POLITICS OF THE DAY

POMP AND STARVATION.

When the military academy bill was before the Senate, the other day, objection was made to an amendment to pay the transportation and subsistence of the West Point military cadets during their visit to the capital on the occasion of the inauguration of Mr. McKinley. Mr. Gray, of Delaware, opposed the amendment, and in the debate which followed, Senator Allen, of Nebraska, and Stewart, of Nevada, made some sharp thrusts at the extravagant preparations being made for inducting Mr. McKinley into office with great pomp and display.

The cost of the inauguration parade and festivities will run into millions. The ceremony of taking the oath of office will make Mr. McKinley the President of the United States, and this could be done without any gorgeous pomp, or the expenditure of millions. Moreover, such a ceremony would be more in keeping with the simplicity of a republic, whereas the preparations now under way smack more of the furore made over the coronation of the Czar than they do of the customs of the freest country on the face of the earth.

From every large city in the land, and from thousands of small towns and villages, comes the cry for relief. Thousands are perishing from the lack of food and fuel. The homeless are driven into crime by the pangs of hunger. Will a gorgeous pageant at Washington, on March 4, benefit any one of these unfortunates? Those who support the pomp and ceremony, which will attend the coming inauguration, will claim that most of the money will come out of the pockets of the military and political organizations which would be in the grand parade. True, but this does not excuse a frivolous waste of millions, when everywhere over this broad land comes the cry of suffering. If the clubs and other organizations arranging to visit Washington on March 4 would abandon the trip and devote one-tenth of the proposed expenditure to the cause of practical charity, the keen misery of many thousands would be lessened, and the finger of the entire earth would no longer point to starvation in a land which prides itself upon its plenty, and glories in its charities.

The waste of money in inauguration furore and pomp in times like these is a crime. Every dollar paid out for a needless and lavish display means just so much money turned away from the direction of charity. Millions for a useless pageant, while all around us thousands are starving, is un-American, unchristian and unnatural. The voice of the pulpit has been raised against many lesser evils; let it now thunder forth in the interest of American humanity.—Philadelphia Item.

Alger Is Attacked.

It is whispered about Washington that there may be serious opposition to the confirmation of General Alger as Secretary of War in President McKinley's cabinet. It has been known among the leading Republicans that General Alger's war record has been alluded to frequently as one which would put him on the defensive should he ever become the subject of consideration in executive session. General Alger's friends are now privately circulating a reply to the charges made against him in the New York Sun in 1892. The Sun's editorial, printed Feb. 11, 1892, is as follows:

"What is this about General Russell A. Alger, of Michigan, as a Republican candidate for the Presidency on a platform of patriotism and pensions? The various biographies of General Alger dwell more in detail upon the beginning of his military service than on the end. He was major of the Second Regiment, cavalry, General Sheridan's old regiment. On Oct. 16, 1862, he was promoted to be lieutenant colonel of the Sixth Michigan cavalry. Subsequently he was transferred to the Fifth Michigan cavalry and became its colonel.

"In September, 1864, Colonel Alger and his regiment were in the Shenandoah valley taking part in Sheridan's great campaign against Jubal Early. About the first of that month Colonel Alger applied for ten days' leave of absence. The application was disapproved and returned by his division commander, General Wesley Merritt, because of the active operations then in progress. Upon the return of his application disapproved Colonel Alger left his regiment and went to Washington without leave. There he procured a detail on court-martial duty in that city.

"This fact was reported to General Merritt, who reported in turn to General Sheridan, who brought the matter to the attention of the war department, recommending that Colonel Alger be dishonorably discharged from the army for being absent without leave. In consequence of that recommendation from Philip H. Sheridan Colonel Russell A. Alger was discharged from the service on Sept. 30, 1864.

"The record does not read that he was 'dishonorably discharged.' The punishment recommended by General Sheridan was softened and he was merely discharged. The incident terminated his military career. After the war was over he was procured in some way the brevet of brigadier general and major general of volunteers.

"These facts are not stated in the current biographical sketches relating to General Russell Absent Alger."

According to General Alger's friends he was not aware of this record nor the recommendations for his dismissal until twenty-four years later. It is also asserted that General Alger was the victim of Custer's jealousy because of the former's rapid advancement in rank.

Sugar Trust's Crime Confessed.

