THE JOURNAL

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ENGLAND AND MONROEISM

It is cabled from London that the Standard of that city, commenting upon the refusal of the British government to accept the amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, suggests that the time has come for England and the European powers to unite and attack the Monroe doctrine and give their attention to "the commercial possibilities of the dormant southern half of the continent."

This is a very silly declaration. The Monroe doctrine, as first outlined by Mr. Canning, the British minister of foreign affairs, and by Mr. Adams our secretary of state, and some months later put in definite shape by President Monroe (in December, 1823), was not directed against the commercial exploitation of European nations in this hemisphere, but against the extension of the monarchical system to any portion of this hemisphere, and Europe was warned against interfering with the Spanish colonies which had, one after the other, revolted and declared their independence. England was very anxious to have this declaration made because she then had a considerable trade with Spanish America which European interference would impair. England, Germany and France have been pushing their trade in Spanish America with great vigor, while we have been slow to take advantage of the trade opportunities. The Monroe Doctrine lays no obstacle in the way of this trade against foreigners. It stands against the extension of European political systems on this side through colonies. It is limited to the exclusion of foreign colonies from both continents where no colonies existed at the time of the declaration and to the prevention of forcible attempts to introduce monarchical institutions into any American territory, or otherwise interfere to oppress American states. The doctrine does not prevent a European nation from making wars or treaties with an independent American state, but it does apply, if the results of such European action are detrimental to our national interests or threaten our national security.

We do not declare that Europe shall not trade on this hemisphere, but that Europe shall not be reckless enough in the progress of her commercial greed, to attempt France's experiment in 1864-65 in Mexico, or even experiment in a minor way along that line.

We are taking the part of a world power in the affairs of the world where our interests are jeopardized or need promoting and will continue to do so. We have extended our Pacific coast line within a few hundred miles of China. That does not prevent us from holding the position of warden of the western hemisphere with a minatory hand uplifted, warning land-grabbing Europe away from two continents consecrated to republican liberty.

THE CARE OF DEFECTIVES

Upon the point of requiring insane patients who are financially able to do so to pay the expense of their hospital treatment, to which reference was made yesterday, it may be added that the state of New York has received from patients who are able to pay for their own care, or who had friends financially able to pay for their treatment, $80,000 during the past year. We have no means of estimating how much might be saved to the state of Minnesota if this practice were adopted here, but unquestionably among the thousands of insane patients in this state there are hundreds whose care and treatment should be paid for out of their own resources, or those of their friends, but who are to-day supported entirely at public expense. Aside from the fact that treatment of insanity generally requires restraint of the person, there is no more reason why a man should not pay for treatment for mental disease in his own case, or that of his dependents, than that he should not pay for treatment for some bodily disease, although perfectly able financially to do so. And the matter of restraint is not a sufficient reason for exempting the estate of the patient or his well-conditioned relatives.

Another consideration is that if this rule were in force there would be less of the not uncommon practice of throwing off upon the state the care of old and imbecile relatives by those who have grown tired of caring for them or who wish to escape the expense. If the expense could not be avoided there would be less inducement to make such people public charges and less overcrowding of the public institutions maintained for the benefit of defectives.

Why wouldn't this be a good time in connection with the creation of a board of control to adopt this sensible and businesslike practice as to the care of defectives of all kinds by the state?

YET IN DOUBT

The success of the movement to promote "temperance in the army" by abolishing the post canteen is recorded, in a special instance, by the Chicago Times-Herald. The first pay day at Fort Sheridan since the post canteen was closed has recently passed, and the people who live in the vicinity of the post have had an opportunity to acquire information and observe facts which should be of value in further consideration of this subject by the authorities. It appears, according to the Times-Herald, that pay day was followed by a general exodus of the soldiers to the saloons of Waukegan, Highwood and Chicago. Instead of light beer, the strongest drink served at the canteen, large quantities of vile whisky were consumed, resulting in many rows and disturbances, bruised heads, discolored eyes and other evidences of "habits of sobriety." In one saloon there was a riot in which the fixtures were badly smashed up, a recruit seriously beaten, and which led to the swearing in of ten deputy marshals who patrolled the town all night to insure the safety of citizens.

This is the sort of thing which experience has demonstrated is likely to happen when the saloon outside of the camp is substituted as a place of resort for the canteen conducted under the surveillance of the officers of the post.

The theory of no post canteen assumes that the absence of such an institution also argues the absence of the appetite for anything in the way of strong drink, but the assumption is manifestly a mistake. The officers of the army have told congress and the country what their experience has been, and that just such things as happened at Chicago would happen if the canteen were abolished. Much as the "fighting man's" disposition to indulge in strong drink is to be deplored, deploring it does not abolish it, and there is left only the practical question as to what is the best way to deal with this existing condition. The wisdom of trying to deal with it by closing the canteen and leaving open the adjacent groggery and the disreputable resorts that cluster about it has not yet been demonstrated.

