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## UP-TO-DATE BAB.

### TO BE FASHIONABLE WE MUST BE OPTIMISTS, SAYS SHE.

**The Fin de Siecle Girl Is Out of Date Now—Her Poor Little Soul Disturbed—The Girl of To-Morrow Must Be More Natural—Women as Truth-Tellers.**

St. Louis Republic.

If you want to be fashionable just now, you must be an optimist. Everything that we connect with the word fin de siecle is out of form, anybody who is anybody says that one is vingtieme siecle You wouldn't think the change in words would make so much difference, but it does. The fin de siecle girl was given over to many bad habits—cigarette smoking, lolling about in tea gowns and darkened rooms, mooning over erotic poets or analytical novels, and, in fact, belonging to the school of Aubrey Beardsley, who is cleverly enough making money at fooling the world. And up to its bent. By the bye, Mr. Beardsley has just added to his fame—is it fame or notoriety?—by painting a picture of the "Virgin and Child," and his conception of the Holy Mother shows her in a hooped gown of red velvet, looped with pink roses. And London laughs, but still it buys his books. He has just announced that the woman who is most exquisitely shaped, or as he puts it, "divinely tall," should measure from the hip to the bend of the knee 22 inches, and from the bend of the knee to the heel 22 inches. Curiosity led me to measure a friend who is of medium height, with the result that she measured from the hip to the bend of the knee 23 inches, and from the bend of the knee to the heel 18 inches. Mr. Beardsley's measurements probably cause him to go so immeasely off in his drawings. About his color, I can say nothing, but I should think he needed to be treated as the Howling Swell said his uncle was, that is, "You see, dear boy, he did not know red from black, but he went to a Johnny doctor paid his fee, and now he can see as well as anybody." That is what is needed for the Beardsley school—to go to a Johnny doctor and get its seeing apparatus straightened so that their women will not look like round bathtubs put on clothes poles and topped with a tea cup and saucer.

BACK TO THE GIRLS.

But to return to the girls. The fin de siecle girl liked to talk about death, about its joys, about the painful pleasures of life, and she changed her religion quite as often as she did her washerwoman, in her efforts to get one fitted to her poor little soul. Such a miserable little soul! It has been haggled over, put out on exhibition, its possibilities discussed by long-haired men and short-haired women until, absolutely, I doubt its being worth dedicating to anything. All the women who knew nothing talked about the delights of the unknown. And all the wise women stood off and wondered if, when Congress was over, the fool-killer would come around. But we have changed all that. The girl that is vingtieme siecle must, first of all be natural. She eats well, she enjoys herself heartily, and she finds an immense pleasure in telling the truth. Sometimes she embarrasses you with her great truthfulness. She is rich in opinions about bonnets, about books about babies about pictures and about men. She is particularly fond of announcing her age. She patronizes the youth of 20 whose father has allowed him to go out alone in his first dress clothes, by saying to him: "Now, my dear boy, I am ages older than you—I am quite 28—old enough to be your mother. Let me introduce you to that nice little blonde, Miss Giddy, who is just 17, and you two lovely young things can have a beautiful time together." That wasn't what he came for. Under his breath he wishes that Giddy girl was in heaven, and he tells Miss Theodora Truth that he would much rather stay with her. Of course she expected this, but still, when he has acted like a goose and proposed to her, she is able to say to the woman of family: "I never tried to get him; I told him that I was older than he was; I said I could be a mother, but not a sweetheart, to him, and I offered to introduce him to no end of pretty girls. But he would hang about me."

THE WAY OF IT.

She of the vingtieme siecle may tell the truth, but the truth, dressed or in its nudity, it is as dangerous to handle as nitroglycerine. What is the consequence? You pick up your morning paper, and say: "Gracious goodness! Paul Smith, that boy of Kitty's has married one of those Furnace girls. Why, she is at least 10 years older than he is."

