The Kansas City Journal.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

THE JOURNAL COMPANY, Publisher.
NINTH AND GRAND AVE.

Subscription Rates: By carriers, per week, 10 cents; per month, 45 cents. By mail, daily and Sunday, one month, 40 cents; three months, $1.00; six months, $2.00; one year, $4.00. Daily only, six months, $1.50; one year, $3.00. Sunday only, six months, 50 cents; one year, $1.00. Tri-Weekly Journal (Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday), six months, 75 cents; one year, $1.50.

Advertising: For advertising rates, write to the home office, or to the J. E. Van Doren Special Agency, offices 905-906 Boyce building, Chicago, and 31-32 Tribune building, New York, agent for foreign advertising.

Entered at the postoffice at Kansas City, Missouri, for transmission through the mails, as second class matter.

DURING THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 10, THE JOURNAL CIRCULATED 276,000 COPIES; DAILY AVERAGE, 39,428.

Weather Forecast for Wednesday.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—For Oklahoma and Indian Territory: Fair; continued low temperature; northeasterly winds.

For Nebraska: Generally fair; not so cold; southerly winds.

For Missouri: Fair; not so cold in extreme western portion; variable winds.

For Kansas: Fair; not so cold; southerly winds.

For Colorado: Fair; not so cold in southern portion; variable winds.

SENATOR DAVIS ON ALLIANCE.

If the Paris correspondent of the London Daily Mail has made a trustworthy report of an interview had with Senator Cushman K. Davis, at least one member of the American peace commission is not hesitant in speaking his mind on the subject of an international alliance. In this interview Senator Davis declares emphatically for an alliance between the United States, Great Britain and Japan, and gives as his reason the obvious fact that the interests of these nations in the Pacific are closely allied, and that in seeking mutual protection they would only be following the lead of Russia, Germany and France.

Whether Senator Davis will become an ardent advocate of this policy or not, or whether it would be wise to make a formal alliance such as he proposes, it is a source of gratification that an American should so candidly and forcibly discuss Anglo-Saxon-Japanese alliance in a capital that has been severely formal in extending official courtesies and studiously neglectful in offering unofficial hospitalities to a distinguished body of American diplomats. Of course it would have been still more gratifying if the senator had spoken in Berlin instead of Paris.

THE GOOD MR. VEST.

"For myself, I would rather quit public life this minute—nay, I would be willing to yield life itself—rather than give my consent to this fantastic attempt to revolutionize our government and to substitute the principles of our hereditary enemy for the teaching of Washington and his associates."

This was the peroration of Senator Vest's speech against expansion. It was designed to be a flight of patriotic eloquence that would live in history. It was intended to stand beside those historic pronouncements, "I would rather be right than president;" "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute;" "You may fire when ready, Gridley," etc., not to speak of the "condition and theory" and "cross and crown" epigrams.

One fault in the construction of Mr. Vest's eulogy upon himself is that it is too long. It is not easily remembered. "Immortal words" must necessarily be few in number, and Mr. Vest's would die of redundancy if from no other cause. It would have been much better if Mr. Vest had expanded a familiar phrase to the use of which he is entitled, and declared, "I am a Missourian, and you've got to show me, even if I am blind." Or he might have said, "Take my toga and take my life, but spare the Filipinos!" Or, to speculate still further, he might have cried out in his holy inspiration, "Remove your Vest, but save your constitution!" We are inclined to think that Mr. Vest needs an editor if he wants a place among the "immortals."

EVOLUTION IN PROCESS.

The meeting in this city of the American Federation of Labor, and the opening of its sessions to press and public, show how the process of evolution has brought labor organizations into line with the best democratic traditions of the day. It is so short a time ago that even those among us who are very young are able to remember it, that secrecy was characteristic of the strongest labor organizations of the country, the very fact of membership was, in some cases, sedulously concealed, and the fear produced by inscrutability of method was strongly relied upon.

That time has forever passed; it was in the very nature of things that it should soon come to an end. Secret societies for other than social purposes must have a repressive government over them to insure their vitality. Where speech is free, its openness is a great source of strength and secrecy, lacking a reason for being, is disregarded. It is exceedingly interesting to the student of institutions to see how the labor organizations of the country have increased in numbers and in effectiveness since the American sunshine was let in on their methods and their personnel. The foundation of union is mutual confidence. Confidence is based on a common understanding, and that understanding is much more easily obtained in the light than in the dark. No other reason need be sought why the American Federation of Labor has strengthened while the Knights of Labor have lost their power.

LOUISIANA PURCHASE CELEBRATION

Governor Stephens has issued invitations to fourteen states to send delegates to a conference to be held in St. Louis January 10, formally to consider the subject of celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of the Louisiana purchase. It is expected that this conference will settle the question of holding a world's fair in honor of that great epoch-marking event, and also determine the character and place of the exhibition.