Rev. R. A. Torrey, formerly of Minneapolis, now of Chicago, is severely criticising the public schools of that city. He says:

The Chicago public schools are the worst in the country. They are of no value in developing the pupils. Too many fads have been put in, and instead of training the mind to think soundly, the pupil is fed with mental pabulum in such a manner that he does not benefit by it.

It takes a Minneapolis man to tell 'em what's what, and likewise what isn't what.

A SPIRITUAL UNEASINESS

Rev. Robert F. Coyle, pastor of the large and fashionable Central Presbyterian church of Denver, gave his parishioners a surprise last Sunday and hurt their feelings almost beyond repair.

In presenting his resignation, which was an unexpected move, Dr. Coyle said that he could not smile upon many of the iniquities of the fashionable life. Wine suppers given by members of his church he could not tolerate. Dancing he could not affiliate with a fitness for church membership. The sound of rustling silk down the aisles of his church on Sunday morning might represent the kind of cash basis to carry on a big church with the pomp and splendor that would dazzle the eye, but it was no lure to him. Vanity of vanities it seemed to him and an awful vision of a withered soul sprang up in the sound of it all. He said he must refuse to be housed in an expensive parsonage, preach beautiful sermons on a Sunday, make fashionable calls through the week and overlook all this poverty of service for the betterment of mankind, just for the sake of being paid a good salary.

Dr. Coyle has been doing some work among the laboring classes and has not been sustained in it by his people. He desires to sever his connection with the church that he may carry on this work.

It is a strange commentary on the condition of a church professedly Christian when a man like R. F. Coyle, who is well known here, finds it necessary to get out of it and away from it in order to do the work of the Master most effectively. What Mr. Coyle wants to do is to carry the gospel to the poor, which is commendable surely, but who is going to carry the gospel to the rich? One gets the idea somehow from the language of his resignation that the people he is leaving are about as much in need of it as anybody.

Professor Herron says he is "awaiting the era-making words of infinite daring." This form of words must be something like those of the man at 7:30 when he says, "Dearie, I'm going to run down town a few minutes to-night."

P. Y. Jucklins was yesterday elected Chief Leg Elongator in the Ancient Order of Buffaloes, while D. Nation Jones was chosen Past Grand Dough Extractor of the Uninitiated Branch.

It was a grand sight in the commons when each Irishman annexed four policemen and one big Irishman eight policemen. That shows why we make our policemen out of Irishmen.

Mr. Schwab has accepted a position with the steel trust. Charles is a good boy and will make a valuable man for the corporation. We look to see him work his way to the top.

Some lottery tickets bought by George Washington have been found. There is no evidence, however, that George ever drew anything but his breath.

The Texas tornado is working its way up toward Mrs. Nation. We place our financial support on the lady if it comes to a contest.

Brooklyn is going to have a great musical event, some celebrities preparing to execute Bach's "Passion." Now, what is Bach mad about?

The New York Journal is still turning out advertising type editorials that treat serious subjects in "The Brass Monkey" style.

The water department says "boil it," but most of the typhoid patients make remarks much more forcible.

Until eight or so Tommies are sitting on each Boer, the country will not be completely quieted.

The Grand Wallower of the Order of Buffaloes is doing his work well.

Six-toe Lopez is loose again.

AMERICAN TEA CULTURE

In the March Review of Reviews Leonora B. Ellis discusses the outlook for tea production in this country. A deal of humor has been expended on American tea gardens and no man was more ridiculed than Hon. Wm. G. Le Duc of Minnesota for expressing the belief, when he had charge of the old agricultural bureau, that American tea drinkers would one day be getting all the tea they want out of American soil. The South Carolina tea culture has been often described, but Mrs. Ellis writes in a more hopeful vein than than others.

After inaugurating tea culture in 1881, the government gave it up in 1883 on the ground that climatic conditions were unfavorable. Dr. Shepard, a gentleman of culture, then undertook to produce tea and was aided by the government with tea seed from Asia. Near Summerville, S. C., he has shown that the tea plant can be successfully cultivated in the south Atlantic section of this country and tea made commercially profitable. He has overcome all alleged climatic difficulties and tested all available varieties of tea and soils. Dr. Shepard has seventy-five acres planted to tea and other tea gardens have been opened. It costs 27½ cents a pound to produce the American tea, and he sells it (at retail) at $1 a pound. He expects to reduce the cost of production to 14 cents ere long. At the wholesale selling price of 50 cents a pound, the producer gets a profit of 22½ cents a pound. It is shown that, with some varieties, the profit per acre is nearly $70, while $40 is a usual profit per acre. The prospect of raising tea for home consumption is apparently good. We consume nearly 93,000,000 pounds a year of tea. If we produced it a new and profitable industry, employing many thousands of people, would be established. The feat does not seem impossible of accomplishment.

Teddy in Disguise.

