with an obtuse faculty for believing everything he heard, and a good deal more than what he saw. He lived in an advanced, mneasy stage of Wesleyanism, and had as a Senstor represented a proper people. He was, as rumor ran, among the statesmen who had discovered that Grant's habits unfitted him for high commands. One White House story comes to me of his leaving Lincoln in wrath, "slamming the doors be-bind him," because of some Presidental obtuseness in regard to Grant. I think also that he was the hero of the famous whisky story of Lincoln, now an undying part of the literature of American wit. "Tell me, Senator, the brand of Grant's whisky, as I want to send a barrel to some of the other Generals."

One day his eyes opened to the enormities of Whitman's lines, and the poet-was-sent about his business.

Whitman Turned Out of His Place. No such unholy hands should pollute the sacred records of that department. Whitman went, and might have been a gentleman of the pavement, indeed, in the saddest form had not the poet Stedman, if I am sure in my remembrance, and John Hay found him access into another department Here he toiled at small wages, living in humble lodgings, pacing Pennsylvania ave-mue of the afternoons on his daily errand to

the hospital and camp.
I do not think that I ever heard Whitman refer to this halo of martyrdom incident, nor do I see any trace of it in his writings. He was not a man to nourish enmities nor recall dark remembrances. It was his nature rather to respect as a solemn dispensation the bereveament of intellect which could see sin in his poems, to regard it with the sympathy we give to the blind, the halt and

Whitman was never in the idle throng. Occasionally glimpses of him at theaters. Of the noisy, frothy world he never seemed to be a part, was more at home with the chestnut trees and the shady lanes. I do not think that we knew then, as it has come to us since, that he was living a life of renunciation. He was very poor. His salary was small. Unfitted for the camp be had devoted himself to the hospital. He lived in reserved, honorable penury; practiced personal abstinence that every penny might go to the hospitals.

The Poet in the Hospitals. It was not for our poet to go to the wars, and his life was given to the camps, and especially to the hospital. It was humble work, but it is, believe me, no want of respect and honor for the clamorous doings of the battle—the enset, the rally, the retreat—that makes me feel there was a singular kind of heroism in what this laboring clerk in the departments did for the suffering. Whitman himself, frank as he is about everything, has little to say of it in his

poems. I recall the dead cavalryman, shot through the neck, and who could not live: Come, sweet death I be persuaded, O senutiful denth ! In mercy come quickly.

There are likewise some further linesone of the few references to these scenes. As a rule, however, silence upon what even his admirers will regard as the noblest enisode in his life:

I thread my way through the hospitals,
The hart and the wounded I pacify with
soothing hand;
I sit by the restless all the dark night—some with are so young. Some suffer so much. I recall the experience sweet and sad, Many a soldier's loving arms about this neck have crossed and rested, Many a soldier's kiss dwells on these bearded

I never was submerged by the Whitman enthusiasm, even in earlier days. I saw, as Emerson wrote, that in his book were in-comparable things incomparably said. I recognized the wit of what I once heard from Wendell Phillips, that there were many kinds of leaves among the "Leaves of Grass," but no fig leaves. It was an indolent book, so much that might have been weeded out, if the author had foreseen that his work was to be something more than a

during experiment. What Pruning Would Have Done.

Ben Jonson's regret that Shakespeare, instead of never blotting a line, had not blotted a thousand, applied with more force to Whitman than to any great writer of the century except Southey and Byron. And even the improprieties which barred it from the bazars, the leaves, which were not fig leaves, were the mere saving of things so obvious that it seemed such a waste of time to say them. Why rob me of night and silence and meditation and the self-respect of my thoughts? Nor could one accept, without protest, the caprice which denuded his poetry of Whitman himself is my authority for the fact that he carefully culled out all touches of rhythm and metre and held to his rugged uneven lines. This is a loss to rature. No one can read "My Captain" or "Pioneers" without seeing that there was city for music in this man, as definite and sweeping as in Swinburne or Poe. I know few lines with more harmony than these on Lincoln:

Hushed be the camps to day, And, soldiers, let us drape our war-worn And each with musing soul retire to cele-

Our dear Commander's death.
No more for him life's stormy conflicts,
Nor victory, nor defeat—no more time's
dark events Changing like censeless clouds across the

Whitman's work was never apart from the charm of his personality. He was al-ways Socrates loading about the streets of Athens, and I never saw him in the war days without the idea that he was a revelution of the old Greek. And as I was out of range of the worship, with perhaps a taint of heresy, the exclusion of his books from circulation, attorney generals of Boston issuing warrants, Cabinet ministers chasing him out of departments as noisome things are chased with a broom-this was such an ignominious business.

A Suggestion for Elimination

Reasons of revenue and personal comfort were to be considered, as Whitman was poor; what he could save from his hire as elerk going to the soldiers in the way of syraps, tobacco and stationery. This justi-fied such an editing of his works as would pass the muster of the police. It had been done shroad. Rossetti's edition, as decorous as Watts' hymns, with the Rosseti pruning, I had found in England. Other editions were among the current literature of the railway stall and the shop. I was among those of Whitman's friends who hoped in some such manner for his larger, truer and more remonerative recognition.

