The Dispatch.

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PITTSBURG, MONDAY, MAR. 2, 1891.

NEW FOREIGN LABOR.

The discovery brought out in our local columns that there is a considerable accession of French glassworkers to the population of Pittsburg is an interesting one, however it may turn out. Under any view it is a proof of the high rate of wages paid to labor in this industry, and the attractions thus offered to workers from other countries.

As to the call for legal interference, that depends on facts which are not yet clearly established. If the new glassworkers come over on their own responsibility in the hope of securing a share of the good wages paid in that industry, they are only exercising a right held out to them by our laws. If they are brought here by agreement or promises from employers, they ought to come under the action of the contract labor law. But, as the strongest allegation in that direction is that they are attracted here by the circulation of the statistical information that wages are far higher here than in their own country, it is not likely that the courts will hold the circulation of what is our national boast to be a contract, in violation of the law.

That enactment has already made a record of not keeping any of the labor that is undesirable. It does not seem likely to vary the record in this instance.

A NATIONAL ART EXHIBITION.

The proposition to open the Carnegie art gallery in Pittsburg, when it is erected, by a national exhibition of American art is looking a good way into the future; but it is one of these projects that require looking ahead, and the outlines of the idea given in the art department of THE SUNDAY DISPATCH will command the approval and co-operation of our citizens. Nothing more appropriate could be devised for the opening of a gallery which is to be distinctively of American art, than a national exhibition of works of that class. When the artists of this country learn the magnitude of the endowment which Mr. Carnegie is establishing for the purchase of American pictures they will be ready to furnish their works to an opening exhibition to an extent which will make it one of no slight fame. It will be well to bear this idea in mind; and possibly the prospect which it holds out will be an incentive toward an early and harmonious determination of the now difficult question of the site.

DUDLEY'S PROGRESS.

There are constant and gratifying assurances that the world moves. However discouraging the indications to the contrary may be at times, the optimistic view is always justified by some new and unexpected evidence of progress. It has seemed lately to those who recognized the necessity of honest elections as an essential to republican institutions, that the progress was in the wrong direction. But that gloomy view is brightened by the appearance, in the role of an apostle of regeneration and reform, of no less a person than Colonel W. W. Dudley, and the frank declaration by him that "the Republican party needs regeneration. What we need more than anything else is honest elections and the assurance that every man's ballot will be counted."

The stunning effect of this deliverance from the exponent of "blocks of five" politics upon a Democratic cotemporary is to evoke the exclamation: "Colonel Dudley is either a lunatic or a humorist of high rank." But this is ill-considered. No one can dispute that he speaks the words of truth and soberness. Moreover, even partisan prejudice should not blind the perception that in this matter Colonel Dudley speaks of a matter concerning which he has full information. While we may suspect ulterior motives in the acts of Satan rebuking sin, no one can doubt the expert authority of the Prince of Darkness, or the undesirability of transgressions of the moral law.

Not only is Colonel Dudley's testimony conclusive, but having recognized the necessity of reform we can fairly expect his co-operation. For the regeneration of the Republican party and the securing of honest elections, we have the right to count on Colonel Dudley's powerful aid to the extent of taking himself out of Republican management and keeping clear of elections in the future.

OUR NAVAL PROGRESS.

A recent address by Commander Read, of the United States Navy, contains some very interesting ideas on the same subject of the navy. That is a matter which has risen in public importance of late, both because a considerable amount of the public funds has been used in the construction of new vessels, and because one or two international questions have been with questionable wisdom pushed to the point where we were forced to contemplate our preparations to prosecute hostilities with a foreign power.

Commander Read lays down the rule which THE DISPATCH has always urged, that while it is both impossible and unnecessary for the United States to maintain a navy like that of England or France, it is requisite that what vessels we do have shall be the best. The limited number of cruisers which we maintain should be second to none either in speed, in power of armament, or in resistance to hostile projectiles. Our vessels for the defense of our coasts, if such are maintained, should be impregnable and destructive though they need not necessarily possess first-class sea-going abilities. It is satisfactory to learn from an expert of Commander Read's standing, that these requirements, so far as the cruisers are concerned, have been more than met by the vessels that have been added to the navy of late years. This shows that the money of the nation has been well spent. It is for the sake of keeping up that high standard that THE DISPATCH has opposed the disposition of the Naval Bureau, in cases where the bids for the construction of new vessels have exceeded the limit set by Congress, to lower the requirements of power and speed for the vessels, rather than wait for Congress to increase the allowance. It is clear that if we accept poorer vessels for the sake of getting them built six months or a year sooner, the gratifying testimony of Commander Read to the first-class standard of our navy cannot be permanently true.

