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TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES

GERMANY IN THE CAROLINES.

One of the favorite arguments of our expansionists and particularly of those who have insisted upon keeping the Philippine islands has been that in Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines we would virtually have a bridge across the Pacific and could "enter Asia without getting our feet wet."

Some of these expansion enthusiasts have already been referring to the vast Pacific ocean as an "American lake." The news from Madrid Friday shows what little foundation there is for these extravagant dreams and expressions. It appears that right in our pathway across the Pacific Germany is to secure colonial possessions that not only break the "bridge" but will constitute a menace to our own territories of Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines! The Carolines and the remainder of the Ladrones, except Guam, constitute an extensive archipelago midway between Hawaii and the Philippines. In the event of war with the owner of the Carolines, or with that owner in league with our enemies, our naval operations in the Pacific would be greatly hampered.

The clear course from coaling station to coaling station, or the transportation of troops from San Francisco to Manila, would be most seriously impeded were the power that owns the Carolines inimical toward us and strong enough to hold its own against us. So long as Spain retained these groups that Germany is now reported to have contracted for, we had little to fear. With an aggressive and strong nation, however, like Germany, in control of this "half-way house" between our Pacific stations, that exclusiveness and monopoly of power in the Pacific which our imperialists have been dreaming of will fail of realization!

If we were likely to gain an exclusive control of the Pacific the theories of the imperialists might have some weight, but so long as we only become one of several who control the route from America to Asia, we not only do not gain much by the sacrifices we are making for distant island possessions, but are increasing the chances of dangerous friction at all times and are exposing our own territories and forces to new avenues of attack in case of war with any of the land grabbing powers owning islands in the Pacific.

The imperfection and crudity of our schemes can be appreciated at once when we contemplate the possibilities of this purchase by Germany of the Carolines and reflect that we have not only taken no steps to prevent it but have intimated to Germany that we would interpose no objection. If the Monroe doctrine is thought necessary for our own protection in this hemisphere, why not an enlarged application of it in the ocean which we are intending to make an "American lake?"

A VICTORY FOR JUSTICE.

The now assured revision of the Dreyfus case and possibly the vindication, after so long a time, of the cruelly used captain, must be credited to that mightiest agency of modern reform—the press. And in this case it was largely the press of other countries than France, notably that of England and America, that fixed first in the mind of the civilized world the conviction that Dreyfus was the victim of a conspiracy rather than that he was a conspirator.

The French nation's crime against Dreyfus was the fruit not only of official rottenness in the French general staff, but of bitter race hatreds and the almost insane fear in France that to disclose any weaknesses or corruption in the army would be to imperil France itself. The government must have known from the beginning that the corrupt staff was singling out Dreyfus as a scapegoat and so choosing him because he was a Jew. The crazy Jew baiters could be depended on to utilize the prejudice against the Jews to the fullest extent in making the conviction of the victim easy. It is one of the most inexplicable things of the times that in France there should be any considerable animosity toward the Jews. The representatives of that persecuted race have done more for French finances, for charity, we might almost say for progress, than the French themselves, and are entitled to gratitude rather than hatred.

The impartial observers in other countries of this fierce persecution against the promising Jewish officer soon probed to the bottom the animus and the hollowness of the case and the untrammeled press of free nations did not hesitate to tell France that she was disgracing her government and her civilization in lending herself to such an unjust and at the same time iniquitous prosecution. It has required years for the reflex influence of this foreign opinion to count practical results in France, but that consummation is now witnessed and it is not too much to say that the world is to be congratulated that at last one of the first nations in the arts and sciences and the achievements of modern civilization, is about to demonstrate that justice still reigns in its midst and that truth literally crushed to earth can rise again!

The fearless Zola made the first bold practical demand for the reopening of this celebrated case and he is today demonstrating, in the developments of the hour, the mighty weight of the individual in setting nations right at times and directing the course of history. The author, Zola, and the press can claim the distinction of having forced a great government to do simple justice to one of its citizens, even against fancied "reasons of state" and in the face of seemingly the most powerful opposition.

Few cases in modern times have ever attracted more attention than this Dreyfus affair and the lovers of fair-dealing everywhere will be glad to learn that it is likely after all to furnish as conspicuous an example of the ultimate triumph of justice as it has heretofore indicated the degree to which justice could be prostituted.

OFFICERS' RESPONSIBILITY TO THE PUBLIC.

If a recent decision in a United States district court in Indiana is sustained by the higher courts of the Nation the longest step toward the removal of mob violence anywhere in the country will have been taken.

