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—By—

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A REALLY GREAT CHARITY.

THE HERALD acknowledges the receipt from the Chicago Daily News of a pamphlet which gives details of the work accomplished by the "Fresh-air Fund" established by that paper. From the standpoint of good results from small expenditures this charity occupies an absolutely unique position. In its sanitarium on the shore of Lake Michigan in a secluded corner of Lincoln park, where the health-giving breezes sweep through the building at all hours of the day and night, thousands of sick babies and mothers were cared for, cured and sent back to their homes.

The statistics for the season of 1901 show that 9,964 babies, who had been gasping out their lives in vile tenement rooms, were taken to the sanitarium. Of this number 2,368 were almost at the point of death, but all except six were saved. There were 43,216 children at the sanitarium and 55,492 visitors, and the daily average attendance of all classes was 2,146. It is incredible that so much could have been done with so little money, but it is stated that the total contributions from all sources aggregated only $11,272.21. Says the pamphlet:

"In addition to large medical and nursing staffs especially adapted to the treatment of infantile troubles, the location of the sanitarium in Lincoln park and partly in the lake has much to do with the success in life-saving. As a rule during the summer the temperature there ranges ten to twenty degrees lower than in the residence and business portions of the city, and the never-failing breeze coming from the vast stretch of Lake Michigan possesses tonic and revivifying qualities of wonderful value. Thousands of tenement babies, limp, sour and ready to die in the morning, become vigorous and full of life after a day in a breeze-swung hammock under the charge of trained nurses, and in this way escape the necessity for medical treatment—for it is a sanitarium rule never to administer drugs or stimulants to an infant unless such treatment is absolutely necessary, and it is found so in the cases of only one out of every three babies received. Two-thirds of the infants never linger in the doctor's office."

There is the story, briefly told. Nothing is more pathetic than a sick baby. Unable to tell where the pain is and why, it suffers torture which wrings the hearts of those who look almost helplessly on. The News Fresh-air Fund has done much to relieve this kind of suffering and it is doing more all the time. May the good work prosper this season as never before and as it deserves to prosper.

A CURE FOR TRUSTS.

A WRITER in the North American Review for June, Henry Michelsen, suggests a remedy for the trust disease which he believes will work an absolute and permanent cure. Mr. Michelsen is not in favor of abolishing the tariff on trust-made goods, he doesn't believe very strongly in federal injunctions or in boycotts, for these panaceas are, at best, capable of furnishing but temporary relief. In Mr. Michelsen's opinion the right way and the only way to "bust the trusts" is for the government to purchase every railroad system in the United States. At first glance railroads don't seem to have much bearing on the question of trusts, but Mr. Michelsen shows quite conclusively that they are responsible in no small measure for the success of the giant corporation.

"Combinations of industrial enterprises for the undue enhancement of the value of their products," he says, "are made possible by the state of the transportation system of the country. Were railroad rates equal, as they ought to be under the expressed designs of the statute, and were it possible, under existing circumstances, to adjust them in such a manner as to serve the purposes of the nation at large, a method of distribution of commodities might be secured which would enable the legitimate reduction in prices that ought to result from the facilities of production.

"The advent of cheaper power, increased outputs, more economical handling of raw materials, has been accompanied by a rise in the prices of all the articles of daily consumption." Mr. Michelsen shows that the meat trust, the millers' trust, the wool trust and other combinations have secured railroad rates which are so low as to make it impossible for individuals who cannot secure the same rates to compete with them. He points out another thing that will strike home to the citizen of Utah and of other western states.

As a reason why the manufacturing industries in Arizona, Utah, Idaho, New Mexico, Wyoming and Montana have progressed so slowly, Mr. Michelsen says it is a maxim of railroad companies "that it is better to bring manufactured goods into undeveloped countries from afar at high rates than to permit the building up of industries which would yield only local rates * * * What the public complains of is, not that the transportation lines are wilfully and arbitrarily exacting, by means of excessive rates, undue advantages for themselves, but that they discriminate in favor of trusts and corporations, thus destroying the chances of individual citizens, retarding the establishment of new enterprises and placing the control of the markets in the keeping of a favored few, who, in turn, coerce the railroads into a continuance of these discriminations."

It is admitted by the writer that the purchase of the railroads would require constructive legislation of the most careful character, but he believes it could be done in a manner which would meet all possible objections.

