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OFFICIAL CITY PAPER

GOOD EVENING.

THE LAW'S DELAY.

THE PREVALENCE of lynching is attributed by many lawyers and lay- [illegible] this is true or not, the fact remains that legal processes are conducted with more deliberation than any other business of life, and to the serious detriment of the public interests, always more or less involved in all litigation. Procrastination seems to be inherent in the judicial and legal function. At least for several hundred years delay has been treated as necessarily incident to judicial procedure. Shakespeare classed the law's delay among the "whips and scorns of time," and catalogued it with such permanent things as the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely and even the pangs of despised love. It was one of the evils that justified suicide.

Dickens laughed the English bench and bar into some semblance of expedition in his celebrated case of Jarndyce against Jarndyce. But the American courts are still slow, and getting slower.

If there is anything a lawyer wants and always wants, it is time. The preliminary preparations in the most ordinary cases require days, weeks and months. Then come advertisements, and after all a trial, where "errors" occur that must be taken to the appellate court through similar processes, delays and continuances. If the large affairs of modern life, the railroads, the industrials, the newspapers, were conducted upon the legal plan, the frame of society would collapse in a week.

Court procedure, the judicial habit, has come down to us from another age. It is an anachronism. It simply lacks the application of ordinary business methods. Expedition would not mean worse, but better results.

Dispatch of court business is of concern to more than the actual litigants. Every legal dispute is in a greater or less degree an obstacle to the movement of general business. It ties up property or introduces uncertainty, and so its hurtful influence permeates the channels of business throughout. It is, therefore, a matter of public concern that such disputes shall be settled promptly.

In criminal cases, the deterrent influence of punishment is weakened by unnecessary delays. A sentence of the law promptly imposed carries more weight.

The legal profession is responsible for the recognized evil and it owes a public duty to remedy it. And the discharge of this duty will involve no sacrifice. On the contrary, the profession would be the first beneficiaries of a more expeditious system. Work done quickly is more profitable.

And the profession would stand better in the community. A lawyer ought to be an aid in the administration of justice. Every unnecessary delay is to some extent an injustice. People have come to regard the law, lawyers and courts as obstructions and hindrances to the orderly conduct of affairs, instead of instruments to expedite affairs. Instead of helping business and improving society by aiding in the settlement of those controversies incident to a highly organized civilization, they are regarded rather as promoters of injurious delays and obstructions to all business.

The remedy is simple. No statute is required for the reformation. The only need is to do the thing necessary to be done at the proper time. File the papers, set the trial, give the judgment and be done with it.

There ought, of course, to be no haste. But expedition is not haste. Nobody will say that the time usually required for final decisions is necessary to produce deliberate and just judgments. The time is not used. It is simply wasted.

Nothing is more essential to a peaceful and orderly government than respect for the Courts. The principal object of government is to protect life, liberty and property. The court is the instrument adopted for that object. All the departments, all officers, all force, all law finally terminate in the judicial decision and its due execution. In so far as the court fails in the purpose of its institution, government fails. It cannot have escaped the notice of the most casual observer that for several years, the old-time respect for courts has suffered impairment. That certainly does not arise from distrust of the judges, who are usually upright and learned men. It is rather a popular instinct that judicial procedure and perhaps the substantive principles of the law itself are outdated and fail to meet the requirements of the new conditions. Not the least of the causes of this discontent is the law's delay.

OLNEY AS A POSSIBILITY.

THE OLNEY PRESIDENTIAL BOOM is again able to sit up and notice things. To what degree Mr. Olney is cognizant of its existence and to what degree he is a contributory factor no one appears to know. Massachusetts Democrats are undoubtedly waking up in his behalf; the people of the state seem proud of him as a favorite son and it would occasion no surprise should they push him well to the front in the months which intervene between the convention date.

Speaking generally, the only thing against Mr. Olney is his age, although that of itself need not prove an insurmountable handicap, for he is intellectually stronger than ever. He is a man of great self respect; he does not propose to go barnstorming for any political office, not even the presidency. Proof was furnished some time ago when the Democrats of Memphis urgently invited Mr. Olney to deliver an address in that city. They preferred a pointed talk on politics and that one speech would have launched a presidential boom. Much to their surprise he declined to appear; he would not even adopt Judge Parker's able subterfuge of talking on a purely law subject.