It appears from reports of this case that a few months ago Marion Tyler was lynched in Scott county, Indiana. His administrators brought action against the sheriff of the county for failing to protect the prisoner from the mob. The case got into the United States district court and the defendants included the sheriff and his bondsmen. Counsel for the defendants attempted to throw the case out of court on demurrer, but the judge held that the sheriff was responsible for the safety of persons in his custody and was liable for damages if they received injury. He declared that if the law imposes on the sheriff a duty of care in respect to animals and goods of which he is in possession by virtue of his office and holds him responsible if the property is destroyed, it imposes a duty of care upon him in respect to human beings who are in his official custody. "Is a helpless prisoner in the custody of the sheriff," he asks, "less entitled to his care than a bale of goods or a dumb beast?" He vindicates the law from such a reproach.

Judge Baker, the court, holds that a sheriff owes to the State a duty in the care of prisoners. For breach of this duty some kind of an action would lie against him on behalf of the public. But he is also liable to the prisoner. If the prisoner is killed while in his hands the liability extends to the prisoner's legal representatives. The judge says: "As the lawful custodian of the deceased he owed to him the duty of exercising ordinary and reasonable care for his life and health. This duty was due to the deceased personally and is additional to the duty of safekeeping which he owes to the public. This duty of care arose from having the person of the deceased committed to his care by virtue of his office."

A short time since one of The Post's exchanges took the position that the law in South Carolina providing for a minimum of $2000 damages to the heirs of any man lynched, to be paid by the county in which he was lynched, was a gross imposition upon the good, law-abiding taxpayers of the county, who ought not to be held responsible for the actions of the law-breaking element. The Post then said that the duty which organized society owed to its citizens was of a far stronger character than such a theory of irresponsibility would imply. We contended that the "social compact" gave every citizen a right to demand protection against any or all forms of lawlessness and that where the county, or city, or State, failed to give such protection the community as a whole should properly be held responsible in damages.

The exposition of the law as announced by the judge in the Indiana court upholds this view of The Post. And as was said by The Post in the editorial referred to, when the law officers generally understand that not only morally but legally they are responsible for all damages resulting from their failure to strictly discharge their duty, lynchings as well as many minor offenses will be less frequent than now! Officers as well as individuals should understand that they must obey the laws and fearlessly and impartially do their duty to society.

The democratic National committee has done well in confining itself to a discussion of ways and means of effective organization, and not undertaking to dictate a platform to the party. In short, it has attended strictly to its own business and has not invaded the domain of the National convention. The foes of democracy have sought to create the impression that the conference at St. Louis was for the purpose of throwing out this or that leader, adopting a platform and raising chaos generally. This sort of thing is not in the province of the committee.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

The main point of interest about the recent meeting of the National committee in St. Louis was the unofficial and personal expression of views by the members who were present. It was ascertained at that meeting not only that there was no opposition to the principles enunciated in the Chicago platform of 1896, but that the sentiment of the communities represented was stronger than ever in favor of the old issues and the great leader who so ably presented them in the last campaign. It is not the province, possibly, of a committee to indicate the issues or dictate the platform, but the views of the committee can always be taken as a pretty safe forecast of the sentiment of the convention.

It is gratifying to see that the real estate convention to be held in Waco this month is attracting such general attention throughout Texas as to promise a large and important meeting. There are enterprising citizens in this great State who are determined that she shall go rapidly to the front—mossbacks to the contrary notwithstanding!

The Journal, the representative labor organ of Houston, in its issue of last week, comments on the shortcomings of our water works during the past two or three costly fires in this city and concludes:

And this condition but illustrates an ever present danger while this public utility is farmed out for private gain. The water works company are in the business to make as much money out of it as is possible. The protection to the public is a mere incident in their business, whereas it ought to be the main object of a water works plant. The contrast between a plant operated for public good and one for private gain can be made at our very door. In our neighboring city of Galveston the city owns its plant, brings the water from the mainland, a distance of eighteen miles, furnishes water at 60 per cent of the rates charged in Houston, makes extensions as fast as the city grows, gives a fire pressure at all times more than sufficient to fight a fire in a six-story building, furnishes the city and charitable institutions with water free, as also the fire pressure free, and put $18,000 into the city treasury last year.

It is by such contrasts that the principle of municipal ownership is steadily making its way with the great mass of the people.

The Post acknowledges with thanks the receipt of an invitation to the commencement exercises of the Carr-Burdette college of Sherman, from the 4th to the 7th instant.

