

How the Theatre Hat Law Works In Ohio Playhouses.

"Section 1. Be it enacted, by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio: That any owner, lessee, proprietor or manager of any theatre, hall, opera house or any such building where theatrical or other performances are given, who admits an admission fee is charged, who permits or suffers any person or persons during the performance in such theatre, hall, opera house or building where such performance is given, to wear a hat sufficiently large to obstruct the view of persons sitting behind her shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall upon conviction be fined not more than ten nor less than two dollars. Every hat permitted to be worn in violation of the law will constitute a separate offense.

Ohio has forced a fashion to give money law the precedence, and it is all because of the theatre hat.

Everybody knows that the elaborate achievements of the milliner, for which the heads of fashionable women form testing places, are a nuisance in a theatre. They have caused more heartburnings, more amateur pugilism, more sarcasm than anything outside of the joys of life that people find in a playhouse.

The State of McKinley and the wool grower has, from a figurative standpoint, sat down upon all this. All feminine hats must go in the theatres. Even that love of a bonnet that Horv Green wore and the Journal told about Easter Sunday, might be considered out of place in an Ohio theatre without a total suspension of the rules.

The Legislature has cast the die and Senator Fosdick's anti-female hat law is on the statute books. This is one instance where man had both the first and last word, for no woman could say anything that counted when the roll was called on the final passage of the measure. There were tears, to be sure, in the galleries; there are said to have been remarks made in the homes of some of the Legislators that were as vigorous as anything Mrs. Caville ever said. But the mischief had been done. The high hat must go.

It may not have been any worse in the theatres of Ohio than at other places, but when it comes to legislation or office-holding, as Mayor Strout will admit, the Ohio man is very much in evidence. He may be a weakling and a troublemaker to feminine wiles in private, but in the halls of legislation he is a veritable lion.

So it is that the patrons of Ohio's theatres now have an unobstructed view of the stage for the first time in many years. The queerest feature of it all, too, is the attitude assumed by the women. They declare they have always really been in favor of such a practice, but that there has been no one to take the initiative, and that no one liked to give.

Where It Is a Crime to Wear a Big Hat.



Here Are Some Good Luck Omens for Journal Readers

It's lucky to have a stray dog follow you. Never chase a black cat. If you do you'll drive away luck. It's lucky to put on your left shoe first. A wart or mole on the left side of your neck is a good omen; it means riches. It's lucky to bump against a stranger on the streets. It means that you will unexpectedly hear of good news. If you would have good luck throughout the day, baffle your evil genius by saying the following words immediately after rising in the morning: "Let this be my lucky day; let all my enemies fail." Say these words quickly. Write the statistic word "Bedook" on a piece of paper. Then hide the slip in a secret pocket. It is an East Indian word, and is said to be the best good luck charm that can be carried. Cross your fingers in your pocket when you see a cross-eyed person. It will keep you from losing your good luck. To see a stork is always a sign of good luck. To careen means great happiness. To see a shooting star is an especially happy omen. It signifies that good things are in store for you. Fortune will not be knocking at your door. To be seated inadvertently between a married couple at a table means that you will be married within a year if you are single. To find a piece of jewelry is said to be a very lucky omen. It means riches. It's lucky to sneeze in the morning before arising. Get a check or a sum of money Monday morning, a will have a prosperous week. To see a funeral in your dreams is a lucky omen. If you should happen to put on a stocking "wrong side don't worry. It's a mighty good omen. See the new moon and make a wish. You'll be sure to get it. Should you find an unopened letter on the street, make your mind that you will shortly hear pleasant news. Avoid ill of the head by writing "Ruhhad" on the cross of your hat. To drive away rheumatism steal or beg a potato and always keep it with you. This is supposed to be better than the horse chestnut supposition. If your right ear tingles, some one is talking good about you, but if it is your left ear, then depend on it that an enemy is at work. To counteract the influence of his evil words bite your little finger. Don't spare it; every time you give your little finger your enemy will feel on his tongue.

Slaughter of Jack Rabbits in the West.

In the States of California, Idaho, Oregon, Utah and Texas there is great fear among the farmers that the jack rabbit may become as great a pest as he is in Australia, where his presence is a scourge. The Secretary of Agriculture says that the fear is groundless, but the ranchmen out there are taking no chances, and in the States named the long-eared destroyer of crops is outlawed and there is a price upon his head.

