THE HOTEL CLERK ON THE YOUNG THEATRICAL SEASON

BY IRWIN S. COBB

"I SEE where there's a barber over on Broadway that's goin' to turn manager and take a show out troopin'," said the House Detective of the St. Reckless. "I s'pose he'll be putting on Bay Rum and Witch Hazel for his afterpieces."

"Pray cease your ill-timed jesting, Larry," said the Hotel Clerk. "I've seen managers before now that I thought ought to make fair barbers, with a little training, and the way some of the barbers have taken 90 cents away from me for an egg shampoo and a hair singe when all I wanted when I came in was a quick shave once over, has convinced me they've got the making of good managers in them, and really ought to be on the road with a 50-cent show getting $2 for it. Besides anybody can take out a show. It's getting it back intact that really shows the true managerial ability."

"They tell me the season's opened up purty rough," said the House Detective. "There's a lot of companies closed already."

"Well," said the Hotel Clerk, "it used to be that a non-successful metropolitan success could be nursed through the Winter, like an ailing calf, and maybe not drop off until the Spring was well advanced. But now they get the answer quicker. After the third performance, the ambitious producer nearly always knows whether it's up to him to buy more paper or a ticket home. These times we want action in our drama and if the actors can't furnish it the audience will—by getting up and walking out. I'd hate to tell you how many productions they've already been where the zealous and capable performers delivered their lines at the close of the first act to many red plush seats and an array of broad, intelligent human backs that filled every aisle leading to an exit. We don't have near as many hung juries in the theater as we do in the Courthouse.

"To be sure they've been some conspicuous successes. George Cohan has once more let us know that the name of that other and scarcely less illustrious George,—I refer to George Washington—shall not be forgotten as long as he's able to turn out a song number in which the chorus can simultaneously raise the Grand Old Rag and the right leg to the height of the left shoulder. I suppose by now there must be as many as 1500 or 2000 Salomes exposing themselves to the dangers of our uncertain climate in all parts of the Nation. In the border states the Southern Hams, Virginia style, can still make the old reliable war drama stand up if there isn't too much moving picture opposition; and the illustrated song balladist who comes out in a pretty-near dress suit and announces that he will render She Died in the Springtime by Request, is reasonably sure of winning the commendations of the inland populace providing he's there with the newest colored slides and a good carrying voice. Many of them do have voices that can carry almost anything except the tune at that.

"But there's been very little of the lingering-around and hanging-on thing here in the home of the American drama. I can't remember the time when so many coming dramatists found they'd come entirely too soon. Quite a number of new stars have also been prematurely discovered. And yet we keep on demanding more and more of the producers, too. It used to be, in bygone years, that an E. P. Roe hero could lead a Louisa M. Alcott heroine out on the stage and sit her down on a golden oak plush velour sofa, loaned by the Daisy Installment House, for two regular comps, and they would swap copy-book maxims and great palpitating truths like you find in Barriers Burned Away for half an hour at a stretch, and the audience would stick all the way through it, knowing that in good season the housemaid in the frilled apron and the comedy butler would appear and exchange a few lines of sprightly repartee. Now, you've got to hand them atmosphere and shock and novelty and all the clothes in the world, or no clothes at all, as the case may be, and solve the great economic and political problems in time for the commuters present to catch the 11:05 on the Phoebe Snow or the 11:08 on the Quaker Oats, or else many people will create a scene by going out to the box-office and carrying on, demanding their money back. This goes, Larry, for serious work, and if it's a musical show there must be a distinct and noticeable shock or jar every 30 or, at most, 40 seconds. If not, after about the second week an Autumnal picnic is observed on the way up Cemetery Hill and the manager is the cold meat in the front wagon.

