NO SOVEREIGN BUT SATAN.

The Unspeakable Degradation of the Denizens of Whitechapel.

A WILDERNESS OF WICKEDNESS

The Difficulties to be Overcome by the Men Who are Trying to Catch Jack the Ripper.

A Modern Sodom.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—[Special to THE BEE.]—One of the illustrated pink papers of New York some time ago published a full page cut with the superscription "Inspector Byrnes, who is wanted over in London to run down Jack the Ripper." Perhaps the author of the sentence has been in Whitechapel and knew what the district wanted and perhaps not. Let us suppose that he knows all about it, in which case he is considerably wiser than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the residents of the West End, the only portion of the world's metropolis the average American traveler sees or knows anything about and can appreciate some of the difficulties the gallant inspector would encounter.

Some time ago Mr. Lawrence Hutton, a recognized authority, thus described the characteristics of the district in Harper's Magazine: "It contains miles upon miles of rows of houses—small, mean and monotonous houses, occupied by hundreds of thousands of persons who live mean and monotonous lives, all of them, like the houses, after the same model. Probably there is no such spectacle in the whole world as that of this immense, neglected, forgotten, great city of the east of London. It has little or no history; no one wants to see it for itself or for its association's sake; no one has any curiosity about it or its way of life; the books upon London with few exceptions ignore it altogether, and even its own citizens give it or themselves no serious thought. They are sure they want something, but what the something is they do not know and cannot discover."

Whitechapel is not a street, nor a square, nor a ward, as might be imagined, but one of the collection of cities which makes up the great cosmopolitan metropolis of London. It lies on the Middlesex bank of the Thames, four or five miles distant from the only section of the city the ordinary traveler ever sees. In all America there is no locality which approximates to it in filth and misery. The most degraded section of New York city does not even approach it in squalor and wretchedness, and more misery and crime is collected on a single floor of one of its reeking tenements than can be found in Omaha's Dago alley and on the river bottoms combined. It is the very cesspool of London—London with its 5,000,000 inhabitants and dozen of criminal and pauper districts, any one of which equals in size and population the average American city.

The main street, a degraded sort of Bowery, is Whitechapel road. It is lined with three or four story buildings, crazy, mildewed concerns, with the ground floors occupied by cheap, dingy stores and the upper floors packed with humanity. From this main road branch off hundreds of narrow, crooked alleys and lanes leading to—no one knows where.

This is the Whitechapel of to-day, and this it was 200 hundred years ago. Macauley wrote of it a long time ago: "It is a labyrinth of squalid, tottering houses, close packed every one from cellar to cock-loft, with outcasts whose life is one war with humanity. The narrow alleys swarm with sharpers, receivers of stolen goods, clippers of coin, forgers and tawdry women, blooming with paint and brandy, who in their anger make free use of their nails and their scissors, yet whose anger is less to be dreaded than their kindness."

I was permitted a few nights ago to visit the scene of two or three of the mysterious murders in company with an inspector of police, and with all due defference to the detective skill of Inspector Byrnes, I must confess that in trailing Jack the Ripper, he would have his hands full. We saw thousands of villainous hulks of men whose only support is the earnings of fallen women. We heard a medly of all the tongues of the earth and even the Queen's English was so corrupted and interlarded with slang and the cant language of the criminal classes as to be unintelligible. From the open doors of gin dives and pot-houses, where brawling men and women, and even children, steamed in the rank atmosphere, floated the rattling of the dice box, drunken shouts for more gin and ale, blasphemous curses and ribald songs. The women of the place ply their trade in shoals along the sidewalk.

And such women!

Blear-eyed, ragged, and filthy, with faces bruised and cut with the blows of the brutes who live on the wages of their shame, there will not be seen in a night's walk a single face, young or old, not utterly repulsive and debauched. Some conception of their utter degradation may be gained from the fact that their demands never exceed a dime or "sixpence" Ten times the number of these helpless victims of the knife of Jack the ripper might have disappeared without causing a ripple had not their frightfully mutilated remains testified to their terrible end. They are utterly friendless and abandoned.

