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MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI.

The cattlemen are right—the United States should compel Germany and France to inspect all the wines and edibles exported from those countries into this. About two-thirds of the wines would be found defective.

The New Jersey legislature has bought of a Chicago firm for \$23,000 a system of steel pigeon holes worth \$7,000. Even at that cost it will prove a paying investment if it serves to pigeon hole nine-tenths of the bills introduced.

Never having intended that the Armenian investigation should investigate the unspcakable Turk has decided that it shall not go on until better weather comes. For the purpose of that investigation better weather will never come.

In short, and with as much gallantry as the circumstances will admit, we think the female forgers who are now playing their vocations with such brilliant success ought to get exactly the same punishment as male forgers. This is an age of equal rights.

If the fool killer ever resumes business it will be his duty promptly to dispatch Calvin Ross of Shelbyville, Ind., who set a shotgun trap for thieves in his cellar and failed to tell his wife who, when she went to open the cellar door, received wounds which will cripple her for life.

A writer declares that "the future educator will see to it that the child's precept structures are not unregistered chaotically and disymmetrically." We mistake the temper of the American boy if he will permit anything so terrible to be done to his structures without a vigorous protest.

The anti-rabies people have charge of the dog pound in Philadelphia, and they refuse to give a cur dog to a surgeon in order that a section of one of its nerves may be used to relieve the distressing disease of a human being. A society for the promotion of the welfare of folks seems to be in order.

The surgeons, after showing that kidneys and lungs and sections of the alimentary canal can be removed without fatal results, have now demonstrated that a man with a broken neck can be fixed as good as new. The grip, however, is still greater than the entire profession.

Thoughtful men will make preparation for the careful picking of their fruits during the summer and fall, and the kind of baskets in which to send them to market. A nice basket filled with choice fruit will nearly always sell for double the money and as quick again as fruit and basket of the nondescript commonplace character. This applies to many other things besides fruit and basket.

The Chinese warships at Wei-Hai-Wei were destroyed, not by the great, heavily-armored Japanese steel-clad battleships but by the little torpedo boats, which sent five ships to the bottom within thirty hours. Much has been said about the battles of the future being fought among the clouds with airships. It seems probable that the naval battle of the future may be fought under the sea with submarine torpedoes.

The millions left for public uses by James Lick, of San Francisco, more than twenty years ago have been exceedingly well handled by the trustees. They have expended about \$2,000,000 on the Lick Observatory, now one of the great astronomical institutions of the world; a school of mechanical arts, free baths, and a number of statues, and have a million left to hand over to the Academy of Sciences and the Society of California Pioneers, who are the residuary legatees. The property was scattered all over California, and there was also a contesting heir to compromise with, but the trustees stuck to their work faithfully and deserve lasting credit for their complete success.

The appeal of the people of Newfoundland to the British government for help in the distress which has come upon them has been rejected. In reply to Lord Ripon, colonial secretary, says that the self-governing colonies should not look to the imperial government for aid in financial affairs, but he offers to send a royal commission to the island to relieve actual distress from the treasury funds. The Newfoundlanders did not ask for government aid, but for aid in working out their own relief, and it seems to be an act of political heartlessness thus to repudiate interest in and disown the oldest colony in America. Blood is not always thicker than water.

A white man in Virginia has been sentenced to prison for life for stealing a piece of bacon worth about thirty-seven cents. This was his third offense and the law provides life imprisonment for third offenses. Virginia laws are almost as unjust as Virginia lawlessness.

Realism on the stage has educated audiences to such a fine point of appreciation that when an actor's clothing caught fire and half burned him to death during the progress of a performance the other evening the spectators took it for granted that the accident was a part of the show.

FOR WOMAN AND HOME

UP-TO-DATE HINTS ABOUT HOUSEHOLD CARES.

"On a Portrait"—Girls Who Attract Men—The New Woman—Pleasant-Weather Girls—An Attractive Form of Entertainment.



OUR STEADFAST eyes that taught me all The awful lore of love and pain. Watch from the canvas on the wall The slave on whom you set your claim. They see the triumph over you, Their shameless treason wrought in me. The days of reckless hardihood. The wasteful nights—all, all they see.

