# THE JOURNAL

LUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. | J. S. McLAIN, EDITOR.

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### TAX DODGING MADE EASY

Another decision in line with that at Mankato about the redemption of land sold for delinquent taxes comes from Judge Lewis of the Ramsey county district court. Judge Lewis holds that land sold under the delinquent tax law may be redeemed by the original owner within sixty days by the tender to the purchaser of the amount paid by the purchaser with interest on that amount from the date of delinquent sale. This sale wipes out all claim of the state, the court says, to all back taxes, penalties and interest and vests the title in the purchaser, but the owner within sixty days may redeem by paying to the purchaser the amount he paid with interest, although it may be only a fraction of the state's claim for unpaid taxes, penalties, etc.

This is no doubt good law, but it looks as if it were an easier way for the evasion of the payment of taxes on unprofitable property than the state intended to create. Under this condition of things there is nothing serious in the way of a predetermined scheme to defraud on taxes, secure sale and satisfaction of old claims for taxes, etc., and then buy back the property from the purchaser, who may have been a confederate in the deal.

It is understood that the matter will go to the supreme court of the state. If the lower courts are sustained as they probably will be, it would seem to be in order for the legislature to cure that defect in the law which seems to offer a premium on tax dodging where unprofitable property is concerned.

### THE CONSUL-GENERAL AT SHANGHAI

John Goodnow, consul general of the United States at Shanghai, is to be banqueted at the West Hotel to-night. Citizens of Minnesota and of Minneapolis, the governor, president of the state university, the mayor of the city and many others prominent in official and private life, will give Mr. Goodnow welcome, in recognition of the admirable manner in which he has discharged the duties of his responsible position.

Mr. Goodnow has certainly acquitted himself with great credit. He has occupied a position which has come to be one of large responsibility and has required the exercise of tact and courage of a higher order than has ever been called for in that place before, on account of the disturbed conditions in China. In fact, Mr. Goodnow has had the confidence of and has been the dependence of his government to a very large degree during the entire Boxer trouble.

He came to sustain this relationship to the government, however, not by accident but by reason of the efficient manner in which he had discharged his duties before the outbreak began. He had already shown himself a man alive to the possibilities of the situation and the opportunities to serve the interests of his country, and he employed them to the utmost.

We say this the more freely, in view of the fact that, for reasons which seemed sufficient at the time, The Journal and others here at home opposed his appointment, but none have desired or sought to rob him of the credit for his excellent work done in Shanghai, or detract from the enviable reputation he has made in diplomatic circles.

Mr. Goodnow has been engaged in his present position for three and one-half years. It is the testimony of people in official position, people in the commercial world, of newspaper correspondents, travelers, missionaries, and all who have come in contact with him, that he has been the right man in the right place. So satisfactory has his performance been to the state department and the president, and so generous have been their expressions of approval, that it has been intimated that higher honors in the orient may be in store for Mr. Goodnow; that, indeed, the position of minister to China may yet be his. There may be no grounds upon which to predict a vacancy there, for it is well known that Mr. Goodnow has paid a generous tribute of praise to Mr. Conger, and has not been regarded as a rival in that respect. Yet, it is certainly significant that he should be looked upon as peculiarly qualified for that position at a time when the appointment as minister to China, in view of all the circumstances, from the standpoints of grave responsibility peculiar requirements and future consequences, must be regarded as second to none in our whole diplomatic service.

### TOWNE'S WORSE THAN WASTED EFFORT

Ex-Senator Towne reached the summit of his ambition yesterday when he delivered his first and only speech in the United States senate—aside from the Davis funeral tribute—while Moses Clapp was waiting patiently to step into his seat. It was a great occasion for Mr. Towne, and he made the most of it. The fact that he would speak was advertised in advance, and the floor of the senate was crowded with visitors and others permitted to enter that sacred precinct, while the galleries were filled with a curious, not to say admiring, throng. To this notable audience Mr. Towne rolled out in thunderous rhetoric, with obligatos of vicious lightning, his wrath and indignation against the president, the army and the navy, and the party in power, and freely and dramatically predicted the ruin of our country—such red ruin as befell Venice and Rome—and which, in his opinion, "will work the destruction of England."

Surprising as it may seem, Mr. Towne modified the frequent declaration of his antiadministration brethren by saying that this awful calamity will not overtake our republic at "one fell swoop." There is to be no blind Samson pulling down all the pillars at once, although they will come down, if he is correct.

