

## TIME TO HALT NOW.

SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM BECOMING A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

The Dailies in the Big Cities of This Country Feeding Diseased Minds with Louthsome Rot—Julian Ralph Enters a Protest

It is a difficult task, beyond the average reader's comprehension, to produce a Sunday issue of a high-class, serious and valuable journal; but when it comes to binding one's self to get out a high-pressure, over-seasoned, morbid, crazy, arc-light, triple-expansion thing like one of the seasonable dailies of this era, the feat becomes superhuman, writes Julian Ralph in Providence Journal. Even if a man were to sell his self-respect and vitiate his mind and morals and pillory himself before the public as a manager of such an unwholesome product, he would have to be a very ingenious, fertile and buoyant person to accomplish the task for any length of time. So well do the traders in this sort of goods understand the difficulties of the place that one of them will not make a contract with his men, and another does not hesitate to fling his men away like sucked oranges as soon as their freshness pales and their vigor tires. They take on new men as if they were brooms that wear smooth after a little use, and then must be thrown into the ash barrel. While the poor devils are new they must produce enormous papers, filled with novelties. They must originate such articles as "Why Do Millionaires Dream?" or "The Grandmothers of Famous Men," or "A List of the Actresses Who Have Had More Than Three Husbands." They must break down all privacy, ridicule science, scoff at religion, ventilate all the vices, aggrandize the notoriety seekers, make fun of reforms, invent bogus news, and get genuine news by the methods of eavesdroppers and burglars.

These newspaper magnates of to-day are singular beings—far more singular than their newspapers. I read of one the other day who is said to have declared that he "would have no man in his employ that he could not swear at." I do not know whether he ever said that or not, but I believe he has no man in his employ at whom he does not swear. And he is not alone in that exquisite quality, for he has a powerful rival who, if all accounts are true, descends to vile and violent abuse of those who are nearest to him whenever he is crossed or his breakfast disagrees with him.

I can tell the gentle reader this fact that he can rely upon: When the day comes that a new Frederick Hudson writes a later history of daily journalism he will pen an absorbing chapter upon the lives and characteristics and habits of the imperial speculators who invented and elaborated sensational journalism. When that day comes—and it is not far off, for the disease must soon run itself out—he will tell a tale that will make the story of Monte Cristo seem trifling and poor. He will tell of men whose palaces are scattered all over Europe and America, who have as many secretaries and valets as there are choir-boys in a cathedral, who use brains and men as if they were fagots or cheap leadpencils, who dare to threaten presidents and governors, who hold no law or custom too sacred and no privacy worthy of regard. These men are among the most notable developments of our land and age. They are not creatures of luck nor are they the beneficiaries of the able men they employ. Every now and then some man under their fanciful hand the maker of their fortunes. He dreams that he can do for himself what he thinks he has done for his millionaire publisher. He tries it, and in every instance every such man has failed lamentably—and quickly.

No, this new breed of publishers who have gone into newspaper work, who print unedited, editorless papers, are no butterflies or drones or idlers. The public hears of their yacht and coaches and palaces, and thinks them pampered swells. Their own employes (those who are not close enough to know better) fancy that it is "the boys" who are doing all the money-making for "the bosses." But the new history of journalism will tell a different story. It will tell of the overthrow of the editor of old, of the casting out of the old ideas called "principle" and "policy" and "leadership" and "educational work." It will tell of the raising up in their places of the publisher-speculator who caters to the masses, to the frivolous, to the lower tastes and passions of mankind, and who runs his paper for money, just as the Big Four of California ran their great railroad.

How able these magnates must be, how fertile and ingenious and irrepressible and forceful you shall all read some day, and the whole story will be gilded with accounts of barrels of gold, lubricated with the red initials of the men who have broken down under the strain put upon them by these men, and glorified with tales of hobnobbing with princes and senators, of coaching and yachting, and of roaming about from one place to another, much as Theodore Tilton used to roam about from bed to bed all over his house when his mighty brain kept him from sleeping like an ordinary Christian.

"Yes," remarked the egg, "my theatrical venture was a success. I was cast for the villain, and made a great hit."

## THE CZAR'S RAILWAY.

From America to Europe with Only Twenty-four Hours of Water.

