

THE DENISON REVIEW

(ESTABLISHED 1886.)

MEYERS & TUCKER, Publishers.

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DENISON IOWA, July 11, 1899.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Crawford County Republican convention will be held at the city hall at Denison, Iowa, on Saturday, July 15, beginning at 11 o'clock a. m. sharp, for the purpose of selecting ten (10) delegates to the state convention and to transact such other business as may properly come before the convention.

Townships and precincts are entitled to delegates as follows:

Township	Votes	Delegates
Iowa	35	3
Nishnabotny	167	12
Washington	75	6
Union	183	10
Boyer	63	5
East Boyer	25	3
Denison township	82	6
Denison (city) 1st ward	106	8
" 2d ward	75	6
" 3d ward	120	9
Paradise	52	4
Willow	56	5
West Side	51	4
Vall	90	7
Milford	82	6
Goodrich	46	4
Hanover	49	4
Charter Oak	196	12
Jackson	27	3
Stockholm	75	6
Otter Creek	48	4
Morgan	34	3
Soldier	18	2

The basis of representation is one delegate for each township or precinct and one for each fifteen votes or fraction over half cast for G. L. Dobson, secretary of state in 1898.

The local committeemen will please call the caucuses as soon as practicable. Unless otherwise designated by the local committeemen, caucuses will be held at eight o'clock, Thursday evening, July 13, 1899.

By order of the County Central Committee.
B. Y. NICHOLSON, Chairman.
F. W. MEYERS, Secretary.

TOWNSHIP CAUCUSES.

GOODRICH.

There will be a Republican caucus held at Goodrich center on Friday, July 14, at 4 p. m. for the purpose of selecting delegates to attend the convention in Denison on Saturday, July 15.

J. C. PHILLIPS, Com.

STOCKHOLM.

The Republicans of Stockholm township will meet in caucus at the Center school house on Thursday, July 13th, at 5 p. m. for the purpose of selecting 6 delegates to attend the county convention at Denison on July 15th. A full attendance is requested.

Z. T. NIXON, Com.

PARADISE.

The Republican caucus of Paradise township will be held at the Center school house on Thursday, July 13, at 8 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of selecting delegates to attend the county convention Saturday, July 15.

P. GRAINGER, Com.

EAST BOYER.

There will be a Republican caucus held at Center school house on Friday, July 14, at 4 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of selecting 4 delegates to attend the county convention at Denison July 15.

JAMES ROLLINS, Com.

WILLOW.

The Republicans of Willow township will meet at Center school house on Thursday evening, July 13th, at eight o'clock p. m., for the purpose of selecting delegates to attend the county convention at Denison July 15.

F. R. SHIRTCLIFF, Com.

BOYER.

There will be a caucus of the Republicans of Boyer township held at the O'Banion school house on Friday, July 14, at 8 p. m. for the purpose of selecting delegates to attend the county convention, and transact such other business as may come before the caucus.

JOHN HUIE, Com.

DENISON TWP.

Republicans of Denison township will meet in caucus at the Court House Friday evening, July 14, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of selecting six delegates to the county convention.

Wm. McBRIDE, Com.

WEST SIDE.

The Republicans of West Side precinct are requested to meet at the city hall, Thursday evening, July 13th, for the purpose of selecting delegates to attend the county convention to be held in Denison, Saturday, July 15th.

L. L. BOND, Com.

CITY CAUCUSES.

The Republican city caucuses will be held on Friday evening, July 14th, at 8:30 p. m. sharp for the purpose of selecting delegates to attend the county convention.

1st ward in Mayor's office;
2d ward in Band room;
3d ward in City Hall.

All republicans are requested to attend and to be on hand promptly.

W. T. WRIGHT,
B. Y. NICHOLSON,
G. F. LOCKMILLER,
Committeemen.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Hon. "Jim."

It is a pleasure to note the success of a friend and especially of one who has won his way by sheer force of industry, intellect and honesty. In this instance the friend to whom we refer is Hon. J. J. Crossley, of Madison county, known to us as "Jim." We first remember Jim as one of the rawest, greenest freshmen in the University except ye editor.

Naturally we fell in together. As Jim is six feet three and we lack a foot of that height we were dubbed the "long and short of it" so many times that we learned to detect the approach of the hoary chestnut and to lay for the perpetrator.

