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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair and warmer.

Mr. Cleveland finds the anti-rato ratio of 30 to 5 even more perplexing than the 16 to 1 problem.

The electric light bug is the latest thing in pests. It is even more annoying than the gold bug, the silver bug or the straddle bug.

Notwithstanding all of the announcements of Edison and Tesla, the impudent gas meter continues to do business at the old stand.

The result in Oregon may possibly convince the Republican leaders that the country is not to be carried on the protection cry this year.

It is suspected that Senator Hill is not a cloak-room defender of the Administration, notwithstanding his numerous efforts on the floor of the Senate.

After the complete returns are in it will be ascertained that Mr. Watterson has simply furnished Mr. Bayard some fresh material for apologetic purposes.

If St. Louis really needs outside help, the Mayor of the stricken city made a terrible mistake in advising the country to the contrary. Dollars could have been raised the day after the disaster where to-day it will be hard work to raise pennies.

Emperor William's new racing yacht Meteor won her maiden race yesterday. This will revive the rumor that the young Kaiser may become a challenger for the America's cup next year if his boat prove speedy. Unless a challenge from some such yachtsman—our not an Englishman and one enjoying high station—it is probable that the Dunraven coolness will hold this international race in its icy grasp for years to come.

The possibility that Congress may adjourn to-morrow or Monday is cheering, but it ought not to disband without removing the cause of Cuban freedom from the pigeon-hole in which the President has deposited it. The merchants and maritime people of the United States ought not to be left longer in doubt as to whether a neighboring island with whom they have constant intercourse is to be considered as suffering a state of war or enjoying a perfectly placid peace.

MONEY IN THE CAMPAIGN. The Evening Post is scarcely to be congratulated upon the methods it adopts in pressing its "honest money" advocacy. But it is characteristic of the Evening Post that it can by its methods of argument, which are generally vituperative, impart a sinister aspect to issues even more commendable than defence of the Cleveland school of monetary science.

If we correctly interpret the position of the Post as set forth very explicitly in its columns day before yesterday, it argues that the Democratic party should not pronounce for the free and unlimited coinage of silver, lest it thereby alienate all the agencies from which in bygone years national politicians have drawn money to be expended in "mules" or in marshalling "hoisters in blocks of five." Where would the free silverites raise the money with which to conduct their campaign? Inquires the Post, very pertinently. They have no money. The managers of the Chicago Convention are already in straits because of the unwillingness of capitalists to subscribe. It will be a "campaign of debtors, for debtors and by debtors."

"There would be no need of a corrupt practices act against penniless candidates and committees; in the case of a free silver platform and nominee there should be a forced return to the Spartan simplicity of the fathers, so far as money to spend in the canvass is concerned." Such renewed simplicity, such compulsory abandonment of corrupt practices, our contemporary clearly holds to be most unfortunate and deplorable. It prefers the big campaign fund, the showers of crisp dollar bills, the merry marshalling of the hostess, the open house at headquarters, and all the profligacy of a full treasury and amicable relations with the rich corporations.

This is clearly not good political sense. In the present state of the public temper it is not even good political sense. Much of the strength of the

free silver faction in both political parties results from the fact that the discontented elements have rallied about that dogma, knowing little of the monetary principles involved, caring little, perhaps, but defending it because it is antagonized by what the Populists call plutocracy. It will do the "sound money" cause little good to have one of its chief champions making overt suggestion that the frank issue between the rival systems cannot be offered to the people for their determination because no money for the campaign could be raised.

MCKINLEY AND SILVER.

An interview with the editor of the Denver Republican outlines a situation with which the manufacturers and their allies who profess to see in McKinley's election assurance of a return to high protection would better grapple. "The Republicans of Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Montana and other States in this section," he said, "have given their respective Senators a unanimous indorsement because of the attitude they have assumed on finance. They have given it to be understood that if there is to be no favorable action for silver, neither can there be for the tariff. This shows conclusively that the people of these States are for silver to the absolute exclusion of everything else, and that they will energetically continue the battle until they have triumphed. Of course, we have neither great population nor enormous wealth, but we have determination and perseverance, and Senators enough to inform the great Eastern interests that without the proper recognition of leading interests of the West party disruption would be imminent."

