didn't say that. Miss Carey (trying to change the subject), did you ever do any newspaper work?"

I looked at the Speaker. His right eye was winking vigorously, but the eye next to Mr. Campbell was calm and serene.

"Miss Carey works for the D. A.," the Speaker replied for me.

"Tell me, Mr. Campbell, what you think should be the national flower?" I said, to give the conversation another turn.

"I don't know now. I'll have to ask Mrs. C. that. She knows all about flowers. I'll ask her."

AS TO MISS CAMPBELL.

"Tell me about the baby," I whispered slyly.

He looked up; his face grew radiant and his brown eyes very tender.

"It isn't right for me to say anything, but everybody else says it's a beauty," he answered, with a mixture of tender pride and modesty. "I can only tell what others say. Her mother thinks so, too; and I think her mother knows everything. She is a Pennsylvania Dutch girl and as clever as any you'll ever meet. She's just the wife for me; has a leaning towards politics and all that."

"What is the baby called?"

"Marguerite. Her mother selected the name. Great, big, fine, healthy baby she is! The other day Senator Blackburn had her in his arms and he said: 'Miss Campbell, consider yourself engaged to Mr. Blackburn' (his two-year-old nephew), and to me he added: 'Tim, we'll make a match between them, sure.'"

"Let me ask you some more questions. What should be the national hymn?"

"I think"—rather dubiously—"those we have are good enough."

"Do you believe in Home Rule for Ireland?"

He lifted his head and his lips parted in a smile.

"Why not?" he asked. "They've proved they can rule New York and the United States; why shouldn't they rule their own land?"

"Maybe all the great ones came over."

He laughed. "They're never great till they get here."

"Miss Carey, I am delighted to know you," he said, as we rose from the table. "I've had a pleasant breakfast and I hope you'll let me dine at your table at noon."

"Certainly, Mr. Campbell; I shall be delighted."

"Wait till I get my hat," he said, as we walked towards the door.

But he did not get it. A hat was there, but it was not his.

"Well! Some dufier's walked off with my hat. And it was given to me in San Francisco, too. Guess I'll have to make the best of it," and trying to make it fit his head, we walked out.

So I met and parted from the great Tim Campbell, and said good-by to all the Tigers.

NELLIE BLY.

THE BISMARCK OF CHINA.

A Character Sketch of Li Hung Chang, the Famed Viceroy.

In December, 1891, the London Chronicle printed a character sketch of Li Hung Chang, dated Tientsin, from the pen of its special correspondent, who had just interviewed the Chinese magnate, who is, to all intents and purposes, the ruler of China. The reproduction of this pen-portrait is opportune, now that the relations between this country and the Chinese Empire are getting somewhat strained. The correspondent writes:

"Li Hung Chang resides at Tientsin, which is about ninety miles from the capital, and is cut off from the south by the ice barrier of winter from the middle of December to the middle of March. His Highness, or Grace, or Lordship, for Li is a nobleman of the new Chinese peerage, with the classic rank of a baron or an earl, or a duke or a prince, is, or was, a remarkably fine-looking man, big of frame, bold of mien and of an almost handsome cast of countenance. He is now old and wrinkled, with a long, struggling gray mustache and what the Chinese call a whisker on the chin, or what is known more generally as an imperial, which Li is fond of stroking. Bad teeth and dirty finger-nails do not, however, add to his personal charms or commend him to European visitors. His voice is harsh, his glance too often being a sentence of decapitation. His Excellency, finally, is a man of typhoon passions, and he swears like the proverbial trooper. He might pass for a soldier, even now when age has dimmed the fire of his eye and sickness has generally impaired his frame. This famous Heathen Chinee is a teetotaler. In fixing his official residence at Tientsin, Li Hung Chang showed a strain of that tact which throughout a long life has distinguished His Excellency in the cultivation and management, so to speak, of his reputation.