Dr. J. M. Crawford, late United States consul-general at St. Petersburg, is enthusiastic on the subject of the Siberian railroad and regards it as one of the greatest enterprises of the age, says the Cincinnati Tribune, and he regards the position that Russia has taken on the Chinese-Japanese treaty as a very fair one, and that the Russian bear has not commenced to grow merely for the purpose of gaining territory and aggrandizing itself. The Siberian railroad has already had some \$150,000,000 invested in it by the Russian government, and to reach the eastern port of Vladivostok the railroad must do one of two things. It must keep in Russian territory or it must cut across what was a part of the Chinese empire, but is now subject to the treaty. Vladivostok is on the Sea of Japan, at the extreme southeastern end of the Russian empire. At this place the Chinese empire extends into the Russian empire, and on the map looks as though a bite had been taken out of Russia's domain. It is to cross this "bite" that the Russian government is going to try, for at the time that the war was declared between China and Japan there were negotiations pending between Russia and China, and it was given the Russians to understand that they would be permitted to do so, and Russia does not propose to be balked in her plans. For the railroad to reach Vladivostok without going out of Russian territory it would have to run around the three sides of the "bite" and would go over country across which the difficulties of construction would be great, while across the "bite" they would be comparatively easy. What the result of this railroad will be the wildest flight of fancy cannot picture, for the natural resources of Siberia are so wonderful that no one can estimate the benefit of a railroad which would cross from coast to coast and develop the country. What its effect on the Pacific slopes would be no one can do more than speculate.

It would be possible to go to Europe without traveling longer than twenty-four hours by water.

## COOLLY LIGHTED HIS CIGAR.

A Sea Captain's Act Which Probably Saved the Lives of His Passengers.

A good story is told of a sea captain who died not long ago and who was formerly in command of a ship in which passengers were carried from London to Lisbon. On one occasion the ship caught fire and the passengers were compelled to take hurriedly to the boats. The captain remained perfectly cool throughout all the confusion and fright of the embarkment, and at last every one except himself got safely into the boats. By the time he was ready to follow, the passengers were almost wild with fear and excitement. Instead of hurrying down the ladder the captain called out to the sailors to hold on a minute, and, taking a cigar from his pocket, coolly lighted it with a bit of burning rope which had fallen from the rigging at his feet. Then he descended with deliberation and gave the order to push off.

"How could you stop to light a cigar at such a moment?" he was asked afterward, when some of the passengers were talking over their escape.

"Because," he answered, "I saw that if I did not do something to divert the minds of those in the boat there was likely to be a panic, and, overcrowded as it was, there was danger of the boat being upset. The act took but a moment, but it attracted the attention of everybody. I was not nearly so unconcerned as I seemed to be, but was in reality in a fever of excitement. My little plan succeeded. You all forgot yourselves because you were thinking about my curious behavior, and we got off safely."

## PERSONALS.

Pierre Loti is about to start on a journey through India.

Lady Lytton, widow of the late Lord Lytton, has been appointed lady in waiting to Queen Victoria.

Princess Maud, the youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales, wears a monocle in her eye whenever she appears in public.

St. Patrick was an Englishman, if Nicholson of the Bodleian Library is right. He thinks he has found out from the triplicate life of the saint that he was born at Daventry, near Northampton.

Says Labouchere: "A little Rosebery goes a long way. In assuming the premiership he went altogether too far. Of the dead, however, let there be nothing said but good. He would have made an admirable Master of the Horse."

Colonel Thomas Moonlight, United States minister to Bolivia, writes home that he would be willing to go through a cyclone to get back to his home in Kansas. But he was still there, drawing his \$7,500 salary, at last accounts.

Pope Leo has permitted the Montegrin Catholics to use the old Slavonic Liturgy. A missal in the old Slavonic tongue has been printed in Rome at the press of the Propaganda, and mass is now celebrated in that language at Anivari.

Mrs. Fuxley has finally retired from the stage, and has gone to live in Washington, with her stepdaughter. She is more than 70 years of age now, but remembers vividly how she trudged twenty-five miles on foot to secure her first engagement.

Platon Pawlow, the famous Russian historian and art critic, who died in St. Petersburg a few days ago, was 72 years old. Owing to his liberal views and influence over the young, he was deprived of his professorship in the sixties and banished to Wetzuga.

Prof. Huxley was buried, as probably he would have liked to be, in a bed of boulder clay, a fitting sepulture for a paleontologist. In the earth about his coffin are relics of the prehistoric era when all Scotland and England as far as the Thames was covered with a vast sheet of ice.

## A JOKE IN BAD TASTE.

Some Dusky Tollers Get in Sight of Wealth Unlabeled.

