WHERE PRESIDENTS HAVE BEEN NAMED.

CHICAGO inaugurated the idea that national convention halls should be built to hold a multitude back in May, 1860, when it built the immense wooden wigwam made famous by the first nomination of Abraham Lincoln. Since then the national executive committees of the two leading parties, in locating their conventions, have always demanded assurance of the ability of such cities to seat, feed and sleep a great crowd.

The most famous halls in which national conventions have been held are (or were) the two Chicago wigwams—the Lincoln and the Cleveland wigwams—the old Exposition Building and the Auditorium, Chicago, and the exposition halls in St. Louis, Minneapolis and Cincinnati. It would be hard to say which of these was most satisfactory, but in the minds of those who have attended the national conventions of the last twenty-five years the wigwam idea is least liked. The wigwam that sheltered the last Democratic national convention is especially condemned because of the general feeling of insecurity on the night of the storm that drenched the entire crowd within the walls of the ramshackle hall, and because it was large enough to hold more people than could be properly managed. With the Coliseum this year, however, the Democratic committee will be able to house its convention comfortably and securely, so that such storms as that which threw the last Cleveland convention into a panic will not be noticed.

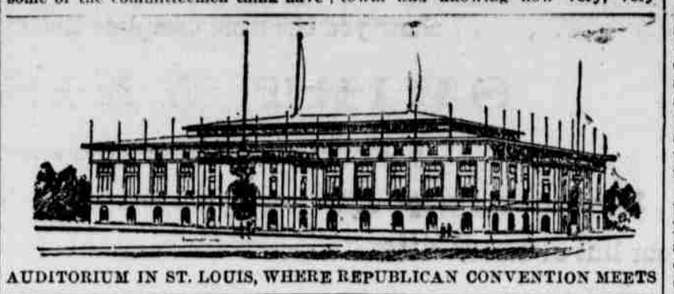
Big Halls a Necessity.

As the railroads of the country have developed, hotel accommodations increased, and newspaper telegraphing multiplied, big convention halls have not only become the fashion, but almost a necessity. The Lincoln wigwam was the first convention hall that gave a liberal space to the press and the telegraphic force that recited to the country at large the history of that great event as it was enacted. The architect of that wigwam and of the Democratic wigwam of 1892, as well, had in mind a theater. The convention in the first wigwam was on the stage, the press occupied the place of the orchestra, and the audience was in the pit and the galleries. In the Democratic wigwam the stars of the convention were on the stage, the press occupied places in the wings back of the stage, the ordinary delegates were in the pit ,and the audience in the galleries. In neither case did the audience hesitate to express itself, and in both the order to clear the galleries was withheld out of fear that the galleries might clear the stage.

MAIN ENTRANCE CHICAGO COLISEUM.

The Charleston convention of 1860 was held in a hall that would only seat 1,500 people, and the three Baltimore conventions of the same year were held, one (the Douglas) in a theater, the Bell-Everett in a church and the Breckinridge in a hall with a capacity of not more than 2,000. But halls of that size will not answer now, for there are almost 2,000 delegates and representatives of the press who have business to transact in the convention building, to say nothing of the throngs of outsiders who think it their duty to see personally to the naming of the presidential candidates and the framing of the platform principles upon which they shall stand. The rule is that there are two convention delegates to each electoral vote, so that there are twice as many as the membership of both houses of Congress. Besides these there are the territorial delegates, and behind each delegate is an alternate. Many of these alternates attend the conventions whether their principals do or not, and must be provided with places. Another calculation in figuring on the seating capacity, and by far the most important, too, is that there will be about ten spectators to each delegate.

The Minneapolis hall accommodated the delegates and the press, but the city itself could not accommodate the crowd. Neither was it a large enough telegraph center to handle the millions of words of matter that was written for the great papers or other cities. The old exposition, on the lake front, Chicago, where several national conventions were held, is said to have been particularly well suited to that use in regard to size, arrangement and all other considerations. The Auditorium, which held the convention that nominated Harrison and Morton, was in great favor with a certain element for the Democratic convention. The Auditorium will hold as many people as some of the committeemen think have any right to attend the convention, and presents as well all necessary facilities for conducting business in a proper way. The Cincinnati halls, Smith & Nixon's and the exposition, were sufficient to accommodate the crowds that assembled at conventions in the days when conventions were held there. New York has had but one national convention of either of the great political parties, the Democratic of 1868, which nominated Seymour and Blair, and that was held in Tammany Hall. Even then an effort was made to stampede the convention for Pendleton, of Ohio, and both parties have been wary of New York ever since.



