

THE FUTURE OF WAR.

MODERN GUNS WILL NECESSITATE A CHANGE.

Defensive Battles Will Be at a Premium and Offensive Warfare Simplified, According to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee—An Interesting Problem.



THE modern guns will make great changes in the art of war, and the plans employed in former campaigns by the great commanders will receive many modifications. Defensive battles will be at a premium, and offensive warfare will be simplified. Armies will maneuver for position, and the generals commanding them will gain fame by movements skillfully conducted to concentrate their scattered battalions at the proper time, with the purpose of forcing an antagonist to give rather than to accept the battle. If a campaign with a designated objective point is planned, and the strategy is offensive on the part of one of the commanders, if possible, his tactics will be defensive. Hostile armies will keep at greater distances and in open country out of sight of each other, unless they can take up a line at night and intrench; and direct flank movements will not be attempted where troops are visible before the assault. Field balloons will locate the position, and photography mark the formation, of contending forces, while telephones and electricity will play prominent parts in the war drama. Night marching and night attacks will be more frequent, and columns of troops organized to charge stationary positions will be moved under darkness to close points so that the charge at dawn will occupy the shortest time possible, writes General Lee, in the Century. Raging battles will be fought by infantry and artillery, and one of the problems will be the protection of the horses that draw the guns. Temporary field-works cannot shelter them, and unless hills afford protection they will perish in the hidden hall. Cavalry will not be employed on the main field of battle, but on the flanks of armies, against cavalry. Cavalry chieftains will no longer assault infantry or artillery, and no more charges will be recorded like those of Ponsonby at Waterloo or Murat at Jena. This arm will still be effective in reconnaissances, picketing, guarding trains, and as escorts; but except in small bodies its use for advance and rear-guards will be diminished. The target presented is too large to be risked before field-guns firing with great rapidity, even if several miles distant, as well as before infantry rifles incessantly flashing a mile away.

Maneuvering a cavalry corps with, say, ten thousand horses on a future battle-field would be a big type of cruelty to animals. But the regiments, brigades, and divisions composing it can still render good service. They can be moved with celerity long distances, and the troops, except the horse-holders, can be dismounted and used as infantry, their modern carbines being nearly as effective as the magazine-rifle of the infantryman; but it will be most difficult to protect the horses while locating them in such a position as to reach their riders or be reached by them quickly, when necessary.

Perhaps the most interesting problem to be solved by those who organize armies in the future is the disposition and arrangement of the immense ammunition trains. The greedy guns must be fed, and great will be their rapacity. Next to the commanding general and his principal assistants will rank in importance the field chief of ordnance, who has the location of supply depots and the management of the transportation of large and small cartridges to the combatants. The continual replenishing of caisson and limber boxes, the smaller charges for infantry during actual conflict, and the safety and efficiency of vast trains where electric or steam roads cannot be constructed, will require a brave, enterprising, cool, vigilant officer of conspicuous ability and executive capacity. The medical department, too, must be reorganized and enlarged to convey the disabled to field hospitals, for field ambulances cannot be placed close to battle lines, and the numbers of the wounded will be greatly increased.

The great captains of future wars will be those who fully comprehend the destructive power of improved cannon and small arms, and whose calm and fertile intellect will grasp the importance of so maneuvering as to force the antagonist to give offensive battle, and who will never be without a "clear conception of the object to be achieved and the best way of achieving it." They will parry and fence like great swordsmen, but they will thrust only when the enemy rushes upon them.

The Manager's Share.

Manager—But if I pay you \$1,000 a night, in addition to all other expenses, what will there be left for me to live on?

Prima-Donna—Well, if you treat us nicely, we will no doubt give you a benefit performance at the end of the season.

The Leading Snake Story.

A Georgia weekly exchange breaks the record with the following: "Uncle Bud Sells killed seven copperhead snakes in three days last week and within 10 feet of each other of an unknown variety, which measured 14 feet in length."

HALLELUJAH HARBOR.

A Floating Polyglot Settlement on a River in the Pacific Northwest.