Boston Herald.

The notable feature of the inauguration preliminaries is the quiet, modest and unobtrusive manner in which Theodore Roosevelt arrived in Washington.

Or Corsets.

Birmingham Age-Herald.

Gunner Morgan's weakness is that he does not wear a monocle.

New York Daily Letter.

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The Actors' Boats.

March 13.—This is the time of the year when the eastward flight of theatrical organizations begins, and from the outlook the passenger lists of outgoing steamships will for some time contain the names of many professional folk. One of the first of the big attractions to take flight to the British capital will be "The Girl from Up There," which, with the company headed by Edna May, will leave April 10. Old ocean travelers will often wait for a "theatrical ship" before booking for passage, for then a journey means six or seven days of enjoyment and sociability. Not only passengers enjoy trips across with the members of the profession, but the stewards, pursers and officers like voyages with such a jolly crowd, although their hands are kept full with added work as a result. Stars have to be satisfied, wine accounts looked after and disputes of chorus girls settled. Nat Goodwin when he goes across is the life of these gatherings, and the same may be said of the genial De Wolf Hopper. In his room the great American game is played, and stories are told. For the women passengers the event of the day is meal time. They get a near view of the actress they have often seen across the footlights. The appearance of the great "star" is always the feature of the food hour.

Some Jarring Notes.

On shipboard the soubrette is at her best. Accompanied by one and sometimes two of the male persuasion, she is always to be seen on deck if seasickness and the weather permits. There No. 7 of the chorus can discuss with No. 6 how persevering Lord Fitz Doodle's son was when they were at the Shaftesbury, or how sorry the young Earl Goodfellow was to let her return to America, and his plans for coming over in the spring. There is another side to the history of the theatrical ship, the unpleasant side, though unpleasant things occur on ships carrying such a cargo. Recently there was a war of words on an Atlantic transport line steamship because a Philadelphia dominie refused to recite "The Horse Sale" from "David Harum" when he found the names of two Casino girls on the list of entertainers. The ship was divided as a result of the clergyman's action, but the girls sensibly settled the matter by not appearing. The clergyman recited "The Horse Sale," but was greeted by little applause.

A Peruvian Bark.

The new Peruvian consul general, Senor Evaldo Tirado, has reached here from Colon on the Ward liner City of Washington. He has taken possession of the consulate at No. 19 Whitehall street, succeeding his nephew, Alfonso F. Pezet. Senor Tirado says his country is more prosperous than ever before in its history, as it has now had seven years of peace, and the energies of the people have been wholly devoted to industry. He states that Peru will welcome the advent of American and English capital, the country leaning toward the Anglo-Saxon as against the domination of Spanish influences. Americans who have invested their money in Peru, he says, have grown rich very fast, citing an instance where a New Yorker a few years ago purchased a gold mine for $200,000, and is now taking out $100,000 worth of gold a month.

The Old Jumel Mansion.

At last steps have been taken to acquire city ownership of the famous old Jumel mansion and grounds situated on Washington Heights. The board of public improvements has adopted a resolution for the purchase of the mansion at One-hundred-and-sixtieth street and Harlem river, for $150,000. A year ago the same board refused to approve this plan, which was submitted by the Sons of the American Revolution and the Society for the Preservation of Historical Places. But a pleasing change has come over the spirit of the members' dreams and they are now backing the project. The mansion will be a municipal possession, to be preserved as nearly as possible in its original condition. The grounds will be transformed into a small public park, and the house, which was respectively the headquarters of General Washington and the residence of Aaron Burr, will be kept as a museum for revolutionary relics.

Porto Ricans Astonished.

Officers and privates of the native Porto Rican regiment which took part in the inaugural parade at Washington stopped off at New York on the way to the transport for home. It was interesting to see the impression our town made upon these men, none of whom had ever been here before, and all of whom had the most vague ideas of New York skyscrapers, street railway systems, and even of building elevators. No man in the entire military detachment had ever been on an elevator before he came to New York, and they were all decidedly reluctant to make the experiment. Captain A. D. Raymond took a party of thirty non-commissioned officers and privates about the city. They wandered along Broadway, gazing up at the tall buildings, which they had at first supposed were the palaces of American millionaires. Finally they went to the top of one of the Park Row buildings and took a view of the city, declaring that it seemed about as big as the whole island of Porto Rico. After stopping two days here, the Porto Rican troops, numbering 280, in charge of Major William E. Almy, sailed on the transport Sedgwick for San Juan. The soldiers, while here, suffered greatly from the cold.

—N. N. A.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

"Arizona," with its pictures of military and cowboy life in the great southwest, with its exciting melodramatic situations in the third and fourth acts, with its novel love scene between the Mexican vaquero and his German sweetheart, and with its kindly humorous master character of the Arizona ranchman, Canby, is drawing large audiences to the Metropolitan. The play will run the rest of the week with matinee on Saturday.

