# THE JOURNAL

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

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**Advertisers Prove Circulation.**

THE

# Minneapolis Journal

Leads All the Minneapolis Papers in Advertising for January, 1901, by a Large Margin.

## Look at These Figures:

**Measurement for January, 1901.**

| | Columns |
|---|---|
| Journal—Evening—27 issues | 1049 |
| Tribune—Evening—27 issues | 663 |
| Times—Morning—27 issues and 4 Sundays | 915 |
| Tribune—Morning—27 issues and 4 Sundays | 905 |

Why, do you ask, does The Journal carry more advertising than all the Minneapolis papers with their Sunday issues included (31 issues to The Journal's 27)?

Because The Journal's circulation is not made up of morning, noon and afternoon editions and street sales; but almost it's entire circulation is it's 5 o'clock edition, which is delivered to the homes. The Journal is a great home paper. The Northwest's greatest daily, that is why advertisers get returns.


## A Question of Civilization

The prospect of a settlement of the Chinese troubles is yet very remote. The powers are at loggerheads, and, with the exception of the United States, they stand before the civilized world as arrant pretenders to civilization. In savagery some of them have competed with the Boxers. They have been as treacherous as the most finished Chinese mandarin. They have utterly disregarded the canons of international custom and while negotiations for peace were pending wreaked vengeance on the Chinese by a series of "punitive expeditions," yet continued, which have the character of man-hunting forays and looting incursions and incendiarism and wanton destruction of property.

Prince Ching, one of the Chinese plenipotentiaries, was right when he said the other day that the question of indemnity has two sides, because some of the allies conducted warfare "in a fashion unparalleled in the history of civilization." He cited the plunder of merchants and private citizens of goods of vast value in the aggregate and the brutal village burning and shooting after the appointment of the peace commissioners. There is no doubt of the right of the Chinese to bring up these values as an offset to any indemnity demanded by the powers. If the question were referred to the international tribunal at The Hague, the right would be maintained.

Who shall estimate the damages entailed by the cruel Russian expedition to the Chinese territory on the lower Amoor river last July, when a vast territory was devastated, houses burned and looted and the wretched inhabitants butchered at their doors or driven into the river at the point of the bayonet and drowned like rats? Where is Russian civilization? What of the civilization of Germany, of France, of Japan, of England, making of punitive expeditions a shooting diversion, the victims being the natives who were shot down like rabbits, the soldiers loading themselves down with plunder, continuing the nefarious practices begun at Peking and Tientsin, where private residences, palaces, temples were looted and even astronomical instruments were packed up and shipped to Europe.

Helpless women have been ravished and shameful debauchery has distinguished the career of the so-called civilized powers in China. Possibly there was some participation of our soldiers in some of these crimes, but it is on record that our forces did not go on the punitive expeditions and the Japanese expressed their surprise that the Americans were not, like themselves, ardent looters.

Going to China to teach the Chinese a lesson in international comity, these powers have set them an example of bad international faith, violating every requirement of civilization and honor. Going there to avenge the massacres of foreigners, they have indulged in massacre themselves and have thrown the exploits of the Boxers in the shade. They are now contemplating making such demands on China that she cannot comply, and antagonizing the people and arousing them to deeper detestation of the foreign devil.

It looks as if the civilized world does not possess the civilization it claims to have. There are distinct remains of savagery in so-called civilized man. The smell of blood is still liabe to convert him into a savage. The French revolution converted, educated, civilized men into leaders of such awful butcheries as the massacres of September, 1792. The Chinese only learn from western civilization that it can give them lessons in butchery and looting. The proceedings in China, to say the least, are abjectly humiliating to our boasted civilization.

## Health Inspection of Public School Pupils.

The Journal is much impressed with the practical benefit to be derived by the community from the proposed system of health inspection of the public school children. The undertaking is not an experiment. It has been in successful operation on similar, if not absolutely identical, lines, in other cities for a number of years. Boston has been inspecting the health of the pupils in the schools of that city daily for more than six years; other cities have tried it long enough to demonstrate the value of the plan.

While the rules governing this work in Minneapolis have not yet been definitely decided upon and finally adopted, there appears to be harmony of action between the school board and the board of health, a condition which seems to be absolutely essential to the success of the effort. Every reasonable precaution will be observed to limit the operation of the system and the activities of the inspectors to a proper regard for individual and family rights and preferences, while at the same time exercising prompt and effective measures against the spread of contagious diseases through the association of children in the public schools.

The system involves a great deal of gratuitous labor on the part of the inspectors, who are competent physicians, and the readiness with which they perform their financially unrequited services for the attainment of no other object than the preservation of health and the good of the community entitles them to every consideration of sympathy, support and co-operation by parents in the discharge of their duties.