Probably to Senator Lexow's surprise, and undoubtedly to his own chagrin, Henry O. Havemeyer, President of the sugar trust, made an admission while on the witness stand before the investigating committee on Friday which may have very serious results for all the members of the combination, whose chief confesses that it controls four-fifths of what has become one of the prime necessities of life.

Evidently Mr. Havemeyer was "rattled" or he was overmastered by that autocratic feeling which seizes on all men of ability who have been permitted to have their own way too much in the world, and which in incautious moments leads them to boast of their own power. When Lexow asked him the one question that was really of consequence the sugar magnate lost his cunning in order, doubtless, to impress his hearers with his own importance, and with the greatness of the combination which he represented.

The question was based on the testimony given by Mr. Havemeyer before a United States Senate Committee in 1894, when he confessed that the trust was able to control the price of refined sugar up to the importing point, and actually did so, and that the combination was formed for the purpose of regulating both the output and the selling price.

The President of the sugar trust did not want to answer plainly as to the truth or falsity of what he said then and did some fencing that seemed to irritate him, and when Lexow suddenly asked this:

"Is it not a fact that you do actually control the price and output to-day?" he leaned back in his chair and replied, emphatically and defiantly:

"Yes, sir; that is undoubtedly the fact."

Section 168, paragraph 6, of the Penal Code of the State of New York, declares this a conspiracy, which is punishable as a misdemeanor.

"To commit any act injurious to * * * trade or commerce, or for the perversion or obstruction of justice, or of the due administration of the laws."

Regulating the output of a necessary article of life and fixing its price for all the purchasers is undoubtedly an act "injurious to trade and commerce," and likewise an obstruction of justice. Ought not the officers of the sugar trust be put in the criminal dock on the sworn testimony of their own chief?—New York News.

The Old, Old Story.

When the new Congress is convened in extra session by President McKinley next month a tariff bill on the lines of the one bearing his name, and which was voted down at the polls in two successive national elections, will be ready for adoption. The Republican members of the present House are hard at work on it, and they expect to have it in shape for presentation very shortly after March 4. In some respects this new tariff is going to outdo the former high protective one which made the President-elect famous. The duty on wool, on which the issue was largely fought out in 1892 and 1894, is to be increased very considerably from what it was in the McKinley act of 1890.

Notable among the features of the tariff law that is to be is the care taken of the agriculturists generally. The Republican leaders have evidently concluded to coddle the farmers as they never were coddled before in any measure of this sort. Those along the Canadian border are to be "protected" by the imposition of extravagantly high duties on almost everything that they raise, including donkeys and chestnuts.

Everything that has been learned about this new tariff bill confirms the prediction that it will discriminate, as did the former McKinley law, against the poor and in favor of the rich. The raw material that goes into the clothes that the masses wear will have to pay double, triple and quadruple what it pays now under the Wilson act.

Egg Consumption.

A Parisian scientist asserts that he has compiled trustworthy statistics concerning the number of eggs annually consumed by the nations of Europe. According to his tables, the greatest egg-eating countries are England and Germany. In 1895 England imported 1,250,000,000 eggs, for which was paid about $20,000,000. The eggs came principally from France. During the same year Germany imported 20,000,000 pounds of eggs, also representing about $20,000,000. Most of these eggs came from Russia and Austria-Hungary. Of all European countries Russia has made the greatest advance in exportation. In 1890 she exported only 11,000,000, but in 1895 the number rose to 1,250,000,000, representing a value of $10,200,000. A significant fact in connection with these statistics is that in those countries which are the greatest exporters of eggs the omelet is the favorite dish.

Where Friendship Ceases.

Cynthia—Do you think Frank will love me when I am old, Maud?

Maud—Well, there's one thing, dear, you'll soon know.—Pick-Me-Up.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

Set on a rounding hilltop
And weather-stained and gray,
The little mountain school-house
Looks down on the lonesome way.
No other dwelling is near it,
'Tis perched up there by itself,
Like some old forgotten chapel,
High on a rocky shelf.

In at the cobwebbed windows
I peered, and seemed to see
The face of a sweet girl teacher
Smiling back at me.
There was her desk in the middle,
With benches grouped anear,
Which fancy peopled with children—
Grown up this many a year.

