Amusements.

AMERICAN THEATRE—2—8:15—Lights o' London.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC—2—8:15—Arizona.
BIJOU THEATRE—2—8:20—The Auctioneer.
CASINO—8:15—The Little Duchess.
CRITERION THEATRE—2—8:15—A Royal Rival.
DALY'S THEATRE—2—8:10—The Messenger Boy.
EDEN MUSEE—Day and Evening—World in Wax.
EMPIRE THEATRE—2—8:20—The Second in Command.
FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE—2—New-England Folk.
GARDEN THEATRE—2—Richard Lovelace—8:15—If I Were King.
GARRICK THEATRE—8:20—A Message from Mars.
HARLEM OPERA HOUSE—8:15—The Red Kloof.
HAMMERSTEIN'S VICTORIA—8:15—Russell Brothers in Sweet Marie.
HERALD SQUARE THEATRE—2:15—8:15—The New-Yorkers.
IRVING PLACE THEATRE—8:20—Dolly.
KEITH'S—Continuous Performance.
KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE—8:15—Madame Sans-Gene.
LYCEUM THEATRE—3:30—Madame Sarah Grand—8:15—The Forest Lovers.
MADISON SQUARE THEATRE—2—8:30—The Liberty Belles.
MANHATTAN THEATRE—8:15—Miranda of the Balcony.
MURRAY HILL THEATRE—2—8—Othello.
NEW SAVOY THEATRE—8:20—Eben Holden.
NEW-YORK THEATRE—2:15—8:15—Florodora.
PASTOR'S—Day and Night—Continuous Show.
PROCTOR'S FIFTH AVENUE—1:30 to 10:30—The Great Unknown and Varieties.
PROCTOR'S TWENTY-THIRD STREET—1:30 to 10:30—Sandow, The Stock Exchange and Varieties.
PROCTOR'S 125TH STREET—1:30 to 10:30—My Friend from India and Varieties.
PROCTOR'S FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET—1:30 to 10:30—Pantomime and Varieties.
THEATRE REPUBLIC—2—8:15—The Bonnie Briar Bush.
WALLACK'S THEATRE—2:15—8:30—Don Caesar's Return.

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New-York Daily Tribune.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1901.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—The Canadian Minister of Justice has written an article upon the Monroe Doctrine and interoceanic canal conditions in which he demands that Great Britain shall not sacrifice the Dominion's interests by letting the United States have its own way with regard to fortifications. ==== General Botha had a narrow escape from capture; in a fight on October 24 forty Boers were killed and twenty-eight British. ==== Malvar, Aguinaldo's successor, issued a proclamation appointing himself captain general of the Filipino forces. ==== John D. Rockefeller gave 40,000 marks ($9,520) to the American Church Fund in Berlin. ==== King Edward conferred insignia upon almost three hundred persons; he disappointed the populace by driving to St. James's Palace in a closed carriage. ==== Countess Russell demanded an apology from the Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury for something he did not say; the apology was refused.

DOMESTIC.—The cross-examination of Rear Admiral Schley was continued by Judge Advocate Lemly before the naval court of inquiry, the questions being devoted chiefly to the subject of coaling at sea and the reasons for the retrograde movement from Santiago. ==== Leon F. Czolgosz, the murderer of President William McKinley, was put to death by electricity early yesterday morning in quick and quiet fashion. He said just before dying: "I am not sorry for my crime"; the autopsy revealed no signs of insanity. ==== The resignation of Thomas W. Cridler, Third Assistant Secretary of State, was accepted by President Roosevelt. ==== Mitchell Day, the first anniversary of the end of the big coal strike, was celebrated in the Pennsylvania anthracite region. ==== No further outbreak in the race riot on the Louisiana-Mississippi border was reported, and those dead will not exceed thirteen in number. ==== White Lake, in Oneida County, may be chosen as the site for the proposed State hospital for the treatment of incipient pulmonary tuberculosis.

CITY.—Stocks were strong and higher. ==== Extracts were made public from an article on "Commercialism in Politics," which Controller Coler has written for "The Independent" and which is an attack on Richard Croker. ==== Testimony was given at the referee's hearing showing that the Miller Syndicate money was held by the defunct firm of Seymour, Johnson & Co. ==== Seth Low spoke at two meetings on Staten Island. ==== Edward M. Shepard spoke in Carnegie Hall. ==== Justice Jerome addressed several meetings on the upper West Side. ==== It was announced that control of the Ninth National Bank had passed to Hanover National interests. ==== A writ staying sentence against John Most was granted by Justice MacLean. ==== A police order was issued protecting billboards on fence guarding subway between Fourteenth and Thirty-fourth sts. from fusion billposters.