The emphatic indorsement by the Transmississippi congress of the Buffalo bayou ship channel scheme certainly ought to impress upon the National congress and the country at large the interstate importance of the proposed improvement. It is a matter in which the great West is as vitally interested, in fact, as Texas or Houston.

Recent remarks at notable democratic gatherings and by conspicuous leaders indicate that the prodigals will be welcomed home, but no good fatted calves will be offered as a bonus!

The Duchess D'Arcos, the American wife of the new minister from Spain to this country, laughs at the story that she once jilted George Dewey. This would seem to establish the fact that the hero of Manila has not a single defeat in the past to his discredit—in the absence of information from any other fair American.

The present condition of the Dewey home fund would seem to indicate that the American people prefer to let their mouths rather than their pockets bazzeak their enthusiasm for the hero.

The Hon. Grover Cleveland comes to the front with a remarkably striking fish story. As the ex-president's hope of remaining in the public eye, however, is only through his fish stories, we possibly should not be too critical in the premises.

It appears that the threatened trouble with the Cheyenne Indians is from the same old cause—the encroachments of the whites. Give the Anglo-Saxon an inch and an ell looks ridiculously small to him.

The Transmississippi congress will get a new idea of the greatness of the Transmississippi region when it comes to Texas in 1900.

The administration at Washington, in ordering hostilities to cease during the rainy season in the Philippines, is displaying at the eleventh hour sufficient sense to get in out of the wet.

The Boston Herald sees in ex-Governor Northen's pointed remarks in Boston a survival of the "great boon of free speech." It is matter of regret, however, that free speech is wasted on such circumscribed air up there.

SOME POSTSCRIPTS.

England has built for other countries since January 1 121 ships, valued at £2,710,754.

England's merchant marine includes over 21,000 vessels, of which about 8000 are steamers.

Corsets made of aluminum are now used by medical men for the treatment of animal discomforts.

There are sixty-five steamers on the Swiss lakes. The largest can transport 1200 passengers.

Of every 100 school children in London sixty-five leave school between their tenth and eleventh years.

In some parts of Russia the only food for the people consists at present in acorns, leaves and the soft bark of trees.

The separate coach law may be extended in Florida to apply to street cars, the senate having passed a bill to that effect.

The Massachusetts house has voted to appropriate $600,000 for the purchase by the state of Nantucket beach and its conversion into a public reservation.

In the agricultural parts of Ireland $2.25 a week is the highest wages paid to a laborer in regular work. On the coast of Dungloe women can earn $2.50 a week curing fish.

At Weissenfels, in Germany, a 18-year-old shop girl committed suicide after being dismissed on account of a trifling theft, and her 18-year-old sister followed her on account of the disgrace.

POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE.

The women of Detroit are collecting money to present to Admiral Schley a handsome sword and complete dress uniform.

Senator Depew has, on the desk of his New York private office, a little bust of Lincoln not quite completed. It was the last work done by W. W. Story.

Captain Coghlan of the Raleigh is quoted as having said that the only person to whom a naval officer can speak his mind is the cook or the washwoman, and then he must carefully shut the front door.

Collis P. Huntington always wears when at work an ordinary black silk traveling cap. This he does at once upon removing his hat, and his clerks have a story that no man in his employment has ever seen him bareheaded.

Madame Patti, now Baroness Cederstrom, is said to have made at times as much as $250,000 a year. Melba's income, when fully engaged, is $150,000, and Sara Bernhardt has for years averaged $70,000. Rosa Bonheur sold one year's work for $196,000.

Mrs. Annie Besant is said to have renounced England altogether and to have adopted Eastern customs of living as well as thinking. She is reported as sitting cross-legged on a carpet, living and eating like any Bengali in Calcutta, and dressing in a modification of the native costume. She is starting a school and college at Benares for Hindu boys, hoping to make it the Eton and Oxford of the East. The school will have a European headmaster.

LITERARY NOTES.

George Glissing's new novel will not appear until autumn. Severe illness has interfered with his work.

John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) took to literature early. Before she was 10 she wrote stories which appeared in the Fountain, an English magazine edited by Dr. Parker.

Mr. Edmund Gosse is so convinced of the correctness of the theory that great men are the products of their time that he asserts that "If Tennyson had been born in 1550 or in 1720, his poetry, had he written in verse, could have had scarcely a remote resemblance to what we have now received from his hand."

