

ON THE BIG MUDDY.

VAGARIES, ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE RIVERS.

Its Mighty Current Eats Away Big Farms and Throws Them Up the Sand Bars—Continual Fight at St. Joseph, Mo.

THE Missouri river has been on its accustomed annual rampage, and, as the receding waters run out the damage done by the rise is becoming apparent, says a St. Joseph, Mo., special of recent date. Along the shores the scenery has changed. Farms have loosened and dropped into the remorseless stream here and there; other farms have cropped up under the guise of giant sand bars, altering the swift current, itself always an unaccountable vagary.

"The river is rising very rapidly," is a simple statement one frequently finds in the columns of the daily papers, always at this season, under prosaic headlines, perhaps, and tucked away in some remote corner of the page. But for the old residents along this great stream it has a never failing charm. In the mighty river that glides swiftly by the city's gate, washing, cutting, grinding, eating away the earth walled foundation, there is something more majestic than the tranquil sea, there is a distant power of movement that carries with it a hint of unconquerable force, a river unfettered and undammed, and beyond weak mortal's will.

The plain announcement that the river is rising causes a feeling of awe to creep over the poverty-stricken boat dweller as he gathers his family about him and stands on the shore, gazing askance at the swirling, muddy current. It creeps steadily, stealthily, resistlessly up, inch by inch, foot by foot, until the bottom of the leaky boat is submerged. Its encroachments are like the ways of the dreaded panther.

When the river is rising rapidly the coterie along the shore takes a new reef in the lawers that hold his small home to the bank beneath the willows, and the gleam of the midnight lantern is seen over the gloomy waste of waters, for it is unsafe to sleep at such a time—when the river is rising rapidly.

Along the shore on either side of the majestic stream the comfortable farmer puts down the bars and permits his stock to roam into the uplands that range away from the towering bluffs, standing like grim, wakeful sentinels above the river's crest—when the river is rising rapidly.

Then he stands sadly by the bank in the green and fertile meadow and watches the rich black soil, in massive sods and patches, crumble and roll into the rapacious jaws of the merciless octopus—when the river is rising rapidly.

Standing on the shore at the foot of Felix street, for the watcher gazing westward there is a peculiar and inspiring charm in the scene when the river is rising rapidly. Tons upon tons of loam from the farm lands have discolored the water until its depths are as impenetrable to the sight as solid iron or granite. The rivulets from the crystal springs that leap down the foothills of the far-away mountains, fothing through gulch and vale with merry laughter, are changed to black and indigo, and the shifting sands of the Missouri and the soil of the farm land simply discolor, not destroy. A more healthful draught than the cup taken from the rushing current of the stream was never brewed nor mixed by art.

When the river is rising rapidly it bears on its current many strange things. Now a boat, half broken, half sunk, goes swiftly by, bobbing up and down in the sunlight. Again the body of a drowned bullock or a floating cabin. Then a tree—an evergreen, a pine or a cedar—borne on the face of an avalanche, perhaps, from its perch upon some bald mountain side and caught in the sliding snow drifts. Birds hover in its swerving branches and flit and fly as it tosses and rolls in the angry stream. Into the high bank the current rolls, and the swirling eddies grow and roar as the whirlpool settles down at the base of the willows, rip-rapped into the bank. And so it goes—rushing, gurgling, roaring, never smiling, never safe, a thing of awe, of grandeur, of wonder and mysterious charm, but always to be avoided—when the river is rising rapidly.

Into the western side of this city the river sweeps straight from the west. Here it turns directly south for a mile, then turns westward again. Away over yonder, where the ends of the curves are closest, only a mile strip of loamy Kansas soil stands between a meeting of the waters. And this is daily becoming narrower. The river is eating into it every hour, until it now bears resemblance to a vast peninsula.

A mile out from St. Joseph the strip of land between the river's curves is fully five miles wide. It is predicted by those who have watched the erratic Missouri's course and changes for a quarter of a century that it is only a question of a short time until that narrow neck of land in Kansas is eaten away and the Missouri's channel is under the eastern slope of the big, round bluffs that range along the western horizon. When that happens, St. Joseph, with its magnificent sewerage system, will be an inland town, high and dry, and its great steel railroad bridge will be spanning the nucleus of a fertile farm, or, at best, a shallow lagoon. Efforts to prevent such catastrophe by rip-rapping are constantly in progress.