Another point in this connection is well worth considering, and that is the warning against building too many vessels of one class. Simply because we have succeeded in building first-class vessels of one description is no reason why we should keep on building them indefinitely. We were satisfied for twenty years with the naval standard reached during the course of our war, and the consequence is that we got twenty years behind the rest of the world. To build our entire navy on the accepted type of the present day might leave us in the same position twenty years hence. Nothing is more fully established than that the approved vessels and guns of one era are worthless in the next one, and that fact has several times reduced the navy of England to the value of old junks.

The proper course of the United States is to maintain a small navy of first-class vessels, and to direct expenditure to the testing of new ideas in naval warfare. Whatever can be done in the line of dynamite cruisers, torpedo boats, submarine vessels or coast defenders should be given a fair chance. One or two vessels of that sort, as much ahead of the general progress of naval construction as the Merrimac and Monitor were in 1862, will do more for the protection of our harbors in case of war than an immense fleet of vessels proportionately behind the age.

THE CHRONIC TROUBLE.

A review of the progress of Congressional business shows that forty-eight hours before the termination of the session four of the regular appropriation bills have passed both Houses of Congress; nine are in conference committees at various stages of progress, and three are yet to pass the Senate. It will thus be seen that in two days' session there must be action in both Houses of Congress on twelve of the appropriation bills, including by far the greater share of the expenditures of the Government, or else the absolutely necessary work of Congress will remain undone.

Of course, it will be utterly impossible in that space of time for Congress to exercise the scrutiny that should be given to the government expenditures, to detect snares, to cut down extravagance in one quarter, or to exert a wise liberality in another. It will be even more impossible to give any attention to important measures of non-partisan legislation which have been awaiting the pleasure of our lawmakers during the entire session. This is only a new example of a long-standing and growing Congressional vice. The expiring Congress has, as was early predicted by THE DISPATCH, wasted so much time in partisan squabbles that at the close of the session it is wholly unable to do the work of passing the appropriation bills as it ought to be done, much less to pass such measures for the general interest as the bankruptcy bill.

It is obvious that this evil will continue unchecked until Congressmen learn to eschew rabid partisanship and special legislation. That reform is a long way off; but until it is reached it is instructive to know that the controlling influences of Congressional work are such as to make its proper discharge impossible.

THE THUNDERER'S MISTAKE.

Concerning the assertions of the press of the United States that this country is not seeking the annexation of Canada, the London *Times* is reported as treating the "professed disinterestedness" of this country with sarcasm, and asserting that "from the American point of view, there is no doubt that if commercial union is secured there need be no hurry for political union. What Canadian annexationists call two bites of a cherry American annexationists regard as two stages of a transaction. They may find it more profitable to stop half way."

The once-powerful *Thunderer* shows in this deliverance a singular inability to see that so far as its utterances have any effect on the question its Yankeephobia leads it to make exactly the assertions which tend to strengthen commercial union in Canada. No one of any intelligence in this country has professed disinterestedness in disavowing the desire to force annexation. Everyone knows that it would be an injury to a democratic government to secure an increase of territory at the cost of adding a large population that would be disaffected and attached by sentiment to a foreign power. It is for the interest of the United States to have it clearly understood that Canada cannot be annexed until the vast majority of the Canadians wish it, and that view is a sufficient explanation of the fact that a reciprocity treaty with Brazil occupies more space in the public minds than all the Canadian outcry about annexation.

But what does the *Times* do next? It brings out and insists upon the fact that all the United States wishes for can be secured by commercial union or reciprocity. This is true, too, but if the *Thunderer* were not too anxious to launch a thunderbolt it would have perceived that, while this may appeal to the Tory prejudices in England, it cuts the ground entirely out from under the feet of Sir John Macdonald in Canada. Commercial union has no terrors for the Canadians, and this is shown most conclusively by the fact that Sir John discovered that he could not fight his campaign simply against reciprocity, but had to raise the outcry that reciprocity means annexation. But if the *Times* has any influence with the Canadians how much will be left of the Canadian Prime Minister's campaign ammunition when the British organ comes in with the assertion that the Americans will get all they want from reciprocity and will find it more profitable to stop there?

As a statement of fact the appeal of the *Times* to national prejudices is correct. The United States will always recognize it as more profitable to both sides, to stop short of annexation so long as any considerable body of the Canadians are opposed to it. But when the only argument against reciprocity, in Canada, is, that it means annexation, of what pertinence is the assertion of the *Times* save as a corroboration of the Liberal view?

THE Signal Service brought its cold wave of last week to time with brilliant success; but up to the present writing its prediction of the coldest weather of the season for Sunday has the appearance of a case in which vaulting ambition hath o'erleapt itself.