THE WEATHER.—Forecast for to-day: Fair and warmer. The temperature yesterday: Highest, 58 degrees; lowest, 48; average, 53.

A DELINQUENT HEALTH BOARD.

The Board of Health of this city was on Monday pretty badly "given away" by its own president, Mr. Sexton, of Tammany Hall. The occasion was the sending out of a fire alarm by a citizen who had observed vast volumes of black smoke pouring from a building on Broadway. The firemen came to the scene, only to discover that the building was not afire, and that the smoke was produced by the burning of soft coal in furnaces. The incident, by the way, was not novel, it having occurred twice before within the year in connection with that same building, and the fact that soft coal is being used in that building in violation of law, or at least that foul black smoke is being emitted, is and long has been well known to the policemen on that beat, as well as to the public.

The "give away" by Mr. Sexton consisted in his naïve declaration that "up to the present "time no complaint has been made against the "building for using soft coal without consuming "the smoke. This is the reason why the depart"ment has done nothing in the matter." It would be difficult to conceive a more damning indictment of the Board of Health for inefficiency and delinquency. According to the president's own words, the board will do nothing toward enforcing the law and abating nuisances unless citizens take the initiative, do the preliminary work and prod the stall fed oxen of the board into reluctant activity. The board has a numerous and well paid staff of sanitary inspectors. What are they hired for with the money of the taxpayers of this city, if not to detect and report precisely such violations of law as this?

If Mr. Sexton thinks private citizens should thus do the work in this case his inspectors are paid by the city to do, there is no reason why the same principle should not be applied in other cases. His inspectors should not seize unwholesome food in the markets until complaint is made by some citizen concerning each individual banana and mackerel. They should not scrutinize the milk supply, nor enforce sanitary laws in tenements, nor take steps for the suppression of a smallpox epidemic until complaints are made by private citizens. The health officers of the port have no business to stop ships at Quarantine, detain suspicious passengers and disinfect tainted cargoes unless some citizen makes a specific complaint that some specific ship is importing contagion. So with the police and with all public servants. They ought simply to hold down chairs in their offices, draw fat salaries from the public treasury and work for Tammany Hall, while the taxpayers who hire and pay them hustle around and do the work for them. No action unless complaint is made, indeed! Truly, that is a fine conception of official duty, which is characteristically set forth by Mr. Sexton of Tammany Hall.

ITS REAL MEANING.

The force of circumstances which he did not foresee has constrained Mr. Shepard not merely to denounce Devery's latest outbreak as "unfit to an extreme degree" and deserving of "severe reprobation," but also to intimate that he will get rid of Devery without delay in case he himself is elected Mayor. Doubtless he has come pretty near violating the rule of conduct which his devotion to the constitution caused him to lay down for his own guidance and the confusion of Mr. Low; but we do not wish it to be understood that we are adding this to the long list of campaign performances which have discredited Mr. Shepard. On the contrary, we think that it is more respectable than almost anything else he has done since he stooped to become Tammany's candidate and a chief apologist for Crokerism. That part of his speech on Monday evening which referred to Devery showed a sort of courage in which Mr. Shepard's public utterances have of late been generally and painfully deficient. While, therefore, its inconsistency cannot escape attention, the impression which it has produced is agreeable rather than the reverse.

But the real significance of the incident would be missed if it were noted only as a pleasant reminder of Mr. Shepard's previous career. What makes it politically important is the fact that his condemnation of Devery was vigorously applauded by an East Side audience gathered in the heart of Sullivan's district. The leaders on the platform were gloomy and silent, but the rest of those present showed plainly that they liked it. The occurrence greatly strengthened the evidence which anti-Tammany speakers, and especially Mr. Jerome, have developed, that the voters of Tammany's old strongholds understand their own interests at last, and are turning against the organization which has so long and so grossly betrayed them.

If Mr. Shepard derived moral gratification from the manner in which a tardy revelation of his better nature was received, he is heartily welcome to it; but if he assumes that such a response to such sentiments from a Bowery audience means votes for him, he is likely to find that he is greatly mistaken. All the indications are that it means a decisive growth of hostility to Tammany government in districts on which Tammany has hitherto depended for a blind and solid support. In applauding Mr. Shepard's rebuke of Devery that typical East Side assemblage signified its condemnation of what Devery stands for.

THE TAX EXEMPTION AMENDMENT.

The absorbing interest of the municipal campaign should not cause voters to forget on Election Day to cast their ballots in favor of the proposed constitutional amendment concerning the exemptions of property from taxation. It is the only amendment to be passed upon this year, and is designed to put an end to an abuse of long standing which has grown to enormous proportions. It was introduced into the Assembly by Merton E. Lewis, of Rochester, has passed two legislatures, and only remains to be ratified by the people. It provides that hereafter no exemption of property from taxation of any kind can be made except by general law.