It is impossible to listen to the dramatic utterances of Mr. Towne and his periods of denunciation and warning, together with his remarkable ascriptions of virtue to Aguinaldo without feeling regret that abilities so considerable should have been employed in this conspicuous manner, and in the making of a permanent record, reiterating exploded charges of bad faith on the part of our government, and repeating the utterly discredited and baseless claims of a mercenary and merciless dictator upon the confidence and sympathy of the civilized world.

Mr. Towne produces no new testimony and presents no new considerations. He threshes only old straw. All that he did was to claim in his graceful language, and present with his effective oratory, the same old plea for Aguinaldo, and repeat the same old charges against the representatives of the United States government from the president down. Mr. Towne has shown himself more ready to believe the words of a corrupt and conscienceless scoundrel like Aguinaldo, a proven bribe-taker and a traitor to his own country, than the testimony of men of the highest reputation in our army and the representatives of the president sent into the Philippines to prepare the way for the establishment of civil government. Mr. Towne, in effect, says that Aguinaldo is truthful, honorable and worthy of belief and confidence; that all these other men who stand for our own government are not to be believed, but that their testimony is to be rejected at every point.

This is the proposition which, in the form of imperialism or anti-imperialism, consent of the governed, Filipino independence, etc., was passed upon by the people of this country at the last election, and by an increased popular vote, Mr. Towne's side of it was rejected and the opposition sustained. Mr. Towne is out-of-date. The question of American sovereignty in the Philippines is not now a debatable question.

### THE WAR AGAINST DIVORCE

The national league for the protection of the family, in annual session at Boston, has received from the commissions of thirty-four states and Arizona territory the draft of a bill providing for uniform divorce proceedings to prevent or at least minimize the evils attending the administration of conflicting state laws.

The movement to remove the shameful and degrading operation of the divorce laws of many states, which only stimulate immorality of the kind which Dr. Woolsey once called "consecutive polygamy," is gathering strength. Public sentiment is asserting itself and the judiciary begin to realize that a quickened public conscience is against easy and quick divorce, such as has for years ravaged the defense of morality in Chicago.

It is noticeable that in Minneapolis only eighteen out of fifty-nine applications to the court in the January term were favored. The same minimizing tendency is noticeable elsewhere. In Ohio recently, Judge Collins, of the seventh judicial district, refused five of seven petitions for divorce, saying that public morals are endangered by resort to legal separation as the cure for hasty and ill-considered marriages, and that it is not a legitimate province of the court to remove the burdens of marital bad bargains except for the weightiest reasons.

Judge Newman of Grand Rapids, Mich., recently declared that every divorce law ought to be stricken from the statute books. The divorce courts in many states deliberately encourage men who are tired of their wives to come and have the frail bond severed, through the application of the law, which names a number of trifling causes for which a divorce may be asked. Women, weary of their husbands, find no difficulty in getting rid of them, and they then proceed to marry other men, sometimes within a few hours of the decree of divorce.

Divorce on any other grounds than adultery should be conditioned upon the separated parties living unmarried so long as both are living. Marriage could then be again undertaken by the survivor. This is the rational and moral view of the subject. Otherwise confusion and demoralization follow. The extent to which they follow in this country under our loose system of divorce is a menace to society.

**Not a Defender of the Cigarette.** Professor Hatfield of Northwestern University has explained his offensive position regarding the cigarette. Some of the Chicago papers stated that the professor had defended the use of the little white stick that smells like a burning overshoe in a back alley, stating that he had said to his classes that he had experienced mental stimulus and profit from the use of the nail in moderation.

Coming from a professor in a Methodist institution of learning this teaching excited much unfavorable comment and a desire widely expressed to throw the professor out of the sanctuary. Dr. Hatfield explains his position, however, in a most satisfactory manner. He says:

I gave my students an exhortation against the use of strong coffee, cigarettes and opium. Believing that truth will make the strongest conviction if the point of view of its opponents be fairly stated, I presented the arguments in defense of these practices as candidly as possible, and then demolished them.

Some bright string fiend heard the first part of the argument and hurried away to write it up before the professor had reached "secondly," in which he showed that the cigarette was an invention of the adversary. Some of the youth at our higher institutions of learning need a few lessons in fairness in reporting as well as instruction in the foolishness of driving away their vitality and personal friends by burning punk as a means of intellectual stimulation. We call particular attention to this principle in reporting for the special benefit of our new school of journalism in the University of Minnesota.

**Mr. Towne's Farewell.** We were just going "to sour doom," as a nation, yesterday (see Senator Towne's speech), when Moses Clapp was sworn in and the country seems to be quite stable and safe again, up to this noon.