In the pased of thinking I one day ran
against thitman sailing down Seventh
street in his majestical, three-decker way, opposite the little brick house in which Jefferson had written the Declaration, then a proper thing to secure his services. sacred landmark of Philadelphia, but nov crushed under the grinding heel of trade. He was steering for Forney's office, at Seventh and Chestnut streets. I was glad to hear that he meant to print his book, believing that the world was ripe enough to receive it and that it meant mended fortunes. But why not admit the "Childre of Adam"-not above 700 or 800 lines in that, and perhaps 200 or 300 in addition, and then have such a book as was classic in England, what might readily be accepted in enlightened Sunday schools and in the ap-parent regions of fashronable society? And so on, with emphasis as precise and courtsous as I could bestow upon one I so much admired and in whose material fortunes I

had so deep an interest. What Was Written Was Written. Whitman, who was always gentle and kind, a free, spontaneous nature, who never acgued, but rather listened in benevolent, complacent wonder to argument, heard my speech as if it were by no means a new story. I soon discovered that I might as rendily hope to have the Sphynx throw the Egyptian sands from her person and go into the mazes of a country dance, as for Whitman to change, eliminate or reserve one line. He had had it out with Emerson, he said, years before, and his mind was settled. What he had written he had written. It was his message to the world. If men and women would not have it as it came from his lips, it was not worth the having. As for the English editions which Rosetti and other friends had clipped and patched together, that was their affair. He had made a statue or nothing. There should

be no torse in its place by his grace or

There was a modest, resolute pride in al this, a sincerity I could not but respect; nor was the subject alluded to again. The fact that the book never had other than languid circulation may have come from the agility of the police, or it may have been that it was ahead of its time, that the Whit man taste had to be formed. I thought of the weary years through which Wordsworth waited for recognition, and how poor Carvle hawked "Sartor Resartus" around London only to find the reluctant, eleemosynary hospitality of some second-class magazine. Yet Wordsworth is now with the sovereigns in their spheres, and "Sarton Resartus" is sold by the thousands every year.

How Henry George Had to Walt.

I had known also of a similar experience That estimable gentleman, my dear and honored friend, Henry George, had written in those years a book which he felt, as Whitman and Carlyle before him, to be a solemn message to mankind. Composed under depressing circumstances in Califor-nis, he had managed by heroic sacrifices to put it into type. Now if only some one would read his book! Henry George was then unknown beyond the threshold of his Pacific home. I was going to England, and took a dozen copies to peddle for him. I tried an oid-fashioned bookseller at the Haymarket, who had exalted people for customers—a royal highness, Lord Beacons-

field and the like. In a few days
I called only to see the books
on the shelves, and the beokseller
debating with his conscience as to whether he should not go to the Old Bailey and plead guilty to the condonement of a conspiracy for overturning society. All that was left was to take the volumes and ask the ever willing Smalley, of the Tribune, to name some advanced thinkers of the "crank" species at whom I might throw them and have the rubbish well out of the way. This book was "Poverty and Pro-In a short time its sale in London gress." In a short time its sale in London had reached to 60,000 a year. It gave its author world-wide fame as one of the

foremost men of the time. Whitman was no farther from the spirit of the age than Henry George, and the party which came around him was as devout in its allegiance, although much smaller than that which now follows that eminent and intrepid man. I know of no writer, except it may be Carlyle, in prose who has affected literary style more deeply than Whitman. The directness of expression, the cogency of thought, the precise, unmis-takable sense of meaning which we see manifest and growing in current literature, is largely due to Whitman. His influence is rather with those who write than read. From the thinking world has come his appreciation, even as those on the mountains see the sun long before its glory floods the

Whitman's Literary Strength No poet since Byron ever went more directly to his theme. No arrow ever left his bow without going home. Poe had this power when he had honesty and courage enough to use it. As in "Helen, Thy Beauty Is to Me," how surely the arrow goes home. I should say, however, that even above Byron-above all English writers since Goldsmith and Dryden, the faculty of clear, definite thought rests with Whitman. You are never lost in his pages. You never pause over a word, nor listen for the echo of a double meaning. The refinement refined of Tennyson-the mysticism of Browning-the lush and over-ripened euphony of Swinburne-there is nothing of this in the American. The sea is the seathe sun is the sun-and you go with him to entangle the constellations, and sit by the fireside over the singing kettle, and read of old Kissabone, the sailor, who lived until he was 90, and died watching the brig circumvent the winds.

In this simplicity, this sinewy strength will be found some of the reasons for the steady growth of Whitman's power and fame. Others will be found in the fact that more than any other poet he identified him-self with the Civil War. I recall no writings which contain so much of the war as the thousand lines he has given to it in verse; not to speak of much that is valuable in prose. "Calamus" and the body electric, much of this we should be loath to spare. Still it could be spared, while the loss to American literature of the war passages would be irreparable.

Righ Water Mark in America. The "Song of the Banner at Davbreak" and "President Lincoln's Funeral Hymn" reach the high water mark of American poetic genius; are as precious, at least to the writer f these lines, as Wordsworth's ode to "Immortality," which, in his humble opinion, is he highest reach of poetic genius that has been attained since Shakespeare. You have the soul of war-its majesty, its Titanic grandeur. "War!-be it weeks, months or years, an armed race is advancing to wel-come it." No anger, no truculence, no vindictiveness toward the South, no belittling the mighty lesson that the ages will find in that gigantic struggle by obtruding the wrath and vanity of the strife. Rathe tenderness to the vanquished foe, as in these

My enemy is dead-a man divine as myself is dead.

I look where he lies, white-faced and still in the coffin, and draw near,
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.

Whitman never troubles himself about the mere policies of the war, not even with Emancipation. There is no allusion, not even in the Lincoln poems, to the breaking of the shackles, or setting the negroes free no swelling the current note of Lincoln adulation. Nor does the freedman appear in any part of the poet's noble vision of the restored Union. It was a Union war, the war of men, the war of the private soldier. There are few tributes to heaven directed genius-some lines on Grant as "man of the mighty days and equal to the days" the exception. The soldier is the theme.

Brave, brave were the soldiers (high-named to-day) who lived through the fight; But the bravest pressed to the front, and fell unnamed, unknown.

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG. [To Be Concluded Next Sunday.]

His Fame is Widespread. Kennedy's restaurant at No. 2 Sixth street is popular among shoppers and ladies generally who wish to get a nice lunch while downtown. Kennedy's fame as a caterer is widespread, and there are no weddings of note or social gatherings that he is not called upon to serve. His name adds so much to affairs of this kind that it is the

Cough Following the Grip.

Many persons who have recovered from la grippe are now troubled with a persistent cough. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will promptly loosen this cough and relieve the ungs, effecting a permanent cure in a very short time. 25 and 50-cent bottles for sal by druggists. TTSu

EXCURSION TO WASHINGTON, D. C.,

Via the R & O R R Thursday, January 28. Rate \$9 the round trip; tickets good for ten days. Trains leave B. & O. station at 8 A. M. and 9:20 P. M. Through Pullman parlor ears on the morning train, and sleepers on the night

WILL call on 'you with samples and furish estimates on furniture reupholstery. HAUGH & KEENAN, 33 Water street.

