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Weather Forecast for Friday.

Washington, July 15.—For Oklahoma and Indian Territory: Partly cloudy weather; continued high temperature; variable winds, becoming southerly.

For Missouri: Generally fair; warmer; variable winds, becoming southerly.

For Kansas: Generally fair; continued high temperature; southerly winds.

A JUST COMPLAINT.

The letter addressed to the park board and the common council by Mr. Homer Reed and published in The Journal of yesterday calls attention to one phase of the park question that has aroused surprisingly little protest hitherto.

The general interests of the city demand that the plans of the park board shall be carried out as rapidly as possible by that body and the city council. In many instances the individual interests of the property owners whose land has been condemned for park purposes demand that there shall be no delay in the proceedings which have already dragged deplorably.

As Mr. Reed points out in his letter, property under condemnation for public uses has no market, nor can it be employed for the ordinary purposes of security in money transactions. In other words, it is taken out of the market by the park board, and if the plans go through for its conversion into parks, the owner is paid the amount allowed by the condemnation jury. If the plans are altered, much property, after having been "held up" for a time, will be returned to the owner with thanks but no interest.

While it is readily accorded that the processes of public improvement are frequently involved and tedious, it is urged, with a confident belief that more rapid progress can and should be made, that there be no more unnecessary delays in deciding the fate of the West Terrace and Penn Valley parks, and that the proceedings for other grounds be carried forward with the utmost energy.

The public in general, and the owners of property condemned for parks in particular, have a right to know why the council has delayed the ordinances for the modification of the West district plans, or why, if they are unfavorable to such modification, they have not reported against it. Great interests are at stake. While the most important are those relating to the city's permanent improvements, the most pressing are those of property owners whose business operations are dependent upon the disposition made of their condemned lands.

THAT BUTTON IDEA.

If a unique idea, elaborately and persistently advertised, can float a fad, it will soon be impossible to live, move or have one's being in Kansas City without pressing the convention hall button.

The exclusiveness of the order adopting this button as its social, commercial, political and religious badge is peculiar. There are no conditions of membership save the price of a button, and for that reason the membership hopes to be large and independent enough to disregard the rest of mankind.

The popularity of buttons at this time should promote the interest of this money-making scheme. Canvassers should have little difficulty in disposing of their badges among the button brigade which has become more or less familiar within the last few years. The imperative order of the movement makes it a little severe on those who make it a rule of life never to wear a badge, button, emblem or anything else designed to advertise any sort of membership. But these, like the chronic button fellows, will have to meet this invasion with favor or life in Kansas City will not be worth living. If they do not wear the insignia of the convention hall they will have to carry it in their pockets for identification, and the result will be the same to the public enterprise.

THE CITY POOR AS FARMERS.

While Commander Booth-Tucker's plan to colonize the city poor on Western farms is not exactly a wild experiment, its success on the elaborate scale designed by the Salvation Army leader is by no means a foregone conclusion.

The undertaking is one that should enlist the hearty well wishes of those interested in relieving the distress of the impecunious multitudes. If successful, it will provide homes, employment and comfort for those who have known little of these sources of human happiness. More than that, it will give them the right to assert their independence by providing the means of a livelihood, and at the same time exacting both industry and economy.

Doubtless many more will be attracted by the enterprise than will be benefited by its operation. The scheme is founded upon what is commonly designated as the divine principle of helping those who help themselves. Unfortunately, there are many among the poor of all cities who do not care to help themselves, but prefer to live as human parasites. These are not always distinguishable from those who are worthy, but the Booth-Tucker plan would be one means of dividing the bees from the drones.

There can be no practical solution of the problem of efficacious charity until assistance can be purchased by honest labor, and when labor must be exacted of those who are able to perform it. Among the poor who are seeking honest livelihoods, adaptation to farm life is more or less problematical. Even the most unfortunate frequently have attachments to city life that make living in the country unendurable. But if this colonization scheme should prove practical and be successfully carried out, it will undoubtedly accomplish a great deal of good. The undertaking will be watched with sympathetic interest.

A RESULT OF POPULIST FOLLY.

The announcement from Washington that Professor Carleton, who has had charge of the experimental station at the Kansas state agricultural college, is to be withdrawn will not be a source of surprise to people who are informed of the action of the college regents in turning the institution into a kindergarten for the propagation of Populism, socialism and a dishonest system of finance. It appeared to the department at Washington that it would be an inexcusable waste of time and money to continue experiments at a school that had gone out of the business of teaching agriculture into that of teaching politics.

