

THEY KNOW THE EDITOR.

BY BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

"Fix it for you?" observed X. "Of course I will. I can do it as easy as winking. No trouble at all. I should be delighted. I know the editor and he will do anything I ask him to."

So, so. You are going to fix it, are you, X, old boy? And it won't be a particle of trouble because you know the editor? So you do, so you do; and, friend X., what is a great deal more to the point, he knows you. He knows you like a book. Let me see, where did the editor meet you first? Oh! yes. I have it now.

You were boys together in the same country town. Perhaps his father was a poor man and yours was a county judge. Perhaps you wore tailor-made clothes at school and his were homespun and patched. You didn't know him in those days, Mr. X., for you were rich and he was poor. After a few years your father died and you went into a dry goods store as a clerk while the editor went to the city and became a newspaper reporter. Not many years afterward he was the editor of the paper, for the editor had what you always lacked, friend X.—brains. When he went back to his native town, a short time ago, a rich and prosperous man-of-the-world, you knew him then, just as easy—.

And you would have resented with indignation any reference to the old times when you didn't care to know him. Don't deny it, for you know you would.

Yes, you know the editor, X., there is no doubt about that, but when you visit his office and try to "fix it" for your friend you will find, friend X., that he knows you, too, and I don't believe you will find it as simple an operation as you imagine. If you don't agree with me, just try it and see.

You have tried fixing things with the editor before. Yes, you have. If you have forgotten them, I will remind you. Some years ago you wanted him to give you three or four columns of his newspaper to puff your friend Jones for the office of alderman of his ward. You went by the name of B. that time. But you were the same old X. you always were. You knew the editor, the same as you did this time. But you made his acquaintance differently. You met him at a political convention. You were introduced to him at the hotel, and you insisted on his taking a drink with you on the strength of the introduction. Then you gave him a cigar, the flavor of which has never left the editor since that day, and never will so long as his memory of bad odors lasts. You spent ten minutes with the editor telling him what a great man you were, and all that evening you told your friends that you were "solid with the press" because you "knew the editor." You have boasted of it ever since. Don't ask me how I know, because I shall not tell you. But it is true, all the same.

You remember the time you volunteered to visit his office and give Jones a boom. Jones thanked you gratefully for the favor and you posed for a time as a benefactor, for it was not the editor who was going to render the obligation, but you, B., the editor's friend. Ah! B., old boy, that was a sly dodge. Come, confess, now, didn't it strike you then that you were a pretty sharp old fellow to pull the wool over the eyes of Jones and the editor, too?

But it didn't work. Somehow, when you reached the editor's office and mentioned your plan, he seemed to object to it. He didn't say much, but the next day he printed an editorial riddling Jones, and your nice article was emptied out of the waste basket into the waste paper bag.

Do you want to know why you failed? Well, if you won't mention it to a living soul, I'll tell you. The editor knew you. That was the reason.

Then about a month ago you tried it again. Let me see, what was your name on that memorable occasion? Oh! yes; it was C. You might fool other people who were not so well acquainted with you as I, but you couldn't deceive me. I knew you were the same old X. the moment I saw you. You met the editor at the club. One night you gave him a light from your cigar, and this led to a few sapient observations upon the prevailing weather. From that moment you knew the editor. So you said to your friends, and of course you wouldn't prevaricate about a matter of this sort.

I don't know what occurred in the editorial room during the interview, but this much I do know. At the club that night you didn't speak to the editor and the attacks didn't cease. You were no longer friends. Why? Simply this, friend C. X., the editor knew you.

Dear me, how the instances pile up. Once disguised as D.—like the shrewd old donkey under the lion's skin—you again boasted of your acquaintance with the editor. Your wife knew his wife, and you met him one evening at a public reception. That is the way this introduction was obtained. You had a bill you wanted to have passed by the legislature which would make you rich at the expense of the taxpayers.

So Mrs. D. gave a dinner and the editor was a guest. Ah! there is where you had him. He ate your dinner, drank your wine, smoked your cigars and listened one whole dismal evening to your dreary babble about politics and other public matters about which you know nothing, but think you know all. After this dinner you knew you had the editor in the language of the philosopher "in a hole." He had accepted your hospitality and now you owned him body and soul. It is true, he didn't give a deed for his paper the next day, but this was not necessary. You owned it all the same.

