great speeches.

mabogany desks.

Senate From a Gallery.

Wolcott the Sullivan of the Chamber, and

Chandler the Pigmy.

HOW BENATOR GEORGE'S CLOTHES PIT

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24 .- I write this let-

ter in one of the public galleries of the

United States Senate. I have left the press

which emits an audible snore as I write,

and back of me I hear a green country girl

I count 80-odd backs, with queer-shaped heads tied to the tops of them, resting in all

attitudes imaginable in manogany arm chairs with red cushions, behind little

The Backs of the Statesmen

These are the backs of our great United States Senators. They are owned by these

up the life of a Congress. There, one of them drops a pencil on the floor, and a page boy in knickerbockers runs and picks it up for fear he should bend that

stoop in those \$5,000 shoulders by bending

has propped his feet on the chair beside him, and seems to be going into a doze.

It is a soft snap.
I don't know anything better than the

here from the rear it seems softer than ever.

How They Amuse Themselves.

that big, round bald head which is pasted

down into those big broad shoulders below

Backs and Character.

uprightness from the burning of gallons of

nidnight oil, and Evarts is one of the best-

Evarts' Long Sentences.

jectives, nouns and verbs, until you are dizzy in trying to keep track of them, and

he will reel off 400 of them before he makes a period. I asked him one day as to these

400-words sentences, and he replied:
"My boy, I have been more than a generation in public life and I have occupied a

number of positions of trust, and it seems to

me that when a man has gone through the different periods of public life that I have

and has had to do with such interests and such trusts as 1 have, and the only thing

that can be said against him is that he uses

sentences 400 words long, it does not seem to

me that the criticism is such an one as

me that the criticism is such an one as should not keep him awake o'nights. Besides," he went on, "all the great orators of antiquity used long sentences. Democthenes reeled out pages of words without a stop. Cicero used long sentences, and in fact, it is a question as to whether the proper should not be a long.

oratorical sentence should not be a long

The Back of Prosperity.

Senator Hoar has a good, fat, old, con-servative back. It is prosperous and well-rounded and its owner seems to have that

rounded and its owner seems to have that contented spirit which is better than great riches. Senator Cullom has as many angles in his back as Hoar has curves. He thinks his back looks like that of Abe Lincoln's, but as he stands erect inside of his desk, he makes me think of the frame which the farmer puts up in his contified when the crows are plenty, and his coat seems to hang from his shoulders.

Another angular back is that of Senator Sanders. Sanders looks as though his bones were hung on wires, and he throws his stomach to the front instead of his chest, as

stomach to the front instead of his chest, as

he stands upright. He has not the fat paunch

of Senator Sawyer. His shoulders stoop elightly and he has the fighting back of Senator Vest. He is one of the bravest men

Have a Very Large Head.

rear be appears to

read men in public life.

States, and like all such questions they are not easy to answer, nor are replies to them to be hastily formulated. In reply to your first question, 'Will our present republican form of government last 100 years data which would warrant me in expressing an opinion as to how long the present government of the United States will endure. "Your second question, 'If not, why not?"

I am equally unable to answer satisfac-"In reply to your third question, 'What

"In reply to your third question, "What is its greatest peril?" I would say that in my judgment the indifference of the people to righteousness in their rulers and to integrity in the administration of the Government is the greatest peril with which we are threatened as a nation.

"In reply to your fourth question I would say that there is not the smallest probability that aliens and foreign syndicates will ever attain control of this country by buying up its land and business enterprises, and eventits land and business enterprises, and eventnally change its form of government. The government, but away from it, and our danger is not in the direction of monarchy, but rather of anarchy; not from foreign syndicates, but from domestic syndicates, and then from the recoils from that tyranny wisch great moneyed combinations seek to

Tending Toward Republicanist Joseph N. Doiph, the senior United States Sepator from Oregon, writes:
"To your first question I answer yes. The Constitution may be amended, changes in form may occur; but our republican government will endure for all time. Mon-archical government is not likely to be reestablished on this continent; and before another century all the leading Governments of Europe will be republican. In view of the foregoing answer, your second

guestion requires no reply.
"Your third question, 'What is our Republic's greatest peril?' I will not undertake to answer categorically. The maintenance of a government by the people is possible only while the masses are inde-pendent, intelligent and virtuous. The danger to our republican form of government arises from the ignorant, the vicious and venal classes, controlled by designing and corrupt men. To guard against the danger we should educate the rising generation, prevent the coming to this country of the criminal classes of other nations, main-tain the standard of American wages and thus secure the independence of the Ameri-can workingmen; frown down by public epinion and punish by law all corrupt practiers which debase the voter and cheaper suffrage. "I unswer your fourth interrogatory by

saying that I do not think there is a particle of danger that aliens will so buy up the land and foreign syndicates so buy up the business enterprises as to obtain control of eur country and eventually change its form of government. The inducement to foreign investors in this country are created by our system of government and republican instiutions. Foreigners, who have invested their capital here for greater safety and better profits, will be naturally interested in maintaining those institutions, and I doubt if a majority, other things being equal, would prefer a monarchy or aristocracy to a republican government. Of course, it would be better for the country if its land owners were all citizens and none of its industries were owned by foreigners or controlled by toreign capital, so that the profits upon the capital would remain here; but the production of what we consume in this country by foreign capital here is far better than, and referable to, in every way and on every account, the production of such articles by foreign workmen in foreign shops and foreign countries with foreign capital as well." Too Hard for the Shermans.

