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TI'S STRANGE HOW SCIENCE BRINGS TO LIGHT things men have never seen before. Ti's strange how KITCHEN CRYSTAL SOAP cleans metals, paints, and kitchen floor.

The Chicago Tribune.

Sunday Morning, November 9, 1873.

AMERICAN HOTEL-LIFE.

We live in an era of extravagance and waste. There are evidences of it on all sides. These evidences are, in fact, so numerous and familiar that we have almost ceased to regard them in their true light. We accept them as matters of course. We have got used to them. We think we cannot live except as we see our neighbors live. We permit ourselves to be swept along in the great current of extravagance without any effort to stop it. We laugh at economical persons, and most of us try to keep up with the crowd, in extravagance, each pushing his fellow on a little more rapidly in the headlong course. We have been at the pains to take up one of the most notable evidences of this universal lavishness in the hope that, by bringing it face to face with the people, it may open the eyes of some of them to the mad career of which it is but an index. This is hotel-life in America. The change from ten years ago in the charges and luxuries of our prominent hotels has been so gradual that we are not astonished at it. We pay $4.50 a day, and do not stop to think that it is an enormous amount of money to pay out for mere living. If we travel *en famille*, and take better accommodations than are given to single travelers, the rate per person is still higher. We do not complain nor think it unusual, but we *do* demand luxuries in keeping with the price, that we would never have thought of asking for ten years ago. The charges are, in all probability, relatively lower than they were under the old regime. The hotels have merely kept pace with the lavish demands of the age.

Ten years ago, the first-class hotels kept an average of one servant to seven guests; now they are obliged to keep one servant for every three guests. The habit of being waited upon has grown upon us in this ratio. A first-class hotel of the size of the Grand Pacific in this city now employs constantly 320 servants, whose monthly pay-roll amounts to over $9,000. The style of ornamentation now in vogue requires twice as many servants to keep it clean as the old style required. So much for the necessary service in American hotel-life. The amount of room furnished gratuitously to the guest is now twice as large as it was formerly. In old times, it was considered lavish if the office, corridors, exchange, parlors, reading-rooms, smoking-rooms, reception-rooms, wash-rooms, etc., occupied one-tenth of the most available and costly portion of the house. These departments now take one-fifth of the same space. The hotels which furnish less are rated as second class. The American people now-a-days require more room to swell out and show their feathers. They are ten times as elegant. The cost of gas alone for furnishing the brilliancy by night in which Americans are wont to live is $2,000 per month in a large hotel of the first class, while the best hotels in Europe still burn candles. When we come to the table, the lavishness of our hotel-life is still more startling. A hotel like the Pacific requires the choice parts of twenty-five cattle for its use every day. The four items of butter, fruit, milk, and cream alone amount to $1 per day for each guest. The fruits of the season are the standard of a first-class hotel-table, and they must comprise the earliest of everything in the market. No *menu* is complete which does not contain a dozen or two different kinds of nuts and fruits. The actual cost of the food alone, uncooked, is $2.15 per day for every guest, and it requires more carts to carry away the waste than it does to bring the substance in its original form. Formerly, hotel-meals were about as follows: Breakfast, from 6:30 to 9; dinner, from 1 to 3; supper, from 6 to 9. Now they are: Breakfast, from 6 to 1; dinner, from 1 to 7; supper, from 6 to 12. The meals are going all day long, and at certain hours of the day there are two sets at the same time. As the result of this, two full sets of the most expert and high-priced cooks are required. According to our present custom, the average American traveler must find the following breakfast ready to place before him:

BREAKFAST.

Coffee. English Breakfast Tea.
Oolong Tea. Green Tea.
Chocolate.

Plain Bread. Graham Bread. White Rolls.
Graham Rolls. Brown Bread.
Corn Bread. Muffins.

FISH.

Broiled Fresh Salmon. Broiled Salt Mackerel.
Broiled White.
Fried Lake Trout. Codfish with Cream. Fish Balls.
Hashed Fish. Fresh Mackerel. Stewed Oysters.
Fried Oysters.

FRIED.

Pigs' Feet. Tripe.
Calves' Liver. Hash Meat.
Apple, with Salt Pork. Sausages. Stewed Kidneys.

BROILED.

Beefsteak. Mutton Chops. Pork Chops. Chicken.
Ham. Bacon. Calves' Liver. Tripe.

GAME.

Quail. Venison Steak.

OMELETTES.

Plain, with Parsley. Ham. Kidneys.
Cheese, or Jelly.

EGGS.

Boiled. Fried. Scrambled. Dropped.
Chipped Beef, with Cream.

POTATOES.

Baked. Fried. Lyonnaise. Stewed.

Fried Indian Pudding. Hominy. Cracked Wheat.
Brown Bread Toast. Dry Toast. Dip Toast.
Buckwheat Cakes.

COLD MEATS.

Roast Beef. Roast Lamb. Ham. Tongue.
Corned Beef. Turkey. Chicken.

Without waiting for all this to digest, he demands, some time between 1 and 7 o'clock, the following *menu*, or its counterpart:

DINNER.

SOUP.

Vermicelli. Mutton Broth.

FISH.

Boiled Trout, Shrimp Sauce. Baked Bass, Stuffed, Port Wine Sauce.

