The Colonist.

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DR. CAMPBELL ON THE "ANTIQUITY OF MAN."

TO THE EDITOR:—We ought to be very thankful when ministers of Dr. Campbell's learning have the courage to address their people on a subject of so great interest as the "Antiquity of Man," and upon which there is so wide a divergence of opinion.

A correspondence on this subject in your columns though it would give rise to endless interesting letters expressive of the views held by different writers would be deplored by all true scientists as in no way helping to the solution of this question. I will therefore be as brief as possible in my remarks.

I know Dr. Campbell expresses the opinion of a large and growing school, who feel compelled to give man an existence long prior to Adam. At present, and in face of this strong consensus of opinion in favor of this theory, I have not felt compelled by any evidence yet offered to go back further than the Bible record for the antiquity of man.

I do not think that cave deposits or fossil remains are strong enough evidence of the existence of a pre-Adamite race. The judgment is generally formed from what we know of the action of fire and water at the present time, but it is possible in those past ages of general disturbance and upheaval that all these forces acted much more powerfully and quickly than we can now estimate.

I am fairly acquainted with the arguments on both sides, and I may suggest the Scotch expression "not proven," or, as that great authority Sir J. W. Dawson says, "Geology seems to show that men existed before Adam; the pendulum of the clock of time may still take its backward swing and prove that man did not start with an earlier history than Adam."

It does not become us to be dogmatic, but to approach all theories with an open mind.

My object in writing is not so much to comment on this part of his lecture as to make my protest against straining Scripture to support non-Scriptural theories. When God has not revealed himself in His written word, we may learn sometimes from the silence of Scripture.

Although we do not now place much credence on Biblical chronology, yet it is admitted that the age of man before the flood was very great. And at the time of Cain's crime there may have been many sons and daughters descendants of Adam and Eve through several generations; there is no reason why the numbers should not have been quite considerable. It is curious that Dr. Campbell has entirely overlooked this important factor. It is generally supposed that Cain and Abel may have been about 120 years old at the time of the murder of Abel, at all events there seems no doubt that Cain was a married man.

It is accepted by both Jewish and Christian commentors that the "children of God" were the descendants of Seth; for of him only it is said that Adam, who was created after the image of God, begot a son in his own likeness after his image" (Seth. "To call themselves by the name of the Lord) and Gen. iv. 26, "Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord."

But what are we to make of such a passage as this? "The sons of the gods" may have been "idolaters of a pre-Adamic race, who intermarried with the descendants of Adam—thus the blacks saw the whites fairer than their own women and intermarried with them." So then, the black pre-Adamic races were the "sons of God," and the daughters or descendants of Cain were fair. A different principle to this seems to have always prevailed. The good have generally been painted white and the bad black, but Dr. Campbell adopts an opposite course, for he makes the "sons of God" black and the "daughters of men" fair.

If Dr. Campbell will sit down with pencil and paper and draw his pre-Adamic "son of God," according to Darwin's description of the pre-Adamite human animal he will find the picture will bear a striking resemblance to the traditional pictures of him who is supposed to be the father of most dark things and is generally painted very black. He must have been a hairy brute, with long ears, canine teeth very long, thick under jaw; a caudal appendage and the fore toe very much elongated. This pre-Adamite "son of God" is too grotesque. I, for my part, prefer almost the Simian ancestor; I am content, in preference to either, with the beautiful description given in the Bible of the creation of Adam and Eve, and to claim my ancestry from them.

I think we may conclude that the more Scripture and science are studied together we need not fear that either will suffer at the hands of the devout student. Religion must go hand in hand with science.

I had hoped that Dr. Campbell had been incorrectly reported, but as your report has not been challenged we may argue upon it as correct.

F. B. KITTO,
69 Belcher street.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

Nanaimo "Hornets" Defeat Vancouver's Rugby Team After a Fast and Scientific Game.

Harvards Beat Cornell Almost Two to One—Suggestions to Footballers.

