

## VIOLENCE IN BOSTON.

THE STATE HOUSE BESIEGED BY HUNGRY MEN.

Five Thousand Unemployed surrounded the Building and Demand Relief in their Distress - Presented a Petition to the Legislature - Anarchistic Speeches Were Made - Governor Greenhalge Appeals to Vain - Police Clear the Building.

BOSTON, Feb. 21.—Five thousand men, hungry, ragged and ugly, crowded into the state house and the adjoining grounds and vociferously demanded immediate aid in their distress. The governor addressed the mob from the steps of the state house and was quietly received and even applauded, although he made no satisfactory answer to their requests. An attempt was then made by the leaders of the demonstration to get a petition before the legislature, which was then in session. But the rules precluded this and then things began to look serious.

The rotunda was packed with a crowd of men who were waiting to hear the re-



GOVERNOR GREENHALGE.

sult of their leaders' efforts to present their grievances to the assembled Solons and when Morrison I. Swift, an avowed anarchist and the spokesman of the mob, appeared in one of the balconies and told them that the legislature had refused to accept their petitions they broke into yells of derision and hisses of contempt.

Swift leaned over the balcony railing and launched forth into an impassioned tirade against the legislators who, he said, were too busy creating corporations to listen to the voices of starving men. His voice shook with emotion as he denounced the treatment the men had received, and his ominous threats to clean out the state house were received with hoarse shouts of approbation. The brass-buttoned officials and doorkeepers seemed paralyzed with fear, and Governor Greenhalge, who but a few moments before was mingling with the mob, wisely retired to the legislative chamber. The few policemen who had been detailed to take care of the crowd were powerless, and soon the police wagons from the nearest stations were flying through the streets leading to Beacon hill, loaded with bluecoats, and soon there were 100 policemen on the scene.

They arrived just in the nick of time. Herbert Casson, a labor agitator of local celebrity, had taken the place of Swift and started to denounce the legislators' denunciation of established institutions in general and the Massachusetts legislature in particular.

While he was speaking the rail against which he was leaning cracked and threatened to give way and precipitate those upon the balcony into the sea of upturned faces below.

Another was quick to apprehend an accident, and placing his hands upon Casson's shoulders warned him of the danger. Casson stopped speaking, and the already furious crowd below mistook the action for an arrest and rent the air with curses and execrations upon the police. They swayed back and forth, and it seemed as if violence was to be used, but the speaker quickly assured his followers of the real state of affairs and the excitement subsided somewhat.

While the mob was lunging back and forth in the rotunda, after Casson's speech, Governor Greenhalge came out of the executive chamber and went down upon the floor among the crowd. He addressed some of the leaders and reminded them that this was the state of Massachusetts and that if the demonstration continued the law would be enforced and the crowd would be dealt with as a mob. His remarks were treated with respect and had a quieting effect.

The speakers then had to be satisfied with a talk with some individual members that quieted them considerably. Meanwhile the house of representatives had remained in session and upon the advice of some of the long-headed members considered the petition from the mob.

It was decided to appoint a committee of seven to meet representatives of the unemployed to consider ways and means for their relief.

Speaker Meyer of the house sent a message to the crowd apprising them of this decision and it appeased them greatly.

A special detachment of police arrived at the side entrance of the state house. They entered and began forcing the mob slowly toward the big front door. Clubs were drawn and the disgruntled crowd gave way.

Then there was an uproar and many of the more desperate members urged an attack upon the legislature, but the sober second thought of some of the more sensible ones prevailed and the crowd slowly retreated down the broad stone entrance way.

No attempt was made to take another stand and the men slowly disbanded. The incidents preceding the outbreak in the rotunda were rather ominous. The crowd assembled on the common to the number of 8,000, which soon swelled to 6,000. A couple of hours were occupied by a half a dozen speakers, two of them local labor leaders, and then the crowd adjourned on mass to the state house. A committee was appointed to see Governor Greenhalge and present him a petition which, in substance, after calling his attention to their condition, asked him to formulate and put into operation some plan to alleviate their suffering. They also asked for a state farm and factories where the unemployed might work and to appoint a permanent commission to attend to the wants of the permanent class of unemployed.

## ALBANY LEGISLATURE.

Legislative Transactions in Both Senate and Assembly.

ALBANY, Feb. 15.—The most important work of the legislature was the passing of the Buffalo police bill and the Lansingburgh charter bill by the senate.

The time of the assembly was taken up with the consideration of bills of minor importance. A hearing on the injunction granted by Judge Clute restraining Senator Clerk Kenyon was held by the judiciary committee. The plan of the counsel for the Republicans seems to be to attach the blame to Judge Maynard, who secured the injunction.

The hearing will be continued Tuesday next.