But once up a twilight cold, About the holy birth of spring. My spirit trembled as of old To hear the lusty throats sing. A rush of passion hot and wild. Swept all my careless thoughts aside; And, humbly, like a little child, I turned and hid my face and cried.

For then I knew the brave old earth Was lovely as it used to be; That hope and love renewed their birth. And all was well—but not for me. And so I veiled your eyes and thought Of all my youth and squandered years; They will might see the sins they wrought They should not desecrate my tears.

Girls Who Attract Men.

Ladies' Home Journal: The girls who attract the best men are almost always a source of surprise to their feminine friends, who are often lost in wonder as to why so many patent charms should have been passed over in such selections. It is the little mouse of a woman, the slinking, shy creature left in the background by her bolder sisters, we constantly see brought to the front by the man who has won her love. And men prefer to any such coquettish invitation as that extended by Mrs. Bond of the nursery rhyme to her ducks, when deceiving them to come and be killed, the uncertainty hanging around a being to whom they have to sue.

Every man's ideal of a wife—I mean the normal, honest citizen of our republic, who lines, stones to support its bulwark—is a girl who may be pretty, who might be brilliant, but who must be good. He also recognizes instinctively that her grace should not be too costly to wear every day. That she shall be cheerful of temper, inclined to take short views of human infirmity to consider, within himself, as essential. If all those who, before marrying, omitted to think about these things had done so, it is possible we should hear less to-day by the incompatibility of man and woman.

The New Woman.

Bouillon is becoming a fashion for 5 o'clock tea and is taking the lead over either punch or the beverages that originally gave the little repast its name. A dash of sherry in the bouillon, according to the Philadelphia Press, makes it more cheering as well as inebriating and increases its popularity with the sex. It is seen and most sought at tea. All these changes tend to spoil the dinner more and more and the defense is to put the dinner later and later.

"Ladies' maids have a hard time of it these days," said a member of that guild the other day, when she was talking to a massage cure, to whom she had gone for instructions. "I've got to learn to give massage now or I can't be sure of my place any longer. And I must get the real professional thing, for my lady has been massaged so much she knows all about how it ought to be done. Then I've had to become a good chiropodist and to learn enough about physical culture to go through her exercises with Mrs. Weatherly Blunt because it bores her to do it alone. In the meanwhile my salary is \$30 a month, just what it was when I only knew those things that a lady's maid always had to know. I guess the next thing will be for me to learn homoeopathy and filling teeth."

The Mercantile club of St. Louis and the Colonial club of New York pay more attention to women in their clubhouse arrangements than any other large masculine clubs in the country. They provide a dining-room and a dressing-room to which the feminine belongings to members always have access. Recently at the Colonial club the influx of ladies for dinner Sunday evenings has been so great that the men have gallantly abandoned the main dining-room at that time except as they were accompanying feminine parties, and taken refuge in the one originally provided for the ladies. Mrs. William Douglas Sloane recently gave a german at which the favors were card cases and pen wipers and 1,500 yards of ribbon were used in them and ten people were kept employed on them for two weeks.

Pleasant-Weather Girls.

Many agreeable, bright-faced girls are every day to be met. They smile upon us in our homes; they walk gaily down the streets; they attend concerts and lectures, art exhibitions and social assemblies. We admire the grace of their manners, the sprightliness of their conversation, the indefinable charm of girlhood. A quality of theirs not least to be envied is the capacity for enjoyment, says a writer in Harper's Bazar. They are so able to enter into the very soul of things, to sip honey from every flower that blows, that older people may well ask themselves, "Why cannot we do the same?"

Another question which these girls suggest is, "How do they bear trial?"

Are they cheerful only in pleasant weather, or in cloudy days as well? It is so easy to fret over a slight disappointment, so natural to complain in times of suffering, that it is not surprising when a young lady yields to the temptation. Yet the ability to meet difficulties bravely and to carry burdens with fortitude is essential to a well-formed character. When a young man seeks for one to share with him the experiences of life, whether for better or for worse, he knows well enough, if he stops to reflect, that some of these experiences must be sad. Shall he need someone, then, to provoke him to look always upon the darkest side of things, or one who will find the silver lining of the cloud? Shall his nearest and dearest be a drag upon his hands, or shall she stimulate him to better living and higher thinking by her own inherent nobleness? It is often said that one who sustains grave trials with fortitude may find it difficult to meet the slight annoyances of every day. Still it cannot be doubted that the habit of bearing small troubles cheerfully will prove to be of immeasurable advantage when the heavy storms of life assail. The fairest and most favored daughters of fortune need to be prepared for the inevitable times of sorrow which come to every human soul.

