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The people of this country have a greater reason than our forefathers to cry "taxation without representation is tyranny." Never in the history of the Nation have there been such a high rate of taxation laid upon the people as proposed by the new Republican tariff bill. Why the poor man with a large family should contribute more to the support of the government than any one else, and that too to foster and feed trusts, combines and corporations.—Malvern Times-Journal.

LET'S PLUCK UP COURAGE.

United States Ambassador White, this Government's representative at Berlin, should vigorously prosecute his movement for the release of Alfred Wessling from the German army. Young Mr. Wessling is the son of a naturalized American citizen, but, chancing to visit Germany, was drafted for military service, and is now an unwilling soldier of the Kaiser.

There need be no jingoism in declaring that Uncle Sam should not submit to such action on the part of Germany or any other foreign nation. It isn't exactly right, to draw it mildly, that American citizens or their sons traveling through the dominions of the warlike William of Hohenzollern should be subject to sudden arrest and enrollment in that monarch's army. It is all right, of course, for William to be filled with a desire to maintain his army at the highest possible top-notch, numerically, but he should not try to accomplish this by instituting press-gang methods, the victims of which hail from the United States.

The case of Alfred Wessling is not the first instance, by any means, of Americans of German birth having been thus seized and drafted into the Kaiser's service. Owing, it is said, to the timidity of American Consuls in Germany, this line of procedure has heretofore proven entirely safe and free from diplomatic complications. The complications were avoided by American Consuls virtually shutting their eyes to the outrages in question. But this makes it rough on the American citizen pulled neck and heels into a German uniform and subjected to the contemptuous bullying of German military martinet.

Were Germany to lay recruiting hands on a subject of Great Britain in this manner the chances are that young Billy Hohenzollern would be yanked back from that British subject with a vigorous jerk that would put a crick in his royal neck for some time to come. True, Great Britain is a bumptious, quarrelsome sort of nation, but somehow the whole world admires her for the grit with which she guards the rights of British subjects. Should not Uncle Sam pluck up a little spirit concerning American subjects?—Republic.

Plants From Buds.

There are certain varieties of mountain plants which have a singular provision of nature for perpetuating their species. The duration of summer in those elevated regions is too short to permit of the ripening of seeds, and the top buds fall off and take root as would the seeds.

Chicago's Woman's Temple.

Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, who planned the Temple in Chicago which is used for headquarters of the National Woman's Christian Temperance union, The Union Signal and many other important offices, has taken to the platform in order to raise money to liquidate the debt of the Temple. Miss Shentz, an able eloquentist, accompanies her. Any one desiring to perpetuate the memory of a temperance worker can, by the payment of \$100 to the building fund, have such name inscribed on the tablet in William Hall in the Temple.

Hood's Pills

Should be in every family medicine chest and every traveler's grip. They are available when the stomach is out of order; cure headache, biliousness, and all liver troubles. Mild and efficient. 25 cents.

ENGLISH IN CHICAGO.

Discussion on Grammar Between a Newspaper and a Citizen.

The Chicago Inter Ocean becomes both sarcastic and indignant when any one questions the purity of its diction. So when a reader named Campbell ventured to criticize expressions used by its society editor the captions one found that he had caught a Tartar. This is the way The Inter Ocean puts it: Inclosed with the following letter, received a few days ago, were two clippings from the society columns of The Inter Ocean:

Here are three barbarisms that caught my eye in this morning's issue of your paper—There is no such word as "gowned"—It is nearly a Cockney vulgarism that had its origin in London, England—"Sweetest" is of the same sort—and same origin—No American having any regard for purity of language can use such slang—As all these words appear in so called "society items" I take it your Society editor is a male or female dude and needs a lesson in language—The harm done by the use of such words in your paper is very great as thousands of children read it and absorb its words—Do stop this Cockney vulgarity—

JAMES CAMPBELL.
There is no doubt you mean well, Jim, but a term in a night school would be beneficial even to you before you begin to give lessons in English. To begin with, you would be taught there that our grandfather, Lindley Murray, always told us to use periods. You ought to have known Lindley, Jim. He was a distinguished grammarian, you know, or perhaps you don't know.

