THE JOURNAL

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THREE YEARS—IN A NUTSHELL

Total Columns Advertising Carried by Twin City Daily Papers.

	1898.	1899.	1900.
Journal..	10403	10955	12222
Times...	9494	10448	11282
Tribune.	8772	10367	10902
Dispatch.	9684	10996	12056
Pioneer..	8130	8808	9430
Globe...	5710	7667	8059

IN 1900 THE JOURNAL

Had 1,320 Columns more than *Tribune.
Had 166 Columns more than Dispatch.
Had 940 Columns more than *Times.
Had 2,792 Columns more than *Pioneer.
Had 4,163 Columns more than *Globe.

*It should be noted that the Sunday papers included 52 big Sunday issues, in other words the Sunday papers had 365 issues and The Journal only 313.

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PREVENTING STRIKES

It is reported from Indianapolis that an agreement between the International Typographical Union and the American Publishers' Association has been drafted, looking to the prevention of strikes pending the settlement of differences arising between members of the allied printing trades and members of the American Publishers' Association. The plan is to have a board of arbitration, whose determinations shall be final, and, if either party appealing to the board declines to accept the decision, all support of the organization to which the dissident belongs shall be withdrawn. It is thought that this plan will be accepted next month by a sufficient number of local unions to warrant the International Typographical Union to sign it as the executive body.

This is another example of the gratifying tendency to make reason, not physical force, the arbiter in industrial disputes; to substitute conference and arbitration for the bitterness of perpetual strife and to encourage the cultivation on the part of employers and employes, of intimate knowledge of each other's personality, methods, aims and objects, and bring about friendly respect and the abandonment of all hostility. Very great progress has been made in the actualization of this peaceful policy in leading industrial lines. Not long ago the National Founders' Association, which represents over 400 foundries in the United States, adopted resolutions commendatory of the system of the machine trades and professions association of Columbus, Ohio, whose fundamental principles are the moral, intellectual and social advancement of the members; recognition of community of interests between employer and employe; condemnation of strikes as antagonistic and drastic measures, calculated to increase the bitterness of class feeling, arouse opposition and prevent just and equitable settlement of differences between employer and employed. This union has formally and heartily adopted arbitration as a substitute for strikes.

It is such a spirit as this which means the advent of industrial peace.

The Galveston News has figured up the exact financial loss in last fall's storm and tidal wave. The figures reach the enormous sum of $17,058,275. The News then goes on to show what has been done toward the rehabilitation of the city. Altogether $2,258,606 has been spent in repairing the damage. Of this sum $800,000 has gone into new homes, $623,500 into new wharves and shipping facilities and $250,000 into mercantile buildings. Surprising as it may seem, the review of the year shows that Galveston's business, despite its misfortune, compares favorably with that of 1899 which was a year of prosperity for the port. The excellent papers issued by the News on the heels of the disaster and the annual review now at hand are creditable in the highest degree to the courage and persistence and recuperative power of the city of Galveston.

ROOM FOR BUT ONE CANDIDATE

Mr. Evans is the candidate of Hennepin county for the succession to Cushman K. Davis.

He has been fairly and honorably chosen by the Hennepin county delegation. He is a worthy candidate.

There is room for but one candidate from Hennepin county. There must be harmony and unity of action upon the part of our members in the legislature and upon the part of the people at home if Minneapolis is to have this office.

Mr. Evans is the leading candidate at the present time. His chances promise success. To assume now that he is now or at any other time to withdraw from this contest is unreasonable and preposterous. No man aspiring to an election at the hands of the legislature of Minnesota, and occupying the leading position that Mr. Evans now occupies in that contest, would be worthy of the office or deserving of election if he would listen to such a proposition for a minute. Mr. Evans is in this contest to stay until he is elected, which we believe he will be, or until such time as the Hennepin delegation, representing the city of Minneapolis, find it impossible to secure his election. Until that time comes—and we don't believe it ever will—there is no room for any other candidate from Hennepin county, unless other interests than those of this city are to be made uppermost.

Under these circumstances, The Journal once more urges the business men of this city to let it be known unmistakably in St. Paul that they want this office, and that they are not indifferent to the kindly disposition of the people of the state to give it to us. Furthermore, let it be known that this city regards her claim to the office as stronger, upon the ground of good republican politics, than that of any other community. The way to do this is for the business men of Minneapolis to discover at once that there are some things in the way of public concern that have a legitimate claim upon their time and their attention, and let them respond as they are expected to and give Mr. Evans and the delegation in St. Paul the support and encouragement and assistance which can only be afforded through the presence in that city of strong delegations or representative men.

This is urged upon the assumption that Minneapolis wants the senatorship. If the people of Minneapolis are indifferent to the matter they will, of course, make no effort to do anything of this kind; but that this is the important thing to do is not urged upon the judgment of the writer alone, but that of men who have had extensive experience in such matters.