TEETH made of aluminum are the rage Light as paper and take the place of gold and at a very small price. Call and see them at Taft's Philadelphia Dental Rooms, 39 Fifth avenue.

To-DAY'S DISPATCH, second page, con tains a local "ad" headed "Drygoods and Carpet Prices Hit Hard!" Read it. J. H. KUNKEL & BRO.

BEST set teeth that can be made, only \$8, at Taft's Philadelphia Dental Rooms, 3

YANKEE LAW MAKERS.

Great Statesmen From the Section That Owns the Mortgages.

Hoar Is the Historian of the Senate and Hale Is a Croesus.

FIERY LITTLE SENATOR CHANDLER

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. WASHINGTON, Jan. 16 -New England is in proportion to its population the richest part of the United States. From Maine to Connecticut the country is dotted with savings banks and the bulk of the vast insurance wealth of the Union is owned there. Tom Reed tells a story of a Nebraska farmer who traveling through Maine happened to stop at a little house hanging from the side of a rocky hill which constituted the farm. During his stay he made many cutting criticisms upon the character of the soil, and asked the farmer why he did not go west, where the land was so rich that you could thrust your arm into it up to your shoulders and pull from the bottom dirt as rich as guano,

"I want to know," said the farmer, "and where might such lands be?" "Where I live in the West," was the reply. "Which is in Blank township,

Blank county, Neb." "I reckon I have a mortgage on some o that land," replied the Maine man. And he thereupon brought out an old tin box and showed mortgages on half the farms of the township. "I bought these mortgages," he went on, "with what I made off my farm here, and as long as you fellows pay the

interest I guess I will stay." New England Owns the West, And so it is all over New England. Yankee thrift has made the farmers the masters of many of the richest lands of the far West. The biggest office buildings of nearly every Western city belong to life insurance companies and are owned by New England. Chicago was practically rebuilt with Boston capital and the rest of the States of the Union largely rely upon New England for the money and machinery which turns their raw materials into gold and manufactures. With the worst climate in the United States, with half sterile lands torn by nature into the roughest of mountains and the narrowest of valleys, New England has had to fight for every inch she has gotten from the world in the way of progress. She has had to save her pennies in order to get her dollars and this tussle with the world has made her strong and rich. It has hardened the intellectual muscles of her statesmen and has

molded them into a type of their own.

The Congressmen from New England are among the strongest men in Washington, They number, all told, in the Lower House only 26, or eight less than the representatives of the one State of New York and two less than Pennsylvania. All New England has only five more representatives than Ohio, and you can add the 12 New England Senators to the 26 New England representatives and the New England men here then will only exceed by two the representation from New York in both Houses.

Where the Leaders Came From.

Still, it has been for years one of the Blaine, of Maine, was long the leader of the Republican party, and he held the speakership of the House in the stormiest times of our history. Now Thomas B. Reed is the leader of the opposition in the Lower House, and the Senators from New England are among the strongest of the nation. Take a look at the men from Maine. Senator Frye is a typical Yankee, but with Union. He is thoroughly equipped on all public questions, and he tests everything with the loadstone of common sense. He was 12 years in the House of Representa tives before he came to the Senate, and had made a reputation there as a bold and fear-less leader. When Blaine was made Gar-

field's Secretary of State he was elected to take his place in the Senate, and his first speech was in defense of New England and against the South. Senator Call, of Florida, had described the workingmen and women of New England "as hungry, starving serfs," and Frye replied that the working people of one of the Strees of New England alone had enough money deposited in their savings banks to buy all the real and personal property of five such States as Florida and have \$50,000,000 left.

He Roused the Whole South

"The seris of Massachusetts," said he, "The seris of Massachusetts," said ne,
"have \$200,000,000 deposited in the savings
banks, and the whole valuation of the State
of Florida is only \$30,000,000." He then
went on to attack Louisiana and North
Carolina and succeeded in angering the
whole Democratic side of the Chamber. It is a peculiarity of his that he handles all things without gloves. He is packed full of practical common sense and he has a manly hatred of all shams and it does not make much difference whether the sham is Democratic one or a Republican one. There is nothing snobbish about Frye,

and he would just as leave be called "Bill as Senator Frye. He tells a story of him-self when he was Attorney General. Said he: "As I walked down the steps of the State House I met a man who accosted me with 'Good morning, General.' 'Good morning, sir,' said I. When I got on the train ing, sir,' said I. When I got on the train another acquaintance spoke to me and said, 'Good morning, Major.' Good morning, sir,' I answered. At the next station I met another friend who addressed me as Good morning, Colonel.' And I replied, 'Good morning, Colonel.' And Colonel.' Colonel.' And I replied, Good morning, sir.' The next man greeted me with Good morning, Mr. Frye, and I replied, Good morning, sir.' I hardly knew which little was the right one until as I was going up the street to my home a man met me who yelled out the same greeting that he had given me in my college days and shouted, 'How are yer, Bill,' and I suppose that was

Doesn't Believe in Hoarding. There is, however, nothing undignified about Senator Frye. He said a few years ago that he was not worth \$25,000 and his salary probably constitutes his chief means of support. He does not believe in saving money and he says he got a lesson to this effect from his grandfather when he was a

boy. Said he:
"I was brought up in a Quaker family and when dering my boyhood I get a chance to take a trip to Boston my grand-father gave me \$5 to spend. I did not know any boys in Boston and I could think of no way to have \$5 worth of fun without so I kept the money in my pocket. I got home my grandfather asked me how I had spent the \$5, and I, with the air of one who had done a virtuous act, said: 'I did not spend it at all, grandfather. I have saved it and I have it in my pocket."
"Hereupon my grandfather replied,
"Thee may give me back the money, Will-

Thee may give me oack the money, while iam. I gave thee that money to spend at Boston.' This," concluded Senator Frye, "taught me a lesson, and ever since that I have known better than to save money." Senator Frye is, however, by no means an extravagant man. He has a large family and about eight grandchildren. He is 62 years of age, but does not look 50, and he thinks the secret of his wonderful health is the fishing to which he devotes three months every year, spending this time on the Maine lakes, in the northern part of his

One of the Rich Senators.

