

A bicyclist has just obtained a verdict of \$24,500 against a railroad company for the loss of his legs. If he had not been a wheelman what would the sum have been?

A sharp line of distinction should be drawn between the classes that are in the "submerged tenth" because they are hopelessly degenerate and those coming to us from Canada and Europe, who begin at the bottom, but quickly rise to self-support and self-respect.

Koyama is a member of the Japanese Diet. That body had been considering a land tax bill which the government was determined should become a law. When the roll was called Koyama announced that certain agents of the government had paid him \$4000 to vote for the tax bill, and then sedately proceeded to vote against the measure. In his artless Japanese fashion, Koyama further rebuked his would-be corrupters by pocketing the money. While this is exceedingly interesting evidence going to show that the dawn of civilization in Japan has become a sunburst, it is disappointing. Koyama is evidently young. He must learn that the first requisite of a successful politician is to stay bought and say nothing about it.

It is a little over a year since Philadelphia transferred to the United Gas Improvement company, under a 30 years' lease, the franchise of the gas company, and reports recently made mark sharply the difference between political control and business management. The city now has a revenue of 10 per cent. on an increased quantity of gas sold at \$1 per thousand, whereas it was formerly unable to make both ends meet at a higher rate. Consumers are supplied with better gas, and the worn-out gas mains have been replaced with new ones, to the comfort of citizens whose noses had been assailed with the odor of escaping gas. In this work of betterment \$3,112,829 has been expended within the year, although the lease only requires the expenditure of \$5,000,000 in this way during the first three years, and of \$10,000,000 thereafter. All these improvements, it should be noted, will ultimately revert to the benefit of the city, as at the end of the 30 years the gas-works must be returned to the city without the expenditure of a dollar of public money on the improvements made or to be made.

More evidence of the use of boracic acid as a meat preservative comes from Philadelphia. A soap-maker in that city, who purchases the excess fat from the market stalls, says that about five years ago he noticed that something in connection with the tallow was preventing its union with the lye in the soap-making process. He concluded that there was an acid of some kind in the tallow, and on making that statement to the firm that supplied the tallow it was admitted that the meat men were using a wash for the meat, and that it was boracic acid. He asked if the fluid was injected in the meat, and was told that it was used only on the surface before the meat was put into the ice-chest. The soap-manufacturer adds that he has often since that time noticed in butcher shops that meat that had been undeniably washed with a preserving liquid or powder was avoided by the flies, while they would swarm on untreated meat. He had observed also that he had less trouble with the acid in cold weather, when it was presurable that less of the preservative was used.

Our consul at Liverpool has sent to Washington a suggestive report on the results of a trial at that city of automotor freight wagons. The joint report of the British experts who witnessed the trial points out several defects that are alleged to make doubtful the much more extended use of the vehicles in Great Britain in the near future, and emphasizes some of their limitations. The trial at Liverpool included only automotor freight wagons, and the aim there has been to attain the maximum of speed and durability in competition with the railways for cheaper freights. Thus far it has been shown that these wagons may work in commercial competition with railway rates with loads up to four tons and over distances of thirty to forty miles. This is where British effort has been stopped temporarily, awaiting the manufacture of an improved machine. With such proof of what British and continental European manufacturers have been able to accomplish, it will be strange if the plans and models of our own manufacturers do not take into account the defects, and forthwith adapt their plants and appliances to the needs of the foreign demand. They have the capital and can secure the primacy in the world's markets in this line.

It appears that Admiral Dewey is a good hand at an epigram as well as at fighting. But then one is never surprised at finding a new virtue or accomplishment in Dewey.

The statement that Missouri never punishes train robbers is a cruel slander, facetiously remarks the Kansas City Journal. It often happens that outlaws of this class are sent to the penitentiary even before they have been operating in the state twenty years, and sometimes they are compelled to remain there weeks and weeks before the governor pardons them out.

A dispatch from Pine Bluff, Ark., to the Little Rock Gazette, states that as a result of the recent successful experiments in Mississippi with monkeys as cotton pickers, several Jefferson county planters will make similar experiments. One of the most successful planters in the state, we are told, will soon have monkeys in his field. This looks like the revival of a hoax that convulsed Birmingham, Ala., some years ago.