BOILED.

Ham. Tongue. Corned Beef. Chicken and Pork.
Leg of Mutton, with Capers. Turkey and Oysters.

COLD DISHES.

Pressed Corned Beef. Ham.
Smoked Tongue. Roast Lamb.
Chicken Salad. Boned Turkey, with Jelly.

ENTREES.

Chicken Pot-Pie.
Harricot of Mutton.
Pork Chops, Saute, Sauce Madeira.
Stewed Tripe, a la Milanaise.
Calves' Liver, Saute, Sauce Italien.
Ragout of Venison, au Jelly.
Salmi of Game.
Macaroni au Parmesan.

VEGETABLES.

Boiled Potatoes. Stewed Tomatoes.
Boiled Onions. Squash. Fresh Beets.
Succotash. Turnips. Mashed Potatoes.
Cabbage. Pickled Beets. Boiled Rice.
Hominy. Baked Sweet Potatoes. Parsnips.

ROAST.

Lamb, Mint Sauce. Spring Chickens. Beef.
Ham, Champagne Sauce. Young Turkey.
Leg of Mutton.

GAME.

Prairie Chicken. Leg of Venison. Mallard Duck.

PASTRY.

Rice Pudding, Butter Sauce. Apple Pies.
Pumpkin Pies. Custard Pies. Madeira Cream.
Bridal Cake. Sponge Drops.

DESSERT.

Pears. Raisins. Grapes. Almonds. Apples.
Filberts. English Walnuts. Figs.
Lemon Ice Cream. Coffee.

Having managed, some way or other, to satisfy his appetite for a few hours out of this list, he can go till supper-time, when he may take his choice, as follows:

SUPPER.

Oolong Tea. English Breakfast Tea. Green Tea.
Coffee.

Plain Bread. Brown Bread. Oatmeal Pudding.
Biscuit. Dip Toast. Dry Toast.
Hominy. Graham Bread. Brown Bread.
Cracked Wheat. Griddle Cakes. Indian Pudding.

COLD MEATS.

Roast Beef. Roast Lamb. Ham. Tongue.
Corned Beef. Chipped Beef. Sardines.
Turkey. Baked Beans.

BROILED.

Beef Steak. Mutton Chops. Ham. Bacon.
Whitefish. Salt Mackerel.
Tripe. Venison Steak.
Stewed Oysters.

EGGS.

Fried. Omelette. Dropped.

POTATOES.

Fried. Lyonnaise.

If the guest is fashionable, he will naturally construe the 1 o'clock dinner as a lunch, and be on hand in the special ordinary between 5 and 7 o'clock to partake of the following:

FIVE O'CLOCK DINNER.

SOUP.

Chicken. Green Turtle.

FISH.

Boiled Salmon, Shrimp Sauce.
Baked Fresh Mackerel a la Maitre d'Hotel.

REMOVES.

Boiled Leg of Southshore Mutton.
Boiled Turkey and Oysters.
Roast Young Turkey. Roast Chicken.
Roast Sirloin of Beef. Roast Lamb.

COLD ORNAMENTED DISHES.

Galentine of Turkey, en Bellevue.
Pattie of Liver with Truffles.
Mayonnaise of Chicken, Garnished.

SIDE DISHES.

Sweet Breads, Larded, with Green Peas.
Fillet of Beef, aux Champignons.
Lamb Cutlets, Breaded, Tomato Sauce.
Macaroni au Gratin.
Venison Steak, Jelly Sauce.

GAME.

Mallard Ducks. Blue Winged Teal.
Black Ducks. Leg of Venison.

PASTRY.

Sponge Pudding, Wine Sauce. Charlotte Russe.
Madeira Jelly. Cream Cakes.
Confectionery.

DESSERT.

Apples. Peaches. Pears. Grapes.
Nuts. Raisins. Cantalopes.
Watermelons. Vanilla Ice Cream. Roman Punch.
Coffee.

It is only necessary to add that these are literal copies of one day's bills-of-fare at a leading Chicago hotel, and that no human stomach could ever be expected to digest even an ordinary selection without a bottle of Chateau Lafitte and another of Roederer, which add $10 more to the cost.

In this lavishness must be reckoned the interest on the enormous capital invested in our modern hotels over and above those of the old style. Take Mr. Palmer's magnificent palace on State street. Its walls are wainscoted with marbles of different varieties; its floors similarly tesselated; its stairways of white marble, ornamented with bronzes; its mantels carved out of the purest Carrara stone by Italian sculptors, some of them reaching a cost of $1,500 each,—the furniture of the parlors and some of the chambers positively surpassing in elegance the surroundings of the Queen of England. The hotel, with its furniture, represents a cost of not less than $2,500,000. And this is what the American traveling public demand.

We have only to add that many families have found, upon trial, that they can live more cheaply in hotels like these, at the prices which they are forced to charge, than in their own houses, and keep up the style they have been accustomed to [illegible] have had a panic, and that hard times have come at last?

THE LATE ELECTION.

The Governor of Illinois having broken up the business of the St. Louis prize-fighters, the newspapers of that city, deprived of their regular business, have given their united attention to the Chicago election. One of them expresses deep concern lest the persons who have loaned money on real estate shall suffer loss by the general decline of values, and loss of trade and business in Chicago.