Maurice Hewlett wrote his charming book, "The Forest Lovers," three times over, and at the third writing thought he had finished. But after this third reading there came to him the vision of a woman dragging the dead body of a man across a clearing in the forest, and so that evil creature, Maultry, came into the story for the first time.

Stephen Crane is working hard at a new book in the solitude of a Surrey hamlet. Mr. Clarence Rooks' "Hooligan Nights" is finished, and Cutcliffe Hyne (he is in Alsiers) has written a long story for Pearson's. Max Pemberton is doing enough work to kill four ordinary men. His "Garden of Swords" is selling like wildfire, and Frankfort Moore's new book has already run into the twentieth thousand.

Marie Bashkirtseff, the remarkable young Russian woman who died at the early age of 20, has just had a singular memorial erected to her in Paris. It takes the form of a hotel, built in the Rue de Prony, and a veritable marvel of taste and comfort. It was formally opened and occupied the other day. It contains, among its attractions, a number of paintings, the work of this precocious young woman, taken from the walls of the superb studio which she founded for herself on the Quai Malaquais.

HAMLET'S SHAPE.

Perhaps Sara Bernhardt's critics would like to see General Shafter tackle the part.—Washington Post.

Sarah Bernhardt has been playing "Hamlet." Imagine Sarah mournfully repeating, "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt," etc.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Unfortunately the result of the Mendes-Vanar duel still leaves in doubt the momentous question whether Hamlet was fat or lean.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Setting aside the pale and melancholy Hamlets of the stage, there is no good reason for conceiving of Hamlet as an ill-fed or lanky person. There is, on the other hand, nothing in the books to show that Hamlet may not have been in physical proportion the Grover Cleveland or the Thomas Brackett Reed of Elsinore.—Chicago Record.

The question will never be settled. Prejudice stands in the way. The public would not like a fat Hamlet. It would as soon see a fat Ophelia or Juliet or a lean Fallstaff. Hamlet will remain to the end of time the lean and melancholy Dane. Had he been fat he never would have been melancholy, and that he was melancholy no one will deny.—Chicago Tribune.

They are raving about this—the French. It is the affair of the hour. Dreyfus? He is really unfortunate. But, say, was Hamlet fat or thin? They are even fighting duels over it—such duels as France has not known for years—duels in which the principals fight viciously and spill their blood; for it is a thing of grave importance—this question as to the physical appearance of the prince. He may have been mad or sane, wise or otherwise; but was he fat or was he thin? That's the point.—Philadelphia North American.

TEXAS PRESS OPINIONS.

The Fort Worth Morning Register thinks all Texas will applaud Governor Sayers in his determination to suppress lynchers and whitecappers.

"Keep your premises clean whether you live in the city or country and you will be doing something to invite good health into your home," is good advice from the Corsicana Democrat.

The Beaumont Journal pointedly observes that it is only the disturbed imagination of the Hannaites that has consigned Bryan to a political grave and adorned free silver with ghostly raiment.

The Belton County Democrat urges all democrats to stand square-toed and flat-footed on the best and broadest democratic platform ever enacted since the days of the author of the declaration of American independence.

The Fort Lavacaen says Port Lavaca needs a canning factory, an artesian well, a lime kiln and a box factory. It correctly asserts that these industries would add much to the town's population and be the means of disbursing thousands of dollars through the channels of trade.

The Milford Courier truthfully says that money invested in small factories would pay better than ordinary interest, and mentions that it would help build up the town and perhaps induce others to invest in larger factories.

The Burleson County Weekly Ledger believes that they who pander to a giddy or irresponsible element as against the solid and responsible citizens of a town may count the number of their days upon the tips of their fingers.

"In the interest of economy, Texas should adopt an amendment to the constitution reducing representation in the Legislature to twenty senators and sixty representatives," says the Texas Farm and Ranch, which thinks that none but chronic office-seekers will question the wisdom of such a change.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Chicago News.

Whisky straight makes crooked paths.

Every married woman travels under an assumed name.

Plagiarism is merely a lack of skill in effacing coincidences.

Powder magazines ought to be classified as flash literature.

The cost of experience is never fully realized until one goes to law.

The chairman of a meeting uses his gavel when he wants rapt attention.

Faint heart often wins fair lady—with a little artful assistance on her part.

Through a man's tongue we get a glimpse of his brains—or his lack thereof.

Women seldom take back their unkind words unless they want to use them over again.

A man knows but very little of the happenings in the neighborhood when his wife is away on a visit.