ALBANY, Feb. 20.—Senator Sartori presided in the senate and the business was slow. The first bill passed was that to permit the Onondaga Normal school trustees to use the insurance money of the building destroyed last week, and furnish temporary quarters for the scholars.

There were several bills of much importance introduced, among them being one by Senator Owens, fixing price of gas in cities of over 500,000 of people at \$1 per 1,000 feet, cities between 500,000 and 200,000 people, \$1.25, and villages of 20,000 or less, \$2.00.

Among the bills passed were these of importance: Mr. O'Connor's, the bipartisan inspection of election bill.

Mr. Cantor's, allowing expenditure of \$50,000 additional on Harlem river ship canal.

The difficulty of last Friday in the senate over the passage of the resolutions to investigate the various city commissions broke out again and for nearly three quarters of an hour there pandemonium reigned supreme.

Mr. Fish moved that the journal be corrected by adding the names of Mr. Bush, Mr. Butts and Mr. Gray to those having voted in the affirmative.

Mr. Sulzer offered an amendment to the motion by adding the names of Messrs. Brennan, Douglass, Herriman, Myers and Harrigan as having voted in the negative. The amendment was accepted and the journal corrected.

The regular order of business was then taken up.

Among the measures introduced were these important ones:

Mr. Amesworth, abolishing capital punishment.

Mr. White—Allowing but 5 per cent of the prisoners of any penal institution to be employed in the broom and brush industry.

TRAINROBBER HARDIN'S ESCAPE.

Dumped Into the River With a Load of Clay.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 21.—Details have reached here of the escape from the Chester, Ill., prison of Joseph H. Hardin, the Centralia, Ill., trainrobber, sent up for 20 years.

It seems that Hardin, from the time he stepped into the prison at Chester, began to cultivate the friendship of the trusty convicts who were employed as cart-drivers.

He became a fast friend of one of these, and the cartdriver permitted him to jump into his vehicle and, lying down in the bottom of the bed, the trusty driver loaded the cart with clay, completely covering the form of the trainrobber.

When the cart was loaded the trusty driver drove out of the gates and arriving at the river bank, where a dump had been established for the purpose of strengthening the levee, Hardin was dumped with the clay down the embankment and into the river and it was thought that by prearrangement there was a skiff near at hand into which he jumped and was rowed beyond the reach and sight of the authorities.

Syracuse Charter Election.

SYRACUSE, Feb. 21.—The charter election here resulted in the hottest contest this city has ever known.

The Republican candidate for mayor, J. B. Kline, was backed by the regular organization and Representative James J. Belden.

Jacob Ames, the present mayor, was the candidate of the wing of the Republican party, managed by ex-Collector of the Port of New York Francis Hendricks, who bolted when the city committee declined to allow them to name an inspector for each caucus.

Ex-Member of the Assembly Duncan Peck was the Democratic nominee.

The regular Republicans, Independent Republicans and Democrats ran full tickets in every ward. The fight was bitter in the extreme and was recognized as a struggle for supremacy between Belden and Hendricks.

## HUMOR AND SATIRE.

SHARP POINTS FROM THE FUNNY MAN'S PEN.

Irish Wit Illustrated—The Benedict and the Phenologist—A Case of Unintentional Slang—Current Witclips Gleaned from Various Exchanges.

A Natural Sequence.



Phenologist—You have been married some years?  
Patient (in surprise)—By George! That's true. How could you tell?  
Phenologist—Your bump of Hope is a dent.—Puck.

Competent!  
Penn Inkley—I think I shall try my hand at magazine poetry.  
Faber—Do you think you are capable? You know magazines require something more than rhyme.  
Penn Inkley (enthusiastically)—Capable! Why, it's just in my line! I've been running the puzzle department of our paper for years!—Judge.

Touched His Heart.

Citizen—That big Chinaman got drunk and knocked down a policeman. Why isn't he arrested?  
Officer—Sure, now, give 'n' poor hay then a chance whin he's thyrin' so hard to become Amoricinized.—Ex!

He Deserves It.

After Ducon Smithers had finished his call on the pastor, the latter's little daughter said:  
"Papa, didn't the deacon say he didn't believe in Santa Claus?"  
"That's what he said, love."  
"Then, papa, won't we have to try him for heresy?"

The Wish-Bone.

A jerk—and then they eagerly the bone under their feet.  
And he with joy the bigger piece holds up, and she the end.

Why looks she pleased? She lost her wish. That they should married be.  
How strange! But no; the reason is He wished the same as she.

This Rustle View.

Adeline (country cousin)—In describing the ball the paper says your gown was trimmed with real lace and pearl ornaments.  
Adeline—So the pearls were not real then.

Mistaken Economy.