LET REPUBLICANS SETTLE IT

The Journal publishes to-day editorial expressions from some seventy-five of the leading republican papers of the state, and covering nearly as many counties, on the subject of an early senatorial caucus. These are not garbled expressions, or stolen from editorials which in their entirety really convey a different idea, but were obtained in most cases by correspondence with the editors themselves, and represent their views without modification. In this respect it it differs from a recent notable effort made in St. Paul to reproduce editorial sentiment of the state.

The sentiment of the republican press of the state is evidently overwhelmingly in favor of an early caucus for two reasons: First, that the choice of a senator may be made by the republicans, and not by the democrats, in the legislature; and, second, that the choice of a senator may be gotten out of the way as early as possible and thus obstruct as little as may be the regular work of the session.

These two propositions are incontrovertible. There is nothing to be said on the other side. As to the attitude of the different candidates for the office, it should be said that Mr. Evans and his friends have been urging that the senatorial choice must be made in a republican caucus, and that it be held at an early date.

Mr. Evans is a republican. He wants to be elected by republicans. He asks that members of the legislature get together in caucus and settle this question where it ought to be settled. The public interest demands that it be done at an early date. It costs the state of Minnesota a good deal of money each day that the legislature is in session. Any one who knows anything about these matters knows that very little business will be done in the legislature until the senatorship is disposed of. The first vote cannot be taken until the 21st of January. That is ten days away. Every candidate for the office ought to be willing to submit his chances to the republicans of the legislature in caucus, and to do it without unnecessary delay. To take any other position is to confess weakness and confess a fear to submit his chances to the judgment of the republicans alone. If both the other candidates will join Mr. Evans in this movement for a caucus not later than the middle of next week, it will be held and the matter disposed of in the orthodox republican way.

The people of Minneapolis should not make any mistake about this. There is room but for one Minneapolis candidate for the senatorship at a time. Mr. Evans is the leader among the three now in the field. Any fair-minded man is bound to take that view of the situation if he will investigate for himself in St. Paul. But one evidence of that claim which any one can appreciate without going to St. Paul is the fact that Mr. Evans and his supporters are ready at any time to submit his case to a republican caucus, as soon as the other candidates will agree. That is proof of his commanding position. And while he is in that commanding position he cannot be expected to pull out to accommodate anybody else.

Tootsie-Wootsie Literature.

Victor Hugo's love letters are now to be published, and there is a probability that Goethe's numerous epistles of a like character to numerous ladies will be prepared for market. The success of the Browning and Bismarck love letters has stimulated the cupidity of editor and publisher alike, and we may look for a steady flow of tootsie-wootsie literature until people tire of it.

If the great souls that have passed on are permitted to look down from their loftier seats, it may be open to question whether they are pleased to see the secret things of their hearts exposed in the market place. Yet the love letters so far published have been high-class documents, that read as if they were written with an eye to the future. They incite rather to higher ideals of human affection than they do to laughter.

If you will give it a moment's thought, it will be plain that it is the divorce court love letter that can be more properly described as tootsie-wootsie literature than can these love letters of great minds. Yet some very good people write birdie-wirdie love letters, and there are doubtless 10,000,000 Americans who would freely pay $5 rather than have their love letters printed. When we get older and wiser perhaps—somehow it looks different.

The New Party.

Mark Twain has started a new political party in which the members are all pledged not to seek nor to accept office. Mr. Twain's idea is to eliminate the selfish element in politics and to build up a strong, vigorous party of moral ideals. In case the party ever came into power it would be obliged to go outside of its own lines for material to fill the offices. This, Mr. Twain contends, would insure first-rate men, as the selections made would naturally be the flower of the other party, and nobody knows a party so well as do its opponents. They can see their faults better. The perspective is right, as it were.

There is no danger of Mr. Twain's party coming into power at once, for up to date it contains but one voter—namely, Mr. Twain.

And the chances are that he hasn't paid his poll tax.

Mrs. Carrie Nation of Kansas got to thinking over the saloon evil one day and became so excited that she went out with an ax and smashed the nearest saloon mirrors. As there are no saloons in Kansas, Mrs. Nation must be suffering from hallucinations.

Governor Pingree is to appear to-day to answer a charge of contempt of court. The governor can hardly deny that such has been his feeling, but on the other hand the court has cherished a serious case of contempt for Pingree. Possibly there is truth on both sides.

A million and a half a year is to be spent in educating the Filipinos. The hostiles are being educated to keep well out of sight, but the expense of the curriculum is quite heavy and is making us wear stamps on our checks.

Complaint is made at Bellevue hospital in New York that a few athletic nurses throw the patients around like cordwood. The safest way is to keep out from in front of the nurses' rush line.

Tams Bixby was out "mixing" yesterday, but declined to say whether or not he was running. The coyness of some of the candidates this year is something remarkable.

