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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Our Mission in the Philippines.

A correspondent evidently deeply in earnest sends us this vehement communication:

The American people cry halt! Their religion is justice and liberty eternally for all. The American people demand freedom of speech, government and religious liberty for all inhabitants of every place involved in the Spanish war, irrespective of any schemes of military, naval or political leaders. This is the constant, simple thought of a common young American—proud of his country's history up to this crisis. Is it not really the inward thought of all? Are we to press forward and fight into submission and subjection the very people we are all ready to risk our lives to aid and elevate?

JAMES C. MILLS.

156 Cypress street, Brookline, Mass.

It is because the American people have all the high ideals and the benevolent desires with which our correspondent credits them that they will not cry "halt" to those who are carrying civilization in their name into the dark places of the earth. Granted that they want all the people from whom their arms have lifted the yoke of Spain to enjoy:

Justice.
Liberty.
Freedom of speech.
Freedom of government.
Freedom of religion.

How are those ends to be attained?

There is nobody in the Philippines, whether of Tagalo, Visaya, Negrito or Spanish race, who has had any practical experience of any of these things. The men of Lexington, with whom it pleases some of our anti-expansionist theorists to compare Aguinaldo and his followers, had behind them the inherited force of thousands of years of more or less complete self-government.

History has no record of a time when the ancestors of the American revolutionists were not practiced in the conduct of public affairs. They were free when Caesar caught glimpses of them as barbarous tribes in the forests of Germany; they were free when the wave of Teutonic invasion broke against the legions of Marius, and there is no reason to suppose that they had ever been anything but free from the time when they first migrated from the prehistoric home of the Aryan race.

But all the inherited traditions of the jumble of races that inhabit the Philippines are of oppression—civil, religious, political and social. Even-handed justice has been unknown. The right of every man to do as he pleases so long as he does not interfere with the rights of his neighbors is a conception totally beyond the horizon of a mind enveloped in the atmosphere of mixed Spanish and Oriental tyranny.

To ask men brought up under such conditions to establish a free, just and orderly government is to demand a miracle. The thing is grossly unfair. Such an attempt, without guidance, could end in nothing but speedy and disastrous failure.

The condition of Hayti is a photograph of the condition of the Philippines as it would be if the people of those islands were abandoned to their self-constituted rulers. One of the fairest regions of the West Indies has been reduced from prosperity to barbarism and anarchy, and it is steadily going backward. The same results would follow a similar experiment in the Philippines. Certainly there is no more to be hoped from a government founded by Aguinaldo than from one founded by Toussaint L'Ouverture.

If we want to secure justice and liberty for the Filipinos, the one thing that must be avoided is the abandonment of the people to the unrestrained control of their ambitious leaders. The only conception these men can have of government is what they have learned from Spain. It means power for themselves—subjection for everybody else. Our work is to teach the ideas of equal rights for all. Under our just and kindly guidance the people of the Philippines—all of them, not merely the handful that happen to have pushed themselves to the front and seized upon power—will learn to govern themselves.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

Yes, they undoubtedly got a capital show for their money, those men, those "sports," who paid fancy prices for seats to see Mr. "Kid" McCoy introduce his ideas of fist-fighting to Mr. Thomas Sharkey. A capital show! They saw a man who is so near the anthropoid ape that the difference is scarcely perceptible, whom Darwin might have hailed with delight as the missing link, thump into insensibility a young man who, with proper surroundings, would have made a capital tailor, or shoemaker, or candlestick maker.

Nature did not shape this Norman Selby, whose "nom de ring" of Kid McCoy has never fitted him, for a fighter. He has the brute instinct undoubtedly. No fighter of the present generation has a more gallingly malicious and sarcastic facial expression when in the ring. That's all. McCoy's physique might have made him a great runner, walker, jumper or athlete of some kind, for he is as lithe and active as a panther, but it is forcing nature out of her proper sphere to try so to supplement frailty of physique with fistic science as to enable such a one as McCoy to encounter successfully a hulking chunk of humanity such as Sharkey is and John L. Sullivan was.

Maybe there's some useful lesson in this fight. Maybe it is timely that we should be shown that nature will not submit to be twisted and turned beyond a certain point.