"Still, they're a remarkably hopeful lot, those managers. Christian science has nothing on them. I was talking to one that came in here yesterday. He had one of those mother of onion breaths that did not seem to draw me to him closely, but he was all right otherwise. He must have money, because he wore a fur overcoat that was only slightly moth-eaten about the collar and the diamond in his tie couldn't be worth a cent less than $200,000 if it's real. He's going to take out The Devil Company, No. 2007. He has swell bookings, too—country rights for the entire Texas Panhandle and one whole Congressional district in Northern Arkansas. He said he anticipated probably the most successful season in the history of the drama on this continent. The only detail worrying him at present was where he was going to get the money to pay the fares to the town where they open. After I had convinced him that it would be impossible for me to do anything for him at this immediate time, owing to the present stringent condition in the stringency market, it suddenly occurred to him that he knew the very man, and so he turned his cuffs and went away to look for him, as full of bright and hopeful prospects as a double-yolk egg in a patent incubator. He wasn't worrying, so far as I could see, about the fares coming back; they never do, which is all right, too, when you come to think it over, because any town that a bunch of actors get into they can get out of. That's been proved time and again."

"I see some parties is blamin' things on the syndicate," said the House Detective. "And there's others that says it's the critics that put so many shows in the graveyard."

"From where I sit the syndicate merely looks like any other benevolent assimilator," said the Hotel Clerk. "All business these times is run on the principle of the prairie dog's housekeeping arrangements. When night comes the prairie dog, the ground owl and the rattlesnake go into the same hole together. Hold on a minute; it's no nature fake I'm handing out to you. Naturalists and others have seen 'em do it. Into the same hole at dewy eve goes the trustful prairie dog, the unsuspecting squinch owl, and the dignified rattlesnake. Do they all come out again in the morning? They do. They come out practically together; that is to say, the rattlesnake starts out first. Then the other two come out, one after another. You can tell where they are by the lumps in the rattlesnake's waist line. He's picking his teeth and has a happy smile on his mobile countenance. I'm not blaming the rattler for abusing the sacred name of hospitality, either. Any prairie dog that'll retire into the same apartment with a rattlesnake deserves to be eaten. And anyway, if the rattlesnake didn't eat him, he'd eat the rattler. That's human nature, whether it's the banking business or prairie dogs or a theatrical syndicate.

"I don't think it's the critics, either. I never saw anybody that paid much attention to a critic unless 'twas another critic. There're more than 11,000 critics in this country that can tell you how to write a successful play, and they do tell you how every few mornings, but you can count up the critics that have written strong, successful plays on the fingers of one hand and never get past the first finger. But when one of their own number does find time to write a play the others all rally to him. I'll say that much for them. They proved that here the other day when one of our best little critics put on a piece of his own."

"Did they stand by him?" asked the House Detective.

"Those that couldn't find room to stand on him stood by him," explained the Hotel Clerk. "They couldn't have had a better time with him if he had been a rank outsider. And after they'd wiped his mangled remains off their feet and put the dulled and dented assegais back into their hip pockets, they glanced at one another as if to say that they'd all be glad to furnish another demonstration of the corpse du esprit prevailing in their profession if some one present would kindly volunteer to be the corpse."

"If you wuz goin' to put out a show would you start in by makin' friends with the critics?" said the House Detective.

"I'd start in by chucking a large, spangled bluff," said the Hotel Clerk. "In almost any line of endeavor you can win out by being a consistent poser from Posey County, but it's far better to be the champion bluffer of Bluffton, on the Bluffs. A fellow can stroll through this hotel lobby with his face full of scars and nobody'll know whether he's one of those German duelists or merely a party that's learning to shave himself, but if his bluff is sufficiently massive it won't be 15 minutes until we begin calling him Herr Von, and inquiring how things were at Heidelberg when he came away. And I don't know any business where a good bluff can travel as far on its resources without any other visible means of support and still bring home the spinach as the theatrical game. That's one reason why a certain party at Washington—naming no names, Larry, but he lives in a place called the White House—would be one grand success in the theatrical business. I love to think what a hit he'd make of it if he'd only abandon his present plan of going to Africa after next March and chasing big game in the vicinity of the original Uncle Tom's cabin. He ought to stay at home and run a show. He would do wonders with a Wild West outfit, and I don't believe there'd be his equal in the country at staging a grand entry."