"Jim" got into a literary society and kept improving in his work all the time. He learned how to use his voice and not to give all his attention to his hands and still to keep them out of his pockets. He commenced to forge ahead in his studies. Other boys could learn more quickly at first but Jim got so he could learn quickly too. In athletics he soon became prominent and his sharp elbows were the terror of the foot ball grounds. Our place in athletics at that time was to nurse Jim into readiness for the next game.

The editor aspired for the presidency of his literary society but was defeated; the next spring while in Germany we received a letter from Jim saying that he had just laid out the man who was instrumental in our defeat. Jim left school in 1891 and studied law in Des Moines, at the same time reading for the Master's degree. He left Des Moines and returned to his old home in Madison county where he was elected county superintendent. During his two terms in that office he completed his course of reading and received his degree of A. M. at the State University. Beside this he saved money for a course in Yale. He studied there until last spring when he wrote us in his business-like, matter of fact way that he was coming back to Iowa to be a candidate for state senator. He came back and won. The "common" people of the county supported him and there was no getting away from his nomination.

In the meantime Jim kept up his studies at Yale and he has just graduated from that institution with high credit. Jim is about thirty now. He has worked his way to success inch by inch. He will go into the senate as one of the best equipped men of that body. He is as honest as "Old Abe," well nigh as brainy. He still looks just what he is, a farm boy fresh from the field, thoroughly in touch with his people—the "common" people, the farmers and the workers of the world. If we were to predict one of the men whose name would be on all Iowa lips before another quarter century has passed, if we were to name a man whose honesty, brains, steadfastness of purpose and untiring industry will surely bring added recognition from his friends, the people, we would unhesitatingly name our old chum "Jim," the Hon. J. J. Crossley.

Germany And France.

The Emperor of Germany has visited a French warship and has written a friendly note to the French President which has been answered in kind. It is said that this interchange of courtesies means the dawn of a new era of good fellowship between the two countries. While anything which promotes good feeling between nations is to be heralded with joy we greatly doubt if much meaning can be attached to this interchange of compliments. It is all very well for leaders to make complimentary remarks and exchange flattering courtesies, but the hatred between Germany and France lies deeper than with the leaders. The Germans will never forget the Napoleonic raids, they will never forget the humiliation of their princes, the impressment of their people, the destruction of their homes and farms. So long as the grandfathers in the little hamlets relate the tales of awful destruction, of ignominy and woe, so long will the German people hate the French. But if this is so of the Germans, how is it with the French? Will the Parisian forget that the German was the only conquering army to tread the streets of their capital; will they forget the terrible slaughter of the Franco-Prussian war? It will take several of President Loubet's notes to wipe out these memories. But if Germans dislike the French and the French the Germans what shall we say of the French Alsatian's hatred. It is hate raised to the hundredth power. Alsace and Lorraine are French provinces inhabited by Frenchmen and now under the absolute military control of Germany. Every year hundreds of their young men escape across the border to enlist in the French armies. It means banishment from home if they succeed and imprisonment if they are captured. But they would dare all things rather than to serve Germany.

French has been driven from the schools, but not from the mouths of the people. It is taught secretly, at the mother's knee, as an almost sacred thing. Prussia has tried to Germanize these people by force and the result has been to treble the hatred which they feel for the empire. Thus while peace is desirable we cannot see it coming until something shall happen which shall bring not only the leaders but the people into sympathy with each other.

VOICE FROM THE CELL

E. J. Reilly Writes an Open Letter to His Honor.

CALLS HIM A PLUTOCRAT.

Prisoner Like Bryan Lays His Fall to the Money Power.—Letter Tells the Story of an Ill Spent Life.

CRAWFORD COUNTY JAIL, JULY, 1899.

To His Honor the Mayor of Denison:

It would, I take it, be interesting to know if your constituents, viz: the taxpayers—approve your drastic methods of dealing with simple drunks, who injure or harm nobody but themselves, in consigning them to jail for a month. They, the taxpayers, one would suppose, should be the most interested, for they have to foot the bills. And who? To satisfy the whim and caprice of a mayor and marshal of a 50th rate municipality? Or is there something beneath the surface, which if discovered, would afford an explanation? To the non-politician from philosophical standpoint it serves no purpose whatever, rather the reverse, for it takes money out of the aforesaid taxpayers' pockets, and deprives the poor devils, immured in this modern bastille—a veritable cage in fact—from earning their living in the open wholesome air. What effect do you suppose a month's close confinement will have on the food to sustain life, will have on the reason, who are always engaged in open air exercise? Will they, do you suppose, be in condition to do a hard day's work when they emerge into the sunlight again? If not, then what will be the result? Be driven, then, volens, to "Hobnob" with a poor devil in the public highway to-day, a veritable pariah, who can lay his misfortunes at the door of you and your ilk.