She (flaunting)—Well, we've estimated most of the expenses of housekeeping, and there's \$400 of your salary still. Is there anything else?  
He (flaunting) Yes; the cook's life will be \$100.

She Oh, I mean to cook myself. Anything else?  
He—Yes, doctor's bills—say \$150.

In a Bad Way.

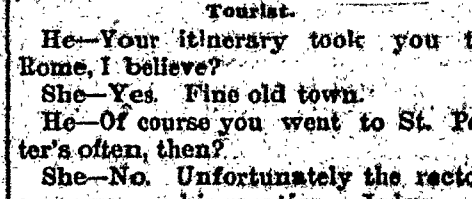
"I saw a man to-day who said he couldn't believe his own ears."  
"What is the matter with them?"  
"They are so large that they magnify."

He Had It.

Customer (to clerk in book store)—Have you "Prometheus Bound?"  
Clerk (rather new at the business)—Yes, ma'am. It doesn't come unbound at all.

He—Your itinerary took you to Rome, I believe?  
She—Yes. Fine old town.  
He—Of course you went to St. Peter's often, then?  
She—No. Unfortunately the rector was away on his vacation.—Judge.

Unintentional Slang.



Mother—Why, Maude, I'm shocked! Get off that table at once. What in the world is the matter with you?  
Maude—Oh, rats!—Truth.

A Maiden's Name.

"What shall we name her?" said Mrs. Darley as she gazed fondly at her first born.

"We'll name her Yorick," replied Mr. Darley.

"Yorick?" echoed his wife. "Why, that's a masculine name."  
"Indeed it is not. Didn't Shakespeare say 'A lass, poor Yorick?'"

A Man.

He (at the dance)—I beg pardon; but when Mrs. Robinson introduced me I failed to catch your name.

She (sweetly)—Rall.

He—Great Caesar—what a muff! And I'm on the college team too!

## A Fatal Objection.

"I can't understand why you engaged yourself to Arthur Hilly, who possesses neither good looks nor fortune, when you had your pick of half a dozen rich and handsome fellows."  
"The others made me tired, Laura. Arthur was the only one of them who hadn't been to the fair."

What We Are Coming To.

First senator (in fifty-fifth congress)—Do you think our minority can talk for two weeks longer?  
Second senator—Yes. The new senator who stammers will consume one week, and after that the chaplain has promised to make filibustering prayers.—Judge.

A Seasonable Opportunity.

The winter season's snow fall. Now on the pavement alleys, And gives the chaplain chance to call His overshoe "galoshes."

They Are Needed.

Hamlet—Why is it, Simon, that they always have bloodhounds in an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show?  
Simon Legree—To find the manager on salary days, my boy.

Woman's Gains.

Mrs. Hicks—I told you Mrs. Dix was envious of our new dining-room furniture, and you didn't believe it.  
Hicks—Has she been here and told you so?  
Mrs. Hicks—No; but she sent over a box of boy's tools to-day to Dick.

Hope Deferred.

Cloverton—When do you expect to be married, old man?  
Dashaway (gloomily)—I don't know.  
Cloverton—Why, hasn't she set the day?  
Dashaway—The day? Why, she hasn't set the year yet!

Hard Times.

She—John, I want \$350.  
He—Another word, Maria, and I shall be compelled to hand you over to the police as a dangerous crank.

About Eyes.

Begley—Are you aquaro with the landlady yet?  
Racco—Pretty nearly, I guess. I haven't paid her a cent in two months.

For the Time Being.

"There is a piqued in a woman's life when she thinks of nothing but dress."  
"What period is that?"  
"From the cradle to the grave."

Irish Wit.



Mrs. Brady—Oh don't phat's the matter wid it. Th' mon as sold it told me it was made of seasoned lumber.

Brady (in disgust)—Seasoned, is it? Well, the lumber must have been seasoned in th' fall, thin, for th' leavars are all droopin' ahnt.—Puck.

Necessary for Selling.

Charley Stasel—I wish that we might sail forever down the stream of life.  
Minnie Clipper—So we can—if you will raise the wind.

In the Cafe Hall.

Bromley—The face of that Circassian man looks strangely familiar. Haven't I seen him before?  
Tommy—Why, certainly! Didn't you know? That's Charley Hardacre, who played on the Yale foot ball team last season. His father failed, and the thought of having to work for a living turned Charley's hair white. He's had this Circassian job ever since.

How About This?

There's nothing new beneath the sun, they say.  
(A statement that you've doubtless heard before).  
But there is not the word on New Year's day.  
With newest resolutions bubbling o'er! —Judge.

How Too Fast.

Examiner—You want pension, you say, yet you don't appear to have been wounded, or to have lost a limb.  
Applicant—I lost my breath at the battle of Bull Run.—Ex.

Always Hit It.