"Wot would you take on the road if you wuz this here barber?" asked the House Detective.

"I'd take my kit of tools," said the Hotel Clerk. "By Thanksgiving day there ought to be veteran theatrical managers riding in on every eastbound through freight, but there's always a demand in the country districts for a finished hafrcutter."

Distinctive Railroad Rates as Effecting Portland's Commerce

New Center Must Develop Soon and Traffic Must Double Every Ten Years.

BY LOGAN G. McPHERSON.

THE commerce of a city or of a traffic district naturally divides into three classes: First, the commodities which it produces for market elsewhere; second, the commodities which it must bring from elsewhere for consumption within its limits; and third, the commodities for which it is a distributing center; that is the commodities which both come from elsewhere and are marketed elsewhere.

The freight rates affecting the first class are by far the most important, for if a community cannot market that which it produces, it cannot obtain the wherewithal to secure that which it needs. The products of Oregon, which largely pass through Portland on their way to the markets, are in great measure of the soil, the fruits and vegetables that must have quick transportation in order that they may not perish en route, and low rates in order that they may be sold in competition with the similar products of other sections. Low rates are also forced by the fact that at no time in any market can a price be secured for these products of the soil that will enable the railroads to charge a high rate and at the same time yield sufficient resurn to the growers to encourage them to continue in production.

In co-operating with the farmers in extending the cultivation of the farms, the orchards and the groves, it is necessary that the railroads leading from the Pacific Coast obtain the participation of practically all of the railroads of the United States in the through rates that are requisite to market its product. Their traffic managers are in continual communication with the traffic officers of about four hundred other railroads to this end. This, of course, is that their lines may secure an increase in traffic, but it is also an inestimable benefit to the producers. The result is a system of freight rates not paralleled by that enjoyed by any other traffic region of the United States.

On deciduous fruits the rate from the orchards of Oregon to Chicago is $1.25 per 100 pounds by the carload, with a minimum load of 24,000 pounds. The rate to Cincinnati, Pittsburg, New York and Boston is $1.50. There is, in addition a refrigeration charge, which is $46 per car from Portland to Chicago, and in proportion to other markets. The fact that owners of apple orchards in the Hood River district have recently refused $1600 per acre for their land, and that the return to them at the orchard is $3.12 for a 52-pound box, out of which their expenditure for picking and packing is but 50 cents, is sufficient indication that the transportation charge permits the profitable marketing of this fruit, which goes to all parts of the world.

On the dried apples and prunes, of which Oregon markets hundreds of carloads every year, the rate is $1 per 100 pounds to all places in the United States east of the Missouri River. Canned salmon, canned peaches, pears, plums and cherries are also carried at a rate which is the same to all places east of the Missouri River. This transportation charge on canned goods is 75 cents per 100 pounds, and is termed, like similar charges of broad application, a blanket rate, because it extends like a blanket over the vast region that reaches from Omaha and Kansas City to Boston, Jacksonville and New Orleans. There seems to be no controversy over the fact that the rates on the products of the Oregon soil permit their widest distribution with ample remuneration to the growers.

There is, however, friction between the shippers and the railroads over the rates on lumber. The clash in regard to this commodity is not confined to the Pacific Coast, but exists in the South and Southwest, and every region whence lumber is shipped. In each place the conflict has the same basis. The railroads claim that in the earlier years when the forests of the interior states were the principal source of supply for the markets of the East it was necessary to grant rates on lumber from the remote regions that were unremunerative, in order to enable it to enter the markets at all. They claim that as the forests of the interior have been cut away the remote regions have become the chief source of supply, the prices advancing manifold; and that therefore they are entitled to compensatory rates for the transportation. The lumber men in the South and the Southwest, as well as on the Pacific Coast, have bitterly contested the advances, and in one form or another the various cases are now before the Commissionrs or the Courts.

