THE JOURNAL

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Journal Almanac for 1901.

The Journal Almanac for 1901 is on the press and will be ready for distribution in a few days. This is the only almanac which adds to the general information of the best annual publication of this kind supplementary pages containing all kinds of information about the northwest. The Journal Almanac gives statistics about Minneapolis, Minnesota and the Dakotas, election returns in detail, bank clearings, census returns, party platforms of the state and nation, the members of the legislature and the officers of that body, and all information of a miscellaneous character The Journal Almanac has given heretofore, and much which has not hitherto been incorporated in that book.

THE FILIPINO PETITION

The congressional record of Jan. 10 contains the full text of the petition of certain Filipinos, living in Manila and vicinity, to congress requesting the withdrawal of our troops from the archipelago and that we make a present to Aguinaldo and his colleagues of the United States property and acknowledge the full independence of the "Filipino nation," and admit that Aguinaldo has triumphed. Senator Teller, who introduced the petition, vouched for the genuineness of the document and declared it to be a "representative document of the people of Manila and that immediate region." Permission to print it in the record without signatures was given. The signers of the petition, two thousand in number, are lawyers, bankers and professional natives, according to Senator Teller. They are living under the protection of our flag and are doing well.

These gentlemen represent Aguinaldo and the insurgents under him as carrying out, with high purpose, the program of independence adopted by the secret Katapunan society, whose career as thugs and assassins since Aguinaldo attacked our troops on February 4, 1899, is on record. The petitioners assert that the Filipinos are unconquerable and will hold out against the "persecuting American power" and will never consent to annexation or autonomy like that of Australia or Canada and will take every opoprtunity to "strike a fatal blow at the hated oppressor."

This document is the work of individuals enjoying the protection of the United States and all the advantages thereof. They avow their close and ardent sympathy with the enemies of the United States, and it is a piece of impudence for them to send such a petition to congress. They assume that there is such a thing as a "Filipino nation" and that Aguinaldo is conducting a government somewhere. There is, however, no "Filipino nation"; Aguinaldo has no seat of government, congress or organized army. If our government wished to negotiate with the "Filipino nation" it could find no head with which to negotiate. There is nothing resembling a "Filipino nation." The population of the archipelago is of diverse tribes with no tendency to unity but rather to individualism.

The petition sent to congress has never been heard of in the Sulu group, in Mindanao, Negros, Panay, Palawan, Mindoro, Samar, and it is very doubtful if its contents are known to a fiftieth part of the inhabitants of Luzon. It is possible that Aguinaldo may have written the petition himself. It bears the impression of his fantastic rhetoric. It reads like a defiance of the United States. Senator Teller vouches for its genuineness and considers it very "respectful" in tone. From the Teller standpoint it may be, but Senator Hawley properly characterized it, when he objected to the proposition to print on the ground that "it is a treasonable denunciation of the government and an attack upon all our soldiers." Such it is, in very truth.

Quay is expected to go on the warpath for the scalp of the postmaster-general because Mr. Smith in his Philadelphia Press opposed Quay's election. Mr. Quay needs friends in Pennsylvania just now a good deal more than he needs enemies, and he may tackle too many people at once. He had better confine his attentions to Mr. Hanna for the present. The public will enjoy the performance more than if he tries to get too many people on the stage in the same scene.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

The indications to-day seem to be favorable for the settlement of the senatorial contest in a republican caucus. The conference of the candidates with regard to the organization of the caucus shows absence of any deeply seated bitterness of feeling between them or their supporters and encourages the hope that this contest, conducted thus far with less display of personal feeling than often prevails where there are so many candidates, may be carried to a conclusion to-night without developing antagonisms and animosities which will remain to disturb the present fortunately harmonious and united condition of the republican party of the state.

A caucus selection will certainly contribute powerfully to this desirable result. Republicans may be rivals with one another and contend in a spirited and vigorous manner for personal supremacy; but so long as they are able to fight out these contests among themselves and settle questions of party preferment without the intervention of the opposition the chances for continued party harmony and success are greatly promoted.

For this reason The Journal urges again upon the members of the legislature that they come squarely and courageously up to the requirements of the situation, meet the responsibilities that their office imposes, satisfy the expectations of their constituents, and select for senator an acceptable man who shall owe his preferment to the carefully developed judgment of the members of his own party, and not to the winning of a long, bitter contest in which the opposition party is given a chance to participate and afforded an opportunity to use such power as its representation affords to instigate and cultivate strife, factionalism and disruption within the ranks of the republican party of Minnesota.

The G. O. P. expects every man to do his duty.

It is proposed to banish the Empress Dowager of China to some barren isle. Recipe for banishing dowager empresses—first catch your empress.

OBSTRUCTING PUBLIC BUSINESS

About five weeks' time remains for the fifty-sixth congress to get through a very large amount of business. The senate is still wrestling with the army reorganization bill and more amendments are in sight, while that body has yet to act upon all the appropriation bills, yet the promoters of the shipping subsidy bill are apparently determined to have their bill made unfinished business as soon as the army bill goes to conference and continue the fight over it to the detriment of more important business. They will do well if they bring the measure to a vote as soon as possible and send it to the house if they secure its passage.