"Little, however, is really known to the world of this ambitious Chinese Minister. He may lack all the powers which he is careful to claim. He is strong because of his office, but he is stronger still because of his self-concealment. He has his rivals at court. The very able lady who is the power behind the throne is pretty well aware that Li as an enemy would be as dangerous as he is powerful as a friend. The leaders of what may be called the Nationalist party look to Li to lead them when the hour to strike shall have arrived. They hold some conditional promise of the sort. Years ago Li Hung Chang was asked to place himself at the head of a new Chinese party. The object of this party was then, as it is to-day, to replace the Manchu or Tartar dynasty by one distinctly Chinese. Li, while professing every sympathy with progress, pointed out that the two factions, the court faction and the popular faction were too evenly balanced to justify revolution. 'If you failed,' he said, 'my reputation would be destroyed, and I should die sullied with the name of traitor.'

"But though this master stroke of opportunism is a twenty-year-old story, Li Hung Chang has never ceased to be looked upon as the natural leader of the Revolutionary party. On the other hand, he has never done anything openly and officially to justify suspicion of his loyalty. He has served the Empire faithfully. He is a Chinaman of the Chinese. He is, in fact, China. The missionaries sometimes look upon him as friendly towards their propaganda, but at heart he is nothing of the sort. He hates foreigners, and merely uses them as a means to an end. His motto is, 'China for the Chinese.' He would not openly quarrel with Europeans, but he steadily picks their brains and urges his subordinates to do the same. He cares nothing for religion, either native or foreign, and would live at peace with the missionaries, solely because he does not want to be bothered with the troubles of native fanaticism so long as it does not suit his purpose to have quarrels. The new Nationalism itself is not especially friendly to foreigners.

"Li Hung Chang favors the introduction of Western customs just to this extent. He believes in using the foreigners, while despising them like any good Chinaman. He is favorable to the introduction of railways and telegraphs and telephones and other new inventions, and grants concessions for the employment of European capital and ingenuity. But he will do this only so long as he may take the natives to do the work for themselves. Then he would drive the foreigners, English, French and German, into the sea. It may be interesting as an illustration of his understanding of European characteristics to state that his army was officered by Germans, his navy by Englishmen, and his public works were engineered by Frenchmen."

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

I am told that a job was put up on four very charming and intelligent young ladies at a watering place hotel not long ago by four young gentlemen who approximated them in intelligence, if not in charm.

A bet had been made that not one of the young women could talk seriously on any topic of world-wide interest for five minutes, and the test came on a rainy day, when beauty took refuge in the hotel parlor and manliness came in from the veranda through the French windows. Knight number one came at his charge with the revolution in Brazil, number two opened upon loveliness with the silver question, number three confined himself to the relative merits of English and American yachts, and number four asked his fair one plumply what she thought of the seton question.

There is no denouement to this story. All I could get out of my informant was that the man who made the bet won it and that all four of the gentlemen are engaged to be married, which, of course, they would not be if he had lost the bet.

* * *

It isn't at all smart for a young woman to be smart; at least that is most young men's opinion, and it springs from the fact that young men do not fall in love with gilt-edged cyclopedias. Knowledge is not the attraction in a girl. If a woman has knowledge and beauty, too, a man instinctively resents is as an encroachment. "She might be content with one and leave me the other," he says.

* * *

Nothing is so acute as a woman who tries to make wisdom take the place of womanly charm. Almost invariably she does it defiantly and strains the cords of her neck.

Society is half right in holding women to a more rigid line of emotional conduct than men, because women are all more or less governed from their emotional centres, and men are not. Very many men have tumultuous emotional experiences and keep on attending to their business and making money. Their feelings only go so far. In a woman they are apt in their excesses to swamp the judgment and the conscience. An idea sometimes takes possession of a man and makes him a crank. It is generally a feeling that runs away with a woman.

* * *

I have a profound respect for "hustlers." They wear a different enthusiasm for every day in the week. One of them rushed several miles to see me and came into my room panting and perspiring.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I've a great idea!" he gasped.

"Well, cool off; get your breath, and when you are in a proper state of repose let her go."

"It's a title for a book," he said. "Inspiration—worth $20,000. I've copyrighted it. You can do it in two weeks. There's a pot in it."

"In what?" I asked.

"In the book," he said, glaringly.

"Have you got the book?"

"No, sir. Better than that—I've got the title. Don't you understand?"

He leaped from the chair, pushed his hat back, crouched forward and swept his arm impetuously across the side of the room.

"Look at it there in big letters, 'Drop by Drop!' My God! it's an instantaneous winner. 'D-r-o-p by D-r-o-p!' How does it sound?"