AUDITORIUM IN ST. LOUIS, WHERE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION MEETS

WHERE NATIONAL CONVENTIONS HAVE BEEN HELD.

Baltimore, in the early days of the present great parties, was the great political convention city. It had the convention that nominated Van Buren and Johnson, and the next four that succeeded in the Democratic party, that of 1840, when Van Buren was nominated the second time, and without a vice-president; that of 1844, which named Polk and Dallas; 1848, which named Lewis Cass and Butler, and 1852, which named Pierce and King. Those conventions were easily accommodated in ordinary sized halls, for the crowds that attended them were as nothing compared to the throngs that flow into convention cities nowadays.

First in the West in 1856.

The Democratic convention of 1856, which nominated Buchanan and Breckinridge, was held in Cincinnati, Ohio, the first one in the West. That of 1860 first met at Charleston, S. C., but adjourned, without accomplishing much, to Baltimore, where Douglas and Johnson were placed in the field, against Lincoln and Hamlin, who were named in the Chicago wigwam. The Republicans moved their next convention to Baltimore, where Lincoln was renominated, and Johnson succeeded Hamlin in the second place on the ticket. That year the Democrats held their first convention in Chicago, and nominated McClellan and Pendleton. In 1868 they went to New York for the only national convention ever held in that city, and named Seymour and Blair as their leaders. In the same year Grant got his first nomination in Chicago, with Colfax in the second place on the ticket.

In 1872 Grant was renominated at Philadelphia, with Wilson, their Democratic opponents, Greeley and Brown, being nominated at Baltimore—the last national political convention held in that city. In 1876 Tilden and Hendricks were nominated at St. Louis, and Hayes and Wheeler at Cincinnati. The latter city also held the next Democratic convention, that of 1880, which placed Hancock and English in the field, their opponents, Garfield and Arthur, being named in the Exposition Building in Chicago.

In 1884 the Democrats came back to Chicago, and, by naming Cleveland and Hendricks, ended a long line of Republican victories, these nominees defeating Blaine and Logan, who were also named in Chicago. In 1888 the Democrats nominated Cleveland and Thurman at St. Louis, and the Republicans named Harrison and Morton in Chicago. In 1892 the Republicans took their Harrison and Reid convention to Minneapolis, and the Democrats named Cleveland and Stevenson in the Chicago wigwam.

MAIN ENTRANCE CHICAGO COLISEUM.

CHICAGO COLISEUM, WHERE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION WILL MEET

The Income of One Minute.

A common form of the begging letter so sadly familiar to the rich men of America is that enclosed in a small Lord Fauntleroy envelope decorated with a curious network of pot hooks and hangers. The person in charge of such correspondence is able to read very nearly every word of the missive with his eyes shut: "I am a little girl, twelve years of age, trying to do what I can for the fresh air fund of our town, and knowing how very, very generous you are, but how many, many people must ask you for money, I only suggest you let us have a half of what your income amounts to for one minute. Your grateful little friend, Mamie B." That is the regular formula followed by the small girl, as the opening of the envelope proves, for the idea of getting a minute's worth of a millionaire's income is a favorite scheme in the begging letter. Earnest young gentlemen, all working in the name of charity, are fond of suggesting that the Midas they address should give them a full suit of clothing to raffle off for the benefit of the village circulating library. An eccentric damsel once sent a black satin slipper of her own to Mr. George Vanderbilt, promising if it was filled with silver dollars for the aid of her free sewing society, she would not ask any larger donation, and deploring coquettishly that the slipper was only a number one. When Mr. Vanderbilt's daily post is examined by the secretary and his assistant, a very few of these remarkable missives are selected for the perusal of their employer, and the rest are docketed and put away in a big box, where such correspondence is, oddly enough, most carefully preserved.

KING OF BUGS.

There Is One in Venezuela that Can Knock a Man Down.

