

FIRM AGAINST LIQUOR

THE PROHIBITION PARTY'S NEW FIELD MARSHAL

Short Sketch of the Life of Oliver W. Stewart, Recently Chosen Chairman of the National Committee—A Young and Vigorous Campaigner.

Oliver W. Stewart, the new chairman of the national committee of the Prohibition party, was born May 22, 1837, near Rio, Mercer county, Ill. He lived the early part of his life at Muscatine, Iowa, and went to Illinois in 1853. For two years he attended the high school at Galesburg, graduating in 1855, after which he taught school for two years in Knox and Henry counties. He entered Eureka college in the fall of 1857, graduating from that institution three years later.

From 1853 to 1855 he was very active in Good Templar work, being a member of the lodge at Woodhull, Ill. He helped to organize the Rock Island district lodge, being elected its secretary and lecturer, and traveled over a number of counties in its interest. He was then 20 years old.

During his college life he was very active in prohibition work, attending the Illinois state convention in 1858 and 1859. In 1859, he won the national prohibition oratorical contest at Decatur. In 1859, he was the prohibi-



OLIVER W. STEWART.

tion candidate for congress in the Ninth Illinois district.

In the fall of '93 he began preaching at Mackinaw, Ill., continuing to fill the pulpit there until Jan. 1, 1898, though for two years preceding that time he was giving nearly his entire time to party work.

For two years he was secretary of the Christian Endeavor Union of the state and was elected its president in 1895, and re-elected in 1896. During his presidency he addressed nearly every district and county convention in the state.

He was the founder of the Illinois News, which has come to be recognized as the state paper of the Church of Christ.

Mr. Stewart has attended every party convention held in his state since 1858. He was elected a member of the Illinois state committee in 1894, chairman of the state executive committee in 1896, and of the state central committee in 1898. He was permanent chairman of his own state convention in 1896 and also of the national convention at Pittsburg the same year.

Value of Wild Animals.

Of late years, since menageries have become common in large cities, the importations of wild animals have greatly increased, and ships have carried across the ocean cargoes of fierce tigers, lions, great apes and elephants with as much unconcern as though they were white rats or rabbits. Famous dogs and horses cost more money than wild animals, for while a blooded St. Bernard may bring \$5,000 a well-grown lion can be bought for less than \$1,000, and the prices in the lion market never go over \$1,200 for a good specimen. The elephant is a beast of burden as well as a curiosity, and is therefore always valuable according to his size and intelligence. A well-trained elephant will bring \$3,000, and the lowest price paid is \$1,500. Bears live a long time and are not subject to many illnesses. A fine grizzly can be bought for \$250. Giraffes cost the most, \$3,500 to \$5,000 being their usual price. They are also so delicate that they have to be treated like a hot-house flower and die very soon. Ostriches also are delicate, and suffer from dyspepsia.

Tribes Who Seldom See Strangers.

Perhaps the most isolated tribe of people in the world is the Tshukshi, a people occupying the northern portion of the peninsula of Kamchatka and the country northward toward Behring Straits. These people are practically independent of Russia, which appears to have reasons of her own for letting them alone. They have practically no communication with the outside world, and have only been visited two or three times. The inhabitants of the new Siberian Islands are also practically alone on earth, for they can only communicate with the mainland, and therefore with the rest of the world, once a year, and a succession of bad seasons might isolate them for years. The pigmies of the great central African forests, if they can be called a tribe, have also been a people apart. For ages their existence was little more than legendary, and only two expeditions commanded by white men have ever penetrated into their abode.

NEVER ATE FOREIGN MEAT.

It Doesn't Pay to Be Too Sure Until One Knows All the Facts.

A certain Major Brownjohn, who made it his boast that he never allowed American or colonial meat to be served at his table, recently visited an old comrade in Liverpool. One night at dinner a most delicious saddle of (apparently) Welsh mutton appeared, to which the major did ample justice. "Ah!" he observed, "I wish that my butcher in London would send me stuff like that; and yet he deals only in the best British meat." "Well," said his friend, "as a matter of fact, you have been eating New Zealand mutton; but it's only fair to say that I get it from a friend who is a large wholesale importer." "By Jove, you don't say so!" exclaimed the guest. "I wish he'd tell me where I can get the like in town." "We'll go and see him tomorrow," said the host. The visit was duly paid to the meatmonger, who smiled when he heard the Londoner's eulogy and explanation. "Tell me," he returned after listening to the epicure's remarks, "in what part of London you reside, and I dare say I can give you the address of a retail-butcher who will supply you with exactly the same sort of mutton as that which you like so much." The major handed him his card. "Ah!" observed the importer, "there's the very man within two streets of your house. We supply him with all his meat. Here's his address," he added, handing a slip of paper to the seeker after succulent joints. The major read, the major started, the major frowned—the major, truth to say, cried vengeance; and no wonder, for the address was that of his own butcher, who dealt only in home produce.—London Sketch.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER.