"What's the book about?" I asked.

"I don't care for the book," he said, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow. "You write the book on anything you like, but call it 'Drop by Drop!' That's all I want. Heavens and earth! man, don't you see it?"

* * *

The trial of Emma Goldman returns to us in the court-room the once familiar but now somewhat frayed and furrowed face of Oakey Hall, who was at one time Mayor of New York. Not much of the old elasticity is there. He did not bound, so to speak, upon his native heath, and he only recalled in a ghostly and reminiscent way the dapper politician, dramatist, editor, novelist and bohemian of former years. Some of the court attendants probably remember when he came down Broadway every morning in a different suit and how he had one costume made all of green for St. Patrick's Day, with a green hat and green gloves; how he spent all his spare time in the Leader office and in off official moments wrote dramatic criticisms. Almost everything he did from the moment he came into official prominence was theatric, and it was quite consistent with his previous career that after being Mayor of New York he should go upon the stage and play the part of a convict in stripes in a play of his own writing.

* * *

He was pre-eminently a bohemian Mayor. He preferred the society of actresses and penny-a-liners to anything his civic position offered him. As an advocate he was pre-eminent for quips and trivialities and prearranged jokes and little theatric effects. I remember on one occasion he was to address a ward political meeting, and he went to the leader of the band beforehand and said to him: "When I lift my hand like this I want you to play 'Tommy Dodd,'" which was then a popular song. Having made his speech, he said: "And now fellow-citizens, everything looks promising for our party. We need only some sign that will be an augur of success." Then the band broke out with "Tommy Dodd" in the distance, and Oakey Hall cried: "Ah, there it is. Now, my boys, we're sure to win! sure to win!" and the crowd began to sing the lines as if they had been sent as a guarantee of victory.

John Strange Winter (Mrs. Stannard), whose best stories deal with English army life, and who received from Ruskin the public compliment that hers were the only tales that presented that life in a true and unexceptionable light, has not been as successful in fiction when she attempted to portray either society or passion. Some of her shorter stories are graceful potboilers revolving round practical jokes in the mess room, but "Bootle's Baby," with its "annexes," was a charming conceit prettily worked out and gave us with a woman's skill and delicacy what may be called the dress parade side of military life.

* * *

Most of this work was produced before Rudyard Kipling had come to our notice. The moment we read his stories of military life we saw the difference between the same song when played on a mandolin and on a bugle. John Strange Winter's stories never had the smell of the barracks on them. Kipling's reeked with it. All the coarseness, recklessness and effrontery of actual military service left its trace on its pages. We were among the men themselves. There was a flavor of cavalry boots and stale tobacco smoke. We perceived the actual side of glory, its hardened sensibilities, its coarse conviviality, its reality in fact, in literal transcription and in bold inimitable and graphic touches. All this was essentially masculine, and war is a masculine affair. No woman could achieve Kipling's experience, and no woman, if she could, would write of it in Kipling's candid, bushwhacking style.

* * *

Now that Mr. Frank Ellison may go to prison for five years and there have ample time to reflect upon his own character, it may not be out of place to give him some heads for a line of thought. He may, if he chooses, consider that if it had not been for him there would have been no chivalry in the world. Historically, chivalry was organized to get rid of him. If it had not been for him generically, there would have been no rules governing even masculine brutes, who are not allowed to strike below the belt, nor to kick a man when he is down. In fact, the existence of the generic Ellison for ages has resulted in codes and enactments that almost—but not quite—eliminated him.

* * *

As one-half the killing that we have been regaled with lately springs from marital infidelity and homicidal jealousy, it may be well to regard with some interest the example of a more peaceful and practical method which is furnished by Jersey City. Dr. Holcombe nearly a year ago deserted his wife and eloped to California with the wife of Frank A. Wylie, whom he had been attending professionally. Mrs. Holcombe, instead of coming herself with a pistol or rawhide, ascertained that they had taken the steamship for California, and, equipping herself with some peaceful legal papers, set out overland to meet them. She encountered them coming off the steamer. She made no unpleasant allusions. She is said to have conducted herself smilingly. But she induced her husband to sign the papers, which made over to her certain property in Jersey City. Then she leisurely returned home. Now it appears that Dr. Holcombe has himself returned, asked forgiveness, and things have been made up and move sweetly, as of yore.

