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W. R. HEARST. 162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, TUESDAY, DEC. 14, 1897.

NATIVE CONSENT TO ANNEXATION.

The Hawaiian controversy is notable for its contributions to the current stock of information about American history. We learn, for instance, from such authorities as the Times and the Evening Post, that the annexation of Hawaii without asking the consent of the Kanakas, Chinese and Japanese resident in the territory of the Republic would be an unheard of violation of American traditions.

This is an especially valuable addition to the stock of human knowledge, and one entirely unsuspected by the historical students who have been delving hitherto in the same field. The fiction accepted as history has conveyed precisely the opposite impression.

Our first acquisition was that of Louisiana. We bought it from Napoleon for \$15,000,000. The treaty of cession said nothing about acquiring the consent of the inhabitants, but merely provided:

The inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated in the Union of the United States, and admitted as soon as possible, according to the principles of the Federal Constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages and immunities of citizens of the United States; and in the meantime they shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and the religion which they profess.

As a matter of fact, the people of Louisiana objected to the transfer of their allegiance. Nevertheless, we took possession of their country, and although we have held it for ninety-four years, part of it still remains in a territorial condition.

Our next acquisition was that of Florida, in 1819. We bought that from Spain, and here, too, we forgot to make any provision for obtaining the consent of the people. The treaty of cession merely contained the same safeguards of civil liberty included in the Louisiana treaty, with the additional proviso that "all those who may desire to remove to the Spanish dominions shall be permitted to sell or export their effects, at any time whatever, without being subject, in either case, to duties."

Next we took in Texas. This case was parallel to that of Hawaii. Americans had swarmed into the country, crowded the natives out of the government, set up an American republic, and offered it to the United States. The only difference was that the Americans were more numerous in Texas than they are as yet in Hawaii. The same proceeding was soon after repeated in California.

The annexation of Texas brought on war with Mexico, as a result of which we acquired a region equal to the original extent of the United States. The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, by which that cession was concluded, omitted to say anything about obtaining the consent of the Mexicans transferred to our rule. It merely made them certain promises as to political rights, which, after the lapse of half a century, are not yet completely fulfilled, and whose fulfillment our sensitive contemporaries, the Times and the Evening Post, have steadily opposed.

In 1853 we bought the southern portion of Arizona and New Mexico from the Mexicans, again without consulting the inhabitants.

Finally, in 1867 we bought Alaska from Russia, to the extreme grief of the faithful orthodox Russian settlers and natives.

These are all the accessions of territory we have ever gained. In none of them did we make a plebiscite of the natives an essential preliminary, and it is a curious coincidence that in the only cases in which such plebiscites were obtained we refused to admit the people who had asked us to take them in. The applicants for annexation thus rebuffed were St. Thomas and Santo Domingo.

Our policy with regard to the acquisition of territory has been simple and consistent. We have refrained from unprovoked conquest, although some may think we came pretty near it in the cases of Florida and Mexico. We have dealt in each instance with the de facto sovereign of the land, and when that sovereign, either willingly, as in the case of Russia, constrained by circumstances, as in that of Napoleon, or compelled by our own pressure, as in the cases of Spain and Mexico, has consented to a cession that we have desired, we have completed the bargain without regard to the wishes of the inhabitants of the particular tract in question.

The Hawaiian Republic is the unquestioned de facto sovereign of Hawaii—recognized as such by all the powers of the world. It possesses the undoubted right, according to all the principles of political science, to dispose of its territory at its pleasure. That the fast disappearing aboriginal remnant that still survives on its soil and the Chinese and Japanese laborers imported under temporary contracts to cultivate its fields object to the disposition it has chosen to make is unfortunate, but is not a thing that the traditions of American policy compel us to take into account.

Really, Mr. Quigg ought not to be singled out as a target for those men who think that the Republican party in the State of New York is making Republicanism a scoff and a jest. Quigg is living up to the principles of his party. He believes in centralization, and is himself entirely willing to be the centre. Of course, he defers to Senator Platt, but he expects that his forces will rally about him primarily, in order that he may lead them into the Platt army and personally profit thereby.

It is a pity that the Republicans cannot recognize the need of such men as Quigg and Platt. Sometimes it almost seems as if there were men in the Republican party who thought that they themselves might be capable of becoming great leaders. It isn't entirely obvious that either Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Worth, Sheriff Buttling or Mr. Barcus would be entirely averse to becoming a boss. Each is, of course, a convincing advocate of pure primaries, but it is not wholly certain that either would regard with any enthusiasm the purest of primaries in which he was turned down.