"WHEN things come to such a pass that the Queen of England and the Prince of Wales have a public squabble before the eyes of hundreds it begins to look as though the prestige of British royalty was in a very bad way," remarks a cotemporary. If royal families are not to be allowed the occasional diversion of family tiffs without having their downfall prophesied, it is a case of unjust discrimination against the crowned heads. If we are not mistaken, the monarchs of England have enjoyed the luxury of scolding their offspring these many centuries; and yet the English republic is still to be established.

In addition to the other foolishness what a magnificent chance the French have lost of revenging themselves on Germany by selling the Germans pictures of the French school at a fabulous price per square inch!

THE Tall Sycamore of the Wabash thinks that free silver coinage will be the coming issues in politics. He thought the same of unlimited greenbacks ten years ago; and the only reason why he did not go down with soft money is that Daniel Webster Voorhees is such a picturesque figure in politics that no one ever thinks of holding him responsible for his monetary vagaries.

THAT House investigation failed to locate the silver pool by diligently searching in the other direction; but intimations are not wanting to the effect that it discovered a large pool of whitewash.

NINE hundred and ninety millions is now the estimate of the appropriations during the two sessions of the Fifty-first Congress. This is $172,000,000 more than the appropriations of the Fiftieth Congress, and $241,000,000 in excess of those in the Forty-ninth. No wonder the surplus is disposed to shrink away and hide its diminished head.

THE adjournment of Congress and the end of the Canadian campaign coming in the same week holds out the hope that the continent will have a quiet time until the baseball season opens.

IT is suggested that the Bernhardt and Davenport dispute over the rotundity of *Cleopatra* be settled by getting Ann Odelia Diss De Barr to paint a spirit portrait of the long defunct Egyptian queen. But Bernhardt will probably object to Diss DeBar as an impartial medium. That princess of spiritualism is herself somewhat prejudiced on the avoirdupois side of the question.

CANADIAN politics give the barrels of money from the United States the same fabulous importance that British gold bears in the campaigns of our own free and happy country.

THE baccarat scandal continues to agitate England, the fact that cheating at cards has taken place being not more reprehended than the more uncomfortable fact that it has been found out. The complete remedy for the trouble is suggested to be that every one shall cut the cards in all senses of the term.

AND now ex-Treasurer Huston realizes that the politician who goes often to the well of resignation is likely to find his tenure of office broken at last.

THE defense of the so-called "orders" which promise to pay $100 for $30 amounts to the assertion that they will pay it if they have the money. This is a larger "if" than *Touchstone* ever dreamed of; but it cannot truthfully be averred that there is much virtue in it.

SCINTILLATIONS OF FAME.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE is spending a week in Philadelphia as the guest of Joseph Stoddart, of *Lippincott's Magazine*.

WISCONSIN'S new Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Treasurer and Secretary of State are all graduates from editorial desks.

ALFRED TENNYSON has written a poem of nine lines for which he is said to have received $2,500. It is entitled "To Sleep."

SENATOR HEARST, who died Saturday, was a common laborer in 1850. He made his first stake by speculating in mining claims, and he died one of the richest men in the country.

IT is pathetic to think that Anna Dickinson has of late been struggling with poverty, which is said to be the cause of her present illness. It is the more to be deplored when we consider that this condition was brought about not only by her unfortunate theatrical ventures of a few years ago, but also by her generous charity, by giving so extensively to the poor that she became poor herself. Now that her condition is known she will doubtless be amply provided for by her many devoted friends.

GOVERNOR HILL made his first speech when he was 17 years old, while attending a political meeting at a small hamlet near Watkins Glen, N. Y. Some prominent man was advertised to address the meeting, but owing to a mishap he was prevented from attending. Not to have people disappointed, the committee looked around for some speaker. Finally remembering the reputation young Hill had made at school, the committee asked Hill to take the stand. He promptly complied, and really astonished his auditors with the speech he made.

BY the death of Admiral Porter, as is generally known, Rear Admiral Kimberly, of Samoan cyclone fame, became the highest ranking officer in the United States Navy. It is not, however, well known that the admiral is now practically one of Boston's citizens. About two years ago he purchased a home at Newton, a suburb of Boston, and there now reside his wife and his two children, together with a young school-going neice. The admiral has a magnificent modern house on a lofty hill, side by side with the residence of the admiral's lifelong friend, Commodore Fyffe, of the United States Navy.

A Hard Question.

Leadville Herald-Democrat.]

Don't stop to think, but answer offhand: Who is the Vice President of the United States?

THE OLDEST PAIR OF TWINS.

Two Venerable Sisters Celebrate Together Their Seventy-Fifth Birthday.

