

THE DAILY BEE.

E. ROSEWATER, Editor.

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THE DAILY BEE.
Sworn Statement of Circulation.

State of Nebraska,
County of Douglas, ss.

George B. Teschuck, secretary of The Bee Publishing Company, do hereby certify that the actual circulation of The Daily Bee for the week ending August 3, 1890, was as follows:

Sunday, July 28	18,500
Monday, July 29	18,500
Tuesday, July 30	18,500
Wednesday, July 31	18,500
Thursday, August 1	18,500
Friday, August 2	18,500
Saturday, August 3	18,500
Average	18,018

Sworn to before me and subscribed to in my presence this 3rd day of August, A. D. 1890.

(Seal.) N. P. FILL, Notary Public.

State of Nebraska,
County of Douglas, ss.

George B. Teschuck, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is secretary of The Bee Publishing Company, that the actual average daily circulation of The Daily Bee for the month of August, 1890, is as follows:

Monday, August 5	18,500
Tuesday, August 6	18,500
Wednesday, August 7	18,500
Thursday, August 8	18,500
Friday, August 9	18,500
Saturday, August 10	18,500
Sunday, August 11	18,500
Average	18,018

Sworn to before me and subscribed to in my presence this 3rd day of August, 1890.

(Seal.) N. P. FILL, Notary Public.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF THE CITY'S PARKS
Mr. Berry, of Minneapolis, is altogether too expensive fruit for the commission.

THE RIVAL STEEL CAR COMPANIES have looked horns as usual over rights of way. But that is to be expected. They are in South Omaha.

THE OPENING OF THE ALLIANCE extension of the Burlington for business is a gentle reminder that railroad building is not yet quite dead in the state.

IT MAY BE TRUE THAT THE SOUTH half of the American continent does not produce many Websters or Clays nowadays, but Canada is too small to throw the fact in Uncle Sam's face.

A DENVER paper sends up a howl because one of her merchants failed to make a fortune during three months in business here. When will folks learn that country methods will not win in a city.

WATERLOO, N. D., wants Omaha's prominent business men to visit the beautiful city of the north. The invitation should be accepted, as the acquaintance would not fail to ripen rapidly into friendship.

TOLSTOI at the play may be a better man than Tolstoi in the forum, and he may scater his dollars if he please. He didn't earn them, anyway, and doesn't know their value. But as for the balance of us, it should be borne in mind that coal is just as high to-day as it was last January, and there's a winter ahead. Poverty is not what it is cracked up to be.

THE BEE'S great reputation as a newspaper is being fully sustained. No paper in this section of the country can cope with this paper in the extent and general excellence of its news reports. THE BEE is headquarters for the best and latest news of the day, from all news centers of the globe. Careful readers have noticed this fact, and appreciate it. THE BEE has no rival in western journalism.

THE FASTEST SHIPMENT ever made from Yokohama, Japan, to New York City, a distance of four thousand three hundred miles, has just been accomplished in nineteen days. This makes a new era in the trans-oceanic and trans-continental traffic of teas and silks. Unquestionably the time will be lessened and the orient will be brought within as easy distance of America as Europe was ten years ago.

IT WOULD APPEAR FROM THE RECORDS of the county's "drug store" that the favorite tipple of the county's "patients" is port wine, followed next by good whiskey, brandy and sherry in the order named. It will take a good deal of explanation, however, to convince the people of Douglas county that the eighty-five gallons of wine, liquors and spirits furnished the county drug store since January 1 have been used for legitimate purposes. Even if they were, the fact reveals a reckless waste and extravagance in the county's drug supplies.

CHAIRMAN WALKER, of the Interstate Railway association, is of the opinion that the relations of the Canadian railways to the interstate commerce of the United States can by no means be eradicated. He thinks that by treaty or otherwise Canadian roads operating in this country should be made to conform to the interstate-commerce law. In accord with these views Mr. Walker is in the east and west that so general in the east and west that it is hardly possible to enact any legislation in conflict with it. New England and the northwest will be found firmly arrayed against any measure that may be proposed looking to a serious restriction of the relations of the Canadian railways to the commerce of this country. But as to the treaty arrangement suggested, is there a probability that the Canadian government could be induced to make one? Hardly, if the Canadian roads should oppose it, as they very likely would. The problem holds possible difficulties and complications of a troublesome nature, with the advantages of the situation rather on the side of the Canadian roads.

