

## Syracuse Journal

WALKER & FANCIL.

SYRACUSE, - IND.

Railway mail cars that are built of steel are not likely to burn.

F. Augustus Heinze appears to have forgotten what happened to Jimmie Hazen Hyde.

No more Venezuelan vessels will be seized by the Dutch. Sst! There are no more.

If the London suffragettes get the ballot it will spoil all the fun; for they can't be suffragettes, then.

John L. Sullivan's wife says he is a mollycoddle. She probably says it because she believes he would not hit a lady.

Then, again, if there are no artists outside Europe, why does King Oscar ask an American to paint his portrait?

Up to date President Roosevelt has been compared with every great man in history with the exception of St. Patrick.

We feel thoroughly justified in saying that the fellow who tried to pull the chin whiskers of the President of France was no gentleman.

Should it ever become necessary for the Sultan of Turkey to do the Castro act, his \$30,000,000 will make Castro's \$60,000,000 look like 30 cents.

They've got a press gallery in the new parliament of Turkey, so the sultan has on hand now all the facilities needed for a first-class scrap.

Will somebody kindly send in the correct address of Richmond Pearson Hobson? There hasn't been a decent war scare in the last 24 hours.

Aeronaut Knabenshue has demonstrated the possibility of bombing a city from an airship. Laws governing the ownership and operation of airships should at once be passed.

J. Pierpont Morgan's dues in the thirty-five clubs to which he belongs amount to more than \$7,000 annually. What a lot of excuses he has for remaining away from home at night!

President Roosevelt says he will not be satisfied if he fails to bring down a rhinoceros or two while he is in Africa. We expect to hear at once from the Society for the Protection of the Innocent Rhinoceros.

A San Francisco man has turned his entire estate, valued at above \$40,000, over to his wife. It may be that she wants her to be kept so busy managing things that she will not notice it when he happens to remain out late at night.

Dr. Hills thinks the millennium has arrived. The man who needs 14 tons of hard coal and doesn't know where he is going to get the money to pay for it is probably convinced that a millennium doesn't amount to much, after all.

It is alleged that the Earl of Granard, whose engagement to an American heiress was recently announced, has never put out a crop of wild oats. If this is true, how did he ever gain admission to the Helless Hunters' Home?

A Kansas farmer complains that he was swindled a few days ago by a sharper who induced him to pay several thousand dollars for what he represented to be a diamond, but which turns out to be a stone of little value. This should serve as a warning to other Kansas farmers. A farmer may properly invest in a grand piano or a \$10,000 automobile, but he really ought not to wish to wear big diamonds.

There is no quarrel with the Venezuelan people. Not a country with which diplomatic relations have been broken off feels hostile toward the Venezuelans. The disputes are all with Castro and his government, and much as foreigners have to resent, they believe that Castro's own people have more, and that they are to be pitied more than blamed for the sorry pass to which they have been brought. If they do indeed throw off the yoke of their friends, the enemies of the dictator, will gladly do what they can to make the way easy for them.

When the owners of the Madison Square Garden in New York announced recently that they could no longer afford to hold the unprofitable property, the people of the city suddenly began to ask themselves what they should do without it. The building covers a whole block, and its amphitheater will accommodate eighteen thousand persons. It is the scene of the horse and dog shows, the automobile and sportsman's exhibitions, bicycle races and the circus. Great political meetings are also held in it as the most capacious auditorium in the city. If the Garden should be torn down, New York would have no adequate hall for such gatherings and exhibitions. It would also lose the tower, which was suggested by the bell-tower of the Seville Cathedral, and is one of the most beautiful structures in America. An attempt is making to prevent the demolition of the building. Every important city needs such a large gathering place.

The business men of Washington are making arrangements for such a hall in that city. The national capital has no adequate meeting place for big conventions, and no room suitable for the inaugural ball. Chicago, with characteristic enterprise, has maintained its big hall for a long time. Denver built one last year for the National Democratic Convention. St. Paul has built such a hall by public subscription. Other cities are similarly equipped, with the increased facilities of travel, exhibition and conventions attract people from so wide an area that a hall large enough for all demands fifty years ago has become inadequate today. But land is so expensive in the large cities and the price of building materials is so high that the big modern halls seldom pay expenses. Their benefit to the community at large is greater than to their owners. They are really public institutions.