If a German scientist is to be believed, everything needed to make a man weigh 150 pounds can be found in the whites and yolks of 1200 hen's eggs. "Reduced to a fluid," declares the savant, "the average man would yield 98 cubic metres of illuminating gas and hydrogen, enough to fill a balloon capable of lifting 155 pounds. The normal human body has in it the iron needed to make seven large nails, the fat for fourteen pounds of candles, the carbon for 65 gross of crayons and phosphorus enough for eight hundred and twenty thousand matches. Out of it can be obtained besides twenty coffee-spoonfuls of salt, fifty lumps of sugar, and forty-two litres of water."

The death of Caprivi removes from the public life of Europe a man whose chief distinction was that he succeeded Bismarck as chancellor when Wilhelm ascended the throne of empire. Yet Caprivi deserves honor for a long life of hard work and high achievement in both military and naval lines, as well as in statesmanship. A brilliant general in war and a methodical worker in the barracks of peace, he proved himself as equal to the task of reorganizing the German navy as to the command of an army corps. Had he not been overshadowed by the towering figure of his predecessor as chancellor, and had he not failed to maintain the harmony of relations essential to his continuance in office, the name of Caprivi would command a more eminent place in the diplomatic history of the century.

In this country the majority rules but does not tyrannize. It is the chartered license of the smallest minority to admonish solemnly, assail bitterly, ridicule, impugn and defy the sovereign, before yielding him that loyal obedience that no one dares refuse in the end, philosophises the New York Commercial Advertiser. Some of us call this government by discussion. It is edifying enough when it does not lead ignorant foreigners into acts which compel us to painful severity. Because the tolerance of criticism implies neither abatement of swiftness and force of national action when national authority is outraged, nor embarrassment of government by faction in the moment of action. The nation discusses with the noisy divergence of a debating society, but acts with the unity and force of an army. Domestic turbulence has learned this; external turbulence will learn it, if needful.

Our consul at Liverpool has sent to Washington a suggestive report on the results of a trial at that city of automotor freight wagons. The joint report of the British experts who witnessed the trial points out several defects that are alleged to make doubtful the much more extended use of the vehicles in Great Britain in the near future, and emphasizes some of their limitations. The trial at Liverpool included only automotor freight wagons, and the aim there has been to attain the maximum of speed and durability in competition with the railways for cheaper freights. Thus far it has been shown that these wagons may work in commercial competition with railway rates with loads up to four tons and over distances of thirty to forty miles. This is where British effort has been stopped temporarily, awaiting the manufacture of an improved machine. With such proof of what British and continental European manufacturers have been able to accomplish, it will be strange if the plans and models of our own manufacturers do not take into account the defects, and forthwith adapt their plants and appliances to the needs of the foreign demand. They have the capital and can secure the primacy in the world's markets in this line.

THE AMERICAN NOMAD.
Taming from the quiet fields
Where the lazy cattle graze;
Leaving her in tears who bent
O'er him in his helpless days;
Faring down the dusty road,
Leaving all he loves behind,
Rushing in where striving men
Push him down and never mind.
Dreams of sweet old peaceful scenes
Sometimes, in the rush and roar
Memories of cradle songs
That are sung to him no more;
Newer friends and newer hopes,
Gaining step by step, and then
For a little chinking coin,
Leaving all behind again.
Ever striving to outstrip
Those that labor at his side;
Spurning love and sporting rest,
Till the last unattained;
Here today—tomorrow where?
"Home" a hollow, empty name;
Happiness to give in trade
For a little pelf or fame.
Still the lazy cattle graze
Out upon the sloping hill,
And the smoke is curling up
From the old red chimney still;
Still the rusty hinges creak
When they swing apart the gates,
And a little vacant lot
For the restless toiler waits.
—Cleveland Leader.

THE OLD UNIFORM.

A Story of the Zouaves.

One of my desk-mates in the office at the ministry of war was an ex-commissioned officer, Henri Vidal. He had lost a left arm in the Italian campaign, but with his remaining hand he executed marvels of calligraphy—down to drawing with one pen-stroke a bird in the flourish of his signature.

A good fellow, Vidal; the type of the upright old soldier, hardly 40, with a sprinkling of gray in his blonde imperial—he had been in the Zouaves. We all called him Pere Vidal, more respectfully than familiarly, for we all knew his honor and devotion. He lived in a cheap little lodging at Grenelle, where—on the money of his cross, his pension and his salary—he managed to support his widowed sister and her three children.