And then, Jim, there was Tennyson. He said of a heroine in one of his poems that she was "gowned in pure white." So you see Lord Tennyson found the word "gowned" to be useful long before you learned to walk steady on your hind feet or to eat with your front hoofs. Webster says "gowned" means "dressed in a gown; clad."

You say that these barbarians "caught your eye," and you fail to mention which eye they caught. How is the other eye?
You are right when you say that our society editor is either a male or a female. Do you belong to one of these sexes? We suspect not. When you write again, spell "merely" as it should be. The way you spelled it is like spelling your name "camel" instead of "Campbell." See that hump?

We don't like to offend your sensitive ear, or the other one either, Jim. Buy Webster's Dictionary and a fourth reader. Start right, and your sensitive ear may outgrow its affliction.

SAVE THE DOGS' EARS.

Cropping Them Prevents the Animals From Hearing Well.

Any one who has heard the megaphone must have wondered at the extraordinary power of increasing sound that is produced by form, and I would like to call attention to one point in connection with cutting dogs' ears that I do not remember to have seen mentioned anywhere—that is, from an acoustic standpoint:

I have lately purchased a small Yorkshire terrier, imported from England only a few months ago. Its ears were clipped in England after what the seller of the dog declared to be "the very latest style."

The ears were first clipped and then stiffened up with three effects on the dog:

First.—That the buzz of a bee or fly causes him to retreat under cover of safety.

Second.—That he ducks his head when about to be patted, a sure sign of the length of time the pain of the operation must have lasted.

Third.—(An effect I had not expected.) That he has absolutely no idea of the direction of sound.

In the ears of a mastiff dog any one who observes the shell-like form of the ear opening may easily imagine the immense power of such a trumpetlike instrument to increase the volume of sound. A change in the acoustical arrangement of the flap of the ear would necessarily entirely puzzle and bewilder the owner as to the direction of sound, and this one point on ear cutting would seem of itself to condemn the practice.—Our Animal Friends.

Legal Equality.

The women are again moving in the state of Illinois in the interest of equality before the law. God bless them and God speed them in their righteous quest! The shame is that it is left for the women to lead. Let the men inaugurate the movement that will make for justice. This cause has lost its newness. It has had to pay full price for the crudities and extravagances that gather around every reform, but at the core the demand is a righteous one, and it must be heard, and ultimately it must triumph. Let no one lose heart and let no one delay any legitimate effort. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho have fully enfranchised their women. "Eastward the star of (this) empire takes its way."—Chicago New Unity.

Mineral Wool.

She—What is this mineral wool one reads so much about?
He—Mineral wool? Why, that's the wool they shear from hydraulic rams.—New York Times.

Caps of linen, wool, straw, bark of trees and leather were extensively worn in Egypt and Arabia in early times and were usually of a pointed or peaked shape. The variety of headresses used by the Egyptian ladies was very great.

There are more than 200 lakes within the boundaries of Venezuela, one of the largest being 1,600 feet above the level of the sea. The Orinoco river, the largest in Venezuela, is 1,160 miles long.

NEWSPAPER MAKERS

THE MAGNETISM THAT THERE IS IN THE PROFESSION.

Why Crusoe Didn't Print a Paper—Edwin Arnold's Love of the Calling—Chauncey Depew and His "Jollies"—A Tired Lot of Reporters.

I like to brag about newspaper men who have done good work, because the men themselves don't like it. For one newspaper man to chant the praises of others of his craft is considered "taboo," and the very fact of its being tabooed makes it exceptionally tempting at times, so frail are we all. The proper professional attitude for a newspaper man—according to convention—is that of being always slightly bored and of hating above all things to see his own or another newspaper man's name in print. As to being in love with his profession—well, that's all right for a new hand just from college, but now—rats!