It is unnecessary to reiterate the many reasons why a great fair should be held in honor of the Louisiana purchase. These reasons have been set forth in the columns of The Journal many times. It is appropriate, however, to call attention at this time to the peculiar fitness of this observance to the expansion sentiment that has taken hold of the country, especially the Western and Southwestern states.

It is also appropriate to remind the enterprising people of this city and the surrounding country that if Kansas City is to be a competitor for the honor of securing this world's fair, it is time that organized efforts be made to command recognition. The people of St. Louis have done much to advance the claims of that city. They will endeavor to get the indorsement of the national convention of commission men soon to be held in New Orleans. Kansas City should contest this point if she is to be a competitor. If Kansas City is in the race, she should secure the indorsement of the American Federation of Labor and the National Building Trades Council now in session in this city.

Kansas City is really the logical place for the holding of the proposed fair. The people of Kansas City are just the people to carry out such an enterprise, if they start upon it. The only question is as to whether it would be desirable to undertake such a big scheme at this time. These are points that should be settled at once.

ARE THE REVENUES SUFFICIENT?

Mr. Edward Atkinson, the Boston statistician, opposes expansion on the ground that the revenues of the government will not be sufficient to meet the expenses of governing our distant provinces, unless congress provides new and additional tax measures. In demonstrating his position, Mr. Atkinson supplies some very interesting statistics, the gist of which we give in the following paragraphs:

From 1878 to 1897, a period of twenty years, the total revenue derived from the people by the government was $6,993,343,355, or an annual average of $5.81 from each person. During the same period the expenses of the government amounted to $5,891,629,894, or $4.97 for each person, showing excess revenues to the amount of $1,101,713,561, which were applied to the reduction of the national debt.

During the year ending June 30, 1898, the revenues received from the people from all sources amounted to $339,327,981, while the expenses footed up $443,368,582, showing a deficit of $104,140,601. Stated in another way, the revenues amounted to $4.56 per capita, as against expenses of $5.96 per capita. It remains to be noted that the war tax raised none of this total revenue, as it includes only the collections from customs and ordinary internal taxes, whereas the expense includes all that was paid on account of the war up to June 30.

On the face of this showing, the average expenses in time of peace are $4.97 per capita per annum, whereas, under the Dingley bill, the collections have been but $4.56, showing a deficit of 41 cents for each inhabitant, or a bulk annual deficit of $32,000,000. A writer seeking partisan advantage might have stopped at this point with the conclusion that the Dingley bill had shown its inadequacy, but Mr. Atkinson is a fair man, and he pursues his analysis to an end, which we quote as follows:

"Bearing in mind that the revenue in the last fiscal year was at the rate of $4.56 per head, was attained under the disadvantage of a very large stock of sugar imported before the increase of duty, and that the tax on tea had only begun to yield revenue, it is probable that the present revenue taxes on sugar, tobacco and tea will come to an increase of not less than 44 cents per head. On the other hand, the import of goods which are subject to the miscellaneous duties is diminishing, notwithstanding the exhaustion of any stock imported before the Dingley bill came into force, July 24, 1897. On the whole, it may be deemed fairly probable that the Dingley act, without the subsequent war taxes, would have yielded $5 per head."

When we remember that $5 a head is more than the average expenditures for the past twenty-one years, the success of the Dingley bill as a revenue raiser in times of peace would seem to have been clearly established.

We now reach the true purpose of Mr. Atkinson's article, which is to show that the Dingley bill and the war tax combined are not enough to meet the financial requirements of expansion. He starts with the opinion that the loan of $200,000,000 will pay all of the actual expenses of fighting. He next admits that the Dingley bill, under normal conditions, will raise $5 per head, but from this he would take 80 cents as representing the diminished revenue when the sugar and tobacco of Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines come into the country under more favorable circumstances. This leaves a revenue of but $4.20 per head, to which he adds $2 per head as the product of the war tax, making a total of $6.20 per head, or $1.20 per head more than the $5 required under normal conditions. To state the matter in another way, Mr. Atkinson finds that the revenues of the government under existing taxes will amount to only $91,213,200 more than enough to pay expenses under normal conditions, and he holds that $91,213,200 per annum is not enough to pay the expenses of holding our foreign conquests.

The fallacy of this reasoning must be apparent to everyone not a special pleader. It is certain that under future conditions the Dingley bill will raise more than $5 a head, and this statistician has no business to subtract 80 cents a head on the presumption that our changed relations with the islands will reduce the per capita total. The retention of this 80 cents means an addition of $59,200,000 to the excess revenue, swelling the sums which we will have on hand to spend in our new possessions, if necessary, to a total of $150,000,000.

But what we regard as the weakest portion of Mr. Atkinson's argument is his calm assumption that we must spend enormous sums of money in our new possessions. It is only a question of time when these islands will be made self-supporting, and that condition may be expected very soon. The only element of doubt in this regard may be found in the Philippines, where we may have serious trouble with the natives, but, even if the worst comes, there can be no such expenditure as that predicted by our theorist, and, therefore, he fails totally of showing the necessity of new and greater taxes.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is rather unkind of the weather department to compel people to pay out all their holiday money for coal.

