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An Englishman traveling in northern Africa received the following Moorish invitation to dinner: "To my Gracious Master, my Respected Lord: This evening, please God, when the king of the army of stars, the sun of the worlds, will turn toward the realm of shades and place his foot in the stirrup of speed, thou art besought to lighten us with the dazzling rays of thy face, rivaled only by the sun. Thy arrival, like a spring breeze, will dissipate the dark night of solitude and isolation."

Isaac S. Taylor, director of works for the St. Louis world's fair, acknowledged in a recent interview that he is unmarried. Since then he has received shoals of leap year proposals from all over the United States. This fact has been published, too, and now Mr. Taylor has received from an Oklahoma real estate man a request for a bunch of the letters. The stranger wants to get married, but desirable mates are scarce down his way, and he thinks that out of the many who have proposed to Taylor he (the Oklahoma man) might be able to find one to suit.

Professor J. Laurence Laughlin of the University of Chicago has been authorized by a Chicago business firm to offer four prizes for the best essays on topics relating to commerce and industry. The first prize will be \$1,000, the second \$500, the third \$300, and the fourth \$150, and any person who has received the degree of bachelor of arts from an American college since 1893 is eligible to compete. The essays are to be judged by Professor Laughlin, Professor Clark of Columbia, Professor Adams of the University of Michigan, Carroll D. Wright of Washington, and Horace White of New York.

Francis Wilson tells a story about a leading man of a theatrical company that had become stranded at Saginaw. The leading man installed himself at a hotel and lived a precarious life while waiting for remittances. One morning he rang the bell in his room for half an hour. Nobody answered. Then he went out into the hall, leaned over the railing and called: "Boy! Oh, boy!" "What is it?" snarled a heliboy from the lobby beneath. "Have you seen anything of my laundry?" "Aw, g'wan!" said the boy. "You ain't had but one shirt since you've been here." "That," said the actor, with great dignity, "is the one to which I refer."

That formalin may be used for preserving milk without disadvantage to the consumer is shown by the recently published researches of Behring. He has established that formalin will keep milk from souring even in the small proportion of 1 to 4,000, and that the most sensitive animals take it without apparently detecting the addition of the drug and persons are unable to tell the milk thus treated from pure milk. He tabulates the results of tests which showed that the addition of 1 to 10,000 formalin kept the milk from souring for six days. Calves fed on this formalinized milk thrived better than calves under the same conditions but fed upon fresh milk.

It is related by the Kansas City Journal that Bill Fisher, of Holton, Kansas, bought a horse a short time ago. It was a fine actor and had a good color. When Bill led it into the barn he discovered that it was blind. A few days later Bill hitched the horse up and drove him around. A friend of his got stuck on the animal and asked Bill what he would take for it. "Well, that horse cost me \$185," said Bill. "I always like to make a little on a horse trade. If you want the horse you can have him for \$175." The friend got it and drove around town and then bought the horse. That evening he also discovered that the horse was blind. He met Bill on the street the next day. "Why didn't you tell me that horse was blind?" he asked Bill. "Well, I'll tell you why," said Bill. "The man I bought him of didn't say anything about it and I took it that he didn't want anybody to know it."

Dr. Yamel Kin, the first Chinese woman doctor to graduate in America, is now revisiting this country. In a recent address before the New England Women's club on "The Women of China" the doctor said that the Chinese woman, despite her subordinate position before the law, has often great power in the

family, owing sometimes to her intelligence and force of character, sometimes to her sharp tongue. She illustrated this by the Chinese story of "The Three Hen-Pecked Husbands." Three men who were hen-pecked used to meet secretly every evening in a small deserted temple on the outskirts of the village to console with one another and deplore their hard lot. One evening a wag of the village, to give them a fright, struck his head in and cried, "The three venerable sisters-in-law" (the polite name for other men's wives) are coming down the street, each with a broom stick! Two of the hen-pecked husbands ran for their lives; but, discovering after a while that it was a false alarm, they came back, and found the third man sitting still where they had left him. They complimented him on his courage in not running, but he made no answer. He had died of fright!

COMFORTABLE FARMING. They say that farming in Kansas isn't quite what it used to be when the land was new, but some of the farmers there now get along comfortably. For instance, a farmer in Neosho county, who has found gas under his land. A well sunk for oil yielded gas, and now he keeps six stoves going in his house, lights every room, including hall and cellar, has gas heaters in his coops and hog pens, a furnace out doors for cooking food for his live stock, a gas engine to shell corn, grind feed and pump water, turn grindstones and work the churn, a gaslight with reflector to light the barnyard, a contrivance to illuminate the barn when he opens the door, and heaters for water tanks in the field, so that his cattle may drink tepid water all the winter if they want it.