Precisely where he stands, therefore, is unknown. The Massachusetts movement in his behalf might indicate that he was in at least a receptive mood. The whole country has great respect for Mr. Olney. It admires his great ability, his courage, honesty and his patriotism which is devoid of the jingo spirit. Personally he is more intellectual than sympathetic, but no one forgets his masterful work as Secretary of State, which was the only public office he ever held. Democrats who did not and do not admire Cleveland have a profound respect for Olney. He stands high with the classes and the masses, while under the control of neither—a strong position which few public men have the ability, courage and [illegible] or occupy.

A NATIONAL CHARACTERISTIC

THE TWO KANSAS CITIES—the one in Missouri on the east side of the Kaw and the one in Kansas on the west side—have certainly had more than their share of floods this year. They are now in the midst of the third of the rises, each one in itself of almost unprecedented proportions. Not only have they involved millions of dollars in property loss, to railroads, traffic, commercial houses and farmers, but they have destroyed two successive plantings in the lowlands within reach of the unusual floods.

Notwithstanding it all the corn crop, which is the great staple through the region most affected by the floods, is in flourishing condition. In the latitude of Illinois it is already safe beyond peradventure and in the latitude of Iowa the only fear is early frost which the wise ones reason is an improbable occurrence.

A trip through the region desolated by these successive floods gives one a high opinion of the character of the American farmer. The moment the floods which swept away his first planting had subsided, he set to work to make a second. That destroyed, he began his third planting without a moment's unnecessary waste of time. It now seems certain that his persistence will win, just as it usually does, and that he will snatch profitable victory from the very jaws of defeat.

When one contemplates this feature of the American make-up, this high courage which nothing can weaken, he is not surprised at the strides which the nation is making, nor amazed at the possibilities which open up so dazzlingly along the path of national progress.

JUST A HINT.

CHAMP CLARK and other statesmen of more or less renown are clamorously advocating that the Democratic nomination for President be given to Senator Francis Marion Cockrell of Missouri.

Senator Cockrell not only has the felicity of looking like Uncle Sam as he is pictured in the popular ideals, but he enjoys a popularity in his own state which is simply unapproachable. Congressman Clark says he would carry Missouri by 100,000 and there is no reason to doubt it, although this would help him little in the electoral college, where Missouri is always safely Democratic in any event. So far as the South and West are concerned Senator Cockrill would prove a very popular candidate.

Nevertheless his friends would do well not to push his candidacy too hard at this time. Democratic opinion, notwithstanding apparent differences, is just beginning to crystallize. Neither the man nor the hour is yet in sight and the premature boom is the one most likely to be exploded.

Peerless Portland, the greatest of all summer resorts.

EVER LOOKS FOR TROUBLE.

Man with a Chip on His Shoulder Is to Be Commiserated.

From the San Francisco Post.

The really unhappy man, whose unhappiness is his own fault, is the one who is forever carrying "a chip upon his shoulder." Perhaps his happiness is his unhappiness, for when he is not engaged in a personal altercation he is brooding over some fancied slight and awaiting a favorable opportunity to give vent to his wrath.

The man with the chip on his shoulder is easily recognized, and his society by wise people is carefully avoided. He can go nowhere without trouble following in his wake. If he attends a theatre he is either annoyed by the usher or someone in the audience or at the man in the box office for not having sold him a seat bought long before he appeared at the window. He is the bane of the car conductor and on the railrond train he succeeds in embroiling himself in a row with the brakeman, conductor, Pullman car porter and the passengers. Each flying cinder from the locomotive is aimed especially at his eyes and he succeeds in stirring up the spirit of mutiny in the hearts of the travelers.

There are some women similarly constituted who manage to be in trouble from the moment their eyes open in the morning till they close them in sleep. These people are indeed to be pitied, if, indeed, they are not cordially hated. This quarrelsome habit of mind can be so fostered that the petulancy grows to be a malignant disease and leads sometimes to the insane asylum. Parents who notice in their children this fretful, quarreling disposition can easily find a remedy. They may not agree to the measure—simply a good, sound thrashing. Every one has heard of the story of the child who was continually whimpering and quarreling. In despair the mother cried: "Are you sick? What do you want?" Gravely the child answered: "I think, mamma, I want a whipping." She received the whipping and there was a marked improvement in her temper.

