The Dispatch.

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PITTSBURG, TUESDAY, OCT. 21, 1890.

CAMPAIGN FLAPDOODLE.

The very severe straits to which the Republican managers in this State are reduced for political arguments have been remarkably illustrated in their recent attempts to manufacture campaign ammunition. With all due allowance for their hard case, however, it is necessary to warn them that they hurt their cause more than they help it, when they laboriously assert that the national policy of the Republican party is built upon such a foundation of sand, and the national legislators of the Republican stamp are such weathercocks, that Pennsylvania cannot be permitted to vote for the sort of local administration it wants, and for the supremacy of her Constitution and laws, in strictly State matters.

This is the practical assertion made by some campaign productions published in the Delamater papers last week, with all the emphasis of magnified type and scare heads. It is asserted there that "fifteen or twenty Republican Senators" are restless; that they look upon the contest in Pennsylvania as a test, and therefore, it is declared by this eminent political authority that if Pattison is elected, the tariff bill is endangered, and is likely to be repealed. The unique representation that Western Senators are going to govern their action by the result in Pennsylvania, and not by the result in their own States does not interfere with the promulgation of this bugbear. The spectacle which it holds up of twelve to fifteen Republican Senators "repealing" the tariff and presumably leaving the country without any revenue at all, affords no obstacle to its circulation. The resort to the plea that a perfected piece of legislation is going to tumble into pieces before it has fairly got into operation, if Pennsylvania decides a State election on State issues, is also a remarkable evidence of the dreadful condition to which the State managers are reduced. But the most striking aspect of all, which this bugaboo presents, is the terrible arraignment of the Republican national policy by the Republican leaders themselves.

A tariff bill, like other national legislation, is enacted for the benefit of the whole nation. It is the result of careful preparation, long investigation and hard-fought compromises. When such a measure is enacted it is certain to last for years, not only because that is necessary for a fair experiment, but because the work of preparing another tariff to take its place always requires a year or two of preliminary discussion and an entire session of actual work. Yet here stand the Republican authorities of this State, acting under the direction of the National Chairman, and declare that the one measure by which the Republican Congress is to be judged, is so flimsily put together, and has so little foundation in the real needs of the people, that it cannot stand on its own merits through the blasts of a single election. If the people of Pennsylvania disregard party dictation sufficiently to vote for honesty and the supremacy of the Constitution, the tariff will go to ruin. If that is so, what a crazy and imbecile piece of work this triumph of Republican policy must be, according to its own supporters.

If anything could surpass this Republican characterization of Republican policy, it is the allegations which are made concerning the twelve or fifteen Republican Senators representing that great section of the country whence Republicanism has always drawn its most reliable popular support. It is declared that these national statesmen were not satisfied with the tariff bill, but "party pressure was so strong that they were obliged to go along with the tide." In other words, the allegation is made on behalf of the Republicans that one-third of the Republican Senators are so entirely without wills of their own that they could not, on matter of purely fiscal legislation, vote their own minds and secure the framing of a stable tariff policy, but had "to go along with the tide." After drawing that picture of utterly nerveless and purposeless Republican Senators it is astonishing to observe what power and vigor is to be inspired in them by the distant spectacle of a little independent voting in Pennsylvania. These twelve or fifteen Senators are going to advertise their past votes as worthless; and, when they do so, they will show more power than all the rest of the Government put together, by repealing the tariff and leaving the Government without revenue, while the co-ordinate branches, the House of Representatives and the President, are sitting in amazement and letting them do it.

There are some particulars in which criticism of the Republican national policy is possible, but it is by no means as rickety or unworthy as the Republican managers of Pennsylvania are trying to make the people believe. The McKinley bill may not be a perfect measure, but it has more stability than to fall to pieces within sixty days of its passage because Pennsylvania elects a Governor who cannot make or unmake a single vote in Congress on the tariff. Our Republican friends do not really mean to bring such charges against their own party. It is only a sign that they are so much at their wits' end to meet the popular demand that the Constitution and laws of the State shall be supreme over the corporations and the politicians, when they fall to declaring that the great Republican tariff measure cannot stand a single breath of independence; that one-third the Republican Senators are weather cocks and do not know their own minds; and that the Republican House of Representatives and President are so stupid that they would let twelve or fifteen Senators smash the tariff all to little bits, while they are wringing their hands and asking what they shall do about it.

FRIGID FOR ICEMEN.

When summer comes around again, as we suppose it will in spite of some signs that the finest of all our seasons is not getting a fair show, it will be well to remember the history of this year's ice business. In early spring last year the wholesale icemen affected to be terribly afraid of a shortage in the ice supply. To calm their souls they put up the prices of the cold commodity, and talked of organizing expeditions to the North Pole and other cool localities to replenish the stores. In some places people had to pay fabulous prices for the ice, and the dealers shed tears because they had to charge so much. Not so many tears were shed and prices were not so high where the manufactured ice was a competitor.