And yet perhaps this Kansas farmer is grunting because he didn't strike oil. For the real happy, happy farmer you will have to look in Connecticut, where the farmer expects little and gets from that down to nothing.

THE SERVICE PENSION. The news comes from Washington that the service pension bill is approved by President Roosevelt and that he wishes it passed as an administration measure. This fact has been communicated to the leaders in the House and Senate and they are now figuring to see how much money the treasury can spare in wholesale disbursements among the veterans who are not already on the pension rolls. Considerable surprise was manifested in the house when it became authoritatively known that President Roosevelt wanted a service pension bill passed. He called several of the Republican leaders to the White House last week and told them it was essential that such a measure should be adopted. No attempt is now made to conceal the fact that the legislation is for purely political purposes. The G. A. R. men have let it be known that the Democrats propose to take up their cause in the coming Presidential campaign. The Democratic platform is expected to contain a plank favoring a general service pension bill. This is the word, at any rate, that has reached the White House, and the administration leaders came to the conclusion that it would be a big blunder to let the Democrats steal their thunder. Consequently it was determined that the present congress should pass such a bill at least through the House, in order that the Republican party might get the credit for it.

So reports the Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle, who generally gets things right. Great game, isn't it?

THE DUTY OF A SON-IN-LAW. Mothers-in-law must be properly treated. If they are not sometimes they can take care of themselves and sometimes the law can help them. The Supreme court of Indiana has lately decided a case that tends to establish the duty of a son-in-law to treat his mother-in-law with at least as much consideration as he would an unrelated person. The complainant in the case, a Mrs. Casper of Noble county, entrusted her son-in-law, D. K. Hitchcock, with a sum of money to be invested for her. Mr. Hitchcock, it seems, was a lodge member and had great confidence in the honor of his fellow-lodge members, so much confidence that he loaned his mother-in-law's money to a brother member without taking due precautions in the matter of security. Acting upon her son-in-law's advice, she did not press for a return of the money, or even for interest, for eight years, when the borrower had lost his farm through a mortgage foreclosure. Hitchcock denied that he was liable for the money, but she entered suit to recover it from him. The Supreme court has decided in her favor, holding that the loan was made on worthless security by Hitchcock, whom she trusted implicitly, and the opinion further declares that, "being her son-in-law, he owed her a duty, and when she suffered through his carelessness he should make the loan good."

Of course, a son-in-law has no right to lose his mother-in-law's money just because he had the good fortune to marry her charming daughter.

Bacon—Our dear young uncle is to lecture on "Our Great Waterways." What does he know about waterways? Egbert—Why, he was in Wall Street for six years!—Yonkers Statesman.

RUSSIAN NEWS IN PARIS. There may be some lively Russian news in Paris occasionally. Under the supervision of M. de Plehve a paper has been founded in Paris entitled La Revue Russe, whose object will be the contradiction of all information unfavorable to the Russian bureaucracy. The Russian revolutionary Socialist party, not to be behindhand, are about to publish La Tribune Russe, which will reply to the inspired utterances of M. de Plehve's organ. Its editor, M. E. Roubanovitch, is in constant relation with the Russian revolutionary movement. Many of the secret documents issued by the Russian government, which fall into the hands of Russian revolutionists, are forwarded to him. Thus the first number of his new paper will contain an extract of the minutes and the recommendations made by the Car's commission on the reorganization of the provincial administrations. This commission, presided over by M. de Plehve, after examining the status of the provincial governors, proposed "to confer on them more effective means than those which they actually possess for the exercise of their rights of surveillance and to create such conditions as shall enable the governors to be the veritable directors of their governments, in respect to all the branches of their administration."

THE HAVEN DAYS. Our hearts are gone out and our hearts are broken. And but the ghosts of homes to us remain. And glancing eyes and hollow sighs give From friend to friend of an unspoken pain. O Haven days, dark Haven days of sorrow, Bring to us in your whetted ivory beaks Some sign out of the far land of to-morrow, Some strip of sea-green dawn, some orange streak. Ye float in dusky files, forever croaking. Ye call our manhood with your dreary shade. Dumb in the dark, not even God invoking. We lie in chains, too weak to be afraid. O Haven days, dark Haven days of sorrow, Will ever any warm light come again? Will ever the lit mountains of to-morrow Begin to gleam athwart the mournful plain? —Sidney Lanier.

SOME RESULTS OF FEEDING THE BIRDS.

When, a short time ago, the work of saving the starving birds was begun by distributing food in the gardens, fields and woods, many people were sceptical as to results. I heard honest doubts expressed concerning the probability of the wild birds approaching very close to food which lay in the fields, on the bare spaces cleared with snow shovels. It was suggested that these spaces would look so unnatural that most birds would be suspicious and would keep away on general principles. The results have shown that in future no one need allow such doubts to deter them from handling a snow-shovel in this good cause; whatever suspicions the birds may have had, they evidently laid them aside very promptly, and took care that whatever other evils might befall, death by starvation should be avoided.

