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THE WEEKLY JOURNAL. Issued Thursdays. One Dollar a Year. ADVERTISING RATES. Situations, Wants, Rents, and other small advertisements, One Cent a Word each insertion. Five Cents a word for a full week.

President Harlan of Lake Forest college, Chicago, objects to the use of the word co-ed. He asks the friends of the women students not to use it, and urges the students themselves not to allow it.

Ex-Governor Robert L. Taylor of Tennessee, who wants to be senator, has written a letter to an inquiring prohibitionist. "I have always been on the side of law and order," he says.

The screw manufacturers of England and Germany have formed a trust, with an agreement that the German makers shall keep out of the British market. It is said that prices have been advanced fifty per cent.

A keeper was cleaning the hyenas' cage at Hall by the Sea, England. One of the animals improved the opportunity to turn upon the man in an ugly mood. The keeper promptly defended himself, and to teach the animal manners, gave it a drubbing until it slunk to a corner.

An effort is being made in Worcester to break the will of the late William A. Richardson, who recently committed suicide by hanging, and in his will left stock valued at over \$200,000 to the city of Worcester for its park system.

It was related that a doctor was summoned to testify in a Virginia court regarding an accident case, the main facts of which were that the plaintiff claimed to have been blown up, and came down in a sitting posture on some red hot iron.

Emperor William when he goes voyaging in his yacht is frequently in a merry mood. He usually has on board as guests a number of prominent men, with a few of whom early rising is a fad.

peror is extremely fond of riding this electric plunger and thus making fun for his guests.

THE CAT.

There are unfeeling, yea brutal, people in this world who will mildly joy in the thought that the right of a man to kill cats that attack his property has again been judicially affirmed.

The most untamed animal in Christendom! And this "the harmless, necessary cat." We pause for the comments of the cat-lovers.

GOOD WORK IN HOUSTON.

They are pretty thorough in Houston, Texas. An ordinance was made there awhile ago against the making of "goo-goo" eyes by men. It is going to be enforced, and as it is it has become necessary to officially and judicially define the words.

Pretty clear and comprehensive. Perhaps this definition will get into the next great dictionary. Sheep's eyes were long ago defined. Thus the Spectator said: "Those (eyes) of an amorous, roguish look derive their title even from the sheep; and we say such a one has a sheep's eye, not so much to denote the innocence as the simple slyness of the cast."

LIFE AND DEATH IN MANILA.

The United States hasn't been in the Philippines long enough to make Manila a very healthy place. The official report of the Board of Health for the Philippine islands, June 15, 1905, on vital and sanitary statistics in May last shows that Manila has a population of 219,941, the Americans numbering 4,389; Spaniards, 2,528; other Europeans, 1,117; Chinese, 21,239, and Filipinos, 189,782.

Perhaps Manila is now as near Heaven as any other place. So dying there isn't as sad as it used to be.

SOME NAVAL LESSONS.

The lessons of the Russo-Japanese war are all going to be learned. The Revue de Paris has an article by an expert on the naval lessons of the war. What most impresses Frenchmen, he says, is the comparative failure of the torpedo.

vessels. That of large ships is the gun; and it was by its guns that the Japanese fleet won its victories. It is almost certain that the guns have not sunk battleships, but guns reduced them to silence and confusion and delivered them up to the torpedo boat.

Another point upon which the writer dwells is that even vessels subjected to a very heavy fire were still able to keep afloat and reach port with their own steam, and that, now as in the past, it is the losses among the crews rather than material injuries which put ships out of action. The loss of men who are in their way specialists is irremediable. He then quotes figures to show that a battleship which has suffered no serious injury and is still provided with arms and ammunition may be forced by losses among her officers and crew to seek safety in flight.

"AETAS SENESCIT."

Ex Ulysses Tennysonianus.