Senator Eugene Hale is an entirely different man from Senator Frye He is in ment that appeals fully to the requirements the first place one of the richest men in of all artist musicians.—Philadelphia Music Washington, having become so through his marriage with the daughter of Zach Chandler. Senator Chandler left a fortune of at W. C. Whitehill's Music Parlor, 152 53,600,000, and half of this went to his wife

and the rest to his only daughter when he died. Senator Chandler was very generous during his lifetime and he gave Senator Hale's children each \$50,000 at the time they were born and invested the money, it is said, in Government bonds as a nest egg for the children to begin life with. Sena-tor Hale has the finest house in Washington and he lives in as good style as any of his brother millionaires in the United States FRYE'S EVERY DAY COMMON SENSE

He was, however, not born with a golden spoon in his mouth, and his father was a farmer in one of the country districts of Maine. Young Hale was admitted to the bar when he was 21, and he acted for nine years as prosecuting attorney of Hancock county and followed this with 13 years in the Maine Legislature. Now it happened that a man named Pike had been represent-ing the Congressional district in which Sen-atorHale lived in the House.

A Favorite of James G. Blaine. There was considerable opposition to him from some of the counties of the district, and seeing he could not get the nomination he concluded, so the story goes, to make a Congressman and he picked upon Hale, and he was nominated and elected. Senator Hale came to Congress while Blaine was in the zenith of his power, and Blaine was in the zenith of his power, and Blaine took a great liking to him and did much to help him on. He lived for a time at Blaine's house, and Blaine, as Speaker, pushed him forward to such an extent that the late Sam Cox, much to Senator Hale's indignation, once referred to him as Speaker Blaine's "Little Buh."

Hale, however, showed himself a man of ability, and with powerful friends and a Hale, however, showed himself a man of ability, and with powerful friends and a shrewd diplomatic manner he got on. Grant was so pleased with nim that he wanted to make him his Postmaster General, and Hayes offered him a Cabinet appointment. He declined both, and just liyears ago he got what was the goal of his ambition, a seat in the United States Senate. Some of his fellow-Senators accuse him of having a very good opinion of himself.

The Historian of the Senate. The two Senators from Massachusetts are men of weight. Both have for years been prominent before the country, and since the passing of Edmunds. Hoar is to a large extent the watchdog of the Republican party. He is a man of unquestioned integrity, broad reading and much more than ordinary ability. Among the other prominent things with which he has been connected was the management of the Belknap impeachment trial, and he was a member of the Electoral Commission of 1876. Senator Hoar is said to be one of the best posted men on American history in Congress. He is the President of the American Antiquarian Society and he history in Congress. He is the President of the American Antiquarian Society, and he has received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the colleges of Amberst, Yale, Harvard and William and Mary. He devotes the most of his time to sindy, and his Greeley-like face is never happier than when he is getting off some historical fact.

There is considerable humor in his makeup, and he is by no means averse to a joke on his brother Senators. He lives very simply here at Washington, and not long ago he said that his total income outside of his salary was less than \$1,800 a year, and that his whole estate, with the exception of his whole estate, with the exception of his house, did not amount to more than \$5,000. He is more of a lover of books than of money, and his library is said to be one of the finest private libraries in the United

The Indian Is Dawes' Hobby Senator Dawes is now 76 years old. He was born during the administration of James Madison, and is a graduate of Yale College. He began life as a school teacher, and served as a country editor and a lawyer before he got to Congress at the age of 41. Since then he has been almost continuously in public life in one House or the other, and he was 18 years in the House of Representalives before he was elected to the Senate to take the seat of Charles Sumner. During the past year he has made Indian affairs his hobby, and he knows more about the In-dians than any man in the body. He is an enthusiast on the subject of Indian educa-tion, and when this subject comes up in the Senate he tears the air and shouts and roars at the galleries like the Bull of Bashan. He is a tall, bent man, with gray whiskers and a tall, bent man, with gray whiskers and bute hair. He has the student's stoop, but

white hair. He has the student's stoop, but is young for his years.

The two Senators from Vermont are Justin S. Morrill and Redfield Proctor. The State has lost a great deal in the retirement of Edmunds, and if Vermont is to have much influence on the legislation of the Senate hereafter, it will have to come from Proctor. Senator Morrill has finished the best part of his life's work. He is the oldest United States Senator, and he has had a longer continuous service in Congress than anyone else at present in public life. He has in his house a bust of himself which is old that he prides himself on the rese

The Man Who Scated Haves, Of all the New England Senators there are none who are so well known as Senator William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire,

and General Joe Hawley, of Connection They are both Yankee products and each has his peculiarities. Hawley is perhups the ablest speaker, but Chandler is the greater politician, and he is Hawley's equal as a man of affairs. I doubt whether there is a shrewder political manager in the coun-try than Chandler. It was his instructions to the New York Times to claim South Caro-lina, Florida and Louisiana in 1876 that enabled the Republicans to seat Hayes without trouble.

Senator Chandler is noted for saving bit-

Senator Chandler is noted for saying bitter things, and it was a remark against the South that stirred up his fuss with Senator Joe Blackburn, in which Chandler is said to have called Blackburn an "ex-nigger driver." and Blackburn is said to have contemptuously pulled Chandler's ear. How this may be I do not know, but the actions of both sides would have been perfectly natural to both Senators. It would not require a very brave man to insult Senator Chandler. He is a little pigmy of a fellow, and his thigh is hardly as big as Blackburn's biceps, and you could put his little bushy iron-gray head, black rubber glasses and all, inside of Joe Hawley's big cranium, and it would rattle around like a pea in a bladder.

Hawley's Brilliaut Record.