That such a transformation has taken place in the curriculum at Manhattan is a conclusion not to be avoided. The fact that a president who had gained national reputation as a scientific agriculturist was forced to give way to a Populist agitator who couldn't tell a hay rack from a double-shovel plow would in itself be ample evidence of this, but there are many other circumstances which rivet and clinch such a conclusion—for example, the employment of two professors of political economy. Think of an agricultural college with two professors of political economy! If any further evidence were needed it is supplied by Regent Chris Hoffman. After discharging the entire force of professors at the college because they were not Populists, or willing to teach Populism, Regent Hoffman vouchsafed just one explanation, which was this: "We have not relieved these professors because they were not competent, because they were not efficient, or because they did not perform their parts well; but because they were not in harmony with the fundamental principles of the administration."

A GOOD OPENING FOR REFORM.

The jury system, although of Teutonic origin, has, like the wienerwurst, become firmly grounded in American soil, so to speak. Its transformation under our eyes is, therefore, a matter of importance, and deserves to be closely followed by all patriotic citizens.

The trial by jury of an important criminal case, resulting in the conviction and sentence of the accused, used to end the matter, so far as the judge, jury and public were concerned. Now, however, it only begins it, like the overture to a comic opera.

In this glorious day the convicted criminal goes to prison as of yore, and there is a rhetorical pause in the proceedings, varying in length from twenty days to twenty years. Then the jurymen come out in a card expressing their belief in the innocence of the accused; the judge pronounces the verdict unsupported by the law and the evidence; the congressman of the district gives the convict a clean bill of moral health; and the public reflects that it was a bit hysterical over the case anyhow. So the governor is flooded with petitions; a pardon is granted, and the one pure man connected with the transaction goes forth from prison to risk mental and moral contamination among corrupt judges, foresworn jurymen and an erring though repentant public.

All this denotes progress, but the method is slow, cumbrous and expensive, besides being a bit unsettling to the public mind. If our system of criminal jurisprudence only results in putting our best citizens into prison until public opinion can recover its "second wind," the fact ought to be recognized and the system be simplified and made more practical and businesslike.

Blank certificates of the innocence and good character of convicted persons should be furnished the clerk of every criminal court. Let these be signed by judge and jury before leaving the court room, after conviction and sentence have passed. Then let them be filed with the officer or board exercising the pardoning power, and receive favorable action before regret has gnawed too deeply into the vitals of a hasty and overrighteous public.

The bringing of present usage under recognized forms of law is the limit of the demand of the reformer. The change could probably not be effected all at once, and it might shock us a little until we got used to it; but it would simplify and regulate a practice which is somewhat unsystematic at present, without materially altering the result.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Kansas City ball club has been a failure for some time. It is now becoming a scandal.

Senator Pettigrew recovered the use of his voice all right, but his political common sense is still off on a vacation.

The failure to secure next year's Republican League convention for Kansas City is no great matter. There are others.

It seems the defeat of Sorg for the Democratic nomination in Ohio was on account of his barrel. It wasn't as big as Chapman's.

The hot wave in Chicago, which killed so many people, is followed by Mrs. Besant, who is scoring a still greater number of victims.

The weather clerk needn't offer any explanations for the failure of his last hot weather prediction. The public is not at all offended.

The senate and house conferees on the tariff bill are finding it difficult to get together. Why not submit the differences to arbitration?

Calamity dies hard. Its organs are stretching both truth and imagination in their desperate efforts to show that prosperity is not returning.

The coal miners' strike is to take on a slightly vegetable aspect. Mr. Debs has started for West Virginia with his brain literally teeming with cucumbers.

Omaha is congratulated on capturing the Republican League convention. Considering the size and importance of the town, it is really a most brilliant achievement.

The discovery of wonderfully rich gold mines in Alaska is evidently another nefarious scheme of the goldbugs to drive out silver and crush William J. Bryan's presidential aspirations.

Mr. Bryan talks about "the failure of the Republican policies to restore prosperity." This is about as sensible as expressing regret that a babe in the cradle has not made the right sort of man.

Senator Vest declares the country will never approve the tariff bill. And yet the country elected the present administration and congress for the express purpose of enacting just such a bill.

Ex-Senator Peffer is charged with being both for and against fusion. Mr. Peffer is probably like the other Kansas Populists—for fusion when an election is pending, and against it at all other times.

Mrs. Lease will not support Bryan in 1900 unless he runs on a socialistic platform. A large majority of the American people will go Mrs. Lease one better and not support him on any sort of platform.

The Kentucky girl who went to California with the Christian Endeavorers and captured an old sweetheart shows what a genuine Christian endeavor will accomplish when fortified with red checks and a plump figure.

It is said that Miss Rose Cleveland's book of essays on altruism now sells for a mere trifle. If all the people who have not read Miss Rose's essays will take advantage of the present opportunity the sales will be enormous.