There are or have been within a day or two and inmates in the jail, and there are beds, or cots, such as they are, for just eight, the balance having to lie on the damp, hard stone floor! And this in the great commonwealth of Iowa, one of whose citizens is a cabinet minister, and another is slated for the second highest office in the power of the people to bestow. I feel perfectly safe in saying that if the real intelligent thinking people of the community would put their feet down and simply and effectively stamp it out, it is only the politicians that are responsible for such a state of affairs, and, as a matter of course, have some ultimate object or purpose to conserve, and care nothing for the sufferings of those who are incarcerated at your honor's whim for the desperate crime of getting intoxicated at their own expense—spending their own hard earned money, and doing no injury whatever to anybody or anything but themselves, and all this petty tyranny is imposed on the homeless, and in iron cages like their fellow politicians to make money. There is a certain class in every city and town in the United States, from the great metropolis at the mouth of the Hudson to insignificant Denison, who imagine that nature really destined them to hold political positions of some kind, and live at the expense of the people and who, if deprived of State or municipal Pabulum, would expire from inanition; and it is for the benefit of this class that poor, friendless drunkards are rammed into an iron cage like so many wild animals, then to ruminate and ponder on the beauty of our glorious, free institutions, and exclaimed with Cicero "O Tempora O Mores!" Perhaps you individually are ambitious to shine as a stern martinet in office, and become such a terror to toppers in general that in due time you may succeed in eradicating the drinking habit altogether; or then again you may have a desire to pose as a Father Mathew or a John B. Gough, and succeed, where they failed, in abolishing the manufacture of intoxicating drinks at least in—Iowa. If so, you are to be highly commended for undertaking such a tremendous task. In a state where the rum power has not only routed the Prohibitionists, horse, foot and artillery, and overridden the State Constitution, requires a man of extraordinary courage and nerve to attempt its overthrow.

About ten or twelve days ago two additional drunks entered our hasty with a thirty day requisition for board and the day after a friend called upon them and informed them that he had been to see you in their behalf, and that you told him that you were going to turn out all drunks for the glorious Fourth. We all believed the story, as the individual (I don't know his name) seemed to have, in political parlance, a pull, as he was a guest at the house where your esteemed marshal came. However, and here we are, you failing to fulfill the promise you made, that is if you did make such a promise.

Permit me here to quote a little paragraph from the Omaha World-Herald of the 5th inst. under the head of South Omaha news. "Police Judge Babcock showed the proper spirit yesterday morning by liberating all the inmates of the city jail in order that they might properly celebrate the Fourth." He says "I did show the proper spirit, and others might follow in my example, but there are certain natures incapable of performing a high-minded, generous act. However, on more mature reflection, we saw how unreasonable we were to anticipate a release on the morning of the Fourth, when we realized that we were reserved as a special attraction to be exhibited for the special benefit of the jeunesse doree of the Hayseed fraternity, who hilariously and uproariously enjoyed the exhibition. Indeed, had we been recent specimens of a new species of animal, recently discovered in the semi-impenetrable recesses of dark continent by Stanley or some other explorer, and classified by a Cuvier or a Darwin, they couldn't have enjoyed it more rapturously. In my opinion, however, the exhibition could have been greatly improved upon, for as it was the jeunesse of the masculine gender almost monopolized the show, the feminine gender, with a few exceptions, being rather timid in approaching the cage, fearing perhaps, that some of the rags, and mud, and beast might burst their bars, and make a toothsome delicious feast of them in the cannibal fashion." Now suppose our keepers had provided themselves with a good stout long chain, arranged the animals in a single file, adjusted the chain around each animal's neck, securely fastening it and then marching the menagerie

around the green sward of the jail, thereby giving the file an equal chance with the file to enjoy the show. How pleasantly they could pass many long winter evenings in future years, at their own hearthstone, surrounded by young hayseeders, husking corn, telling them of the wonderful strange animals they saw on exhibition in Denison in their maiden days in 1899.