Hawley's Brilliant Record. General Hawley is another self made man His father was a Baptist preacher and young Hawley was brought up on a farm. He borrowed money to get his schooling and paid this with the first surplus from his practice after he had been admitted to the bar. He early plunged into politics and had acquired some prominence as a speaker when the war broke out. He was the first man in Connecticut to volunteer and he went into the army as a captain and came

man in Connecticut to volunteer and he went into the army as a captain and came out of it a major general. After the war was over he went again into politics making journalism his profession and editing the Hartford Courant which he owned in connection with Charles Dudley Warner. He was President of the Republican Convention at Chicago in 1868 when Grant was nominated and he has been the Presidental candidate of Connecticut at National Conventions. As a Senator he is a good extempore speaker and is a hard worker. He is well-to-do, has a pretty Euglish woman for his second wife and is noted as being a frank, honest, and able man.

The other Senators from New England rank well. Platt, of Connecticut is & feet tall and 18 inches across the shoulders, and his head, which would fill a peck measure, is packed with figures on the tariff and finance. The Rhode Island Senators, Aldrich and Dixen, are fine looking men of average ability, and both are good workers and fair spetakers. As to the members of the House from New England, they will size up just about like the average Representatives from the other parts of the Union. Only three or four are of any national prominence, and Ton Reed, Henry Cabot Lodge, Charles A. Boutelle and General Cogswell are the only ones who have acquired reputations which extend beyond their own sections.

Frank G. Carpenter

AN EYE-OPENER.

an Astonishing Drop in the Price of Men's Fine Suits. Monday we will sell 500 men's sack, cutaway or double-breasted suits at the very low price of \$7 each. These suits are made of good quality cassimere and cheviot and we only name this low price to boom things. We never stand dull time. You make your own selection for only \$7. A surpris-

ingly fine line to choose from.
P. C. C. C., Pittsburg Combination Clothing Company, corner Grant and Diamond streets, opp. the Court House.

Praise From Sir Hubert.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 9, 1892.—At the recent meeting of the Pennsylvania State Music Teachers' Association, held at Pittsburg, the Henry F. Miller piano was greatly admired for its wonderful artistic quality of tone. It is unquestionably an instru-

A MATTER OF TITLES

Bob Burdette After Various Experiences Finds Plain Mister

IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ANY MAN. Adventures in a Great Coat That Fright

ened the Storms Away. WORSHIPING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] Y son, in this great and free Republic, where daily we tread on the necks of kings and brush from our everyday clothes the dust of the crumbling thrones of the effete monarchies of Europe, in this democratic land, where all men are born free to despise the sham and gilded

itary wealth and despise with all the corn of a soul loftily born the hollow title of pomp and vanity which so please the decaying nations beyond the sea, in this blessed paradise of equality and liberty, I observe one very marked difference between the free-born American who has but one title and the other free-born American who has none.

The f. b. A. who has none has three or four times as many as the fellow who is entitled to one. That is one of the glorious and paradoxical privileges of being a son of the Eagle. In this untitled land to him who hath shall be given that which he hath so long as he can hold it, and to him who hath not shall be given half a dozen.

Burdette's Search for a Title. I made this very important, if untrue, discovery as an astronomer discovers a comet; while I was looking for something else. I used to feel very lonely without a title. For a long time I believed myself to be the only man without one. As I had really been in the army I was not entitled to any military title, unless I could prove that I had served in the band, when I would have been called General. No man, even a Georgian-born, looking at me once and a half, could introduce me to his friends as

"Judge" without laughing in my face.

I couldn't swear with that icy politeness and red-hot incisiveness that would entitle me to a colonelcy, and the mysterious disappearance of a man who once called me "Cap" discouraged his imitators. In the course of time I became an unworthy occu-pant of the diaconal choir, but the title of "Deacon" as a familiar and respectful handle, does not "go" outside of New Eng-land, where is is hereditary, and I was a Pennsylvanian. Hence, in my case, that title was like an American coat of arms, a pure invention of the owner, to be changed at will, with no meaning or standing in the heraldic office.

Reconciled to Plain Mister. In time I became resigned, and at last blunted to my wretched condition, and heard myself introduced to audiences and strangers as "Mister," without a blush. Oh,

once in a while a tramp would call me "Boss,' and he struck me for something every time he did so. The tramp who called me "Mister" got ordered off the place at once, and he who called me "pardner" got worse. I made him stay while I gave him a lecture. He never came again.
But after a while it happened, just as it did. Just as I had grown quite used to it, in fact. People in this country walk around on broken thrones and stand on royal necks to make Fourth of July orations, but untitled citizenship is something they will not

stand. So, when it gradually dawned on them that I was not even entitled to be called "Reverend," only tolerably reverend, my friends and casual acquaintances fitted me with titles to suit the taste of the fitter. The custom is a good one in some respects; it keeps a fellow from becoming lonely. A man calls me "Senator" and then I walk or sit in the company of statesmen until another man calls me "Judge," when my mind at once takes on a judicial tinge, and I am thoughful, and fair and impartial in my attitude toward men. this charm is broken by some one calling me "Major," and straightway I am middl aged in my face, youthful in feeling, defer-ential to field officers, a trifle condescending toward the line, and charmingly brusque with civilians.

From Battlefield to Books.

Then while I am getting along splendidly in military circles a man calls me "Pro-fessor." and I glide into a life of study far removed from the madding crowd, and in the quiet companionship of books and bookish men I am frequently surprised to



He Hadn't Played in the Band. find how fearfully much I know, and I begin to wonder what I will do with it all, when

it is all taken away from me without struggle by a man who comes up to me with "Say, Doc," and he goes to join the ill-fated man who called me "Cap."
"Doctor" I rather like, and one of these days I am going to pull a tooth, and see if I can't acquire the title for keeps, but I kick on "Doc." Do you suppose if a fellow should cut off the head of a man who called him "Doc," it would entitle him to the other syllable of the degree? If you think it would I'll try it on a man I know. But even should fate smite me in the midst of my affluence of titles, and strip me of all these empty dignities save only the sackcloth mantle of plain "Mister," I will be patient. Man himself is a Mister He, even to himself, and frequently to some of his neighbors. Ofttimes I sit by myself and ponder over the ponderous. I ask my-self, whither am I drifting? And if so, how many? If life is what it seams, then what is man better than a sewing machine If it isn't what it seems, then how is a fel-low to find out what it is? How is the philosopher to diagnose grip from plain cholera morbus symptoms? Such things sometimes are, and overcome us like a sum-

mer dream. A Remarkable Law of Nature.