The ranking of leading lawyers by a judge or undignified performances, unseemly wrangling, flippant "asides" and objecless interruptions is an unusual occurrence in this latitude. It is the more welcome on that account and the more hopeful. Certainly the exhibitors and scenes which have provoked the censure are far from being exceptional in American courts, and the judges, as a rule, too indulgent and too long-suffering. Many American lawyers have commented on the contrast that the British court atmosphere presents to the American. In England the lawyers really act like "officers of the court;" they treat the presiding magistrate with due respect and deference, and they refrain from personalities, theatrical outbursts, displays of cheap wit and the bandying of epithets and slurs. In America farce-scandals in the courtroom are so common that most laymen and lawyers take them as a matter of course. The new code of legal ethics adopted by the American Bar Association is already a dead letter as far as dignity and propriety in the courtroom are concerned, and the worst of it is that it is not the shysters who are the most pernicious offenders, for from them the judges would hardly stand much nonsense. It is the strong and influential lawyers whom the judges hesitate to call to account when they permit themselves scandalous breaches of decorum and good manners. As some independent judges have frankly said, the State bench is often afraid of the bar, since the occupants of the former have to think of re-election, of possible re-tirement, and return to practice. Such considerations, however, do not excuse excessive weakness and lack of self-respect. The bar associations themselves would collectively uphold a firm and dignified policy on the part of the bench, a policy that should aim at the suppression of dreary and vulgar farce scenes in court and that should accentuate the gravity and good faith of judicial proceedings.

### A Glove Secret.

"The only trouble about these wash gloves," said the lady, "is that they dry, after washing, so very stiff and boardlike." The saleswoman wrapped the soft, pale yellow gloves in tissue paper. "That is easily remedied," he said. "I'll tell you how to wash the gloves so that they will dry soft and pliable like new. After you have rinsed them quite clean dip them in a final bath of clean water and rub plenty of soap into them, drying them without rinsing this last soap out. The soap left in the gloves makes them wonderfully soft—they don't then need, after drying to be rubbed soft with ten or fifteen minutes' hard labor. This soap secret being used, wash gloves are quite perfect. It is no wonder they are completely superseding the expensive kid gloves, for they are half as cheap again and their washing is so easy—to them at bedtime, toss them on the radiator and in the morning they are ready to put on."

### His Next Work.

The New York Tribune reporter who had journeyed to the home of the rising young writer for the purpose of interviewing him as to his next novel, discovered the author in his garden, engaged in earnest conversation with a small boy, who had a large towel pinned round his neck.

The author received his visitor cordially, but seemed rather absent-minded.

"Are you willing to tell me a little about your next important work?" asked the reporter.

The author clicked a pair of shears and cut the boy on the shoulder.

"We were just talking about it when I came up," he said. "Willie thinks I ought to do it with a bowl, but I think I can do it without. What would you advise? You see, his mother has always cut it before, but she's away now."

### A Real Dilemma.

"Say, Mike," queried Plodding Pete, who was looking at the piece of a Sunday school paper that had come with a handout, "what does it mean 'betwixt' and 'between' the devil an' the deep sea?"

"It's de same as bein' told t' take yer choice between goin' t' work an' takin' a bath," explained Meandering Mike. —Chicago News.

### Located.

"I believe there is a movement on foot to prevent our marriage."

"I learned of it last night."

"Did you locate it?"

"It's on your father's foot."

Houston Post.

"Is a sign a girl likes to be kissed if she says she doesn't."

"She did not hurry to go down, though

## Aunt Diana

The Sunshine of the Family

### CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

"Oh, there is the river!" exclaimed Alison, in a tone of ecstasy. "Look, Roger; you can just catch a gleam through the trees—oh, the dear place! How I do love it!" her voice rising into a perfect crescendo, of which the top note was complete satisfaction.