You called on him one pleasant winter day and broached your scheme. I wish there were words in the English language to express your horror and amazement at the result of your talk. But I can't find them and I have looked through two dictionaries and a set of the encyclopedia. The vernacular, friend D., is strangely deficient in some particulars and some day we must prevail upon our friend, the editor, to remedy this defect.

He didn't help your scheme? No, he didn't. It appears he knew you too. There is one more instance and I am done. This time you skipped half the alphabet and chose Q. for your name, but I penetrated your disguise at a glance. You knew the editor like a brother, so you said. You had met him at a banquet, and before the evening was over you were on tolerably social terms. The next day you told every one what a "devilish good fellow" the editor was. I didn't hear him make any remark about you, but that didn't restrain your effusive affection from expressing itself.

A few days later I happened to be in the editor's room when you called. You had told your friends that you could get anything you wanted from the editor, and you started out to prove it by this visit. The editor was busy when your card came in.

"Q?" reflected the editor as he glanced at the pasteboard, "what sort of a looking man is he?"

"Dark, tall, wears a beard and squints in his left eye," replied the office boy.

"Oh! yes," answered the editor as he threw the card into the waste basket. "Tell him I'm too busy to see visitors to-day. Have him write what he wants and mail it to me and call again some time next year."

"Do you know him?" I asked as the boy left the room.

"Know him? I should say I did. He is the inebriated idiot who sat next to me at the banquet the other night."

I don't mention these instances to hurt your feelings, friend X., simply to tell you that while you may know the editor the acquaintance is often reciprocal. You know him and he knows you. Sabe?—New York Graphic.

The Boycott.

Should England declare war against the United States she would attempt to boycott our commerce by blockading our ports with powerful men-of-war. In revolutionary days our good great grandmothers boycotted the tea merchants, while our valiant grandfathers threw a lot of it into Boston harbor, to say nothing of resistance to the Stamp Act and the resolution to use no English productions.

Our government now boycotts foreign goods by a tariff to a large per cent. of their value. The earnest temperance women try to boycott liquor dealers. Formerly, anti-slavery men were thoroughly boycotted at the South, and, indeed, at the North, while the subjects of it as resolutely boycotted anything contaminated by slave labor. Does a politician or a partisan journal fall out of the party ranks, they are quickly boycotted. Capital blacklists labor and labor boycotts capital.

Boycotting is but a new name for an old and common practice. Aristides was ostracized by the people because they were tired of hearing him called "The Just." Christ and the early Christians were proscribed and cruelly persecuted. Even in modern times non-conformists to the established church have experienced a good degree of boycotting. Churches and social circles continually taboo those outside their set. A poor, unfortunate woman is mercilessly ostracized by her sisters.

The boycotting now in vogue with labor organizations is proclaimed as an attempt to offset the tyranny of capital. Although disorganizing for the time, its process is educational, leading as it does all classes to consider the problem presented and try to solve it. It is a form of civil warfare in which moral forces are engaged. Violence or injury to property legitimately forms no part of it, though often incidental. Ireland after generations of maladministration commanded a hearing through a cruel boycott. It is a crude and barbarous way of righting wrongs, but it seems at times inevitable. America had to fight for independence. Tyranny in France and slavery here were scourged to death by bloody wars.

Wrongs as well as rights retreat for defense behind statute laws which cannot regulate the complicated relations of social life and industrial activities. Liberty and property each proclaims itself as sacred. Suppose their claims are antagonistic on a point not covered by any statute law, and neither will yield, what is the duty of the state? Is it to keep the peace and prevent injury to person and property. And if the subject be a matter of public interest, like a railroad franchise, let the State inquire into the trouble and order a public officer in the mean time to take charge of the road and run it *pro bono publico* until the company can do so.

Personal rights and considerations should always have precedence over property rights, as persons are superior to property. They establish the State and not property the State; they are action, property is passion. Social sentiment fashions society, and dynamite will clear the way for its expression if necessary. Through its free action a higher evolution is wrought.