This is, perhaps, the most frank declaration yet made that the policy of subordinating everything to silver which resulted in the defeat of the Dingley tariff bill in the Senate last winter is to be applied to the legislation which will come before the next Congress. And the Denver man is wholly within the truth when he asserts that his group of Western States, with their two Senators apiece, are able to make this policy effective.

It is significant that the Republicans of the States which demand the sacrifice of tariff to silver are with practical unanimity sending McKinley delegates to St. Louis. The inference to be drawn from this is perfectly obvious. With a record of wabbling on the money question, and with his present attitude of cowardly evasion, the Ohio man holds out to the West the hope that with the excuse given him by pressure for higher tariff he might agree to ratify the trade which would attach a free silver coinage clause to the bill. That such a law can be enacted for two years to come is wholly improbable, but that it forms the tactical plan of the silver advocates is entirely clear.

It might be well for the manufacturers who are planning for the re-entrenchment of McKinleyism to pause and consider whether they are willing to pay the price.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

When it was first announced that Mr. David Belasco had sued a millionaire Chicago "angel" for \$65,000 as payment for teaching Mrs. Leslie Carter how to act there was a general feeling that the claim was surprisingly, we might say excessively, large. The public was curious to know how Mr. Belasco could have earned \$65,000 in polishing Mrs. Carter, and there was a prevalent impression that the lady, even in her finished condition, was hardly worth it.

But the trial of the case has given an entirely new conception of the arduous duties of a dramatic tutor. From Mr. Belasco's testimony it is a wonder that he is alive, and of course \$65,000 would be no compensation for the loss of such a life to its owner, not to speak of the community which has so narrowly escaped bereavement. It seems that he had to charge his pupil with all his own passion and vitality, leaving himself limp and exhausted. Then he taught her how to weep. "I could weep myself for hours, until I looked like a wet rag," remarked Mr. Belasco, retrospectively. "I would tear and scratch myself."

We should think that at a moderate estimate it would take at least \$100,000 to pay Mr. Belasco for weeping until he looked like a wet rag. But that was only the beginning. He was not satisfied with teaching Mrs. Carter a single kind of weep; he taught her all the weeps there were. He stimulated the play of her emotions by practical devices. "I pulled her around by the hair, like Nancy Sikes. I would hit her head on the floor. I would throw her down and drag her around on the floor and beat her, to give her the natural emotions."

Under this training the natural emotions developed rapidly, but the process must have been wearing on Mr. Belasco. When a gentleman of sensitive disposition knocks a lady down and drags her around by the hair \$65,000 must seem a small compensation for the strain on his feelings.

fled that ladies who have been denied the advantages of dramatic instruction have a tendency to point downward whenever they say "By hell!" and it must be worth a considerable part of \$65,000 to be broken of it.

THE PROPOSED ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

The Sinking Fund Commission looks askance at the proposition of the New York Zoological Society to establish a zoological garden in Bronx Park. Mayor Strong thinks that "the whole thing means the turning over of 261 acres of public land to a private corporation, and that should never be done," and the other Commissioners agreed with him. The Mayor's idea is that "if we want a great zoological garden, let's get one of our own."

In other words, if we want a great zoological garden, let us tax the people several hundred thousand dollars to pay for it, instead of accepting the offer of a number of public spirited citizens to establish it at their own expense. Especially let us put it in charge of politicians, instead of allowing it to be created and managed by scientific experts.

The Zoological Society is a private corporation only in the sense in which the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and of the Astor, Tilden and Lenox library foundations are private corporations. The garden it proposes to establish is to be a public institution in every sense of the word. It is to be open to all for six days in the week, including Sunday, absolutely free of charge. It would offer facilities both for study and for amusement that New York could ill afford to lose. The gentlemen who have worked up the plan are the highest authorities on their specialty in this country. Their offer is one that deserves a cordial welcome instead of suspicion and hostility.

Colonel Henry Watterson certainly seems to have shown that he knew just when was the best time to take his star-eyed goddess away from Kentucky and parade her before the diners-out of London.

Governor Watson, of Delaware, has more political judgment than the little Dogberrys that administer the laws in some of the towns in his jurisdiction. He has ordered the single taxers jailed at Dover to be released, and has further directed that no more such arrests shall be made. If this policy had been adopted a year ago it is probable that the single tax forces would now have been several miles in the rear of their present position.

