IN MEMORY OF GRANT,

THE DEAD HERO OF APPOMATTOX.

The Most Illustrious Chieftain of Modern Times, an Imposing Statue Is Unveiled —Its Site Galena, from Whence He Went Forth to Fame and Fortune.

The streets of Galena, the little Illinois city where Gen. Grant spent the years preceding his emergence from obscurity into everlasting fame, were thronged with visitors on the occasion of the unveiling of the Grant monument presented to Galena by H. H. Kohlsaat, the well-known business man of Chicago. It is doubtful if the city ever before held so large a crowd. The streets were fairly packed with men, women and children in holiday garb, each bent upon adding his quota to the great song of honor that goes forth to the dead hero of Appomattox. The generosity of a Galena boy, now grown to be a Chicago man, has reared in the former home of Gen. Grant a noble monument which is destined to mark forever the love, esteem and veneration in which Illinois holds the memory of her greatest citizen-soldier. Distinguished citizens were gathered from all points of the Union to celebrate the unveiling of the monument as it deserves. Mr. Kohlsaat's gift is a credit alike to the city of his birth, the city of his adoption, and to himself.

The die on the base of the statue had been completed in the last few days by having cut thereon the names of twelve battles in which Grant was engaged, as follows: Palo Alto, Monterey, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, Belmont, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Spottsylvania, Petersburg, and Appomattox.

Hard by the insecure old house that gave shelter to the old commander the statue stands—a noble bronze cast in heroic dimensions and mounted on a pedestal of carved and glistening red granite. Three tiers of gray granite form its base. It is in Grant Park—a six-acre plot of ground high above the river, purchased and given to the city through the instrumentality of two Chicagoans, H. H. Kohlsaat and James W. Scott, both of whom are proud of having come out of Galena. Already the park is graced by a soldiers' monument and a fountain.

Sculptor Gelert did his work faithfully and artistically. He has given to Galena a marvelous life-like statue of the General in civilian attire and in an attitude of meditation. "Grant, our Citizen," is the simple inscription on the front surface of the monument. The total cost of the statue is about $25,000.

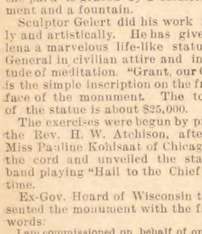
The exercises were begun by prayer by the Rev. H. W. Atchison, after which Miss Pauline Kohlsaat of Chicago pulled the cord and unveiled the statue, the band playing "Hail to the Chief" at the time.

Ex-Gov. Heard of Wisconsin then presented the monument with the following words:

I am commissioned on behalf of one of the distinguished citizens of your State—Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, of Chicago, "a man whose soul delighted in goodly deeds,"—to tender you this noble memorial of Gen. Grant. I need not tell you in set words of the purpose of the donor, I need not speak of the rare soul that lies behind this unique gift of his generosity, of his patriotism, of his abiding love for his fellow-men and his country. All this is a thousand times more expressively told in the silent yet eloquent presence of yonder heroic statue. Who shall paint the rose or adequately tell of the subtle essence of its perfume? Who shall bound by descriptive phrase the love of a mother or define the devotion of a wife?

"A good and perfect gift" like this, and the creative spirit of the giver, who shall hope to bear them to your hearts on the failing wings of speech?

Instinctively now our thoughts are upon him who was ever our invincible and unconquerable pilot, the God-given Grant. Inseparably connected with the name of Grant will always



EX-GOVERNOR WM. D. HOARD.

stand the city of Galena. He was your own beloved citizen. Here he uttered the words that were pregnant with all the after-meaning of his career. Entering his store the morning after the dispatch came announcing the surrender of Sumter, he put on his coat and said:

"The Government educated me for the army, and although I have served through one war I am still in debt to the Government and willing to discharge the obligation."

Loyal words; brave words, and in the light of all they meant for the weal of the American nation they are sublime words.

