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Wednesday, March 29, 1893.

WHICH WILL IT BE?

The question of erecting a city building was discussed anew yesterday, on the occasion of Mr. Carr's presenting to the combined committees of the City Council and the Chamber of Commerce, the plans he had drawn for the building and his estimates on the cost. Two plans were presented—one of a building 50x104 with the second floor devoted to the purpose of an auditorium, another of a building 50x50, two stories high, arranged for city purposes only. Mr. Carr estimated the cost of the first named at $14,390 and of the other at $7,180. In neither case does the estimate include a heating plant which would probably cost $2,000 more. It is proper to state that Mr. Carr does not claim special accuracy for his figures, as he is not acquainted with the cost of building here and presents the estimates as approximate and merely as a guide to the city council. The plans though only rough sketches are very satisfactory and show at a glance that Mr. Carr understands his business, and that, particularly in turning every available foot of space to account, and of presenting a very desirable interior arrangement. We will not attempt a detailed description of either, as they can be seen at the JOURNAL office today and speak for themselves much more intelligibly than the types can for them.

Now that this information has been furnished, the all absorbing question is, what shall be done? The friends of the plan contemplating an auditorium, while they will feel encouraged and enthused at the cosy and complete arrangement of the upper story of the larger building for entertainment purposes, must question the propriety of adding $7,000 or $8,000 to the expense of a building for this purpose only, while the opposition have a strong card in the plan of the smaller building, which provides amply for the city's needs for years to come and which equipped with a heating plant will not cost quite as much as was recommended for expenditure by the Chamber of Commerce. However ardent a large majority of the people may be for a hall for public entertainments, it is well to question the policy of rushing headlong into an expenditure of perhaps $10,000 for this purpose alone. Still there are reasonable arguments that can be made in favor of so doing. Assuming that the smaller building equipped with a heating plant will cost $9,000 and the larger one $17,000, the increased cost on account of the auditorium is $8,000, which will impose an additional interest charge of $480.00 a year. Against this it is estimated that the hall can be rented for $300 a year leaving but $180 of additional taxation to be met, in return for which we have the enjoyment afforded by a first-class place for public entertainments of all kinds. A small price truly for such enhanced benefits. But the larger tax-payers on whom the principal portion of the tax falls, many logically say, why incur an increased expense of $480 a year for providing something which clearly belongs to private enterprise to provide. And here is the rub. To nine-tenths of the people the need of a public hall is much more urgent than a city building, and while it can be shown that by the erection of a city building, proper money can be saved, as far as present outgo for rentals is concerned, the argument is not effective with those who want the public hall and don't care whether the city government is properly housed or not. One solution of the vexed question, and to our mind, the most satisfactory one is for the moneyed men to come forward and subscribe to the extent of $3,500 or $4,000 for the erection of a frame opera house. A building even more commodious and better adapted to such a purpose than the hall in the city building, can be put up for this amount and should pay a fair interest on the investment. If this can be done, all ends will be subserved, and the community made happy. A meeting of the Chamber of Commerce should be called at once to consider this question, and we trust it will be.

AS THE time draws near for the big show at Chicago to open, it leaks out that a systematic and comprehensive scheme to rob the visitors has evolved. The general understanding is that fifty cents is the price of admission to the grounds. This is technically true, but only technically so. For fifty cents one can visit all the big buildings and view the general exhibits therein, but there is a mysterious inner temple known as the midway plaisance, in which all exhibits of a special character will be placed, and to each of which, an extra charge of admission will be made, varying according to the greed of the exhibitor. Here the Montana silver statue will be found, likewise the foreign villages, and scores of other special features that have been liberally boomed by the newspapers, and which in the opinion of most every visitor, must be seen to make the trip complete. A newspaper that has made the subject a study, estimates that it will cost not less than $14.50 per head, to make the round of the midway plaisance exhibit. When this highway robbery is considered in connection with the extortionate rates of hotels and restaurants, the man with a family may well stand aghast.

HE LOST HIS TEMPER.

The Little Man Who Tackled a Banana Peel Fiend.

Justice of the poetic variety overtook a banana peel fiend on lower Broadway yesterday afternoon. He was a puffy, red faced, bloated looking man, with bleary eyes, a pink necktie and other evidences of total depravity. The bananas which furnished him with ammunition he had purchased of a perambulating peddler at the corner of Park place and Broadway at about 4 o'clock. Munching them one by one he walked along by City Hall park and scattered destruction as he went.