As at that time I, too, was living in the southern suburb of Paris, I often walked home with Pere Vidal, and I used to make him tell of his campaigns as we passed near the military school, meeting at every step—it was at the close of the empire—the splendid uniforms of the Imperial Guard, green chasseurs, white lancers and the dark and magnificent artillery officers, black and gold, a costume worth while getting killed in.

As we walked along the hideous Boulevard de Grenelle he stopped suddenly before a military old-clothes shop—there are many like it in that quarter—a dirty, sinister den, showing in its window rusted pistols, bowls full of buttons and tarnished epaulets; in front were hung, amid sordid rags, a few officers' uniforms, rain-rotted and sunburned; with the slope in at the waist and the padded shoulders they had an almost human aspect.

Vidal, seizing my arm with his right hand and turning his gaze on me, raised his stump to point out one of the uniforms, an African officer's tunic, with the kilted skirt and the three gold braids making a figure eight on the sleeve.

"Look!" he said; "that's the uniform of my old corps, a captain's tunic."
Drawing nearer, he made out the number engraved on the buttons and went on with enthusiasm:

"My regiment! The First Zouaves!"
Suddenly his hand shook, his face darkened; dropping his eyes, he murmured, in a horror-stricken voice:

"What if it were his!"
Then brusquely turning the coat about he showed me in the middle of the back a little round hole, bordered by a black rim—blood, of course—it made one shudder, like the sight of a wound.

"A nasty scar," I said to Pere Vidal, who had dropped the garment and was hastening away. And foreseeing a tale, I added to spur him on:

"It's not usually in the back that bullets strike captains of the Zouaves."
He apparently did not hear me; he mumbled to himself: "How could it get there? It's a long way from the battlefield of Melegnano to the Boulevard de Grenelle! Oh, yes, I know—the carrion crows that follow the army; the strippers of the dead! But why just there, two steps from the military school where the other fellow's regiment is stationed? He must have passed; he must have recognized it. What a ghost!"

"See here, Pere Vidal," said I, violently interested, "stop your muttering, and tell me what the riddled tunic recalls to you."
He looked at me timidly, almost suspiciously. Suddenly, with a great effort, he began:

"Well, then, here goes for the story; I can trust you; you will tell me frankly, on your honor, if you think my conduct excusable. Where shall I begin? Ah, I can't give you the other man's surname, for he is still living, but I will call him by the name he went under in the regiment—Dry-Jean—and he deserved it, with his 12 drinks at the stroke of noon.

"He was sergeant in the Fourth of the Second, my regiment, a good fighter, but fond of quarrel and drink—all the bad habits of the African soldier; brave as a bayonet, with cold, steel-blue eyes and a rough red beard on his tanned cheeks. When I entered the regiment Dry-Jean had just re-enlisted. He drew his pay and went on a three days' spree. He and two companions of the same kidney rolled through the low quarters of Algiers in a cab, flying a tri-color bearing the words, "It won't last forever." It did wind up with a knock-down fight. Dry-Jean got a cut on the head from a triangle that nearly finished him, a fortnight in the guard-room and the loss of his stripes—the second time he had lost them.

When the captain, a little fellow, as stiff as a bristle, with the mustaches of an angry cat, flung his punishment at Dry-Jean's head, adding curtly, "I know you, my man, and I'll bring you to order!" Dry-Jean answered never a word and walked away quietly to do pack-drill. But all the same the captain might have come off his high horse a bit had he seen the rage that reddened the sergeant's face as soon as he turned his head and the hatred that flashed through his terrible blue eyes.

"Hereupon the emperor declares war against the Austrians, and we are shipped off to Italy. But let me come at once to the day before the battle of Melegnano, where I left my arm, you know. Our battalion was camped in a little village, and before breaking the ranks the captain had made us a speech—rightly enough—to remind us that the slightest injury done to the inhabitants would be punished in an exemplary way. During the speech Dry-Jean—a little shaky on his pins that morning, and for the best of reasons—shrugged his shoulders slightly. Luckily the captain didn't see it."

"At midnight Dry-Jean was engaged in a brawl with some peasants and was being prevented from molesting a young girl when Captain Gentili arrived. With one look—the little Corsican had a paralyzing way—he cowed the terrified sergeant; then he said to him:

"Dogs like you deserve to have their brains blown out; as soon as I can see the colonel you lose your stripes again, this time for good. There's to be fighting tomorrow; try to get killed."