The answer, a little languidly spoken is: "Oh, my dear, it is getting to be such an old story for men to marry women older than they are. The son of the richest man in the world is desperately in love with a young lady who, if we used the horrid old terms we used to, would be called an old maid, and I don't think he is 21. Then the famous divorcee married a man younger than herself by something like eight years, and, personally, I think that the idea has gotten into the heads of the Johnnies that they can save themselves time and money by marrying the woman who has had the experience which is unknown to them, and who would, in view of their youth, be less selfish than a young girl, and so would make the man's happiness the first consideration." I listened with a bit of surprise, because I had not credited the Johnnie with so much brains, but is it a rabbit, or which small beast, that has almost as much brain as a man? If the girl of the vingtieme siecle is writing a book, and, of course she makes some mistakes, it is on the subject of "How to Enjoy Yourself Twenty-three Hours Out of the Twenty-four." And if she has been led astray and induced to write a play that will cause the curtain to go up at least once you can be pretty certain that the story involved is one of true love, and all the people in it are good and are having a good time.

The villain is never anything worse than the cook; but then a bad cook is a villain, whose ways are secret and intense.

Just at present the girl of the Twentieth Century is saying to herself, "Why should I spend my dollars, good American dollars, earned by a jolly, good, generous American man, on an Italian woman who says she despises this? Oh, my dear girl I do hope you and every other woman in this country will say to yourself, "Not a dollar shall that woman get from me." It is an insult, you know, to our brains, for an actress to say "I despise America." (By the bye, she did not say it to me, but she is quoted by the best newspapers as having said it.) If her hatred for America is so intense, she had better extend her dislike to American dollars and remain in Italy where she will probably find greater appreciation, but where she will certainly make less money. Have a bit of courage and tell the truth. Unless you understand French or Italian very well, what is the use of paying $3 or $3.50 to listen to a woman talk in a tongue unknown to you? Take the case of Sarah Bernhardt. The papers can write all they want about her retaining her good looks. She does look better, but—it is because she is fat. She objected always to stays, and the result is that when she wears a frock that fits her like a glove she manages to achieve a series of curves that may be feminine and are elderly, but they are certainly not beautiful. We are greatly given to talking what I call the tommy rot of the day. That is slang, I know, but some slang is classical.

I would be willing to bet that three-quarters of the audience who go to see Sarah or Duse do not understand one word either of them say. Mme. Bernhardt speaks beautiful French, but she speaks very rapidly, and one has to listen keenly to get each word and the full value of each word. I consider her a great actress, but—simply because Mrs. Millionaire, who belongs to two or three French classes, and who likes to make you think she is a fine linguist, pays her money and goes and laughs or cries at the proper points, why should you take your three and trot to a matinee simply because it is done by her. Possibly you know the story because you saw Fanny Davenport play it, or else because you have heard Calve sing it, and then you talk about the perfect emotion of Bernhardt or Duse, and how one did not need to understand the words, their art and their soulfulness making the story intelligible! Bosh! Or, perhaps you have a smattering of the language. In that case you weep or laugh when it is desirable, and you tell your friends how sorry you feel for them in their ignorance.

SOME MORE CURRENT NONSENSE.

This nonsense about the art and the soul telling the is another bit of tommy rot. With a picture it is different. It tells one episode in a life, not the story of a lifetime. How in the mischief are you to know whether the curl on a Frenchman's forehead means that he is in the depths of despair, or that he is joyful because he is going to run away with his friend's wife that night? When Sarah rustles her petticoats you listen to the frou-frou, and say:

"Oh, it is so intense, it seems as if her soul were going from her and escaping to another and a better world." Whereas she shakes it so you may realize that it is silk; if she raises one arm in the air and droops her head you whisper that that is concealed love! And then if she folds her arms, you hint at it meaning a murderous, passionate love that wouldn't hesitate at killing an audience. Go to see Sarah all you want if you enjoy her—fortunately her repertoire is composed of plays that are well known here, inasmuch as they were presented by Miss Davenport with a better company, better clothes and a decidedly better stage setting than any French company ever gave, but don't buy even an admission ticket to see Duse. Give her a chance to appreciate what America can do when a woman insults it by pronouncing her dislike publicly.

AN OPINION OF DUSE.