Owing to the arrival of the time for the collection of taxes, the Treasury officials are at present very busy, though not so much so but what they had ample time yesterday morning to indulge in several broad smiles over an incident which occurred at the office says Cincinnati Gazette. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning that, on looking out of one of the windows of the office, some of the county employees discovered a gang of a dozen or more burly Africans wearing their togas and carrying on their shoulders those badges of their craft, pick-axes. The men were just shifting the scenes of their labors and were no doubt discussing that tightness of the money market which had limited their salaries as trench-makers to 75 cents a day, when, on coming abreast of one of the grated windows of the Treasury, they were suddenly brought to a stand by a shrill whistle from within, and, on looking up, were almost hypnotized by seeing an individual (nobody of less distinction than Hon. Arthur Sutton, Deputy Tax Collector) standing grinning at them and shaking the side of his coat, on the lapel of which was pinned a brand-new \$50 bill. Their eyes opened to the very widest extremity, but before they had hardly got a good look at the money, Sutton jumped suddenly backward, and picking up a huge bundle of bills, threw them at the dusky tollers with all his might. Of course the money didn't reach them, as it came in contact with the screen in the window, but while it was in transit, there never was a more expectant and astonished crowd. They appreciated the joke as much as anybody, and after spending several minutes in coveting their neighbors' goods, they hastened on to resume their digging.

## GAS AND ELECTRICITY.

A Brilliant Light the Result of the Singular Combination.

Quite a sensation was created a week or two ago by Professor Vivian Lewes informing the members of the Gas Institute at Edinburgh that a French scientist, M. Denayrouse, had discovered a means of increasing the illuminating power of gas something like fifteen times. Professor Lewes had been made aware of the discovery during a visit to M. Denayrouse in Paris, and he had obtained permission to experiment with the new method of gas lighting and to make a communication upon the subject to the Edinburgh meeting. In the invention M. Denayrouse had first been struck with the idea of applying the principle of the blowpipe to the burner. He employs a lamp with a spherical-shaped metallic body and an incandescent mantle. In the body of the lamp is placed a very small dynamo working a ventilator and receiving the current from a couple of small accumulators. The electrical energy required is exceedingly small and is said to be only about one-third volt and one-tenth ampere. This is, however, quite sufficient to force a current of air through the mantle and cause the gas to burn with remarkable brilliancy. According to M. Mellet the lamp has a density of thirty-five to forty carrels and consumes seven liters of gas per carrel. Professor Lewes had, however, been shown a lamp of eighty carrels (about 800 candle power), and he was convinced that the light was quite as brilliant as an arc lamp.

## Appendicitis Outwitted.

Gardeners are trying so hard to get rid of seeds in fruit that in a few years a person could not have appendicitis if he tried. Already we have seedless, or navel, oranges.

Some varieties of apples have been produced that have almost no seeds. They are abnormalities. Sometimes they are called "bloomless" because the blossoms have no petals, and in some cases lack stamens. Raisin producers in California are trying to obtain seedless grapes of Corinth arc called currants. The banana is seedless and has been so for centuries, though nobody knows why. It is a modified berry; cutting the middle you will sometimes see some little brown spots which are rudimentary seeds. The pineapple is nearly seedless and is propagated from slips. The eggplant is occasionally seedless. Horticulturists are also endeavoring to rid fruit of thorns. Some oranges and lemons are very thorny. Efforts are being made to get rid of the thorns on raspberry and blackberry plants simply for convenience in picking. The thorns are intended by nature to protect the plants from animals.

## Stambouloff's Exercise.

Stambouloff took exercise in only one form, swimming, and in this he excelled. He was a man of great personal bravery, and yet for precaution's sake he kept a loaded rifle in his study. The chief ornament of this room was a stuffed owl. Physically he was a short, thick-set man, with a deep chest, broad shoulders and brilliant black eyes. Three years in a theological seminary, from which he ran away, gave him his only schooling.

## An Eloping Family.

Miss Alice Howard, a member of a wealthy Lexington (Ky.) family, eloped and was wedded at Jeffersonville, Ind., to Robert Clem by Justice Hause. Miss Howard's mother and father eloped and were married and five married sisters all eloped with their respective husbands, four of them to Jeffersonville.

## A Machine for Driving Nails.

A very ingenious machine has been perfected for driving in tacks and nails automatically.

## GAIETY GIRL'S LIFE.

MAUD HOBSON HAS HOBNOBBED WITH ROYALTY.