* * *

Now, honestly, isn't this nice. I don't say it is romantic, or that it would make a good situation in a play. But just think how tidy and simple it is; no cleaning up of brains, no muss of bloodstains, no waiting in jail for a jury to be impanelled, no biographies in the newspapers and no cuts.

But you will ask me, How about the other woman and the other husband (Mr. Wylie)? Well, that's just as nice, too. Mr. Wylie, on being interviewed, said with the same pleasantness that had marked the whole episode "that he hadn't heard of his wife, and didn't want to. He would rather forget all about the whole miserable episode." And upon my word, Mr. Wylie is going straight on about his business with a most absurd determination not to bother about having anybody's heart's blood and a most unromantic aversion to cutting his own throat.

* * *

To a good many readers this story will have, I fear, a most painful incompleteness. Virtue is unrewarded and vice goes unpunished. And it is wonderful how deep-seated is the yearning in virtuous readers to reward virtue and punish vice, without the slightest regard to the expense and the inconvenience.

* * *

It is not often that the unbridled eloquence of the great West erupts so grandiosely as in the current number of the Forum, where Mr. Charles S. Gleed hurls his Occidental yawp. I presume some of you know who Mr. Charles S. Gleed is. I only have a surmise that he is one of the new young intellects that Mr. Howells tells us the magazine editors are always on the lookout for. His freshness and his youngness are undeniable and delicious. He declares that there is coming in this land the mightiest assertion in art of the rights of man and the glory of the physical universe ever made in the world. These discoveries when made in Kansas have all the force of a revelation. Mr. Gleed, however, insists that this mightiest assertion is not for the East. New York isn't in it, so to speak, and Boston will be buried like Nineveh in the sands of forgetfulness. "With cities of half a million inhabitants scattered from Pittsburg to Seattle, New York and Chicago will be alike humble."

Right you are, Mr. Gleed. London and Paris also will clothe themselves in humility, if Seattle and Topeka do not lose wind. After all, as Mr. Gleed points out, the East has only culture and scholasticism, but creative power resides in the storm-swept reaches of the coming empire between Pittsburg and Seattle. So he calls on the sons and daughters of the future to stand up and face the light of day, and abjure books and libraries and correctness and assert their creativeness.

* * *

Before Col. Robert G. Ingersoll left Chicago he used to proclaim the expansive doctrine that this country was too free and independent to acknowledge any allegiance even to a first great cause. Mr. Gleed is poised on a freer wing even than the Colonel's. He refuses to recognize even the past. No country as superlatively great as is the territory between Pittsburg and Seattle should for a moment grovel in the chains of a servile respect for what has been. "Libraries," he says, "do not make poets and artists. They often warp and destroy them." So, indeed, do common schools. To know Shakespeare is good enough in its way, but to know men is better, and all that Shakespeare knew. You, oh, misunderstood men of the West, may know if you will not bother with the East!

* * *

Mr. Gleed is not original—he is only aboriginal. If the West should follow his advice practically, the Government would have to supply reservations and annuities for it, for it would be doing exactly what the noble red man did, and he made a chestnut of it.

* * *

People who talk about abolishing the United States Senate probably haven't tried to move it. It was created as a balance and safeguard against the too rash impulses of the people themselves. And it now resembles a clock which has grown to be all balance-wheel—except the alarm.

NYM CRINKLE.

LOIE FULLER AS AN OXYGEN FIEND.

To Prevent Nervous Prostration She Takes a Daily Treatment Which May Become a Habit.

FEET IN WATER AND SUCKING BI-OZONE.

Loie Fuller has a fad. It is what she is pleased to call a "metaphysical" one. Bi-ozone is the technical name for it, and Miss Fuller lives, breathes and dances by means of bi-ozone.

She has a private electrician, who sends any number of volts through her system every day, and carries quantities of exhilarating ozone to her wasting tissues by means of a strong electric current.

The treatment is given every twenty-four hours. It enables Miss Fuller to keep buoyant and rosy under the strain of laborious dancing. She explains its effect to be like that of fresh mountain air, condensed "hundreds and hundreds of times."