BILLIONS OF BUTTONS.

IF ALL THE NATIONS of the earth should engage in that good old game of "Button, button, who's got the button?" your Uncle Samuel would be "it." As a button merchant he is certainly entitled to rank among the top-notchers. A census bulletin shows that in this country buttons to the number of 21,254,018 gross are manufactured every year. As there are 144 buttons in a gross, it will be seen that the grand total aggregates 3,060,578,592. With this sum as a basis for calculating from, some interesting statistics are possible.

If the buttons average only a quarter of an inch in diameter, they would, placed side by side, make a string long enough to reach from Salt Lake to Omaha, with miles to spare. The exact number of miles is a fraction more than 1,207. If the average thickness is one-sixteenth of an inch, and a great many million buttons are thicker, they would, piled one on top of the other, make a column more than 300 miles high. The first question readers will ask after glancing over the statistics will be: What becomes of all these buttons?

Unfortunately the census bulletin doesn't go into particulars on this point, but it is fairly reasonable to infer that the makers of buttons are not in business from motives of disinterested philanthropy. If they couldn't sell their product at a profit, they would engage in ditch-digging or some other lucrative occupation. American buttons are sold all over the world. They will be used on the robes worn by the aristocracy of England during the coronation festivities; they fasten the flowing robes of Chinese coolies far removed from the haunts of civilized man. Further, is it not written that the full dress of the Hottentot consists of a collar button and a air of spurs? And surely progressive Hottentots would prefer American collar buttons.

In connection with the dry figures, the census department's button bulletin gives an interesting history of the industry, from its humble inception in this country down to the present day. Buttons were buttons in the early days, for they were mostly whittled out of wood or horn by hand, and then sewed over, stitch by stitch. Machinery was first used in 1827 by Samuel Williston at Easthampton, Massachusetts, and today all the work in connection with buttons is done automatically. It may be interesting to note, in conclusion, that buttons are made out of mussel shells, metals of every kind, vegetable ivory, horses' hoofs, wood, celluloid, ivory, Irish potatoes, seaweed, skim milk and even blood.

Ambassador and Mrs. Choate are to entertain King Edward and Queen Alexandra at dinner. Speaking of this event a London paper says it is a tribute which will be much appreciated by the Americans as a nation. It certainly will be appreciated. In fact the honor is so overwhelming that the president should at once issue a proclamation fixing the date of the dinner as a day of public rejoicing. All true patriots will decorate their homes and burn red fire while the king and queen partake of ham and eggs at the table of Mr. Choate.

An expert who spoke at the recent meeting of the American tuberculosis congress said that "immunity from tuberculosis may be considered the result and complement of those metabolistic changes in living tissue whereby the enzymes, through a potency greater than that of the baccilus tuberculosis, are able to maintain a normal osmotic and functional activity in the ultimate cells." Now, everybody will know whether or not he is liable to have an attack of tuberculosis.

A sad case comes out of New York. A tenant who wanted to make his landlord some trouble complained to the proper official because there were no fire escapes on the building. The landlord was forced to put them on, and then, under a provision of the lease requiring the tenant to pay for all improvements, he made him settle the bill.

If anybody wants to know whether or not the saloons were open for business yesterday let him ask Chief of Police Paul, not the gentlemen who were seen in the immediate vicinity of the drinking places. The chief will cheerfully testify that all were closed.

"Shall woman be false, ungrateful and traitorous to the trust man has reposed in her?" asked Bishop Spalding of Illinois in a recent sermon. Don't worry about the women, bishop. Devote your entire attention to the men who are "false, ungrateful and traitorous" to the women.

Having succeeded admirably in securing the passage of the administration's Philippine bill Senator Kearns feels that he is entitled to a brief respite from public cares. He has gone to New York.

The Cuban officials seem to be patterning after some of the Americans who held offices in the island. Already a customs cashier has been charged with absorbing public money.

Some fool Virginians hung Roosevelt in effigy because he said lynchings were a disgrace to the country. They are certainly entitled to wear the cap they have fitted upon their heads.

Local athletes will shed no tears because the University of Chicago gave the University of California such a drubbing last Saturday.

No Frills With a Georgia Mule.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

"Hi, there, John! cried the man from across the field.