You have, Mr. Mayor, I presume, read the admirable lecture delivered by your fellow mayor, Mr. Jones of Toledo, Ohio, at Grinnell on the 14th ult. If you have not I would advise you to lose no time in perusing it, even though its perusal may cause you to feel a little ashamed of yourself in consigning poor friendless drunks to a month's solitary confinement in a cast-iron cage.

Mr. Jones truly says that "poverty is the cause of drunkenness, not drunkenness the cause of poverty. The depressing, hopeless lives men lead drives them to it." How truthfully and forcibly Mr. Jones states the case. Would the world contained more of his stamp. There might then be some hope for the disinherited millions. Mr. Jones further says: "I have carried a tin bucket at midnight and walked three miles up a mountain to my toil, and I have not forgotten the degrading bitterness of the serfdom. I know how it grinds the very soul of the man who is little better than a serf. For nine years I have not discharged a man for drunkenness. In Toledo I have instructed the policemen to try to help men when they are in danger of making mistakes; to lessen the number of occasions for making arrests. The law ought not to be personified by a policeman with a club in his hand, and our policemen there don't carry clubs now."

Such are the principles enunciated by S. M. Jones, mayor of Toledo, Ohio, and they prove him to be both a patriot and a just, good, honest citizen, who has the welfare of the entire people at heart.

How rare and refreshing it is in this age of moneyed oligarchy, trusts and imperialism, to hear a man of his position and caliber declare himself in such ringing tones in behalf of the down-trodden, crushed proletariat.

Ever since the close of the civil war the moneyed power has been an ever-advancing step by step on the rights of the people, until at last they got entire control of the three branches of the government—the executive, the legislative and the judiciary; and as a result, it couldn't very well be otherwise, the people find themselves in a serfdom just as galling as the people of Siberia itself. It—the moneyed power—was, or seemed to be, satisfied to have congress pass laws at their behest and the president execute them at their dictation. It remained however, for the stuffed prophet of Gray Gables, the ex-haughtman of Erie county, the plant tool of Wall Street, to inaugurate government by injunction; to usurp the authority of state governors, by pouring United States troops into Illinois and other states, he having about as much right to do so as he had to send them into Mexico or Canada, thereby effectually crushing and stamping out whatever modicum of rights the toiling millions possessed. And all this he did at the nod of a duke of Duke Pullman, and fellow millionaires.

No wonder miserables serfs will get intoxicated, and endeavor to forget their galling slavery, at least for the time being, but there are not wanting, nor never will be, creatures such as you when invested with a little brief authority, to consign them to prison for doing so. Perhaps you aim to curry plutocratic favor by such methods. Never mind, Mr. Mayor, a new day is about to dawn when the serfs will emancipate themselves. You or I may not live to see it, but it is coming nevertheless, when the diabolical social system that enslaves us shall be destroyed, when the degraded mass of mankind will assert itself, when the days of Rockefeller and the Vanderbilts will have an end. It will doubtless require a Robespierre and a Jacobin Club to accomplish the desired result; for nothing short of a few hundred plutocrat heads rolling into saw-dust baskets will accomplish the desired result. afterward the late Edward Bellamy's dream may be realized.

Who knows? Hoping, Mr. Mayor, you have greatly enjoyed the glorious Fourth, even though your victims, alas! could hardly do so.

I remain yours, etc.,
E. J. REILLY.

Yesterday morning a man far past the prime of life came into our office and requested the publication of the above open letter to the mayor. The man's clothes were ragged and torn and his beard unkempt but he had in spite of all, the appearance of a man of brains and intellect. Rather, one might say, there lingered about him a memory of brains and intellect. We do not know his past but the literary style of the above letter shows that he has had a good education and many elements of refinement.

To us he was the saddest possible specimen of American manhood. On Sunday we saw two dusty, begrimed bums tumble off the rear of the fast mail at Arion. One look at their faces told why they were there however. They were poor, deformed creatures fit only for some Home for the Feeble Minded. No such excuse was written on this man's countenance. His face told simply of a man who had spent his life in wronging himself and who now expects society to reinstate to him the manhood and the opportunities he has thrown away. He would make an ideal populist, he is a sort of William J. Bryan carried to the ultimate degree. He would defy the laws of society and expect society to condone his fault. He has the same Bryanistic howl against the "money power." He would pay his moral indebtedness in the same sort of cheap coin that Bryan offers to pay the financial debts of the people. He is a dangerous man—so is Bryan.