All this we saw along the half dozen main streets which we traversed. We glanced down scores of narrow dark alleys whence issued the shrieks and curses of fighting men and women, but we did not enter them. No policemen ever do except in squads. For an ordinarily well-dressed man to go down one of these lanes in the daytime would be madness; by night it would be suicidal. Fighting and quarreling are of too common occurrence to attract attention and for a policeman, single-handed, to attempt an arrest would be to invite annihilation.

In such a locality and among such people the mysterious Jack plies his ghastly trade. Could he have selected a more favorable place? A correspondent in a recent letter thus vividly pictures it:

"Imagine a half dozen main roads in a district two miles in diameter. Fancy two or three scores of narrow alleys branching off from these in all sorts of circuitous ways, and hundreds of mere lanes between the buildings and yards springing from the alleys winding in and out and crossing and recrossing each other. Then reflect that the outer doors of the rookeries are never locked; that a fugitive can dash into a hall way, scamper through it, cut into an alley in the rear, scale a fence and repeat the process ad infinitum, and also weigh the fact that every man he meets will assist him and do his best to baffle his persuers and you can get an idea of the probabilities of a police officer there catching his man."

In Omaha, with her broad and well-lighted streets, it may be asked: "Why not burn the place out?" Talk is cheap. There are 200,000 people in Whitechapel—200,000 human souls whose parents lived and died here and whose children will grow to old age here before they are out of their teens. Generation after generation drags along its wretched, hopeless existence and sinks to its nameless grave with no greater ambition than the gratification of its vicious passions or the replenishing of the gin bottle.

There are few lights in the picture. Good men and women, it is true, try to let a little sunshine into the darkness, but it is hard for purity or nobility to breathe in such an atmosphere. The people are a world to themselves. They know nothing and care nothing of any other life. Many of them never go outside the district, but find there all that their degraded tastes desire. It would doubtless be a good thing for civilization if the place were obliterated, but there remains the problem of 200,000 homeless souls.

TO-DAY IS THE LAST.

The Schuetzenfest to Close With a Grand Programme.

The schooting at Ruser's park yesterday afternoon, commenced at 1 o'clock. There was a very large attendance, a number being ladies. The Omaha Musical Union band rendered a number of popular airs.

There was some very fine shooting done, Mr. F. A. Fuller making 290 points on the Kehr target. He has only ten points to make to obtain the highest prize on this target. Hans Peterson, with 221 points, stands next. Other fine shooting was done by William Voss, Will Stoecker, C. A. Stockman and others. At 5 o'clock the cannon gave the signal to cease shooting and William Mack called the marksmen having a receipt for medals together, and with a few pleasant remarks for each of the recipients, presented to them the medals each had won. When he came to present the medal won by Mr. Joseph R. Clarkson, he said that the Germans were happy to present a medal to an American. Mr. Clarkson thanked the donor in the name of the Americans present, and expressed the hope that, next year, Americans would be present in larger numbers.

The shooting for the donated prizes was finished at 5 o'clock, and, though the names of the winners are known to a few, the committee insisted that they should not be published before to-morrow afternoon. At that time the distribution will take place.

For to-day the following programme has been arranged: At 8 o'clock shooting will commence and be continued until 1:29 o'clock. In the afternoon prize bowling, the crowning of the king, a concert and a ball champetre will take place.

There will certainly be a large attendance. The trains will leave the Webster street depot at 12:45 p. m. and 2:30 p. m. They will return at 7 p. m. and 11.30 p. m.

At to-day's prize bowling the following prizes will be distributed: Silver medal and 40 per cent of receipts, 30 per cent of receipts, 20 per cent of receipts, 10 per cent of receipts.