We trust that the Republican voters in New York City who find such very grave offences against honest politics behind the Quigg domination of that party will go a little further in their investigation of political affairs. We are not quite sure that Mr.

Quigg is a thoroughly good man, but he seems to know what his party wants, and his party seems to be entirely willing to let him represent it.

THE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

Before Mayor Strong carries out his alleged intention of abandoning the proposed celebration of the birth of Greater New York he will do well to observe the enthusiasm with which the proposition has been received by the people. From the number of letters received by the Journal on this subject one might suppose that it absorbed the attention of everybody capable of holding a pen. If all the ideas suggested by these ardent correspondents were realized, the earth would stop in its orbit to gaze at the colossal spectacle.

One generous projector proposes to have the ceremonies last a month, with the view of attracting a good part of the population of the Union to the show. Another urges a magnificent military and naval display, with the President and Cabinet and the Governors of all the States in the Union on hand, and no expense spared to make the celebration the most notable in the history of the world. Another would have representative delegations from every borough and section, as in the Queen's Jubilee, each with its characteristic emblem. A fourth would have every country in the civilized world asked to send a representative, who would be the city's guest. A fifth would have the naval and military forces of all the great powers participate in the festivities. A sixth desires special services in all the churches, and a seventh proposes to have every house decorated and a band concert in every park, beginning on the stroke of twelve with the "Star Spangled Banner."

These are only a few scattering flakes of a snowstorm of suggestions. It would be worth the Mayor's while to dig a little in the drifts.

HOMECOMING KLONDIKERS.

The fact that the prospectors who went to the Klondike are now trying to return to civilization in order that they may at least save their lives, though they have lost all else, ought not to be surprising. As a matter of fact, wide publicity was given to the opinions of men who knew well the climatic conditions of that region, and who insisted that it was impossible that man in great numbers could subsist there through a Winter. Men went from San Francisco and other nearby cities at a time which made it absolutely certain that they would only reach the gold fields after the opportunity for productive labor there had lapsed and the possibility of maintaining life was reduced practically to a minimum. It is not wholly just to lay upon the National Government the duty of rescuing people who have committed a folly of that sort, and yet, when human life is put in jeopardy, the mere matter of justice will seldom be considered. An awful tragedy is casting its shadow over the Alaskan passes, and there will be little disposition to stand on punctilio until the danger is past.

THE BICYCLE ON THE BRIDGE.

The plans for bicycle paths over the Bridge have failed to meet the approval of the Trustees. As bicycles are not operated by great corporations, they naturally have no claim to the consideration of the officials that sanctioned the death loop.

In law a bicycle is a carriage, with the rights and liabilities of one. As such, it is not allowed to use the footpaths. It is impossible for it to use the roadways with either comfort or safety. The net result of the action of the authorities, therefore, is that a whole class of legitimate vehicles, employed by more people than any other, is barred from the Bridge.

If the bicycle had been in general use when the Bridge was built, there is no more doubt that the great engineer who designed the structure would have made suitable provision for it than that he would have provided a safe and convenient terminal for trolley cars. The Trustees are dealing with present conditions. Why should they not make a serious effort to meet them?

DANGERS OF RURAL LIFE.

The citizens of the West Side of Chicago are organizing a Vigilance Committee for protection against the highwaymen whom an insufficient police force has left in full sway. They propose to maintain a private constabulary, and also pledge themselves to go armed and shoot to kill when they meet a footpad.

THE GERMAN IN CHINA.

Chicago is merely having the same experience that Indiana has had with its Whitecaps, and Ulster County in this State with its Mondores. One of the chief causes of the lawlessness for which America is so severely criticised by uncharitable foreigners is the lack of adequate police protection in the rural districts. The settlers in unfrequented regions like the mountains of East Tennessee and the outlying wards of Chicago are practically abandoned by government. The laws are of no service where there is no physical force to execute them. What is needed is an efficient State police, to whose vigilance the lonely dweller in the remotest precinct of Chicago can look with the same confidence with which the resident of a town looks to the blue-coated patrolman on the next corner. It is a reproach to our civilization that honest citizens should be compelled to arm for defence against crime merely because they happen to live in the country.

prerty and immorality of this theft on the part of Germany of Chinese territory. No other nation seems willing to protect the despoiled people. All that is asked is that each nation should share in the spoilation.

