THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
COUNCIL BLUFFS.
OFFICE, - - NO. 12 PEARL STREET
Delivered by carrier to any part of the city.
H. W. TILTON, Lessee.
TELEPHONES—Business office, No. 43; night editor, No. 23.

MINOR MENTIONS.

Grand, Council Bluffs. E. F. Clark, prop.

Mayne Real Estate agency, 539 Broadway.

Handsomely furnished room for rent. 619 First avenue.

The regular monthly meeting of the city council will be held this evening.

Good girl for general housework wanted at 627 5th avenue. Mrs. H. W. Tilton.

The members of the Rowing association will meet this evening at the League club rooms and elect a board of directors for the current year.

While Charles Connoyer was at work a few days ago a chip of iron flew from a car wheel and struck him in the right eye, and may result in the loss of his sight.

Dr. Laugel, who conferred a great blessing upon the poor people of the city last winter when the smallpox scare was on by vaccinating over 700 people free of charge, has decided to enlarge the scope of his charity. He will treat free all poor who apply at his office, 410 Fifth avenue. No exceptions will be made, and all unable to pay and needing assistance will be treated free of charge.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Lane are visiting in Chicago.

F. L. Reed and family are visiting friends in Oakland.

Mrs. W. S. Dimmock is visiting relatives in Pender, Neb.

Miss Flora Shiley of Woodbine is in the city, the guest of Miss Della Fenner.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bolt, 806 South Sixth street, are the parents of a youthful son.

L. P. Judson and family are expected to return from Florida the latter part of this week.

H. R. Lemen, editor of the Pella Herald, is in the city for a visit of a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Lemen.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Evans have moved from Fort Worth to Dallas, Tex., where Mr. Evans has gone into the loan business.

Van Sciever in Again.

T. W. Van Sciever, the lawyer who distinguished himself in a number of bold schemes of fraud in this vicinity and finally got a five years' sentence in the penitentiary at Fort Madison as the result of a sharp cattle deal in Monona county, is wearing stripes again. The Los Angeles, Cal., papers announce that after a long and stubborn fight against his fate he has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the San Quentin penitentiary. His crime was the embezzlement of $2,700 from a woman client. Van Sciever has given numerous instances of his ability that are painfully familiar to many Council Bluffs people, but the act that he is proudest of, and which brought him the greatest returns for the least effort, was the embezzlement of about $8,000 from Walter Raleigh Vaughan, now of somewhere in Chicago. He accomplished this last spring, and within a few months after his release from prison, and, too, while fleeing from the Los Angeles sheriff after jumping his bail bond. He had been in hiding a few days in Indiana and took a little run up to Chicago, where he met Vaughan. They were old acquaintances and had fraternized here in the good old days when Vaughan was mayor of Council Bluffs and Van had not been caught in any of his fine work. When they met in Chicago Vaughan was hard pressed for a little money. He had picked up some mining claims out in Nevada, and it occurred to him that Van was just the man to get some money out of the property for him. The papers were put into his possession and Van started out. In a very short time he managed to shake $8,000 out of the bag. He put the cash in his pocket and neglected to give Vaughan even the satisfaction of holding the empty bag. Vaughan could never even succeed in having him arrested or effecting a compromise by which he could get a penny of the money.

Surprise Party.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Hollis, 814 Avenue B, were the victims of a very pleasant surprise Monday evening, March 4, it being the sixth anniversary of their wedded life. Their many friends left as a memento of friendship and esteem a handsome oak dining table. The speech made by Dr. Cook was a fit accompaniment to the gift. Cards furnished amusement until a late hour, when a substantial lunch was served, and all departed, expressing themselves as having spent a very pleasant evening and wishing host and hostess many happy returns of the occasion. Those present were: Messrs. and Mesdames Pugh, Herald, Cook, Selby, Whaley, Miss McChesney, Messrs George Brummel and M. Ayers.

NEWS FROM COUNCIL BLUFFS

Attitude of School Board Members on the High School Question.

CLAIM THEY ARE SINCERE IN THE MOVE

New Building is Needed to Relieve the Congestion in the Central Part of the City—Proposition Likely to Be Defeated.