Just behind him walked a nervous looking little man whose black hat and white choker indicated that he was a clergyman, an indication which was borne out by subsequent events. Presently the little man stepped on one of the fiend's banana peels. His feet soared heavenward, and he landed with a force that fairly shook the ground. With an air of Christian resignation he arose and made a feeble endeavor to remove some of the mud which he had collected in his fall. Then he proceeded, with the expression of one who would rub himself if there weren't a crowd around. He had walked but a few rods when another banana peel loomed before him. The little man picked it up gingerly and looked about him. Just then the fiend in front dropped a third peel. Without a moment's hesitation the minister hurried forward until he caught up with him. Holding up the deadly skin before him he said in a carefully modulated tone:

"I believe you dropped something, sir."

"Humph," replied the fiend, "from the way you look you dropped something too."

The little man's face fairly bristled with violently repressed profanity.

"Look you, sir," he cried. "I am a minister of the gospel, sir; a clergyman, sir, and I don't want to say anything unbefitting one of my cloth, sir. But I want to ask you, sir, what in darnation you mean by throwing your confounded banana peels under my feet, sir." He waved the aforesaid peel violently about his head as he spoke.

The red faced man glanced contemptuously over the minister's slight figure.

"Wot you goin to do about it?" he sneered. "P'r'aps you'd take a contract to do me up?"

By this time a few people had gathered about, and the little man noting this lowered his voice, but there was an ominously set expression about his face as he said, "I want you to make an apology, here and now."

"Apology be d——d," was the reply.

"Well, sir, I will not strike you," said the clergyman, his voice unsteady with anger, "because I do"——

"Because you ain't man enough," sneered the bigger man. "Because you don't—Spt-t-t. Phe-e-e-e-w. Pr-r-r-r-t Pht"

With a rapid movement the little man had jammed the banana peel into the big man's mouth and rubbed it vigorously in.

"How do you like that?" he inquired, with evident and unministerial satisfaction in the performance. The only answer was a vicious lunge, which the little man dodged. Then and there his conscientious scruples vanished, and he struck out with the vigor and accuracy of a champion. The blow took the banana peel fiend under the chin, and over he went as the minister had gone over a few moments before. There was no more fight left in him, and when he arose it was only to slink around a corner.

The crowd, which was not large, for the whole affair had taken less than a minute, expressed emphatic approval of the clergyman's performance. He looked rather shamefaced, however, as he proceeded up Broadway.

"Really," said he in a meditative tone, "really, I'm afraid I lost my temper."—New York Sun.

A Remarkable Woman.

Mr. Toodles (with sarcasm)—You say you thought you'd find a burglar under the bed in your room. Well, it's not remarkable for you to have that thought.

Mrs. Toodles—Oh, but it is. I——

Mr. Toodles—Heavens! You found one?

Mrs. Toodles (triumphant)—I didn't look.—Chicago News-Record.

THE VERNAL INFECTION.

Though we jest at vernal poet—
Nor can one of us forego it—
For his ding-a-ling eruptions when the winter's on the wane,
And his stores of fresh afflatus
He begins to volley at us
Till the same do patter on us in a metric sort of rain.

Though we cynically cluster
All the jokes that we can muster
In a potpourri of tribute to this periodic bard,
And arraign his weird creations
As the merest aberrations,
And with wondrous unanimity set down upon him hard,

Yet we all of us are "in it,"
We do rhythmically din it
On the editorial tympanum at merest hint of spring,
And we drip with odes and idyls
Till the cerebellum twiddles
With a chronic tinky-anky, tinky-anky tanky-ting.

And we keep the thing agoing
Till the metric overflowing
Seems to catch us in a freshet of bridic tumpty-tum,
And we feel ourselves a-tingle
With the chronic jingle-jangle
Of a measured tiddy-iddy, iddy-diddy, iddy-dum.

—Boston Courier.

AN UNCLEAN PEOPLE.

THE GREAT MASS OF HUMANITY LACKS CLEANLINESS.

Several Useful and Beneficial Ways In Which One Writer Would Spend $1,000,000, Providing She Had Them—Carelessness of Nice Folks.

There is no immediate danger of my filling a millionaire's grave, and yet stranger things have happened. Either you or I may fall heir to a colossal fortune. I don't lose sleep over the prospect myself, nor need you, my dear, but in this world of ups and downs who can tell what a day may bring forth?

