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THE SCHEME WORKED.

A Man Pole Up a Jolly to Make Every Woman in the Theater Take Off Her Hat.

The theater was crowded. The curtain had just risen. Jennie Rudsel, gay plumes on wondrous headdresses fluttered in the heated air, costly fans waved slowly to and fro, and the fashionable audience turned its eyes and opera glasses toward the stage and settled into the book of expectation that precedes the opening of the play, which the experienced stage manager has wasted considerably for all the late comers to be seated before the bell tops for the curtain to rise.

In a conspicuous location about half way between the orchestra and the front ends of the parquet circle were three vacant seats which had come in unstanded about five minutes before. They were noticeable for the wide, flaring, unobscured hats they wore. Presently behind them sat a surveyor looking disgusting man, who was making wild but fruitless efforts to see the stage. The wide hats with their wealth of tropical bird foliage hid everything he wanted to see from his view. In vain he wriggled and squirmed and craned his neck from side to side. The hats were too large, too close together and too richly upholstered.

Apparently unconscious that he was attracting the attention of everyone in his neighborhood and bringing the ladies in front of him into unpleasant prominence, he persevered till sounds of ill suppressed titter were heard on all sides of him. Then he settled himself back in his chair with a weary sigh, but the next moment took advantage of a lull in the performance on the stage to lean forward and address one of the ladies—the one who sat in the middle.

"Madam," he said in a loud whisper, "I beg pardon, but it is utterly impossible for me to see through your hat, and the Lord made me too small to see over it. If you will kindly remove it you will make a wretched man happy for a whole evening."

The forty or fifty persons who were looking on saw the lady remove her hat as requested, and, unclinkingly leg his pardon. They saw the other two ladies take off their hats also, and the example became instantly contagious. The hats came off in the next half minute, much to the relief of the sufferers directly behind them. Then the rise of the evening stepped on the stage and the attention of the audience was attracted to the performance again.

The detailed this pleasing little incident are given in full for the purpose of explaining to those who witnessed it that the whole affair was a put up job.

The lady whose hat was addressed was his wife, and the other two were his sisters.—Chicago Tribune.

For World Be Reporters.

Our advice to every young man about to enter journalism would be to make the staff as a reporter for some country weekly. That is a splendid experience. Reporters for country weeklies get from $5 to $15 a week. This experience covering six months or a year should be followed by a year's connection with a daily morning newspaper published in a town of not more than 50,000 population; pay from $10 to $20 a week. This further experience will (or ought to) give the young man an acquaintance with general newspaper work—such details as editing telegraph, reading proof, writing editorial paragraphs, etc.—kinds of work that may not fall to his lot subsequently, but which he should know all about.

If our young friend at Muncie is dissatisfied with his present employment he will never be a success at it. He complains of long hours, yet he says that he is fairly paid. It matters not what business he is engaged in an employee could be worth more to his employer than he actually receives in compensation for his services. This is particularly true in the profession of journalism.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

A Royal Way to Give a Tip.

It was at a club dinner. The guests had just taken their seats at the tables. The colonel waiter, resplendent in full dress, were hurrying about with trifling paiges. A jolly party sat down at one of the tables. The leader took his seat at the head of the table and beckoned to one of the waiters. As the opulent darky bowed over him the club man turn slowly from his pocket a walnut and from that a crisp new $2 bill. With the greasy dollar-mark he folded it through the center, while the waiter's eyes began to roll. Laying the greenback on the table, he pressed his knife along the seam and calmly tore the bill in two, to the horror of the waiter and to the surprise of his own party. One half of the bill he tucked into his vest pocket. The other half he handed to the waiter, remarking benignantly, "Take your other dinner—perhaps." There wasn't another table in the room that got the service that that table got, and the waiter was usually rewarded with the other half the bill.—New York Sun.

Lecture Cities.