Perhaps my opinion in regard to Duse and her acting is worthless, but I give my word, dreadful as it sounds, I should have had a much better time if I had spent that afternoon with "Chimnie Fadden," and I would have been in a dollar and a half. I am perfectly willing to acknowledge her greatness, if it will please anybody, but she is dreadfully tiresome, and though the critics are given to talking about her concealed emotion and great sorrow, she looks to me as if her liver were not quite right, and I could not but wonder what early spring medicine would be adapted to her; and whether since she goes in so strongly for realism it would be proper to send her a bottle of "Doctor Dinkey's Driveling Drink," instead of roses. Flowers fade, but the liver and its medicines are always with her. Bother! let's be truthful and seek in the theater what we enjoy and what we understand. I want an evening that makes me feel, when I get home, as if I had had a good time, and not one where I have to strain ears and eyes to catch a little of the strange language, and grow weary during the long waits. There are plenty people who will say, "Bab is stupid, we understand French." All right; go to the French play then whenever you wish to. But I am perfectly certain that not three-quarters of the average American audience, outside of New Orleans, understand what these strange goddesses are saying.

By the bye, the girl of the Twentieth Century is tilting her hat down, down, down over her eyes until it nearly touches her nose, and looks, well, I must confess, if it is the right shape hat, that it looks extremely coquettish. The new springtime hats are coquettish, and she of the summertime will be quite as pretty as a picture when she puts them on. I am told by people interested in missionary work that with one church collection went a book on physical culture to the missionary, so that to gain a convert, after reading this book, the giving of a pair of stays, which had been general, was no longer in vogue. For the last four years when a missionary was shy on souls he presented a pair of corsets to a lady from the happy land of Ma-ha-to-la-ni, after she announced her willingness to join the sect he represented; she instantly retired to assume the stays, which she put on over the "altogether," but during the assumption she required two of the strongest warriors in camp to pull the strings. I have always longed for a picture of the simple soul, yearning for civilization as expressed by stays, when she paraded the camp with a warrior on each side of her, the stays encircling her person, a hymn book in her hand and an apoplectic color in her face. Now, the gentle missionary offers powder and rouge. The heathen lady reads the book on culture, at least some of the missionary family read it to her, and she declines to give her soul for a pair of stays, remarking, "No take stays; no able to wriggle!" But she eagerly grasps the powder and rouge, and looks almost as well as does the fashionable girl who contributed to the collection, and who puts her faith in missionaires and make-ups.

WOMAN'S SPECIAL NEEDS.

A woman needs a lot of things besides those in the bottles and boxes on her dressing case. At this present period, when the openings are to the fore, she is certain that she needs a new bonnet.

She always needs a bunch of violets, a box of sweets, and all the agreeable things that the brain of man can invent and the tongue of man can speak.

She needs information about the Monroe doctrine; she thinks it has something to do with baptism by immersion or sprinkling, and she also needs to know why, when messenger service is cheaper than it used to be, orris powder is just as expensive.

She needs to learn to smile and caress and even to kiss, when tired man doesn't remember that dressmakers want their bills settled within a month.

She needs to be a little bit more careful about the things she says: the tongue is a divine organ, but the devil often plays upon it.

She needs to improve her manners, to lower her voice, to laugh rather than to giggle, and to learn to speak English undefiled.

She needs to do so many things, poor soul, and she wants so many things. But I think she will get them since she is a woman, and an American. I tell you that is something to be proud of, for even in the North Polethere is a society that has for its leader an American woman. And, go where you will, she has been before you. Sometimes she is too rapid a walker—she arrives too soon. The thing to learn, after all, is the value of mediocrity—perhaps you think that has been achieved by

BAB.

### Dr. Mott as a Musician.

Washington Special, 25th, to the Charlotte News.

I had quite a chat yesterday with Dr. Mott in his new apartments in the Corcoran building. Among other things, Dr. Mott has been at work on a campaign song. He composed the chorus himself, and sang it to me yesterday. It is as follows:

"Sign—Sign—Sign the Pledge!
Silver money's coming back!"

I had no idea the doctor was a musician. He said the air and words came to him all "at once." He somehow struck up with another musical genius named Sykes, who told him he could back up that chorus with fitting stanzas and music. Sykes came in yesterday with his score, and sang his part—the doctor winding up with the chorus. Sykes and the doctor are now busy fusing the chorus tune and Syke's tune, and when they trot well in harness together the doctor says he is going to send Sykes down to North Carolina to thrill the Tarheels all over the State.

