

Quill Points.

Now that the question of lottery legislation has been brought before the country by the effort of the Louisiana company to secure a charter in North Dakota, it is not out of the way to inquire what there is in a lottery that the people should hold up their hands in horror at the idea of it being legalized, while at the same time they permit stock and grain gambling, ten fold more injurious, and legalize the sale of liquor, that is responsible for more than half the sin and misery of the country. In these matters we are very inconsistent. We fear to grapple with an evil as solidly entrenched in politics as the whisky traffic, while we seek to gain cheap notoriety as promoters of public morals by philippics against the lesser evils of society. Because the people of North Dakota have set their faces against whisky, but are apparently indifferent to the lottery, so far from showing inconsistency, is an evidence that they are brave enough to grapple manfully with the evil that is the hardest to fight and from which the severest blows are to be received, leaving to fainter hearted moralists the more pleasant task of bombarding the lesser evil from a safe distance.

Talmage favors the entire substitution of a new creed for the Westminster confession. He believes in evolution of creed as firmly as in evolution of the steamboat. If, then, the wise men of the past were not competent to make a creed for those of the present, are the wise men of the present any more competent to make one for those of the future? In other words, why make a creed at all that will soon be "worn out" and have to be patched again after a bitter theological controversy? Must we still insist upon laying down rules and regulations for the Almighty's dealings with men?

Two men in Whatcom county, Wash., disputed about an axe, the original value of which was fifty cents, but which had deteriorated one-third by use. One of them hid himself to a justice and had the other and the axe brought into court. The case has gone through the justice's court at a cost of \$210, and is now in the district court, and the justice's clerk has gone through the axe by breaking the handle while breaking coal; but that is all right; the men do not care for the axe now, they are mad.

Dolph's committee of investigation of how the secret action of the senate in executive session becomes known outside the chamber is placing that august body in a position similar to that of the old woman who told a friend in strict confidence about her domestic difficulties and then wondered how it got out. The old women of the senate profess to wonder, though some of them have a "dape suspicion" that the news did not tell itself.

Dr. Holmes writes querulously about the insane desire of people to write, forgetting in his old age and established reputation that if the eagerness of the youthful Holmes to write valueless things had been repressed, the valuable things of the older Holmes would never have seen the light. When one has reached the top it is wrong to kick down the ladder by which others, also, are seeking to rise.

Silver men say the senate bill authorizing the secretary of the treasury to purchase \$4,500,000 of silver bullion monthly is "a step in the right direction." It may be only a step, but the man who took it had on his seven-league boots, and some one ought to pull them off before he can take another.

Hay is very valuable in the Big Bend country this winter. One small stack has cost two men's lives and serious wounds for two others, and the purchase price is not all paid in yet. However, men may not be worth much there, especially men who will shoot each other to secure a little hay. If some sheep had been killed there would be a better basis for figuring.

Acting on the supposition that "civil" meant something, one of the clerks of the civil service commission in Washington undertook to be courteous to a young lady applicant by supplying her with the list of questions, and now he is being investigated. If this system of repression of our finer instincts be continued we will become a nation of bores.

The Arkansas tin box has been doing its work silently and effectively. It is less bloody than the Mississippi shot gun as a regulator of elections, but does not yield in results obtained to that more—or less—heroic method. But the tin box has been exposed and its usefulness is past. They will no doubt abolish it—and use a wooden one just like it.

We are ignorant and we know it, and it is a sad state of affairs, but you fellows let us alone; we would rather be ignorant than be helped out of our ignorance by anybody. It is our own ignorance and belongs to us, and we do not want any interference. This is about the substance of the arguments in the senate against the Blair education bill.

If it be a pertinent question, we would like to ask the English syndicate now trying to secure the publication of American school books, if they purpose revising the text in our histories where it refers to that little affair at Lexington and Concord, and the reception tendered their scarlet-robed representatives on the brow of Breed's hill?

"Undercurrents" is the title of a play now being enacted in Oregon. Like the Chinese drama, it is a long one, and will not be finished until the legislature elects a United States senator next January. There are a great many characters represented, but most of them will be "killed off" before the curtain rises on the final act.

If the suspicion should enter the minds of congressmen that the effect of the Blair education bill would be to make it probable that another man might be so "educated" as to make such long and tedious speeches as Mr. Blair, the measure will be buried past hope of redemption.

If the object of the tariff be to stimulate home industry until it can supply the local market, and if the hens of the United States already lay more eggs than the people can consume, why is a duty on eggs necessary, except for the purpose of making the market price higher?

At the Harvard alumni dinner, in Philadelphia, President Eliot pitched into the reporters of the daily press with great ease and fervency, but finds it difficult to pitch out again. He is finding that pitch sticks to the hands.

Of all childish talk on the World's Fair question, that of the *Mail and Express* in favor of an opposition fair in New York is the most infantile. New York is too big, and ought to be too dignified, to indulge in such pettish talk.