TO THE SPORTING EDITOR:—Referring to the match which was played between the Britishers and the Colonies last Saturday at Beacon Hill, and which was won by the Colonies after a hard game, they in every way deserved their victory. Their forwards were simply irresistible during the last twenty minutes of the game, completely overwhelming the opposing halfs, who had not the slightest chance of doing any aggressive play, mainly owing to the slackness of the British forwards, who either could not or would not go into the scrimmage, and who hung round in such a manner so as to impede the half-backs and spoil any chance they might have had of passing out to their three-quarter, thus making these men merely spectators during the latter portion of the game. I am certain it was not through lack of weight in the British forward team which made them be so completely outplayed by the Colony men, but there were only, say five, men who did honest work in the scrum, and I am confident that there are in this town eight forwards who can pack and hold a scrum much better than those that played last Saturday. A forward should know that his place is in the scrimmage, unless he is specially told off by the captain to block the opposite half, and this is what three or four of the British evidently did not know, judging from their poor display last Saturday. I would suggest that when the next team is picked to play the Colonies all favoritism be thrown aside, and men who are capable and not afraid of going into the scrum be selected to play and uphold the National game of the old country in a more worthy manner. If men are not picked according to their playing ability neither the Victoria team nor any other will be able to hold their own in any of the future matches to be played. It is not fair to the halfs to play behind would-be wing men; they, (the halfs) are simply the medium through which the ball is passed out to the three quarters, and if molested by their forwards they get more than their share of the hard knocks that may be going and have no opportunity of giving the men behind a chance.

Before closing I think it would be only fair that the Colony men should occupy a major portion of the Victoria forward team. I would also suggest that the four three-quarter back system be done away with, as in last Saturday's game and the previous ones it has, in my opinion, not been a success.

SPECTATOR.

THE "HORNETS" DEFEAT VANCOUVER.

In Vancouver, last Saturday, the Nanaimo Hornets defeated the Rugby team of the Terminal city by 6 to 3 after a fast and thoroughly scientific game. The match opened in favor of the home team, who soon crowded the rubber down inside the Nanaimo 25. The play was remarkable for some time for nothing but hard work. Not very fast and always crowded, it stretched out for nearly 20 minutes, a long series of heavy scrimmages, short plunges and coarse but effective tackling, and all within kicking distance of a goal. Quine and Woodward each made gallant charges, but in vain, and though Vancouver seemed more alive and very fast on the ball, all their essays were frustrated. Then they seemed to weaken, or rather the staying powers of Nanaimo began to tell. Turnet began the movement with a run diagonally across the field that surprised everyone but those acquainted with Nanaimo's hose team. To save this E. Miller was obliged to touch down. On the kick off a good combination was worked. Woodward made a pretty but short run, and F. Miller getting the ball out of the following scrum, dodged the nearest and carried all before him down inside the Nanaimo's 25. Here he passed to Coles, he to Horne, but the latter was "down" before reaching the touch line, and, rushing the scrum, Nanaimo began to carry the field. Kicking became more prevalent, and one beauty sent the ball rolling down behind the goal line. Again Turnet was there and followed like a deer, he secured a try. Ingles kicked it, but did not improve.

The play moved up to centre and the same old series of scrums and throw outs was repeated. Roselli did some neat work, as did Quine and E. Miller, while Coles and Sugrue with several others, did the work in the scrum. But luck was not propitious, and though Nanaimo had the best of the long shoves, she too did not score again before half time sounded.

With the second half play became faster, and the visitors' advantage was a little more pronounced. The battle was fought out on the Vancouver team's ground. Coles made some splendid charges, but the scrimmage generally undid it all. At last the ball was worked right in front of the Vancouver goal, and Blanford made a determined rush, but failed to get it over. Turnet again tried to run, but made a mispass, Woodward getting the rubber. A scrum followed, and the ball getting down in the corner was touched down by the Nanaimo's, and another try added to their score. Again Ingles tried but failed. A few minutes later a catch gave the visitors a fourth chance to get it over the bar, but it also was a failure.

