THE JOURNAL

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THE BOND IGNORED

The evidence of the virility of polygamous practice in Utah, notwithstanding the solemn pledge given when the people pleaded for release from the territorial condition, and notwithstanding the veto of the Evans bill by Governor Wells, is accumulating and conclusive that if the nation would rid itself of the blot, very positive action must be taken.

Such positive action cannot take the form of physical compulsion. The Mormon element having secured statehood, are in a position to ignore the pledge given to secure it, and to ignore any hypocritical antipolygamy statute which has been placed upon the statute book since the new state was admitted into the union.

The remedy is found in two modes of procedure. Congress may adopt a constitutional amendment and submit it to the states giving congress authority to enact a marriage and divorce law, uniform in all the states and territories; or, congress can submit an amendment to the states prohibiting polygamy anywhere in the United States.

If the necessary two-thirds vote cannot be secured in both houses to pass a resolution and refer the amendment to the states, the same process lately initiated by the Pennslyvania legislature to secure a constitutional amendment providing for the election of United States senators by the direct vote of the people, can be applied to the case of polygamy. The action of thirty state legislatures looking to this reform and calling a constitutional convention through congress to propose and act upon such amendment, will set the ball in motion, and the ratification of the action of the constitutional convention by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several states or by conventions in three-fourths of the states will make valid the amendment proposed. In the matter of the direct popular vote for senators, not less than twenty-six states have during the last few years declared in favor of the change.

This is a rather slow process, but the same action can be taken by the states against polygamy which has been taken against the indirect mode of electing United States senators, and the sooner the work is begun the better, even if it should take two or three years.

Action should have been taken to stamp out polygamy by national law and constitutional amendment when the Roberts case brought the country face to face with the hypocrisy and duplicity of the Mormon hierarchy. The refusal of his seat in the house to Brigham Roberts was in accord with strong public sentiment. Public sentiment ought to be strong enough to outlaw polygamy everywhere in the union by national law based upon constitutional prohibition of the practice.

The steel trust is planning to build ships to carry its product to foreign markets. And they are not waiting for any subsidy, either.

THE BOARD OF CONTROL

In the debate on the board of control bill which passed the house yesterday, the opposition to the measure laid particular stress on the financial considerations involved. The attempt was made to have it appear that this bill was urged chiefly if not solely from the standpoint of greater economy. It suits the purposes of the opposition to magnify this feature of this bill in order that they may dwarf the other considerations in favor of it.

In another column may be found a communication from an advocate of the bill, Mr. Faulkner, superintendent of Washburn home, who has had a large experience and who has made a thorough study in the line of charitable and reformatory work. He was president of the national association at Topeka last summer, and is recognized throughout the country as one of the leaders of thought and action in that field. Mr. Faulkner is an earnest advocate of the board of control plan, and points out in his communication the fact that the question of money saving is not the main argument in its favor; that the chief consideration is the greater efficiency of management, the increased opportunity for heads of these institutions to devote themselves to the legitimate business for which they are employed as experts and specialists in the care of criminals and defectives, while relieved of the present burden of financial responsibility and concern for legislative action affecting the institutions under their care. These are points from which the opponents of the bill seem to be inclined to divert attention.

Another effort to defeat the bill is put forth in the attempt to have it include the educational institutions of the state, such as the university and the normal schools, on the ground that if it is a good thing to economize with regard to a part of the institutions of the state, it would be a good thing to economize as to them all; that if centralized control and management is good as to some it ought to be profitable as to all. This is plausible but lacks foundation. The management and the work of the educational institutions are so different from the conduct and purpose of those included in the bill as to make it ridiculous to attempt to couple them together, and it cannot be done in any serious and sincere way. It might be a good thing to put all the educational institutions under one control; but that's another story.

The withdrawal of all opposition to the appointment of Sanger to be assistant secretary of war is the proof that Mr. McKinley holds more cards in the game of politics than the New York senators. Senator Platt told Secretary Root less than a week ago that he would never consent to Sanger's appointment. What we would like to know is what Mr. McKinley told Platt when he called on the president yesterday. There are times when it isn't so easy for the "easy boss."

A RICH MAN'S BENEFICENCE

Mr. Andrew Carnegie is getting on bravely in his avowed purpose to "die poor." The gifts he announced yesterday, $1,000,000 to maintain three libraries established by him in the Pittsburg district, and $4,000,000, the income to be devoted to the kindly care of old and faithful employes of the Carnegie works, bring the Carnegie benefactions up to about $25,000,000.