It has for years been the practice of the legislature to pass bills exempting particular properties from taxation. Private institutions of all sorts, not included in the general exemptions, which are not illiberal, have sought to escape taxation by private bills, and hundreds of them have succeeded. Each year a batch of bills is introduced to favor this school, that private hospital and the other social club. One organization prevails on good natured lawmakers, and then all others similarly situated feel it incumbent upon them to begin logrolling, and there is no end to the process. The fact that an institution is not engaged in making money to divide among its proprietors is coming to be considered ample reason for freeing its property from any share of the expense of government for its protection. People whose particular fad of charity does not appeal to the public find in tax exemption a convenient method of getting indirectly from the people money which they could not get directly with a subscription paper. Since 1893 $175,000,000 of property in this State has been made exempt from taxation, and a considerable part of this has been exempted by special laws.

Certain properties used for charitable and educational purposes have long been exempt in this State and will remain so. Possibly there are others which should be added to this list. If so, they should be added by general law affecting alike all institutions doing similar work. The proposed amendment will not interfere with any well considered general policy which the people may see fit to adopt. It will, however, put an end to exemptions by favoritism and "pull," which are an injustice to other taxpayers with equally good claims.

THE FRENCH MINING MENACE.

Anxiety concerning the threatened miners' strike in France is by no means yet abated. The government has resorted to strong and unusual means for repressing violence and agitation, and various other circumstances have combined to discourage the plans of the would-be strikers. Nevertheless, there remains a grave danger of a widespread strike, accompanied with scenes of violence and bloodshed. That danger will on Friday of this week reach the crucial point, and will then probably either be realized in an actual strike or be postponed until April 1 of next year—the latter date having been mentioned, perhaps, as often as that of November 1, and being generally regarded as a sure alternative to the latter.

The idea has seemed to prevail in some quarters that all the mines in which strikes are threatened—practically all the mines in France—are the property of the State, and that the strike, if it occurs, will thus be directed against the government itself. Such is by no means the case. The mines of France are of varied ownership, individual and corporate, and so are the great industrial establishments directly connected with them. The chief storm centre at present, as on former similar occasions, is at Montceau-les-Mines, where a serious and destructive strike occurred not long ago, the animosities engendered in which have not yet subsided. That is an especially ominous danger point because of the proximity of Schneider's great Creusot iron and steel works. The latter establishment, which is to France what Krupp's Essen works are to Germany, is only three miles from Montceau-les-Mines, and its seventeen thousand workmen would almost certainly become involved in trouble if a general mining strike should be ordered. Of course, a strike at the Creusot works would be disastrous to all the industries of France which are connected with the iron and steel trade, and would be embarrassing to the government, which gets thence a large share of artillery and other supplies for the army and navy. At Montceau-les-Mines there are about twelve thousand workmen, of whom probably one-third have not been reinstated since the last strike. The Mayor of the place, M. Bouveri, is an extreme socialist, who was elected a few months ago because of his pronounced socialist proclivities. In case of a strike he would probably play some such part as that of the Mayor of McKeesport in the recent labor troubles at that place.

Parliamentary consideration of the threatened strike has brought to the fore M. Basly, a socialist Deputy, who for the present aligns himself with the Ministerialist party. He was formerly a miner, and later a wine shop keeper, and some six years ago was elected to the Chamber as a representative of the more extreme and violent socialists. Like others of the kind, he just now finds it convenient to play into the hands of the Ministry, and in so doing he is followed by his colleague from the Pas de Calais, M. Lamendin. It is not for a moment to be supposed that these and other "Ministerial socialists" would continue to support the government if serious trouble should arise at the mines. And what menace there has been and is of trouble may be estimated from the fact that a socialist organ in Paris, the "Petit Sou," has been offering Gras rifles to subscribers as premiums at nominal prices. There are, then, the elements of a serious crisis, which, whether it comes this week or in April next, may well prove one of the most troublesome problems which the Waldeck-Rousseau "Ministry of Republican Defence" has had to deal with in all its unprecedentedly long term of office.

"FACTS FOR FATHERS AND MOTHERS."

The Tribune has hitherto called attention to the work of the Woman's Municipal League, under the chairmanship of Mrs. William H. Schieffelin, in urging upon the attention of citizens the plain facts with reference to the police protected traffic in young girls. From the time Bishop Potter first demanded that the Mayor give attention to conditions on the East Side the workers against corruption have been seeking no impossibilities. Much as they have been misrepresented by Tammany to that effect, they are not attempting to "extirpate vice." That the evils of society which have existed ever since society existed will be abolished by an election nobody expects. It is not unreasonable, however, for citizens, rich and poor, to demand a fair chance to bring up their families in this city virtuously, and not have their daughters exposed to a systematic campaign, under police encouragement, for the recruiting of the outcast population.