Jaw bones of enormous size have been unearthed in Ohio. It seems there were also boy orators in prehistoric times.

The dangers of a "green Christmas" are largely imaginary, but whatever they may be the country is safe from them this year.

Delegates to the labor conference must be forcibly impressed with Kansas City's advantages as a natural ice producing center.

The Hon. George Frisbie Hoar is a good man who refuses to abandon an honest conviction because it throws him into bad company.

December, the month of Christmas shopping, has five paydays in it this year. Yet some people affect to sneer at McKinley prosperity.

Senator Morgan has taken his pick in hand and set vigorously to work on the Nicaragua canal. He is foreman of the senate gang.

The new mayor of Atlanta is a printer by trade. It will be seen later on whether he is as skillful in preventing jobs as in setting them up.

It is suspected that Mr. Bailey's caucus victory was due to a circulated rumor that unless reinstated he would refuse to expound the constitution.

Chicago aldermen certainly cannot relish the prospect of dangling from a lamp post in such weather as this. Even honesty must seem preferable.

It is quite possible that France is exaggerating the strained character of her relations with Great Britain in order to harmonize things at home and tide safely over the Dreyfus affair.

Colonel Bryan's patriotism flunked just at a time when the superiority of Florida's climate to that of Nebraska is most strongly apparent. The colonel's case of lockjaw must have become extremely torturesome.

Senator Vest declares that rather than support expansion he would retire to private life. It is difficult to say which would be the greater national calamity, expansion or retirement of Mr. Vest. There are optimistic people who imagine the country could survive both.

"The Republicans," says ex-Governor Stone, "are frightened at the evidences of Democratic strength they find throughout the country." For a man who is not a professional humorist, the Vernon county statesman can throw off some of the most amusing nonsense ever heard outside of comic opera.

Mr. Vest's proposition for a congressional investigation of the conduct of the war has met with no favorable response from the country. The people are convinced that all important facts regarding the war and its management have been brought out, and that another investigation of the subject would be an inexcusable waste of public money. Mr. Vest should prosecute his hunt for political capital in some other and less expensive direction.

KANSAS TOPICS.

Who can doubt that the sun-lit, breeze-blown vigor of physical Kansas has bred in her children an exuberant fancy? Below is a letter written by a Lincoln Center girl who is attending school in Salina, and such another rollicking intermingling of devoutness, love, humor, good sense and cheerfulness it would be difficult to imagine:

"My Dear Papa:—I wrote to you on Sunday, but am going to write to you again to-day. To-morrow is Thanksgiving and I am thankful for many things. First of all for a Savior, next for such a good father and sister, next that I am not crazy, sick, blind, deaf or dumb. Next for plenty to eat and wear and a good place to sleep. Next for our rocking chair and lamp; next for the sun and fresh air; next for health and happiness. Next that we don't bach it like some girls that go to school here. Next for my new dress and cloak, hat, shoes, skirt and stockings. Next our new clock. Next the snow. Next my new rubbers and gaiters, which most girls here have not. Next that we have such a nice, clean, warm room and plenty of blankets and comforts. Next that we have soft and hard water, warm and cold, hot and lukewarm to drink or wash in. Next that I have two hands and two strong legs and that I am not lame. Next that I have a good stomach, liver, heart and lungs. Next that we have a furnace and don't have to build our own fires. Next that we have pancakes, pork, fried potatoes, oatmeal, hot coffee, hot biscuits, etc., for breakfast; fried chicken, Irish and sweet potatoes, dressing, gravy, bread, celery, corn, cabbage, turnips, roast beef, pickles, etc., for dinner; cold meat, cold ham, fried potatoes, cake, cheese, salad, tea, etc., for supper; and prospects of turkey for to-morrow's dinner. Next, I am thankful I am not bald headed. Next I am thankful that I have not got the dyspepsia, diabetes, scrofula, cancer, consumption or any other dreadful disease. Next I am thankful that I have a chance to go to school. Next that I am freckled and have red hair. Next that I haven't any bad teeth and that they are even. Next that I am only 16 instead of 60. Next that I have many friends and can think of no enemies. Next that I understand my Latin and algebra so far and have good grades in them. Next that I am not silly enough to get stuck on any boy. Next that Grace isn't mean like some sisters. Next that we are Americans. Next that McKinley is president. Next that we beat the Spaniards. Next that Stanley is in it. Next that I live in Kansas. Last of all that I am a Republican and a Methodist. Your loving daughter,

"BLANCHE JOHANNA STAUBER."

* * *

Yesterday an old colored man stuck his head into the den occupied by Topics and said very politely:

"Good mo'nin', boss. Has you a job foh a man what's willin' to wu'k?"