"At dawn the cannonade awoke us. The column formed, and Dry-Jean—never had his blue eyes glittered more omnisciently—placed himself beside me. The battalion moved forward; we were to dislodge the white coats, who with their cannon, occupied Melegnano. Forward, march! At the second kilometer the Austrians' grape shot cut down 15 of our company's men. Then our officers, waiting for the order to charge, made us lie down in the grain field, sharp-shooterwise; they remained standing naturally, and our captain wasn't the least straight of the lot. Kneeling in the rye, we kept on firing at the battery, which lay within range. Suddenly some one joggled my elbow. I turned and saw Dry-Jean, who was looking at me, the corner of his lips raised leeringly, lifting his gun.

"Do you see the captain?" he said, nodding in that direction.

"Yes, what of it?" said I, glancing at the officer, 20 paces off.

"He was foolish to speak to me as he did."
"With a swift, precise gesture he shouldered his arm and fired. I saw the captain—his body bent backward, his head thrown up his hands beating the air for an instant—drop his sword and fall heavily on his back.

"Murderer!" I cried, seizing the sergeant's arm. But he struck me with the butt of his rifle, rolling me over and exclaiming:

"Fool! prove that I did it!"
"I rose in a rage, just as all the sharpshooters rose likewise. Our colonel, bareheaded, on his smoking horse, pointed his sabre at the Austrian battery and shouted:

"Forward, Zouaves! Out with your bayonets!"
"Could I do otherwise than charge with the others? What a famous charge it was, too! Have you ever seen a high sea dash on a rock? Each company rushed up like a breaker on a reef. Thrice the battery was covered with blue coats and red trousers, and thrice we saw the earthwork reappear with its cannon jaws, impassable.

"But our company, the Fourth, was to snatch the prize. In 20 leaps I reached the redoubt; helping myself with my rifle-butt I crossed the talus. I had only time to see a blonde mustache, a blue cap and a carbine barrel almost touching me. Then I thought my arm flew off. I dropped my gun, fell dizzily on my side near a gun-carriage wheel and lost consciousness.

"When I opened my eyes nothing was to be heard but distant musketry. The Zouaves, forming a disordered half-circle, were shouting 'Vive l'Empereur!' and brandishing their rifles.

"An old general followed by his staff galloped up. He pulled up his horse, waved his gilded helmet gayly and cried:

"Bravo, Zouaves! You are the first soldiers in the world!"
"I found myself sitting near the wheel, supporting my poor broken paw, when suddenly I remembered Dry-Jean's awful crime. At that very instant he stepped out of the ranks toward the general. He had lost his fez, and from a big gash in his close-shaven head ran a trickle of blood. Leaning on his gun with one hand, with the other he held out an Austrian flag, tattered and dyed red—a flag he had taken. The general gazed at him admiringly.

"Hey there, Bricourt!" turning to one of his staff; "look at that, if you please. What men!"
"Whereupon Dry-Jean spoke up:

"Quite so, my general. But you know—the First Zouaves—there are only enough left for once more!"
"I would like to hug you for that!" cried the general; "you'll get the cross, you know, and still repeating, 'what men!' he said to his aid-de-camp something I didn't understand—I'm no scholar, you know. But I remember it perfectly: 'Worthy of Plutarch, wasn't it, Bricourt?'"

"At that very moment the pain was too much for me, and I fainted. You know the rest. I've often told you how they saved off my arm and how I dragged along in delirium for two months in the hospital. In my sleepless hours I used to ask myself if it was my duty to accuse Dry-Jean publicly. But could I prove it? And then I said, 'He's a scoundrel, but he's brave; he killed Captain Gentili, but he took a flag from the enemy.' Finally, in my convalescence, I learned that as a reward for his courage Dry-Jean had stepped up into the Zouaves of the Guard and had been decorated. Ah! at first it gave me a disgust at my own cross which the colonel had pinned on me in the hospital. Yet Dry-Jean deserved his, too; only his Legion of Honor ought to have served as the bull's-eye for the squad detailed to put him out of existence.

"It's all far away now. I never saw him again; he remained in the service, and I became a good civilian. But just now, when I saw that uniform with its bullet-hole—God knows how it got there—hanging a stone's throw from the barracks where the murderer is, it seemed to me that the captain, the crime still unpunished, was clamoring for justice."