Ex-Congressman Otis, of Kansas, says that if rightly managed the "Social Democracy" will be a grand success. Now will the carping critics who have been trying to belittle this great movement subside, or will Mr. Otis have to speak again?

The great controversy between Mrs. William Astor and Mrs. John Jacob Astor as to which should be entitled to figure simply as "Mrs. Astor" has been settled in favor of the latter. The only matters disturbing the peace of the country now are the Cuban and Hawaiian complications and the coal strike.

KANSAS TOPICS.

"A movement," says Anarchist Clemens as he unfolds his hands and readjusts his halo, "should not begin its career by ignoring the martyrs."

* * *

"Mr. Ed Little also while in Europe saw the pyramids," says the Wichita Eagle. The pyramids must have run over into Europe when the dogs barked at them.

* * *

Willie Sell will not feel any great amount of grief at being hanged in effigy. It is as nothing when compared to the real thing that once confronted him.

* * *

Commenting on the pardon of that Leavenworth murderer who was released by Governor Leedy on the ground that the evidence against him was not sufficient, though he had pleaded guilty, the Lawrence Journal says the pardoned man ought to lick the governor for casting such a cloud upon his veracity.

* * *

Two Oklahoma editors are fighting over the question as to whether it is proper to say that "everybody is happy" or "everybody are happy." One of the disputants brought the discussion to a close the other day by saying: "You are a liar; nobody are happy."

* * *

Mrs. Brady, wife of the editor of the Lawrence World, was a little girl and lived in Dundas, Minn., at the time the Younger boys went through that town after robbing the bank at Northfield. She saw them and remembers them well.

* * *

Lawrence Journal: Poor old Ben Clover was turned down by the Pops yesterday when he tried to get a $30 job. However, his wife landed one, and she can have Ben live with her at the expense of the state, and still manage to keep the wolf away. By the way, the wife upon whom he has to depend now is no other than the "girl with the red slippers," who caused his downfall when he was a congressman. It is right and proper that she should support him.

* * *

Topics has always sworn by Quaker Joe Satterthwaite, editor of the Douglas Tribune, as a man so scrupulously honest that he couldn't tell a lie if he saw it coming down the street. Editor Joe is now visiting his boyhood home, on the eastern shore of Maryland, and writing letters home to his paper, and some of his stories are such that our confidence has been rudely shattered. In his last he tells about catching a shark with his naked hands.

* * *

The latest story on Jim Orr, the Atchison railroad attorney, is that he recently went to settle with a farmer whose cow had been killed by a train. He represented to the farmer that the cow had made a bad mess about the engine, throwing blood all over the cowcatcher and machinery and causing the fireman, who was a nice young man, a good deal of annoyance. Mr. Orr talked so eloquently that the farmer finally settled with the company by paying it $2.

* * *

Gene Ware is a Great Public Reformer. The expression is purposely capitalized because in this era of bogus reformers it becomes necessary to do something of the sort to designate a genuine one. Mr. Ware's specialty is opposition to the European system of giving "tips," which is so rapidly gaining a foothold in this country. He never yet has mustered up courage enough to decline to tip the menials who may do him a service—in fact, he gives with an unusual degree of prodigality—but he never loses an opportunity to protest in high places against the growing custom.

The other day Mr. Ware and three friends were dining in a Wagner car on the Pennsylvania railroad. Each handed the waiter a quarter, making a dollar in all. Before the waiter could pocket the money, however, the conductor of the car beckoned him forward and took from him 35 cents, the whole performance being in plain view of the four gentlemen. At the first opportunity Mr. Ware wrote to the superintendent of the Wagner company, detailing the occurrence, and to this he soon received a reply, in which the superintendent said he could not believe such an incredible story, and, anyway, the public had no grounds for complaint, as they were not required to tip waiters. This was equivalent to informing Mr. Ware that he was a liar, and, though Great Public Reformers are supposed to bear contumely with abiding patience, it made him so angry that he wrote a burning letter in reply. Before it could be posted, however, he changed his mind, and closed the incident with the following characteristic epistle:

My Dear Sir:—Perhaps I was mistaken and the conductor did not compel the waiter to disgorge the larger portion of his ill gotten gains. Perhaps the two had been playing a little game of draw poker the night before, and the performance which I mistook for extortion was simply a legitimate and honorable adjustment of a financial discrepancy which was born when the waiter tried with a bob tailed flush to "see" the conductor's full hand.

