

Saturday Evening Mail.

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TERRE HAUTE, IND., SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 7, 1894.

Twenty-fourth Year

ON THE QUI VIVE.

The action of the council Tuesday night in refusing to award the Ninth street paving contract to the lowest bidder, the Detroit firm, when it had deposited a certified check for one thousand dollars as a guarantee that it would take the contract if awarded to it, was hardly a wise thing. All things being equal, or nearly so, Q. V. believes that home contractors should be given the preference over outsiders. It was not the award to Kinser that provokes so much criticism as the manner in which it was done. It is pertinent to inquire why the council always inserts in its advertisements a condition that bidders for public work shall furnish bond to enter contractor or deposit certified checks as a guarantee that they will do so, if the provision is of no force. The action of the council makes it appear that the majority was determined to give the contract to Kinser, whether or no.

If every man who believes that Tom Kinser has a strong pull with the present council would, on a certain day, wear a button hole bouquet, Main street would look like a flower garden.

If you want to hear the latest tips on politics, the place to get them is at the Terre Haute House, where the people who are up on such topics congregate every night. The latest is that Ex-Mayor Jacob C. Kolsen, being out of business, will probably be the Democratic candidate for mayor. Also that Will Penn, of the Vandalia paymaster's office, will be the candidate of the Democrats for city treasurer.

A policeman has been suspended for ninety days for going out of his district while on duty. He should have gone out of town and created a sensation that would have filled the newspapers with the story. Perhaps, then, his sentence would have been milder.

Time and tide wait for no man, and neither does a deputy sheriff. Tom Croson, of the sheriff's force, went down to Prairieton, Thursday night, and yanked a man out of a revival meeting, who was under indictment for disturbing a religious meeting. The arrest didn't break up the revival, for the sheriff did it so neatly that before the indicted man knew what was the matter with him, he was speeding to town behind the sheriff's fast trotter.

Wonder why it is that when churches have any old buildings to move or sell, they always locate them contrary to city ordinances and where they will be eyesores. When the St. Stephens people moved their old parish house it was placed on Main street where its insignificance as a business house was made prominent, and now the Asbury folks have followed suit. The old frame building that was removed from Seventh and Poplar to make room for their new church, has been located at Fourth and Poplar, and will be converted into a business room. It was contrary to the fire limits ordinance, but of course there was no trouble in getting the consent of the council to the violation. No wonder S. C. Barker kicked against it. He was entitled to the kick, but it did him no good. The new business room would make an elegant location for a saloon, but of course it will not be rented for that purpose.

Another fool girl has set the scandal lovers' tongues wagging by eloping with a man old enough to be her grandfather. Bessie Catt, the pretty eighteen year old daughter of a north Ninth street resident, skipped out Wednesday night with Zacharia Evans, a butcher at Third and Walnut streets, who is fifty-five years old, and married him at Green castle. Some day the foot-killer will break loose in this community and there will be such a loss of life that the undertakers will be taxed to their utmost to bury the dead. He ought to make his appearance before any more silly girls have a chance to elope.

It was very generally remarked about the Terre Haute House Thursday that the delegates to the state council of the Royal Arcanum were men far above the average in appearance. And, it is said that they conducted the business of the council in an expeditious and intelligent manner. A Lafayette delegate was the only one who evinced anything like the spirit of a kicker, and he was sat down on. He brought before the council a complaint about his room at the hotel, whereupon the delegates almost unanimously repudiated his "kick" and rebuked him for bringing such a matter before the council. The other delegates had nothing but words of praise to speak of the hotel, and several reminded the Lafayette man that when the council met in that city last year the hotel accommodations were such as not to be compared with what had been furnished in this city.

Crawford Fairbanks says he is informed that the new distillery will be completed and in all probability operated. There is talk of still another distillery. When he was asked if it would be built this year he said the project

was too indefinite to venture a prediction on that point.

The annual report of the Central Presbyterian church shows that it has been booming both from a financial and spiritual point of view. During the year \$2,000 more was raised than two years before. The additions to the church membership were numerous, and the congregation actively engaged in church work. The reverend Mr. Hunter believes in practical business methods in church management and the good results of his work are shown in this report. Practical and common sense Christianity will make any church thrive in these days.

ABOUT WOMEN.

A woman may be very timid, but she is never afraid to strike a bargain.

A woman died in Wisconsin the other day from habitually eating tea grounds. It is now claimed that Mrs. Lease's unpopularity in Boston was due to the fact that her dresses fitted her.

Customs officers in Port Townsend saw a woman wearing a bustle, arrested her, and got a lot of smuggled goods.

The First National bank of Lexington, Neb., has for its president Mrs. H. E. Temple, and for vice president Miss E. A. Temple.

Kansas folks are boasting of the freedom from superstition of a sunflower state girl who has married a man of the name of Triplet.