How a Millionaire Gave Him His Highest Fee.

When Sir Astley Cooper lived in Broad street, London, he had every day a numerous morning levee of city patients, says the Gentleman's Magazine. The room into which they were shown would hold from forty to fifty people, and often callers, after waiting for hours, were dismissed without having seen the doctor. His man Charles, with more than his master's dignity, would say to disappointed applicants when they reappeared on the following morning: "I am not sure we shall be able to attend to you, for our list is full for the day; but if you will wait I will see what we can do for you." During the first nine years of his practice Sir Astley's earnings progressed thus: First year, £5 5s; second, £26; third, £65; fourth, £96; fifth, £100; sixth, £200; seventh, £400; eighth, £600; ninth, £1,100. Eventually his annual income rose to more than £15,000; the largest sum he ever made in one year was £21,000. A West Indian millionaire gave him his highest fee; he had successfully undergone a painful operation, and sitting up in bed he threw his nightcap at Cooper, saying "Take that!" "Sir," replied Sir Astley, "I'll pocket the affront," and on reaching home he found in the cap a check for 1,000 guineas.

FRENCH PAINTER COMING.

Chartran, the celebrated French artist, who has recently painted the scene of the signing of the peace protocol, will shortly visit the United States, where he expects to remain several months. Some one who has seen the picture describes it thus: "Rarely has President McKinley been painted with a happier result. He is leaning on a table, which is the ordinary writing table of the executive offices. His face expresses that thoughtful intenseness fitting the great occasion, the signing of the peace protocol. The picture is striking. Seated at the table is Cambon in the act of fixing his signature. Near Cambon is first secretary of the French embassy,



CHARTRAN.

watching his chief as he writes. Around these central figures are Mr. Day, Mr. Cridler, Mr. Moore and Mr. Adler. Through a square window, the only one in the room shown in the picture, falls a ray of light, softly illuminating the scene. The effect of the whole is impressive."

Is the Body a Battery.

On the occasion of the presentation to the city of Brussels by M. Solvay of the Institute for Physiological Research, the donor made the following statements: "Oxidation of organic matter takes place in the body. We know that when the body labors the muscles come in for some 70 or 80 per cent of the total oxidation. This process goes on in the muscles and glands, leading us to give to these portions of the organic structure the name of electro-genic apparatus. There is a similarity between each animal organism and the cell of a voltaic battery."

BERNARD QUARITCH.

FAMOUS LONDON BOOKMAN A WORLD CHARACTER.

Believed in the Honesty of Men and Made It Pay—Known to Scholars all Over the Civilized World—Scholars His Friends.

Bernard Quaritch, the eminent London book dealer, whose death was recorded recently, was unquestionably the foremost man of his line in the world. He was born in Prussia in 1819, and went to London in 1842. His place in Piccadilly is as modest and as unobtrusive exteriorly as its interior is rich in all the treasures that are dear to the heart of him who loves the "red morocco's shine." The name will stand upon the door in the future, for another generation of Quaritches has grown up around the old collector, and Mr. Quaritch's son has been the real head of the house for some time.

Mr. Quaritch's association with scholars and his own natural high character made him one of the courtly men in Europe. His letters to his customers—who are in every civilized land, by the way—were models of dignified style and grace. The poorest collector received the same considerate and polished attention as the wealthiest. It was Mr. Quaritch's boast that the inquiry for a book worth a shilling would be treated as conscientiously as an order for one worth a thousand pounds.

It was Bernard Quaritch who handled most of the books that came from the famous Kelmiscott press of the late Wm. Morris. Through his agency and forethought many an American collector owes his possession of several or all of these superb and now very valuable publications. The sage of Piccadilly could borrow any book in Europe and the trust placed in his judgment and perfect honesty has been a household word for scores of years.

An instance of Mr. Quaritch's devotion to the interests of his customers may be cited in the experience of a Chicago collector who desired to complete a set of editions of a certain poetical work. All his collection was one copy of one edition. He wrote to Piccadilly asking Mr. Quaritch for the

ly weather that week, and he turned to Willis Moore, the weather bureau chief, who sat close by. "For instance," he said, "we in China would long ago have cut off this young man's head." It dazed the company for a minute, but they soon grasped the playful allusion to the weather maker, and roundly greeted the remark.

AMERICAN WITH BOERS.

Duncan N. Hood, an American soldier and a graduate of West Point, is serving as a commissioned officer in the Boer army. Hood is a son of the famous Gen. Hood. He attended Riv-



DUNCAN N. HOOD.

erview Military Academy, where he was prepared for West Point.