The humorous side of the effort of officials of the barbers' union to dissuade or even prohibit its members from accepting "tips" is, of course, the more prominent, but in the secretary's plea in behalf of the measure there is a sturdy Americanism, an evidence of many self-respect which merits other comment than the passing quip. The tip-taking practice is degrading under all circumstances, and is particularly unworthy of a skilled craftsman.

When the redoubtable Pennoyer, of Oregon, was relegated to private life two years ago, few would have hazarded a prediction of his "vindication" at the hands of the voters of the great city in the State. That he should be made Mayor of Portland, and two Populist Congressmen elected to succeed the two Republicans now in office, shows how curiously the American voter alters his political faith. Two years ago the election returns justified the belief that the tide of Populism in the West was on the ebb. The Oregon returns show it rising again.

The fight for sound money would not be harmed by a little sanity among its participants. Here is the Philadelphia Times, for instance, shrieking that it would have been "better far that Pickett's charge at Gettysburg had renewed the Union army in twain and defeated it without hope than that, after the sacrifice of countless treasures and hundreds of thousands of lives to maintain free government, it should fall in dishonor, smitten by its own suicidal hand." A towel soaked in ice water might be sufficient for this editor's case. If that should fail, try broomsticks.

Chicago falling so far short of needed revenue this year that the Mayor was actually forced to recommend that bridges in bad repair be abandoned for lack of money to mend them, the people began inquiring as to causes. They discovered speedily that the assessed valuation of property for purposes of taxation had actually greatly decreased almost steadily for twenty years. According to the assessors—Chicago has eleven of them—the value of real estate had greatly deteriorated as the city grew larger. To throw more light on this curious phenomenon, the Real Estate Board appointed a committee of competent experts to compare the real value of the land and buildings in the business quarter of the town with the assessed value. This accomplished, it was discovered that property worth \$48,447,180 is assessed at \$40,668,720. Chicago ought to be satisfied with this achievement. Great in so many things from pork packing to world's fairs, in the noble art of dodging taxes she is simply unapproachable.

The Japanese Drama Done in London.

London, May 28.—The new "Japanese musical play" at Daly's Theatre, in Leicester square, is a frenzied effort to do "An Artist's Model" and "A Gaiety Girl" at least three better. There is a vehement struggle for "cuteness," oddity, eccentricity, and Mops, Owen Hall, Sidney Jones and Harry Greenbank evidently resolved to be bizarre, or nothing at all. All sorts of pranks are played with our good old English language. Words are chopped up, and onomatopoeic sounds galore are invented. The latest freak of using ornithological subjects for songs is in full force, and Marie Tempest scores with a ditty entitled "The Amorous Goldfinch," while Letty Lind brings down the house with "The Interfering Parrot."

In fact, in "The Geisha"—which is pronounced trizyme with Asia—the ordinary has been discarded, and all sorts of gentle lunacies are introduced. I understand that Daly will probably present the piece in America, and before that auspicious event occurs I suppose that it will be largely altered. A brighter collection of ear-titillating songs I have never heard. Every number is a tinkling delight, and Sidney Jones has outdone himself. The songs are the Alpha and the Omega of the piece, for the book itself is atrocious. It is quite impossible to discover what it is all about. Somebody told me that the heroine of the story was an English tea girl masquerading as a geisha, but I don't believe it. I don't think that the book was written at all. It seemed to me that the members of the cast on the stage and talked, until Conductor Ford tapped his baton, and it was time to sing.

There is scarcely a bright line in the entire affair. Two presumably funny roles are entrusted to Harry Monkhouse as the Marquis Inari, chief of police, and to Hurtle Wright as a Chinaman. Occasionally the audience laughed, but I don't think that New Yorkers would even smile. Mr. Monkhouse tried hard to be dry, in an acquired American way, and Mr. Wright said "Chop! Chop!" from time to time. It was when he said "Chop! Chop!" that the audience laughed. Apparently there is a vein of humor in "Chop! Chop!" but I'm dense enough not to see it. I shall go again and try. If I succeed, I'll cable you.