Happily, Chicago has a way of surviving accidents and calamities. Even the destruction of two hundred millions of her property by the fire did not affect her prosperous growth, except, perhaps, to stimulate it. A people who witnessed the destruction of this vast accumulation of earnings, and who, without an hour's delay, began with their own hands and labor to rebuild the leveled city, will probably survive the election of one citizen as Mayor over another. The energy of our people, and their ability to manage their own affairs, have won for them the confidence of all parts of the country. There is not a man who has a dollar invested in improved real estate in this city who has any alarm that the value of his investment will decline, or that he will be robbed of it, because 30,000 voters on Tuesday last voted against a Sunday ordinance. Values in Chicago are not to be disturbed by such an event as that. Chicago has survived much greater calamities in National, State, and municipal elections than the one of Tuesday last. The fact that the ticket originally supported by the saloon-keepers and the Germans eventually received a large vote from the other classes of citizens, took from it, in a great measure, the odium that justly attached to its origin. The candidates personally on the "People's ticket," with a few exceptions, were unobjectionable men. Though they in one sense represented offensive characteristics, they also represented certain fundamental principles of individual liberty that cannot be infringed without doing violence to the judgment of fair-minded men. At first, parties were represented by two extremes,—the Committee of Seventy on the one hand, and a large portion of the Germans and the saloon-keepers on the other. Unfortunately, the subsequent attempt at compromise could not remove the prejudices engendered by those who mixed their theology with their politics, and some twelve to fifteen thousand of as good law-and-order men of German birth as ever lived in any community voted directly and squarely for the ticket which declared for the personal liberty of the citizen in his social and religious opinions and tastes. The party had a bad [illegible] grew to represent the average judgment of the community on the question of governmental interference with private rights. The newly-elected officers are justly surprised at their own success, and we believe they recognize the fact that the peace and order of the city are no more to be disregarded by them than by their predecessors, and that they have been elected to govern Chicago for the welfare of the whole people, and not merely for the benefit of brewers and saloon-keepers.

The people of St. Louis may go to bed every night without any fear that while they are sleeping the City of Chicago will be overrun with criminals, or that its population will flee to other climes, or that mortgagees will lose their investments. There is really no danger of any such calamity, so distressing to St. Louis.

CHARITY-BENEFIT AT THE EXPOSITION.

The regular season of the Inter-State Exposition closed last night, with outward signs of a patronage altogether more liberal than could have been expected, since it opened at the very outbreak of the financial crisis, and has had the hard times to contend with all along. Its success has been great enough in all respects to warrant its regular repetition every year, and we may confidently predict that the day is not far distant when the Chicago Annual Exposition will attract more attention than any similar institution in the country.

A final opportunity of visiting the building and inspecting its contents will be afforded to-morrow, during the day and evening, when the entire receipts will be divided among the different charitable institutions of the city. The public charities which are to receive the benefit are as follows:

1—Newsboys' Home.
2—Washingtonian Home.
3—St. Luke's Hospital.
4—Woman's Hospital of Illinois.
5—Women's and Children's Hospital.
6—Erring Woman's Refuge.
7—Young Men's Christian Association.
8—Chicago Christian Union.
9—Home of the Friendless.
10—Foundlings' Home.
11—Orphan Asylum.
12—Half-Orphan Asylum.
13—Old People's Home.
14—Woman's Aid Association.
15—Alexis Hospital.
16—St. Joseph's Hospital.
17—St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum.
18—House of Good Shepherd.
19—Hebrew Relief.

All the exhibitors have signified their intention of leaving the attractions just as they are and as they have been since the opening. The regular managers have volunteered their services, and the owners have donated the building. The Exposition will, therefore, be in every respect all that it has been heretofore. The band will be in attendance, and give a promenade concert, afternoon and evening, and lunch will be served from 12 o'clock on. The circumstance that it is the last chance to see the Exposition, along with the charitable purpose to which the entire receipts of the day and evening are to be devoted, ought to insure an immense attendance.

THE SPRAGUE FAILURE.

The embarrassment and eventual assignment of the great firm of Spragues in Rhode Island has attracted considerable attention in all parts of the country. The A. & W. Sprague Manufacturing Company is composed of Mrs. Fanny Sprague, Mrs. Mary Sprague, Amasa Sprague, William Sprague (United States Senator), and two sons and daughters of Mr. Edwin Hoyt. This firm is a distinct corporation, and owns and controls, through its members, a number of other corporations and business interests, besides real estate and personal property,—being, in fact, a sort of "Credit Mobilier" in the French sense. Each of the members of the Company is also the owner of a large separate estate. In the enumeration of the property conveyed to the trustees for the benefit of the creditors, we find evidence of the wonderful variety of investment sought by this family. The firm has been for many years making large profits, and these profits have been re-invested in other business, and in all parts of the country. The original business of the Company was in cotton and woolen mills, but it has been extended to many other and very diverse pursuits. The indebtedness of the corporation amounts to $8,290,000, of which $3,180,000 is [illegible] and $5,399,800 due on their acceptances of Hoyt, Sprague & Co.'s paper. The rest is on call-loans and debts due on account of some of their other companies. The firm of A. & W. Sprague owes $2,633,000 in addition to the debt of the A. & W. Sprague Manufacturing Company. There are some other items of indebtedness which swell the aggregate to $11,475,443. The assets are put down at $19,495,247; surplus, $8,019,804.