Sharkey is of the kind that one perforce supposes to have been sent into the world to become professional fighters. One cannot see what else they are good for. McCoy is not. He might have been a respectable mechanic or tradesman, and in some way done credit to the parents who brought him into the world. Then he would never have undergone the degradation of being everlastingly licked by such a simian mass of muscle as the ex-sailor.

Science is most excellent in its way, but nature has her say once in a while.

VERY KIND OF THE SENATE.

In executive session yesterday the United States Senate, with becoming gravity, decided to print the Peace Treaty and remove the seal of secrecy from it. Without going into executive session or indulging in any of the ponderous formality of the Senate the Journal removed the seal of secrecy from the Peace Treaty by printing it on the 1st day of January, four days before the President sent it to the Senate, and ten days before the Senate determined to take the public into its confidence.

In the interim the Journal printed the complete official verbatim report in Spanish and English of every session of the Peace Commissioners, with the protocol and treaty in full, making a book of over two hundred pages. This volume was sent with the compliments of the Journal to United States Senators and Representatives, Governors of States and members of legislatures.

Senator Berry gave notice to the Senate yesterday that he would move to discuss the treaty in open session—a very sensible conclusion indeed. A document of such importance should not be considered behind closed doors.

The Journal's unparalleled feat of printing the official text of the Peace Treaty four days before it reached the Senate and while it was still being sacredly guarded by the President and the Peace Commissioners, must have convinced the Senators that any further attempt to enmesh that treaty in the web of red tape would border on the ridiculous.

A JUDGE'S FATAL ERROR.

In providing luxurious reclining chairs for the Grangers of Mount Vernon who are called upon to sit as jurors Judge Schatz runs the peril of making a grave mistake. Jurors are slow enough as it is in reaching a correct decision, without increasing their temptations to dally and talk the thing over indefinitely. In a jury trial in Long Island City not long ago the jurors were fed at the best hotel in town and regaled with fifty-cent cigars and real champagne. After they had been out eighty hours the Judge found out that they were too happy ever to reach a decision that would deprive them of such luxuries. He cut off their supplies and gave them hard beds to sleep on, and they came in with a verdict of guilty in six minutes and ten seconds after a waiter refused to "set 'em up again."

Judge Schatz says he expects prompter verdicts on account of the arm chairs. That's where he is in error, and should overrule himself. He wont get any verdicts at all. No Mount Vernon juror will forsake the rocking chair or the hammock that Judge Schatz puts him in to return to the farm and the laborious occupation of rooting up tree stumps.

SPORT AND MANHOOD.

It is fair to raise the question whether we of the present generation are as good sportsmen—taking that word in its fullest and best interpretation—as our sires and grandsires. Maybe it is merely a matter of dollars and cents, but the fact remains that to the rising generation the innocuous and inexpensive pastime afforded by the golf links seems to appeal more forcibly than the attractions of the hunting field, the polo ground or the steeplechase course.

Were it not for men who have reached or are nearing middle age, and who have in a great majority of cases given hostages to fortune, the hunting field would be a barren waste. The glories of Cedarhurst and old Jerome Park, when men who were equally at home in a cotillion contended against each other "between the flags," have never been approached in the last decade. Polo has fared somewhat better, and yet there are too many veterans who have been taking an active part in the game since it gained a footing in this country some twenty years ago still prominent as players to leave a genuinely satisfactory idea as to the athletic prowess of our latter day men.

The "new woman" has come in for more than her share of satire and fun-making, but in the field of sports she has made herself a reality. She cannot very well play polo. On the steeplechase course she would be an impossibility outside the pages of a Hawley Smart novel, but in the hunting field, where convention has recognized her eligibility, she has more than held her own.

The experiences of 1898 prove that the virile qualities of the American man have not deteriorated, and yet it would be scarcely advisable to leave to the female line the task of infusing into the blood of coming generations the love of that outdoor life of sport and adventure that has done so much to make the English speaking race what it is. The hero of Waterloo wanted fox hunters for his officers, and while the quality of gray matter may have improved since Arthur Wellesley was in his prime, no better judge of what goes to give a man decision of character and true virility has yet been discovered.

The hard drinking, hard riding squires of a century ago would have been "fair 'mazed" in the whirl of modern affairs, but they had a tough quality that has stood their descendants in good stead. That this fibre should be lost would be ten thousand pities. It made the fighters of Balaclava, of Omdurman, of Santiago, of our own great civil war, of a hundred and one battles, great and small. It should not be denied to posterity.