Senator John Sherman writes as follows: "I never venture to prophesy for the fut ure. No one could answer your questions with any confidence, though I hope that our Government will last for many ye. s. The perils of the future cannot be acticipated. Any man would usurp the properties of the infinite if he attempted to reply to your The Senator's brother, General W. T.

Sherman, sava : Your questions can only be answered by some newspaper editor. Newspaper editors are the only true prophets now living to my knowledge." Senator Edmunds is not a pessimist, a

witness his reply; "To your first question, I answer that I certainly think so. This answers both your first and second questions. In respect to your third, I remark that I think the greatest perils to the Republic are insufficien education, excess of the foreign element and political corruption.
"As to your fourth, I think there is no

danger of any considerable portion of the lands of the United States falling into foreign control, nor any considerable portion of its business enterprises."

Europe's Dangerous Element. Senator Wade Hampton, of South Caro-

"Time alone can give answer to your first question and to your second. With regard to what is the greatest peril of our Govern-

ment, I think it is the accumulation of money in the hands of a few persons and the

Wanamaker Has Faith.

Postmaster General Wanamaker savs: 'I have full faith in the perpetuity of our institutions. I firmly believe that our republican form of government will improve eadily and endure lastingly. This answer I think, covers all the questions you present to me, and they are most important ones." The Past a Guarantee.

Senator Ingalia expresses himself as fol-

"I think that the Anglo-Saxon race or this continent have thus far overcome every obstacle in their unprecedented experime of popular self-government. They have made too many sacrifices to leave any doubt that they will solve the problems of the future as successibily as those of the past."

A MAGNETIC SHERIFF.

The Complete Ascendency He Enjoys Over Prisoner's Minds. New York Tribune.]

A man who has told many stories which have appeared in this column is responsible for the following: "Talking about the fear that criminals have for some officers of the law, I knew a sheriff in Sweetwater county, Wyo., whose power over desperadoes was amoring. He seemed to be able to make them do anything which he chose except become respectable citizens. There was one fellow who was a notorious ruffian even among his kind. He spent nearly all his time in the clutches of the law. He was a gambier, a thief and undoubtedly a mur-

"Yet often when there was dangerous work to be done, my friend, the Sheriff, would go around to the county jail and fetch out his most desperate prisoner to assist him. He even went so far at times as to release him entirely, sending him on some mission. The fellow always came back, reported to the Sheriff and submitted to being locked up again without a mur-mur. He was so afraid of the Sheriff that he did not dare to do other than he was ordered to do. I ought to say, however, that the Sheriff had broken in his wild friend at their first meeting with the but end of a revolver,"

He Wasn't In It. New York Journal.]

"I never knew until now that I wasn't in it." said Arthur Lumley yesterday to

"Dom," McCaffrey.

Arthur was standing in front of a big furrier's store on Broadway and was looking wistfully at a scal-lined overcost as he



longer?" I would say that I have no accurate Unique Photographs of Four of the Leading Stage Pavorites in Their Younger Years.

BOOTH AT THE AGE OF 23.

The Original Taken at Lexington in 1856 Brings Out the Actor's Resemblance to Napoleon.

ADELINA PATTI AS A SLIP OF A GIEL.

Letter From Strakosch When the Singer Was at th Beginning of Her Career,

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH, 1 NEW YORK, Jan. 24.



but is as well, considering its age Fay Templeton When a Child, and the remoteness of the town where it was printed, a work of art.

In the unique collection of dramatic curios which his large wealth and consequent leisure have enabled Mr. Peter Gilsey to make, a collection which is the delight of every member of the theatrical and artistic callings who has had the opportunity of seeing it, there is no more notable por-trait of contemporary celebrities before they

age of 8 years. She is a tall, well grown slip of a girl, with a grave, firm face and the birthmark of her native land, Spain, stamped unmistakably on the handsome features. There is nothing Hebraic about the seatures as shown here, the nose being straight and fine. The future queen of song and greatest money-earner of women of all time, is very plainly dressed in the photograph, wearing what might be taken for a linsey-woolsey gown. Gold hoops, of an oriental pattern, reminding one of Othello's, glimmer from her ears and on her fingers four rings are visible. Fitzglibbon, of St. Louis, who was succeeded by John A.

of St. Louis, who was succeeded by John A. Scholten, made the picture.

Patti first appeared here in a concert for the benefit of the American dramatic fund. Mr. Gill has the programme of the evening and the newspaper criticisms which appeared next morning. There was no doubt that the unknown little Spanish girl, in whose lace can be seen the great prima donna of to-day, made an instant impression as the star of the entertainment, and a bril-liant future was promptly predicted for her by the newspaper critics. There are other



pictures extant of Pattl as a child, but none equal in expression and character to this. The photograph of Patti at 10, taken in company with Paul Julian, the little violinist, who was the feature of the Strakosch troupe then, is, however, very interesting.