At the Metropolitan box office to-morrow morning the sale of seats will begin for the engagement of Collamarini, supported by Colonel Thompson's Boston Lyric Opera company. The engagement is for seven nights and two matinee performances, opening next Sunday. During the week Collamarini will be seen on Monday and Thursday nights in the title role of Bizet's romantic opera, "Carmen," as Azucena in "Il Trovatore" on Tuesday evening, and in "Mignon" Friday night. "The Idol's Eye" will be presented Sunday night and at the Wednesday matinee, "Wang" Wednesday night and Saturday matinee, and "The Fencing Master" Saturday night.

"The King of the Opium Ring," with its scenes of life in Chinatown in San Francisco, its entertaining story in which are intermingled comedy, pathos and sensation galore, is pleasing local theater-goers at the Bijou this week. The scenic effects are unusually elaborate and there are a number of entertaining specialties interspersed.

The Wm. H. West Minstrels, newly and magnificently equipped with a large company, more novel acts, more famous comedians and greater singers than ever before, will be the attraction at the Bijou the coming week. Mr. West, realizing the demand for more comedy, more mirth-provoking features than have been seen in minstrel programs in recent years, has gathered a galaxy of burnt-cork comedians that gives ample assurance of an entertainment replete with mirth and clean, wholesome fun. The West Minstrels have always been strong from a musical standpoint. This year is no exception in that respect, the vocal corps being headed by that phenomenal singer, Richard J. Jose, augumented by such splendid singers as Manuel Romain, John P. Rodgers, William Hallett and a chorus of powerful voices. The setting of the first act is said to be rich in splendor, gorgeous and harmonious in color, and withal to show extreme good taste in its artistic design.

It Serves.

Nebraska State Journal.

Governor Van Sant of Minnesota gives it out that according to his lexicon a prize fight is a fist fight with a prize offered to the winner, and consequently they can't palm off any "athletic exhibitions" on him where they fight with their fists for a prize. The eastern papers are showering more or less ridicule upon the governor for his definition but as it has the merit of being short and easy of comprehension the chances are that it will stand the test of the lexicographers.

TALKING CANDIDATES ALREADY

Rivalry in Sight for Bob Dunn's Berth---Editors Suspicious of Lind.

Odin Halden of Duluth, who is serving his fourth term as auditor of St. Louis county, is being talked of as a candidate for state auditor. Halden is popular in Duluth, and has made a good record in the auditor's office. He is of Norwegian descent.

It is generally believed that J. F. Jacobson, the Lac-qui-parle statesman, will also be a candidate for the place now held by Dunn. Jacobson is also a Norwegian, and is far better known throughout the state than Halden. He has one disadvantage, the fact that in his long and aggressive career in the legislature, he had made enemies, some of whom would go to some length to defeat him. The fate of the gross earnings measure, for which Jacobson is chief sponsor at this session, will largely determine the issue of his candidacy. It is Jacobson's trump card.

Another Duluth man mentioned for a state office is Wm. Sargent, present sheriff of St. Louis county. Sargent is being groomed for clerk of the supreme court, in case Dar Reese is willing to let go at the close of this term. Of course Duluth cannot have two places on the state ticket, and one of the two will have to take a back seat when the campaign gets warm a year hence.

Julius Schmahl, the energetic clerk of the present house of representatives, is likely to be a candidate for secretary of state next year. Schmahl is a country editor now, and a graduate of the twin city school of journalism. He is making a good record as chief clerk of the house, and coming to the front in politics. Hays, of the Sleepy Eye Dispatch, has already made a tender of his support.

The republican state press refuses to believe that John Lind is out of politics, and his latest announcement is treated as another edition of the rallying cry of four years past. The Delano Eagle says:

John Lind says he is permanently out of politics and he has located for the practice of law in Minneapolis. It is pretty safe to predict, however, that he will be very much in evidence at the next democratic state convention.

The Benson Times follows suit in the following:

Ex-Governor Lind will make his home in Minneapolis hereafter, where he has formed a law partnership with Judge Ueland, and has just denied that he is a candidate for governor in 1902. Governor Sam can easily see what work he has ahead of him, for ex-Governor John always makes the announcements of his candidacy in the form of a denial.

Auditor Dunn's paper, the Princeton Union, takes another view:

Minneapolis will be the future home of John Lind. He has announced that he will practice law in that city, but there is a suspicion that he was attracted there by the ease with which democrats may become identified with the republican party through primary election route.

The foregoing expressions, which are only samples of the current gossip, make the friends of the ex-governor very tired. They say that he is perfectly sincere in his attempt to get out of politics, and his new business venture will require his entire attention. In fact, he could not afford to make a campaign. A good friend of Lind's, and a prominent democrat, said the other day:

"Why can't they take John Lind at his word for once? Heretofore, it has been the democrats who refused to let him retire from politics. Now it is the republicans who won't let him rest. They are making a regular bugaboo of him. I venture to say that some day, many years hence, I hope, when John Lind is gathered to his fathers, some country editor out in Pipedream county will say: 'Don't you believe him. He's only playing possum. He'll be running for governor next summer just the same as ever.'"