The whole proceeding is an illustration of the good sense of not being too much in a hurry to reach a conclusion. While reading Mr. Towne's speech in proof, we were in despair of the nation, but when the news came hurtling over the wire that Moses Clapp was in his seat and that Mr. Towne had just taken down his coat and started for Duluth, where the ice comes from, a great weight was lifted from the national consciousness.

Mr. Towne is a good man but he does not weigh 200 pounds. He will resume his law practice under the happiest auspices, for duty done is the soul's fireside, and if ever a fireside was needed anywhere it is in Duluth, where the winter starts in first and leaves off last.

Meeker, Col., Jan. 28.—While fishing in Red Creek last evening, Colonel Roosevelt hooked a fine young whale—but it got away. The colonel said it looked to him "as big as a small summer house." He played it a few moments but as he had no landing net he lost it. Much regret is expressed by the local camera fiends.

It is said that the mother of Mrs. Carrie Nation died in an insane asylum. That will help to explain it.—Kansas City Journal.

Carrie Nation's mother's daughter has nearly driven the Kansas jointists to that quiet retreat already yet.

The policemen in Kansas City, who told the police board where the protected gambling resorts were, were discharged from the force. We are a self-restrained people that we do not arise and slay more often than we do.

Mrs. Nation told the governor of Kansas yesterday that he was a blot on the face of civilization and a pimple on the neck of the universe. That's the way to make friends.

People who chase around for years after a job finally end up in the papers by "accepting a position." The Rushville, Ill., Times tells of a man who "has accepted a chair in Glossop's barber shop."

A Racine lady wants a part of the queen's estate on the ground of relationship. All of our "first families" trace back to the royal line somewhere.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt is credited with the the remark that "woman is still under the heel of man." Wouldn't that give you pause?

Colonel Roosevelt will be much surprised when he gets out of the wilderness and finds what the string fiends have had him doing.

Mr. Bryan is a journalist. He is sitting in the library, leaving his paper "in the hands of competent newspaper men."

If Aguinaldo rises from the dead he is likely to find the civil government in the Philippines rather uncivil.

What paper contains the most local and home gossip? The Chatty-nooga News, of course.

Mrs. Nation has been reading our popular young vice president-elect's strenuous life talk.

### A WORD PAINTER

In that altogether delightful and charming new romance, "Alice of Old Vincennes," the author, Maurice Thompson, has gathered together some of the most unusual words and phrases that ever appeared in a modern work. It would not be fair to say the words are not apropos, for they have that quality at all points, but their unusualness is very marked. The rare literary flavor of the essays, sketches, and charming dissertations on nature which readers of Mr. Thompson have so long enjoyed one would expect to see produced in a romance, or in whatever he should appoint his pen to do; but it would hardly be expected that in a story of the swiftness of action of "Alice of Old Vincennes" the author would have found time for the study of, or space for the recording of, such curious expressions as the ones that follow.

These are selected as examples, illustrating what a resourceful writer may do in the way of oddities when his vocabulary is as rich and picturesque as that of Mr. Thompson:

"A gang of dad blasted jabbering French good-for-nothings, off high-gannicking around shooting buffaloes."

"He saw a little pale flare shoot across her face."

"A certain adumbration of patrician sensibilities."

"Dogs whined at the doors until the mensal fragments were tossed out to them."

"Never was a soldier * * * more lovedoodle."

"His thin, curly beard crinkled over his strongly turned cheeks."

"You've eaten my pie and swigged my wine."

"It made him ill of nostalgia."

"Trying to grabble cherries out of the ground."

"His flamboyant stream of words."

"The thread squeaked as they drew it through the cloth."

"He gawped intently."

"The crepuscular dimness did not seem to hinder his sight."

"His rudimentary ramrod."

"The skinless, cicatrized spot where his scalp had once flourished."

"A love story told scrappily."

"The man stood up in his skittish pirogue."

"The maddening honey of sophistication."

"A mischievous smile-glint."

"The outward badges of abject rusticity."

"Her rimpled hair."

"An impress that exhales a fragrance and irradiates a glory."

"The resilience of a youthful and powerful physique."

"The queachy edge of the prairie."

"Her voice palpitated with a touching plangency that shook the man's heart."

"The slender blades, becoming mere glints of acicular steel, split the moonlight."

"Her riant health was unalterable."

"The rapiers sang a strange song above the sleeping girl, a lullaby with coruscations of death in every keen note."

Perhaps these are enough to indicate the curious pigments into which Mr. Thompson dips his brush when he wishes to give us a particularly vivid scene.

**Solidness, Etc.**

Boston Herald.

Incidentally, the unanimous re-election of Senator Ben Tillman illustrates the solidness of things down in South Carolina.