ALTOGETHER TOO ONE-SIDED.

The conditions which Mr. Victor G. Caldwell attaches to his proposition to donate a thirty-acre tract of land, near the southwestern suburbs, for park purposes, are altogether too one-sided. The donor asks the city to connect his land with a system of boulevards and bind itself to expend not less than two thousand dollars a year, perpetually, in improving and beautifying the park and, furthermore, to exempt from municipal taxation a large tract of land surrounding the proposed park.

As a business proposition these conditions are tantamount to saying to the city, "I am willing to set apart a thirty-acre tract of unimproved land if you will agree to put improvements upon it and around it that will increase the value of the remaining land ten times as much as the thirty acres are now worth, with the incidental chance of the whole thirty acres reverting back to me in case you fail to expend two thousand dollars in any one year, even fifty years hence."

Leaving out of view the request to exempt Mr. Caldwell's adjoining land from taxation for ten years, which can not be done legally, the park commissioners can not with propriety accept Mr. Caldwell's donation. The city can better afford to wait until the next legislative grants Omaha the right to issue a half million or a million dollars in bonds for the purchase of grounds suitable for park purposes, than make a compact that will tie up the present and future generation of taxpayers to expend a fixed sum of money on lands acquired on Mr. Caldwell's plans.

If the owners of dry land desire to improve it by parking a portion thereof, let them donate their land outright to the city on the condition that it shall be dedicated and kept up as a park. Nobody will, of course, object to allowing the donor to name the park. But there should be no strings attached to the donation that would give the owner privileges of greater value than the land itself.

RIFLE COMPETITION.

The rifle competition of the Department of the Platte closed on Friday at the Bellevue range. By universal consent it was in every respect the most successful of its class which has been held since the inauguration of such contests. The arrangements, both of camp and range, were far in advance of all predecessors. Colonel Henry's unremitting work of the past four months, gave range affairs and competitors alike pleasant surroundings, and a field for competition which left little if anything to be desired. The commissary and quartermaster departments did their full duty. The weather alone was at times troublesome.

The result is shown in the scores made, which mark another advance in the steady improvement in rifle practice since the "target season" became a usual feature of army routine. The annual selected for the division competition is one which may be depended upon to do credit to the department. At both fixed distances and skimming the work done by the highest marksmen evidenced the value of the careful preliminary post practice and the merit of the government rifle.

Ten years ago the average veteran soldier in the regular army would have been puzzled in an emergency to make a score which is often made to-day by a six months' recruit. The capacity of the Springfield rifle, its merits and demerits, were known to few. Its use in time of peace was practically restricted to the manual and occasional drills. Accuracy in firing was not expected, and it was rarely found. To Colonel Blunt, as much as to any other one man, is due the change in affairs which to-day makes every soldier in the army familiar with the use of the rifle or carbine, and which by the annual competitions in departments and divisions culminating in the great army match gives honorable incentive to faithful work in the various military garrisons and to skill in front of the butts.

The Department of the Platte was one of the first to enter warmly upon the work of rifle practice, and although laboring under many disadvantages by reason of small garrisons, shifting commands and incessant fatigue duty at new posts, has more than held its own from the start. It has been fortunate in its inspectors of small arms practice, and in none more so than in Colonel Guy V. Henry, who for the past four years has devoted all his energies to the improvement of the work of the various regiments under his charge. The Bellevue range, admittedly the best equipped of any in the country, is very largely the result of his efforts, and the steady advance in efficiency in rifle firing of officers and men throughout the department is due in no small degree to his untiring energy and solidly enthusiastic.

ILL-ADVISED CRITICISM.