Don't you believe a word about newspaper work making genuine newspaper men tired. They couldn't keep away from it if they tried. If Robinson Crusoe had been a newspaper man, he would have printed a daily edition of the Juan Fernandez Castaway in blunt stick type on the sand in front of his hut every morning and got out an extra when he captured Friday.

And it must be that age and rank and station don't serve to benumb this feeling. When Sir Edwin Arnold happened to be in St. Louis a few years ago, a sudden crisis in India—Russians and Englishmen glaring at each other across the rugged crests of the Pamirs, the "Roof of the World"—made an interview with him of especially timely value. It came into my day's work to see him, and at the close of the interview he fell to talking about the incidental phases of a possible Russo-English war.

"Should such a war be declared," said Sir Edwin, "I would instantly go to the front for my paper"—the London Telegraph—"and serve as a special correspondent. It is the most fascinating work in the profession, and there is none more fascinating outside."

And a moment later the English poet and newspaper editor was telling me that he considered James Whitcomb Riley the most distinctively national of living American poets, and that to his mind Riley owed much of this to the fact that he was a "newspaper poet," instead of a magazine poet.

If I only had Dr. Chauncey M. Depew here to join in this talk about newspaper men, then you'd begin to realize what fine fellows they really are. Dr. Depew couldn't live without newspaper men. They visit him in his private office in the New York headquarters of the New York Central railroad, and they laugh at the jokes in his after dinner speeches and boom him for the presidency of the United States and for anything else he may desire simply because they like him and he likes them. The first and only time I ever saw Dr. Depew was at the Republican national convention of 1892 in Minneapolis, whither Dr. Depew repaired as one of the "Big Four" of that very lively convention. He was surrounded six deep by newspaper correspondents—facing them, tall and irreproachably groomed, looking for all the world like the swelled old heavy father in "The Banker's Daughter," and giving, out all the news he consistently could, I suppose. And when he had exhausted his budget for the time being he turned in and gave them a "Depew jolly" of the press which was really a daisy in its line. Of course I'm not going to tell you what he said, because, honestly, it was a bit steep, but I just want to give you an idea that I would be greatly reinforced in this talk if I could have Dr. Depew here to take a hand in it.

Talking of conventions and bearing in mind my already expressed disbelief in the possibility of a newspaper man's ever getting tired of newspaper work, I want to make a kind of exception. The tiredest lot of newspaper men I ever saw was at the close of the famous all night session of the Democratic national convention of that same year—1892—in Chicago. It was the night of the great anti-Cleveland fight made by Tammany in the last ditch; the night when Bourke Cockran made the greatest speech of his life; the night when such an orator as Daniel of Virginia was hooted from the platform because the convention was actually too exhausted to listen; the night when Cleveland was nominated. With one recess, if I am not mistaken, the convention remained in session from 10 o'clock one morning until 4 o'clock the next. It was a crucial session, too, and kept correspondents on the alert every moment. Bourke Cockran's speech against Cleveland was made about 2:30 in the morning, and a dying man would have been forced to listen and thrill at its eloquent invective and masterly sarcasm. But after that came the awful slump of utter weariness. When the convention adjourned, day had broken over Chicago and the streets were gray in its early light. White faced and limp, the corps of special correspondents almost staggered out and made their sleep blind way to their respective hotels. Tired? Yes, but it was as a soldier is tired in the trenches. A few hours' sleep and the fight would be resumed as gallantly as ever.—R. D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

Woodcock Eggs.

Owing to the inhabitants of Sweden being very partial to the eggs of the woodcock, it is more than probable that the breed will be greatly diminished, if not at last totally exterminated. The eggs of the above species are to be seen for sale in large numbers in the various markets in Stockholm.

A fine specimen of the white footed antelope of northern India, the mother of two fine youngsters, is at present owned in England. The animals are extremely rare.

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