The success of "The Geisha" in London is due entirely to the music and to the cast. The two scenic sets representing the Tea House of Ten Thousand Joys, and a Chrysanthemum Fete in the Palace Gardens are pretty, but not unconventional, while the costumes are Japanese and European. Modern dress is agreeably blended with "Mikado" draperies and the effect is rather winsome. Marie Tempest, who seems to have shrunk physically since she left New York, is in capital voice, and if she could only be induced to accompany "The Geisha" to America its fate would not be doubtful. But Miss Tempest has a soul above a secondary role in a musical comedy in a country where she has rivalled Lillian Russell. She has never sung anything better, though, than "The Amorous Goldfinch," with its absurd refrain:

And she thought 'tis fit-it-fitter He should love my gilt-gilt-giltter.

Miss Tempest's svete extremities, once the joy of J. M. Hill's managerial heart, were veiled beneath a Japanese kimono, and she wears a dark red wig; but she has lost none of her chic, and is as dainty as ever.

Letty Lind is the brightest feature of "The Geisha." It's ridiculous to say that Miss Lind is merely the joy of London, and she would be the joy of Hoboken or of Oshkosh, or of anywhere she appeared. Her antics are perpetual and most fascinating, and though she is trying to shelve her reputation for high kicks, she does a dance in Japanese attire that sets the audience wild. Her two songs, "The Interfering Parrot" and "The Toy Monkey," will be the rage of London before long. In the latter she imitates a monkey on a stick, in her sedate and non-exaggerated manner. If dear Augustin can only secure her for the American cast, you can look forward to sheer amusement. But I'm afraid he can't, and we shall get some unknown Tottie Coughdrop, who will sing her songs, which she shall vote tame and wonder why they went so well in London. I feel quite upset at the thought.

Juliette Mesciville, who sang in "A Gaiety Girl" at Daly's Theatre, in New York, has a similar role in this new effort. One of her songs, called "If That's Not Love—What Is?" is capital. She tells you that to win the man of her heart she would wear a frock that wasn't smart, and a little coming chapeau, square cut shoes, and a shawl of her Gaiety shoulders, remarks, "If that's not love—what is?"

I can't stand Hayden Coffin, who plays the part of Reginald Fairfax, who is in love with O Mimosa Sun, the chief geisha. Mr. Coffin is supposed to have gained dramatic power, but I saw none of it. He sings very well, but not much better than he did in "La Cicala," with Lillian Russell, at the Garden Theatre. Coffin is so remarkably interested in himself that he vexes you. The other members of the cast were large, yellow, buxom girls of the style for which George Edwards is renowned. I believe that Mr. Edwards calls them—forcibly, but not prettily—"regular sorters," and perhaps that is what they are. Maud Hobson and Blanche Massey you know, but Emily Herre, Hattie Yndall (what name, isn't it?), Letty Carter, Edith Cooke and Mary Collette, you don't, and you needn't.

There are four little Japanese damsels, who remind you of the "three little maids from school." In fact, when you first see "The Geisha" you will be inclined to believe that it would never have been invented if it had not been for "The Mikado."

If any American musical-comedy tends want to get ahead of "The Geisha," let them delve into ornithology, and invent some birdy songs. What's the matter with "The Jealous Pigeon," "The Ostentatious Canvas-Back Duck," "The Entertaining Albatross" or "The Mascher Klingisher" for titles. Go ahead, O energetic ones, and remember that the more innane your lyrics will be the better they will be appreciated. I saw a huge picture of Ada Rehan in the lobby of Daly's pointing disdainfully to the stalls, and the programme contains an advertisement of "The Countess Guich," in which Edwin Stevens and Charles Richman are mentioned as "two popular young actors who have been added to Mr. Daly's company."

ALAN DALE.

Thomas Brackett Reed. As we understand Tom Reed he declines to do his turn on that St. Louis platform as a side partner with McKinley. Tom will be a monologue act or shake the show.—Philadelphia Call.

Speaking of Mr. Reed's candidacy for the Vice-Presidency, can any one tell, off-hand, the name of the gentleman who holds the nomination now?—Cincinnati Tribune.

The Exotic Genial and His Trained Dog.

A street there is in Paris famous, For which no rhyme our language yields. Ballad of Bonillabaise.

