

men who were waiting. When the last girl was out the men left the building:

"I stuck to the car until the ropes parted," said young Smith, "and then I began to get faint. Some one reached in and pulled me out just in time to save my life. The larger part of the girls were in the dressing-rooms when the fire broke out, and they all tried to get out at once. A great many tried to crowd into the elevator and it was hard work to keep it going. I made as many trips as I could, I guess."—Chronicle of December 31.

Another stage hero of the fire was James Dougherty, a fly man. During the heat of the blaze on the stage he climbed to the flies and with a hatchet severed the ropes that held the scenery.

One by one the burning "drapes" fell to the stage and then Dougherty, imprisoned in the loft, leaped 40 feet to the burning stage below and crawled to the door, where he succeeded in reaching the street. He fractured his leg and suffered severe burns, but last night he was reported to be out of danger.—Chronicle of January 1.

THE PRESIDENT'S PANAMA POLICY.

The President's Panama policy was discussed at the Vine Street Congregational church, Cincinnati, January 3, by the pastor, Herbert S. Bigelow.

It happens as it happened of old!
Still Naboth's vineyard we behold!
—Goethe's Faust.

These are the words of Mephistopheles.

Faust had turned reformer. He had conceived the project of benefiting mankind by building dikes and canals, and thus making habitable vast regions hitherto overrun by the sea. In this worthy enterprise he was balked by an aged couple who refused to sell their homestead, a location which Faust needed in his scheme of improvement.

This ancient pair looked with distrust upon Faust's innovations. They did not wish to give themselves the pain of new thoughts and new ways. Faust became very impatient, and confessed to Mephistopheles that one "grows tired, at last, of being just."

This was the Devil's opportunity. He suggested a resort to force. Faust replied: "Then go, and clean them out with speed."

A MODERN PARALLEL.

Now note a modern parallel. The scheme of improvement to-day contemplates the cutting of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. But the Colom-

bians did not wish to sell. It appears that Mephistopheles whispered into the ear of the President the same advice which he gave to Faust. It is now known that when the Panama revolution broke out the President had written, and was on the eve of presenting to Congress, a message in which he proposed that since Colombia would not sell the isthmus, we should go down with troops and seize it. The revolution changed things. But the President was just about to say to the army as Faust said to the Devil:

Then go, and clean them out with speed!

But we must say this for Faust, that he soon repented of his crime. When the Devil returned from this forcible ejection to tell his story of pillage and murder, Faust repudiated the unholy work, saying:

Exchange I meant, not robbery.
The inconsiderate, savage blow
I curse! Bear ye the guilt and go!
THE PRESIDENT'S DEFENSE.

But the President's argument is as ingenious as any which Mephistopheles could have invented. The onward march of civilization requires that canal. Virtually we are civilization. If the Colombians reject our offer, shall we permit them to stand in our—that is, in civilization's—way? But little Colombia asks: "What gives you the right to speak for civilization?" The answer is: "Our navy."

"But," says the President, "it is unreasonable to allow these Colombians to block the way to progress, because, forsooth, the accident of position has placed them in control of the isthmus."

SHALL WE EVICT THE ASTORS?

Very well, Mr. President, suppose we take another case. Here is Manhattan Island. Like the isthmus, it is a favored spot on the earth's surface, because civilization has great need of it. Its location and not its owners have made it valuable. These owners collect millions a year in ground rents as the tribute which they exact from the inhabitants of the island. Does the President propose that we call out the militia and evict the Astors? Henry George proposed to evict them peaceably by gradually saddling upon their ground rents the total burden of taxation. If the President believed in this Single Tax principle, if he saw the injustice of allowing toll-gates anywhere on the highways of civilization, we might find a kind of brutal consistency in his Panama policy. But we cannot enthuse over that type of statesman who rushes off in great haste to force upon other people a principle which is constitutionally violated at

home. Suppose Colombia were Russia, Mr. President?

You can find a brave and generous man here and there, but where is the nation that is above playing the bully and the coward?

DONOVAN RECITES AN ORIGINAL POEM,

WHICH REMINDS MULLIGAN OF A SERMON, WHICH HE REHEARSES TO THE COMPANY.

For The Public.

Mr. Donovan came in rather later than usual, and did not join in the conversation so freely as was his wont. He seemed preoccupied; and Mulligan noticed that his lips moved, occasionally, as if he were talking to himself. Naturally reprobating such unsocial conduct on the part of a boon companion, he finally said:

"Buy me a tickud, Donovan."

"Put me nixt!" butted in Mr. Flynn, the storekeeper.

"Phwat the divil d' yous fellys know about poethry?" ejaculated Donovan, with malapropos and disconcerting abruptness.

"Poethry! the man's crayzee!" exclaimed Mulligan, taking the pipe from his mouth, and forgetting to close the latter, in his surprise.

"Is ut nutty y'are, Donovan?" inquired Mr. Flynn, with mock solicitude.

"Indade Oi'm not," said Donovan, "but Oi've composed a pome—"

"Out wid ut, thin," cried Mulligan; "sure, it's meself that composed many a foine pome—befoor Oi was married!"

"Kape sthills, thin, an' Oi'll raycite ut t' yez." Whereupon everybody expressed eagerness to hear it, and pressed the hesitating, blushing bard to proceed, which, at last, he did:

"Ye'll know," he precluded, "the toitle av the pome is . . ."

ME PANAMA HAT AN' MEGYURL.

"Oi made a foine Panama hat—"

"Is that the pome ye're rayceoitin' now?" interjected Mulligan.

"It is."

"All roight; on'y Oi t'ought ye was talkin' troo ye're panama hat! Begin agin, plaze, f'r Oi've losht the conniction."

"Will yez kape sthills, thin?"

"Sure t'ing," answered Mulligan, and Donovan resumed:

"Oi made a foine Panama hat, And that hat made me luk loike a flat—"

"The hat didn't hov mooch to do," murmured Mulligan.

"Begorra!" added Mr. Flynn, "Oi'm t'ink'n he was none the worse for the hat!" whereupon Donovan, in dudgeon, started for the front door.

"Howld on, Donovan!" cried Mulli-