LOIE FULLER TAKING TREATMENT.

While in Paris Miss Fuller had nervous prostration as the result of too much dancing in one theatre. In New York she did too much dancing in three theatres, and didn't break down.

All this she attributes to bi-ozone. Miss Fuller does not waste her time on the feeble currents of electricity that are made to tingle through the veins of the uninitiated. She takes the full force of the electric-light current from the chandeliers of her Waldorf apartment.

Nicholas Helmer, a Broadway chemist, is the man who administers the dose. Every morning he visits his patient at 10 o'clock with his chest full of elixir of life and electrical appliances.

Miss Fuller takes an electro-ozone bath by putting her bare feet into a basin full of water. One of the poles of an impromptu battery is inserted in the basin, while the other is held by Miss Fuller.

The live water in the basin contains ozone, which is carried all through the body with the powerful current. While this operation is going on Miss Fuller breathes in the breath of life from a glass jar containing ozone for inhalation.

Imagine her in the act of sucking ozone through a long glass tube on the baby-bottle principle, wading to her ankles in a basin of electrified water, and at the same time rubbing the sponge-capped pole of a battery over her face for the benefit of her complexion, and you have the energetic queen of the American skirt dance in the act of cultivating the oxygen habit.

That this is the beginning of a habit there can be little doubt; for when the effects of the electric baths wear away Miss Fuller collapses and has to be braced up by her metaphysical stimulant. Undoubtedly, as with alcohol, opium and other stimulants, the doses of bi-ozone will have to be increased as the patient's system grows more used to the treatment.

It will be interesting to keep track of this novel habit. It also will be interesting to know how Miss Fuller will ward off nervous prostration when she is on board ship or elsewhere on her travels where the treatment can't be applied.

NOT EXACTLY HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

But the Methods of Professional Beggars Lean that Way.

Taking the real distress among the poor for their opportunity, professional beggars just now swarm in this city. These beggars dry up the milk of human kindness. They take bread out of the mouths of those who need it. They do not seem to fear the police.

At 9.10 o'clock an evening or so ago a man wearing decent clothes got off an elevated train at Park place. Ten feet away from Church street he was accosted by a ragged, dirty boy, who, in whining tones, begged for "a penny ter git suthin ter eat." That boy's face is perfectly familiar on Park row. He is a vagabond newsboy who sells newspapers that he may get more money with which to "shoot craps." He swore at the man when he was refused.

Twenty feet nearer Broadway a fellow with one leg stumped up on crutches to the man. He did not even say "Please." His manner was almost threatening.

"Only a nickel; can't you give me a nickel?" he exclaimed, following the man.

But there was one more to that block. He was plainly a City Hall Park lounger grown thirsty again. He assumed a swagger and a frank air. It was "Say, young feller, I've been on a drunk and I'm almost crazy for a drink!" with him. In alcoholic gutturals he expressed the fervent wish that the man who refused him money for his unworthy purpose might die of thirst. And in the northwest corner of Broadway and Park place stood a policeman.

A Complete Understanding.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

The plumber's assistant was plugging away at a piece of lead pipe when a city missionary happened along.

"My dear young friend," said the good man after a little preliminary talk, "do you know the value of time?"

"You bet I do," was the frank response. "I'm working by the day."

Too Kind-Hearted.

(From the Boston Transcript.)

Figg—Skittles has run off and left his wife in an impoverished condition.

Fogg—Yes. Skittles has a good heart. He always said he never would see her suffer.

"Good-Night, Sweetheart."

(From the Atlanta Constitution.)

"Good-night, Sweetheart, good-night, Sweetheart!"
In dimmed, blue eyes the bright tears start,
And little hands all pleadingly
(Dear hands of love!) reach out to me:
Yet, in the darkness I depart
And answer not: "Good-night, Sweetheart!"

"Good-night, Sweetheart, good-night!" I knew
That tears were in the eyes of blue,
And that the lips yearned for the bliss
Of just one last, forgiving kiss!
For love is love and hath no art
Save only love.' "Good-night, Sweetheart!"

Good-night! * * * If we could only know
The gentle hearts that love us so;
The words that strike with shafts of pain—
Love's lips should kiss them back again!
I answer now, while hot tears start:
"Good-night, Sweetheart, good-night, Sweetheart!"
—Frank L. Stanton.