It is claimed that a large section of "Quo Vadis" was taken bodily from Renan's "Anti-Christ." Thoughtful people always duck when "Quo Vadis" is mentioned.

The Chinese envoys have refused to sign the joint note of the powers, on the ground that the powers will cut out the names and sell them to the autograph fiend.

Some of the legislators are so "interested" in the senatorial matter that they are getting madder than the man whose wife lends his books.

The electoral college yell is now heard in Washington. The story that Mr. Rockefeller controls the opinions of its professors is denied.

If it takes three men-of-war to satisfy the asphalt trust, how many would it take to satisfy Standard Oil? We need a larger navy.

Why is it that it is usually a rather penurious man who owns the big dog with a meat market appetite and a dry bone diet?

There are one or two idiots who are trying to reopen the end-of-the-century controversy. Not in this office for 100 years.

The young Duke of Manchester has appeared in a sweater. Father's pocketbook is doing a little perspiring also.

A local Mrs. Partington recently spoke of the marriage of Italians as "the holy bonds of macaroni."

When in doubt buy a railroad.

TRADE OF GREAT BRITAIN

Michael G. Mulhall contributes to the June number of the Review of Reviews for Australasia an article on the subject of British trade, which presents some facts of far-reaching significance with great clearness and force. The article is summarized by the author in ten paragraphs, which are substantially as follows:

First—The weight of the merchandise annually imported into Great Britain has multiplied fivefold in forty years, averaging at present more than one ton yearly for each inhabitant.

Second—More than half of the food supply of the United Kingdom is drawn from other countries, at an annual cost of about £5 ($24.33) per inhabitant.

Third—The mean price of imported food is now only £12 10s ($60.83) per ton, having fallen 20 per cent in the last twenty years.

Fourth—Most of the imported food could be raised in England, but at much greater cost, to the detriment of the working classes.

Fifth—The consumption of fiber in the mills of Great Britain has doubled in thirty years, and exceeds the aggregate consumption in France and Germany.

Sixth—The importation of metals and minerals has grown elevenfold in thirty years, and the exports of hardware manufactures have doubled in value.

Seventh—The consumption of manufactured goods imported from foreign countries has risen from 15s ($3.65) per inhabitant in 1869 to 41s ($9.98) in 1899.

Eighth—The value of textile goods exported is less than it was thirty years ago, but the volume has risen 70 per cent.

Ninth—The fall of prices has been a gain to Great Britain of at least £50,000,000 ($243,325,000) per annum.

Tenth—The tendency of British trade points to a steady increase of food imports and of hardware exports.

Bitter Medicine.

Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

The New York Journal is tired of being imitated by the New York World, and it has offered $500 to any person who will tell it "how to force an idiot to stop following." We heartily agree with the Journal that any newspaper that would follow it is an idiot, and a hopeless one at that. The Journal's problem is so easy of solution that we would not think of claiming the reward offered. Let the Journal publish a sane, decent and reliable newspaper, and we will venture to say that the World will imitate it no more.

Except That "Bobs" Was Not Beaten.

Omaha Bee.

Roberts' earldom suggests the sententious remark made by John Paul Jones when he heard that the captain of the Serapis had been knighted for the part he took in the engagement with the Bon Homme Richard. "If he will come out to sea again," said Jones, "I'll give him another such a beating that they'll make him a peer of the realm."

Eugene Field's Enormous Output.

New York World.

It is computed that in the column of prose and verse which he produced daily for a Chicago newspaper Eugene Field eventually wrote 7,000,000 words. This would be equivalent in quantity to seventy portly novels of historical romance or adventure of the current popular sort, and decidedly better in quality, as much metropolitan newspaper matter is.

AMUSEMENTS

Frank Daniels in "The Ameer."

Frank Daniels is very nearly the whole thing in "The Ameer." There is a magnificent and even gorgeous background for him, in which bevies of brilliant beauties in varicolored raiment move about kaleidoscopically. There are glittering perspectives wrought by wizard scene painters which seem like glimpses of the fairyland of one's youthful imagination. There is dancing by deft-footed maids with swirling draperies which mock and allure the beholder. There is music coming in swelling volume from many full-throated song birds. Poems in sound and form and color are constantly in evidence till the senses weary of the display. But in the exact center and focus of things is always the short and grotesque figure, always the grimacing face, always the raucous voice of Frank Daniels. Everything else is accessory.