Rosy and sturdy children
Trudging there, rain or shine,
Eager to be in their places
On the very stroke of nine.
Their dinners packed in baskets—
Turnover, pie, and cake,
The homely toothsome dainties
Old-fashioned mothers could make.

Where did the little ones come from?
Fields green with aftermath
Sleep in the autumn sunshine,
And a narrow tangled path
Creeping through brier and brushwood
Leads down the familiar way;
But where did the children come from
To this school of yesterday?

Oh, brown and freckled laddie,
And lass of the apple cheek,
The homes that sent you hither
Are few and far to seek.
But you climbed these steeps like squirrels
That leap from bough to bough,
Nor cared for cloud or tempest,
Nor minded the deep, soft snow.

Blithe of heart and of footstep
You merrily took the road;
Life yet had brought no shadows,
Care yet had heaped no load.
And safe beneath lowly roof trees
You said your prayers at night,
And glad as the birds in the orchard
Rose up with the morning light.

Gone is the fair young teacher;
The scholars come no more
With shout and song to greet her
As once, at the swinging door.
There are gray-haired men and women
Who belonged to that childish band,
With troops of their own around them
In this sunny mountain land.

The old school stands deserted,
Alone on the hill by itself,
Much like an outworn chapel
That clings to a rocky shelf.
And the sentinel pines around it
In solemn beauty keep
Their watch from the flush of the dawning
Till the grand hills fall asleep.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in the Cosmopolitan.

Don't Be Sarcastic.

In connection with the work of our Teachers' Bureau, I have within a few weeks had occasion to make inquiries concerning the work and the success of a good many teachers. In several instances these inquiries were made concerning people of whom I knew something already; in not a few cases, I know a good deal concerning the teacher's personality, ability, preparation and conscientiousness. In more instances than one I have been pained, almost shocked, to receive a reply something like this: "Oh, Miss —— is a good woman; she is bright and faithful, but the pupils do not like her; she is too sarcastic."

This has set me to thinking, and it ought to set every one who reads these words to thinking—real, earnest, personal thinking. The old inquiry, "Is it I?" is in order. So use the expressive American phrase, it "doesn't pay" for a teacher to spoil or to mar the salutary influence of ability and earnest labor by indulgence in this unworthy practice. If you will think carefully you will see that sarcasm is always the outcome of some unworthy personal feeling—vexation, or self-esteem, or a desire to retaliate. I can think of only one condition that would justify its use in school, and then only sparingly and in perfect good nature. I think it sometimes happens that a conceited student, one afflicted severely with "cranial enlargement," can have his disease best treated by a keen, good-natured thrust of sarcasm.

Look at the origin of the word sarcasm, and reflect whether the thing is not true to the original sense of the word. The most helpful thing in a teacher's work is genuine sympathy between teacher and pupil. Is this feeling possible if the teacher indulges freely in sarcasm?—E. C. H., in Public School Journal.

Teaching Reading.

The work of the teacher of reading may be summed up under these three headings: 1. Teaching the pupil how to read. 2. Teaching him what to read. 3. Training him to habits of correct reading. The work of teaching how to read may be divided into two parts: 1. Teaching the pupil how to gather thought. 2. Teaching him how to express thought. Though a pupil is able to make out quite readily the words placed before him, he is still often unable to get the meaning of a sentence through not being able to combine the ideas suggested by these words. He experiences the same difficulty that older people have in listening to one who speaks too slowly. The child is unable to think slowly. After four or five weeks in word-mastery he should have some exercise in reading groups of words as "a tall oak-tree," "a high fence," "a man and his dog." Later on he can read sentences.—W. A. McIntyre.

Some Simple Devices.

The work in any school which is the most far-reaching is the reading work. The teacher combines her reading and nature work. It is always a language lesson. Now, to determine one of the most useful devices, that is, one of the most general, "all purpose" materials to have on hand, it will be worth while to examine some of the aids offered for the reading work.

There are charts that are to be used during the reading recitation. There are many advantages to be derived from this chart, but many of the most successful primary teachers prefer to make the lessons themselves, which they wish to use. Then all the material the children bring to school, all the holidays and circuses can be utilized, and the interest in the reading lesson be increased. Probably the most useful material is made by having the letters of the alphabet printed on cardboard and cut so there is but one letter on a card. We have our alphabets painted so the small letter is on one side of the card and the corresponding capital on the other. There are three e's, two each of the a's, o's and u's, and one each of the consonants of the alphabet. The letters should be good, plain type, about a half inch long. Eight or ten of these alphabets put into an ordinary spool box (which is thrown away at the dry goods stores), are prepared for each child. This kind of work is suitable for the First Reader children, so it does not require very many.