Venezuela is a little republic, but she has one thing that is the biggest of its kind on earth. It is a bug—the largest insect in all the world. The creature is known as the "elephant beetle," and when full grown weighs half a pound. To be struck in the face by such a bug, flying at full speed, would make a man feel as if a mule had kicked him.

This beetle, like others of its kind, both small and large, is clad in a complete suit of armor proof. This armor is made of a material far more indestructible than steel—namely, chitine. Chitine cannot be destroyed except by certain mineral acids; in other words, only the artifices of chemistry avail against it. Thus the shells of beetles that died 10,000,000 years ago have been preserved perfectly in the rocks, so that we know to-day just what these insects of antiquity looked like.

In Europe giant beetles have a considerable market value, commanding

THE ELEPHANT BEETLE.

prices in proportion to their size. In London there are regular auctions of insects, and a single butterfly has been known to fetch $800. A specimen of the rare and very large Goliath beetle is worth $60. This is the largest beetle of the Old World, and it first became known through missionaries in the Congo Basin.

The Scotch Hogmanay.

If you want to make a Scotchman's blood tingle pronounce, if you can, that outlandish word "Hogmanay." If one attempt to chase this philological freak through dictionaries and lexicons the last state of that man is worse than the first. That way madness lies. But Hogmanay to the Scotchman is Christmas and New Year's day rolled into one. It is the "richt guid willie waught" that turns to revelry the last days of the passing year. After Hogmanay Sandy drops back into his grim, industrious life again.

Yule come an Yule's gane
An we hae feasted weel,
Sae Jack maun to his flail again
And Jeannie tae her wheel.
—Montreal Star.

Mexico Is Growing.

The American people are getting better acquainted with Mexico and the Mexican people than they were, but even now it will probably surprise many to learn that our nearest neighbor on the south has, according to a census taken last October, a population of 14,000,000, or about one-fifth the population of the United States. There are 196 cities and 496 villages, not to speak of towns, ranches, and hamlets in the republic. Mexico will hold an international exposition this year and American business men who visit it will find that there is a great field in that country for American trade if it were only wisely cultivated.—Springfield Republican.

Mother—Come, Fritzel, why are you so naughty to-day, just when auntie is paying us a visit? Fritz—'Cause auntie told me that if I was a good boy she would sing for us this evening.—Humoristische Blatter.

There are few women in the world who know just how deep to make the filling in a pie.

TO BE WORN BUT ONCE.

The Empress of Russia's $200,000 Coronation Robe.

A fifth of a million of dollars for a dress to be worn only once. Just think of it! That amount of money invested at 6 per cent. would bring in a tidy little income of $12,000 a year of $1,000 a month. Most women would be willing to accept the responsibility of worrying along on $12,000 a year, and run the risk of affording one or two becoming gowns in the bargain. The lump sum of $200,000, which this rate of interest represents, has already been invested in a coronation robe for Alexandra Feodorovna, Empress of Russia.

For a few hours on the 24th of May she will wear this gown which has taken six months to complete. It then becomes practically state property, and will spend the remainder of its existence in a glass case labeled, "Coronation Robe of Her Imperial Majesty Alexandra Feodorovna, Empress-Consort of Russia."

A $200,000 costume lying useless in a glass case, after a few hours' wear, will make a nice target for the eloquence of anarchists, nihilists, socialists and all the other "ists" in which Russia abounds. It may be imagined that they will do full justice to its every pearl and diamond, its fretwork of golden threads and the six months of patient toil that it took to complete it.

Two hundred thousand dollars will by no means complete the cost of the Empress' coronation costume. There is also the ermine-line mantle of burnished silver brocade. And the state jewels, the coronet of which is estimated to have cost $1,000,000.

The necklet contains some of the finest crown jewels in Europe, and in addition to these state gems she will wear all the gifts of jewelry which her husband has given to her since their marriage. Surely Solomon, even in his palmiest days, could not go the Empress one better.

THE RUSSIAN EMPRESS' $200,000 CORONATION ROBE.

If any occasion could justify the resurrection of that once popular stand-by "baffles description," it would be an attempt to give an adequate idea of this wonderful gown, which represents the work of so many skillful hands. A world-famed artist designed it, a world-famed milliner constructed it, and a world-famed jeweler directed its adornment.

