THE JOURNAL

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

THE JOURNAL is published every evening, except Sunday, at 47-49 Fourth Street South, Journal Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

C. J. Billson, Manager Eastern Advertising.

NEW YORK OFFICE—86, 87, 88 Tribune building.

CHICAGO OFFICE—308 Stock Exchange building.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

Payable to The Journal Printing Co.

Delivered by mail.

One copy, one month	$0.35
One copy, three months	1.00
One copy, six months	2.00
One copy, one year	4.00
Saturday Eve. edition, 20 to 26 pages	1.50

Delivered by carrier.

One copy, one week	8 cents
One copy, one month	35 cents
Single copy	2 cents

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Subscribers ordering addresses of their papers changed must always give their former as well as present address.

CONTINUED

All papers are continued until an explicit order is received for discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid.

COMPLAINTS

Subscribers will please notify the office in every case that their paper is not delivered promptly or the collections not properly made.

The Journal is on sale at the news-stands of the following hotels:
Pittsburg, Pa.—Du Quesne.
Salt Lake City, Utah—The Knutsford.
Omaha, Neb.—Paxton Hotel.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Hotel Van Nuys.
San Francisco, Cal.—Palace Hotel.
Denver, Col.—Brown's Palace Hotel.
St. Louis, Mo.—Planters' Hotel, Southern Hotel.
Kansas City, Mo.—Coates House.
Boston, Mass.—Young's Hotel, United States, Touraine.
Cleveland, Ohio—Hollenden House, Weddell House.
Cincinnati, Ohio—Grand Hotel.
Detroit, Mich.—Russell House, Cadillac.
Washington, D. C.—Arlington Hotel, Raleigh.
Chicago, Ill.—Auditorium Annex, Great Northern.
New York City—Imperial, Holland, Murray Hill, Waldorf.
Spokane, Wash.—Spokane Hotel.
Tacoma, Wash.—Tacoma Hotel.
Seattle, Wash.—Butler Hotel.
Portland, Oregon—Portland Hotel, Perkins Hotel.

AN EXTRA SESSION

An extra session of congress to consider certain general and special measures crowded out of consideration by the fifty-sixth congress is possible, unless the proposition to have congress make a formal declaration of the relations which should exist between the United States and Cubans be carried out and the adjustment be committed to the president during the recess. Neither the president nor the majority of this nation have any idea of kotowing to the Gomez element in Cuba, but will have the Cuban republic launched with grace and dignity and honor and with the element of permanency and stability.

This congress has effected some much-needed legislation outside the appropriation bills, as the army bill, the legislation providing government for Porto Rico and Hawaii, the financial law of March 14, 1900, the reapportionment law, etc.

It has not touched any of the measures to make the gold standard law more effective; the Nicaragua canal measure has, by agreement, waited upon the action of the British cabinet on the amended Hay-Pauncefote treaty; the amendment of the bankruptcy law has been deferred, and, while much valuable time has been spent fooling with the ship subsidy bill, the measure has probably been slugged for this session, at least, and if there is an extra session special pains should be taken to prevent its production as a live measure backed by public sentiment, which it isn't.

As to the Philippines, the supreme court will hardly bring out a decision in the insular status cases before congress adjourns. The practical disposition of the Philippines case is in the passage of the Spooner resolution which leaves the direction of affairs in the hands of the president until the civil and political status of the archipelago is determined by congress. There is, of course, no necessity for legislation by congress for the islands until the supreme court makes its decisions in the insular cases. But, unless the president is delegated with power by congress to deal with the Cuban constitution after the dissolution of this congress, there will have to be an extra session to deal with the subject.

There is a great commercial need in the Philippines, sure to increase, for the adoption of a sound currency system. This calls for speedy action and regulation. The Taft commission is clothed with power to meet all the civil needs of the Philippines until the government's policy is more clearly defined and their report shows great promise for the speedy development of the great resources of the islands and the promotion of commerce with this country.

The Cubans will have to be a little patient and realize the seriousness of constructing a new and stable republic. Under their constitution the election of officers does not occur until ninety days after the promulgation of the organic law. This will throw the election over to June, and then, unless there are given strong guarantees that a stable government has been established and that no American intervention is necessary to protect American rights and avert the results of corrupt judicial processes and the repudiation of public and private obligations, our troops cannot be withdrawn from the island, as a matter of public duty.

A REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE

The Journal has refrained from any editorial comment on the celebrated McKenzie contempt case because it feels that the facts have not yet been brought out in full. We have given to our readers the news with regard to the matter, the statements of each side, the facts bearing upon the interests of both, and the action of the court at San Francisco. It is the action of that court which prompts comment at this time, for we sympathize very strongly with the expression of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, of recent date, which calls attention in a dignified but pointed manner to the extraordinary deliverance of the San Francisco court. Among other things the Seattle paper with the unwieldly name says:

Whatever may be thought of the action of the circuit court of appeals in San Francisco in sentencing Alexander McKenzie to a year's imprisonment for contempt of court, there can be no two opinions concerning the gross impropriety of the language it employed in speaking of the federal court in Alaska and of the situation there. It says that McKenzie's action was "in furtherance of the high-handed and grossly illegal proceedings initiated almost as soon as Judge Noyes and McKenzie had set foot on Alaskan territory at Nome, and which may be safely and fortunately said to have no parallel in the jurisprudence of this country." Equally intemperate, and even more shocking, when uttered from the bench, is the following: "It speaks well for the good, sober sense of the people gathered on that remote and barren shore, that they depended solely on the courts for the correction of the wrongs perpetrated among and against them."

The gratification of the San Francisco court over the lack of a parallel cannot be more genuine than that of the thoughtful reader over the reflection that such intemperate language in a legal decision, discussing the action of another federal court, is probably without a counterpart. The court at Nome may not be equal in authority with that at San Francisco, but it is entitled to be mentioned with respect and consideration until its failure to maintain its dignity and honor has been established. Such failure has not been demonstrated. The court at Nome was not on trial before the court at San Francisco, and if it were it adds nothing to the dignity of the court at San Francisco to employ against the court at Nome terms of reproach and contumely, which should be applied to no branch of the federal judiciary by another.

As to the satisfaction which the court at San Francisco expresses over the law-abiding disposition of the people of Nome, no other interpretation is possible than that the San Francisco court means to commend the people of Nome for not having indulged in riot and lynch law, and violence of every form against the authority of the United States. The thought of a federal court assuming that at any time conditions could justify or excuse the supremacy of mob law where federal authority is established is almost inconceivable, and, yet, here we have it in plain language. This astonishing proceeding on the part of the San Francisco court must be condemned without regard to the merits of the McKenzie case, for it must be admitted that the judge of the federal court at Nome is not on trial and has not been heard. What he will say for himself, and what he will be able to demonstrate as to the quality of his official acts, is not in evidence, was not before the San Francisco court, and is not before the public. All we know is that one federal court, prompted by influences which cannot be clearly understood, has seen fit to smirch and traduce another federal court unheard and without means of defense. If it be true that the federal court at Nome was incapable of rendering justice, what shall be said of the judicial temperament of that tribunal at San Francisco?

Mr. Riley's complaint that there is too much criminal news in the papers suggests the remark of an equally noted preacher, Lyman Abbot, who, speaking of the press as a mirror of society, said: "When we see a dirty face in the mirror, the remedy is not to wash the mirror but to wash the face."

MRS. STANFORD'S UNIVERSITY

The report upon the case of Professor Ross, recently dismissed from Leland-Stanford university, has just been made by a committee of economists made up of representatives of eastern universities. It will be remembered that Professor Ross incurred the disfavor of Mrs. Stanford because of certain utterances on economic subjects in his classroom. She demanded his dismissal, and President David Starr Jordan complied with her directions. Professor Howard of the chair of history was practically forced to resign because he expressed his disapproval of the dismissal of Ross by the university, and made some defense of him in the classroom. The events are recent and the facts need not be restated in full.

The committee consisted of Edward R. H. Seligman, Ph. D., professor of political economy and finance at Columbia university; Henry W. Farnam, professor of political economy at Yale, and Henry B. Gardner, professor of political economy at Brown university. In the interest of free speech and the integrity of their profession, these three prominent economists were selected by their fellows to make an investigation of the Ross case. Their conclusions are as follows:

There is evidence to show (a) that Mrs. Stanford's objections to Professor Ross were due, in part at all events, to his former attitude on the silver question, to to his utterances on coolie immigration and on municipal ownership, and (b) that, while the dissatisfaction of Mrs. Stanford due to his former attitude on the silver question antedated his utterances on coolie immigration and municipal ownership, her dissatisfaction was greatly increased by these utterances.

The committee, in its report, takes up in detail the charges made by opponents of Professor Ross, and upon which they called for information. Among other things it was alleged that Ross gave occasion for dismissal by defects in moral character, by incompetence, by unfaithfulness in his duties, by the violation of confidence in a public statement giving his views as to his dismissal, by remarks derogatory to the late Senator Stanford, and by over-stepping the limits of professional propriety in his utterances on the silver question, on coolie immigration and on municipal ownership. It appears from the report that no evidence sufficient to sustain these charges was obtainable; on the contrary, that President Jordan failed to give definite replies to all the questions or to furnish information which would satisfy the investigating committee that the dismissal of Ross was for just cause. The committee says, on the other hand: "We cannot but feel that refusal to furnish specific information in a case of such importance—in which it is charged that freedom of speech is at stake—is itself a fact of significance, which, to say the least, is much to be regretted."