German Army Marriages.

No German officer can marry without the consent of his colonel (according to Poulitney Bigelow in "The Borderland of Czar and Kaiser"), and this consent can be obtained only after a careful inquiry into all the circumstances surrounding the proposed alliance. First, is the young lady suitable for association with the wives of the other officers? 2. Will the bridegroom be able to live respectably and bring up his family? 3. Are his means or those of his wife, invested in proper securities, so that he is not liable to be expelled by reason of bankruptcy? The extraordinary social advantages enjoyed by the German officer, and the pecuniary responsibility growing naturally from such advantage, make his small pay, which amounts only to about \$1 a day in case of a first lieutenant, appear even smaller than it is.

An American lady, who had been spending a winter in Dresden, told Mr. Bigelow that all the bachelors of the garrison were furnished a list of marriageable women, each name ornamented with the property she might be expected to inherit. This no doubt was a mistake on her part, but it is a very common one. German officers stationed in desirable towns are very apt to get into debt and have to choose between leaving the army in disgrace or marrying a rich girl.

Mr. Bigelow adds: "From my own experience in Germany the officers would appear to have married for love and to be happy in consequence," and yet "the number of those who go into debt and fail to secure a rich wife is considerable, although it makes no particular ripple on the surface. Such men simply disappear and turn up sooner or later in America, where they take employment as coachmen, waiters, teachers or instructors in riding-schools. The change of life is very violent, and is adopted only as preferable to suicide."

Strong Colors in Wall Paper.

"It seems to be in the air," says a woman who has been investigating the matter with a view to spring renovating, "that wall papers are going to take a decidedly deeper tint. In every shop I have been shown paper almost radical in coloring and to my invariable recoil, have been told that these were slowly making their way into decorations again. The dealers say that the use of the delicate shades has been abused, that they were intended for certain styles of furnishings and for certain rooms, but they were soon widely accepted, and every room in every house almost was subjected to the same wall treatment. As a result the inevitable reaction has come, and, though we are not to go back to the other extreme, we are to use much richer and darker colors than before."

As a complement to this opinion, that of a writer in a trade journal on the same subject is pertinent: "This is an era of strong colors. It is also an era of good taste. It is the period of the golden mean between the eccentricities of sunflower sensationalism, of riotous vulgarity and the dreary daintiness of whiteness timidity. It is not only philosophic, and delightful—the climax of all things true, good, and beautiful."

Mme. Joniaux's Fate.

Julian Hawthorne in the current number of a popular magazine has a vividly descriptive and profusely illustrated article on ancient modes of torture. Many diabolical devices invented by man to inflict upon his fellow man excruciating pains and torments are graphically described—manglings, bollings, burnings, and every variety of ingenious device to affect the nerves and flesh. One agrees with the writer when he says "the heart sickens as one reads these awful pages and calls up the spectacles which they portray. It seems to be the story of a world wholly monstrous and diabolical," and the book is laid aside with a sigh of thankfulness that the human heart knows so much better in our times the lesson taught by man who said "God is love." Then we take up our newspaper and read of the punishment to be inflicted on the wretched Belgian woman, Mme. Joniaux, and it comes to us with a shock that after all we are not so far advanced as we believed. To sit in a dark room into which no smallest ray of light shall ever come; to never, never more see a human face or hear a human voice—what greater ingenuity for torture can the darkest days of the inquisition show. Those ancient punishments brought a more or less speedy death, but the victim of this modern torture is a robust woman of 53, and it is computed that she may live about two years under it. Her horrid crimes deserve the strictest punishment, but surely it should be according to civilized ideas. Such incidents are inclined to make us a little more humble and less boastful of our great nineteenth century civilization.

AN INDIAN SCHOOL.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES AT CARLISLE INSTITUTE.

Not Like the Closing Days in Other Schools—Teaching the Remnant of the Aborigines to Trim Ideas Instead of Arrows.