While no doubt some mistakes will be made, and, possibly, some temporary hardship imposed, that will be the fault of human imperfections and the inability of the highest professional skill to avoid mistakes in every instance, and it should not be charged against the wisdom of the scheme or the splendid philanthropy which, through the gratuitous service of the inspectors, seeks to render so valuable a service to the community.

The plan is one which it seems to us should commend itself to the hearty support of parents throughout the city. With contagious diseases more or less prevalent at all times in a city of this size, the gathering together of so many hundreds of children in each of the various school houses calls for the exercise of the utmost care that contagion be not communicated from one to the other. While the daily inspection cannot prevent the appearance of contagion in the schools, it may and will limit the danger of exposure, and no doubt to a great degree check the spread of contagious diseases.

It should be understood, of course, that it is not a part of the plan of inspection that each child should be brought under the observation of the inspector every day, or at any other time; but in general terms it becomes the duty of the inspector to visit or communicate with the school under his charge every day, and if the principal reports any children in the school exhibiting symptoms of illness which seem to call for examination the pupil shall be brought before him at the school house, apart from the other children, and he shall give such advice to the principal as the case may require, or, if the indications justify it, he shall report to the board of health the facts in that particular case. Upon the result of his examination the principal may send the child home if that seems to be the proper thing to do.

It seems to The Journal that every parent ought to feel better protected against the danger of exposure to contagion in the public schools and more comfortable about the conditions that prevail there on account of the adoption of this system.

***Anti-Nail Legislation.*** Two years ago the Tennessee legislature, after a hard fight with the manufacturers, passed a law prohibiting the sale of cigarettes. The manufacturers carried the case to the United States supreme court and the law was declared constitutional. The dealers and manufacturers then sent a lawyer to Nashville, who discovered, of course, the usual flaw, in this case that the speaker pro tem of the house had failed to affix his signature to the bill while the body was in session, and upon this technicality the law was declared invalid by Judge Sneed at Knoxville. Those opposed to the sale of the cigarette decided to make a final fight before the present legislature, and as the United States supreme court had held to the law as constitutional, the bill was reintroduced for passage, and after another stiff fight with the manufacturers has been passed again and is now a sure-enough law. There are people in Tennessee who intend to see that it is enforced. Many of the dealers are returning their cigarettes to the wholesalers.

The little nail is not in itself so bad, but the argument against it is that it furnishes an easy stepping-stone to the tobacco habit for school children and everybody agrees that it is not well for children to use tobacco.

For adults the tobacco breath is bad enough, but the cigarette breath is a withering sirocco. The Tennessee legislature is all right, although the brand of rum it uses is a serious menace to the race and kills off strong men where the cigarette removes a few children and dudes. The cigarette is an "error," but there are others.

An eastern physician says that there isn't a tithe of the real article of grip extant that is being talked about. The people are "skeery," and with a cold they go about with long faces talking grip. Many people's lists of subjects of conversation are seriously limited by what they "have"—children, diseases or possessions. Get a new idea! It won't hurt you any.

A proposed amendment to the Pennsylvania libel law forbids any newspaper to publish an article criticising any public man until the article has been submitted to him and his permission obtained for its publication. The newspaper ought to be compelled also to pay the public man for his time spent in examining the article.

A lady in Bath, Me., a Mrs. Nagle, is 103 years old. She has the peculiarity of never using a light. When it is dark she goes to bed, and when it is light she gets up. She does her own work and attributes her long life to minding her own business. It might pay to try that.

If some local Mrs. Nation would cut in on a few of the projected city official prize fights with a long, hard ax, there would be no great mourning if she cut a few chunks of gristle out of the sluggers and promoters and permitters.

Dr. Lyman Abbott and the Outlook are getting impatient over the Philippine program. Instead of shooting the native, Dr. Abbott wants to better his condition. But if he doesn't want it bettered—what then?

Mark Twain has written an article in the February North American Review that just rips the hide off. Mark is showing great moral touchiness since his return. He objects to the looting of China.

The "hard winter" prophets will have to move to Kansas City or New York. Winter has quit the northwest since The Journal has been getting out such a warm paper.

James C. Pearson of Boston took out an insurance policy for $240,000 and then had himself operated on for appendicitis. The company is now contesting the claim in court.

Tom L. Johnson is running for mayor of Cleveland. One of Mr. Johnson's planks is a 3-cent street car fare. We trust Mr. Johnson owns the Cleveland street car system.

Sara Bernhardt says that there is a touch of the artistic about the Chicago stock yards. Sure. You can detect it in the air if your sense of smell is not blighted.