The members of the school board claim they have been persistently misrepresented in certain quarters with reference to their attitude on the new High school question. All this time they have been yearning with a heartfelt desire for a building that should better accommodate the steadily increasing company of young ideas that must be taught the art of target practice, when the opposition says with an emphasis that will not take a denial that that board does not want a building, but merely wants to give the voters a chance to express their views.

"As a matter of fact," said one of the board yesterday, "we're all in favor of a new building in spite of the fact that we are all taxpayers, and some of us heavy ones. When we say we are in favor of it we ought to be believed. There are a good many people in town who are not able to send their children away to school, and I, for one, believe in giving them the best chance possible of getting a substitute for the foreign education. Many of the men who are opposing the project are wealthy, and they say they cannot afford to pay the increased taxes. One of these men is the principal stockholder in a large agricultural implement house. One of the stockholders had occasion to sell out a short time ago, and he received $1.50 for each $1 of his stock, while the stock is assessed at 10 cents on the dollar. That is a fair specimen of the men who are making the howl on account of the increase in taxes."

The assertion is made that there are 1,700 seats in the school buildings of the city that are unoccupied, and it is claimed that by re-districting the city these empty seats could be filled up and the new High school could be dispensed with for a time. In reply to this, the members of the board say that there is one empty room in the Madison avenue building, two in the Thirty-second street, and two in the Harrison street, besides 100 seats in the old Pierce street building and 100 more in the Fifteenth street. The two latter have been condemned because they are too damp, while the other three are in the outskirts of the city. In some cases pupils have to walk a mile or a mile and a half to go to the Madison, Thirty-second street and Harrison street schools, and to enlarge the districts would be simply to add to the distance traversed by the children. The buildings in the central part of the city, on the other hand, are overcrowded, and there is where the increased room is needed.

Even the most enthusiastic members of the board, however, do not believe that the proposition will carry. In spite of the fact that the amount of money to be paid each year for interest on the $90,000 worth of bonds would not be large to the individual taxpayers, the face of the bonds will have to be paid some time, and a good many of the voters are not willing to bank on the future grandeur of the city to quite such an extent as to lumber their children up with a debt of those dimensions.

All women who want to vote on the bond proposition, but who failed to register last week, will be allowed to swear in their vote today by means of an affidavit.

Rev. Allen Will Leave.

Rev. E. W. Allen, pastor of the Christian church, has decided not to remain here, but will go to Buffalo, N. Y., about April 1. He has found his labors here anything but pleasant during the last few weeks, on account of the opposition of some of his enemies. He has provided himself with all the material necessary for a complete defense to any charges that may be made against him, and leaves the city with a record for hard and effective work that might well be envied by many older and more pretentious clergymen. He has built up a strong and enthusiastic church and it is to be hoped that some one may be found who will be able to take the work up where he leaves off and carry it along successfully.

DRINKS OF THE NATION.

New York First in Gin and Beer and Kentucky in Bourbon Whisky.

The total amount of grain which in a year enters into the production of spirituous or malt liquors in the United States is 20,000,000 bushels. This item of revenue, says the New York Sun, is one which causes some farmers, especially in years of poor harvests, to look with more favor upon the distillery and brewing business than they might otherwise. At the head of the grains used stands corn, to the amount of 15,000,000 bushels. The chief states supplying corn to distilleries are Kentucky, 5,000,000 bushels; Illinois, 4,000,000 bushels, and Ohio and Indiana, 1,000,000 each. New York state supplies about 200,000 bushels.

The consumption of rye for distillery purposes amounts to 4,000,000 bushels in a year. Pennsylvania and Kentucky together furnish about two-thirds of the rye used for the manufacture of whisky.

The quantity of molasses used for the production of rum last year amounted to 2,500,000 gallons. The amount of rum produced was 1,800,000 gallons, a shrinkage of 700,000 gallons in the process of manufacture. Two states were the chief consumers, Massachusetts and New York. Massachusetts takes high rank in the quality and quantity of her rum and has done so for many years. New York state has of late years been crowding Massachusetts closely in the production of rum.

Barley enters into the production of beer to the extent of about 3,000,000 bushels a year. The other grains used are unimportant, a few thousand bushels of oats being used for the cheaper grades of brandy—in Indiana chiefly.