The details of this account are interesting. The A. & W. Sprague Manufacturing Company owns the Baltic and Natick Mills, 118,000 spindles; one-tenth of the Quidnick Mills Company, 58,000 spindles; the United States Flax-Manufacturing Company, 33,000 spindles; the Cranston Print-Works; Augusta (Me.) Mills, 40,000 spindles, with real estate. It also owns real estate in various parts of Rhode Island amounting to 5,000 acres; also, lots and buildings in Providence worth $185,000. The firm of A. & W. Sprague owes the Company $1,375,000. The land owned in Kansas, South Carolina, and other places, is not considered of any value as assets. The firm of A. & W. Sprague has assets of $2,961,000, consisting of shares in the First and Second National Banks of Providence, shares in the Kennebec (Me.) Lumber Company; shares in the Rhode Island Horse-Shoe Company; other lands and water-powers, and an interest in four schooners. This firm has also a clear interest in the firm of Hoyt, Sprague & Co. amounting to $850,000.

Mrs. Fanny Sprague owns largely of shares in the Quidnick Company, real estate, and bank stock—the total being $510,000. Mrs. Mary Sprague owns shares and stocks in various companies amounting to $150,000. Amasa Sprague has private property worth $75,000, and William Sprague owns shares in the Quidnick Mills, real estate, etc., amounting to $680,000. A. & W. Sprague are large owners in the Perkins Sheet-Iron Company, the Sprague Mowing-Machine Company, the Wilcox Calorie and Steam-Engine Company, the Rhode Island Horse-Shoe Company, and the Comstock Foundry Company, some of which are not productive, and of which the debts exceed the assets.

Here, then, we have the Sprague family owning the large corporation known as the A. & W. Sprague Manufacturing Company. Two stockholders of this Company, Messrs. A. and W. Sprague, do an independent business; they own large interests in various other mills, in real estate, in pine lands, in farms, and water-powers. They own largely in banks and various kinds of manufacturing establishments. As a firm, they have a large interest in the firm of Hoyt, Sprague & Co. The assets of the Sprague Manufacturing Company exceed $19,000,000; of A. & W. Sprague [illegible]; of Hoyt, Sprague & Co., $3,700,000; of the two ladies, and the private property of the brothers Sprague, about $1,700,000,—or an aggregate of property valued by the trustees at over $22,000,000. Deducting special liens, the net value is in excess of $19,000,000. The aggregate of debts is $11,000,000, and the surplus assets over $8,000,000.

The magnitude of this concern may be judged by these figures. Besides the print-works, and the various manufacturing, banking, and real estate business, the mills worked by these Spragues count up 246,000 spindles, giving employment to an army of operatives of all ages. The suspension of such an establishment, or series of establishments, for the mere want of ordinary commercial accommodations, tells not only how severe is the stringency of the money market, but also how tremendously they were "spread out." The placing of the whole business and property in the hands of trustees has been done to gain time. Their property is actual and visible, but for the time has ceased to be productive. They have immense stocks of goods on hand for which there is no sale. To go on making goods it is necessary to keep the operatives at work; but, in the absence of sales, and the failure to get the requisite bank accommodations, it has been impossible for them to find the cash necessary to meet the expenditures. In the time gained, there may be a recovery, though the outlook is not promising. If matters do not improve then the mills must close, and the property be applied in some fashion to meet the debts. The tightness of the market is, however, strikingly illustrated by the fact that a firm with a surplus of $8,000,000 is unable to borrow a dollar to meet its current expenditures.

THE HOUGH ELEVATOR.

Col. R. M. Hough thinks we have done him injustice in the following paragraph in our editorial of Saturday, in which we gave a synopsis of the report of the Board of Trade Committee on warehouse irregularities, with some comments thereon, viz.:

> What does this declaration of the Committee mean? It is that Messrs. Hough have persistently issued grain-receipts for grain never received in store; and that when grain was shipped they have reissued the receipts, instead of having them canceled, and kept them afloat for weeks.

As we have no desire to do Mr. Hough, or anybody else, injustice, we have re-examined the report of the Committee, and we find the facts as therein stated to be as follows: That, between the 9th and 12th of September, the Messrs. Hough issued receipts for the cargoes of six canal-boats of corn, which were never received in their warehouse, but were unloaded into vessels by means of a floating elevator, agreeing with the State Registrar to purchase and cancel a corresponding amount of their then outstanding receipts; that a delay of several days occurred in the return of such outstanding receipts; and that, when the Registrar pressed them upon the agreement, they turned in the receipts for two cargoes of corn that had been shipped out on the 18th and 20th of September, and which ought to have been canceled at the time. Further, that when this delinquency was discovered, they manufactured a lot of receipts "out of whole cloth," and had them registered; that they entered these receipts for cancellation to cover their indebtedness; and that, when this deception was discovered, they made good their shortages by purchasing and canceling genuine receipts.