I dislike, are in this condition. No man whom I heartily dislike ever knows very much. I cannot understand this strange law of nature, a law so faultless and inexorable that I cannot now recall a solitary exception to it, which has decreed that every man who is not to my liking should

oe an ass.

I used to think it was a piece of special legislation, enacted solely, not exclusively, in my case alone, but in conversation with men of different nationalities, residing in widely remote, and in some instances quite different portions of the surface of the earth, I learned that the same law, or one so similar that they might almost be considered similartaneous in their action, ap-plied also in their experience. So I am led to conclude—although not to finish by a long chalk-that the law is general, and is intended as a salve to wounded vanity all over the world.

Effect of Baying a Great Coat. Last winter, the day after Christmas, just as I was leaving home, a blizzard struck Eastern Pennsylvania. I had an idea that it struck me, and was liable to do it again. so I bought a storm coat which represente about three-fiths of the wool clip of the United States for 1890. The sun came out the next day and spring set in the following week, and hoping against hope, I dragged that coat about the country with me, paying extra baggage on it when I carried it on my arm, and suffering the agonies of the smothered when I put it on my back. It was just in the line of my luck, too, to have my route turned south as the weather grew warmer.

trappings of hered-A coat of that size and weight hadn't been seen in the Sunny South since rebellion muffled her face in her woolly mantle and lay down to die at the foot of Pompey's statue. When I entered a sleeping car with it on my arm the inflexible and indestructible feet awnings which it pleases Mr. Pullman to disguise under the amusing nom de guerre of "blankets" rose up on end and did that coat homage as the Terror of the Storm. I thought it would kill me, I don't know why it didn't. It could have done so: it had me down many a time, and when it got the



Gave Him a Tract on Tobacco

under hold on me I let right go every time. But somehow or other it spared me, and when I came home, after vainly trying to leave it on two trains and a Kanawha River steamboat, it followed me.

Hibernating in Tar and Camphor. We stowed it away in a box lined with tar paper and let it hibernate for a few weeks, when a friend happened to hear us speak about it told us that it would draw the house so full of moths they would eat everything on the place except the window weights and buggy wheels. He said if he wanted to catch a moth he would bait with

tar paper. The only thing to knock out moths was gum camphor. So we transferred the Terror of the Storm to another box, and embalmed it in camphor. I think it took about a ton; not more than that. It came to the house in a cart. Well, the thing slept along until some time in the fall, when I spoke about it to a visitor, who said he was an importer of woolens for 15 years, and that he discharged always does, just as it will in your case, in a porter or salesman who used camphor for away. This unaccomplete case of any man in this Republic, people headache the minute he came into the store, always effective to He said he wished he could find a moth just to show me how greedily it would devour camphor. The only way they ever used it was to lay it out on the sidewalk in front of

the store to draw the moths out of the place. Tobacco, he said, was the only moth slayer. That knocked them cold, but nothing else would. So we roused up the Terror once more, and enticed him into a barrel, in which we introduced a cargo of tobacco. broken and powdered, and went around weeping and sneezing the rest of the week. Taking the Coat to Church, You know how cold we all thought it was

going to be a few Sundays ago; and how much it looked like snow, and hail and rain? I hated to have so much dead capital lying about the house, and fearing it would be the only opportunity this winter to wear the Terror, I hauled it forth, got under it and crawled into it. I wore it to church. I went early in order to find an empty pew into which I could get that coat. I hadn't been in the sanctuary very long before I heard the sexton telling a deacon that it was no use trying to do anything with that old heater; the more you tinkered at it the more it made gas.
"Nobody will be able to sit in this church

this morning," he said, "unless we turn off all the heat. Just go in there and smell for yourself." And the deacon came in and smelled and told the sexton to go down and pour water on the fire, and to break the heater up Monday morning. I couldn't notice anything myself, but as I was in a strange church I hated to say anything. A little later a severe-looking man placed a tract in my hands and went away and watched me read it, sitting where he could observe the effect. It was a story of a man who smoked tobacco until his system and being were just saturated with it, and then used drugs

to conceal the odor. He was entirely cured of the habit by a little child, a dear little

girl who put a cartridge in his pipe and blew the whole top of his head off. The Crying Need of the Age.

I was deeply affected and must have displayed my emotion, for the man looked radiantly happy, and gave me another tract, much worse than the first, telling about a man who was very vain, and thought of nothing but dress, and at last stole money to buy a dizzy overcoat and was sent to State's prison, where he contracted a terrible disease that racked him for weeks and months in terrible agony before he died. I began to wish I had stayed at home. Another man, who sat just behind me, told me that he didn't think I ought to be out at all; that when the grip reached that stage it was pestilential, and a man owed it to his neighbors as well as himself to stay in the

All these things made me feel so uncomfortable that I left the house just before they passed the plate around. I regretted this, because it looked as though I went to a strange church just to air that storm coat. That really wasn't the reason, at least not the principal, or at any rate not the only one. I had other and, I trust, better reasons than that. What the present civilization demands is not so much the discovery of new groups of asteroids so far away that it requires the united efforts of five men, working ten hours a day for three years, to see the place where they thought they were when they began looking, but an inodorous, or at least pleasantly fragrant prepara-tion that will kill or keep the moths out of a \$9 overcoat without destroying the peace and good feeling of an entire neighborhood. ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Firs-All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Grea Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Mar vicous cures. Treatisc and \$2 00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Dr. Kline, til Arch st., Philis., Pa. Su

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At least the minds of some men, men whom

pean and American publications.