"You'll never make no headway swearin' at that mule in Greek! Hit him a solid lick or two in plain English!"

Then, as he flayed his own mule, he muttered:

"These college gradivates is so queer when they gits back to business!"

No Change of Occupation.

(Judge.)

Mr. Bingo—I am a "floorwalker" and "buyer" for Lacem & Skirts.

Mr. Bango—Arduous job. It must be a great relief to get home nights?

Mr. Bingo—Well, no; I am "floorwalker" and "buyer" for that house, too.

Amusements.

Held's band gave its initial sacred concert at the Salt Palace theatre last night. Mrs. Bessie Browning excellently rendered the "Pattison Waltz Song" and responded to an encore.

"The Jolly Musketeer" will be given twice today at the Theatre. These are announced as positively the last performances that will be given.

WHERE ARE THE BOYS?

Old comrade, sound the bugle!
  Beat the drum!
Call the boys, and haply
  They will come.
We hear the bleak winds sighing,
And echoes slowly dying
Across where they are lying,
  Cold and dumb.

Comrade, sound it louder!
  They are near;
But yesternight we heard them,
  Saw them here;
Does memory deceive us,
Hope's accents mock and grieve us?
When did our comrades leave us;
  In what year?

Ah! now, we will remember,
  It begun
Back in the early sixties—
  Sixty-one;
When for the front we started
And with many comrades parted,
Brave lads and gallant hearted—
  At Bull Run.

Then Donelson and Shiloh—
  Bloody pair!
And Leesburg and Antietam
  Claimed a share.
And battles crowded faster,
First victory, then disaster;
Whichever side was master,
  Death was there.

And as the leaves of autumn
  Brown and sere,
So daily fell and withered
  Comrades dear,
By shot and fevers stricken;
For myriads pine and sicken
In prison pens that thicken
  Year by year.

In war and peace, old comrade,
  They have flown;
A few with grizzled faces
  Struggle on;
But thousands who contended
For freedom and defended
Our land, their conflict ended
  Long agone.

Cease, comrade, then, your calling,
  It is vain;
Naught means the blast of bugle
  To the slain;
Yet beyond this wild sphere teeming
With war and strife and scheming,
May we midst bright stars gleaming,
  Meet again.

—N. ALBERT SHERMAN.
Salt Lake City, May, 1902.

NEW LIFE STATISTICS.

Show That the First Born Children Live the Longest.

(Galveston News.)

"Not only life insurance experts, but a great many other people also have observed that longevity or the reverse runs in families," said an insurance man.

"Some persons have hardier constitutions than others and they are apt to transmit them to their children. A man both of whose parents were long lived has a promise of a good old age himself. This, of course, is an old story. A much less familiar principle affecting the duration of life has been presented by Miss Mary Benton of Cambridge and Professor Karl Pearson of London in a brief periodical called Biometrika.

"A comparison was made between the lengths of the lives of two adult brothers or two adult sisters to ascertain if there was a perceptible difference between the older and younger members of a pair. The figures here given represent the average of over 1,000 cases, and hence would seem to point to a general law. It may be added that the particular persons under investigation belonged to the Society of Friends. That organization placed its records at the disposal of Miss Benton and Professor Pearson.

"It thus appears that the average age of the elder brothers was 58.56 years, the younger brothers, 54.575; the elder sisters, 59.924, and the younger sisters, 55.967. There is a difference of over four years in favor of the older brother or sister. This does not signify that the older brother or sister will survive the younger. The mean interval between the births of all the pairs under consideration was about six and a half years. Hence the older brother or sister would ordinarily die first, though attaining a greater age.

"The first inquiry here mentioned was limited to pairs, the younger members of which had attained the age of 21. A second comparison was made that included minors with adults. It gave results closely resembling the other. The mean excess of life in 3,855 pairs was 4.6 years. But the intervals between the births appears to exert some influence. Biometrika's contributors furnish a formula by which one's expectations can be computed, and adds: 'Thus a brother born ten years before another brother has probably seven years' greater duration of life. A sister born ten years before another sister has probably about six years' greater duration of life.'"

Spontaneous Humor.

(Baltimore Sun.)