The total sales of liquor in the United States in 1894 amounted to 100,000,000 gallons of domestic product, exclusive of 1,500,000 gallons of spirits distilled from fruits. The total amount of malt liquors manufactured in the United States in 1894 amounted to 1,000,000,000 gallons. In respect to importations just twice as much beer and ale was imported into the United States as of whisky, rum and brandy. The only considerable item of foreign importatoin is wine, the imports of which amount to 5,000,000 gallons a year. Twenty years ago more than one-quarter of the wines consumed in the United States were of foreign importation. Now the proportion amounts to only one-sixth. This is due to the activity of the California wine growers, whose output has steadily increased in value year by year.

More than twice as much bourbon as rye whisky is manufactured in the United States in a year. The largest internal revenue district for the manufacture of bourbon whisky is the Fifth Kentucky or Louisville district. The Lexington or Blue Grass district, in Kentucky, has an output of 5,000,000 gallons a year. For rye whisky the Twenty-third district of Pennsylvania (Pittsburg) stands first and Baltimore second. Boston is first in rum and New York in gin and also in beer.

FRESHENING THE FACE.

Applications that Brighten Dull Eyes, Bring Color to Cheeks, Efface Lines of Fatigue.

Impure cosmetics are dangerous, if used too persistently. Moreover, they are vulgar, if applied too aggressively, but the baker's dozen of methods to which fagged-out women resort when the face is in need of color are not included in either condition.

The prettiest woman does not keep that freshness of eye, cheek and lip that constitutes the better part of beauty, through long stretches of activity. After a series of afternoon calls, preceded by noontide shopping or a luncheon, a woman's face is not apt to be at its best for a dinner or dance in the evening. The soot and dust of a city are foes to freshness, and it takes more than a dab of paint to restore to the skin the original lustre. In fact, the cosmetic, no matter how judiciously put on, accentuates rather than covers the weariness.

Instead, therefore, of resorting to questionable remedies, whose present charm is disproportionate to its ultimate bad results, one can pay attention to the antidotes made up on harmless principles.

Every woman who has an impressionable skin will advocate hot water as a never failing beautifier when one looks fatigued. Fill a basin with the hottest water the skin can stand, and dash it on the face until the heat evaporates. Then change to cold water, using it to shock the blood vessels. This brings a glowing, lasting color to the cheeks that is far more becoming than the artificial one.

Steam and massage have a host of advocates. Boiling water is used; it should be at a temperature to produce a cloud of steam, which, covering the face, makes breathing a little difficult. The head must be enveloped in a thick towel, placed well over the basin to prevent the steam escaping, and kept there for fifteen minutes.

If a bit of grease—a simple cream—is rubbed lightly over the surface of the skin first, the pores will open more readily to the pressure of the steam.

Judging from the flow of perspiration that attends this steaming process, a thorough cleansing of the skin must be the result. All the dust and soot that have eaten their way into the fine openings of the epidermis are brought out, and the action of the heated moisture efficiently expands the muscles and loosens the fibers so that the face takes on a most attractive softness. It is well to dip a wash cloth afterward in soapy water and cleanse the skin by vigorous rubbing. Dash cold water on immediately after, to bring the color, and the result will be great comfort and satisfaction.

If the head aches or the back of the neck is tired, aromatic vinegar, massaged in just below the line of hair, will invariably ease the trouble.

No well advised person would go into a public place plastered with powder, but to dust a harmless non-perfumed powder over the cheeks, chin and brow after this bath—to be gently rubbed off before leaving the dressing room—is most refreshing.

There are many professional women in these days whose work carries them into studio, office and school room, who need more than the refreshing bath; to quote one of them, "I verily believe that I get my peck of dirt in my hands and neck every day instead of once in a lifetime."

"How do you dislodge it, then?" I queried, for she always came down to dinner with the freshest and most unwearied face. "I steam it first," she answered, "then I pour either cologne, whisky or alcohol into a pint of warm water and wash my face thoroughly in it. Either liquid is efficacious; it's just a question of which I happen to have in the house. And I'll confidentially advise you," she continued, "not to go through the process before any roommate who believes in your cleanliness, for the amount of dust that will darken the water will make you feel yourself a Turk. You will be so ashamed the first time you try this refreshing process that you will excitedly wonder if any of your friends saw you on the street with such a skin."

"Alcohol should not be used unless diluted. Otherwise, it dries and roughens the cuticle very rapidly."