Her Husband the Chum of a King—Kalaikaua Was Fond of the Couple—Gave Capt. "Jack" Haley a Good Position.



WHEN MAUD HOBSON, the Gaiety girl, began her suit for divorce in this city against Capt. Andrew Burrell Haley, of the British Tenth Hussars, no one dreamed of the romance buried in the dry legal papers, says the San Francisco Post. That little Gaiety girl has had more intimate acquaintance with royalty than any woman on the stage. She was the rage in London in the early eighties and a prime favorite with the Marlborough House set. Later in Honolulu, when Kalaikaua was King and poker reigned in the place of bacarat as a princely amusement, she was a shining star in equatorial society and the most prominent figure in Honolulu life, barring her husband.

Before her marriage, Maud Hobson was a beauty in London. She is a niece of John Hollingshead, who ran the Gaiety for so many years, and when still in her teens made her debut and an instantaneous hit. She was town talk in a day, and all the Johnnies and fops and dandies and swells in town were smitten hard. Capt. Andrew Burrell Haley, about 38, with a figure like one of Ouida's heroes, blond, with a gentle droop which the beaux sabreurs of his day affected in their mustaches, man of the world and admittedly reckless, was struck the hardest. He was the owner of a fine estate, came of an honored family and had all sorts of expectations. One of the familiars of the Prince of Wales in those days when they were so fast they had no time to breathe, he was the life of every party.

Suddenly came Maud Hobson and a change to Haley. He absolutely became melancholy and haunted the Gaiety like a nightmare. The upshot was he married the girl of his choice, despite the protests of his family, and proceeded to throw his money to the winds in all sorts of extravaganzas. He didn't last long at that, and when he came a cropper for £14,000 in the Derby of 1881, he had to face the music. As far as himself and wife were concerned all was lovely and loving, but they lacked the rupees. He represented to his family his crying necessities. His relatives proved obtuse at first, but finally agreed that they would supply him with £1,000 a year if he would clear out with his Gaiety girl and give them a chance to straighten up his affairs.

It was hard to leave London, but money makes the mare go and it routed the trooper. So one fine morning the soldier and his young bride embarked for Hawaii. The pride of the Johnnies, the woman who opened the way for the attacks of Belle Bilton, Violet Cameron, and others too numerous to mention on the British nobility, became Mrs. Haley. The dashing Andrew Burrell Haley became Capt. "Jack."

Capt. "Jack's" bad luck did not dampen his feelings for long, and in no time he was the glass of fashion and the mould of form—racing form—on the Hawaiian Islands. His wife was young and of a sunny disposition, and they were both in the swim in no time. They arrived in Honolulu shortly after the accession of Kalaikaua to the throne of his fathers, and that monarch opened his arms wide to the ex-chum of the Prince of Wales. The charming, dashing ways of the captain did the rest. He won Kalaikaua in the same easy manner in which he won all men, and the world went well with him. His wife was an acknowledged belle, and together they were a pair that could not be matched.

Almost immediately Kalaikaua discovered that it would be a pity to allow so much military talent to go to seed and he at once cast around for a niche for Capt. Haley. There was none in sight.

"I'll make one," said Kalaikaua, and he did. He created a mounted police, installed Capt. "Jack" at the head and put his name on the royal pay roll. There were plenty of perquisites on the side and Capt. "Jack" Haley never turned a hair as he gathered them in.

The friendship of Kalaikaua and Haley prospered, and Mrs. Haley maintained her reputation as one of the most delightful women and best dinner-givers in the kingdom. The captain was made a brigadier-general or something or other, and drew more salary, played more poker and consumed larger quantities of whisky than before. A beautiful boy had been born to the couple, and their household was a model for content and peace. There was never a cross word.

They remained in Honolulu five years, when Capt. Haley began yearning for home and old associates. He had received letters stating that his financial affairs were in good shape, and he resolved to go home. Mrs. Haley made no outward protest, and after many sorrowful leave-takings Capt. "Jack" took his dashing self, his wife and son from the tropics.

Some months later the islanders were astonished to hear that Mrs. Haley had instituted a suit for divorce in New York against her husband, alleging cruelty. She won it and went to England. There she settled with her son in a cozy villa. She remained but a short time in undisturbed quiet. She received but few callers, among them being mostly Hawaiian citizens resi-

dent in London. Among these was a Mr. Armstrong, brother of the Hawaiian consul. He fell desperately in love with her, proposed, was accepted and they were married. They came to America on a wedding tour.