"No job, uncle, unless you want to edit a newspaper. Might give you something in that line."

"No, sah; none of dat foh me, sah! Dar's too many ignorantamous pussons editin' papahs now, sah, when dey ought to be hoein' co'n!"

* * *

Several of the Kansas churches have arranged for the representation of a battleship, big guns and all, to take the place of a Christmas tree. And thus do we penetrate the jayhawk interpretation of peace on earth, good will toward men.

* * *

In a debate in Pratt county it was decided that "Girls have more to be thankful for than boys." This seems a curious decision when it is remembered that boys have girls to be thankful for.

* * *

The Wichita Eagle uses a bad simile when it says that the defeat of Leedy proves to Lewelling that he is not the only flake in the blizzard. What the Eagle undoubtedly meant was that the defeat of Leedy proved to Lewelling that he was not the only bad smell in the alley.

* * *

The controversy is still hot over whether Gillett was a Populist or a Republican. As a method of compromise it might be said that he was a little of both. He stole money, but it was sound money.

* * *

The "Immortal J. N." is now in Kansas lifting the veil and removing the pressure, and anecdotes of this remarkable man are in order. Here is one related by Mr. James Glover, of the Anthony Republican, Mr. Glover having been an associate of the Immortal in days long ago:

He never paid a hotel bill and was never asked to in Ohio. He was cute and witty. Once while going from Columbus to Newark he espied a young officer who was showing off to great advantage before some young ladies. J. N. sauntered over to the group, looked the officer over a minute and then remarked:

"You're an officer in the army?"

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose you are a man of courage?"

"Why, yes; I think so."

"Well, are you willing to put your courage to a test?"

"Certainly."

"Well, sir," said J. N., "here is a one dollar greenback, have you the courage to take it and give me a two dollar greenback for it?"

Of course he made a dollar.

* * *

The state house Pops are raising a virtuous cry over the $500 messenger who brought the election returns from Cuba, but they never murmured a murm when Webb McNall's $40,000 messengers brought the returns from Gotham.

* * *

Nothing changes so quickly as the yearnings of a boy. Colonel Weldy found a letter written by his son to Santa Claus eleven years ago in which the lad asked for "a ball, a soldier cap, a sled and lots of candy." This year, at the age of 15, the boy asks for a shotgun, a football, a punching bag and a pair of boxing gloves.

* * *

A queer old fellow by the name of Ephraim Enzon, after whom Mount Ephraim, in Wabaunsee county, was named, died at Westmoreland the other day, old age being the cause of his taking off. For years and years this old fellow fought the use of an organ in the church to which he belonged, believing that instrumental music was the invention of the devil. When he came to die he stipulated that there should be no preaching at his grave, and that the service should consist solely of the singing of hymns.

* * *

There is a man in Newton, N. Murray by name, who has married the same woman four times. Each marriage, except the last, was followed by a divorce, then by reconciliation, then by remarriage, then by a row. The Republican says the fourth marriage seems to have been the charm, for the couple have lived together several years as happily as a pair of doves.

* * *

In recounting the suicide of George Walker, an old settler of Cowley county, the Winfield Courier says he was crazy, but that it is not generally believed that his insanity was caused by the fact that he had two divorced daughters who lived with him. However, the Courier fails to say whether the divorced husbands were called upon to testify.

MISSOURI POINTS.

The new editor of the St. Joe Saturday Record signalizes his first appearance in print with the modest declaration that "the fiat has gone forth that St. Joseph is to be the greatest packing center in the world."

* * *

A letter to friends in Carthage from Vernon, Tex., brought the information Monday that John S. McBride, a former sheriff of Jasper county and well known to old-timers in that region, died in Vernon last week.

* * *

Judge-elect A. D. Burns, who will hold his first term of court next month, will occupy the bench in Platte county when the Foley murder case, which was taken there on a change of venue, comes up for trial in February.

* * *

If they don't have a hot time in the old town when the cakewalk for the colored school library takes place in Gallatin next week it will be owing to no lack of "wahm members" among the participants—Miss Fuel along with the rest.

* * *

Evidence is seldom lacking in support of the proposition that there's nothing in a name. For instance, Mr. Woodhead is contentedly living the quiet life of a Nodaway county farmer instead of occupying an important position on the Kansas City police force.

* * *

Such may not be the fact, but the supposition is not an unnatural one that the engagement between Miss Poppe and the rich old bachelor in Southwest Missouri, who is defendant in the breach of promise suit in which she figures as plaintiff, may have dated back to the year 1896, with its special privileges.

* * *

There's a grain or two of comfort for poor, frozen humanity in this latitude just now in the recently published statement of Rolla's "oldest inhabitant" to the effect that, according to his recollection, whenever the weather has been unusually cold about Thanksgiving time or shortly before Christmas it has never failed to average particularly mild during the remainder of the winter.