The recent concessions of the critics of the subsidy bill suggest the anxiety of the promoters. They have cut down the terms of the subsidizing process from twenty to fifteen years and have reduced a few points the rate per ton of capacity for the swift passenger steamers and have minimized the restrictions on foreign ship purchases a little, but have not removed the chief objection that the lion's share of the $9,000,000 annual subsidy will go to a select few. Senator Frye, in his recent letter to the New York Tribune, admitted that the measure was largely designed to help lame ducks like the American line and enable them to pay dividends. "Since 1894-95," says Senator Frye, "the American line has been running without paying any dividends, as our committee has been repeatedly assured by Mr. Griscom. The pending subsidy bill in effect restores the (per mile) rate to $6, which will suffice to enable the company to pay on those ships a dividend of about 3½ per cent."

It does not look as if this bill has the sole purpose of promoting "the profitable employment of the surplus productive power of the farms, factories, mines, forests and fisheries of the United States." It does, as Mr. Frye's statement shows, have a purpose of benefiting lines of swift steamers and amplifying their dividends. It makes no provision, except of a very vague character, for more freight ships, more freight and lower freight rates. The cargo amendment to the bill will enable the Griscom ships to rake in the subsidy jack pot, as they always leave port with full cargoes of 3,500 to 3,800 tons. The $9,000,000 annual subsidy will thus be absorbed by a few steamship companies.

Not an advocate of this measure has shown that the subsidy system anywhere has lowered freight rates or increased the commerce of the countries which give them. The French merchant marine, heavily subsidized for many years, is in a state of decadence as the ship owners admit, and the fact that only about 5 per cent of the total tonnage of the world's shipping is subsidized, suggests very strongly the fact that a merchant marine can be built up successfully without taking money out of the public money chest to enable a few shipowners to pay larger dividends.

It is evident that the American public are generally taking this view.

That senate committee on reapportionment doesn't seem to present insuperable embarrassments. Why can't the majority go off by themselves and fix up what they want, submit it to the minority for approval or rejection, bring it in as the report of the committee and pass it—just as they do in congress. No matter which party is in power, the majority of the ways and means committee, for instance, make up their reports independently of the minority. If the minority don't like it, and of course they never do, they can make a minority report or fight the majority report on the floor, but without much result.

The senatorial campaign seems to have reached the roorbach stage, and as usual the roorbach is directed against the leading candidate. The roorbach, however, has less chance to get in its contemptible work at a senatorial election than at a popular election, and that's about the only argument we can think of in favor of the legislative election. The members of the legislature are more apt to size up a roorbach for its true value, and it is easier to lay the facts before all the voters. The facts in this case are given in another column, but the incident is not without its value as a confession of Evans' strength on the part of the opposition. Politics doesn't get down to the roorbach level till other means have been found to be of little effect. People are seldom mean just for the fun of it—even in politics.

We haven't heard anything said yet in favor of a secret ballot that seems to have been said in line with the proposition "may the best man win." Certainly, nobody is going to justify a secret vote on the ground that he is going to do something in the caucus he would be ashamed to have known. But on what other ground can a secret ballot be defended

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A Vanished Dream. There was once a glorified product of real eggs, fresh cream, sugar and nutmeg, laid tenderly and lovingly on a crisp, flaky crust of pastry. It was an inspiration of New England genius—a spiritualized result that made one disbelieve that crude matter had anything to do wiht it. For lack of a better name our forefathers called it custard pie. It was a dream.

People who have eaten or sat upon the modern custard pie, thrown together by some hired girl without genius, affection or inspiration, have little idea of the magnificent fruit of the old brick oven in which our ancestors reveled and became a mighty people. In fact, so degenerate has the pie become that it is beginning to lose its identity. Its personality is crumbling.

A hotelkeeper in New York recently put on his bill of fare a new article of diet under the title of "cream frawns." People who decided to try it to verify their suspicions found that they were confronted by the modern, loveless custard pie of commerce. This hideous degeneracy has not gone unrebuked. There has arisen a voice of protest from Boston. But it is not loud nor is it likely to be heeded. The iron heel of commercialism has crushed the custard pie of our grandmothers. What matter now whether it masquerades in New York under the name of "cream frawns" or appears in Texas under some barbarous Mexican pseudonym? The ancient glory of Ichabod has departed.

The high-class saloonkeeper smiles. The careful mayor thinks the wise men did not intend to apply the wineroom ordinance to the high-class rumhole. And who is the judge who is to decide which is the saloon 400? Oh, that's easy.

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men from Wall street who put their money into wheat at 77 to 79 cents, the excitement they have been having is all the fun they have taken out of it yet. It looks as though the northwest raised some wheat, after all.

The Nebraska State Journal says the aurora borealis doesn't show in St. Paul any more. The Journal ought to taste the liquids furnished by some of the senatorial candidates. It might see all kinds of colors.

If there were any of those mythical gentle- Mrs. Stanford has had another professor "fired out" of father's university. The politic professor knocks his head on the walk as Mrs. Stanford sweeps by.

Two well-known Frenchmen are going to stab at each other with darning-needles because of a personal disagreement. They ought to be arrested and given a swift kick and ten days each.

The democratic feeling that the president has been using the constitution for a doormat seems to be subsiding. That venerable document is still doing business in its glass case.