Then Capt. Haley of the Tenth Hussars, chum of the Prince of Wales and Kalaikaua's master of the revels, did the one thing for which Hawaiians can hardly forgive him. He instituted a suit for divorce from his wife. He contended that a New York divorce would not operate in England, and in granting the decree Justice Hannan upheld that position. Haley was decreed the custody of the child, who died last year at Monaco.

When Mrs. Haley-Armstrong returned to England it was taken from her. Then Mr. Armstrong, for some reason, finding that his marriage was not binding, resolved not to try it over again. Maud Hobson, twice a widow without weeds, was as free as a bird in the air. She turned to the stage, naturally, and the Gaiety. Her return was hailed with delight, and she has continued a favorite ever since. She is the author of a clever one-act comedy, produced recently at a matinee in London, and is the happy possessor of a collection of jewels second in magnificence only to those of Mrs. Langtry. She has health, beauty, admirers, fame and jewels.

## CHENEY AN ANGEL.

Haine's Old Paper Tells an Amusing Story for Frye.

That banquet given in honor of ex-President Cheney of Bates, Wednesday, was all the more felicitous for having Senator Frye as its toastmaster. A report of the proceedings includes the following anecdotes related by Mr. Frye: "He (President Cheney) was always a beggar, and yet never seemed to beg. If he left you with your check for a thousand dollars in his pocket, you felt as if you had been entertained by an angel unawares."

"One time he came to Washington and asked me to introduce him to Senator Stanford. I took him to that gentleman's house and introduced him to the Senator and his wife—and left him."

"The next morning Dr. Cheney called on me and I asked him how he got along with Senator Stanford. He said the Senator was a fine man to meet."

"Did you do any begging?" I asked.

"Not much," said he, "I did not say much about the college."

"Did you get anything?"

"Yes, I got \$1,000."

"At the senate I saw Stanford, and on asking about Dr. Cheney's call he said: 'No, he did not say much about the college, and he is a fine man.'"

"Some time after this Senator Stanford said to me one day: 'I have just sold a colt for \$8,500. I have sent \$1,000 to a school in Iowa, and I shall keep \$600 for pocket money, and, by the way, Senator, that Dr. Cheney is a delightful man, will you please take my check for \$7,000 and forward it to him.'"

—Kennebec Journal.

## EQUAL TO LITTLE JOHNNY.

Japanese Boy's Essay on the Whale and Its Peculiarities.

An English teacher in a Japanese school has given for publication this essay on the whale, written by a Jap boy: "The whale live in the sea and ocean of all the country. He is a large and strong in among of kinds of all the fish, and its length reach to ninety foot from seventy foot, and its color almost is a dark, and he has a large head. When swim in the up water he is so large as island. When struck the water on angry he is so voice as ring great deal thunder. If he danced make the storm without winds, and also blow the water almost lay down the fog on the weather. His the form is proper to live, for his front legs make hire and afterlegs is no, and the tails is a hire that open on the top waters, and the mouth have no leaves, but have leaves that is a hard, narrow beard, as with horns. His bodys though is a fish, but he is not a fish, but is a creatures. His leaves is named whales-leaves. The men make everything with it. Every years to seven or eight month from four to five month, the whaler men catch on the sea or ocean. He may live on the sea of North-sea-way or Five Island, of I-rado on Higen country in Japan. Written by T. Hirakawa, P. S.—The tell of the whale is more—but I do not know fully to tell."

## TRIFLES.

In South America a parrot costs a dime.

A woman has just been appointed assistant city treasurer of Bangor, Me.

An Arrostook (Me.) man, during a recent visit to Big Fish Lake, counted two caribou, five moose, and 100 deer.

Tradition asserts that a certain oak tree of Palestine grew from a sprout which Cain planted on the day before he killed Abel.

Nantucket has just celebrated a centennial and bicentennial, and in seven years more can commemorate a tercentennial, that of the discovery of the island by Bartholomey Gosnold, in 1602.

Ferdinand De Long, of Mentztown, Pa., ate a dozen and a half oysters, and then bet that he could eat the remainder of the oysterman's stock, 140, in three minutes. He finished the task in two and one-half minutes and died.

Mrs. Humphreys Ward received \$5,000 for the English rights of "The Story of Beattie Costrell." The Critic figures it out that altogether she will receive \$15,000 for the story, or about 60 cents a word. And it is not a great story either.