That the Irishman holds the plam for spontaneous humor is shown by an incident which Mr. Bennet Burleigh, the correspondent in South Africa of the London Telegraph, relates in a recent letter. A son of Erin, fighting under the British flag, was caught on the plain by a party of Boers. He refused to surrender and resisted until he was shot in a dozen places and left for dead. He was found the next day unconscious and carried to a field hospital. As soon as he recovered consciousness a nurse asked him if he were badly shot. "Badly shot?" he replied. "I am so full of bullet holes that the man in the next cot has caught cold from the drafts through me." There spoke the typical Irishman—fighting to the last extremity and waking to consciousness with a pleasantry on his lips. It is a pity that the farce comedians do not understand him better.

Didn't Apply to Her.

(San Francisco Argonaut.)

After preaching a sermon on the fate of the wicked an English clergyman met an old woman well known for her gossiping propensities and he said:

"I hope my sermon has borne fruit. You heard what I said about the place where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth?"

"Well, as to that," answered the dame, "if I 'as anythink to say, it be this: Let them gnash their teeth as has 'em—I ain't!"

Not in His Line.

(Chicago News.)

"Go down and write up that automobile accident," ordered the managing editor.

"Excuse me," responded the new reporter, "but automobiles are not my specialty."

"Not your specialty?"

"No. I just heard you say that I was a 'hack' writer."

Definition of Eye Tooth.

(Puck.)

Mammy—Bless mah heart! If de chile ain't cuttin' his eyetooth!

Little 'Rastus (in alarm)—What's an eyetooth, mammy?

Mammy—Why, de eyetooth, chile, watches ebry word dat yo' tongue utterhs, an' ebry time yo' says a bad word it'll pain dat good eyetooth so much dat it'll ache fo' two houahs!

How He Came Out.

(Judge.)

Banks—Waspley was going to ask old Bullion for his daughter's hand, wasn't he?

Danks—He did ask him.

Banks—How did he come out?

Danks—On the back of his neck, I believe.

His Experience.

(New York Weekly.)

First Passenger—I wonder why we are making such a long stop at this station.

Second Passenger (a traveler of experience)—I presume it is because no one happens to be trying to catch the train.

Born to Lead.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Youngpop—My baby is a born leader of men.

Oldbach—Why, I thought it was a girl.

Youngpop—That's right, and she's going to be a dandy.

A Century in The United States.

Senator W. A. Clark of Montana, in the course of an address delivered on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Salem college, Winston, S. C., epitomized the national accomplishments since 1802 admirably. The address is reproduced here verbatim.

THE eloquent and complimentary introduction by your honored townsman, expressing a hearty welcome and sense of obligation of your people for my presence here, prompts me to acknowledge and contend that it is myself that should be congratulated for the honor and distinction which have been accorded me today.

I have been deeply impressed with all the ceremonies I have witnessed; and the magnificent picture now spread before me, comprising this splendid audience of many thousand attractive people seated in this great campus, which is shaded by venerable oaks of more than a century's growth, and in face of the line of old college buildings, which loom up through the foliage on the east, will be stamped upon the tablets of my memory and remain there as one of the most charming souvenirs of my life.

Some months ago a committee of ladies from your city, with the distinguished and indefatigable president of the Alumnae association, Mrs. Patterson, at its head; and amongst others that earnest co-worker and, as I have found, the most charming of all hostesses, Mrs. Reynolds, met me at the national capital, and extended to me a very cordial invitation to participate in the ceremonies of this centennial celebration, and, although a stranger to them and to all whom I would probably meet here, I accepted it promptly, and with a manifest pleasure which I did not attempt to conceal.

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I long since learned from practical experience and observation that the proverbial hospitality of the people of the sunny south was not a myth, and that it had in no wise been exaggerated, but that it was the real, live, genuine thing it was represented to be. Now I must, in truthfulness, say that the old-fashioned generous warmth of welcome which has been extended to me on every side and at every threshold since my arrival here yesterday morning, inflexibly confirms all the sweet impressions that had developed in my mind, of the simplicity, chivalry and boundless hospitality of southern men, and the charms, graces, beauty and manifold virtues of southern women.

I am delighted to have the privilege of joining you in celebrating the 100th anniversary of this deservedly famous institution of education, which must be so gratifying to all of you who have had the honor and the pleasure of participating in the management and direction of its affairs, as well as to those who have been recipients of its blessings and material advantages.