As severe as the verdict is against the use of concoctions that give artificial coloring to the face, it remains a fact that tired women do resort to a few harmless antidotes against the facial evidences of fatigue. Touching up the lips faintly with rosaline is one method indulged in. This ointment does not color them materially, but it softens, lending a richness and flexibility that contact with the wind has driven away. Its use also prevents chapping, if one is going again into the air.

Some women saturate the lips with cologne to bring the blood, but the trick is unadvisable. Alcohol scorches the tender skin.

Color in the cheeks is provided for by the hot water, but the eye is an aggravating feature when tired. Its dullness "throws a damper" on the face, no matter how cleverly the latter has been revived. Rubbing the eyelids in a bath of cologne and water sometimes brightens them, but the South American women squeeze orange juice into the eye to obtain brilliancy of their orbs. If the undiluted juice stings too severely, it can be weakened, and still a good result is promised.

Slightly darkening the eyebrows (if they are light or irregular) usually adds piquancy to the face. Any oily cosmetic is bad, for it attaches itself to the skin and is distinguished as uncleanly; but the old minstrel adoption of cork is not "half bad." Sharpen the bottle stopper to a point, hold it over the gas until sooty, then rub the eyebrows backward with it, touching the skin as lightly as possible.

Never darken under the eyes; it is invariably noticed, and in the great percentage of cases lends a haggard look to the face. Another clever way of touching up the brows is to heavily mark a space on note paper with a soft lead pencil. Crinkle the paper into pleats and pass the penciled part back and forth over the eyebrows.

To relieve that burning sensation in the skin which foretells a fever blister or a pimple, saturate the spot with weak carbolic acid or spirits of nitre. Three hours of this doctoring will accomplish a satisfactory result and prevent the growth of these unattractive excrescences.

If the throat is husky from dust or weariness, a gargle made from a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor in a glass of water gives a delicious tone and vigor to the larynx, pala, etbronchial tubes and all those other sensitive organs that exist in that region.

Last Straw.

Chicago Tribune: "Are you the man that answers the questions?" inquired the visitor.

"Yes, sir," said the tired-looking man at the desk. "What can I do for you?"

"I wish you'd tell me," rejoined the other, "in order to settle a bet, whether there's any more miles in an Epworth league than in the common, ordinary——"

At this point the newspaper man made an almost imperceptible movement with his foot and the long-unused trap door on which the caller happened to be standing opened downward.

Her Fears Groundless.

Chicago Tribune: "Not yet, Harry," said the timid maid, eluding his outstretched arms. "I—I like you, of course, but—but what drinks are you fond of?"

"Mildred," replied the young man with the long, drooping mustache, anticipating with love's quick intuition the terrible fear that had cast its shadow over her heart, "I never drink buttermilk."

The next moment her lovely head with its wealth of golden hair lay trustingly on his manly shoulder.

CARE OF THE BODY.

Mrs. Jenness Miller's Lecture on Food and Cleanliness.

Mrs. Jenness Miller recently delivered a lecture in St. Louis on "The Artistic Care of the Body."

Mrs. Miller began in her usual unconventional way: "I want to call your attention to the sickly, nervous girls of 18, the broken-down women of 40, and the decayed, decrepit wrecks of 60 and 70, and then ask you if you think this is the way the Creator intended us to be. I believe that if we knew the laws which regulate health, the woman of 35 would look younger than the girl of 18 does today, and the woman of 70 would be still in her prime. But the trouble is, women don't know these laws. You are going on to extremes in the matter of culture, but are absolutely ignorant of the practical, simple rules which ought to govern everyday life. I was invited to lecture once before one of the most highly cultured woman's clubs in the country. They read philosophy in the original Greek, and studied sculpture and architecture, and had a representative abroad to dig out antiquities, and you may imagine it was with a good deal of trepidation that I ventured before them. But when I asked them whether they could tell me the number of bones in the human body, only one woman raised her hand. She said it was either forty or 240, she had forgotten which. You may say, as she did, that 'bones is a coarse subject to talk about, and you don't see what difference it makes how many there are,' but I say that if you don't understand anatomy, you don't know how to take care of your body, and you're not fit to have a body. Suppose you had a new house, fitted out with the latest inventions, electric bells, sanitary plumbing, etc., would you as a sensible woman walk into this house and say: 'I don't want to know anything about these things. It is enough that I have the house—I don't care to notice it's anatomy?' Of course not. You would want to know the structure of the house in every particular, so that you could get the best use of its improvements. So, if you don't know the structure of the bones and nerves and muscles, and how each one is related to the other, how are you going to know whether you are not wasting your nervous energy, or whether you are giving each part its proper nourishment?