Man Target—The following scores have been made: Charles Storz 58, H. A. Stockman 47, Fred Mengedoht 19, Harry Thressen 42, F. A. Fuller 39-43, William Krug 33-37-29-8, Charles Storz, 11-2, William Butt 8-2, William Segelke 12, F. Heft 20, Jul Nagle 28-0, H. Petersen 47, F. Gebauer 0-3, F. W. Walther 53, Chaus Mathies, 0, H. Best 21-2, Charles Metz 0, A. Pokorny 4-21, F. Parmelee 41-51-48-33-56, John Petty 51, W. F. Stocker 19, W. Hanke 23, H. Seidler 20, Charles Peabody 36, J. A. Clarkson 52-40.

Yesterday's scores: 1st medal, F. A. Fuller; 2d Hans Petersen, 3rd Julius Schlupp, 4th J. W. Walter, 5th W. Krug, 6th Julius Nagle, 7th J. A. Clarkson, 8th E. W. Bird, 9th W. F. Storker, 10th Claus Mardis.

People's targe —W. Segelke 100, W. Butt 83, F. A. Buller 119, Charles Storz 64, William Krug 166, Chs. Wuthrich 42, T. W. Betty 182, F. Gebauer 89, J. R. Clarkson 146, E. W. Bird 196, F. S. Parmalee 138.

Donated prizes, total score—Herman Bush 46, James Voss 37, Fred Mongedoth 44, Asmus Joslen 0, H. Petersen 56, F. A. Walter 54, Henry Seidler 31, Peter Goos 24, F. A. Pokorny 41, George Kate 51, Charles Storz 35, William Krug 55, Charles Metz 30, William Blutt 34, Mich Kopp 24, H. A. Stockman 58, William Mack 45, William Voss 62, H. Thiessen 46, C. Pahl 20, Henry Ruser 46, Chris Wuthrich 47, F. A. Fuller 61, V. Dunpsert 7, W. Segelke 22, Charles Rassmussen 45, G. Benecke 14, Claus Mathies 43, F. Gebauer 18, W. F. Stoecker 58, Julius Nagle 38, Julius Schlupp 46.

Mount Calvary Commandery, K. T.

The Sir Knights of this command, appreciating the valuable services rendered them by Rev. Sir Knight T. M. House in the past, and being desirous of an opportunity of expressing their sentiments in this regard, before the Sir Knight removes from the city, have tendered him a Templar reception to take place at the asylum of the commandery on Friday, October 18, 1889. The occasion will offer an opportunity, also, of tendering a welcome to the returning Knights from their pilgrimage at Washington, where they achieved a great reputation for Nebraska Knights by their energetic display of the resources of Nebraska and their unbounded hospitality.

A Card of Thanks.

To you, members of Capitol lodge, Knights Templar, and many friends, I owe a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid. To you, I wish to express my sincere appreciation of your kind and brotherly services toward my father in conducting him to his final resting place and performing those sacred offices so dear to his heart.

I would express my thanks could I do so, in a manner more forcible, more expressive than weak and formal words, and I assure you that the best wishes of my heart will follow you as long as life lasts.

To those who sent the beautiful floral designs as an offering of respect I extend my thanks. HELEN L. HUME.

A Venerable Dinner Party.

A remarkable dinner party was given by the sisters in charge of Bett's hospital to-day, says a Cincinnati dispatch. Twenty-six of the inmates sat down to table. Fifteen were over sixty years of age, eight over seventy, one eighty-three, another eighty-seven and at the head of the table sat a woman just 104 years old. The last mentioned was Mrs. Elizabeth Schulton, who has been an inmate of the hospital for two years past. There were many presents to the old lady by citizens who had heard of the unusual event, and the sisters made up a programme of songs and recitations for the occasion. Mrs. Schulten was born in Nesake, Westphalia in 1876. She remembers well seeing Napoleon just after his victory at Jena in 1806, and later on his disastrous retreat from Moscow. Among her visitors to-day was her daughter, Kate Feder, sixty years old. Her son, Gerhart, sixty-three years old, lives in Dayton; another son, eight years old, lives in Germany. The old lady for a number of years has been a strict vegetarian but a great lover of coffee. Her mind is bright and active, and she looks like a woman of seventy.

The Greatest Mining Camp.

