

POLITICS OF THE DAY

WISE MEN NEEDED.

In the midst of the war's excitement Democrats should not lose sight of the political interests of the country. Of course, this suggestion does not imply that the Democratic party is in any way opposed to the strictly war measures of the administration. Democrats are patriots first, last and all the time, but loyalty to party is also a patriotic duty. One of the most important things for the Democrats to do, undoubtedly the most important thing, is to see to it that only the best men in the party are nominated as candidates for Congress. There is a prospect that many Democratic representatives will be chosen at the next election to occupy seats in the lower house. Every one of these men should be the best man in his district. Men of clear perceptions, logical judgment and sound democracy should be named. Enthusiasts who have some special hobby should be asked to stand aside in the best interests of the people. Wise men in Congress can make the campaign of 1900 a Democratic victory. Unwise men may cause defeat. Therefore, a wise selection of wise men is imperative.

Low Wages and Trade.

Reducing wages is the most shortsighted course of conduct that could be followed by manufacturers. This fact has been made manifest by the experience of the cotton operators of New England. The Providence (R. I.) Journal of Commerce in discussing the situation says:

"The general reduction in wages was evidently not the remedy that the conditions demanded. In response, the price of goods fell at once, and the whole effect of the reduction was thus more than discounted. On the other hand, the domestic market was likewise paralyzed by the reduction, as the wage earners in the factory towns, who are among the best customers in the country for the products of the mills, have been compelled by the strikes and reductions to practically cease purchasing."

To take away from the consumer the power to purchase goods is the sure means of reducing the price of commodities. This is not a theory, it is a fact, and the cotton operators have found it out to their cost. This rule holds good in every branch of trade. Lowering the purchasing power decreases the demand and lowers the price. To destroy the market is not the way to build up trade.

Spain Will Pay the Bill.

This government has no need to worry over the expenses of the war. In the long run Spain must pay every cent of the money which the war will cost. If Spain becomes bankrupt the Philippines and Porto Rico will be ample indemnity for the United States. It is the fashion now to make the conquered nation pay for the privilege of being whipped. Greece is the latest example of this comparatively recent method of war-time bookkeeping.

In the brave days of old the territory of an enemy was taken and held. The treasures were carried off and the people enslaved. Now the expenses of the contest are calculated and the bill presented to the vanquished. Turkey is now in debt to Russia \$100,000,000 as a war indemnity. And Russia will give Turkey plenty of time to pay it. Germany demanded an indemnity of France to the amount of \$1,000,000,000, and France paid it, much to the delight of Bismarck. If Spain had good business sense the war would end at once. But whether the war be long or short, Spain will be conquered and will have to pay the bill.—Chicago Dispatch.

The Gold Standard.

The shrinkage of values in the United States since 1873 has not been less than twenty billions of dollars, or eight times the cost of the civil war, as shown by Senator Chandler and others. But even this enormous sum does not measure the whole loss. Factories have been closed and millions of men thrown out of employment whose labor would have increased the wealth of the United States to the extent of five billions annually, as estimated by that eminent political economist, Henry Carey Baird, of Philadelphia.

An amount of interest has been paid upon the national debt of the United States greater than the original principal, and also three-fifths of the debt itself, and yet the remaining two-fifths requires more of the products of industry to cancel it than the whole debt did originally at the prices then existing.

The Merritt-Alger Imbroglio.

Were the President to call General Merritt and Secretary Alger into his presence and tell them frankly that there was fault on both sides, that this is no time for fighting over the controversies of the civil war, and that he would tolerate neither the neglect of an officer to gratify an old grudge nor insubordination by that officer, the public service would be immensely benefited, perhaps in other instances than the present one.—Boston Transcript.

No Territorial Extension Wanted.

The people are terribly in earnest. They want to see Spain thoroughly thrashed and humbled, and as the invasion of Cuba was the first battle cry, they would like to have something worth while done in that direction. The victory at the Philippines was a glorious one, and the people are proud of Admiral Dewey and his officers and men, but they do not think that should change the original policy of promptly

giving substantial aid and comfort to the Cubans. The people would not have rallied to the side of the administration if they thought the declaration of war meant territorial acquisition.—Kansas City Star.