NO POLYGAMY IN AMERICA.

The Newark Presbytery, at a special meeting on Monday, adopted resolutions denouncing the revival of polygamy and adding:

Resolved, That the Presbytery of Newark, representing the interests of the Presbyterian Church at large in the city of Newark and County of Essex, N. J., urges all people in our city and State who favor law, order, morality, to unite in a memorial to Congress, petitioning that body to propose an amendment to the Federal Constitution and submit the same to the Legislatures of the several States, defining legal marriages as monogamic and forbidding polygamy under whatever guise it may exist.

Resolved, That this Presbytery protests against the seating of Mr. Roberts as a member of our next Congress, inasmuch as he is believed to represent in his own person the most offensive features of the immoral Mormon system.

These resolutions embody the sentiments of all decent Americans, whatever their religious belief. Now that the railroad, the telegraph and the progress of settlement have destroyed the isolation of Utah, and brought the Mormon stronghold into direct contact with American life, tolerance of the abhorrent institution represented by Roberts becomes impossible.

Think of the pure happiness of the American home, the husband and wife wrapped in mutual love and confidence, and the children looking up with perfect faith to the parents that represent to them all that is noblest on earth, and then imagine it giving way to the hideous complications of a Mormon harem.

Picture a polygamous family—the husband distributing his days among jealous, wrangling wives, visiting each in turn, as he would go from one mistress to another, the women living in a hell of mutual envy and hatred, the children destitute of all true respect for their parents. Better the Turkish seraglio, where the women are frankly slaves, accustomed to accept with gratitude whatever favors their master may choose to bestow upon them.

It was not without reason that the early Republican party linked slavery and polygamy as "twin relics of barbarism." Polygamy cannot be tolerated among a people whose women are free. The nation that permits a man to hold a plurality of wives must in consistency allow him to treat them as chattels.

The Journal's Advertising Patronage.

[Nashville American.]

The New York Journal is booming. Its advertising patronage is becoming something enormous, and it is now necessary to issue from twelve to sixteen pages on week days and no end of pages on Sunday. So much for "An American Paper for the American People."

"Blustering" Brooke and "Shuffling" Shafter.

[Concord (N. H.) Patriot.]

The New York Journal well says: "At a time when our interests in Cuba demand the exercise of the highest order of executive skill it is particularly unfortunate that a second Shafter should arise in the person of the blustering Brooke to offend and estrange the Cubans." It seems to have been "nominated in the bond," however, that Alger should have his way in all things, and he has it in the elevation of the "blustering Brooke," as well as the shuffling Shaffer. Neither is qualified for any important command.

Altogether Unique.

"I fought in the Spanish war!" he exclaimed.

The world heard him indifferently, albeit courteously.

"I have never written my version of it for any magazine!" the man protested.

Now the world pressed nearer and contemplated him with deep interest, being convinced that he spoke truly and that the unique distinction he claimed was indeed his.—Detroit Journal.

Hairpin.

Here the queen of Egypt and the Roman proconsul parted.

"I've no use for you!" exclaimed Cleopatra, scornfully.

"No, I'm not that kind of a hairpin!" sneered the old Octavius.

This bit of history goes to show that, after all, every hairpin is not all things to all women, the popular notion to the contrary notwithstanding.—Detroit Journal.

Halted.

"Stop, or I'll shoot!" called out the policeman.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the malefactor, nor paused in his flight.

"Stop," the policeman now shouted, thoroughly incensed, "or I'll shoot at random!"

Here the malefactor halted at once, for even to such as he life is sweet.—Detroit Journal.

The Wrong of It.

The Sultan's eighteenth wife bade her importunate lover to be patient; she would not listen to his proposal to steal her away forthwith.

"I was purchased on the instalment plan," she protested, firmly, "and it would be wrong to remove me from the premises before I'm paid for!"

What impresses the traveller most is the refined sense of those Oriental persons.—Detroit Journal.

The Difference.

Little Harry—Papa, what's the difference between a financier and an economist?

Papa—An economist will walk three squares to save a nickel. A financier will hop on a car and beat somebody out of a quarter while riding these three squares.—Cleveland Leader.