By the aggregation of capital and the inception of great enterprises, small establishments have been ruined, and able men forced into the ranks of wage-earners. They comprehend the situation, understand both sides of the problem, and can be trusted to counsel wisely with capitalists. Or if the present conflicts should force them into general profit sharing or integral corporation, and thus end the capitalistic wage system and restore them to manly industrial freedom, the prize would be cheaply won at almost any price.

Like the foremost statesman of the age, let us appreciate the situation, conquer our prejudices, and give a good degree of Home Rule to our Ireland of Labor, paraphrasing slightly his language:

"We have come to the time for decisive action; have come to the time for throwing aside not only private interests and partial affections, but private devices and partial remedies; have come to the time for looking at the whole breadth of this subject and endeavoring to compass it in our minds; when we must answer this question whether we will make one bold attempt in the great and necessary work of establishing industrial harmony or whether we will continue to struggle on as we have done, living from hand to mouth, leaving society to a famine of useful improvements and to a continuance of social disorder, of a social disease that we know not how to deal with, an angry discord which we make no attempt to cure."—Texas Siftings.

Why She Knew.

"My dear," said Mr. Shrinkem to his better half, "Mr. Skipper has absconded. Here's a full account of it in the evening paper."

GUITEAU'S AWFUL CURSE.

It Has Not Particularly Affected the Men Who Tried Him.

It was after dusk on the 25th day of January, 1882, the weather cloudy and gloomy, that there filed into their box in the old criminal court-room of Washington twelve jurymen who had listened for months to the testimony and arguments in the case of the trial of Guiteau for the murder of President Garfield, and announced their verdict, "Guilty, as indicted." Without a drizzling rain and snow was falling, and the large, dingy old court-room was lighted by some half dozen candles placed on the judge's desk and on the tables of counsel, giving but little light and adding to the weird darkness of the room. Judge Cox took his place on the bench.

At one table sat Judge John K. Porter, Mr. Davidge, and Dist. Atty. Corkhill representing the government. Mr. Scoville, the prisoner's brother-in-law and his leading counsel; the prisoner's brother, and his sister, Mrs. Scoville, and some personal friends of Guiteau, sat with him at an adjoining table. As the verdict was announced the prisoner exclaimed in a loud and defiant tone: "My blood be on the head of that jury. Don't you forget it. That is my answer."

And when afterwards on Feb. 4, 1882, the court asked him if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he replied: "Every officer, judicial or otherwise, from the president down, taking in every man on that jury and every member of this bench, will pay for it."

And when the sentence was pronounced he repeated vehemently: "God Almighty will curse every man who has had anything to do with this case."

Various statements have from time to time during the last four years appeared in the press of the country calling attention to the realization of "Guiteau's curse" and the fulfillment of his prophecy.

A correspondent called on Col. Corkhill, the United States district attorney at the trial, for some of the facts connected with the history of those engaged in it, and whom Guiteau had specially anathematized. Col. Corkhill was found at his law office in this city, and he looked little if any older than he did during the trial. When his attention was called by your correspondent to the subject he said:

"Yes, I have seen these statements often, and I frequently receive letters asking me if there is any truth in the stories that are told. There seems to be an ax to the part of a large number of people to seize upon anything that borders on the superstitious, and it only needs the slightest coincidence of a prophecy and a corresponding occurrence to enable them to discover an inscrutable mystery in connection with it."

As to the Guiteau trial all the witnesses for the government that were called to prove the crime before the grand jury, and whose names were indorsed on the back of the indictment, and who were examined in chief by the government are alive and pursuing their ordinary business except Surgeon Gen. Barnes, who died some time ago. I saw the foreman of the jury, John P. Hamlin, of this city, a few days ago, and he informed me that all the jury who tried and convicted Guiteau are alive and engaged in the business they were before the trial, except one, Michael Sheehan, who was sick at the time and has since died. As to the lawyers, Judge Porter was in very bad health during the trial, and the labor told upon him physically very much. Mr. Davidge is looking as well and working as hard as ever. Judge Cox, who presided at the trial, is still on the bench, vigorous and in good health. The same is true of Chief Justice Carter, Justice MacArthur, James, and Hagner, who decided the case sustaining the verdict of the jury on appeal. Justice Wylie has retired under the provisions of the law on account of age and long service. Mr. Justice Bradley, who denied the writ of habeas corpus, is still on the bench of the supreme court of the United States, though old enough to be entitled to retire when he desires. Marshal Henry is raising corn, potatoes, and wheat on his farm in Ohio, with probably more satisfaction and certainly with more success than when his portly, farmer-like form was seen shadowing the rooms of the court-house and he was imagining he was performing the duties of United States marshal.