MUNCIE, IND., March 1.—Yesterday a novel birthday celebration took place in this city, in which Mrs. Isaac Martz and Mrs. Moses Martz, twin sisters, of Arcadia, Hamilton county, assisted by a score of relatives, celebrated their 75th birthday. Seventy-one years ago yesterday, with their parents, they drove from Connersville, this State, to the present site of Indianapolis, it requiring ten days for six men to chop the road through the woods, the distance of 50 miles, and they claim to be the first settlers.

The women married brothers, and have ever since resided near together. Their likeness is so striking that even their relatives at times cannot distinguish them apart. Two of their father's sisters, Mrs. Jane Kirkwood and Mrs. Catherine Kirkwood, aged 89 and 88 respectively, were present. The ladies claim to be the oldest twin sisters in this or any of the boundary States.

Wolcott a Civil Service Reformer.

Washington Star.]

In his short career in the Senate, Senator Wolcott has shown a force of mind and a power of expression that do credit to the young State of Colorado. Yesterday he said in debate in defense of the merit system that under it he was powerless to secure an appointment or a discharge in any executive department, and that he was glad of it. For just that particular reason some other members of Congress are not in a jovial mood when civil service reform is the topic under consideration.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

James Glover.

James Glover, aged 67 years, died at his late residence, No. 79 South Seventh street, last evening, of pleurisy. He was one of the oldest and best known residents of the Southside, having been engaged in business on that side of the river for a number of years.

David R. Breed, Jr.

A telegram was received from Chicago yesterday announcing the death there on Saturday of David R. Breed, Jr., son of Rev. David R. Breed and wife, in the 10th year of his age. He has many friends in this city.

David M. Filson.

David M. Filson died yesterday afternoon at the age of 38 years. His funeral will occur tomorrow afternoon from the residence of his sister, Mrs. Mary Gunning, on the Butler pike, at Etna.

TALES FOR THE CURIOUS.

Famous Men and Their Handicapped Sons—O'Reilly's Prison Reminiscences—Champion Lazy Men—Evolution of the Pullman Sleeper—Brevities and Oddities.

The sons of distinguished men is a topic discussed by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Telegram*. Says Mr. Quinn: Being the son of a famous public man is rather a trying position to fill, so much is required of him. He is expected to be fully as able as his father, and if he fails in that requirement he is put down as a failure. There were Democrats and Republicans who contributed their views upon the subject, and they all agree that if Don Cameron had not been a son of Simon he would not to-day occupy his present position, and that fact led some of them to be too severe on the Pennsylvania Senator. Had he been the son of some coal heaver and acquired his present position many of these gentlemen would have credited the Senator with greater intellectual qualities than they did, but his father's name overshadows him.

When Robert T. Lincoln was elevated to a Cabinet position it was popularly considered that there was very little to young Lincoln except the fact that he was the son of his father. Now, however, it is generally considered that he possesses a high order of intellect, and the fact that he is a great man's son from this on is more a disadvantage than otherwise.

There have been few sons of distinguished fathers who have been more abused than Fred Grant. The present Minister to Spain evidently did have the impression in his younger days that because he was the son of the great General he was entitled to every consideration that his fellow countrymen could shower upon him. This probably made him unpopular, but those who were well acquainted with Minister Grant say that he has developed and improved wonderfully within the last few years.

Secretary Blaine has two sons, but neither of them will ever be his equal. Emmons Blaine is a good railroad man, but outside of his business he has no ambition, while young Jim might be classed as a typical great man's son. Had Walker Blaine lived he would have had a brilliant future, and would probably have been well qualified to fill his father's shoes.

Senator Evarts has a son, as everybody in New York undoubtedly knows, for the younger Evarts has already make a place for himself at the New York bar.

Prison Life as O'Reilly Found It.

The forthcoming "Life, Poems and Speeches" of John Boyle O'Reilly will contain the subjoined, which was found among his manuscripts:

"I was a convict in an English prison four years ago, and, before the impressions then received are weakened or rubbed out by time, it may be of interest to recall a few reminiscences. I was not, in the true sense of the word, a criminal, although classed with them and treated precisely the same as they were. My offense against the law was political.

One meets strange characters in prison, characters which are at once recognized as being natural to the place, as are bats or owls to a cave. Prison characters, like all others, are seen by different men in different lights. For instance, a visitor passing along a corridor and glancing through the iron gates or observation holes of the cells sees only the quiet, and, to him, sullen-looking convict, with all the crime-suggesting bumps largely developed on his shaven head. The same man will be looked upon by the officer who has charge of him as one of the best, most obedient and industrious of the prisoners, which conclusion is known to by a closer acquaintance than that of the visitor, although his observations are still only of exteriors. No man sees the true nature of the convict but his fellow convict. He looks at him with a level glance and sees him in a common atmosphere. However convicts deceive their prison officers and chaplains, in which they do in the majority of cases, they never deceive their fellows.