Something New in Fractions.

"Pa, is a man's wife called his better half?"

"Yes, my son."

"Then each of Mr. Roberts's three wives would be a better sixth, wouldn't she?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER'S CHATTER.

It was certainly a most graceful act for Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., to postpone her first reception when she heard of the death of her husband's aunt, Mrs. William Fearing Gill. The Gwynnes have not been too kind to either young Cornelius or his wife, and in fact Mrs. Cornelius, Jr., hardly knew them.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., gave an allowance to each of the two sisters of his wife, and secured a very good position for Mr. Edgar Sheppard, one of his brothers-in-law, who has become, with his wife, quite prominent in fashionable New York life of late.

Mrs. Fearing Gill did not make as happy a match, and as she had always more or less Bohemian proclivities and had on several occasions aired her marital troubles in public, the Cornelius Vanderbilts, Sr., were very willing that she should have stayed on the other side.

I do not know whether Mr. Gill was with her at the time of her death. He had interested himself in peace congresses and other such enterprises, and was one of the promoters of the scheme to send Miss Schley to the Queen Regent of Spain last Summer.

In fact, the Gills, with their literature and projects of all sorts, were rather thorns in the Vanderbilts' sides.

Before the Gwynne "girls" were married they would be met at the Vanderbilts' on great occasions only. The wedding of Miss Gwynne and Fearing Gill, who was a theatrical agent and writer, was a very extraordinary affair, and did not meet with the approval of Cornelius; and as the Gills were more or less dependent on his bounty, they were afraid to be even friendly with the young Vanderbilts.

When an Astor dies who is not on the best terms with the other Astors the other part of the family not so deeply afflicted have always celebrated the event by giving a dinner.

When Ogden Goelet died the Gerrys, his cousins, entertained, and so on through the entire scale, not forgetting the Fish episode of last Summer.

It was therefore all the more decent that Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who has seen such precedent in her set as to mourning, should do what she has done. The death of Mrs. Gill will stop for a time the entertaining by the Cornelius Vanderbilts, and it is really a misfortune to society. With such an example people were getting ready to give dances by the myriads, and the Winter has promised to continue very gay indeed.

"Lakewood Hotel, Jan. 6.

"My Dear Cholly:

"We are not all buried in snow down here. You should come on and follow the hounds. We have two runs a week. It is the same jolly crowd, and Mrs. Robbins Walker is the leader of one set. The Goulds are here off and on, except when they take it into their heads to run up to town for the opera.

"I have been living an absolute out of door life, playing golf and riding and driving. We have had theatricals at the Lakewood Hotel Theatre, and the Neapolitan Quartet gave us an excellent concert on New Year's Day at the Lakewood.

"In the beginning of the week the skating was excellent.

"The other evening there was the annual ball at the Lakewood, and it was certainly a delightful affair. The ballroom was a blaze of light and charmingly decorated. The walls were hung with festoons and wreaths of laurel, and banks of palms, ferns, pines and other foliage plants were grouped in the corners of the windows and on the stage.

"The roof of the hall represented a huge spider web. The arrangement was made with smilax, and it was done so as to effect the first figure of the cotillion. The fly had to be unravelled and the dancers went round and round with their long streamers of smilax until the scene was most picturesque.

"Possibly the most novel figure was the golfers, and it was extremely popular. There were two men to each lady. The fair golfers were armed with golf bags. To their partners they gave the choice of being caddies, and presented the bags for them to carry while they danced with a new partner. The old partners acting as caddies and the favored ones all entered into the spirit of the dance, and it was most amusing. In fact the ball was so late that dancing did not cease until after three.

"I send you the names of the patronesses, as I know you will be interested. They were Mrs. James J. Jourdan, Mrs. Wesley Harper, Mrs. E. W. Inslee, Mrs. C. S. Rees, Mrs. H. B. Platt, Mrs. G. D. Russell and Mrs. G. D. Moore. While the Reception Committee were General James J. Jourdan, Colonel J. G. Moore, Messrs. E. W. Inslee, H. B. Platt, G. D. Russell, H. K. Borroughs, A. W. Evarts and C. S. Rees. Yours truly,

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

KIPLING TO BOB EVANS.