Duncan was adopted by John Morris of New Jersey, who educated him. After graduation Hood traveled through South America, Central America and Mexico. Then he resigned his position as second lieutenant and took up the study of mining engineering in Columbia College. When the war between the United States and Spain broke out he promptly dropped studies and speculation and went at once to his native state, Louisiana. He was the first to suggest to President McKinley the idea of immune regiments for service in Cuba, and was called to Washington to discuss the idea. The result was that Mr. Hood was commissioned as colonel of one of the regi-



BERNARD QUARITCH.

book. The answer came back that no copy was to be had, but that a watch would be kept for one. No more was heard from Quaritch for a year. Then came a note to the effect that he had purchased the book and had shipped by mail, and not a word said about price. The bill came along six months later! And this collector was practically unknown to the famous London bookman.

Quaritch's catalogues are a liberal education in themselves. They may be studied with profit by anyone whose knowledge of books is not omniscient quite. Almost every branch of art and polite literature is covered by them in their description of the books Quaritch has handled or sold. The price of this catalogue is very high and a copy is a rarity in itself. Mr. Quaritch not only knew the outside of books, but he knew their contents too. His personal manner was as courtly as his letters, and he seemed never able to forgive the ignorance of rich men who bought rare books just because they were rare. No one without taste could be a bookman, for Quaritch. But of such he did cultivate the acquaintance.

Chinese Minister's Wit.

The Chinese minister at Washington, Wu Ting Fang, has achieved a reputation for ready wit. A little while ago there was a quiet dinner, in the course of which it was up to the minister to speak. He began with a complimentary allusion to American ways, but said there are a few things about Oriental civilization superior to our own. There had been some beast-

ments. It happened that this regiment saw no active service in Cuba. Last July, after being mustered out, Col. Hood returned to New York and resumed his studies. The fact that he had not seen actual fighting left him restless to know what battle meant. Then came the trouble in South Africa, and the young soldier, again dropping his books and putting aside his ambition in civil life, left for South Africa just before war began. His services were eagerly accepted by the Boers.

Tricked Peter the Great.

Peter the Great was once very neatly caught in a trap by a jester attached to the court. The jester was noted for his cleverness in getting himself and his friends out of difficulties. It happened one day that a cousin of his had incurred the czar's displeasure, and was about to be executed. The jester, therefore, presented himself before his imperial master to beg for his reprieve. On seeing him approach the czar, divining his errand, cried: "It is no good to come here; I swear I will not grant what you are going to ask." Immediately the jester went down on his knees, saying: "I beseech your imperial highness to put that scamp cousin of mine to death." The czar, thus caught in his own trap, could only laugh and pardon the condemned man.

First-class passengers in England have increased only 10 per cent in 10 years, while the number of the third-class passengers has increased 41 per cent.

WAS A NAVAL HERO.

THE LATE COMMANDER WOOD A HARD FIGHTER.

Commanded the Petrel at Manila Bay and Thundered Shot and Shell into the Spanish Fleet—Bore the Honors of the Great Battle.

In the death of Commander E. P. Wood at his home in Washington, D. C., after an illness of only six days, the American navy has sustained the loss of one of its bravest officers. Of the gallant men who illustrated the traditions of the navy in the far east during the recent war with Spain not one of them, save Admiral Dewey himself, achieved greater distinction on the score of individual prowess than Commander Wood, who commanded the Petrel in the celebrated engagement at Manila. Commander Wood was ordered to command the Petrel December 16, 1896, and it was while in that command that he earned the highest praise of Admiral Dewey and his brother officers. The Petrel is the finest of gunboats, and is almost wholly without protection. The Spanish ships that remained afloat had sought shelter under the guns of the forts at Cavite, and Dewey's ships could not get at them. The little Petrel,



COMMANDER WOOD.

however, steamed boldly into the harbor entrance, sank the remaining Spanish ships, and then paid her respects to the Spanish forts in such fashion as to silence them. The exploit was a remarkable exhibition of cool daring and skill, and Wood's brother officers made no secret of their belief that his feat was the most daring and successful of any connected with the memorable naval battle.

The board of naval rewards recommended that "for his eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle" Commander Wood should be advanced ten numbers in his grade, and although this was a higher measure of reward than was bestowed upon any other captain, Congress did not withhold it. Commander Wood was detached from the Asiatic station Dec. 31, 1898, and, coming home, was, after a short leave of absence, placed in charge of the Baltimore lighthouse district. Though his official headquarters were in Washington, D. C., whither he came every afternoon on completing his day's work. Profound sorrow is felt not only in naval circles but in every part of the United States on account of the untimely taking off of this brave officer, whose heroism is associated with one of the brightest achievements in American annals.

No Fear When Death Draws Nigh.