"New York is the worst city in the country for the lecturer," said an employee of a lyceum bureau the other day, "and Philadelphia is one of the best. Boston, however, is the only city that can furnish a paying audience at a business lecture. On the table, Pittsburgh is the best state for lectures. The lecture goes back to towns of from 3,000 to 20,000 inhabitants. However, Pittsburg is a good lecture town, and even Chicago takes strong attractions. The theatregoing people do not attend lectures, and vice versa, so that the method of advertising the theatrical attractions does not work in the case of lectures. New England is hardly so good a field for the lecture as it once was, but there is still a large theatrical community in all Yankee states."—New York Star.

New York Is the City of Churches.

Although Brooklyn is known as the City of Churches, according to the latest census returns it falls short of the number of churches in this city by exactly 116. In this city there are 426 churches, while in Brooklyn there are 310.

The Protestant Episcopal church leads the list of churches different denominations with 74 churches, while the Roman Catholics fall just one short of this number. The Methodist Episcopal comes next, with 70, and the Presbyterians, including the Reformed and United, have 69. There are 41 Baptist churches, 41 Jewish synagogues, and 34 Reformed Dutch churches. The Lutherans have 28 places of worship, and the Congregationalists have 7. There are 4 Evangelical churches and 3 of the Disciples of Christ. The Universalists have 3 churches, Unitarians 2 and the Quakers 2. Besides these there are 40 miscellaneous churches, chapels and missions.—New York Evening Sun.

Too Indulgent by Far.

"Yes," said Mr. Emerson to the Rev. Dr. Prudent, the new minister, who was paying his parishioner a friendly visit, "you are unquestionably right. I do not believe in being severe with children. Now mine treat me as they would no other brother or sister. No scampering up stairs when they hear my latch key turn in the door. Not much! Make your boots clatter—that's my motto."

A frowsy haired youth of some six summers appeared on the scene at this juncture. After eyeing the clergyman critically for a moment he broke out with:

"Say, pa, what's a jay?"

An uneasiness frown settled upon the brow of the indulgent parent as he replied: "A jay, my son, is a rather showy bird, having a few, exactly cost of feathers and——

"But, pa, they can't fly, can't they?"

"Certainly, my boy. They are noted, too, for their propensity to chatter, and, for instance, to ask foolish questions." The frown deepened as the boy went on:

"But how can they fly, pa, without any wings?"

"My son, I think I heard your ma calling you a few moments ago."

"Yes, pa, I'm going, only as I heard you tell ma last night that our new minister was a regular jay, I just wanted to come in here and see whether he could fly. Say, mister," to the astonished clergyman, "you won't get any feathers, have you?"

There was a sudden rush on the part of the indulgent parent, followed by the sudden disappearance of the youthful inquirer. There came a crash of discordant howls from the hall beyond.

"My dear sir," observed the parent upon entering the room, "while I admit that I am a kind and indulgent parent—why!"

At this point the front door was heard to close violently. The minister had disappeared, and now Mr. Emerson is thinking about renting a pew in another church.—New York Herald.

Business Instincts.

"Whoever would get on in business," remarked the banker, "must advertise himself by good deeds in this philanthropic age. The other day a well groomed dandy newsboy had stationed himself in Fifteenth street, and was trying to sell his New York papers. The crowd rushed by him without stopping until he saw a gentleman upon a front banana peel that lay on the sidewalk.

"'Now, jes' yo' all look at one pickin' up dem yer banannuer skin to save yo' all from fallin' down and breakin' yo' holds,' shouted he, arranging his dangerous trophy around his demoralized hat.

"The crowd smiled at his naive self praise, stopped—and bought his papers. Business instincts are the same methods used by career business commercial men, by the very journals which the boy was selling."

"That's a pretty good illustration till the sequel is told," answered the cynic dryly. "I witnessed the incident myself. I also stood in the neighborhood to see what the result would be after the crowd had scattered."

"He manifested a great deal of delight, I suppose, at the success of his enterprise?"

"He did indeed. Three minutes later he had bought out the stock of another newsboy, laid a second banana peel in the place of the first, and was waiting for the crowd to get thick enough again for a successful encore."—Kate Field's Washington.

A Decaying Institution.