Much to be regretted, indeed! especially when there is to be coupled with it the dismissal of another professor, charged, not with the utterance of unsound or mischievous sentiments himself, but simply with the offense of having expressed the view that the dismissal of Ross was without sufficient cause. We do not find in the published extracts any reference to the case of Professor Howard, who was asked to resign, but the dictatorial censorship exercised by the principal benefactor of the institution, to an extent which not only removes the teacher accused, but makes it a capital offense to question the justice of that dismissal leaves nothing to be imagined in the way of absolute denial of the right of free speech to the faculty of Leland Stanford university.

It's a dull Sunday in Topeka nowadays when they don't have a sharp fight.

Rev. W. B. Riley says the newspapers give too much space to prize fights and not enough to the churches. We can recall when the newspapers gave considerable space to one church and its pastor. Mr. Riley seems not to be easily satisfied.

How times have changed! It is said now that the lazy Indian is a menace. There was a time back in the early sixties when a lazy Indian would have been considered a godsend.

PROSECUTION, NOT PERSECUTION

One gratifying feature of the recent Hamilton trial in Minneapolis has been the fair and considerate course pursued by the county attorney. Mr. Boardman has received many compliments upon his determination to occupy the position of public prosecutor only, instead of lapsing into that of a persecutor of the accused, as the state's attorney sometimes does. He has discharged faithfully a duty in such manner as to show to the public that, in his view, the case demanded, not vengeance, but justice. His evident intent to treat the accused fairly and even sympathetically, has helped to soften the blow that has fallen upon the erring young man. The large number who have so actively and openly sympathized with Hamilton during the trial are hardly able to find much fault with the verdict that has been reached after a trial exhibiting so few indications of harshness or asperity on the part of the state's attorney.

This leads us to ask, why should not all criminal trials be conducted, on the part of the state, in a spirit, not of reprisal or revenge, but of sorrow and commiseration? Why should it not be adopted as a rule of the criminal law, that the state prosecutes simply as the representative of offended justice, and with no desire to secure a conviction, except in those cases in which guilt can be made plain by the evidence? Such a theory would seem to be in entire harmony with the body of the practice of our courts in such cases. We hold the accused innocent until he is proven guilty, and allow him numerous privileges which, in olden times, the state denied to any person arrested on a charge of crime.

It would seem to be only a duty which the state owes to her people, to carry to full limits, not only the presumption of innocence, but also an entire willingness to give the accused the benefit of every excusatory circumstance. Therefore, the state may well make it the established practice to call as witnesses all persons who can throw any light upon a doubtful case, except those, if any there be, whose actions or statements may tend to impair their credibility.

Mr. Boardman did this, certainly to some extent, in the Hamilton case, for he had to produce and examine for the state more than one unwilling witness. We plead for the extension and the universal adoption of this practice. In sorrow and not in anger should the state prosecute those accused of crime. If this be understood, and if it be the rule that the whole evidence is to be presented to an able and unprejudiced jury like that in the Hamilton case, under a charge as absolutely impartial as that of Judge Brooks, why should there be any unwilling witnesses? Every citizen should gladly aid in the examination which is to be made in kindness to the accused, without asperity or harsh judgment.

The Value of a Life. A jury at Akron, Ohio, brought in a verdict against a railroad company of $10,000 damages for a man's life and $500 damages for a woman's life, both lost in the same accident. There was an appeal taken, but Judge Hayden sustained the $500 verdict on the ground that the life of a woman under ordinary circumstances could not be as valuable as the life of a man; that the man in question was able-bodied and earning good wages for a young wife, and that the woman was growing old and could not be of great use.

This may be true from a financial standpoint, but in reality the life of a person useless in a financial way may be of the highest sentimental value, using the word in a good sense.

There is a story of a negro during the civil war who was caught under fire and was making for the rear like an express train. An officer tried to hold him up.

"Here, you infernal scoundrel, what are you running for? What is your life worth?"

"Hit's wuf more to me, boss, than to anybody else," replied the negro, as on he sped.

The Mothers' club at Philadelphia had a debate on the government of the child, one kindly lady with much experience declaring in favor of "a stout hickory stick." Well, it does seem to reach the spot sometimes.

Mr. Hanson, who ran the joint at Alton, Kansas, has quit. He received one of Mrs. Nation's motherly proclamations, headed, "You Poor, Hell-Bound Sinner." It frightened him.

The Chicago Street Railway company has taken the conductor's breath in hand. There are conductors with breaths that break the windows—and there are passengers who also offend.

Walter Damrosch has started in to suppress one of the lowest-browed nuisances in the calendar, the encore fiend with foot of iron and persistence of the child with a set of questions.

Justice Brewer has been scoring the jury system as it is sometimes managed. In many cases they seem to aim at securing twelve mindless human donkeys.

De Wet and Botha are said to be on the run again. We trust no unfortunate army corps will get in their path.

The unthinking heathen foolishly expected to be treated with fairness.

It is not well to feed the Russian bear too much raw dog.

