrous silk or satin. One of the prettiest of the part lace frocks was worn at a recent reception. It was of Russian lace, faintly cream in tone. This was applied in a deep flounce about a skirt of white net. An overskirt was also simulated of the lace. The bodice of the net had the blouse front, completely covered with the lace, while there was a deep yoke of it in the back. The upper parts of the sleeves were of the lace and the lower horizontally tucked net. A somewhat similar gown of white lace was applied upon the less durable material of chiffon. A narrow belt of pale blue liberty satin encircled the waist scarcely visible beneath the bodice's fullness in front. From it in the back fell two long, wide, white satin shawl ends, fastened on the left side of the bodice midway between the throat and the waist. This bodice, by the way, is one of the features of the winter reception and dinner gowns.

SAVE YOUR EYES.

If your eyesight is good, take care of it. Look away off yonder every time you get to the bottom of a page in reading. If it is defective, let no foolish pride prevent you from wearing the proper glasses. There is no sense in handicapping yourself in life when a piece of glass before each eye will make your vision as good as it possibly can be. The oculist will not advise you to wear glasses if you do not need them any more than he will prescribe a drug you do not need. Plenty of people, though, do not know that they have defective sight because they have never really seen at all. They have headaches, inflamed eyes, styes, even much graver troubles, from the strain of trying to see with eyes that were put up wrong. There are cases where homicidal insanity has been completely cured when impaired vision has been corrected.—Harvey Sutherland in Ainslie's Magazine.

THOUGHTS.

We all have our trials, and most of us are declared guilty. It is well to bear in mind that our wise advisers are not advising themselves. Man gets into trouble because he is a fool, and gets out of trouble because he isn't a fool, and there you are. The most closely kept secrets are forever floating about in disguise. An acquired dignity often meets itself coming back again. Every man remembers a blissful period in his life when he thought he could sing tenor. A bright red necktie on a young man whose hair is of the color of straw does not necessarily indicate a lack of taste. It may indicate that she is a bromide, and that he loves her.

The Player Folk.

How long does it take to write a play? This is an interesting problem which Percy Haswell, the Baltimore actress, wants to have solved. About the middle of December she announced that she would produce and purchase the best play submitted in competition before February 15, the judges to be three Baltimore dramatic critics. Early in January the plays commenced to arrive at Miss Haswell's Baltimore theatre. Some playwrights notified her that they would speedily write plays especially for the competition. Others claimed that no first-class genius could be expected to turn out a play within the time limit. Two solid months, representing forty-eight working days of eight hours each, or 384 hours in all, was not time enough, they claimed. They pointed out that David Belasco wrote but one play in three years; that Sardou's average output is but one play a year. Miss Haswell, on the other hand, declared that if Clyde Fitch could write a play between sunrise and sunset, some of the unknown dramatic geniuses of the country ought to do at least one forty-eight as well. A working time of 384 hours, not to mention Sunday thrown in, would allow ninety-six hours per act for a four-act comedy. If a three-act play, then authors could devote 128 hours to each act. Besides, they would have the additional benefit of sixteen extra hours out of each twenty-four in which to think and dream of the evolution of their plots—most playwrights being commonly supposed to have their brains at work even while they sleep. From the mass of useless manuscripts already submitted in her play contest, Miss Haswell says she firmly believes many of the playwrights wrote their plays in a day.



The Three Laughing Girls in "The Auctioneer."