An enterprising Chicago man has established a night school of wood carving. Situations will be secured for graduates in boarding houses.

When a wise prophet predicts the end of the world he invariably puts it so far in the future that no one he knows will live to contradict him.

REFLECTIONS.

From Truth.

A dead rose is sweeter than a live poppy.

Serene inflexibility is an admirable quality—in a kitchen poker.

The things most silent and oftenest questioned are stars and graves.

To be immortal is nothing; to be worthy to be immortal is the great thing.

Time is not so long as eternity, but it seems to take up a good deal more room.

When prosperity goes at a jog trot it isn't bad for us; but it shouldn't break into a run.

One never realizes how little he really knows until he has read a page or two of the dictionary.

If we could only help ourselves to the bait and leave the trap untouched how much happier life would be.

Don't tell one friend of your quarrel with another; it may confirm his suspicion that you are hard to get along with.

It is an open question as to whether indecision or rashness has assisted us to make the greater number of mistakes.

When we are young we think every one is unjust to us; when we are older we know that every one is unjust to everybody.

A MEMORABLE ANNIVERSARY.

(BY C. A. EDWARDS.)

Washington, May 31.—(Staff Special.)—Yesterday was Memorial Day. It was the first one that ever had any real significance to me. This time it was full of meaning, broader in its suggestion, inspiring of a grander theme than any that ever preceded it so far as I am concerned, and for that matter so far as the present generation is concerned.

When that long procession started to the cemetery at Arlington yesterday it set me to thinking. All the fervent loyalty, all the National thankfulness, all the memories, mournful or solacing, that had made the anniversary memorable in the past were still existent, but the multitude that went forth to deck the little green tents where sleep the Nation's heroes had new thoughts, new ideas, new aspirations, born of the theme that surrounded the new graves. By the grass-covered mounds which time had almost leveled to the emerald sward, around them were the fresh raised hillocks upon which the sod had not begun to sprout.

In this procession of yesterday marched side by side, the grizzled and gray-edged veteran who had felt the storm at Shiloh and the youth, lusty and vigorous, who saw the flag unfurl its beauties over Santiago, and where a wrinkled hand tenderly placed a bunch of bloom upon the ever-remembered grave of him she had loved so well when lips were pouting and cheeks were rosy, a plumper hand stretched from an arm of mourning dropped roses over him who scarce a year ago she had wished God-speed and a safe return.

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They were inspiring—the scenes of yesterday; uplifting, ennobling, and yet touching to tenderness and tears. The old grief and the new, the old soldiers and the new; no more gray, no more blue; only a grand, overhanging heaven where the flag fluttered in the breezes, and beneath it a Nation bent in reverent honor.

How feeble and gray and sad the survivors of the strife between the States did seem. They are growing fewer every year. We who were too young to know that awful time were wont, in the past, to disregard the spectacle on each Memorial Day. It seemed to us the parades of past years were too long for the statistical calculations upon the duration of life. We thought, dimly, of a pension burden, as we saw the old members of the G. A. R. struggle past; or, where we saw the survivors of the Confederacy, we thought, perhaps, of the futility of treasuring the memories of a lost cause.

But it's all different in this year of our Lord 1899. We see the warriors of the years between '61 and '65 in a new light. We reverence them more. We have more faith in their feeling. The things they treasure in their old hearts come home to our hearts. We understand the power of the memories which knit so closely the men in the moving ranks to those in the long ranks which move no more, but are moved over by winds, the shadows, the seasons, the long grass, the ranks of those bivouacked for eternity.

We have no longer a smile for senile pomp or for fanfarronading praise. We have begun to realize that for the G. A. R. there is something more in its coherency than a pact for pensions. We know that, in the case of the surviving Confederates they are loyal to the memories of those who marched and tented and fought and died by their side.

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They are all bound together—these veterans, by the participation in the misery, the rapture, the glory of a great strenuous time. The names of the famous fights they fought wake tinglings even in us. The names of the men who led them are a spell upon our spirits now as upon these, the remainder of such armies as the world never saw, because they were the first armies that ever fought for an idea.

We have known, within the past year, things they knew. We have felt the thrill of the call to arms, the doubt of leaders, the rage over seeming slowness, the deadly weariness of the reports of disease ravaging the camps, the depression of rumored defeat, the mad exultation over success, the heart-grip and flush which come with the reading of achievements noble, heroic, sublime.

