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EASTER DAY.

Thousands will flock into the churches to-day who on other Sundays do not, and thousands who remain at home or wander out into the country to the cemeteries, will do it haunted with the same great thought of the life beyond—the life that in the churches is preached with tender yearning or pealed in anthems of triumph. It is a thought that will not down. Fire cannot burn nor water drown it; scarcely the last extreme of vice and degradation blot it out. Independent of all traditional dogma, it strikes root down into the deepest subsoil of human affection, human bereavement, human yearning after solace and light, and flowers up in response to every sunshine ray of cheer and hope. It is this that makes Easter Sunday the festival day of humanity, not alone of the adherents of this sect of religion or of that, but of all who love, all who suffer, all who aspire after richer and fuller life.

Ever are there two worlds in which equally every deeper nature dwells, the one palpable and tangible, the other spiritual and ideal; the one peopled with those who eat and drink and laugh and cry with us here on earth, the other compassing us about with the tender memory and near-felt presence of those only spiritually apprehended. Of the one world we preserve a sacred silence. So utterly, in the market place, does the sense-world dominate with its bustle and noise as to make of the other an airy dream; but in the stillness of the chamber, the quiet of the cemetery, or under the midnight sky, the scene is reversed and the dream-world, as we had called it, comes forth and overpowers as soul-abiding reality. How have we spent the day? Have we done ought that could dim those spiritual eyes of the sainted wife, the transfigured daughter, now felt as guardian angels, and who have become to us a religion, a purifying and exalting religion? Who is it that is asking this? Some exceptional saint? Some dreamy, unpractical idealist? No, but many a hard-headed, driving business character, a man whom we took to care for nothing but selling leather, or winning law suits. He is Dante now, lost in the supernal vision of Beatrice, yearning to be led by her through hell and purgatory to heaven.

What fools of the senses we are in our estimates of one another! Because we have forgotten a death, an open grave, a return to a house of loneliness, we think that he to whom the blow struck home, has forgotten likewise. We hear him laugh, we see him buying and selling. Has he not become even as one of ourselves, with wife and daughter and son still with us? Yes, while in our presence. But when alone? Ah! he is in a world we know not of.

Therefore is Easter Sunday the day, not of a sect or given dogma, but of sorrowing, yearning humanity. There are those who urge against the universal longing for a life beyond, the plea that it has its root in selfishness and egotism, and but betrays ingratitude for what has been allotted here. In reality, in almost every phase of it, it reveals the highest strain of disinterested love of which the soul is capable, reveals what would be the agony of the thought that those nearest and dearest, for whom it would die a thousand deaths, are cut off from an eternal inheritance in God. Content with what this life offers, the be all and the end all here? No! recreancy to every idea of God, to every ideal of love, to every counsel of perfection, were in such abnegation.

In the not remote past, the day was when it was thought blasphemy for such a worm as man to demand of his Creator why he should be subjected to such suffering as is often his lot on earth, or to cry out from the depth of an over-laden heart against the fate that makes him stand helplessly by and see a dearly loved child die by small degrees in dreadful agony that lasts for weeks and weeks, and yet at the commencement could have but one termination. We say once such cries, such mournings, such appeals for the reason of it all were regarded as so awful that they could only be atoned for by death. And yet it would be as well to call it blasphemy in one of our own little cherubs to ask with tears and sobs why we as parents should deny them the gratification of some much-desired wish. That day is past. God is believed in now with a tenderer and more logical faith than of old. He owes to His creatures a full, free, hospitable, glorious explanation of all they go through here. And it can come alone through His permitting them so see His now hidden meaning wrought out in its relations to a great beyond. There can be no dignity, no elevation in life apart from this. It was the central thought of Jesus that the kingdom of earth could be glorified only through the kingdom of heaven. To believe this for all we love, is the only peace. Without it we must sigh with Whittier:

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own.

MR. SPEAKER.