SERVED FORTY YEARS.

Miss Stone Has Been Postmistress that Length of Time.

Miss Martha Elvira Stone has been postmistress at North Oxford, Mass., for forty years. Franklin Pierce was the President who appointed her. A queer old daguerreotype of Miss Stone was exhibited at the World's Fair as the oldest United States postmistress, but this is a new picture of her, taken only a few weeks ago.

Miss Stone is 79 years old and a cousin of Clara Barton, the great army nurse.

MISS MARTHA ELVIRA STONE.

She is a remarkable old woman, full of vitality, and has her queer little post-office in the front room of her dwelling house.

A Famous Book.

Concerning the making of that most popular of all child's books, "Shock-Headed Peter," its author, Dr. Hoffmann, of Frankfort, Germany, tells this story: He had been searching high and low for a suitable picture-book for his two-year-old boy, but in vain. At last he purchased a blank copy-book and told his wife he was going to make a picture-book for the boy—"one he can understand, and in which the tedious morals 'be obedient,' 'be calm,' 'be industrious,' are brought home in a manner which impresses the young child." He knew nothing of drawing, but he set to work and produced the gruesome picture of all the naughty boys and girls which everybody knows. His child was delighted, and when some of his circle of literary friends saw it they urged him to have it published before the boy spoiled it, and a publisher said he would bring it out. "Well," said Dr. Hoffmann, "give me eighty gulden" (about $25), "and try your fortune. Don't make it expensive, and don't make it too strong. Children like to tear books as well as to read them, and nursery-books ought not to be heirlooms. They ought to last only a time." An edition of fifteen hundred was quickly sold, and now one hundred and seventy-five editions have appeared in Germany and forty in England, and it has been translated into Russian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, French, Italian and Portuguese, and it has penetrated India, Africa and Australia.

WHIPPED AT LAST.

How the Bully of a Michigan Logging Camp Met Defeat.

In the logging camps of Michigan might makes right, and the man who has whipped all comers in fair fights is king of his camp.

One of these, said a logger to a Washington Star reporter, was very boastful of his exploits. He had been the victor in a dozen fights, and no one cared to enter the lists with him, but every man in the camp hated the champion. Going into a saloon one day he announced:

"I'm tired of these babies in the camp. I ain't had a good fight in Michigan. I can whip my weight in dogs, wildcats or anything that breathes for $100."

A meek-looking man took the bet and arrangements for the fight were made. It was to take place in a closed room, one week from the time the bet was made.

The day came, and the champion called, "Bring on your animile." The man who had bet against the king of the camb brought his antagonist in a large sack, which had been deposited behind the stove in the saloon where the match had been entered into, the weather just beginning to get cold. The gladiator entered the room, the sack was emptied and the people crowded at the window to see the contest. Out of the sack came three large hornet nests, the occupants of which had been revived by the heat.

TOO MUCH FOR THE BULLY.

They issued from the nests in swarms and lit all over the man. He fought them for a minute or two, then, with a yell, jumped through the window, carrying sash and glass with him, never stopping until he reached the river, into which he jumped.

"Said he could whip his weight in anything that breathed," remarked the meek little man, as he pocketed the stakes, "but about five pounds of hornets knocked him out in the first round."

Deaths from Chloroform.

It is stated that fifty-two deaths occurred within the past year in the United Kingdom from the administration of chloroform. This would be a fearful indictment against the use of that anaesthetic if we only knew what was the relative proportion of patients submitted to its influence and to the influence of other anaesthetics. In other words, if the number of chloroform cases were fifty-two times the number of nitrous oxide cases, chloroform would be no more dangerous, although it might have caused fifty-two deaths for one death caused by the latter anaesthetic.

Uncle Mose—"Dat dorg is ma best friend, an' I wouldn't sell 'um fo' nothin'." Van Pelt—"I'll give you fifty cents for him." Uncle Mose—"He's yo' dorg."—Yonkers News.

A girl who has a poor form deserves admiration for the clever manner in which she hides it.

MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN.

Britain's Ambassador to France—Once Governor-General of Canada.