"The Leadville of Montana" Butte was called five years ago. But now it is "the greatest mining camp in the world." Last year's returns brought Butte to the front of all camps, just as it placed Montana at the top of the list of states and territories, says a Butte (Mon.) letter. Montana's output of gold and silver in 1888 was $24,618,000. That gave her first place by $2,000,000. And when the copper product was added her contribution to these three items of the wealth of the country reached $40,500,000. This year, if the remaining two months sustain the record of the past ten, the new state will show a yield of $50,000,000 in gold, silver and copper. Surely Montana has earned her statehood at a good round price. Her proud position at the head of the gold, silver and copper producing states and territories Montana owes to Butte. More than half of last year's $40,500,000 came from this camp. The development has been recent and marvellously rapid. Five years ago "the Leadville of Montana" was a very appropriate title, for Butte then was turning out $6,000,000 a year. But now, with a twelvemonths' showing of $24,000,000, the claim to the "richest camp in the world" must be conceded.

He Got Their Contributions.

Rev. William De Kelver, pastor of St. Patrick's Catholic church, says a Mechah, Wis., special, is the devisor of a novel scheme to catch those whom he sees fit to style "people who are trying to steal their way into heaven." A debt of $5,500 hangs over St. Patrick's church, and Dr. Kelver has for a long time been trying to have it paid. After mass last Sunday he ordered the doors locked. The names of the members of the church were called off, and they were asked how much they would be willing to give to pay the debt on the church. The scheme worked like a charm, and when the meeting was over it was found that the nice sum of $3,000 had been subscribed.

A Mother's Long Journey.

Mrs. Feeney, of Clare county, Michigan, is journeying on foot to friends in Ohio, accompanied by four children, one being a baby, and, when last heard from, had covered 150 miles of her journey.

Went to Paris in Wheelbarrows.

There have been many original methods of getting to the Paris exposition from distant places, but perhaps the most interesting were the three recent arrivals in wheelbarrows. They started from Vienna about the 1st of July, one sitting in the barrow and one rolling him. They took a month for the journey.

ELECTRIC CARS ON UP GRADES.

Two Conflicting Reports on Their Success in Richmond.

A SUB-MARINE CABLE FOR CHILI.

Proposals Asked For Laying It From Puntas Arenas to Melipuli—Electric Mining in South Africa—Sparks.

Electric.

The late Maurice B. Flynn, the New York politician and contractor, created a big stir in Richmond during the last year of his life, says a dispatch from Virginia. He came here, looked around and soon startled the city with the announcement that he would establish an electric railway here, the longest in the world. The city had a horse car line at the time. Mr. Flynn immediately captured the town, gained exceptional privileges from the city council, and was all the talk of Richmond. It was said that Richmond, by reason of its many hills, presented a series of obstacles which, if overcome, would prove that electricity could move cars anywhere. The first result of this move was a panic among the horse car people, who soon sold out their line to Flynn & Co., who then owned all the privileges. Then the electric line, worked by what is known as the Sprague overhead system, was started. It was apparently a success. The cars were jammed and went up the high grades without trouble, and property along the line went up in consequence. A few months before Flynn's death the service grew bad on both horse and electric lines. Since his death it has been so bad that citizens have called upon the city council to revoke the privileges. The controlling interest in the property is now owned by Mrs. Flynn.

At the investigation just held Mr. Pizzini, the vice president of the electric line, said he must confess that the electric line was a failure on high grades, because so much electricity had to be put on that it melted the armitures, and frequently one trip of the cars cost $500. The announcement having been made public created a sensation, and by to-day's mail offers have come from the various electric systems, overhead as well as storage, offering to prove that electricity is not a failure as a motive power. The Sprague company, whose system is now in use here, claims that it has failed because of lack of proper management. Mr. H. Steers, of New York, one of the stockholders of the electric company, writes that he will spend $100,000 out of his own pocket, if necessary, to prove that the electric line will work. The matter has caused a great stir among all the electric companies in the country. The Thomson-Houston, the Daft and the Julian have already gotten wind of it and submitted propositions.