This is doing very well, but Mr. Carnegie has a good many other millions to dispose of for the benefit of his fellow men and he will no doubt dispose of them in the most useful way. He says in his letter to the Carnegie company:

I make this first use of surplus wealth upon retiring from business as an acknowledgment of the deep debt which I owe the workmen who have contributed so greatly to my success.

This is well and nobly said, and the workmen will probably appreciate it and revise some of the unjust conclusions which have been poured into their ears by demagogues who pretend to believe that all wealth is a crime.

Mr. Carnegie properly believes that the best time to dispose of one's wealth is during one's lifetime, when he is able to do the planting and watering himself and see the resultant benefit to the subjects of intelligent philanthropy. Mr. Carnegie is wise. There are many instances where money bequeathed in a rich man's will for a good public purpose, has been diverted from its intent by greedy heirs.

Mr. Rossiter Johnson has shown that wealth in this country is generous, for, in the seven years, 1893-99 inclusive, the gifts of private individuals over $5,000 in amount, aggregated $266,550,000. Last year the gifts to schools and colleges in this country amounted to over $40,000,000. In addition to this, millions have been given to hospitals and public libraries and the bequests of this kind are multiplying.

Vice President Roosevelt said, when referring to Colonel Oliver Payne's gift of $750,000 to the medical college of Cornell university:

The gift emphasizes in a striking manner the fact of the indisputable good done to the community by men who use their wealth aright. It is practically impossible to keep a great fortune so that it shall be neutral. All honor to him who takes advantage of the chance to do good with his money.

And the best time to do this is when the man who would do good with his money is alive and well, as Mr. Carnegie is illustrating.

It is not creditable to Senator Smith's reputation for the possession of at least ordinary sense to assume that he regards his bill to reform the state game laws as anything less than a deliberate effort to nullify them altogether. The idea that a game warden must be able to distinguish between a Wisconsin and a Minnesota deer and between a Dakota and a Minnesota bird found in the hands of a hunter before he can tell whether he is justified in acting is too ridiculous for serious consideration, while the requirement that the warden must get a warrant for the arrest of a violator of the game laws before he can apprehend a man caught red-handed is manifestly a scheme to make the law for the protection of game inoperative. Mr. Smith should change the title of his bill and make it read "an act to make it impossible for the game wardens to do anything whatever to protect the game from speedy extermination."

The John Lind way seems to be spreading. Boni Castellane boxed the ears of the editor of the Paris Figaro yesterday. The account says that after "polite salutations he then withdrew." It seems to have been a very pleasant affair.

Topeka politicians are wily guys. According to the papers of that town, the anti-whisky element scored a great victory over the antisaloon element in Saturday's primaries. The voters do not understand this any better than you do.

Castellane thrashed Editor de Rodays of Figaro and a duel is projected. The Goulds would not go into a convent if De Rodays ran his darning needle away through their little debit ac-Count.

"The prime secret of my success," says Mr. Schwab, "is loving my work." Watch the man who is always kicking about his work. He rarely gets $1,000,000 a year.

Professor Stewart Culin told the American Philosophical Society that the Indian had been here 60,000 years. And in all that time he never perfected the title to his real estate.

People in Kansas are complaining of being killed by lightning. You have to know how to dodge quick if you play around where lightning has decided to strike.

The absinthe habit is growing in America. It is a drug that makes the man who drinks it a deadlier idiot than he was before.

The New Jersey legislature is considering an antitreating bill. The brand of liquid lightning used in the octopus state naturally makes legislators cautious.

Five new Carnegie libraries in one day! The laird is doing brawly.

"LOVE LETTERS OF THE KING"

Richard Le Gallienne's "Love Letters of the King, or, The Life Romantic," printed by Little, Brown & Co. of Boston, is out—or, rather, the advance sheets are. This much-heralded volume that has been "on the ways" in this city for some time, and of which vague and perfumed hints have come to the outside world from the Oasis of Twenty Wells, will itself be launched in a few days.

The story is that of a young Englishman, Pagan Wasteneys, who takes the usual primrose path of dalliance through the proper and conventional intrigues with married women, through religion, nature, much book lore and some soulful twiddle-twaddle, to the mighty Love, with a capital L, that baptizes his whole being and enables him to forget in that glorious moment that he has hitherto been a pimple on the face of nature.