Bloobumper—This barometer of mine is the most accurate instrument of its kind I ever saw.

Spats—Indeed?  
Bloobumper—Yes; it is always pointing to "change."

Merely Treatment.

Servant—Mrs. Youngwife wants you to send up five gallons of mustard.

Storekeeper—What is she going to use so much mustard for?  
Servant—The baby is sick, and the doctor ordered a mustard bath for it.

In New York.

Editor—Mr. Colgate, how many fortune-tellers and have we to-night?  
Foreman—Two-thirds of a column, sir.

Editor—Has the astrology expert turned in his stuff?  
Foreman—Yes, sir; about three columns of horoscopes.

Editor—Very good; run the story about "Ghosts in Mort Haven" with a spread head, and I'll soon send in an editorial on "The Press as an Agency for the Banishment of Superstition."—Truth.

## ACCUMULATED WISDOM.

How we all admire the wisdom of those who come to us for advice.  
If happiness in this life is your object, don't try too hard to get rich. Had men don't fight only because they have to fight men, because they leave to.

Whenever we try to make others happy, we get paid for it in heaven's money.

Some people never do find out that there is joy in giving, because they do not give enough.

Adversity is the trial of principle; without it, a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.

In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.

The man who starts out to be a reformer should be well prepared for bad roads and rough weather.

There is seldom a line of glory written on the earth's face, but a line of suffering runs parallel with it.

Power is so characteristically calm that calmness in itself has the aspect of power, and forbearance implies strength.

It is a form of excuse for wrongdoing that we want to do right, if we have not used our best powers to discover what is right.

He who waits for an opportunity to do much at once may breathe on his life in idle wishes, and regret in the last hour his useless intentions and barren zeal.

We should rule ourselves with a firm hand. Being our own master means often that we are at liberty to be the slaves of our own follies, caprices and passions.

False happiness is like false money—it passes for a time as well as the true, but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.

The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion.

OVER THE SEA.

A mile in Bohemia is 1,300 feet deep.

Ukase No. 227 makes 150,000 more Russian soldiers.

Nearly as much fish is said to be eaten in London as meat.

In Norway men have to be vaccinated before they can vote.

A ship canal across Ireland is the latest project in that line of undertakings. The cost is estimated at \$60,000,000.

The question whether a female claiming to be a "lady" was libeled by being called a "woman" was decided by a British judge and jury in the negative.

The famous Lion brewery at Munich has a hall that will hold 4,000 guests placed around little tables where they can enjoy the celebrated brew of the place, while listening to the bands.

The Paris exposition of 1900 will be in a more central site even than the last one. It will extend from the Trocadero to the Tuilleries garden, so that visitors will not be taken so far from the shops and restaurants.

Recent discoveries in Egypt and Chaldean, says Mr. Housman, indicate that, although the monuments there carry us back about 4,000 years before the Christian era, they do not constitute the limit of our sources of history.

They indicate the origin of those people to have been in Western Asia, Kurdistan and Laristan show more ancient remains than have been studied in any part of the world. The old Babylonian civilization and Chinese civilization both came probably from this region, and may yet yield as knowledge of times far earlier than any we yet know of.

JUST FOR FUN.

"No," she exclaimed with emotion, "I can never forgive you, but—but—I will try to forget you."

"You have faith that your husband will become a great artist?" Writ—  
I can't tell yet, you see; he's only been dead ten years.

"The office should be run on business principles," said the reformer.

"My idea, too," replied the politician. "The oftener the stock is turned over the bigger the profits."

Tenant, hesitatingly—I've been reading a very good article in my paper headed "Rent Must Come Down." Landlord, confidently—All right; you just come down with the rent.

"Now, confess, McBride; do you hold your wife on your lap as much now as when you were first married?" asked Barlow.

"Well, Barlow," replied McBride, "to tell the truth, I believe she sits on me rather more now than then."

"William," said the statesman's wife, "why do you spend so much time being interviewed by the newspapers?"

"Because I've got common sense," he replied. "In these days no business pays without advertising; not even office holding."

Little Johnny was in tribulation that morning. Prohibitions, great and small, moiled him at every turn. It was "no" to this and "no" to that, till at last he began to cry angrily as he slipped between his sobs: "I wish 'no' was a swear word, mamma, so's you couldn't say it!"

Examining Medical Professor—Now, sir, tell me how you would treat a case of typhoid fever. Student—Well, sir, I should first—I should first—I—

E. M. P., impatiently—Yes, yes, go on. Student, seized with a brilliant idea, I should first call you in for consultation! Passes with honors.

## Business Directory.

ROCHESTER TRUST & SAVINGS BANK, 15 E. Main St.

MERCHANTS BANK, 15 E. Main St.

CENTRAL BANK, 15 E. Main St.

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