## AMUSEMENTS

**"The Sign of the Cross" at the Metropolitan.**

"The Sign of the Cross," wayworn and travel-stained though it be, still has attractions as a play for a segment of the public that rarely frequents the playhouses. Like "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Old Homestead" and "Shore Acres," its popularity seems perennial. Doubtless, the religious motif of the play is largely responsible for this appeal to a non-theater-going clientage. For many persons who do not approve of playgoing as a practice, it furnishes at once the excuse and the reason for attendance. Nevertheless, the treatment of the theme is esentially theatric rather than didactic.

While the early trials of Christianity during the Neronic regime have a peculiarly appellant interest for moderns whose forbears suffered untold agonies and death that the new religion might live and grow, it is worthy of note that "The Sign of the Cross" has succeeded principally because it is a play. Its situations are dramatic and its telling contrasts between wanton pagan and martyred Christian are of the effective kind that real playwrights know how to use. Its principal theme simply stated is the magic power of purity to transform mere sexual passion into ethereal love. The unthinking may ascribe the final conversion and martyrdom of Marcus Superbus to the power of Christianity, but in the final analysis it is the white purity of Mercia's soul shining out through the murk of pagan, passionate, lustful Rome that draws Marcus on to share death with her. In short, he becomes a martyr not for theological reasons, but for love's sake. There have been many such martyrs in the world's history, and playwrights have ever chosen their tragic stories for recounting on the stage. In this case the steadfastness and the fate of the Christian fathers furnish the background for the story, just as in other instances war has been used as the background for the love theme.

The present production of Wilson Barrett's play shows marked deterioration from the standard set up in the original productions. This is perhaps inevitable, since freshness and spirit are qualities difficult to maintain in an attraction so long before the public as this. The principal roles are acted by artists who have done nothing else for several seasons. In spite of themselves they have lost interest. The applause of the audience, that elixir which keeps many an actor alive and interested in his work in spite of monotonous repetition, has lost its power to keep these players keyed up to the required pitch in so strenuous a play. Charles Dalton's well remembered virility and vigor in the role of Marcus have sadly degenerated and the faults of his reading have become accentuated until his lines at times sound like a series of vocal explosions with inarticulate sounds between. The Mercia of Lillie Thurlow is still a commendable performance, although the role is not one making great demands on her ability. The Berenis of Agnes Scott is still an excellent characterization, lacking if anywhere in conviction. Maud Warrilow as the boy Stephanus still has excellent control of that blood-curdling scream in the torture chamber. W. E. Bonney's picture of Nero has not gained in interest; it is still a somewhat overdone but yet effective portrait of the weak and cruel monster. T. A. Shannon's Tigellinus is very bad, but the Licinius of Courtland Auburn is several shades worse. Henry N. Wenman as the convivial Glabrio furnishes a touch of comedy in the sombre picture, but misses some of the unction that marked the work of his predecessor in the role. Melita Brice quite fails to give a clear idea of the Empress Poppaea, being successful neither as queen nor wanton. J. Howard and Harry Brandeth are excellent in the roles of the Christian fathers.

The choruses are well sung and the scenic investiture is as effective as ever.

—W. B. C.

**"A Hole in the Ground" at the Bijou.**

"A Hole in the Ground," one of the early successes of the gifted Hoyt, is at the Bijou for a week's run. This clever satire, which is in the dramatist's best vein, has still a great hold on the amusement loving public, for its humor is of the living kind that blossoms naturally on the stem. It is not like artificial nosegays tied on with a string in clumsy fashion. There are enough honest jokes in "A Hole in the Ground" to save a half dozen modern farce comedies from putrefaction, if their salt was properly applied. Clean, wholesome humor, not dependent upon either ostentation or vulgarity to give it point, distinguishes this homely but true satire of a great playwright.

If it were not going too far afield it might be profitable to speculate on the remarkable changes that have come about in dramaturgy since this sterling old favorite was written. Without getting in over one's head, it is only necessary to point to entertainments like that offered by the Rogers Brothers. So far as their play proper is concerned it amounts to nothing. It might have been written by a shoemaker's apprentice, who could have made but one mistake, that of getting it too long. As a play, or vehicle, the stuff presented by the Rogers was puerile in the extreme. The fine entertainment offered in their bill was made up of taking specialties and nothing more. All the catchy music, the glorious riot of form and color, of paralyzing jokes, were all detachable, and could without injury be inserted in any similar hodge-podge. The play is no longer the thing, and has not been for several seasons. The people, the scenery, the costumes, the vaudeville business is the thing, the craze that must finally subside or at least "fall somewhat into a slower method." The time must come again when a real comedy can hold the attention of an American audience, and when it does the American public will place a fresh wreath upon the grave of the author of "A Midnight Bell," "A Texas Steer," "A Parlor Match" and "A Hole in the Ground."