But wonderful and glittering are the brilliant gems of wit and epigram strung by the author on the golden cord of Pagan Wasteney's life. The book just corruscates with them. Let us take a few out of their gilded setting and allow them to glitter for a moment in the fleeting and transient columns of the daily press, with its vulgar ideals, its frank and distasteful commercialism. The author says:

Pagan had taken to women as some men take to dominoes.

* * * * *

A crowd of little women, without a thought of harm, were eating up his soul as they would nibble chocolate.

* * * * *

Parliament was too foolish. Literature was too ambitious—besides he had succeeded in literature. Suicide was too serious. Only women were left. For a man in despair, woman is the line of least resistance.

* * * * *

Broadly speaking, there are in England only two recognized occupations for a gentleman. He can either kill his fellow man or govern them.

* * * * *

When a man is not compelled to earn his own food and clothing and takes no interest either in killing or governing his fellows, he is in great danger. That is why most rich men are either so sad, so dull, or so brutalized.

* * * * *

He had often wondered why men and women, year after year, paced the dull round of social life, flocked so talkatively to dull dinners, dull luncheons, dull receptions, dull weddings. Now he began to understand. These were serious people who dare not be serious. Like madmen, it was not safe for them to be alone with their thoughts.

"Isn't it awful;" but it is clever epigram, and the pages of the book shine with it like "fireflies, tangled in a silver braid." One finds himself watching for these sparkles and letting the story go by in the pleasure of reading them.

Then Mr. Le Gallienne does not neglect to throw in a little verse. The hero is supposed to write the following lines to the ladies of his acquaintance, and to others:

To the powers that made me and, all undeserving, set me in this wonderful world,
I give thanks for kind and beautiful woman.
For their sweet faces I give thanks.
For their soft voices I give thanks.
For their thick bright hair and their little ears, I give thanks.
For their deep eyes and their kind lips and for their little feet.
And for their musical walking and every other grace and mystery and goodness that is theirs, I give thanks to the power that made me—and gave me eyes to see them, and ears to hear them and hands to touch them.
For kind and beautiful women, O Gracious Unseen Power, receive the thanks of a Man.

The author also drops into another bit of the Whitmanesque to pronounce a sort of general curse on women in this naughty fashion:

Cursed be the woman who forgets all for your sake.
Cursed be the woman who writes to you every day.
Cursed be the woman who would gladly die for you.
Cursed be the woman who has a mission to help you.
Cursed be women with blue eyes, likewise women with gray, brown, green, hazel and violet eyes.
Cursed be little women and cursed be women that are tall——

And so on, until about all the ladies, except, perhaps, one, are properly damned.

Yet the book isn't so wicked as some of the excerpts might sound. The hero treats "religion" in a most gentlemanly manner, whether of high church or even of the non-established variety. Although he knows intellectually that he is far above it, nevertheless, on the death of his mother he is most properly "confessed" by Father Selden in his own personal chapel, sustained for the private devotions of his old and distinguished family.

One sometimes wishes that Pagan would be put in a position where he would just have to work or to starve. But this awful alternative would probably have driven him to quick suicide. It is said by the Enlightened Ones that man, when he becomes emancipated and free, will not have to work for his living. The powers of nature will do the work for him. But meantime, until man knows his real nature, the lords of life are very right to lay on him the burden of work. An unenlightened person, from whom this burden has been taken, finds trouble. His little personal self is demanding the great satisfactions and is looking for them in the wrong places. He that would save his life must lose it. The personal self must be lost in the great self. Mr. Le Gallienne's hero chases around in appearances, trying to find satisfaction for his mean, little swelled up self. Mr. Le Gallienne makes him find it finally in love, marriage, children and the domestic joys.

But he won't.

We freely predict that, inside of ten years, Pagan will be chasing around trying to find what has become of Mrs. Daffodil Mendoza.

Tut, tut, Pagan! It may be the proper thing in your set, eminently the proper thing, but in reality there isn't anything in it. It's all been done and nobody was ever satisfied with it since society began. You get frightfully sick of Mrs. Daffodil Mendoza and she gets angry and somebody shoots somebody, and so on, ad nauseum. It has all been done! Done to death!!

While watching the gambols of Mr. Le Gallienne's little hero, one longs to get a breath of real fresh air. The book smells a little too much of musk and patchouli. Old Walt Whitman lets in a good breath of the northern breeze when he writes of his sturdy self, "aplomb in the midst of irrational things."