Mr. Bell, the tax man, is now dealing with the gentlemen who have a little surplus money which they wish to present to Father Hennepin's favorite county.

Mr. Cleveland is back from a duck hunt, "feeling fine." Several bird shot have been picked out of the office building of the Lincoln Commoner.

The sigh of relief heaved by the coal man in front of the thermometer sounds like the exhaust of a big Baldwin locomotive on a 4 per cent grade

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For a few hours the mayor's private secretary dashed around the garden like a dog who had buried a fine bone and forgotten the exact spot.

Some Chicago light-weights have issued a button for Carter Harrison for president in 1904. This country can stand a good deal.

Sand your walk unless you want a prom. cit. to do a shuffle and a crick-in-the-back act in front of your residence.

The press agent pretty nearly had ex-Governor Roosevelt shooting his first mountain lion while it was on the wing.

After all, nobody kidnapped the mayor and hung out the red lantern for a reward. We breathe freer.

It is brutal that Count Castellane should be expected to pay his bills. He needs the money.

Venezuela is foolish to throw bricks at her benefactor, especially when he is so much larger.

Patti is considering another——by the way, have you $5 about you?

Interests the Laboring Man.

To the Editor of The Journal.

I have been interested in The Journal articles about the way things have been running at the county courthouse. Those people down there should not forget that hundreds of the laboring classes have to keep saving up their money each week, from June 1 to May 31, just to get enough together to pay the yearly taxes on their homesteads. That is the burden we all have to bear, without regard to color. For that reason county matters come right home to us and make us want to see men in office who will look after our interests and not act as if the county had money to burn. We cannot stand for such extravagance as has been going on down there for the past four years.

Now, look at what they have been doing. The idea of spending nearly one hundred thousand dollars of our money in five years just for printing alone, nothing else. That is not the way to treat us. But I want to ask you about something you have not mentioned in your paper. I cut out of The Journal for Oct. 13, 1899, and have it now, an article giving the total amount the county could spend for general expenses in 1900, as fixed by the tax board, which with the money that was to come in from the county offices, made the total sum $395,397.32. That is to say, they could not use more; had to keep inside those figures.

Look at what they have done. On Jan. 7 they published in the official paper of the county what they had spent in 1900, and it was $397,131.59, and at the same time they paid bills of that year besides the above amounting to over $8,000. I make out they spent in 1900 $405,131.59, which was over $9,000 more than the total the tax board gave them.

I have a copy of a law printed in The Journal that says it is a misdemeanor for the county men to spend more than the tax board allows any year. Now I want to know if that is not a matter for the grand jury to investigate. A. J. Smith is in office again now; he is quick at figures, why would it not be a good idea for him to look into this thing, and ask the grand jury about it? I want to keep my home, but if the courthouse gang can do just as they please, where do the poor people on the outside come in, probably into the sheriff's office when our homes are sold under mortgage.

—A Small Property Holder.

The Century of Imperialism.

The coming century is clearly destined to be for all the great nations of the world the century of imperial and colonial expansion. It will, that is, be marked by the acquisition or development by the European powers of vast tracts of country beyond the seas in Asia, in Africa, and in South America. Rightly or wrongly, all the European powers have come to believe that a nation in order to be great must have an over-sea empire.

CONSOLIDATION

Whatever be our station, with Providence for guide,
Sich fine circumstances ought to make us satisfied,
Fer the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips for me and you.

AMUSEMENTS

"Sherlock Holmes" at the Metropolitan.

When William Gillette, past master of stagecraft, set about the writing of his latest melodrama, he chose as the hero and pivot of the play Dr. Conan Doyle's famous detective creation, Sherlock Holmes. He accepted that character in its entirety just as it is set forth in the Doyle series of stories. But there seemed no one of these tales exactly suited to furnishing the groundwork for a play. They were fragmentary and episodic. Accordingly Mr. Gillette set about writing a Sherlock Holmes story of his own, and succeeded in demonstrating that he could outDoyle the literary doctor at his own game. The germ of the idea he found in the story in which Holmes' death is finally chonicled, but he took the character of the arch-criminal, who figures in the tale, and developed the fascinating conception of a king of the world of crime, sitting like a spider poised in the center of a vast web and holding in his grasp all the threads that ramify through the criminal classes. Perhaps, too, Mr. Gillette drew some inspiration from the similar idea developed by the great Balzac in his story of "The Thirteen." The duel of wits between this English Ferragus and the great detective is the master stroke that makes a Sherlock Holmes play possible. It is a conception that appeals powerfully to the imagination, and whatever may have been the sources of its inspiration, the credit for its successful evolution on the stage is entirely due to Mr. Gillette. Neither Doyle nor Balzac in their studies of criminals worked out anything comparable to it.