Bryan's Patriotism.

In spite of the fact that William J. Bryan promptly offered his services to the Government when war was declared, the Republican press has been bitter in its attacks because he has not entered the military service. President McKinley ignored Bryan's offer, as might have been expected, and appointed a large number of rich nobodies to military positions. Of course, a Republican administration would naturally do all it could to discredit the Democrat who secured 6,500,000 votes at the last Presidential election. Now William J. Bryan has begun active work in recruiting a regiment of soldiers in Nebraska, which he will command, and has asked to be sent to the front, where he and his regiment can engage in active service.

It goes without saying that Bryan's motives will be maligned by the administration press. Doubtless every effort possible will be made to keep Bryan out of the army. As long as he waited for an acceptance of his services the administration organs glibed at his delay and urged him to go to the front. Now that he has become convinced that he can expect no recognition from McKinley as a patriotic citizen, and has entered upon the independent work of raising a regiment, he will be abused worse than ever.—Chicago Dispatch.

Cheap Goods.

The gold men say that a fall of prices harms no one because, if the producer has to sell more cheaply, he can also buy more cheaply, and thus keep even. That sounds plausible, but in practice it doesn't work. If everybody had the same amount of money, everything fell in the same ratio and every one occupied precisely the same position in all respects, then the theory would hold good. But if a man's wealth be entirely in the form of money and prices fall one-half, it makes him, in effect, just twice as rich, and when such a change of relation takes place somebody must have sustained a loss. If one man gets more than his share others must have less.

It is a singular circumstance that the gold men will persistently claim that a fall of prices will do no harm because the losses on the sales are offset by the gains on the purchases, at the same time declaring that a rise of prices is going to work dire ruin. They ought to be able to see that the rule which they invoke applies just the same to a case of rising prices as of falling. If a person sustains a loss by being compelled to pay more for what he buys it would seem as if he should be able to keep even by getting higher prices for what he sells.

Gilded Youth with Commissions.

The aristocracy of "pull," as applied to military appointments in this war, by which the sons and relatives of great men, dead and living, are honored without the slightest reference to merit or ability to discharge the duties of the places they get, is a shameful scandal. There are dozens of rich young society men and the sons and sons-in-law of Senators and Representatives provided for. These men, as captains of the quartermaster's and commissary departments, are to assist in the conquest of Cuba and the Philippines. Every one of the lot ought to be in the ranks, and men who have served with the regulars or militia put over them. The less inexperience we can have among the officers of the volunteer army the better.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

No Truthful Denial Possible.

Mr. Wanamaker has presented documentary proofs which show conclusively that offices which are controlled by Pennsylvania politicians are literally offered for sale. So far these terrible charges of corruption have not been met. No attempt has been made by Quay or his adherents to overcome the evidence presented by Mr. Wanamaker. They have remained silent under the accusations.—Duluth Herald.

Favoritism in the Army.

The entrance of nepotism and political favoritism into the appointment of officers in our new army is worse than a blunder; it is a crime against the patriotic men who volunteer in their country's cause. In yielding to the demands of Congressmen that their sons shall be given responsible commands, the President himself assumes a responsibility of the gravest character.—Boston Post

In spite of McKinley.

Some great rulers have shaped the destinies of the nations over which they have presided, but the change in the drift of events which will make the present administration memorable for the spread of the political power of the country and probable commercial mastery has not been of the administration's doing.—Nashville American.

Not Generally Well Received.

The Republican theory that true patriotism consists of an issue of interest-bearing bonds is not receiving that enthusiastic approval from the nation that might have been expected.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Harvest Time for the Contractor.

It is safe to say that every contractor in the land lucky enough to get a fat job from Uncle Sam to furnish army supplies is a war patriot of the most pronounced type.—Waukegan (Ill.) Democrat.

WORK OF NEGRO NUNS.

The Only Order of Its Kind Is Located in New Orleans.