Situated in the west channel of the Puyallup River is a small settlement called Hallelujah Harbor, and it is here the scow dwellers of the city hold forth, says the Tacoma Daily News. Hallelujah Harbor is distinctly a Tacoma institution. Every seaport city, however, has similar districts, though in nine cases out of ten these scow dwellings are the habitations of a very dangerous class of citizens—robbers, plunderers, river pirates, smugglers, the outcasts of society and law-breakers generally. But this is not true of Hallelujah Harbor. Here the scow dwellers are mostly honest-hearted bachelor fishermen or laborers, who find in this locality a home free of rent, where the tread of the pompous "copper" is not heard and where the form of the tax collector is never seen. About seventy-five scows and miserably constructed cabins securely perched upon heavy logs constitute the village of Hallelujah Harbor. To become a member of society in this quiet town there are two requisites. First, the new-comer must own his little shack, and, second, must have sense enough to strictly mind his own business. There are no credentials required as to race, sex, color or previous occupation. Sunday is a big day over at the harbor. The folks do not boast about their church-going proclivities. They prefer to stay at home and do a little laundry work, to sew on a few needed buttons and loaf and smoke during the afternoon. It was this careless spirit that a few months ago induced several of the salvation army to take up their abode in the midst of what was then known as Scowville. Even the enthusiasm of the ardent devil-fighters accentuated by the big bass drum and the shouts of glory from the army lads and lassies, could not wake the "wicked" fishermen from their lethargy and the recruits were finally called home. From the time of their departure Scowville has been known as Hallelujah Harbor. The cabins are mostly about 16 by 10 feet in size, divided into two rooms—a kitchen and bedroom. The dwellers do their own cooking, living chiefly on bread, bacon, potatoes, flour gravy, fish and game. The cost of such a bill of fare rarely exceeds \$1 a week. Some of the houses are very neatly kept, though the majority woefully show the need of the hand of gentle woman. In this curious little city are Frenchmen, Germans, Swedes, Italians and Irishmen, all living together in perfect harmony. On moonlight evenings they congregate on one of the largest rafts, and as several of them are performers on musical instruments quite an orchestra is formed and many a pleasant evening hour is thus whiled away.

THE BALTIC SHIP CANAL.

How It Will Make and Unmake Various European Ports.

Germany does well to make the formal opening of the great Baltic ship canal a ceremonial affair of the first magnitude, says the London Review. When ships of the largest burden can pass by a protected short cut of sixty miles' length from the North Sea to the Baltic the ugliest as well as the oldest problem of north European navigation will have been solved. Incidentally it will destroy what little remains of Denmark's commercial importance. Copenhagen has endeavored to forestall disaster by making itself into a free port and spending large sums of money upon dock and harbor improvements; but, we fear, all in vain. It is incredible that any shipping will hereafter be sent into Danish waters, to round the tiresome Jutland peninsula and brave the dangers of the treacherous passage of the sound, which can take advantage of the shorter and entirely safe route across Holstein. Where the commercial supremacy of the Baltic will reside itself when once it quits Copenhagen is not clear. Hamburg is very confident about its own succession to those rich honors. Ancient Lubeck is projecting an Elbe-Trave canal, by means of which she hopes to divert the increased traffic and wealth to herself. The Courland port of Libau has spent \$250,000 in enlarging its facilities for the competition and even St. Petersburg, which, with its new deep-water dock in the Neva, becomes a seaport this year for the first time, has visions of maritime greatness based on this novel rearrangement of trade currents. While these rival claims are as yet in the air the advantages to British shipping are tangible and immediate. Not least among these advantages may be counted the increased incentives to peace which the financial importance of keeping this great canal open will give to the German empire.

Gallant, Yet Rude.

At 10 a. m. yesterday an extremely well-dressed and pretty young woman was crossing the City Hall park. She was half-way across the square when a man garbed like a gentleman stopped her and told her that an enormous "devil's darning-needle" was on her back.

"If you will stand still a moment I will kill it," he said.

She smiled her thanks. The man pulled off his derby and struck her two sounding blows with his hat some distance below the waist. The young woman stood as if petrified, then she turned and gave her rescuer a glance in which astonishment, indignation and possibly thanks were strangely mingled. The man did not notice her. He was inspecting the darning-needle on the ground, and the pretty young woman walked on toward the Brooklyn bridge, tossing up a mental penny whether to be angry or not.—New York World.

VENETIAN MOSAICS.

An Old and Beautiful Art Revived by Modern Demands.