"Does higher education unfit men for domestic life?" This is the question recently debated by the girls in a college and decided in the negative.

When you tell a woman that she is cross, and she snaps out spitefully, "I ain't!" there is nothing else in the world for you to do but to apologize.

Clara Morris says that when her season is over she may leave the stage for good. She will retire without any farewells, if she resolves to retire at all.

Mrs. H. Guptil, dressmaker, was a witness in a case at Grand Rapids several days ago, and refused to testify until one of the lawyers removed the gum he was chewing.

A Chicago chambermaid lost her nose, and the doctors gave her a new one by grafting the breast of a blackbird to her face. Thus the story told in the old rhyme is reversed.

Some of the most attractive and best-dressed women in New York are engaged in literary work, and many of them find their labors in this direction pleasant and profitable.

In New York there are now twenty or more "trained janitresses" who earn \$400 a year and upward. The first woman janitor began her work about two years ago. She took care of a flat house.

Rhea has two new plays for the coming season. One, a comedy, is called "Elizabeth and Shakespeare," and calls up the imaginary efforts of Queen Elizabeth to rescue the great poet of the age from the dangers of drink. The other play is called "The Lion in Love," and is a tragedy founded on the events of the French Revolution.

In Sweden more women than men are found in the telegraph offices, and single women are admitted to all departments of the post office service, except that of letter carriers. Women have the same salaries and equal positions in the telegraph and post offices in Norway and Denmark as men, and in Denmark may become "station masters" on the railway, while they also figure as shorthand writers in the Parliament.

SHORT AND SWEET.

Shaking hands—A factory lockout. Complaint of the stage carpenter—All work and no play.

Lots of things would be different if they were otherwise.

The green grocer is the one who trusts dead-beat customers.

A lobster can't be styled "well red" until it has been boiled.

The only way to get a hex out of the garden is to go slow but shoo'er.

Spices are not as a rule noisy, but you have all heard the gingersnap.

Many a man who is a good shot in this world hopes to miss fire in the next.

It does not seem at all strange that the leeman should have a sliding scale.

A man never knows that a woman has any old clothes until he has married her.

The bustle is a thing of the past, says a fashion exchange. It always was a little behind.

Often the man who does not know his own mind has escaped a very disreputable acquaintance.

A far-sighted miss of fourteen summers has determined to marry a big man for her first husband and a little one for the second, so that she can cut the clothes of the first down and make them over to fit the successor. Thus the hard times force home the lesson of rigid economy and practical sense upon tender childhood.

BAB'S SPRING THOUGHTS

SHE CHATTERS AWAY ON THIS MOST DELIGHTFUL SEASON.

Newly Married Couples Cropping Up—How They Spend the Honeymoon in the Great City—Women Who are Not Compelled to Work Criticised by Bab.

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There is no doubt that spring has come. The certainty of its coming is not decided by the flowers, the grass, or by the blossoming of the trees. Oh, dear, no. The arrival of spring is shown in an entirely different and much more original way. When Adam and Eve constituted everybody, and gossiped about the springing up of the various plants, the budding of the crocus in its yellow robe probably meant spring time to them, but since the growth of society, since the successors of Adam have increased, a different mode obtains. Spring is not here until the circus arrives; nor until the price of quinine goes up, nor until one sees here, there and everywhere two people who look unutterably happy, and who announce by their faces, I was tempted to say by their cheeks, that they are newly married.

TRULY, SPRING IS HERE.

These are the signs and symptoms of the arrival of spring.

There is something wrong when one doesn't enjoy the circus. It seems to me that among the joys of the hereafter will be a free pass to that delightful show, which is largely sham, but all pleasure. Just fancy being able to go whenever you wished to look at the elephants, inhale the perfume of the lion, and tremble with fear at the sight of the tiger; to think what a high collar the giraffe could wear, and to feel the bliss it must be to ride on a wild and untamed steed, gowned in a pink tulle frock. Plays may come and plays may go. We may be bored to death with "Hamlet," and sigh with weariness over the so-called farce, but there is always something new about the circus; and always something that makes one feel as if after all, life was a pretty good thing, and the people in the world, especially the people who first invented circuses, are, after all, about as desirable as they can be.

Do you remember the first circus you ever went to? I am sure it was not like the one to which you go to-day. In the first place, it was in a tent, and three-quarters of the pleasure consisted in the delightful fear that the seats were going to break down, and that your life was, so to say, not exactly in your own hand, but resting on the honor of the carpenter, and the strength of the wood. Then you did not see everything on one ticket, but, after having gazed at lovely colored pictures of the bearded lady, of the twin sister of Queen Victoria, and the only real native of Timbuctoo who ever came to this country, and wore all his diamonds at once; after having seen these things, and believed that the one pink slip of paper would give you an opportunity to view them all, then it was always a novelty to discover that each vision meant a separate ten cents, and that not one quite came up to what was expected. The bearded lady's voice was not purely feminine; the gentleman from Timbuctoo might have had on all his jewels, but somehow they did not look as real on him as in the picture, but disappointed as you were about all these things, still there was a great pleasure in the smell of the sawdust, in the appearance of the ring-master, and in the trained dogs that made you feel happier than you had been for a year.

