

WASHINGTON CRITIC



EVERY EVENING.

BY THE
WASHINGTON CRITIC COMPANY.

BALLET KILBURN, President.

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WASHINGTON, JUNE 1, 1889.

PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTIONS.

The Cabinet meets on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12:30 p. m.

Senators and Representatives in Congress will be received by the President every day, except Mondays, from 11 until 12.

Persons not members of Congress having business with the President will be received from 12 to 12:30 on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Those who have no business, but call merely to pay their respects, will be received by the President in the East Room at 1 p. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

VISITORS TO THE DEPARTMENTS.

Secretaries Blaine, Proctor and Tracy have issued the following order for the reception of visitors:

Reception of Senators and Representatives in Congress, from 10 to 12 o'clock.

Reception of all persons not connected with the Departments, at 12 o'clock, except Tuesdays and Fridays, which are Cabinet days; and Thursdays in the Department of State, when the members of the Diplomatic Corps are exclusively received.

The Secretary of the Treasury receives Senators and Representatives from 10 to 12:30 a. m. and other persons from 11:30 until 1 p. m., except Tuesdays and Fridays, Cabinet days.

The Postmaster-General receives persons having business with him from 10 a. m. until 1 p. m., except on Tuesdays and Fridays, Cabinet days.

The Secretary of the Interior receives Senators, Members of the House of Representatives and officers of the Executive Department from 10 until 2, except Tuesdays and Fridays (Cabinet days). The general public is received from 12 until 2, except Tuesdays, Fridays and Mondays, which is Interior Department day at the White House.

THEIR QUANDARY.

The passionate poets and novelists are not thriving as they were a year ago. They have reached the point where they must do better or worse to attract attention, and they are in a quandary. One young woman who has lately outdone Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Amelie Rives and Salus and all that group, evidently decided that the better course was to do worse, and the result of her effort has not been laurel leaves by the bale. It is a perplexing condition of things for the burlesque.

Colonel Wilkins: That so? How do you account for the change?

General Hutton: Every one of them will be on the rainstorm and the floods. Ha! Ha!

Colonel Wilkins: Rate! Water you give us?

A FRIENDLY WARNING TO M. HARRISON. (Richmond State, Dem.)

The man that General Harrison had well kept an eye on is "Uncle Jerry" Rusk. Nobody knows when he is about to break out. Soon after he came to the head of his frolicsome mood and swing it lightly through the grass, like a rejuvenated Father Time. Next we hear of him as gallantly mounting a wheel-horse of a four-horse team and driving a rumbling wagon load of political picnickers up the country road to General Agius' rural seat near Baltimore. We expect to see the almanacs illustrated with his rugged, good-natured old face and containing for each month such pleasant reminders as, "Now is the time for Uncle Jerry to set out Early York cabbage; now is the time for Uncle Jerry to plant sweet corn." Look out, Mr. Harrison! Uncle Jerry is the most dangerous man in your Administration. He picks up friends like strawberries and shells out his enemies like green peas. If you was a second time keep your eye on Uncle Jerry.

WASHINGTON'S GOOD FORTUNE.

Washington is, meteorologically considered, as fortunate a city as it is in other respects. We complain here of bad weather—the right to complain of whatever happens being our inalienable and inestimable privilege—but, as a matter of fact, Washington escapes all grave disasters. Cyclones and great storms swing around it. It lies in a basin, which is apparently outside the course of great atmospheric disturbances, and does not suffer, though surrounding regions may be almost devastated. Isothermal lines lie well for the city's temperature. It is happily situated.

It does rain here on the 4th of March—date of inauguration day should be changed—but, aside from this, the climate is admirable. The seat of Government could not, from one point of view, have been more wisely located.

HYATTIAN CRASSNESS.

Hyatt never was good for much, anyway. It is a blundering imitation of a Republic, and does the wrong things at the wrong time with a regularity which is the only regularity about its course. The last piece of idiocy enacted down there is the course of Hippolyte in Pickling Legitim and obtaining control of the Government just as we were ready to help out the Hyattians with an advisory embassy. The reported sudden triumph of the insurgent leader should have the result of making it largely a matter of indifference to General Beverly Tucker whether school keeps or not. There is little comfort in ascribing to a Hyattian leader who is distinctly "on top."

RIPARIAN WRITES.

We sat upon the sinuous wall, Loved by Potomac's yellow food That beats against the Arsenal.

In endless swirls of liquid mud, The maid I cherished by my side, (Where the Potomac's current laves The Arsenal), piquant, blue-eyed,

With hair as yellow as the waves, Had walked with me along the shore, And listened to my tale of love, And wondered at the wild galore Of happiness I prated of.

The sun sank red at Arlington, Where sky and strident forest meet, While waves from Martha Washington In gladness kissed our pendant feet.

And can it be? (I dare not tell The tenderness of parting day, Whose favoring shadows fondly fell, O'er fading Alexandria).