The revival at Venice of the mosaic art, chiefly for internal and external artistic decoration of private and public buildings, goes on uninterrupted and working in mosaic is now (our consul says) carried on in that city on a large scale and with great success, says the London Daily News. A mosaic is a work framed by the use of "tesserae" or small cubes of enamel, marble or other material and of a gold-and-silver leaf between two films of the purest glass of various colors, which are skillfully mixed on cement so as to produce the effect of a picture. The composition of human figures in different attitudes, animals, draperies or other objects requiring a careful delineation are entrusted to the best workmen and the execution of the background to less trained workmen. The splendid mosaics which are made at Venice continue to be in great demand in the artistic markets of the world for the skillful manner in which the tesserae are arranged, for their extreme beauty and delicacy of color, for their rich harmony of effect and from their being nearly indestructible. The manner in which mosaics are now made for decorative purposes is quite different from the elaborate system used by the ancients, which consisted in fixing the tesserae one by one on the cement previously applied on the wall. The modern method of the Venetian school consists in executing the mosaic in the workshop by having the tesserae fixed with common paste on the section of the cartoon assigned to each workman. When all the parts of the mosaic are complete they are put together on the floor or on a special wooden frame. The mosaic, which is then a perfect representation of the original cartoon, is again divided into sections on the reverse side, marked with a progressive number and carefully packed to be sent off to the place for which it is intended. The surface of the wall where the mosaic is to be fixed is then covered with cement, into which the sections of the mosaic are uniformly pressed according to their numbers and the key-plan supplied to the fixers. When the cement has hardened the paper on which the tesserae have been pasted is gently taken off and the faithful copy of the original cartoon is again exhibited on the right side.

A TRAGEDY IN MID-AIR.

The Hawk Catches the Weasel, but Gets the Worst of It.

The weasel is a dainty and luxurious liver, in his way, says the Houston Post. He steals the freshest eggs, selects the tenderest chickens of the brood, and will sometimes kill several for a single meal, sucking the warm blood and eating only a small portion of the flesh. He is not only sly and cunning, but remarkably courageous. He will often attack an enemy much larger and stronger than himself, and he does not lose his wits even in imminent peril. This heroic quality is sometimes strikingly evinced. Two farmers in Titus County, Texas, were eating their midday meal, when they noticed a large hawk circling in the sky overhead. He was gradually narrowing his circles while approaching the ground, and it was apparent that he would soon drop upon his victim. The men looked about cautiously, without movement or noise, and presently discovered a weasel stretched out upon the warm side of a log, not far away, probably sunning himself after a long morning's sleep, for the weasel does his sleeping in the daytime and his work at night. But the weasel quietly blinked at the sun, either unconscious of the danger or indifferent to it. The farmers had just made this discovery when the hawk came gliding down, swift as an arrow, seized the weasel in his powerful talons and rose again almost perpendicularly. All seemed at an end for that weasel. Soon, however, the movements of the great bird became strange and unnatural. His wings worked rapidly and convulsively, as if making a great effort to sustain flight, then he began to sink, slowly till finally he fell straight like a plummet to the ground—dead! From under the outstretched wings crept the weasel, apparently unharmed. What had happened? The weasel had quickly stretched his long supple neck under the hawk's wing, stuck his teeth into a vital part and sucked out the life blood. The muscles of the hawk relaxed as the blood was rapidly drained. There was a last desperate effort at flight; the wings flapped uselessly in the air, and the heaviness of death brought him swiftly to the ground, very near the spot where the weasel had been basking in the sun.

Upholding His Dignity.

"This suit," said the rural justice, "is for breach in the premises. It appears to the court that he promised the widder to marry her an' then run off with the postmistress?"

"Yes, sir," said the weeping widow, "that he did!"

"Balliff, collect \$10 out o' the widder fer interruptin' the court. Is the postmistress present?"

"No, sir; she's on her honeymoon."

"Get \$20 worth of stamps out o' her fer contempt. All the lawyers present!"

No, Sir—Two Absent.

"All right; \$10 apiece fer both. Ain't you been drinkin' balliff?"

"Just a dram, sir."

"Five dollars and costs fer you. The dignity o' this here court is got to be maintained!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Excusable.

New Minister—I saw you going into a saloon yesterday, Mr. DeGood.

Mr. DeGood—Yes; my wife was off to a church society meeting, and I dropped in there for something to eat.

THE ASSAULT ON ACRE.