The farmers are obliged to combine against the common enemy, and the rabbit drives of Colorado and California, while they have a certain element of sport and general frolic, are nevertheless a very serious business. The Department of Agriculture has just issued a monograph upon the subject of jack rabbits. The accompanying illustration is reproduced from a photograph taken by the Government at the close of the first day's drive at Fresno, Cal., upon which occasion 20,000 jacks were destroyed.

In California rabbit driving has been found the most effective means of exterminating these pestiferous animals. This method originated with the Indians. The day the rabbit drive is held is a gala one and is a favorite time to celebrate some special event. Thousands of people come from the surrounding country.

A corral about two acres in extent having been built, the drivers are deployed in a line ranging out from the corral for five or ten miles. At a given moment the line starts to move toward the center. Horns are blown, and anything that will make a noise is utilized. Firearms are tabooed. With their clubs the men on foot beat up every patch of underbrush.

Great drives of rabbits are soon in movement. They are driven, a frightened scrambling mass, into the corral, where their excruciatingly armed with clubs, beat out their brains. An average drive will yield 10,000 rabbits. The Fresno event resulted in the killing of over 20,000.

As showing the prolific nature of the jack rabbit, it is stated that in Modoc County, California, nearly 25,000 animals were killed in three months on a tract of land only six miles in extent. Still more remarkable was a drive in the San Joaquin Valley, Bakersfield, when 1,126 rabbits were killed. As soon as the animals were dispatched the same field was retraced and 170 were killed. One week later there were two drives on the same ground. The first resulted in the destruction of 2,000, the second over a more extended field, yielded more than 3,000.

From January 1 to March 8, 1888, there were killed 40,000 rabbits, near Bakersfield. Of these about two-thirds were females, which two months later would have been mothers of 125,000 youngsters.

First Man to Nominate Tom Reed.

The first man to suggest Thomas B. Reed for President was Rodney L. Fogg, at present the superintendent of the Lincoln Railroad, with headquarters at Rockland, Me. Mr. Fogg made the suggestion in the Fall of 1874. It came about this way:

Mr. Fogg was an ardent Republican, and in a small way a party leader. At the election of 1874 he was arrested, charged with bribery at an election. The day before the trial he was taken to Portland by Marshal Marble, a Hamilton man, who has since held high office in Maine. At Brunswick they went into the mall car, and found there Hannibal Hamlin, seated among the mall bags and smoking an old pipe.

"Rodney, how are you?" he cried, catching Fogg by the hand. "I have kept you out of your case, and spending as a lawyer and not as a politician, I think you are coming out all right. By the way, who is your lawyer? You want a good one, for they are out for your scalp." Fogg replied that his lawyer was Thomas B. Reed.

"Good—good again," said Hamlin. "You couldn't have found a better man if you had hunted Maine all over."

At the trial three Augusta men testified that on election day Mr. Fogg offered them money if they would vote the Republican ticket; that after making the best terms with him they could, they accepted the money, and that they voted as they agreed.

On cross-examination they told the same story. In defence Mr. Fogg stated that he did not offer or pay any money for votes that day. Then the Municipal Court records were produced, showing that all three of the men spent their winters in Augusta jail, and that they were common thieves.

Then Tom Reed got on his feet. He reviewed the character of the complainants and contrasted their looks and manners with the witnesses who had appeared for Mr. Fogg. He dwelt at length upon the mental and moral degradation of the men. Of Mr. Fogg he had many kind words to say. A lifelong resident of Augusta, an eloquent platform speaker, an honored member of society, and a trusted official of the nation, was he to be ruined for life by such men? Reed thought not. The jury agreed with Reed, and Fogg was acquitted.

A day or two later Fogg returned to his duties. Reed had made the greatest speech ever heard in Maine. Fogg, who stammered a little and swore when excited, spoke of his defender as follows:

"Why, the orator is a whole band in himself. He has more quavers and trills in that big chest of his than a church organ. I've heard Beecher and Curtis and Ingersoll, but for real eloquence give me Tom Reed. He's going to be nominated for Congress next time instead of Burleigh, and going to be elected, too. After that who knows what he will do? I'll bet \$10 that I'll live to see him President. Yes, I'll bet \$10 to \$5—who takes it?"