"Oliver Wendell Holmes says: 'What your cook gives you is what you are,' and it's a fact. In the next twenty-five years we are going to make a wonderful improvement along this line. We are going to do away entirely with the individual family kitchen, where half the food goes into the waste barrel. Instead of ignorant girls who have no knowledge of the nutritive qualities of different kinds of food, we will have in our co-operative kitchen scientific, highly educated chefs, who will act not only as cooks, but as physicians. In the time to come, if a member of the family gets a bad complexion, she will go to the cook and say, 'Chef, something must be done for this complexion,' and he will be able to prepare her food so as to remedy the ailment. There isn't the slightest reason in the world why people should ever have rheumatism or neuralgia. One is the cry of starved muscles, the other of starved nerves, and the simple cure is to change the diet.

"But as we can't have the scientific chef for some years to come, I am going to give you a few hints that you yourselves can act upon. In the first place, there is oatmeal. The majority of families serve oatmeal for breakfast 365 days in the year, and think they are really doing the right thing when they force their children to eat it. I would like to have somebody present me one actual reason why oatmeal should be eaten. You say, 'It is good.' Why is it good? 'Oh, everybody says so.' Exactly, and what everybody says is always wrong. It is of all foods the most difficult of digestion, and when soaked with cream and sugar is utterly abominable. But you say, 'The Scotch eat oatmeal, and they are a strong people.' But what suits the Scotchman won't suit the American at all. He has a temperament that can be nourished on oatmeal, but the American temperament, and the climate, too, is altogether different. We are a conglomerate race, and we need a complex food. I believe in courses, and I think soup should always begin the dinner. Then should follow an entree of meat, cooked so as to get out every particle of nourishment, and then there should be a vegetable—one is enough—then a nice fruit sauce or fresh fruit in its season, or ice cream, but when you have one, don't have the other. And above all things, don't load your tables with pies and cakes. They are not nourishing, they only bloat the body.

"When you have studied out the question of nourishing the body, you have done a great deal, but one other thing is also very important. The body must also be kept clean. I venture to say that not one woman in a hundred is ever really clean from the time she leaves the cradle until she is laid in her grave. And I will take any one of you who have never had a Turkish or Russian bath or Swedish massage—I will take you twenty minutes after you leave your bath tub, and prove to you that you never have been clean. A question has been asked me 5,000 times, I am sure, 'Mrs. Miller, what do you do for the complexion?' and I want to answer it now by saying that after five years investigation I have come to the conclusion that there is nothing that you can put on this little patch that will be of any permanent benefit, and don't be deluded by quacks into believing that there is. The only way is to treat the skin as an organ, use the sun bath, the Turkish towel, and friction—by that I mean rub the skin gently with the tips of three fingers, using a rotary motion. I cannot speak too highly of friction. When you wish to take a water bath, don't use the tub, but take the stimulating vapor or shower bath. I don't endorse extremes; I think the water should be about 70 degrees. But people use too much water. The best German and French specialists are saying nowadays, 'Water on the face only once a day.' Instead of water use the Turkish mitten. Too much water washes the skin away, and leaves only a dry, leathery substance.

"For the hair the best stimulant is beef marrow, rubbed on the scalp, and a sun bath does the hair as much good as it does the body. A friend of mine loosened her hair and sat in the sun a half an hour each day during the summer months last year, and her head is now all covered with a little fuzz about two inches long.

"There is no reason why any one should be ugly," said Mrs. Miller, in conclusion; "and if I were to live at home quietly, as you do, could sleep in the same bed each night, and could choose my articles of diet, I think I could make myself the most beautiful woman that you have ever seen."

BOOMING A RAILROAD.

The Orator's Last Sentence Did the Business for the Road.

In the old days of the southwest Toughopolis had been a promising town on a great trail, but the railroad had run in far to the north of it, leaving it out in the cold, and for years it had thriven, no one could or would say how. Lately a boom came, says the Detroit Free Press, and there was a prospect of a railroad tapping it, and the citizens were enthusiastic. They talked railroad and dreamed railroad, and finally held a meeting on the subject. The chairman made the opening address.