### Three Hours in Jail and $500 Fine for Killing a Boy.

Washington Dispatch, 25th.

Miss Elizabeth M. Flagler, daughter of General D. W. Flagler, Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A., pleaded guilty to involuntary manslaughter in the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia to-day and was sentenced to a fine of $500 and three hours imprisonment in the district jail.

On August 2d, Miss Flagler, who was in charge of her father's suburban residence, fired a small revolver at a small colored boy named Earnest Green, who, she thought, was stealing fruit from her father's trees. Miss Flagler has always contended that her intention was to fire in the air, simply to frighten the boy. The moment she discovered that he had been wounded, she had him brought into the house, but he died before a physician could be secured. The young lady at once went to police headquarters, where she surrendered and was released on bail.





### MEN OF THE DAY.

**The Great Kentucky Quartet—Carlisle, Watterson, Blackburn, and McCreary.**

Congressman Champ Clark in St. Louis Republic.

"I don't believe that a man ever gets over being a Kentuckian. I have lived in Missouri 20 years, and I think that even my enemies will admit that I am proud of this imperial Commonwealth and never lose an opportunity to sound her praises. Nevertheless, I confess that I never think of the Kentucky hills without a fluttering in the cardiac region.

It is seldom indeed that the members of one party in any Legislature have the privilege of voting for four such men for United States Senator as John G. Carlisle, Henry Watterson, Joseph C. S. Blackburn and James Bennett McCreary—all possessed of national renown and all worthy of it.

The pity of the situation is that one Dr. W. Godfrey Hunter stands as a lion across their pathway to the Senate Chamber.

Within the confines of the Republic it would be difficult to find four men more unlike.

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No matter what one's opinion is on silver, if he is candid he must admit that Carlisle has one of the rarest brains in America. How he ever obtained such a hold on the Kentuckians is an unsolved mystery, which I cheerfully commend to the consideration of psychologists. Kentuckians are the most emotional people on the continent, while Carlisle is cold, of crystalline intellect, without emotion himself and without power of appealing to the emotional in others.

In this regard he differs radically from every other great Kentuckian, living or dead. From the day of Senator John Breckinridge—the first of his line—down to the present time, Kentucky orators have played on that weird harp, the human heart, with master hands.

That Carlisle has great influence in the Dark and Bloody Ground—however inexplicable it may be—must be granted. Joe Blackburn and Wat Hardin were having it all their own way last summer, when the Secretary of the Treasury oiled his castor into the ring—and the world knows the results.

* * * *

Henry Watterson is one of the most brilliant men that ever lived, and, like another great editor, Horace Greely, served 90 days in Congress. I doubt whether he would accept the senatorship if elected, and yet some members persist in voting for him. He is about to bury himself in Voltaire's old retreat at Geneva, Switzerland, to incubate a biography of Abraham Lincoln which will rival in interest Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson."

My feeling towards him is one of personal affection. When a boy his paper was my political "vade mecum," and personal acquaintance has only increased my regard for him. Differences on the money question cannot chill my friendship for "Marse Henry," as the Kentuckians lovingly call him.

Once I had the pleasure of introducing him to an audience at Louisiana. After the lecture, I went with him to his hotel and sat up with him till train time.

During the evening I told him that I heard his speech in the great Merchants Exchange hall at St. Louis in 1876, when he was temporary chairman of the Tilden convention, and that I enjoyed it hugely.

Whereupon he said: "I will tell you a secret connected with that speech. I was unexpectedly notified that I was to preside and had barely time to write my speech and not enough to commit it to memory. I couldn't see to read it, so as to make it satisfactory to myself or pleasant to the audience; so I had a man sit just behind me on the stage and read it to me sentence by sentence as I delivered it."

Upon my expressing surprise that such a feat could be performed, he gave me an explanation. He said: "The larger the audience, the longer the speaker pauses between sentences to get his breath; and in addressing a crowd as large as that was a man naturally and necessarily stops long enough at each period for one to prompt him for the next sentence.