Stocks Down, Beef Up.

From the Boston Transcript.

After all, the slump in the stock market does not interest so many people as the addition of another cent to the price of beef.

There Are Others.

From the Washington Star.

The historical novelist has his faults, but is not nearly so objectionable as the poetesses of passion who threatened to become epidemic some years ago.

"YOU MUSTN'T" ON THE TIMES.

Words and Phrases on the Black List of London's Leading Daily.

From Pearson's Weekly.

Nearly every newspaper has a code of customs peculiar to itself. What would be regarded as correct grammar, spelling or phrasing on one journal would be considered almost felony on another.

The Times is so strict on the point that the sub-editors each possess a copy of a dictionary published by that journal for the sole use of its own staff. The reporter's question, therefore, is not "How ought that word to be spelt, or that sentence constructed?" but "How do we do it on the Times?"

Here are a few things which the Times says you mustn't do:

Firstly, grammar must be, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. What passes in ordinary conversation or even literary work [illegible] on the Times. We often start a sentence "Under the circumstances" and think we are talking or writing the purest English. It is not so, however, according to our leading journal. "In the circumstances" is, according to that authority, the one and only permissible phrase.

Let us take an ordinary sentence, as it might be written by an amateur journalist, and see how it would be treated by the ruthless blue pencil of a Times sub-editor. Suppose he were reporting a murder trial, he might easily write something like the following:

"Witness commenced by saying he had met deceased previous to going to Williams'."

It is not a pretty sentence, certainly, but most of us would read it without seeing anything glaringly wrong.

A Times sub-editor, however, would probably faint at such a passage. It contains no fewer than seven blunders, from his standpoint. To begin with the Times never refers to "witness," but always "the witness." Secondly, it never uses the word "commence," but always "begin." "By saying he had" contains one omission, the word "that." "Deceased" is on the Times black list, for if reference is made to a person who has died, he is always mentioned as "the late Mr. Blank."

"Previous to" is wrong. On the Times it must either be "previously to" or simply "before"—"previous to" being incorrect. Then "to going" is colloquial, but does not do for the Times. You must say "to his going." Finally, "Williams," would not be printed, as in using the possessive of a word ending in "s," the Times always adds another "s"—thus, "Williams's."

When that sentence appeared in type it would read:

"The witness began by saying that he had met the late Mr. Dash previously to his going to Williams's."

If a reporter were at a public meeting, and the speaker's remarks were received by clapping of hands, he would, if inexperienced on the Times, write "Applause" in brackets at the end of the sentence. In type it would have been altered to "Cheers." "Applause" is on the Times blacklist, the word "Cheers" being always employed in reporting Parliamentary speeches. Though the Member of Parliament's token of approval is never a "cheer" as we know it, the Times uses that word throughout the paper, so as to avoid confusing the printer, and never on any account "Applause."

Another peculiarity of Times Parliamentary reporting is in the use of the first and third person. An ordinary speech by a private member or lesser Minister will be reported in the third person, thus: "Mr. Brown said he has listened to the hon. member," and so on. Had it been Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Lansdowne, or even Sir H. Campbell-Bannermann, it would be in the first person.

In writing of a Blue Book, most of us use capital initials in both words. The Times does so only in the case of "Blue." Another curious spelling habit is "parcimony" instead of "parsimony."

The word "I," in any other connection than the reporting of a remark as uttered by a given person is "blacklisted." A critic reviewing a play, book or composition must never introduce himself, but write always in an "impersonal" sense. The idea is, of course, that when the Times speaks, it is not any particular individual, but an organized body of thought.

One more peculiarity—recently added—of this famous journal might be cited. No free seats are allowed to be accepted for any functions whatever. When the Times critic attends a first-night or other performance, his seat has been duly paid for. This was done as a result of a recent controversy between the Times critic and a well-known playwright.

'Member?

From Harpers.

'Member, awful long ago—
'Most a million weeks or so—
How we tried to run away,
An' was gone for 'most a day?
Your pa found us bofe—an' nen
Asked if we'd be bad again—
An' we promised, by-um-bye.
Do you 'member? So 'd I.

'Member when I tried to crawl
Frough vat hole beneaf your wall,
An' I stuck, becuz my head
Was too big? Your muvver said,
When she came to pull me frough,
Surprised you didn't try it, too—
An' you did it, by-um-by.
'Member? Do yuh? So d' I.