"It is just a year since you have seen it," observed Greville. "Miss Alison, what made you steal a march on me in that fashion? I was quite hurt that you never gave me a hint of your intention of going home."

He spoke in a low tone that Roger could not hear.

The quick, sensitive color rushed into Alison's face; there was such implied reproach in Greville's voice. Had he really been hurt?

"Oh, you must not feel like that about it," she returned, with a sweet, candid look. "We had talked of the possibility, Aunt Diana and I, but nothing had been settled. I had put it out of my mind. I was so naughty, I could not bear the idea of going home and doing my duty. I should never have gone at all if Aunt Diana had not helped me."

"You did not think how I should feel when I came back and found you gone," retorted Greville, in a boyish, injured voice, that reached Roger and made him smile, only Alison grew a little grave.

"I left a message with your grandfather," she said, quietly. "What could I do? Aunt Diana said it was my duty to go and that it was no good putting one's hand to the plow and looking backward. What is the use of loitering over a difficult task when it has to be done?"

"That is true, but—"

"Please don't talk of last summer," she interrupted him; "it makes me sad only to think about it." And he could see there were tears in her eyes as she spoke. "I made myself so miserable over it; I could not bear leaving Aunt Diana, and I missed every one so."

"Miss Alison, please do not look sad over it," said Greville, earnestly. "What is this nestful of twitting young larks?" referring to Roger's speech. "Come, I know you will forgive me, and look chirpy again, when I tell you I have passed muster and come off with flying colors."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Alison, her smile returning again. "Then you have must have worked hard. How pleased Mr. Moore must be!"

"To hear grandfather talk," returned Greville, calmly, "you would think I was the Admiral Crichton, at least. The dear old man makes no end of fuss, bless him! I tell him it is all your doing; you gave me such a terrible lecture that Wednesday."

"Oh, no," replied Alison, blushing; "it was your own good sense."

"I shall go in for 'Greats' next year, so I shall have to grint pretty hard. I am to have a coach down here this summer. Cheyne, of Balliol, is at The Crays with his people, and he is a rare fellow for that." I have to work all my mornings," he continued, rather dolorously, "but I shall have my afternoons and evenings free. Miss Alison, you are not listening to me."

"Oh, yes I am!" she cried, joyously, "but I can not bear any more just now, though I am very glad to hear it all. Roger, do look! There is Moss-side; you know you have forgotten it—and there is Aunt Di in the porch."

"Allie, you have eyes like a hawk. I see nothing but greenery and sunshine."

Nevertheless, Roger did perceive, a moment afterward, a tall figure in myrtle-green standing under a trellis of roses.

Miss Carrington had evidently heard the wheels of the dog cart, and had come out to look. When they stopped she had the little gate open and was helping Alison to alight.

"How are you, my dear child?" she said, as Alison put her arms around her; "actually not tired, Allie! And you, Roger? Welcome to Moss-side, my boy!"

"Aren't you going to welcome me, too?"

"Then, said Greville, half jokingly, but he looked a little wistfully at the group.

"No, not to-night," she returned, decidedly. "I must have my belongings to myself for this one evening; you may come in to breakfast, if you like."

And, knowing of old that Miss Carrington's decisions allowed of no appeal, Greville lifted his hat and wished them good evening, and turned his mare's head in the direction of the Fernleigh stables, not without a backward glance at the slim, dark-eyed girl looking affectionately in Miss Carrington's face.

"How are you, my dear child?" she said, as Alison put her arms around her; "actually not tired, Allie! And you, Roger? Welcome to Moss-side, my boy!"

"Aren't you going to welcome me, too?"

"Then, said Greville, half jokingly, but he looked a little wistfully at the group.

"We were just talking about it when I came up," he said. "Willie thinks I ought to do it with a bowl, but I think I can do it without. What would you advise? You see, his mother has always cut it before, but she's away now."

Houston Post.

"Is a sign a girl likes to be kissed if she says she doesn't?"

"She did not hurry to go down, though

her luggage had not yet arrived, and there was no possibility of changing her traveling dress. But when she had brushed her brown hair, and put on her breast knot of roses, she looked trim as ever, and her bright, smiling face, as she opened the studio door, brought the name "Sunny" to Miss Carrington's mind, for she looked as all young faces should look—the very essence of a sunbeam.