"There are three things," said Solomon, "yea, four, that are strange,"—all of them, of course, plain as moonlight to the modern School Board boy; for "they did not know everything down in Judee." Had the most married man of his time lived in these days he might have added to his catalogues of puzzles, which begins with "the way of a coney upon the rocks," a fifth, namely, the way of a man with a dignity. It would be difficult to imagine any post more full of weariness than that of Speaker of the Ottawa House of Commons. An outside stranger, with a flush of novelty upon him, can manage to sit in the gallery through an entire day, but as a rule he registers a vow never to do it again. Next day he is not fit for much; his temper is out of order and something else. The reporter who gets a 'long take" finds it intolerably tedious, though the longest "take" is very far short of being an entire day, or even half a day. It is the fate of the Speaker to sit in his chair from three in the afternoon till frequently after midnight, and in the course of this protracted spell, there is but one brief break. For the rest, if Mr. Speaker desires exercise he may cross his left leg over his right knee, and after the lapse of a decent interval reverse the attitude. A judge upon his bench sometimes relieves the tedium of a forensic argument by indulging in half a dozen paces crescendo, and half a dozen paces diminuendo. The Speaker may not even stand up; if he did, the orator of the moment would sit down with the idea that he had in some way violated the rules of the House, and was about to be officially rebuked. Such are the physical discomforts of the Speakership. The mental discomforts are a degree worse. He must listen to all speeches; the good and the bad; it is bad form to yawn even at the very worst. There used to be a fearsome Inquisition story of a heretic who was turned into a raving maniac by means of a drop of water. The awesome masked man tied him down to a plank bed and then the drop of water began at slow but regular intervals to fall upon his forehead. Something analogous to this the Speaker has to suffer. The lachrymose oratory of the hours between eight and midnight would soon unhinge the intellect of the average man who could not escape from it. And the Speaker has to listen to it all. It will not do for him to sham attention; if he were to do so for a moment, probably some one would choose that very time to ask his ruling as to "the relevancy of the honorable member's observations." And yet, all this, notwithstanding, and notwithstanding, too, the knowledge that the office has generally broken down its holder's health, the honor of being "First Commoner of the Country," has always been sufficient attraction for the very highest type of public man.

As everybody knows, the Speaker is the House of Commons' "mouth;" when it has anything to say collectively it says it through him. When it addresses the representative of the Queen, he speaks for it; when it has a memorial to present, or thanks to express, he puts its sentiments into articulate form; and when it boils into passion over a breach of its privileges, he gives voice to its censure. This is the only sense in which he is a "speaker," for he is bound by special rule "not to sway the House with argument." Even when new rules, which he will have to administer, are being debated, he must be dumb, though his opinion on the subject would probably be of more value than that of any other man. To the ordinary member of Parliament, however, the Speaker is an "eye" rather than a mouth. Unless he is very much supported by the consciousness of rectitude he is apt to quail under the Speaker's eye; and perhaps the most exciting moment of his life is when he first essays to "catch" that organ. A famous orator has described with much feeling (undoubtedly the fruit of experience) the heartaches that follow upon repeated failure to achieve this. The young member leaps to his feet with flushed face and beating heart. There is a haze before his eyes, and he begins: "Mr. Speaker, sir." "Order, order," cries the chair, "I have called upon Mr. So-and-So." The incipient senator falls back in a cold perspiration; all his strenuous screwing up of courage to the sticking point has gone for naught. Some members think the Speaker's eye is to be taken by storm. When the "man in possession" is "perorating," they hover between sitting and rising, and when the right moment arrives, sometimes before it arrives, they bound to their feet with an energy and suddenness which suggests clockwork. But the Speaker does not distribute his favors as a reward of muscular facility. He is calm, grave and impartial. And with a yellow Martin to contend with he has much to endure.

Of course the Speaker has opinions. Necessarily he sympathizes with one speech and dislikes another. That, however, is as a man, not as a Speaker. In his official character he studies the sphinx. Once in a decade an opportunity may turn up for him legitimately to show what he thinks of a question which has been before the House. When the votes are equal he has a casting vote, but even upon such an occasion as that, custom, if not rule, encourages opinionative effacement, for he is supposed to use his power in such a way that the question may remain open. But not all Speakers act so. When Lord Melville, as Treasurer of the Imperial Navy about a century ago, was accused of official misconduct, the House, after a fierce debate, was equally divided. Mr. Speaker Abbot was in the chair, and found himself practically confronted by the combined responsibilities of judge and jury. It was a question of "guilty" or "not guilty," and after ten minutes of mental torturing, the Speaker gave it "guilty." This decision is said to have hastened William Pitt's end.

A HABINGER OF SPRING.