There was set before him a supreme necessity —his country's peril. He accepted his duty, as do all great souls, in the white light of the simple truth. Called of God to this great mission, he answered to every summons as did Samuel of old: "Here am I."

Young men, in the light of this great example, and the honor and glory the world has accorded it, hear kindly words forth the truth of this utterance of the great Teacher: "He that will lose his life shall save it."

How inspiring, amid all the sordid greed and self-seeking of men in public affairs, is the transparent heart, life and purpose of General Grant. No man ever plowed himself into the conviction of his fellows without this Christ-like quality of putting his purpose above himself. The common people, rarely at fault, always trusted him, and he never failed them. Fortunate is that nation that has such an example of manhood, patriotism, courage, and fidelity.

Citizens of Galena, receive this gift, made doubly precious by the sublime life and devotion to country of him it represents. As you have always guarded the name and fame of Grant, so guard and preserve this memorial, and round and about you shall be the prayers of all the American people, East and West, North and South.

Briefly accepting the gift, Mr. K. H. McClellan, Chairman of the Board of Park Commissioners, introduced Mr. Depew. The famous after-dinner speaker and brilliant orator was greeted with rounds of applause. His speech was as follows:

Thirty years ago your city numbered among its citizens a man so modest that he was little known in the community, a merchant so humble that his activities were not felt in your business. Three years later his fame illumined the earth, and the desolations of every commercial venture and of every constructive enterprise in the country were based upon the success or failure of his plans. He was then supporting his family on a thousand dollars a year, and before the third anniversary of his departure from your city he was spending four millions a day for the preservation of the Union. One of the patriotic meetings, common at that time all over the North, was held here to sustain President Lincoln in his call for seventy-five thousand men to suppress the rebellion. The ardor and eloquence of John A. Rawlins so impressed an auditor whom none of the Congressmen and prominent citizens on the platform had ever met that he subsequently made the orator his chief of staff and Secretary of War. Some one discovered that Colonel Rawlins, a graduate of Jo Daviess and a veteran of the Mexican war, lived in this city, and he was invited to preside at the formation of a military company. He was so confident that few heard his speech of three sentences, but in that short address was condensed all the eloquence and logic of the time. "You know the object for which we are assembled. Men are needed to preserve the Union. What are your pleasure?" He organized and drilled that company and led it to the Governor at Springfield. By that march Galena lost a citizen and the republic found its savior.

Grant's career will be the paradox of history. Parallels cannot be drawn for him with the great captains of the world. Hannibal, by common consent, place Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte in the front rank. But each of these men learned the art of war by continuous service and unequaled opportunities and displayed the most brilliant qualities at every period of their achievements. Hannibal and Cæsar had won universal fame in the 30's. Alexander died at 33, grieving because he had no more worlds to conquer, and Napoleon at 37 was master of Europe. But Grant at 40 was an obscure leather merchant in Galena, with a record at West Point he had risen only just above the middle of his class. As a subaltern on the frontier and in Mexico he had distinguished more than perhaps any other officer by his courage and capacity for the average West-Pointer.

But the moment that the great responsibilities were thrust upon him and the fate of his country rested upon his shoulders, this indifferent farmer, business man, merchant, became the foremost figure of the century. The reverses of a lifetime, the ridicule, even of ordinary affairs could not move, came into action. A mighty mind which God had kept for the hour of supreme danger to the republic grasped the scattered elements of strength, solidified them into a resistless force and organized victory. He divined the purpose of the enemy as well as he knew his own plans. His brain became clearer, his strategy more perfect and his confidence in himself more serene as his power increased. He could lead the assault at Donelson or the forlorn hope at Shiloh or maneuver his forces with exquisite skill and rare originality of resources at Vicksburg as the best of brigade or corps commanders, or before Richmond calmly conduct a campaign covering seven months and many armies with consummate generalship.

