

UNCLE SILAS ON MATRIMONY

He Knew Too Much About It to Give Advice.

A Plan Apt So Have Rough Sailing No Matter How He Jumps - George Ade's Philosophy.

A decrepit old settler commonly known as Uncle Silas, had given up all manner of employment except to go around and tell other people what to do next.

When he backed up to the soft coal stove in the grocery store and parted costails and began to breathe wisdom, every one else sang low. He would give the national administration a sharp calling down every few days, and if the city council ordered any improvements that did not suit him, he spoke of the body as a passel of lunk-heads.

He knew how to cure stringhalt and chilblains or make a flax seed poultice or persuade a hen to lay or get the wiggle tails out of rain water. He liked to prop himself up against a fence and give orders to some one who was trimming a shade tree.

Uncle Silas could guess how many hands high a horse was, and he knew what kind of bait to use for goggles and that corn ought to be planted in the dark of the moon.

A good many young folks came and squatted at the feet of Uncle Silas so as to get truth in the original package, and he never spouted more copiously than when he was holding forth to the fledglings.

"I want your advice," he said, after he had given the living landmark a sallow cigar that had been warped by exposure. "I have got some money in the bank, and a nice position that may eventually develop into a job. I think I can support a wife in the style to which she has been accustomed, providing she has not been accustomed to very much, but before shutting my eyes and doing the plunge, I thought I would get your opinion as to the move. Do you consider it a wise play?"

Uncle Silas looked at the young man out of the tail of his eye and chortled knowingly.

"The smooth citizen never gives advice on family matters," said the sage. "I am ready to gas freely on most topics, but when it comes to a question of committing matrimony, that is where I begin to back and fill. I am like my old friend Ben Franklin, who told the inquirer that every man sooner or later comes to the parting of the ways. He must choose between the broad and easy path that leads to single misery and the straight and narrow road that leads to married unhappiness.

As Ben expressed it, no matter which way the poor fellow heads, he will be sore, now and then, that he did not take a chance of the other route. Ben opined that every married man at some time or other has a low, well concealed, sneaking desire to be free, and every case-hardened, weather beaten old bachelor occasionally runs into a lopsome streak when he feels that he would willingly give ten years of his misspent life to have just one chubby darling to patter out to meet him in the evening and call him 'pop.' Matrimony is such a long contract and has so many ups and downs that sometimes it seems a sure winner to those on the outside, and again it is enveloped in a blue fog for those who have to put up with it.

Whether he had better tie up or not, it is only my superior foot work that enables me to dodge the issue. If I were to tell you to assume a business risk, you would know in a little while whether you had made or lost. But if I get behind you and give you a hard shove toward the married state, you will be kept guessing for many years as to whether I meant it as a good turn or was trying to do you. Let us suppose that some day 15 or 20 years from now you come home to find that the furnace has flickered, the cook has done the vanishing lady act, two of the children have the scarlet rash and the better half is weeping softly and seems to think that you are to blame for all the

tribulation. You escape to the cellar and throw hard coal at yourself for awhile and then suddenly you remember that it was I who advised you to marry and settle down. Thereupon you hurry to a hardware store and buy one of these carpenter pencils that makes a wide mark, and you go out to the graveyard and write insulting remarks all over my white headstone. And it would be just as bad if I advised you not to take the fatal step. The time would surely come when you would be laid up in some vermicelli joint, suffering from indigestion and what is known as hotel melancholy, and then you would moan something about 'Of all sad words of tongue or pen,' and say: 'Ah, I might have been cozily domiciled in a cheery cot, reading ghost stories to my own little kiddies this very night, if it had not been for that hoary old fraud, who steered me away from getting married. So you see I have no elegant chance to satisfy you, no matter what I tell you to do. The trouble is that we have our off days, whether we are married or single. A man cannot get up every morning and strike concert pitch the first pull across the strings, no matter how desirous he may be to keep in harmony. Again, after a man has been tied up for a while, he begins to recall the bright spots in his career as a bachelor, and he is prone to imagine that all the unmarried boys are having one long crimson picnic, being fancy free and unhampered by responsibilities. On the other hand, the male hold-over who occasionally receives an invite to dine with a family gets a flash of domestic bliss under the most favorable conditions, and goes back to his substitute for a home feeling that a bachelor's existence is a dog's life at the best.'

"Then a man cannot be happy, no matter what program he undertakes?" asked the young man in a discouraged tone.