That evening spent with Watterson was one of the most enjoyable of my life, and that incident has been of great use to me in gauging a written speech so as to fit the time. My experience is that it requires about an hour to deliver to a large audience a speech that it takes 30 minutes to read in an ordinary tone of voice, to a few persons. Ignorance of this proportion is one of the reasons why the hammer falls on so many Congressmen in the middle of their speeches, and why so many ask the privilege of extending their remarks in the Record.

This incident may be of service to the rising generation of Ciceros.

Another thing I learned by hearing Watterson's St. Louis speech, and that is that a tenor voice in oratory has greater penetrating qualities than a bass voice.

Senator Doolittle of Wisconsin was the most frequent speaker in that convention. His voice was a deep bass and made more noise than Watterson's tenor, but as they say in shooting circles, "it didn't carry half so far." The latter pentrated every nook and corner of that vast hall with its clarion tones and made the rafters ring.

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Blackburn is a fine type of physical man—light-haired, red-mustached, blue-eyed, of sanguine temperament, popular with the masses, an unequaled mixer, a splendid stumper with a rich vein of humor and greater powers of invective.

Once he was traveling on a train, when someone approached him and said: "Isn't this Mr. So-and-So of Indiana?" "No," replied the successor to Henry Clay. "The reason I look so bad is I have been sick for three months."

His pluck, which stood him in good stead during the war, does not fail him in Washington.

It rarely fails to the lot of any man to elect two United States Senators by one act, and yet, according to a waggish Kentuckian, that's precisely what Blackburn did when he pulled the ear of Senator W. E Chandler of New Hampshire. The Kentuckians re-elected Blackburn for pulling it and the people of New Hampshire re-elected Chandler for having it pulled—which goes far to prove the truth of the old Latin dictum, "De gustibus non disputandum."

A few moments before Ferry of Michigan, President pro tem of the Senate, announced the consummation of the 8 to 7 fraud, Blackburn made a speech in which he used this bitter language.

"Mr. Speaker, the end has come. There is no longer a margin for argument, and manhood spurns the plea of mercy, and yet there is a fitness in the hour that should not pass unheeded. To-day is Friday. Upon that day the Savior of the world suffered crucifixion between two thieves. On this Friday constitutional Government, justice, honesty, fair dealing, manhood and decency suffer crucifixion amid thieves. It was on that day that this presidential fraud received its nomination at the hands of the Republican party. It was upon that day as it recurred that every determination reached by the blistered, perfured, miscreants that constitute a majority of the commission has been promulgated to the country. It is on that day that you propose to consummate your inequity and foist into a place of power him whom the people of the land have spurned, scorned and rejected at the polls."

If anything more soothing than that was ever uttered in Congress I have never seen nor heard of it.

Blackburn has given to sundry men at divers times many hard knocks; but he has received some exceedingly sharp thrusts himself, which he accepted with perfect sang froid.

In his first race for Congress, his opponent was Ed Marshall, fully as brilliant a man as his more celebrated brother Tom.

Once while making a speech he stopped suddenly and in dramatic fashion, pointing to Blackburn's under jaw, which is unusually well developed he exclaimed: "My God, fellow citizens! If Samson had had such a weapon as that, not one of the blanked Philistines would have escaped alive!"

On another occasion he said: "Blackburn is like a swan. He swims along majestically on the surface, utterly unconscious of the depths below."

But Marshall's wit and sarcasm availed him nothing. He was so disgusted at his defeat that he left the State and lived to be Attorney General of California.

Visitors to the Senate galleries, as well as all other lovers of the beautiful, ought to thank Senator Blackburn for one thing. He was the first man who dared to appear in the Senate in anything more pleasing to the eye than the regular funeral black. Several of his senors came near going off in a fit; but others followed his daring example, till it has come to pass that each Senator dresses as he pleases.

Governor McCreary is a perfect contrast to Blackburn in looks, manners, temperament and in style of oratory. He is a most pronounced brunette and his hair is black as the raven's wing.

He is one of the suavest men I ever saw and divided with Julius Caesar Burrows the honor of being the Chesterfield of the House.