Now it turns out that the ice in sight on the Kennebec alone amounts to over three million tons, half of which will be carried through to next season. The crop of ice in the United States is larger than usual at this time of year. The price has declined from $20 a ton, the top notch of summer figures, to $1 or less. The ice famine of 1890 was a fiction, in short, and the only compensating feature of the present situation is that the icemen are discovering that they overdid the business of squeezing the public and have assuredly got nipped themselves.

RECIPROCITY AND RETALIATION.

The policy of reciprocal concessions in the tariff toward different countries with which we desire to increase our trade, has already produced decided effects. The theory of the opponents of the proposition, that the enactment on that subject incorporated in the tariff bill, would not be accepted by the Governments with which the object was to improve our trade relations, has been shown by experience to be unfounded.

Perhaps the promptest demonstration to this effect comes from Canada, where although international feeling is supposed to be somewhat strained, the tariff bill has produced the prompt removal of the export duty on logs and shingle bolts. This warrants the opinion that Canada would accept a measure of reciprocity that would be largely beneficial to the manufacturing interests of this country. The Southern countries display an equal disposition to accept the terms held out by the tariff bill. Cuba has petitioned the Spanish Government to remove the duties on our staples, with every chance of success. Brazil will probably adopt the provisions called for as soon as her new Government gets fairly into working order, and Mexico is ready to do the same. In short, with one exception, all the provisions of the act looking toward reciprocity bid fair to produce their effect at an early date. The exception is that with regard to tea. The motive for including that staple, and its effect on the Chinese Government, are alike unknown, unless we suppose the motive to have been the provision for a possible deficit in the revenue by laying up for the future a strictly revenue duty on that staple.

But the reciprocity idea also crops out in a new quarter, where it assumes the shape, which was not altogether lost sight of in our measure, of retaliation. This manifestation is in France where the increase of our protective duties on French products has inspired a decided disposition to hit back. The policy said to have been decided on by the French Government is a bill for a minimum tariff on the products of countries whose customs regulations are favorable to French products, and a maximum tariff to be applied against countries where the tariff is unfavorable. The United States can hardly object to the policy outlined in that measure, which goes no further in the direction of either reciprocity or retaliation than our measures do. But the French are likely to lose sight of the difference between a high tariff on all products of certain classes and a tariff which discriminates against the products of a certain country. The United States has not yet discriminated against French products as such, although we might have indulged in such a policy in retaliation for the discrimination of the French Government against our exports of pork and lard. Nevertheless the fact that the cognate ideas of retaliation and reciprocity are likely to work against our exports of food products to France, is a development of the policy that introduces some decidedly new factors.

Perhaps, however, if France should adopt a retaliatory policy we can console ourselves with the success of the same policy on our side, in gaining control of the markets of the Western Hemisphere.

TRUTH IN A NEW SPOT.

It is rather surprising to hear from California some plain talk concerning the indebtedness of the Pacific railroads to the Government. The California *Banker's Magazine* gives the totals of the Government's account with these corporations, and shows that the acknowledged debt of $127,536,385, minus a sinking fund of $12,719,935, does not include interest on the cash which the United States has advanced from year to year to meet the interest on the bonds. Summing up this interest on the banking principle of taking the sum due each year and compounding interest from year to year the debt would reach $140,000,000. The same authority declares that with this debt contracted, the actual fact is that the railroads are not fully constructed. In many cases the sleepers are thrown down on the desert without a pretense at ballasting, and the track is so flimsy that trains are confined to a speed of 19 miles an hour, on peril of disaster. This outburst of frankness from California is an illustration of the old proverb that when a certain class of corporate adventurers fall out, the public is likely to get interesting information; but it would be pleasant to know whether Stanford or Huntington inspired this indulgence in unwanted veracity.

THE ROAD QUESTION.

The agitation for the improvement of country roads continues, the latest movement being a circular issued by a committee of the League of Wheelmen, asking for photographic views of both good and bad roads. The circular describes the kind of views desired, and out of six specified classes of pictures, four are of bad roads, while but two are of good roads. This may perhaps be based on the conviction that it will be much easier for the wheelmen to find bad roads to photograph than good ones.

Of course THE DISPATCH will welcome any reinforcement of the work which it took in hand in the early part of the year, namely, the spreading of information as to the badness of country roads and the need of improvement. But it is worth while to suggest to our friends of the Wheelmen's League that there is much more to be accomplished at this stage of the movement in the line of hunting out and furnishing illustrations of good roads, than in pursuing the topic of the badness of unimproved highways. Two cogent reasons should direct effort in that way.