The playwright has, however, thought it necessary to introduce a "heart interest" in his play, thereby adding a trait to the character of the great detective of doubtful value. Perhaps it would have been flying in the face of tradition to construct a melodrama without a love story, but if Mr. Gillette had done so he would not have found himself in the unpleasant predicament of marrying off his heroine to a cocaine "fiend." Holmes himself in the play recognizes the absolute impossibility of a union between himself and the young girl who is so strangely mixed up in his greatest "case." He knows—none better—that cocaine is a master whose grip is unshakable, a monster whom not even the potent spell of love can exorcise. And yet it is to this man that Mr. Gillette has in the denouement made his heroine give herself. Perhaps the cocaine habit might have been dispensed with, since the temptation was irresistible to throw a ray of romance upon the cold, logical, intellectual temperament of the great detective. One is inclined to this solution of the dramatic difficulty, in spite of the fact that Holmes' recourse to the drug in Dr. Doyle's stories throws a wonderful and wierd light on the man's character, his tremendous intellectual activity, his utter weariness with the commonplaces of life, his habit of seeking the logical explanation for the mysterious and recondite.

Mr. Gillette's daring and ingenious stagecraft has never been better exemplified than in this melodrama. One never loses the feeling of tension, of suspense, from first to last. The unexpected is continually happening. The wildly improbable becomes the necessary and the inevitable. Miracles are matter-of-fact occurrences when Holmes waves his wand. The play is all action, action, action.

The production which has been sent to Minneapolis, while not the original one in which Mr. Gillette himself appears, is in every respect worthy of him. It is in every respect a first-class production by a company of merit. Cuyler Hastings, who impersonates Holmes, realizes remarkably one's mental picture of the Doyle creation. He is the personification of impenetrability and coolness, when those qualities are required, and he flames out with relentless fierceness upon occasion. Nothing escapes his observation, nothing surprises him. The more tightly the coils of his great adversary seem to tighten about him, the more calmly masterful he becomes. Mr. Hastings achieves a great success in this remarkable role. Griffith Evans is scarcely less effective in his role of the king of the criminals, of whom he presents an eccentric and characteristic picture. The meeting of the two in Holmes' house is a wonderfully tense scene, carried through with undoubted art. After these two the actor who pleased the house best was Master George Odell, who played Billy, Holmes' alert boy servant, with relishable alacrity. Charles Mason as the adventurer and Lansing Rowan as his wife and accomplice were excellent in their difficult roles. They filled the eye with a satisfying picture of what such a precious pair of schemers would be, without falling into the conventional melodramatic style. Indeed, this was true of all the company. Melodrama as the play is, it is unconventionally written and unconventionally played. Among other meritorious impersonations may be mentioned the cockney safe robber of Sidney Honey, the prime minister of the king of the criminals by Neil Florence, the protean assistant detective of Malcolm Bradley, and the doctor friend of Holmes by Harry M. Blake. Ethel Knight Mollison plays the girl in the case rather meekly when it is considered what she goes through merely to get revenge. The role is not one calling for great talent and is lacking in opportunity. The other characters are well bestowed and, as has been said, the entire production is one of great merit.

—W. B. C.

Foyer Chat.

The Klaw and Erlanger comedy company, headed by the Rogers brothers, will occupy the Metropolitan all of next week, beginning Sunday. The Rogers brothers stand particularly well with local theater-goers. John J. McNally knows well how to fit their peculiar talents. The success of last season, called "The Rogers Brothers in Wall Street," is surpassed by this new skit, "The Rogers Brothers in Central Park." This piece is planned for fun-making, and everybody and everything is made to contribuate to this end. The music is of the jingly kind and the dances rattle to the echo. The girls are many and pretty and the costumes change with the reckless speed of a kaleidoscope.

A story, thrilling in heart interest and true to life in Uncle Sam's new navy, is shown in "The Gunner's Mate," which Manager Augustus Pitou presents at the Bijou next week. The play is a modern naval drama from the pen of William J. McKiernan, dramatic editor of the Newark, N. J., Sunday Call. A happy and consistent combination of comedy and tragedy, love and hate, with a series of telling melodramatic climaxes, make the play appeal strongly to American audiences.

A phenomenally successful engagement is being recorded at the Bijou this week of "The Heart of Maryland." David Belasco's popular story of war and love is full of the elements that please. The play is one of the best of its type ever written and its auditors are carried from war scenes to incidents of pathos, to climaxes, to comedy and to realism. All of the successful elements are represented in this drama and they are blended and welded in so nice a manner as to produce a perfect and most satisfying play.

Eduard Strauss, who will conduct the four concerts to be given at the Lyceum theater next week, is the youngest of the three Strauss brothers (Johann, Josef and Eduard). The father was the founder of the Strauss orchestra and was distinguished by the Emperor of Austria with the title of "The Imperial and Royal Musical Director of Austria-Hungary." Eduard received an academic education and graduated in philosophy. He at first intended to go into the consular service, but the hereditary tastes of his family asserted themselves and he turned to music. Making his debut as the leader of the Strauss orchestra in 1862, he has conducted that organization ever since. At the close of the seventies he began his concert tours. They soon became popular all over Europe, and in 1890 he came to America, achieving an immense success in the principal cities of the United States and Canada.

AN ADVERTISING DODGE

There are more ways than one to increase business, but the root of them all is in advertising. Some weeks ago there appeared in several of the Paris papers which circulate among the small French farmers nearest to that city, a little advertisement wherein an obscure fruit dealers announced that he would give a prize of 5 francs for the largest apple sent him. The fish caught at the bait with marvelous rapidity and in less than a fortnight the advertiser had recived enough of the fruit to stock his store for the season. Naturally he was glad to pay 5 francs for the largest of the lot, and just as naturally he kept all the unsuccessful specimens for sale from his shop. Besides, the advertising resulted in a large increase in his business.