Mind we do not say Mr. Bryan is a bum or that he is no better than the recent inmate of our county jail. But we do maintain that it is the doctrine of Bryan which furnishes excuse for just such people as this bum, who see in the effort of society to protect itself, nothing but tyranny and who feel that his own failure is not due to

drunkenness but to the oppressive money powers. Speaking specifically of the letter, it contains much that is absurd. The writer received but a brief sentence for his first drunk but when upon coming out he went on a second spree, the mayor wisely thought he should be retired from circulation until he could get well sobered up. His point that the jail is overcrowded and not adapted for the uses to which it is put is well taken. Denison should have a jail of its own, so that those whom it is necessary to punish by brief sentences should have decent quarters and should be kept apart as much as possible. The idea these men who have mistaken liberty for license, who have abused the freedom given them by the republic should have been given their liberty the Fourth in order to celebrate the birth of the country they disgrace is absurd and preposterous. The crowds should have been kept away from the jail windows. What is there so attractive in human wretchedness that people will stand in crowds to see it. The unfortunates were not on exhibition, they have a right to privacy and the idly curious should be kept away.

To those who know Mayor Kemming, his total lack of aristocratic feeling, his kind heartedness, and his life of hard work, the charges of political ambition, plutocracy etc., etc., will fall very flat indeed. We publish the letter because we know it can do the mayor no harm, because it contains one or two good suggestions, because it stands as a terrible example of the perversion of a once strong mind by drink, and because it shows the class of dangerous men whom the doctrines of the boy orator of the Platte are raising up about us.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

Find Out Which One of Your Feet Walks the Faster.

You may think this is a very silly question to ask, but is it? There is no catch about it. It is a simple, demonstrable fact which you can prove to your own satisfaction in a very few minutes.

If you will take any pavement that is clear of other pedestrians, so that there shall be no interference, and walk briskly in the center, you will find that before you have gone 100 yards you will have veered very much to one side. You must not make any conscious effort, of course, to keep in the center, or you may do it, but if you will think of something and endeavor to walk naturally it is 100 to 1 you cannot keep a direct line.

The explanation of this lies in the peculiarity of one foot to walk faster than the other. Or, to be more correct, perhaps it should be said that one leg takes a longer stride than the other, and this, combined with the quicker movement, causes one to walk more to one side than the other.

It is well known, for instance, that if one be lost in the woods the tendency is to walk in a circle and eventually to return about to the starting point. This demonstrates the fact also that one foot walks faster than the other.

AN OLD GORMANDIZER.

One Man Who Lived That He Might Simply Eat and Drink.

In a little yellowed English magazine, dated April, 1864, I came across the following amusing scrap: "If the Duke of Q— does not extend his life to a still longer period, it will not be for want of culinary comforts and those other succulent arts by which longevity is best promoted. His grace's sustenance is thus daily administered:

"At 7 in the morning he regales in a warm milk bath, perfumed with almond powder, where he takes his coffee and a buttered muffin, and afterward retires to bed. He rises about 9 and breakfasts on cafe au lait, with new laid eggs just parboiled; at 11 he is presented with two warm jellies and rusques; at 1 he takes a veal cutlet a la Maintenon; at 3 jellies and eggs repeat; at 5 a cup of chocolate and rusques; at 7:30 he takes a hearty dinner from high seasoned dishes, and makes suitable libations of claret and Madeira; at 10, tea, coffee and muffins; at 12 sups off a roast poulet, with a plentiful solution of lime punch; at 1 in the morning he retires to bed in high spirits and sleeps till 3, when his man cook, to the moment, waits upon him in person with a hot and savory veal cutlet, which, with a potato of wine and water, prepares him for further repose, that continues generally uninterrupted till the morning summons to his lacteal bath.

"In this routine of living comforts are the four and 20 hours invariably divided; so that if his grace does not keep, with Sir Toby Belch, 'that our life is composed of four elements,' he knows at least, with Sir Ague Cheek, 'that it consists in eating and drinking.'