In my own town, Stoneham, Mass., forty men and boys, mostly students of the High School, in one morning established about fifty feeding stations for the birds, over an area of about ten square miles, and in many cases there were immediate results. The leader of one squad reported that at one point, even as the grain was being scattered on the uncovered ground, a flock of twenty quail approached within six feet of the relief party, and moved away only because a newspaper representative who was present tried to get too close a snap-shot of them. This flock of quail returned to the spot the next day, and with them were many other species, and as they were unmolested it is not doubted that they will visit this feeding station as often as they are in need of food. Personally, I was present at the establishment, of eight feeding stations, and when I inspected these the next day I found that every one of them had been visited by birds. Judging by the foot-prints in and about the cleared spaces, two had been patronized by crows only, but small birds were feeding or had been feeding at all the others. At one place, all busy eating were enjoying themselves, hopping about and filling their throats and bills with cracked corn, afterwards flying off with their carcases. At another point I saw a mixed flock of twenty juncos and tree sparrows; at another a flock of ten tree sparrows with a house sparrow among them, and at still another there was a flock of thirty snow buntings. At one place where snow had been tied to the branches and trunk of a tree there was a flock of eight chickadees, all busy eating or carrying away little lumps to store in the bark of other trees, and not far off on the side of a road, a red-breasted nuthatch was hammering vigorously at a piece of frozen fat which he had discovered nailed to a branch. Reports from other members of the relief party showed that of the twenty feeding stations inspected within forty-eight hours after their establishment, there were only two which did not show signs of having been visited by birds. One of the two cannot properly be counted, as it consisted of a

quantity of suet which, to all appearances, had been carried off by a red squirrel. Many birds were seen in the act of feeding, tree sparrows, juncos, chickadees, house sparrows and snow buntings having been observed in the greatest numbers. That this movement has been spreading from the start, and that it is still spreading rapidly, is due very largely to the efforts of the press. Editors all over the country, realizing that an effort to save the wild birds was of national importance, have given, and are still giving, to the subject an amount of space out of all proportion to its actual news value. Marked copies of papers are coming in from everywhere showing that not only have articles and editorials been written concerning the best way to relieve the birds, but that these articles and editorials have been copied and recopied by the papers which were unable to get the facts at first hand. That this good work of the press is bearing the fruit deserved, is evidenced by the numbers of letters which reach us here from people who have read of the work done in other places,

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and who are now doing all they can in their own part of the country. And their efforts are, in many cases, being directly rewarded, by a closer friendship with the birds themselves. One lady writes that "her" chickadees have become so tame that they alight upon her hand to be fed, and a man reports that a flock of snow buntings which feed on last-year's seed for them on the lawn actually fly toward him when they see him coming. We have here a red-breasted nuthatch which allows us to put our fingers upon his back while he is feeding, and our experience with chickadees has been so remarkable that I almost hesitate to tell of it. There has not been a day, since January 9 that the members of our household have not had chickadees upon their hands, shoulders and faces as often as they cared for, and they cared for very often. These tiny birds have lost all fear of us, and come to meet us half a mile from the house. Only last Saturday, a friend who was walking with me in the country, and who knew nothing about our birds, was greatly astonished to see a chickadee come down at a whistle, alight upon my hand, and sit for five minutes eating a piece of walnut which I held between my thumb and finger. ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

CROWDED. Miss Gayzet—I believe they come of good, old New England stock. Mr. Ticker—Yes? Common or preferred?—Puck. Mamma—There, Gladys! Don't be so very, very boisterous! Small Gladys—I ain't boisterous, mamma; I am just a little girlish!—Puck. Mother—Willie, come here! Willie—No, I won't. Mother—Come, darling, I'll give you a doughnut if you'll let mother whip you.—Chicago Daily News. "Has your flying machine ever been actually used?" "Yes," answered the young inventor, sadly. "The folks used it for kindling last week."—Washington Star. Philanthropist—Why did you change the title of "The Ladies' Home" to "Old Ladies' Home?" Mrs. Du Goodie—It was becoming too crowded.—New York Weekly. "In America," said the traveler, "it is considered wrong to have more than one wife." "It is not merely wrong," answered the sultan as he glanced apprehensively at the harem; "it's foolish."—Washington Star. Citiman—How old is Uncle Si Peters? Josh Medders—Waal, he's old enough to know better. He wuz took in by a bunko man last week. Citiman—Ah! then he has reached what you may properly call a "green old age."—Philadelphia Press.