A Letter About Patti. Here is a letter from Maurice Strakosch written from Philadelphia in September 1852, to Mr. Roberts, evidently then the dramatic editor of the Boston Times:

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 26, 1852. Mr. Roberts, Boston Times:

My DEAR FRIEND—I shall be very soon in Boston with Adelina Patti, really the greatest musical wonder in the world. What her powers as a vocalist are I could not describe to you. We are now giving concerts here with triumphant success. We have already given three, each more crowded, and we are obliged to protong our stay and give some more. I send you an article which I would be very thankful if you would irsert (ic) in your valuable paper, with the aunouncement that we will be very soon in your city. Mr. Roberts, Boston Times:

paper, with the annual control of the very soon in your city.

With many hearty thanks in anticipation, and many wishes for your happiness, I beg you to believe me your very devoted friend.

M. STRAKOSCH.

After all, it seems the press was "worked" in very much the same manner then as now However the limitations of newspaper il



EDWIN BOOTH AT TWENTY-THREE.

became famous than this photograph of lustration may tail to bring the likeness ou Striking Resemblance to Napoleon. It is impossible in a newspaper cut to reproduce the delicacy of expression in the features, the fine lines of the hands, the tapering fingers which Mr. Booth knows so

unscrupulous use of wealth. I apprehend by danger to republican institutions by toreign immigration or capital in the way pointed out by your fourth question; but I stand out from the cardboard which shows think that great harm is done to the country by allowing Nihilists, Communists and paupers of other lands to become citizens of was unquestionably baptized Edwin Thomas Booth, though oftener spoken of as Edwin Forrest Booth, and best known as plain Edwin Booth. When this remarkable photograph was made Booth had been an actor seven years. The powerful lower jaw, which has always given a masterful expression to his face was not yet prominent, but his recomblance to Napoleon Bonnarte. out his resemblance to Napoleon Bonaparte which one has but to see this photograph to confess at a glance, was even then striking



Fanny Davenport in Babyhood. to a degree. Napoleon had a square chin with a dimple in it; Booth's chin was then more pointed. But the eye, the forehead and the cheek bones have very much the look of the fiery Corsican.

Booth—his own family are said to pronounce the name "Boothe" with a sert of

nounce the name "Boothe" with a sort of "wexed Bermoothes" sound—had made his first appearance before an audience when only 16, on the 10th of September, 1849. The Boston Museum was the stage, and Tressel in "Richard III." the character. The Guggenheim sisters were the chief attraction, Mr. Booth appearing "with" them. It was not until 1857 that the young tragedian stepped on New York boards, at the Winter Garden, as Bichard III. Mr. Mullen's photograph, which is wonderfully worked and in such details as the fiber of the linen in the shirtbosom and the character of the fingers, is a long panel, and would be a credit to anybody at any time.

Patti at Eight Years.

to the casual eye, there is an unmistakable likeness between Fanny Davenport at the age of 3, as shown in the photograph from which the accompanying out was made, and Fanny Davenport as she is to-day-fair, fat and 41. Mrs. Davenport, who is alive and well to-day, and an exceedingly quick-wit-ted and interesting old lady, is shown holding her young hopeful on her knee and looking down with pride on the chubby girl who was soon to become an ornament of the American stage.

Fanny Davenport's Age. A good deal of surprise, too, is expressed when the date of the picture and the age at which it was taken are authenticated. Pos-sibly because of a rather variegated matrimonial experience and of the encroachment of avoirdupois on a trameonce magnificently neck to those stooping shoulders, and when he begins to speak you think his words must be coiled up inside his trame like a watch spring, for he pulls them out, adlithe Fanay Davenport seems, in many minds, to have gotten the credit of being much older than she really is. She was born just opposite the British Museum, in London, in 1850, and as "only 41" now, she isn't more than a young woman still. Miss Davenport's first appearance on the stage

was as a child in "Metamora." The pretty little girl shown here in the a drummer boy would never be recognized as the voung woman whose experiences on the burlesque stage have been so eventful for the last 10 or 15 years. Sarony took the photograph from which the cut is made when Fay Templeton was just 12 years old. There is an innocence and grace in the face which many thousand theaterzoers who remember old John Tem-pletan's burlesque company in its tour of Texas and the Southwest and South 15 or 18 years since will recognize as having then adorned the manager's nimble daughter.

And it is to be observed of these four figures now prominent each in his or her specialty, tragedy, grand opera, melodrama and burlesque, that each began the theatrial career as a child performer.

J. P. B.

A Pretty Lamp Shade

St. Louis Post-Dispatch. I This unique lamp shade, called the "Boudoir Sky," is made of stik of the daintiest azure blue. A transparent golden moon and any number of large and small transparent stars are pasted between the double layer of silk. A



A Pretty Lamp Bhade. full garniture of soft Indian silk of a yellow color is draped around both top and bottom of the shade, as shown in our illustration; ong loops of ribbon fall to one side. The

The Roch Lymph A large photograph, of what might be will not be needed if you use Kemp's Balsum called folio size, shows Adelina Patti at the best cough care. Sample free; all druggists

by Congressman Tarseney, is unjust in the extreme. Said Tarseney: "Talk about Ingalls' head. He has no head at all. His neck has merely grown up and haired out." Ingalls' head, in reality, is not bad-looking. At any rate, it has more in it than you will find in nine-tenths of the heads of his brother Senators, and the gray matter in his brain will outweigh that of any member of the House, with the exception, perhaps, of that of Tom Reed's.