That is what marriage is, according to a writer in The Westminster Review. "Children," according to the writer, is what has done the mischief. People are becoming more and more highly cultivated. As they become more intellectual they are more sufficient to themselves and their own thoughts are good company. Then, too, they are so superfine in their tastes and manners that slight disagreeable things jar on their sensitive natures horribly, and they cannot be happy in intimate association with any of the opposite sex for a lifetime. At least they prefer going it alone to taking the risk.

For these or for other reasons marriage is dying out. That it is dying out statistics among all civilized nations, even the United States, prove. Where the time honored institution is still popular it is among the more ignorant classes of society—people who toil with their hands and have no nerves, as for instance in the United States negroes and Italians. These marry to an unlimited extent, and their progeny populate the earth exactly, apparently, with the kind of inhabitants least wanted. But robust animal vigor is necessary to continue any race, and this vigor is found most of all nowadays among nations who have not metaphysics. Still, it must be confessed that a far larger proportion of their offspring perish in infancy than of the children of highly organized and refined persons.

But if the highly organized and refined persons will no longer marry, but persist in shirking domestic life and duties, what will become of the race? It will die out in time, as more and more of mankind become in their turn rich and then cultured as that they don't want to marry. Well, what if it say the cultured and refined people. The race would be better off if it would die out. Are human beings so happy and well satisfied that they have reason to be thankful they were ever born?

Reverence for Old Boots.

To the Celestials no relics are more valuable than the boots that have been worn by a magistrate. If he resigns and leaves the city we are told a crowd accompanies him from his residence to the gates, where his boots are drawn off with great ceremony, to be preserved in the hall of justice. This is the more easy to believe when we remember that John Chinaman is rather an enthusiast on occasion with respect to wearing his own boots. In his belief that there is nothing like fed leather the Chinese is not peculiar.

Relic hunters have discovered that—hidden away for the most part in the family museums of our great homes—there are boots and shoes treasured for their age, or valued for their historical associations. Collecting remarkable boots and antique shoes threatens to become the rage among some ladies of title. Let us hope they will not forget to include as a curiosity the high heeled boot of modern times.—Chambers' Journal.

Brought a Contrast.

"Send me tomboline," said a message received by a New York sporting man from a friend in Philadelphia. It is old New York "Send me ten dollars." The New York man replied, "What do you mean?" and the Philadelphian was somewhat indignant at such a response to his request that the friendship was severed for nearly a year.—New York Times.

Can Lawyers Be Honest?

This question Homer Greene asks and answers in The North American Review. He deals, he says, with the reputable element of the profession, the great body of respectables, and not at all with the "few members of the bar who disgrace their profession by the conduct of a highwayman or a hog." By way of information, perhaps, Mr. Greene informs us in the beginning that there is a general impression in America that lawyers as a class are dishonest. This now is, however, hardly in the nature of information.

Then the writer asks the public some questions which he would like to have it stand up in court and answer under oath. He asks the community to tell him what it would think of a lawyer who, knowing his client to be in the wrong, would for that reason decline to take his case. How many few would that lawyer get who, though he knew positively that his employer had stolen the money, and if he got free would go on and steal other homes, yet on the account should refuse to take advantage of a purely technical error in the indictment against him to give him his liberty?

If a lawyer had positive knowledge in his possession convicting his own client and releasing another accused, would public opinion anywhere justify him in making the facts known? He is even to act on account more free, if thereby his own client went to jail? No, it would not; at least hardly ever. Thereupon Mr. Greene rightly contributes that lawyers are exactly as honest as they dare be to get a living, and that they are exactly what their clients make them. Then he makes the following unheard of supposition:

Suppose the case were different. Suppose every prospective litigant were to refuse legally of all manner of name before seeking the services of a lawyer, and suppose that the evidence was called for, not merely under oath, but, moreover, under penalty of the law, and suppose that the lawyer was called upon to give his evidence, and suppose that the lawyer was called upon to give his evidence, and suppose that the lawyer was called upon to give his evidence