glass of a small grocery shop a green flare forth, in big type, the startling word: "Vendetta!" Owing to the crowd about the place, he could not get near enough to read the Italian gibberish beneath this ominous headline. But, curiosity getting the better of discretion, he mixed with the chattering throng and finally ventured a remark to the nearest Dago. The fellow turned, and for reply let out a yell that brought the crowd about-face. Then matters became interesting. Warfield suddenly found himself in the centre of the stage. Confused cries of "Luigi!" "Vendetta!" "A morte!" and other gentle allusions, for which he seemed to be the target, made him consider the chance of making the quickest and most effective exit. Suddenly there was a mix-up, and Warfield, who is by no means an amateur with his fists, soon cleared a path to the door of the grocer's shop, and in another second had it locked on the inside. At that moment an officer from the Mulberry Street headquarters happened along, and there was very shortly a calm settlement of the difficulty. However, the incident has left the rising Broadway star sad and contemplative. Since the Yiddish and Italian quarters seem to have declared a crusade of extermination against all men whom he happens to resemble, Warfield asserts that, hereafter, the "exploration and local color department" must be conducted by the authors themselves. At all events, he has ceased to deal in that line of goods for the remainder of the season. John J. McNally, who writes the pieces in which the Rogers brothers appear, has decided to send the German comedians to Harvard next season. Since their first starring tour the fraternal Rogers have figured in Wall Street, Central Park, Washington, and now the Cambridge university is to be honored. It's up to Weber & Fields to go to Yale. Manager P. B. Chase, the local vaudeville director, is in New York, attending a meeting of the Association of Vaudeville Managers, of which he is president. Henry Savage, who divides his time between real estate transactions in Boston and opera—both grand and comic—viewed the performance of his "King Dodo" company at the Columbia Theatre last night. James Macdonald, the court historian of "Dodo," will be transferred next week to the new George Ade opera, "The Sultan of Sulu," which Mr. Savage will soon produce in Chicago.

A LOVING CUP FOR MR. CARNEGIE.

Approval of the Proposed Testimonial to the Beneficent Ironmaster by the Citizens of the Capital.

To the Editor of The Times: The suggestion made in your editorial columns that Mr. Andrew Carnegie be given a loving cup by the people of the National Capital as a testimonial for his beneficence to the city's educational interests is an excellent one. If such philanthropy as that of Mr. Carnegie is allowed to pass, it will be uncomplimentary to the people of a community acknowledged to be highly intelligent. As you say, Mr. Carnegie needs nothing that the public can give him, yet he has given to many communities millions of dollars in the aggregate for the support of institutions calculated to serve the best interests of the social organization. We all know that Mr. Carnegie is an unusual man and that nothing of the effervescent style will appeal to him. He believes that he is getting the fullest reward for his great work in the satisfaction of a task well performed. But I believe that notwithstanding the comfort he may have secured from his beneficent enterprises he would appreciate some such trophy as a loving cup. I trust that the intelligent people of Washington will take up the idea and that the National Capital will set the pace in this very excellent recognition of a unique labor for the public good. MRS. L. R. W.

Why Not Give to Carnegie? (From the New York Daily News.) Heretofore we have heard of Mr. Carnegie's giving things away, but not until now has anyone proposed to give something besides the money to Mr. Carnegie. That is probably because no one would think of giving to one who has so much. Yet, gifts are not measured always by their monetary value, and no doubt the sensitive heart of the great philanthropist is just as likely to be touched by the offering of friendship and gratitude as that of the man who is rich in nothing but feelings. The Washington Times has had this happy thought, and it suggests that the citizens of the National Capital, to which Mr. Carnegie has given millions, should unite in the presentation to him of a loving cup as a slight testimonial of their gratitude and esteem. The idea seems a capital one, and suggests that New York and other cities might follow such an example. Inasmuch as Mr. Carnegie's benefactions are without precedent, why should the testimonial not be unprecedented? The cause seems worthy of a national movement—a congress of all the American cities which Mr. Carnegie has recognized in his benefactions to pass appropriate resolutions and decide upon what form the testimonial should take. By concerted action alone will it be possible to make the testimonial commensurate with the benefactions. American cities can do it, if they will.

To the Editor of The Times: Washington owes Mr. Carnegie more than the calm acceptance of the splendid library now nearing completion and the institute which is to appropriately bear the ironmaster's name. I have noted with pleasure the suggestion in your editorial columns that the donor of so many magnificent gifts to the cause of education here and abroad receive a loving cup from the citizens of the District. The strength of America lies in the intelligence of its citizens. Mr. Carnegie is doing all that he can to keep our intelligence upon the highest plane, and in so doing is accomplishing a work of the highest patriotism. I would suggest that the citizens of Washington take steps to open popular subscriptions for a loving cup to be presented to Mr. Carnegie when the library bearing his name is dedicated. Commissioner Macfarland could make the speech of presentation and the gift would doubtless be appreciated. In my opinion such a recognition of Mr. Carnegie's splendid philanthropy by the American Capital will "start the ball rolling," and he will receive cups from many cities. It is particularly appropriate that this municipality should take the initiative in such a scheme, and while honoring the ironmaster, do credit to its own intelligence and sense of appreciation. J. A. B.