We were probably mistaken in saying that the Messrs. Hough have *persistently* issued receipts for grain never received in store. That they did so in the case mentioned is the solemn declaration of the Committee, reiterated by Mr. Stephen Clary in a communication published elsewhere, in which he says that certain receipts from the Hough elevator were tendered to him for registration, which were pure myths.

As regards the statement that receipts were reissued by the Houghs after the grain had been shipped out, it appears that the receipts for two cargoes that had been shipped out were not canceled at the time they should have been; that these receipts were not reissued to the public, but were kept in the safe belonging to the firm, and were tendered to the Registrar for cancellation in the place of receipts which they had agreed to purchase and cancel in order to balance those issued for the corn transferred from canal-boats to vessels without going into the elevator at all. The receipts were not reissued to the public, but were reissued to the Registrar, and, if the Committee have reported the facts correctly, the act was, to all intents and purposes, a reissue, since it enabled the Houghs to borrow from the public the amount of grain which those receipts called for. If the report of the Committee is not justified by the testimony,—as yet unpublished,—we shall be glad to be put in possession of evidence which will enable us to change our opinion on the subject of the alleged reissue.

THE GREAT LAKE IN AFRICA.

Sir Samuel Baker has now returned, and his detailed report will be looked for with interest, as giving more information than has yet been furnished. Whatever relates to Central Africa seems to excite more and more interest, as different explorers make us more familiar with that land, which has been the subject of inquiry for thousands of years, and yet has remained profoundly unknown, at least till very recently. Omitting the accounts of older explorers, Livingstone startled the world by his account of the discovery of the Zambeze and his wandering across the entire Continent, from Loando on the west to the mouth of the great river where it throws itself into the Indian Ocean. Then his explorations north on the Shere River and Lake N'Yassa. Burton and Speke told us of the route from Zanzibar to the great Lake Tanganjiki and Victoria N'Yanza. Then came Baker's discovery of the great Lake Albert N'Yanza. These discoveries created great interest among geographers, and much speculation as to the possibility of a connection between Tanganjiki and the Albert N'Yanza. Stanley, in "How I Found Livingtsone," tells us that he found him at Ujiji, on the Lake Tanganjiki, and that, in company with Livingstone, they coasted entirely around the north end of the lake and found no northern outlet, but all the streams running into that lake, and that they passed up the principal tributary, entering the extreme north end of the lake as far as they could go in the canoe. Now, if Stanley tells the truth, that lake can have no northern outlet, and no connection with the Albert N'Yanza. Baker reports that those two lakes are one. True, he did not actually explore them himself, but the Arab traders and natives stated that they had passed from the Albert N'Yanza to Ujiji on the Tanganjiki, and that they were all one lake, and these accounts were so circumstantial that they secured his confidence. We may reasonably believe that Stanley tells the truth, and that Sir Samuel was misinformed, notwithstanding the geographers are all anxious to make the two lakes one.

Accepting Stanley's statements as the truth, then we have the very exceptional and extraordinary fact of a great lake of sweet and wholesome water, having no outlet, abounding in a great variety of fish. In other words, it is a *sinque*, receiving tributaries on all sides, which wash into it the salts of the earth, while its surplus waters are discharged by evaporation and percolation, necessarily leaving those salts behind them, and impregnating the waters with their impurities. Of these we find notable instances in the Dead Sea and our own Great Salt Lake. The *sinque* of the Humbolt and Pyramid Lake, which is the *sinque* of the Truckee River, are other instances, although the latter is sweeter water than any other known *sinque* in the world, and so pure that several varieties of fish are found in it. Still its waters are not pure, although its principal tributary, the Truckee, is the outlet of the celebrated Lake Bigler, and is among the purest waters in the world.

That Stanley makes Tanganjiki a *sinque* is unquestionable, for in his account of Livingstone's journey he says he passed entirely around the south end of the lake and up its western side as far as opposite Ujiji, and found no outlet, all the streams running into the lake. Here we see the actual explorations entirely surround the lake. All explorers who have visited the lake bear testimony that the waters are sweet and abound in fish. Altogether the subject is a very interesting one, and the scientific world will anxiously await further developments.

THE LAST HOPE FOR WIDOWERS.

There is an Arabian proverb which likens marriage to a besieged fortress: those who are outside wish to get in, and those who are inside wish to get out. Montaigne adopted this view of the case, and Emerson has followed him. The late Mayor Kalbfleisch, of Brooklyn, was a living, though now dead, verification of Arabian wisdom. He had been married once, and raised a family of children, who gratefully endeavored to save him from getting locked up in the fortress again. But he encountered in his lone condition the blooming widowhood of Mrs. Mary Wade, who reawakened his dormant affections and rejuvenated his forgotten passions. He paid court to the fascinating widow, carried her counterfeit presentment in his locket to show to his friends, entered into a formal agreement of marriage, and proclaimed his new happiness to the world. But he had no sooner got thus far than he wanted to get back. His children made life uncomfortable. His friends protested. He received anonymous communications that reflected upon the fair widow, and intimated that her fascinations were wiles to catch the unwary. Mayor Kalbfleisch resolved, therefore, to make a sortie before he could be so hopelessly beleaguered that there should be no chance of escape. He broke the golden chain of love that bound him to the charming Mrs. Wade, and left her disconsolate at the loss of her prospects for presiding at the Mayor's table. Mrs. Wade was not the woman to bear in meekness the shattering of her fondest hopes, the blighting of her ambition, and the withering of her ardent affections. She instituted a suit in assumpsit against Mayor Kalbfleisch, setting up a contract of marriage and its violation, and asking for such damages as mere dross can give for broken hearts and disappointed loves. She wanted the Courts to apply a greenback plaster to her wounds.