Me, imperturbe, standing at ease in Nature
Master of all or mistress of all, aplomb in the midst of irrational things,
Imbued as they, passive, receptive, silent as they,
Finding my occupation, poverty, notoriety, foibles, crimes, less important than I thought
Me, wherever my life is lived, O to be self-balanced for contingencies
To confront night, storms, ridicule, accidents, rebuffs as the trees and animals do.

"Well, anyhow," the book is nicely printed and will soon be for sale at the bookstores. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1901.

Russia's Lame Apology.

New York Press.

If Terence Mulvaney, when engaged in holding the Buddhist priest upside down and shaking rupees out of his picturesque oriental vestments, had insisted that he was only "seeking a modus vivendi," he would have been the precise prototype of the later practical humorist, Count Lamsdorf, of Manchuria; the fit successor of Prince Lobanoff, of Armenia, and Count Muravieff, of Crete, in the Russian foreign office. At the same time he would scarcely have found credence for his version of his purpose till he set the reverend gentleman down. Nor will Russia.

Looking for New Worlds.

Chicago Times-Herald.

Somebody is now trying to discourage mankind by declaring that the people of Mars are too ignorant to understand us even if we do signal to them. But this should not serve to hold the world back. Perhaps we can have fun educating the people of Mars after we get through with the Chinese.

Two New Words.

Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Language is recently richer by two verbs, to carter, meaning to kill with talk, and to carrynation, meaning to smash with a hatchet.

His Apparent Determination.

Washington Star.

Aguinaldo seems to have settled down in grim determination to wait another four years on Mr. Bryan and his populistic friends.

New York Daily Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL, No. 21 Park Row.

The Cadet of the Cash Boys.

March 15.—A product of the metropolitan department store is the cadet of the cash boy corps. These boys are proud of their titles, and with reason, for otherwise they might be called "head cash boys," which would not please them half so well. Sometimes there are as many as fifteen of these boys in one store, each cadet being in charge of the cash boys in his department. Usually the cadet is about 16 years old, and the possession of good judgment is what gets and keeps for him his position. There is one supreme head of all the cash boys, who hires and discharges them, but leaves the constant watching of them to his cadets. A cadet may reprimand but not discharge a boy; if he reports a boy the latter is either discharged or sent to another department. Then, if the cadet in that new department reports him for any offense he must go; there is no appeal from punishment for a second offense. The average pay of a cash boy is $2.50 a week the first six months, $3 a week the second six months, and $3.50 the second year. As a cash boy he never gets any more than that, but when he gets older he is usually made a stock boy at $4 a week.

It Is a Wonder.

Manager William A. Brady, who has handled prize fighters as well as theatrical troupes, says that his latest experiment in the amusement line, the revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Academy of Music, is indeed a money maker. This old play, under the Brady revival, is actually taking in something like $1,200 a night at the Academy. Because of the decline of the fighting game, Mr. Brady is now devoting himself to theatrical affairs with a vengeance, and his profits from his enterprises this year will fully equal his profits of the preceding year from the prize ring. In "Way Down East" and "Lovers' Lane" he has investments equal to Fitzsimmons and Corbett, both of whom he managed. Now "Uncle Tom" adds its revenue to his present run of luck.

Trouble Over Crowded Cars.

There is considerable trouble in store for the Brooklyn Rapid Transit system and the Manhattan Elevated railroad. The halcyon days in which the railroad companies were permitted, and in fact are still permitted, to crowd cars to the limit, extracting a maximum number of nickels for a minimum of accommodation, are about to disappear. The Chamber of Commerce has taken up the question of crowded trains, and will conduct a rigid investigation of the conditions, with the purpose of doing away with the present nuisance. President Orr of the Chamber of Commerce is back of the movement, being joined by former Mayor Hewitt of old New York city, and former Mayor Schieren of the old city of Brooklyn. The investigating committee intends to especially examine into the conditions about the Brooklyn bridge and the city hall terminus of the Third avenue line. During the rush hours of the morning and evening, this section of the city is pregnant with danger; then it is that persons are recklessly rushing in all directions for cars. All of the immense space is jammed with hurrying humanity, and no time is given by any one person for the consideration of any one else. Accidents, by the trampling of women and children, are occurrences of about every minute during these periods.

He Lived in Brooklyn.