I did my utmost to quiet Pere Vidal, assuring him he had acted for the best. Five days later, on reaching the office, Vidal handing me a paper folded at a certain paragraph, murmured gravely: "What did I tell you?" I read:

"Another victim of intemperance.—Yesterday afternoon, on the Boulevard de Grenelle, a certain Jean Mallet, known as Dry-Jean, sergeant in the Zouaves of the Imperial Guard, who with two companions had been drinking freely, was seized with delirium tremens while looking at some old uniforms hanging in a second-hand shop. He drew his bayonet and dashed down the street to the terror of all passers-by. Two privates with him had the utmost difficulty in securing the madman, who shouted ceaselessly: 'I am not a murderer; I took an Austrian flag at Melegnano!' It seems that the latter statement is true. Mallet was decorated for this feat; his addition to drink has alone prevented him from rising to the ranks. Mallet was conducted to the military hospital of Gros-Cailion, whence he will soon be transferred to Charanton, for it is doubtful if he can recover his reason."

As I returned the paper to Vidal, he looked at me meaningly and concluded:

"Captain Gentili was a Corsican—he has avenged himself!"—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Francois Coppee.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Of the houses in Paris, France, there are still 10,000 (with 200,000 inhabitants) that use well water.

Under Henry V an act of Parliament ordered all the geese in England to be counted, and the sheriffs of the counties were required to furnish six arrow feathers from each goose.

A large tom-cat for thirteen years made voyages on a mail steamer between Sydney and San Francisco. The animal died, and was buried at sea, having almost completed 1,000,000 miles of travel.

There are some curious superstitions concerning waves. The Arab sailors believe that the high seas off the coast of Abyssinia are enchanted, and whenever they find themselves among them they recite verses which they suppose have a tendency to subdue them.

The oldest inhabited house in England stands close to the River Ver, and about 250 yards from St. Alban's abbey. It was built in the time of King Offa of Mercia about the year 795, and is thus over 1100 years old. It is of octagonal shape, the upper portion being of oak, and the lower has walls of great thickness.

During the last decade excavations in Egypt have added to the treasures of ancient Greek literature buried in the sand for two thousand years—manuscripts of works by Aristotle, Herondas, Bakchylides, Menander, besides the Ninus romance, Grenfell's erotic fragment, and the hymns to Apollo, with music.

Children or Taxes.
If you live in Madagascar you must have children, or else pay a tax to the authorities. This is the latest decree issued by the government of Madagascar. For some time the population of that island has been decreasing. The government authorities sat in council a short time ago and decided upon a tax to be levied upon every man who, at the age of twenty-five, is unmarried, and upon every married man who, at that age, has no children. The tax is \$3.75 a year. Every girl must pay a tax of \$1.80 a year as long as she remains single after she passes her twenty-fourth year, and every married woman does the same until she has children as the result of her marriage.

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.
Join the Band—No Matter How Much Glamour is Thrown Around Wine It is the Same Deadly Intoxicant. Poison-Wine Bibbing Leads to Disaster.
Drink reigns almost supreme,
How potent is its power,
It prostrates high and low,
It wrecks both grave and gay,
Then shun the treacherous drink
And boldly take your stand,
Amongst the brave and free—
The growing Temperance band.

All Use of Wine Condemned.
To the Editor: Sir—A writer who styles himself a temperance woman, daily in a teetotaler, recently filled two-thirds of a column on the Woman's Page in the New York Tribune with suggestions as to the kinds of wine and the manner of serving the same.

Growing enthusiastic with her subject, she arabesqued it with the sparkle of gill and cut glass, Bohemian and Roman, and cast about it a spell of aroma and bouquet, until the reader is reminded of descriptions of bacchanalian feasts in the history of the lead nations.

Her advice is decidedly belated; it does not fit the intelligence of our times. Chemistry shows that the "one wine, red or white," which this writer says should be used, "straight through a home dinner contains a varying percentage of alcohol. Whether there be in this wine much or little alcohol, the character of that alcohol is the same. It is an irritant, narcotic poison. Its best effect is to depress the power, when taken even in small quantities, to create a progressive, uncontrollable and destructive appetite for more. This appetite grows stealthily upon the drinker. The ability to resist it varies with the individual, but no man being equal physical conditions, in which heridity is a powerful factor. John B. Gough said, 'My father could be a moderate drinker, but I can be only a total abstainer or a gutter drunkard.'