Of humanity's woes, like the making of books, there is no end. The long, steady winter for which the present year will remain on record, at length gives signs of disappearing; but only it would almost seem, to give place to our now familiar enemy, la grippe. Recent experiences have taught us to regard this malady as a herald of spring; and there is, unfortunately, not the least room for doubt that they are to be repeated this year. Indeed, the disease is already firmly established amongst us. Complaints are heard on all sides and doctors are kept busy hustling from house to house. While people are terrified at the very mention of small-pox and cholera, there are certain ailments at which they are prone to laugh——until they catch them. La grippe is one, and always has been. Why that should be so it is impossible to say. It is questionable, if the matter were properly examined, whether the mortality resulting from these so-called minor illnesses, which we take so lightly—when we are not ourselves sufferers from them—would not prove to be much greater than that caused by diseases of which there is a universal dread. Anyhow, grip is not a foe to be despised. Not merely is the disease itself serious, but, like diphtheria, it would appear to leave the constitution in an enfeebled state, and a prey to whatever other malady bay be abroad. Furthermore, one attack confers no immunity against a second or a third.

Although in the minds of the present generation, who heard nothing about it until the winter of 1889-90, grip is a new disease, having its origin in Russia, it is, in reality, an old acquaintance of the medical profession. There were several visitations of the same complaint—then known as influenza—during last century and the earlier part of this, to go no further back. They all attracted the attention of the learned, and evoked some of the most extraordinary hypotheses by which the scientific world has ever been startled. Dr. Prout of Prout's theory fame, suggested that influenza might be caused by volumes of seleniuretted hydrogen emitted from volcanoes. Others thought that the electric condition of the atmosphere was to blame; and others again traced the disorder to a superabundance of ozone. "With as little reason," as Dr. Sisley remarks, "flies, caterpillars, and flights of locusts have been credited with an identical power for evil"; and sundry star-gazers have connected the disease with the apparition of comets and various heavenly bodies.

Theologians, not to be behind hand in the struggle to elucidate the mysterious, have set it down literally to emanations from the Evil One, whom they accuse of having poisoned the air. Unless we accept this hypothesis, which has certainly never been disproved, we are as much in the dark as ever about the origin of influenza, as is shown by our retention of that word as its name—a word which serves merely to demonstrate our ignorance. Although, however, this is the case, several valuable facts touching the behaviour of the malady have been ascertained, as the upshot of the investigations conducted since the beginning of the present decade. We now know, for instance, that the disease is mainly spread, not by the atmosphere, but by human intercourse, that it follows the routes of traffic, and that, in brief, it is highly "catching." If further proof of this were needed, it would be found in Sir Walter Besant's statement that of 100 people who attended a golden wedding party, 90 were attacked.

We have also learnt that the illness is not one to be trifled with, and that of its several stages the stage of convalescence is perhaps the most dangerous, partly because, as previously observed, the system is debilitated, and partly because victims often cannot then be persuaded to take proper care of themselves. Happily, the symptoms of grip or influenza are such that even the least experienced can scarcely mistake them. When a person finds his head and limbs racked with pain, and his temperature alarmingly high, let him not insist upon pursuing his ordinary vocations with the remark that he has a cold which will soon wear off; and still less let him resort to stimulants, as is too frequently done. But let him go to bed and send for the doctor.

A MERE SONG.

It has been the rule from time immemorial that a mere song is merely a song to the composer, and that is all, while to the publisher it often means "riches beyond the dreams of avarice." It is an astonishing fact that nearly all the famous songs of the world have either been comparatively given away, discarded or disposed of for the most ridiculous sums by their originators. "Kathleen Mavourneen," which is known and sung wherever the English tongue is understood, brought in to the composer, who is at this moment dying in destitution, just ten dollars. "Paddle Your Own Canoe," was sold by the authoress, Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, for one guinea, while "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," fetched five dollars, and probably it has realized half a million. "Ever of Thee," did not enrich Foley Hall, a most eccentric individual, who died in prison, beyond a few pounds, while its sale has been phenomenal. It was first published in 1859, and is still sung. "Home, Sweet Home," of which over three hundred thousand copies were sold the first year of issue, 1823, brought very little grist to either Howard Payne, the author of the words, or to Sir Henry Bishop, the composer of the music. It has, however, helped to establish more than one music firm. The truth is that in the old days the composer of a song was nobody in the eyes of the majority of the marauding musical Barabbases, who robbed and cheated their clients right and left, and went to church on Sundays with a clear conscience.