A Carlisle, Pa., special to the Washington Star, says: Commencement at Carlisle isn't like a commencement anywhere else on earth, except it be in one of the other schools like unto that of Carlisle, a dozen or so of which are scattered over the United States; offshoots of the Carlisle plan, and devoted in instructing the remnant of the aboriginal inhabitants how to trim ideas instead of arrows, and to eat with forks instead of fingers.

Carlisle was the pioneer proving ground of this method of solving the "Indian problem," and Capt. Pratt of the Tenth cavalry, the father of the method, during a long and varied experience among the Indians on the plains, and afterward, when in charge of the unruly prisoners taken in the war of 1874-75, and transferred to Fort Augustine, found that the Indians have hearts and souls, and he found, too, that they are amenable to kindly influences and eager to learn. Then it was that the educational seed sprouted, out of which Carlisle has grown. Capt. Pratt didn't do all of the work alone, however, nor all of the thinking. Mrs. Pratt, his gentle, cultured wife, has been his able lieutenant, and his fair young daughter has been a good staff officer.

Every industry and many arts and sciences are taught at Carlisle. The boys are trained to be tinners, tailors, cobblers, blacksmiths, harness-makers, carpenters, cabinet-makers, wagon-makers and farmers, as their tastes run, each youth being permitted to take up for his trade the one that he likes best. The girls learn beside books, all the womanly accomplishments, such as sewing, washing, ironing, darning, mending, baking, etc. Boys and girls alike are instructed in music, drawing, painting and the other arts, and alike they serve half of each day in the schoolroom and the other half in one of the industrial classes. For their services in these classes a few cents a day is paid to each student, and these and the "outing" earnings amount in the aggregate to nearly \$25,000 a year, all of which is placed to the credit of each individual earning it, and it can be drawn upon at will, under slight restrictions. There is a regular cashier, whose duty is to care for this fund, and it is said that the students are very particular to keep their accounts straight.

There are some things that the students of Carlisle could teach the people who talk of "civilizing" them. The young ladies seldom or never wear any other head covering than a bright scarf, and in the evening their glossy and well-kept black hair is fully in evidence, with a bit of bright ribbon or flower coquettishly adjusted in it. The Indians love everything that is bright and beautiful, and the flower man that comes out every morning reaps a rich harvest from them.

Indian children are naturally devout. The belief in a higher power seems to be born in them and finds expression in the Sabbath school, Y. M. C. A. and the King's Daughters. A young Washington girl, who is a teacher at Carlisle, Miss Cummings, is one of the leaders in the King's Daughters. The little silver cross that sets them apart from all others is a common ornament.

The love of the beautiful is shown in many ways. In the neat dormitories everything is as clean as soapuds can make it, and pretty rugs, pictures and pieces of artistic handiwork, made by the owners themselves or purchased with their own spending money, adorn the rooms. The great dining-rooms are furnished with white table linen and silver, neat china and glass ware. Everything that appeals to the sense of the beautiful is furnished.

The "outing" system is one of the great institutions of Carlisle. When the school was first established it was objected that it would be a nuisance to the surrounding farmers, who seemed to have an idea that the students would go on foraging expeditions when they got tired of the restrictions of the school. Now these farmers are tumbling over each other to get Indian boys to work for them in the summer.

That the boys are thoroughly imbued with a progressive spirit is shown in the fact that when congress positively refused to make appropriations for needed additions to the buildings for the boys, and for an amusement hall, the students went to Capt. Pratt and told him that they would give \$1,800 of their earnings for the proposed improvements if he could raise the rest. He accepted the proposition, and the improvements were made. It was in this hall that one of the prettiest sights of the commencement week took place. The Carlisle boys are handsomely uniformed and splendidly drilled in all evolutions and in marching, though they carry no guns. Their perfectly fitting uniforms are made by their own tailor, assisted by Indian boys who are learning that trade. Everything the Indian students wear is made by themselves. The girls have a light, airy sewing-room and make all their own clothes also. The five companies, looking as trim as a lot of bandbox duds in their bright new uniforms, gave a drill in the afternoon in the gymnasium hall. They all wore white gloves, and handsome caps above their dark faces, and the precision with which they maneuvered was something remarkable. The drill was followed by a game of basket ball, played by young Indian girls, in un-

forms of blue flannel, made in Turkish divided skirt fashion, fastened at the knee, displaying extremely small feet, in low, soft shoes and black stockings. One team wore bright red sashes under their loose blouse waists, and the others dark blue, to match the suits.