There are so many streets in Paris to which these lines apply that I do not hesitate to name it as the one on which is situated a certain place of refreshment much frequented by those travelling Americans who weary of the "glibberish" with which Frenchmen communicate their ideas to one another, and are glad to find a resort in which they can hear their own tongue spoken and see faces of familiar American types. It is also pleasant when far away from the scenes of our childhood to be able to take an occasional drink in the perpendicular attitude, which many of our native philosophers claim to be the one best suited to purposes of refreshment.

There is a barroom here, a constant frequenter in the person of one Judge Wintergreen, whom I found peculiarly interesting as an example of what may be accomplished in the way of human development by transplanting from native to foreign soil. The Judge inhabited various cafes and barrooms in New York and Washington for several years, and was always looked upon as a professional genial of the very highest degree. But it was not until he drifted over to Paris that he fulfilled his mission in life by showing what could be done in the way of "genioculture" by any one who made a thorough study of it as a science.

In the years to come we shall undoubtedly hear a great deal about the higher development of professional geniality, the crossing of different strains of famous blood, and breeding, transplanting and other paleontological problems, but I trust that the truthful historian will not neglect to give due credit to Judge Wintergreen for being the first of his tribe to invoke the aid of the lower animal in the practice of his calling.

Some time ago the Judge, feeling that the weight of years, with their accompanying infirmities, were beclouding his faculties, conceived the idea of educating a dog to relieve him of some of the drudgery that had become extremely irksome to him. He had seen a blind man going along the street with an accordion in his hands and a poodle dog acting as his guide, and he resolved that he would buy a French poodle—an animal of phenomenal intelligence—and teach him to act as his assistant. The consequence has been that after two years of careful training Fido is now a tireless and indispensable henchman, who devotes his entire time and the most brilliant dog brain in the world to the task of hunting the Judge's prey and aiding that veteran jurist to get acquainted with the cream of the new arrivals.

The two go about their day's work something in this fashion: At precisely 11 o'clock every morning the Judge emerges from the long and crooked side street that leads from the Boulevard to the mysterious quarter in which he dwells, and strolls slowly along the gay thoroughfare, the poodle tagging buoyantly at his chain, and both keeping a sharp lookout for any passing acquaintance. At about 11:30 they enter the American saloon, to which I have already referred, and take possession of a table, which affords them a good view of the door and every one who passes through it.

Formerly the Judge used to look up from his paper and scan each face with a wistful, searching look that put strangers on their guard against him, but now he sits quietly reading, with his gold eyeglasses on his nose and an expression of contentment and indifference on his face that would have deceived even the most experienced Broadway rounder into the belief that this man at least was self-contained and prosperous and averse to making new acquaintances.

But while the Judge is reading the papers, and paying particular attention to the column devoted to personal gossip and new arrivals, Fido, lying at his feet, "sizes up" every new comer with practised eye, and finally selects the most promising looking of them all as his quarry. I will add that the most experienced and accomplished artist that ever made his headquarters in the cafe of the Waldorf has never shown half the sagacity that this dog has in smelling out a "good thing" the moment it crossed the threshold.

Fido's first choice is an American, newly landed and paying his first visit to the saloon which serves to remind him of home. There is a soft spot in the heart of such a man which is liable to cost him a good many francs if he falls into the hands of the Judge or any of his kind.

When the dog sees any one enter the bar whom he regards as a valuable addition to his master's acquaintance he scrapes acquaintance with him at once by rubbing against his legs and looking up earnestly into his face. The stranger naturally responds to these advances, and then the Judge arouses himself from the contemplation of his paper and looks around for the faithful Fido.

"I beg your pardon," he says to the stranger, "but this dog of mine has a wonderful faculty for discovering one of my own compatriots, and very frequently he makes himself altogether too friendly. I really hope he has not annoyed you."

"Not at all, sir," says the stranger, politely; "Won't you sit down and have something to drink?"

"You're very kind, indeed," replies the Judge; "I don't care if I do; but really, this dog of mine is a wonder. It's impossible to keep him away from Americans, although he's nothing but a Frenchman himself. Shall you be long in Paris, gentlemen? If so, I hope that I may be of service to you."

In this way the ice is broken, and the Judge finds himself the possessor of a new and, perhaps, valuable friend.

The dog never goes after a Frenchman or an Italian. He confines himself entirely to newly arrived Americans.

The Historic Art of Poisoning.