The gratification of this appetite ends in irascibility, crime, poverty, misery and madness. Therefore, the family or individual who is drinking the red or white wine which this so-called temperance woman recommends for the daily dinner is trying a very dangerous experiment. Eighty-four per cent. of our criminals, seventy-five per cent. of our paupers, fifty per cent. of the inmates of our insane asylums began their careers with so-called moderate drinking. No man being equal, a disease when he begins such tipping will lead him. He is dealing in futures, with no knowledge of his chances beyond the fact that the drink he is imbibing has an enticing power for destruction; but this fact he generally ignores.

Modern chemistry shows that the four kinds of wine this writer would have served with a more formal course dinner are the same sort of liquors, differing only in flavor and the amount of alcohol they contain. Existing for guests four different kinds of poisonous drinks which have the power for harm that alcohol has is, to say the least, a barbarian sort of hospitality, a relic of the days that had not the light of modern science.

Through its action on the nerves and brain, alcohol, of all agents, is the most powerful for the destruction of those qualities of mind and character that make a people capable of self-government. It is, therefore, the most dangerous of all foes to our free institutions, which rest upon the capacity of our people, for self-government.

To follow this wine-bibbing advice is an invitation to disaster to that which we hold most dear to us—our liberty under law. The capacity for government of the American people will stand the strain of the colonial expansion has thrust upon us, if alcohol is abolished from our habits. Commenting on this probability, in a paper published in Germany, in a public lecture said:

"There is good reason for asserting that the Anglo-Saxon race at no very distant day will free itself from the yoke of alcohol. Whether it will, it is not possible for those races still submitting to its use to compete with the Anglo-Saxon in their economical pursuits is a question to be thoughtfully considered."

MARY H. HUNT.

Tolstoy on the Drink Question.
The physiological and mental effects of alcohol are now fully and clearly proved by physicians. It is a deadly poison which impairs digestion, disintegrates the blood and lowers the strength. These are a few of the physiological effects. Alcohol also produces a weakening and obscuring of the mind. It has been proved by repeated scientific experiments that it reduces the working capacity of the mind and body. The mental and physical stimulation which follows the absorption of alcohol is very brief and worthless.

The idea that the moderate use of alcohol is harmless is now absurd. It injures a person exactly in proportion to the quantity taken, however small that quantity may be.

To-day one can not and dare not say that the use of alcohol is a personal concern only; that the moderate use is unobjectionable; that every one knows what he is doing and needs no lessons from others. No, it is no longer a private affair. It is an affair of the greatest importance to the community. Whether they wish it or not, all men are to-day divided into two camps—those who fight by word and example against the purposeless use of a poison, and those who defend that poison by word and example. And we see this fight going on in every land. In Russia it has been carried on with especial energy for the last twenty years.—Leo Tolstoy.

The Great Destroyer of Anglo-Saxons.
Mr. T. W. Russell, member of the English Parliament, in an address at Belfast Ireland, referred to the history of the men belonging to the Young Men's Society of County Kerry who, thirty-five years ago, declared that everyone whose life had turned out a failure had been ruined by drink. He described the appearance of the most brilliant of the youthful band laboring on the wharf at New York, brought to the mockery. Drink had the country lads' throat. When A. M. Sullivan lay on his death-bed he sent for the speaker; pointed out to him that the Irish party was going to be destroyed by the drink power, and exhorted him never to give up the battle. The public house had become a more potent force in politics than church or chapel. The apathy of Christian men and ministers was astounding. The scorn and vengeance of a trade grown rich in widows' tears and children's cries were a most enough to make one quail. Drink was the great destroyer of the Anglo-Saxon race; Satan's prime agency in the downfall of men. The speaker had changed some of his views, but those on the drink question he had never modified in the slightest degree.

Notes of the Crusade.
The imperialism in the saloon power he imperialism to be dreaded. This country can take care of Aguinaldo easier than we can of the saloonkeeper and his army.

It is significant of the progress that temperance agitation is making in Germany that 300 students of the University of Berlin have organized themselves into a total abstinence club, the first in the empire.

The brewers who were so patriotic at outbreak of the war are now kicking viciously against the additional war tax beer. Their patriotism was only on foam after all.