Remarkable Feats of Laziness.

We have heard of the man who was so lazy as to negotiate with a neighbor to wind his eight-day clock for him, and of the man who was found roasting in the sun because he was too lazy to follow around the shady side of a tree, and when told by an observer that he would be given a quarter if he would indicate any man or anything lazier than himself, slowly dragged out: "Put the quarter in my pocket." These champion lazy Lawrences, says the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, we have only heard of. Thank the god of work, we cannot name them. We have heard of men so lazy that they would sit all day on a log near some pond and fish and enjoy such fishing, because they never had a bite, they necessitating the exertion of pulling in their lines. We have heard of such men, we say, but we never believed in them until the confession of a man from the busy, active city of Chicago reached us, a confession which makes the exertions of fishermen on a log seem by comparison like the twelve labors of Hercules. This self-confessed champion, this man who should at once be chosen as the president of the international society for the suppression of work, has owned up to having gone down to a hotel in the south of Florida where he could actually lie in bed and fish.

The Evolution of the Pullman Car.

Speaking of the splendid new sleepers recently placed upon the Chicago and Alton road led an old railroad man to recall the time when George M. Pullman placed the "Pioneer" upon the same road. "Pullman," said he to a writer in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, "had acquired the right to run sleepers on the road during the war, but he had been running two cheap affairs, simply common passenger coaches made over so as to contain beds. He had, however, made considerable money, and conceived the idea of doubling the capacity of the cars by making one berth above another. He set about developing the idea about the time of the close of the war. The difficulty was to get the upper berth and the bedding out of the way during the day time. At last the thought of elevating the upper berth against the deck, or roof, came to him, but he found that the cars were not high enough to permit this and leave room for passengers to stand erect. He determined to make a car that should be not only higher, but wider than those in use, and at the same time to have the upper berth on hinges, so it could be closed up against the deck. The result was the construction of the Pioneer."

A Trick of the Heathen Chinee.

Every Chinaman who leaves Canada takes a certificate which shall serve as his passport when he returns, says Julian Ralph in *Harper's Magazine*. He may take out a certificate when he does not mean to leave the country. He may take one when he is merely going to smuggle himself over our border, and never means to go back to the Dominion. Or he may take a certificate when he has made all the money he needs, and is on his way to China to end his days there, after years of that luxurious idleness which the average laborer counts upon obtaining in China from the judicious investment of $2,000—the coolie's plum. Of course it is fair to presume that in many cases the certificates are demanded by men who mean to return. At all events, these certificates, which are passports to Canada, and indirectly to the United States, have a money value. They are sold in China. They can be purchased openly to-day in the streets of Hong Kong, like ducks or chopsticks.

A Remarkable Pension Case.

A young woman in Belfast recently received a pension under somewhat peculiar circumstances. Until she applied for a pension she did not know who her parents were, says the Belfast (Me.) *Republican-Journal*. She is 22 years old, has lived in a Belfast family for five years, and bears a first-class reputation in every particular. A number of years ago a Waldo county man held a Government position in Washington. At an orphan asylum in that city he found and adopted a little girl of 2½ years. The child grew up under the instructions of this excellent Maine family, and is the person under notice. She has been ill for some time. Her foster father learned that her own father was a leader in a band in a New York regiment during the war, and that both parents were dead. Friends have assisted, and last fall the young lady was granted a pension, with arrearages amounting to $1,900. We have withheld the names at the request of the young lady.

An Adventure With Whales.

Captain Bucklin, of the tug Wasp, says the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, had a little scare when off Ten-Mile point, Friday, when he found his boat in the midst of a school of whales splashing around in every direction and spouting water all over the boat in such a manner as to make the crew wish for a few seconds that the boat were in some other part of the sound. Captain Bucklin said there must have been about 130 in the school. He did not think at first that there were as many as there really were, and ran into them before he realized it. He did not think that there was any real danger, but when he saw the torrents of water coming down on his boat he began to feel a little shaky, and felt a great relief when the boat had passed them. He says it is the first time he has ever seen a whale in the sound.

Lord Tennyson's Latest Poem.

To sleep! to sleep! the long, bright day is done,
And darkness rises from the fallen sun,
To sleep! to sleep!

Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away.
To sleep! to sleep!

Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past!
Sleep, happy soul! All life will sleep at last.
To sleep! to sleep!

SHE WANTED TO GO HOME.

A Young Lady Talks a Little Too Loud at the Opera.

Evening Wisconsin.]