As the slang phrase runs out here, "he carries a bottle of oil with him always," to pour upon troubled waters. To put it another way, he takes hold of things by the smooth handle. But no man defends his principles with more courage. Perhaps his dignified and affable way of accomplishing things grows out of his having been Governor when only 37, and afterward Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs and Commissioner to the International Monetary Conference at Brussels; for we are all more or less creatures of habit and of environment.

It is an old saying that appearances are frequently deceptive, and no stranger looking at Governor McCreary's cheerful face and graceful gestures, or listening to his polished sentences, would ever suspect that he had had some of the most thrilling war experiences of any man in America. Yet such is the truth of history. He was the only man in Congress who had ever been confined in a penitentiary.

Ordinarily men are sent to the State's prison for felony, but young McCreary was locked up for taking part in a cavalry raid, which in boldness of conception eclipsed any performance in the military annals of the world, created consternation in three States and universal excitement throughout the country

This was General John H. Morgan's celebrated ride through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio. He was the Marion of the South and perhaps did more to annoy the Federal armies, cut their communications and break up their arrangements than any other man. He was singularly handsome, the ideal partisan ranger, with all the vim, dash and dare-devil spirit of Prince Rupert himself.

The armies of the Cumberland and Tennessee were often cold and hungry because Morgan and his troopers had unexpectedly captured their clothes and victuals.

The Kentuckians are born riders, and come as near being centaurs—half man and half horse—as any people who have lived on the globe since the close of the mythological age. What is a good deal more, they had the finest horses in the world to ride. If they could have had their way, 90 per cent of the Kentucky volunteers, both Union and Confederate, would have chosen the cavalry arm of the service. So when Morgan, who had in his youth served in the Mexican war, declared his intention of recruiting a company of cavalry for the Confederate Army, the young bloods of the Blue Grass region flocked to his standard in such numbers that his company soon swelled into a regiment and then into a brigade of such horsemen as Joachim Murat, would have delighted to lead at Marengo, Austerlitz or Wagram.

One of the chivalric youths who enlisted under him was Governor McCreary, who started in a private and came out a Lieutenant Colonel.

In 1863 Morgan, overestimating the endurance of man and beast and underestimating the modern facilities for concentrating troops, as well as the martial spirit of the stay-at-homes in the North, when danger was brought close to their own doors, took it into his adventurous head to carry the war into the enemy's country. So Morgan and his men, mounted on the pick of Kentucky thoroughbreds, started on their march to Fame's eternal camping ground. During the long and perilous ride through three States his men had little time to rest. So thoroughly fatigued were they by their hardships that many of them slept soundly for miles on their horses. Governor McCreary told me once that for many days he never pulled his clothes off and never once lay down to take a nap, but did all his sleeping on horseback. He also stated the curious fact that so much dust accumulated on them that on hot days in July, when the perspiration oozed out at every pore, their bodies were positively muddy from head to foot.

Morgan had not more than 100 men with him, one of these being Colonel McCreary, when he was captured by another Kentuckian, Colonel James Shackleford, rewarded for that exploit with a Brigadier Generalship, and subsequently with Judgeship in the Indian Territory.

Morgan and all his field officers, including General Basil Duke, Lieutenant Colonel McCreary and Captain Thomas H. Hines, now an ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of Kentucky, were locked up for safe-keeping in the Ohio Penitentiary, where most of them remained till the genius of Captain Hines conceived the brilliant project of liberating himself and his fellow-captives by tunneling out of prison. In the meantime Colonel McCreary had been transferred to Fort Delaware. His father being an old friend, as well as a distant relative of Mrs. Lincoln, secured from him permission for Colonel McCreary—an only son—to go to Europe and remain during the war, on his personal parole. This tempting offer the gallant young soldier refused, considering that its acceptance would be but a species of ill-disguised desertion. Again, he was made the victim of the lex talionis and was one of the Confederate officers chosen by the prison authorities to be taken to Charleston and exposed for weeks to the continued fire of the Confederate batteries. This was, perhaps, as severe an ordeal as any soldier ever endured. But McCreary survived it to enter upon a long and conspicuous political career.

### Senator Pritchard Must Go.

Statesville Landmark.