* * *

J. A. Myers, now a resident of Chillicothe, but formerly city marshal of Gallatin, paid into the treasury of the latter city last week the sum of $500 in settlement of suits against him and his bondsmen for an alleged shortage in his official accounts. Mr. Myers' voluntary return from the Pacific coast, his willingness to meet any investigation and his settlement of the balance proven due, are all facts to his credit. He claims that the unpaid balance due the city from him was amply offset by salary and commissions due to him from the city.

* * *

As an example of the radical change for the better that has taken place all over the country within the last year, it is noted in Carthage, by the Press, that tramps are only about one-fourth as numerous this winter as they were last. The greatest number so far accommodated with lodging at the city holdover is eight. Sunday night four "Weary Willies" were sheltered from the snow storm, but the officers say that upon such a night last winter there would have been fully twenty. The police are keeping tab on the political convictions of all their lodgers, and not a Republican has yet appeared upon the register. All are rank kickers against the existing order of things, and, without exception, declare themselves to be fusionists.

* * *

"It had been thirty years since the writer had visited Columbia," says Colonel Rogers, in his Trenton Republican, after returning to his home from the gathering of the Missouri Press Association last week. "Then the old university building was standing, nothing of which now remains except the columns on the north front which are left standing as a landmark. Thirty years ago the College of Agriculture and Arts located at Columbia, which now occupies three large buildings. In the first young men are taught mechanics—how to do work in wood and iron. In the second, electricity, and in the third, agriculture. There are, besides the main building which is an immense structure, buildings for sciences, medicines and law besides a number of clubrooms. There are thirty-four professors in the university and every facility for giving a student a complete university education except money. The university is cramped for money and ought to be better supported by the state. The expense of Missouri university is only about one-third that of Michigan, less than half of Illinois or Wisconsin. Yet Missouri university is fast taking rank as one of the foremost in the country. There ought to be a fixed appropriation so that the curators would not have to go before every legislature and beg for money. Put it on the same basis as the public schools. Provide that a certain per cent of the taxes shall be set apart annually for its support and then as the state grows in population and wealth and the attendance at the university increases, the funds for its support will be increased. The people of Missouri have reasons to be proud of their university."

* * *

Rev. J. H. Albert, of Stillwater, Minn., chaplain of the penitentiary there, was in Sedalia the other day and talked interestingly to a Capital reporter of the Youngers. "Cole helps in the hospital," he said, "and has all the privileges that are granted in the prison. His deportment has been absolutely correct. Not a demerit mark has ever been placed against him in nearly a quarter of a century. He weighs about 180 pounds, is as straight as an Indian, has sandy hair and is baldheaded. 'He is a natural leader,' said Mr. Albert. 'He reads a great deal and is the best informed politician in the state. He is an ardent Democrat and almost fanatically in favor of free silver.' Jim Younger is librarian and mail carrier. He is the busiest man in the prison. He is inclined to be cynical and stoical, though the convicts like him and he talks to the men as though he were a missionary or an evangelist. He never attends services in the chapel, or participates in any of the holidays granted the inmates. Cole, also, is denied attendance at chapel services, for at that hour he is busily engaged in distributing milk in the hospital. The brothers are allowed to visit each other once a week. Mr. Albert thinks that if the release of the Youngers were left to the vote of the people of Minnesota it would win; but the project has been and will be bitterly fought by the banks, the railroads and a majority of the citizens of Northfield, where the great raid took place so many years ago. 'The fact that they were Confederate soldiers,' said the chaplain, 'cuts no figure in the case, nor is politics considered. Their fate is in the hands of a board of pardons composed of three persons. The boys still have hope that they will yet some day breathe the air of freedom again.'"

A Virtuous American Dinner.

From the New York Sun.

Scene, a somewhat severe dining room in Boston. Present, the Anti-Expansion Club, consisting of Mr. Edward Atkinson, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, the Hon. Carl Schurz, Colonel W. J. Bryan and Mr. Godkin. The club has just been dining out of a series of little tin and earthen pots procured by Mr. Atkinson in Germany. It is 4 p. m., rather late for the conclusion of a Boston dinner. The cloth has been removed, exposing the beautifully scrubbed and pure white pine of the table. Coffee, made inexpensively of bread crusts, has just been served, and the company is stirring it and snuffing at the peculiar aroma with a manner intended to represent satisfaction. Faneuil hall and the Old South church appear with the utmost dignity through the window. Under the compelling influence of Mr. Atkinson's cheer members feel their tongues loosened.

Professor Norton (quoting "Hamlet" and laying his hand on his stomach)—"I cannot say how heavy all is with me here."

Mr. Atkinson (reproachfully)—"It was one of the very best of my 7 cent dinners. Really, I cannot see that you are quite justified in a feeling of the kind."

Professor Norton—"My dear friend and colleague, in the contemplation of the larger political ideas, I am now speaking of territorial expansion, of imperialism."