RILEY'S LONG WAIT FOR FAME

Success.

"A friend came to me once," says James Whitcomb Riley, "completely heartbroken, saying that his manuscripts were constantly returned, and that he was the most miserable wretch alive. I asked him how long he had been trying. 'Three years,' he said. 'My dear man,' I answered, laughing, 'go on, keep on trying till you have spent as many years at it as I did.' 'As many as you did!' he exclaimed. 'Yes, as long as I did.' 'What? you—James Whitcomb Riley—struggled for years!' 'Yes, sir, through years, through sleepless nights, through almost hopeless days. For twenty years I tried to get into one magazine; back came my manuscripts eternally. I kept on. In the twentieth year, that magazine accepted one of my articles.'

"I was not a believer in the theory that one man does a thing much easier than any other man. Continuous, unflagging effort, persistence and determination will win. Let not the man be discouraged who has these."

Worth Four Times the Price.

A copy of Bart's latest Minneapolis Journal cartoons comes to the Independent table under the title of "A World of Trouble." The title is suggested by the fact that the cartoons illustrate, in one form or another, the wide range of events that have disturbed people and nations during the past year, and in which Bart's inspired genius finds subjects for the most apt, shrewd, sarcastic or ludicrous conceptions. The meanderings of Bart's mind in making cartoons is no less marvelous than was Shakspere's in writing "Midsummer Night's Dream." This latest compilation of his cartoons is printed in colors and The Journal will send anybody one for 25 cents. We wouldn't take four times that for our copy if we couldn't get another.

New York Daily Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL, No. 21 Park Row.

A Large Mouthful.

Feb. 25.—Many financiers of wide experience have come to the belief that in the organization of the billion dollar steel combination, J. Pierpont Morgan has bitten off a larger piece than he can properly masticate. They do not doubt his ability to finance the consolidated corporation, for in that direction he has too often and too successfully demonstrated his power. But the conservatives of the financial world, many of whom have been personally associated with Mr. Morgan in past deals, believe that he is building too high and he is thereby tempting fate. He is in the zenith of his reputation, and they hate to see him take what they believe to be an unnecessary risk at this juncture. The political effect of this latest combination is what these men fear, and they do not hesitate to say so, although they are willing, in spite of this, to subordinate their own feelings and judgment and to take their allotment in the project out of respect to his convictions. None of them are willing to break with him, knowing full well his power, but they are reserving the right to run for cover should the developments not be to their liking. The welding together of the huge steel and iron interests, therefore, furnishes the supreme test of the faith of the nation's leading financiers in the chief engineer of the mighty combination. Thus Mr. Morgan goes into his most pretentious campaign with a reluctant and divided following, a handicap that he has not before been obliged to carry. Many of his associates are men who will refuse to take a loss if the investment public turns its back on the enterprise. Without the slightest pretense of loyalty, they made it known that they will stand from under if the deal does not move along smoothly from the very outset. These conservatives of the street anticipate a "frost" when the United States Steel stock is put on the market.

The Regular Denial.

Official denials of an early consolidation of the Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies are taken by the wiseacres to be confirmation of such a union. This is because it has become a habit to give out official denials in advance of the completion of everything of public importance. Such statements, more or less emphatic, have heralded every big deal of the past few years, and Wall street has fallen into the habit of "coppering" all inspired utterances of the sort. Sensational developments in Western Union have been predicted for several weeks, and the knowing brokers have been tipping the stock for a substantial rise. However that may be, the consolidation idea has taken a firm hold on the financial district, and the public has been led into a period of protracted guessing. The stock exchange is rife with rumors of what is supposed to be going on in the telegraphic field, but outside indications still fail to materialize. Should the combination be affected, the already remarkable array of bonds issued since the first of the year would be still further enlarged. At the rate the bond manufacturers have been working so far this year, 1901 will be a record-breaker in the way of bond production, as the crop for the twelve months promises to be not less than $2,250,000,000.

Some Fine Etchings.

There are now on free view at as many New York art galleries three collections of etchings, each unique in its way, affording an unusual chance for comparison of purpose and method. Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier is represented at the Schaus gallery by his eighteen original etchings and by some two hundred etchings and engravings after his paintings. Charles Meryon may be studied to remarkable advantage at the Wunderlich galley, where the collection made by Sir F. Seymour Haden, the English etcher and collector, is on view. Jean Francios Millet, who found but little time for experiments in this phase of art expression, is represented by eighteen plates etched by hand, they being at the Keppel gallery, where are also to be found a few woodcuts and a lithograph of his work. Three famous men more widely differentiated in their artistic methods it would be hard to find within the boundaries of a single branch of art at the same period. They were all contemporaries, although Meissonier outlived his confreres by about twenty years.

Etchings of the Queen.

