

OUR GALLANT TARS.

A CUSTOM THAT WILL ENDURE AS LONG AS THE NAVY ENDURES.

Drinking the Toast to "Sweethearts and Wives" Every Saturday Night—It Makes the Men in the Navy Better, Truer, Nobler and Braver.

The people of this country are very fond of their naval officers, so far as they know them. It would be a good deal better for the country if they were better known, for among them are to be found as large a percentage of fine, brainy, lovable and well bred men as in any of the familiar professions.

There is not much sentimentality in the navy, but there is a deal of sentiment, which is a vastly different thing. Certain cynical young women who have met officers and who have noticed how attentive they are sometimes think that this is merely a "dainty, sham devotion," bestowed upon young women when they meet at every port they touch. But this is not true. There is more genuine chivalry among the officers of the United States navy than is to be found among any class of men on shore.

It is one of the conventions of the navy to place women upon a pedestal, and there is no finer convention in the world. It may be because that for so many of their time they are denied the delight of seeing women. But they never forget them.

Every Saturday night in every United States warship afloat there takes place a ceremony so beautiful, so exquisite, that it seems to have escaped from the land of phylax and wandered into American life. There, flattered and amazed at its welcome, it has remained ever since and made the men in the navy better, truer, nobler and braver, for it makes them splendidly American.

When a ship is under way, there is no woman aboard her. She has no place there. Maybe each man carries an image of one in his thoughts during his watches on deck. Of these things he does not speak. But once each week he comes forth boldly with his fellows and reverently sends greeting from across the seas to her. From the China sea, from stormy Cape Horn, from the peaceful Mediterranean comes the message.

"Sweethearts and wives!" That was ever and always will be the sailor's toast. And when it is given aboard Uncle Sam's ships it is a tribute to the sweetness, the purity, the beauty of American womanhood. There are men who have drunk that toast every Saturday night for more than 40 years. It is never old to them. The officers would as soon think of passing unnoticed an important disciplinary regulation as passing Saturday night without this ceremony. It does not matter whether the ship is on the high seas, or anchored in a foreign port, or lying at the dock in the Brooklyn navy yard, so long as her men are aboard they drink the toast. It is a custom as old as the navy. It will endure as long as the navy endures.

When the supply of wine is running short during a long cruise, the officers deny themselves during the week that they may have it for this toast on Saturday nights.

The servants are well trained. They have the champagne nicely chilled and open it almost without orders. After the dinner is finished the executive officer arises. Very likely there is gray in his hair. His face is reddened by weather and seamed by years, for men who reach position cannot be young. But his heart is still young. They have dined well, and the content of well filled stomachs shines on their faces. But when the lieutenant commander rises they are still. He stands straight with his hand upraised, the champagne bubbling deliciously.

"Gentlemen, are your glasses charged?" There is not one which is empty. The officers rise and bow their heads in answer.

"I give you" (the lieutenant commander speaks earnestly, and there is a soft glimmer in his eyes)—"I give you sweethearts and wives. God bless them!"

"Sweethearts and wives—God bless them!" comes in chorus from the officers. Then they drink, and if there runs down their spinal cords a little thrill, and if their eyes grow moist and their hands shake a bit it is a tribute to themselves and to American womanhood to whom this toast is drunk. With something in their breasts throbbing like the great engines, and the swish and gurgle of the waters dulling their ears, there is conjured before them, like the azure nimbus of a dream, a home with a soft voiced woman and the prattle of a child, or a slender, girlish figure bending her head to hide the love light in her eyes. On Saturday night the officer at sea feels that he is very near home.

Every one knows that naval officers are famous for the attractions which they have for the fair. This may show that it isn't the uniform alone which is the magnet.—New York World.

The Forger.

Sir John Evans says, in Longman's Magazine, "that not even the trained antiquary is proof against the forger and confessor that not only has he himself purchased forgeries, but has published accounts of them as if they had been genuine—accounts which any amount of subsequent withdrawals fails to annihilate. Counterfeits and forgeries abound in every department of archaeology. Spurious manuscripts, inscriptions, gems, pottery, glass, enamels, ivories, coins, weapons, implements and armaments have each and all been foisted on collectors at different times and in various countries."