So that the answer to the question whether one likes "The Ameer" is bound up inevitably in the question as to whether one likes Daniels. And that is a matter of taste wherein there is room for honest differences of opinion. The audience that overflowed the auditorium of the Metropolitan last night evidently was enamored of the Daniels brand of humor, and greeted it with intermittent and gusty laughter. His slightest move sufficed to produce paroxysmal effects—a raising of an eyebrow, an inarticulate grunt, a funny little wave of his hand. But he was the same Frank Daniels whose troubles in varying environments have been the procuring cause for public laughter, lo! these many years. The quality and characteristics of his work have not varied an iota since he first attained fame as Old Sport in "A Rag Baby." The matter he brings is usually new and frequently ingenious. But so far as methods are concerned he is the same yesterday, to-day and to-morrow. This lack of versatility or rather perhaps one should say this absence of any talent for impersonation is less of a handicap for an operatic comedian than it would be for a dramatic comedian. Mr. Daniels long since found his metier and does not wander from it. Within his narrow limitations he is a glittering and perennial success. Laughter is his obedient servant and its job is no sinecure.

It is a fair inference from what has been said that "The Ameer" is not a great work of art. It is rather a medium, a vehicle, and it serves its purpose admirably. The story of the libretto, furnished by Kirk La Shelle, is rather tenuous even for a comic opera and the thread is often perilously near breaking. But it furnishes Mr. Daniels as the ruler of Afghanistan with a select assortment of troubles warranted to convulse any normally constructed audience. Troubles are the raw material for the Daniels Fun Mfg. Co., Ltd. The lyrics by Frederick Ranken are infrequent but clever. Victor Herbert is the composer, and after hearing the opera one is struck with the conviction that Mr. Herbert is writing too much music for the good of his own reputation. He is not giving his work that careful attention which is necessary if he is to repeat his early successes. There is pretty music in "The Ameer," but not enough of it. Very little of the score will endure. Perhaps the charming song, "Cupid Will Guide," may haunt the memory, especially since it was so sweetly sung by Helen Redmond. The effective chorus, "With Stealthy Footsteps Falling," that opens the second act, is another good thing, even if reminiscent of "The Bogey Man." There are other "gems of the opera," too, but they do not bespangle its groundwork very thickly.

Mr. Daniels has two very competent assistant comedians in the agile and lanky Owen Westford, who plays the prime minister, and rotund William Corliss as the unfortunate jester whose ancient jibes utterly fail to make the ameer laugh. These are but foils for Mr. Daniels, but good ones. The trio were quite irresistible in the clever "Continuous Performance" number. Will Danforth, chief of the brigands, is a very fearsome fellow and eke a good basso. Rhys Thomas, the British captain, is an Apollo in physique and the possessor of a high barytone voice of good quality. Helen Redmond and Norma Kopp, who play the two American girls in rather declarative disguises warranted to deceive no one but a comic opera comedian, are contrasting beauties. Miss Redmond is tall, dark and queenly. She sings sweetly and with good taste and is graceful of carriage. Miss Kopp is shorter, blonde and has a mannish stride that befits her disguise well. It cannot truthfully be said that she is a great songstress, though her opportunities for vocal display were not many. Kate Uart has the inevitable old maid part of the Katisha type—but she doesn't look it. Probably she hasn't the courage to be homely, when she can more easily be pretty. That is one of the highest known types of feminine courage and of what use would it be in comic opera, where nobody cares?

—W. B. C.

Foyer Chat.

One of the features of Eugenie Blair's production of "A Lady of Quality," which will be seen at the Metropolitan Sunday night, is the elaborate mounting and costuming of the play. Costly gowns are worn throughout the play, and Miss Blair's gowns are particularly beautiful. In the first act she wears a beautiful brocaded satin dress, while her second act gown is an exquisite white silk, with hand embroidery almost covering it. At the end of the third act she wears a sartorial creation that has become the rage of the ultra fashionable world. It is a house costume of heavy white satin, covered with black lace and embroidered in black jet.

The attraction at the Metropolitan for the last three nights of next week will be Charles Frohman's company in William Gillette's thrilling dramatization of Dr. Conan Doyle's ideal detective story, "Sherlock Holmes."

"Le Voyage en Suisse" continues to entertain large-sized audiences at the Bijou this week. Pantomime has always enjoyed a good deal of favor with local theater-goers, and "Le Voyage en Suisse" is one of the most enjoyable plays of this order ever seen here. The producing company is above the average.

The presentation at the Bijou opera-house Sunday afternoon of David Belasco's international success, "The Heart of Maryland," will be one of the memorable dramatic events of the season. The play itself involves the attendant excitement and visible accompaniments and realism of a fiercely fought war, deftly interwoven with the progress of an intensely interesting love story.

HOW A FUNNY MAN SUCCEEDED

Francis Wilson, the comedian, gives in Success the reasons for his achievements.