Several etchings and drawings by the late Queen Victoria are on exhibition at the Fifth Avenue art galleries, where a large collection of American and foreign paintings, engravings, rare books and art objects are being shown free of charge. There are several bits of work by the queen, consisting of black and white drawings, crayons and etchings. In addition, there are some black and white drawings by the present king, all of which are interesting. The collection, in addition, consists of 142 American paintings. One of these is "George Washington at the Battle of Princeton," by Henry Inman. This is an uncommon example of the old period of American art, the composition showing Washington charging on a spirited horse with the regimental colors in his hand. There are two canvasses by George Inness in his earlier and latter manners, and offerings from the brush of about every American artist of note, together with several etchings of general excellence and interest. The collection is from that of Robert Gilmor of Baltimore and will speedily be offered for public sale.

—N. N. A.

AMUSEMENTS

The Sembrich Engagement.

Madame Sembrich, who will be heard in Rossini's opera, "The Barber of Seville," together with a company of rare excellence, at the Lyceum, Saturday evening, is acknowledged to be absolute mistress of her art. Together with a perfect voice, she combines a charming stage presence. In her presence one receives the impression of being in the sphere of one of the greatest artists on the lyric stage to-day. She possesses in the highest degree that quality we call "magnetism." Her perfection of voice, the greatness of her art and her physical charms are well balanced or equalized, thus making her the delight of music lovers wherever she appears. She is a thorough artist to the tips of her fingers, and she is a singer in soul, brain and throat. Great is Sembrich. Her engagement here will be the musical treat of the season. The sale of seats will begin to-morrow morning at the Metropolitan Music company's.

Foyer Chat.

"The Christian," Hall Caine's powerful drama, with Miss Julia Stuart as Glory Quayle and Lionel Adams as John Storms, will play an engagement of four nights and a matinee at the Metropolitan, beginning next Sunday. Two cars are required to transport the scenery for this production and a company of fifty people for its presentation. The sale of seats and boxes begins Thursday morning.

James A. Herne's "Hearts of Oak" opened at the Metropolitan last night to one of the largest Sunday night audiences of the season. The play is staged in an excellent manner and the company is adequate. A more extended review of the production will appear in this column to-morrow.

A score of years ago, Bartley Campbell, one of America's representative playwrights, gave to the stage a melodrama which was at once recognized for its beauty and power and the vividness with which it pictured a subject then uppermost in the minds of the people—the sentencing of subjects by the Russian government to penal servitude in Siberia for the slightest offenses. This play he called "Siberia," and it is as forcible, as interesting and as true to-day as two decades ago. "Siberia" will be given a magnificent revival at the Bijou next week, where it will be presented with entirely new scenery, costumes and mechanical effects. The play will be produced under the direction of W. J. Fielding and will be interpreted by an unusually strong and evenly balanced company, which includes the names of John Terris, J. B. Cooper, W. V. Ranous, Edgar Foreman, Charles B. Waite, Florence Lytell, Eugenie Besserer, Julia West and May MacGregor.

A COOKING SCHOOL FOR DOCTORS

Frau Hedwig Heyl has started a cooking school for doctors in Berlin. More than 100 prominent physicians from France, Russia and Italy, as well as Germany, have already taken the course, and it is reported that branch schools of the same kind are shortly to be established in all the capitals of Europe.

PETE'S BABETTE

BY IZOLA L. FORRESTER.

Copyright 1901 by A. S. Richardson.

There had always been Pete. At least so the people down at Saint Michel said, when a stranger would ask where he had come from. Even before the government had built the lighthouse on Presque Isle, Pete's fishing hut had been there, and every night he had hung out his lantern on the end of a pole, so that the boats, rounding the point a mile or two below, would see its flicker and steer clear of the long sand bar that ran out like an ant eater's nose from the northern corner of Presque Isle.

Everybody along the straits knew the quaint old figure; but no one knew of Babette, until they saw her one morning fluttering along behind Pete, her red calico dress the one bright spot of color among the grays and browns of Presque Isle. The day before Pete had been seen rowing over to the Mackinac shore, but no one knew of his return except Mere-M'rie, and she was so old and deaf that all she could do was cook Pete's fish, and sit out in the sunshine all day, smoking in the kitchen doorway.

When Landry Dubois from Algonac Island asked the question direct, Pete smiled and shook his head, his dark eyes, deep-set in the small brown face, watching Babette build houses with the red bark chips around the lighthouse steps.

"She has no one but me," he said, with a dubious shrug of his thin, stooped shoulders. "Babette, who art thou, petite?"

Babette stopped playing long enough to flash a merry glance at him under the shelter of her thick brown hair.

"Pete's Babette," she laughed.

And so, all through the isles of the straits, as far as St. Ignace, and even down to Mackinaw, she was known as Pete's Babette. Pete taught her all manner of wonderful things in fish lore, and ship craft, and before long she knew all the boats that passed by Presque Isle, from the great iron kings and grain boats bound for Buffalo to the gay little yachts that fluttered like white butterflies here and there. But best of all, she loved the schooners, the old monarchs of the lake, when they came sailing up the straits on a still summer's eve, like wondrous phantom ships, with the glory of the sunset behind, and she called them Babette's birds.