In the old French quarter of New Orleans with its narrow streets, latticed windows and jealously guarded courts, where the fig and orange tree grow, is a square of rather miscellaneous architecture. Its central building, 717 Orleans street, is several hundred years old. It has a stately entrance, with great pillars and old-fashioned, ornate carved doors. It was once the old Creole opera house and ball room of the early days. Now it is the home of the colored nuns.

The powdered and ringleted damsels with hoop-distended skirts who stepped daintily across that threshold to scenes of gayety in bygone years have given place to dark-robed figures whose white ruffled caps only bring into stronger relief the bronze and ebony of their skins. The very names of the streets here are rich in history and romance. There are Orleans and Bourbon, Chartres and—him of the iron hand and gentle heart—Tony. Shades of the past are jostling one another, though in a gentle, shade-like way, at every street corner, and at nothing do they seem to be more astonished than at the sight of the colored nuns.

Yet, the order is not such a very modern one after all, for it was founded in New Orleans over half a century ago. Its members are now well-known figures on the streets of the Crescent City. The special object of its institution was the education and moral training of young colored girls and the care of orphans and aged infirm people of the race. It has had the cordial support of such eminent churchmen as Archbishops Blanc, Odin, Perche, Leroy and Janssens, who successively filled the archiepiscopal see of New Orleans. It was also a novitiate where young colored girls are trained for the work of the order with the view of extending that work to every parish in Louisiana, and, if possible, into every Southern State.

One of the most interesting parts of the convent is the orphan asylum, where children ranging in age from the wee tots just beginning to walk to girls of 12 and 14 years are cared for. One of the sisters in charge of the babies was an ex-slave. She is a real "mammy" still.

"But, reverend mother, you seem to have some white children here," said the Northern visitor, commenting on the fair white skin of some of the children.

"Oh, no," said the nun, smiling a bit wistfully at the ignorance of her visitor; "they all have colored blood in their veins. Maybe they are only quadroons, octoroons; some of them, indeed, have only one-tenth colored blood, but that one-tenth black counts more than the nine-tenths white, and makes them belong forever to the colored people."

One is reminded of some of Cable's stories, the pathos and the tragedy thereof.

In the orphan asylum 135 children are sheltered who would otherwise be thrown upon the State. These, as well as the sixty poor old colored men and women, and many of the women in the school, are dependent upon the sisters for their daily bread. Formerly the sisters obtained a fair revenue by going through the streets of New Orleans, from door to door, and into business houses and railroad offices, soliciting alms for their charges. So quietly did they labor that few outside the city were even aware of the existence of the order, the only colored sisterhood in the United States. But the yellow fever which broke out in the South in August caused that section to be hemmed in by quarantine, and the wheels of commerce stopped. As a pathetic letter just received from one of the sisters says:

"Our friends have always been among the poor laboring classes, who seem to feel most for us, and since this class has suffered particularly through lack of employment for three months, and their distress at present is almost as great as ours, we cannot in conscience apply to them for aid. Even if we did, it would not be forthcoming, as they have not the means."—St. Louis Republic.

He Knew How Hay Grew.

Those who have chaperoned a company of city gamins sent into the country by the "Vacation Fund" will perhaps be able to cap this story, told by the London Answers:

Many years ago, when Londoners had not the excursion facilities for getting into the country that they enjoy now, a Cockney friend was staying at a farmhouse, and soon made himself at home.

Charley was wandering round, closely examining the top, ends and sides of a certain trim, well-made object fenced round in the paddock. He stared at it for a little while, then shook his head dubiously.

"What are you looking for now, Charley?"

"Where's the doors and windows, uncle?"

"Doors and windows? Why, that's a haystack!"

"No fear, uncle, you don't humbug me! Hay don't grow in lumps like that!"

Squaw Man in Alaska.