Kipling sent Captain Robley D. Evans, of the Iowa, a set of his works, and with them these verses:

Zogbaum draws with a pencil,
And I do things with a pen,
But you sit up in a conning tower
Bossing eight hundred men.

Zogbaum takes care of his business,
And I take care of mine;
But you take care of ten thousand tons,
Sky-hooting through the brine.

Zogbaum can handle his shadows,
And I can handle my style;
But you can handle a ten-inch gun
To carry seven mile.

THE DE RESZKE OF 14TH STREET.

IT was at the book department of a big store not ten blocks from the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Mamie and Sadie were behind the counter. I was in front, attempting to buy a recent publication. I was as meek as Moses, but chewing the cud of impatience.

"Oh, Mame," Sadie was saying, "I went to see him last night, and he was just too cute for anything. I laughed, and I cried, until I was weak. I wouldn't have missed him for a five-dollar bill."

"He hasn't changed," retorted Mame, with what seemed like a tinge of jealousy in her voice, "Don't think that you've made a discovery. He was just as good last season, and the season before. He sings new songs, of course. Say, Sadie, how did you like 'My Wild Irish Rose?'"

"Have you got Mrs. Humphry Ward's"— I heard my poor, little, wheezy voice apologetically making an effort to be heard.

"Joe's going to take me again Saturday night," cried Mamie to Sadie.

"Well, I like that! I've got seats again for Friday," retorted Sadie to Mamie.

Then they saw me, and made a wry face. They were up in the clouds with their Chauncey, and I brought them to earth again. But my cup of Olcott was not full. When I got home to dinner, my fat cook met me, and hoped I wasn't going to the theatre that night. "You'll have to put up with a cold dinner," she said, "for I'm booked to see Mr. Chauncey Olcott to-night. I always go several times during his New York season. I make that understood at all my places." It was rather discouraging. Still, we all have our pet plays, and pet theatres, and pet actors, and it is quite meet that Sarah Jane should get her whiff of theatrical relaxation. The attraction at the Fourteenth Street Theatre has set all Fourteenth street agog, and the Jean de Reszke of downtown is thriving, as usual, with the adoration of a thousand feminine hearts that beat beneath non-decollete robes, and beat none the less fervently for that. I'm not enough of a crank to wish that Mamie and Sadie were less enthusiastic.

Chauncey has a new play written by his own Maurice Grau—a deft person known in Tipperary play-lore as Augustus Pitou. It is called "A Romance of Athlone," and there is no reason on earth why it shouldn't be so called. Chauncey doesn't depend upon the titles of his plays. They rather lean upon him. But he demands a certain brand of drama, that Shakespeare himself couldn't have penned, and that would be regarded by M. Sardou as somewhat lacking in situations.

Chauncey makes his first appearance wearing a dog and a child. I don't believe that he would dare to come upon the stage of the Fourteenth Street Theatre without the dog and the child. It would be considered indecent of him. Plus the dog and the child, Chauncey is always doubly fortified. When Mr. Pitou's motive is inclined to take a nap, Chauncey turns to the child and says, "Little one, how would you like me to sing you a song?" And the little one, who is really very well trained, and is, of course, not expressing its own personal inclinations, remarks, "Yes, please." And then Chauncey sings. After that he plays with the dog, and while the villain and "supporting company" are acting for all they are worth Chauncey strokes doggie and makes in the language of Mamie and Sadie—"the cutest and sweetest of pictures."

In "A Romance of Athlone" all this occurs at the appointed time and in the appointed way. It

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.
(Photo by Falk.)

is all led up to by the appointed "situations" and eked out by the appointed climaxes. Nobody is disappointed. Everybody, in fact, is delighted at finding it all so charmingly and insistently, as it ever was! And Chauncey is dressed in the clothes of 1800, which reveal the shape to which Fourteenth street loves to do homage. And he wear a wig that permits two little sausage-like curls to trickle down the nape of his neck.

Now, even if I thought evil things of "A Romance of Athlone"—which I don't, by a very long way—I think I should be tempted to beat about the bush a little before I got myself everlastingly disliked by the Fourteenth street lassies. I have no intention of achtely criticising Mr. Pitou's play. I reserve all my impudence for apropos occasions. "A Romance of Athlone" needs no explanation. It speaks for itself. Most Irish plays of this sort do, and Mr. Olcott-plus-dog-plus-child is not one of those foolish adventurers who seek the will o' the wisp of originality. Mr. Olcott-plus-dog-plus-child is a gold mine in himself.