"The Postman's Knock" is another instance of a song making fortunes for the publishers, or very nearly so. What Mr. W. T. Wrighton made out of the music of this one-time enormously popular song is not known, but L. M. Thornton, who wrote the words, received a guinea, and died in the Bath Workhouse on May 8th, 1888, worn out and weary, and was only saved from a pauper's grave through the intervention of a kind friend. The "Postman's Knock" was sung by everyone everywhere at one time. It came out just at the time of the introduction of the penny post, and was so popular that it was actually made the ground work of a farce of the same name, by Thornton, which was produced almost simultaneously at the Surrey and Haymarket Theatres in London; at the former on April 7, 1856, with Phelps in the leading part, and at the Haymarket four days later with Mr. W. Farren as the Postman. It ran at both theatres for some considerable time, and was praised by the press of the day, though, truth to tell, it is a rather weak concoction. The song, by the way, was appropriately dedicated to Rowland Hill. Thornton wrote a large number of songs of a distinctly homely character, though, beyond the "Postman's Knock," not one is known at the present time. "Willie, We Have Missed You" and "The Cottage by the Sea," old-time favorites, also were sold for "a mere song," and yet to this day they are sung in many a home. It is far more profitable to write rhyming advertisements for pills or corn-plasters than tender human songs.

Mr. Henry Russell tells us, in his Memoirs, how he and the late Dr. Charles Mackay had to write a song on one occasion to earn a breakfast, as the coffee-house keeper, who had hitherto trusted them, would trust them no longer. So Mackay sat down and wrote the song commencing—

"Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam,
Where the shrill winds whistle free,"

while Henry Russell composed the music to each stanza as it was penned. They took it to a publisher, who gave them a guinea for the copyright of music and words! But they had their breakfast! Henry Russell himself says, in "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," that he composed and published over eight hundred songs. "But it was by the singing of these songs, and not by the sale of the copyrights that I made my money. There was no such thing as a royalty in those days. Perhaps it would be interesting to give the amounts for which I sold some of my most successful compositions. 'The Ship on Fire,' one guinea; 'The Maniac,' one pound; the same for the 'Gambler's Wife'; 'The Ivy Green,' ten shillings; 'There's a Good Time Coming,' two pounds; 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer,' three pounds; 'The Slave Ship,' one pound; 'Man the Life-boat,' one pound; 'Woodman Spare That Tree,' two dollars." But what of the author of the words? Did he get anything at all for his lyrics? In regard to "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," (the song), which has recently been republished, by the way, Mr. Russell asked the original purchaser how the song was selling, and was informed that nineteen presses could not keep pace with the demand. Afterwards, to ease their consciences, the publishers sent him fifty dollars. What easy consciences some publishers have! Foster's "Old Dog Tray," once so popular, was written in a combined grocery and grog shop, and disposed of for a few dollars. In less than eighteen months over 120,000 copies were sold. The list of such incidents could be extended indefinitely. It is surprising how short-sighted many writers have been in regard to their own interests, often preferring a trifling amount down to a possible fortune in royalties. Things are somewhat different, however, now, but it does not pay for an author or composer to neglect the financial side of the business, or he will soon fined himself outwitted. Perhaps one of the most astounding stories in connection with the sale and publication of a song is that of the American song, "Old Folks at Home," also known as "The Suwanee River." Over 400,000 copies were sold during the first five years after its appearance, and E. P. Christy, of the original Christy Minstrels, the author and composer of the piece, actually had to pay four hundred dollars for the privilege of having his name printed on the title-page of one edition to proclaim himself the father of it!

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT

THE DELAWARE CAMPAIGN.

To read the last number of "Justice," the Wilmington Single Tax paper, is like hearing the stirring notes of a trumpet from the field of battle.

Its report of the last Sunday evening's meeting is headed "Sons of Delaware Lead in the Advance," and begins as follows:

"Last Sunday night's opera house meeting was a revelation. It was a sensation to the whilom "statesmen" of Delaware, a revelation of the power of truth, a power that has now made of some of the most unassuming citizens of Delaware, factors that must be reckoned with, in the shaping of the destinies of the state.

"Eight citizens of Delaware, five of them converts of the campaign, proved themselves the superiors of any of the local legislators—Congressmen Senators or State Representatives—in the clear knowledge of political economy, and the eloquence that is born of knowledge and of human sympathy."

Following this are reports of the various speakers, of which we give two:

Mr. Hugh Ward, was the humorist of the evening, a humorist not only by virtue of his quaint originality, but by his possession of as rich and rare brogue as ever provoked the merriment of an Irish heart. He traced the history of landlordism from its genesis and its fell fruitage in his native Ireland right down to its doom in Delaware. Again and again the house broke through its Sabbatarian calm in loud-lunged laughter at Mr. Ward's happy style, and at the close rewarded him with long-sustained applause.