We, too, since a year ago, have lived in the iron times. We have seen plain men like ourselves transformed by devotion to duty into demigods. We have known them to suffer and die uncomplainingly; to endure every form of self-sacrifice that can shame a selfish world. We have been near to the hell of war and found emerging from it beauties of heaven. We have seen the names of men we knew inscribed in the Nation's pantheon, and we have known the boy who marched away and never came back.

We have seen and spoken with and supped with men who have added new stars to the flag, who have added new glories to mankind, who have risked their lives that men they knew not might be free. We honor the men who fought between '61 and '65 the more for that we have seen their spirit in their children who fought in '98 and who are now fighting and dying in '99.

We honor the dead of that old war the more because we so honor the dead who died for freedom in the later war. We joined with veterans of the civil war in decorating the graves of their dead and they joined with us in the decoration of those of our own. The men who succumbed to fever in the home camps, who sickened and died in the trenches before Santiago, who died in the charge up San Juan hill, who met their doom at strange-named places in a sultry archipelago near the Yellow sea, these belong, too, to the Grand Army of the Republic, mustered in serried graves near to us or sleeping under strange skies, long, doleful rains and fierce suns in lands beyond the deep.

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This year's Decoration Day was observed, to the glory of American fidelity and courage, from the Philippines to the Carribean islands, and in Samoa under skies of strange stars and stranger spaces where gleam no stars.

The flag means more to us this year than it did last year. Lives that touched and helped and cheered and mingled with our own have been spilled for that flag. They have enriched it with the sanctity of their sacrifice. They have made us realize that love of country is a vital, death-defying affection.

And so it is that we had a deeper sense of the beauty and tenderness that underlie the simple ceremonies of this Decoration Day. In the presence of the peace that has fallen upon the brave we feel more the need of peace between nations. Over the graves of those in "the great release" we may well hope and pray that what they fought for shall come true.

We can not feel, counting the cost, that all these lives were bartered away for a dizzying dream. The soldiers died for freedom. It is our duty to work that the freedom may be accomplished unto all men within the pale.

Our country has shown that it can be brave. It has shown that it can be merciful to its enemies. It behooves us now to endeavor to be just to the simple or complex folk who have fallen under our sway and to our own principles in furtherance of which our later heroes took up arms. What was good enough for those, whose graves were decorated yesterday, to die for, is worthy our living for. They died to make men free.

Now is the time, therefore, to resolve that none for whom they fought shall be enslaved. We can not honor our heroes more than by guaranteeing that the Union shall be preserved in freedom and that there shall be no vassals under our flag. If the country shall not live up to the ideals for which our dead have died, then they have died in vain.

LITERARY DECAY.

Some Remarks by Mr. Flanery on Suggestions of the Critics.

Memphis Commercial Appeal.

The decay of literary power in these States, and especially of the poetical faculty, is widely regretted, and has given occupation to many pens at home and abroad. When such leaders as W. D. Howells at the North and M. W. Connolly at the South, and that great English literary power, the Spectator, agree there is good cause for reflection, and a little thought will soon suggest a search for the cause of our decline. For it is not far to seek. The country has abandoned its lofty ideals in politics and religion, and there are no aspirations for excellence or purity in either except by a small and powerless minority, and even the minority is unable to raise its head above the flood of mediocrity which, as the president of Princeton university said last year, rules the land. The greed for gain overwhelms everything, and an earnest call for God's glory and man's welfare is lost among the screams of the pretenders and charlatans who are fattening on these pretensions to be the servants of both. In else but money making these is a lack of deep earnestness, of the profound feeling, of the lofty aspiration which leads to enthusiasm and borders on fanaticism: a condition which, when soberly controlled, leads to good on earth and happiness in heaven.

There may be latent talent and genius in the South and West, but, as long as neither region has any aspiration, and loves and hatreds not common to the whole country or above the level, there will be no development. Religious enthusiasm gave us Dante, Milton, Bunyan, Thomas a'Kempis, Baimes and Chateaubriand. Politics gave us Carlyle, Macaulay and many others, while national sectional feeling, brooding over wrongs, nursing old loves and hatreds, although the cause was dying or dead, gave us the "Wizard of the North," Sir Walter Scott.