Senator Plumb has just risen to speak. He has the aggressive business back. He SEEN FROM THE REAR Frank Carpenter Takes a Peep at the A CHARACTER STUDY IN BACKS.

He has the aggressive business back. He is fat, and strong and blustering. Every line of his rear is practical. His shoulders line of his rear is practical. His shoulders are square, and so square that they hurt your eyes. His shoulder blades are turned in toward his chest, and he doubles up his fists and pounds the air as he talks. He whips himself this way and that, and you see that there is not a weak joint in his vertebra, and you can almost see the backbone of the man, though it is padded with a thick covering of flesh.

Big and Little of It.

gallery, which faces the Chamber, and have Big and Little of It. Just back of him stands young Senator Wolcott. He has a pair of shoulders so broad that had he been Sinbad, the "Old Man of the Sea" would never have left him, and he is a go d deal like Plumb, only better made and better rounded. He has a short neck, a big, well-cembed head, and he has shown himself to be a good speaker.

Just beside him I note a lean little fellow of about 100 nounds weight. I would take come here to get a rear view of our statesmen. I want to note them as the stranger does, and I sit here surrounded by colored citizens who have crawled in to get out of the cold, by tourists who are doing Washington in 36 hours, and by bridal couples who whisper sweet nothings to each other while Senator Sherman makes one of his An old gray haired, black-faced uncle slumbers peacefully by my side, with his

of about 100 pounds weight. I would take him for a clerk if I did not know that he was Senator Chandler, and as I look at the big frame of Wolcott, one of the legs of which is as big around almost as Chandler's waist, and the head of which corresponds to Chandler's as a football does to a baseball, I iron spectacles resting on the tip of his nose, and back of me I hear a green country gift asking the guide to show her Senator Tom Reed, and saying that she don't believe that Vice President Morton wears a wig as the papers have reported. Below me is the big Bear Pit, known as the Senate Chamber, and see that avoirdupois is ho index of brains, and that a little man may no as much as a big one. Chandler's back does not measure more than a foot and a half from shoulder to shoulder. His neck is so thin that it could be twisted off like that of a chicken, and if bobs this way and that, and he twists his shoulders in and out as he sits there and thinks. He is the most nervous body in the Senate.

A Back for Bulldozing. Senator Voorhees has a fat, Dutch back. His frame is tall, heavy and apoplectic. It States Senators. They are owned by these 80 men, who have six-year contracts with the Government at \$5,000 a year, payable monthly. They receive nearly \$100 a week, or about \$15 a day year in and year out, and to all outward appearances they get the money chiefly for resting those backs against those red leather cushions for about 12 months out of the two years which make up the life of a Congress. There, one of them drong a payable of the drong a payable of the drong and I have no doubt that he could buy Voorhees a half a dozen times over. His higher Voorhees a half a dozen times over. His big frame has been fed with a silver spoon from the time it first saw light as a bouncing big baby, until now, when it holds its own as one of the six-foot millionaires of the United

\$5,000 back. Here, a private secretary, furnished by the Government at \$6 a day, takes down the directions of one of the Senators, for fear he should get the student's States Senate.

Eustis comes from one of the oldest families in the country. He graduated at Harvard and has been a professor for years in one of the universities of New Orleans. One over the desk, and there, a third Senator, in order to rest the easier, has thrown himself back against the red-leather cushions and or his brothers married Mr. Corcoran's daughter, and the Senator himself inherited a fortune. He is a man of great ability and great culture, but he is too rich and too lazy to cut a great figure in the United States Senste. Mr. Vance has the back of a fat old grandmother, and his double-breasted coat with long skirts makes you think he is an old woman with a "Mother Hubbard" as you look at him from the gallery. His

See how the great men amuse themselves. Cullom, of Illinois, is playing with a string. Rengan, of Texas, is poking the end of his spectacles into his ears, and Payne, of Ohio. back is full of good nature. Scares You When He Rises. Blodgett, of New Jersey is one of the razor-backed Senators. He is tall and thin is chewing a wooden toothpick to digest the bread and milk which has formed his trugal and scares you when he begins to get up. He rises and rises until you wonder where he will end, and the bald spot on his crown, when he stands erect, is somewhere near seven feet from the floor. He has the students' stoop, but he got it from bending over lunch. I see two round, fat backs below me, and I hear the clink of silver as I bend over the rail and look down. George Vest and Philetus Sawyer are sitting and chat-ting together, and their big heads almost bump each other as they whisper under their beachs. Sawyer has two silver dollars the machinery of a locomotive, rather than over books, and his reputation has been made out of railroads rather than politics. He began life as a locomotive engineer, and their breaths. Sawyer has two silver dollars in his hand and he passes these in a fondling way, as though he loved them, from one paw He is urging Vest to sign a petition which lies before him, and by this he will be enabled to pass a pension bill for one of his constituents out of the regular order. Sawhe worked his engine so well that he wheeled yer is like Joey Bagstock, "tough, but develish sly." He gets through more pension bills than any other man in the Senate, and this is the way he operates. He is one of the success'ul men of the Senate, and those silver dollars which he clinks are only two out of the 4,000,000 which he is said

them. Looking at him from the gallery, you would hardly know whether his head was that of a man or a woman, for the hair is combed a la pompadour, and it flows in graceful curls down the nape of his neck. He is a high-toned Southern gentleman and