To get back to "A Hole in the Ground," with its dear, meddlesome old "stranger," its saucy lunch counter girl who "is going home to dinner," its tramp baseball umpire, its boy who wants to be a railroad man, its country girls enamored of drummers, how many deft touches do these characters betray of the master hand. Who can forget the spring chicken which the stranger vainly tries to bite and in which the tramp sticks a red flag, the danger signal. Who has forgotten the brat of a boy who annoys the stranger and when asked by the agent how old he is, replies, "Do you mean at home or on the cars?" Who does not recall the disgust of the agent when he sees the boy who is trying to follow in his footsteps gently handling a trunk. How the agent picks it up, throws it ten feet in the air, smashing it to pieces, and remarks: "That's the way to handle a trunk. You'll never make a railroad man."

Charles Cowles, the original stranger, is still two-thirds of the show. Mr. Cowles sings his old song about the railroads, adjourns to the swearing-room and acts throughout with commendable naturalness. Miss Nettie De Coursey, the lunch counter girl, is a talented young woman with an excellent voice. She must drop down an octave or so in her speaking voice, however, or she will have no singing voice left. Barry Maxwell, as the baseball umpire, is as funny as ever, albeit he did not make a sandwich of the sole of his shoe last night. Frank C. Young and Bessie De Voie do an exceedingly difficult and pretty dance. The company is satisfactory.

—W. A. D.

**Foyer Chat.**

The Metropolitan's attraction for the first half of next week is Harry Corson Clarke in his new comedy, "What Did Tomkins Do?" Mr. Clarke is one of the most versatile among the leading comedians on the stage to-day, and is an artist in whatever character he assumes. He is said to be giving a most complete production of his new play, and not the least attractive feature of the evening's entertainment is the specialty which Mr. Clarke himself introduces, in which he gives lifelike imitations of John McCullough, Frank Mayo and Sir Henry Irving.

The Boston Advertiser, speaking of Dan'l Sully's new play, "The Parish Priest," which will be seen at the Metropolitan the last half of next week, says: "It is a capital play, with bright dialogue and a genuine heart interest. The audience remained standing in the aisles to encore the curtain up several times at the close of the play."

Harry Corson Clarke, who is a member of the local lodge of Elks, will receive a royal welcome at their hands next Monday night, as arrangements have been made by No. 44 to attend the Monday night performance of "What Did Tomkins Do?" in a body and give Mr. Clarke a rousing reception on this, his initial appearance in Minneapolis as a start.

One of the best companies ever seen in "M'liss" is said to be presenting the revival this season. For some years this popular play has been shelved, but the present management not only engaged an especially strong organization, but have given the revival as handsome a stage setting as can be obtained. "M'liss" is played by Nellie McHenry, a most charming and talented actress, and Yuba Bill by Joseph Brennan, who is counted among the best of the leading men. The coming engagement of "M'liss" should prove an interesting event.

## New York Daily Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL, No. 21 Park Row.

**Important to Business Men.**

Jan. 29.—Now that all prejudice against typewritten business letters has disappeared, and little of it is left even against personal communications put on paper in the same eye and labor-saving way, it behooves every correspondent to perform the one task for which the antique pen is still always utilized, the signing of his name, with special care. In the old days the reading of written proper names was always harder than that of the rest of the letter, where the context gave assistance; but one could usually puzzle them out, after a greater or less expenditure of time and temper, by comparing their hints at letters with similar signs in the known words that appeared above. In the case of the typewritten and hand-signed epistle resort to this expedient cannot be had, and the result is that, oftener than now and then, the recipient of a delightfully legible communication cannot even guess from whom it comes. This makes patience-wrecking trouble. The difficulty could be very easily remedied, even by those who are unable or unwilling to write their names plainly. All they need to do is to typewrite, or have typewritten, the signature in the proper place and then to make under it, for purposes of authentication, the blind maze of lawless lines which suggests a name, if the reader knows what the name is. This is a little matter, but an important one, sometimes, and the considerate, that is the courteous correspondent, will bear it in mind, particularly as it imposes no extra labor on himself and takes a lot of it away from those to whom he writes.