The New York almshouse authorities by an advertisement disposed of 200 babies in about two days. There was a tremendous demand for the little foghorns.

One of Oliver Wendell Holmes' first sayings was that there were "some men that have only soul enough to keep their bodies from decomposition."

The Detroit News, trying to be especially mean, speaks of her as the female Pingree of Kansas.

### TOWNE'S SPEECH

Brainerd Dispatch—Such speeches only delay the day of complete pacification, for the natives who fear the vengeance of Aguinaldo and his bandits will be slow to accept American authority so long as there is any possibility that they will be abandoned to their tender mercies.

Farmington Tribune—It was no honor to the state he was supposed to represent.

Sleepy Eye Dispatch—Towne's address was a special plea for his friend Aguinaldo, and it leaves Mr. T. in the position of having to be considered by his party "when the time comes."

Adrian Democrat—Senator Towne's term of office was brief, but he went out in a blaze of glory that would do credit to many a long termer.

Hector Mirror—Whether or no Towne had the future in mind when he prepared that speech is yet to be decided, but one thing is certain; he succeeded in stirring up the democrats to such an extent that they are beginning to talk of him as a possible successor to William Jennings Bryan as democratic candidate for president in 1904.

Winona Republican—In the senate Mr. Towne was of no use whatever to his state. He did not represent for one minute the people of his state. He used his appointment to compel the senators to listen to a speech which nobody would listen to last fall, and to foist his stale arguments through the Associated Press on the readers of the score or more of newspapers that cared to publish them. This is the sum total of his services as United States senator.

Henderson Independent—No matter what his politics, Mr. Towne must be recognized by the nation as a whole as a powerful statesman.

Princeton Union—Towne has shot his shaft and retired to private life bowed with the burden of his great thinks unuttered already yet.

Delano Eagle—The establishment and maintenance of United States authority in the Philippine archipelago is no longer a political question, and Mr. Towne's superb exhibition of misdirected effort may be likened to the falling star which leaves in its wake a brilliant and fiery illumination, only to be swallowed up the next moment in the blackness of night.

Benson Monitor—Men of wealth may break into the senate by questionable means, but it is a place where brains are recognized, nevertheless, and there Charles A. Towne was admitted to take his seat in the highest circle.

Red Wing News—It was the appeal to all that is finest in our traditions, to all that is grandest in our history. What may be the disposition of the Philippine question we cannot guess. But whether it shall be the best and happiest or the most miserable and disgraceful, the speech lives, an utterance that must furnish imperishable inspiration.

Wheelock's Weekly—Charles A. Towne's career in the United States senate was brief but brilliant.

Willmar Gazette—The speech from a democratic standpoint was a glowing success.

Dawson Sentinel—Mr. Towne's speech comes too late to do any harm, and will seen be forgotten.

Warren Register—Senator Clapp reached Washington too late to prevent ex-Senator Towne from clubbing the administration. Charlie had a windfall of 2,000 words before Moses arrived on the scene.

Rochester Democrat—He fully maintained his reputation as an orator and at times was enthusiastically applauded by the crowds in the galleries.

Buffalo Sentinel—The speech may make Towne the democratic candidate for president on the imperialism issue and the party will find it has jumped from the frying pan into the fire.

Norwood Times—No matter what the republicans may say of Charles A. Towne, or the party to which he belongs, he has made a record during his short term in the senate, and notwithstanding all of the small talk used by them and their press, he commands the respect and esteem of the best men in all parties. His sun is not set, and we predict that he will be called upon again to assist in shaping the policies of this country.

### THE CONSUL GENERAL

Princeton Union—John Goodnow has made so good a record as consul general to China that it is confidently predicted that he will succeed Minister Conger when he retires.

Alexandria Post News—If the president were to name him as minister to China, no one would be surprised and there would be a chorus that John was just the boy to outwit Ah Sin himself.

Litchfield News-Leader—Those who worked off a big batch of laugh when John was appointed consul can now put in appropriate time wondering what they were laughing at.

Buffalo Sentinel—Goodnow used to be a coal baron in Minneapolis and on the side put up deep political schemes with great success. He has applied the same ability to national duties and has become a statesman of considerable ability.

Red Wing Republican—Strange people these Minneapolitans. Four years ago they branded John Goodnow with all kinds of bad names and now they give a magnificent banquet in his honor. Goodnow has made a good representative of this government in China and his compatriots who denounced him now unite in honoring him.

Winona Independent—John Goodnow, the consul general to Shanghai, declares that the Chinese regard "President McKinley as the greatest man in the world." That is John's opinion, too, isn't it?

Cloquet Independent—John Goodnow never amounted to much as a baseball manager, but he seems to have made a success of himself in discharging his various duties in China.