'Member when your muvver said
'At she wisht I'd run an' do
All ve mischief in my head
All at once, an' get it frough?
S'pose we did, why, maybe ven
We could do it all again!
Guess we could if we should try—
Will y', some time? So'll I.

Harriman's Plain Attire.

From a New York Letter.

Oliver Harriman, Jr., is said to be conspicuous by the plainness of his garb. He never wears stripes or checks, and confines himself to black cheviot in winter and blue serge in summer. He is a fine-looking man, with light hair and a clear-cut profile. In winter he wears a double-breasted coat, cut along severe lines. In fact, he never indulges in passing styles. Usually his ties are black silk. For a pin he uses a pearl of unusual size and lustre. As a rule, in summer he wears white linen ties with his serge suit. He startled the gay youths of this city a few years ago by wearing with his evening dress a white silk waistcoat that bore no traces of fastenings. There were no buttons.

Hint for Overworked Society.

From the Boston Transcript.

The cry that comes up from the fashionable world of Newport is that society is being overworked. It may come about that society will have its labor union and strike for shorter hours.

MME. HUMBERT'S GHOST.

Thought It Was a Person Walking Floor of Her Cell.

From Mainly About People.

Mme. Humbert has been ill in her cell at the Conciergerie. Those who have seen her lately say that she looks strangely harassed, weary, hopeless and old. Perhaps her confinement in that dreary and ancient prison is beginning at last to tell even upon her wonderful iron nerves. Anyhow, in the small hours of the other night she received a fright. I give you the story for what it is worth. The turnkey, alarmed by a violent ringing of the bell communicating with the "grande Therese's" cell, hurried thither as quickly as he could. He found Mme. Humbert white as a sheet, and staring before her with strained, nervous eyes. "What is the matter—are you ill?" he asked. "No," answered Mme. Humbert. "But look with your lantern well about the place; I fancy that somebody is here—that somebody has got in." "Oh! that's impossible," responded the turnkey. Still, to gratify her desire, he turned his light upon every portion of the bleak, bare cell. "As you see, Madame, there is nothing here. You are probably nervous, and have imagined it," said the man. Theresa gave a little shudder. "Ah, no, mon ami, it was not imagination," replied she, drawing her breath.

This is what Therese Humbert says that she saw and heard. She could not sleep, and lay restless on her bed turning wearily from side to side. Suddenly she became aware of a sound—it was as if some one were passing stealthily in bare feet over the floor of the cell. Mme. Humbert peered into the darkness, but could not distinguish anything unusual. Still those cautious footsteps never ceased. They seemed to be walking up and down at the remotest part of the place. "Who is there?" called out Therese. The unseen walker stopped for a second, and then the woman was conscious that the steps were advancing toward her. As they passed the feeble day of moonlight which came from the narrow window Mme. Humbert saw an indistinct greyish shadow. The footfalls came to within a foot or so of the bed and stopped. And Therese—who is, as all the world knows, a highly imaginative woman—was seized with sudden panic and tugged at the bell to summon the turnkey. Flippant Parisians have said that the ghosts of Therese's creditors are at last rising up to haunt her. However that may be, the turnkey at the Conciergerie says that he will never forget the dreadful and blanched expression of Mme. Humbert's face when he came into her cell that night.

This is how the Humberts pass the lagging time in their respective cells. Mme. Humbert sits all day on a lounge chair, her hand to her face, thinking always. Frederic paints in the morning, and the afternoon he devotes to writing his memoirs. The book should be an interesting one when finished, for some of the most important people in Paris have put their legs under his mahogany at the sumptuous hotel in the Avenue de la Grande Armee. Then, besides, it ought to serve as a capital guide to the art of successful swindling. As for Romain—the gay Romain—he also beguiles away the heavy hanging hours by flirting with literature. He is engaged upon two works of a widely diverse nature. One deals with the home practice of gymnastics, and the other is a romance of the time of the ancient Ethiopians! Parisians say that Romain is certainly the right man to treat upon topics which are dark.

TIME BRINGS CHANGES.

An Order from the Pacific Coast for Nickels and One-Cent Pieces.

From the Washington Star.