Chili's New Cable.

Chili's invitation for proposals for the laying of a sub-marine cable from Puntas Arenas to Melipulli is another evidence of the commercial spirit prevading that republic. The objects to be attained by the means of the cable are declared to be the furnishing of information making the navigation of the straits of Magellan and of the channels of the southern coast of Chili safer, and also to assist the new settlements of Palena and Munoz Gamera. The cable is to touch at Quincaol, Ralena, Melinka, Puerto Otway and Munoz Gamera. The port of Melipulli, one of the terminal points, is at the head of the gulf of Chiloe, latitude 42, on the west coast of South America; the port of Puntas Arenas is at the eastern entrance of the straits of Magellan, latitude 52 deg.

The value of this cable will be understood by taking into consideration the topography of Chili south of Valparaiso, which is in latitude 33. The Andes run north and south 100 to 154 miles from the Pacific; the coast range is parallel with the Andes 20 miles from the sea; between these mountain ranges is the great plain of central Chili, which, at Satiago, is 1,500 feet above the sea. In going south the great plain of central Chili steadily falls towards the level of the sea at Melipulli, and the two mountain ranges in like manner decrease in elevation toward the south. At Melipulli the central plain becomes a gulf, continuing south as a series of connecting channels to the western entrance of the straits of Magellan, and the coast range mountains form a chain of islands known as the Archipelago of Chloe. The cable is to be laid along this submerged plain, between the mainland and the chain of islands formed by the peaks of the coast range, for some 700 miles to the western entrance of the Straits of Magellan; thence through the straits to the settlement of Puntas Arenas as its eastern entrance. Counting the connecting lines at the five intermediate ports, the length of the cable will be about 1,000 miles.

The importance, says the Boston Advertiser, of direct telegraphic communication with a great international highway like the straits of Magellan can not well be overestimated as an aid for navigation. Through that natural waterway passes annually a foreign commerce fully equal to that of the Chinese empire. The channels on the west coast between the chain of islands and the main land is extremely wild and picturesque; Smyth's channel sometimes narrows to less than a mile between precipices over 1,000 feet high. Hence the route through the Straits of Magellan is one of the most picturesque in all ocean travel, and it may not be rash to predict that the time is not far distant when this route will come to be considered as desirable as the Yosemite trip now is.

With several hundred steamers passing through the straits every year, as at present, the telegraphic communication open with our homes by the new cable, the southernmost inhabited land of the world will lose much of its isolated character, while the commerce through the straits will receive facilities tending to its notable increase.

How to Make a Pretty Lambrequin.

Take a piece of ticking the length of mantel and about six inches wide, four or five balls of tinsel, several skeins of rope linen, according to length of lambrequin. It is much prettier if several colors of tinsel and rope linen are used. I used two—blue and pink, says a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal. The stripes in the ticking must be very narrow, extending up and down the lambrequin. Cut the tinsel into pieces the width of ticking, sew them over the stripes; variegate the colors. Then take the rope linen, cut it into pieces twelve inches long. Take ten of these and place them together evenly. Next, make a hole in the bottom of lambrequin with scissors, and placing a large bone hook through the hole from the wrong side, put the linen over the hook, and draw it through. This makes a loop. Take the rest of the rope linen, place it on the hook and draw it through the loop. Continue this all along the bottom for fringe. This make a pretty and inexpensive lambrequin for a bedroom.

Electric Mining in South Africa.

Among the electric mining plants which are now being installed by American manufacturers of electric apparatus are a number not only in this country but abroad, and it is no unusual thing to hear of another mining company which has decided to adopt electric power in its mines, says the Electrical World.

Among recent contracts which have been awarded the Sprague Electric Railway and Motor company, of New York, for electric apparatus, is one which comes from Transvaal, South Africa, and it is interesting to note that the fame for American electric mining apparatus for durability, economy and convenience is recognized in those distant fields as well as in this country. The company which is now installing Sprague apparatus in Transvaal is the Forbes-Reef Gold Mining company, who have ordered through Chester & Gibb, mining engineers of London, a complete electrical equipment for the transmission of power, including four Sprague long-distance transmission motors and dynamos for transmitting 140 horse power over a distance of two miles. The primal source of power is water power, and this point is connected with the point of distribution by insulated wires carried on poles directly across the country.