New York Daily Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL, No. 21 Park Row.

Boom in Fencing.

Jan. 18.—Fencing as a sport for gentlemen and ladies has received a boom during the past few years that has been unprecedented in the history of any strictly amateur sport. To-day, in this city, there are three organizations in which no other branch of sport or exercise is practiced, while every prominent atheletic club in the country has enrolled among its members a schore or more enthusiasts who are more or less expert in the use of the foils. The Fencers' club and the International Fencing club have ladies' classes for instruction in both the foils and broadswords, and the wives and friends of the members are regular attendants. To be an expert with the foils, one need not be a Frenchman or an Italian, and, as a matter of fact, Americans class fully as high as any foreigners who have adopted the flag and country of Uncle Sam. Among the American experts are W. Scott O'Connor, A. Van Z. Post, John Murray Mitchell, S. Montgomery Roosevelt, Eugene Higgins, Colonel Appleton, Samuel Shaw, Clarence Clough Buell, J. Carroll Beckwith, Lietuenant Godfrey, L. Carden, F. R. Coudert, Jr., Lieutenant W. H. Stayton, John Allaire and many others.

Automobile Legislation.

Now that the bill to allow gasolene automobiles on ferryboats has been presented in congress, the campaign of the Automobile Club of America has begun in earnest. As there seems to be a misunderstanding on the part of auto owners as to what machines this bill affects, it may be well to explain that it virtually includes all kinds, whether propelled by electricity, compressed air, steam or gasolene. The first two powers have never been under the ban of the present ruling, there being no fire in the machinery for propelling them. There is no fire in gasolene-propelled vehicles, but the general public think there is. The only fire there is on an automobile is when a flame is needed to generate steam. In nearly all steam vehicles so far constructed, this flame is furnished by gasolene. According to the wording of the new bill, any motor vehicle, so long as its fire is put out before being run on the boat, must be carried. This includes all classes, and the fact that three-fourths of them have no fire does not affect vehicles with a flame. The clause in the bill that deals the knockdown blow to the present statute is: "Nothing in the foregoing or following sections of this act shall prohibit the transportation by steam vessels of gasolene or any of the products of petroleum when carried by motor vehicles commonly known as automobiles, using the same as a source of motive power; provided, however, that all fire, if any, in such vehicles or automobiles be extinguished before entering the said vesssels, and that the same be not relighted until after said vehicle shall have left the same."

The Automobile Show.

At Madison Square Garden the show opened with more interest than has been displayed for several years. The great increase in the use of the automobile and the prospects of its general use aroused both manufacturers and users of the wheel. The Garden was profusely and handsomely decorated, and the space allotted to exhibits was filled to the last square foot. There were few really new features, but the wheels, as a class, were an improvement over those of former years. They were lighter and were made with smaller tubing, the average being about one inch. Most of them had adjustable handlebars, medium gears, proportionately long cranks and more or less flush joints. Most of the exhibitors also put stress on the fact that the weldings were made by electricity, but most buyers do not care how welding is done as long as it is well done. The chainless or bevel gear wheel had chief place, proving that this pattern suits the mass of the riding public. It is improbable that any new popular way will be found of transmitting power from the crank axle to the driving axle, for inventors have exhausted the subject, and these cog wheels on shafts at right angles to each other apparently cannot be beaten for simplicity and serviceableness. There was quite a number of motor cycles, but comparatively few automobiles. The show was interesting for its bicycles, for, though there were not as many manufacturers represented as in former years, because of the "combination," there were many kinds of wheels that, as a class, were the best yet turned out anywhere in the world, for America leads in this industry.

The Dog Show.

Preparations are already making for the dog show which will take place in February, and the managers are trying to bring back into the list of exhibitors the swagger women who four years ago took their pets out of the big show and exhibited them only at the Pet Dog Show in Sherry's old place. It was never published why the women with French bulls, Boston terriers, Dachshunds and Maltese terriers broke away from the big event, but they had a pretty good reason in that they felt their pets did not recive the immediate personal and tender care the darlings were accustomed to. Then came the frightful wholesale poisoning of the pet dogs, and fright was added to impatience. Overtures are being made to Mrs. Frederick Neilson, Mrs. Howard Gould, Miss De Wolfe, Lady Cunard and about a score of dog lovers to enter their dogs at this bench show, and promises are made that extra care and precaution will be taken of them. The fashionables are in the mood to yield, for they have not been much pleased at the indifference shown by the public to the smaller show. Probably most of the famous dogs of the classes mentioned, as well as others, will be seen again at the Garden.

Rented Locomotives.

Hundreds of locomotives are rented every year. Several corporations make their chief revenue this way. The Baldwins have many a machine out on the rental form of payment—so much down, so much a month, the payments to apply on the final purchase money. It is seldom, however, that a railroad rents locomotives. They are usually let out to contractors who construct temporary railways for hauling dirt from excavations. Contractors who hire the locomotives usually have their names gilded on them, so that the public may suppose they belong to them. The engines, as a usual thing, are cast-offs. They may have pulled express trains once, but now they are fit only to pull gravel cars. The engineers who work them are oftentimes also the cast-offs of the profession. They may have operated express engines, but, through carelessness or other incapacity, have been discharged from one road after another until they are only fit to haul a gravel or wood train.