And the years passed by, ten of them, slow and sure and steady, one by one, as the wild geese fly to the south land, and each one left Pete browner, and more wrinkled, and smaller, while Babette grew up tall and slender and strong as a young pine tree, with hair and eyes brown as dry oak leaves. Then came the terrible winter of '94, when boat after boat went out on the lakes, and no more was heard from them until spring waves brought in the wreckage. It was cold at the little low house back of the lighthouse on Presque Isle, colder than even Pete could remember, and every week it was harder for him to row down to Saint Michel for provisions.

One night he came home half frozen and with a dreadful cough. Babette sent him to bed, and said he should go no more, they must make what food they had last until warmer weather. But instead of sunshine and fair seas, the clouds swept low and gray like gulls before a storm, and the waves came rolling in, with a deep, heavy roar, as they broke, up to the lighthouse. And here and there in the dark green waters could be seen something else, a clumsy, swaying mass that glinted blue white.

"The ice has come," Babette thought, when she saw it from the lighthouse window one morning after she had trimmed the lamp, and there was a queer ache in her heart as she looked off down the straits, and thought of how her birds would have to battle with it, but she did not tell Pete.

It was three days later when Mere-M'rie showed her the empty meal bag. She smiled. There was still bacon, and rice, and dried fish. They were rich. At the end of the week there was no bacon, and they had saved the last of the rice for Pete, who lay on the old lounge near the stove, coughing, coughing all the time.

The following day Pete was delirious. Babette stood in the old kitchen, looking from the flushed, wrinkled face on the pillow to where Mere-M'rie knelt over by the stove praying. The provisions were gone; there was no medicine.

Babette took the fur jacket from its nail. Before she went out of the kitchen she leaned over the old half-breed woman's bent form. "To Saint Michel," she said, slowly, pointing eastward, and then at the empty meal sack and flour bag thrown in a corner. Mere-M'rie understood, and stopped her praying long enough to watch the strong, erect young figure pass down to the shore, the wind blowing the ends of her scarf backward over her shoulders like red wings.

Her hands worked quickly over the lines of the boat, and, taking advantage of a momentary lull, she pushed away from the small, tumbled-down pier, and struck out bravely for Saint Michel. She had often been out with Pete when the waves were as high as now, and she loved the excitement of it all. The low, flat shore of Presque Isle vanished entirely behind the wall of waters, but she could catch a glimpse of the dear old lighthouse and its round top above the tallest wave, and the sight strengthened and nerved her for the five-mile journey to Saint Michel.

Suddenly, when scarcely half a mile out, the boat seemed to strike a new current. Babette caught her breath sharply as she felt the strong, resistless power sweep her from her course, and she bent over the oars with set, close lips and tense muscles, but it was useless. The deep, swelling rush of waters carried her northward, straight on to the middle channel of the Straits. The wind had come up again, and raged over the lakes like a wild beast. Then, without warning, there rose before her the jagged, cruel line of the ice floe, and the next moment the waves had thrown the boat as if it had been a leaf full upon it. Instinctively Babette had risen at that last awful instant. As the boat crashed into the ice with a shock that made it leap and tremble, she sprang forward and gained a footing on the ice floe—a slight, perilous one, to be sure, but one that meant safety, for the moment at least.

Already the little boat had disappeared in the whirlpool of dashing waters, and Babette's heart beat fast as she looked about her on her new craft. It was large; it seemed as large as Presque Isle itself, and at first it appeared stationary. But when she had reached its center she could feel the slow, steady motion as it swept on towards Lake Huron.

And now came the division of the channel, and Babette's heart almost stopped its frightened beating as she thought of what would happen if the floe drifted north of Algonac island and out on the great, pitiless waters of the lake.

With hushed breath she waited. The floe was heaving so that she could hardly retain her place, but at last the pine crests of Algonac showed on her left, and she knew she would pass Saint Michel. With fingers stiffened by the cold, she untied the red scarf from about her head and let the wind blow it like a danger signal above her as she caught a glimpse of the lighthouse on the west pier. So near it seemed, she placed her hand to her mouth and shouted, but her voice sounded like a reed-bird's pipe in the noise of the rushing waters.

She was opposite the town now. She could see the waves break on the pier, and yet there was no sign of help. With a fearlessness born of desperation, she struggled to her feet and waved the scarf wildly, and suddenly a figure appeared on the lighthouse ladder. Again she waved and tried to call. The figure signaled back and ran along the pier towards town.

It was Landry Dubois. He burst into the warm back room at old Madame Porteau's, breathless and hatless.

"It is Pete's Babette," he cried to the crowd of fishermen and sailors huddled about the big wood stove. "She is on the ice, drifting out to the lake."