The back is a good index of character. There is a positive force in that back of an eminent lawyer. The Educated Pig. Sawyer's. Every one of its fat bumps is in-dicative of push and perseverance, and the He is always dressed in the cleanest and neatest of clothing, and in this he is some-what different from his colleague, Senstor broad shoulders, the firmly set head and the great, powerful arms are emblematic of the George, who looks as though he had been modeled by one of nature's brickmakers insuccess of its owner. Senator Vest has the back of a fighter, and here from the gallery it looks like the back of a bully. Vest re-minds one of the bad man from Bitter stead of one of nature's sculptors, and whose negligent ways have caused his bittertongued enemies on the other side of the chamber to call him the "educated pig of Creek. His shoulders are thrust forward and his neck pokes his great head, with its the body." George, however, is a very good fellow. He is a man of considerable brains, frowning eyes, out from them, and you look to see the chip on his shoulder which his and he is a great constitutional lawyer. It manner asks you to knock off if you dare.

And still Vest is a good fellow. He has circular saw, and his coats are in reality made in Washington instead of at home. been a great man for years. He was a mem-ber of the Confederate Congress and he His pantaloons are undoubtedly slightly baggy, and the remark of Senator Vance as to them is not altogether out of the way. Vance says that he never takes a rear view ranks here as one of the strong men on the Democratic side of the Chamber. He has a strong back, but not a diplomatic one, and he holds his own by sheer force of intellect of his old friend George without thinking of what one of his colored constituents said and will Take that back of Evarts It is stooped with the study of many years. The frame inside its broadcloth coat has lost its about an elephant after he had been to the

"Yes," replied the old uncle, "I done seed the elephant. "And what kind of an elephant was it, "Wal, I never seed an elephant afore, but He has a mighty head, 'astened by a thin I 'low this was a mighty smart elephant,

only it 'peared to me that he sutinly had a heap of slack leather in his pants." FRANK G. CARPENTER.

RELICS OF A ROMAN CITY.

A Plane, a Sandal and a Tent Peg From th Silchester Excavation. Readers of THE DISPATCH remember the discoveries recently made at Silchester, near Reading, England. Relics of an ancient



Senator Vest. He is one of the bravest men in the Senate and one of the most able. He is a man of ideas, and when he has gotten out of the babyhood of Senatorships he will make himself felt. Ingalls has an angular back. He is tall and thin, and the newsboy who called him a skeleton dressed up was not very far wrong. The top of his frame is the most curious part of it, and from the rear he appears to Plane, Tent Peg and Hippo Bandal. Roman city are being dug up there, and they throw much light upon the life of the Romans in England. Looking at him from the press gallery, his forehead is narrow and his head small. Here, it is as big as that of any of the United States Senstors', and the remark that I heard last night in regard to it, made

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LITERARY SUCKLINGS

A Request in Behalf of a Graduate Excites Shirley Dare's Wrath. PAP IS A BAD THING FOR SUCH.

Starvation Better From the Standpoint of Society's Best Good.

WHY KIPLING IS SO SUCCESSFUL

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.) If the dear public grows tired of being taken into confidence about some of these letters with which I am favored, in town meeting phrase, let it be manifested. I always did like to know what various human nature is capable of, and my taste is in a fair way to be gratified.

The last epistle, in delicate, feminine hand, after polite and complimentary phrasings, came to the point on the last page, as follows:

Now I am going to interest you in a young man, if you are so situated as to be interested. Splendidiy educated, literary taste, but does not seem to find the right place. I inclose his address. If you can do anything for him I am sure it will be appreciated.

Some people evidently think it a privilege for other people to interest themselves on demand for the unsatisfied and unprovided who have their minds fixed on the higher apples on the tree. You may have planted your crabtree from the wood, grafted, nursed and pruned it for 20 years, and when it is in full bearing, if the entire neighborhood doesn't have the benefit of the fruit it isn't for want of asking.

What the Request Means.

There are procedures in vogue among highly respected people which need to be characterized as they deserve. This sort of application is one of them. To a writer born so of three generations of hard thinkers and harder workers, whose way has been lought and toiled for in the crait, come the friends of this young graduate whose way has been smoothed for him through a splendid education, with a polite hint that the 500 chances for work on every hand are not up to the level of his ambitious taste, and "if you can do anything for him it will be appreciated."

would find the taste for literature had deserted them. The only reason why literature is in esteem and held higher than mannal labor is that it requires longer, closer, finer training, which it commonly doesn't get. Most masters of it have taken a 20 years' course of observation of human nature and the world, besides study of history and the mere art of expression, before they gained the right place. And there have been very few men of distinction in newspaper writing even, who were not men of affairs as well as of the pen.