"Friends and feller citizens," he said, in thunder tones, "we have met here this evenin' to take some action on this yer railroad that is promised us ef we'll do our sheer to'rds gittin' it. Our city fer ye'rs has set with folded hands, while less favored places has gone to the front a-whoopin'. The time has now come when we air called upon to come to the front ourselves, and we have got to do it or bust. Bust, I say, feller citizens, for we air almighty nigh busted right now. The railroad, feller citizens, stands fer progress. Ef we hed that railroad today we would be a different kind uv people. We would hev more'n we hev now, and wouldn't hev to work so hard fer it. Ef we hed that railroad runnin' right past our doors and farm houses and workshops we wouldn't hev to go fifty or seventy-five miles, er even a hundred, in all kinds of weather, to hold up a train, but we could do it right here at home and the wilderness would blossom as the rose."

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Sportsmen will welcome the advent of The Western Game Bird, the first number of which is just out. Camp & Rupert, Scribner, Neb.

"There's One that Ne'er Returned" is the title of a new air, music by Horace R. Basler, words by P. J. Devlin, published at Basler's Music House, 18 Sixth street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Chips is the unique title of just as unique a little sheet containing just sixteen pages of selected extracts from the best current literary productions. The Chips Publishing company, 1018 Downing building, Fulton street, New York.

"The Publications of the Grolier Club" is one of the interesting papers in the March number of The Book Buyer. As usual, it gives the reader a feast of delightful literary news gossip and extracts from latest works. Charles Scribner Sons, New York.

A charming lullaby "Sleep My Child," words and music by Alma A. Crowley; "True Through All," a song by Frederick S. Hall, and a soldier's love song, "For Honor and for Thee," words by Brice Fennell, music by H. Lane Wilson, are among the latest music published by White-Smith Music Publishing company, Chicago.

One of the most interesting "Nursery Problems" discussed in the March number of Babyhood is that concerning the popular apprehension about unusually bright children. The medical editor, Dr. Yale, makes it very clear why such fears are largely groundless. He also answers questions as to "the dangers of excessive crying," "unusual wakefulness," "the causes of stammering," etc. Babyhood Publishing company, 5 Beekman street, New York.

The March number of Paving and Municipal Engineering is devoted largely to the discussion of paving brick by practical men connected with the business, the information on the subject having been gathered from the recent meeting of the National Brick Manufacturers' association. In the various departments there are a number of valuable articles on subjects pertaining to the improvement of cities. Municipal Engineering company, publishers, Indianapolis.

The complete novel in the March issue of Lippincott's is "A Tame Surrender," by Captain Charles King. Departing from this author's usual field, the purely military, it deals with the Chicago strike, the riots and their suppression, and the loves of a United States lieutenant and a high-minded young lady who works a typewriter. It is her "tame surrender," after long resistance, which gives the tale its title. J. B. Lippincott company, Philadelphia.

The Mothers' Friend is the name of a neat little publication which, beginning with the March number, is to be issued monthly, and is designed "to be a helper and instructor of parents in the various moral problems that present themselves daily and even hourly. It aims to be a more confidential friend and counsellor than the family newspaper can possibly be, for it deals with no other subjects than those suggested by the title." Mary Wood Allen, M. D., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Writers, young and old, will be interested in the Authors' Journal for March. It contains, among other things, an article on how to write for young people, by Oliver Optic; "A Manuscript Record," by Wilder Grahame; "An Author's Fame," by Josie R. Nicholls; some excellent suggestions for writers, by J. T. Trowbridge, and a discussion of the benefits to be derived from manuscript revision agencies. The Authors' Journal Publishing company, 1 William street, New York.

"Art Idols of the Paris Salons" is something new. Volume 1, number 1, is just out and contains six fine nudes. The pictures comprise "Leda" (T. Robert Fleury), "The Fall of Babylon" (Georges Rochegrosse), "The Daughters of Menestho" (Fernando Le Quesne), "Artemis" (Joseph Wencker), "Phrosine and Milydore" (Jean Benner), and "The Spider's Web" (Fernando Le Quesne). Art Idols will be issued quarterly. Stanley Wood, well known in Colorado, is the editor. White City Art company, Chicago.

