

Lord, Amen!" Mr. Sunday works himself into a rage at sinners and then swears at them under a very thin cloak of Biblical phraseology. He has some magnetism, but the intemperance of his language is what attracts the curious, that and the desire to hear other people abused. Mr. Sunday understands perfectly that only a few people in the audience will take his remarks to themselves but will chuckle at the lambasting old somebody else is getting. The baseball player fakir's talk has the same characteristic as Talmage's celebrated lectures on himself. Mr. Sunday's sermons are filled with references to his own self-sacrifice in spending his time on sinners. He says that all who do not like his sermons are old fools, that he could get five hundred dollars a month playing ball, if he were not so anxious to do good. He says that people do not want to hear angels preach but men like him whose talk still reeks of the atmosphere they have but just left. He wants an endorsement and recommendation, like all ignorant and undignified laborers, from audiences that he preaches to. He asks them to stand up if they like what he says and the papers report that everybody stands up. The eccentric few who do not approve are unnoticed. Whether any one is converted to real christianity by a man who has picked up the trade of preacher because he found that words came easy to him and with anecdote and tirade he could keep people amused and interested, many deny. The audiences who laugh at him and applaud him do it because they wish to express their thanks for entertainment. Judging from their attitude and expression, they are not affected to resolve for purer living. Such preaching, on the contrary, injures christianity by making it ridiculous.

According to the newspaper reports Mr. Sunday's method is the same in every place he visits. He begins by jibing at the mayor and city officers of the town he happens to be preaching in. If it is received with favor the city government is thereafter at his oratorical mercy. It is a well known characteristic of the *comédie humaine* that the party in power is never popular. And city governments are commonly enough corrupt to make any remarks at their expense safe at least. But if Mr. Sunday cared to add to his reputation for rapid speaking that of possessing good judgment he might investigate the reputations of the city officers before attacking them. Perhaps there is a city in the country in which officers and administration are above reproach. In which case his remarks would lack the reception upon which he lives and moves and has his being, viz applause and sensation.

The pictures of Queen Victoria from babyhood to old ladyhood, which are now appearing in the illustrated periodicals are very interesting. When she was a little girl, only three removes from the throne her picture was painted and Daguerre-typed. Later she is photographed in a variety of costumes and with many of her seventy-five grandchildren. In the latest of these pictures the feminine observer is unable to discover how her dresses are made. She affects shawls and capes, which are bunched about her neck in such a way that anatomy cannot be considered at all in relation to Queen Victoria. In one of the pictures the spectator is sure she is sitting down until the carved back of the chair upon which she sits insists upon the recognition of the truth that she is a very short, pudgy little woman who fancies, being a queen and in consequence never contradicted, that her royal subjects will take her for a tall, elegant lady with an India shawl on and point lace whose svelte figure they quite conceal. She never allows the photographer to pose her or to encour-

age her to look pleasant and she will not be taken standing with anyone standing beside her. She is taken sitting with little children standing about her, or sitting looking up at the prince consort, who humbly looks down upon her who gazes at him open mouthed with conjugal pride. In the two pictures that she thought best to be taken with a hat on she shows, in spite of her horror at the suggestion, that she is an emancipated woman, for it sets down upon and around her head, like a man's hat. These are late pictures but the style is that which may be seen in Gody's twenty years old. Her expression is one of royal dignity, self satisfaction and repose. She has been a good queen. Her reign has beaten the record in much beside longevity. The half mad and dissipated kings who immediately preceded her were not hard to beat. As for Queen Anne, she was a woman of much less intelligence than Queen Victoria. Queen Elizabeth had a keen, shrewd wit and an intuitive knowledge of statecraft that would compare favorably with any of the wisest of England's sovereigns. In those days the privileges of monarchs had not been confined and narrowed to social distinction and support of the royal family and Queen Elizabeth's hand guided the ship of state. Queen Victoria has done well to retain the name and the place from which the power has gone forever. The English love and revere her for her positive virtues as wife and mother, grandmother and great grandmother. At times the shopkeepers accuse her under their breath of being a little "near." But when they see her they demonstrate their real affection for her as the embodiment of the government of Great Britain, as well as a good woman who has known how to keep herself if not her sons free from scandal.

Miss Jones' acceptance of the offer of the Illinois library is a real loss to the university. Added to her technical knowledge of a librarian's duties she is a scholar of rare discrimination and critical ability. With all the students she is sympathetic and genuinely helpful. It will be difficult to find another librarian with the knowledge of the inside of books that Miss Jones has. There are plenty who have acquired the "library hand," who know when to use black and when to use red ink and who know the rules of cataloging as they know their A, B, C. But as long as the spirit is more than the letter librarians like Miss Jones will be rare and precious. Because she was educated at the university and has spent most of her life in Lincoln the unusual quality of her talent and acquirements have not been duly appreciated. Classmates in the Albany school have told me how high was the standing she gained there, and librarians of other libraries have spoken with deep respect of the librarian of the university of Nebraska. Therefore the university loses reputation with her departure. Her friends rejoice that she has received at last the recognition due to her abilities, only delayed because she was a prophet in her own country.