In the first place the fact that there is a great loss and waste of labor entailed by the condition of the average country highway, is fully established already. The general public has been advised of it by newspaper articles and illustrations. The class which is most interested, and which, in any event, must have the decisive voice in their improvement, the farmers, to-wit, know it by much more cogent evidence than pictures can furnish. They have learned the badness of the roads by actual experience.

What this class needs is demonstrations of the gain to be secured from good roads and evidence that this boon can be obtained without too great an increase of the burdens of taxation. In that line of effort the Wheelmen's League might do very valuable work in furnishing actual illustrations of successfully improved highways. Such pictures, showing the existing highways, and demonstrating the actual economy of power to be attained by them, might furnish to the farmers convincing evidence of the gain that they can get from improved roads.

In the same connection that effort of the Wheelmen's League might be made to furnish a most valuable contribution to the literature of road improvement by finding out and illustrating the different methods of making durable highways. There are many sections where limestone is so scarce that the macadamizing of roads would be nearly as expensive as paving. If the Wheelmen's League, by its systematic effort, can find cases where other methods of road improvement have accomplished good results, it can lend a vast aid to the ultimate improvement of the highways.

All work in behalf of road improvement is to be welcomed; but it is pertinent that we have reached the stage of the movement where more is to be accomplished by pointing the way to the economical improvement of the roads, than by simply dwelling on their present condition of utter badness.

IDENTICAL INTERESTS.

The same arguments which commend Major McKinley to the Republicans of Pennsylvania and Ohio should insure for him a large vote from the Democrats of his district, no matter how violently the professional statesmen of the Ohio Democracy oppose him. It requires no argument to be convinced that if the tariff is good for the interests of Ohio Republicans it is also good for the interests of Ohio Democrats. What helps to ensure prosperity for industries in which Republicans are engaged will bring like prosperity to similar industries in which Democrats are concerned.

There can be no true and lasting division on mere party lines in Pennsylvania or Ohio upon the tariff. The business interests of one are the business interests of all. It may suit ambitious politicians who are concerned chiefly with party success, and who have an eye to their own promotion to places and emolument for themselves to prefer to get into line with the anti-tariff wing of the Democracy which at present dominates the national councils of that party; but we are indisposed to think that they can draw the people with them. McKinley's district has been "gerrymandered" against him by the Ohio Democratic managers, but he is not yet defeated.

ALASKA'S LOFTY IMPOSTOR.

A serious charge has been made against Mt. St. Elias, in Alaska. For some time ugly rumors have been current about the Alaskan mountain's lofty claims, but now the official figures of the United States Geological Survey's explorers prove beyond doubt that instead of being anywhere from 18,000 feet to 19,500 feet high, and therefore the boss mountain of this continent, its real height is no more than 13,500 feet. This is a great come down for a mountain that has been lording it over all the peaks and pinnacles of North America. There are now more than a half dozen peaks in the Rocky Mountains proper that overtop St. Elias. It is a little rough to rob Alaska of one of her lions—she has so few—but she will have to fall back upon the cold comfort of her glaciers and midnight sun, her hideous Indian totems and her jaw-breaking Russian names. For Mt. St. Elias, in the revised version, is not even the equal of effete and hackneyed Mont Blanc; and the tall Andes of South America, with which the Alaskan impostor once challenged comparison, are about two miles above it. In fact, the advisability of changing the name to Mt. St. Eli Perkins is suggested by the revelation.

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY will begin his lecture tour in this country next month. Mr. Stanley will find no obstacles presented to his exploring the great American pocketbook; but his greatest trouble will be in the demands of the reporters for "hongo" or tribute in the line of interviews.

THE esteemed Erie *Dispatch* is much troubled over a paragraph in THE DISPATCH a few days ago, with regard to the respective intelligence of New Mexico and other Territories. After recounting that now threadbare report about New Mexico's rejection of a constitution because it provided for free schools, it asks, "Is our Pittsburg namesake ready to have New Mexico come into the Union on a basis of hostility to public education?" We are not, any more than we are anxious to have the other Territories with a population less than half of a Congressional district in Pennsylvania turned into pocket boroughs for the swelling of party majority in Congress. But since it has also transpired that this same constitution contained provisions designed to put all the political power in the hands of a ring and to keep taxation off the great corporations, it is equally pertinent to inquire if our Erie cotemporary is ready to refuse all States admission to the Union which do not bind themselves over to the politicians and the corporations?

MR. CANNON reports concerning his canvass in Illinois in a dispatch to a Republican journal: "The Democratic candidate, Samuel Busey, has not yet opened his mouth." That seems to be cruel on Mr. Busey's part. It gives him so much of an advantage over Cannon.