His plans did not contemplate defeat. The movement he would always make was "advance." The order he always gave was "forward." When Buell told him that the transports at Pittsburg Landing would not carry away one-third of his force Grant said: "If that becomes necessary they will hold all there are left." His Vicksburg campaign was criticised at the time by all the military schools and the unanimous opinions of his council of war. A veteran strategist cried in indignant remonstrance, "Why will not loose from your base of supplies, and that is contrary to all the rules." Grant answered: "Unless we capture Vicksburg Sherman will cut off our supplies." And the sorely bereaved and disheartened people were transported with joy and hope by the fourth of July message: "Vicksburg has surrendered." The Western armies never knew their resistless power until they felt the hand of this modest man. No other leader of soldiers ever marched or fought than the Army of the Potomac. It lost battles through bad generalship and generals by camp jealousies and capital intrigues. Thousands of its heroes fell in fruitless fights, but never a corps lost its superb confidence and courage. At last it found a leader worthy of itself and after scores of bloody victories ended the campaign under Grant. We are not yet far enough from the passions of the civil strife to do full justice to the genius of the general who commanded the rebel army. Probably the greatest living general, Lord Wolseley, who served with him, assigns him a foremost place among the commanders of modern times. Possessed beyond most leaders the loyal and enthusiastic devotion of his people, and he was the idol of the army. In estimating the honor and awarding the credit of the last campaign of the war, we must remember that Gen. Lee had defeated or baffled every opponent for twenty-four years, and that he fought unparalleled in desperate valor, frightful carnage and matchless strategy, he surrendered his sword to Grant.

The most signal services rendered by Grant to his country were at Appomattox, and in his contest with President Johnson. The passions aroused by the civil war were most inflamed when the Confederacy collapsed. Grief and vengeance are soul-consuming. The public intellect was possessed of an intuition which was second to prophecy and was clothed with power. He saw through the vindictive clamor of the hour that the seceded states must be admitted to the Union and their people vested with all the rights of American citizenship and all the privileges of State government, or the war had been fought in vain. He sternly repressed the expressions of joy in victory as the vanquished enemy marched by, with his famous order, "The war is over, the rebels are our countrymen again and the best sign of rejoicing after the victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field." He gave to the Confederates their horses and belongings and told them to go home, cultivate their farms and repair the ravages of war. He assured all, from Lee to the private soldier, that they would be safe and unmolested so long as they observed their paroles.

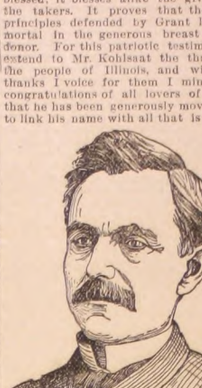
To enter Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, whose spires had been in sight of the besiegers so long, would have been a resistless temptation for as weaker man. But his mind was not on spectacular display or triumphal marches over humiliated foes. It was bent on peace and pacification. I know of no scene in our history so dramatic as the meeting between Lincoln and Grant at the White House three days after the surrender at Appomattox. The President, who had so loyally sustained the General, and the General who had so magnified the trust reposed in the confidence of the President, met for the last time in their lives. Grant returned with deep emotion the fraternal grasp of the only man in the country who fully understood and was in complete accord with the policy of conciliation and peace. The work of the warrior was done and the labor of the statesman began. Yesterday it was destruction, tomorrow it must be reconstruction. That night the bullet of the assassin ended the life of our greatest President since Washington, and we were confronted with the sectional difficulties and the cementing of the Union for many years.

There have been many Presidents of the United States and the roll will be indefinitely extended. We have had a number of brilliant soldiers, but only one great General. The honors of civil life could add nothing to the fame of General Grant, and it has been often argued that the duties of the Presidency would but dim his reputation. Such will not be the judgment of the impartial historian. He was without experience or training for public life and unfamiliar with politicians and their methods. The spoils system, from which he could not escape, nearly ruined the first administration. His mistakes were due to a quality which is the noblest of human virtues—loyalty to friends. Even at this short distance from scenes so vivid in our memories party rancor has lost its bitterness and blindness.