The Treasury Department has received an order for 5,000 nickels and 2,000 1-cent pieces from the Pacific Coast. The order is from the sub-treasury at San Francisco. Five years ago such an order from the sub-treasury would have been regarded in the nature of a mistake somewhere, and the chances are that an inquiry would have been put on foot to ascertain if these coins were really wanted. But times change on the Pacific Coast as elsewhere, and the despised small coins are coming into use there in greater quantities every day.

Just what started the use of nickels and pennies on the coast is not definitely known, but treasury officials say that its beginning was during the Spanish-American War, or rather during the existence of the war taxes imposed at that time. These war taxes called for stamps on different articles, and officials of the government, in selling the stamps, gave the proper change in pennies and nickels. Purchasers of the stamps began to find the small coins useful in this way and in others, and for several years now the Pacific Coast people have begun to acquire a habit which they always despised in Eastern people.

It is a well-known fact that a cent was a rare thing on the Pacific Coast five years ago, so far as trade was concerned, and nothing was sold from the stores that called for change in cents. The Eastern bargain counter, with its "49 cents" and its "$1.98" placards and other features attractive to female shoppers, was unknown. Everything was sold in even money and paid for that way. Even the 5-cent piece was rare. The 10-cent piece was practically the smallest piece in circulation. If an article worth 10 cents was purchased and the purchaser tendered a 25-cent piece the chances were that the merchant would hand him 10 cents in change merely because he did not have the other 5 cents to make the change.

The Pacific Coast people do not now like to carry small change, and the order that has been received is a comparatively small one, but to treasury officials it reveals the fact that the habit is growing and indicates that in a few years the nickel and the penny will be in general use in a section of the country heretofore having no regard for them.

The same thing was true of parts of the South until 8 or 10 years ago, but the objections to the small coins have been almost overcome. They are still not so generally used there as in the East and portions of the West, and there are still many places in the South where the nickel is the smallest coin accepted in trade and general use.

Vatican Wardrobe Staff.

From Tit-Bits.

A large staff of women is employed at the Vatican for the sole purpose of keeping the Pope's wardrobe in perfect condition. No spot or stain may disfigure the garments worn by His Holiness, and, as he always appears in white, even a few hours' wear deprives the robes of their freshness. It is considered that no man's hand is dainty enough for their care, so in this one respect women are permitted to serve the Pontiff. Only the most delicate materials are used, moire silk being the summer fabric and a specially woven fine cloth the winter one.

GIRL HELPED BUILD A STATE.

Miss Lucas Introduced Cultivation of Indigo Into South Carolina.

Columbia, S. C., Cor. New York World.

About 165 years ago an English girl was brought by her father to South Carolina and left with her invalid mother to take charge of a large estate at Wappoo Cut, just across the Ashley River from Charleston. This young girl was Eliza Lucas, the daughter of George Lucas, a colonel in the British army, and at that time Royal Governor of the West Indian island of Antigua. But Col. Lucas preferred that his family should reside in the Carolina colony.

Eliza Lucas was an extremely capable girl, who read largely and who knew much about the nature of trees and plants and flowers, for which she had an intense love. For more than six years she managed her father's plantation with skill. The colonists had not yet become familiar with the nature of their new home and were largely ignorant of the possibilities of its soil. In this state of affairs this clear-minded girl inaugurated a sort of experiment station and sought to discover what foreign plants of value could be cultivated successfuly in the Carolina soil. She felt sure that indigo could be introduced with success, and asked her father to send her from the West Indies some of the seed of the plant.

The first time her seeds sprouted the frost killed them. Miss Eliza replanted immediately, and this time a worm cut them down. And it was not until the third planting that the indigo succeeded in reaching maturity, and the successful outcome of her experiment was assured.

The indigo planter had two large tanks, or vats, made of stout pine or cypress. One, caled the "steeper," was a big shallow box about 16 feet square and 2½ feet deep, on legs 4 feet high. Next to the "steeper" was aonther tank, almost flat on the ground and just high enough for its top to reach the bottom of the "steeper." This vessel was known as the "beater." The beautiful indigo plant, with its leaves swelled with juice and its flowers in full bloom, was brought by the negro slaves and dumped into the upper vat. Then they placed long sticks across them and pressed them down with heavy weights. The tank was then filled with water and left to steep. In about two hours this process was completed and the water become of a yellowish-green color.