There were two features of the dedication of the national monument to the pilgrim fathers last Thursday which have elicited criticism. These were the selection of Congressman Breckinridge, of Kentucky, as orator of the occasion, and John Boyle O'Reilly as the poet. The objection made to these gentlemen is that one is a southerner and the other an Irishman. The criticism on this score is narrow. Ill-adviced and unworthy of the spirit of the age. Unquestionably a northern man equally as able and eloquent as Mr. Breckinridge could have been selected as the orator of this celebration, but why should sectional consideration have had anything to do with the dedication of a monument to the memory of the pilgrims who landed at Plymouth two hundred and sixty-nine years ago? The event was of national character, and had not the remotest relation to any political conditions of the present. The men who sowed the first seeds of civil liberty on this continent bequeathed an inheritance common to all who have succeeded them. Their posterity is widely scattered throughout the land. The fundamental principles upon which they lived are perpetuated in the constitutions and the laws of the nation and the states. The privilege of honoring their courage, their faith, their sacrifices, and their steadfast devotion

to the truth as they saw the truth, belongs equally to all Americans. They labored and wrought in the interest neither of party, nor state, nor section. The pilgrim fathers were the loyal subjects of King James, and so remained to the end of their lives, instilling a like loyal spirit into their immediate posterity. We of to-day are to think of them only as the pioneers of civil liberty on this continent, in the triumph of whose work all share alike, and in commemorating that work it made no difference from what state or section the orator came so long as he showed a just and adequate appreciation of the true character of the pilgrims and what they accomplished. In this regard the selection of Mr. Breckinridge proved to have been eminently judicious. His address was intelligent, thoughtful and eloquent. He said nothing to which any friend of civil liberty the world over could not heartily subscribe.

Equally unworthy is the objection to Mr. O'Reilly on the ground that he is an Irishman. He is now an American citizen, in full sympathy with the principles and the institutions erected upon the foundations laid by the Pilgrim fathers. He is a scholar, a poet of merit and good repute, and no man in this country or elsewhere can be justly presumed to appreciate civil liberty more highly than he. What matter whence the singer comes if he but sing in harmony with the best thought and impulse and aspiration of his time? Of what concern is the nationality of the poet if his verse speak truth and be imbued with the spirit of right and justice? We venture the opinion that the poem of Mr. O'Reilly was in every way worthy of the occasion.

The action of the pilgrim society in the selection of its orator and poet is to be commended rather than criticized. It was an example of a broad and liberal spirit in consonance with the event celebrated, and the emulation of which is to be desired. And as to both orator and poet, they fully justified the wisdom of their selection.

THE LEATHER INDUSTRY.

The establishment of extensive tanneries at or near this city is only a matter of a very short time. Any enterprising capitalist who may take this branch of industry in hand is sure of making his investment very profitable. The market for vast quantities of leather is at our very door, and the raw material can be supplied cheaper here than it could in any of the eastern leather factory centers. An average of one thousand beaver hides are shipped daily from Omaha all the year round to eastern factories, where they are converted into leather to be resold to the trade between the Missouri river and the Pacific coast. If only one-half of the freight charges for conveying the raw material to eastern factories can be saved there will be a very broad margin in favor of Omaha as against the eastern factories. The fact that an extensive boot and shoe factory is about to be established here by a Massachusetts syndicate affords a guaranty of a home market for leather, and it is safe to predict that one boot and shoe factory, no matter how extensive its plant may be, will not supply one-tenth of the demand for leather product of the region tributary to Omaha.

HOPE FOR THE AGED.

When Dr. Brown-Sequard announced some time ago that he had discovered an elixir which would prolong human life indefinitely, one of the first to condemn the claim of the eminent physician as utterly absurd was Dr. William A. Hammond, of Washington. This equally eminent medical authority was of the opinion that the claim was an evidence of delirium, and he gave what appeared to be very cogent reasons for the belief that there could be nothing whatever in it. A large number of other doctors, more or less eminent, coincided with the views of Dr. Hammond. It appears, however, that subsequently Dr. Hammond became impressed with a different idea, and was led to himself experiment on the lines laid down by Dr. Brown-Sequard. The result is the announcement that the former is a convert to the elixir of life discovery, having, as is alleged, produced effects on aged and decrepit persons that have convinced him of the efficacy of the so-called elixir in relieving decrepitude and prolonging life. Dr. Hammond states that the preparation of the medicine and the treatment of the patient are very simple. He takes the selected portion of a lamb freshly killed—the other doctor uses a rabbit or guinea pig—and pounds it into a pulp in a mortar. With this he mixes a teaspoonful or two of water, and the result is filtered through five Swiss filtering papers. The fluid, slightly thicker than water, comes through perfectly pure and limpid, and this fluid is injected into the patient's leg or other portion of his body. Dr. Hammond claims to have had most remarkable results from this treatment, and to have received advices from Paris of results no less astonishing. Several prominent French physicians having become converts to the practice.