Mr. William Cooper of Newark, Del., told that good plantation story of old Virginia. It was a dream of a colored gentleman named Jeems Jones, who in his sleep, thought he died and went to Heaven. At the gate he was met by St. Peter who told him that no one was admitted who did not come on horseback. Jeems turned back sadly and walked slowly down the road that led away from the pearly gates. On the road he met his chief enemy on earth, Jeems Brown, by name. He told Brown his interview with the chief apostle. Brown suggested that he should get down on all-fours and he (Brown) would get on his back and ride him to Heaven. Jones agreed; but when he got to the gate St. Peter said to Brown "Tie your horse outside the gate and come in." (Laughter.) So it was with the old politicians. They rode on the backs of the people into office but when they got the offices they forgot the poor steeds they had ridden. They left them tied at the gate.

Mr. Cooper's rendition of this narrative in negro dialect was simply faultless. No elocutionist could have done it better.

A WEALTHY MAN'S OPINION.

Dr. R. S. Law is a man of considerable wealth and much activity in the mining industry.

Just before he left the east for California he made a tour of Delaware, where the great single-tax battle is now going on, and made speeches in all of the larger cities and towns. He brings to the single-taxers of San Francisco most cheering reports of the Delaware campaign.

"We simply can's help winning in that state," said he yesterday. "Already we have made 10,000 converts out of the 36,000 voters in the state, and 6000 of these we can depend upon for all emergencies. The election is not until next fall, and our campaign is going along with enthusiasm all the time. There are but three counties in the state and we keep twenty-five good single-tax orators there continually. The meetings are surprisingly well attended. I talked to crowded houses, to audiences that numbered over 2000 men and women. Congressman Maguire was well received there and did splendid work. It is the same in both parties. Both Republicans and Democrats attend the meetings and become converts. Congressman Maguire's name is cheered now wherever mentioned in Delaware. The single tax will surely prevail in Delaware at the fall elections."

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

The name of "The Liberator" is writ large and indelibly in the history of the United States. The memory of the once unknown printer lives as that of the tribune of the people, and one of the leaders in the deliverance of a race.

The name of William Lloyd Garrison, the younger, will live with that of his father, as an abolitionist of the slavory, not only of the negro, but of all men, of all the masses, living now in servitude, paying tribute to the few who own the land. The younger Garrison is master of his father's literary art and hier to his strong moral nature, his large human sympathy and passionate hatred of fraud and violence.

The Single Tax, he holds, is "the fundamental reform of the present generation, as slavery was in the past. It underlies the question of poverty, of intemperance, of the Indian and Negro problems, and others which command attention, but are merely symptoms of the social disease of which landmonopoly is the unrecognized cause."

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

A vitally important feature of any system of popular representation is the nominating or choosing of the persons who are to be candidates for election to Parliament; because if the people cannot freely nominate or select suitable men for candidates they certainly cannot elect suitable men to Parliament. One of the worst features of our present system is that it restricts the electors in their choice of candidates. No one has now a chance of election unless he is chosen by a Liveral or a Conservative convention. There is usually one Conservative and one Liberal put up in each constituency. Neither of them may be acceptable to a large proportion of the voters, but it is Hobson's choice—they must either vote for the man they do not want, or stay at home; and too often they do stay at home.

Under proportional representation there would be such freedom of nomination that any group of voters strong enough in numbers to entitle them to a representative would be able to get the very man they wanted. Under the Hare-Spence system if this group of voters were to disagree among themselves as to the best man for their representative, they could nominate two men without fear of splitting their vote and thereby losing their representative. Study of the system will show how this works.

WHAT COULD BE DONE.

We could use an electoral system by which no vote would kill any other vote; by which all important phases of public opinion would be fairly represented; which would give the utmost freedom of nomination; which would not exclude good men from politics; which would largely eliminate party bitterness; which would encourage political honesty and candor; which would abolish gerrymandering, bribery and treating, by rendering them useless; and which, by its application to municipal elections, would strike at the root of the evils that are now chronic in the government of our towns and cities.

Such a system is proportional representation, as exemplified in either the Hare-Spence or the Gove plans of votink.

THREE WEEKS ON A WHEEL

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR AN INEXPENSIVE TRIP.

It Is Possible to go to Europe, See London and Spend Twenty-One Days in Bicycling Through the Most Beautiful Shires of England at a Maximum Cost of Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars.