This water was drawn off into the "beater" nearby and here stirred violently with paddles for two or three hours. Now and then a little lime water was admitted at the side of the tank in order to hasten the precipitation of the indigo into little flakes. At the proper time the floating particles were left to settle to the bottom of the vat.

When the fine silt had collected over the floor of the "beater," plugs in the side of the vessel were opened and the fluid drawn off without disturbing the layer of sediment. This was scraped up and by pressure made into little square cakes and dried in the shade. The indigo was then packed in barrels and sold, usually for $1 a pound and often more.

By September a second crop had sprung up from the roots of the old plants, and the second cutting was begun. We can readily understand how so many planters became wealthy when it was seen that an acre produced from 50 to 100 pounds of the finest product.

Eliza Lucas did not master this difficult business until after she had become the wife of Col. Pinckney, in 1774, and moved to his plantation on the Ashepoo River, about 35 miles down the coast from Charleston. People then took up the culture of indigo all through the low country. The mother country was so pleaced at being relieved from the necessity of buying indigo from her enemies that she granted a bounty of 12 cents to the Carolina planters on every pound they sent to England. Eleven of the counties along the coast began to engage in the industry largely.

On account of Charleston being the only seaport at that time, the people of the interior grew only a small quantity for their own use, and this business of making their own dye was continued in the state up to and including the period of the Civil War. But when the Revolution interrupted intercourse between Great Britain and the colonies, South Carolina was exporting more than a million pounds a year.

All honor is due Eliza Lucas, for she introduced into South Carolina one of the three great staple crops that went to make up the wealth and prosperity of the colony in the period of its want. She was an intellectual, capable and cultured woman, and, like the famous Roman matron, she crowned her brow with brighter jewels by becoming the mother of two of her country's great men—Thomas Pinckney and Charles Coatesworth Pinckney.

KUEHNE BEVERIDGE TO WED.

Mr. Branson, Rich American, Said to Have Won Sculptor's Heart.

Paris Correspondence New York World.

Miss Kuehne Beveridge, the American sculptor, and Mr. Branson, an American resident in Johannesburg, Transvaal, will be married at Tronville on August 25. Their honeymoon will be spent on Mr. Branson's yacht.

Miss Kuehne Beveridge first came to public notice in this country in 1892, when she modeled busts of ex-President Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson, both of whom sat for her in her studio, a converted stable in East Seventeenth street.

Afterward she made busts of "Buffalo Bill," James J. Corbett, Gen. Maceo, Col. Bryan and many others prominent in public life.

Miss Beveridge's beauty of figure and face has been much commented on by the newspapers.

She became the wife of Charles Coghlan, the actor, a brother of Actress Rose Coghlan, in October, 1899. After the marriage it was discovered that the actor already had a wife living and, in fact, a daughter almost as old as the bride herself, Miss Beveridge being then about 23 years old.

Rose Coghlan succeeded in bringing her brother and his first wife together again, and Miss Beveridge, who came to be known as Wife No. 2, secured an absolute divorce.

It was reported in 1898 that she would marry James G. Blaine, the son of a former United States Secretary of State.

Before she left America to visit South Africa she had done a great deal of work for South African magnates, including an admirable bust of the late Cecil Rhodes and one of Maj. Richard Seaver, Mr. Rhodes' right-hand man.

Another of the sculptor's works which attracted some attention was the plaque showing the charge of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, with Hamilton Fish's body lying in the background.

Most of Miss Beveridge's life has been spent abroad with her mother, who is now the Countess von Wrede by a second marriage.

SHORT STORIES

The Candid Child.

From the Kansas City Journal.

L. Frank Baum, the author of fairy tales, tells a good story at his own expense. While at a Southern winter resort recently a lady who has a penchant for meeting all sorts of celebrities secured an introduction to Mr. Baum and asked permission to present her little daughter, a miss of 7, "who knows every one of your books by heart." The young lady, lank-haired and round-eyed, extended her hand in a mechanical fashion, and, staring straight into the author's face, she remarked:

"Mr. Baum, I think you're a very wonderful man!"

Somewhat embarrassed by this direct praise, the children's author patted her head and asked:

"Why do you say that, my dear?"

"Because mamma told me to," answered the child complacently, and in the roar of laughter that followed the stricken mother made good her escape.

* * * *

Held for a Rise.

From the New York Evening World.