Among the special topics treated in the March number of the Review of Reviews are: "This Season's Doings of Thirty-three Legislatures," "Electric Railways in Budapest"—an object lesson for American cities, "Lord Randolph Churchill," "James Clark Ridpath," "An Invalid Aid Society"—what it does for consumptives, "The Anti-Toxine Diphtheria Cure"—a skeptical view, and "American Stock in Foreign Markets." On the subject of the recent gold purchase the editor makes some pertinent remarks in the department "The Progress of the World." The Review of Reviews company, 13 Astor Place, New York.

Thomas S. Townsend contributes a most thorough article to the March number of the New England Magazine on "Massachusetts in the Civil War," wherein he relates many acts of bravery performed by Massachusetts' heroic sons, and tells of the prominent part taken by the old Bay state in aiding to preserve the union. Reproductions from war time portraits of many who were prominent in the struggle add to the attractiveness and value of this carefully prepared tribute to the honor of Massachusetts. Warren F. Kellogg, 5 Park Square, Boston.

The Overland Monthly for March is a fiction number. It has a new cover designed in honor of the occasion. In addition to his regular department, "As Talked in the Sanctum," Mr. Wildman contributes a thrilling story of an Idaho stage robbery—"As Told by Owyhee Joe." General Lucius H. Foote, under the caption of "Swipes," relates a charming tale of a pair of waifs in the days of the Argonauts. In the "True Tales of the Old West" series, there are two contributions—one, "Blackfeet and Bruin," by S. S. Boynton, and one by C. D. Robinson, "The Mystery of a Drill." Overland Monthly Publishing company, San Francisco.

Captain Jack Crawford contributes a lively sketch, entitled "Bicycle versus Broncho," in the March number of Home and Country, of which Corporal Tanner is editor. Other illustrated articles of the month are: "All About Finches," by Algernon Lefebvre; "Bronze," and the "Casting of Bells," by Frieda Werther; "Have You Been True Americans?" by Henry Clay Fairman; "Li'le 'Liza, the Life Story of a Painter's Model," by Sigfried Corrado; "In Cloud-Land," by Victor A. De Convier, Ph.D.; "Silas Brown's Celebration," by Emil Morgan; "On the Boulevards of Paris," by F. R. Layland, and "My Fellow Traveler," by Roger L. Milrais. Joseph W. Kay, 53 East Tenth street, New York.

Municipal problems are becoming so prominent today that the Notes on Municipal Government in the Annals of the American Academy are attracting wide attention. The March number contains a review of the reform movement in New York, an account of the work accomplished by the Boston Municipal league, an analysis of the estimates for 1895 of the New York Board of Estimate and Apportionment, a discussion of the right of the Philadelphia Park commission to authorize the construction of trolley roads in Fairmount park, a review of the civil service reform movement in New York municipal offices, a very complete bibliography of recent books and articles on municipal and sociological questions, book reviews and personal notes. American Academy of Political and Social Science, Philadelphia.

Ida A. Baker's prize descriptive paper, "A Washington Logging Camp," is one among the many pleasing features of the March Midland Monthly. Mary B. Welch contributes a paper on "Afternoons in Italy;" "Literary Atlanta" is accompanied with portraits of Joel Chandler Harris, Frank L. Stanton and several gifted women of Georgia; "Women Writers of Washington" (city) is illustrated with portraits of Grace Greenwood, Kate Field, Mrs. Dahlgren and others; the story of the military telegraph is told by its organizer, Major George H. Smith; "A Princess of Silverland" is an Idaho love story by a daughter of Governor Edwards of Missouri, and a conclusion of "Beatrice," a prize short story, home topics, poems and talks with contributors complete a decidedly entertaining number. Johnson Brigham, Des Moines, Ia.

A rich literary tinge is creeping into the pages of Jenness Miller Monthly, forming a charming variety when placed in the same monthly grouping with the best of domestic, social and hygienic matter. There is a fine story by the renowned French writer, Augustin Filon, and a quaintly charming chapter on "Mittenwald and its Violins," which gives the history of this wonderful and favorite instrument. The kindergarten department is highly educative and practical. There is an interesting article for would-be newspaper women in the form of a paper entitled, "Occupation for Women." Society, its requirements and enjoyments, is handled to perfection in a department known as "Afternoon Tea." An article on "Tree Grafting for Women" opens up a new field of industry for those who are still looking for occupations. The spring fashion article, written from the Jenness Miller standpoint, is rich in abundant suggestions for beautiful hygienic and appropriate dress. Jenness Miller Monthly, 115 Fifth avenue, New York.