If the United States had done this we would have heard much about Yankee arrogance, jingoism and the rest of the horrible phrases by which our proper extension of national authority is characterized, but when a European nation steals a harbor and a province, all that we hear is that the other nations insist that they shall be allowed to steal just as much in the territory of the same suffering state.

Time was that the law of nations was a law of honesty and of rightfulness. Now the law of nations is simply that he may take who has the power and he may keep who can.

A Western Republican newspaper wants the New York Republicans to "see each other as others see them." They are too busy watching each other in the old-fashioned manner to indulge in any viewing of that nature.

We have reached that point where no insane asylum will be complete unless it has a department for six-day bicycle races.

Congressman Johnson proposes to exterminate the seals. This would at the same time kill the sinecures of several persistent statesmen who have for a long time been enjoying profitable connection with the Treasury.

Those persons who are interested in the endless chain financial problem may secure some valuable points on the same by making a study of the wonderful resources of the California courts in granting delays in the Durrant case.

The Senatorial candidacy of Mr. Hanna is assuming a threatening attitude. It is said that the only way to keep him out of the Cabinet is to elect him to his present position.

The Pennsylvania Republican leaders are working hard to secure harmony. Harmony on the part of the Pennsylvania Republicans is always an expensive luxury for the Pennsylvania taxpayers.

Getting insulted and persecuted by weak and solvent nations is destined to become a profitable business with English and German subjects.

Mr. Cleveland is now enjoying the novelty of an unofficial duck hunt.

The American condition of the Spanish prisons may possibly be the advance agent of Cuban independence.

The very latest case of insurrection appears in the family of ex-Queen Lillookalani.

ECHOES FROM THE JOURNAL.

A Revolution in Color Work. Color printing on fast presses has been revolutionized by the wonderful work done by the New York Journal in its Christmas supplement. Rarely in lithographic work has anything so beautiful been accomplished, and it seems now that the art of color printing for newspapers is in the class of the most carefully printed lithographs. A new process has been discovered.—Fourth Estate.

The Trolley Magnates Stirred Up. David B. Hill's speech, as counsel in a trolley franchise case in Brooklyn, is said to have stirred up the trolley magnates mightily. The Hon. David B. was employed by the New York Journal to score the municipal scandals and franchise grabbers, and the Journal said he did it to the queen's taste.—Augusta Chronicle.

A Wonderful Paper. The New York Journal, on Sunday, December 5, issued the Christmas Journal. In this number, which has 104 pages, that leader of new journalism seems to have touched high-water mark in the production of the modern Sunday newspaper.

The Journal has an enviable reputation as the defender of the rights of the people. \* \* \* It has now taken a position in the literary and artistic world which other papers may emulate but cannot excel.—Grand Rapids Democrat.

A Remarkable Success. The Christmas edition of the New York Journal was a remarkable commercial success. It contained 264 columns of paid advertising, of which 77 were in color, 117 display and the balance in classified and Brooklyn advertisements. It is stated that more than ten columns of advertisements were omitted because they were received too late. Some of the work was really artistic.—Newspaper Maker.

Henry George's Masterpiece. The first instalment of Henry George's book, the work to which he was giving the finishing touches at the time of his death, appeared in the New York Journal of last Sunday. The second instalment will appear in the same paper next Sunday. From the first instalment it appears that Henry George made no mistake when he described this work as his greatest book.—Louis F. Post, in Cleveland Recorder.

EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

Lightships to Guide Mariners. To the Editor of the Journal: Would it not be well to agitate the idea of appropriating \$250,000 to \$500,000 toward the equipment and maintenance of any ten floating lightships to be anchored, say, five miles from the beach and five or ten miles apart, along the Long Island and New Jersey shores, where almost yearly during the Winter storms and fogs, great loss of life and property occur by reason of mariners mistaking or being unable to distinguish the lightships until too close in to avoid going ashore? Prevention is better than cure, and I believe such a suggestion by your Journal would meet with general approval. No. 181 East Twenty-third street, New York City.

A Clergyman on Cigarettes. To the Editor of the Journal: The serious outcry against the cigarette is not mere mist and moonshine, nor talking nonsense, nor is it a wild goose chase. Cigarettes are encountering ever-increasing hostilities. Both legislatures and city councils have passed numerous anti-cigarette laws in all parts of this country. California, Nebraska and West Virginia passed theirs in 1895. Commissioner Hubbell, of the Board of Education, issued in New York City schools an Anti-Cigarette League.