NORTH DAKOTA ZEPHYRS

Society note from Bismarck—Judge Winchester has ordered Sheriff Bogue to burn the wheel on Jan. 25.

Ole Axvig holds the boards as the most picturesque figure in the legislature. The progress of thought and enlightenment is marked in Ole's change of politics from a democrat to a republican in the past six years.

The county commissioners of Grand Forks made a maximum salary rate on common ordinary deputies in county offices of $40 per month. The commissioners evidently believe that no man is worth more than $20 and his "keep."

The Sheldon Progress approves of John Lind's method of getting even with the newspapers. It is the fellow who stops his paper that is contemptible.

"Chief pig chaser" is the title given the secretary of the Enforcement League by one of the real aggressive editors who don't seem to take to the league idea.

The chairman of the state board of health need never feel lonesome. He has the Russians with him always. Last year it was diphtheria. This winter it is smallpox.

They're reading the yellow journals at Lakota. "Shifty Saty" has wormed its way into the local vocabulary.

Major Edwards writes the Fargo Forum—from Bismarck—that Senator Cashel's—primary election bill will—create discussion.

Just to show that the great and glorious west can keep the pace, the University of North Dakota comes to the front with a hazing scrape. One of the college dudes was deprived of his mustache and cigarette.

Bud Reeve wants to secure Boer immigrants for North Dakota, but Mayor Johnson of Fargo took the wrong steamer and went to Sweden.

Jud La Moure, tired of being referred to as the agent of the railroads, traded the chairmanship of the committee on railroads for the chairmanship of the appropriations committee. And Jud has needed the aid of his weather eye every hour since the shift.

The socialist party met at Fargo to reorganize. The chairman needed no megaphone to talk to the crowd in the back gallery.

Literary note in Fargo Forum—There are several places in Bismarck where one—need not—go dry—and where seven-come-eleven and things like that—may entertain.

Senator Lavayea, who hails from Larimore, warns the Grand Forks politicians against poaching on fifth district preserves.

The agricultural college crowd at Fargo is making "goo-goo eyes" at Jud La Moure.

The inaugural ball was a dress affair strictly, and a North Dakota editor remarks that there wasn't a rented dress suit in the bunch.

A wealthy Grand Forks man of 80 winters married a winsome bride of 22. She came from Norway. Another case of where the foreigner gets our gold.

—W. E. Davis.

The Blue Water

BY MARGARET HORTON POTTER.

Author "A Social Lion," "Uncanonized."

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Jeremy Crass was of the blue water, a sailor from earliest boyhood. His first voyage had been round the Horn; and was prophetic of the following years—years so filled with glorious salt adventure that to tell merely the story of their end is pitiable enough. A gale off Vancouver, a wrecked mizzen and a leg crushed beneath a fallen spar were the links in the chain of accidents which put "end" to Jeremy's long years of rolling content, and, after the operation, sent him and his wooden leg southward, by land, to be keeper of Point Loma light.

At this period Crass was close on 50 years old, and a trifle weary of the sea, he thought. At any rate he was well satisfied with the circumstances which gave him all the tobacco and solitude that he wished, not overmuch labor and a magnificent view of the blue water which rolled in from thousands of miles away to the rocks at the base of the point, a hundred feet below the lighthouse.

It was in November that Jeremy began his life as a trimmer and filler of lamps. In the first weeks he took very kindly to this existence. It made, indeed, a fit harbor for the gallant hulk that had weathered its last storm. San Diego was not many miles away, and among the perquisites of his office the keeper had been given the use of a staid horse and respectable vehicle by means of which, when necessity or desire made it advisable, there was no difficulty in reaching humanity. To amusement of a convivial nature, however, Jeremy was less addicted than another might have found natural. Mike Tupper of the National saloon was accustomed to furnish him, once a week, with a bottle of Holland to take home, and a glass of grog, not too stiff, which he generally imbibed in three swallows on the spot. Farther than this, it appeared, the sailor never cared to go. This phase of the new keeper was, as a matter of course, discussed at the National by its group of Saturday idlers, but with no other result than the voting of Jeremy as a sulky sea dog, to be saluted civilly on sight, and so done with.

By December Jeremy had sunk to the depths of dull routine in his lonely habitation on the point. The solitary pastime in which, after the finishing of his light duties, he went to indulge was a dangerous one. Daily, after washing the dishes used at his noon meal, he would wander out to the very end of the high point, lie down in the weeds and sand of the steep slope and look off upon the sea. Dangerous pastime this? Aye. Most. Every day the man's keen eyes sought that far horizon on which, like soft gray clouds, lay the Catalina islands. Every day he watched some ship from the harbor go out, with white sails spread, toward that distant line of swells marking the blue water; or saw one, barnacled and weary with long gliding, come slowly in, out of that Beyond that he had once been part of. And every day, with a voice that swelled fuller and fuller through his heart, the great Pacific called to him, till the look of peace in his eyes departed, a sombre fire entered them, and his hands clenched nervously in the effort to overcome a weakness that in his eyes belonged only to women, children and fools. So it was that one day toward the beginning of the year, when Jeremy drove to San Diego, he brought back with him in his wagon not the usual quart of Holland gin, but, instead, a gallon jug of raw, new whisky.

