

REFORMING PRINTERS' INK.

Good Books and Papers Should Displace Those of Evil Tendency.

At the Pan-American congress held in Toronto, recently, the following remarks were made by Rev. Arthur Edwards, editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, Chicago:

Nature abhors a vacuum. A boy is sure to read something. At the same time, a boy does not read two books at once. If you would have him read the better book, be sure that it is written, printed, and provided within his reach. I know of no greater, grander career for an author than the writing of muscular, attractive, pure, safe reading for the young. All people are young before they are older. You may be sure of that constituency, as any frank bookshop owner can tell you. While your learned little army allows your volumes on history, science, and philosophy to languish, the "Nickel Library," with its rapid or evil leaflets, is sold by car loads. Drummmond's "Ascent of Man" ascends to a scale of a few thousands, while "Sweeney Todd, the Ruffian Barber," or "Ned, the Mounted Terror of the Plains," sells and slays their tens of thousands. Now, just as even a savage will leave his heels to enjoy your oysters and salad, so a boy, who is a keen judge of character, will leave the forest and frontier stories and fairly enjoy the superior book. During the World's Fair great crowds of people who never heard a word about the "Canons of Criticism of Printing" stood enraptured before some of the masterpieces on canvas. Your genuine boy, who is a born critic, and anyone it need be is sure to recognize every touch of nature, and applaud a genuine performance on stage, in ordinary life, or in book.

What nonheart shall organize the presses of the world to deliver the armies of children from the ruthless infidels who feast upon the moral flesh of our darlings? Fame, fortune, and undying human gratitude await the dedicated genius who shall become the Defoe of purer lives for youth, the Cervantes who writes of the genuine and better chivalry, or the Bunyan who tells of a modern pilgrimage toward the Beulah lands of improved, unsoiled manhood. I should prefer to be the author of an elevating, commanding book for youth than the writer of Milton's "Paradise Lost," or the president of a peace congress which should abolish war among men forever.

Next to the bad books are the idle books, which begot idle people. These modern paper-bound press expectations are a bane to society. This spawn of an idle devil is immense in proportions. Our American Postmaster General reported to the last Congress that, under the guise of "second class matter," which passes through the mails at cheaper rates, these books defrauded the government out of about \$17,000,000 of postage in one year. You may conjecture its market value. The idle trash of the presses is appalling in extent. At times it seems to me that I should prefer insane activity to inactivity. Next to outbreasting sin is uselessness in this needy world. The mind of some men is like the home of the unclean spirit, which was swept and garnished in his absence and made all the more horrible room for the seven other spirits more wicked than himself. Very naturally that man's last state became worse than the first.

The moral seems patent and obvious. Just as I have said, the boys can be won to better reading, and so can adults be won. With all these printed incitements toward bad and useless reading, which are worse epidemics than are the cholera and yellow fever, there lack not those who savor at the pulpit and affect to wonder why religion does not conquer the world in this century. The misused and misapplied press is a power which can be met on its own grounds alone. In times past we have said that God calls men to preach the gospel and to discipline the nations. The calls remain, but the organ to be used in obedience is the pen rather than the voice.

The total annual issues of the daily papers of the United States and Canada yield about three and one-half copies to each inhabitant of the world each year. Those countries alone have 2,100, dailies, 2,270 monthlies, and nearly 16,000 weeklies. The total in the States and Canada of all kinds of papers is over 20,000. It is estimated that the world has about 50,000 papers—Germany, 6,000; Great Britain, 8,000; France, 4,500; Japan, 2,000; Asia, outside of Japan, 1,000 Italy, 1,500; Russia, 850; Greece, 600; and so on.

The advance is suggested by the contrast between the hand press still in use in some Western and Southern towns, and the modern press which can print 75,000 copies of an eight-page newspaper in an hour. Running at that rate for ten hours it can produce 6,000,000 of pages.

A few of such presses running all the time for steel does not tire out—would soon supply all the inhabitants of the world. Measure, if one can, the responsibility of the men who should prepare the reading matter for that mighty issue of such a paper. Identify, if one can, the single thought which might best pervade that single issue!

"La Fayette" (Reina Victoria) cigars 5cts.

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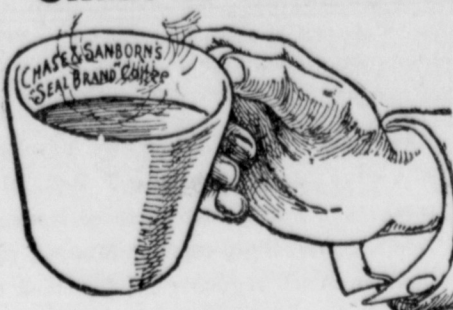
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WILLIAM CLARK

DON'TS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Quite a List of Them in the Matter of the Clothes They are Wearing.