So far, the story of Mayor Kalbfleisch's love does not differ materially from that of other elderly gentlemen who are caught in the toils of youthful desires. But Mayor Kalbfleisch was no common widower. He did not propose that Mrs. Wade should have her way in all things. He proceeded deliberately to complicate matters. He died. This left the already disconsolate Mrs. Wade with the single legacy of a lawsuit. There had been a breach of promise, but the promiser was no more. He had gone to a land where there are no wily widows, since there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage in Heaven. But Mrs. Wade's sorrows were of the earth, earthy, and of the world, worldly. Her heart-strings had been ruthlessly snapped in twain. Her widowly affections had been trifled with. Moreover, if she had been the widow of the late Mayor Kalbfleisch, instead of the late Mr. Wade, she might have had some solace for her bereavement in an equitable division of the large estate. As Mrs. Kalbfleisch, she might have driven to the funeral in her own carriage and as chief-mourner. As Mrs. Wade, she hadn't even the social right to appear in a new suit of deep mourning. What woman could be expected to quietly resign this right, and especially when weeds are *so* becoming? If anything, here was a new ground for damages, and, so far from dropping the breach-of-promise suit, she might reasonably add $20,000 to her claim, because Mayor Kalbfleisch deliberately proceeded to die in the full consciousness that he was depriving her of the single consolation of new widowhood—new clothes. Mrs. Wade could not reasonably be expected to endure this new affront, and she ordered her lawyers to continue the suit for damages against the late Mayor Kalbfleisch's estate. Before his death he had come into court and admitted the engagement to marry Mrs. Wade, but set up justification for breaking it. On this ground, Mrs. Wade's counsel held that the action should survive the death, and the contract ought to be enforced, dead or alive, unless the justification for breaking it could be proved to be sufficient in the eyes of the law. The lawyers on the other side threw themselves back on the axiom of the Common Law, expressed in the customary bad Latin, to-wit: "*Actio personalis moritur cum persona.*" Fortunately for the heirs of deceased widowers who have been indiscreet in their old days, the Court decided that an action for breach of promise cannot survive the defendant. Actions against estates hold for damages to property, or damages for physical injury, for the notion of property is included in the latter. But the Court held that an engagement to marry is to be distinguished from other contracts. It says: "The promise of marriage is merely personal; the action for the breach of it seeks redress for disappointed hopes, wounded pride, humiliation, and mental suffering, for the loss of coveted society and protection,—it may be, for the loss of happiness." This definition of a contract to marry, and the decision of the Court that an action for breach of promise cannot survive or be assigned, are of importance to that large community which is constantly trying to get in and then constantly trying to get out. All susceptible widowers may now have the satisfaction of knowing that death at last can deliver them from the typical fury of a woman scorned, and that the penalty of their weaknesses shall not be visited upon their children, even of the next generation. This is good news for widowers and widowers' children. But how about rejected widows? They, it seems, can claim no damages for their injured feelings, if the men who promise to marry them and break their promises happen to die. They are not even to have any allowance for the sacrifice of the inalienable privilege of wearing the widow's veil and a full suit of mourning. They must nurse their sorrows in old clothes. Their disappointed hopes and wounded pride are denied the sweet consolation of being chief mourner, to say nothing of the widow's dower, and man's base deception leaves his victim helpless. Is not this another encroachment upon the rights of women and widowhood?

SMALL WORDS.

BY PROF. WILLIAM MATHEWS, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

Among the various forms of ingratitude, one of the commonest is that of kicking down the ladder by which one has climbed the steeps of celebrity; and a good illustration of this is the conduct of the author of the following lines, who, though indebted in no small degree for his fame to the small words, the monosyllabic music, of our tongue, sneers at them as low:

> While feeble expletives their aid do join,
> And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

How ingenious! how felicitous! the reader exclaims; and, truly, Pope has shown himself wonderfully adroit in ridiculing the Saxon part of the language with words borrowed from its own vocabulary. But let no man despise little words, even though he echo the little wasp of Twickenham. Alexander Pope is a high authority in English literature; but it is long since he was regarded as having the infallibility of a Pope Alexander. The multitude of passages in his works, in which the small words form not only the bolts, pins, and hinges, but the chief material in the structure of his verse, show that he knew well enough their value; but it was hard to avoid the temptation of such a line as that quoted. "Small words," he elsewhere says, "are generally stiff and languishing, but they may be beautiful to express melancholy." It is the old story of

> —the ladder
> Whereto the climber upward turns his face,
> But when he once attains the utmost round,
> He then unto the ladder turns his back,
> Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
> By which he did ascend.