The Place for Sullivan.

Mr. Sullivan of Boston and the law of Mississippi will soon be in the ring together. If Mr. Sullivan is not presently on a convict farm, the country will have a right to inquire what Mississippi has been making the noise about.

Time to Produce the Checks.

It is contrary to the spirit of free institutions that injurious trade combinations should be permitted to carry out their designs, and there need be no doubt that in due time their rapacity will be effectually rebuked and checked.

Can't Staid the Breeze.

Robert H. Lamberg, of New York, has offered a series of prizes to persons who will send him the best plan for the extinction of mosquitoes. If he will come out here and lay in a supply of the lake breeze he will find it effective. It works to a charm in Chicago.

Hopeful Signs in the South.

Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee and Louisiana would be republican now on a free ballot and a fair count. So would West Virginia and Delaware. Kentucky may not forsake her idols this year, but she will before long.

Mr. Cleveland and His Clients.

How soon will Mr. Cleveland's vast number of impatient clients drag that eminent legal light back from the trout brooks and swimming holes where he has been dallying

for weeks and weeks? It must be confessed that the clients are very lenient with Mr. Cleveland.

Solemn Thought for Mr. Cleveland.

The St. Louis Republic remarks that the 5,540,329 men who cast their suffrages for Grover Cleveland in the late presidential election are the largest number of men who ever voted for one man since the world began. This is a solemn thought for Mr. Cleveland, but it is a more solemn one still for him to remember that there were not enough of them to elect him.

The National Flower.

There is a strong public sentiment in favor of the sunflower as the national flower. The sunflower is reported to be an absorbent of malaria, and therefore can be useful as well as ornamental. Besides, the sunflower has ample proportions, and as the United States is a big country she has the best right to a big flower. The violet is too modest by half. Some other country has a prior claim on the rose, and the golden rod has an evil reputation. It is said to be the headquarters of hay fever. By all means, then, let us have the sunflower.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Needs Saiting Himself.

The editor of the Omaha Republican is trying to discuss the salt trust, but has only succeeded in showing that he is entirely too fresh. He should demand the immediate abolition of the trust.

He Hasn't Cheeped Since.

Fred Nye is given fair warning by Rosewater in Tim Bee to mind his own business, or his desire for notoriety will be accommodated in a way that will not redound to his reputation. It is evident that we have only heard the preliminary skirmishing of the newspaper war that will be waged in Omaha.

Entirely Too Much of It.

Omaha is howling now for cheap gas. Omaha has had a good deal of that commodity of late.

The Reason Why.

S. P. Morse is quoted as saying the other day to a newspaper reporter: "The only reason why Omaha is not a better and larger town than Kansas City is because the latter has forty-two way-trains every twenty-four hours running in and out from a distance of 100 miles in every direction, while we have two."

Omaha's Paving Thieves.

Paving steals have not helped Omaha in the least. They have, on the contrary, saddled that city with heavy taxation. Denver can grow very well without them.

COUNTRY BREEZES.

Bill Thompson's Ambition.

Bill Thompson has gathered about him since he came here, two horses, two burghies, two turkeys, seven ducks, a dozen chickens and a pig, and still he is not happy. He would like to trade his right leg for a goat.

A Hungry Candidate.

Nothing more aptly illustrates the inefficiency of the present administration than the tardiness and lack of earnestness with which they handle applications for office. The writer has had an application on file down there for over four years, and the present crowd seem to treat the matter with the same carelessness that characterized the administration of Cleveland.

Woolley From Waukegan.

The big-mouthed blatherskite named Ed. Woolley was in the city Thursday. The object and purpose of his visit is said to have been the same as former visits—viz.: looking after election contests. His enormous mouth gives notice of his presence as effectively as the odor of the skunk notices and warns of the presence of that offensive animal. His mouth and cheek are both unnaturally developed. He manifested his peculiar temper to the extent of causing every person to laugh at him and he was most unmercifully galled by the boys—who appeared to take a cruel delight in keeping him mad to hear him swear.

BELLS OF THE ANGELUS.

Birds of the Past.

Bells of the past whose forgotten music still fills the wide expanse, tingling the sober twilight of the present With color of romance.