Latest Form of Art Enterprise as Developed in the East End.

MERIT OF DAMROSCH'S ORCHESTRA.

Room for Improvement in the Public

Istimation of Criticism.

A BUDGET OF GENERAL NEWS ITEMS

The East End is already in large measure independent of the business center of the city in providing its own household supplies, its own churches and its own social activities. Judging by the experience of other cities, the next step will be the gradual establishment of public amusements in the same residence section. It is this general trend of development that lends deeper interest to the modest beginning in the department of choral music to be made this

As was announced last Sunday, Mr. Joseph C. Breil has called a meeting of singers for next Thursday evening at 8 o'cleck, in a photographic studio at No. 35 Frankstown avenue, for the purpose of organizing a choral society, which Mr. Breil offers to conduct gratis. While opportunity has been lacking for the general public, including the present writer, to form personal estimate of Mr. Breil's qualifications the fact of his going to Germany for an extended course of musical study and the hearsay evidence upon his various achievements as tenor singer and as composer- are sufficient to make out a prima faci case in his favor. Such being the case he should bave the whole-hearted and practical support of all Fast End music-lovers and especially of all experienced chorus singers residing in that locality. The future holds our promises enough to make it well worth

while for all to join with voice or patron-age, as the case may be.

But much depends upon the way in which such an enterprise is begun. In the first place, as local experience has amply shown, permanent success cannot be at-tained by a "one-man-power" chorus. The organization itself, not the conductor, must be the object of loyalty. The conductor should not be expected to attend to the general business of the society; he should be elected by the society periodically under by-laws which define his sphere of duty and provide-officers and committees to assist him and to carry on the general management of affairs. A point of even greater delicacy and of

at least equal importance, is the selecting of singers for the chorus. An inefficient singer is very much worse than useless in a chorus; every one such is a positive draw-back to the efficiency of the rest. Perhaps a wise way at starting would be to fix the limit at a number well within the number of voices offered and empower the conductor (aided, it might be, by a committee to divide the responsibility) to select the best of the material. A small chorus of, say, 20 to 30 picked voices is vastly more efficient than if increased by adding less desirable material. This is true not only for the sake of final results before the public, but also, and even more, for the sake of the singers themselves. The need of drilling the poorer singers over and over on simple passages, is what dis gusts the better singers and drives them

away finally.

There is delightful music lying ready for just such a small chorus to take up. The glees and madrigals of the earlier English writers and the part-songs of their present day successors are quite generally intended to be sung without accompaniment and are suited to smaller choruses. These would lead nicely to the rich mines of pure choral music of the Palaestrina school, from which the rubbish of centuries ought to be brushed away. This unaccompanied music is addition to its especial interest to the musician. It forms an almost virgin field for the new chorus-so far as this com munity is concerned-and is emphatically the field best suited for a society that can not, for the present at least, command the

aid of an orchestra.

Wide opportunities open out before the proposed society, if rightly formed and guided; and it lies in the power of the experienced singers of the East End and nearby sections to start the enterprise in such manner as to realize those opportunities to the utmost.

A Discussion of Relative Merit,

Those who have questioned THE DIS-PATCH'S remark that Walter Damrosch's orchestra is not the equal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra may be surprised to see what the New York papers said of the Boston band upon its first concert there this season: Sun, "The palm of supremacy over all kindred organizations on this side of the water; Herald, "The finest body of strings ever heard in this country;" Recorder, "Nothing like it in New York, neither in quality nor in enamble;" World, "Among the three or four foremost orchestras of the world." To which in the same week was added by the Brooklyn Eagle, "The rival of any force of the kind in the world," and by the Philadelphia Record, "The most proficient band of musicians ever organized in this coun-

try."
It is much more pleasant to quote these praises than to quote the words of censure that frequently appear in the best critics' reviews of Mr. Damrosch's concerts. Sufit to say that THE DISPATCH accorded the New York orchestra and its conductor more generous treatment than they commonly receive at home and elsewhere. On the many points as to which the defects of Cyclorama Hall rendered a positive judg-ment unsafe, the benefit of the doubt was invariably given to the performers.

Yet, however clearly the performances fell below the highest standards in this or that respect, the visit of Mr. Damrosch and his men to this orchestrally benighted community was an important and most enjoya-ble occasion, as has always been said in these columns. The Allegheny Musical Association should have every encouragement to repeat the experiment.

Some Ideas on Criticism. Apropos of this vexed question of musical criticism and its difficulties, there is a very interesting and feeling treatment of

the subject in last month's Boston Musical Herald over the signature of Mr. Philip Hale, himself one of the country's best critics. Part of Mr. Hale's article follows: critics. Part of Mr. Hale's article follows:

But the most dangerous foe to criticism is the great and enthusiastic concert-public. Some go to concerts because it is the fashion. Some are curious to see and hear celebrated people. Let it be granted, however, that eight out of ten are honestly fond of music. Some of this latter class have taken a few pianoforte lessons, and are even able to "pick out tunes by ear." Or they sing, and in the matter of method—like Mr. Smallweed in the matter of gravy—they are adamant. Others are wishout such accomplishments, but they experience a pleasant sensation when their cars are tickled by sweet sounds or their nerves are rasped by athletic music. It is difficult to tell which concert-goer is the more dangerous, the man who lays or sings a little or the man who frankly tells you "I don't know much about music, but I know what I like." The former is apt to measure all performers by the narrow tape know what I like." The former is apt to measure all performers by the narrow tape measure of his superficial knowledge; the latter is very often pleased with that which is absolutely bad. Go to a concert in New York or Boston, Paris or Berlin. You will hear singers that habitually sing false applauded to the echo, provided they indulge in cheap sentimentalism or fire off roulinde-rockets which explode at a dizzy height. The planoforte pounder conquers the gaping crowd. It is true that singers and players of merit are often as noisily applauded. The average often as noisily applauded. The average concert goer is greedy for enjoyment, and his appetite is easily satisfied in the matter of quality. Now the critic of a daily newspaper is obliged by the prevailing custom to write his notice immediately after the performance. He is obliged to write hurriedly,