Nine Years Old, but a Live Editor.

This is about a nine-year-old boy who is editor and proprietor of a two-page weekly paper, with seventy-five paid subscribers, and a new and enlarged publishing plant, purchased from the earnings of his paper in the year and a half of its existence. Frederick Folger Thomas is the young editor's name, and his paper is the Hudson Star, published at Hudson, N. Y.

It contains all the news of the day in the juvenile circle of the editor and his subscribers, editorials, verse, humor, illustrations, complete weather reports and frequent graphic accounts of occurrences of interest to the readers of the Hudson Star. The editor's terms are "10 cents per volume, four papers per volume. When the terms are marked with blue pencil it is a notice that your subscription has expired."

The idea of getting out a paper was his own from the beginning, and the paper—editorial, reportorial, art, business and publishing departments—is his work alone and unaided. For the first six months his paper did not appear regularly, but since March, 1885, it has appeared without a break, except for the time the "editor" was sick with chicken pox. The elaborate four-page Christmas number the "editor" wrote and illustrated while he was sick in bed with that unfortunate juvenile affliction. The paper is printed in colored ink on a little "printer" by a gelatine-plate process.

Of his seventy-five subscribers, there are some half dozen in California and as many in Chicago. His business department is very methodically managed. He makes out bills, folds, wraps and addresses his papers, besides delivering them to subscribers in the city. The enlarged publishing plant consists chiefly of a new press, or "printer," which cost \$5, and was purchased from his earnings in his journalistic venture.

The boy attends school two sessions a day and takes piano lessons, and, with the growing list of subscribers and increasing work, the "editor's" mother has kindly prevailed upon him to make the paper a fortnightly in future.

A graphic editorial explains a recent day in the paper's punching its patrons: "My subscribers must kindly excuse the editor for not being more prompt, as he was sliding down hill and ran into a fence, which struck him right under the eye. Another time, a few days after, he was again sliding down hill, when he struck a log, which sent the sled with him on it to another fence, hurting his arm—his right arm—very badly, nearly breaking it, and so he could not write at all. His arm is still badly bruised from the elbow nearly to the wrist. He announces later: 'I thank my subscribers for paying me as well as they did, for I am able to buy a very nice desk as high as my eyes.'

Hospital for Broken-Down Ear Horses.

It will surprise many people to learn that a car horse only works three hours a day. But that is the absolute truth, at least with regard to the line that is written about here.

The life of a car horse has commonly been regarded as synonymous with overwork, misery and early death. But according to the foreman of the Eighth avenue car line stables of this city the idea is entirely erroneous. The car horse's occupation, he says, is healthful, cheerful and full of pleasant variety, and everything is done to make life agreeable for him.

In the care of the car horse the hospital of the stables plays a very important part. A scene from this institution, full of pathos and equine interest, is depicted in the Sunday Journal to-day.

In these stables 1,000 horses sleep regularly, and are fed, doctored and cared for. On their condition depends the working of a very important car service.

The American car horse is almost a distinct breed, and nothing exactly like him can be seen anywhere else in the world. He must be extremely robust. Whatever fault Americans may find with their horses, they must admit that they are faster than in any other country, and that they run all night, which they do not do elsewhere. This means much to the car horse.

He is a sort of diluted draught horse. He is smaller, but he has a strength and solidity of limb indicating Norman or Percheron blood. Of course he could never run around with the enormous bodies of those animals.

Every morning a horse gets a brush down. In summer he is washed, but never in winter. Long-haired horses are cropped in all seasons, because their coats would get wet and they would catch cold and die, or be made useless in a very short time.

After the brushing comes breakfast. The horses are fed on cut hay mixed with grain and moistened. Wet food enables them to endure violent work much better than dry would.

The groom and the horses become very much attached to one another. When one of the animals is transferred to a new groom he will kick. The men on their side are sorry to be parted from old friends, and make every effort to keep them in good health.

The horse has animal intelligence of a useful but not a very high order. He easily becomes accustomed to a routine of duties and will then go through it with great dexterity, showing less forgetfulness than a man. The car horse knows just how long he must work, how to get ready to be harnessed and what treatment is good for him when he is ill. If a man allowed him to he would learn not to start until passengers were clear of the car.