Now, very apropos comes an incident which very well illustrates what was said last Sunday, by the present, on Southern literature! From out of the level of American culture, from the mediocrity which dominates the land, has lately sprung a volume of verses, compiled by Douglas Sladen, entitled "Younger American Poets," in reviewing which the Spectator cites James Jeffrey Roche's "Babylon" as the only poem in the collection possessing "vitality." It divines that Babylon is another name for England, and is glad to say that the poem can not be called the work of an American poet, adding there is a certain rhetorical vigor about the poem which makes it worth notice. The author seems to have dipped his pen in perfumed vitriol. If, however, he can manage to maintain the literary standard he here attains, no Englishman will, we feel sure, grudge him the right to call England as many names as he pleases. Clearly such a poem is worth republishing:

BABYLON.

Her robes are of purple and scarlet,
And the kings have bent their knees
To the gemmed and jeweled harlot
Who sitteth on many seas.

They have drunk the abominations
Of her golden cup of shame;
She has drugged and debauched the nations
With the mystery of her name.

Her merchants have gathered riches
By the power of her wantonness,
And her usurer are as leeches
On the world's supreme distress.

She has scoured the seas as a spoiler;
Her mart is a robber's den,
With the wrested toil of the toiler
And the mortgaged souls of men.

Her crimson flag is flying,
Where the East and the West are one;
Her drums while the day is dying
Salute the rising sun.

She has scourged the weak and the lowly
And the just with an iron rod;
She is drunk with the blood of the holy—
She shall drink of the wrath of God!

—James Jeffrey Roche.

Mr. Roche is editor of the Boston Pilot, and is American born, with a good, sound Irish feeling in his heart.

The animus and the lesson of the poem is self-evident.

Clearly to produce a literature worthy of America her people must rise above the present level and find a purer atmosphere. And if the South aspires to greatness it must take up the journey and ascend to Sinai, and there, in communion with the God of Davis, Lee and Jackson, write the laws for her own people.

David Flanery.

Memphis, Tenn., May 20, 1899.

A War Relic.

Calhoun County News.

Mr. J. R. Copeland has presented the News office a war relic which he lately plowed up in a field about a mile back from the bay shore. It is a piece of bombshell from a 6-inch gun, and has a brass fuse tube. The shell was probably fired from a Federal gunboat at the time Port Lavaca was ineffectually bomborded during the civil war. The old residents tell us that two gunboats entered the bay and threw a lot of shot and shells at the town, a few of them damaging buildings, but mostly ranging high and wild. The people here grew tired of the sport and proceeded to load their only gun, with but one charge of ammunition to be found in the town. The gunner was away up the Navidad river, but a messenger was sent for him and he arrived in time to fire the gun with good effect. The ball struck one of the boats in the boiler room, causing such damage that the companion boat hastily came to the rescue and towed the disabled craft down the bay at top speed, greatly to the amusement of the people here.

Republican Outlook in Ohio.

Boston Herald.

The republican confusion in Ohio is becoming so prominent that the democrats are taking courage and claiming that they will carry the State by a large majority in the coming fall. The president is anxious and perplexed and Hanna seems to be in a bad way as regards popularity. The republican convention will be fortunate if it does not end in a bolt and two tickets and it will create lots of heartburnings in any event.

The People Learning Their Rights.

Omaha World-Herald.

C. P. Huntington complains that the masses are being overeducated. They are, from Mr. Huntington's standpoint. They are learning that they have rights which even men of Mr. Huntington's class should respect and they are demanding that those rights be respected.

Texas Spiritualists in Session.

Fort Worth, Texas, June 3.—The State convention of Spiritualists is in session here. The new temple will be dedicated tomorrow, the dedicatory address being made by Mrs. Jennie Hagan Jackson. There are twelve chartered organizations in Texas and the membership is about 600.

SOME GOSSIP OF GAY GOTHAM.

New York, June 1.—There is a strong probability that the Brooklyn bridge will be named after its builder, Colonel Washington A. Roebling. The famous structure is sixteen years old, but is not yet finished, according to the original plans. These plans were drawn by John A. Roebling, father of Washington A., but the elder had nothing to do with its construction, having died in July, 1869, before a stroke of work was done on the bridge. It was originally intended to cap the granite bridge towers with handsome stone peaks, but for some reason or other this has been neglected. Now Mrs. Emily Warren Roebling is out with a statement deploring this lack of interest, and suggesting that the artistic ornaments be added to the bridge, which can be done at very small cost. She also desires a structure named after the builder, and steps toward attaining this end have already been taken.

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The Duchess de Arcos, who arrived here Wednesday with her husband, is an American woman of great beauty. Considerable interest is attached to the duchess by reason that she at one time, according to a widely current story, refused a proposal of marriage from Admiral George Dewey. At that time the hero of Manila bay was a young and obscure naval officer, and it was little anticipated by his most intimate friends that he would achieve the great honor of becoming an admiral. Probably the duchess will think differently of a similar proposal now.