At Lake LeBarge we met an Englishman who was taking his wife and three children for a trip to Five Finger Rapids. His wife was a squaw, and her face, as were also those of the children, was painted black. I never did find out the real reason these squaws have for painting their faces black. Some say it is because they think it makes them more beautiful, and still others claim that it is a preventive from the mosquitoes. We became quite friendly with this Englishman. He was taking his family to visit some of his wife's people. He had just received news from England that the death of three people had made him

heir to a noble title and quite an inheritance, but to enjoy its possession, etc., of course he would have to return to England. "Of course," said I, "you are going at once." He looked around at his family and said, "Well, I could hardly take them with me, and I'm too fond of them to leave them here; so I think I'll stay here myself and let the other fellow enjoy my property over there." This was all said with a degree of pathos which was almost sublime, and yet I could not help picturing to myself the sensation that that squaw wife would make at some reception help among his titled friends if she were to enter au naturel, as we were looking at her then. I think something of the same thought must have passed through our friend's mind, for hastily murmuring, "What might have been," etc., he looked suspiciously like shedding a few tears, bade us a hurried farewell, and gathered his small family and belongings together and proceeded on his way. There are many white men in Alaska married to the Indians. They call them squaw men.—Leslie's Weekly.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Astronomers say that one million "shooting stars" fall into the sun for every one that comes into our atmosphere.

Fully nine-tenths of the stars lie in a belt of the heavens about sixty degrees wide, through the center of which runs the Milky Way.

According to the computations of Prof. Hamy, the black race embraces about one-tenth of the living members of the human species, or 150,000,000 individuals.

In some parts of the Milky Way the telescopic stars are so numerous that as many as two thousand may lie within the limits of a space which might be covered by the moon.

Certain butterflies have very transparent wings, and these are thought by Haase to be even more effectual for protection than conspicuous "warning" stripes or other markings.

Meda Wilhite, of Ruckner, Ky., now four years old, is probably the largest child of her age in the country. She weighs 120 pounds, has a chest measurement of thirty-eight inches, and is four feet high.

Professor Harshberger says that, botanically speaking, the dahlia is an American genus confined to Mexico. When the Spaniards first visited Mexico, they found the dahlia cultivated in the gardens of the natives. It was first grown in Madrid in 1780, and in England in 1790.

Professor Krebs, of Chicago is the third scientist who has discovered the germ of yellow fever. If the objects found are identical, this will be presumptive evidence that the medium of the disease has actually been found and its cure, or rather its avoidance will follow in due course.

The telegraphic tournament which is to take place in connection with the electrical exhibition in New York in May is attracting considerable attention. A phonographic record is to be made of the best transmission. The same matter is to be used as that sent by F. L. Galtvin, who made a record of 248 words in five minutes in 1893.

That the cinematograph is now a valuable aid to scientific investigations was shown in the eclipse observations in India, and now Professor Flammarion, the well-known French astronomer, has used a cinematograph to take during the night a continuous series of pictures showing sunset, the appearance of the stars, the milky way, moonrise and the moon's motion in the sky.

Contrary to a wide-spread belief that hard woods give more heat in burning than soft varieties, it has been shown that the greatest heating power is possessed by the wood of the Linden-tree, which is very soft. Fir stands next to linden, and almost equal to it. Then comes pine, hardly inferior to fir and linden; while hard oak possesses eight per cent. less heating capacity than linden, and red beech ten per cent. less.

If an inhabitant of another world should visit our earth he would hardly fail to notice, among its curiosities worth reporting to his fellow-beings, the numerous observatories, some for studying the stars and others for studying the weather, which, within a few years past, have been placed upon so many lofty peaks in lands so widely scattered that they may be said to encircle the globe. He would probably jot down in his note-book: "The inhabitants of the earth have placed scientific sentry-boxes all around their planet as near the sky as they can get them." The latest of the lofty outposts of science to be established has recently been put on the summit of Mount Kosciusko, 7,328 feet high, the most elevated point in a Ralia. It is a meteorological observatory.

He Was Experienced.

"Have you a son?" asked the man who was looking at the vacant room.

"No," replied the landlady. "What made you ask that?"

"Because," he explained, "I want to find a boarding house, this time, where I may occasionally have a chance to board the tender piece of the porter-house."

Twice-Told Tales.

Writer—That is rather small pay, don't you think? There were over 3,000 words in that article.

Publisher—I know; but, then, there were so many of them that you used more than once.—Boston Transcript.

RACE WITH A MANIAC.

Nerve-Trying Adventure of a Kentucky Merchant with a Madman.