"Legal ceremonies and a change of boarding houses do not greatly modify our prospect for having more or less of a good time in this life," replied Uncle Silas. "You see, every man has about so many kicks coming, and he has to use them up, whether he is married or single. When we are slightly off our feed, we are likely to imagine that what we haven't got and can't get is the one desirable thing. Thus we have the diverting picture of the benedicts sitting around in envy of the bachelors, while those who are playing lone hands feel that they would be much better off with partners. I couldn't rig up a policy for you that would not cause me to be disliked at times. I think that you had better go out and shake dice with yourself to find out what your course may be, you want to remember that there are cloudy days in all latitudes, and no matter how well fixed we may seem to others, there are moments when we would faint jump our environment."

"Perhaps I had better go it blind," suggested the bachelor.

"Most people do," said Uncle Silas. "A leap in the dark may land you in a patch of Canadian thistles or a bed of roses, but no matter where you bring up, you will get used to it."

Moral: "Always advise a friend to do what you are sure he is not going to do. Then, if his venture fails, you will receive credit for having warned him. If it succeeds, he will be happy in the opportunity to tell you that you were dead wrong."

GEORGE ADE.

To Cheat the Hangman.

Los Angeles, April 20.—Edward W. Methaver, the Long Beach murderer who shot and killed Dorothy McKee, is trying to starve himself to death in the county jail.

For three days Methaver has refused to eat, and two doctors were called this morning to administer sustenance. They forced open his mouth and compelled him to swallow a small quantity of milk and whisky and beaten egg. Methaver refuses to talk or to take any exercise. He sits all day in his cell, moody and silent, and at night lies awake but never changes his position on his prison bed.

Since the supreme court affirmed the judgment that he must be hanged, Methaver's despondency has increased until at present it is evident his only hope to cheat the gallows is by dying before he can be executed. The jailers are watching him with the greatest care and every effort is being made to keep him alive until he can be sent forth for execution.

The crime for which Methaver is to suffer the death penalty was peculiarly cold-blooded. Although 50 year old and married, he became infatuated with young Dorothy McKee and endeavored to force his attention upon her. Since his conviction he has expressed great solicitude over the disgrace he has brought upon his family. Miss McKee spurned his attentions, and one morning when she was taking a bicycle ride upon the beach he shot her to death. Afterward he turned his pistol upon himself, but was careful that the bullet directed against himself should not reach a vital spot.

Methaver has appealed to the governor for a commutation of his sentence to life imprisonment, but it is not expected that executive clemency will be extended.

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Run Over by Locomotive.

August Langhein was run over and killed yesterday morning by a switch engine of the Columbia & Puget Sound Railway. The accident occurred at about 3 o'clock, at a point in the yards near the Washington Iron Works.

From what evidence Coroner Hoye has gathered it seems to have been an unavoidable accident. The engine was backing up at the time with a couple of cars behind it. Engineer Johnson felt a slight jar, but thought nothing of it. A short time afterward, when the engine had topped, one of the yard crew discovered Langhein's body lying outside the track. The head, which lay on one of the rails, was terribly crushed, one of the wheels having passed over it. This was the first knowledge any of the crew had of the accident.

It is stated that a couple of patrolmen in the southern part of the city had, previous to the occurrence, seen Langhein on his way to his home, which is near the scene of his death, in an intoxicated condition. A steep bank slopes from the track at this point, and Coroner Hoye, who visited the place yesterday morning, is of the opinion that Langhein in some manner slipped and fell across the rail. He was either stunned by the fall or was unable to rise before the engine struck him.

Langhein was a German, about 45 years of age. He was a member of the Sons of Herman. He leaves a wife and two children. He was a lithographer by trade. The remains were taken to Butterworth & Sons' undertaking establishment. An inquest may be held. -P. I., April 19.

Hypnotized by Telephone.

Rochester, N. Y., April 16.—An interesting and remarkable exhibition of hypnotism was given at the whist club last night in the presence of a large number of physicians, and was very satisfactory. The proposition was to hypnotize a subject by telephone, the subject being at the whist club while the operator at a telephone instrument was stationed in the editorial rooms of the Democrat and Chronicle. Prof. Clayton Wilcox, who recently came from Mexico, performed the experiment. A young man whom he had placed under hypnotic influence several times before was sitting in the whist club rooms last night when he was called to the telephone. He had been told that he would be hypnotized, but expected one of the ordinary demon-

strations. As the subject placed the instrument to his ear he heard the following questions: "Is this Charles?" "Yes." "Give me your close attention, please." (Short pause.) "Sleep," and the subject immediately fell back into the arms of a bystander.

The usual tests were then applied by physicians present, which showed that the man had been thoroughly hypnotized, and he remained in that condition half an hour, when Prof. Wilcox awoke and caused him to awaken.

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