The terrible fact is that such a systematic police protected campaign is carried on in this city, and it is not directed merely against the girls who dwell in the neighborhoods of vicious haunts, but these "cadets" go over the whole city, frequent the parks and take advantage of every opportunity to get young girls in their power, sometimes even marrying them as a preliminary to leading them to infamous resorts and handing them over to procurers. This is not exaggeration, even though Mr. Shepard and his innocent friend, Mr. Peabody, have walked at night through the East Side and think things are not so bad as painted. It is a moderate statement of merely one phase of this subject of official vice protection as established by court records and specific facts discovered by careful and trustworthy men. These records and statements have been compiled in a pamphlet, "Facts for Fathers and Mothers," by the City Club, and the Woman's Municipal League has undertaken to distribute nearly a million copies of it. For this money is required, and should be sent by those interested in this worthy enterprise to V. Everit Macy, treasurer, No. 19 West Thirty-fourth-st., New-York City.

Money given for this purpose is something more than a campaign contribution. It is an expenditure for the protection of home and family. Certainly the political organization responsible for these unspeakable villanies should be driven from power, in accordance with Mr. Shepard's well known principle that a party which does wrong should not be permitted to secure a new lease of power by turning in its extremity to good men for candidates. We notice that Tammany is so much hurt by this pamphlet that it is publishing paid advertisements complaining that its circulation will corrupt children. That itself is an admission that the conditions it protects are not fit for publication. True, the facts are not fit for general publication among children, they are so horrible, but the voters should have them, disagreeable as they are, that they may establish a system of government the workings of which their children may study without being corrupted. And entirely apart from the effect of the pamphlets on the campaign, it is highly important that the plain and ugly facts should be known to the fathers and mothers of this city. Whoever is Mayor, families ought still to know the dangers which beset them.

AN HISTORIC FRONTIER TOWN.

Little attention was attracted perhaps to the celebration last Wednesday of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of a once noted American frontier town. Yet modest as was the celebration itself, and distant as are most of the glories of the Colonial and Revolutionary outpost settlement which it recalled, few minor American centenaries have proved so rich in the varied and stirring historical associations they have evoked. The town about which these significant and suggestive memories cluster is Carlisle, the first settlement made under charter from the Penns, then joint proprietors of the province of Pennsylvania, in what has since become the beautiful and fertile Cumberland Valley. Founded on October 23, 1751, Carlisle's straggling infancy carries it back to a period when the dauntless energy of the pioneer had yet to penetrate the wilderness which stretched between the Susquehanna and the Ohio. The furthest outpost of the Quaker colony, it served its earliest years as a centre of defence against the assaults of hostile savages. Guarding one outlet toward Fort Pitt and the Ohio, it became the base of Washington's operations in 1794 for the suppression of the so-called Whiskey Insurrection in Western Pennsylvania. A regular army post for years, its military experiences only ended with its occupation by General Ewell's Confederate army corps in the days preceding the battle of Gettysburg, and its bombardment on the night of the first fighting at Gettysburg by the light artillery of Stuart and Fitzhugh Lee.

What a drama of historical development the one hundred and fifty years of Carlisle's history suggest! Benjamin Franklin was one of its first visitors of note, coming in 1753 to draw a treaty of friendship with the Western Indians. Two years later Armstrong marched from Carlisle to win his signal victory at Kittanning over the still warlike savages. In 1776 Carlisle raised five companies for service in the Continental forces, and with the volunteers sent later went the celebrated "Molly Pitcher," who, as every schoolboy knows, took her wounded husband's place behind one of the American guns at Monmouth. "Molly Pitcher's" real name was Molly Hays. She lies buried now in a Carlisle graveyard. Many Hessians captured at Trenton were sent to this frontier town for safe keeping, and Major André spent a short term of detention there after his first capture in the early days of the Revolution. With President Washington in 1794 came Alexander Hamilton, and the two spent a week preparing the four thousand troops they had assembled for the long and arduous march toward Pittsburg. Between the departure of Washington's forces in 1794 and the arrival of Lee's in 1863 are compressed the trials and struggles which have made us a nation and have gradually pushed our old frontier from the valleys west of the Susquehanna to the utmost verge of the Pacific.