On great questions affecting the honor and credit of the nation he was always sound and emphatic, and the administration of Gen. Grant will have a place in the annals of the world for inaugurating and successfully carrying out the policy of the submission of international disputes to arbitration. The Geneva conference and the judicial settlement of the Alabama claims will grow in importance and grandeur with time. As the nations of the earth disband their armaments and are governed by the laws of reason and humanity they will recur to this benificent settlement between the United States and Great Britain and Gen. Grant's memorable words upon receiving the freedom of the city of London: "Although a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war and I have never advocated it except as a means of peace"—and they will hail him as one of the benefactors of mankind.

Gen. Grant was the product and representative of the best element of our social life. Home and its associations have been the training and inspiration of our greatest and noblest men. They have come from the class which had neither poverty nor riches, and which was compelled to work for the support of the family and the education of the children. Its members are God-fearing men and loving, self-sacrificing women. If I go to Lincoln from the farm, from the field from the tow-path, Sherman from the crowded house of the brave and struggling widow, Sheridan from the humble cottage, and Grant from the home of the country storekeeper of the Ohio wilderness. These men were lost their simple faith in every human lot and aspiration or the homely simplicity of their early conditions and training. Grant was clerk in the Custom House and President of the United States, a Lieutenant in the great captain of that historic crisis. He came from the people and his cause was theirs.

"We are here to receive and dedicate this monument. Such a gift is twice blessed: it blesses alike the giver and the takers. It proves that the great principles defended by Grant live immortal in the generous breast of the donor. For this patriotic testimonial I extend to Mr. Kohlsaat the thanks of the people of Illinois, and with the thanks I voice for them I mingle the congratulations of all lovers of liberty that he has been generously moved thus to link his name with all that is worthy



GOV. JOSEPH W. FIFER.

and noble and heroic in the history of his country."

Use of Mice Tails.

Before we had much observed mice, the use of their long tails was a question that had puzzled us. We do not know of what service they are to the females, but to the bucks they are, we see, of use in their combats: for when they fight they very often face one another standing on their hind legs, the tail then making, as with kangaroos, the third feature of a tripod.

Their appearance when they thus stand facing one another with their heads thrown back and their paws in front of their faces is, on account perhaps of the resemblance it bears to the posture of prize-fighters, extremely comic. Small mice, also, when attacked by their bigger congeners, raise their paws before their faces, the attitude in that case strangely suggesting one of deprecation.

What occurs when belligerent bucks actually engage, only instantaneous photography could record, so rapid are their movements. Presumably they try to bite; but must consider defense the better part of valor, for they never appear to get hurt much, and between the rounds will nibble away at the crust which brought them into the vicinage, only showing their excitement by rattling their tails against the ground. Occasionally, a tail seized by the teeth leads to one mouse having to drag his enemy over the floor till the latter lets go.—*Naturalist.*

Buildings Put Up Quickly.

"What do I think of the rapidity with which buildings are run up now, as compared with twenty years ago, you ask? Why, there is no comparison as far as the time consumed is concerned."

Such was the remark of a member of one of the largest building firms in New York to a *News* reporter the other day.

"To what is the change due?"

"Well, there are several causes. To commence with, the hod-carrier at which you newspaper men were always making jokes, has, for practical purposes, become a back number. Bricks and all classes of building material are now hoisted by derricks and steamlifts and there is no longer any climbing up long ladders. Then again no time is lost now, and every man that can be utilized is put to work on a building, while the material is much easier to handle, being better shaped.

"I might say that the era of rapid and high building came in with the craze for fire-proof structures. Hollow bricks, steel and iron castings have enabled architects to accomplish wonders, and rapidly as buildings spring up to-day they are fully as strong as those which twenty-five years ago took three times as much time to erect."