On the second class of commodities, those which it is necessary to bring from elsewhere for consumption within her limits, the city of Portland enjoys a freight rate adjustment that seems to meet its needs. On its supply of meats Portland, unlike many other cities, does not have to pay a transportation charge from the cattle-raising grounds to remote packing-houses, and from thence to her kitchens, the packing-house adjoining the city filling its requirements. At certain times of the year it is necessary to bring butter and eggs and even poultry from the Missouri River Valley; the rates on these products are so low as not to be the source of complaint.

When Portland became a mercantile center its stocks of dry goods, hardware, of many kinds of groceries, of tools, of the smaller appliances and bits of mechanism in general were obtained by vessel from San Francisco, whence they had been brought by clipper ships around the Horn. When the first trans-continental railroad was opened the rate per 100 pounds on merchandise from New York to San Francisco was $6. Competition with the water routes gradually reduced this rate to its present level, the railroad companies charging somewhat more than the vessel lines because of the interest saved by the shorter time in transit, the marine insurance and the general benefit of the quicker service. This status continues on the through traffic to the present day. Competition with the clipper ships around the Horn ceased long ago, but competition with the steamship service by way of Tehauntepec and Panama are still active. As the more recently constructed trans-continental lines reached other termini on the Pacific Coast, the desire of each railroad that its ports have the same rates as those accorded the termini of other lines, and the other phases of commercial rivalry, have led to the application of the same rates from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific terminals, San Diego, San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma and Seattle.

Insofar as the obtaining of merchandise from any place east of the Missouri River is concerned, Portland has therefore the same rates as San Francisco. The rate on cotton goods from the mills in New England via the Hawaiian-American steamship line is 62½ cents, while by the all-rail route it is 90 cents to $1 in carloads. Similarly the rate in less than carload lots on drygoods in bales is $3, on blankets $2.40, on calicos $1.50, on earthenware $1.30, on ordinary furniture in carloads $1.10 to $2.20, on drugs and chemicals in carloads $1.40, on agricultural implements in carloads $1.25, and on woodenware in carloads $1.25 to $1.35. The rates on merchandise of the first class are $3 per 100 pounds, of the second class $2.60, of the third class $2.20, and of the fourth class $1.90.

In no one of these cases is the ratio of the transportation charge to the consumer's unit materially greater than it is from the Atlantic seaboard to the Missouri River. That is, for instance, although the rate on dry goods from Boston and New York is twice as much to Portland as to Kansas City, being $3 in the one case and $1.45 in the other, the difference amounts to but a fraction of a cent per yard. On the heavier commodities, such as machinery and woodenware, which largely come from the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys the transportation charge bears a somewhat higher ratio, but it very seldom, if ever, will justify more than an insignificant addition to the retail price of any commodity.

These commodities that under the classification set forth in this article are of the second class when sold by the retail dealers for consumption in Portland, are commodities of the third class when sold by the wholesale merchants of Portland to the retail dealers of other cities.

There is, probably, no one thing so conspicuous in the commercial development of the United States as that redistribution of the distributive function which is continually in process. Many years ago the city of New York bitterly resisted the efforts of the merchants of Buffalo to do a wholesale business. Chicago and St. Louis were in bitter rivalry for many years, and then entered into conflict with Kansas City and Omaha; those cities in turn enlisting in mercantile combat with Lincoln, Neb., and Wichita, Kan., the competitive wholesale area gradually extending to include Denver and Salt Lake. The larger cities not only have had to struggle in a fight with the distant commercial centers of other regions, but especially in the more densely populated states of the interior and the East, with the smaller distributing centers that have arisen every 100 or 200 miles; for example, because of the growth of Dubuque and Des Moines and other similar cities, even Chicago cannot at this time wholesale the great staple articles of general use, such as sugar, flour, nails, wire and the more common kinds of dry goods, farther west than the Mississippi River, although its distributive area of these products once extended to the Rocky Mountains.