Humdrum as must seem the modern life of our old historic towns, such celebrations as that at Carlisle go far to inspire them with fresh interest and fresh vitality. Cultivating, as these revivals of local memories do, that sense of locality and continuity which is most lacking in new and hastily settled countries, they have a positive and far reaching usefulness. Recalling and cherishing a community's most stimulating associations, they excite that genuine and solid patriotism which is based on common historical attachments and on a sense of common obligation to the figures and traditions of the past.

EASY CITIZENS.

Visitors from abroad have with one voice throughout the last fifty years or more commented upon the inexhaustible patience and tolerance of Americans with respect to abuses which the people of other countries would not allow to remain without the strongest of protests. And of all the kind hearted, good natured, non-kicking Yankees from Passamaquoddy to San Antonio, who can find the equals of the Yankees of Gotham? Our New-Yorkers submit to almost every abuse without raising their voices. They are prone to placid acquiescence, and rarely bestir themselves to smite their worst enemies.

But here and now is a true issue, a real emergency. A hard fight is on. Save the city from organized thievery now, or New-York will sink to depths of degradation lower than plummet ever sounded in Manhattan. This is no battle of arguments. On one side there is no reasoning, no pretext of appeals to intelligence. The Croker-Van Wyck-Devery-Claude Duval combination has nothing to say in defence of keeping in the City Hall the rascals who have been robbing the taxpayers without stint or scruple. Their question is the famous old Tweed question, "What are you going to do about it?" The taxpayers will answer on the fifth day of November.

CONVICT LABOR ON ROADS.

The suggestion which was some time ago made in these columns that able bodied inmates of prisons and penitentiaries be set at work building improved roads seems at last to be acted upon to a considerable extent, and with gratifying results. The convicts in the State prisons are as a rule otherwise employed, but those in charge of the penitentiaries have not been able to provide work in prison shops for the prisoners under their control, and so have sought it outside. In eight or more counties of this State the penitentiary prisoners are employed either at road building or at crushing stone for road building. It is not known that any bad effects have been experienced from the undertaking, while the good effects are numerous and obvious. Among the latter these are conspicuous: The prisoners have the physical and moral benefit of healthful labor in the open air; the prisoners are made to pay their way instead of being a heavy charge upon the community; the construction of good roads is promoted, and the cost of them is decreased; and the number of prisoners is diminished, for tramps and other "sons of rest" avoid counties where committal to the penitentiary means stone breaking and road building. It may be added that one of the chief objections to the system—the offensive parading of convicts in the public view—has been found groundless, for no one would take the penitentiary prisoners working on the roads to be other than ordinary laborers.

There is reason to believe that this system might profitably and properly be extended throughout the State, and be applied to the inmates of State prisons as well as of penitentiaries—when other work fails. The prisoners might also be employed at repairing and maintaining the roads after they are built. Most of the prisoners at Sing Sing are now at work, but it is not long since most of them were idle and were seriously suffering, morally and physically, from enforced idleness. And yet within a few hours' drive from Ossining are hundreds of miles of roads that are in their badness a reproach to the community and a cause of vexation and of actual pecuniary loss to all who are compelled to use them. We do not mean, of course, that counties and towns are to wait until prisoners can be secured to build good roads. But whenever and wherever able bodied prisoners are idle the reproach of bad roads is aggravated twofold. All roads should be made and kept good, and all prisoners who are able to work should be kept at healthful and profitable work. Those are two rules which should be constantly observed, and between which an intimate relationship is to be found.

The country owes respect and gratitude to the State of New-York, under whose jurisdiction the assassin of President McKinley was tried, condemned and yesterday put to death. From the commission of the crime to the infliction of the penalty all the requirements of the law were exactly fulfilled. There was neither needless delay nor undue haste, and the dignity of justice was preserved at every stage of the proceedings.

The Democratic managers in Maryland have suppressed the projected cartoon in which the mistress of the White House was held up to public ridicule. Thus decency scores another triumph over blinded partisan malice.

On October 29, 1764, Thomas Green began the publication of this newspaper, which has been printed regularly from that year to this, from the eighteenth century into the twentieth already, always as "The Courant" and always in Hartford. There are newspapers that were founded earlier in this country, but no other has been published continuously under the same name in the same place for so long a period. That is "The Courant's" record, and it is founded on a very careful research made by Professor D. Willard Fisk, when he was an editor of this paper. The files of 'The Courant' for 137 years are in existence, and they tell the story of American progress as each year has revealed it. We take a sentimental pride in the age of the paper, but, when it comes to talking about being old, that is another matter. It never felt so young and so vigorous as it does to-day, but it expects to feel still better to-morrow.—(The Hartford Courant.

We congratulate our youthful contemporary on its birthday. It has always been a power for good in the community, and it is to-day, as it has been for many years past, one of the institutions of the State of Connecticut. We wish for it a long continuance of life and prosperity.