Justified in Killing a Mule.

Perhaps the queerest lawsuit on record—one that deserves a place in the legal records of Georgia—was that which was recently decided in Morgan County, Ga. A drummer hired a mule and buggy to go into the country. The mule became contrary and backed the buggy into the fence. The drummer plied the whip and the mule kicked back. The mud flew, but the drummer held his own. When patience ceased to be a virtue, the commercial gentleman drew a revolver from his pocket and killed the long-eared source of danger. The owner of the mule brought suit against the drummer for the value of his quadruped, whereupon the jury brought in the following verdict: "We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty, and the killing a case of justifiable homicide."

Cats Made Comfortable in New York.

Marion Loftus, a patron of the Home for Cats, New York, says: There are about sixty cats in the home now, and you can't imagine the comfort the poor little tabbies are to those who take an interest in their welfare. The home is attracting attention, and a number of persons have brought in little outcasts. A number of substantial contributions have been received from friends of the home, and I think its success is assured. The cats are well taken care of, provided with milk, a little meat, and warm places to sleep. The "strays," as we call them, compose a very happy family; they do not fight, and make no noise at night. I don't believe one complaint has been received on account of the presence of the cats.

It is a mistake to suppose that the weather is colder the further north one goes. The northern pole of greatest cold is only about 300 miles northeast of Yakutsk, Siberia, where the mean annual temperature is a little lower than in the highest latitudes reached by Nares and Greeley, 1,000 miles further north.

A VERY BUSY BUREAU.

The Men Who Take Care of Uncle Sam's Business.

Few persons outside of those employed by the bureau know of the vast amount of work that is done in the United States Pension Office. According to the official estimates, pensions and the pension bureau will require an appropriation of $140,000,000 for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1891. The machinery that will make the disbursements will require about $5,000,000 to keep it in running order. The staff of the office consists of about 6,000 persons, including the United States examining surgeons who are scattered all over the country and whose duties consist in making physical examinations of applicants for pensions, the pension agents who pay out the money to pensioners, and the pension examiners, who travel about and investigate cases of unusual complication or in which fraud is suspected. The latter servant has a hard row to hoe. He must perform the combined duties of a judge, a jury, a prosecting attorney and attorney for the defense at the same time, and besides has to be his own clerk. He must go to the different witnesses and examine them, taking down their testimony himself. He must be careful not to allow himself to be imposed upon, and he must be equally on his guard to see that the man who is applying for pension has a fair chance to present everything favorable to his interests. Then, when he sends the papers on to Washington he must give an opinion as to the merits of the case. If the claim is rejected he must sometimes stand a kneigel of the art of self-defense to his other accomplishments, for the defeated claimeut is frequently mad and desires to wreak vengeance upon the head of the man who wouldn't let him get a pension. He must likewise be able to resist temptation, for his opportunities to make money dishonestly are many. He has opportunities for accepting tokens of gratitude from claimants that would make the mouth of an alderman water, but he must not accept them. The salary of the examiner is small, considering the work he does. He receives from $1,400 to $1,600 a year, his traveling expenses are paid and he is given $3 a day for hotel board.

The pension office proper contains of course the bulk of the employes of the pension bureau staff. There are fifteen divisions in it and each one of them does an amount of business that is astonishing. No matter how hard the clerks work it is almost impossible to keep abreast of the increasing tide of applications for pensions that comes pouring in. These applications are for every conceivable ailment and many of them are very curious indeed. One claiment alleges that he went to sleep in his tent one day; that he was awakened by being stung; that he was sure it was a snake, for his health had been poor ever since.