"Oh," says he, "I supose it is just like all others' success; I worked like a mule all the time and kept at it constantly. As Andrew Carnegie says, 'Application is the thing.' I kept at the same thing, and it was bound to come. Of course I didn't know that that was his game, too, until after I had entered the show business. Had I known sooner how easy it was for a man to get rich—as rich as he is—I think I should have invested in iron and steel, and probably put a little into coal, not forgetting ice. However, I'm well satisfied to look back and see that by hard work and application I have succeeded where many others have given up. I tell you that word 'application' means much in this business. The first view I had of it was when a three-foot slap-stick used to be applied to me regularly from 9 p. m. to 9:10 p. m., during a minstrel show. After that I grew to the distinction of a clog dancer; then I pined to be able to 'say something' to the audience, and finally got to speak a line or two. Wild horses couldn't hold me after that, and I quit the minstrels and took small acting parts. Oh, well, there's no use going into detail—I had to hustle, and finally succeeded. Here I am working as hard as ever every night, trying to amuse my audiences."

A Grave in the South.

New York Press.

In the end of a deep railroad cut in Georgia, near the town of Altoona, on the line of Sherman's march to the sea, is a soldier's grave. The simple headstone bears this inscription: "He died for the cause he thought was best." For more than thirty-five years the Western & Atlantic Railroad company, leasing the "State Road" from Georgia, has kept this nameless grave in repair. No one knows whether the soldier belonged to the union or the lost cause; no one cares.

Democrats Are Not Democracy.

Los Angeles Times.

J. Sterling Morton evidently fully appreciates the stain which has come upon the name democracy when he confesses that it has become so discredited that it will be better to take an entirely new name when the talked-of reorganization takes place.

New York Daily Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL, No. 21 Park Row.

Million Dollars a Minute.

Jan. 11.—One of these days Wall street may settle down to the quiet routine of its work without any dazzling sensations, but there are at present no indications of such a time coming in the near future. Now that the long looked forward to 2,000,000-share a day mark has been reached and passed, the men of the financial district have taken the covers off of all estimates and the wildest of predictions are freely launched at the public and to insiders as well. Monday of this week witnessed the sale of 2,163,500 shares of stock on the exchange, according to the official ticket figures, that figure standing as the record, being the first time the 2,000,000 mark has ever been passed and being 300,000 in excess of the previous top notch. Official figures, too, always underestimate the actual sales, as "broken lots" of stock, that is, blocks of less than 100 shares, are not recorded on the ticker on busy days, and then too, many transactions are privately made between members and never get to the ticker runners. Thus 2,500,000 was about the actual figures of the banner day of the street. With this as a record, with Stock Exchange members coining money hand over fist on their commission business, with clerks working till long past midnight to keep up with their work, it is no wonder that the price for a seat on the exchange has been mounting until now many of the members who are usually conservative say that $100,000 will be paid for a Stock Exchange membership before the close of the present year. At present the memberships are selling in the neighborhood of $50,000, a rise of over a third within the last year. A million shares a day, or a million and a half shares a day, figures that would have caused the greatest wonder only a couple of years ago, are now passed by without comment, as they are reached on about every good day of the board, and it will have to be other 2,000,000-share days that will cause surprise. A better understanding of Monday's "2,000,000-share day" can be conveyed to the lay mind when it is known that 2,163,500 shares represents $216,350,000 par value in round numbers, giving commissions of over $300,000 to the brokers and about $50,000 in taxes to the government in the shape of stamps. With such a business transacted in five short hours, the brokers had to sell and buy stocks at a rate of almost $1,000,000 par value each minute.

Columbia Wants Money.

Columbia university is in need of funds, and this fact is plainly communicated to the public by President Seth Low and the trustees of the institution. This is occasioned by the removal of the university from its old quarters to its magnificent new position on the Heights, and the university trustees make it known that if they can secure an endowment or pledges amounting to the interest of the debt for eight years that then on the present ratio of growth the university can meet all its own running expenses, interest charges and pay off gradually the debt itself out of the income from the educational sources. Meanwhile the university will either have to borrow money to pay its interest charges or else will have to reduce its efficiency by curtailment of expenses. Neither is desirable, and as experience is proving that the removal of the university to its present site is a good business operation, it is probable that the interest money will be pledged. The plant has increased in value by more than $6,250,000, appraising the property at cost value. At present property valuations $1,750,000 would have to be added to those figures. In addition, there has been a gratifying development along all appropriate lines. Of the cost of removal, amounting to almost $8,000,000, already $4,250,000 has been paid and the payment of another $750,000 been arranged. Therefore the only problem is the meeting of the annual interest charge of about $100,000 on the $3,000,000 outstanding indebtedness. President Low and the trustees have themselves pledged $38,000 of this sum for the first year and are seeking to raise the additional $62,000 necessary and also to provide for like payments for seven additional years, until such a time as they are confident the university will be amply able to meet its own obligations without delay or difficulty.

The Tobacco Trust.