* * *

"We are a little particular when it comes to parsons," says the iconoclastic editor of the Atchison Globe, "but we have at last found one to suit us. Rev. Thomas Needham, an evangelist now crowding the mourners' bench at New Brunswick, N. J., says that there are no women in heaven. He proves by the Bible, the only authority any one has, that female angels are not mentioned, and do not exist. We will be one of fifty to send for Rev. Thomas Needham to come to Atchison, and start a church, and we will guarantee him his wages. We work hard all day, but are willing to put on an apron and dish ice cream at church socials to earn money for such a smart man. All our lives we have seen women going around with their noses in the air, claiming there wouldn't be enough men in heaven to sing bass. We are proud of Mr. Needham, who says there will be no soprano singing in heaven, and have enlisted under his banner."

* * *

The Chautauqua assemblies in Kansas this year appear to have been singularly unfortunate in securing the services of lecturers who turned out to be mountebanks. Bryan lowered the tone of the Ottawa assembly by delivering a political harangue, and now comes an exposure of Frank R. Robertson, the alleged eminent moralist and traveler, who was one of the boasted features of the Winfield assembly. In the course of his lectures Robertson related a great number of incredible occurrences, and in every instance he assured his hearers that he knew them to be true for he was present and viewed them with his own eyes. One of these stories described a scene in Rev. Charles Spurgeon's church. That eminent divine had been preaching about the ease of slipping down into sin and the difficulty of returning to righteousness again, and to illustrate it slid down the banisters of the stairs leading to his pulpit and then painfully worked his way back while still astride of the rail. In the Winfield audience was Rev. Parker, who recognized this story as an old one that had been sprung on Spurgeon in his youth, and when Lecturer Robertson declared that he had been present in the church and witnessed the performance, the Winfield pastor denounced it as a falsehood. The Chautauqua people could not believe, however, that their pet lecturer had lied about the matter, so Rev. Parker addressed a letter to Thomas Spurgeon, a son of the great pulpiteer, and at once received the following reply:

"Newington, July 1, 1897.

"Rev. W. H. Parker.

"Dear Sir and Brother:—The story is an absurd and wicked fabrication, and those who say they saw the deed know that they lie, and deserve to be denounced in the strongest possible terms. The story originated when there were no stairs to my father's pulpit. He frequently declared the statement to be utterly untrue. Many thanks for protecting, and for inquiring.

"The Lord have mercy upon 'all liars.' Every blessing be with you. Yours very sincerely, THOMAS SPURGEON.

"P. S.—I wish you would let me know if more is said of this matter."

* * *

The Santa Fe is taking up the track of its branch line through Wichita county. When the work was begun Representative Frank Grimes, of that county, came to the general offices of the company at Topeka and secured a concession through which the farmers were to receive all of the ties, the railroad simply stipulating that the farmers be on hand with their wagons to haul the ties away as fast as they were taken up. In the language of the Wichita Standard, the remainder of the story is as follows:

"A person would naturally think, with the rush of about 100 teams waiting in the rear, there would be a great confusion and that the best men would get the most ties. But this is a mistake; Frank Grimes is present. The management of the railroad men is said to be the most systematic of the working class, and yet the superintendent of the railroad, having many years of experience in working a large force of men, tells us that he is puzzled as to how Mr. Grimes is able to manage twice as many men as he does at such a time and under such circumstances. But then the superintendent does not know Frank Grimes as well as we do. He has a way for everything. In glancing along the lengthy line of teams waiting to be loaded, we find everyone in his place, and that each individual is given the same favor, that no one does the wrong thing and that all are satisfied. Frank is continually walking back and forth on the track to see that no one is neglected and to help the boys to 'load up.' Of course there are a few present who want to dictate as to how this had ought to be done or perhaps there is some Pop present who is dissatisfied for the reason that he cannot look after the work in the manner suitable to his ideas, but, undaunted by this, our representative works on for the people regardless of party and gives the Populists ties, which will perhaps satisfy their howling, grasping nature to get possession of a railroad or a portion of one."

MISSOURI POINTS.

Chillicothe, the Constitution declares, is ready to be counted in with Jefferson City and some of the other towns in the state that are said to be very tired of the curfew law.

* * *

Judge W. M. Rice, recently appointed United States commissioner of immigration at Vancouver, British Columbia, is a son of Editor John H. Rice, of the Sedalia Capital.

* * *

Dr. Kincheloe, of Joplin, cherishes as a valued relic a newspaper published in Louisville, Ky., in 1848, in which appears a letter from Henry Clay, protesting against the annexation of Texas.

* * *

Ex-Congressman Charles G. Burton has made up his mind that the ermine in vogue among the occupants of the federal bench in New Mexico is the style of attire best suited to his build and he hopes to be wearing it before long.

* * *

Rolla is preparing for the greatest day in its history. The Modern Woodmen of the Southeastern Missouri association are to have their annual log rolling there July 29, and a tournament in which eleven bands will participate is to be a feature of the occasion.