In five minutes the news had spread, and the shore was crowded, while the strongest boat in the place was manned with Landry at the rudder, and stout arms pulled away to the rescue of Pete's Babette. And when they brought her back, half frozen and half dead, and gave her into Madame Porteau's care, she told her errand in the warm back room; told how Pete lay dying without food or medicine, and how, unless help was sent, there would be no light shining from the Presque Isle that night.

"The light shall shine," promised Landry, and the waves that had laughed at Babette's little boat bowed before the masterful stroke of ten pair of Saint Michel's strongest arms as they manned the boat that bore Babette and provisions and medicine back to Presque Isle.

"Thou hast saved his life, little one," said Landry, when they stood in the kitchen where Mere-M'rie still prayed. But Babette only smiled and nodded her head, and she went on to the lighthouse.

The winter twilight was falling swiftly, and the wind had gone down, like one tired with its mad play. Far to the west she could see a boat struggling slowly up the Straits, its lights gleaming now and then like jewels. She lit the lamp with fingers that trembled, and the broad path of light streamed out over the point. Babette's birds could fly in safety to-night, and below Landry Dubois held aloft a red scarf and told its story, even as it is told to-day around the islands of the Straits—the story of Pete's Babette.

MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL'S CURRENT TOPICS SERIES

(Copyright, 1901, by Victor F. Lawson.)

PAPERS BY EXPERTS AND SPECIALISTS OF NATIONAL REPUTATION.

THE OPPORTUNITY AND THE MAN.

(This series, which is under the direction of President Andrew S. Draper of the University of Illinois, will close with "A Study of American Opportunity," by Senator George F. Hoar of Massachusetts.)

II.—ELMER LAWRENCE CORTHELL

There is not an engineer engaged in studying or combating the obstacles which nature offers to man in all parts of the world, who does not know and esteem the name and achievements of Elmer Lawrence Corthell. Beginning in poverty and frail health, he long since won a foremost place among the world's engineers, and yet there are few living great men who are less known by the contemporary public. He is not rich in money, but the reason lies midway between his lofty personal character and the noble quality of his works.

"The advancement of my profession, the success of science as I understand it, is more to me than money. In a certain sense I am satisfied to work for the glory of a great profession and what little reflected glory there may be for me." This was his answer to a friend who urged him to ask greater fees for his work and advice. The habit of his mind, the nervous energy of his body and his enthusiasm have enabled him to accomplish an amount of work that would have exhausted or destroyed stronger men, and it was the combination of these qualities that founded and built up his success. For thirty years it has been his habit to keep a notebook under his pillow, so that, waking in the night, under stress of some new thought, he could jot it down. He said to an associate one day: "I believe I'll have my stenographer sleep in the daytime and sit up all night. I have my best thoughts in the night and I'm too busy to dictate during the day."

ELMER LAWRENCE CORTHELL.

Some Characteristic Incidents.

His daughter was a student at Wellesley College, when her sight began to fail and she was compelled to leave. Mr. Corthell, grieving over her affliction, yet saw in it a chance to help some one, and with her aid selected a poor, ambitious girl whom he sent to fill the place at college made vacant by the departure of his own child. The number of aspiring, unfriended young surveyors and engineers whom he helped to start in the profession of which he was master will never be known, but it is said that more railroad contractors, surveyors and rising masters of bridge construction owe their success to Elmer L. Corthell than to any other single influence.

A few years ago a malignant disease attacked Mr. Corthell. He went to Switzerland to consult an eminent specialist, and in the presence of an interested gallery of surgeons and one of his own friends, was informed that the only way to save his life was to remove one of his eyes.

"All right, doctor," quietly replied the patient; "I am ready whenever you are."

A student of immense courage, one whose business since boyhood has denied him for much of the time the delights of his home, a man of rare gentleness, he has yet successfully lived at variance with all his weaker, natural traits. Forever plotting and fighting against the hostility of seas, rivers and mountains, exiled by foreign commissions that kept him for months at a time in strange lands, he has lived a life of self-denial that is not expressed in his good-humored face and cheerful smile.

Although he has spent so much time in places where fish and wild animals abound, it is said by his friends that he never owned or used a fishing rod or a fowling-piece, never wontonly killed a creature of forest or stream. Horseback riding is his favorite recreation.

In April, 1900, he was married at Berne, Switzerland, to Miss Marie Kuchler of that city, going thence to Buenos Ayres in South America, where he expects to remain till the end of 1901. To survey and control the fierce currents of the Rio de la Plata, if Mr. Corthell adheres to his present resolve, will be the final engineering work of his remarkable career, for he promises his friends to return to New York within a year and settle down at last to his home, his books and the writings which the scientific world expects as his legacy to future students.

The Struggle for an Education.