Under the old pension law, any claimant who can prove that he served in the war and got disabled while in service and in line of duty, and that his disability has existed to a pensionable degree since, is entitled to a pension. But the question of line of duty has produced many singular cases and has puzzled the pension office sorely. Was a man who bought a pie from a huckster in a certain Southern city where his regiment was quartered and was poisoned by it, in the line of duty? and having died from the effects of the pie, is his widow entitled to a pension? He had his regular rations; the government never ordered him to eat pie; is it responsible for his death? On the other hand, is there any probability that he would have eaten a poisonous pie if he had staid at home? Isn't the government responsible for having put him in a situation where he would be exposed to the temptation of eating bad pies? Then there is the question of bathing in creeks or rivers during a march. Sometimes the soldiers were ordered to go in and if anything happened them of course it was the government's fault, but often the soldiers used to like to take a swim without authority for doing so, and when anything befell them under such circumstances it was their own fault. Should the government be liable under these circumstances? Following the usual custom in such cases they are passed upon individually and the decision of the pension office is dependent largely upon the particular circumstances, but the tendency in late years has been toward liberal rather than strict decisions.

Let us briefly watch the course of a claim through the different divisions of the pension office. John Smith, for instance, claims pension for rheumatism contracted while he was serving in the swamps of Virginia. The declaration, or affidavit in which he sets forth the facts, is received by the mail division and stamped there. Then it is sent to the record division, where there are hundreds of enormous books in which the names of all applicants are transcribed and where a number is given to the claim. From the record division it goes to one of the adjudicating divisions. If it comes from a Pennsylvanian or a Michigan man it goes to the middle division; if from a New Yorker, to the Eastern division or to the Southern or Western division, as the case may be. When it reaches the files of one of the divisions it may be considered as having been launched on its career. An examiner is given charge of it, and it is his duty to call for all the evidence necessary to establish it as a good or bad claim. John Smith's rheumatism is investigated from every point of view, and the correctness of his testimony is tested as well as it can be on a purely exparte system. In the hands of the examiner the claim stays until it is completed. Sometimes it takes a few months only to reach a stage of completion, and sometimes it takes years. There are plenty of claims still pending in the pension office that are ten years old, there are more that are five years old, and there are even some that are a quarter of a century old. When the examiner has brought the claim to a complete state he briefs the papers in it and submits it to the Board of Review for admission or rejection, as the case may be. The Board of Review, if it thinks the claim requires more evidence, returns it to the division whence it came, where it undergoes more treatment from the examiner; but if, on the other hand, the Board of Review approves the findings of the examiner and allows the claim, it goes to the certificate division, where a pension certificate is issued. If the claim is rejected it is sent to the rejected files of the adjudicating division whence it emanated.

An Express Messenger's Grit.

"While we are talking of faithfulness," Colonel, "I may mention Ned Banks, an express messenger on the Kansas Pacific a good many years ago. I had often met Ned and found him a jolly good fellow and one who was capable of making friends. I flattered myself that I was one of his friends.

"I was on his train once when we had a wreck. It was clearly the work of train wreckers. The first two cars were practically knocked to kindling wood. Banks had a lot of money in his car—a big lot of it. I knew it and ran forward to help him in case any efforts were made in the excitement to steal his treasure. I found him sitting in his wrecked car, white of face, but holding a six-shooter in one hand while a rifle rested across his knees.

"'All right Ned!' I cried to him. 'I'll be with you in a minute.'

"'Hold up,' said Ned. 'You musn't come in here.'

"'Why, I'm coming anyway, old man,' I answered climbing over some shattered timbers.

"'Hold up, Colonel,' said Ned, leveling his six-shooter at me. 'If you come a step nearer I'll kill you.'

"'For heaven's sake be reasonable, Ned,' I cried impatiently; 'you're hurt, you're bleeding. Let me get you out of this.'

"'No, sir,' said Ned, 'Look out,' he added threateningly, 'I'll shoot, as sure as I am Ned Banks.'

"'But you don't think, do you, that I am trying to rob you?'