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The Springfield Republican suggests that Popocratic Candidate for Governor White, of Iowa, who declares that "the cheaper money is the better," ought to have been down in Southern Missouri during the war, when it took $1,000 of Confederate money to hire a horse curried.

* * *

Congressman Champ Clark tells the people of Mexico that the reason their town, which has shown the requisite amount of postoffice business to entitle it to the privilege, is refused free delivery by the government authorities is the fact that its sidewalks are so poor.

* * *

St. Joseph News: Cole and Jim Younger, the noted bandits, now serving life terms in the Minnesota penitentiary, and whose application for a pardon has just been refused, no doubt regret that they are not imprisoned in Missouri, where pardons are much more easily obtained.

* * *

Cedar Gap, in Wright county, the highest point on the Memphis road, has become a summer resort of some note. Several Memphis capitalists have built handsome cottages on the adjacent peaks and a dozen or more families from the Tennessee metropolis are spending the season on the summit of the Ozarks.

* * *

A disagreement and consequent litigation between the Springfield Lighting Company and the Springfield Traction Company reveals the fact that the former, which has the contract for illuminating the city, has been paying the latter, which furnished all the power, only 1¼ cents an hour for arc lights and but one-eighth of that sum for incandescents.

* * *

This year's yield of peaches in twenty-five of the best fruit counties in Southwest Missouri is figured at a trifle over 1,200,000 bushels, and of apples about the same, and the aggregate value in cash, it is thought, will reach $4,255,000. In addition to this, it is believed the same territory will produce at least $100,000 worth of grapes and wine.

* * *

One of the fishiest of the season's fish stories comes from Osage county and is to the effect that a boy there weighing sixty-three pounds caught and safely landed a fish weighing sixty-eight pounds. There are several theories on which this may be satisfactorily explained, but the most plausible one is that the fellow who told the story lied.

* * *

A recent inventory of his estate shows that during the lifetime of the late Judge Freshour, Cole county was the possessor of at least one well-to-do citizen who wasn't amenable to the charge of being a tax dodger. The listing of the judge's belongings indicates an aggregate valuation of $41,186, whereas the taxes paid by him, on his own statement, were on $40,000 worth of property.

* * *

In his discourse in Wood's opera house in Sedalia last Sunday evening Rev. J. S. Myers said that he had recently been approached by a certain young man who asked him why he did not preach a sermon against women taking men's places in offices and stores and schools, and cutting down wages. The minister made a pointed reply. He said: "If you young men would fashion your conduct as you should; if you would purify your lives; if you would be manly men and marry these girls—as it is your duty to do—they would not take your places and they would not be compelled to go out and battle with the world."

* * *

The disposition of the Stephens administration to make the interests of the people of the state wholly subservient to personal ends was again illustrated Wednesday in the turning down as state geologist of Professor C. R. Keyes, who was supplanted by J. H. Gallager, of Warrensburg. Keyes ranks well up toward the head of the list among the geologists of the country, the Jefferson City Courier says, while his successor has had small experience in that line of work. Professor Keyes sails next week for St. Petersburg, Russia, to attend a convention of the International Geological Society. He is one of twenty selected in this country and it is considered a rare honor which has been accorded him. He has already received transportation on all the railroads of Russia tendered him by the Czar Nicholas. The meeting will take place in St. Petersburg and excursions will be taken to Vladivostock and Nijni-Novgorod. Professor Keyes has just completed several fine plates for a book on American crinoidae, of which only 700 copies were printed. His researches are looked upon as probably the most thorough of any crinoidologist in the United States.

* * *

Commodore Charles A. Pollock, recently appointed by Judge Philips as United States commissioner at St. Joseph for the ensuing term, won his naval title, it is said, while a resident of Jefferson City, where several years ago he was master, pilot, engineer and roustabout on a little Missouri river pleasure boat called the Ashley W. Ewing. The capacity of the craft was sufficient to hold the commodore, three statesmen and enough "bait" to last twenty-four hours. The commodore soon became a famous mariner about Jefferson City, a correspondent says, and probably would have ended his days on the wave had it not been for the fact that he could not get up enough steam to run the boat up stream, and when he would take a party down the river eight or ten miles on a hot day and they were forced to walk home during the afternoon they would make sarcastic remarks. This so discouraged the commodore that he retired to dry land and eventually located at St. Joseph, where he secured the appointment as clerk of the federal court.

Kansas to the Rescue.

From the Washington Post.

More than one good thing has come from Kansas. Every now and then Kansas flourishes an original idea aloft and shouts: Eureka! Every year there is a dearth of hands in the wheat belt during harvest. Kansas occupies a large area of the wheat belt, and whenever the crop is fairly good, great difficulty is experienced in gathering it, owing to lack of harvesters.