These struggles that have been so marked in the East are paralleled by like conflicts between the wholesale dealers of the various cities of the Pacific Coast. San Francisco and Los Angeles are at logger heads for the trade of the San Joaquin Valley. There is no one in Portland who does not know of the rivalry between that city and Spokane. The distributive area of Portland, which once included all of Montana and Idaho, is even being circumscribed by Helena and Boise City. It is no purpose of this article to go into the details of this rivalry. The merchants of each city ever struggle to hold their markets, and to extend their markets. The traffic officers who are bound to protect the interests of the railroads, are buffeted between the contentious competitors. The result in other regions has been, as it doubtless will be in the growing West, to decentralize the distribution of the great staple commodities, leaving to the larger cities the wholesaling of the higher grade specialties which are not consumed in such large quantity by the various communities, and the distribution of their manufactures. A leading manufacture of Portland is furniture, which is marketed throughout Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho and California, penetrating as far eastward as Grand Junction, in Colorado. Its factories furnish boxes for use not only in the orchards and truck farms of Oregon and California, but throughout the Missouri and Mississippi Valleys. Condensed milk from the factories of the Willamette Valley is marketed as far East as the Atlantic seaboard, as far South as Texas, and through the Orient.

Throughout the entire controversy as to railroad rates one underlying fact must be borne in mind. The freight traffic of the United States increases on an average 100 per cent every ten years. During the last score of years by the introduction of more spacious freight cars, larger and more powerful locomotives, and various improvements in methods of operation, the railroads have effected radical reductions in the cost of transportation.

These, however, during the past two or three years, taking the country over, have been more than offset by their advanced expenses in other directions. Provision for a 100 per cent increase in the traffic of the country during the next ten years will mean much more nearly an advance of 100 per cent in facilities than during any previous decade. It has been reliably computed that to keep the railroads of the United States abreast of the demands upon them it will be necessary to expend an average of $900,000,000 a year for the next ten years in the extension of their plants and equipment. This means large issues of stocks and securities, which cannot be sold if capital is not allowed a return approximating that to be obtained from investments in other fields. This is the prime consideration beside which the jealousy of competing manufacturers and of competing wholesale dealers pales. In cases their contentions may have just foundation, and in other cases they may not have any foundation at all. Oregon needs, above all, an extension of her transportation facilities. To this end it is necessary not only that the railroads be fair to Oregon, but that Oregon be fair to the railroads.

The Proper Way to Water the Flowers

THERE are but three ways to water flowers, two wrong ways and one right one. Many people adhere to the plan of frequent application of small amounts of water. Thus the soil about the top of the opt is constantly moist, but the lower two thirds of the soil is entirely dry. By this method the upper roots are nourished, while the lower roots, which demand water, soon die and the plant is continually in an unhealthy condition.

Directly opposite to this is the plan of overwatering which many persons thoughtlessly follow. They water their plants thoroughly today. Tomorrow they apply the same amount, and so they go from one day to another. The result is that the soil is kept saturated with moisture. It is in the condition of mud all the time, a condition that suits only aquatic plants, and one in which the ordinary plant will soon become diseased.

The stagnant water will sour the soil and the roots will begin to decay. By and by the plant dies. Either of the above-mentioned methods are equally destructive to healthy plants.

There is only one right way. When you water a plant do it thoroughly; in fact, be sure every particle of soil is wet. Then do not apply any more until the surface of the soil is really dry. As long as the surface of the soil looks damp you may rest assured that the rest of it contains sufficient moisture. Enough should be given, as stated above, to completely saturate all the soil in the pot. If proper drainage is given all surplus water, that is, all water that the soil cannot take up and hold—will run off at the bottom of the pot through the hole provided for this purpose. By proper drainage we mean that something must be placed in each pot to keep the soil from washing down and stopping up the hole.