I hear you call and see the sun descending On rocks, and waves, and sand, As down the coast the mission voices blend— Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation No blight nor midday falls; Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor lost ambition Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of the long waves, receding, I touch the farthest past— I see the dying glow of Spanish glory, The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped mission towers, The white presidio, The stark commander in his leathern jerkin, The priests in tone of snow.

Once more I see Portia's cross uplifting Above the setting sun, And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting, The frightened galleon.

O, solemn bells! whose consecrated masses Recall the faith of old— O, tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music The spiritual fold.

Your voices break, they falter in the darkness— Break, falter, and are still, And, veiled and mystic, like the host descending, The sun sinks from the hill.

That Irish-American Republic.

St. Paul Pioneer Press: The great mass of Irish-Americans are not disposed to run the risk of such a venture as is proposed. The American republic known as the United States of America is as good a republic as they want. They are perfectly satisfied with it. An advantageous thing for the Irish cause would be to have a republic of their own under any name they may choose to call it. The Irish question would be settled much sooner in that case. The proposed "Irish republic" will probably repose for an indefinite length of time on paper.

BUZZINGS.

George P. Bemis does not appreciate the occasional mean fling at his distinguished uncle, George Francis Train, and says that those who make them display a very low quality of intellect. The comment made by a morning sheet one day last week on Train's latest movement "that he furnished a better excuse for starting an asylum than a church," disturbed Mr. Bemis' feelings very much. In speaking about it he said: "Knowing, as I do, what Train has done in his life time, it comes with very poor grace from any one to cast such reflections upon him. He helped this town by advertising it when advertising was needed, and plenty of men in the United States have been made wealthy by him."

Mr. Bemis talks quite freely and with much feeling of his uncle's remarkable life and declared that no living man possessed such power of mind, determination of purpose and force of character. In his tour around the world he created more stir among the old and young of all nations, and attracted more attention than any American ever did before or since. He wrote a 700-page book of that trip, which was never printed, that, says Bemis, contains more information relative to scenes and incidents than has ever been written. Publishers refused to publish the MSS because Mr. Train would not allow them to modify certain passages attacking the president.

Postmaster Gallagher says he would not accept the nomination for mayor of Omaha just at this time, if both parties should come out after him, and would not tempt him," he continued in explanation of his assertion, "which is itself a reason enough, but there are others equally potent. There is no possible foundation on which to base even a faint glimmer of hope that either party desires me as its candidate." To his first declaration Mr. Gallagher added that a purse of \$5,000 as salary, in addition to what the other party would not tempt him. He wants office, but doesn't want the kind of office forbidding him the privilege of taking good fat contracts in city improvements.

"Say, did you ever hear that story of how Charley Goodrich was convicted in a crowd of thirty buns and then basely deserted by his friends?" said a prominent local politician the other day to the Buzzer. The Buzzer hadn't heard it, but wanted to, so the p. l. p. continued:

"You see it was last fall, just before election, and Charley was out hustling for votes. He met a friend of his on the street and asked if he knew where there were any good second-hand votes lying around."

"Said he: 'I'd like to get a nice round lot of not too expensive votes and would be willing to 'say something' for them, of course.'"

"I've got the very thing you want," replied his friend; "follow me."

"So they walked down to Fourteenth street and entered a well-known saloon. A horde of thirsty looking fellows were standing about, with expectant eyes, for it was election time, you know. There didn't seem to be so many of them about, though, but what the bar could accommodate them all in time."

"Gentlemen, let me introduce you to Charley Goodrich."

The transformation was instantaneous; the crowd split off barrels, boxes and railings, and started across the floor to Charley. They shook him by the hand, patted his broad back, called him "Charley" and "pard," and hustled him up to the bar.

They still continued to come, however, through the door; in at the windows and up through the trap-door until they almost resembled the rats in "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

In despair Mr. Goodrich called to the bartender, "For the love of heaven close that trap door!"

In the meantime the friend [or friend] who had introduced him to the crowd had disappeared. The mob now roared, "Oh, yes, we'll vote for you, Charley. Yes, don't mind if I do take a little more beer."

When his money was gone Mr. Goodrich made his escape to the street, and was the center of an admiring and thirsty constituency until he got a chance to slip into a hack and get away.

"And he won't know that it was a 'put up job' until he reads this."