The Vancouver put up a fine spurt and rushed everything, both in scrum and out. Woodward, Horne and Quine each had secured a try but for the whistle recalling the ball, and the farther corner was the field of the hardest fight of the day. Scrimmage followed scrimmage. Out of one at last the ball reached Quine, who semicircled prettily in front, and when held passed to F. Miller, who made a grand rush but was prettily tackled by Turnet, and at last cried "down" within a foot of the sawdust. Scrums followed fast, out of one of which F. Miller kicked the ball across, everybody rushed, and Coles succeeded in the touch down. Quine attempted to improve, but did not gain the extra points. The struggle moved on to centre, thence gradually down on Vancouver's 25, where the battle was waging when the second 40 minutes was ended.

The game throughout was a very fair one, especially for the beginning of the season and though Vancouver lost, the score 6-3 is a most creditable one to hold against the champions.—News-Advertiser.

CORNELL YIELDS TO HARVARD.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—The football game between Harvard and Cornell universities was played at Manhattan field yesterday and resulted in a victory for Harvard after a rattling game by 22 to 12. The game was from start to finish one of the best contested matches played here, and had the Cornell worked with the same vim in the first half which they displayed in the last it is anything but improbable that the result might have been different. Harvard got the first goal by Wrington, from which A. Brewer kicked a goal in about eight minutes. Ohl punted and Brewer's return was blocked by Rogers. Beechman made a touchdown, and Ohl kicked a goal for Cornell. Score—6 to 6. C. Brewer made a touchdown for Harvard, and A. Brewer kicked a goal. Score—Harvard, 12; Cornell, 6. C. Brewer made a touchdown and missed the goal. Score—Harvard, 22; Cornell, 12.

SEATTLE'S FIRE.

SEATTLE, Oct. 28.—Sixteen dead is the record of the fire in the West street hotel on Saturday morning, and of that number but ten have been identified. With one or two exceptions the victims were burned beyond all human resemblance, and identification of some was possible only by scraps of clothing, and of others by locating the rooms where the victims were found and comparing the same with the hotel register. At the morgue the sixteen blackened and charred bodies were laid side by side in the basement, each body being twisted and doubled in fantastic and horrible shapes. All day long there was a steady stream of curious people, who marched in through the entrance in double file, and came out the other. Officers who were on duty [illegible] regulating the crowds are responsible [illegible] day estimate that 11,000 people saw the [illegible] sickening results of the holocaust.

The injured at the hospital are doing nicely, including D. B. Glass, who jumped for his life, sustaining many bruises, the fracture of both ankles and an injury to the pelvis. C. B. Yonson, another victim, had serious burns about the hands, but he could be about if he only [illegible] and some clothes, all his wearing apparel being burned. These men were taken to the hospital at the instance of Dr. E. P. Heliker, who attended them and who stood good for the charges.

The coroner's inquest did not bring out a great many new facts, but it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the fire was started by the explosion of an oil lamp in the kitchen of the hotel. The verdict of the jury was as follows, being rendered early last evening at an hour when few were identified:

"We, the coroner's jury summoned to investigate the cause of death of the following: Mrs. Otterson, Andy Otterson, Mrs. J. W. Huffman and two children, C. Wilson, Angus McDonald, M. McSorley and eight others unknown, to wit: One woman, one female child and six adult males, do find that the above came to their death by the burning of the West Street hotel on the morning of October 27, 1894, caused by the explosion of a lamp. We are of the opinion that such buildings are totally unfit for lodging purposes, and would recommend that proper steps be taken to prevent the recurrence of such a disaster."

The bodies at the morgue are numbered and as each is identified it is labeled, and of the sixteen victims it is now known that the following persons are among the dead;

Mrs. Otterson, aged 60, of California, height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 225.