"'I don't know anything about that, Colonel. I only know that my boxes are in danger, and I am going to take care of them. You can go out; send the conductor and brakeman here, but you can't come in.'

"That settled it. I saw that he meant what he said, and went off to find the trainmen.

"Now would you believe it, when they got him out he fainted dead away. He had his leg crushed and three ribs broken, but he stuck to his boxes.

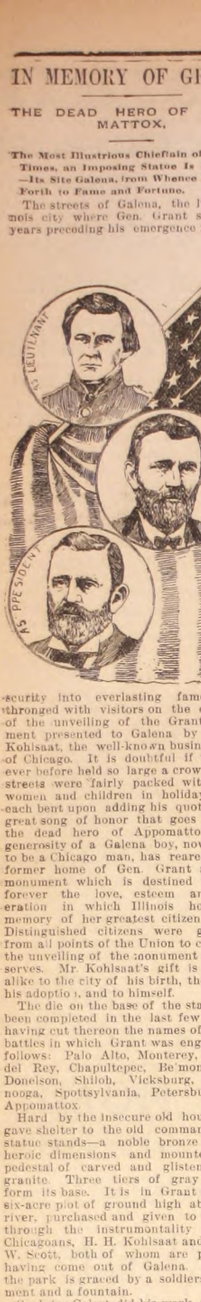
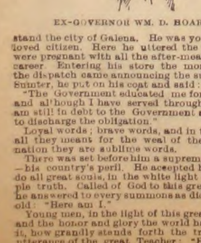
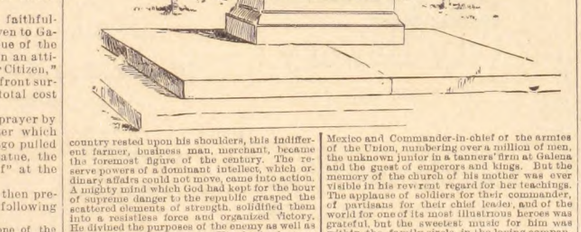
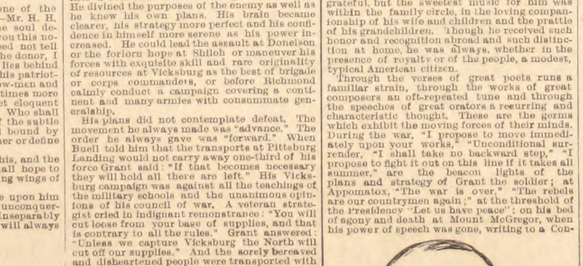
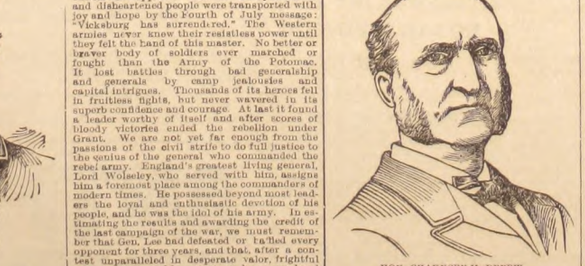
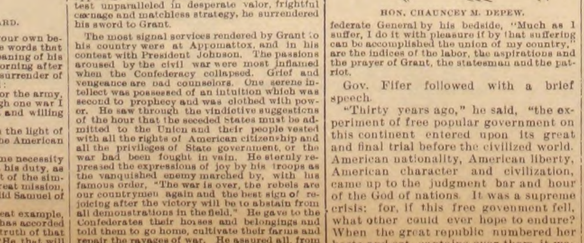
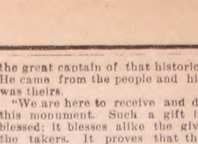
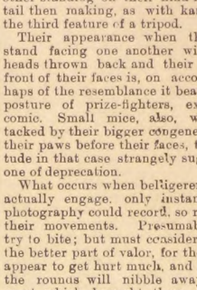
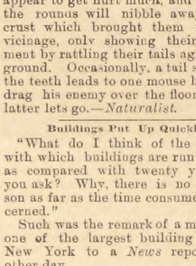
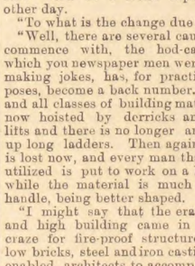
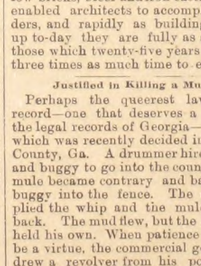
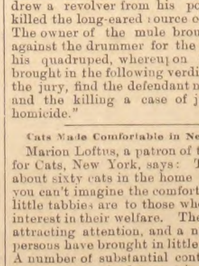
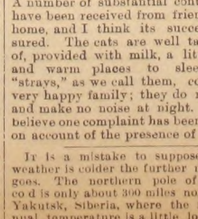
"I believe his company did the handsome thing for him. He was transferred to another railroad and ran on it for about three years. One night his train leaped like a thunderbolt into another, running in the opposite direction. When they got into the wreckage, they found Ned, stone dead, among his boxes. He had been instantly killed."—*New York Tribune.*