Shall I tell you a few of the things I propose to do with my possible millions? In the first place, I shall build bathhouses and stock them with soap, perfumes and towels for humanity at large. Next to saving the soul comes the care of the body, and most people are fully as heedless of the one as the other. Indeed to my manner of thinking a sanctified soul in an unwholesome body would be hardly worth the keeping.

I declare unto you, and if I do not speak the truth come forth and dispute me, ye who can, that the masses of mankind know less about cleanliness than animals do. Watch the old cat sitting in the sun or by the corner of the kitchen fire washing her face and cleaning her paws. She enters into the thing with a complete understanding that cleanliness makes her a more welcome fireside companion, as well as a healthier cat and a more self respecting member of society. A bird delights in its morning bath more ostentatiously than in its breakfast. I have seen horses at the seashore who reveled in a "dip" far more than any human ever did. A dog will not enter your presence if there is any soil upon his person which his own limited ingenuity can remove, and the most beatific experience of a pampered poodle is its perfumed bath and careful shampoo.

Now, take the case of humans. There is not a day of my life that business dealings do not force me into companionship with people who are both unwholesome and repulsive by reason of lack of personal cleanliness. I ride with them. I walk by their side, I sit next them. They dress well, their clothes are of expensive material and carefully made, but they bear about with them an aroma of stale cuticle and closed pores. From week's end to week's end these men and women do no more than dip their hands in a little water and rub off their faces with inadequate wash cloths. If the natural smoke of Chicago settles upon such portions of their anatomy as are exposed, they dab it off with hard water and cheap soap, or they counteract it with filthy powder rags. They go for weeks at a time without a change of underwear to save laundry bills, and they sleep in the same flannels that they wear by day.

A good, thorough bath is as unknown to them as God's grace to a lost soul, and for my part I would rather encounter a thug with a club. You can dodge a club, but you can't escape an odor. Ride for an hour in one of our cars, either cable, horse or steam; could anything be worse, without it was a stock transit? And yet all these unwashed and unwholesome people pride themselves, and often most justly, of being good citizens, well educated and circumspect. They would resent the idea of being classed outside the circle of "gentlemen and ladies." They never sneeze in your presence without begging pardon, nor commit any breach of the proprieties without the keenest anguish of remorse for the misdeed. Their crime against society, then, is not an active one. It is merely the result of a neglected education. Their parents believed in making them obedient, no doubt, and polite and well behaved. They had them taught to dance and play the piano and speak French, but they forgot to teach them cleanliness.

The poor and uncared for we expect to take as we find them, and by means of prayer, faith and good works raise them to higher levels. But what shall be done for the folks who ought to know enough of the laws of hygiene and beauty to keep clean, but who in fact know as little as the totally ignorant and the very poor? When I get my millions, then I shall erect 1,000 bathhouses right here in Chicago, and I shall legislate laws that shall make cleanliness compulsory. Women shall find it more profitable to go to the bathhouse than to the club, and men shall find more attraction in the physical laundry than in the saloon. There shall be no possible entree for the careless keeper of the beautiful body into either saloon, street car or public assemblage of any sort. He shall be shunned like a leper, and when his case is pronounced hopeless there shall be a modern Molokai fitted up for his habitation, that he may trouble the olfactories of the sons and daughters of earth no more forever.

Another thing that I shall do with my money will be to prosecute cruel teamsters by means of its powerful potency. The policeman who stands at the corner of Lake street and Fifth avenue tells me that since occupying that post he has lost the little faith he ever had in man's boasted humanity.

Another thing I will do with my money will be to provide for the patient, uncomplaining poor.

When I get my money, I shall establish homes for the poor, not charity halls nor houses of correction, but sweet, pure homes, where happiness and plenty shall join hands, and peace and rest shall sing together like mated birds.—"Amber" in Chicago Herald.

Immobility In a Child's Life.

We believe a large part of the unfavorable influence of school life upon the child's health is due to the prolonged immobility which the ordinary system requires, and the necessary confinement of a young child to a chair or bench without some intervening muscular activity or recreation. Immobility is opposed to growth, it is opposed to all the instincts of the healthy lower animals, and to those of all vigorous children.—Harper's Bazar.

An Artist's Friends.