The sack or box coat will be much in evidence this fall.

MOZART IN LONDON.

His First Appearance Attracted Very Little Attention.

A notice in the Public Advertiser informs us that "At the Great Ranelagh Spring garden, near St. James' park, Tuesday, June 5, 1764, will be performed a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music for the benefit of Miss Mozart of 11 and Master Mozart of 7 years of age, prodigies of nature." This venture was attended with success and in the same month Wolfgang played pieces of his own composition for the benefit of a "public useful charity" at a concert given at Ranelagh, says the Gentleman's Magazine. The times, however, were not propitious for artistic enterprises. In January of the new year the king was seized with an alarming illness, which lasted to the beginning of April, in addition to which the Spitfields weavers were discontented, with the result that for three days during May London was in the hands of a riotous mob. Owing to these unpropitious circumstances a concert given by the Mozarts at Hickford's Great Room in Brewer street met with little encouragement. From this time the father invited the public to test the youthful prodigies in private every day from 1 to 2 o'clock at his lodgings in Thrift (that is the present Frith) street, Soho. The result of this appeal, however, not being satisfactory, they turned to the city and tried the Swan and Hoop tavern in Cornhill, the price of admission being reduced to half a crown for each person.

Before leaving the capital the Mozarts visited the British museum, to which Wolfgang presented his six published sonatas and a manuscript madrigal entitled "God Is Our Refuge." For these six sonatas, written for the harpsichord, with accompaniments for the violin or German flute, and dedicated to Queen Charlotte, the young composer had received the sum of 50 guineas. In July, 1765, the family left London en route for The Hague, their visit having produced little effect save that of interesting musical amateurs such as Daines Barrington. The young Wolfgang had been a nine days' wonder and many years were to lapse before his music appeared almost as a revelation to musicians in this country.

The Town's Crooked Dividing Line.

"There is a reason for most everything," said a Cumberland man, when he was asked how in the world they came to have such a crooked line between two towns in his county.

"There's a reason for this crooked line. You see, some of our towns established in pioneer times, when land was abundant and people were few, had a big territory, which was afterward sliced off to make new towns. It was so in the case you mention and when the cut-off was made people along the line of division were of different minds as to which town they wanted to be in. So the legislature drew a straight line between the two parts and then provided that persons dwelling on lands adjoining either side of this line might be in one town or the other as they should decide within ninety days after passing the act. Some went one way and some the other and the line was all skewed up to accommodate them."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

He Knew Her.

Mrs. McBangor—My husband did not like that tea you sent us last. Grocer (politely)—Did you like it, marm? Mrs. McBangor—Yes, I liked it. Grocer (to clerk)—James, send Mrs. McBangor another pound of the same tea she had last. Anything else, marm?—Chips.

Cheap.

Ellicott Squerer—I notice that the new restaurant managers are going to put in Boston girls as "lady waiters." Ellmore—Yes; they believe it will save them the cost of ice and electric-fan power.

Unpleasant.

A coroner's jury in Maine reported that "Decayed came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."—Buffalo News.

BITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Coal is dearer in South Africa than in any other part of the world. It is cheapest in China.

About 600,000 trees are annually planted by Swedish school children, under the guidance of their teachers.

In the public schools of Germany the bright pupils are separated from the stupid ones. Medical men do the sorting.

An umbrella covered with a transparent material has been invented in England, enabling the holder to see where he is going when he holds it before his face.

In the manufacture of knives the division of labor has been carried to such an extent that one knife is handled by seventy different artisans from the moment the blade is forged until the instrument is finished and ready for the market.

In about twenty-two seconds a drop of blood goes the round of the body. In about every two minutes the entire blood in the body makes the round through the right side of the heart, the lungs, to the left side of the heart, through the arteries, the veins again to the heart.

Mother-of-pearl is the hard, silvery, brilliant substance which forms the internal layers of several kinds of shells. The interior of our common oyster shells is of this nature; the mother-of-pearl used in the arts is much more variegated, with a play of colors. The large shells of the Indian seas alone have this pearly substance of sufficient thickness to be of use.

IT IS A MODEL ASYLUM

WISCONSIN STATE INSTITUTION FOR THE INSANE.