That all my dazzling dreams of yore, Of love, of loyalty, of you, Shall be fulfilled upon this shore? O tell me darling, tell me true."

O, trusting maid! (upon the wall That marks the shore I pass'd) in youth You may be sure that all in all I tell you here is literal truth."

not to be counted in the matter. His cause has for years been such as to entitle him to no consideration from any one. It would be of about his moral calibre to accuse the woman unjustly as palliation for a desecration.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York World says that the first animals presented for the New National Garden in Washington, D. C., were two elks born at Hastings, Staten Island, in the summer of 1887, while Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show was performing there. They were both christened—one by Brother Arthur Moreland as E. G., the other by Brother Charles T. White as E. L. K., both members of New York Lodge, No. 1, R. P. O. E., and recently presented to President Harrison by the Hon. William F. Cody.

Elk are handsome and noble animals and should be in the Gardens, of course, but in point of novelty or curious interest no elk can compare with the wolverine THE CRITIC hopes yet to see in the Government's collection of live animals.

THE VOICE of the ticker is bushed in the land. The action of the New York Stock Exchange in banishing all quotation instruments from its floor, will, for the time being, affect injuriously the stock business all over the country. Of course, though, business will soon adapt itself to the new conditions.

SENATOR EDMUND has an article in the June "Forum" on "Corrupt Political Methods." On the principle that a man can say most on what he knows least about the Senator should have a voluminous article.

A MONKEY show has been opened in London. With the addition of a few parrots our course over the water might have a real American time.

RHODE ISLAND is the sunniest State in the Union. She has two sessions of the Legislature, which accounts for her stunted growth.

The UMBRELLA business is enjoying a sudden spurt, which almost reaches the dignity of a boom.

ABOUT THE ONLY thing the floods have left in Pennsylvania is desolation.

SIGNAL SERVICE Chief Greely's Indian name is Rain-In-The-Face.

The Prohibitionists may find some satisfaction in all this water.

THE PAPERS are "flooded" with storm news.

CRITICAL.

Managing Ed.: What about the floods this morning?

Telegraph Ed.: Just got a telegram to the effect that the fire alarm is being rung in Troy.

Managing Ed.: What's that for?

Tel. Ed. (desperately): To put the water out, I suppose.

A POEM TO JUNE.

June: moon, spoon, tune!

May disappeared in a wash-out.

"I've got a dead shoe thing on it this time," remarked the facetious undertaker as he measured the remains of the show-ma.

Adah, Noah!—[General Greely.]

In the matter of church architecture the Owen-on-style is more frequent than the Ionic.

He: Ah, Miss Hattie, where ignorance is bliss.

She (interrupting): How happy you must be, Mr. Norcross.

Manager: Did I understand you to say, Mr. Talley, that you were in the dime museum business?

Mr. T.: Yes, sir.

Manager: How long were you in it?

Mr. T. (modestly): Seven feet eight inches, sir.

They say that Louis de Lange in "The Mikado" is a regular "Ko-ko"-nut.

In the Post-Composing Room:

General Hutton: There won't be a dry interview in the Post-tomorrow, Berlin.

Colonel Wilkins: That so? How do you account for the change?

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It is difficult to make a suggestion to these authors of the school of red, red blood. The reading world has had enough red, red blood to last it for several months, and now it wants bread.

The reading world always gets round to bread, in time, and to furnish the bread requires brains. Maybe some of the wretched writers have brains. Now is their time to demonstrate it.

WASHINGON'S GOOD FORTUNE.

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THE TOWN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

I suppose nearly every doctor has a vivid recollection of his first patient," I know I remember mine with awful distinctness. He gave me more trouble than I ever had before or since. I went to see the fellow, prescribed for him and went away, feeling that he would come around all right. But when I returned he was worse. Every time I went to him he was worse. Every time I went to him he was worse. Could give him any good. I was miserable; here was my first patient running on my hands by inches and I couldn't do a thing to stop it. I went out and tried to drown my sorrows in the flowing bowl. While I was out I met another doctor, an old friend of mine. He saw something was wrong and asked me what the trouble was. "You come to my office and I'll fix that for you," said he, "when I had him in my office I would give him what he wanted, but now I have to give him what he doesn't want." I was a doctor at homeopathic as sugar pills. I dissolved some of them in water and gave them to my patient at the rate of a dose every hour. Well, to cut it short, he rallied and to-day to do what he could give him a bottle full of little white pills, what are known to the scoffers at homeopathic as sugar pills. I dissolved some of them in water and gave them to my patient at the rate of a dose every hour. Well, to cut it short, he rallied and to-day to do what he could give him a bottle full of little white pills, what are known to the scoffers at homeopathic as sugar pills. I dissolved some of them in water and gave them to my patient at the rate of a dose every hour. Well, to cut it short, he rallied and to-day to do what he could give him a bottle full of little white pills, what are known to the scoffers at homeopathic as sugar pills. I dissolved some of them in water and gave them to my patient at the rate of a dose every hour. 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