BOURKE COCKRAN'S relative, who received a twelve hundred dollar appointment in the Register's office before he was naturalized, and was promoted to a thirteen hundred dollar sinecure because he was delicate, is asserted by the New York *Press* to be "a fair example of Tammany rule." It is a rather rank case but is it a more phenomenal example of practical politics than to run a candidate for Governor whose only public characteristic is furnished by the achievements of himself and associates in nullifying and violating the constitution and laws of the State?

IT is considered by the Boston *Traveller* an oversight to leave Alaska without representation on the World's Fair Commission. But as the seals will be represented there by their skins it will not make very much difference.

IT is a rather surprising and interesting illustration of the unique operations of some minds to find in the esteemed Boston *Traveller* an allegation that the burned Syracuse hotel was provided with all the appliances to lessen the danger of fire. This, the *Traveller* gravely remarks, must be a comfort to the proprietors. It may be so, notwithstanding the fact that the obstinate hotel burned down; but whatever satisfaction the proprietors get out of it we fail to see that there is any comfort in it for the people who got burned to death.

THE police are going to clear the streets of bad characters. If the weather will only give the other branch of the city government a chance to clean the streets of mud our highways may attain an ideal condition.

JUDGE GILKESON, Second Comptroller of the Treasury, turns up in Bucks county with a statement that Delamater and Wanger are going to be elected. Judge Gilkeson seems to have a clear idea of what he is there for, but he omits to reply to the assertion of the Republican paper of that county, that "intelligent, thinking, self-respecting Republicans cannot indorse, and be true to Republican principles, a man with such a record as Delamater's."

A CORONER'S jury has discovered that "no one was to blame" for the Dupont powder mill disaster. That jury is not going to leave the beaten tracks and earn the enmity of vested capital by blaming any one.

AN "Authority on Etiquette" is quoted as declaring that a peach should be picked with a fork, quartered and eaten piece meal. This may do for this year. The old-fashioned way of eating peaches in three bites, was the proper caper in years when there were peaches to eat; but this year when there are none, etiquette can make the process of eating them as long and painful as it chooses.

THE exploding locomotive is now trying to demonstrate that it can accomplish as much in the line of destroying human life as the explosive blast furnace. Both are entirely too successful.

WE learn from an editorial in the New York *Press* that the Panama canal scheme is halting. As this project was asserted by nearly all our New York cotemporaries, a year ago, to be dead and buried, the information that it is halting now indicates that it must have received a fresh supply of vitality.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

ROBERT SELLARS, the oldest Mason in Canada, has just died in Kingston, Ont., at the age of 99 years.

ARCHBISHOP KENDRICK, of St. Louis, who is expected to receive a Cardinal's hat next year, is in his 85th year and is the oldest of living American Archbishops.

THOMAS WINANS, the millionaire, who had lived luxuriously, said on his deathbed that he would gladly give $1,000,000 to be able to eat a piece of bread and butter.

DOUGLAS SLADEN, the Australian poet, is spending the present month in Nepigon, Ont. Next month he will visit Montreal and Boston, in which latter city he has many admirers.

GENERAL BARRUNDIA'S married daughter will shortly visit the United States to consult with the President concerning her father's murder. She is now with her mother at Oaxaca, Mexico.

THEODORE WINTERS, the well-known horseman and Democratic nominee for Governor of Nevada, narrowly escaped death by asphyxiation in a Virginia City hotel one night last week. Before retiring he blew out the gas in his bedroom. The night clerk detected the smell of gas, roused Winters and saved his life.

GOVERNOR FRANCES T. NICHOLS, of Louisiana, is a picturesque figure on account of his dismemberment—a result of the fortunes of war. He is blind in one eye and has lost an arm and a leg. The leg was shot away at Chancellorsville, just after General "Stonewall" Jackson was shot, while the arm was carried away by a cannon ball at Winchester.

REV. DR. HEBER NEWTON is reported as having said of New York, in his Sunday sermon, that, "The poverty which oppresses our city is directly aggravated by misrule. The waste, the jobbery, the robbery of our city during the past generation have saddled upon us a debt which every poor man feels in the increased rent which he pays for his rooms and the increased price which he pays for every necessity of existence."

SIR EDWARD SHELLY, who was a nephew of the famous poet, and who died a few days ago, spent much of his adventurous life in this country before he settled down as a Hampshire country gentleman. From a trip to Africa he came to America and proceeded to the prairies, where he was captured by a tribe of Indians, who kept him prisoner for nearly three years, and when he escaped from them he went still further West, and ultimately reached San Francisco, whence he returned home through Japan, China and India.

A REPENTANT DOG.

He Commits Suicide Because He Had Set Fire to a House.

From the New York Sun.]