Efforts Made to Cure Every Case Brought There—It Is Therefore Conducted on a Widely Different Plan from Other Retreats.

(Oshkosh Letter.)

WHAT is known as the Wisconsin system of caring for the insane is attracting the attention of physicians, philanthropists and people engaged in the care of dependent classes throughout the country. The ordinary method of caring for the insane consists in building large establishments which contain from 500 to 2,500 inmates. It is very common in many states to have asylums that hold 1,200 and 1,500 patients. In these great asylums the acute and chronic are mingled to a greater or less extent. It often happens that there are patients in these asylums who have been inmates for twenty years. It was formerly supposed that the mingling of the acute and chronic insane was beneficial from a psychological point of view. It is

method of locking a patient in his room for the night no longer obtains. In the old days the attendants shaved the patients in the wards. A barber shop has been opened up in the basement, where skillful tonsorial artists attend to the wants of the household.

A most recent departure is the introduction of a hospital school, where arithmetic, geography, writing, spelling and United States history are taught. Think of insane patients going to school, and apparently not only acquiring benefit from the commingling and the arousing of thought, but actually enjoying it. A professional teacher is employed, a regular program gone through with, and the results thus far obtained give assurance that this may form the basis of a revolution in insane hospital management. Each day, too, in the main dining-room, which also constitutes the auditorium of the institution, literary and musical exercises are had, being participated in generally, or at least listened to by the patients. Dr. Gordon, who for years has made mental phenomena a study, believes that if he can divert the minds of his patients from the morbid, violent and unreal images and subjects that now fill them the battle is won. Therefore, his whole struggle is along that line. It is only fair to him to say that he has accomplished wonders in his short incumbency. In all his efforts he is ably seconded by his wife, an estimable and handsome woman, whose natural kindness prompts her



NORTHERN HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

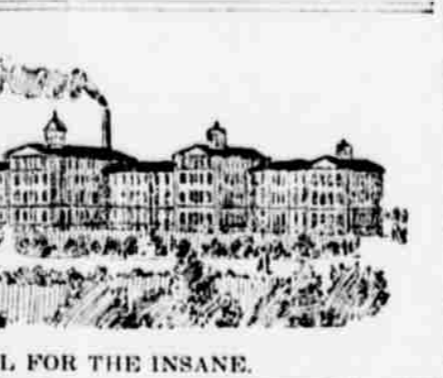
now not generally believed that the mingling of the acute and chronic insane benefits either class. It is not generally believed that locking up a man who has been insane for a short time only with one who has been insane a long time has any remedial influence upon either one. The Wisconsin idea is to abandon these mammoth institutions and to keep the chronic insane, the majority of whom are incurable, away from the more recent cases.

There are in Wisconsin twenty-two county asylums for the chronic insane, which are scattered throughout the state, and two state institutions for the treatment of the recent cases of insanity. One of these institutions, the Northern Hospital for the Insane, is located near this city. At this institution a number of modifications of former methods of treatment have recently been introduced, and a vigorous effort is being made to make this institution a genuine hospital, leaving out all asylum features, a true hospital being a curative institution and an asylum merely a house of refuge.

The writer recently visited this institution and was shown over the establishment by Dr. W. A. Gordon, the new superintendent. Among many other improvements made during the last year has been the introduction of a congenial dining-room, where patients take their meals in one large room, instead of in the wards, as in former days. Two Turkish bathrooms, one for the men, and one for the women, have also been put into the institution. Patients are no longer washed in the old-fashioned tub baths, but are given scrub and shower baths and are rendered fresh and cleanly by being placed upon a table and scrubbed after the manner adopted by all Turkish baths.

The diet of the patients has been materially changed from former times. Strong tea and coffee are no longer given, but in their place large quantities of milk are used. Patients are ac-

companied to the dining-room, so that a greater variety of vegetable diet and not so much meat as formerly. Every week there is a picnic, where good music is furnished, and dancing is indulged in. Refreshments are served after. The popular magazines of the day are much more liberally supplied than heretofore. Bus rides are used to a large extent, and are supposed to have a helpful influence. The disposal of the sewage has been materially altered. Considerable attention has been given to promoting the comfort of the employes. A separate dining-room has been fitted for them, also a reception-room for their special benefit. Intunctions of oil and massage treatment have been introduced and form a prominent feature in the treatment of the insane. A very humane feature is the leaving of the doors of the patients unlocked at night, and the night force has been increased, so that the ancient



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WHENCURFEW BLOWS

SIGNAL FOR KANSAS CITY CHILDREN TO BE AT HOME.