At the power station will be placed three Pelton water wheels furnished by Fraser & Chalmers, of Chicago. To each of two wheels will be belted directly one long distance transmission-of-power Edison dynamo of 50,000 watts or 67 horse-power capacity each. The other wheel will be belted to the dynamos of the same type and voltage as the others, but of only 40,000 watts, or 55 horse-power capacity each. These machines are wound especially according to the Sprague method for the long-distance transmission of power, and have an extremely high efficiency.

At the mines are located the four Sprague motors which are belted directly into the mining apparatus. These motors are divided into two groups: two twenty-horse power Sprague motors and one eighty-horse power motor forming one group, and a single twenty-horse power Sprague motor forming the other group. Each group is supplied with current by a separate set of wires, thus practically insuring a constant flow of electricity under all circumstances. The motors are wound with the regular Sprague differential winding, and will keep at a constant speed in spite of the varying loads thrown on the mining machinery.

The question of efficiency or the amount of primal power which is delivered at the farther end of the transmission is one of extreme importance. Upon this point electric transmission compares very favorably with all other methods of transmitting power. In this case the efficiency of the entire system, from the turbine pulley to the mining machines at the farther end, is about 70 per cent; that is, 70 per cent of the energy delivered from the engine to the pulleys in the power station is given off the motor pulleys for work.

Electricity as a Profession.

The overcrowded state of the recognized profession has given rise to considerable anxiety on the part of those who find it necessary to choose some way of making a living. The legal profession is suffering greatly owing to the present conjested state, and the same may be said, though in a lesser degree of the medical. By the rapid development of electricity, however, says the London Electrical Review, we have a wide field thrown open, and though some attention has been paid to this, as will be shown by the numbers of students at work in the various colleges and workshops, in view of the immediate extension which is sure to take place, we scarcely think it is receiving the attention it deserves. Presumably most of the large towns in England will be lighted shortly by electricity, and after the installation work has been completed there will be required fully competent resident men to take charge of the work and keep the lighting in a satisfactory condition; the expected demand in this direction for men being therefore considerable. The selection of candidates will devolve upon town councils and local bodies, who cannot be expected to know much about the needed qualifications, with the result that incompetence may do a great deal to discredit electricity. Such drawbacks, however, will be but temporary, and eventually men with sound practical knowledge will have the best posts with the largest emoluments offered to them. The work of inspector may not require an abstruse knowledge of the higher technicalities, he will not be expected to advance new theories and may, like the local practitioner o medicine, rarely travel beyond his own sphere, settling down into a quiet and respectable member of society. Electricity has great and varied branches, and the lighting of England will act as an invigorating stimulant in connection with electricity. The use of the motor for workshops appears to be little understood, and, consequently, is rarely adopted. In this branch of electrical power alone there are many opportunities, while another distinct branch will be the application of electricity to purposes of locomotion. In fact, there will be no limit to the application of electricity. But only good men will get good places, and only hard study in both school and workshop will produce good men.

Some may be inclined to ask whether it is worth the while of young men to spend the necessary time in acquiring a thorough knowledge and undergoing training, which must necessarily take up a considerable time, seeing that the Liverpool corporation have recently appointed an electric light inspector at the small salary of £150 per annum. Whatever this may be at present, it certainly will not be deemed a sufficient inducement in the near future, and as the demand for men increases a higher wage must be paid. In a large town lighted by electricity, the work and responsibility will be very heavy, and the inspector would require able assistants. Therefore, to insure good work, a renumeration in accordance must be paid. It is not, however, in inspecting that laurels and emoluments will be earned, but in the higher class of work. The advice we offer to young men who are hesitating about taking up a profession, is by all means take up electricity, but to do so earnestly and with the fixed determination of doing good and conscientious work.