Out of the dust and din which England's bold proposition to conquer the Soudan has roused in France rises the form of the imperturbable Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, the most distinguished diplomat of the times. France is fighting angry with England, and the relations between the two countries are tense as a fiddle string. All England looks to the Marquis of Dufferin to smooth down the ruffled feathers of the Gallic bird, and if he fails in this amazingly difficult task it will be because the affair transcends the power of the master hand at diplomacy. The marquis has won his honors fairly, and he has no end of them. Not even a tithe of them can be given here, but it may be said that he has occupied every lofty post in the diplomatic service of his country and its collateral interests. He is now above 70 years of age, and in his long career has been of vast service to his government. He has been secretary of state for India, and of war, too. He was viceroy of India and governor general of Canada.

MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN.

Stories of Statesmen.

An Orator's Little Ruse.

At a public dinner there was on the table in front of Edward Everett an ornamented dish, with two miniature silk American flags stuck into the viand. A waiter removed it from the table to the sideboard that it might be carved. As soon as Mr. Everett missed the dish he seemed seriously annoyed and whispered to another waiter to replace it. A gentleman sitting near noticed this little by scene and was surprised that the great man should appear annoyed at the disappearance of the dish and delighted at its reappearance. When the orator made his speech in response to a national toast the mystery was explained. For as he warmed with his theme—the greatness of the republic—he spoke of the emotions excited by the flag of the union, whose folds they beheld gracefully festooned around the walls. Suddenly, as if moved by the impulse of the moment, he seized the two little flags from the dish and waved them, one in each hand, above his head, and the company applauded the act.

Tom Platt Writes Verse.

Mr. Platt has two trunks at his old home in Owego full of campaign songs. He had just left Yale College when he commenced writing and he has a record in this respect which is marvelous. A few years ago he was the guest of the newspaper men of the Fellowcraft Club. He was called upon for a speech. He looked around the board and saw politicians of the two parties, literary critics, artists and dramatists. All expected a speech from him. Instead he recited an original poem which he composed that afternoon in his office, telling of the ultimate fate of a mischievous yet enthusiastic pig. Mr. Platt's poem was the speech of the evening, and was received with roars of laughter. This rhymster and sentimentalist of campaign songs is the Republican master of New York State.—New York Sun.

Took Him for the Congressman.

An amusing story is told in Washington of a Northern Congressman who made a mistake in the identity of a well-known Congressman the other day.

There is a janitor whom members frequently mistake for ex-Congressman Sperry, of Connecticut. The man on whom the story is told was on his way to the Senate restaurant when he met the janitor, whom he took for Sperry. Being well acquainted with the ex-Congressman, he invited him to take lunch with him. The janitor, feeling highly flattered, accepted the invitation. They went over, and after enjoying the delicacies of the season, the Northern Congressman passed him a 50-cent cigar, which he immediately lit and proceeded to enjoy. Then they started back for the House, but before reaching it a page rushed up and said to the pseudo Sperry: "You are wanted up stairs to attend to some sweeping and general cleaning."

The Congressman was so taken back that he was speechless for a minute, but regaining his composure he let out some remarks that filled the air with sulphur and brimstone. The Northern Congressman is not to be blamed for his mistake, says the narrator of the story, for many other members who know Sperry well have frequently spoken to the janitor for Sperry.

Engine of Death.

Eugene Paul Brand has just submitted a fearful weapon to the German Minister of War. It puts all inventions in the sphere of death-dealing instruments in the shade. The Brand contrivance is a gun, which is not loaded with powder, but with compressed gas. A single charge will suffice for 2,500 shots, and volleys of fifty shots each can be fired in rapid succession. This Brand-new invention is one of the numerous and improved methods of killing people that advanced civilization is now demanding. His activity in destroying lives will doubtless win for him a monument.

Western thin robber—"Hold up your hands!" Reggie Languid—"Aw—go to my man, deah fellaw; he always awanges about my twaveling bills."—Truth.

The Cream of Current Humor

"Man wants but little here below,"
At least, so he observes
When he compares his wants with what
He thinks that he deserves.
—Indianapolis Journal.

Fogg says that to borrow ten dollars from a friend must be considered an X-raise experiment.—Boston Transcript.

Muggins—"Did you ever attend a box party at the opera?" Buggins—"No; I'm too fond of music."—Philadelphia Record.