The New York Journal comes out with the latest list, and pleasure is in reproducing some of them.

"Don't," says the eminent authority, with a note of entreaty on the don't, much as though tears stood in the writers eyes, "don't wear ready-made cravats of any sort. A home-made tie, however awkwardly done, is preferable to one of those uncompromising affairs stiffly made up."

Of course there would be no objection to this were it not for the fact that many decent men, who would neither rob a stage coach nor cut a throat, are at the present moment going through life with a ready-made tie on. Ready-made ties are no longer the sign of pauperism, degradation, what you will, and however much fussy writers may insist that no decent person can wear them, many decent persons will go on wearing them to the bitter end.

There are reasons for it. Some men cannot learn to tie a decent bow, and as all men do not have valets, the next best thing to do seems to be to go to a haberdasher and, throwing yourself upon his mercy, make full confession of your weakness.

Thereby you gain a view of all sorts of beautiful things and see bows ready set, which are by no means stiff and are away and beyond the home-tied ones in beauty and utility.

Now comes the rest of the "don'ts."

Don't carry a cane to church.

Don't wear a white tie to a man's dinner.

Don't wear tan shoes with a cutaway coat.

Don't wear a Derby hat with an Inverness topcoat.

Don't wear a silk hat with a light-colored topcoat.

Don't wear colored collars under any circumstances.

Don't wear a light-colored topcoat with an evening suit.

Don't wear a Norfolk jacket with an outing costume.

Don't wear shoes with extremely pointed toes. The round English toe is in better taste.

Don't wear a paddock coat except to the races, id a trap, on a bench, or for the morning promenade.

Don't wear driving coats or mackintoshes with large pearl buttons. They look cheap and are loud.

Don't wear Tuxedo, Cowes, or Coring jackets, as they are indifferently named, to affairs where women are expected.

Don't have coat, trousers, and traveling or bicycle cap from the same piece of cloth. A harmonious variety is pleasing.

Don't wear collar buttons and studs with diamond settings. Unobtrusive diamond links are permissible for evening wear.

It would seem that the fashionable man—and the don'ts are addressed to the fashionable man—would not need such severe coaching, but we suppose that there are men who mix their derby and their "topper," their "paddock" and their "Inverness" in much the same manner that some women do diamonds and cotton gowns.

But these ironclad rules must at times be broken by young men of limited means, because a young man of limited means cannot afford to have all sorts of coats and hats, and yet at the same time fashion and a reasonable degree of economy are not so incompatible as is generally imagined.

Good taste is as much a factor in man's as in woman's dress, and the man of good taste, however poor, will never be dressed very badly, as the man with poor taste, no matter how bulky his pocketbook, will hardly ever be dressed well.

So, after all, these don'ts might as well be consigned to the waste paper basket, for the good dresser does not need them, and the bad dresser will not heed them.

"Creme de la creme"

DON'T KILL THE DOG.

Advice to Persons Who Have Been Bitten And Fear Hydrophobia.

"If you are bitten by a dog, don't kill the beast, but take every precaution to let him live for a few days at least." Prof. Logoria, chief of the Pasteur Institute in Chicago, made this statement to a reporter, and he is supposed to be an authority.

"It's a great mistake people make, he said, 'to start at once to kill a dog that has bitten them, or have it killed. It has been proved scientifically, and is admitted now by all physicians who are posted, that hydrophobia is not a spontaneous disease and cannot be given to a person by a dog bite unless the dog be mad when it causes the wound. The dog's condition, if it be mad, will be manifested within two days, or two weeks at the latest. By permitting it to live, therefore, the physicians can tell definitely whether the person bitten is liable to have hydrophobia. If the dog goes mad during that time they know the person may be inoculated with the same dread disease, and may have the same fate. If the dog does not go mad then there is no fear of hydrophobia, and the wound can be treated as any other wound would be. By killing the dog you destroy the chance of certainty as to the fate of the person bitten, and leave the imagination full rein to fear the worst results, when it might have been possible to know in advance that hydrophobia was impossible."

"Of course," continued the Doctor, "There are exceptions to this rule that will suggest themselves to persons. When a dog is so vicious that to leave it alive is to endanger other people, then the first duty would be to destroy it, unless it could be carefully secluded where the possibility of harm would be removed. But even in such cases where the dog is killed it should be done by a physician, who should keep a portion of the brain, by which can be determined whether the dog had rabies or not."

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CAN A CAB FLY.

An Aerotautic Lothario's Question That Won the Jehu's Wife Away.