Mr. Godkin—"The threatening monster, the minotaur, the juggernaut of the hour. Oliver Goldsmith, with few exceptions the most sagacious political mind that ever inhabited Pump Court, warned us of it in an inspired passage of surpassing eloquence."

Professor Norton—"Mr. McKinley—"

Mr. Godkin (interrupting)—"McKinley and his tribe are fools. The density of their ignorance surpasses the constitution of this crockery."

Mr. Atkinson (bridling)—"Thick crockery has been thought by those who have given attention to the subject to be the best vehicle for a dinner costing 7 cents."

Colonel Bryan—"A marvelous price, making it possible to procure sixteen of them for what many a spendthrift rashly spends for one."

Mr. Godkin (with a sneer, aside)—"Still harping on sixteen to one."

Mr. Atkinson (beaming at the colonel)—"I consider that what you have just said is very beautiful. It pleases me inexpressibly to hear such sentiments regarding my dinners."

Professor Norton—"Your dinners are a credit to the republic."

Mr. Atkinson—"Thank you. In Cadiz, in Spain, it would be possible to provide a meal like this for one-sixtieth of a peseta. This estimate is founded on the most careful statistics."

Mr. Godkin—"I wish that McKinley were in Cadiz and had to eat it." (The company coughs.)

Mr. Atkinson (smiling without evidence of joy)—"Really, I——"

Mr. Godkin—"It's all right, Atkinson. You know what I mean. I respect you as a statistician, and I have just eaten one of your dinners."

Mr. Atkinson—"I hope to show you presently my new table of statistics. I consider it my masterpiece. I have been engaged upin it for thirty-six years."

Colonel Bryan (laying his hand on his stomach as Professor Norton had done)—"You shall not press these thorns."

Mr. Atkinson—"I wish you would not lay your hand on your stomach when you say those things."

Colonel Bryan—"Everybody has got his hand on his stomach."

Mr. Atkinson (thoughtfully, looking about the table)—"That is true; I wonder why."

Mr. Godkin—"It's a tribute, unconscious and sincere, and for that reason flattering." (Enter head waiter.)

Head Waiter (to Mr. Atkinson)—"Your man is outside with something that he could hardly get through the door."

Mr. Atkinson—"My table of statistics. Let him come in." (Enter man, staggering under a load that should have been intrusted to nothing less than a mule. He sets it on the floor and breathes laboriously. A shadow is observed to fall upon Faneuil hall and the Old South church. The floor creaks).

Man—"My back is broke."

Mr. Atkinson—"Never mind your back. It aches honorably."

Professor Norton—"A massive creation!"

Mr. Schurz—"A monument!"

Mr. Godkin—"Where are you going to keep it, Atkinson?"

Mr. Atkinson—"I have proposed to the Boston art commission to have it set up in some public square."

Colonel Bryan—"An ornament to the city!"

Mr. Atkinson—"I do not know whether they will acquiesce. They evinced a curious coldness when I spoke to them about it."

Mr. Godkin—"Boston is not a large place."

Professor Norton—"It is larger than Bedloe's island, which contains the Bartholdi statue."

Mr. Atkinson (to man)—"You may take it away now." (The man at the risk of his life shoulders it and takes it away.)

Mr. Godkin—"Atkinson, we are all very unhappy. It isn't your dinner; its imperialism. Imperialism appears to have won the day."

Mr. Atkinson—"I am glad."

Professor Norton—"Glad?"

Mr. Atkinson—"Glad it isn't my dinner."

Mr. Schurz—"If the company would like I will play for a little while 'The Heart Bowed Down by Weight of Woe' on the piano."

Mr. Godkin—"I wouldn't if I were you, Schurz. No use rubbing it in. Besides, I must catch the 4 o'clock train back. That will enable me to meet the Evening Post at Hartford. Thank gracious, not all is lost." (At this moment a great crash is heard outside and the head waiter rushes in pale and breathless.)

Head Waiter—"The man has fallen down and broken the table of statistics."

Mr. Atkinson—"Horror!" (He staggers from the room and all the others, except the head waiter, follow him.)

Head Waiter (recovering himself and calling to his assistants without)—"Hurry up, now! Clear away! The Back Bay Society to Prevent the Wind from Blowing Around Cape Horn is to have late supper here at 6 and it's 4 now! Hurry up! Clear away! This is Boston, and you've got to look alive." (Curtain.)

A Flag Incident.

From the Washington Post.

We hope the American people have not depleted their stock of patriotic sentiment in glorification of the victories that have planted our flag on the insular provinces of a foreign foe. There are other victories won under the stars and stripes than those achieved by our army and navy. And while we would not dampen the ardor of the nation's rejoicing over the former, we should deplore a neglect of the latter.