He was born at South Abingdon, Mass., midway between Bunker hill and Plymouth rock, on Sept. 20, 1840. His earliest American ancestor was Robert Corthell, a native of Scotland, who settled at Hingham, Mass., in the early days of New England. His father was James Lawrence Corthell, the son of a revolutionary soldier. Elmer was a bookworm at 9 years, and so absorbed was he in study that his father's favorite method of punishing him was to take away his books and compel him to play or sit idle. An early fondness for constructing complicated mechanical toys indicated the bent of his talents. While going to the little district school of South Abingdon he helped support his family and earned money to pay for his clothing. By hard work and pinching economy he was able to enter and maintain himself at Phillips academy. In 1859 he entered Brown university, where for two years he studied and paid his way by coaching younger men and working in the engine rooms of the building. Here the scientific tendencies of his mind were gratified by the study of hydraulics and engineering, and with all of his mental energy aroused he began the preparation for what he had decided should be his life's business.

Then the civil war came. Just 21, grown tall and strong with work and college sports he was eager to enlist. He became a private in the First Rhode Island light artillery, and won his shoulder straps at the first battle of Bull Run. During four years and three months he saw service in the campaigns in Virginia and North Carolina. At the close of the war he was mustered out a captain.

A man of 25 now, he went back to Brown university to resume his studies with all the ardor of a boy. He now plunged into the study of theology, determined to qualify for the Baptist ministry. He was a natural orator and during his year of work in the divinity school he preached with marked success in various pulpits. But his health, undermined by exposures and hardship in the army, now gave way under the strain of his confinement and study. His doctor warned him against a sedentary life and urged him to choose a career that would keep him always at outdoor work. His natural bent and his first choice of a profession led him to civil engineering, and so he put away his theological studies and returned to science. He was graduated in 1867, married a month later and began the work of his profession in the office of Samuel B. Cushing, civil engineer, in Providence. In 1868 he went to Missouri as assistant engineer in the building of the Hannibal & Naples railroad. In 1869 he entered the employ of the Hannibal & Central Missouri railroad, serving as division engineer, and in 1870-71 he conceived and carried out plans for a bridge over the Mississippi river at Hannibal.

Trying to Tame the Mississippi.

It was while directing the construction of this bridge that Mr. Corthell first became thoroughly acquainted with that great river. He never rested from studying its currents, its sloughs and bayous, its sandbars and islands, the geology of its deposits. Long before the national government would listen to arguments for the construction of jetties at the gulf delta of the big river Mr. Corthell was recognized as an authority on that and kindred subjects.

From 1871 to 1874 he planned and constructed the famous Sny Carte levee in the Illinois bottoms above St. Louis. The remarkable influence of this work upon the channel of the river attracted the attention of many famous engineers. Among these was James B. Eads, and from the time of his meeting with Mr. Corthell an ardent friendship began, which terminated only with the former's death. Mr. Corthell's next great work was the construction of the Chicago & Alton bridge across the Mississippi at Louisiana, Mo. Here again he achieved celebrity, for the span of his bridge, 444 feet, was then the largest in the world, and the structure as a whole was recognized as marking an advance in railway bridge building. Late in 1874, in company with Mr. Eads, he visited the delta of the Mississippi for the purpose of preparing a report outlining for the national government the advisability and feasibility of constructing jetties. The volume which Mr. Corthell wrote on this subject is recognized the world over as a standard authority. When the contract in the South pass was awarded to Mr. Eads he placed Mr. Corthell in charge of the engineering and construction work. It was the success of this famous undertaking which produced a channel of thirty feet depth at the mouth of the Mississippi and made New Orleans a great seaport.

Then with his friend Eads he began the famous surveys of the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos river and of the Pacific coast harbors, which offered feasible termini for the proposed interoceanic ship railway across the isthmus of Tehuantepec.

Interested in Many Great Works.

For some years Mr. Corthell was mainly interested in building great railroad bridges in the United States, chief of which are the mighty structure across the Ohio river at Cairo and the Merchants' bridge across the Mississippi river at St. Louis. The former, which is the property of the Illinois Central railroad, is not only the longest steel bridge in the world, but is regarded as the most perfect example of railroad bridge building.

In 1889 he conducted the examinations and surveys of the mouth and harbor of the Panuco river at Tampico, Mexico, and his reports to the Mexican government were so lucid and practical that he was commissioned to improve the harbor with two parallel jetties. His plans for this vast undertaking were formulated only after he had visited and surveyed twenty-six European harbors in search of suggestions. The complete triumph of his work was evident six months after its installation at Tampico, when the channel for ships entering the harbor had deepened from eight to twenty-six feet over the sea bar. In 1890 he examined the water route between Quebec and the American lake cities. In 1891 he spent six months in the leading universities and technical schools of Europe studying their methods with a view to establishing a school of engineering in the University of Chicago. In 1892, while in charge of the National railroad of Tehuantepec, Mexico, he returned to Chicago to found the