The death of an Irish setter, owned by John Barden, of 194 Pearl street, Brooklyn, on Friday night is attributed to suicide, and so the returns of the police of that city have recorded it. Mr. Barden, who is a manufacturer of fish hooks, owned two Irish setters, which were favorites in his household. Mrs. Barden was preparing supper on Friday night when she heard a loud noise in the sitting room on the top floor. She found that the dog had upset a burning lamp on the floor and set fire to the carpet. The dog, which was not burned or otherwise injured, stood near the open window, and Mrs. Barden tried to call him to her.

He turned around, seemed to scan her features anxiously, and then sprang out of the open window. He fell on the flagstones below and died instantly. The flames spread to the lower floors, and before they were extinguished the damage exceeded $5,000. Mr. Barden's loss, which is on furniture, is placed at $800.

HANDLED WITH DISPATCH.

The Work of New Construction Rushed by the Navy Department.

WASHINGTON, October 20.—When the advertisement for proposals for building the ram, torpedo boat and torpedo cruiser was issued Saturday it marked the completion by the Navy Department of all the work of the new construction which it has been authorized to undertake, with two exceptions. These are the Thomas submarine monitor and the duplicate of the Vesuvius, which it is unlikely will ever be constructed on the lines originally laid down.

Congress, at its last session, made provision for six new vessels—most of them of the heavier type and more complex construction than any heretofore undertaken to be built—and the naval authorities are felicitating themselves upon the fact that they have within three weeks after the adjournment been able to complete all of the designs, issue the proposals and, in several cases, award contracts for the construction of the vessels.

SILVER ON THE INCREASE.

Director Leech Gives His Observations of the Mining Country.

WASHINGTON, October 20.—E. O. Leech, the director of the mint, has returned from a visit to a number of mines in the West. Speaking of his trip to-day, he said: "As to the prospects of silver mining and the current production of our mines, I should say that the silver product of the United States is increasing; certainly there is great activity in all the mining camps which I have visited, and when one considers that only a short time ago they were getting only 90 cents an ounce for silver and 3¾ cents a pound for lead, while to-day silver is worth $1 10 an ounce and lead 6 cents a pound, it is not surprising that there should be great activity in mining industries and that the output should be increased.

"But the precious metals are not like wheat and oats, or manufactured goods; they cannot be raised ad libitum; they must be found, and when found are soon exhausted, specially when actively and profitably mined."

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Stella Steen.

At Mansfield, to-day, will take place the funeral of Stella Steen, who died at that place Saturday. Miss Steen was a great favorite in a large circle of friends. When called by death she was in the bloom of young womanhood. From childhood she had been a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, and a cherished member of the social circle of her home. She filled a place in her parents' hearts that cannot be replaced. In her the mother found comfort, her father joy and the younger children a guide.

George M. Baker.

BOSTON, October 20.—George M. Baker, the well-known writer of plays for amateurs, formerly with the publishing house of Lee & Shepherd, is dead at his home in Barnstable.

James Burrows.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., October 20.—James Burrows, who recently caused the arrest of Detective Moyer on a charge of robbery, died suddenly today of heart trouble.

S. R. Dunlap.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

WEST BRIDGEWATER, PA., October 20.—Samuel Rutherford Dunlap died of paralysis at his home here yesterday, at 5 A. M., aged 91 years.

Sir Richard Burton.

LONDON, October 20.—Captain Sir Richard Francis Burton, well known for his explorations in Africa and other countries, died to-day.

SNAP SHOTS IN SEASON.

DON'T place tin wreaths on the graves. They keep the green grass from growing.

HAVE you a memory mark? What's that? you ask. Why, a something that happened long, so long ago—an event that you remembered then, which you remember now, which you will remember up to Finis—a happening which you refer to as the starting point of memory, the first "Ah, I remember!" Of course you have. It's as plainly stamped on your mind as the indelible birthmark. Just turn back the leaves in the book of the past—back, back, still back—there you have it, haven't you? The first memory! And what a bright little page it is, too, on the thought-touched volume. Perhaps it takes you back to the very edge of the cradle; perhaps it carries you to the cot or trundle-bed; perhaps it leads you to the nursery. Surely it transports you back to the golden hours that glow between infancy and teenhood, for in their short but happy span the memory mark was made. What was it? Was it a disaster or a victory? Was it a fright or a frolic? Was it a bogy or a real thing of flesh, blood and bones? Was it a baby joy or an infantile sorrow? One or the other, to be sure. Whatever it was it left its mark. You can't go back of it. There memory started, there it draws the veil that shuts out the cradle but does not obscure the grave. In childhood it was a mere wee speck. And how we would scratch our little heads and cudgel our sleepy little brains to recall it, too, when guessing how far back we could remember. It seemed such an awful long time since it happened, you know. Then as the years took us farther away from it how closer it seemed to come! No hard thinking, no guessing, no mistake. Finally when age stamped its lines on our faces, thinned or silvered our hair, drew our teeth, shrunk our shanks in leading us up to the End how close seems the Beginning, and It stands there, boldly writ on memory's front page—the first year-post on life's rough road. No matter what it recalls, it takes us back to the old home, the old folks, the young days, the sunshine, the nightless day, the dreamless night. All the jolting over the ruts in the long lane of life, lined with hopes, fears and years, cannot displace or break it; time brightens it; tears cannot wash it away—mind mark indelible, memory's most precious miniature.