Mlle. Augusta Holmes.

The First Woman to Produce Her Own Work on Lyric Stage.

There is an artistic association well worth recording, with the name of Mlle. Augusta Holmes—a name which, without the accent, comes to her from Ireland. She had a cold, cold success with her opera in Paris. She won universal esteem—no enthusiasm. It was even remembered against her that she was not, literally and truly, the first woman to produce her own composition upon the lyric stage. An opera was composed, likewise in Paris, by a Mlle. Bertin, daughter of the once celebrated editor of the Debats, upon a libretto from Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame." It was called "Esmeralda" (as was, by the way, another opera on the same romance composed by Fabio Campana, once so familiar a figure in musical London), and was produced in 1836. But what is not generally remembered is that Henri Regnault came to her for a model for his prix de Rome picture, the picture of all his young ambition, the picture that made him, which is his memorial now in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris. There it hangs, with all the prix de Rome pictures of the young French art of nearly two centuries, and there it records the blonde beauty of the woman musician. It was with her and her father and to the sound of her music that Henri Regnault spent his last evening on earth—a night of "wit and wine, of laughter and guitars." The next day he fell at Buzenval. Mlle. Holmes herself became a prize-winner very soon after; she studied under Caesar Franck, under Wagner, and kept her connection with painting, for she composed a symphonic ode to one of her pictures of Puvion de Chavennes. But her opera is an opera full of songs, and in construction, therefore, out of date. Wagner was ignored in it; and no one, in Paris or elsewhere, can be permitted to ignore Wagner now and henceforth. In one too ambitious evening Mlle. Holmes has compromised the progress of twenty steady years. The audience would have been more bored than they were had not her first opera night been also the first opera night of the present.

DOGS IN CLOTHES.

In Paris the Best Dogs Actually Gave Umbrellas.

No matter what the dress may be, the indispensable companion of the woman who walks in the streets is the dog.

The dog is a smooth coat does not appear to its mistress as sufficient protection from the cold of this season of the year.

So the little dog has his tailor as well as his owner, and Ledouble, of the Palais Royal, may be called the Worth of the kennel. With garments of velvet, trimmed with fur, or of cloth strap-stitched and embroidered, the clothing of the little creature harmonizes with that of his possessor. Some ladies provide mackintoshes for their pets for rainy days, and have them made with a full hood, which covers the ears. Others there are who choose tartan, having points turned back at the shoulders and fastened with a strap around the body. For those believed to be particularly chilly, the coats are provided with collars of quite Medicinal style, and are lined throughout with astrakhan, nutria, or even beaver, as these short furs are too cumbersome for the petted animals. There are some which actually have umbrellas of dark blue silk, which they have been taught to carry quite straight and steadily between their teeth in the event of a sudden shower. They are also provided with handkerchiefs in cases of accidents, a tiny pocket in which to carry these being placed on one side of the coat. These handkerchiefs, adds the Paris correspondent of the London Daily Graphic, are found useful when madame stops a few minutes at the confectioner's, and can wipe her pet's nose and paws after his share in the delicacies she buys.

THERE IS ROOM FOR ALL.

The United States Would Sustain Nearly One Billion of People.

Have you any idea of the number of persons that the United States would sustain without overcrowding the population, or even going beyond the limit of density now shown by the state of Rhode Island? The last census of the pigmy state just gives it a population of 800,000. The area of the state in square miles is only 1,250; thus we find that there is an average of 318 persons on every square mile of her territory. We can best illustrate the sustaining capacity of the whole United States and of the other states by making some comparisons. The State of Texas has an area of 265,780 square miles, and were it equally as densely populated as "Little Rhody" would comfortably sustain a population of 83,523,623 inhabitants—a greater number of persons than the whole country is expected to have in the year 1900. Scatter people all over the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf to the British possessions as thickly as they are now in Rhode Island, and we would have 945,766,30 inhabitants, instead of an insignificant 83,000,000. In other words, if the United States could be peopled to their utmost sustaining capacity we could take care of nearly two-thirds of the present population of the globe.