LIVING CHILDHOOD OVER AGAIN.

Personally, I am a great believer in the circus. The late lamented Mr. Barnum used to say that it was educating, but I am not exactly certain about that; in fact, I don't very much care whether it is or not, but it certainly does make people young again. It seems to me as if it were the same dear elephant who ate apples when I was a small girl—I would not like to say how many years ago—who now looks out from his queer little eyes and seems just as hungry as if in all that time he had never absorbed any of the delightful fruit that first brought trouble into this world. The ring-master of to-day is just as handsome and impressive as he of the past. Surely he found the fountain of youth years ago when they stopped over in Florida, and in finding it he also discovered some other great fountain that gave him that exquisite manner which makes all the women and children wish that they might join the caravan and be able to listen to his delightful requests every day. Nobody wants to look back of the scenes. That is one of the joys of the circus. Nobody ever loses his illusion about it. Indeed, it seems to me that if there is in all this country, in all this wide world, a single human being who does not find pleasure in it, it is because there is something wrong with him, mentally and physically. And because I can see the big posters from our window; because as I am paying the extra price for quinine, and could only hear the bands the night of the procession, I know that spring is here because the circus has come.

The next thing of interest in town are the newly married ones.

I LOVE A BRIDE, and I pity a bridegroom. The average bride of to-day who has come to New York on her wedding trip, may be found any afternoon drinking soda water and holding on to the young man whose name she condescends to bear, as if she were afraid some other girl was going to run away with him. She walks him up the street exactly as if she were exercising a puppy, and she has everything matching so perfectly that if you could not tell that she had lately entered the holy state by the glitter of her wedding ring, you would know it because his gloves and hers are exactly the same shade, and his scarf is made out of a piece of the silk that is combined with the cloth in her going-away frock. She condescends to him as if he had never been any place before, and she believes that the smiles that greet her as she walks into the hotel dining room, attired in a pale blue wrapper trimmed with white lace, are those of approbation and not of amusement. She is supremely disgusted because the newly married man has registered as "Mr. John Brown and wife" rather than "Mr. John Brown and lady," and she tells him that if the people at home see that she will know he thinks mighty little of her to put her down in black and white in that way. The poor wretch may endeavor to persuade her that she has done what is right, but she will be indignant for at least two hours, and the only way he can ever bring her back to her original state of amiability will be by parading her down street, staring with her into shop windows, and eventually buying her a new bonnet. When they go for a walk

SHE CUDDLES UP TO HIM.

and the other day, after she had advised him about the flavor of his soda water, she happened to notice that a girl was looking at him, and she clutched one of his hands, as if she feared he might be led astray by one of what she calls "the wicked New York women." She believes, sweet innocent, that every woman she sees envies her, and that they are all laying traps to induce the man of her heart to stray away from her. It is beautiful to see her in the reading-room of the hotel, when she is writing a letter to the people at home.

After one paragraph has been written, she reads it aloud to him, and for the benefit of everybody around; and, although he says he doesn't think she ought to talk so loud, she has him for the time being under such control that he doesn't even dare say that his soul is his own, and command her to keep silence. I often wonder what her next visit to New York will be; but general inquiry has proven that there is no next; that once he has gotten her home, he never lets her come with him again; but that for the next twenty years she joys in telling about that trip, and what she thought of the great city. Poor soul! After all, she isn't a bride but once in her life. It is only right and just that she should be the person in power when she first appears as Mr. John Brown's lady.

SOCIETY'S STARTING POINT.

Next to the bride the most interesting woman in New York just now is the one who, during Lent, has gone in for solid reading and lectures, and who is now experiencing a reaction, and being frivolous. This is what a girl said to me the other day. "It is very curious how opinions are reached, and how ideas come about. I suppose it is because they come so seldom that they make an impression. During Lent I went in for reading history of the whole world, and, as I adore a preface just as I do the prologue to a play, I read that at once. The first sentence was this: 'History cannot discuss the origin of society.' Now, you know that is perfect nonsense. Of course, history cannot discuss the origin of society, because there was no history until there was society, and equally, of course, society did not originate with Adam and Eve. You are looking at me as if you thought that society could exist when there were only two people. It cannot. It is perfect nonsense to say that people find happiness in each other's society. They may find it in being with each other, but not in each other's society. I wonder if you notice that distinction. If you do, you will think as I am forced to, that society means the evil principle. There was no society in the Garden of Eden until the serpent appeared. Then history began. Then there was somebody to talk things over with. Up to that time Adam and Eve found pleasure in each other. They liked to be together, and it was undoubtedly amusing to see things sprout, and to watch the animals wuk' around; but, until Eve met the serpent, and chatted with him, and then went back and told Adam what he said, and what she thought about it, there was no society. Eve, after that, probably met Lilith, was properly introduced to her, and in talking grew very bitter about the weakness of Adam, while the serpent sat around, and was epigrammatic and amusing. That was the beginning of history. Adam told the serpent what he knew about women as represented by Eve, although when it came to that the ser-