It is the duty of the foreman to watch out for the slightest sickness among the horses. Neglect would quickly make an animal permanently worthless for car purposes. The foreman says that most of them last six or seven years at the work. There is one veteran on the line who has been at it for seventeen years.

Very often they develop corns on the soles of their feet. These must be attended to at once. There are several stalls, the bottoms of which are entirely filled by large troughs. When a horse has corns one of these troughs is filled with warm water. The horse is led to it and the groom puts one of the animal's feet into it. The warmth is so grateful and relieving that the horse will stand in it for hours in the warm water. A sufferer from corns will spend twenty-four hours standing in the water without showing signs of impatience. After the soles are over the corns are pared and a specially made easy shoe is fitted to the tender foot or feet. If the case is unusually severe a flaxseed poultice is applied to the foot.

Pneumonia is a very common complaint among the horses, especially at this season. It is treated by mustard plasters applied to the chest in the region of the lungs.

Colic frequently attacks young horses, and if severe is almost certain to be fatal. It is made dangerous chiefly because the animals are unable to vomit. This peculiarity arises from the fact that they have not complete diaphragms, like those of man and many other animals, because the animals are unable to vomit. This peculiarity arises from the fact that they have not complete diaphragms, like those of man and many other animals, because the animals are unable to vomit.

There is a common spinal trouble from which horses suffer, the result of which is to make them unable to get up after lying down. The patient is tied up in a sling when under treatment for this trouble.

Spavin, knuckles and ringbone are among the numberless other ills to which horse-flesh is heir, and which are sometimes cured in this hospital. Animals seriously diseased are sold.

A New Method of Teaching the Bible.

Another New Bible is soon to be issued. It differs widely from all others, and none will be more useful in the work of spreading the Gospel. The peculiarity of this book, however, lies not in the interpretation of the meaning of the Scriptures, but in its typographical arrangement. It is intended to render the perusal of the volume a matter of greater ease to foreigners, and this will be accomplished by the use of the Cosmo-Roman alphabet.

The idea originated with Robert W. Mason, a young New Yorker, while a student in the New York Missionary Training Institute, at No. 690 Eighth avenue. It is in this institute that young men who wish to labor in the missionary field are taught the secrets of that work.

While pursuing his studies Mr. Mason noted the efforts made by foreigners to read a Bible printed in the English language. It occurred to him that it would be a potent aid to such persons if an alphabet could be invented which differed less widely from their native languages. After two years of study he invented what he calls a Cosmo-Roman alphabet, of fifty characters, with an English division of forty-five characters. Mr. Mason believes this alphabet as perfect as can be made, and he feels sure that it will revolutionize the study of the English language by foreigners. Since conceiving the plan for printing the new Bible in the alphabet invented by him he has moved to Bridgeport, Conn.

"I have one very important idea in connection with my undertaking," he said, in discussing his new idea. "That is, of teaching foreigners English through the Bible. It is my belief that a knowledge of the Bible will lead not only to a complete repression of Anarchistic principles, but to a rejection of them as well for all time. It is my hope to make the Bible a text book for the study of English, and if my work meets with the approval of good people, I propose to have large placards printed and posted in all prominent leading stations, docks and ship yards in this country, telling foreigners that the new Bible is ready for them."

In every sense of the word, Mr. Mason's Bible will be unique. He will use the New Testament first. The first two or three pages will be devoted wholly to illustrations, representing familiar objects, such as are seen in the "A, B, C" books given to children. There will be, for instance, the word "gun," and just beneath it the picture of the object named. All the illustrations are on the same order, the intention being to familiarize the reader with common words and names of objects. The forty-five elementary sounds of the English language will be accompanied by as many explanatory pictures, making a combination phonetic and pictorial alphabet.

The text will be printed in large type, and in parallel columns. The first column will contain the English reading, and the second the phonetic or pronouncing version of the same. Mr. Mason says he will use no foreign language in the book except on the cover page.

The Crab's Strange Friendship.

The crab has been generally known as a clever animal, but there are probably few persons who are aware of the extent to which his cleverness is exercised, under certain conditions. It has been found that, when opportunity offers, the crab will unite himself with another animal for the purpose of mutual protection. The other animal can't get away, even if he should be so disposed. But there is every reason to believe that, so far from being dissatisfied with his new condition, he is more than pleased, and would not change it if he could.