"Have you ever been so scared that you dried up inside; so scared that you couldn't utter a word; that your skin burned; that your heart stopped; you choked, and your hair crept over your scalp? Ah, that's what it is to be really frightened. And you don't get over it in a day, either."

That's what the quiet little man said. We had been talking of the sensations of a man when he is attacked by a foot-pat or when he awakes to find a burglar in his room. The sensations of the coward were also discussed, and the exquisite pleasure of fear, as described by Robert Louis Stevenson in "The Sulcid Club," was lightly considered by those present.

"Were you ever so frightened?" some one asked the long, thin man.

"I was, and I have never fully recovered from it," he answered. "It was a curious experience, and, although it was, in a measure, ludicrous, it had an awful terror for me. I lived in the country, a few miles from a town in Kentucky, and a mile beyond the asylum for the insane. I was in business in the town, and used to walk back and forth between my house and my store for exercise. I had moved from the town for that purpose. I had to pass the asylum night and morning by a path that followed the high stone wall that inclosed the asylum grounds.

"One of the most violent and dangerous inmates of the asylum was a lawyer of the name of Birch—a powerful man physically and hopelessly insane. He had a mania for tearing his clothes from his body, and would rend the stoutest cloth into shreds. In his attempts to escape he had gnawed his way through the window sill of his cell, much as a horse gnaws his manger. But he had never managed to escape, and, although we in the town heard of his desperation, no one feared that he would ever get out.

"One evening about dusk I was trudging along the path beside the asylum wall on my way home to supper. The exercise had warmed me up, for I was chilly, and I was feeling cheerful. I whistled as I went. Suddenly I heard a rattle in the bare branches of a tree that grew inside the asylum grounds and hung over the wall. I was startled and looked up. Above me on the wall was a white, ghostly figure. The next instant it came hurrying down through the air toward me. I saw that it was a naked man of huge proportions. In terror I turned and ran. By the time the naked man had gathered himself after alighting, I was twenty-five feet up the path, running like a scared coyote.

"As soon as I could gather my senses I knew that it was Birch; that he had torn his clothes off and had escaped. I kept my eyes on him, and he would strangle me with one twist of his hand, and then—but the thought spurred me to additional effort, and I ran with such speed as I never thought myself capable of. A few months of walking had hardened me so that I was in good condition, but I was hampered by my overcoat.

"As I ran I could hear behind me the pat-pat of the maniac's bare feet on the hard path. He was gaining on me very slowly. I tried to estimate how soon he would catch up with me if he continued to go on. I was becoming winded, and my efforts to relieve myself of my overcoat lost me about three feet.

"I could hear the heavy breathing of the maniac and the occasional gnashing of his teeth. It was awful. We had long since passed the asylum grounds, and were now running in the uneven road. Far ahead I could see the lights in the windows of my house. My grounds were surrounded by a high stone wall, in which there was a door. If I could reach this and get through I might be able to leave my pursuer for a few moments on the outside until I could get help.

"I could hear the panting of the maniac coming nearer and nearer. Once I looked hastily over my shoulder. He was not over five feet away, and his glaring eyes and open, gaping mouth terrified me so that I nearly fell. I was rapidly growing exhausted. I doubted if I could reach the door in the stone wall.

"The panting was now close to me. I imagined I could feel the breath of the madman on my neck, and shrank forward to avoid the heavy hand I momentarily expected to drop on my shoulder.

"At last we reached the end of the stone wall. I could go no farther. I threw myself at the wall, turning in the air and backing against it, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible. On rushed the maniac. He was close to me. He reached out his powerful hand. It tapped me on the shoulder.

"Tag! You're it!" he shouted. "Now catch me." And he bounded off swiftly in the darkness.

"Three days afterward they caught him in the next county, where the entire population was hunting him for a wild man. I had about recovered from my fright when they brought him back, but my heart's been weak ever since."—Kansas City Times.

A Circulating Library for the Blind.