NEW YORK'S AUCTION ROOMS. A far wider circle than the uninitiated and uninterested suspect is keenly concerned in all that passes in the auction rooms of New York city. The story of these auction rooms, their sales, and their salesmen, and their visitors, will be the subject of Albert Bigelow Paine's "Bric-a-brac Auctions in New York" in the February Century. In his article Mr. Paine will quote the proprietor of one of the largest auction concerns in the metropolis as saying: "The art auction in New York has become a social event, and many of those who come for entertainment remain to learn. It is true they are likely to pay something for their knowledge, but they are usually able to do so, and the possession of these beautiful, curious and antique things gives them a new interest in some art or place or period, while the study of the objects themselves develops refinement of taste. I have known men of means to begin a collec-

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tion through the purchase of a single article, bought because some one of culture was bidding for it. With ownership came awakening interest, information, taste and the greed of collecting. If a busy man, a broker perhaps, the auction room in time becomes his refreshment and recreation after a hard day on the street, a place to meet his wife and daughter, a field of friendly though spirited battle with some associate of the Exchange. "Yes, it seems a pity sometimes to break up and scatter a magnificent collection; but, after all, it means greater good to a greater number to distribute it than to keep it where few besides the owner and his friends ever see it—better even than to give it to a museum." The public auction, Mr. Paine claims, was well known to Roman civilization, and it is probable that the selling of statuary, pictures and collections of curios had its beginning in that time of conquest and vandalism when the splendor of the Orient became the plunder of Rome.

WHERE JAPAN AND RUSSIA SEEK SUPREMACY. Seoul, the capital of Cho-sen, is built amidst a network of hills eighteen miles from the sea. It is an ancient walled city, fortified in the strongest way by walls that would drive any but an Asiatic army forthwith into the ocean. It is poor in appearance, but rich in fleets. On autumn nights there frequently contest the right of way with belated pedestrians, and this is the chief reason why one has the entire street to oneself in a moonlight stroll after eight o'clock. Metaphorically, one can scarcely see the town for the bald, bulbous and bullet-headed Buddhist priests who fatten on the superstition of the populace, and lead licentious lives in the adjacent monasteries. Barring an occasional court function marked by street processions, Seoul is triumphantly devoid of sights interesting to a traveler. The streets lack entirely those picturesque characteristics of a Chinese or Japanese thoroughfare, and a vista across the Korean house-tops in one of appalling monotony. One seeks in vain for attractive souvenirs. In the small shops of Seoul, Japanese beer, matches, cigarettes and cheap crockery form the chief stock in trade, while long-stemmed Korean pipes and metal-banded Korean knives are offered in the more preten-

DEATH IN THE STREETS. Waste of life in America has often been alluded to in these columns, but no illustration is more striking than the fact that in New York City during the last year 635 individuals have been killed in traffic accidents. How reckless we are as to human lives is shown by the comparative figures for London, where—in a larger city—there have been only 158 deaths in the same way. It is said that the Merchant Association of New York has resolved to pursue reform work in this matter by all the methods in its power, especially by such devices as may prevent the unnecessary number of accidents. For instance, the use of a new fender on trolley cars, which has been in successful use in Liverpool, England, is to be encouraged. The reckless speeding of these cars should be stopped. The fact that trolley accidents are more numerous in Brooklyn than in Manhattan demonstrates that it is not congestion of traffic alone that is responsible for the fatalities. Grade crossings of steam cars must be abolished, a reform that at once lessens accidental deaths in a marked degree.—American Magazine.

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District of New Haven, ss. Probate Court, February 11, 1904. ESTATE OF CATHERINE SHERBORN, late of Orange, in said District, deceased. The Court of Probate for the District of New Haven hath limited and appointed six months from the date hereof, the creditors of said deceased to bring in their claims against said estate. Those who neglect to exhibit their claims within said time will be barred. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to WM. PARKIN, Executor.

District of New Haven, ss. Probate Court, February 11, 1904. ESTATE OF ALFRED P. ROCKWELL, late of Manchester, Mass., owing property in said District, deceased. An instrument in writing, purporting to be a duly authenticated and exemplified copy of the last will and testament of said deceased, and the proceedings of the Probate Court for Essex County, Mass., providing and establishing the same, having been presented in Court, and Katharine D. W. Rockwell of Manchester, Mass., having made written application praying that the same may be filed and recorded, and that letters testamentary may be granted, as by said application on file in this Court more fully appears, it is ORDERED, That said application be heard and determined at a Court of Probate to be held at New Haven, in said District, on the 18th day of February, 1904, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and that public notice of the pendency of said application, and of the time and place of the hearing thereon, be given all parties interested in said estate, by publishing this order three times in a newspaper having a circulation in said District. By order of Court, JAMES KINGSLEY BLAIR, Clerk.

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