Andy Otterson, her son, aged 18, height 5 feet 6 inches

Mrs. J. W. Huffman, of Fall City, wife of the well-known farmer at that place.

Mrs. J. H. Hancher, of Rolfe, Ia., daughter of Mrs. Huffman.

Three children of Mrs. Hancher, girl 6 years old, boy 4 years old and girl 2 years and 6 months old.

John F. Anderson, aged 28, height 5 feet 8 inches.

F. Ballman, identified from the register, height 5 feet 8 inches, full beard, dark hair, eyes that were probably blue.

C. Grahn, identified from the register, height 5 feet 8 inches, light brown hair and brown eyes, was dressed in dark plaid pair of trousers, laced flannel undershirt, wore rosary around his neck, had $10 in his pocket, also large white-handled jack-knife. Was probably a laboring man.

Angus McDonald, height 5 feet 9 inches, heavy moustache, large blue eyes.

C. Wilson, blue eyes, dark hair and moustache, polka dot shirt and brown striped pants.

M. McSorley, red flannel undershirt. On a patch of clothing on the body was found the business card of a North Seattle dentist.

The unidentified bodies are listed by numbers awaiting identification:

No 1—Height about 5 feet 6 inches, black hair, blue eyes, full beard, black striped trousers.

No. 7—Height 5 feet 9 inches, dark navy blue flannel shirt, grey undershirt.

No. 8—Burned beyond recognition, but was probably a large man.

SEATTLE'S DIVORCE MILL.

SEATTLE, Oct. 27.—Yesterday Judge Humes granted four divorces and three new suits for separation were commenced.

Music may have its charms, but according to the testimony of Mary E. Fisher it was largely responsible for a quarrel between her and her husband, resulting in a legal separation. She was married once before, and her daughter by the first marriage, Millie Ernst, who lives in the household, likes music and had a fine piano. Mr. Fisher somehow didn't like Millie's playing and one day, it is alleged, jumped up from his chair and made things so interesting that Millie found it impossible to further manipulate the ivory. Then Mrs. Fisher appeared on the scene and a tender family quarrel followed. The husband cruelly choked his wife and Mrs Fisher caused several rents to appear in his clothing. Judge Humes granted the divorce and gave the plaintiff some of the community property.

Lelia Florence Evans and G. I. Evans, married some years ago, lived at Wenatchee. The husband treated the wife cruelly and one day Mrs. Evans, who is a rather pretty woman, said: "I'm going to leave you." Mr. Evans said: "I'll dare you," and Mrs. Evans fooled him by going to Seattle and suing for divorce. The wife on the witness stand said that one day while her husband was ill he treated her brutally. "Wasn't that because of his illness?" asked the Judge. "No, Judge, it was just because he was mean." She got her divorce.

Johnny Mignon was the plaintiff and his wife, Mamie, the defendant in a suit for divorce filed in the superior court. The two were married in San Francisco in 1889. The husband accuses his wife of having on March 10 committed adultery with a man unknown to the plaintiff, with whom she is still living. Last New Year's day Mr. Mignon was absent from home, and he says his wife went out to celebrate with persons of ill-repute. They visited a number of saloons and it was not until several days later that she returned home. Incidentally, the husband says that his wife took pleasure in breaking up the household furniture, smashing the furniture and once in a while using vile language to the man she promised to love, honor and obey. One morning the wife was not in a very good humor; neither was her husband, and in order to even up things Mrs. Mignon hurled a stick of wood at him.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all looseness of the bowels. Never travel without it. Price 35c.

AS TO GOOD MANNERS.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE SHOWS WHERE POLITE SOCIETY OFTEN FAILS.

Are the Four Hundred Polite?—Picnics as a Test of Civilization—Misplaced Pity. Where Selfishness Controls—A Good Heart Must Underlie Good Manners.