The town of Conshohocken, in the state of Pennsylvania, was recently the scene, and Mrs. Bridget Kelly, of that town, the heroine, of a flag incident that must not be permitted to go behind the strong barriers of the dark domain of the unrelenting past without its tribute of adulation. It appears that a neighbor of Mrs. Bridget Kelly laid claim to a strip of ground which was inclosed by her fence, was believed to be a part of her little farm, and was the site of her pigpen. It further appears that this neighbor sent his hired man, John Blake, one fateful day, to tear down that fence. In obedience to orders, John Blake advanced by the right flank, but he did not take Mrs. Kelly by surprise. She witnessed the enemy's approach and prepared to repel the invader. Planting the American flag from her pigsty, she bravely dared Blake to come on. And right there Mr. Blake made a mistake. Instead of retreating out of respect to the flag, he went toward the woman and the banner of beauty and glory "with a great bound." Hitting with a clothesline prop at a range of five feet six inches—as indicated by her range finder—Mrs. Kelly laid him flat. Not content with the result of one mistake, Blake decided to fool with the flag some more. In furtherance of this purpose he brou[illegible] action for assault and battery against the brave defender of her domain. But when the jurymen heard the facts they promptly acquitted Mrs. Kelly, stating that, in their opinion, Blake was disloyal to his country by advancing upon the stars and stripes. There the matter rests. Blake has had all the entertainment he proposes to extract from this flag incident. And the star spangled banner still waves where Bridget Kelly planted it.

Is It Due to Matrimony?

From the Chicago Post.

Did anyone ever hear of a bachelor living for years, or even months, in the same house with a man or woman and refusing to speak to him or her? Did anyone ever hear of a maid doing such an absurd thing? Probably not. And yet every little while we hear of a married man or woman going for years without addressing a word to the sharer of his or her joys and sorrows. Such a case has just come to light in New York, the wife having sued for divorce. Think of the absurdity—the downright asininity—of it! Think of resorting to pencil and paper or the deaf and dumb alphabet to say "Please pass the butter" or "I would like another lump of sugar in my coffee." No single man or woman ever acts so foolish so far as we have heard, while reports of relations of this sort existing between husband and wife are far from being novelties.

Is matrimony conducive to such absurdities? Does it make fools of people or does it simply bring out the foolishness that has always been in them? We do not like to attribute this imbecility to the time-honored institution of matrimony, but there is where we find it. Perhaps we would better say that it is in the matrimonial relations that this particular brand of idiocy finds the best opportunity to display itself. In any event, it shows that some people never get beyond the childhood stage mentally.

The Difference.

From the New York Tribune.

The scheme for the government of Hawaii as now revealed coincides well with forecasts of it made hitherto. It contemplates a pretty close following of the example already set in the case of the existing territories. To that there can be no valid objection. But it is never to be lost sight of, but is to be emphasized, and might well be expressly stated in the organization act, that there is one radical, essential and permanent difference between Hawaii and the existing territories. That is, that the latter are organized with a view to their ultimately becoming states, while statehood for Hawaii is not for a moment to be considered among the possibilities.

Listening for Leedy.

From the New York Sun.

Thinkers all over the world have been saddened for the last month by the fact that the Hon. John Warlock Leedy, governor of Kansas, has not reported with his usual regularity. He has rung no ringing utterance. His bugle horn has seemed to be plugged with frost. Yet there is no reason for despair. There are hopes that he is preparing a farewell address that will make nations quake, "blow blood in the ear of capitalists," to use Mr. Leedy's most famous saying, and expose the supreme court. When Leedy is quiet he is accumulating noise.

It's a Conundrum.

From the Boston Herald.

The report comes from Washington that Colonel Bryan's friends are working to have him appointed a brigadier general. No mention is made of the considerations upon which the request is based. This gives everybody a chance to guess.

But It Was a Blank Cartridge.

From the Chicago Tribune.

In the senate the first anti-expansion big gun—Mr. Vest's mouth—has been fired off.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

From the New York Press.

Love leans.

If love could tell all it knew it would soon know nothing.

The trouble with most old people is that they were born too early in life.

An ideal husband is one who doesn't sneer at his wife because she insists on keeping a lot of half-dead geraniums stuck up in the bay window all winter.

Probably the reason why old married folk always act so interested in young couples is because they are wondering whether they could ever have acted that way themselves.

Another Destruction of Two Doesn't Matter.

From the New York Tribune.

We hear of a nonogenarian in Boston who refuses to get stirred up by Gamaliel Bradford and Charles Eliot Norton. When his neighbors begin to predict the fall of the republic through the annexation of the Philippines he says: "In my ninety years I've seen this country utterly destroyed so many times that I think I will not worry much about this next disaster."

CHLOROFORM.

Made clear by love, as only such a soul
On earth may understand. Mysterious
Whispers echo about the air and dwell
And die away in calm. The surgeon waits
With quiet confidence. Already cuts
The cold, steel menace of the glittering blades;
While numbing, gnawing, slowly, harmlessly,
The anaesthetic eats along the brain.
O, cool, delicious languidness—such as
The leaves must feel beneath the early rain
Of April—and the gasping spirit falls
Into the yawning night of chloroform.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

LULLABY.