The epigram that Mr. Unger typifies the Tiger's hunger was sound and apt.

The taxpayers of New-York might regard with less uneasiness the rallying cry of the Tammany officeholders, "Our own pockets all the time," could those prosperous placeholders be persuaded to keep their hands out of the pockets of other people!

As a last blow to the Populist organization it has just been reduced, by virtue of an official count, to third place in point of strength among the political parties in Kansas. In its chosen hotbed Populism has now become but the depleted shadow of its former mushroom power.

"Tim" Sullivan, of the Tammany "Gambling Combine," says Judge Jerome should be impeached for "inciting to riot." What boundless effrontery! Judge Jerome has never "incited to riot," but Croker and Devery did exactly that when, in the Presidential campaign last year, both of them urged Tammany men to resort to violence at the polls. Governor Roosevelt compelled Mayor Van Wyck to force Devery to recall his criminal order to the police at that time. But both Devery and Croker were indisputably inciters to riot in that campaign.

After four years of unhappy experience under Mayor Van Wyck, can it be possible that our voters will cast their ballots to promote him to a still higher place, in which, if successful, he will have a term of fourteen years, with an even larger salary than that which he has been drawing as Mayor?

An impetuous and headstrong American is said to have given orders for the construction of an automobile capable of a speed of seventy miles an hour. Why does he not aim at the mark of one hundred miles in sixty minutes while he is about it? The development of the swiftest possible locomotive engines to run on railroad tracks with steam or electricity furnishing power is to be encouraged. Tremendous velocity in railway trains may often be useful. But it is time to cry a halt to the men who try to reach or surpass a rate of a mile a minute on the public roads.

The elevated road crosses Broadway at Thirty-fourth-st., at Fifty-third-st., and again between Sixtieth and Seventieth sts. It is not likely that New-Yorkers will allow a fourth crossing in front of the Astor House.

Is it not lamentable that the nature of their products does not sweeten the relation between the refiners of beet sugar and those refiners of cane sugar who are united in the Sugar Trust? Strange to say, the rivalry between them could hardly be sourer and more bitter if they were all engaged in the manufacture of gall. Have they forgotten the old saw that molasses catches more flies than vinegar?

PERSONAL.

Robert Bond, the Premier of Newfoundland, who has just been knighted by the Duke of Cornwall and York, is descended from an old family of Devonshire. His father was a rich and widely known merchant in St. John's for upward of half a century, but the son preferred the more active and ambitious life of politics and the bar. As early as 1884 Robert Bond had become speaker of the Newfoundland Assembly. From 1889 to 1897 he occupied a Cabinet position as Colonial Secretary, and in this capacity he did much to enlarge and make free the industrial life of the old British colony of which he is a native citizen.

Ex-President Cleveland will be invited to deliver the commencement address at the University of Nebraska next June.

"Mexico's grand old diplomat, the Hon. Ignacio Mariscal," says "The Mexican Herald," "is one of the most eloquent, forceful and brilliant orators in the New World. His address of welcome to the Pan-American delegates was a masterpiece of cordial greeting, statesmanlike scope of contents and rhetorical art. In the original Spanish it may be read in all its perfection; translated into English, much of its quality and distinction is preserved. It is a speech that shows the diplomatic touch, the art of saying neither too much nor too little. We have all come to expect great things from Mr. Mariscal, and he never disappoints us."

Mayor Capdeville of New-Orleans has received, through the State Department, the insignia and decoration of the Order of St. Olaf, conferred on him by King Oscar of Sweden.

When his present term expires, in 1903, Mr. Allison, of Iowa, will have been a United States Senator for thirty consecutive years.

The German historian, Professor Theodor Mommsen, on October 13 celebrated his jubilee as professor, having been appointed professor of Roman law at Zurich on October 13, 1851. The professor was transferred to Breslau in 1854 and to Berlin in 1858.

James Monroe Hill, of Austin, Tex., is one of the few survivors of the battle of San Jacinto, which assured to Texas its independence. He was born in Georgia, and is a cousin of the late United States Senator Benjamin H. Hill, of that State.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

For the last two years members of the Baptist Church of Saco, Me., have been annoyed by a sound in the church building. While it was not especially troublesome, it was annoying from the fact that it was constant and could not be located. The sexton hunted everywhere for it, but without success until the latter part of last week. In making a more thorough search than usual he found tucked away in a gable end a swarm of bees and about fifty pounds of honey.

Answer to a Correspondent: Birdie G.—No, the cut you refer to is not a group portrait of the brigands who captured Miss Stone. It is a picture of one of the strongest football teams in the West, and as such ought to arouse your enthusiasm.—(Chicago Record-Herald.