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WISE woman of our own day has pithily asked, "Is polite society polite?" And nobody has satisfactorily made reply because, I suppose, nobody has yet decided just who is polite society and just what is politeness. And, after all, how can anybody arbitrarily decide either question? The polite society of our American metropolis is usually described as the Four Hundred because Mr. Ward McAllister once said that there were only 400 people in New York who could be said to be "in society."

But even in New York Mr. McAllister's dictum is not received as law and gospel by all the hundreds of thousands of persons who inhabit the great city, and probably the millions who make up the rest of the population of these United States have a most republican disregard of any dictum upon the subject.

The polite society of any city, town or village in our country is its own most respected citizens. In a monarchy this is not so, for to every kingdom there is a court, and the fashions of royalty and its court are the fashions of the subjects. In other words, a kingdom has an official polite society, and the gold stick in waiting could rattle you off the names of the Four Hundred under his anxious charge as a shepherd could tell his sheep.

In such an order of society etiquette is laid down so clearly and so strictly that polite society has no choice as to its manners, and those manners are, as you may say, polite ex-officio. In our own land there is no central authority upon social subjects, and, in fact, upon a good many subjects not social, but that is neither here nor there, and with all its faults "my country, 'tis of thee" that I boast whenever I am out of it.

So let every body corporate take its own polite society and consider whether its politeness leaves anything to be desired. Somebody has said that good manners are the expression of good feeling, and to a certain extent this is correct, for a selfish or ill natured person, if ever so well trained in social etiquette, is liable to break down under sudden stress of circumstance, while the good heart will come to the front in an emergency and prompt the very truest acts of politeness.

The best test of good manners which I have ever seen is hunger. Take a party of travelers when the train breaks down 40 miles from everywhere and the sandwich baskets have all given out. An enterprising youth has made his way across the prairie and brought a limited amount of sustenance. Now is the time to apply the touchstone to the laborious politeness of the man who has been metaphorically spreading his velvet cloak under your feet for hundreds of miles. Does he struggle to fully supply your wants before attending to his own, or does he mysteriously disappear for a few moments and return, bringing you a small piece of gingerbread, while the crumbs of bread and meat and pastry lurk unsuspected in his beard?

I have under similar circumstances seen a gentleman, whose pretensions even Mr. McAllister would not question, intercept the approaching commissary wagon and fill his own pockets to overflowing before the women and children and invalids of the party had a chance.

On the same occasion I saw a brakeman with the quarter of a mince pie in his hand take one heroic bite from its point and then thrust the rest into the hand of a poor old man who had not money to buy anything and to whom no man had given.

But the greedy pig of a gentleman had charming manners, and the generous brakeman hadn't a manner to his name!

In less extreme cases who has not seen men and women who claim to be the very pinks of politeness grow surly, or peevish when dinner was delayed, or when some favorite or anticipated dish was spoiled, or when the choice bit of the bird or the joint was given to some one else? A picnic or any other of those irregular and most uncomfortable al fresco meals which romantic persons are so fond of arranging is a splendid opportunity for studying manners. Being out of doors and liberated from the usual environment of civilized life seems to give the opportunity to those who wish it for a temporary return to barbarism. To sit upon the ground and eat with one's fingers, to share a drinking vessel with several others and to devour one's food in a semiraw and semicharred condition are among the delights of the picnic where you make a fire and cook something, a process which to many people is the acme of joyous freedom and holiday making. But all these delights we share with the savage, and in accepting them we are very apt to accept his manners as well—that is to say, those persons are apt to whose politeness is veneered upon their natural temperament and is not its necessary outgrowth. Not only do greedy people show forth their greediness and intemperate people their intemperance, but the man radically coarse shows forth his coarseness as he never would do beneath a roof, the silly man, or more probably the silly woman, proves herself a fool, the tyrant domineers openly and rudely—every one, in fact, returns to the brutal frankness of the untutored savage and for an hour or so throws aside the mask and domino of polite society.