The very best way for a woman to spend three weeks of her vacation next summer will be to make a tour in Europe on her wheel. In England she can, during her twenty-one days' traveling by bicycle, take in five cathedral towns, visit Oxford and Shakespeare's country, allow herself a few days in London, and, including the costs of her voyage over and home again, accomplish a delightful outing for two hundred and fifty dollars.

A woman can do it on less by reducing her expenses to two dollars a day, but the above estimate allows for three dollars per day, and that amount when wheeling in England, which means every necessity and comfort will be provided, with plenty of small change for tips and a bit of leeway for indulgence in luxuries and souvenir shopping.

Of course traveling at this rate does not permit passage on an ocean greyhound, putting up at the smart hotels, a couple of big trunks by way of luggage and the attentions of a lady's maid, but it does offer excellent scope for a couple or trio of women, who are fond of wheeling and of sight-seeing, to do a half of one European country at a minimum of cost and a maximum of solid ease and pleasure.

England, as everyone knows, is a capital land for the best sort of bicycling; and two or three women in a company can scour the counties from Northumberland to Cornwall in absolute safety, on the best of turnpikes and with perfect accommodation in every wayside inn. Now, if there is a group of travel-loving spinsters who have any such tour as the one suggested in mind, let them take the advice of a woman who has gone the route, and insists that July and August are the very best months for the journey.

Then the roads are in excellent condition, the weather settled, and the inns prepared for the tourists. "We sailed," said the woman quoted, "from New York directly to London, as that is the least expensive way to get at once in the English metropolis. The steamers on these London bound lines are not provided with all the luxuries in the world, but the solid comforts are to be had for their moderate price of passage, and though the voyage is eleven days long, it is a proper bracer and rest before the steady work awheel.

"We considered the question of luggage maturely beforehand," she continued, "and each woman settled on a good-sized grey canvas telescope bag to hold her belongings, and we rejoiced heartily and frequently afterwards that such had been our decision. Many a time and oft those heavy bags were carried about by porters, maids, etc., for the modest remuneration of a three-penny piece, when a steamer trunk even would have cost a shilling or more for its transportation; and, besides, when you go on a wheeling tour, only a telescope bag is needed.

"Our bicycle suits were our traveling gowns as well with the addition of

ON BOARD SHIP.

a long skirt. We wore at sea the same dark blue sweaters, short jackets and grey felt alpine hats, high laced boots and stout gloves we used throughout the tour on land. The long skirt for each one was a straight unlined affair of heavy brown storm serge, and underneath we were arrayed exactly as for the wheel. From shoulders to toes, every woman was encased in the lightest weight of wool combination suits, a corded corset waist and silk bloomers in place of the fussy, bunchy and rather impractical linegerie one wears at home. We each carried in the bags extra suits of the combinations, a couple of night robes, and some soft silk shirt waists with our toilet articles, and not only felt ouselves reduced to the most sensible light marching order, but found we had reduced our laundry bills to the merest trifles.

"Even before we set out the itinerary of the wheeling tour was well defined, and getting into London on Thursday morning we decided to stay until Monday in the metropolis. A very decent Bloomsbury-Square boarding house took us in, giving lodgings, dinner and breakfast at one dollar and seventy-five cents per day, and then we hustled around to St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, Houses of Parliament, Hyde Park, etc., lunched in the A. B. C. restaurants for eighteen cents each and

RIDING THROUGH OXFORD.

took time to get in an hour at the headquarters of the Wheelman's Tourist Club, that is to the bicyclist what Cook is to the globe trotter. It is more because you really can't wheel through England without its good offices, nor know the best advantages of such a tour when you lack its badge and maps.

"Satisfied of your good character and sportswoman like intentions, the Tourist Club makes you one of its members on the payment of a fee. Then it gives you a badge that is not only an open sesame to civil treatment and best accommodations in all inns, but it ensures you the discount of just one shilling on all your hotel bills through the country. At the club headquarters you then buy a road map and select your round of towns and counties. Specified trips are outlined all over the map. You can at once choose a one, two, three, or four weeks' jaunt, and time even your meals, for every good house of entertainment is particularly designated.

"At the Tourist Club you can also get a list of lodging and table rates, consult them every morning when your bill is presented and if, anywhere along the line, inn-keepers try to pinch a foreigner, or neglect or insolence are offered, you just lodge a complaint at the club by letter or in person and you may be sure your cause will be championed and the matter carefully investigated.