Several democratic papers, which are disposed to take Lind at his word, and look for a new man to lead the democratic forces next year, are talking of E. S. Reishus, the state grain inspector, as a candidate. Reishus served a term in the state senate, but his principal claim to public attention would be his service in the grain department. It is a safe proposition that the republican press would put Reishus on the defensive, and make the state grain inspection record of two years past an issue.

Frank Day indorses Reishus in the Martin County Sentinel. He says:

It is true that Ed Reishus is strong with the people and the record he has made in the state senate and as chief grain inspector stamps him as a man who can be trusted. As a candidate for governor he would unite the forces opposed to ring rule and conduct a clean and vigorous campaign.

Senator McKusick's bill creating a nineteenth judicial district out of the counties of Chisago, Pine and Kanabec, passed the senate yesterday. It is predicted that if the bill goes through the house, as it probably will, it will shortly be Judge McKusick, and the senate halls will know the present senator from Pine no more.

The Anoka Herald gives the legislature the following advice:

The republican members of the legislature have decided on a seventy-day session, leaving twenty days for an adjourned session next year, to tackle the question of tax law revision, which will be reported upon by a commission to be appointed by the governor. It is a wise move, and will, therefore, strengthen the party at the next election. It might be added that considerable more strength could be furnished the aforesaid party if the legislature would pull itself together for a week and pass the reapportionment bill, the board of control bill and the gross earnings tax bill and then shut up shop.

The Red Wing republican deal, by which Robert Jamison was to take an interest in the paper, and H. B. Chamberlain was to become editor, has fallen through. At the last minute Bixby and Jamison failed to agree, and Jamison withdrew his proposition. Bixby still retains control of the paper, which is without a managing editor since Grondahl's retirement.

—C. B. C.

"NELL"

BY A. C. ROWSEY.

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The gang had been in camp all day to celebrate the arrival of the pay car. And a tougher gang never helped to push the Union Pacific to its western terminus.

In the long, narrow room back of Casey's bar many a reckless fellow had staked his month's wages—and lost. Casey had been busy all day and evening wiping out old accounts and starting fresh ones. Across the road in his rough board shanty the civil engineer, who directed the gang, tried to snatch a few hours' sleep in spite of the Bedlam reigning about him. But the fates were against him. At 3 o'clock in the morning a thunderous rap sounded on his door, and a rough voice shouted:

"Judge, you're wanted!"

The engineer was judge, jury and the whole judicial department in that camp. He held stakes, decided bets, attended lynching bees, presided at chicken fights and baptisms. He was all right so long as his decisions were popular—otherwise he had to shoot first.

Inwardly groaning and wondering what sore of a scrimmage was on now, he admitted his visitors, then, sitting on the edge of his bunk, surveyed the tough-looking delegation. In the faint, flickering candle-light the men stood awkwardly silent. At last the spokesman remarked huskily:

"Nell's dead, judge. That danged cough's got in its work at last. An' if ever a gal was on the square, Nell was. She's got to be given a bang-up send-off, an', judge, you're the fellow what's got to boss it."

For a moment the engineer was mute. His great, muscular hands were clasped tightly between his wide-spread knees, his gaze was apparently riveted on a corner of the room, where the dim light threw rantastic shadows. The spokesman clicked his heels impatiently and the engineer looked up.

"Have a grave dug on the mountain side—up where the pines begin to cover the slope. You know the place. Tell Pat Gafferty to pick out the best lumber in the yard for—the—the—box. I think there's a pair of extra blankets over at the storehouse. They're better than nothing for a lining. We'll have the funeral in the morning."

As the delegation moved toward the door, the spokesman, a fellow with an unsavory reputation from one end of Montana to the other, stepped close to the engineer and touched the latter's arm:

"Say, judge, we don't want no monkey business about this. Got to be done up right. You can spiel some soft stuff—religion, or somethin' sort uv suited to Nell."

"I reckon so, if the camp will stand for it and not show up drunk," replied the engineer.

"Well, I guess the boys won't drink much more. I'll just shut Casey's up an' make sure."

A little later pistol shots rang out across the street. Casey's was being shut up. Then, through the misty moonlight of the early dawn, the sturdy young engineer walked up to Nell's. In his eastern home the fragrant arbutus was pushing its way through the moist leaves. Perhaps in his mother's old-fashioned garden crocuses were blooming. But here, twelve hundred feet above sea level, there were only frost-bound rocks and frozen clay. On the slope men were breaking away Nell's last resting-place with picks.

She lay on a rickety shake-down in a dilapidated shanty. A cotton blanket and a torn quilt were thrown over her emaciated form, and her poor little face was pinched as if from starvation.