YOU don't have to cultivate ground to raise a disturbance.

WHEN winter ices ponds and streams
So boys can o'er them glide,
The girls will shoot, with awful screams,
Down the toboggan slide.

BURGLAR-PROOF safes and fireproof hotels are all right until one is robbed and the other burned. Then people talk about them.

A GREAT many foolish young men buy champagne just to hear the cork pop. This is their idea of making a noise in the world.

WHEN you tread on a man's corn you shock him.

LOT'S wife received the first salty sentence.

THE Exposition folk should not be at all backward about letting the public know exactly how they stand. Hurry up the count, gentlemen. The public are deeply interested, and have a right to a clear statement at your hands.

WHEN a gas well driller hits a gusher he speaks in a lighter vein.

THE man who lives in torrid belt
Has summer all the year;
And he who lives where ice can't melt
Has winter long and drear;
But he who lives 'twixt sun and snow
Has heat and cold combined;
He gets the weather whether or no,
And is forced to go it blind.

ONE snow fly doesn't make a winter.

DON'T keep any of the children out of the night schools on account of crowded and cramped quarters. Room should be provided for all comers. School days only come once in a lifetime, you know.

ONE "bum" makes a bummer, for the dose is generally repeated.

SEWER gas comes high, too. It means a doctor bill.

IF the young Kaiser keeps on in the line he is pursuing kingship will go up a notch or so. His model-home-for-poor-people project is worthy highest praise. When rulers reach their subjects by appealing directly to their hearts instead of flashing the splendors of court life before their eyes and parading power behind a line of bayonets they will only rise up to call him blessed.

YOU spend your vacation and your money at the same time, my boy.

HE is strutting in the barnyard with head very high,
On the fat of the land he is living;
But, proud old turkey, you must surely die,
And be gobbled on the next Thanksgiving.

LOVE is as great a leveler as poverty.

BRASS BAND musicians take a horn before they go on a toot.

IF an actress loses her wardrobe in a hotel fire she gets more pity at the hands of the public than those who have only a few charred bones to comfort them.

IF Delamater was the victim of anonymous letters he would be right in maintaining a "dignified silence." But he isn't.

THE Standard oil organs now call THE DISPATCH a "demagogue." The dictionary thus defines the word: "A person who sways the people by oratory or persuasion." Thanks. Right you are.

OUR growth should not be retarded by lack of homes. Put up the houses and pull down the rents.

THE latest national scandal promises to implicate the Census Bureau. If its figures lie they cannot be relied on, and if they have been doctored for partisan purposes, the count is of no account. The rumors flying around furnish sufficient grounds for a public peep at the returns.

SANTA CLAUS usually puts his costliest gifts in the silk stockings, after all.

TREMBLE, Cooper, tremble!
Vainly you dissemble.
Hear ye not the rumble,
Fear ye not the tumble
Of the big majority
To a mere minority?

Tremble, Cooper, tremble!
Useless to dissemble,
The disaffection's wide,
Prepare for a landslide.
Shiver, Cooper, shiver!
Get ready for Salt River.

IF Pension Agent Barclay is to be bounced for offensive partnership, what does President Harrison propose to do with John Jarrett and the genial but sly John Delaney? Don't hide the last named under the hat, Benjamin.

THE speeders are expected to go kiting over the kite-shaped tracks. Money will be kited on the horses just the same, of course.

FARMERS' boys follow the plow, and farmers' daughters, if they are sensible, follow the plowman.

PITTSBURG has a great many ups and downs.

A MALE child's bed is a boy-cot.

WE are still striking roarers in the gas belt, ye going-back-to-coal croakers. Spread the news among the men of the land who play with fire.

ALL the wickedness in New Orleans is directly traceable to the lottery curse. People who live on chance take desperate chances.

THE Dalmatian olive crop is a failure. The cotton seed crop is all right, however.

So the church fair lottery is under the ban. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, of course.

WILLIE WINKLE.

ALL SORTS OF PLAYS.

Roland Reed as A Woman Hater—Kiralfy's Around the World—Inshavogue—Whallen & Marielle's Variety—The Flying Machine and the Chinese Dwarf.