Mme A. Ruppert's Face Bleach.

New York 20 April

Madame

I am delighted with your "Face Bleach" I find it the very best preparation, delightful in quality and marvellous in its results

Yours faithfully

Laura Schirmer Mapleson

WHAT MAKES WOMEN BEAUTIFUL?

Read what Mrs. Laura SCHIRMER MAPLESON, the Acknowledged Beauty and Popular Prima Donna, says of Mme. A. RUPPERT'S World-Renowned FACE BLEACH and profit by her experience.

Mrs. Laura Schirmer Mapleson, who was voted at the Actors' Fair held at Madison Square Garden the most beautiful and popular Prima Donna, sends her acknowledgment of the great merit of my world-renowned Face Bleach. A correct fac-simile of her letter and photograph I give herewith.

The superiority of Mme. RUPPERT'S preparations over all others is unquestioned. Everything about them inspires confidence. For blemishes of the skin or to keep the complexion faultless they are marvellous. Mme. RUPPERT has had patients at her parlors while using with but one side of the face cleared to show the wonderful effect of her Face Bleach.

Mme. A. RUPPERT'S Hand Lotion for softening and whitening the hands is exquisite. Her Almond Oil Complexion Soap, which is the only soap made of the pure oil of sweet almonds, is a most excellent toilet soap, and to prove its superiority Mme. RUPPERT will this week present to every purchaser of her Face Bleach a Bar free. The new book recently published by Mme. RUPPERT, title, "How to be Beautiful," will be given to all callers free. If you cannot call or live outside the city send six cents postage and it will be mailed you promptly. This work, which has taken Mme. RUPPERT years to compile, should be read by every one who values perfection of the face and figure.

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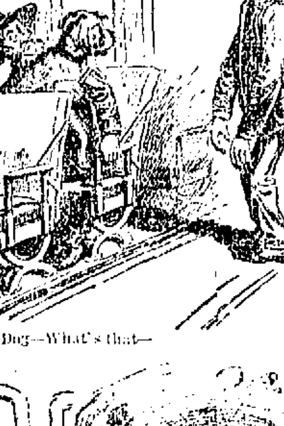
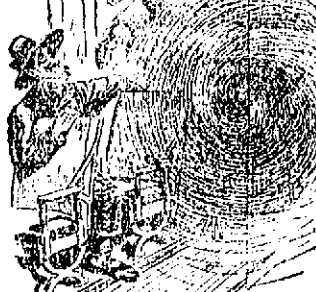
Responsible business women can secure agency for Mme. Ruppert's Preparations in towns and cities where not represented already. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

THE CONDUCTOR CHANGED HIS MIND.

1—Conductor—See here, you'll have to put that dog off the car.



2—Dog—What's that—



3—you said about—

4—putting me off the car!

ON TO NEW AUSTRALIA.

A Socialistic Experiment That Australians Will Try in Paraguay.

(Special Correspondence of The World.)

SYDNEY, N. S. W., Aug. 7.—One of those Quixotic expeditions which have marked all centuries started from Sydney on Sunday, July 16. About noon that day passed out of Port Jackson the bark Royal Tar, bound for "New Australia," with 241 old Australians on board.

For several years past Australia has been drifting more and more into a state of hopeless desolation. Desolation—that is, in a political sense. Misgovernment has ruined all the colonies. New South Wales, Victoria and Queensland are at the present time insolvent; South Australia and Tasmania are but little better off; the only two Provinces showing anything like a decent balance-sheet and offering scope for capital being West Australia and New Zealand. In saying that this state of things has been brought about by misgovernment I do so advisedly. Other forces have played their part, such as strikes, cut-throat competition between corporations, droughts and floods, but the evil wrought by these would have been minimized had there been at the helm of State men of integrity, determination and wisdom. Alas! The politicians of Australia who have shown ability in the discharge of their duties could almost be counted on the fingers of the hands. Result: A discontented feeling among the people, a restless inactivity, an aspiration to do more than the surroundings will allow. Business men, members of the learned professions, artisans and laborers, all have been and are sadly fettered in their labors. For all time this has been so; lately the chains have been rendered more galling than ever. By the failure of so many banks money has been tightened, public works stopped, private enterprise shortened. Retrenchment is the order of the day in every circle.