There should be at least one inch of drainage placed in all four or five-inch pots, and from one to three inches used in larger pots. The best material to use for drainage is old bits of broken flower pots or broken bricks. Use small pieces, not much larger than a marble. Many people are careless about this drainage or ignorant as to its value, but no one can grow plants successfully without it.

Some reader may ask: "How can I tell when I have given enough water to permeate all portions of the soil?" Well, in answer let me say there is only one sure way and that is to notice the drainage hole in the bottom of the pot. When we see the water trickling through that we know it is time to stop.

Some plants have roots that enable them to make use of much more water than others. Then, again, some soils part with moisture much more rapidly than others. Some rooms are kept so warm that evaporation takes place rapidly. When all these things are considered it will be seen that there can be no regular time for watering plants.

Water must be given when the appearance of the soil shows need of it; not until then.

Use ordinary hydrant water. Use it just the temperature you draw it from the hydrant; neither chill it nor heat it. By following the above directions you should be very successful with the average plant.

The Way of It.

Baltimore American.

Proud Traveler—I have had such experiences with the bandits in Italy and Spain. Have you ever had an experience in the least like it?

Stay-at-Home Citizen—My dear sir, I can surpass your experience. There was a time of my life when I never went out that I was not held up by force of arms.

P. T.—Good gracious! How was it?

S. A. H. C.—It was when I was a baby and my nurse took me out for an airing.

Poisons Which, Even If Detected, Would Be Impossible to Affirm

Deadly Draughts That Leave No Sign Even to Skilled Analytical Chemists.

THE rare alkaloid, which I am not even going to name, and which, when detected, it would be impossible to affirm—"

Those words are not quoted from any novelist's romance in which an effect of mystery is attained by calmly disregarding scientific fact. They are the words of Sir James Crichton Browne, F. R. S., and were uttered during a lecture to students of pharmacy, says the London Saturday Journal.

In spite of oft-repeated assertions that science knows no poison which the analyst cannot detect, there is a substance which would baffle even Professor Pepper, the Home Office analyst, whose name has become famous in connection with the many murder mysteries he has unraveled.

Sir James Crichton Browne was blamed for saying even as much as he did. A London coroner publicly deplored the fact that at a lecture to which the press were admitted, "it should even be mentioned that there were organic poisons well known to medical men which could be used without even the slightest fear of detection. A connoissour of poisons could slaughter hundreds of persons without the slightest fear of his crime coming to light."

A very small dose of the poison is sufficient to cause death; but having done its work, it decomposes immediately into various harmless substances such as are found in every human body after death. To convict the author of a crime perpetrated by such means would be well-nigh impossible.

Curiosity is frequently aroused by occasional coroners' inquests that give a verdict, after a post-mortem examination, of "cause of death unknown." Very often the cases in which such verdicts are given are open to very curious speculation.

But since the mere fact that a secret poison exists is now known to the general public, it is impossible not to reflect that there may be poisoners at large and enjoying complete immunity from discovery. Knowledge of the poison referred to is, luckily, confined to a small class of men, whose general education and great knowledge lift them out of the ordinary channels of criminality. Still, it would be idle to deny that even among this select class occasion might find a man capable of committing murder to serve some private end.

The public may derive some consolation from the very extraordinary fact that when medical men stoop to murder they usually employ the quite easily detected poisons. Indeed, the writer cannot find on record a case in which a medical poisoner has gone beyond the common poisons included in schedule A. Palmer used strychnine, Smethurst used antimony, Lamson used aconite.

It is very fortunate that the common poisons, such as cyanide of potassium and arsenic, leave traces that are quite unmistakable, and also that such drugs are very difficult to buy. It is true that they are largely used in manufacturing processes, and the former even enters into the equipment of the photographer; but you cannot buy them as you would cough lozenges.

In the rare cases when by means of false pretenses chemists are induced to part with poisons to persons who meditate crime, detection and conviction nearly always follow. This was the case in the St. Neots murder. Horsford would probably have escaped had not the chemist in selling the strychnine faithfully observed the regulations.