"I have seen thousands of persons die under all sorts of circumstances, and never yet have I seen one display the slightest fear of death." This remarkable statement was made the other day by a physician who has practiced many years in Philadelphia, and who has seen a great deal of hospital service. "It is a popular fallacy," he went on, "to imagine that a deathbed scene is ever terrible, other than as a parting between loved ones. The fear of the unknown is never present at the last. Even amid ignorance and vice I have never experienced such scenes as a novelist, who strives after realism, will sometimes picture. When a patient is told he cannot recover and the end is near, he invariably seems resigned to his fate, and his only thought seems to be of those who are to be left behind. This is true alike of men and women. Those who become hysterical and declare they are not fit to die are the ones who are not as ill as they think they are. They always get well. A psychological reason? O, I don't know that there is any. It's just a human trait."

An Automobile Congressman.

Representative Sibley of Pennsylvania will be responsible for starting the automobile habit among the statesmen at Washington. Among those who can afford the expense the automobile is apt to take the place of both bicycle and carriage, since some one has set the example. Sibley has a reputation as a lover of horses. On Sibley's arrival at Washington this winter he appeared, not behind a pair of fast trotters, but in a low-built vehicle, and not the sign of a horse to give it character. They have become reconciled to him now, and he will probably soon have many imitators among congressmen, who are already beginning to envy the ease with which he shoots about from one department to another, to and from the capitol and all about town.

REASONS FOR SOME WARS.

Apparently Doesn't Take Much to Lead John Bull to Fight.

An English paper has the following to say on the reasons for some British wars: "From all appearances it does not take much provocation to set John Bull at war. William the Conqueror made war on France because King Philip had made a slighting allusion to his embonpoint. More recent wars have been brought about by trivial incidents. In 1840 a large trade in opium was done by British traders in China, and the Chinese government at length forbade the importation of the pernicious drug by our sailors. The edict, however, had little or no effect, and the trade continued, till at length the Chinese imprisoned a number of British subjects and we promptly declared war. Our second war, in 1856, ought never to have come about if its origin is taken into account. A Chinese pirate hoisted the British flag at his mainmast, and was afterward seized by his government as a bloodthirsty adventurer. Had he failed to run up our flag his capture would have been regarded as a good thing here, but as it was, it was taken as an insult, and we made war on the Chinese for refusing to apologize. The horrors of the Indian mutiny will still be remembered by a minority of our readers, and the cause which led to it is a matter of history. Cartridges greased with cow's fat were served out to the Sepoys, who refused to use them on the ground that the cow was a sacred animal. We insisted, and almost without any warning, the terrible massacres followed, which were only avenged at an enormous expenditure of lives and money."

WOMEN AND WORRY.

A Feminine Failing Contrasted to Man's Indifference.

Despite the fact that women have been warned that worry digs untold wrinkles in their faces and sprinkles gray among their tresses, they will go on worrying through all time or until time has solved some mooted questions. If women had the capacity with men of getting up and doing battle with things, worry would slip off their shoulders as easily as wind off those of the average masculine. Man doesn't worry about debt, because he feels that he has it within him, since money-making is his business, to make sufficient money to pay his debts some time. Women look at it more practically and consider the now. Man doesn't usually worry about his health, because he really has not the time. Man doesn't worry about the future—he is so madly interested in the present; nor about his clothes, for the tailor stands between him and that; nor about home matters—they, from his point of view, are too trivial—until he comes home to a badly cooked dinner, and then in his broad outlook there is no excuse for this state of things; for in business circles if an employe does not do his work properly his employer gets some one who can; and this is a method that will yet come to be a powerful lever in the leveling of a woman's worries.

GETTING LOTS OF DOLLARS.

Sir Henry Irving, who is now touring the principal cities of the north and east, is said to be achieving the greatest success of his life in the presentation of Victorien Sardou's "Robespierre." Wherever the actor-knight has appeared in this new role he has been greeted with wild enthusiasm. In view of the dramatic interest which attaches to the character and personality of Robespierre (who as the central figure of the French revolution offers peculiar attractions to the stage), it is not surprising that Sir Henry Irving should have made the dramatic



HENRY IRVING.

world ring with his plaquits in the presentation of "Robespierre."

The Sultan's Daily Life.

The sultan of Turkey rises at 6 o'clock every morning and devotes his days, in the seclusion of the Yildiz palace and gardens, to personal attention to affairs of state. He is of slight figure. A pale brown overcoat conceals any decorations he might be wearing, so that the attention of those who see him on the one day in seven when he presents himself to the view of the people is not diverted from his pale, wan and careworn face, half-covered by a thin brown beard, tinged with gray, and surmounted by a plain red fez. The sultan has been the means of establishing 50,000 schools throughout his empire, not only for boys, but for girls also—a striking departure from the traditional usage of his race.

Definition of Bric-a-brac.

Little Dick—Uncle Richard, what is bric-a-brac? Uncle Richard—Bric-a-brac is anything you knock over and break when you are feeling for matches in the dark.—Puck.