An especially interesting development in the industrial world is the extension of business just announced by the American Tobacco company, the tobacco trust. This company, with its ally, the Continental Tobacco company, will henceforth deal in cigars as well as in cigarettes, which latter field the two companies already control. This move will involve the independent cigarmakers in a fiercer competition than they have heretofore been obliged to face. It is also taken to mean that the trust intends to gradually branch out in all lines in the tobacco trade and control the entire business in all its details. The first move into the cigar field came about through the purchase of the big plants of Powell, Smith & Co. on Second avenue in this city and at Paughkeepsie and at Kingston up the state. This business has been taken in through the issue of stock of the trust, although an independent company, controlled by the trust people, will probably be formed to handle all of the cigar field as fast as the trust may take it in. The new deal is of the nature of an experiment on the part of the trust people, but if it proves successful they fully intend to start in to control the field. At this time they have absolute control of the cigarette, smoking and chewing tobacco trades, having disposed of their snuff trade some little time ago. The American Tobacco company has stock issued to the value of $68,000,000 at par, while the Continental Tobacco company is responsible for over $97,000,000. James B. Duke is the president of both corporations, in which the largest stockholders are also practically the same men.

The Terrible Turk.

Nouroulah Hassan, the latest claimant to the title of "the Terrible Turk," has arrived in this city, and certainly looks formidable enough to down any wrestler, living or dead. He may not be a match for some of the people with whom he is to contend in this country, but with his height of 6 feet 6¼ inches and his weight of 340 pounds he looks like a hulk that could fairly crush the life out of anything pitted against him. On a back fall he would be all that his name of "Terrible" implies. Nouroulah comes from Bulgaria and was once a pupil of Yousouf, who died on the ill-fated La Bourgogne. It is declared for the new arrival that he has thrown every good wrestler in Europe except Bech Olsen, and that the big Dane as late as six weeks ago refused to meet him. The only man whom he admits to have downed him is Pons, the Frenchman, and that was two years ago, after the pair had been struggling for fifty-five minutes. The Turk at that time is admitted by all to have slipped. Martin Julian, is responsible for the coming of this monster, who is only 28 years old, and Julian is now at work to make matches for him with Roeber and Pons, with an open challenge for any man in the world. It looks as though there would be something good coming off in the wrestling line about these parts soon.

Mr. Hewitt's New Life.

Abram S. Hewitt, invigorated with the new elixir of life to which he has submitted himself for treatment, is continually bringing forth some new idea for the benefit of the city, and now has started a war on the tenement as an institution. To begin with, he denounces the tenement as a curse, and says that he would have every one of them razed, would reconstruct the dwellings of the poor, and asks for rich men's checks for that purpose, at the same time advocating small parks, rapid transit under municipal ownership, and similar reforms for the benefit of those denied a fair share of this world's goods. New York's former mayor, despite his nearly 80 years of age, is still an active figure and is much interested in his latest movement. In his most recent utterance he declares that the tenements must come down block by block and that the improvements be made by the city. Although he admits that this theory may be a bit socialistic, Mr. Hewitt says that he is not alarmed by it, but will continue to advocate it as long as he lives, endeavoring to carry out the recommendations made by him while mayor, and which he did so much to put in practice at that early stage of the movement. If activity will bring his plans into effect they will surely be carried out.

Count Tolstoi is engaged in writing a drama with the cheerful title of "The Corpse." The count means well but he ought to take treatment.

The Crystal Spider

BY HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES,
Author of "Smoking Flax," etc.

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It is of a veritabyll report and attested by so many learned, that there be nowe of wyse men none to gaysaye it, that there be certain crystals which must not be worn upon ye person; for ye crystal hys frame hath a magnetick propertie that draweth whomsoe falleth into hys svasion, into itself, in despyte of hys wylle, and ye thinge becometh thereon a creature who liveth with ye life and ye spirite of ye bodye on which it has rested.

I remember when I first read that quaint sentence in Morryster. Perhaps there was something uncanny in it that attracted me, but I read it over and over until it was in my mind just as it is now, with all its quaint phrasing and old-time spelling. I was a geologist for the big stamp mill people, and in a small way was something of a chemist, and crystals were my forte. I had spent much time in the study of them, and possessed possibly the finest private collection in the country. I had lately taken up a new line of research which sooner or later must fascinate one who studies the crystal formation deeply enough—this was the seeming vitality of certain crystal formations. I had come to reconstruct my theories of the inorganic and to study the artifices which molecules of steel assume under stress, and in the way in which iron grew "tired" with continued labor. This had brought me to the idea that metals, as well as men, possess life—a more elusive and subtle sort, but nevertheless life. This was my first step.

I had come now to distinguish that same effort in quartz. In my experiments I utilized one of the heaviest stamps of the mill, which, after hours, by concentrating the power which ran the entire plant, I could transform into a crusher, so nicely graduated that I could calculate its pressure almost to the pound. Here, month after month, I put crystals under the huge plunger, and hour after hour, day after day, increased its weight, watching with my most delicate instruments the variation of structure which the molecules of crystal assumed to resist me, and to protect the substance which they form, from annihilation.

But this is not interesting, except to a scientist, and scientists will of course not be interested in what I am writing—in what is the real story I am telling. They will sneer at it, being scientists. So would I have done then!