This extraordinary phenomenon is known among scientists by the name of commensalism, which comes from the Latin words meaning "at the same table." The application being that the crab and his friend eat the very same food, the crab acting as the provider, while his friend performs the valuable office of protection. Examples of this commensalism are very rare. The most remarkable cases are those of the hermit crab in union with certain anemones commonly known as sea urchins.

The hermit crab dwells in the empty shells of certain mollusks which have been deserted by their previous inhabitants. Upon their shells are sometimes found certain anemones, or sea urchins, not clinging by force of their peculiar suck pump arrangement, but actually grown on to the crab, and forming a part of one and the same animal.

It has been conclusively demonstrated that this conjuncting of the crab and anemone is not a mere matter of chance, but is effected for the purpose of mutual assistance. The anemone is evidently of great use to the crab by defending his home with his numerous tentacles, which constitute a veritable battery of netries, ever ready to do battle with the myriads of fishes that beset him. As for the crab, thanks to his long claws, he can use them to search for nourishment. The anemone, to search for food, protrudes its legs, and by this, and absorbs what is not used by the crab.

Some naturalists have maintained that the crab directly feeds the anemone, but this is undoubtedly a fiction. It is also proved that the association is very friendly one. Mr. L. Faurel, a French scientist, has observed that the sea urchin abandons the shell after the crab has been removed from it. He has also noticed that the sea urchin, on being taken from the shell covering the crab and an empty shell, surrounded with sea urchins being placed near the crab will go out of his shell, crawl into the other, and affix himself to it.

When a certain crab inhabiting a case-dome (one of the largest of ocean shells), from which the anemones had been removed, was put in the presence of other anemones, he immediately began to make the most vigorous and comical efforts to get some one of them to associate with himself. The anemones in this case were adhering to the glass sides of the aquarium. The crab, after working his way laboriously over to their neighborhood, grabbed an anemone with his claws, and bit at it for dear life. After pulling it off from the surface to which it was adhering he carried it to his shell. Little by little the anemone would creep up the shell, seeking a proper place where he could lodge himself, and death should divorce him from the crab.

Eating Soap to Keep Out of Prison.

Hungry indeed must be the man who will eat soap, yet it is a fact that soap-eating is common among the regular army soldiers stationed at Governor's Island, and Forts Wadsworth and Hamilton. The same peculiar habit is said to be prevalent among the boys in blue in Uncle Sam's service at other army posts in the United States. The soap these warriors eat is not the delicately scented, perfumed kind, but the roughest, strongest, cheapest and perhaps the worst soap made. It costs the Government about one cent a bar.

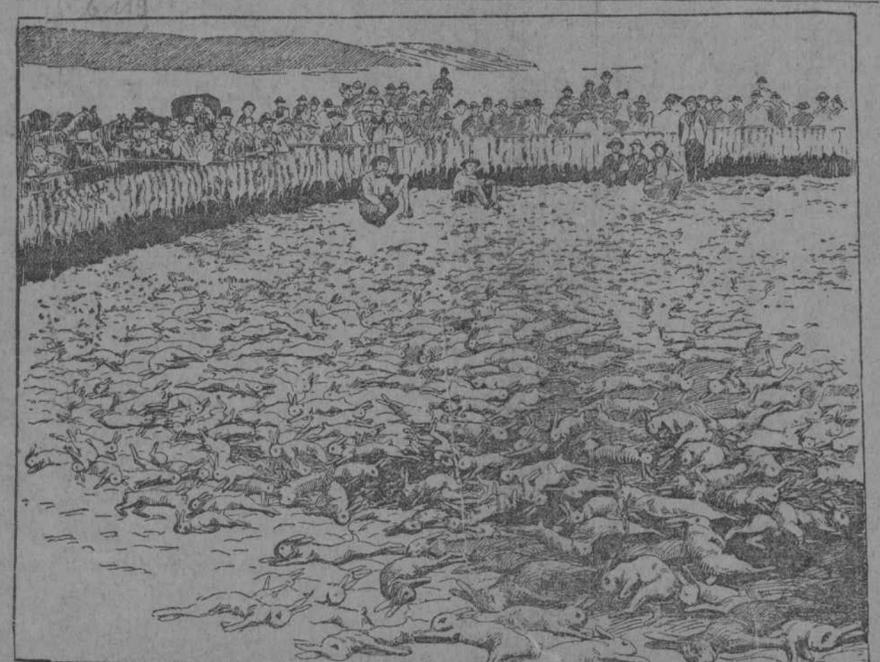
Soap-eating has been a feature of army life for so long that the oldest veteran cannot recall the time when it was not the practice, on certain occasions, to eat soap. It is said to have been a common habit with the soldiers in the British Army during the American Revolution. The soldiers eat the soap, not from choice, but for a reason no one would guess.