In the new play he is the half-brother of the villain, and he loves a pretty heiress who likes to look over the fields and see the golden stacks of corn waving in the wind, and who hates to walk over the grass for fear of crushing it. The villain has had an "affair" with a beautiful gypsy, and he has behaved so contemptibly that dear Chauncey is almost paralyzed with horror at the knowledge that this was his brother! He rescues the lovely little child from a fatal conspiracy, and in the last act he fights a duel in the most reckless manner. As stage heroes are always absolutely obliged to win every fight in which they engage, they can, of course, afford to be reckless.

But, in spite of all, "A Romance of Athlone" is the right play in the right place. It is perhaps the best thing that Chauncey has had, and he sings like a bird—far better than that annoying squab which chirrups in the trees for Olga Nethersole in "The Termagant." The list of his ditties—please excuse me for calling them ditties—includes "Many Years Ago" (it doesn't refer to Chauncey's babyhood); "We'll drown it in the bowl," a rather stirring drinking song; "Olcott's Lullaby," a fetching thing with an easy bass, sung to me-child; "The Irish Swell," and "My Wild Irish Rose" (don't make it "Nose"). The actor's voice is certainly a delightful organ. I am quite serious in the statement that I know of nobody who could warble these ditties as he does. It is a "sympathetic" voice, a voice with a nice, all-silk quality—a voice to revel in. As an actor Chauncey—er—er—well, you see—er—he really—er—er—and won much applause.

Olive White and Grace Freeman, two pretty and reverent young women, helped to surround him with the necessary atmosphere. Etta Baker Martin played a gentle dame with suave effect, and Mr. Dustin Farnum was sufficiently evil to justify Mr. Olcott in all that he did, if he needed any justification.

Daniel Gilfether was a bluff person with a title, and Luke Martin was another bluff person without one. Mrs. Lizzie Washburne and J. C. Hickey appeared as a couple of "retainers" slightly addicted to comedy, but quite ready to stand round when Mr. Olcott showed symptoms of singing.

The dog stood round and acted its part with complete naturalness. The animal never grows restive and stands its plaintive master remarkably well. One of these days, I suppose, it will "star" jointly with Chauncey.

ALAN DALE.

DAYS OF MIRACLES NOT OVER.

Paris, Jan. 11.—Two physicians of repute, Drs. Tuffier and Hallion, declare that unless there is an injury to some vital organ it is possible to restore life to a dead body. More than this, they claim to have wrought this miracle, and their standing is such that their brothers in medicine and surgery dare not pronounce their claim as absurd.

Making the Dead to Rise.

THE scientific world is awaiting with breathless anxiety the results of experiments now being made by Drs. Tuffier and Hallion. What has thus far been published in the Semaine Medicale and verified by facts, though far from having attained the sanguine ambition of the experimenters, gives hope of a gradual victory over disease and death.

The ambition of Drs. Tuffier and Hallion is nothing less than the resuscitation of dead bodies. In unsheathing their swords against the terrible destruction of the grim reaper, they do not presume to overthrow the time-honored belief of Christianity and other religions that sin is the primary cause of death. To the ancient exclamation of the rabbis, "O death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory," they also respond with Paul, the apostle, "Death is the wages of sin."

But all this does not deter them from battling against the premature onslaughts of the grim reaper, and they say that in any case where the vital members of a body, those that are indispensable to the maintenance of life, are still in a normal state after death, science will finally be able to renew life.

The success of Drs. Tuffier and Hallion means a revolution in medical science.

Think of the joys of parents to whom science would restore their offspring of whom they have been robbed by premature deaths and of the millions who after having expired in the bloom of life will be snatched from an early grave!

Thus far these energetic physicians have only experimented with two beings—a young man and a dog. Sad to say the young man only lived two hours after resuscitation, while the dog is still alive and promises to live to an old age.