In the opposite corner of the room, where a fire burned feebly, her Chinese husband was wrapping something in Nell's old skirt. From the depths of the bundle issued a wail. The engineer turned and saw the Chinaman stealing from the shanty. He was taking the child to the only woman in the camp, a rough but motherly Irishwoman.

No sooner was he alone with the dead than the young eastener sprang into action. Slipping his hand under the pillow, he drew forth a package of papers and photographs. A moment later nothing remained but a few feathery ashes on the hearthstone. He had kept the only promise Nell had ever exacted, performed the only favor she had ever accepted at his hands.

Then, as he stood gazing on the fragile form and thought of the life cut short on the road of transgression, the pathos of it all struck his very soul. He recalled step by step the story as Nell had told him.

A wayward, beautiful girl, she had fled from a peaceful home circle to sing and dance in a 'Frisco music hall. Then the man had come along, a handsome, blustering prospector, one of the kind that never pans out. Another flight, and this time they hit the trail into the country known as Sierra county. Before they had been out a year she was taken ill with small-pox, and the man took to his heels in the night, leaving her without a week's rations or an armful of wood. And winter was coming on.

When Nell woke up from a horrible delirium a Chinaman was bending over her. He had stumbled into the shack, glad to escape the vengeance of a blizzard. He had more sand than the white man. In the face of a thirty-foot snowfall he kept the shanty warm, and he nursed her through a nasty attack of smallpox—brought her through without a scar on her beautiful face. When the trail was open again they made their way to the nearest camp, and one day the gang brought in a frozen body. It was Nell's prospector. He had met something worse than smallpox—a Montana blizzard.

Before they left that camp Nell married the Chinaman. He had stood by her, saved her life and had learned to love her—and Nell was grateful. He did his best, but every westerner knows how much a Chinaman earns out there and how he lives. When he shipped in with the Union Pacific gang the men went wild over Nell. She seemed like some fair mountain flower, transplanted to a noxious swamp. The fellows would have given her anything to make her comfortable, but Nell was proud. She shared the shanty and the earnings of the Chink and no more. There were men in that camp who would have put the Chinaman out of the way for less than Nell's love, but she was steadfast. She never forgot the blizzard, the smallpox horror and the almond-eyed man who had stood between her and death—and the men knew it.

And now it was all over—a few tears on the pillow, a wan hand like a bird's claw clutching the gray blanket, and, standing with folded arms at her side, the only man in camp who knew Nell's real name and history.

At 10 o'clock that morning the strange cortege wound its way up to the slope where the pines sang a gentle, pleading chant and where the eye could see the great valley in its vestments of dazzling snow. The pine box was lowered into the grave, only three feet in depth. The men bared their heads and looked expectantly at the engineer. He held no prayerbook in his hand. To these men of his gang sonorous phrases would carry no meaning. He must speak their own tongue. He hesitated. The spokesman of the delegation cleared his throat suggestively, and the tongue of the engineer was loosened:

"We are mighty humble, but perhaps the Almighty has given us up long ago and don't care to listen. We all are willing to take our dose over on the Great Divide, but we want poor Nell let down easy. Perhaps she has done wrong, but she was a woman, and a woman is not to be treated like us men. She suffered a lot before she died, and, oh, Lord, tote it up and suspend the regulations just this once. Don't let Nell be turned away when she comes and knocks at the big gate. She was more sinned against than sinner. And, oh, Lord, she was grit clear through.

"We did our best to make her comfortable, but she's gone to you because you can do better by her if you will. And, good Lord, you're not going to shirk the deal, but you'll throw your golden gates wide open and ask no questions when you hear Nell's knock?"

Men shook hands and made up quarrels as they marched by the little mound, each dropping a small stone on the grave as he passed. The Irishman, Pat Gafferty, was the last. He carried a slab, bearing in roughhewn letters the word "Nell."

And down in his shanty Nell's baby girl was being rocked to sleep.

In a prosperous western city a graceful woman presides over a pleasant home. In her face there is a strange blending of Caucasian and Chinese beauty. Her husband is a successful lawyer, and they have two bright children. Occasionally this home circle is increased by a gray haired man. The woman greets him tenderly and calls him "Father." Yet in the offices of the great railway which he serves he is known as a bachelor. He is the engineer who prayed at the funeral of "Nell."