It is not a pleasant thing to eat. It is true, nevertheless, that the regular army of the United States contains an element that the officers in command find at times most difficult to control. In Castle William, on Governor's Island, are built some of the darkest and most dismal dungeons it is possible to conceive of. They are deep down, and a prisoner confined in one of them is so far removed from the outside world that he cannot hear a sound or see his hand before his face at midday with the sun shining brightly. These cells or dungeons are used as places of confinement for soldiers who have defied the rules or broken away from the restraints of discipline. The offenders are mostly of the lowest class. All of them dread the punishment of confinement in one of Castle William's dungeons, and the utmost ingenuity is exercised in devising excuses that will stay the hand of discipline.

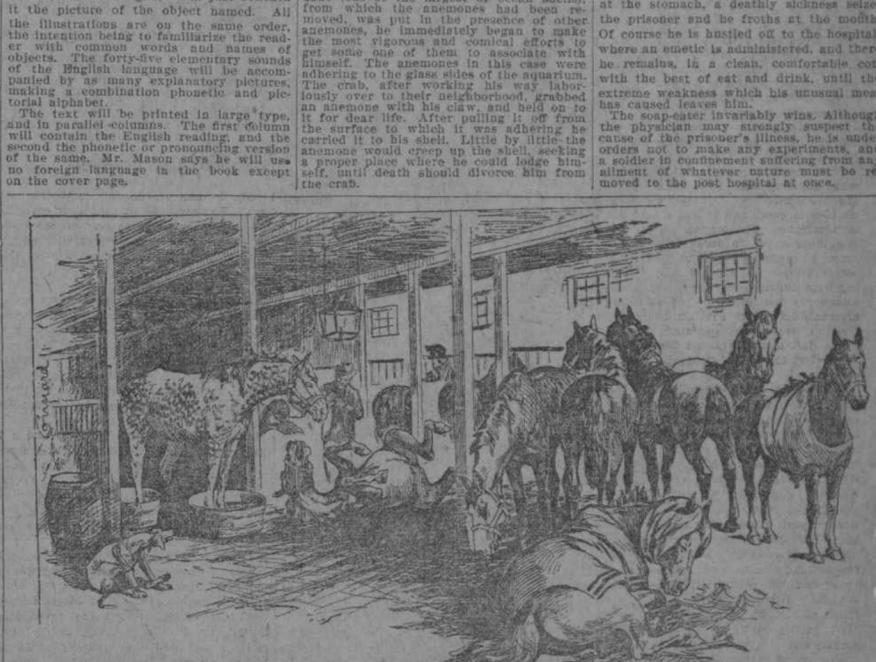
"New" soldiers who haven't been initiated often pretend to be ill. This never works. Keen post physicians soon discover the deception. The old veterans in the business, men who have records of fifteen and twenty day drunks, and have time and again told their superiors to go to Jericho or some other place, follow the never-failing system of soap-eating.

The scheme is to take a piece of soap (ordinary washing soap is used at all the posts), cut off a piece about as large as a quarter and twice as thick, chew it up and wash it down with water. It takes but a few moments for the vile stuff to work. There is a most violent wrenching at the stomach, a deadly sickness seizes the prisoner and he froths at the mouth. Of course he is hustled off to the hospital, where an emetic is administered, and there he remains, in a clean, comfortable cot, with the best of eat and drink, until the extreme weakness which his unusual meal has caused leaves him.

The soap-eater invariably wins. Although the physician may strongly suspect the cause of the prisoner's illness, he is under orders not to make any experiments, and a soldier in confinement suffering from any ailment of whatever nature must be removed to the post hospital at once.



After a Rabbit Drive in California.



Doctoring a Sick Horse in the Horse Hospital.