One day the foreman in one of the drifts brought me a specimen of a crystal which I had never seen. At first glance it looked like a piece of bullquartz which by some curious freak had found lodgment in a vein of schist. On closer examination, however, I detected a difference. Its molecular structure changed without stress and with extreme rapidity when exposed to different colors of light. I became greatly interested in this, and showed it to several experimenters like myself, who professed themselves unable to see anything in it, and, I think, put me down for a visionary. Finding this the case, I laid the crystal on the shelf of an open cabinet in my study, and finally forgot all about it.

It was there when Leila first came to me.

I can see her now, when I close my eyes, as she first came into my dull rooms. I can hear her footsteps coming up past the guard in the corridor just outside—I can see her little golden head like the sun in a corner of this dark cell. I can feel her arms go 'round my neck as she tried to draw me from my book or my calculations.

One day I came in and found her bending over, looking at my forgotten crystal, intently. She was so absorbed that she quite started when she heard my step. "What is there in that queer stone?" she cried.

I brought my glass and looked. Its transparent white had become a peculiar milky opalescence, and in its depths again I had the impression of vibration. "I held it in the hollow of my hand a minute ago," she said, "and I fancied that it moved. I almost dropped it."

I put the stone away and laughed at her, but as soon as she had gone out, I took it again and studied it. The opalescence I had noticed was fading, but it shifted fitfully. That night I told Leila my experiment with the colored lights, and she would have me show her the same thing. We began to study the stone together. I found that I could get better results when she was with me. It was then it seemed o possess its greatest brilliancy. When I pored over it alone, its activity dulled, its shimmer died out. In those days, I would not have sold that little crystal for any sum that I could think of, and I am sure Leila would not have traded it for the biggest pearl on the neck of an Indian princess. Nothing would satisfy her, finally, but that she must wear it.

I had a friend whose passion was the cutting of precious stones, and under my direction he carved from the fragment a spider. It was a beautiful piece of workmanship. I remember how delighted Leila was with it when I gave it to her on the first anniversary of our marriage. She wore it suspended from a fine gold chain from about her neck, and it lay against her breast. Day by day it gained in beauty. The bewildering sense of movement beneath its polished surface became more noticeable than ever. It began to attract attention wherever we went. We could scarcely go out of an evening when its peculiarity did not attract the attention of some connoisseur or another who dogged me with offers for it. I think it grew to be a sort of a passion with both Leila and myself—a passion which did not demand the admiration of others—and to avoid annoyance she lengthened the chain and dropped the stone below the level of her corsage.

It was not very long after I had given her the white spider that Leila's strange, baffling illness began. She had no disease—nothing that physicians could discover. But she suffered from curious attacks of giddiness, which came apparently without cause, and disappeared as they had come. It was long before I took fright, thinking that this was just a woman's weakness which would diseappear in time. Instead of bettering, however, she became steadily worse, and her fainting spells became more frequent. She was dear to me—more dear than anything in the world; I gave up my studies; I put on a substitute at the mills, and gave all my time to watching her. I brought experts from the city and they shook their heads, prescribed and went back again. But she showed no betterment, and one day later in the spring the end came. I was away at the time, and was called home by a special messenger. It was the same old story—faintness and a fall, and inability to regain her strength again. Before I got home she had died, very quietly and without recovering consciousness.

When I saw Leila lying still and white in the room where I had left her only a few hours before, I could scarcely believe that it was she. Her face was thin and drawn like that of one who had gone through a long illness. It could not be my Leila—she with the round cheeks and smiling eyes—my dear, little gold-girl! I think I was mad then, mad with the loss of her. As I looked at her, the white spider lay brilliant in the rounded hollow of her neck. very atom seemed to be dilating with motion. It was as though microscopic hosts were marshalling and counter-marching in elaborate evolutions in the stone, seen dimly through a half-opaque veil. Flears of light flickered across it. I drew the shade and hollowed my hands so no ray could fall on it, but down in the shadow it sparkled and scintillated and shone. There seemed something devilish in it. It maddened me that it should laugh while Leila, my love, my only one, lay there silent like that, and in my madness I snatched it from her, snapped the chain and threw it against the wall, where it rattled and fell to the floor.

It was not till after they had taken Leila away that I thought of it again. Then I grouped for it under a piece of furniture where it had rolled, and placed it on its shelf in the cabinet.

Helen Lylburn was the daughter of one of the mine superintendents, and I suppose I turned to her as any man turns to a woman when he needs comfort. I know she was nothing to me of what Leila had been, but she cared for me and drew my mind away from itself and tried to get me to live again. To take up life after a man had been so hurt is what is hard. It is easiest to bury one's self. But, after a time, I began to work again, and, to some extent, to forget. Perhaps it was mostly out of gratitude that I asked Helen to marry me—me, who was only a husk of what I had been, and whose heart was in the ground! And there were those, no doubt, who thought that it was through pity that she did.