The busy work with the very smallest pupils may consist in having the children make lessons from the readers or from the board on their desks, each using the letters from the box given him. A little later the teacher may put stories on the board, leaving blanks to be filled, which the children make on their desks, putting in the proper words. Still later, when they have learned to spell, or when they can hunt up words which they can't spell, they can make their own stories about the flower, the bird, or the squirrel. There are teachers who object to having the children do any of this purely copy work in making their stories exactly like those of the book or on the board. Of course such work as this is most elementary, and just as soon as the children can spell the necessary words they should be encouraged to give stories of their own. When they put these stories into letters they frequently wish to use words they cannot spell. It is hardly advisable for them to spell the words as they may think them likely to be. It is better for them to leave blanks and read the stories just as if the words were really there. If a word is misspelled for a time it is a very hard matter to correct.—Sarah E. Tarney Campbell, in Inland Educator.

The Art of Not Hearing.

The art of not hearing should be learned by all. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, very many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness. If a man falls into a violent passion and calls all manner of names, at the first words we should shut our ears and hear no more. If in a quiet voyage of life we find ourselves caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, we should shut our ears as a sailor would furl his sail, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot, restless man begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief the fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door. If all the petty things said of a man by heedless and ill-natured idlers were brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pincushion stuck full of sharp remarks. If we would be happy, when among good men we should open our ears; when among bad men, shut them. It is not worth while to hear what our neighbors say about our children, what our rivals say about our business, our dress, or our affairs.—New York Ledger.

The French Convention.

The old French convention lasted three years one month and four days. It had 749 members and passed 11,210 decrees. Of its 749 members, 58 were guillotined—Duray, June 26, 1793, being the first, and Bishop Huguet the last, October 6, 1796; 8 were assassinated and 2 shot; 14 committed suicide; 5 died of grief; 6 perished in abject misery; 3 died on the highway, to be eaten by dogs; 1, Armanville, the last wearer of the red cap, perished in a drunken fit; 4 died mad; 2 were killed in the army; 1 was carried away by the Prussians and never heard of; 3 died suddenly; 1 expired in prison; 1 fell dead of joy on learning that Bonaparte had disembarked at Frejus; 138 perished in exile or in penal settlements, 23 were never heard of from the date of the eighteenth Brumaire; 65 vanished after the coronation of Napoleon, and 25 died in poverty and obscurity. The convention had 63 presiding officers, of whom 18 were guillotined and 8 transported; 22 were outlawed, and 6 sentenced to imprisonment for life; 4 died in madhouses, and 3 committed suicide.

A Cruel Gibe.

Samuel Rogers, the poet, was a man, it is said, "generous of his money, but whose tongue dropped gall."

He once visited Paris with his friend Luttrell, a man whom he and everybody else loved and respected. One day a stranger beckoned to Luttrell on the street, and spoke to him apart. When he returned he said:

"That fellow knew me; he asked me if my name was Luttrell."

"And was it?" said Rogers, quietly.

Their companions were astonished to see Luttrell turn pale at this simple question as if he had been struck a blow. There was, they discovered, some disgrace attached to his birth, and he had been adopted by a man who gave him his name.

Rogers knew and admired his friend's honorable life, but he could not deny himself the malicious pleasure of this cruel gibe. It hurt Luttrell but for a moment, but published in Rogers' memoirs will always remain to tell of the poet's disloyal malignity.

The name wheat is derived from a Saxon word, "Hwaete," signifying white, because the flour from this grain is lighter in color than that from any other.

Anecdote and Incident

In response to an invitation from Robert Louis Stevenson to visit him in Samoa, Conan Doyle asked the great romancer how one got there. "Oh," said Stevenson, "you go to America, cross the continent to San Francisco, and then it's the second turning to the left."

Bonnat, the artist, sitting next to M. Maspero at a great dinner one night, said to him: "Maspero, you who are so near-sighted, tell me how does M. ——, away down there at the foot of the table, appear to you?" "Well," replied M. Maspero, "I see a white spot, which I believe is his shirt-front, and a flesh-colored spot, which I know is his face." "Ah," cried Bonnat, "how I wish my pupils could see things in that way!"