"Assistant Surgeon Lamb, who assisted at the autopsy, and who triumphantly carried off his bones, which he carefully polished and articulated at government expense, is still caressing Guiteau's grinning skeleton in the national museum in this city."

"The leading experts whom Guiteau specially cursed—Dr. John P. Gray of Utica, Dr. A. E. McDonald and Allen McLane Hamilton of New York, Dr. E. A. Kempster of Wisconsin, and numerous other physicians in charge of the various insane asylums of the country, whose names I can not now recall—are all alive and with one or two exceptions in charge of the same hospitals they were at the time of the trial. In fact, I think it remarkable that among the large number of active participants in that somewhat celebrated trial there should be but two or three deaths in

over four years. Scoville is in Chicago trying to raise the \$30 a month alimony for his wife, who is trying to have him arrested because he has not succeeded. Guiteau's brother John, who was a spectator at the hanging, is wrestling with the intricate and uncertain business of life insurance, as of old; Hicks, Guiteau's ministerial adviser, has stopped preaching, and has gone to Florida to raise oranges. It may be added that the hangman who adjusted the noose around his neck is anxiously waiting for the opportunity, which he will have in a few weeks, of performing the same service for two other convicted murderers in the jail awaiting execution."—New York World.

Avon's Bard at School.

Though Shakespeare's parents were illiterate, they knew the value of a good education. The free grammar school had been founded a few years before by Edward VI. And, although there is no actual record of his school days, we may take it as certain that little Will Shakespeare was sent to the free school when about 7 years old, as we know his brother Gilbert was, a little later. The old grammar school still stands, and boys still learn their lessons in the self-same room with the high pitched roof and oaken beams, where little Will Shakespeare studied his "A-B-C-book," and got his earliest notions of Latin. But during part of Shakespeare's school days the school-room was under repair, and the boys and master—Walter Roche by name—migrated for awhile to the Guild chapel, next door. And this was surely in the poet's mind when, in later years, he talked of a "pedant who keeps school in a church."

All boys learned their Latin then from two well-known books—the "Accidence" and the "Sententiae Pueriles." And that William was no exception to the rule we may see by translations from the latter in several of his plays, and by an account, in one of his plays, of Master Page's examination in the "Accidence."—St. Nicholas.

A Stuffed Jumbo.

The other day Alice met the stuffed Jumbo, her former mate. She walked slowly up to him, and then stood for a few moments evidently surveying him with wonder. Then she swung her trunk so as to reach Jumbo's mouth. She also touched his trunk in a cautious manner, and then turning her back upon him gave vent to a groan that made the roof of the garden tremble. William Newman, the elephant trainer; Frank Hyatt, the superintendent, and "Tadly" Hamilton, talked to her in their usual winning way, and she again faced Jumbo. She fondled his trunk, looked straight into his eyes, and again turned her back upon him. Again she groaned, and then walked away as though disgusted with the old partner of her joys and sorrows. She went back to her quarters and continued to mourn. Her keeper, Scott, was appealed to by the spectators. He was asked whether he believed that she recognized Jumbo, and he replied in all seriousness, "Of course she did. She told me so." At another time he said, "I can understand elephant talk, and Alice told me that she recognized Jumbo." Scott seemed very much affected by the meeting. He was Jumbo's old keeper.—Harford Post.

It Was the Stairs.

A boy was sitting on the steps of a house on Fort street east yesterday, his arm in a sling and several pieces of court-plaster on his face, when a man came along and observed: "Let's see, but didn't you have a toy cannon out here the other day?"

"Yes," answered the boy. "And didn't I tell you it was a dangerous plaything?"

"And warned you that sooner or later it would bust on you?"

"Yes," answered the boy. "And you have now discovered that I was talking for your good. I hope this will be a lesson to you."