**Only Confirmation Thus Far.**

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mrs. Nation appears just in time to corroborate Grover Cleveland's testimony that the country is going to smash.

**No Lasting Fame.**

Washington Post.

Mr. Towne was not in the senate long enough to get a five-cent cigar named after him.

## AMUSEMENTS

**Harry Corson Clarke in "What Did Tomkins Do?"**

The less said about the play in which Harry Corson Clarke has chosen to make his debut in Minneapolis, the better. The temptation is to say sarcastic things about "What Did Tomkins Do?" It begins nowhere and goes nowhither. It is purposeless, pointless and utterly vapid. This is the more to be regretted because of Mr. Clarke's capacity for better things, a capacity which cannot be entirely obscured by the untoward conditions surrounding his present venture. It is explained that having made a reputation in the far west as Jones in "What Happened to Jones," Mr. Clarke determined to invade the middle country and if possible widen the circle of his admirers. The ambition is a laudable one and if it is achieved in spite of the utter insufficiency of the vehicle chosen, possibly the glory will be greater. But the handicap is too heavy and Mr. Clarke will never achieve a real success until he gets a play. It is conceivable that a composition faulty in construction which nevertheless gave him a fine and eccentric character to delineate might win, because his forte evidently lies in quaintly humorous characterization. But the present play does not afford him even such an opportunity. Mr. Clarke indulges in some imitations which prove his possession of a real talent for impersonation of which there are only momentary glimpses in his Colonel Tomkins. The supporting company, while by no means brilliant, is entirely equal to its scanty opportunities. Joseph Galbraith is the strait-laced son of his giddy old father. Max Steinle plays a Rogers Brothers role, Clement St. Martin, an irascible Russian nobleman with a French accent, Theodore Kehrwald an old lawyer, Arthur Miles, an office boy, and a colored hotel porter. The ladies of the company are Maude Truax, who plays an effervescent actress, Harriet Clevenger a susceptible young widow, Anne Hathaway a pretty young heiress, and Jessie Lansing, who plays an utterly incomprehensible old lady of flighty tendencies.

—W. B. C.

**"M'liss" at the Bijou.**

Bret Harte's beautiful story of the Sierras, "M'liss," is being told at the Bijou this week by Nellie McHenry and an excellent company. The play is a melodrama of the old school, bristling with stirring events depicting life in California when the gold excitement of '49 was at its height. It is the sort of play that might have been written on 'Gene Field's "Red Hoss Mountain, where the men was brave and true," where the women were all angels, leal and brave and pure and beautiful as the mountain daisies.

"M'liss," child of the mining camp, a hoyden, a nobody except the daughter of "old Bummer Smith," detested by the girls but loved by the boys, is a character drawn with a master hand. In the play with which the name "M'liss" is so intimately associated, no weak etching is offered as a portrait of that lively young woman. She stands painted in gorgeous colors, with her nut-brown hair flowing wild and free in a landscape of high mountains, deep ravines and the rude habitations of men. She has the spirit of a wild horse, the soul of a good woman, the antics of a kitten, the temper of a tigress, and withal the tenderness of a dove. How she hates Clytie Morpher and how she loves the schoolmaster. How loyal she is to her poor old daddie, to Yuba Bill, "the man she swears by," and whom the dramatist was content to leave a whole hero without making him a love-lorn suitor for "M'liss'" hand. This "Bill" is a sort of "Three-Fingered Hoover," whom Field immortalized in more than one of his western verses. He is a great personage, too, in the play under discussion, when he is represented by so capable an actor as Joseph Brennan. Mr. Brennan has a fine voice and his reading is most intelligent.

But "jolly Nelly McHenry," who has not lost a discoverable quip or quirk since she delighted audiences of the long ago, is the life and soul of the play. She is just as lively, just as pretty, just as captivating as ever. Her antics convulse the audience and set the gallery wild with joy. And the little lady honestly deserves the applause, which her efforts to please evoke. She is a talented woman, an actress of long experience, and it is not to be wondered at that she still possesses a charm which continues to delight theater-goers. In a word, she is magnetic, and, therefore, a wizard who can play upon any stops she likes in the human heart.

The many sensational incidents in the play make a tremendous hit with the audience. While the events themselves are exciting enough, they are made doubly effective when evolved by a company of capable actors and actresses. Miss McHenry has no "sticks" in the cast of "M'liss," and the performance as a whole is enjoyable. It must not be forgotten that a melodrama with its scenes laid in a mining camp is not a society drama, with a dress-suit environment. It is a western play, but a wholesome, earnest one, crowded with scenes that set the blood tingling and that touch the best impulses.