It was announced in the press dispatches recently that a great army of tramps was moving westward and they were taking possession of trains, as they did a few years ago. Not only this, but where transportation was not to be had the tramps were devastating the fields, orchards and gardens, and the people on whom they were depredating were petitioning the railroads to haul the tramps away.

It is in emergencies like this that genius comes to the rescue. The crews of freight trains running through Kansas have come close to a solution of both difficulties—providing harvest hands and getting rid of the tramps. The brakemen encourage tramps to ride in the box cars, and when the wheat belt is reached negotiations are entered into with the farmers for furnishing hands at low rate of one dollar each. The price agreed on, and the money paid, the brakeman unlocks the car door and dumps out the tramps, who are taken in hand by the farmers and marched off to the wheat fields.

How the tramps are made to work is not stated. All we know at present is that the brakemen turn over the tramps to the farmers at the rate of a dollar a head. The farmers are yet to be heard from, but as no cry of distress has been sounded it can be taken for granted that the farmers are getting returns on their investments. It will be remembered that when the great tramp movement eastward was in progress several years ago, Kansas was not a favored thoroughfare for them. The larger part of the pilgrims avoided Kansas for some reason or other, but this year they have lost their cunning, and harvest hands are becoming plentiful in the Kansas part of the wheat belt.

From the fact that the Kansas farmer is not raising his voice in lamentation it would be a safe bet that he is getting not less than 100 per cent on his investment. Anything short of that would fall short of satisfaction. The chances are that the returns greatly exceed 100 per cent. If there is anything to be got out of a tramp, the Kansas farmer is the man to get it. He'll have no tramps around him eating him up. The tramp has to earn what he gets.

Perhaps the farmer can be induced, after harvest, to tell how he manipulated the tramps in order to extract work from them, and if the method can be adapted to a larger scale the tramp problem is solved. The end of the Kansas wheat harvest is impatiently awaited. Can it indeed be that from the home of Populism will come the salvation of the American people? Is the farmer, and the Kansas farmer, to be the means by which the disappearance of the tramp is to take place? Hail to the farmer! He is about to attain his proper position of importance. Long may he wave, and to think it comes from Kansas, derided Kansas!

British Report on Tin Plate.

From the New York Press.

The brutal frankness of Englishmen must send cold shivers down the backs of American free traders who are determined to follow their British kinsmen's economic policy, even though the latter persons with honest candor call them fools for their trouble. The American free trader never has ceased to declare since the McKinley law went into operation that it was impossible to make tin plate in this country. Here comes the British consul at Philadelphia and makes a report to his home government showing that the tin plate industry of Pennsylvania is in a most flourishing condition:

"Notwithstanding all the difficulties encountered, it is now believed that with proper fostering the time is not far distant when the United States will produce all the tin plate required for her consumption. Pennsylvania alone is prepared, should the condition of the markets be such as to warrant it, to produce, from the steel billet to the finished product, 250,000,000 pounds of tin plate, or fully one-third of the entire consumption of the United States."

Thus every day is the Republican principle of protection vindicated by the foreigners who have suffered the heaviest losses from it—losses which were our gains.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

From the New York Press.

Women are a good deal like cats. Most every one thinks she can sing.

When a man proposes he always has to fight against an inclination to whisper it.

The devil won't burn the worst men; he will make them help clean house.

Somehow babies are never as bright as usual the day you meet their mothers out with them.

Every woman has in her head the plan of an ideal house with a garret where she can go to cry over old letters.

A girl always tries to make a man think that though a lot of men have tried to kiss her, none of them has really succeeded.

All Hold Lost.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"I seem to have lost all hold on him," she wailed.

The other married lady looked sympathetic. "You are not referring," she asked, "to his having shaved off his beard?"

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I heard the trailing garments of the night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like, I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice prayed for, the most fair,
The best beloved night!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

SUMMER SUN.

Great is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven without repose;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than rain he showers his rays.

Though closer still the blinds we pull
To keep the shady parlor cool,
Yet he will find a chink or two
To slip his golden fingers through.

The dusty attic, spider-clad,
He, through the keyhole, maketh glad;
And through the broken edge of tiles,
Into the laddered hayloft smiles.

Meantime his golden face around
He bares to all the garden ground,
And sheds a warm and glittering look
Among the ivy's inmost nook.

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the world, he goes.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE BIRD OF LIFE.

The bird of life is singing on the bough
His two eternal notes of "I and Thou"—
Oh! hearken well, for soon the song sings through,
And, would we hear it, we must hear it now.

—Omar Khayyam (Le Gallienne).