A sporting writer once included in his sporting notes an item saying that "the young salmon are beginning to run." It appeared in print: "The young salmon are beginning to swim." When the writer asked for an explanation, the proof-reader cheerily remarked: "That's all right. You had that mixed up with your turf stuff, but I straightened it out for you." "But why didn't you let it go as I wrote it?" "I couldn't," was the reply; "who ever heard of a fish running?"

To a young lady who declared that Kentucky produced the handsomest women, the fastest horses, and the best whisky on earth, General Grant once made reply: "I unequivocally indorse the first part of your statement. As to the horses, I admit that also, for I own some of them myself, and I am considered a good judge of horseflesh. But as to the whisky, you will pardon me if I doubt your position. Whisky, in order to be good, must be old, and your Kentucky men drink it up so fast that it doesn't have time to get old."

Near Washington Square, in New York, there is housed a small club of Bohemians, the walls of whose quarters are modestly covered with tinted burlap. On these walls, all visitors of note are expected to write their names and a sentiment original to the occasion. It is told that William Dean Howells dropped in one day, looked around, and wrote: "I can't think of a thing. William Dean Howells." A jester happened by, and scrawled below: "Autobiography of William Dean Howells."

Lord Beaconsfield was the only man who ever succeeded in getting the Prince of Wales to play for small stakes. The Prince was on a visit to Hughenden, and after dinner the usual game was suggested. When the stakes were announced, "Dizzy" turned pale. He was a comparatively poor man, and feared to risk so much money. A bright idea occurred to him. It was just after the queen had been crowned Empress of India, and "Dizzy" suggested, "Wouldn't it be more suitable to make it crown points?" The Prince was so pleased with the mot that he consented.

When the Rev. David Short was pastor of the Penn Avenue Baptist Church at Scranton he was zealous in the work of securing new members. One man, with whom he had labored exhaustively, was finally persuaded as to his Christian duty, but could not make up his mind whether to become a Baptist or a Methodist. Finally he hit upon a compromise, and wrote to the doctor that he had decided to unite with the Methodists, but would like to be baptized in the Baptist Church by immersion. This so exasperated the good doctor that he sent the following reply: "I regret that I cannot accommodate you, but this church does not take in washing."

White, of Kentucky, while Speaker of the House in the Twenty-seventh Congress, was so pressed with business that, when he had to deliver his valedictory, he got one of these men who are always on hand to make a little money to write his address. It was handed him just a little while before the time he had to deliver it, and he put it into his pocket without reading it. When the time came he rose, and slowly unfolding the manuscript read the address. It was very brilliant, but it was Aaron Burr's famous valedictory to the Senate. The Speaker never recovered from the shock. He went home, was taken ill, and it was supposed he killed himself for shame.

Rossini was one of the most indolent of men, and in his younger days used to do most of his composing in bed. Once he had almost completed a trio, when the sheet fell out of his hand and went under the bed. He could not reach it, and rather than get up he wrote another. The lazy man, if he works at all, does so by spurts, and Rossini, working against time, wrote "The Barber of Seville" in thirteen days. When Donizetti was told of this he remarked, "It is very possible—he is so lazy!" The overture to the "Gazza Ladra" was written under curious circumstances. On the very day of the first performance of the opera not a note of the overture was written, and the manager, getting hold of Rossini, confined him in the upper loft of La Scala, setting four scene-shifters on guard over him. These took the sheets as they were filled and threw them out of the window to the copyists beneath.

Here is an amusing instance of British class formality. The lady's-maid of Mrs. Benevolent was stricken down with tyhus fever, and Mrs. Benevolent, having a great liking for the maid, declared she would nurse the girl herself. This she did, through a long illness, and after her complete restoration to health, the maid was asked to resume her duties. Her answer was an expression of gratitude for the kindness and care she had received, concluding with the sorrowful "regret that I shall not be able to return to your service, as I cannot engage myself to one who is not a lady, and of course no lady would have nursed and waited upon a servant as you have done in my case."