Electric Cars For Mills.

As is well known, the electric light with all the apparatus implied in its production, has worked its way into scores of cotton and woollen mills throughout the land. The same generator employed to operate electric lights can also be used to operate an electric motor, so that the adoption of the latter in such establishments is merely one step in advance, without a heavy additional expenditure of money.

The Thomson-Houston Electric company has of late been paying particular attention to this branch of the business, and has perfected a plan of electrical tramways for mills and other large industrial workshops, which is worthy of the closest investigation.

At the company's works, at Lynn, Mass., says Practical Electricity, a tramway car is used for conveying heavy machinery from one part of the factory to another, and it has been found that the employment of such means permits the handling of apparatus with much greater ease than formerly, in less time and with less labor than could possibly be accomplished by any other method. The car is equipped with two three-horse-power motors, and easily moves, up a grade of 13 per cent, a load of five tons' weight, while, on a level, from eight to ten tons can be carried. The motor receives its energy through an over-head wire from one of the electric generators located in the factory.

Foreign Affectations of Speech.

The affectation which consists in adopting the English drawl and English accent, cannot be too severely condemned, says a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal. But while we condemn the sin, let us have mercy upon the sinner, and remember that he is endeavoring in a foolish and mistaken way, to seek after the light. He knows that he and his fellow-Americans have harsh voices, and speak nasally, therefore he tries the weak remedy of imitating the speech of another nation. But it would be quite as sensible for an American to adopt a broken French method of pronouncing English, as to adopt that of our British brethren. A copy—an imitation is always vastly inferior to the original. We should certainly endeavor to amend the harshness of our voices, but why in heaven's name, should we who think, move and act quickly, speak with a lingering drawl? It is utterly incongruous for us to do so. I have often listened with amusement, not unmixed with disgust, to the soft drawling accents of our pseudo-British youth—whose voices and tones were utterly denationalized, though the young people vainly imagined that they spoke like English men and women. To be a citizen of the greatest and most prosperous nation on the face of the earth—a nation that is admired and envied by the people of all the countries of the world—and to be ashamed of one's glorious birth-place—is not this utterly foolish and wicked? Yet this is practically what "Anglodrawliacs" do, when they deny their mother tongue, or vainly strive to do so.

Found After Twenty Years.

Nearly twenty years ago A. M. Lytle, a prescription clerk in Frank Price's drug store on Union avenue, says a Kansas City dispatch, ran away from his home in Woodbury, N. J., and shipped as a cabin boy on an East India merchantman. For many years he followed a seafaring life, finally shipping on the steamship Valparaiso, where, as a pupil of the ship's surgeon, he learned the drug business. In the course of his travels he has visited nearly every country in the world. Finally he settled in Kansas City and invested his savings here. Last night Mrs. J. R. Lytle, his aunt, went to the drug store where the wanderer is employed to buy medicine. She recognized her nephew in the drug clerk. Mutual explanations followed. Lytle will return to his home and receive his share of the property of his father, who died a short time ago. The search for the missing boy had been prosecuted by his parents with unflagging zeal up to the time the father died, and his last request was that the search be not given up, and directed in his will that a portion of his fortune of $30,000 be expended in continuing it.

The Scrub Should Go!

The low price prevailing in all kinds of live stock, except perhaps sheep, will not justify keeping any kind of animal but the very best. All the small, unthrifty stock should be in some way disposed of. It is not too late in the case of some youngsters to get them in a fair condition of flesh before the cold weather sets in, but unless they show growth and thrift it would be better even then to dispose of them in some way for what they will bring than to feed them through two or three long winters and find them scrubs still. There is no use on earth for the scrub calf or colt. Life is too short and profits too small for a good business man to fritter away his time on unproductive stock. It is a good deal better to make hound feed out of the scrub, if it cannot be made fat enough for some marketable purpose, than to raise expectations of an income from keeping it alive. Expectation is about the only thing which can be got out of the small runty animals. It is only the very best kinds of live stock which turn into reality in these times.