The company includes that fine actor, Frank Dayton, as the schoolmaster; L. J. Loring as Judge Beeswinger, a most excellent characterization; James Cooper as Bummer Smith, and F. A. Yelvington as the Mexican. Ben F. Crinnell as the "prairie actor," contributed an entertaining bit, his song and dance with Miss McHenry being exceedingly clever. Miss McHenry's songs were well received. The play is splendidly staged.

—W. A. D.

**Foyer Chat.**

The well- known Irish actor, Daniel Sully, surrounded by a capable company, will be seen at the Metropolitan Thursday evening in an entirely new role in which he has been appearing with great success in New York and Boston. Those who have admired and loved Mr. Sully in his genial, whole-souled Irish characterizations will find no cause to regret his assuming the habiliments of the parish priest. There is nothing to offend in "The Parish Priest." It treats of those subjects nearest the heart tenderly, and withal is pervaded by that delightful comedy of which Mr. Sully is an exponent. Its exquisite sentiment brings the tears to the heart, but ere they can reach the eyes, Mr. Sully has banished them by his irresistible humor.

"The Belle of New York," which strikes here next Sunday, is expected to catch the town. It has performed this feat in various parts of the world in a manner that keeps those particularly interested in its fortunes, smiling overtime. That this fascinating attraction from the New York Casino should have made such a pronounced success was only to be expected. "The Belle of New York" comes to the Metropolitan wearing a halo of extraordinary success at home and abroad. She is bright, smiling and entertaining and the company is one of unusual make-up.

One of the season's banner engagements is announced for the Bijou next week. Frederick Warde in a repertory of his most famous successes. Last season's Warde visit was one of the most prosperous events in the history of the Bijou and artistically was commented upon most favorably. Mr. Warde comes this season with an entirely new company. "The Duke's Jester," the new romantic comedy by Espy Williams, which won such favor last season, is still the principal play of his repertory, and with a company especially selected for its interpretation, is said to be even more entertaining than before. There will be several opportunities to see this talented actor in several of his successful Shaksperean productions.

**Safety in Philadelphia.**

Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Carrie Nation announces that she would clean out all the saloons in the United States. She can't touch the Philadelphia speak-easies, however; the police wouldn't let her.

**By Those With a Pull.**

Washington Post.

According to the contention of Mr. Neely, he didn't fall; he was pushed.

**Inconsistent.**

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mr. Bryan's terms for his paper are cash in advance, with Mexican dollars taken at bullion rates.

**Diagnosed on the Spot.**

Wichita Eagle.

It might be possible to convict Mrs. Nation of saloonacy.

**Bourke Cockran Also.**

Washington Post.

If Editor Bryan is the least bit appreciative, he will place the Hon. Richard Olney on his exchange list.

## New York Daily Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL, No. 21 Park Row.

**Andrew Carnegie's Mansion.**

Feb. 5.—Andrew Carnegie will show New York a novelty in Fifth avenue residences when he completes his mansion at the upper end of the avenue. Not content with establishing himself in "Millionaires' Row," he has been gradually acquiring the entire block in which his house is being built, and intends on the completion of the house itself to lay out the ground about his mansion in grass plots and walks. In this manner he will make the house look as if it had been built to suit the locality instead of being crowded and elbowed by its neighbors. An appearance of spaciousness in the way of situation such as once marked the dwellings of old New Yorkers will then be given to the Carnegie home. In all Fifth avenue the Carnegie property will be the only place laid out in this fashion. The houses of our greatest residence street, while they may be very impressive if taken separately, leave an impression of incongruity when viewed together. The style of the French renaissance is side by side with Gothic architecture, while a colonial front looks strangely enough beside a structure that might have been lifted bodily from a street in Rome or Florence. Then there is the great Vanderbilt house, running from Fifty-eighth to Fifty-ninth streets, built like a castle and surrounded by huge railings. This house should have stood in a park with a long drive separating the railings from the door. Instead, the distance between the two is but a few feet, while on both side streets beside this magnificent place are ordinary homes entirely out of sympathy with their big neighbor. To the artistic eye these latter matters appear about the same as does the office building of the Mutual Life, topped as it is by a Greek temple, or the Waldorf-Astoria, which has been so frequently expanded that in its completed condition is found to contain examples of almost every style of architecture. Once the building of houses in New York ran to similarity, as a result of which row after row of houses identical in outward appearance can be found. Then the reaction set in and every man was a law unto himself and planned to best suit his own eye.