he is at the mercy of the night editor and the proof reader. He must write a readable notice, and too often, as George Moore puts it, "hysterical abandonment of critical reason is fomented in the red pepper hours of spontaneous composition in a printing office." He has but little time to weigh his sentences. He is tempted to accentuate unduly his phrases of praise or blame. And the man of midnight is a different being from the man of midnight is a different being from the man of noon, the next day. The good citizen who found such pleasure in the concert of the night before, takes up his newspaper at the breakfast table and discovers that his applause was vain and foolish. The singer that charmed him sang badly: the player was unworthy the reception given him. The critic gives his reasons. He states facts and appeals to established cauous of taste. The reader does not discriminate; he says to himself, "Well, I liked it, and this man was not satisfied. It is merely a question of individual opinion after all, and I have a right to mine." He is vexed, however, because the critic did not agree with him. He then writes the editor a note in which he misquotes and abuses the critic; for the average reader wishes the newspaper of his choice to reflect or confirm his own opinions upon all things knowable and certain other things. The fact that the critic is thoroughly acquainted with his trade is of little importance. The citizen, a lawyer, or a merchant, or a doctor, would ill brook the opinions of the critic concerning his particular business; he reserves for himself the right to criticise recklessly the critic in the exercise of his profession.

So it is that there is a tendency in this country to settle questions of art by a show-ing of hands and the applause of the un-thinking. "Reading articles" of a light and gossipy nature are in many instances pre-ferred to honest criticisms written by men of learning and convictions. They offend no one. They give interesting details concern-ing the parentage and the wardrobe of the And they are often pleasingly illus

Crotchets and Quavers. MME ETELNA GERSTER and the planist,

Sally Liebling, are touring in the South Ger-man cities with success. MORITZ MOSKOWSKI'S new opera, "Boabdil, the Last King of the Moors," is to be brought out at the Berlin Opera House in February.

MRS. AMALIE JOACHIM, the separated wife of the great violinist, will be welcomed to this country in February as one of the great-est Lieder singers of the world.

A London cable received last night says: "The basoche" was played for the last time

at the Royal English Opera to-night and the house will be closed for some time. Ar St. Paul's Cathedral this evening will sung a Tantum Ergo by Mr. Joseph C. Breil, which is of ambitious design, having the finale set for soprano obligato, male quartet, full chorus and organ.

Mr. Gressyre Gilli was the recipient of a handsome testimonial medal from his pupils and friends on the occasion of his concert last Thursday, wherein Mesers. A. Liberati, Rocereto, Charles Corcoran and C. W. Flem-ing assisted. Mr. H. L. RINGWALT and his chorus choir

gave a successful concert last Thursday evening at the Shady Avenue Baptist Church, Miss Bertha M. Kaderly, Mr. R. B. Brockett, Jr., and Miss Adele Realard took part in the interesting programme. PATTI and Paderewski both want to be

heard in Pittsburg soon. The chief diffi-culty each management seems to have is to decide which of our "concert halls" is the least objectionable. Whenever they may appear either of these artists may be sure of a full house here. The National Society for the Promotion of Musical Art (the old M. T. N. A.), will have its next meeting at Cleveland instead of Minneapolis. The latter's representatives

have thrown up the sponge—Le, resigned in favor of Cieveland men, who promise to emilate Detroit's successful efforts on be-half of the preceding meeting. The Bay City will be more convenient for Pitts-burgers, at all events. An eminent educator once remarked, "I I had two children, a boy and a girl, and could afford a musical education for but one of them, it would be the boy, for it would be a channel for him to work off his superflu-ous spirits in a way that would be of use to ous spirits in a way that would be of use to him. When grown to be a man be could find profitable employment for his musical skill as church organist, choir director or singer, to say nothing of the social, moral and refining value of music upon him, as well as the fact that the practice of music is an effective keep-at-home, as well as a pleasant employment of his time."

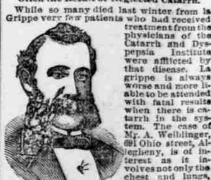


The Reasons Are Plain

and easily understood why Drs. Lowe, Grubbs and associates of the Catarrh and Dyspepsia Institute, 322 Penn avenue, enjoy such a world-wide reputation for curing their patients. They are thoroughly educated physicians, and have had a combined practice of 50 years. Their knowledge of disease and medicine, with their quick perception enable them to correctly diagnose the lits of their patients, and apply the proper remedles for each individual case. Besides their costly medicines, prepared from their own laboratory, they have many other scientific methods of treatment not possessed by any other physician or firm of physicians in Western Pennsylvania. Their constant, watchful care of their patients makes such changes in their treatment from time to time as the change of their condition may require.

\$5 a Month. Although the medicines themselves cost Although the medicines themselves cost several times that of cheap medicines, irrespective of cost, Drs. Lowe, Grubbs and associates will treat all catairth and dyspensia patients who apply before February 10, at \$5 a month, including medicine. Both old and new patients will be treated at \$5 a month until cured, that the suffering public everywhere may prove to themselves beyond a question of a doubt the superfor skill of these physicians in curing the disease of their specialty.

their specialty. La Grippe, Pneumonia and Consumption Often the Result of Neglected Catarrh.



Dr. A. S. Love.

Catarrh and Dyscatarrh and Dyspepsia Institute were afflicted by that disease. La grippe is always worse and more liable to be attended with fatal results when there is catarrh in the system. The case of Mr. A. Weiblinger, 691 Ohio street, Alslenheny, is of inlegheny, is of in-terest as it in-volves not only the

Dr. A. S. Louce. ach. He had a feeling of weight and tightness in his chest, short breath, and for six months he had a hacking cough, with an expectoration of mucus. He had pain in his back and tired feeling in the morning. He had dizziness, poor appetite, distress after eating, with sour eructations of gas. After taking a course of treatment he says: "I am glad to add my testimony with hundreds of others to a complete cure received from the physicians of the Catarra and Despessa Institute. (Signed)

A. WEIBLINGER."

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