Innate laziness is no proof of talent for literature, though it is a frequent pretonce What the Request Means.

Doing anything in such a case means the Doing anything in such a case means the canvass of one's literary nequaintance and connections, writing a good many letters and using no little effort in conversation for a good many weeks. This is desired as it it were a joy and favor for a busy person who never knows an hour of leisure, whose work piles up two years beforehand. For, mark you, let one prove any ability and willingness to work and the world takes care he never shall want for it. He can have the never shall want for it. He can have the privilege of doing all his own work and other people's, too, if he will submit to it.

When Men Are Interesting. To this and all similar applications, for this is not a solitary one by some dozens, I beg to say, in the first place, I decline to feel the slightest interest in young men as such. For one reason, they are able to take sufficient interest in themselves to exonerate the rest of the world from solicitude

in their behalf. Except to themselves and some girl or two Except to themselves and some girl or two they are the most uninteresting creatures of the human race. Their talk is egotistic, crude, limited; their opinions hackneyed repetitions of the latest—not always the latest—fashions in ideas, caught from "remembered" authors. Boys I like under 17 and over 45. At the latter period they begin to feel the sun, to ripen, color and take flavor. When the mouth gets its grip and the eye its aim, from that time up to 80 and into the eternities men can be interesting outside their personal and closest circle, not much before. They have to be tolerated, under conditions, at meal times and when he worked his engine so well that he wheeled himself into one of the chief offices of the road, and he has for years been the head of the Long Branch division of the Jersey Central Railroad. He lives at Long Branch and is said to be in close connection with the Sewell party in New Jersey politics.

Another tall, lean Senator is Walthall, of Mississippi. He is 6 feet high and about 18 inches broad. His shoulders are narrow and his long hair flows down in curls upon them. Looking at him from the gallery,

Exceptions prove the rule, and I am happy to think of a few hard-working, intelligent lads, shrewd with native intelligence and rare good feeling—one a fisherman, one a clerk in a grocery, one a working description of the shape it was considered. druggist—with whom it was possible to talk cheerily, with sense of humor and gain. But they had all worked through from their eens, the young druggist allowing himself ust 50 cents a week above the cheanest board possible to pay the rest of his salary for his sister's education. A man like that

In the second place I don't see why, in the name of the humanities, anyone is called on to feel or exert interest for a hale, sound young man, with use of his limbs and "splendidly educated" besides. What more ought he to need? What is his splendid ed-ucation good for, if it has not placed him at an advantage over the rest of the world? That others may well ask of him, not he of the world. Were he a woman untaught or half disabled with young children and helpless ones dependent on her faltering arm, or an old man breaking under the buffets of misfortune, he would have right to help; but a young man of abilities and advantages above the common, or so esteemed, to go about asking influence at second or third hands to get a better helping than fate serves out to him, does not excite enthusi-

Knocks for the Young Graduate. Besides, it appears that the young man is

not without work and duty, only he has not the right place to suit his taste and terms. Most people do not find the right place till they have been looking for it 20 years or more, and are thankful to get it then. What busiaess has a young graduate to expect a place to suit him? The question is not whether he can get work to suit him, but whether he can do work to suit the world, and, if not, the sooner he learns or puts himselfont of the way the better. If he can as self out of the way the better. If he can get self out of the way the better. If he can get taken on trial in any low position in the world's great business, on food and lodging, it is all he has a right to look for till he proves his fitness. When he has looked the world well over, he will conclude the first place that offered was the right place, only

he was not man enough to fill it. Probably Moses keeping sheep in the deserts of Midian, or You Moltke as a subaltern, felt that he was not in the right place, but Fate had other views for them. Neither handling trunks as a hotel porter nor keeping books in a corner grocery has ever kept a man of real ability from being a general or a Cabinet Minister.

Finding the Right Place. To take a late example, Mr. Clyde Fitch with as fine an education as the country af-fords, filled some years by giving private lessons in languages and studying history for plays and stories, as a sculptor studies anatomy and form. So he is able to write anatomy and form. So he is able to write "Beau Brumme!" and finds the right place much sconer than by canvassing his friends and his friends for something commensurate to his merits in his own idea.

I own a willingness to take trouble and worry and effort for inexperienced women and all disabled folk, even though as gener ally happens, they turn again and rend one or prove much better sole to make effort fle or prove much better sole to make effort for themselves than others are to take it for them. But an able-bodied young man de-pending on women's influence and care to help him, excites a curious contempt in all sane minds. I haven't the slightest hesitachances, because he is sure to find misjudg-ing women and white throated ministers enough to help him to much better things n this world than he deserves.

Where Women Are Weak

Where Women Are Weak.

Women offer premiums on worthlessness.

The most utterly good-for-nothing and loathsome scamp I ever knew of crowned two years of pretended reform, after sponging on church people through a short cut seminary for "Christian workers" by marrying a girl of one of the highest families in the State with \$200,000 to her fortune last year. He professed to be a refermed gambler, but he

never was anything as decent as a gambler. There is a depth of infamy whose wages even a small gambler will spurn.