NAPOLEON'S DREAM OF ORIENTAL CONQUEST.

The Pasha's Capital Was the Key of Palestine—Sir Sidney Smith's Aid to the Defenders of Turkish Rule in Western Asia.



FROM earliest times Acre had been the key of Palestine; if Bonaparte should secure it, he would become the arbiter of his own destiny and of the world's. With Palestine, Egypt and India at his feet, the tri-continental monarchy of his dreams was realizable, or else, in the same case, he could return to Paris with laurels unknown since the crusades, and put the copestone on the nearly completed structure of military domination in France and Europe. To the end of his days he imagined, or represented himself as imagining, that he would have altered the world's career by choosing the part of Oriental conqueror. We may call these notions, dreams or fancies, or visions, or what we will; they were true conceptions in themselves, although it is not likely that England would have been conquered in the loss of India. She had been vigorous without it; she could have survived even that blow. For the moment the fall of Acre appeared to be an antecedent condition to either of the courses which were in the mind of Bonaparte.

But the siege was not prosperous. The assault and the defense during the attack in March had been alike desperate, and French valor had been futile. A fleet was now on its way from Constantinople to throw additional men and provisions into the town. At the same time Philippeaux had constructed a new girdle of forts inside the walls, and had barricaded the streets. In the interval, however, the French had brought up some heavy guns from Jaffa and were making preparations to renew operations.

A breach was easily effected, and a few gallant fellows seized the tower which controlled the outworks and curtain; but the storming party was repulsed, and the men in the tower, though they held it for two days, were finally so reduced in numbers that they succumbed. This exasperated the French soldiers intensely. For the first two weeks of May there was scarcely a break in the succession of assaults. The fierce struggles which occurred in the breaches, on the barricades, even in the streets, to which the French once or twice penetrated, resulted in an appalling loss of life; but neither party quailed. Before long a pestilence broke out in the French camp, and the hospitals established at Jaffa and elsewhere were crowded with sick and dying.

On May 7 Kleber's division was called in for a conclusive onslaught, and in the face of a double fire from Sir Sidney Smith's cannon and the guns on the walls, both the first and second works were scaled and taken. All was in vain. Every house rained bullets from embrasures made for the purpose, and the entering columns retreated on the very threshold of their goal. Three days later a second equally desperate attempt likewise failed. In all, the siege lasted 62 days; the French assaulted 46 times, and 25 sallies were made by the garrison; while four thousand soldiers and four good generals from his splendid army were the sacrifice of human life which Bonaparte offered at Acre to his ambition. Finally, the squadron from Constantinople having safely arrived, news came that another was fitting out at Rhodes to retake Egypt itself. Nothing was left but to retreat, and on the 17th the siege was abandoned. The retreat began on the 20th. At Jaffa Bonaparte passed through the hospital wards calling out in a loud voice: "The Turks will be here in a few hours. Whoever feels strong enough let him rise and follow us."

Rebuked by Hannibal Hamlin.

Mr. Hamlin was a true gentleman. Punctilious himself in the observance of all the requirements of gentlemanly intercourse, he was equally exacting of every courtesy due him from others. He permitted no man to be rude to him, or to assume the attitude of a superior. On one occasion one of the able men and leaders of the Senate, distinguished for a self-conscious, lordly air in his department, in the change of seats which occurs once in two years in the Senate chamber had gained a seat by the side of Mr. Hamlin, and began at once to practice upon him those little exactions and annoyances which he had been accustomed to impose upon others. After a few days of yielding to these encroachments, Mr. Hamlin turned, and in a tone that did not require repetition, said, "Sir, if you expect to be treated like a gentleman, you must prove yourself one." There was never occasion afterward to repeat the admonition.—Exchange.

An Easy Solution.

Gotham Girl—What difficult problems is Boston culture struggling with at present?

Miss Tremont—A recent subject of social discussion is the proposition to tax bachelors.

Gotham—What nonsense! If they don't see any one in Boston they want to marry, tell them to come to New York.

A man laughs when he is amused; a woman laughs when she thinks people think she ought to.

A WATER-CRESS INTERLUDE.

Experience of an American Traveler Upon a German Railway.