"Have you a friend in the world? Well, you might as well have none at all. Have your friends got any money; are they rich? Well, they will not spend a dollar for you. I warn you that you will find it so. I have been in this business a long while. I have told all my other patrons what I now tell you, and they have all found my every word was true." Thus spoke a picture auctioneer to an artist who was meditating an exhibition to be followed by a sale of the pictures. The two events followed one another, and the prophet's words did not come quite true. At the sale there was a notable absence of the artist's friends. Of the host of them only two or three who were not among the rich ones either came or bought anything. The others stayed away, saying afterward that they did not feel well or that they saw that the artist got good notices and was bound to do well—as he did, in spite of them.

There is nothing extraordinary about this situation. The probability is that the personal friends of the artists know them too well and like them too much to be certain that their judgment is fair and reliable when they come to exercise it in determining the market value of their work. Once an artist has established this value to be great his rich friends are apt to hunt around and secure some of the pictures they could have got cheaper when their presence would have been grateful to the artist. The poorer friends must then go without his work unless they have some that he gave away when he was younger and less famous.—New York Sun.

Experimenting With Corn.

"I made a queer and a very interesting experiment with a growing cornstalk," said Harvey Samuels as he settled in one of the great rockers in the Lindell. "I had always heard a great deal about the effect of injecting medicines and food into human beings, the method being pronounced preferable and more beneficial in cases of extreme illness than that of feeding through the regular channels. My work with this corn plant was decidedly interesting. I secured a small glass syringe with a very fine point to it. After the corn was two weeks old and only a few inches tall I began to inject the unfermented juice of crushed apples. My first injection was not quite a drop. Three days later I repeated the dose, increasing it slightly. In a little while the injection was a daily occurrence and the dose increased proportionately. The cornstalk waxed fat and tall. All along it gave promise of great size and large fruit.

"Its height in July was fully 16 inches above the tallest stalk in the field. Its ears were much larger, while the silken tassel was much smaller and lacked the depth of color characteristic of the other plants. I took an ear home to steam and eat. I can tell you that the quality of that corn for eating purposes was excellent. It smacked a little of apple just the slightest suggestion of it, and not at all disagreeable as one might suppose. The grains were large and juicy. In fact the quality of the corn was far superior to anything I had ever eaten in that line. I am going to repeat the experiment."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Several Coincidences.

While the belief in talismans and omens is confined to the less educated portion of our population, even the most skeptical read with interest coincidences that simpler minds regard as prophecies. President Garfield a few months before his death related to a friend the following incidents:

As General Garfield entered the convention the day of his nomination, a man distributing leaves of the New Testament handed one to him which the engrossed politician folded and put in his pocket. Long after the nomination he took down the suit he had worn that eventful day, and before putting it on proceeded to empty the pockets. He drew out a paper pressed into a narrow fold, one verse only being visible. It was this, "The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner."

Again, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon the hour of the nomination in Chicago, an eagle, coming from no one knows where, lighted on General Garfield's house in Washington and sat there several minutes. This occurrence was witnessed by many persons in the capital.—Wide Awake.

A Naturalist and the Snake Charmer.

A story used to be told at Cairo of the late Sir Richard Owen during one of his sojourns in Egypt. The great naturalist was seated in the shade on the veranda at Sheppeard's hotel, as is the postprandial wont of visitors to that famous hostelry, when the inevitable snake charmer came to him and produced from his bag a lively specimen of the horned asp—the deadly cerastes. The professor gazed, and nothing daunted stopped and plucked the horns from the head of the reptile wriggling at his feet, remarking to a bystander that the man would probably think twice before trying to palm off upon any one else a harmless snake as a cerastes by the aid of a couple of fish bones. With anybody else the charmer would probably have succeeded. He had tried it on the wrong man.—London Tit-Bits.

Weapons of a Kindly Woman.

A regard for others' feelings and a gentle though not fulsome flattery that stimulates rather than inflates are the weapons which, when used by a clever kindly woman, make her a power among any set in which she chooses to move, though never for one moment does she give any evidence that she is aware of the influence she wields through the all conquering scepter of her own gracious womanhood.—Philadelphia Times.

Long Waits.

Salesman (great store)—This coat fits your little girl nicely.

Lady (thinking of next season)—Yes, it does now, but I think we'd better take a size larger.

Little Girl—Oh, yes, I forgot. We have to wait for our change.—Good News.