Strychnine, brucine and aconitine are familiar alkaloids. The ptomaines which are sometimes set up in decomposing foods are a modern discovery, and are alkaloids. Nicotine, an alkaloid with which all smokers are said to be more or less poisoned, has been given with malice aforethought in only one known case—that of the Count Bocarme, who killed his brother-in-law, Fougnies.

The ancients had no knowledge of ptomaines, and evidence points to the fact that most of their renown as poisoners was achieved by the simplest means. We know that powdered glass was used with dire effect. Arsenic undoubtedly was prime favorite with wicked Italian and French court ladies. It should be remembered that until the second quarter of the 19th century arsenic could not be identified with certainty in the body of one who died from it. Now it is the most easily recognized of all poisons. Taffania, the notorious Italian female poisoner, used arsenic. She gained large sums of money by the sale of mysterious preparations which were merely solutions of arsenious acid. These were sold in small phials bearing the image of a saint.

To detect the presence of a poison an analytical chemist may spend many days with test-tube, watch-glass, reagent and microscope. Even if death has been caused by a poison whose mere smell has been fatal, truth will out; and there is more than one poison of this subtle kind. For instance, oil of almonds—which is used for making toilet soaps and also for increasing the scent of lavender sold in the streets—if inhaled sufficiently, causes death by nitro-benzole poisoning.

But the cause can be unerringly ascertained in a post-mortem examination. And no less certain of detection are poisons injected by hypodermic syringe.

Extraordinary is the power of analysis that modern science has placed in the hands of the chemist, and few subjects are more interesting than the processes he employs. In the silence and secrecy of the laboratory many a dramatic experiment is worked out. Take Marsh's famous test. Hydrogen is generated in a flask, and the suspected liquid is poured in. If arsenic be there the hydrogen seizes on it and forms a gas that will burn. Now watch the analyst as he holds a clean porcelain dish against the flame for a moment. Does a brown spot appear in the middle? That is poison—arsenic or antimony. If close to the flame and on both sides of it—a notched spot—it is antimony. If deposited at a little distance from the flame, it is arsenic.

Again, chloride of lime dissolves the stain of arsenic, but not that of antimony. On the other hand, protochloride of tin dissolves the antimony, but not the arsenic. Mistake is impossible. And there are scores of similarly unfailing, precise experiments.

The clever chemist and pathologist could, undoubtedly, deliberately inoculate with some fatal disease, and in a way that no analyst could detect. The victim would simply die of one of the common maladies of mankind. But happily the necessary knowledge for such experiments is very uncommon, and the people who possess it are not in the least likely to use it improperly.

A Similarity.

Washington Star.

"What do you think of the Darwinian theory?" asked the girl who is improving her mind.

"The Darwinion theory," answered Miss Cayenne, "is very much like good advice. It seems all right enough for people in whom you're not interested, but doesn't help much for personal use."

The Music in the Parlor.

Chicago Record-Herald.

There's a heap of satisfaction, when the nights are growin' long,
And the lark has ceased to wake you in the mornin' with a song,
When the leaves are turnin' yellow and a blaze is in the grate,
When there isn't anybody in the whole world that you hate,
To sit dreamin' as you're smokin', with your wife beside your chair
And your daughter in the parlor, gladly singin', something there.

There's a heap of satisfaction when there ain't no debts to pay
And you've got a little money laid up for the rainy day;
When there isn't any mortgage that'll soon be comin' due,
And you know that there's nobody who can blame his woes on you
To sit back and take it easy, with your feet up on a chair
And your daughter in the parlor, singin' "Annie Laurie" there.

There's a heap of satisfaction, as I've mentioned heretofore,
When you needn't worry over makin' payments any more,
When you're wearin' easy slippers and the nights grow long and cool
And your girl ain't gettin' ready to go off somewhere to school,
To sit back and hear her gladly trillin' out some sweet air
To the well-to-do young fellow with her in the parlor there.