Base Charges Against Phil Armor.

From the Chicago News.

The Cleveland Recorder is responsible for an attack directed against an esteemed fellow townsman of ours, which, like all similar libels, has been going the round of the public press. Here it is in all its glaring falsity:

"Not only do Phil Armour's sausage makers know better than he how to make sausages, but they actually make the sausages."

We are not authorized to speak for Phil, but we shall defend him as we would any fellow citizen thus assailed.

In the first place, how does the Cleveland Recorder know that Phil's sausage makers know better than he how to make sausages? Did the Recorder ever talk with Phil on the subject, or with Phil's sausage makers? If so, did Phil confess his sausage making inferiority or the sausage makers boast of their sausage making superiority?

In the second place, Phil's sausage makers do not make all the sausages. Phil himself takes a hand at the business every day, and when 6 o'clock comes his string will measure as much as the foremost sausage maker in the yards. In his dainty little brochure, "Ins and Outs of a Sausage" (16mo, pp. 160, price 75 cents), Phil says:

"I don't care who eats them, so long as I make the sausages."

The statement that he makes the sausages is implied as strongly as his indifference as to who eats them. A few pages on we find this advice: "Eat Armour's sausages; they exhilarate without intoxicating." Again, "Buckwheat cakes sopped in Armour's sausage gravy make you healthy, wealthy and wise." Under the chapter head, "My First Sausage; a Reminiscence," we find this indisputable proof of our contention:

"I shall never forget my first sausage. I felt that the man who succeeded in inventing a new school of sausage was in sight of a fortune. The old ball sausage had been weighed by the public appetite and found wanting. I resolved to create the sausage par excellence for which men would hanker and children cry. * * * My first sausage was not a success, but I quickly saw the remedy. My second attempt was beyond my fondest hopes, and to-day I will take no back seat for any man when it comes to building a sausage."

Dr. Nels Morris, secretary of the Society for the Promotion and Filling of Sausages, says Phil's sausages are like mother used to make. Professor Swift, dean of the Swift College of Hog Beautifying, says Phil in his palmy days could set and prove 10,000 ems of link sausage in a night and catch the owl car.

Such indisputable testimony not only refutes the base charges made by the Cleveland Recorder, but vindicates Phil's sausage making abilities—if, indeed, vindication were necessary.

Shocking Tale of the Silk Nightshirt.

From the New York Sun.

It is melancholy to observe the attacks of little minds upon a castle of intellect. Because the Hon. William Jennings Bryan was found lately by a wandering reporter before breakfast, the supremacy and even the plutophobic sincerity of Mr. Bryan are questioned by men who ought to know better. According to this reporter, as often as Mr. Bryan "would raise (sic) up in bed the soft light would fall on his elegant silk nightshirt, all covered in front" with embroideries, 16 to 1 in raised letters, and so on. The Populists don't like the description. Many Popocrats are shaking head and ear over it. A friend of the people in an elegant embroidered silk nightshirt! A plain, simple young man, vowed to the hatred of everybody who makes more than $5,000 a year, detected in a soft light and an elegant embroidered silk nightshirt? Did Jack Cade wear an elegant embroidered silk nightshirt? Did Jack Cade wear any sort of nightshirt? Are not nightshirts, although very cheap as the result of combinations and monopolies, distinctly plutocratic?

Where the Shells Fell.

From the Chicago Post.

The old man's eyes blazed as he told the story.

"There we were," he said, "with the shells falling all around us."

"I didn't know you were in the war," broke in a bystander.

"I wasn't," replied the old man promptly. "I was at the circus and these were peanut shells."

It was generally conceded that the old man had scored the first point.

After the Giblets.

From the New York Press.

"My dear," observed Mrs. Mwptks, anxiously, as her spouse struggled with the carving knife, "I think you would better cut a little lower down."

"I believe you are right my love," rejoined her savage lord, "although—"

He braced the fork more firmly.

"His complexion certainly seemed to indicate the high liver. Not?"

Wise Animal.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"Dear little Dumpsy," said Mrs. Torker, "I believe he has almost sense enough to talk."

Mrs. Torker's husband looked at the dog thoughtfully. "At any rate," said he, "the brute has sense enough not to."

OF CURRENT INTEREST.

One of the incidents of the recent trial of the tobacco men on the charge of conspiracy has furnished some amusement to the lawyers in the case and to ex-Assistant District Attorney O'Hare, who is the counsel for the Wine, Beer and Liquor Dealers' Association. The man who was assigned to guard the door leading to the court room and admit only such persons as had business with court, was a German who is familiarly known as "Eagles." He appreciated his responsibility. On the last day of the trial the court had opened when James C. Carter, one of the lawyers for the tobacco men, presented himself, "Eagles" barred the way.