When the laboring body first sent representatives of their class into the legislative halls of the several Colonies it was thought that a new era had begun for them; that the reign of the democracy had commenced; that King Workingman would soon sit on his throne. So far, however, "labor members" have proved a huge disappointment. With very few exceptions the men sent into Parliament to effect certain reforms have either deserted their professed principles or else are sitting "on the topmost rail" of the political fence. Disgusted, disheartened, weary of looking forward, a large section of the workingmen of the continent turned their eyes from home and gazed out into the world. "Is there any portion of this earth on which we can have that position of equality we desire?" one asked the other. And the answer came in the affirmative.

William Lane, who is the leader of the "New Australia" movement, and practically, if not actually, the originator of it, is an Englishman by birth, born in Bristol less than forty years ago. He set out early in life for the United States, and for several years settled in Chicago. For a time he worked as a compositor, finally deserting "the case" for literature. From the States Lane took passage for Queensland, where he drifted into Socialism and took a leading part in the labor movements, which have from time to time stirred the Northern colony. Becoming convinced eventually that the social evolution he desired to see accomplished would not be achieved under the existing colonial regime, he conceived the idea of starting a new colony in a new country sufficiently far away from Australia to prevent a collapse, owing to small causes of dissatisfaction creeping in. Agents were sent to South America as offering the best field for such settlement, and they reported. At first the Argentine Republic was selected as the site of "New Australia," but complications arose which necessitated the abandonment of arrangements. Then Paraguay was hit upon. A large tract of territory was secured in Central Paraguay, on the banks of the Tibicuary, the modest sum of £220 being paid to the Paraguayan Government as deposit. The new settlement is remote from the seacoast, about eighteen degrees north of Montevideo.

Lane said to an interviewer on the project: "We want the world at large to see that Socialism is practical. Our gospel has been sufficiently long preached and we are now going to live it. Only enthusiasts will go to Paraguay. Half the world lies between the new and the old. Return is difficult, weak ones will not go; the dangers real and apparent frighten them. The settlement will be run on a communistic basis. Each adult man and woman will have a share in the common profits, irrespective of occupation or ability. The director and the scavenger will be treated alike as regards sharing out the wealth." Children are to be the common charge of the community. The supreme governing authority will be a single director elected by a two-thirds majority.

Over 1,000 men in various parts of Australia have enrolled themselves as wishing to have a share in the new settlement. Only a portion went by the Royal Tar, which vessel had on board at the time of clearance: Crew, including master, 27; cabin passengers (the master's family), 3; steerage passengers (settlers), 211; total, 241. The majority of the adult males among the settlers are single men hailing from the "Never Never" country, in Western Queensland. Some few are Sydney residents; quite a number come from Albury, on the New South Wales-Victorian border; half a dozen from Adelaide (South Australia); one or two from Tasmania, and the rest from interior towns of the continent. A second contingent is to be sent away in September.

Many obstacles were thrown in the way of the departing "pilgrims." The more influential portion of the press opposed the project, public speakers decried it, the New South Wales Government repeatedly endeavored to prevent the Royal Tar from proceeding on her voyage. The Royal Tar is a local vessel, and was for many years engaged in the timber-carrying trade between the Pacific Coast and Australia. Her last voyage was an eventful one. She visited New Guinea, where the crew contracted fever. The captain and several seamen succumbed and the vessel reached San Francisco in charge of the second mate. She was bought by the New Australia Settlement Association for £1,200, and was altered into a passenger ship at an additional cost of some hundreds of pounds. It was the intention of the settlers to man the ship themselves, but the New South Wales Marine Board would not grant a certificate under those conditions, and volunteers were sought among the seamen now out on strike in Sydney. Several hundred offered, from which a first-class crew was selected.

Sunday morning, July 16, the weather was most unpropitious. Drizzling rain, broken by sharp showers, set in early and continued till late in the day. Only a few people went down the harbor to see the pilgrims away—several labor leaders (including two released from jail only a few days before), a member of Parliament and a number of ladies. The emigrants were in the best of spirits, and as confident, individually and collectively, as the man who has got the stable tip for a race. No shadow of doubt or hesitancy hovered over the thronged decks of the outgoing vessel. All was light-heartedness. Instead of appearing to regard themselves as in need of sympathy, the members of the expedition extended their pity to those who were compelled to remain in this "wretched, played-out country."