En portum, socci! Navis iam vela tume-scut; Illic oceanus latus tristisque pateat. O nautae, qui participes iam saepe fuistis! Mecum sudoris, rationum, omnisque periculi, qui lacis animis soles tonitruumque tulistis, Omnibus in rebus fortes ac fronte serenis! Paulatim, fratres, ego vosque senescimus omnes! Conventum tamen et senibus decus atque labores. Terminat omnia mors; prius autem sunt factenda. Quae cum divis mortales esse renos-ces Nec post degenerasse per aevum testi-ficentur. Vespere vix into scintillant lumine saxa. Et, moriente die longo, nunc luna gradatim Subsequitur: varilis trepidat pelagus resonante Undique vocibus. Haud serum est, soli comitesque. Solem alium stellisque novas petere alicui videtur. Solvite et a transtris pariter diffundite sulcos. Murnura dante mari magno: nam stat milli fixum Naven ultra solem oeciduum, qua sidera nostra Aequore tegunt, propellere, donec obno. Forstian irreque nos provehat unda deorsum; Forstian attingamus agros sedesque beatas. Atque viram nobis notum videamus Achillem. Multum perdidimus, sed adhuc multum superest quod Perpetui famam factorum et consiliorum. Quae per nos juvenes caelum terrasque movebunt. Aequus inest nobis animus, fortis, generosus; Debitum nos fatum annique, sed usque volumus. Conari, petere ac reperire, et cedere nusquam. TRACY PECK.

(The ability to turn English verse into Latin, while preserving any of the poetical feeling, is not so common in this country as to make an apology necessary for printing this version by Professor Peck. We subjoin the original passage from Tennyson's "Ulysses":

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail; There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners, Souls that have toil'd and wrought, and thought with me, That ever with a frolic welcome took The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed Free hearts, free foreheads,—you and I are old; Old age hath yet his honor and his toil. Death closes all; but something ere the end, Some work of noble note, may yet be done, Not unbecoming men that strove with gods. The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks; The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep Moans round with many voices, Come, my friends, 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world. Push off, and sitting well in order smite The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths Of all the western stars, until I die. It may be that the gulfs will wash us down; It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles, And see the great Achilles whom we knew. Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho' We are not now that strength which in old days Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are.— One equal temper of heroic hearts, Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

JOINED.

"There is no use in my joining your sewing circle," said the new resident. "I really can't sew at all!" "Oh yes, but you can talk!" persisted the caller, with the invitation.—Detroit Free Press.

Little Willie—"Papa, why does the railroad company have those cases with the axe and saw in every car?" Father—"I presume they are put in to use in case any one wants to open a window."—Puck.

Teacher (of class in zoology)—"What is the proof that a sponge is a living animal?" Young Man With the Bad Eye—"A man is a living animal. Many men are sponges. Therefore, a sponge is a living animal."—Chicago Tribune.

She—"Now wasn't it thoughtful of me to go out early and gather those flowers for the breakfast table?" "Fine!" (He kisses her.) "Where's the coffee?" "Oh! But I can't think of everything, darling, can I?"—Philadelphia Press.

Binks—"When I first met you, sir, I thought you were a gentleman!" Spinks—"And when I met you, sir, I was sure you were an idiot!" Binks—"Well, let's shake hands and make up. I'm willing to admit that we were both mistaken."—Cleveland Leader.

"I think I never saw Rymer so utterly crushed as he was when his first poem appeared in print." "What was the matter? Some typographical error in the poem?" "No, that wasn't it. What crushed him was that the paper was sold for a cent a copy, just as usual."—Chicago Journal.

"Please listen, madam," begged the hobo, "to the sad story of an unfortunate man. Seven years ago I was wrecked on a desert island in the Pacific. My mates were all drowned, but I was washed ashore." "And you haven't been washed since—I see!" said the lady, flippantly. With a hopeless sigh he turned away.—Cleveland Leader.

Horatius Hinkley. Horatius Hinkley never took away a widow's suit—Not that his heart was ever touched by any widow's plight—He never took advantage of an orphan in distress—Nor ever tried to win the love of any other's wife. He always dealt with his neighbors as closely as he could. Because he coveted the praise of those who called him good.

Horatius Hinkley never stole—not that it was his nature, but simply for the reason that he wished to shun disgrace—He never cheated other men nor spread untruth abroad—Because he feared he might be caught, and not through fear of God; He never dealt with the laws and proudly with his head. A model man indeed he was, as everybody said.

Horatius Hinkley never stabbed—not that within his breast The hives which urge men to kill had never made a nest—He was a pattern and a saint to all who know how free His record was from any taint; but, brother, candidly, I'd hate to have to take his chance when death has closed his eyes. And he goes up to be equipped with wings—or otherwise.—Chicago Record-Herald.

CHEYNNES' SACRED ARROWS.

Tribe Has Endeavored for Years to Recover Them From the Pawnees. The Dog Soldier band of Cheyenne Indians from western Oklahoma has just completed a visit with the Skedee band of the Pawnees, near Pawnee. The Cheyennes to the number of 300 came to recover two sacred arrows captured from them by the Pawnees many years ago, and this visit was the first time the two bands had met in friendly council since the time when both were on the warpath.