"Ve admits nobotty already ven der courts begins courting," he said.

"But I have business inside," said Mr. Carter.

"Ve admits nobotty," reiterated "Eagles."

"Yes, you are doing your duty," said Mr. Carter suavely, "but I am Mr. Carter, president of the bar association."

"Vy didn't you say so once?" said "Eagles." "Valk right insides. You vill vind Mr. O'Hare, der counsel for der associations, in der court."

Journalistic enterprise has led to a curious insurance case in Paris. M. Henri Martin, editor of the Courier de Lyon, was found dead in his room, hanging from a cord passed over a hook in the ceiling and attached to a dog collar round his neck. His life was insured for 30,000 francs, which the insurance company refuses to pay on the ground that he committed suicide. He had, however, been publishing articles on the scientific side of hanging, and was preparing one describing the sensations of a hanged man. The counsel for his family will contend that he was making experiments on himself, and that his death was accidental.

These are the days, it is said, when the pride of the officers who are detailed to the modern ships in the navy yard is humbled, and they are willing to admit just a little envy of the lucky fellows who are serving on cool wooden boats like the training ship and some of the old-timers. The amount of heat that an ironclad can accumulate in the sun makes the average wardroom little less than an oven. It is not pleasant to be tied up in dock under these circumstances. The men who sailed in the old wooden ships were much more comfortable in hot weather than their successors who have the honor to be on modern men-of-war.

According to official statistics which have just been issued in London, the national debt during the last five years in England shows an average daily decrease of nearly $100,000, the exact figures being £19,488. During the same period the national debt of the United States shows an average daily increase of more than $125,000, the exact figures given being £25,275. France's debt increases $120,000 daily, Germany's debt over $130,000, while that of Russia shows a daily growth of not less than $405,000. France's national debt to-day is the largest, heading the list with $6,000,000,000. Russia comes next, then Great Britain and then Germany.

The distinguished electrician, Professor Forbes, has been employed by the Egyptian government to make a study of the feasibility of utilizing the power of the Nile cataracts for generating electricity. After looking into the matters he reports that the general circumstances of Egypt are well adapted to its use. Coal becomes enormously dear in Upper Egypt owing to the expense of transportation from Alexandria, and the cataract power would be available all the year round for working the railroads, cotton ginning mills, sugar factories and irrigating machines. It could be supplied over distances of several hundred miles at a cost much below that of coal.

"Equality," Edward Bellamy's new romance of the future, was published simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Spain, Italy and other countries. More than 400,000 copies of "Looking Backward" have been sold in this country. The book has been translated into the language of almost every civilized country, and its total sale is almost beyond computation. Quite recently the demand for literature dealing with sociological questions led to the printing of 250,000 copies at a low price in England.

The finding of the certificate of Jean de Reszke's birth establishes the singer's age at 47, although it was generally supposed that he had turned 50. Another fact proved by the certificate in question is that Jean's family name is spelled Reschke. The "de" with which he has seen fit to prefix it is a bit of vanity, evidently. That sign of French nobility is not used in Poland, where aristocratic origin is signified by the suffix "ski."

Fish can be more easily caught by a new trap, which is formed of a metal block with two spring hooks as the sides, which are pulled apart and fastened by means of the pin which holds the bait, so that as soon as the bait is disturbed the hooks fly together and grasp the fish's head, or the fish can be caught unharmed by replacing the hooks with small wire disks, which spring together around the fish.

A crank named Cook has been trying, with fair success, to walk on the water with the aid of special shoes. These are much larger than snow shoes, being a foot wide and three and a half feet long. But they work on much the same principle. These shoes are shallow boxes, made of very light material, and the wearer covers the top with rubber cloth that is fitted snugly to his ankle and calf.

At a recent sale of curios in Brussels, one of Victor Hugo's straw hats sold for $240, and the goose quill with which he wrote "Napoleon the Little" brought $720. It was fastened to a sheet of paper on which was the following: "I beg M. Victor Hugo to certify that it was with this pen that he wrote 'Napoleon le Petit.' (Signed) Camille Barru. "It was." (Signed) Victor Hugo.

An evangelist named F. W. Sandford has established an institution at Durham, Me., to which he has given the queer name of "The Holy Ghost and Us Bible School." His followers believe that all other Christians except themselves are on the wrong road. Sandford casts out devils every day, and claims to be in personal daily communication with God.

While attending school at West Chester, Pa., a few days ago a child of Joshua Abel came in contact with a schoolmate who had just been taken ill. The Abel child returned home and divided some chewing gum she had in her mouth among four brothers and sisters. Next day the entire family was stricken with diphtheria.

In a flying