What is perhaps the strangest library in the world is situated in a private house on one of the quietest thoroughfares of Hampstead. At No. 114 Belzize road there is a leading library for the blind, the only institution of its kind, which caters for the wants of the entire sightless population of Great Britain and Ireland. Founded sixteen years ago by a blind lady, Miss Arnold, as a private library for the use of a few afflicted people, there rapidly grew up a demand for its benefits all over

the country. It now numbers over 3,500 volumes, has a membership of 500 readers, and its books circulate as far as the north of Scotland in one direction and the Channel Islands in the other. The shelves are piled with large folio volumes. Some idea of the space it requires may be gathered from the fact that the Bible, translated into Dr. Moon's system, fills no less than sixty-two volumes. The books which the sightless borrow do not differ materially from those which circulate among ordinary readers. They read mostly novels, but there is a steady call for Shakespeare, Carlyle, Green's "History of England" and the "History of Our Own Times." But, just as at any other library, there is a constant demand for the newest books. The latest additions are Nansen's "Farthest North" and "Sixty Years a Queen," and both are immensely popular.—London Mail.



Scribners announce a new novel by Frank Stockton, entitled "The Girl at Cobhurst." It has not appeared serially.

Madeline Lucette Ryley has developed a story out of her play, "An American Citizen." It is to be published by the G. W. Dillingham company.

The United States Navy department has ordered a supply of each of Lieutenant Sargent's two books, "The Campaign of Marengo" and "Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign," for distribution in the navy.

The Croscup & Sterling Company, by special arrangement with the Macmillan Company, will publish in June, 1898, a new, complete, and limited edition of "The Life and Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson." The set will consist of fourteen volumes, four of which will comprise the memoir by the poet's son.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, announce an edition of Goldsmith's "Year of Wakefield," edited by Professor William Henry Hudson of the Leland Stanford Junior University, who contributes an introduction and notes. The text followed is that of the fifth edition, the last published during Goldsmith's life.

Those who know Henryk Sienkiewicz say that he would rather go shooting or tramping over the mountains, any day, than write. He writes his serials from week to week, and sometimes in the middle of one, when the most exciting situation is reached, he takes his gun and disappears, to the dismay of both publishers and readers.

The new editions of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking-Glass," which are to be published immediately by the Macmillan Company, will contain new prefaces by the late Lewis Carroll (Charles L. Dodgson). The books will be printed from entirely new type and plates, and the illustrations are from electrotypes of the original wood blocks.

Francis P. Harper, New York, announces the commencement of a new and important series of historical works under the editorship of Dr. Elliott Cones, to be entitled "The American Explorer's Series." The first volume, now ready, is the journal of Major Jacob Fowler, describing his travels from Fort Smith to the Rocky Mountains and return in the years 1821-1822. This work is the story of a hitherto unknown American explorer and is printed verbatim from the author's original manuscript.

Book Buyers.

During the recent book sale in this city there were many calls for Henryk Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis." One girl appeared with a card bearing this: "Quo Vadis" by "Stinkwitz." Another reader asked for "Two Waters," by "Stetas," while a third demanded "That book by the man whose name ends 'fch.'"

While the sale was going on, a woman asked a cash girl:

"Can you find 'David Copperfield'?"

"I'll see," said the girl, and disappeared. She presently returned, and said:

"No, mum. He don't work here no more."

Another customer at the sale was a woman who drove up in her carriage. She explained to the clerk that she had just moved into her own house.

"The library," she said, "is 60 by 100 and the shelves run around the whole shootin' match." She looked at the stock of books, and sweeping her hand over a lot of shelving containing about 1,500 volumes, she said: "Send those books up." As the assortment contained broken sets, odd volumes, duplicates and paper-covered novels, her "library" will be a motley collection.—Chicago Chronicle.

Soft Clay Pipe Is the Best.

A soft clay pipe is the best. It gives a cool smoke and the nicotine is easily and generally absorbed. Briar pipes and meerschaums are satisfactory for a while, but get clogged with tobacco oils in the bowl and become bitter. A hooked pipe—one with a curved stem—is the best shape. Ebony stems spoil the flavor of good tobacco. Nothing is better than real amber or bone. Celluloid is dangerous.

New Fad in Society.

Signora Crispi, wife of the former Italian premier, has set the fashion of appearing in public followed by a tame calf.