As a factor in this community and this state, and, indeed, in a large number of states, its widespread and subtle influences in developing the mind, moulding character, arousing latent ambitions, refining and elevating thought, and giving inspiration to noble impulse and purpose do not stop at the college door, the confines of the city or the boundaries of communities where the thousands of the alumnae who have gone out from here have made their homes; but they imperceptibly affect other tens of thousands through communication and association like the invisible electric current exerts its mysterious power, and like the sweet symphonies of music and of nature that vibrate in illimitable space, never ceasing and ever thrilling and ennobling with divine effect the highest attributes of the minds and hearts of human kind.

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The celebration of this hundredth anniversary of Salem college has a great significance; not only that it relates to a century of educational growth and advancement, whose benefits no human power can ever approximately estimate, but that it also suggests a century of industrial, commercial, inventive and scientific progress and expansion of population in your own state and in the nation at large.

A review and contemplation of the nineteenth century, a period of our country's history so replete with wonderful events, excites and thrills our minds with surprise and admiration.

It was suggested to me by the ladies in charge of these ceremonies that I might in my remarks allude to the status of affairs in the United States in 1802.

In a retrospective study of that period and the primitive conditions existing at the dawn of the nineteenth century in comparison with those we find today, we are struck with amazement at the rapidity of the advancement.

Indeed, it is almost impossible to realize that in the year 1800 the total white population of the United States was only 4,500,000 souls. The center of population was then between Washington and Baltimore.

The entire white population west of the Alleghanies was less than 500,000, more than half of whom were in Kentucky and Tennessee.

Ohio had only 45,000 people, and had not then been admitted to the Union. The settlements in that state were mostly on the Ohio river and its tributaries, and the territory in the lake region was wholly under control of the Indians.

Around Pittsburg, Pa., near Fort Duquesne, a small population had gathered. In Westmoreland county, there were some Dutch settlements, and on the Monongahela river and its tributaries a considerable number of Scotch-Irish, among them my own ancestors, were cutting farms out of the forest.

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The only means of communication with all those settlements west of the mountains were two wagon roads through an almost unbroken line of forest. One of these led from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, the other from Virginia to Tennessee, with a branch through Cumberland Gap to Kentucky.

Western New York was still a wilderness; Buffalo had not yet been laid out, Utica had only fifty houses; Albany was a Dutch village with 5,000 inhabitants, and no packet boats then plied between it and New York. Stage coaches required almost two days to make the journey from New York to Philadelphia, as against two hours now by rail.

The mails in the southern states were carried on horseback.

In 1800 the nation's capital was transferred from Philadelphia to Washington, which then occupied a fever-stricken morass near the Potomac. The half-finished White House stood in a naked field, and across a swamp a mile and a half away could be seen the two wings of the unfinished capitol.

These were some of the primitive conditions existing when this school was founded, and yet it seems almost incredible that the parents of thousands of people of the present generation were then living.

It might be of interest to mention a few of the important factors that originated at the close of the nineteenth century, to whose development may be largely credited the subsequent brilliant career of this nation.

One of these was the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney, a New Englander who had settled in Georgia. Before this only a few patches of cotton had been planted in the south, and the separation of the seed from the lint was a slow and expensive process. Thereafter the cultivation of the plant extended rapidly, until it became its chief industry, and led to the coronation of cotton as king of all the southern products.

It is, I think, true that no other invention ever conceived in the mind of man has played so important a part in the commercial and industrial progress of the civilized world.

About this time Fulton demonstrated the successful application of steam power for the propulsion of boats, with results almost inconceivable, which I cannot take time to discuss.

The first year of the past century witnessed the accession of Thomas Jefferson to the presidency. This assured the signal triumph of republican principles, of which he was the eminent champion, over the theory of centralization of power, as advocated by Alexander Hamilton and others.

During his liberal and powerful, although not altogether harmonious, administration, the greatest feat of diplomacy that has ever been enacted in any country was accomplished—the purchase from France for $15,000,000 of that great region lying between the Mississippi river on the east and the Spanish possessions on the southwest, extending to the Rocky mountains on the northwest, and to the boundaries of British Columbia on the north, comprising the territory of Louisiana.