* * * *

By the time that the long, fair, changeless spring had died, and June, with its days that were more glorious still, came round, public opinion, as expressed by the National saloon, in regard to the keeper of Point Loma light, had changed. He was now considered one of the most confirmed drunkards in the country. Regularly as the week came round did Jeremy enter the saloon with his empty jug, which was to be filled; and week by week did Jeremy's appearance alter for the worse; for his was not a system that could well sustain regular alcoholic excess. He was, however, no more sociable than formerly in his drinking, and therefore no more popular, though rather more admired by the frequenters of the saloon. For many months the quantity and quality of the liquor that he bought never varied. It was, therefore, with some interest that Mike Tupper saw him leave the bar on the second Saturday in June, taking with him, besides his gallon jug, the once usual bottle of gin.

"In fer tremens," observed Curry Lester, jocosely. And, by the laugh which followed, it was evident that no one there suspected that Jeremy Crass had been in his first attack of delirium a week before. Had they been told further that it was the keeper's great desire to experience that sensation again, they would, perhaps, not have laughed, but have cursed the informant for a fool.

Drunkard, confirmed, incurable, Jeremy certainly was. Everything about his dilapidated person proclaimed it. Yet there was still a something which kept him from appearing utterly besotted. A pathos, felt, not understood, to be seen only in the unchanging, melancholy fire of his eyes, clung about his whole personality in a shadowy way. Children and dogs never drew away from him as women did; and the old brown horse had never once felt the whip cutting unkindly on his haunches, though it was seldom enough now that his master drew a sober breath.

When Jeremy, late in the afternoon, reached the point with his week's groceries, his pork and his liquor, he was sober, perfectly so. With a deliberation enforced by his lameness and the unsteadiness of his hands he unhitched, stalled and fed his animal and carried his load of packages, with the bottle and jug, into his kitchen. Having put them neatly away upon shelf and into cupboard, he sighed with relief to think of his solitude; and then, with a step that spoke eagerness, hurried out of his dwelling place into the misty radiance of the sunset, toward the point's end. Sun and sea had met and were melting, behind a dazzling veil of glory, into one another. All the west was robed with bridal gold. The water, marvelously flashing, spread its broad path out and out, crying aloud the joy of its beauty, murmuring itself, as always, into the heart of Jeremy Crass. Not that Jeremy's sense of the beautiful could help him to appreciate this scene. So far as the picture was concerned, it was lost upon him. He knew only that again, for the ten thousandth time, he was looking out upon his home, with no hope of reaching it. That, out there to the west, where twilight was rising, was his home. Storm, fog and sunshine, piling waves and summer seas, they all were his, and yet were kept from him. He felt his yearning throb passionately once again, through the old, dull pain that had lain for months around his heart.

Minute by minute the evening grays spread over the place where day had fallen. The ocean was quieter, it seemed. The crescent moon began to brighten into clear silver over the pale crimson and violet shadows. A faint, sweet breath came to the land. The day was quite gone now. Still Jeremy watched. Away on the horizon line, to the left of Santa Catalina, appeared a tiny speck, a ship—three-master—incoming.

"They'll not make the channel in time to get through with the tide," mused Jeremy. Then, suddenly, he turned and started back toward the lighthouse; for it was time the lamps were lit, and his supper was cooking.

Half an hour later he was sat down at his lonely table, to the regular evening meal of beans, fried pork, hardtack and coffee—just such as he had been accustomed to all his life long. At this time in the evening, could there have been but a little movement of the steady floor, just the faintest shadow of a comrade or two across the table from him, there would have been no difficulty in conjuring the old fo'castle up from the firelit shadows of the lighthouse kitchen. But Jeremy's imagination was not great, and the subject was one on which he would not think. Instead he made as quick work of the meal as possible; and then, having rapidly cleansed his utensils and put them away, he threw another armful of sagebrush on the fire, lighted a tallow dip and set it in the window to guide his return, took his cap from its peg and went out into the night.

It was late when he came back, and his arrival was peculiar. He reached the house crawling on his hands and knees, his clothes covered with dirty sand, his hands bruised and sore, and—his wooden leg, broken short off in the middle, under one arm. He had shattered it in his climb along the rocks by the sea, to wh'ch he had gone down. Having got to his refuge at last, he stopped in the doorway and lay for a moment, white and panting, half in, half out of the room. He had come to realize much in the last hour—much that he had fought against believing for a long time. He was an old and broken man, perfectly helpless, perfectly useless, perfectly joyless, crippled and utterly alone.