Cigarette smoking is homicide and suicide, an abominable nuisance to him who must inhale the smoker's smoke and deadly poison to the smoker. His desire becomes a craving as intense as the craving of a confirmed drunkard. It wastes money and strength, incites to passion and entrenches a need as master of the will. It causes a sensitive stomach, headache, dizziness, wild and haggard look, Bright's disease, abnormal action of the heart, and even dropsy may follow in its horrible wake.

Several boys who were candidates for naval cadetship from a district in Michigan, were rejected because the examining physician discovered that their hearts were seriously affected by smoking cigarettes.

The following testimonials from physicians prove beyond a reasonable doubt the pernicious habit deadly: Dr. T. M. Coan writes that it will do three things—First, will run the smoker's pulse up to 100 or more per minute; second, it will reduce his weight below the healthy standard, and third, it will reduce his strength and general vitality, as will appear in his pale complexion and diminished appetite.

Dr. J. T. Kent says that, in cases of chronic indigestion treated by him, he had been unable to effect any cure or improvement until he had first succeeded in making them give up smoking.

Dr. Brodie, Queen Victoria's physician, made several experiments with nicotine, applying it to the tongue of a mouse, a squirrel and a dog. Result, death. Test this by collecting cigarette smoke on a piece of white paper or a white handkerchief.

Dr. William Murrell, in the British Medical Journal, discovered considerable quantities of arsenic in the wrappers of packages of cigarettes. Out of seventeen series of different kinds of cigarettes and tobacco, arsenic was present in the labels of six.

My young friends, stop smoking cigarettes: there is danger ahead! Parents, if your boys do not stop on their own account this pernicious habit which raises the pulse, reduces the weight, strength and general vitality, hence insidiously the ability to act and think, weakens mental concentration, subjects the system to disease, affecting the eyes, causing nasal catarrh, throat troubles, make them stop!

JOSEPH D. PETERS, Pastor West Farms Reformed Church.

The Goodness of Things That Come from Virginia.

It has for many years been my earnest desire to meet a real Virginia gentleman, one of those delightful personages of what they call the "old school"; the courtly, proud person of grand manners and magnificent traditions. He has been to me so much a character of song and story and graceful pictorial illustration that not to meet him was not to have known the most delightful product of our American civilization.

I have been several times through Virginia, seen her red hills, and pines, and her seashore and her war-scarred homes, and her battle fields, and her relics of the earlier Colonial civilization; but the old-school gentleman never seemed to be at home when I called. I have grievously missed him and that generous hospitality which is so much a part of him.

I had begun to suspect that the real Virginia gentleman was, after all, only a myth, like so many other pleasant people we find in books and pictures, when I encountered him most unexpectedly; the genuine article in all his sweet simplicity; just the kind of a man I had been seeking all these years. It was at Washington. There are many sorts of people in Washington. It has gathered to itself the ruins and wrecks of every State in the Union, and is still at the good work.

It has also gathered in some of the picturesque in human life. That is probably why it sought out and took to its bosom this last member of the old school of Virginia.

The old Virginia gentleman of the books was always his happiest at the dining table, and the stories say that when he was not courting or fox-hunting he was dining, along with the beaux and belles of the county. I was so fortunate as to discover my Virginian at his best, with a snowy cloth before him, and the beam of a great satisfaction with himself and the world upon his face.

I knew him the moment I laid eyes upon him. Not from any word of his, but from else could have that grace of manner, that courtly bow of welcome, that grandiloquent pouring of a guest to a chair? It was superb, beautiful, and only a Virginian and an old-school Virginian, could ever have seated a guest in such wise.

And then the service at that table, a table at which Senators, Cabinet men, ministers, and mayhap, even Presidents had sat. To the lowly diner at that board was extended just the courtesy with which the highest would have met. With what pride did this Virginian catalogue by voice the kitchen's burden, and with what persuasive tones did he name and suggest the dishes, with that air, "if you will only let me do, I'll feed you like a king."

"Uv cose, sub, the soup is green turtle. An' beln' so nigh tuh the State uv Fuhglinia, it's about tuh bes' green turtle in the world, sub."

And it was good green turtle of a kind which you somebody do not get in New York and which you are 'ain to gratefully remember once you have 'partaken of it. With increasing kindness he went on: "The fish, uv cose, beln' so nigh tuh State uv Fuhglinia, sub, yuh will find this black bass about tuh bes' fish in the world. Some uv our visitors like our Fuhglinia shad, but faw me, give me tuh bass, sub. I kin recommend him as eatable."