Jenkins—Why do people have such a propensity for getting in debt?

Simpkins—Because it's about the only thing there is any money in.

Robbins—Did you get your bicycle on the installment plan?

Wheeler—No; but that's the way I'm paying my doctor.

Jinks—Why does an old maid like a parrot?

Binks—Oh, because it swears so much it makes her think there's a man about the house.

Mrs. Tupenny—Why don't you leave your husband if he neglects you so?

Mrs. Manhattan—He doesn't give me a chance. He's out seven nights a week himself.

The Queen's Jubilee.

A London correspondent writes as follows to his New York publisher:

"This has been a very gay week. 'The queen's drawing room,' being the only one that she had pledged herself to hold this season, created an immense sensation. Very good-naturedly her majesty had waived the restriction that regulates the number of presentations, recognizing how many people had set their hearts on being presented this year, so there was a great crowd; the ballroom in the palace was filled quits early, and late comers had to overflow into the corridors, there to await their turn. Owing to the fancy for jeweled embroideries, and to the fact that every one had donned her finest parure to do honor to the occasion, the scene was gorgeous in the extreme, a parterre of gem-spangled flowers was the only comparison that occurred to me. And the display of beauty was also a thing to be remembered. The queen was most gracious; she looked well and stayed in the throne room until after 4 o'clock, so that she received many more debutantes than usual, and, I hear, that she managed to say a few words to nearly every lady who had the entrée. Girls always prefer to be presented to the queen, for she makes a point of beaming upon them in a way that reassures even the shyest 'blossom;' she is very fond of young people, and she is old-fashioned enough to consider shyness a grace. It is only bumptious and pushing people whom she 'puts down' and she does it most effectually. The Princess of Wales was in white, the best possible attire for her. Her train was of white velvet. Princess Victoria had chosen pale green and silver, which prevented her from looking as pale as usual, so that she, too, appeared at her best. The Duchesses of Albany had, for once, discarded the demure grays and violets which are considered the only wear for a widow of royal rank, and this circumstance caused a flutter of gossip, reviving the rumors of her possible remarriage.

But I must tell you about the American presentations. Mrs. and Miss Hay, who attended last week's function, were again present in order to be officially introduced to the Queen, Mrs. John Hay, in pale green satin, trimmed with tulle and chiffon, with exquisite floral embroidery, the chief tone in which was reproduced in the pink satin lining of the train. Evidently these ladies love green, for her daughter's tasteful white frock was adorned with the same shade. I think it was very like the gown she wore at the former drawing-room, if I may judge merely by descriptions of that ceremony. The other ladies described officially as "of the United

States were Miss Elizabeth Davis, Mrs. Leslie Cotton, Miss Gilpin, Miss Harris and Miss Welle. Outside the palace the crowd was phenomenal. It was much pleased with the state carriages of the peeresses, of which the Devonshire, Londonderry Lansdowne, Zetland and Lancaster turnouts were the best.

"The 'Gypsies of England' have received orders from the heads of their mysterious brotherhood that they are to celebrate the queen's jubilee in loyal fashion. Great enthusiasm prevails among them, and various strange ceremonies are to mark the great day. The ladies of the tribes also are to don their brightest garments; and all the caravans throughout the length and breadth of the land are to be repainted!

"Another important body, though less romantic—the socialists, to wit—have been discussing their arrangements for the day. Of course, their attitude is one of opposition. One Quixotic individual suggests that all good socialists should work on jubilee day, by way of protest against the enforcement of a national holiday; but his scheme, as you may suppose, did not meet with general support. Now, the most approved idea is to desert London and fix upon some large provincial center at which to hold a big indignation meeting while enjoying a day's outing. I cordially welcome the suggestion! Let us hope that all our anarchist reformers of the constitution will be so obliging as to leave London on June 22."

Private Secretary Porter, acting under the advice of his chief, has founded the social keynote of the administration by declining to issue invitations to members of the press. Heretofore it has been customary for correspondents of the leading journals to receive a card of invitation to each and all of the entertainments—official and semi-official—given at the executive mansion. Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Cleveland enlarged the courtesy by many little acts of thoughtfulness that greatly simplified the work of the reporters, and gave just cause for gratitude in the "profession." With the incoming of the present administration all this changed. No longer are men and women of the press welcomed or honored by invitations after the manner of any other guests. On the contrary, their presence is in every way discountenanced, and the grasping reporter who has the temerity to request a card is promptly 'turned down,' and leaves the executive doorway a sadder and a wiser man or woman, as the case may be. Whether this condition of affairs is the result of the president's personal dislike of the "profession" or Mr Porter's own high-handed usurpation of power is as yet undetermined.—*Town Topics.*

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