"The Woman Hater," a comedy with farcical tendencies by the late David D. Lloyd, was produced here last season by Mr. Roland Reed. It was played again by Mr. Reed and his company last night at the Grand Opera House. A large audience enjoyed Mr. Reed's eccentric and original humor very much, and approved of the play and its actors as well. "The Woman Hater" is a whimsical caricature of life, and hardly deserves the title of comedy. It is rather a roaring farce with a few intervals of genuine comedy. The story is prodigiously laughable—as funny in fact as it is impossible. Last night it appeared to be very much better than it was when first seen here. We do not know whether it has been altered at all, although it shows signs of compression, and a large part of the apparent improvement is due, doubtless, to the fact that last night Mr. Reed and his company were in good health; whereas, last year they were all more or less fit for the hospital, and Mr. Reed himself was almost prostrated by the grip.

From whatever cause, then, "The Woman Hater" appeared last night to much greater advantage than on its first production, and went with a go and hilarity that captured the audience. Mr. Reed's personality is as absurdly comical as ever, and the part of the man who is anything but a real woman hater—though he seems to be in some lights—is just the thing he is best fitted for. He makes oceans of fun out of it, and Mr. Harry A. Smith and Miss Isadore Rush help him not a little in the mirth-making process. It must be said of Miss Rush that she has made remarkable progress in her profession, which she entered, if we are not mistaken, but a year ago. It is quite a refreshing novelty to see such a pretty woman cultivate so intelligently a turn for true comedy. Miss Maud Monroe, the newcomer in the company, made a good deal of a slight ingenue character, and the other members of the cast did their very best, and conscientious hard work is what makes a performance enjoyable.

The Bijou Theater.

New scenery, new costumes and a new company are the novel features of the Messrs. Kiralfy's revival of "Around the World in 80 Days." The spectacle retains its popularity wonderfully, for the Bijou Theater was crowded last night, and the audience showed every sign of enjoying the time-worn situations, the cheap wit, and the beautiful scenery to the utmost. Every time that the dramatic version of Jules Verne's popular novel is produced, the fidelity of the pictures of life in many lands fades farther away. The present version does not suggest even probability most of the time. But very few are disappointed at that, no doubt. The scenery has been freshly painted—at least most of it—for this occasion, and very picturesque and gay a great deal of it is. The scene in Hindoo temples and the scene on board ship are especially fine pieces of painting. In the Japanese scene the ballet is introduced. It is the old "Mikado" ballet, but with entirely new dresses, all of which are delicious in color and of costly material. The dancers of the ballet are young and comely women, some 20 or 25 in number, and they dance in the style with which Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" made us familiar. The dances are extremely proper, and it is the sort of ballet that children and ladies will particularly enjoy. It is only fair to say that the Pittsburg contingent that made a background for the Kiralfy coryphees were not nearly as painfully plain and clumsy as usual; they did not sing with much harmony or power, but they stood still and marched without falling over each other, and the distribution of rouge and powder and costumes showed discrimination on the part of the management.

The elephant is a fine animal, but he plays a very small part in the necropolis scene, and appears to be bashful. Elephantine actors are not usually hampered by modesty, but Mazouk seems to be afflicted that way. The *Phileas Fogg* of Mr. Slaytor is a creditable performance, and Mr. Frankel's passepartout is fair. The entertainment as a whole is pretty good.

Harry Williams' Academy.

It looked like home in the Academy last night. It was the opening in the old place of vaudeville entertainment, and the first show there since the fire two weeks ago. The house has been thoroughly overhauled, and the few places where it had been scorched could not be noticed. The only thing suggestive of anything wrong was the absence of opera chairs, and these will be in position by the end of the week. The scenic effects have been overhauled, and new ones added, and altogether the fire will be the cause of many bright improvements. The show is a combination of first-class talent, and notwithstanding the staleness of some of the witticisms of the performers, it is replete with fun and interest. The entertainment of Harry and Mildred Rouclere is of the highest order, and although many of last night's audience do not believe in mind reading, they were mystified and bewildered at the rapidity with which Miss Rouclere read off figures on a blackboard and added up five columns blindfolded. The performance of the Martelle Brothers, is also worthy of note, as their acrobatic business has never been seen before in this city. Gracie Cummings is clever in her character songs and has considerable talent for a child. All in all the show is well worth seeing.

Harris' Theater.

Florence's pretty Irish drama, "Inshavogue," is the magnet that drew two very large audiences to this house yesterday. The play is one familiar to theatergoers. It has a deep plot and a sufficiently villainous villain, and opportunity is afforded several really clever people to display their specialties. W. P. Phillips, for instance, received double encores yesterday for his rendition of "The Irish Jubilee," which has been heard frequently in this city of late, and Lottie Winnett's song and "Irish waltz dancing" caught on immensely. The rest of the company are all good. None could be singled out for disparagement, and the prospects for another big week's business for Harris' Theater is excellent.