The nineteenth century has had to put up with a good deal of arraigning from the fifteenth century. Something of this is justified, but much more is not supported by the facts. His reputation in poisons is an instance of this superfluous superiority that collapses on examination.

We administer poisons as cleverly as the fifteenth century; we have a far larger number at our discretion; at the same time we are infinitely more skilful in detecting them. It may be admitted that they give the matter a certain air of distinction which we lack or for which in our plain business-like way we do not strive.

During the reign of Pope Alexander VI. the increasing number of young widows crossing tables, "agua Tofano" or "manna of St. Nicholas de Bari." It is such names as these, and later "Eau de Brinvilliers" and "poudre de succession" that have imposed on us. Arsenic and Paris green seem vulgar and crude compared with the ephynous fow of these Italian and French polysyllables.

The old truth is that "agua Tofano" and "manna of St. Nicholas de Bari" were merely arsenic dissolved in water, and to the former, nobody knows why they added the herb cilybaria. "Eau de Brinvilliers" was nothing more than crystallized arsenic dissolved in water, and with no recollective properties. It was found, moreover, a few years ago, when Florence was housecleaning and opened the vaults of the Medici.

The famous Beaucarnal case is a never forgotten proof of this. Gustave Fougnet being about to marry, Baron Beaucarnal, whose wife was the heir of Fougnet, determined to kill him. Being a careful man, he devised a poison which would not betray him. He discovered in a book of poisons that for nicotine there was no test, so he put up a laboratory in his stables, he bought some tobacco and distilled the nicotine. He then invited Gustave to dinner, and during the meal the men quarrelled, and with his wife's aid the Baron thrust the nicotine down Fougnet's throat.

He died speedily, ostensibly of apoplexy. Some testimony of the servants about a struggle excited suspicion. A distinguished Belgian chemist was sent for to the inquest. He suspected sulphuric acid poisoning, but discovered a brown stain on Fougnet's coat. He subjected it to analysis and found nicotine. Beaucarnal had spilled it, and in endeavoring to efface it with vinegar had fixed it.

But the significance of this story is that the process then employed in detecting the nicotine from that day is known as the Stas process, after the Belgian chemist; it is that now in use, and has been of incalculable benefit in detecting crime.

The fact that there have been five cases of poisoning by arsenic recently shows that no matter how many new poisons become known, arsenic holds its own. It has two manifest advantages: It is readily obtained, and, being tasteless, can be easily administered in food and drink. Its symptoms are marked and unmistakable, yet Dr. Meyer called in a physician twenty-one times to see Baum.

Dr. Meyer's choice of arsenic was somewhat remarkable, as physicians usually prefer morphine, opium or some of the alkaloids. These are avoided by the lay poisoner, for the obvious reason that, tasting badly, they are at once detected. But as a prescription their ill taste seems appropriately fitting. Carlyle Harris chose morphine, as did Dr. Buchanan, shrewdly adding belladonna, in order to complicate the symptoms.

The same thing in poisons is plomanies. The however, involves a great deal of bother, having to be used at second hand, the useful frog being preferred for this purpose. There is no probability of this process being anything but exceptional.

M. G. H.

Pleasure of the Premature.

"On such a day," she declared, emphatically, "to stay in town were criminal!"

He looked at the clear sky, and the beesy specks of white that presaged the clouds, and nodded his head. "You are right. And yet—there is nowhere else to go to."

"Nowhere else? Where is your memory? There are islands numerous—Glen, and Coney, and Staten, and Long. Too early? Not a bit of it! Simply taking a taste before the mob comes." She smiled at him. "You know very well you can't refuse."

Which was true. They had themselves forth to early Nature. That, at least, was what they told themselves they were doing. On the boat they remarked to each other how lowly it was there seemed to be no one else bound for the same place; they would have it all to themselves. She shivered a little. It was decidedly cool on the water. But the early bird has to pay for being early.

When they got to their destination she ran bravely down to the water and looked merrily at the empty beach. "Do you remember the jolly swims we had here last year? What a delicious tingling there is about salt water. Why shouldn't we go in to-day?"

He looked up and down, up and down. The wooden pier looked like a deserted mesa. The waves hammered away at outbuildings. Signs, denoting the presence of clams, oysters and ice cream, hung impotently on silent walls. The invitation to hire suits seemed to emanate from a tomb. The waves splashed over the gravel with something of cold indifference.