"We fellows over here," said a New Yorker to a New York Sun reporter, "are giving to growling if a train doesn't make the schedule time to a minute or if there's a moment's delay at any point along the line, but a little travel in some of the European continental lines would, I think, make us more reconciled to our own conditions. I know it has had that chastening effect on me. On my last trip to Germany I had to run down from Hanover to Cassel, and after we had been jogging along at a sedate pace of three minutes to the mile for a couple of hours or so we came to a stop. I looked out of the window and saw that we were in the midst of a very pretty country scene, meadows and gardens, but with nothing in the shape of a village to be seen except some scattered farm-houses. So I concluded that it was either a wayside station for some district or else that an accident had happened. The only other passenger in the coach, a Lutheran clergyman I put him up to be, knew of no stopping place there, so I lowered the door sash to hunt up the conductor or guard. As I poked my head out I saw a man that I took to be the fireman or engineer coming across the meadows with a big bundle done up in a blue handkerchief, swinging from his hand, while his mate was leaning out of the cab window, smoking a big pipe. The conductor was sitting beside the track examining a belated wild flower through his gold-rimmed spectacles, the escape steam was gently whistling through the valve, a few passengers had their heads poked out of the other carriage windows like mice, all apparently watching the approach of the man with the blue handkerchief with a sort of good-natured family interest. Altogether it was a very pretty, restful, pastoral picture. I hesitated for a minute to break in on it, but when I looked at my watch and found that we had been standing there for more than a quarter of an hour I yelled to the professor-like guard and asked him what was the matter.

"He arose and came smiling pleasantly to the carriage window.

"What's the matter?" I repeated. "Is there an accident?" He smiled still more pleasantly.

"Oh, no, Mein Herr," he said, "only there is a famous quality of die bache-kresse or water-cress in the brook at the bottom of that field over there and the good Wilhelm Schwartz, the engineer, generally makes it a point to get a bunch of it for his Sunday salad when he comes along here on the Saturday afternoon train."

"By that time the guard had finished his delightful little story the engineer had reached the engine. Then the guard climbed into his coupe, there was a shrill toot of the whistle and we were jogging along again."

Mr. Howells Did Not Accept the Bribe.

I found that there were stations which were considered particularly desirable by the fruiterers, and that the chief of these was in front of the old United States court house. A fruiterer out of place, whose family I visited for the charities, tried even to corrupt me, and promised me that if I would get him this stendio (they Italianize "stand") to that effect, just as they translate "bar" into barra and so on), he would give me something outright. "E poi, di sara sempre la mancia" ("And then there will always be the drink money"). I lost an occasion to lecture him upon the duties of the citizen; but I am not a ready speaker.—W. D. Howells, in the Century.

"HOWDYS."

It is common in Arabia to put cheek to cheek.

The Hindoo falls in the dust before his superior.

The Chinaman dismounts when a great man goes by.

A Japanese removes his sandals, crosses his hands and cries out, "Spare me!"

The Australian natives practice the singular custom, when meeting, of making a grimace at each other.

A striking salutation of the South Sea Islanders is to fling a jar of water over the head of a friend.

The Arabs hug and kiss each other, making simultaneously a host of inquiries about each other's health and prospects.

The Turk crosses his hands upon his breast and makes a profound obeisance, thus manifesting his regard without coming in personal contact with its object.

PHILOSOPHY.

The love of money keeps many men from vice.

The locomotive builder is noted for his engine-uity.

The proper thing for a jury is to be firm, but not fixed.

The fetter of propriety should be worn as an ornament, not a chain.

The surest way to become poor in earnest is to try to keep all you get.

The trouble with cheerful people is that their cheerfulness is too hard to snub.

If you don't want your boy to turn out bad, don't bear down too hard on the grindstone.

There ought to be a law passed that railway restaurant keepers shall date their apple pies.

The more worthless a man is when he leaves a town, the greater probability that he will come back.

We learn that ministers are seriously disturbed over the innovation known as the automatic coupler.

A fish diet is said to be good for the brain. Probably this is because the fish go so often in schools.

The moment a man finds out he has been making a fool of himself he has learned something valuable.

The stinger a man is about valuable things the more apt he is to give advice. Comparing your sins with those of other people won't make your sinning any safer.

KILLED BY HARSH CRITICISM.

Mgr. Carini, Blamed and Censured by the Cardinals, Dies from the Blow.