Everybody in New York has long thought the borough of Brooklyn a foreign place of residence. We have now a court decision to strengthen this opinion. Magistrate Pool, in the Jefferson Market police court, stands on the records as having discharged a prisoner for being drunk on the man's simple excuse that he lived in Brooklyn. Henry Zimmerman was the prisoner whose case brought about this decision. Mr. Zimmerman was arrested in the borough of Manhattan while in an intoxicated condition. When the policeman discovered him he was trying to climb up the side of an office building. When he was arraigned in court the magistrate expressed some wonder that Brooklyn people always come over to the New York side to get drunk.

"Well, I live in Brooklyn, judge," observed the man, "and I think that's about enough to drive any man to drink."

"I agree with you perfectly," remarked Magistrate Pool. "You are discharged."

Compressed Air Is "No Good."

Compressed air as a motive power for street surface railways has proved a failure so far as New York city is concerned. Two of our lines, the Twenty-eighth street and Twenty-ninth street cross-towns respectively, have for several months been equipped with compressed air motors, but the commissioner of highways now demands that the motive power be changed on the ground that it is a nuisance. A storage battery system like that in use on the Thirty-fourth street cross-town line will probably be substituted for compressed ar. The present cars have proved nerve-racking, as they make a noise almost equal to that of a steam railroad locomotive.

A Chinese Wedding.

We have just been treated to a Chinese marriage with all its frills, extravagances and peculiarities. This, however, was not because both principals are Chinese, as one is a Bowery girl who for years has lived in Chinatown. The groom is a full-blooded Chinese, following the gentle pursuits of a laundryman and a "dope" seller. The wedding was arranged as a sort of general East Side entertainment, and, to acocmmodate the crowd, was held in Clarendon hall, a regular admission fee being extracted. A couple of "cappers" from Chatham square undertook to run the affair, giving the happy bride and groom a good share of the gate receipts.

—N. N. A.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

Augustus Thomas' great play "Arizona" will be given three more times at the Metropolitan, to-night and to-morrow afternoon and evening.

There was a continuous crowd at the box office window of the Metropolitan all day yesterday, purchasing seats for the forthcoming engagement of Collamarini and the Boston Lyric Opera company. Although the grand opera nights, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, seem to be the favorites, the comic opera performances will also be well patronized. The opera for the opening performance Sunday night will be "The Idol's Eye."

But three more performances remain of the engagement at the Bijou this week of the "King of the Opium Ring," and those who like a melodrama that abounds in comedy and heart interest, with a deal of sensation running through it, will do well to secure seats.

The Wm. H. West Minstrels, newly and magnificently equipped, with a larger company, more novel acts, more famous comedians, and greater singers than ever before, will be the attraction at the Bijou next week. Who can repress a smile at the mere mention of such names as Billy Van and Ernest Tenny, both quaint, original and always happy in their fun-making? With Raymond Teal and Charles Whalen, a quartet of comedians never excelled in any one company is formed. The West Minstrels have always been strong from a musical standpoint. This year is no exception, the vocal corps being headed by that phenomenal singer, Richard J. Jose, augmented by such splendid voices as Manuel Romain, John P. Rodgers, William Hallett, and a chorus of powerful voices. The setting for the first part is said to be rich in splendor, gorgeous and harmonious in color, and to show extreme good taste in its artistic design. What is this season regarded as one of the strong features is the magnificent street parade, very rich in appointments and displaying a variety and wealth of outdoor display.

Misinterpreted the Title.

Chicago News.

Mrs. Nation's paper, the Smasher's Mail, has just been issued at Topeka. It is said that a great many railroad baggagemen have subscribed for it simply on impulse.

That "Narrow Escape."

Chicago Journal.

The thrilling dispatch about Grover Cleveland's narrow escape from death by the possible capsizing of his duck boat was plainly plagiarized from the story of little Elsie. Little Elsie said to her mother: "I nearly had a horse! A man out in front is driving a horse in a buggy. I asked him if I could have it. He said no. If he had said yes, I'd have had it."

A Fraudulent Enlistment

BY CHARLES W. KIMBALL.

Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson.

Peyton drew for "The Week Illustrated." The Week was struggling, and could afford no high-priced specialists; so Peyton, on a third-rater's pay and in his heart believing himself a third-rater, pegged away, drawing everything under the sun, from imaginary seaside scenes to "adaptations," as the barefaced stealings from the English weeklies were called.