Mrs. Carey of Philadelphia knew a thing or two. She had grown weary of Henry Carey, and was dying to run away with somebody, but Henry was a hackman and was afraid that he might catch her wherever she might go. A year ago last Fourth of July there was a balloon ascension in Philadelphia, and Mrs. Carey was in the throng. She was near enough to the balloon to use her eyes on the aeronaut. The aeronaut was of a reciprocating disposition, and somehow or other before nightfall he had asked her to elope with him.

"But my husband is a cabman, and will catch us."

"Can a cab fly?" asked the gay Lothario, derisively. "You be ready for me to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock."

Mrs. Carey was ready. Mr. Carey when he came home to lunch had observed that his wife seemed ill at ease, and he suspected her. When he went away he did not go around the corner as usual but drew up and just drove down town. There he alighted and glued his eye to the wall where he could look up the street without danger of observation. At 2 o'clock the wicked aeronaut rolled into the street without danger of observation, alighted at Mrs. Carey's door, and softly rapped. He was admitted and two minutes later reappeared with Mrs. Carey. They looked up and down the street. Apparently there was no one to interfere. They hurried into the coach and drove off in a direction opposite to that where Mr. Carey was stationed. In a moment he had mounted his box and was driving like an old Jehu in pursuit.

Mrs. Carey heard a rattling of wheels behind. She looked out of the little window at the back of the coach and screamed, "He's onto us!"

But the aeronaut smiled scornfully. He ordered the driver to go faster. In a few moments they were almost a square ahead of the pursuing husband. Presently they turned a corner, and there, in a vacant lot, the balloon swung lightly, and gleamed in the sun. Out they scrambled, chased through the grass to the balloon, and clambered into the basket. The villain glanced across the street. The pursuer had just dismounted and was puffing and panting as he galloped toward them. There was the glitter of a knife in the villain's hand. Thud! thud! thud! One after another the ropes that held the balloon were severed, and just as the husband stretched out his hand to seize the basket, it slipped lightly aside and rose swiftly heavenward.

Mr. Carey watched the balloon until it was a mere speck in the sky, and then returning to his cab, he drove slowly home. From that day until last week he heard nothing of his erring spouse. He stumbled upon her at a bargain sale of gingham umbrellas in Wanamaker's. "Hello!" said he. "Ain't dead yet, eh? How's what's his name?"

"Oh, pretty fair. How's the children?"

"Only so-so, Jimmy's broke out with prickly heat, and Molly ate too much watermelon yesterday."

"Do you mean to tell me you've been giving those children watermelon?"

"That's what, and we're going to have one tomorrow. Only way I can keep 'em good's to promise 'em melon."

"Well, I'm just going home with you. It's plain to be seen you ain't fit to bring up children."

"But how about your new man?"

"Oh, he can find a new woman. Come along."

This is about the way one would expect a Philadelphia elopement to end.—But-falo Courier.

"Creme de la creme"

THAT TERRIBLE BLACK FLY.

The Great Pest of Camping Parties in the Forests of America.

Summer boarders who make night hoarse with execrations at the tuneless mosquito should tackle the black fly of the American wilderness before so outrageously damning the Jersey insect. Although it is smaller than the mosquito, yet when a brace of black flies are about the mosquito isn't in it.

In its diet the black fly is not fastidious. It lunches where it lands, without formality or by your leave. When it departs the tortured flesh rises in bumps calculated to destroy the reason of the most level-headed phenologist. The centre of the swelling is marked by a minute point, which, if investigated closely, proves to be a chunk of cuticle cut bodily from the victim. The swelling lasts a day away its sometimes it stays a week, and with its departure goes the salvation of the victim. The aftermath of the black fly bite is an angry red bump like unto the rash of the measles. Sometimes it is situated in the middle of a camper's nose.

The black fly loafs about all the great forests of the northeast America. But it has no home, it is always abroad. Like the vulture it soars in the crystal atmosphere looking for whom it may devour. But unlike the carrion bird, it unfortunately does not wait for the death of its prey. It prefers it alive. A city man once asked an Adirondack guide what the people in the woods had to keep themselves occupied when there were no city folks about.

"Oh, well," answered the guide, "some of us die sometimes, and we fight each other, and some of us get shot, may be, and then"—brightening up—"we has the black flies. They come on snow-shoes and go away on skates, and while they sneak about the woods, campers and guides and forest-folks spend the days fighting them off, and at night pour them out of the shoes and pockets and give the poor mosquitoes a chance to keep from starving."

There are three ways of obtaining intermittent peace from the assaults of the black fly. One by sitting in the stifling, blinding fumes of pink wood smudge, the second by painting your face with tar oil, the third by keeping away from the woods. The last is the really only successful method, for where there are Adirondacks there are black flies. New York World.

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