"Oh, Aunt Di, the dear, lovely room! And, oh, that is the new picture," springing to the easel, to gaze delightedly on golden cornfields, with scarlet poppies struggling among the wheat, like gaudy promises never to ripen into fruit, and under the hedge a little brown baby sleeping, with its dimpled hand full of weeds, and a sheep dog watching its slumbers.

"Do you like the picture, Allie? It is sold already. Lady Franklin fell in love with it, but I want it to hang in next year's Academy. The baby is painted from life; the original belongs to Barby, an old servant."

"Aunt Di, it is perfectly beautiful! Roger, come here and tell me if you do not think so."

"Nonsense, Allie; Roger is far too hungry for art criticism at present. Come away, you foolish child, and let me give you something more satisfying than painted canvas. The chickens came from Barry's farm, with the strawberries and this big delicious cream."

Alison looked round rather bewildered, for none of these tempting viands were in sight; but Miss Carrington, who knew her love for meals al fresco, had the supper table laid in the wide veranda, and not only chickens and strawberries, but other delicacies were provided for the hungry travelers.

"This is better than your tea table under the 'limes at home, Allie," exclaimed Roger, as he carved for the ladies. "No wonder she was spoiled, Aunt Diana, and did not take kindly to the sooty ivy and the music of the crane."

"Roger, I shall impose a forfeit if either you or Allie mention the mill," observed Miss Carrington, as she handed him a cup of coffee enriched with Barry's yellow cream. "I want you two young things to forget everything but how you are to amuse yourselves. Allie, shall we have our breakfast here, as we did last year, while the blackbirds and thrushes take theirs?" Roger looks as if he wanted to live in the open air. Do you know you have got thin, dear boy?"

"Never mind that, Aunt Diana; there is no fear of rusting, that is one blessing—work never hurt man or woman yet."

"No," she said, thoughtfully, "but 'moderation in all things' was an apostle's maxim; but you are right in principle, Roger. Now for the home news. What is really your father's condition? Letters are so unsatisfactory, and they never say half enough."

"Dr. Greenwood is delighted with the progress he has made, Aunt Diana; he gets across the room quite nicely on crutches, though he is not to do more at present. Of course, the long confinement has made him look pale and delicate, but his spirits are first rate. Dr. Greenwood told me the other day that in another year or so he might hope to be as well as ever. He says he is an excellent patient."

"And how does the book go on?"

"Very well, I believe; he manages to write without difficulty with the help of a sloping board."

"That was Roger's clever contrivance," interrupted Alison.

"Aunt Diana does not want to know that; you have broken the thread of my discourse. Father does seem happier lying there with all his books round him than he did at the mill."

"And a very good idea, too," observed Miss Carrington, looking at her nephew with decided approbation. "How does Murdock fulfil his duties?"

"Admirably; he is a very steady fellow."

"Then Allie's plan will answer," she returned in her practical way. "There is no reason, Roger, why you should not carry on the business and leave your father free for his literary pursuits. He was never fitted for a business man; he is too dreamy and unpractical. Believe me, he will be far happier and less irritable if circumstances allow him to follow his own particular bent."

"I am quite sure of it, Aunt Diana," returned Roger, quietly; "and now I have worked alone all these months, I feel more competent to carry on the business single-handed. It has been a hard pull—Ferguson had done so much mischief, but things are righting themselves now, and with Murdock's help we shall get on capitally."

"That is well," replied Miss Carrington, heartily, "and now, how does Missie go on?"

This time Alison answered.

"Her arm is quite right, but she still looks rather thin and delicate. Mrs. Hardwick—Mrs. Forbes, I mean—wants to take her to Torquay, in October, for two months; she says she will be such a nice companion for Anna. Papa insists that she is to go."

"And how does my little friend Anna get on with her stepmother?"

"He is very kind to her," Aunt Di. Roger is rather pleased with him on the whole."

"Dr. Forbes is one of those men whose bark is worse than their bite," observed Roger; "he rather prides himself on being a