Charles Steckler was recently visiting a friend whose children are very fond of him. His host's little daughter was sitting on his knee. She had a little brother, whom she regarded with wonder.

"I know a man," said Streckler, "who would give a whole roomful of gold for your little brother. Will you sell him?"

The child shook her head.

"But," said Steckler, "think of how many nice things a roomful of gold would buy! Don't you think that you had better let the man have him?"

"No," answered the girl, thoughtfully; "I'll keep him till he's older. He'll be worth more then."

* * * *

They Both Ran.

From the Lewiston Journal.

Nat was hoeing potatoes for a North Waterloo farmer and was discussing with one of his companions in the field. Both waxed hot. Finally the lie was passed and Nat's companion started for Nat with the hoe, with threats to "cut him in two." Nat, dropping his hoe, fled, closely pursued by his irate companion. Later in Nat's presence some of his acquaintances were speaking of the affair and, turning to Nat, one asked: "What made you run, Nat?" Nat replied: "Well, I shouldn't have run if he hadn't."

* * * *

The Humors of War.

From the London Truth.

Among the humors of [illegible] war the following incident well des[illegible] be recorded. The true Irish flavor [illegible] is equal to anything in Lever's nov[illegible] may say that this narrative comes from an officer of whose veracity and accuracy I am perfectly satisfied:

"Some time in the year 1901 a certain regiment of Irish yeomanry arrived at Springfontein, under an officer well known as a good sportsman in his county in Ireland. On his arrival he was ordered to join a column in the neighborhood of Smithfield, some 40 miles distant. He started with his men to find the column. This, however, like many things in South Africa, was more easily ordered than executed. In a country in which you can hide 100,000 men in a 10-mile square and loose them, it was not surprising that he was unable to find a column of 500 men. After wandering for a few days aimlessly, the colonel thought it better to return, and he and his gallant men struck the railway line some four miles south of Springfontein.

"As soon as the force was perceived the nearest block house promptly opened fire on the yeomanry. The gallant colonel, who had come out to fight and was not going to be disappointed if he could help it, at once saw his opportunity. He put out his men in skirmishing order, and made a determined and well-conceived attack on the offending block house. The noise of battle awakened the attention of the nearest block house on the north side, which also promptly opened fire on the right flank of the Irishmen. The battle continued merrily for two hours or so, and a spirited assault was about to be made on the first block house by the yeomanry when an armored train arrived on the scene, and, the nature of the conflict being discovered, stopped the hostilities. The colonel of the yeomanry being asked why he had returned the fire of the block house, replied in excited accents, "Begorra, they fired on me men!" It is said he was ordered to go to Pretoria to explain matters, but his ingenuous reply so charmed Lord Kitchener that nothing further was ever heard of the battle of Springfontein."

Contagion of Mob Violence.

From Case and Comment.

It is certain that the mob spirit is contagious. The triumph over law and order of a mob of reckless and criminal persons in one locality stimulates the same classes in every other locality. There is always in every populous community a considerable percentage of people criminal by instinct, and, though ordinarily cowed by public sentiment and the forces of the law into an outward respect for legal authority, are always on the watch for an opportunity to trample law under their feet. The passion of strikers often leads them to violence, but, except for the aid of the criminally disposed people of the community, riots by strikers would be far less numerous and serious. Little by little the mob spirit which has long been active in some localities has been spreading, until almost every issue of the daily press has news of some outbreak of lawlessness, too often successful and unpunished. Every triumphant mob emboldens criminals in every community to riot more readily and for less reason than before.

Halcyon Days of Mrs. Travers.

From the New York Press.

These are happy days for Mrs. William R. Travers. She is one of the chief luminaries in Saratoga. Her career in Newport this summer was brilliant, though hitherto the Harrimans have been in eclipse in the island city. Mrs. Travers may shine by reflected glory, for her sister is now Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt. All the Harriman[illegible] have a peculiar art of dressing. One of Mrs. Travers' frocks is of lavender linen, trimmed with three shoulder capes, each edged with silk fringe. She wears a satin sash and a dainty picture hat of purple flowers. With a floating chiffon veil of the same hue, she looks like a miss in her teens instead of a matron who has been in society 15 years.

Can't Prevent It.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Judge Parker suggests that presidential campaigns should be shorter. Can he mention any plan by which fresh candidates will not be mentioned the day after the election?