**Four New Ocean Liners.**

Four new ocean liners have been ordered by the Atlantic Transport company, the contract being awarded to the New York Shipbuilding company of Camden, N. J. These new steamers are to be for the freight and passenger traffic and will ply between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and London. The contract is the largest one ever awarded a Delaware river firm at one time. It is also significant that heretofore that Atlantic Transport company has always used foreign built steamers. President Baker of the company says that his people have determined to have, in the future, their steamers constructed on this side, being confident that it can be done as cheaply as in Great Britain, while many outside advantages will accrue to the line from the change. Two of the new steamers are to be 600 feet long, while the other two will be slightly shorter. All will be among the finest and fastest ships in the transatlantic trade. The two larger will be each of 12,000 tons' carrying capacity, the other two running about 10,000 tons each. Triple expansion engines and boilers of the Scotch type, capable of standing the highest steam pressure, will be features of each ship. All will be of steel throughout and built to exceed all underwriters' requirements. About $5,000,000 is given as the total cost of the four steamers. Although the Atlantic Transport company is controlled by American capital and has its main office in Baltimore, its vessels fly the British flag.

**The New Woman Again.**

A distinguished example of the new woman is presented in Mrs. Franklin Pierce, whose husband has just been appointed an assistant district attorney of this county. Mrs. Pierce, who is herself an attorney and counselor at law, is now carrying on the practice of Mr. Pierce, while the latter does duty in the office of District Attorney Philbin. This is an example of the enlargement of Woman's sphere with a vengeance, for, although Mrs. Pierce declares that she will not appear in court to plead cases under any circumstances, she has taken charge of all the office work, will act as counselor and prepare all briefs. Mrs. Pierce, who is a woman of many attractions, is one of the regular lecturers of the New York University law school, being graduated as an attorney in 1896. She took up the study of law at the suggestion of her husband, who, at the time, had no idea that she would succeed to his private practice. After being admitted to the bar she became so much interested in the profession that when Mr. Pierce was offered the position of assistant district attorney, and was in a quandary what to do with his private practice, his wife came forward and the arrangement was made whereby he took the proffered position and she assumed his practice.

**Says the Kaiser Will Come.**

David T. Barry, Sir Thomas Lipton's representative in America, said, upon landing from the Oceanic to-day, that Emperor William of Germany would, in all probability, come over to witness the yacht races next summer. "Great influence has been brought to bear on the kaiser," said Mr. Barry, "and it is almost certain that he will come. The kaiser has never been in America, and wishes very much to pay a visit." Mr. Barry gave some interesting information regarding the new Shamrock. All the sails are cut and the hull nearly completed.

**Used the Electric Battery.**

New devices for separating Reuben from his hard-earned cash are constantly appearing on the Bowery. It is no longer considered good taste to knock a man down and take it away from him, if you can do the trick in any other way. The latest appliance found successful in that region of crime is a powerful electric battery. One victim drifted into Mulberry street station to-day with a testimonial as to the efficiency of the electric treatment that made the police officials laugh heartily. "Paris by Gas Light" is one of the Bowry attractions calculated to entrap the unwary. Into this place, with its mechanical piano and lurid posters in the lobby, the victim wandered. He was led through a succession of bare rooms and finally halted against an electric battery. The capper invited him to "see what he could lift." Next moment the victim was jerking and twisting under the full force of the current while the capper, with deftness and great precision, went through his pockets. So busy was the victim that he could not even concentrate his thoughts on the word "police." After a thorough "shake-down" he was turned loose, minus even carfare.

**A PROPHECY BY NAPOLEON**

Chicago Chronicle.

Organization in France of the La Fayette Society of Sons of the American Revolution recalls a timely illustration of the prophetic mind of Napoleon. When thinking of ceding Louisiana to the United States, he said:

"To deliver the nations from the commercial tyranny of England, we must balance her by a maritime power which will one day become her rival; this is the United States."

The period of rivalry has passed. The primacy of the commercial world is now ours. The uniform selfishness which characterized England's dealings with her American colonies, her heartlessness in sweeping our merchant marine off the seas during the civil war to preserve her supremacy through her coal and our cotton has caught up at last with its deserts. Both the cotton and the coal of the world are ours and the cotton manufacture in which she has so long led without question will not be of paramount importance to her foreign trade after her coals are exhausted.

The genius of Napoleon was often prophetic, never more clearly or consciously than in helping to build up American power. He lost to England in war. Time has won for his purposes with the agencies of peace.

**Art for Art's Sake.**

Chicago Inter Ocean.

It must be something to be able, like Sarah Bernhardt, to look back over the expanse of years that separates her from girlhood and note the conquests that art has achieved over time. They say she is looking as well as she looked forty years ago, though a trifle younger.

**Inexplicable.**

Chicago Record.

A rug merchant has become a bankrupt, with liabilities up into the thousands, but people who have been buying rugs cannot understand how it happened.

# Why the Plot Failed

BY D. A. CHAUNCEY.