**Mr. Whitney's Star Horse.**

When William C. Whitney paid $60,000 for the racing stallion Hamburg he got a bargain. That the pride of the Marcus Daly stable, when put up for auction at the Madison Square Garden on Wednesday night, fell into such good hands, is a cause of gratification to turf devotees. America to-day has no other such princely patron of the turf as William C. Whitney, once secretary of the navy. Mr. Whitney had his commissioners at the Daly sale, prepared to buy Hamburg at any price. By skillful maneuvers he frightened off other bidders and got the great racer for a comparatively small price. Hamburg is beyong question the greatest racer ever bred in this country. When this is considered with his price in comparison with the prices secured for other great horses in this country and Europe, it clearly shows that Mr. Whitney got a bargain. St. Blaise was auctioned in 1891 and brought $100,000 on the first bid, from Charles Reed, who got the horse. Ormonde sold three years before that for $150,000 to W. O'B. Macdonough of San Francisco. A year ago the Duke of Westminster's thoroughbred Flying Fox sold for £37,500, equal to over $185,000. Then, too, even out of the thoroughbred class it is found that for trotters over $100,000 have been paid. Arion sold in 1892 for $125,000, for example, and Axtell in 1889 for $105,000 is another. Therefore it will be seen that Mr. Whitney in his latest addition to his great stable made a very shrewd move.

**Imports From Cuba.**

Within the last fifteen or twenty years imports from Cuba have gradually grown until the Cuban products are now quite a factor in the New York markets, although seven or eight commission houses here handle practically all the export of Cuban vegetables to this country. In one respect Cuban trade suffers; while the freight rates from Havana by water to New York are about the same as from Florida to New York, upon the Cuban articles there is an import duty, and a proper adjustment of these duties is needed. For instance, on green beans there is a duty of 45 cents a bushel, or 100 per cent ad valorem. At this rate it is impossible to handle them, according to New York merchants. Cuba as a fruit and vegetable growing country has many advantages over its near neighbor, Florida. In Cuba frost is almost unknown, while on the other hand Florida is visited by the terrible Texas norther, which plays such havoc along the coast. The norther is preceded almost invariably by a drenching rain. The thermometer has been known to drop forty degrees within two hours, and has gone as low as 8 degrees above zero, killing almost all vegetable life. Cuba escapes the dreaded norther with but a chilling wind, but she has trouble with the cutworm and with protracted droughts. The main Cuban feature with the commission men is the pineapple, which is shipped to this country in great quantities. The most important vegetable is the onion. The potato comes next, and lately considerable attention has been paid to the cultivation of the tomato.

**A Big Salary.**

Richard Delafield, president of the National Park bank, receives the highest salary ever paid a bank president on this continent. By a vote of the directors of the National Park bank a few days ago, Mr. Delafield had his stipend raised from $25,000 to $40,000, and those bankers who are familiar with the situation do not think that Mr. Delafield will be overpaid. For many years the National Park bank has ranked as one of the strongeset institutions in the country, and its immense foreign business has made the position of president a particularly hard one. Two of Mr. Delafield's predecessors died in harness at a comparatively early age, and their sudden demise was nothing more nor less than the result of overwork for the institution they managed. In all New York, which in this instance means all America, there is not a bank the management of which means as much hard work as the National Park bank.

**A Broker's Hard Luck Story.**

One of the newest brokers on the Stock Exchange has just been awarded the palm for a hard luck story. He purchased a large amount of experience at a very high price right at the start, when he paid nearly $50,000 for his seat on the exchange. Then, although he was not well versed in the business done on the floor, he plunged into it with a courage commensurate to his ignorance. He misunderstood his orders and he neglected occasionally to make a memorandum of his sales. When he found that a customer had asked him to sell a certain stock instead of buy it, as he had done, he tried to make good his losses from his blunder by taking a small gamble on his own account. Business on the Stock Exchange is done in a rush in these days, and the man who hesitates or is slow-witted finds himself outclassed. This new member, at the end of his first month on the exchange, balanced up his business and found that his losses due to his own blunders in executing orders for his customers had cost him nearly $50,000.

—N. N. A.

**A Simple Truth.**

Cincinnati Enquirer.

A lot of chaps who never drew anything sharper than a pen have done General Shafter a good deal of injustice.

**May Regret It.**

Philadelphia Times.

Venezuela seems to be paving the way to trouble with asphalt.

**Just to Rub It in Somewhat.**

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Senator Clark of Montana will manage in some way to arrive in Washington city prior to the departure of Senator Chandler of New Hampshire.

**Merely an Imitator.**

Indianapolis Uress.

General MacArthur seems to be emulating the example of Mrs. Stanford in dealing with obstreperous persons who insist upon freedom of speech.

**Platt Showing Age.**

New York Correspondence Chicago Inter Ocean.

Senator Platt is becoming physically frail. His step is without elasticity and his heels trail behind him as he walks—an unfailing sign of age.