"Early Monday morning we took a train down to Greenwich, for we were bound out to Canterbury. Our traveling skirts had been folded into our bags and our bags sent on to the inn where we woud stop in the old cathedral town. Each woman had got into

LUNCHEON IN THE RUINS OF KEMLWORTH.

her cycling skirt, we had strapped our tool cases under our seats, and fastened across the middle of our handle bars little leather bags that they sell in London especially for cycling women. They are shaped like our side bags for shopping and hold inside a number of little necessaries, a flask of whisky, a roll of court plaster, paper of pins, one of hairpins, a knife, pair of scissors, tooth brush, flat cake of castile soap, a fountain pen, note-book and thread and needle. On the outside a little round mirror and a watch are set into the leather. These all fit into straps and cases, and the bag does not measure more than six inches square.

"To the steering head of every wheel was fastened, by straps, what looked to be a roll of very light varnished waterproof cloth. These contained each a change of union undergarments, a night-dress, a pair of knitted bedroom slippers, some clean handkerchiefs, a bath sponge, brush, comb and whisk broom." Clothes to that amount were to last us until we arrived at Canterbury. Our skirts were the ordinary half-divided sort, for we rode drop frame wheels, recognizing that bloomers and the diamond frame bicycles are not used to any extent by English women. Our money we carried in little leather pockets on the outside of our leather belts, some of it five-pound notes, some in gold, and a good deal of very small silver change. Wheeling in trios and quartettes, there is absolutely no danger to women on the high roads, while against storms and bad weather we found we had safely counted on cottages, etc., as protection. Then, too, if the uninitiated, can believe it, there are stretches of three weeks at a time in English country when scarcely a shower lays the roadway dust.

"The itinerary we had chosen carried us down form Greenwich to Strood, from Strood to Rochester, and then on to Canterbury. We spent more than half a day getting down to Rochester, and there made a round of its points of interest, rested one night there, and didn't fetch up in Canterbury until the next afternoon. Here we caught up with our bags and sent them on to Winchester, gave the afternoon and early morning to the cathedral, old churches, etc., and then took to our wheels once more, determined to spend Sunday in Winchester.

"From Greenwich to Canterbury is a pull of forty-five miles, and as the crow flies, it is nearly a hundred more miles on to Winchester, but we did it easily in the three days left us, as getting down to Canterbury had merely enabled us to get our bicycle legs on.

"After that we found thirty-five to forty miles a day not over hard work. Sometimes we only accomplished twenty, but we were bent on giving one Sunday to Oxford and one to Stratford, and so get back to London and take the Tuesday afternoon steamer, sailing three weeks from the time of our landing.

"Going to Winchester, we went so far out of the crow's track as to pass through Tunbridge Wells, get a glimpse of the channel from Hastings, where the great battle was fought, and cross the loveliest parts of Hampshire. From Winchester we pushed on into Wiltshire and saw the great Salisbury Cathedral, and then our course lay through Berkshire, for a while by the Thames, and the second Sunday we rested up in a tiny, clean hotel in the shadow of Oxford Cathedral.

"Monday we devoted to a visit to Blenheim Castle and the ruins of Cumnor, and Tuesday we were on the road to Stratford. That was only a forty-mile run, done in one day, I remember, but the remainder of the week we spent on trips to Warwick Castle and town, to Kenilworth, Coventry, and Stonehigh Abbey. Then we came back to Stratford, and lounged about the dear little town, going to service in Shakespeare's church and visiting Charlecote Park, where Sir Thomas Lucy's descendants live.

"Monday morning we were all aboard for London and bound for home. To Winchester, Oxford and Stratford our telescope bags had gone on before us, and as our washable garments consisted only of night dresses, handkerchiefs and the woolen things, laundry bills were never over twenty-five cents apiece. Now for expenses along the road. We had each set out with seventy-five dollars in cash. That is sixty-three dollars for the actual costs of daily living and twelve dollars extra in case of accidents.

"Two of us got back to London with fifteen dollars in gold in our pockets. Others had bought souvenirs, and the assets of the most extravagant individual amounted to eight dollars.

"The items in our account books ran rather like this: A night's lodging and breakfast at the White Horse Inn, one dollar and a quarter; dinner, seventy-five cents; luncheon, twenty-five cents; tips to caretakers, etc., in historical buildings, twenty-five cents. Mind you, that was the extravagant member who we considered rather threw her money around. The heedful ones got dinners for two shillings, which amount to a half dollar, and luncheons for ten pence, which is equal to twenty cents of our money, but everywhere we went the food was clean, plentiful and served with a sauce of civility that charmed us. A two-shilling dinner gave us each a section of fine roast beef, bread, butter, two vegetables, a stout slice of pie and a cup of tea.