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President Jefferson, curious to ascertain the character of this new acquisition, promptly ordered an exploring expedition to be organized, which, placed under the direction of Lewis and Clarke, made the famous voyage up the Missouri river to its source, across the Rocky mountains to the head waters of the mighty Columbia, whose crystal waters flow from thousands of perennial snowcapped peaks, and extended their voyage to "that continuous woods" of which the poet sang, "where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save his own dashings."

Then truly did "the star of empire" first take its way. Today we behold the results: That purchase comprised 560,000,000 acres, and now sustains a population of not less than 15,000,000 people.

I might speak to you for hours in description of the marvelous resources of that great area, constituting an empire in itself, of the great wheat producing states of Kansas, Minnesota and the Dakotas, of the corn fields of Iowa, Missouri and Nebraska, of the great stretches of grazing land which support millions of cattle, horses and sheep, where only a few years ago roamed countless buffalo, and of those great mineral regions all along the eastern slopes of the great Rocky mountains from Colorado to British Columbia, which have yielded thousands of millions of dollars to the wealth of the world; but the theme is too comprehensive, and, moreover, I should want to dwell upon the brilliant record of my own state, Montana, that alone produces a fourth of the copper supply of the world, but I must desist.

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The story of the development of all of that splendid acquisition is too long and fascinating, and the picture it presents so dazzling to contemplate that I must divert your attention from them, and close my remarks with a brief reference to that which is the immediate object of your concern and devotion, the establishment and perpetuation of the seat of learning whose centenary we celebrate. It was the pioneer school for women in the south, and about the second in the nation. Its founders sprang from a religious society in Germany, which had its origin in Bohemia about 450 years ago, and whose membership spread with amazing rapidity throughout Bohemia, Moravia and Poland. It was the most progressive organization in educational matters, and the most aggressive in pioneer missionary work that the world has ever known.

Schools were established wherever churches were built. The development of the mind was considered as essential as spiritual teaching, and the same policy has been tenaciously observed in the operations of its followers in the new world at Bethleham, Pa., and afterward when that little band of intrepid men of the Unitas Fratrum in 1753 left that place and established a colony in their new possessions acquired here in North Carolina.

With steadfast purpose those sturdy people came to the western hemisphere and cast their lot beyond the confines of civilization, braved the perils of savagery and ignored all the difficulties that confront and menace human life on the frontier. They were working out a destiny. The tree they planted in the wilderness was of slow growth, but it took deep root and, nurtured by the sunlight of Christian devotion, in an atmosphere whose every vibration scintillated with the radiance that springs from faith and hope, beneath a sky lighted by the bow of promise, it is now yielding a prolific harvest of golden fruit, as the thousands of gracious women all over the south, who here received physical and mental training, and the descendants of those who have passed away, so eloquently confirm. I thought of this an hour ago when those thirty-six lovely girls composing the graduating class, clothed in garments of spotless white, and united by a long chain composed entirely of daisies, extending in graceful loops from shoulder to shoulder, filed into the church to receive their well earned diplomas; and when the venerable bishop gave them his parting blessing, and touchingly, with trembling lips, said the good-bye that brought tears to every eye, I was impressed with the fact that these precious young lives going out to separate communities all over the country would each one of them constitute a light that will illuminate the minds of others and whose radiance will go on forever.

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This affords a striking and interesting exemplification of the evolution and practical operation of one of the great problems of civilization. I beg to offer to all who have contributed to the success of this institution, or who have felt the magic touch of its influence, my warmest congratulations, and to express the hope that a recurrence of this anniversary festival a century hence may confirm all our impressions and all our anticipations of an enlarged scope, higher standards and grander results that will ultimately keep this college in the front ranks in the resistless march of progress.

I believe that the tendency of public sentiment and opinion at this time is in the direction of the higher education and a wider sphere of employment and usefulness for woman, and towards a more liberal recognition of her claims to the enjoyment of privileges in the field of literary work, and in the domain of the arts and sciences.

In the encouragement of such healthful and laudable ambition, I conceive it to be our duty to invoke the co-operation of every broad-minded patriotic citizen.

Thus will we secure the attainment of the highest intellectual culture and most exalted and perfected civilization in this most active theatre of the human intellect—our own glorious republic.

CROOKS EASILY SCARED.

Robbers Who Flee at a Look—Flat Thieves and Their Maneuvers.

(New York Sun.)

"In all grades of crooks there are certain peculiarities which are very marked," said an old police detective. "How do detectives go into a crowd of people and arrest twenty or thirty professional pickpockets in the course of a few hours?