"Say, mister," replied the boy, as he exhibited the cannon, "this is one of the times when you get left. Cannon is all right, powder is all right, and buck-shot are all right. I got pulverized by falling down stairs while trying to be an angel to please my mother. Go on with your disinterested advice!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Sad Story.

The other evening as one of our peripatetic corn-doctors was vociferating his vocation at an up-town street-corner there hove in sight an old lady and her daughter whose persistent munching of doughnuts and critical contemplation of the shop-windows denoted their transitory origin.

"Let me snatch of your corns, mum," said the chiropodist, blandly.

"Hain't none," said the old lady between bites; "but my darter Susan Jane has a whole billin of 'em."

"Won't charge her nothin'," said the c. d. Take 'em off slicker'n grease."

"I hain't agoin' to take off my—my things before all these folk," objected Susan Jane.

"Tell you how we'll fix it," said the expert. "You just get in that come standin' there. Put your feet out of the window and pull down the blinds. They can't see your blouses then, ch?"

The modest sufferer from callous extremities did as suggested. The corn-extractor propped one alabaster ankle on his stand like the boom of a schooner and fell to work. There were nine corns and four bunions on each foot and when the last was removed amid the frantic cheers of the by-standers two hours had elapsed.

"You see how painless my process is," yelled the operator, noticing that the patient did not move. "The patient is actually asleep. All right, miss; you can reef in your feet."

Still she did not stir. Her mother anxiously opened the door of the hack. "Get up, Susan Jane!"

But Susan Jane's pure spirit had fled. The blood from those enormous Oakland feet had run down into her head and produced apoplexy. And with streaming eyes the poor parent climbed on the box and finished her doughnuts on the way to the Morgue.

And thus it is, gentle reader, while frivolous society looks eagerly for the romance of fiction in the novel or on the stage, the real tragedies of life pass unnoticed around us in this great heartless city, everyday—everyday!—Derrick Dodd, in San Francisco Wasp.

Cyclones and Trees.

The terrible story of the cyclone disasters in Minnesota will probably arouse a widespread discussion over the phenomena by which it and similar sad events are brought about. The savants who have studied the controlling physical laws will generally agree that their destructive force is enormously increased by, if not mainly due to, the comparative absence of timber within the great area where they are most frequently found. Coming from both oceans and the polar sea, the wind currents are broken into great eddies and drawn into pools and vortices which meet over the great plain regions just as they do in midocean. Their contact makes the vast and terrific whirlwinds, hurricanes and tornadoes of which we have just had so terrible an example. The planting of trees on a great scale, and in accordance with some systematic plan, must have a very beneficial effect, as the trees develop in size, in checking and perhaps almost entirely breaking the force of these great aerial currents.

Already the value of wind-row tree planting has been appreciably felt in the central prairie states—Illinois, eastern Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska. The destruction so usually following the course of the wind storms has been, in many localities, greatly lessened of late years by the results of arboricultural efforts. Such tragedies as that of St. Cloud and Sauk Rapids emphasize the necessity of studying the whole phenomena, and of applying a remedy which in every way will prove of so beneficial a character.—New York Star.

Egyptian Antiquity Fields.

Egypt is not at a standstill at present; it is moving faster for better or for worse than it ever did before. And this is true of its antiquities as well as of other things; the ancient cities are being in the present day dug away and their earth spread on the ground as a fertilizer, and this is going on at such a rate that some have almost entirely disappeared already, and fields of corn have taken their place; others are diminished to half the size they were a generation or two back, and are still diminishing every day. And the time does not seem very far distant when scarcely a site of a city will be able to be identified.

Certainly Egypt will have exhausted its antiquity fields before England exhausts its coal fields. And up the Nile tombs are opened every year, and fewer left to be discovered. In one sense we are only just beginning to explore Egypt, and the treasure seems to us inexhaustible, but that is only because of the puny scale of our attack from the scientific side; in another and terribly true sense Egypt is exhausting itself, the natives are ceaselessly digging, and unless we look to it pretty quickly the history of the country will have perished before our eyes by the destructive activity of its inhabitants. Never before has that land of monuments been so fiercely worked on; daily and hourly the spoils of ages past are ransacked, and if of marketable value are carried off; but whether preserved or not is a small matter compared with the entire loss of their connection and history which always results in this way.—English Illustrated Magazine.