# A Cowboy Hazing

By P. Y. BLACK.

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Corporal Bill, comfortably back from the wars, occupied his privileged seat by the barracks-room stove, and thus commented on the news in the paper:

"Now, this here hazing at the 'Cademy. What's hazing, anyhow? It's bullying, ain't it? Organizing bullying."

"Bullying reduced to a fine art," suggested the recruit.

"Heh? Contradicting again? Dry up, you! What I says is this: Look about you! Where ain't nobody hazed? Did you ever work in a big shop, a mill—a factory? Did you ever work in a big office—or on a ranch among cowboys? Ain't the tenderfoot put through his paces, in every one, same as the rookie here was licked into shape when he first went to the big boarding school he was telling us of? It's human nature, it is. We are hazed and we haze. It goes by different names, but it's just making the other fellow's life miserable. It's good for some and it ain't for others, so what in powder are you going to do about it?"

The veteran borrowed a fresh pipeful from the recruit and maundered on.

"'Course, like everything else, this hazing's overdone sometimes. It won't hurt to toss a boy in a blanket, so long's you don't toss him out a window. But when a natural brute, a born bull-dozer—a terrier from the devil's own kennels—when that breed bites they chews, and gnaws, too, and there ain't no satisfying their per-vert-ed appetite. Leftenant Bowers, he was that kind, and he chewed on William McPhail something disgusting. I knew the leftenant and I knew William, so this is straight, it is.

"When my old outfit was on the northwest plains—'twas a lo-ong time since—we was lying on the foothills at old Fort Tom. I've seen times when cowboys and soldiers was pizen the one to the other, and meeting meant scrapping. But, anyways, it wasn't so at Fort Tom. The ranches in them days was few up there, run chiefly by Scotchmen. I was thick with a crowd of Scotties at the Two Bar ranch. They thought the world and all of me, seeing how I did my best to teach them our ceevilized western ways. The boss, for all his Scotch ways and burr in his talk, was a citizen. He'd one son—that was William, and the boy'd lost his mother. William growed up on the range and nat'rally knowed ev'ry steer puncher in the territory. William was a nice boy, and me and him got along like two bunkies.

"He was dead stuck on the Stars and Stripes, was William McPhail, and he loved a soldier, riding into the post at every chancst. He was drilled by me into the making of a man, and he never tired of me learning him his manual of arms.

"'I wish I was a soldier,' he says time and again, 'and I wisht there'd be war and glory,' says the bay. 'I want to go to West Point,' and that was all his talk.

"I had me doubts, I had. Yez see, he was a boy to be proud of, and smart and active, but he was one of them kids as is nerves all through; slim and straight, but nowise delicate, only high strung. I had me doubts how he'd stand roughing it with a lot of thick-skinned hobbledehoys. A greyhound is out of it in a kennel of bull terriers.

"But he bothered his old man till the old man pulled the strings and William had his way. He went to West Point.

"He was back in six months. Say, fellows, he was a wreck! When I rode out to the ranch to see him I couldn't speak—he was that bad. It wasn't much use trying to get out of William what had happened to him. He was full of that kind of grit that books call 'sheevalry.'

"'I just broke down,' he says to the old man and me and the punchers as had seen him start off, so proud of him. 'I couldn't stand the pressure,' he says.

"That might be, but the pressure must have been tremenjour to break his heart, and ruin his career and send him home to mope on the range. And he had got some trouble with his nerves that made his left eye wink, wink, and his left arm twitch, twitch. 'Twould have made us laugh only we felt like cussing. He wanted no more drill, and he wanted no more soldiering, and he never came no more to the post, only worked quiet for his father on the range.

"But there's ways of finding out the truth, and I knew a man in the cavalry detachment at West Point, and he found out for me. 'Twas known to the cadets, and others, too, and the cadets themselves were mad about it, but that's where their dod-gasted 'sheevalry' come in, and they kept quiet.

"'Bower went too far,' they says, 'but we must not have a scandal,' says they. 'For the honor of the corps let it drop,' says they.

"But being fond of the kid I was mad all through, and I told it all to the Scotchmen on the ranch. They're queer folk, is Scotties. They just listened and listened, saying 'Ayehy' and 'Umph,' and burred at each other, but they was boiling all the same, fit to bust the kettle.

"Not long after a leftenant was assigned to our outfit, fresh from the Point, and when I heard his name I jumped. So I rode out to Pete the Parson's place, where the soldiers and cowboys both got their booze, and sure enough two of the Scotties was there.

"'Johnny—come—lately's to hand,' I says, 'from West Point,' I says. 'It's Bowers that his name is—Second Leftenant Bowers,' I says.