At any rate, I brought her home one day to my rooms to take the empty place. Till we entered the little study with all my dusty books and cabinet, I had not realized what it meant. Then it came to me like a blow. The room was full of Leila. I saw her face in the mirror, I heard her sigh in every sound. The smell of her hair was in the window curtains. I started back with a horrible feeling that she had come to life and I had affronted her by bringing Helen where she was. It was a ghastly feeling and I felt the sweat come out in the palms of my hands.

Helen noticed it, I think, for she came to me and put her arms around my neck and kissed me. While her mouth lay on mine, I heard a sound from the cabinet. I turned and saw that the white spider had rolled from the shelf and had fallen among a huddle of glass retorts beneath it.

Helen ran and picked it up. "Why, it's the stone charm your wi—you used to have," she said. "I used to hear so much about it." Suddenly she dropped it with a little scream. "Oh!" she said, "how curious! It—it crawled in my hand!"

I laughed at her and put it back on its shelf; but Helen would not touch it or look at it again. As for me, I would not have parted with it for worlds. Every night I peered into it with my glass with fascinated interest.

Our bedroom adjoined my study, and, when the warmer weather came on, we opened the folding doors between for the sake of air. One night I was awakened by a cry from Helen. She was sleeping, but moaning and tossing as though struggling with something. She was talking brokenly, too, and, raising myself on my elbow, I leaned over her trying to make out what she said. For a moment I caught nothing. Then she said, quite distinctly and in a voice of agony: "No—no! My husband! Not yours—any more! Jean—Jean!"

I stretched out my arm and touched her to wake her up. As I put my hand on her breast, my hand pressed a hard, prickly substance, which seemed to shrink from my clasp as I grasped it. I sprang out of bed, trembling and loathing, and struck a light, but I knew already what it was. I did not tell Helen. She was sobbing nervously when I crept back into bed, and I felt her awake and stirring all through the rest of the night.

I could scarcely look at the stone next day for the repugnance that possessed me, but by night the feeling had disappeared.

A fortnight after this occurrence, Helen and I were spending the day up on the mountain where one of the new shafts were being sunk. She complained of nausea and I left her lying down in the overseer's shack while I sorted specimens. An hour or two later, I was called in alarm. She was in a delirium when I got to her and I drove her straight down to the doctor's and thence home, the overseer's wife going with me all the way. After she was abed, and had grown calmer, the woman brought me something wrapped in paper. It was an ornament, she said, that had dropped out of Helen's skirt when she undressed her. It was the white spider.

That night I brought out my needle drill, and started the wheel and drilled a hole through the tip of one of its legs. In this I set a steel ring and through this I drove a wire staple, pinning it to the shelf of the cabinet. I watched it closely as the drill worked, going slowly, so as not to shiver the crystal. When I had finished, I blew the dust off the drill plate. It had collected in a spot of damp, underneath the needle. I touched this with my finger. I swear to you that it was blood.

I watched it for three nights and it lay there sparkling. Sometimes it was milky, but more often now a flush-rose, and lovely and iridescent. But its look was hateful to me—hateful, though I loved it. In some such way must a man love a woman whom he loves despite himself, knowing she hates him. The old madness of despair came to me in these days—the longing for Leila, for her singing and her whisper and her yellow hair. And this was while Helen, my wife, lay asleep or waking in the next room.

The fourth night I slept, worn out. Even in my dreams, the uncouth horror of that thing, chained to the shelf of the cabinet, was with me. I woke suddenly, wet with perspiration, feeling unable to breathe. Something smooth, leperous, tingling, was on my lips, sprawling on my beard. I screamed and dashed the thing away and it struck stonily against the wainscoting.

Helen held me, but I would not stay. Rage was in my soul, and, suddering, I threw on my outer clothes and seized it and rushed in the dark to the silent mills. I could feel that one of its legs was broken off and it seemed to stir and turn in my palm.

I reached the deserted stamp room and threw on the electric lights in my engine room. The huge crusher stood upright. With all my force I hurled the thing straight into the dark chamber below the plunger and pulled the lever that dropped the great hammer. It came down, slowly, slowly, slowly. I could see the thing throb and sparkle just under the edge of the hammer. I saw it flash and dilate, startled, as the steel nipped and held it—saw it shrink and shiver and cower. Then it cried out in a woman's voice—Leila's voice: "My God! Oh, my God! Jean! Jean!"

It did! I tell you I heard it! How did I know it was Leila, my little golden girl? I couldn't reach it, though I thrust my hands clear in to snatch it out, and the ponderous tons' weight came down on them. That is why, as you see, I have no fingers—why I am writing this with a pen tied to a stub that was once a hand.

But, hands or no hands, they're afraid of me. They say I killed Helen, and the guards talk about it in whispers, but I hear them, I hear them!