A Modern Hero.

"Mme. M—, a very talented pianist, when sitting next to Colonel Ramolot at the dinner table, asked him in a winning tone of voice: "Are you fond of music, colonel?" "Madame," replied the warrior, rolling a massive pair of eyes, "I am not afraid of it."—Paris Rappal.

DAY'S BLAZING ORB.

Sir Robert Ball on the Substances of Which the Sun Is Made.

Let us see if we have the necessary data for ascertaining what this solar material must be. We are first confronted with the fundamental question as to whether it is likely to be composed of elements found on the earth. There was a time no doubt when it might have been urged that in all probability the solar elements were so far different from any bodies known to terrestrial chemists that the solar clouds must be constituted of something altogether beyond our cognizance. But this view cannot be sustained in the present state of science.

Nothing is more remarkable in the recent advance of knowledge than the clear demonstration of the fundamental unity between the elements present in the celestial bodies and those elements of which the earth is composed. It is no doubt true that we have found grounds for believing that there may be one or two elements in the sun which we do not find here.

We have indeed assigned to these dimly discerned elements the hypothetical names of coronium and helium. But even if such bodies exist at all they are certainly wanting in the essential qualities that must be attributed to any element which purports to be the active component of the photospheric clouds. There cannot be a reasonable doubt that the sun is mainly composed of elements both well known and abundant on the earth. It is clearly among these known bodies that it is our duty to search for the characteristic photospheric material.

As the terrestrial clouds consist of water they are derived not from a simple element, but from a composite body formed of the gases—oxygen and hydrogen. The multitude of composite bodies is, of course, innumerable, and the task of searching for the solar constituents would therefore seem to be an endless one, unless we were in some way enabled to restrict the field of inquiry.

This is just what the vast temperature of the sun permits us to do. It is well known that at a heat resembling that at which the photosphere is maintained chemical compounds cannot in general exist. Ordinary chemical compounds exposed to temperatures of such elevation are instantly resolved into their elementary components. It is thus manifest that in the endeavor to find the photospheric material we have not to scan the illimitable field of chemical compounds. We have only to consider the several elementary bodies themselves.

Thus at once the research is narrowed to a choice among some 64 different materials, this being about the number of the different elementary bodies. Most of them have already been actually detected in the sun, and it is very likely that the others do really exist there also in some part or other of the sun's mighty volume.—Sir Robert Ball in Fortnightly Review.

As the Boy Saw It.

A Detroit business man was making some purchases at a Woodward avenue fruit stand the other evening when he saw a street gamin take an orange and coolly saunter off. There was no occasion to raise a row over it, but the gentleman felt it his duty to follow the boy and observe:

"I saw you hook that orange, my boy. It isn't of much value, but if you begin this way where will you end?" "I never took it," he stoutly replied. "Oh, but I was looking full at you." "I say I never took it." "There it is in your pocket." "That's a ball." "Let me see." "Oh, well," he sputtered as he worked the orange out, "this is allus my luck. I never get hold of anything on the sly but some great big duffer comes along and wants his whack. Here's your half, and now it's only fair for you to steal some peanuts and divide."—Detroit Free Press.

A Numerous Court.

The court of the emperor of Russia, says one of the St. Petersburg papers, consists of one chief chamberlain, five chief court masters, one chief gentleman of the table, one chief hunting master, one chief court marshal, one chief carver, one chief stable master, 35 court masters, 17 stable masters, six hunting masters, one director of imperial theaters, two chief masters of ceremonies, eight assistant hunting masters, nine assistant masters of ceremonies, 173 chamberlains, 249 assistant chamberlains, 24 court physicians, 23 court priests, 10 ladies in waiting, four ladies of the bed-chamber and 180 assistant ladies in waiting. It is well that the czar is one of the wealthiest men in the world, as the list is rather a long one to support.