So true is this criterion that I hereby advise every woman to delay accepting the man who wooes her until she has spent a day with him at a picnic or some other form of "pleasuring" under the greenwood tree.

But, short of such extreme conditions as these, is polite society polite? That is to say, I inquire confidentially, Is your polite society polite? And I will tell you if mine is.

Do you live in a great city where, at certain hours of the day, the public conveyances are crowded sometimes to excess? If so, you have an admirable opportunity to study the innate politeness of the "best people" of your acquaintance, keeping yourself well out of sight. The much argued question about a man's right to keep his seat and let a woman stand is an excellent touchstone. I do not myself consider that every man is bound to relinquish his seat to every woman under all circumstances, but this rule of exceptions has been seized upon by the majority of the male sex as a rule of self indulgence seldom to be set aside. I frequently hear men say, with a sort of brutal pride in their frank selfishness:

"I give up my seat to a very old woman, or a very pretty woman, or an acquaintance; but, as for the rest, they can stand just as well as I can."

Another form of defense is: "I am coming home tired from my business and want to sit down and rest. Why should I give up my seat to a healthy young miss who has been down town shopping for her own amusement?"

Well, he shouldn't, but how much is taken for granted in this argument? All young women are not healthy and strong, although they may be about and look pretty well. How is a stranger to know that the "miss" has been down town shopping for her own amusement? And is a tired girl or woman to be refused the opportunity for rest, if she wants it, even if she has been "shopping for her own amusement?"

Shopping, as all women know, is very fatiguing and often requires a good deal of running about and standing and waiting, and, above all, is tiring to the nerves and exhausting to the lungs, which are forced to inhale a great amount of vitiated and overheated air. If the man who makes this excuse is really too tired to stand, or too much out of health to bear the fatigue, or too much broken down by work and worry, he has the right to keep his seat unless the woman who wants it has all these claims to indulgence to a degree exceeding his own, but then comes the question, In what character will that man appear in the evening?

Will he continue to present himself as the overworked and overweary business drudge? Will he pose contentedly as an invalid, or a broken down, middle aged man, one to whom his own fireside, his slippers and jacket and newspaper are the luxuries of his hours of rest? If so, all is well, and you or I or any kindly woman would gladly give him our own seat in the car or any other help that we could.

But if this same man, after a good dinner and a careful toilet, goes forth into society with the air of a preux chevalier, professing devotion to every woman he meets and offering chairs that are not wanted and an arm that is not needed to ladies quite as healthy and quite as devoted to their own amusement as those he left to stand at his elbow in the cars, why, then I say this member of polite society is not polite.

But let us be just and lay the lash upon our own shoulders if it is needed as well as upon those of our erring brother.

When a tired man, no longer in the vigor of youth, offers a seat to a woman who is not tired and is strong and well, let her decline it, graciously, but decidedly, and continue to stand, even if he does also. To take the place of a man who needs it when you do not need it proves you not truly polite, although you may be a star of the most polite society in the world. I know one young woman, and not a girl, nor a remarkably robust person either, who often declines an offered seat, saying brightly: "No, thank you. I enjoy standing. I do it from choice."

I do not know that she is among the Four Hundred, but she is polite.

Another way in which professionally polite persons are apt to prove themselves not polite from the heart is in the treatment of elderly or stupid or tiresome persons of no social consequence.

To converse with attention and animation is very easy if the other party is agreeable, or very pretty, or a social magnate, especially if of the opposite sex, but for a woman to bring out her best manner, or her prettiest smile, or her entire attention for the benefit of a deaf old lady, with nothing particular to recommend her, or for a man to allow a male dunce to talk politics to him and express his views on the tariff question and explain what the president ought to have said in his message, and not show signs of annoyance or contempt, is the true politeness which society does not always appreciate, or rather does not discriminate from its poor electro-plate counterfeit.