As a field, turf and farm sport, Joe Clarkson takes the lead, by several laps, of any lawyer in Omaha. That man would rather hunt, fish and riddle targets with rifle balls than scoop in the biggest fee affoat. In his house he has a closet filled with guns, blunderbusses and horse pistols, curiosities and relics in the dream line which he has collected from time to time solely on account of his mania for such things. No Omaha citizen has such a stock of shooting-irons, fishing tackle, hunting jackets and fine dogs, or takes as great pride in them as he does. At the bar, in his office, wherever you meet him, no subject claims his attention quicker than this one. Last week Mr. Clarkson returned from a tour among the northern lakes, looking very brown, and reports having had an elegant time. Such fish stories as he tells are beyond reasonable comprehension, but every one is thoroughly convinced, for of course "the biggest one" got away.

The case of the bone-cutter who fell through the trap of a building on Howard street early last week, brings to mind the characteristic callous marks of the various trades. He was promptly identified by a fellow tradesman as a stone-cutter, from the calloused spots on his hands occasioned by handling the various tools of his craft.

On a plasterer's left hand is a calloused ridge along the lower part of the palm, caused by carrying a heavy "hook" of plaster, and his right hand is also marked.

Members of other crafts bear distinctive marks. The butcher carries his mark along the upper portion of his right hand between the thumb and fore finger, caused by handling the meat saw and cleaver.

The farmer's horny hands are a mass of calloused skin. The various tools of his trade are productive of many callouses.

The carpenter, the blacksmith, the painter and the plumber all carry marks on their right and left hands indicative of the handling of hammer and brush.

Even the professions carry their marks to a certain degree.

The great American tramp has his mark, a calloused spot on the lower lip coming from the constant use of the tomato can "water."

The lawyer has a calloused jaw, and the ward politician a badly calloused epiglottis, caused by the constant flow over it of corroding election whisky.

If the "gall" of a reasonably hard-working reporter could be examined it would be found to be not only calloused from constant work in his duties, but to be actually ossified.

Even the dainty type-writing girl's fingers are calloused at the tips from striking the keys.

All these bear their mark, some less distinct than others, it is true, but nevertheless they are marked.

By the way, a new wrinkle at hotels is the lady stenographer and type-writer, who sits in the hotel parlors ready to write the correspondence of busy traveling and business men for a modest remuneration.

Her cabinet type-writer and first-class

office appointments show that the business must be fairly remunerative, as is also evidenced by her own trim and tidy person.

She deserves to be prosperous, too, for she is one of the most faithful of workwomen. Always at her post, the recipient of many secrets embodied in the correspondence she handles, and then she never has to go out to "see a man."

This business is a comparatively new one to Omaha, although in the leading hotels in the east a stenographer's office has been, for a long time, as necessary as a telegraph office.

There is a firm composed of two young ladies in Omaha who have an office in the Millard and on 11th Street, and expect shortly to have another in the Paxton.

"Yes, we meet all sorts of customers in this hotel business," said one of the partners.

"I suppose they are mostly traveling men," was suggested.

"No, not altogether. At the Millard we have a number of customers who are electric experts, business men and capitalists from everywhere, who are in the habit of dictating to a stenographer in their offices at home, and send our business here as a great convenience."

"At the Murray," she continued, "our customers are mostly traveling men, who 'Sunday' in town, and who dictate their correspondence to their houses in the east. Sunday is very often our best day, as the hotels are full of traveling men, who wish to get their work off their hands before they start on the road again."

"Do they ever dictate letters to their wives and sweethearts?" was asked.

"Oh, yes. They are what we call domestic letters. Lots of traveling men dictate letters to their wives, but they are purely of a domestic nature, or reminding household funds. Occasionally a good-looking young drummer will dictate a letter to his girl. I don't suppose, however, it is his 'best girl.' There is nothing very vivid about them; generally relating his experiences on the road, and trying to be humorous."

"They are all very generous with us," she concluded. "Many of them pay us extra if the work pleases them and is promptly done and free of errors."

A dry individual walked into a certain beer dispensary the other day and stood expectantly at the bar.

"Beer?" he loudly asked the bar keeper. A nod of the head was the only reply.

"A 'geiser' was brought forth, and the dry man asked:

"Whose beer is this?"

"Das ist Metz's beer," replied the bar-boy. The glass was promptly emptied, and the man, no longer dry, turned and walked towards the door without paying for his beer.