THE CANDLE IN THE PLATE—A True Story of the Humble.

Two small and very ragged boys stood on one of the busiest corners of the town last Saturday night and carefully guarded a plate with a candle burning in the centre of it, which stood on the pavement at their feet. It was nearly 8 o'clock, and the streets were full of people. Every now and then some poor woman would drop a coin and question the boys and then add a nickel or dime to the slowly growing heap. Shortly before midnight the two lads blew out the candle, gathered up the money and the plate and started off on a quick trot down one of the side streets. The money thus collected was used to help an old widow who was about to be evicted from her tenement for non-payment of rent, and the two lads, the children of a neighbor who had come from the same county as the poverty stricken

old crook, had resorted to the common plan of collecting the money from well-to-do passers-by. The ragged boys know well enough when they see the candle and the plate and the little pile of pennies and nickels that it is a demand in the name of charity, and their response is invariably a generous one, especially when we consider the fact that many of them are in almost as bad a plight themselves as the one for whom the alms are solicited.

Not a Polite Girl. "Is she a polite girl?" "Not at all. She finds it impossible to break through the habit of telling the truth."—Tit-Bits. In Dread of the Law. "Bridget, why did you let that policeman kiss you?" "It's again th' law to resist an officer, ma'am."—Tit-Bits. Not That Brew. Schmidt—Are you familiar mit Shakespeare? Miller—Nein. I haf neffer drunk id.—Chicago News.

Warfield's Local Color. The man who studies in the "school of nature" oftentimes must pay dearly for his learning. At all events, Dave Warfield is one who cordially shares this opinion. It all came of a simple little trip down to Hester Street in New York, a district that the classical Warfield occasionally frequents if he feels himself in need of "inspiration." When it comes to "local color," there is no known shade that is not carried on his palette—but now and again he feels like freshening up his stock a bit, and it is then that he lies him to the haunts of the Yiddish and the Dago. Hitherto his excursions have been profitable, but without particular excitement. Recently, as with "the growler that goeth too often to the corner," the spell was broken. Half way down Hester Street Warfield saw pasted against the window flared forth, in big type, the startling word: "Vendetta!" Owing to the crowd about the place, he could not get near enough to read the Italian gibberish beneath this ominous headline. But, curiosity getting the better of discretion, he mixed with the chattering throng and finally ventured a remark to the nearest Dago. The fellow turned, and for reply let out a yell that brought the crowd about-face. Then matters became interesting. Warfield suddenly found himself in the centre of the stage. Confused cries of "Luigi!" "Vendetta!" "A morte!" and other gentle allusions, for which he seemed to be the target, made him consider the chance of making the quickest and most effective exit. Suddenly there was a mix-up, and Warfield, who is by no means an amateur with his fists, soon cleared a path to the door of the grocer's shop, and in another second had it locked on the inside. At that moment an officer from the Mulberry Street headquarters happened along, and there was very shortly a calm settlement of the difficulty. However, the incident has left the rising Broadway star sad and contemplative. Since the Yiddish and Italian quarters seem to have declared a crusade of extermination against all men whom he happens to resemble, Warfield asserts that, hereafter, the "exploration and local color department" must be conducted by the authors themselves. At all events, he has ceased to deal in that line of goods for the remainder of the season.

THE TEMPORARY PRESS. Fournier Says the Electric Automobile Is the Coming Machine.

London Spectator Discusses the Value of Marconi's Invention as a Substitute for Lighthouses—The Street-Car Hog—The House and the Reed Rules.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY MAY REPLACE FOGHORNS.