"Moreover there were flowers in abundance on every table at which we sat down, snowy floors underfoot, polished white linen on the boards, and for breakfast I could get a cup of coffee, eggs, a big chop, toast and jam for my shilling. The beds we found everywhere of the best, the service prompt and no extra charge for stabling the wheels. A sixpence tip was all the douceur we each left in the hand of the chamber maid, who showered blessings on us at our departure, and often for the merest trifle we made our luncheon at some cottager's table on fresh milk, eggs, and strawberries. Altogether we concluded that with care a delightful outing is to be had to England at two dollars a day, and all the while maintaining our proud reputation as a wealthy tourist, but a trifle eccentric.

"MILLICENT ARROWPOINT."

Blanket Tossing.

Tossing in a blanket, says a recent writer, was formerly a punishment for insubordinate volunteers during the Napoleon panic period. The Westminster boys once seized a bookseller, Curle, who had pirated and published the head King's Scholar's oration without permission, and after tossing him in a blanket, ducked him under the pump and kicked him out of Dean's Yard. We learn from "The Sham Squire and the Informers of '98," by Fitzpatrick, that the practice was common in Ireland. An old Gunpowder Plot ballad mentions tossing in a blanket in the lower world under Satan's direction. The punishment was some 70 years ago inflicted on a girl for running away from school. Colonel Wolseley, in 1688, had the Mayor of Scarborough tossed in a blanket in the market place for making a speech in favor of James II. Lord Cloncurry, who had made a fortune in the blanket trade, was one of the mushroom peers of the Union period, and when he went to the Dublin Theatre to see "Don Quixote," a play in which the hero is tossed, a wit wrote this epigram on him:

"Cloncurry, Cloncurry,
Come here in a hurry,
And see this redoubtable squire,
How they toss him on high;
But, between you and I,
The blankets have tossed you much higher."

Concealsm.

I.

"When Shakespeare died the drama died,"
This cry
Has echoed down the ages as a truth
None would gainsay, until to-day, forsooth.
Like weaklings we all fear to make reply,
But buckle at Tradition's milkless breast.
O Art! your name to mingle with the dust
Of dead men's bones, and scarred with sordid rust
Of years, and in a catacomb to rest!
O Youth! throw off the shackles of the Past,
It is the Present that is yours alone;
The excellence you seek can never last
If linked to models that to-day's outgrown.

II.

How long shall we perpetuate untruth
And teach that Art does not exist to-day?
That only idols crumbling with decay
Are meet as shrines for eager, supplant youth?
How long shall we bow down to foreign gods
And worship them with lips, but not with heart?
We are ashamed to recognize our art;
We sneer and call our native writers clods.
But from the prairies of the grander west—
Free from the ancient eyes that blind and gall—
Are men and women rising to the call,
Intent on only what is new and best.
The East is dead and buried in the past,
The West alone can do what work will last!

—John Northern Hilliard, in the Fly Leaf.

Selecting a Husband.

An authority on mankind has given his views on the sort of men that make the best husbands.

Among the really nice ones he classes the man who is fond of fishing, the lawyer and the all-around journalist. He does not enthuse over the popular doctor as a husband, and a musical genius or a man of letters gives him cold chills and shudders.

The author, he says, is so fond of his fine sentences that he is disagreeable when the baby cries, and makes himself generally odious about his food, the noise of the children and any domestic infelicities that may come along.

The musician cares for little except his art, and the wife is often secondary to the claims of the prima donna or the sympathetic creature whose soul is as full of melody as his own.

All in all, the good journalist seems to have the most strong points. He is a bit of a philosopher, is likely to be practical, makes the best of what cannot be helped and is full of alternatives.

The lawyer is good to have in the house. He is likely to be alert, a good judge of human nature, a good talker, and quite as fond of listening as of hearing the sound of his own voice. He studies human nature at home as well as abroad and is altogether a good fellow.

The politician is a diplomat, and while he sometimes leaves all his diplomacy outside of his front door, this is not always the case.

The bachelor comes in for a lively scoring, especially the one who claims that he has no small vices. Nature abhors a vacuum, and if there are no small vices it is pretty safe to say that there may be some large ones that will be pretty difficult to deal with.