The case of the young man was a patient, twenty-five years of age, who had been subjected to an operation for peritonitis. The results of the operation took their normal course, but on the fourth day he suddenly swooned away and died. Drs. Tuffier and Hallion were called in, and they at once set to work to induce artificial respiration, while for hours a rhythmical movement of the tongue and a ceaseless rubbing of the muscles was kept up. Several other details of the resuscitating methods were executed, with the result that the blood began to move in the arteries, and the patient to open his eyes. Three or four minutes afterward the heart grew still again, and the treatment was again applied. This time the patient lived for an hour, though he was very weak and unconscious. Despite a third attempt to revive the young man, he died, and the doctors relented in the hope of having better luck with other corpses.

The case of the dog was that of a little puppy which had been drowned. It belonged to a friend of Dr. Hallion, who determined to restore it alive to its mistress.

It took four hours to resuscitate the dog, but the doctor feels proud of his achievement, and promises to perfect the new method.

Making the Blind to See.

Minneapolis, Jan. 11.—The operation on the eyes of a blind girl performed by Dr. C. H. Kohler, in which was involved the transfer of parts of a living rabbit's eyes to the blind sockets of the girl has been pronounced a success, and it is believed the girl's sight will be restored. She had been blind in one eye for fifteen years, and totally blind for six years.

THE transferrence of the eye of an animal to the socket of a human being to restore sight has been one of the dreams of surgery. As far as appearances go the operation has been successfully performed a number of times; the eye—usually that of a rabbit—grew into place, and the muscles united, but never was the patient able to see. It was a better substitute than a glass eye, but of no more use as far as vision goes. The optic nerve of the human being and the animal refused to make practical connection. In the case of Dr. Kohler's patient it was not necessary to substitute the whole of the rabbit's eye. The patient, a young woman about thirty years old, whose home is in North Dakota, lost the sight of one eye fifteen years ago. Soon after the other eye was attacked sympathetically. Every effort was made to arrest the progress of the disease, but without avail, and six years ago the young woman resigned herself to absolute and, as the doctors told her, hopeless blindness.

When Dr. Kohler resolved on the desperate expedient of the rabbit's eyes he called in a number of other physicians and surgeons and asked them for their views. Almost without exception they pronounced it useless, but admitted that the attempt could do no harm. It was decided to operate on the eye that had been blind fifteen years. The patient was carefully prepared for the operation, then both the woman and the animal were put under the influence of chloroform. Special instruments had been constructed with which to excise the eyes. The whole front of the diseased member was then removed. The corresponding part from the rabbit's eye was substituted for the excised portion; the lid was carefully pulled over and the eye was bandaged so that there could be no motion of the lid and no light could penetrate to the wounded organ. Of course all aseptic measures possible were taken. For a week the doctors waited. Then they made an examination. To all appearances the original and the grafted portion of the eye had united perfectly, and the girl could distinguish light from dark. She was not permitted to test her vision for the time being.

The success had been so signal that the second eye was immediately operated on. It was in much worse condition, and nearly the whole eye had to be removed and the rabbit's eye substituted.

As yet no examination of the second eye has been made, lest the healing process be interfered with. The surgeons can hardly contain their impatience. The operating surgeon believes that the success will be equally signal, and the doctors who were so doubtful are now sure of the success of both operations, and declare the girl will see.

THYS FRIEND ATTE LAKEWOOD WRITETH HIM A LETTER.

To him that hath shall be given.
And that's why these books are sent
To the man who has lived more stories
Than Zogbaum or I could invent.

MEN OF THE MINUTE—NO. 4.

Joseph H. Choate, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Great Britain.

Scene—Any old street in New York. (Enter Russell Sage, R. U. E. A pause. Enter Joe Choate, L. I. E.)

RUSSELL SAGE (loquitur, as Choate passes)—Ha ha!—he's got the appointment! Ambassador to England, he-he! I suppose I'm the only man who is really glad he's got it. How wonderful are the workings of a beneficent Providence! He's good for two years at least, and that Laidlaw suit will just rest as easily as a poached egg on a piece of toast until he returns. And a few days ago my only hope was that I could hold it off until I died and thereby win out!

'Tis an ill wind, etc., as Kipling says.

(Exit whistling "He Cer'nly Was Good to Me.")

RICHARD BRINSLEY M'DOUGALL.

ALAN DALE ON THE "ROMANCE OF ATHLONE."

TWO RECENT MARVELS OF MODERN SURGERY.