As the horse survived the advent of the locomotive and as the sailing ship has not been driven off the scene by the steamer, so it is possible that there will be work for the submarine cables even when Mr. Marconi has perfected his wireless system of telegraphy. Professor Pupin, himself an electrician of first-rank, and a thorough believer in Marconi's work, said recently that if he owned cable stock he would not sell it. Wireless telegraphy may find its most useful application in other fields than that of trans-Atlantic signaling. "For our own part," suggests the "Spectator," "we could wish that Mr. Marconi would devote himself to a more urgent practical problem than that of communication across the Atlantic—though the latter is without doubt the most spectacular and imposing attempt. It is still a serious problem to insure a safe landfall for the seaman in fog and storm. Even the most powerful siren, or the fog horn that belows with a thousand-soul power, may be totally inoperative at the very moment when its warning is most urgently required. The best possible use of one of the new systems of wireless telegraphy would be to replace the fog horn in our lighthouses. "No state of weather, so far as we yet know, seriously impairs the efficiency of the electrical radiations, and it ought to be possible to attach a radiating instrument to every lighthouse, and to furnish every ship with what Lord Kelvin has called an "electric eye," that could direct the approach of the dangerous coast or rocky headland long before a light was visible or any siren audible. It seems to us that this achievement would be infinitely more valuable and humane than the wireless transmission of messages across the Atlantic.

FROM SOUTH AFRICA—A Story That Illustrates the Danger of Hasty Judgments of Men.

A story that illustrates the danger of making overhasty judgments of men is told in the latest number of the popular English military weekly, the "Army and Navy Illustrated." It may or may not be strictly true, but at any rate it is amusing. It seems that Lord Kitchener, about a year ago, made a trip along the railroad between Johannesburg and Bloemfontein, fitting out extemporaneous columns of mounted infantry to chase away the enemies who were threatening his communications. At one of the stations, Vrededorp, he found some waifs and strays from various regiments, who seemed to have nothing particular to do, and as this was a state of things which he strongly disapproved, he decided to send them into the field at once. Going to the waiting room to look for officers, he found there only one man—a smart, well-dressed individual, who found immediate favor in the eyes of the commander-in-chief. "You will command a corps of mounted infantry I've just formed," said Lord Kitchener, who is of all things a man of quick judgment and prompt action. "Very good, sir; what will my duties be?" "Don't you know your duties?" "Then don't argue. What is your regiment?" "Blackshires, sir." "What rank?" "Master tailor, sir." Lord Kitchener suddenly discovered that he had business elsewhere.

WIRELESS SAFEGUARDS—The Most Practical Use of the New System of Telegraphy.

Just as the horse survived the advent of the locomotive and as the sailing ship has not been driven off the scene by the steamer, so it is possible that there will be work for the submarine cables even when Mr. Marconi has perfected his wireless system of telegraphy. Professor Pupin, himself an electrician of first-rank, and a thorough believer in Marconi's work, said recently that if he owned cable stock he would not sell it. Wireless telegraphy may find its most useful application in other fields than that of trans-Atlantic signaling. "For our own part," suggests the "Spectator," "we could wish that Mr. Marconi would devote himself to a more urgent practical problem than that of communication across the Atlantic—though the latter is without doubt the most spectacular and imposing attempt. It is still a serious problem to insure a safe landfall for the seaman in fog and storm. Even the most powerful siren, or the fog horn that belows with a thousand-soul power, may be totally inoperative at the very moment when its warning is most urgently required. The best possible use of one of the new systems of wireless telegraphy would be to replace the fog horn in our lighthouses. "No state of weather, so far as we yet know, seriously impairs the efficiency of the electrical radiations, and it ought to be possible to attach a radiating instrument to every lighthouse, and to furnish every ship with what Lord Kelvin has called an "electric eye," that could direct the approach of the dangerous coast or rocky headland long before a light was visible or any siren audible. It seems to us that this achievement would be infinitely more valuable and humane than the wireless transmission of messages across the Atlantic.

IS THE HOUSE GAGGED?—Its Power as a Deliberative Body Gone, Says a Pittsburg Paper.