Most Parents Are Delighted—Coasting Finds to Stay in the House at Night Is No Longer Necessary in the Missouri Town.

THE curfew, as it is known in this country, is rung at 9 o'clock at night as a warning to children to go home and stay there, says the Kansas City Star. About a week ago Colonel Alexander Hoagland, the "news-boys' friend," came to Kansas City, and it was due to his efforts that the city council of Kansas City, Kan., enacted an ordinance establishing a curfew, which, from March 1 to Oct. 1, is sounded at 9 o'clock at night and during the winter months at 8 o'clock. There is no bell loud enough to carry its warning to all parts of the town, so the siren whistle at Armour's packing house was pressed into service, and at 9 o'clock each night it blows its warning to vagrant childhood. The nature of the curfew is, however, in proof against the terrors of the curfew whistle.

The curfew law across the state line is very much respected by the little people, to whom it is, and very properly, too, a serious matter. Parents in Kansas City, Kan., are delighted with it, for they are sure to have their children home betimes. The children know the value of their short lease of liberty in the evening and play from supper time until 9 o'clock with a vigor that is delightful. At half-past 8 the play grows faster. At a quarter to 9 it rushes. At five minutes to 9 it is a feverish scramble. Then, when 9 o'clock comes and the curfew roars out from Armour's big whistle, there is a scattering. A boy shouts, "There she goes," and half a minute afterward there is not a child in sight. The earth seems to have literally swallowed them.

The small boy of uncertain age has a way of dodging the issue that is ingenious. There are boys who look 13 years old and are 17. There are other boys who are 13 and look 17. It is a topsy-as to which is the luckier of the two. The first is a puzzle to the policeman and the other can prove his age by the family bible if necessary.

The other evening a crowd of small boys were engaged in the delectable pastime of "cutting a watermelon," the joint property of them all, in front of a Minnesota avenue grocery store.

"How do you like the curfew ordinance, boys?" asked a man who was watching the performance.

"Huh! It don't bother me none," said a small-bodied boy with an old face. "I'm 16, ain't I, fellers?"

"Naw, yer ain't," said one. "Yer on'y 13, yah."

"Well, yer bet yer sweet life I'm 15 when the whistle blows, anyhow."

And that is the way a great many of the boys will reckon their ages for several years to come if the curfew ordinance remains in force.

The little girls respect the curfew mightily, and when it blows they scurry away home as fast as their little legs will carry them, even if they are only two doors away from home and not a policeman within a mile. They have a greater fear of the law than the boys, and their fear of a policeman and the processes of the law is awful.

The policemen like the curfew. For half an hour after it blows they are made a trifle more active in getting over their beats and driving children home, which, however, is not a difficult task, for the children flee at the sight of a policeman. One night a policeman met a small boy going along at about half past 9 o'clock and said to him:

"Here, do you know the curfew has blew?" This is exactly what the policeman said.

"Yea," answered the boy. "But me father sent me after a box of blackin' like this," and the youngster pulled an empty tin box from his pocket.

"Well, come along home with me," said the policeman, "an' we'll see how about this."

So together they went to the boy's home, the boy not at all eager. The boy's father looked at the boy and then at the policeman and said:

"That's only one of his tricks. He's worked that blackin' box on the policeman for a month." So the blacking box was taken away, but it is likely that the boy found something else before the next curfew "blew."

The Point of View.

A certain eminent physician went to a concert at his wife's earnest request, though he has no knowledge of or interest in music. He was rather listless until one of the singers, a lady, rose and began to sing for the first time. Then he brightened up.

"Who is that alto?" he asked.

"Alto!" exclaimed his wife. "That isn't an alto. She's a high soprano and her name is Jones."

"Hum!" said the doctor.

"Why? Do you like her voice?"

"Can't say much for her voice, but she has one of the finest bronchitiases that I ever encountered."—Youth's Companion.

Perfectly Willing.

"Do you think your mother would let you have another piece of cake, Willie?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. She told me to be sure and get filled up while I had the chance."—Detroit Free Press.

EFFECTS OF TIPPING.