The Pussy-Cat Bird.

(From St. Nicholas.)

To-day when the sun shone just after the shower,
A song bubbled up from the lilac-tree bower,
That changed of a sudden to quavers so queer,
For a moment I thought something wrong in my ear.
Then I called little Herbert, and asked if he heard.
"Oh, yes!" he replied; "It's the pussy-cat bird."

The pussy-cat bird has the blackest of bills,
With which she makes all her trebles and trills;
She can mimic a robin, or sing like a wren,
And I truly believe she can cluck like a hen;
And sometimes you dream that her song is a word,
Then quickly again—she's a pussy-cat bird!

The pussy-cat bird wears a gown like a nun,
But she's chirk as a squirrel, and chock-full of fun.
She lives in a house upon Evergreen Lane,
A snug little house, although modest and plain;
And never a puss that was happier purred
Than the feathered and winged little pussy-cat bird.
—Clinton Scollard.

ON THE STREETS.

Hardships of a Workingman Without a Home or a Meal.

To the Editor of The World:

The charity of supplying gratuitous loaves of bread to the hungry has been a godsend to the east side poor, but there is another phase of poverty to which I want to draw your attention. Many men able and willing to work walk eight, nine or ten miles in a day searching for employment and are obliged at the close of the day to find any resting place they can for their weary bones.

To a workingman accustomed to earn his daily wages there is only one alternative left. He must walk the streets and take an occasional snooze in one of the parks or fall back in the sheltering doorway until a policeman comes along, when possibly in he goes as a suspicious character. It has been my misfortune to have had to walk the streets of New York for three nights.

The first night—first in my life without a bed—I knew not what to do. I walked up Broadway to Union Square Park, where I sat utterly wearied out after an all day tramp in quest of work in every possible direction. Without having had a morsel to eat and overcome by fatigue, it did not take many seconds before slumber was upon me, and I enjoyed a few minutes' relief from hunger and trouble and was far from the wearying influences of this world.

"Here! no sleeping here—get out," broke in on my dreams from a vigilant 'sparrow cop.' I had to 'get.' I then walked over to the Bowery and paraded that for some time, until I reached City Hall. I then tried to get a secluded seat, where possibly I might be able to get some sleep, that in case I got work in the morning I might be able to stick through a day. But there was only a fifteen minutes' intermission and I again had to walk. What then was I to do? Application to a station-house was futile, as a boilermaker who had been sitting alongside of me told me he had applied to two stations between 7 and 9 and he could not get into either, the officers saying they were completely filled up. Well, I had to walk and walk.

This is the plea I wish to bring before the charitably inclined of New York. And mind you, I do not plead in behalf of the habitual loafer, the professional tramp or the drunkard; I plead for the honest workingman who may be out of work, without a cent in his pocket, while willing and too ready to jump at the chance of earning a quarter. He is obliged to tramp the streets all night, without food or warmth to keep body and soul together.

Is it not possible that The World, which inaugurated the free distribution of bread to families, can find a means of alleviating the sufferings of a far larger number of wandering mechanics—and, I repeat, men ready for work at a moment's notice—by providing a shelter for them at night time?

ONE WHO IS SUFFERING.

How the Estrangement Began.

(From Truth.)

She—Oh, Willie; do you really, truly love me?

He—Yes, dearest. By the way, have you that little memorandum book I gave you?

She—Yes, love.

He—Well, then, just make a note of it so you won't need to ask me about two dozen times a day.

Prudent.

(From the Indianapolis Journal.)

Weary Watkins—Say, dere's a washout on de road here. Hadn't we better flag de train an' tell 'em about it?

Hungry Higgins—Not much we won't. De hands on dis road has jist been armed wit' new rifles, and we'll get plugged sure.

Wouldn't Intrude.

(From the Chicago Record.)

"Did yez go to Terrence's wake, Moike?"

"Oi did not."

"Phwy did ye not?"

"Shure, only last Chusday Oi had a fallin' out wid the corpse."