Another glaring impoliteness of most polite society is its self absorption. It is so difficult for persons who set themselves up as standards to understand that there are other standards in the world, and other people are following them, and that one class is just as important to itself as the other. Sometimes very polite persons take note of the aliens revolving in another sphere in a good humored spirit of curiosity and indulgence, asking patronizing questions and exclaiming in pleasant astonishment at customs and phrases not their own, and feel that they are showing themselves very liberal and kindly in their ways, but that line of conduct is no more polite than it is for the other sort to ask questions and make comments and handle ornaments and laugh at fashions which they, in turn, think strange and droll.

True politeness, like true godliness, is to respect other persons not only in their rights, but in their tastes, and to carry into practice the rugged theory that "one man is as good as another, and perhaps a good deal more so."

It was a member of very polite society—it was, in fact, a peeress of Great Britain—who tried one Sunday to hear Spurgeon preach, but, failing to find a seat, audibly remarked to her daughter: "Come away. We've done the polite to God, and that's enough."

We all have heard of the queen among the Four Hundred who, when a guest broke a precious plate, immediately dropped the nut crackers upon another and smashed it also, remarking, "These plates break if you touch them." But to my mind that was not the exquisite piece of politeness it is generally considered. It was overstrained and obvious, and the guest doubtless felt herself accountable for two plates instead of one. Politeness must not be unnatural or artificial if it is to ring true and clear. It must be the honest outcome of a sincere regard for other people.

But space is limited, and I can only briefly mention a few items of the impoliteness I most frequently see practiced in polite society.

Any reference whatever to age is a crude and dangerous compliment to man or woman. I saw a lady of 85 seriously annoyed lately by a young man who asked her how young men dressed when she was young.

"In motley and caps and bells, with baubles in their hands, much as they do now," replied she, glancing at the fancy cane with which the youth tapped his beardless chin.

Another impoliteness is to try too much to help those who, while actually helpless, do not wish to appear so. Do not ask a lame man if this path is not too steep or these steps too high and propose that he take the easy road, while every one else climbs the difficult one. Let him choose for himself. Do not officiously offer to read things for persons who do not mention their want of eyesight. Do not shout at deaf persons until you find they cannot hear a low, distinct utterance. Do not look sympathetically at a hunchback or sentimentally lower your voice and speak in a tone of plaintive indulgence to one whom you know to be unhappy unless they talk to you of their sorrow. In one word, do not let your companion perceive that you notice his or her weak point, but conduct yourself exactly as if it did not exist.

A thoroughly polite person can look upon the most ridiculous or painful object without the slightest expression of surprise and can listen to the most absurd mistakes or ludicrous malapropisms with eyes of serene attention and lips of gentle acquiescence. And polite society very, very often fails to be polite in those and kindred niceties of the art.

Mrs. Frank Leslie

THE AGE OF WOMEN.

Mme. Dement-Breton a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

Not only in this country, but all over the civilized world, women seem to be rapidly advancing to a clearly defined if not conspicuous place in the affairs of the world. The latest signal recognition of the sex in a decidedly new channel has been made in France, where Mme. Dement-Breton has been admitted to that time honored order of merit, the Legion of Honor. She is the first woman ever accorded this decoration, and the distinction has made quite a sensation in Paris. Mme. Dement-Breton is a daughter of the famous painter, Jules Breton, and the wife of M. Adrien Dement. She is but 35 years old and considered upon merit alone is fully deserving of the honor. She made her debut in the salon soon after her marriage, in 1880, when she received a third class medal. Since then her paintings have received the highest marks of merit from several sources.

MME. DEMENT-BRETON.

Two distributions of the medal of the Legion of Honor take place every year, and although at one time the vast number of the order and the insignificance of many of the persons upon whom it has been conferred have detracted much from its value the general opinion is that Mme. Dement's admission will strengthen its original character.

THEO. HOLLAND.

At the Agricultural college of Michigan a dormitory for women students has been built. The rest of it is that women are not yet admitted to the agricultural college, but it is hoped that this loud hint will cause them to be.