The two sacred arrows were captured from the Cheyennes in battle on Platte River, Neb., about sixty years ago. A Pawnee who had previously been crippled and who preferred death to the suffering caused by his wounds had stationed himself far in advance of the other Pawnees in a clump of bushes. As he was picking off a great many Cheyennes with his arrows they saw that it was necessary to dislodge him.

Accordingly a bunch of Cheyenne warriors on horseback made a dash for the clump of bushes, their sacred arrows in the lead. He had the arrows, four in number, fastened to a long spear, and as he struck at the Pawnee the crippled man dodged to one side and grasped the spear, wresting it from the Cheyenne's hand. Almost simultaneously with the charge of the Cheyennes, a few Pawnees in the rear, seeing the danger of their crippled brave, rushed to his assistance. The Cheyennes were thus routed before they could regain their sacred arrows.

About ten years later the Cheyennes recovered two of their sacred arrows by giving the Pawnees 200 ponies. In their negotiations here the Cheyennes were unable to convince the Pawnees that the two arrows still in the latter's possession should be surrendered at this time. The Pawnees said that if the Dog Soldier Cheyennes should prove worthy friends of the Skedee band after the intended visit of the Pawnees to the Cheyennes next summer the Pawnees may listen to a proposal from the Cheyennes. At this time the Cheyennes must be satisfied with the presents they have received.—From the Kansas City Journal.

THE CHARLESTON WAY.

A Social Organization Sustains the Traditions and Practices of 300 Years. The Dances of the St. Cecilia Society of Charleston, S. C., are the two oldest subscription balls in the world. Their invitation for this winter mark three

centuries in which the elect of the Quaker and Huguenot cities have been invited to dance and to pay the fiddler.

As near as possible the 16 managers of the St. Cecilia have borne the same name as the original managers. When one died another of the same name was put in his place, if he could be found in the United States. No innovation has been permitted in the management.

No one tries to break the rules, which are unique. Possibly the most peculiar one is the refusal of the managers to allow women to sit outside the ball room with men. Stairway flirtations, cozy-corner tete-a-tetes, are simply not allowed.

One woman, known throughout American society as one of the potential leaders of the Newport smart set, thought herself above the traditions of the Carolina ball. She was a guest at this dance when in Charleston and began the evening by sitting out dances in secluded corners outside the ball room. Comment ran rife. The 16 managers consulted together. The president, a man of great manner and unflinching elegance, took upon himself the duty of correcting the New York woman.

Flinding her in a secluded corner, as usual, he kindly informed her of the comment she brought upon herself by breaking the best known rule of the society. She was inclined to be ungracious about it and intimated that the managers were of dummies. "It is done in London and New York," she defiantly said. "But not in Charleston, madam," answered the president, as he offered her his arm, which he never removed until she took it. He then led her back to the ball room and offered her a chair.

Before each dance the orchestra gives the signal for every girl to return to her chaperon. She cannot leave the man with whom she is talking to join the man to whom she has promised the next dance. This part-

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ner must go to her chaperon and await her return. The president always leads the march to supper with the newest bride. Supper is served promptly at midnight, and the ball opens at the early hour of 9 o'clock. The men arrive earlier, for the social conditions are such in the South that there are more men than women, and if they indulge in the foolish Eastern habit of arriving just before midnight they haven't a chance of finding a partner through the evening.

During the hardships of the Civil War and privations of the reconstruction the men abandoned dress suits for these dances. They wore what they could find. Purple and fine linen had disappeared, and if the men hadn't patched gray uniforms they could get whole suits or unbleached Macdon Mills cloth, with buttons of

gourd seeds in some cases, they were say about it.

A part of the rare charm of the St. Cecilia dances lies in the presence of the grandmothers and grandfathers of the young set. Delightful old people are present who do not attend other entertainments. What would St. Cecilia do without Mr. Smith, "Turkey-Tail Smith," as he has been called for decades—a nickname to which he does not object? Genial and kindly he is a part of the atmosphere, always fanning himself and his partner with a turkey-tail fan.

Man a lovely bride treasures his gift of such a fan. Sad, and the ignorance of the East and West, where the people know not what love and laughter, what limpid eyes and charming mouths, are suggested by the turkey-tail fan of Dixie—Ainslee's for October.

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