The late George du Maurier, the artist and author, had a double in Laurence Alma-Tadema, R. A. A certain young lady, however, prided herself that she had no difficulty in determining which was which. On one occasion, finding herself seated next to Mr. du Maurier at dinner, she remarked: "I cannot understand how any one can mistake you for Mr. Tadema. To me the likeness is very slight." Presently she added, "By the way, I have a photograph of you. Do be so good as to put your autograph to it." Mr. du Maurier assenting graciously, the photograph was afterward produced. He looked at it for a moment, sighed, and then very gently laid it on the table. "That," he remarked, "is Mr. Alma-Tadema's portrait."

Senator Coke, of Texas, was once pitted in some kind of race against a man named Cole, who was an eloquent speaker, and was getting rather the better of him. The Coke party gave a big barbecue, but their best speaker could not be on hand. The committee discovered that no talent was available, except a rough-and-tumble fellow, who had been a coal-miner in West Virginia. He consented, when called on, and the committee was in fear and trembling, wondering what he would do. But they didn't fear and tremble long. "Feller-citizens," said the speaker, "I am here to-day to talk to you about Coke and Cole. You know me, and you know I know what I'm talking about, and I want to ask you if you know the difference between Coke and Cole. But it ain't necessary; every man of you knows that the difference between them is the gas that is in the Cole."

A Chicago man who had been trolling for muskellunge was returning across the fields to the farm-house where he was stopping, when he met with a remarkable adventure. He thus relates it in the Chicago Times-Herald: "I hadn't gone far when I heard a savage growl behind me, and the next minute I was clambering into the branches of a convenient tree, with a big bull-dog snapping at my heels. As I swung myself up out of reach, I struck frantically at the brute with my trolling-spoon. One of the heavy hooks caught him fairly in the nose, and in a moment he began pawing and thrashing about in a wild endeavor to get loose. It took an hour to land him. He would run out a couple of hundred feet, dive into the deep clover, and sulk and growl. Then I would haul him in, hand over hand, with a hitch around a convenient limb. Whenever I slackened the line, away he would go again, until I brought him up with a sharp turn. It was great sport. Talk about fishing! Landing a twenty-pound muskellunge is tame and uninteresting when compared with landing a thirty-pound bull-dog. At the end of an hour he lay down at the foot of the tree, and I couldn't induce him to fight. I tied the line tightly about a limb, jumped out of his reach, and ran for the nearest fence. But there was no necessity for hurry; the dog stayed. I told a farmer's boy I met shortly afterward where he could find his dog. I guess he deserved to pay for my trolling outfit for recovering it."

While a well-to-do Parisian was returning recently by train from Havre, during the first hour his only fellow-passenger in the compartment was a young man who made himself very agreeable. Then others got in, and talk was general. Finally the Parisian dropped asleep. Presently the young man, turning to the other passengers, with a wink toward the sleeping man, said, in an undertone, "I'll play a good joke on my uncle," and he unfastened the strap by which a small traveling bag was slung over the shoulder of the sleeper. "I'll change into the next compartment at the first stop, and my uncle will wake up and think he has been robbed. It will be fun to see his face, and I can watch through the little glass in the partition. Don't give it away." The others grinned appreciatively, and the young man presently slipped out with the bag. Soon after the owner of the bag woke up. He missed his pouch from the strap, and jumped up in great excitement, exclaiming: "I've been robbed!" The response of his fellow-passengers was a roar of laughter. This added anger to the victim's excitement, and he stormed furiously. Finally one of the passengers assured the angry man that his nephew had it all right; his nephew had it in the next compartment. "My nephew!" shouted the bewildered man; "I haven't any nephew. I never had a nephew. I don't know anything about any nephew." Then it was the turn of the other passengers to be dumfounded. But the thief got away, and there were several thousand francs in the bag.

Toilet Note.

"Miss Powderpuff must have a very highly colored imagination," said the young man with the chrysanthemum in his coat.

"Why?" asked the other one with the geranium.

"Because she spends so much time in making up her mind."—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing Lacking.

Citizen—Great place, this town of ours, ain't it? Travelers all seem to like it.

Visitor (enthusiastically)—I should say so! Why, you've got eighteen lines of railroad that a man can get away from it on!—Boston Traveler.

A "theological" souvenir spoon is the latest Boston fad. The bowl contains a mold of Trinity Church, and on the crown of the handle is the head of the late Bishop Brooks.