For one moment, at least, during the performance of "L'Africaine" at the Metropolitan Opera House, Tuesday evening, the audience was happy. Things had not been going very well, either on the stage or behind the fence which formed the orchestra's only protection from possibly dangerous attacks on the part of irrascible Wagnerites. Some of the singers had lost the key so often that one felt like advising them to wear the little chains so much in use of late to prevent similar misfortune befalling people who get home late and don't want to stand unduly long on the doorstep. Mild gloom had settled over the parquette. Depression reigned in the upper regions. Even the people in the boxes talked about the opera. That they talked is a matter of course, but that the music received comment proves a great deal.

Just before the lonesome moment, already mentioned, *Selika*, while wandering about the center of the stage, encountered a high and defenseless note. Seizing it firmly—one is tempted to say, by the throat—she advanced to the footlights and there held the victim of her prowess for all to wonder at. Suddenly the unfortunate note escaped, and in the silence which followed there came from one of the balcony boxes, spoken in a clear, girlish voice, these words:

"What time does the train leave?"

Then everybody laughed, and the young woman, the end of whose suddenly audible conversation had sounded so much like sarcastic criticism, found herself the aim for scores of opera glasses and hastily withdrew to the foyer.

German and American War Expenses.

Boston Globe.]

The amount spent for pensions last year was $100,000,000, and it will be a great deal more for the present year. That is more than the whole cost of the enormous standing army of Germany, with the German pension list thrown in. We had better not say anything about the "impoverishment of the German people by a great standing army." If Uncle Sam can stand his pension list, Germany can stand her army.

UNNECESSARY ALARM.

Pennsylvania Iron Men Have Nothing to Fear From the South.

New York Journal of Finance.]

The loud lament of certain Pennsylvania iron makers that Southern competition is pushing them toward ruin not to be escaped unless Northern railroads cut down freight rates, doesn't seem to be joined in very earnestly by some of the chief producers in Pennsylvania, though the announcement of the demand for railway concessions has gone forth as though every pig iron and steel maker of the whole North were vitally involved.

One of the leading iron works in the Pittsburg district said yesterday to a representative of the *Journal of Finance* that the outcry had been raised largely by furnace companies which couldn't make money even if they got freights for nothing.

"It isn't a matter of locality at all, this of making money in iron manufacture," he said. "There is more in the man than there is in the land. The difference between iron making in the South," he continued, "is that we run our furnaces to make iron. The Southern crowd run furnaces—or make an effort to run furnaces—to boom land schemes. They can afford to lose something on iron making in order to make a good deal on selling town lots in boom towns."

Our Slighted President.

Chicago Times.]

First Eminent Statesman—Wait and presently you will hear something drop.

Second Eminent Statesman—What's up?

First Eminent Statesman—The g. o. p. is going to drop Harrison. Why, what's your hurry?

Second Eminent Statesman—I'm going to buy one of Edison's new-fangled ear-trumpets.

THE FIRST WATCH IN KENTUCKY.

It Is Now in the Possession of a Lineal Descendant of the First Owner.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

LEXINGTON, March 2.—Probably the first watch ever on Kentucky soil is in possession of a lineal descendant of its first owner, who was the early companion of Daniel Boone and the man for whom Harrodsburg is named, James Harrod, and the watch is in the possession of Dr. F. L. Harrod, a prominent physician of Harrodsburg.

The watch, a large-sized one, is of silver and what is commonly called an open-faced "bullseye." On the inside of the case is its former owner's name, "James Harrod," with the date, "1775." The mechanism is peculiar. The main spring is a solid steel chain, and the wheels are of unique workmanship. The dial is mounted with 12 small rubies. The doctor says the watch has been in good and almost constant running order until a few years since, when by accident some one let it fall and broke one of the smaller wheels. His desire to keep it intact has kept him from trying to get it repaired. Many private citizens and historical societies have attempted to buy the watch, but he has no desire to part with it.

Well-Meaning but Bungling.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

The trouble with Colonel Watterson is that when he undertakes "to settle a family jar" he knocks the bottom all out.

The Lamented Colonel McKibben.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

Colonel Chambers McKibben, who died in Chambersburg, Pa., a few days ago, aged 93, was in some respects a remarkable man. He had passed out of public notice, as though he had died, a quarter of a century ago, yet in his active days was quite a prominent citizen. Fifty years ago he was postmaster of Pittsburg, and before that ranked among the leading politicians of the State. He was on familiar terms with Andrew Jackson, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, Governor Curtin, Jere Black, and other men of national fame. He filled the Naval office under Buchanan, and the last public office he held was as Assistant United States Treasurer under President Johnson. He was a man of fine abilities and high integrity.

A VALUABLE RECRUIT.

The New Gunboat Bennington Beats the Record in Stopping at Full Speed.