A venerable woman calmly puffing away at an old clay pipe was one of the sights, now much less frequent than formerly, in the Carthage (Kan.) Courthouse the other day. She had come in from some of the backwoods corners of Jasper County, where there are others of her kind. "From Tennessee? Why, sartinly," she replied to the local interviewer's query. "And from South Ca'liny to Tennessee when a little girl. You see, us girls learned to smoke the tobacco we raised, and the boys they chawed it, and there wasn't no objections from the old folks. When we come out to Missouri, along afore the war, our pipes come, too. Yes, I reckon I ain't the only old lady in Jasper County what smokes a pipe."

Etta—Edith is as mad as she can be with Mr. Colter; he has placed her in a terribly compromising situation.
Bertha—For mercy's sake, you don't mean it!
Etta—I am sorry to say I do. They happened to come to town together the other evening, and he didn't speak a word to her the whole way. Of course, everybody must have supposed them married. It places Edith in a most awkward situation; and she is getting along, you know, to an age when she cannot afford to lose any chances that happen to be going.—(Boston Transcript.

Speaking of the trade in war relics just after the close of the Spanish war, a Havana correspondent of "The Boston Transcript" writes: "One live American we know of gave it out that he had bought the last Spanish flagstaff from Morro Castle; a week or two later—as soon as shipments could be got from the States—this same man was selling walking sticks said to have been turned from the aforesaid flagstaff. Some of those sticks were of oak, others of ash; some were mahogany and others of ebony—but nobody in those days questioned little things like that. The man might have made a fortune had he confined his business to walking sticks. He didn't, though. He began offering small articles of household furniture, then larger ones, and at last, becoming real bold, he tried to float a general furniture factory—all out of wood from this large flagstaff. That was his death knell, and though the man is alive now, his sales are few and far between, and are limited to walking sticks again."

Obvious Reason.—"Now, then," exclaimed the candidate, in a voice of thunder, "I have told you the principles and policies my opponent stands for! You have a right now to know the other side! What do I stand for?"
"Because nobody's told you to go 'way back and sit down!" yelled a hundred voices in the audience.—(Chicago Tribune.

"The Philadelphia Record" thus quotes a business man: "Unless a man has specially schooled himself, memory is bound to be treacherous sometimes. I don't trust mine at all any more. It has gone back on me too often. Besides, a postal card only costs a cent, and I always carry a lot of them around with me. My end of the business calls me away from the store a great deal, and, no matter where I may be—riding on a streetcar, walking, or in one of the numerous places of business which I frequent—when an idea occurs to me that requires my attention I jot a memorandum of it down on a postal card, address it to myself and drop it in the nearest letter box. Some days I will send a dozen postal cards to myself, and the next morning they are on my desk awaiting me. I have been doing this for two or three years, and I think it's a pretty good system."

Clifford was a good sized boy, but was still in knickerbockers. He had lost a near and dear relative, and was heartbroken. A wealthy uncle, on a visit to the family, undertook to divert his mind.
"Clifford, my boy," said the uncle, "we'll go downtown pretty soon, and I want you to think up something you would rather have than anything else in this world. Make up your mind now, and we'll get it, no matter what it is."
Clifford reflected for several minutes.
Then his face brightened.
"Get me a pair of suspenders, uncle," he said.—(Chicago Tribune.

PACIFICATION PROBLEMS.

THE DANGERS OF MILITARY OVERCONFIDENCE—AN INSULAR CONSTABULARY—THE ABSENCE OF ROADS.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

Manila, Philippine Islands, August 25.

If a layman may be permitted to offer a criticism in matters purely military, I should say that our troops in the Philippines are in danger of underestimating the powers for resistance which the native is capable of developing at unexpected and inopportune moments. I had an illustration of this disposition on the part of the average American soldier to think but poorly of the fighting qualities of the Filipino at Calbayog the other day, where we visited General Hughes at his temporary headquarters in Samar. "We captured," said a young officer on the general's staff, "a letter not long ago addressed by the insurrecto officer in command hereabouts to General Lucban, in which he said in substance: 'General, in accordance with your orders, I attacked this town at night on Saturday last; we fired into it for over an hour, but there was no response; what shall I do?' And at the thought of the insurrecto's dilemma the young officer began to chuckle.

"Well," I ventured to say, "what did you do about it?"

"Do about it? Why, nothing. We pay no attention whatever to these chaps now. They shoot into the town every night. They never kill anything, but it seems to amuse them. So we let them waste their ammunition."

"Well, didn't you ever attempt to clear the surrounding country of these nightly visitors?"