Fair is the castle on the hill—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
The night is fair and the waves are still,
And the wind is singing to you and me
In this lowly home beside the sea—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

On yonder hill is store of wealth—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
And revelers drink to a little one's health;
But you and I bide night and day
For the other love that has sailed away—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

See not, dear eyes, the forms that creep
Ghostlike, O my own!
Out of the mists of the murmuring deep;
Oh, see them not and make no cry
Till the angels of death have passed us by—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

Ah, little they reck of you and me—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
In our lonely home beside the sea;
They seek the castle up on the hill,
And there they will do their ghostly will—
Hushaby, O my own!

Here by the sea a mother croons
"Hushaby, sweet my own!"
In yonder castle a mother swoons
While the angels go down to the misty deep,
Bearing a little one fast asleep—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

THE HOSPITAL.

A curdling moan of anguish meets us here,
With iron hands of Pain that grip and press
Down on the soul. Death smiles and counts the clear,
Cold stars in all their quivering loveliness.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

OF CURRENT INTEREST.

E. G. Rathbone, who has been picked out to Americanize the Cuban postal service, is rated by those who know him as a good deal of a man. He hails from Southern Ohio. Twenty years ago he was connected with the United States secret service and won his spurs by capturing old "Pete" McCartney, "king of counterfeiters," and sending him to the penitentiary for fourteen years, Judge Gresham pronouncing sentence. He was considered the best operative in the service and had many hair raising adventures in his pursuit of members of the desperate gangs of counterfeiters that infested Southern Indiana and Southern Illinois. He subsequently became chief inspector of the postoffice department, and still later was fourth assistant postmaster general. He has accumulated a modest fortune, and it took considerable persuasion to induce him to undertake the arduous work of reorganizing the postal service of Cuba and putting it on a modern footing.

The "dark corners" of the United States senate chamber are a thing of the past. The work of interior renovation has been complete and successful and now everywhere light and cheerfulness are diffused. The moment one enters the hall the change is noticeable. All the waste of dark wall has been repainted. No longer stupidly dingy and dull, the prevailing tint of light terra cotta has proved that it is easily possible to be cheerful and dignified at the same time. In the niches where are placed the busts of forgotten vice presidents a darker shade is used to effect a strong contrast with the white marble. The walls supporting the galleries, too, are "done" in a much lighter tone and reflect the sunlight admirably. From the galleries it is now easy to see into the farthest seats, whereas before it was utterly impossible to distinguish a human form in the middle distance.

"I was in the British West Indies a few weeks ago," said a San Franciscan recently, "and I found everywhere a most earnest sentiment in favor of federation with Canada. All the people I conversed with were unanimous in their desire to become attached to the dominion politically. They argued that such a union was necessary from the standpoint of expediency; that Canada would take burdens from them and help them to increase their trade. The singular part of it to me was the additional statement that if this annexation did not come around pretty soon the British West Indies would naturally drop into the outstretched arms of the United States. I tried to make it clear that we were not going into the island grabbing business wholesale, but from the incredulous looks of those who listened I saw that my statement was not given much weight."

Switzerland differs from other countries in many things, and one of the most remarkable is the way in which its parliamentary debates are conducted. A Swiss member of parliament can express himself in French, German or Italian, and the privilege is freely used. When the president of the federal assembly speaks in German his remarks are translated by a secretary in close proximity to him. All the laws and resolutions, before being voted upon, are drawn up in French, German and Italian, and every official report is published in these three languages.

A woman was summoned into one of the police courts of New York the other day, charged with knocking a young man down on the street. It appeared by the evidence that the young man was trying to get up a flirtation with the woman, who resented his attention. Whereupon the magistrate called the woman to his side, and said, warmly: "I want to shake hands with you. I congratulate you. You are the woman this town has been looking for for a long time. This court has nothing against you. More power to your right arm."

Here is an arithmetical problem that is going the rounds: A is indebted to B $5, B to C, C to D, D to E, E to F, same amount. A, B, C, D and E each have $1 and no more, and consequently they cannot pay their debt. They put their money all together. A takes the $5, goes to B, pays his debt and gets his receipt. B does the same to C, C to D, D to E and E to F. A, B, C, D and E are out of debt, and F has his money. Who, if anyone, is the loser?

The Concord (N. H.) Monitor asks its readers to buy copies of the new city directory and to send their old ones to the postmaster, that he may forward them to other postmasters at "some of the other numerous places by the name of Concord," to help them forward stray letters to their proper destination.

Judge John M. Smith who assumed the circuit bench at Portland, Ind., recently, was at one time a section hand on the Panhandle road. While working at any kind of manual labor he could obtain he studied law, and before being elected circuit judge had a lucrative practice at the Jay county bar.

The