pent could give him points about the eternal feminine, and then after that there was the general rumpus that made history. Don't you think it is rather stupid for historians to pay so much attention to the tiresome things instead of telling about what has really made history, what has really caused the great events?

DABBING IN PERSONALITIES

Of course, all the occurrences of importance in life have come from the little things, and we would much rather hear about them. We all have the same weakness. We like to know whether a great man took chocolate or coffee; whether he drank it in bed; whether his dressing gown was silk or wool, and how it was made. We are interested in knowing whether a beautiful woman wore lace-trimmed underwear, or if she lived in the time when they did not consider underwear necessary, what she wore in its place, and whether she bathed in milk, or water, or whether she did not bathe at all. These things are humanity, and it is humanity that we are interested in, and that makes history. I suppose I will get an immense debt of credit for reading that book, but I give to you my word of honor that I never got any further than that first sentence in the preface, and I have done nothing but talk about it ever since." That is one girl's experience in improving her mind during Lent.

Another one said she did not go to any lectures except those that had stereopticon views, and her reason for this was a very proper one. She said she could sleep while the lecturer was talking and waken up when the pictures were to be shown. Some others profess to have learned how to sit still, and that is a great deal for the American woman, who, having most all of the virtues, has yet to learn how to be perfectly calm.

WEALTHY AND SELFISH.

Some of the women in the extremely fashionable set, who are joying just now in talking about how poor they are, have gone in for being very literary, and are doing something that I, for one, blame them for. Fortunately, it does not interfere with me, but it does with a great many other women who have to earn their living by their pens. The other day I met a woman who has one of the most beautiful houses in New York, and who is the daughter of a rich man; she had just stepped out of a very handsome carriage, on the box of which, when she was driving, are two men. This woman was talking poverty, and announcing that she was writing articles for the different newspapers on art and music, and which sold and sold well, because she signed them with her own name, and her name would carry them. If by any chance she wrote opinions that were of great worth, or that were better than any other living woman could write, then it might be right and proper for her to do this; but her articles are mediocre, and as it is simply the name that sells them, I consider her more than simply to be blamed for taking the bread and butter from women who need it. That is, in truth, what she is doing. She is crowding out the column and a half of matter every week and taking the money for it that would otherwise have been given—I mean both space and money—to some body who made writing her life work, and whose income from it meant life. And when I say life, I mean a place to sleep in, a something to eat and a something to wear.

Then there are other women who are

WRITING FOR THE PLEASURE OF IT, taking no money, and who in effect are doing exactly the same thing. Liking to see her name in the papers, this type of woman sends paragraph after paragraph, article after article, and never stops to think of the harm she is doing and of the trouble she is giving to some one. I do earnestly wish that these women would just think a little. Women have no right to plead poverty, and to take work from those who need it, when they can afford to drive in swell traps, wear swell frocks, and to live and have their being in the most luxurious manner possible. When they do such things as these, they convince me that the worst enemy a woman can have is another woman, and yet I don't like to think that. I wish I could think that they do these things from ignorance. I like to think there are women who are kind and loving and good to each other, and I do believe that most want to be. "We didn't think." So many times this is their plea. They forget the evil that is wrought by lack of thought. They forget that thoughtlessness is a very poor excuse for a creature with a brain and a heart. Think it over, my dear woman; think it all over, and don't, just to gratify your own vanity, take away from the woman who has to earn her living, the chance to do it. You have a man to care for you. Many of the women who are working have to care for some man, a man who is an invalid, or who for some reason, and God help the woman who has to work for a man who is not ill, has to be cared for by the one who ought not to be the money-maker.

AN ADMIRABLE CLASS OF WOMEN.

The woman who works to-day is to be

respected. Oftenest she does good work. Oftenest she is honest and honorable. Oftenest she is punctual about paying her debts, and is much more square in money matters than the average man.

Oftenest she is working, not just merely for herself, but for somebody else. Oftenest she is at her work, whatever it may be, whether the weather be good or bad, whether her heart be light or heavy, and whether her body be weak or strong. Oftenest she doesn't want to shirk any of her responsibilities, but just