A Potomac River bass is not to be defiled when the cook has known and loved his work, and when a Virginia gentleman has offered it with such evident pride and such pleasing grace. So one must perforce eat and return thanks. But— "And now, sub." He actually came

What Lincoln Really Said.

"G ALLAGHAN," said the Fat Man, as the former came into the car at Twenty-ninth street and adjusted his coat tails about him as he slowly settled down on the seat, "Callaghan, how is it you are out late these nights?"

Callaghan nodded to the Crab Man, doffed his hat ceremoniously to the Chorus girl, winked at the New Yorker fraternally, and saluted the Brooklynite with an air of encouragement before he deigned to look at Fatty, and then he said with much dignity:

"Fatty, did you ever hear what that great and noble American, Abraham Lincoln, said to the little chap, who was by the way of being about your size, Fatty, who asked him how long a man's legs ought to be?"

"Search me," said Fatty, who went off into a gale of laughter. "Long enough to pull," murmured the Chorus Girl, with her baby stare.

"This talk about the Klondike makes me sick," observed the Nevanian, who has taken to the late cars for liking of the company. "Con. Virginia stoped out more ore in a year than Dawson."

"Abraham Lincoln says to the little man, when he asked him how long should a man's legs be, he says, says he— "Deep sea food?" inquired the Crab Man of the North Washington square party who boarded the car at Del's.

"They've just had terrapin," remarked the Chorus Girl in an aside to Crabby. "Don't bother them." "With a cold bottle on the side," said the New Yorker, and then added fervently, "My city, 'tis of thee," "What did he say, Callaghan?" inquired Fatty anxiously.

"Who said?" asked Callaghan, somewhat inclined to slumber. "Lincoln." "It was when a stubby chap like Fatty, there, says to the great and noble Lincoln, says he, he says, 'Mr. President,' says he, 'how long should a man's legs?'" "I never care to wander from my island home," hummed the New Yorker, which surprised the North Washington square people so much that the gentleman of the party did not observe that his white gloves had mysteriously adhered to Crabby's fingers and been deposited in his shirt front.

around the table and leaned over my chair in his extreme solicitude. "Now, sub, we come tuh sumpin' evah gemman is bouh tuh respec'. Yuh like game uv cose, evah gemman does. Game is tuh wuh yuh have just had as roses tuh uv sweet lady; not mo' beautiful, but just swappin' smiles with one 'nothah an' addin' tuh tuh gen'ral joy."

Game, sub, is game anywah, but beln' so nigh tuh State uv Fuhglinia I might say I can offer yuh sumpin' yuh kahn' get no-whah else in the world. I refer tuh the canvassback, sub, the royal bird of Fuhglinia; with tuh red of the ole soil on his feet; tuh yellah uv tuh frost-leaves on his bill, an' tuh whitecaps uv tuh Chesapeake on his back—'thah's him.

"Some folks like quail at this season, but quail ain't apuck, an' newah was, Othah folks think Spring chicken is fitten tuh eat now, but, sub, it's ma pun'd exp'ience 'thah' when uh chicken has riz tuh 'thah' age whah he has tuh stoop tuh uv undah tuh fence, he ain' no loughh tuh propah mattenh uv uh gemman's regard. We will say tuh duck, sixteen minits an' no sauce."

Have you ever, in the course of this troubled life, sat you down at the end of a gray November day, heard the wind whistle around the house, heard the trees moan, saw the earth grow drear and sad with the falling shades, and, sitting so, put a knife into the breast of a sugary "can," "sixteen minutes and no sauce?" Then you know that you have reached the limit of gastronomy. Nothing should ever follow a "can" nothing of moment, at least. It is sufficient unto itself and to you. A little coffee, perhaps, a sip of warming cognac; no more. And then memories and peace.

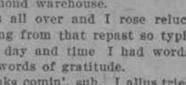
My Virginian rose to his utmost endeavor with the duck. It was the embodiment of his tradition, his breeding, his birthright, the link which bound him to his glorious past; his demonstration of his proud, though poverty-stricken present. He talked as I ate; talked with a certain touch of pathos in his voice, so sacred were his thoughts.