Theatrical Notes.

PROF. CAMPBELL'S flying machine and a variety of other interesting curiosities, and a good stage performance drew crowds to Davis' Fifth Avenue Museum yesterday.

THE Chinese Dwarf, a capital specialty entertainment, and many new curiosities amused large audiences at the World's Museum yesterday.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

A Fire Company at York, Pa., Soon to Celebrate Its Centenary.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

YORK, PA., October 20.—On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week the Laurel Fire Company, of this place, will celebrate its centennial by a grand parade, followed by a banquet and ball. The Montgomery Hose Company, of Norristown, will participate with 50 members and will be attended by a large number of citizens.

An interesting historical sketch of the old Laurel Company has been issued to the visiting members of other companies. The parade on Wednesday will be attended by several outside companies and a large number of other civic organizations will also be in line.

THE STRAGGLER ABROAD.

Hon. C. F. McKenna Takes His Comrades on a European Trip.

Hon. C. F. McKenna, who has lately returned from Europe, gave his comrades of the Union Veteran Legion the benefit of his travels at U. V. L. Hall last evening in a lecture wherein he enacted the role of "The Straggler Abroad," with great oratorical and colloquial effect.

A stereopticon assisted Mr. McKenna in his stragglings by unfolding famous scenes to the large audience present, and, to quote W. S. Gilbert, "gave an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." The affair was a great success.

To be Wedded in St. Paul's.

At St. Paul's Cathedral at 7 o'clock this morning Miss Jennie Featherston, of Watson street, will wed Mr. Charles H. McBride, a well known young clerk in the office of the Pennsylvania Company. The young couple are well known on the hill, and after the ceremony a wedding breakfast will be tendered at the home of the bride. The couple will leave for Chicago at 1 o'clock to be gone several weeks.

A Musical and Literary Evening.

One of those delightful musical and literary entertainments, under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union, was held in Wilkinsburg last evening. Miss Lillian Swift was the hostess of the occasion, the entertainment taking place at her home on Ross street.

A Reception This Afternoon.

Mrs. A. E. Sailor, of Swissvale, gives a reception this afternoon from 3 to 6 o'clock in honor of Mr. Edgar Wilson and his bride, the former of whom is a cousin of the hostess. Mr. Wilson is Attorney General of Idaho, and is enjoying his wedding trip, having married on the 15th a Miss Dashiel, of the same State.

Mrs. Stanton for Miller's Place.

WASHINGTON, October 20.—The local Wage Workers' Political Alliance has presented a petition to President Harrison requesting him to present the name of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton to the Senate of the United States as an Associate Justice in the place of Justice Miller, deceased.

SCORED A SUCCESS.

The Initial Concert at the Linden Club a Most Enjoyable One—A Supposedly Confirmed Bachelor Joins the Benedicts—Other Items of Social World Interest.

Pretty name, that—Linden—for a club, and prettier house, that, of the Linden Club. Certainly it looked pretty last evening, even from the outside, with its immense windows sending out generous streaks of light into the inky blackness of the night. And the inside was one realm of brightness, with the exception of the ebony-colored statue who held the salver with a mute appeal for cards.

This single stately dark figure was the only one that met the gaze of the visitor as he passed through the lovely hall, flanked by cozy little reception rooms with polished floors, handsome rugs and wicker furniture, on up the richly-carpeted stairway into the assembly room, with its suggestively smooth floor and its pretty ecrue and blue walls, where had congregated the members of the club, with their wives, sweethearts and sisters, for the first concert of the series to be given this winter by Gernert's Orchestra.

At the extreme end of the hall, upon the raised platform, was seated the orchestra, that paid a graceful compliment to the club by opening the programme with an inspiriting march composed by Gernert and named "Linden Club."

Right vigorous was the applause that followed this number, showing that the listeners were very appreciative of the delicate attention, and as if entering into the spirit of the enthusiasm the orchestra plunged into the noisy demonstrative overture, "Jubel," by Von Weber. Following was the more subdued and more invigorating number, "Poem of Love," by Batiste, and Op. 17, Foerster. Mrs. J. Sharp McDonald then appeared and intensified the pleasing impression she created by her charming personality and exquisite evening toilet, with an admirable rendition of the recitative and aria, "Der Freischuetz," by Von Weber. In response to the rapturous applause given her, she sang a simple little ballad, "Happy Hours." Gounod in the "Funeral of a Marionet," and Rubenstein in "Melody in F," were then interpreted by the orchestra as a conclusion of part first of the programme.

During the intermission, everyone talked to everyone else, and the conversation was only hushed when the familiar strains of Lohengrin's "Bridal Chorus" rang through the hall and caused several, from force of habit, to look