

cultivation of the soil so profitable that thus far these opportunities have been neglected.

With the exception of the United States, Costa Rica is the only country in America that maintains the gold standard of money; and it has an excellent foreign credit, which has been secured by the punctilious observance of its obligations, the prompt payment of its interest and the honest and economical management of its finances. Rafael Yglesias, the president, has just been elected to a second term, according to the custom of the country; and if he continues the wise administration of affairs that hitherto has marked his career the immediate future promises rapid advancement for the little republic.—Wm. Eleroy Curtis, in *The Forum*.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN NEW ZEALAND.

In New Zealand women have the right to vote for members of the legislature. The law extending suffrage to them went into effect in 1893. The population of Christ church (census of 1891) was 31,454. The first election under the law was held in November, 1893. Number of men who voted, 6,313; number of women who voted, 5,989. These figures ought to convince us that women are not as indifferent about politics as some people would have us believe. In New Zealand, as a whole, the estimated adult female population was 139,915; of these, 109,461 qualified and registered their names on the rolls—78.23 per cent. of the whole. Of these, 90,290, went to the polls and voted. Do men ever turn out better than that in America or elsewhere?

Here is a remark to the other sex's credit, too—I take it from the official report: "A feature of the election was the orderliness and sobriety of the people. Women were in no way molested."

In the New Zealand law occurs this: "The word person whenever it occurs throughout the act includes women." That is promotion, you see. By that enlargement of the word, the matron with the garnered wisdom and experience of 50 years becomes at one jump the political equal of her callow kid of 21.—Mark Twain, in *More Tramps Abroad*.

A PROPHECY FOR FREE CUBA.

Mr. Charles F. Lummis, who has made careful investigations of conditions in Central America and Mexico, has recently written, and the Harpers have published, "The Awakening of a Nation; Mexico of To-Day." Even to most of those who have had the utmost confidence in the ability of the

mixed races of Spanish America to govern themselves, and to create out of the ruins of Spanish tyrannies self-controlled, self-respecting nations, some of Mr. Lummis' statements must be as surprising as they are gratifying. Mr. Lummis says:

To-day Mexico is—and I say it deliberately—the safest country in America. Life, property, human rights are more secure than even with us.

From a state of anarchy, tempered by brigandage—wherein it was better to be president than to be right, and better to be a revolutionist than either—she has graduated to be the most compact and unified nation in the new world. She has acquired not only a government which governs, but one which knows how to govern—and contemporaneously a people which has learned how to be ruled.

• Two Scotchmen out hunting discovered a couple of bear cubs in a cave at the end of a passage formed by a cleft in a mountain side. In order to prevent a surprise by the elder bruin, who was out on a foraging expedition and liable to return at any moment, Sandy stationed himself at the passage entrance, where the bear could not pass except between his legs, while his friend hurried to get the cubs fixed so as to carry them away conveniently. He had hardly got to work when he heard a scuffle and an angry growl in the passage. "What's the matter, Sandy?" he cried, in alarm. Sandy replied, apparently under a very severe strain: "Ye'll ken if the tail breks." So will the robbers of the people "ken if the tail breks."—E. Corkill, in *The New Earth*.

Good roads are the means through which can be done in rural districts much that settlements may try to do. Open the country neighborhoods to the visits of mail carriers and to the free exit and interchange of produce and personality, and the isolation which makes the village lad flee to the city and shuts the farmer in to his own thoughts and his family away from human company, and the problem of the country will be well on the way to solution.—Chicago Commons.

The president and his administration, according to the Tribune, have been giving some advice to the press which we sincerely hope it will take to heart. They acknowledge the successes of American journalism, but remark, en passant, as it were, "that self-laudation and exaggeration detract from rather than add to the brilliancy of these achievements." These observations have a wider reach than the president gives them. In boasting of themselves and their exploits the journals cannot help

boasting of everything American under the sun, so that in reading their "war articles" we sometimes feel as if we were seated around an Indian council fire listening to Sitting Bull or Hole-in-the-Day telling of his exploits, telling what a "big Injun" he is, what a man for taking scalps and making enemies run.—New York Evening Post.

The Singapore Free Press says that the people of the Philippines, though they are little known, are intelligent to a degree, and are claimed to be in advance of the Japanese and to be quite capable of guiding their own destinies.

Occasional Customer—"Luigi, I want a pair of shoestrings." Street Merchant—"No shoestring! Flagga! Fi' cent. Remember ze Maine!"—Chicago Tribune.

Wife (to her husband)—"I say, my dear, how badly the tailor has put this button on your waistcoat. This is the fifth time I have had to sew it on again."—Tit-Bits.

Who is the infidel? 'Tis he
Who puts a bound on what may be;
Who fears time's upward slope shall
end

On some far summit—and descend;
Who trembles lest the long-borne light,
Far-seen, shall lose itself in night;
Who doubts that life shall rise from
death

When the old order perisheth;
That all God's spaces may be cross't
And not a single soul be lost—
Who doubts all this, who'er he be,
This is the infidel. 'Tis he.
—Sam Walter Foss, in *The Arena*.

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