After three or four moments of inaction Crass straightened, rose to his single foot and proceeded to leap grotesquely, yet with a grim determination that robbed the performance of humor, across the room to his cupboard. From this he took whisky jug, gin bottle, a tin cup and the half of an uncured lemon. Having with great difficulty carried these one by one to the table, he himself sat down before them, upon a wooden stool, and poured himself out a half pint of the rye. This, in his exhausted state, it was not difficult to swallow. After a moment of reluctance, however, he took more, this time holding the lemon in one hand as he lifted the cup with the other. His lips trembled at the smell of the alcohol, and as he set his teeth firmly into the lemon the hot saliva gushed into his mouth. After a little, when the fit of nausea had passed, Crass refilled his cup, this time with gin—gin was easier to take now than the other—and what the effect of the frightful mingling would be Jeremy knew well. With unfailing resolution, the resolution of one whose last hope had gone, he drank—drank again—yet once more—and, finally, when the lemon was sucked dry and the sweat was pouring down his face, Jeremy pushed bottle and jug as far from his as possible, sat still for a moment blinking at the candle in the window and swayed slowly forward till his head and arms rested on the table. Then once or twice he moaned faintly. After that silence came upon the room.

The fire burned low. Outside, round the point, a night wind had sprung up with the turning of the tide, and it whistled gently about the lighthouse. Above, on high, Jeremy's lights, which he loved, and the stars, and the young moon shone together for the ships that sail the blue water. Below, stiller than the dead, sat Jeremy Crass, the blood throbbing more and more violently through his heart.

Presently from out of the sensible viod something came to him—something from very far beyond—something totally unconnected with himself. It was a sound; very faint at first, then more shrill—like—like the whistling of the wind in the rigging of a ship. With a little start Jeremy lifted his head and listened. A bell clanged for him—eight ringing strokes; and close upon it followed the cry of the boatswain. Jeremy recognized the voice. He knew also that this was his watch. He felt himself tumbling up the hatchway on the heels of a comrade, past the swinging lantern, on to the deck, into a sufficiently dirty night. Aye, he was on his ship, was Jeremy, with the salt spray stinging his face, and the room so rolling with him that he balanced in his chair.

"Sea gittin' up," he muttered to the comrade beside him. And certainly he caught the reply:

"Aye. Work before mornin', I'm thinkin'. Wind half a gale now."

"Watch aloft to shorten sail!" came a hoarse cry from the darkness forward.

Jeremy smiled at the familiar words. With instinctive consciousness of his infirmity he rose carefully upon his single leg, not seeing the shattered stump which lay on the floor by his chair, and steadied himself by holding to the table. It was well that he had something by which to cling. Great waves were breaking over the bulwarks, ten feet away, and she heeled far over as a blast of wind struck her canvas. Green masses of water tumbled past the men on deck. By the light of the lantern which the mate carried Jeremy could see the white foam as it hissed away from the wave crests into outer blackness. Gale this? Cyclone, rather, such as comes off the coast of Australia in the summer months. Crass' lithe body swung from side to side and he moved his foot continually on the slippery planks. Impossible, in this tumult, to go aloft, muttered some one in his ear. At the same instant there came a crack, and then a long, wincing rip, and the mainsail, with stays, shapped like threat, broke into ribbons before the force of the wind. The vessel's bow plunged downward into the water. There was a deafening crash. Jeremy gave a loud sea cry, peculiar to the situation. The mizzen had gone by the board.

"Stand by to cut away the wreck!"

Jeremy started and looked anxiously about. Disobey the command he could not. Habit was stronger than intuition. Over in the corner beside the fireplace stood his wood ax. His eye fell upon it in a second or two. Leaving his safe hold by the table, he started toward it, hopping with intense difficulty, pausing often, as if swayed by the storm around him, but no longer conscious that he was not moving as ordinary men. In two minutes he had hold of the ax and was making his way back with it over the flooded deck, through sheets of spray, to the table. Here, balancing without apparent difficulty on his one leg, eyes blazing, face alight, the madman raised his weapon on high. There was a crashing blow, another and still another. The stout boards of the table were splintered. The jug and bottle fell with a crash to the floor. Thus did Jeremy help to clear the wreck of the mast from his good ship's side, and when it was done he leaned forward wearily upon his ax. Yet the gale roared still in his eager ears, and he drank in the sound as a child draws its mother's arms about its neck. Higher and higher rose the endless billows. The ship quivered under them from stem to stern. Then suddenly the sailor's muscles twitched and his eyes were set in a wide look of fear. From many throats came hoarse cries of terror. Jeremy spoke four words, softly, thoughtfully, with a pause between each two.

"It's over. She sinks!"

The ship on which he stood had been drawn into the mighty whirlpool that lies under the eye of every storm in those seas. Now, dismasted, water-logged, she was spun round and round in the merciless vortex. Above the quivering creatures on her hulk towered a wall of living water, into whose dark depths Jeremy gazed, motionless, dumb. There was one full moment of suspense. Then—then—with the death cry on his lips and the deep fire gone out from his eyes, Jeremy swayed once back, away from doom, and then plunged forward, hands clasped over his head, into the gulf—prone upon the floor. One moment of struggling with the waters there was; one hideous moment in which his lungs were filled; then came nothingness—peace. Still the storm wind roared more faintly in his ears, and the waves, blue-water waves, flowed over his tired body. He had sunk with his ship, as a sailor should, down and down, through the even swell, to that kingdom of his where they should be no land on the horizon. Thus in the end had he set fate aside.

And the night wind continued with the rising of the tide, whistling gently round the lighthouse tower. Above, on high, Jeremy's lights, which he loved, and the stars, and the young moon shone together, for the sake of those ships which still sail the blue water.