The truth is, the words most potent in life and literature—in the mart, in the Senate, in the forum, and at the fireside—are small words, the monosyllables which the half-educated speaker and writer despises. All passionate expression—the outpouring of the soul when moved to its depths—is, for the most part, in monosyllables. They are the heart-beats, the very throbs of the brain, made visible by utterance. The will makes its giant victory-strokes in little monosyllables, deciding for the right and against the wrong. In the hour of fierce temptation, at the ballot-box, in the court-room, in all the crises of life, how potent for good or evil are the little monosyllables, Yes and No! Again, there is a whole class of words, and those among the most expressive in the language, of which the great majority are monosyllables. We refer to the interjections. We are aware that some philologists deny that interjections are language. Horne Tooke sneers at this whole class of words as "brutish and inarticulate," as "the miserable refuge of the speechless," and complains that, "because beautiful and gaudy," they have been suffered to usurp a place among words. "Where will you look for it," (the interjection), the triumphantly asks; "will you find it amongst laws, or in books of civil institutions, in history, or in any treatise of useful arts or sciences? No: you must seek for it in rhetoric and poetry, in novels, plays, and romances." This acute writer has forgotten one book in which interjections abound, and awaken in the mind-emotions of the highest grandeur and pathos,—namely, the Bible. But the use of this part of speech is not confined to books. It is heard wherever men interchange thought and feeling, whether on the gravest or the most trivial themes; in tones of the tenderest love and of the deadliest hate; in shouts of joy and ecstasies of rapture, and in the expression of deep anguish, remorse, and despair; in short, in the outburst of every human feeling. More than this, not only is it heard in daily life, but we are told by the highest authority that it is heard in the Hallelujahs of angels, and in the continual *Holy! Holy! Holy!* of the cherubim. What word in the English language is fuller of significance, has a greater variety of meanings, than the diminutive *Oh?* Uttered by the infant to express surprise or delight, it is used by the man to indicate fear, aspiration, or appeal, and, indeed, according to the tone in which it is uttered, may voice almost any one of the emotions of which he is capable. What a volume of meaning is condensed in the derisive "Oh! oh!" which greets a silly utterance in the House of Commons! It has been truly said that when a large assembly is animated by a common sentiment which demands instantaneous utterance, it can find that utterance only through interjections.

Again, what depth of meaning in this little word, as an expression of grief, in the following lines by Wordsworth:

> She lived unknown, and few could know
> When Lucy ceased to be;
> Now she's in her grave,—and oh!
> The difference to me.

What possible combination of words could be more significant than the reply, "Pooh—pooh!" to a controversialist's theory, or the contemptuous "Fudge!" with which Mr. Churchill, in the Vicar of Wakefield, sums up the pretensions of the languishing Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs:

"Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?"
"Fudge!"

The truth is that, so far is this class of words from being, as Max Muller contends, the mere *outskirts* of language, they are more truly words than any others in the language. They are not so much "*parts* of speech" as entire expressions of feeling or thought. They are pre-eminently pictorial. If I pronounce the words *house, strike, black, beautifully*, without other words or explanatory gestures, I say nothing distinctly; I may mean any one of a hundred things; but if I utter an interjectional exclamation, denoting joy or sorrow, surprise or fear, every person who hears me knows at once by what affection I am moved. I communicate a fact by a single syllable. Max Muller admits that interjections, together with gestures, the movements of the muscles of the mouth and the eye, would be quite sufficient for all the purposes which language answers with the majority of mankind. Coming from the lips of a great orator, these little words, so despised by grammarians, may be more powerful, more to the point, more eloquent than a long speech. Their inherent expressiveness entitles them to be regarded as the appropriate language, the mother-tongue of passion; and hence the effect of good acting depends largely on the proper introduction and just articulation of this class of words. Shakspeare's interjections exact a rare command of modulation, and cannot be rendered with any truth except by one who has mastered the whole play. It is said of Whitfield that his interjections—his Ah! of pity for the unrepentant sinner, and his Oh! of encouragement for the almost converted sinner, were among the most powerful engines in his pulpit-artillery. Garrick used to say that he would give a hundred guineas if he could say "Oh!" as Whitfield did.

The English language is pre-eminently a language of small words. It cuts down all its words to the narrowest possible limits,—lopping and condensing, never expanding. Sometimes it cuts off an initial syllable, as in "gin" for "engine," "van" for "carryvan," "bus" for "omnibus," "wig" for "periwig;" sometimes it cuts off a final syllable, or syllables, as in "aid" for "aid-de-camp," "prim" for "primitive," "pants" for "pantaloons," "tick" for (pawnbroker's) "ticket;" sometimes it strikes out a letter, or letters, from the middle of a word; as, "last" for "latest," "lark" for "laverock," "since" for "sithence." The Anglo-Saxon, the substratum of our modern English, is emphatically monosyllabic; yet many of the grandest passages in our literature are made up almost exclusively of Saxon words. The English Bible abounds in grand, sublime, and tender passages, couched almost entirely in words of one syllable. The passage in Ezekiel, which Coleridge is said to have considered the sublimest in the whole Bible: "And he said unto me, son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest,"—contains seventeen monosyllables to three others. What passage in Holy Writ surpasses in energetic brevity that which describes the death of Sisera,—"At her feet he bowed, he fell; at her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; where he bowed, there he fell down dead?" Here are twenty-two monosyllables, to one dissyllable thrice repeated, and that a word which is usually pronounced as a monosyllable.