A Practice Which Is Un-American and Has Bad Results.

The Barbers' International Union of America has taken on the true American spirit, which is the spirit of personal freedom and dignity—the spirit of working for wages instead of fawning for favors, says Gunton's Magazine. The barbers of New York city appear to be opposed to Mr. Van Fleet. They evidently think that, being an addition to their wages, these tips are so much net gain to them, and hence to refuse tips would be permanently to lessen their income. This, of course, is the view entertained by all who consent to work under the tipping practice. But it is a mistaken notion. There is no class whose general income is increased by tips. The income is made precarious and fluctuating, depending upon the whims of customers and degree of servility of the laborer. But its permanent effect is not to enlarge the income, but rather to lessen the man. Tipping, as a practice, is offensively un-American and positively uneconomic. It is un-American not merely because it did not arise in America, but because it is contrary to the whole spirit and genius of American life and institutions. It is a system of paying for services partly in charity, which is always injurious, both to those who give and to those who receive; it injures those who give in tending to create the austere sentiment that they are giving something for nothing, for which the recipient is under personal obligations; it is degrading to the recipient because it is a voluntary gift for which he can put in no economic claim, and consequently must pay for in personal gratitude or obligation, which always means the surrender of personality; it is especially offensive in this country because it rests on no recognized principle of equity or payment of equivalents. Tips are uneconomic because they make the laborers' income precarious and accidental without making it larger or bringing any other corresponding benefits. The truth is, and it is gradually coming to be recognized, that the laborers gain absolutely nothing by tips; what they gain in tips they lose in wages. All the menialism exercised to obtain tips and the inconvenience resulting from the uncertainty and unevenness of the amount of income is so much disadvantage due to the tipping system for which the laborers receive no equivalent.

NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERIES.

England's "Acquisitive Instinct" and Jealous Grip Early Exhibited.

It has always been a common notion that for the first half of the sixteenth century the French, Spanish and Portuguese had the Newfoundland fisheries themselves, says Macmillan's Magazine. Judge Prowse discusses summarily of this idea and brings forward ample proof not only that the English fishing fleet was there in great strength, but that for the whole century and most certainly from the accession of Elizabeth, it ruled this heterogeneous floating colony in most masterful fashion. Spain was computed to have 6,000 sailors on the banks at this period; Portugal was not very far behind her, while France was probably more strongly represented than either.

Though no question was made of the right of all these nations to an equal share in the trade, the supremacy of the British seamen, chiefly from Devonshire, half fisherman half privateer, seems never to have been disputed, or never, at any rate, successfully disputed. The soil of Newfoundland, or Terra Nuova, it is true, was then of no moment. Its value was merely that of a refuge in stress of weather and a place upon which to dry and pack the spoils of the deep. But upon this seemingly barren foot-hold the English adventurers, with that acquisitive instinct which foreign nations and our selves are just now calling by such different names, kept from the first a firm and jealous grip, while in the floating and, upon the whole, peaceful republic, which spent half of every year between the desert shores of Labrador and the grim headland of Cape Ray, our countrymen seem to have secured for themselves undisputed sway.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

The next national Christian Endeavor convention will be held at Nashville, Tenn.

An immense audience gathered to hear Bishop Fowler's farewell sermon at Hennepin Avenue M. E. Church, Minneapolis, recently.

The Archbishop of London estimates the contributions of churchmen to religious objects during the last twenty-five years as \$109,009,000.

The Episcopal diocese of Michigan has voted that women shall vote in parish affairs. The clergy in the convention stood 28 to 29 and the laity 34 to 15.

The Fifth Baptist church, Washington, D. C., which recently celebrated its fortieth anniversary, has never had but one pastor, Rev. Dr. C. C. Meador, and he has never had any other church. One of the notable features of the convention of the B. Y. P. U., held at Milwaukee, was the review of the Baptist missions of the world, with a brief address outlining the work done and the progress made.

Dr. Arthur T. Pierson is no longer a Presbyterian. The Presbytery of Philadelphia heard him, at its last meeting, in his defense. He was recently immersed by a Baptist minister, and has repudiated the scriptural doctrine of infant baptism. His position as to baptism led the Presbytery to erase his name from the roll, although a paper was adopted expressing confidence in his Christian character and his general doctrinal soundness except as to baptism.