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The faces of the four men about the tables testified that the conference was of the most important nature, and that the situation was far from satisfactory. The tall, raw-boned man, with the eyes which seemed to turn inwards, jammed himself still deeper into the easy chair in which he sat, bit off a mouthful of plug tobacco and, turning to the slender man to his right with the piercing black eyes and the prematurely gray head, asked:

"Brooks, are you sure these are all the votes we can get?"

"Dead sure," was the reply. "There isn't a single other fellow who is even wavering."

The tall man turned to the handsome, dapper, well-groomed, middle-aged man on his left.

"Are you sure we can depend absolutely on all of these, Murray?" he asked.

"Every one," replied Murray. "At least for to-morrow's ballot."

"We're only one shy," remarked the tall man, turning his eyes inwards again and speaking with great deliberation. "I wouldn't care so much about shutting off the graft for the boys—although it would make it a dry session; but I am afraid that it will give the other fellows control of the organization. That's what Hatfield is figuring on. He wants to be governor."

There was a murmur of surprise. Brooks whistled and said softly:

"It's more important than I thought. Why, Hatfield is impossible. If he were to be elected we might as well get off the earth. Are you sure, Joe?"

"Dead sure," was the reply. "And this is his opportunity. If they beat us to-morrow, it will be heralded all over the state as a victory over the 'boodle gang,' and Hatfield will get the credit for it. Then look out for the band wagon fellows. They will jump to get next to the other crowd, and we will be unable to figure on anybody—hey, Murray?"

"Exactly," replied Murray, gravely. "It's a very devil of a situation. Can't we postpone the vote and take the lead in passing the confounded bill. Better let the graft go than to lose the organization."

"No," replied the tall man, setting his heavy jaw and knitting his bushy brows. "The trick would be too cheap and transparent. I wish to heaven we had never started to fight the infernal thing, but we can't back out now."

There was a silence of some minutes, when suddenly the leader arose with resolution written all over his lanky frame. He strode across the room and pushed a button.

"Find Billy O'Connor, and tell him I want to see him," he said to the bell boy.

"How much money can be used?" he asked the short, stocky man with the gray side whiskers.

"We've spent a lot, you know," replied Lester. "Still, we must not lose control. How much must we have?"

"Ten thousand; maybe fifteen."

"Whew!" whistled Lester, arching his eyebrows.

"The situation is desperate," said the leader. "We must resort to desperate action."

"I'll get the money," replied Lester, after a moment's pause. "What's the game, Joe? There's positively not another fellow who can be touched with money."

The leader's eyes became dull and expressionless as he remarked:

"I have an idea that Hatfield may not be present to vote to-morrow."

"Hatfield!" exclaimed the three in unison. "You wouldn't offer him money?"

"Certainly not," replied the leader; 'but I have a presentiment that he may be ill to-morrow."

Just then the door opened, and a short, thick-set man, with a heavy black mustache and rather a low forehead, bustled in, evidently greatly puffed up at being summoned to the inner councils of the party leaders.

"Can you trust this woman you spoke of the other day—the one you got to pump Tolman while he was drunk?" asked the leader.

"Sure," replied O'Connor.

"Has she nerve? Will she do some strong work for big money?"

"She's out for the dough, and she's dead game," replied O'Connor.

"O'Connor," said the leader, eyeing the man sharply, "if the Trillyn bill passes to-morrow there is no more graft from the railroads for years to come. More than that we will find ourselves outside the breastworks. They have one vote the best of it. You will have this woman get a room, and to-morrow early write a note, a copy of which I will give you. It will be an appeal to Hatfield to come to her at once and help her in a case of dire necessity. He is always doing those kind of fool things She must use her wits to get him to take a drink of something—water, tea, beer, anything with 'dope' in it. Immediately after the vote is taken she will be given $10,000 if Hatfield does not answer to his name. The vote comes at 12 o'clock. She can take a train and be safe out of reach before anything happens."

"That's pretty strong, colonel," remarked O'Connor. "It's the 'pen' for anybody who gets pinched."

"She must leave the state the instant the vote is taken," replied the leader. "She won't sign the letter with her own name. Anyway, it's the only way to save the day. The beauty of it is that it will not only defeat the bill but keep Hatfield explaining why he failed to show up at the critical moment. We will manage to have the papers hint at boodle and all that—and it may prove awkward for him to explain why he was in the woman's room drugged—or drunk, at such an hour."

"All right," replied O'Connor. "But I've got to be protected if there's trouble."

"Did you ever know us to leave a friend in the lurch?" replied the leader. "And, O'Connor, if $10,000 won't do it, more can be had. Fix it to-night, and let me hear from you before you go to bed."