"'Mon,' says Uncle Colin as had taught William McPhail to ride and shoot. 'Mon,' he says, 'that's gude news, an' wud it no be possible for a humble mon like mesel' to meet up wi' Maister Bower? Aye, an' there's mair than we wud be sair vexed no to meet him.'

"They met all right, and at Pete the Parson's. It's nobody's business how it came about, and I wasn't there, anyhow, but I heard all about it. There was none in Pete's that afternoon but half a dozen Scotties, when the leftenant rode up and asks for a man he was to meet who nat'rally wasn't there. Uncle Colin he burred out that the man might come along any old minute, and the leftenant waited and had a drink with the boys. Polite they was—tremenjous polite.

"'An' ye're just from Wist P'int,' says Colin. 'Ayehy—it's a gret school, is Wist P'int. Our William was at Wist P'int,' he says. 'Mebbe you know Weelliam McPhail?' says he.

"The leftenant scowled, he did, but 'Yes,' he says, 'I know him.'

"'I thocht mebbe you an' him had foregathered,' says Colin. 'An' glad we are to meet up with ye, Maister Bower,' he says, 'fur we're all freen's o' Weelliam McPhail, and knowed him frae a baby. Whut was this aboot him being hazed, Maister Bower, till he tuk seeck, an' had to be sint hame?'

"The leftenant looked at them, but they was calm and polite and innocent.

"'Oh,' he laughs. 'Twasn't so bad as that. He was a bit dull and couldn't keep up with his class, and I suppose he worried himself sick.'

"'Umph!' says Colin, quiet like. 'He was a smart boy to be called dull. An' what's hazing?'

"'Oh, that,' says the officer, 'that's only fun. It's the way we have of taking the freshness out of newcomers. An old custom—does 'em good.'

"'Eaglin' an' funny drills, an 'messing up the tend of a lad you hate, because he's of better stock than yoursel', so as to get him demerits. An' makin' him fight fellows he has nothin' against, an' so on, until a lad as was brought up like a gentleman has his life made meeserable, till his speerit's broke and his heart busted. That's it, ain't it?'

"The leftenant looked haughty.

"'I see you know all about it,' says he.

"Nat'rally,' says Colin, still calm and peaceful, 'seein' as how out here we do a bit o' hazin' ourselve', when we run up against a fresh young tenderfoot—like you—damn you!'

"The leftenant, he jumped at that. They was circled round him, them tarriers, and Pete the Parson had skipped out, leaving them to their fun. The leftenant he saw they meant business, but he made a bluff.

"'Remember the uniform I wear!' says he. 'Respect it. I'm a United States officer,' says he.

"'Ayehy!' says Colin. Did ye respeck it whin it was on the back of our boy, William McPhail? If you fellows,' he says, 'can't respect it yoursel' nobody else will,' he says. 'Aw wush to see this eaglin' done, sae get a gait on ye.'

"The leftenant he blustered, but the Scotties wouldn't listen to him. To stir him up they fired their revolvers round his shoes and he danced like a Spanish ballet girl till his bones was sore and the sweat was running off of him.

"They put him through the mill for sure. They made him drill with a broom, bayonet exercise till he couldn't hold the broom up. They made him stand on his head and do all the stunts they could think of, and when he was near dead, in come William McPhail by chancst. The lad was that tender-hearted that he pleaded for the young brute that had hated him and used his superior rank to drive him out of the service. But them cow-punchers wouldn't listen. They was waked up now. They grabbed William, and they grabbed the leftenant, and forced the officer down on his knees. They put their pistols to his head and made him implore pardon of William. He did that at last, white as ghosts. But Colin wasn't satisfied. A Scotchman sees a thing complete before he leaves it.

"He was near dead with shame and rage, was the leftenant, but they told him the style of his West Point riding didn't please them. They said they'd learn him cowboy style, and then they put that man aback of a broncho—unbroke, boys, unbroke. And that was the end of it! The officer could ride, but he was that weak from the hazing that he couldn't sit out one good buck. Over he went with a broken arm and collarbone.

"The cowboys sent him home in Pete the Parson's wagon.

"'Ye'll be givin' ma compleements,' says Colin to the leftenant, 'to the wheen laddies frae your school,' he says. 'An' tell them if they need ony mair lessons in hazing,' he says, 'to come their ways to the Two Bar ranch.'

"Ye'd think there was the devil and all to pay," Corporal Bill concluded, "when the officers heard of what had happened. There might have been, but there wasn't. There's times for hazing, and times for the exercising of dee-plo-macy. Leftenant Bower was that ashamed and mortified that he'd gone down on his knees to any man and played the clown, that he made no fuss. More