"Papa, what is a 'walk in life?'" "It is that procession, my boy, in which everybody has to run like mad, or get left."—Chicago Record.

Perkins (to Jenkins)—"I heard this morning that Barlow had been arrested. What has he done?" Jenkins—"Everybody."—Harper's Bazar.

"Oh, I can recommend him to you. He is obliging, he knows his work, he is honest." "But he stole my watch!" "Yours, too!"—New York Times.

"You don't see spring signs in this city much, do you?" "Oh, yes; crowds get bigger every day in front of bicycle show windows."—Chicago Post.

Mrs. Musicus—"Did you have much trouble in learning to sing so beautifully?" Miss Frankly—"Yes; especially with the neighbors."—Chicago Plain Dealer.

He can't pay his board, for his star of success
Beneath the horizon has sunk;
He's an elephant now on his landlady's hands
And that's why she's holding his trunk.
—New York Sun.

"Ef yoh argifies wif er smaht man," said Uncle Eben, "you done git de wust ob it, and if yoh argies wif er fool yoh done was'e yoh time."—Washington Star.

Young Duff—"I never talk about things that I do not understand." Old Ruff—"Really, you must be the most reticent young man in the city."—Boston Transcript.

Crimsonbeak—"Do you know Puckerton, the cornetist?" Yeast—"Yes, he lives within gunshot of me." "Well, you must be a frightfully bad shot."—Yonkers Statesman.

Other springs the young man's yearning
Straight his thoughts of love reveals,
But these days his ardent fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of wheels.
—Chicago Record.

"What can it be that has come between Dawson and his wife? They used to be so happy together." Mrs. Dawson got the chafing-dish habit." "Oh, too bad. Poor Dawson!"—Harper's Bazar.

She—Mary John Smedler! If there wasn't another man in the world I wouldn't have him. Uncle George—Considering the opportunities that would give him for selection, I think you are right.—Boston Transcript.

City lady (in the country)—I get so impatient for the news out here. The mails are so irregular! Old-fashioned grandmother—La! So they was in my young days. Ye couldn't trust 'em at all.—Milwaukee Illustrated News.

"I really don't understand," said the fond mother to the photographer, "why you should insist on charging double for photographing the baby when even the grasping street-car corporation lets him ride free!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Though winter cease his bluster drear
And skies may smile instead of frown,
We can't believe that spring is here
Until the price of coal goes down.
—Washington Star.

Wife—"Shall I put your diamond studs in your shirt, dear?" Husband—"What on earth are you thinking of? Do you want to ruin me? I have a meeting with my creditors this morning."—Spare Moments.

"I see you had a shop-lifter at your place the other day, Berker." "Yes. It's lucky she came Thursday instead of Wednesday." "Why so?" "Everything she took had been marked down 50 per cent. If she'd come the day before, we'd have lost that."—Harper's Bazar.

Proposing parties are the rage;
In fact, they're quite the thing.
But the best proposing party
Is the chap who's bought the ring.
—Philadelphia Record.

"One of the strong points about this carpet, ma'am," said the salesman, "is that it won't show dirt as plainly as some others. You wouldn't have to sweep it nearly as often as——" "I shouldn't have to sweep it at at all, young man," interrupted Mrs. Gaswell, with much sharpness. "We keep a hired girl."—Chicago Tribune.

"I see you have several books by Charles Reade," remarked the visitor, who was looking at the library. "Have you 'Hard Cash' here?" "Of course not, sir," replied Mr. Boodelle, the eminent contractor, with cold dignity. "I have a burglar-proof safe."—Chicago Tribune.

"Is Mrs. Smith at home?" asked the caller. "Physically, madam," returned the educated servant, "she is. As an abstract question, the fact cannot be denied. But in relation to your desire to see her, I cannot say definitely until I have ascertained Mrs. Smith's wishes in the matter. Pray be seated until I have received advices from above."—Philadelphia Times.

The Human Brain.

Professor Ranke has submitted to the German Anthropological Society the results of his investigations into the relative weights of the brain and spinal cord in man and the monkey. The elephant and the whale have heavier brains than man; the mole and certain small apes and singing birds have heavier brains in proportion to the weight of the body than man. According, however, to Professor Ranke, the weight of the brain in proportion to the weight of the spinal cord is greater in man than in any other animal.