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The open air gymnasium and playground which the Outdoor Recreation Leaugue has fitted up in the Ghetto—that section bounded by Divilon, Essex, Hester and Norfolk streets—will be turned over to the people of that district next Saturday. One thousand school children from the nearby schools will be admitted by badge, and to the delighted eyes of the boys who will fall heir to them the best gymnasts in the city will exploit the trapeze and parallel bars, flying rings and ladders. The croquet grounds and swings are for younger children and two spacious sand boxes covered with canopies are provided for the wee ones.

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It was an impressive ceremony which opened the new free hospital for the Institute sick on West Eleventh street and gave to the city one of the finest monuments to charity it possesses. Archbishop Corrigan consecrated the edifice, and the prayers which exorcised evil and invoked the Holy Spirit were echoed by hundreds from the hall and stairway. The building is seven stories high, of brick, with white trimmings, steel framework and mosaic flooring and beams. Six wards for men, three for women, two for children and one for accident cases, with connecting rooms and operating room on the top floor, afford facilities for 1100 patients. This is the sort of charity that impresses.

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The tax experts have figured out that under the new franchise law the metropolis will have a total added income of $5,000,000 a year from taxes. They place the probable valuation on franchises in the city at $184,000,000, or, at the outside, $200,000,000. The value of up-town franchises is placed at $135,000,000, which will bring the total income from the new franchise law up to about $3,333,333. Of course, all this is hard for the corporations, but it has made Governor Roosevelt rather solid with the small taxpayers, who will be greatly benefited.

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Mrs. de Navarro (Mary Anderson) has left us again. "Our Mary" says she departs with some feelings of regret, having been treated very affectionately by the many warm friends she made before becoming an alien. But she has accomplished the object of her visit—displayed her pretty baby to her folks and friends—and is now content to seek the seclusion of her quiet English home. The former queen of the stage, who did so much toward elevating the drama, will carry hosts of well wishes, even if she is no longer one of us.

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Immigration at this port is now very heavy. About 33,000 immigrants arrived last month. In the first four months of the year 77,760 arrived, an increase over 1898 of 11,491.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

Perhaps They Didn't—"I see," said the man who was reading the news from Samoa, "that one hundred British marines were forced to retreat by two thousand Samoans."

"Well," said the other man, "you'd hardly expect them to hold their own against such odds as that."

"No," said the first man; "I wouldn't even have expected them to stay long enough to count the Samoans."

A Drawn Battle.—Villager—The next street is Mauiller avenue and the next is Sandyago street!

Stranger—Yes? And I suppose you have a Dewey street?

Villager—No; an' I dunno as we ever will! There's too much fightin' about which street ought to get that name!

Sense Versus Sentiment.—Miss Citiqirl (ecstatically)—Oh! What a beautiful sight! An apple orchard in full bloom! If the trees could remain always like this wouldn't it be delightful?

Farmer Herapalm—Gosh all Jiminy, Miss! Anybody'd think to hear you talk that you was a canker worm!

Practical Difficulty.—"Some day your husband will wake up and find himself famous!" they exclaimed.

The poet's wife shook her head sadly.

"Reginald has insomnia so dreadfully!" she replied, with a sigh.

How It Looked.—First Messenger Boy—Who do yer t'ink 'll win de championship fight next mont'—Kehoe or McGonigal?

Second Messenger Boy—McGonigal, of course! Hain't yer read de reports? He his bein' a physical wreck from drink and breakin' two cords in his back and a bone in his right forearm?

FOLK LORE.

Be sure that for every fog you see in May you will have a frost in May.

If the thread knots while sewing the seamstress will live to see the garment worn out.

While peacock feathers are kept in the house sickness will never be out of it.

If the sun goes down behind a bank of clouds on Friday it will rain on Sunday.

If one mends a garment while wearing it every stitch taken represents an enemy which will be made.

If a pen drops and sticks in the floor the owner's lover lives in the direction toward which it inclines.

If a spider is found on one of your garments it signifies that you will soon have a new one of the same sort.

If a hairpin sticks out but does not fall the wearer will have a disappointment if it pts her lover is thinking of her.

If a person's two front teeth are wide enough apart to place a gold coin between them he will always be rich.

If a peahen calls, a donkey brays, pigs carry straw, geese flap their wings, a wet body dry or the clouds move northward it will rain.