There was a time when he who would keep informed of the progress of knowledge, the record of discovery and invention, and the currents of human thought, could rely chiefly, if not wholly, upon books. That day has passed. Books we must still read, as the crystallization and permanent embodiment of human thought and knowledge. But today it is the newspaper, the magazine, the periodical review, upon which we must chiefly depend if we would follow closely the intellectual movement of the day. And now a new difficulty has arisen. This newspaper and periodical literature has become so multitudinous and bulky as to be a heavy burden to the busy man or woman, while even the person who has leisure and inclination to read widely is often unable to get access to the current publications. Especially in the smaller cities, villages and rural districts is the lack of such opportunity felt. It is felt by the clergyman, the teacher, the lawyer, the physician, the merchant, the artisan, the farmer and the cultured and thoughtful women of the household. With all these and many other classes of persons the great practical literary question is: How can I best supplement my indispensible home paper? It was to answer this question and meet this demand that Public Opinion (now published in New York City) was founded nine years ago. It selects the best, condenses it to the last degree, and serves it in convenient and attractive form. The Public Opinion company, New York.

IOWA PRESS COMMENT.

Iowa Falls Citizen: Ex-Senator Harlan is so much bigger and so much more able than any other man so far mentioned in connection with the republican nomination for governor that comparisons are odious.

Keokuk Constitution: There are a number of little girls in this city who have a social circle of their own that is very unique. At different times they meet at the house of some one of the members and enjoy several hours very pleasantly. After gathering they have a contest to ascertain who can remain quietest the longest. The one who first speaks or laughs is awarded the booby prize, and the one who holds out the longest gets the principal award. Then games are played and refreshments served, and the merry little company breaks up to meet again at some later date.

Des Moines Leader: The democrats of Iowa are as numerous and as ready for fight as ever in their history. Their chosen leaders seem to have decamped and stampeded, but the army is here and anxious to go into action. The thing now to do is to call a state conference and get in shape for work. Perhaps the rank and file of the party may be able to instill courage enough into the chaps who have heretofore gone to the conventions and have coaxed and pleaded and pulled wires to have themselves elected officers in the democratic party to enable them to attend this conference and assist in outlining a policy.

Dubuque Times: There could be nothing more absurd than holding the United States mails from two to three hours in Chicago for the sole benefit of three or four Chicago papers. If all mails started from Chicago, and there alone, there might be some excuse for waiting until all mails had been gathered, but half or two-thirds of the mail matter for the west comes from beyond Chicago, and detaining that for hours to accommodate the Chicago papers is subordinating the interests of the whole west and northwest to the claims of the few. If it be necessary for the Chicago papers to leave just when they do there is no reason why special trains should not be run in their interests alone. If the public will not patronize the special to a sufficient amount to make it pay let the Chicago papers contribute. The present methods are grossly unfair and should be remedied.

Davenport Democrat: President Stickney of the Chicago Great Western railroad is a railroad man with original ideas. His road is as liberal as any with its patrons, and does as much as any to retain their good will and to help them to make money, and incidentally to make some for itself at the same time. He is touring his railroad system and making addresses to the farmers on his lines, urging them to devote themselves to smaller farms, to grow the crops that are in demand, to diversify and rotate their crops, and to supply the American market with those articles of agricultural produce that are now imported. Potatoes, he mentions, are imported to the extent of 100,000,000 bushels a year. He wants the farmers on his line of road to make money for themselves by raising potatoes till the foreign crop shall be shut out. His head is level.

Moves Fifty-Five Thousand Pounds.

George S. Spriggs, a mechanic for the Baltimore & Ohio railroad in Baltimore, his friends think, is one of the strongest men in the world. Unaided he moved for several feet up a slight incline of track a freight car which, with its contents, weighed 55,000 pounds. This is thought to be the world's record, as the heaviest car known to have been previously moved by single-man power weighed, with its contents, 35,000 pounds. This was in San Francisco several years ago. Spriggs' first attempt was on a freight car weighing, with contents, 42,000 pounds. This he moved eight feet, and it seemed easy. Then he waited a short time to gather his strength and went for the huge car of the record breaking weight. He strained and tugged, finally starting it and moving it the required eight feet.