A SCHOOLMA'AM ON SUPERINTENDENTS

In the March Forum Miss Alice Irwin Thompson, an Indiana teacher, records her views on "The Superintendent from a Primary Teacher's Point of View." Doubtless she relates her own experience. She has found that a superintendent with a hobby is a serious hindrance to the effective work of a primary teacher. A large percentage of them "ride a gayly caparisoned, dappled steed that gallops industriously and gracefully from September to June without getting anywhere." The sperintendent may make arithmetic the central subject to which all other subjects must be shown to bear relation. Then the superintendent who is an experimenter, is another hindrance to effective work. "He flourishes a crackling diploma and jingles medals galore for football and oratory; but the great requisite, pedagogical insight, he has never come in sight of, not even at long range." He discriminates not between good theories and bad ones; he springs in a haphazard way experiments upon a school without consulting the teacher and crowds the teacher with theories. The fossil superintendent is also an obstruction, for he does not comprehend the real purpose of school organization. The board chooses a superintendent chiefly for his personality. With a proper comprehension of his duty, he adjusts his best educational conceptions to existing conditions. He has a definite, increasing purpose and stamina to carry it out. He is helpful. He helps the primary teacher to see the relation of her work to the rest of the course, and helps her to correct deficient organization. He weans the teachers from ancient methods and theories which they worship and, in their stead, enthroned a little child. His best service comes through constant, rational guidance through the educational processes, and especially through the personal stimulus to broader culture and loftier heights in the professional life.

Will It Be a Dental Show?

Kansas City Star.

Speculation is already beginning to arise as to who the man will be with whom Mr. McKinley will ride from the White House to the capitol March 4, 1905. Will he wear eyeglasses and show his strong white teeth very much when he smiles?

MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL'S CURRENT TOPICS SERIES

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PAPERS BY EXPERTS AND SPECIALISTS OF NATIONAL REPUTATION.

THE WOMEN'S CLUB MOVEMENT.

IV.—INFLUENCE OF WOMEN'S CLUBS IN SECURING THE LEGAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

(By Catherine Waugh McCulloch of the Chicago bar.)

The first effort known to history when women's pleadings gained legal rights was the asking from Moses by the daughters of Zelophehad for a share in their deceased father's real estate. The daughters of Zelophehad were not members of the General Federation of Women's clubs, but an independent non-auxiliary association, doubtless considered very presumptuous in asking such favors. But after their request was granted no other woman felt any compunctions about accepting the benefits which accrued through this presumption. From that time on, some women have been brave enough to ask for certain desired rights from their legal superiors, and many women without hesitation have accepted the results of their work.

The great woman movement of the last half century had in it, however, fewer of the societies which sought to confer bounties, or asked favors for themselves or others. The religious, abolition, missionary, humane, temperance and philanthropic organizations were of those that sought to give to help others.

There were through the early years small groups of earnest women who did ask for women all rights which men enjoyed. They asked this merely on the ground of justice and not because of the great good they might accomplish, which latter motive doubtless would have proved more powerful to the majority of women.

Besides these groups of women, there have come to great prominence in the last ten or twenty years other groups organized principally for self-culture. These are the women's clubs. They began with exhaustive studies of the past, but soon came to thorough study of the present—of living people and living questions. Having hearts, they could not fail to be touched by grief; having minds, they could not be prevented from searching for causes and suggesting remedies, and, having consciences, they could not be withheld from earnest, consecrated effort.

Grievous Results of Unjust Laws.

To some the wrongs under which their own sex suffered appealed strongly and they discovered that unjust laws were the foundation of some of these wrongs. They believed that married women ought no longer to suffer under the disabilities theretofore imposed by law—that they should have a right to their own wages, a right to control property given to or earned by them, a right to share in their children's custody and training and to a portion of the family income and a right to help choose the family home. They said that women should have a right to receive the benefits of schools supported by public money, a right to fair and equal wages at employment for which they had special adaptation, a right to enter any profession or employment, a right to justice in the courtroom, a right to protection of their persons from assault and disease and protection of their property from unjust seizure, unfair taxation and outside encroachments. Such legal right should be assured to all women. When a woman or a club of women began to think about these subjects they soon wished to secure legal rights for women.

While it may be natural for a club woman to claim a great deal of what has been accomplished to be due to the influence of clubs, it must be admitted that it is only recently that the clubs auxiliary to state and national federations have interested themselves in securing legal recognition of these rights, for only during the last decade have these combinations of clubs arisen and long before that many states had made changes in the law relating to women. It might be safely said that before the organization of the General Federation of Women's clubs or state federation much of this work had been done by other organizations of women, notably the suffrage associations.

Work of Individual Reformers.

Progressive, cultured women twenty, thirty and even thirty-five years ago accomplished many changes. Women like Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony lectured from town to town about the injustice of depriving women of these rights and aroused many to petition legislatures, congresses and city councils. Some influenced their lawmaking friends. For instance, in Illinois, in those earlier days, men like Judge Tuley, Judge Bradwell, the late Senator M. B. Castle, the revered Senator D. L. Whiting, felt so much the spirit of equality which was the goal of the women of their families and acquaintance that they made the woman's cause their own, and labored to pass laws just to women. This was not merely the gratuitous effort of chivalrous men but work influenced to a great extent—how far we can never know—by such women as Katherine Tuley, Myra Bradwell and Lillian Whiting.