This high-bred and bions girl, with the wilfulness of her sex and piety well developed, led away with a pretended coat of arms which the fraud showed her and a pretended reform from high caste gambling, must marry him against the prayers and protests of all her family and friends. She knows what it is by this time to be married to a beast, incapable of honor or decency, whose only pretense of treating his wife decently is to keep a hold of her income. I never gained such an insight into woman's weakness as in the details of this affair.

The Uses of Starvation.

The Uses of Starvation. One who knows the world grows very much hardened to the result of starvation. If an educated or sane man in this day in a civilized country can't make a comfortable living the best thing he can do for the world and himself is to starve. Starvation is the penalty of nature for improvidence and worthlessness. We are all in the boat together and if any man will not take history worthlessness. We are all in the boat together, and if any man will not take his turn
at the oars, instead of singing, let him go
overboard as not worth saving. It sounds
pretty hard doctrine, but it is a very much
needed and entirely wholesome one.

"Lastly, what right has this young man

"Lastly, what right has this young man to enter the higher calling of literature at all for ten years to come? What has he seen worth describing? What has he thought out and put to test worth our hearing and thinking over? What can he do that he can teach us to do; or, with what even can he entertain us in the telling? He is like an art student who had learned to copy pencil drawings who wants work as an artist at drawings who wants work as an artist at once. He is empty of experience, void of suggestion. What has he but a taste for literature, which, forsooth, we are to turn out of our berths and poke about to gratify? Requires Thorough Training.

I wish there could be schools of literature established where all aspirants had to go through at least as thorough training as through at least as thorough training as they are expected to for art. At the pros-pect of a seven years' course most applicants would find the taste for literature had de-serted them. The only reason why litera-ture is in esteem and held higher than man-nal labor is that it requires longer, closer,

Innate laziness is no proof of talent for literature, though it is a frequent pretonce for it. I'll venture to say that this raw graduate, with his fine handwriting and splendid education, would not be worth his salt in any newspaper office, any publishing house, or in any literary work whatever, except the mere hunting down and catching by the tail of his pet ideas, which are the same breed as his favorite professor's, and the world has too much fresh, good thinking nowadays to tolerate wornout strains.

The Literary Sockillers. The Literary Sucklings.

There doesn't appear to be any great demand for sucking literary talent. The census shows about 10,000 persons in this country who call themselves authors, and adding up the syndicate and magazine lists of writers and the best known newspaper men and women, you may account for 500 of them. Perhaps there are as many who earn \$1,500 a year by their writing alone, perhaps 100 of these earn more. If the rest of the 10,000 average \$10 a week they are doing far better than the publishers give them credit for. That sum is what every Irishman who handles a spade in this State

can make 50 weeks in a year.

Educated people may pursue this kind of life and call it love of literature, but it is re lly laziness, and the sneaking desire for the credit of a high calling without the com-bined bodily and mental effort which real affairs require. I'm glad that literature be-gins to have a little more of the stonebreak-ing quality put into it—that the world calls for newer, livelier thoughts, with some of the vital marrow in them, some deeper in-sight than the world at large has in man and woman, society, government, or even in rock and heather, desert and hillside.

Hints for the Young Man. You want to study your segment of the world as Agassiz made his pupils study fish, which at sight appeared exactly alike, but ences that the pupil could hardly discern a resemblance. To do this you must go into the world, into business and mix with its characters, learn its phrases, its queer twists of ides, its pranking vanity, its deep hidden

veins of feeling.
It is no wonder the caliphs of Bagdad delighted to roam about the bazzars in disguise, and see human nature in its un-studied postures, not flat on their faces before a throne. I would myself serve months behind a counter, just for the sake of studying life and people as they appear from the other side of it. You can't learn by going as amateur casual a day or a week, for you are as apt to get conclusions wrong as right, but you must enter some live career and learn it as Kipling knows India, or Verestchagin the Russian service. Not till then can you make other people see and

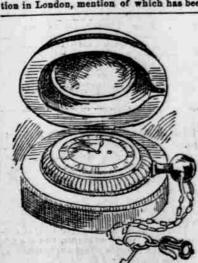
feel what you write. Secret of Kipling's Succ The examiners for the School of Litera-ture should ask the applicant not merely, "have you a taste for it," but "have you any facility of expression," and then, "have you experienced anything to express?" Mr. experienced anything to express?" Mr. Squeers' method was the right one after all, only he applied it to pupils of too young an age to profit by it. The secret of Mr. Kipling's effects is that he lived before he wrote. age to prome of the lived before he wrote. Iling's effects is that he lived before he wrote. His fighting scenes, his barrack life, his love-making, his flirting was never evolved from inner consciousness, or observation. Some of them are adapted for the insertion of two tubes, and two smokers may at the same time inhale the fumes of the tobacco. Can this double-stem arrangement posthe tragi-comedy of society, to select a few details here and there, he has the whole ex-

details here and there, he has the whole ex-perience in the photographic memory, which is the best part of a writer's outfit, and chooses the lines which live.