"Tain' evah day yuh meets uh gemman wuh 'preciates hissef' in tuh mattenh uv duck. But beln' so nigh tuh State uv Fuhglinia I reckon yuh mus' have had one uv tuh right sawt befo'. Mos' evahbody knows uh steak or uh chop or uh slice uv red lam, but duck, like hopes uv Heaven, belongs tuh but few. Ole Majah Wainright, uv Richmond, ustah say 'thah' he could alius tell uh gemman by his faw his mothah and his respec' faw tuh duck; an' 'thah' Majah was hissef' uh gemman wuh lived many good years on them lines."

It was with regret that he saw me finish the bird. It was a good deal of a bird, too, but hardly less welcome was the rumbling tribute to the canvassback. The coffee was brought, the cigar was alight, and then, to close the incident, this Virginia gentleman served a biting brandy, which he was forced to confess did not come from the State of Virginia, but which he acknowledged had gained a power of good through long storage in a Richmond warehouse.

When it was all over and I rose reluctant but glowing from that repast so typical of another day and time I had words upon my lips, words of gratitude. "Ain' no thanks comin', sub. I allus tries tuh keep uh reputation uv ma State. I've been waitin' on tuh table evah since I was uv pickaninny, an' I'm sayin' 'thah' an' anothah nighah in tuh State uv Fuhglinia wuh can serve uh gemman bettah."

"Thank yuh, sub, thank yuh, thank yuh. Is yuh comin' 'roun' tuh-morrow night?" CHARLES E. TREVATHAN.



"Nan in the City," by Myra Sawyer Hamilton—Roberts Brothers, Boston, publishers—has one thing to commend it, that is, it introduces its readers to some phases of the unknown life of Brooklyn. This book, too, is a sequel to a previous one by the same author, "Nan's Summer with the Boys at Camp Chicopee," and the story is told in quite a readable fashion, but here, too, the closing chapters get Nan engaged to one of the "boys" with whom she has summered at Camp Chicopee. Engagements of girls and boys not yet out of school are reprehensible practices, either in books or real life, which cannot be too strongly condemned. And yet it is just this kind of thing, clothed in chapters of sickly sentimentality, that I find in so many books that are, apparently, written for children of tender years.

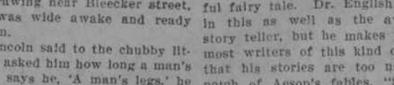
It is a relief to turn from trash like the above to "Prince Uno, Uncle Frank's Visit to Fairyland"—Doubleday & McClure, publishers—a little book in which "Uncle Frank" has put a collection of charming fancies into fairy tales so delicate and so really fairy-tale as to fascinate any child who has not yet outgrown fairyland. These stories of Prince Uno and the Wave Riders, the Leaf Riders and the Bubble Riders and their friends of Weebore, which were told to beguile a day of crisis in the illness of a little invalid, will beguile the sick days or well days of many other boys and girls and are thoroughly charming fairy tales.

I cannot say as much as this for Dr. Thomas Dunn English's "Fairy Stories and Wonder Tales," published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. Dr. English, as everybody knows, is responsible for "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," but perhaps everybody does not know that, besides being a playwright, novelist and journalist, Dr. English "produced many contributions to Child Literature," as the preface states. I do not know just why Child Literature should be capitalized, but as it is so far away from real literature—as usually written—if a capital or two can give it dignity I am sure they are well bestowed. Dr. English's fairy tales have been previously published in various children's periodicals. However, were I a boy picking up a book of fairy stories, with such thinly disguised morsels as "King Useful," "Prince Labour," "Enchanter Slott," staring at me from its pages, I should throw the book down immediately with no further interest in its contents, for really good fairy stories do not have their morals so self-evident, and the very best, I think, have no morals at all. It requires a delicate fancy and a very wide imagination to write a successful fairy tale. Dr. English has succeeded in this as well as he makes the mistake of this story teller, but this kind of literature is most writers are too nearly a hotch-potch of Aesop's fables, "Science Stories for Young Readers," that reprehensible product of which I have spoken, the child's novel—with a little leaven of the traditional fairy tale thrown in.

"Absolute Test." [Aitchison Globe.] A genuine hempecked blunderer is one who will let his wife try her essays on him before she reads them before her literary club.

The Constitution. [Detroit News.] Owing to certain imperfections in the Constitution it is still necessary to have a cumbersome and expensive body of 357 men to record the will of Speaker Reed.

Keep Tab Just the Same. [Washington Post.] The press reports keep tab on the number of ducks shot by Mr. Bryan, regardless of the fact that another man was elected President.



-Rain, warmer; north-east winds.