A Philanthropic Woman.

Mrs. Mary Hemingway, who lately died in Boston, provided by her will that the entire net income of her estate, which is estimated to be worth \$15,000,000, shall be devoted by her executors for a period of not more than 15 years to the furtherance of certain causes in which she was interested. These causes she names as follows: First, educational work in Boston and vicinity; second, the historical and educational work connected with the Old South Meeting House; third, the study of American archaeology. She bequeaths a valuable farm in Massachusetts, known as the Lowry farm, to the Hampton (Va.) institute, founded by General Armstrong.—Boston Commonwealth.

A Future For Him.

"Things are pretty slow now," said the czar to the minister of police. "Yes, your majesty, I know of but one matter which is likely to be brought to your attention. It is the case of a man who threw a bomb at your majesty and broke a window a block away. He wants to be released." "He expects a great deal." "He says he will reform. He thinks he can go to America and get a place as a baseball player and lead a better life."—Washington Star.

Her Hobby Is Tramping.

The Tennessee authoress, Will Allen Dromgoole, has a hobby. It is walking—"tramping," she calls it. Nine or ten miles of mountain walking is her daily constitutional when at her country home. A short, ordinary skirt, a blouse waist and a soft, gray felt hat with a history form her walking costume. The history part comes in with the only ornament of the hat—a bullet hole of goodly size. Miss Dromgoole has made a study of the coal mines of the Tennessee mountains. When the war with the miners began on Coal creek, she hurried up there to see all she could of it. "Every one of the state authorities was very nice to me," she adds in telling the story, "but if I wanted to see things for myself I could not be sheltered any more than they were. I messed with them, and one evening at supper a bullet went through the hat on my head."

Mrs. Clara Hoyt Burleigh.

Mrs. Clara Hoyt Burleigh, the new president of the Woman's Relief corps of Massachusetts, is a daughter of George Hoyt, M. D., prominent as a physician and in antislavery times the friend and coworker of Phillips, Garrison and other heroes. She is the sister of Colonel George H. Hoyt, known as the young lawyer from Boston who volunteered to defend John Brown, going alone and unprotected to Harper's Ferry, Va., sent for that purpose by Governor Andrew. Mrs. Burleigh was born in Athol, where she now resides. She is a woman of education and rare gifts, a musician of thorough cultivation and an artist of excellence. She is the wife of Judge Henry M. Burleigh, an active Grand Army man, judge advocate of the department of Massachusetts.—Boston Woman's Journal.

Wife and Husband.

Hitherto it has been the custom to speak of "husband and wife," but it is quite obvious that the tendency of recent legislation is to invert the phrase. This tendency will doubtless be greatly intensified "in the good time coming" when the women, who constitute a considerable majority of the population of the United Kingdom, obtain the suffrage and outvote the men, inasmuch as the "one woman one vote" will have a majority of 7 per cent over the other sex when "one man one vote" is the universal rule.—London Standard.

Why?

A contemporary complains that by the proposed suffrage bill in Massachusetts the ballot is to be given to all kinds of women, those who have material interests and those who have none, those who are intelligent and those who are not, those who have character and those who have none. But why? Is it any more wrong or dangerous to give the ballot to all kinds of women than to all kinds of men? If the ballot is to be restricted to perfect women, let us also restrict it to perfect men.—Boston Globe.

Their Mission.

Two women journalists have been sent on a tour of the world by the Dundee Courier and Weekly News. They are Miss F. Marre Imandt and Miss Beattie Maxwell, and their purpose is not to put a giraffe round the earth in 80 days as Nellie Bly and Miss Bismal did for American journals, but to study the social and economic conditions of women in the various countries they visit. Their trip will cover 26,000 miles.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Used Visiting Cards First.

The Chinese are said to be the originators of visiting cards. So long ago as the period of the Tang dynasty (619-907) visiting cards were known to have been in use in China. From ancient times to the present day the Chinese have observed the strictest ceremony with regard to the paying of visits. The cards which they use for this purpose are large and of a bright red color.



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