There can be no question about his success heing a lasting one. His method is the right and true one, and such a man will write with vivid interest as long as the world lasts from which he draws material. He is the one writer who can make a story absorbing without love-making. He is like to be the Thackeray of our time, for there is more resemblance in the two men than their East Indian and artistic beginnings. Thack-eray's early work in the "Yellowplush Papers" and his short stories has much of the dash and swagger of Kipling's. SHIRLEY DARK

ONE OF NAPOLEON'S CLOCKS.

A Peculiar Belie to Be Seen at the Guelph Exhibition in London. Among the relies at the Guelph exhibi tion in London, mention of which has been



nade in THE DISPATCH'S cablegrams, is the traveling clock shown here. It was taken from Napoleon's carriage at Watarloo and lent for the exhibition by Henry P. Cotton, Esq. The picture is taken from the Illustrated News of the World.

HOUSEHOLD goods packed for shipment

OLD TECUMSEH'S PIPE

A Relic Now in the Possession of an Armstrong County Man.

CARVED FROM LIMBS OF TREES.

On the Stem Is a Whistle the Chief Used to Call His Squaw.

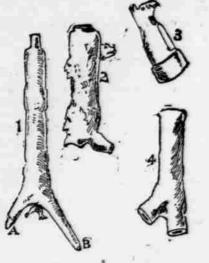
HISTORICAL VALUE OF SMOKERS

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Old Tecumseh had a habit of whistling for his squaw. It is doubtful whether this important historical fact would have ever come to light but for a remarkable pipe now in the possession of John R. Webb, of Rosston, Armstrong county, some 40 miles from Pittsburg, on the Allegheny Valley Railroad. The pipe was originally the property

of the celebrated Indian chieftan. Tecumseh, it will be recalled by all schoolboys, was born about 1768, and was killed in battle about 1813. His squaw then held the pipe, and she lived for many years afterward. Mr. Webb informs THE DIS-PATCH that it was purchased from the Indian woman somewhere between the years 1840 and 1844 by Colonel J. G. Brice, and at the death of the Colonel the pipe came into his possession. He now exhibits it as a val-uable relic of the days of Tippecanoe, and he has no idea of making a present of it to

A Curious Combination

It is a curious wooden pipe, cut from the limbs of trees in four parts. Upon it are carved the laces of men, birds and animals, in accordance with the ancient Indian custom. One of these is a dog, another looks something like a deer head and third is a bird. The bowl is the most elaborately carved of all. Mr. Webb took the pipe



Old Troumsch's Pipe. Main stem with whistle at A and mouth-piece at B. 2. Bowl, elaborately carved. & Cap for bowl, also carved. 4. Lower chamber.

apart and, laving the several pieces on a table, sketched them for this paper. The accompanying illustrations will give a fair which tradition says was used by Tecumsel for calling his squaw to him.

In these days of Indian troubles anything

bearing on the manner of life among the red men will be read with interest. Squaws men will be read with interest. Squaws were always treated little better than dogs by their liege lords, and this pipe with its story helps to prove that. The pipe in Mr. Webb's possession is 1334 inches long. It may really rank as one of American curlosities in its line.

Valuable in Archieology.

The practice of smoking, and consequently the use of pipes, has always been one of the archæological guides of the ages. The prog-ress of civilization has been traced by them. Besides our own Smithsonian Institute at Washington, the antiquarian museums of Europe are full of smoke pipes many cen-turies old. They are known as Danes' pipes, Celts' pipes, elfin pipes, fairy pipes, old man pipes, etc. Many of them are remark-able for their very small size, whence, perhaps, some of the above funciful names. This however, is accounted for by the excessively high price of tobacco when it was first grown.

You could not have bought 5-cent papers of it then. Similar small pipes have been found in North America, and some mode of using tobacco has always prevailed among the Indians. They, however, go to the other extreme, frequently leaving pipes of extreme length, indicating their animal appearance. tites in tobacco as well as in everything else. It was only among the very earliest fathers of the North American Indians that stone pipe bowls were found in which stems

Delicate as Straws Were Inserted

Later the stem was huge as any other part of the pipe. These bowls, however, whether of stone or wood, have generally been elab-orately carved. Their authenticity as Indian relies can be quicker proven by that then by any other ear mark. They con-tinue, however, to be made by the Indians to the present day, often of stone, which are not cut without great difficulty, and are sibly be an elaboration of the idea of the pipe as a type of peace? To smoke the pipe of peace is a powerful notion with the Indians, but to smoke it on the same pipe is certainly more forcible, as well as log

The Pet Alligator Traffic.

New York Sun. 1 Now is about the time when early Florida alligators begin to arrive. In many of the places frequented by tourists in that State young alligators a foot or so in length are offered for sale, usually at half a dollar apiece. The dealer in curiosities keeps a apiece. The dealer in currostiles keeps a dozen or 20 of them together in a big boz lined with tin. The purchaser may take his choice, and the dealer puts it in a wooden box which is perforated to admit the sir. The express companies make low rates on this freight, and every season many small alligators are sent to various parts of the North.

MADAME A. RUPPERT Complexion Specialist.