Senator Thomas Hatfield found himself climbing the stairs of a questionable hotel at 9:30 o'clock the next morning. He had been annoyed at the call because he needed all his time and energies to complete the victory he had in his grasp. But the note was so pleading and the necessity apparently so urgent and the story of persecution so strong that he had determined to give a brief quarter of an hour before the session began to the case.

The game worked only too easily. He had walked rapidly and was perspiring and thirsty. She offered him a glass of water. He took it, and before she had fairly started to tell her story his head had sunk on his breast. As she partly rolled, partly lifted, him onto a lounge a letter fell from his pocket. He had just written it and put it into his pocket to mail. The address on the envelope caught her eye. She started and trembled like a leaf. It was the name of her daughter, the daughter who had never known her and believed her mother dead, the daughter she had placed with strangers in a distant city that she might grow up without a knowledge of her mother's shame.

She took out the letter and read it. It was full of manly tenderness and affection. It spoke of the coming marriage, and of his high hopes of making her mistress of the governor's mansion.

The woman fell on her knees in an agony of remorse. Here she had contrived to cast the blighting shadow of her life of sin onto the person she wanted most to guard; to blot the one little corner in her life where the heart beats were pure and true. It was her hand that had done the fell work that was to prevent her daughter—the only person on earth for whom she had an honest affection—from being the wife of a governor. And the horror nearly overcame her when it swept through her mind that he would be found there in her room in that hotel, apparently drunk. His character would be besmirched. The girl would hear of it and suffer all the humiliation.

With a wild cry she sprang to the couch and fiercely shook the unconscious man. But it was in vain. Presently she forced herself to be calm and think. She hurried to a drug store and secured some remedies to neutralize the drug. Then she went back and went to work patiently and intelligently, with anxious eyes on the clock.

The senate was in an uproar. When the session opened there was surprise at Hatfield's absence. He was to have made the closing speech for the bill. Messengers went post haste to his hotel and to all his haunts, but he could not be found. Another senator had to make the closing speech.

The hour of 12 arrived and the vote was demanded. The roll call began. When Hatfield's name was called there was no response. The adherents of the bill were furious. The others were no less surprised, with the exception of five, and these five wore faces that were inscrutable.

The roll call was finished and as the lieutenant governor arose to announce the result a voice rang high above the tumult in the chamber, calling for a verification of the vote. Every head was turned to behold Hatfield, with heavy eyes and disheveled hair, stagger into the chamber and demand to be recorded "aye."

* * * * *

The wedding was celebrated after he was inaugurated as governor, and as the bridal party emerged from the church, a woman, painted and bedizened, broke through the cordon of police and snatched a rose from the bouquet carried by the bride. They hustled her to the station, but not before she had hidden the rose in her bosom.

## MINNESOTA MENTION

Red River valley wants drainage. Every man who comes to the twin cities from within the boundaries of the seventh district is preaching it with emphasis. The press of that section of the state is eloquent in its demands and appeals. The Warren Register says:

"Let us secure, if possible, an appropriation from the legislature to dig more ditches in this part of the state before asking for anything else. The question of reducing freight rates and the pro rata distribution of the gross earnings tax can wait until the drainage matter is off the boards. How to let the water off is the all important question just now. There was more grain destroyed last fall by overflow water than would pay for digging all the ditches necessary to carry it off."

The appointment of E. A. Nelson of Hallock as state librarian, does not strike the Fergus Falls Journal as being first-class politics. The Journal notes that Goodhue county rolled up a big republican majority, and that Nelson could have been taken care of nicely with the appointment of assistant superintendent, which would have given Grondahl the place of librarian and Goodhue county proper recognition. The Red Wing Republican reviews the history of Goodhue county's troubles in attempting to land a good appointment of some kind, notes that Major Seebach gets a $1,200 position in the office of the adjutant general and concludes that Goodhue, with addition of a place in the dairy department and another on the board of appeals, will have to be satisfied—like Minneapolis—with minor positions. And that on top of the fact that Goodhue is the banner republican county in Minnesota.

Echoes of the senatorial fight are still rattling around the walls of country newspaper offices. The Sleepy Eye Herald tells of the blank petitions sent out by the Tawney managers to creamery owners and muttermakers, but notwithstanding his activity for the Grout bill, the agriculturalists failed to heed the congressman's call to arms.

Some of the big counties in Minnesota are discussing county division. Polk county has had a long siege of it. Red Lake Falls and some of the towns in the western section of the county finally succeeded in having Red Lake county carved out of the original Polk. East Grand Forks and McInt