"Oh, yes; but without much success. You see, we'd start out the minute the firing began. The flash of the discharge indicated the general direction. Our men would scour the underbrush in the dark, find nothing, of course, and return. After a few weeks of this kind of thing it became a trifle monotonous, and we quit going after them."

"But you have outposts, haven't you?"

"Of course we have; but of what good are outposts here? Look at that jungle!" and the officer pointed to a black, impenetrable mass of tropical foliage which seemed to touch the back of the nipa huts lined up on both sides of the only street in the town. "Why," he continued, "even in daytime an outpost can't see ten feet beyond where he stands, and what chance he has of seeing anything at night you can judge for yourself now."

Behind a bank of clouds the new moon was rising at this moment and shedding its light upon the weather stained and crumbling tower of the church and "convent" beyond. For a minute it rested on the barrel of an old Spanish field piece in front of headquarters, and then leaped to the bayonet of a sentinel pacing silently to and fro in the shadow of a mango. By its rays you were barely able to make out the line of huts and the boat landing at the end of the deserted street. The flicker of a tallow dip dimly discernible through the chinks of a door, the sombre glare of a pine torch near a window, the querulous whinings of a mangy cur, seemed the only signs of life in the settlement. A hundred yards beyond nothing but forest and jungle and darkest darkness.

"How many people live in this little town?"

"Little? Why, there are at least ten thousand people here. You want to know where they live? All along the shore, on the other side of the creek, and three or four miles beyond. You can't see the houses from your boat, but they are there all the same. They nestle in the shadow of cocoanut groves and sit against the very edge of the jungle. Streets? None, except the one you see here. Now you will understand the difficulty of policing a place like this, and appreciate, perhaps, the nature of the task which confronts us in maintaining our authority in the surrounding country. However," added he, cheerfully, "we are getting there, slowly but surely."

I have ventured to quote this young officer at some length because what he says reflects, I think, the opinion of a majority of army men who are now actively engaged in the field. That opinion, while hopeful in the main, is yet tempered by a pessimism which the hardships of a tropical campaign—hardships which a thoughtless public at home refuses to associate with heroism—tend to aggravate rather than alleviate. This pessimism has in some instances produced a recklessness and indifference of which the treatment of these nightly marauders near Calbayog is not by any means an exaggerated example. That such indifference carries with it a contempt of the native and his powers for active resistance is only too evident. One of these days, I fear, we shall be called upon to pay pretty dearly for a much needed lesson. It is a mistake to suppose that the Filipino, because he has never stood in the open against the assaults of American troops, is therefore incapable of turning upon his foe if the opportunity should present itself. Contrary to the notions of our troops, whose judgment in the matter is somewhat affected by the possession of a superior rifle, the native is courageous and has no fear of death. It will be best, I say, not to underrate his tenacity or to ignore his treacherous instincts, which he will never be able, I fear, entirely to subdue.

Lined up the other day at the Dagupan railway station—or what is left of it, for the retreating insurrectos burned it down and destroyed as much of the rolling stock of the road as they could lay their hands on—was the municipal police of the place, a score or more of men of different size, color, build and intelligence. As we approached they came to attention and presented arms, the band in the street struck up "There'll Be a Hot Time," and the awestruck mob on the other side of the latticed fence uncovered. It was all very impressive, of course, and immensely gratifying to one's self esteem. It was also—which is infinitely more important—an opportunity for inspecting part of the governmental machine we have set up in the islands, and as such a legitimate subject of discussion.

These bodies of municipal police were created under the military administration not only to assist the troops in maintaining order, but also to test the capacity of the natives for self government. It goes without saying that they were chosen with great care and that the control exercised over them by our military authorities was at all times absolute. Of course, they had to be armed, but the arms furnished to them were shotguns and revolvers of an antiquated pattern. As a means of impressing upon their fellow natives the responsibilities of their office and for defence in case of attack these weapons were quite sufficient. At any rate, the military authorities did not feel justified in going any further in this direction.

The civil government, on the other hand, after clashing with the military over the control and disposition of these bodies of municipal police, and finally establishing its supremacy wherever it has thought it safe to do so has, in the exercise of its authority, permitted a number of municipalities to arm native police forces with revolvers of the latest pattern and, worst of all, with modern rifles. To this, as one may well imagine, the army strenuously objects. It has no high opinion of the Filipino as a sharpshooter, it is true, but it rightly argues, also, that a shotgun in the hands of a native is infinitely less dangerous than a rifle, and as our government has paid out thousands of dollars in order to stimulate the surrender of rifles the average army officer is not prepared to admit the wisdom of handing back those very same rifles which in a moment of temptation the native might be induced once more to aim