"There is a popular idea that they are familiar with their faces. They are to a certain extent, but it's the way the pickpocket acts in a crowd, rather than his face, which tells the trained detective his character.

"Pickpockets are very easily scared off. If a man who has been marked by crooks gives the least sign that he suspects what is going on they will drop him like a hot cake. I have seen them mark out a man and follow him until the man happened to turn around and look one of them squarely in the face. Then I have seen them drop that man instantly, although I was morally certain that he hadn't the faintest suspicion that anything was wrong.

"The pickpocket is afraid of his own shadow. If he is on a street car and any one gets on that car who he thinks knows him he will leave the car at once, even if he has no intention of doing anything wrong. He is afraid of people becoming too familiar with his face. Then again he figures that if anything happens on that car, he will be held responsible for it, whether he is innocent or guilty.

"The same peculiarities mark the highwayman, commonly called the strong-arm man. Here in New York the strong-arm man usually follows his victim home and attacks him on a dark street. Most of his victims are drunken men, because he can the more easily sneak up behind them and lay them out with a club, without being seen.

"A strong-arm man will run like a whipped dog if his victim happens to turn around and get a look at him. He's too cowardly to kill a man, and he won't attack a man who has had a look at him, as he knows that that man may identify him later on.

"The flat thief is the easiest man of them all to avoid. Just make a rule never to leave a flat alone. The flat thief never gets in a flat, unless he is quite sure that it is empty, although there have been exceptions to this rule.

"He will maneuver for days sometimes before he makes an attempt at a place, and a person who is at all observing ought to know that something is wrong. Look out for your place if you have had men coming to the door inquiring for people that you never heard of.

"Too many peddlers is another sign of danger, but the surest sign that your place is 'planted' is when your door-bell rings a number of times in a week, and when you press the button to open the door no one responds.

"That means that the thief is trying to find out whether you are at home. When the door opens he knows that you are, and he takes his departure. If you don't answer his ring he will ring again and usually the third and fourth time.

"Then he will come up stairs and ring the bell of the apartment a number of times. Getting no response he will open the door, and it won't take him long to get everything worth having out.

"The sooner the people get away from the notion that locks and chains will keep the thief out of the flat the better for them. Fifteen or twenty minutes at the outside is all that an expert wants to get in any place. It doesn't matter how he does it, it is enough that he does. The burglar alarm will keep them out, but the lock never."

WASHINGTON DAY BY DAY.

Chicagoan Thought He Had Seen Thomas Jefferson as "Rip."

(New York World.)

A young traveling man from Chicago came to town and hunted up Senator Cullom. The senator took a half hour off to show the drummer the sights. They came to the rotunda.

"There's the Jefferson statue," said Senator Cullom. The young Chicago chap looked at the statue for a minute, pursed his lips and said:

"Pretty bum likeness, it seems to me."

"But," protested Senator Cullom, "it is generally conceded to be—— How do you know, anyway? You never saw Jefferson, did you?"

"You bet, I did," said the young Chicago man. "I saw him in Baltimore a few days ago in good old 'Rip Van Winkle.'"

Major McDowell, the clerk of the house, had a visitor from Fulton county, Pennsylvania, today, who reminded him of a story.

"They have strenuous political meetings up in Fulton," said McDowell. "There isn't much else to do, and the inhabitants just revel in politics. A local Democratic celebrity is 'Jim' Kennedy, the learned blacksmith. Kennedy can make a fairly good speech. One time in the last campaign a spellbinder from Philadelphia went up there to make a talk. Kennedy came up to see the spellbinder and asked him, as a favor, to wait until Kennedy had finished before he spoke. The Philadelphian consented.

"'Now,' said Kennedy, 'I want you to do me another favor. Along in the middle of my speech I say that I belonged to the Whigs, but became a Democrat, and I want you to ask me how it is that a Whig became a Democrat. I make a strong point in answering that question.'

"The Philadelphian promised. He went down into the audience, and when Kennedy shouted, 'I was a Whig, but I became a Democrat,' he asked the proper question. Before the words were out of his mouth a burly ironworker who stood near by hit him behind the ear and knocked him a rod away, shouting:

"'You dod-gasted Republican, I'll teach you to interrupt a Democratic meeting.'"

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