Since the strenuous days of Speaker Reed the House of Representatives has pursued the course which his vigorous rule marked out, and Speaker Henderson is receiving some criticism for following in his footsteps. Thus the "Pittsburg Post": "The extent to which the House of Representatives has abdicated its functions and power and is no longer a deliberative body is attracting the attention of the country. It has resulted that the actual business of Congress is now transacted in the Senate, where there is free debate. This Congressional revolution is due to Czar Reed, but it has been strengthened by his successor, Speaker Henderson, and we believe also in a large degree by Representative Dinsell, of the Pittsburg district. They have reduced the House to a machine, with the Speaker and two other members of the Committee on Rules at the controls. Debates in the House, gagged as it is, no longer influence the country. "But gagged as it may be, the House is influenced by the interest which is much better. It will be noticed that members of the House keep their ears to the ground, as do other wise politicians, and when they hear the rumblings of popular discontent they hasten to align their course with the expressed wishes of their constituents. It is true the new rules make the House more of a machine, and give the majority the power to ride roughshod over opposition, but that is not an unmitigated evil, for when the Senate was being talked to death a few years ago over the silver bill many Senators urged the application of the House rules to the Senate to cut off debate. If the reverence for tradition had not been so strong it would have been done at that time. The House majority is always afraid of that greater majority, the people behind it, and as long as the public conscience is healthy and normally sensitive the former cannot go very far in the wrong without being checked. One thing is certain—that business has been greatly expedited since the introduction of the Reed rules.

IS BUSINESS GROWING?—And Is the New York Man Less Contentious to Women Than the Southerner?

The street car hog is always with us. Much ink has been spilled over him of late—not literally, more's the pity, but metaphorically, by newspaper critics, for whom he cares not at all. The "Buffalore Sun" strikes a new note in the discussion by giving it a sectional tone. It is in the North, says the Maryland newspaper, that rudeness is growing. In New York if a man surrenders his seat in a street car to a woman, every one in the car knows at once that he is from the South. On the street and in all public places men take advantage of their superior strength to jostle and humiliate women out of their way, to rush ahead of them and to deprive them of their rights. It matters not how a people may advance in wealth and revel in luxuries, no matter what the veneer may be, a people who mistreat women are lacking in civilization.

CURRENT HUMOR.

Blown Up. Simkins—My uncle lost his life last week in an explosion. Timkins—So? Wife or boiler?—Chicago News. Jack's Secret. Jack—What is the secret of your popularity with the ladies? Tom—I always mistake the society queens for debutantes and the debutantes for society queens.—Life. Without an Account. "Ah, yes, mademoiselle, you speak French without so least accent." Miss Brevoy—Real kind of you to say so. But do I really? "Oh, yes! zat ees, without so least French accent."—Philadelphia Press. Lacked the Notes. "Yes, it's very valuable property now, but a few years ago I could have had it for a mere song." "And you couldn't sing, eh?" "Oh, I could sing, but I couldn't sing the right notes."—Philadelphia Press. Pat Won Out. An Irishman was out of work went on board a vessel that was in the harbor and asked the captain if he could find him work on the ship. "Well," said the captain, at the same time handing the Irishman a piece of rope, "if you can find three ends to that rope you shall have some work." The Irishman got hold of one end of the rope, and, showing it to the captain, said: "That's one end, your honor." "Then he took hold of the other end, and, showing it to the captain as before, said: "And that's two ends, your honor." Then, taking hold of both ends of the rope, he threw it overhead, saying: "And, faith, there's an end to the rope, your honor!—that's three." He was engaged.—Tit-Bits.

Pleasant or Natural. Mr. Pessimist—Now, I s'pose you want me to look pleasant? Photographer (politely)—Unless you prefer to look natural.—Tit-Bits. At the Burglar's Corner. Would the women of the United States think that the Danish West Indies were more of a bargain if they had been marked down to \$4,399,598?—Boston Globe. A Post-Graduate Course. Dings—I understood Lushlock graduated from the liquor-cure establishment not very long ago. Bongs—He did, and he went back two weeks later for a post-graduate course.—Jodge. Success at Last. The Father—I am so glad John got elected to Congress. The Mother—Yes, it's a great relief. He has tried so many ways of earning a living and failed.—Detroit Free Press. Enough for the Lawyer. At the X-Quarter Sessions a petty case was being tried. A well-known criminal lawyer, who prides himself upon his skill in cross-examining a witness, had an odd-looking genius upon whom to operate. "You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?" "Yes, sir; cause why?—she confessed it." "And you also swear she was employed by you subsequent to the confession?" "I do, sir." "Then giving a suspicious 'look' to the court, you are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you even after their recalcitrance is known?" "Of course, how else could I get assistance from a lawyer?" The counsel only said, "Stand down."—Tit-Bits.