The early writers, the "pure wells of English undefiled," abound in small words. Shakspeare employs them in his finest passages, especially when he would paint a scene with a few masterly touches. Hear Macbeth:

> Here lay Duncan,
> His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
> And his gash'd stabs looked like a breach in Nature
> For ruin's wasteful entrance. There the murderers,
> Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers
> Unmannerly breeched with gore.

Are monosyllables passionless? Listen, again, to the "Thane of Cawdor:"

> That is a step
> On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
> For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires,
> Let not light see my black and deep desires.
> The eye winks at the hand. Yet, let that be
> Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

Two dissyllables only among fifty-two words!

Bishop Hall, in one of his most powerful satires, speaking of the vanity of "adding house to house and field to field," has these beautiful lines:

> Fond fool! six feet shall serve for all thy store,
> And he that cares for most shall find no more.

"What harmonious monosyllables!" exclaims the critic, Gifford; yet they may be paralleled by others in the same writer, equally musical and equally expressive.

Was Milton tame? He knew when to use polysyllables of "learned length and thundering sound;" but he knew also when to produce the grandest effects by the small words despised by inferior artists. Read his account of the journey of the fallen angels:

> Through many a dark and dreary vale
> They passed, and many a region dolorous,
> O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
> *Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens*; and *shades of death*,—
> A universe of death.

In what other language shall we find in the same number of words a more vivid picture of desolation than this? Hear, again, the lost archangel calling upon hell to receive its new possessor:

> One who brings
> A mind not to be changed by place or time.
> The mind is its own place, and in itself
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
> What matter where, if I be still the same,
> And what I should be; all but less than he
> Whom thunder hath made greater? Here, at least,
> We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
> Here for His envy; will not drive us hence;
> Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
> To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
> Better reign in hell, than serve in heaven.

Did Byron lack force or fire? Listen to the words in which he describes the destruction of Sennacherib:

> For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
> And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
> And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
> And their hearts beat but once, and forever lay still.

Here, out of forty-three words, all but three are monosyllables; and yet how exquisitely are all these monosyllables linked into the majestic and animated movement of the anapaestic measure! Again, what can be more musical and more melancholy than the opening verse of the lines in which the same poet bids adieu to his native land?

> Adieu! adieu! my native shore
> Fades o'er the waters blue,
> The night-winds sigh, the breezes roar,
> And shrieks the wild sea-mew.

The third and fourth lines paint the scene to the life; yet all the words but one are monosyllables.

Goldsmith said of Dr. Johnson, that if he were to write a fable about little fishes, he would make them talk like whales. There are many writers in our own day who have an equal contempt for small words, and never use one when they can find a pompous polysyllable to take its place. It is evident, however, from the passages we have cited, that these lilliputians—these Tom Thumbs of the dictionary—play as important a part in our literature as their bigger and more magniloquent brethren. In some kinds of writing their almost exclusive use is indispensable. What would have been the fate of Bunyan's immortal book had he told the story of the Pilgrim's journey in the ponderous, elephantine "—osities" and "—ations" of Johnson, or the gorgeous Latinity of Taylor? It would have been like building a boat out of timbers cut out for a ship. When we remember that the Saxon language, the soul of the English, is essentially monosyllabic; that our language contains, of monosyllables formed by the vowel *a* alone, more than 500,—by the vowel *e*, some 450; by the vowel *i*, about 400; by the vowel *o*, over 400; and by the vowel *u*, more than 250; we must admit that these seemingly petty and insignificant words, even the microscopic particles, so far from meriting to be treated as "creepers," are of high importance, and that to know when and how to use them is even of greater moment to the speaker or writer than to know when to use the grandiloquent expressions which we have borrowed from the language of Greece and Rome. To every man who has occasion to teach or move his fellow-men by tongue or pen, we would say, in the words of the accomplished Dr. Addison Alexander,—themselves a most happy example of the thing he commends:

> Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
> Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak,
> To whom can this be true who once has heard
> The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
> When want or woe or fear is in the throat,
> So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
> Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange wild note
> Sung by some fay or fiend. There is a strength
> Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
> Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.
> Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
> And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase,
> Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine—
> Light, but no heat—a flash, but not a blaze!
> Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts;
> It serves of more than fight or storm to tell,
> The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts,
> The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell,
> The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
> On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
> For them that far off on their sick-beds lie;
> For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead;
> For them that laugh, and dance, and clap the hand;
> To joy's quick step, as well as grief's slow tread,
> The sweet, plain words we learnt at first keep time,
> And, though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
> With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
> In thought, or speech, or song, in prose or rhyme.

SOUP-HOUSES FOR THE POOR.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: The coming winter is likely to be a very trying one for the poor. In ordinary winters the number of suffering poor is large enough, but the present panic has thrown thousands more out of employment, who will surely come to want before business again revives. While Chicago may present less actual destitution and suffering than other cities, it is the part of wisdom to provide for any cases which may occur. No charity does more good in proportion to the means employed than a well-managed souphouse. Let the Relief and Aid Society consider this matter and employ a part of its ample means to establish a soup-establishment after the Cincinnati plan. Place the main house and the manufactory on the West Side, with branches or distributing stations at the accessible points on the North and South Sides. Such an institution, kept open and well managed during the next three months, would accomplish an incalculable amount of good. M. C. S.