You may perhaps have heard of the recent theft of precious illuminated parchments at the Vatican library, says an Italian correspondent of the St. James Gazette. The robber, the soi-disant Prof. Sordi, has indirectly become a murderer, for it is certainly the anxiety and pain caused by the ruthless mutilation of his bibliographical treasures that we must attribute the sudden death of Mgr. Carini, the Prefect of the Vatican library. This eminent prelate, though comparatively young—being only about 50—was known and respected in the scientific world for his learned writings on historical, palaeographic and theological subjects, and belonged to several scientific academies, both in Italy and abroad. The theft of the parchments brought down an avalanche of annoyances and trouble on the quiet, peaceful, and he bravely supported the weary interrogations of the police officials and the assaults of prying reporters. But the coup de grace came to him when he was called before a committee of Cardinals, one of whom, the Jesuit Mezzarola, harshly threw upon him all the blame of what had occurred. This was too much for the poor Monsignor. His Sicilian blood got the better of his love for the grand library, which was his greatest pride and care, and he rushed out of the room, exclaiming: "Very well, I shall resign." But the blow had been too painful, and a few hours later, when at his place in the Chapter of St. Peter's singing vespers with the other canons, Mgr. Carini sank down in a swoon and was carried into the Court of St. Damascus, where he expired without regaining consciousness. Mgr. Carini was a son of Gen. Carini, who commanded the army corps of Perugia when Archbishop Pecci, not yet elevated to the chair of St. Peter, occupied that see. Leo XIII. had, therefore, known the late Monsignor since his childhood, and, appreciating the rare talents of the young priest, called him to Rome, where, in the course of time, he appointed him to the important post which he occupied at the time of his sudden death. His holiness has been profoundly shocked and grieved at the loss of Mgr. Carini, whom he had already appointed cardinal.

He Was No Menagerie.

Senator Harris, of Tennessee, says that just after Andrew Johnson had vacated the presidential seat the managers of the Simpson County, Ky., Agricultural and Mechanical Association decided that it would be a great advertisement to have the old gentleman attend the fair. "We don't care for him on Saturday," said the manager, "for on that day we shall have a pretty big crowd, anyhow. Wednesday will be the day. I will write the ex-President."

The following letter was sent to Mr. Johnson:

"Great Sir: The people of the wonderful county of Simpson, feeling a great interest in one of America's greatest sons, have decided to invite you to be present at our fair grounds on Wednesday, October 6, where they wish to shake your hand. Please let me know by return mail."

He let him know by return mail, on the back of his own missive. The old gentleman turned the letter over, and read the following: "I am no menagerie. A. Johnson."

Same Effect.

Jack—What's the matter with you? Love?

George—No; only the grip.

TEMPERANCE.

Governor Sheakley, of Alaska, refuse, to issue the necessary permits for the establishment of breweries in that territory.

A new law for the better observance of Sunday in Russia will probably close all the dram shops throughout the empire on that day.

A physician declares that one-half the consumptive patients received into hospitals in Paris owe their condition to spirit drinking.

The W. C. T. U. of Bondurant, Ia., have had five acres of ground given them for five years rent free, and will farm it for the benefit of their work.

Rev. J. Hudson Taylor says that the number of opium smokers and their families in China who are suffering directly from this evil is 150,000,000.

Superintendent Russel, of the Ohio Anti-Saloon League, reports that over 100 saloons in various towns have been closed already through the efforts of the league.

Over 30,000 railroad men in this country are wearing a little button upon the lapels to the coats bearing the letters "R. T. A.," which means Railroad Temperance Association.

Finland has demonstrated that spirits are not necessary in cold countries, having become practically a total abstinence country. This change has been effected under local option and woman suffrage.

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson once interrogated a noted tight-rope expert as to his art. The acrobat stated that all good trainers and skilled performers agree that abstinence from alcoholic beverages is absolutely necessary.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the representative of the English government in South Africa, recently stated that even from a commercial point of view he was against the licensing of any sale of liquors among the Africans.

The Church Temperance Society recently appointed its general secretary, Mr. Robert Graham, to go to England this summer and make a thorough investigation of the various coffee-house enterprises and systems in that country.

The police commissioners of Los Angeles passed a resolution to revoke the license of any saloon keeper or his agent found guilty of violating the Sunday closing act, and requested the city council to pass an ordinance forbidding saloons within 500 feet of any school building in the city.