It doesn't look as if Senator Pritchard were in it any more A rupture has undoubtedly occurred between him and Senator Butler. The latter says, through his paper and otherwise, that free coinage of silver is the supreme issue and that no one who is not pledged to it is worthy of support and neither is any one who will support a candidate who is not. On the other hand Senator Pritchard says that while his votes in the Senate on the coinage question run parallel with those of Senator Butler, it is, after all, insignificant and unimportant, and meanwhile he is an enthusiastic boomer of Maj. McKinley for the Republican presidential nomination, the gentleman being not only not pledged to the free coinage of silver but being in fact a sound money man. If a Republican-Populist combination should control the next Legislature Mr. Butler cannot give his countenance to the re-election of his colleague without eating his own words. With the Populist strength fallen away from him Mr. Pritchard could not, of course, expect to succeed himself in the Senate, and it certainly seems as though it had left him. Besides that, he is not nearly as strong with his own party as he was when elected a little over a year ago. The Holton-Settle element has made great inroads upon him. His former intimacy with Butler and the Populists has weakened him with the stalwart Republicans, and altogether it appears that after a two-years' taste of senatorial life he is to be left in Madison. He is a very honest, manly sort of man, too. Without great ability and with still less cultivation, he has a good rugged sort of intellect, is a good partisan and a pretty clean fighter. But his senatorial days are numbered. Butler is figuring now on his new-found silver friend and associate, Dr. Mott, as his colleague in the Senate; and this is the feast to which his Democratic allies will be invited if the alliance is formed and succeeds at the polls.

### Butler's Vest Pocket Losing Nails.

Clinton Democrat.

Messrs. Smith and Peebles represent nobody but themselves in urging such a thing and Senator Butler's vest pocket does not now contain as much of the populist party as it once did. The office holding element, at least, is hanging out and will kick vigorously against any policy that would tend to deprive it of office as the proposed fusion would certainly do.





### BICYCLES IN FAVOR.

**What the Industry Represents in Invested Capital—Wheels This Year and Last.**

St. Louis Republic.

Something about bicycles from a business and financial standpoint. Has anyone an accurate or even a fairly well-defined idea of the amount of money invested in the business of making bicycles? Possibly very few persons not vitally interested are cognizant of the immensity of the industry. Twenty-five millions will hardly cover it. Yet that amount can be figured up to, and it is given by men who have been engaged in the business, and who devoted some thought and research in arriving at the estimate. All that amount is not invested in factories that turn out bicycles only. Part of it is in the rubber tire concerns and the factories that make bicycle appurtenances and accessories.

C. W. Dickerson, in a speech before the Cycle Board of Trade, asseverated that $15,000,000 is the amount of money invested in the factories of the country that make bicycles only, and that 65 per cent of the amount is invested in the Western States, against 35 per cent in the East. There are 150 factories, having an average capital of $100,000, and the latter average is undoubtedly a very conservative one. One firm has a capital stock of $1,000,000, and many others are up in the big thousands, whilst the great majority figure from $100,000 to $250,000.

The total product of 120 bicycle factories in the United States for the season of 1895 reached the astounding figure of 457,000 machines. The figures are interesting. The New England States had 24 factories and turned out 106,000 wheels. In New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland 13 factories produced 51,000 machines. In New York State 25 factories had an aggregate output of 60,000 bicycles. The rest of the 457,000 were produced in the West. In Ohio, Indiana and Michigan 35 factories built 90,000 machines, while Illinois, Missouri and Wisconsin, with 27 factories, contributed 144,000 wheels.

Taking the 457,000 wheels that were turned out complete in 1895 as the groundwork for the basing of an estimate of the 1896 output many large manufacturers have figured that from 900,000 to 1,000,000 new bikes will leave the factories this year. Almost every factory of any importance will double its output of 1895, and the shortage of those who do not will be more than made up by the new concerns that come into the business. The general talk among the manufacturers is of doubling last year's figures.

American bicycles are now sold in every clime and are pedaled over every soil. American firms have agencies in foreign lands. A bicycle show was but recently held in Venice, Italy, and American manufacturers had prominent displays there.