NEW YORK, March 1.—The new gunboat Bennington had a second official trial yesterday, and made a record which exceeds that required by the specifications, and places her in the front rank among boats of her class. The Bennington was required to show an average of 3,400 horse power, for four consecutive hours, and exceeded it by 71 horse power which entitles her contractors to a premium of $7,100.

After the test for horse power was finished, two hours were spent in putting the vessel through a series of evolutions to test the steering apparatus, the quick starting and stopping of the engines and the working of the twin screws against each other. The Bennington did the best on record in stopping at full speed and reaching full speed backward, using both engines. She stopped in one minute and six seconds while at full speed, while going a length and a half.

A Graceful Compliment.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Anna Dickinson has been taken to an asylum because she cannot sleep. Certain it is that she never gave her audiences a chance to go to sleep when she was on the lecture platform.

A 20-YEAR-OLD RATTLER.

A Texas Cowboy Wins Local Fame by Killing a Huge Snake.

DENISON, TEX., March 1.—Lewis Watson, of Armstrong Academy, I. T., while crossing a ledge of rocks, saw an enormous rattlesnake, which lay torpid from the effects of the cold. The snake was dispatched with a Winchester ball through the head. The monster was 7 feet in length, and 20 inches in circumference. The head was as large as the flat of a man's hand, the fangs 3 inches in length, while it had 19 rattles.

Fullbloods who have lived in the section for the past 30 years declare that it was the largest snake ever seen in the country, and it is believed to be the largest ever killed in the Indian Territory. The rattles, with buttons, indicated an age of over 20 years. Watson, who is a cowboy, brought the rattles to this city today.

Senator Peffer and the Tariff.

Kansas City Star.]

An interview with Judge Peffer, published in the *Star* yesterday, shows that the new Senator-elect from Kansas is disposed to wobble a bit on the tariff. In fact, he seems to be a pretty fair protectionist yet, and still shows the influence of his Republican training. At all events, it wouldn't be a bad scheme for the Alliance Congressmen from Kansas to organize themselves into a "herding committee" to look after Peffer when he gets to Washington.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

Tolstoi's Attempt to Teach the Value of Personality—Only One Regulation in a School He Has Founded and That Is for the Teachers.

Tolstoi has given an account of a school for boys, which is conducted upon his estates, and under his direction. The purpose of the school is to train up intelligent and independent citizens. Tolstoi realizes that in a country, governed as Russia is, there is great danger that individuality will be repressed. Men will be quick at obeying, but slow at thinking. Such men, indeed, are the necessary consequence of an absolute monarchy, and, at the same time, the necessary condition of its existence. Let people begin to think, and the walls of the Czar's palace begin to tumble.

Tolstoi wants to teach the value of personality. He purposes, like the father of Samuel Hahnemann, to give his boys lessons in thinking. They ought to send him to Siberia. Indeed, it is a wonder why they have not, long before this, set upon him the iron leg-chains with which Russia is wont to decorate her men of letters, her intellectual nobility, and made him a Knight of the Order of the North Pole. A man who preaches the Christian gospel, and deliberately sets out to persuade people to think, is a dangerous citizen for Russia.

This queer school has for its guiding principle the singular notion that education means more than the training of the memory. It sets no tasks in the rules of grammar. It proposes no geographical statistics. It does not pile the boys' backs with burdens of useless information, the symbol upon the seal of this school is not a bucket and pump.

The One Regulation of the School.

There is only one regulation in this school, and that is meant, not for the boys, but for the teachers: the pupils must be interested. That is the beginning and the outline of this remarkable experiment in education. The pupils must be interested. That is the only exercise of discipline which is allowed in the management of this school.

The school begins when the boys get there in the morning, and the day's session is over as soon as the boys get tired in the afternoon. The hour arrives for the lesson, say, in history. Enter the teacher. The boys are all in a heap in the middle of the floor, engaged in a grand romp, heedless of history, intent only upon head-punching. The teacher must smile serenely, scold not at all, sit down composedly and begin to talk about history. The teacher must wax so eloquent, tell such facinating stories, and awaken such interest in the subject that one by one, boy after boy, will extricate himself from this tangle of arms and legs, brush off the the dust of the floor and seat himself beside the teacher. By-and-by, the whole class is in a state of rapt attention. The lesson continues until the more restless spirits begin to climb out of the window.

There is some sense in such a school as that. The first step in rational education is to interest the pupils. Whatever is learned without interest is but tiresome drudgery, which does not really exercise the mind and is forgotten as soon as possible afterward. If it cannot be made interesting, either discharge the teacher as incompetent, or dismiss the subject as of no consequence, or find out what the scholar is really interested in. The truth is that every subject which is worth teaching can be made of interest by a first teacher. And the first thing which a teacher, who really desires to teach, should himself be taught, is that the open door into knowledge lies along the path of interest. How can I make this lesson interesting? is equivalent to the question, How can I get this lesson learned?