DENISON MARKET REPORT

Hogs	3 20@3 30
Wheat	54
Rye	45
Corn, -70 lb.	25
Oats	22
Barley	25
Potatoes	35
Butter	10
Eggs	30

TRIALS OF A WOMAN.

SHE WHO TAKES THE TICKETS AT THE PICTURE SHOWS.

Her Task, While Nerve Racking, Invites a Study of Some of the Curious Phases of Human Nature That at Times Are on Dress Parade.

As a rule the young woman who takes tickets at the picture exhibition is an art student herself. The other girls trying to earn money envy her and think she has a "soft thing." It is apparently easy enough to be the ticket taker at a picture show. All there is to do, apparently, is to sit in a roomful of pictures, take people's tickets as they come in and sell catalogues.

"You would be surprised to see how much work it is," said a girl who takes tickets at one of the big exhibitions. "You have to keep your eyes open all the time, for there are a large number of people who try to run past without tickets. I have to go after people a dozen times a day, calling 'Ticket, please,' and they turn on me with an indignant stare. Most of them then go and buy tickets. But one well dressed woman the other day took up her lorgnette, looked me over from head to foot, and said in an icy tone: 'Ticket! I have no ticket!' and proceeded calmly on her way. I ran after her again.

"Madame," I said, 'I shall have to trouble you for a ticket.' " "I have already told you I had none," she said. "I'm afraid you will have to get one," said I. I was beginning to be afraid I should have to get a "bouncer" to put her out, for I was determined she should not go in without paying. That is what I'm here for, and I am conscientious. Well, at last she dived out to the ticket office, bought her ticket and put it down on my desk, saying:

"What an imposition!" "That is one sort of the people I have to deal with. Then the other is the kind who wish to borrow a catalogue for a minute and keep it the whole afternoon. I have to be very stern about catalogues. The best way is to politely look up whatever picture is asked for and to absolutely refuse to let any one take a catalogue for a moment. One nice old lady took me at my word, and I really believe she asked me every single number in the room. I did more than 25 cents' worth of work for her, I can tell you. The worst is telling people the price of pictures. After about six weeks of it it grates on one's nerves. This is what continually happens: A threadbare old gentleman comes to the desk:

"Do you know the price of pictures?" he asks. "Yes; would you like to know the price of any? I reply. "There is one in the other room," he says. "What is the number? I ask. "I can't tell you the number, but it's in the other room." "Then I have to send him for the number. "No. 221." "That is \$500.

"Why?" asks my old gentleman. "If it's early in the afternoon, I explain to him that I suppose the artist thinks it worth that; that he is well known, or what not; later I say, 'I don't know.' Not one person in 50 of those who ask the price have the slightest idea of buying. Some will go through half an exhibition and insist on knowing the prices of all. I get so tired of being polite and affable to all these people that by the time I get out in the evening I am ready to insult my dearest friend for the sake of being rude to some one. It's so hopeless telling the price of a picture over and over again and each time having the people exclaim, 'What an awful price!'

"A great many people hold me personally responsible for the pictures. Lots of people come and talk very disagreeably to me about them. 'What makes them have such bad shows?' they ask me. Young men come up and say, 'Isn't this awful trash?' in an accusing sort of way, as though I had done it all myself. And one man fairly shook his fist in my face and demanded his money back. 'It's a swindle!' he shouted at me. But it really wasn't my fault.

"At private exhibitions it's different. There people come up to me and say, 'What a privilege to sit among the works of the masters all day!' I don't tell them that if I sat among the works of the masters much longer I should go mad, but I would like to. "The other day a friend of mine took my place. A man came up to her and asked:

"Miss, is your picture among these works of art?" "Why, no," she replied.

"He stood off a little way and squinted at her. It should be you are worthy of it. Did no one ever tell you you had a beautiful profile?" "That was a little startling, coming from an utter stranger. Later she learned that her admirer was —, the well known photographer. Of course he had been looking at her through an artist's eyes and from a purely artistic standpoint and had meant no offense. But it was trying."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Fire is an essential in some wedding celebrations. In Persia the service is read in front of a fire. In Nicaragua the priest, taking the couple each by the little finger, leads them to an apartment where a fire is lighted and there instructs the bride in her duties, extinguishing it by way of conclusion. In Japan the woman kindles a torch, and the bridegroom lights one from it, the playthings of the wife being burnt; then and there.