The securing of certain rights, such as the right to enter professions, has not been as a general rule the work of any organization, but of individual women. Take, for example, the right of women to practice law, striven for in various states during the past thirty years. That women were forbidden to practice law did not inconvenience many women nor appeal to the sympathies of the mass of women. So the particular woman who desired this right made her individual struggle alone through courts and legislatures and when the right was once established, it stood there for all women.

Unselfish Labor for Others.

Some clubs in their infancy have been afraid of public questions and others older may have but tardily outgrown their infantile fear of the bugaboo "woman's rights." But the clubs as a rule are not now alarmed at the discussion of public questions. Much of their public work is, however, on local and municipal matters and on state or national questions which affect men and women equally. The preservation of forests, of cliff dwellings, of noted historical spots, of places of renowned beauty, of colonial manor houses, of churches, of battlefields, of records, the efforts in behalf of proper management of state institutions, the work to perfect the public schools, to establish state traveling libraries—this valuable work takes much time, is helpful to the community at large, is work with lawmakers, but is not an effort to gain legal rights for women. However, many clubs are now instructing their legislative committees to look after the rights of women.

It is interesting to notice that organized womanhood has been keener to discern the actual injustice to a small number of unfortunate and suffering women than to see the possible wrongs to the many average normal women. They have asked for women custodians of women criminals in jails and police stations, for reform schools, to help girl delinquents, for womanly care of women paupers and insane, for legal protection to women workers from long hours, unjust fines and unsanitary conditions.

The clubs of Wisconsin, Georgia, Connecticut, Illinois, Massachusetts and other states are asking better legislation for working women and children.

The clubs of Georgia want matrons in all city jails. Michigan clubs secured the passage of a bill making it obligatory to have women physicians in state institutions where women and children are held. California and Vermont clubs are working for a similar law. The Chicago Woman's Club has long stood for this principle. Florida clubs are already striving to raise the age of protection of a girl's chastity from 10 to 18 years, and clubs in other states will indorse such bills when presented. Georgia also asked that the marriage age of girls be raised from 10 to 16 years.

Bitter Defeats Met by Women.

This work planned relates to the legal rights of women, but is particularly for the unfortunate or helpless. Not all these measures will pass, for woman's influence has its limits. The New York clubs felt this keenly when their favored measure failed to pass. They asked for a state industrial school for girls, where household arts and crafts could be taught to girls as other established schools were teaching manual work to boys. They felt that the sixty homes in the state for fallen women would not be so overcrowded if as girls the inmates had been instructed in some useful occupation. The courtesy of the legislators and their promise to give the matter careful consideration encouraged the women. Their hopes fell when later they received word that the funds were so low and the necessities for other objects so great that the appropriation needed could not be made. About the same day, however, the legislature had funds enough to establish in a male college a chair in veterinary science at the cost of $200,000 and to appropriate $150,000 for a military parade. It is natural to suppose that these unselfish women earnestly desired something in the line of rights and power just then and wished that they were not limited to begging for such bills as favors.

In Illinois, Kentucky and Michigan earnest efforts were made for better accommodation for women students at the state universities and colleges. The Illinois bill was vetoed by the governor, but the Michigan measure was successful.

In some of the states the women are yet begging admittance to such schools. The Georgia club urged a bill admitting women to the state university and to the textile department of their school of technology.

Earnest Work Now in Progress.

Notice that these efforts are purely unselfish, the securing of rights for women other than the petitioners. Even the effort to secure laws allowing women to be placed on school boards is not so much to give women rights as to improve the schools. In Arkansas, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Georgia and Tennessee the state club organizations work for this and many local clubs in states where such laws have been previously passed work to have their provisions carried out.

Delaware clubs are working to secure a vote on school questions, and the Minnesota clubs rejoice over success in gaining the vote on library matters. The Georgia clubs were able to prevent the passage of a bill forbidding a woman the right to be assistant state librarian.

Connecticut clubs are investigating the guardianship laws; Massachusetts and Missouri clubs the laws relating to women employes, and the clubs in several other states are making special study of laws relating to women and trying to secure better enforcement of good laws. Rhode Island clubs are publishing a volume of the laws relating to women.

The foregoing is what the clubs are now actually doing or what they did last year. Such unselfish charitable work in the improvement of laws deserves success, but has often been followed by failure. For example, the Georgia clubs worked faithfully for a bill to raise the age of protection for girls from 10 years, for a bill prohibting the labor of children under 12 in factories and for a bill to admit women to the state textile school. All three of these measures have been defeated by the Georgia representatives, representing surely not the womanhood of the state.

The Vermont legislature has also defeated a woman's club bill providing for women on boards of asylums where women are confined.

These are bitter lessons. A Georgia woman in the Atlanta Journal says: "Women in Georgia are growing a little tired of hearing about their influence as being all-powerful and finding it, upon test, to absolutely nothing." But as long as women are