James Freeman Clarke said of his school-days that "the first year was wholly occupied in committing to memory the most abstract formulas of Adam's Latin Grammar. There might be a dull kind of discipline in this, he says, but it was an injurious one. It was a discipline of the power of cramming the memory with indigestible facts and sounds. It taught us to make a strenuous effort to accomplish a disagreeable task. It had a benumbing effect on the mind. It stupefied our faculties. It gave a distaste for study. Latin, Greek and mathematics taught in this way inspired only dislike."

Spelling Damaging to the Mind.

Somebody wrote an article some time ago in the *Popular Science Monthly*, the title of which, I think, was "How Spelling Damages the Mind." The purpose of it was to show how the spelling-book teaches the pernicious principle of arbitrary authority rather than reason as the guide of life. The spelling book forbids thinking. It inculcates the maxim of the Salvation Army: "Do as you are told, and don't argufy"—a good enough regulation for an army, but a foolish one for a school. It discourages personality. There is no spelling book in the curriculum of Count Tolstoi's school.

The robust, though sometimes narrow-minded, faith of the English-speaking race is attributed by this writer to the early influence of the spelling book. Anybody, he says, who will believe that c-o-u-g-h spells *coff*, and b-o-u-g-h spells *bow*, and t-o-u-g-h spells *tuff*, and h-o-u-g-h spells *hok*, will believe anything. The Czar ought to enforce the spelling book in all the Russian schools. He ought to forbid any office of trust to everybody who cannot spell all the barbarous words of the Russian language. The Pope ought to emphasize the study of it in all the parochial schools.

"How Spelling Damages the Mind;" yes, and more and worse than that, "How Education Damages the Mind." There is a subject for the teachers' institutes.

Our system of education is queer. Dr. Wayland says that if we still believed, like the old Parsees, that there are "malevolent divinities, one of whom sent cholera, another famine, another measles, another fever, one might well believe that one of the most active and ingenious and inexhaustible of the malevolents managed at the start to get hold of our system of education." He instances, as an example of the unreasonableness of our teaching, the definition of a mile. How long is a mile? "Well, that depends; if it is a statute mile it is 1,760 yards, if it is a geographical mile it is 2,025 yards, if it is measured in Norway it is 12,182 yards, if in Sweden, 11,662; in Germany it may be the short mile, 6,859 yards, or the long mile, 10,126 yards, or the geographical mile, 8,237 yards."

Opinion of Dr. Wayland.

This, Dr. Wayland says, is as absurd as if it were taught that what is wrong in winter is right in summer; and that children ought to obey their parents in Pennsylvania, but not in New York; and that two and two make four in the case of potatoes, but that two and two make seven in the case of onions, and eight in the case of carrots.

Prof. Huxley says that one day in Belfast he was in a great hurry to get to a certain place at a certain time. So he rushed into a cab and called to the driver: "Now, drive fast; I am in a hurry." Whereupon the driver brought down his whip with a fine flourish upon the backs of the horses, and started them off like the team that pulls the fire engine at a full gallop. "Hullo!" shouted the Professor, "do you know where I want to go?" "Why, no," answered the driver, "but anyway I am driving fast!"

There is a parable. Where do we want to go? We are shall this fierce and furious Jehu of common school education take the boys and girls? All this unceasing recitation, all these long hours, and these bundles of books taken home to study at night—what are they for? What is the ideal toward which these teachers are shaping these boys and girls?

They are to live in the United States of America and in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. What good will dead languages do them? Absolutely no good at all. Discipline of the mind? They can get that just as well in the study of English. Acquaintance with great thoughts and great thinkers? These thoughts are all in English, these thinkers have learned to speak in our own speech. Emerson said that he would as soon think of swimming over the Charles river every time he went from Boston to Cambridge as of reading in the difficult original a book which had been adequately translated. Lowell's Plato is as near to Plato's Plato as we can ever get with all our lexicons, and a good deal nearer. In these days, when so much is to be read which is worth reading, let us use a bridge wherever there is one into new fields of thought, over all rivers of difficulty, and save time. English first, anyway. Shakespeare before Socrates; Tennyson before Horace; Freeman and Green before Plutarch and Herodotus. Teach English literature ahead of all other literature of all other languages. That is the literature for English-speaking people.

The Presidents Instead of Cæsars.

Put aside the ancient histories. Set the Presidents in place of the Cæsars. Teach the boys and girls about their own country, its story, its institutions, its geography. Teach them about the sky over their own heads, and the earth beneath their own feet. Instruct them in what Dr. Jillson calls "Home Geology." Make them to know the names and habits of the trees that grow along the Pittsburg streets, and the stones which jut up in All