American Women and English Titles.

If the effect of English popular literature upon the young men of America is injurious, rendering them unpatriotic and contemptible, its effect upon the young women is even more so. The extent of this injury it would be almost impossible to overestimate. For many of the novel-drawn pictures of English social life, wherein every one bows down to birth and title, and lords and highborn ladies are spoken of as if they were divinities whose recognition and favor were the chief prizes of life, are utterly demoralizing, inspiring them with an impatient contempt for the simplicity of American society, in which personal worth and charm can make them queens, and with a longing to enter, even as humble supplicants, the enchanted circle where birth and title rule, and where personal worth hides behind a mask. Women thus demoralized become utterly unfit to be American wives and mothers. Their chief effort is to shape their lives on the English model; if they are poor, toadying to the rich and would-be aristocratic; if they are rich, playing the arrogant English duchess to the best of their ability. Not a few of them even render themselves contemptible to men and gods, by toadying or buying (at what a price sometimes!) their way into English aristocratic circles, by shivering attendance for hours at royal receptions, in order to do obeisance at last to their country has coldly repudiated; or, worse than all, by buying husbands, renouncing their birthright of freedom and equality with the best, and sinking down into subjects, liable to be called on to act as "ladies in waiting," that is, chambermaids. If all the sacrifices which degenerate American fathers and mothers have made to buy titled husbands for their daughters were recorded, they would form a revelation so ignominious that it would not be believed; and, after such a revelation, patriotic Americans would hardly dare to look foreigners in the face. But even without such a revelation, the conduct of many of our countrywoman abroad, and especially in England, is enough to make every self-respecting American hide his head for shame.—*The Forum.*

Why Do Not Women Help Women?

Why do women not leave money for the benefit of women's education?

Mrs. Fogg, who recently died in New York and left $600,000 to charities and educational institutions, is one of a number of women who have left large estates to worthy objects within the past few months. But, like all the rest, Mrs. Fogg leaves all her money to institutions for men. She left $50,000 to Harvard College, and in Cambridge is the Harvard Annex, needing this sum far more than the university, and able to do more good with it. All the women's colleges are poor. The schools which give secondary education to women are poorer yet. It is the hardest thing in education to find a school in which a girl can get just as good a fit for college as a boy. This is equally true of art schools for women, of scholarships for post graduate study, and of women's medical schools. They are all woefully poor, far poorer than like schools for men.

Yet the rich women who give and leave large sums are perpetually bestowing it on colleges, schools and institutions for men. This is, we fear, because such bequests and gifts are generally given under the advice of men who are interested, and only interested, in institutions for the education of men, while women are as yet but too little interested in the higer education of their own sex.—*Philadelphia Press.*