At a recent sale of Burns manuscripts in London, two poems, embracing only three folio pages, sold for £40. The poet lived for four years at Dumfries on from £50 to £70 a year and supported a family of seven members on that sum.

## WOMANISH AND WOMANLY.

There is Serious Trouble in the Vanity Family and Small Cause for It.

There is a house, and home, in a city suburb which has become divided against itself.

And all because the mistress of it refused on one occasion to coddle her husband's self love.

The facts are these:

Mr. Vanity, to heighten his enjoyment of an unselfish evening with his family, asked his wife mischievously at dinner whether she wanted him to stay at home with her instead of going to the club. The wife replied sweetly that she wished it if he wanted to, otherwise not.

Mr. Vanity had calculated that she would give him a love look, blush and say: "Oh, John!" or something of the kind. Her reasonableness disappointed him. Indeed, it raised his ire and he went about making her take it back. "I should think you would want me to stay, anyway, whether I wish to or not," he protested. More sweetly than before she assured him that while it would give her pleasure to spend a quiet evening at home with him the hours would be robbed of all their joys if he did not remain because it was his pleasure to do so. His wishes were first.

"Won't you ask me to stay, then?"

"No, dear."

"By thunder, I'll leave the house and I'll go now."

She smiled.

He put on his hat and coat. He took considerable time about it, too. When they were nicely adjusted he returned to the dining room and stated in a subdued voice that she had only to say one word and he would take them off. To which she replied in a voice that was almost angelic that she expected him to act his own pleasure in that, as in all matters. To which he answered briskly that he "did not suppose he had married that kind of a woman." Shortly afterward the front door closed with a bang.

Mr. Vanity's wife spent the evening with her sewing and her little ones. Her husband returned about 11 o'clock, but he made no reference to his visit in town or the cause of it. Before the gas was turned out he asked quite meekly whether she would not like to see "Trilby" the next evening. She said smilingly, but unenthusiastically, that she would. He then sighed deeply, as one who has become relieved of a great burden.

But that did not patch up the trouble and the man is out of confidence with himself. Of course, the point is that she never answered him in such a way before. And he wants to know whether this blinkety blank newspaper new woman nonsense is getting into his wife's head.

## THE SCIENTIFIC CRANK.

He Utilizes His Bohemian Friend in a Not Over-Pleasing Manner.

A well-known Bohemian visited his friend, Professor Price, at the latter's laboratory recently. The professor was examining a dark-brown substance spread on paper.

"Say, Petie, would you kindly let me place a little of this on your tongue? My taste has become so vitiated by tasting all sorts of things."

"Certainly," responded the ever-accommodating Petie, thrusting out his tongue.

The professor took up a little of the substance under analysis and placed it on Petie's tongue. He worked it around for fully a minute, tasting it much as he would a fine confection.

"Note any effect?" inquired the professor.

"No, none."

"It doesn't paralyze or prick your tongue?"

"Not that I can detect."

"I thought not. There are no alkalis in it, then. How does it taste?"

"Bitter as the dickens."

"Um-m; all right."

"What is it, anyway?" inquired Petie, as he spat out the hold-over taste.

"I don't know. That's what I'm trying to find out. Some one has been poisoning horses with it over at the mission."

Petie rushed to the telephone and called up a veterinary surgeon.

## William as a Tennis Player.

The Emperor William, as is well-known, is a keen sportsman, and loses no opportunity of encouraging and promoting, especially among the younger generation of his subjects, the love of athletics and manly exercises. His Majesty's enthusiastic pursuit of yachting, which brings him into close and friendly relations with society in England, is not, it appears, the only characteristic which he has in common with Englishmen. He is an eager lawn tennis player, and assiduously practices the game, even during the winter. For the more convenient pursuit of his favorite pastime he recently had fitted up as a lawn tennis court a portion of the Exhibition Building in the Moabit district of Berlin. Hither, whenever freedom from State business permits, the Emperor betakes himself for a game in friendly rivalry with some of the officers of his household.—St. James Budget.

## Marion or Mary Ann?

To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: I consider both Marion and Marian to be feminine names, though Marian is the better spelling. Marian is simply a contraction of Mary and Ann, or rather an abbreviation of the original French Marianne, or Marianna, which was quite a common name in Norman times.

The "o" in Marion comes from the Norman pronunciation of the letter "a." S. Q.

Upper Macopin, N. J., July 27.—New York Sun.