"I'm afraid," he said, "it's a little too early yet." They turned inland, trying to feast on memories. How gorgeous a time they had last year! How the Moonbeams were visiting them; how delectable their summer evenings had been. With the waves singing softly under the moonbeams, and the band playing beneath the trees. That was their honeymoon time; there had been rose color in everything; the pleasure of others had reflected in their own joy. Now—

"You're right," she said, "I've asked him if the water wasn't warm enough for bathing yet. He shook his head, still gazing. He seemed imply that he had much better resignation of my party be dumb."

The Mother of the Czarina's Maid of Honor.

Washington, D. C., June 4.—The mother of Olga de Rodisco, maid of honor to the Czarina of Russia, whose beautiful face and figure adorned the coronation, is well remembered by the older families here. She was a member of an old Maryland family, noted before the war for its wealth and aristocratic bearing and affluence. Miss Williams was a remarkably beautiful girl, famous as a belle and in matrimonial as a social leader. Her marriage in 1838 to the Russian Minister, Baron de Rodisco, was a memorable event in society, and used to be referred to as the union of "Beauty and the Beast." This was in no spirit of reflection on the personal appearance of the Baron. It was due to the brusque and rugged demeanor peculiar to many of his race, but beneath which were concealed a charm of manner, grace of personality and kindness of heart revealed only to his intimates. Owing to this brusqueness and ruggedness he was socially dubbed "The Russian Bear."

The story of his marriage to Miss Williams is an interesting one. The Baron lived in Georgetown, now known as West Washington, which was then the abode of fashion in the District of Columbia. Not far away resided the Williams family, in one of those fine old semi-colonial double houses. It was found, moreover, a few years ago, when Florence was housecleaning and opened the vaults of the Medici. The famous Beaucarnal case is a never forgotten proof of this. Gustave Fougnet being about to marry, Baron Beaucarnal, whose wife was the heir of Fougnet, determined to kill him. Being a careful man, he devised a poison which would not betray him. He discovered in a book of poisons that for nicotine there was no test, so he put up a laboratory in his stables, he bought some tobacco and distilled the nicotine. He then invited Gustave to dinner, and during the meal the men quarrelled, and with his wife's aid the Baron thrust the nicotine down Fougnet's throat.

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The fact that there have been five cases of poisoning by arsenic recently shows that no matter how many new poisons become known, arsenic holds its own. It has two manifest advantages: It is readily obtained, and, being tasteless, can be easily administered in food and drink. Its symptoms are marked and unmistakable, yet Dr. Meyer called in a physician twenty-one times to see Baum.

Dr. Meyer's choice of arsenic was somewhat remarkable, as physicians usually prefer morphine, opium or some of the alkaloids. These are avoided by the lay poisoner, for the obvious reason that, tasting badly, they are at once detected. But as a prescription their ill taste seems appropriately fitting. Carlyle Harris chose morphine, as did Dr. Buchanan, shrewdly adding belladonna, in order to complicate the symptoms.

The same thing in poisons is plomanies. The however, involves a great deal of bother, having to be used at second hand, the useful frog being preferred for this purpose. There is no probability of this process being anything but exceptional.

M. G. H.

Jesters' Chorus.

"Did George look anxious when he proposed to you, Kitty?"

"Yes; he looked as if he were learning to ride a wheel."—Chicago Record.

Hicards—Well, old Bill passed in his checks last night. I understand that he died hard.

Elephant—"That's queer. He was dead early while he was alive."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Why, popper," asked Miss Mahoney, "how did you come to get this song?"

"It is about myself," said Mr. Mahoney, pointing to the title page of the song in question. "Do I not see as plain as the nose on your face, I want you, Mahoney?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Gabriel, as ordered, blew a long, clear blast. "Great Scott!" wailed the man who had lived in a flat, "has that cornet send followed me even here?"

It was a natural error, in the confusion of awakening.—Indianapolis Journal.

Mark Hanna's latest scheme is to "stampede the convention for McKinley." This doesn't sound as if he had the delegates corralled already.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Tired of the Game. It seems that Platt and Quay can't just exactly agree as to whether it is worth while for them to put out their half of the slugs tonight.—Detroit Tribune.