But if there was one thing Peyton thought he could do, it was Salvation Army sketches. The office thought differently, however, and roasted Peyton's little street groups—the only "volunteer 'copy'" he had ever been known to turn in to the art editor—until men from the art rooms of the dailies on Park row commenced inquiring who drew the Salvation lads and lassies. The staff began reluctantly to admit to each other that Peyton was good for something after all, and when Peyton's supply of "copy" was not forthcoming one week, the art editor sent for him.

"The reason why I haven't drawn any more army pictures," said Peyton, in response to the art editor's question, "is because I can't draw 'em to suit. The more I look at 'em the more I know they're rotten sketches. You see, I can't draw 'em here and draw 'em proper. There's something that's missing. You've got to study the folks day and night. You've got to live with 'em. You've got to see what they see and feel what they feel or you can't get your pictures to suit. So if you want any more Salvation Army copy—you'll have to let me join."

"But you—um—you aren't converted?" inquired the art editor.

"Not that I know of," laughed Peyton. "Can't say that I feel the need of anything like that. The qualifications for enlistment are simple enough. As for the testimonials and like—well, I belonged to a dramatic club at college, and I think I can manage that."

The art editor looked dubious. The Week had never indulged in the luxury of a "special" before. The managing editor, however, had seen some of Peyton's work, and brushed away the doubts of the art editor who came to consult him.

"Of course the Week can afford it," announced the managing editor. "A series of such pictures would be a circulation raiser, and anything that will raise the circulation, the Week can afford."

The next week, Peyton's desk in the art room was deserted; Peyton had joined the Army. Every Monday, the art editor cashed Peyton's check, bought a money order and mailed it to one "Frank Brown," care —th street barracks, in a city not many miles away, and the little group that used to gather in the artroom of nights wondered what Peyton was doing. Although he never wrote, each week came from him a batch of drawings. Then the staff would gather round to look, criticise and admire. The work was not what critics would call beautiful, but it was strong—undeniably strong. The little street scenes—sober-faced Salvation lassies, red-capped soldiers, the apathetic faces of the crowd looking on and perhaps in the midst of the group some wild-eyed woman kneeling with clasped hands and a strange look on her face—all these had a note of human interest that made the man who saw them look again.

One day there was a new post mark on the package of Peyton's drawings. One of the boys bought a War Cry and read of Peyton's appointment to a captaincy and his assignment as secretary to some traveling inspector general.

"What a hypocrite—and what clever drawings!" was the sentiment of the staff of the Week. Still no word from Peyton. The post mark drew further west and his sketches grew better and better. The managing editor began to give Peyton's drawings the front page and art critics commented. Rivals called the Week "The War Cry," but the public commenced to look, then to buy and the circulation took a jump that brought the Week's owner, a threadbare little old man who had sunk a fortune in his paper, down to the office more in a fortnight than he had been in a year before.

Peyton had "taken" at last. All the country was talking about his soldiers. When letters, bearing on the envelops the cards of the big weeklies and magazines began to come addressed to Peyton, in care of the Week, the managing editor saw there was danger of losing his treasure. A letter was dictated to Peyton that the Week appreciated his services, did not wish to lose him and would meet any and all offers.

The managing editor turned from his stenographer to the morning's mail on the desk before him, when he saw, amid the pile of letters an envelop addressed in Peyton's familiar hand. No drawings! Only a short note requesting his check. He could not draw any longer for The Week, so the letter read. There was other work that required his attention. He begged pardon for his so sudden and, he supposed, unexpected decision, but it could not have been otherwise. Here the letter closed.

"Somebody's bought him up!" exclaimed the managing editor. "See here!"—to the art editor, who had just come in, "Wire Peyton! Get ready to leave to-night for Kansas City yourself. Offer him anything he asks. You know him, talk to him, do anything to hold him. We're ruined if we lose him now."

The art editor started west on the first train. When he arrived in Kansas City he sought the Salvation Army barracks and inquired for Captain Brown—secretary to the inspector general.

"You mean Captain Peyton," they told him. "He speaks at headquarters to-night."

The art editor said nothing, but got a front seat in the hall that evening. He had never been in such a place before. With interest he watched and listened to the services—music by a red coated band, some "testimonies," and then a recruit stepped to the front, and in a voice, unsteady at first, but growing stronger as he proceeded, told his simple little story. A middle aged German gave his testimony in broken English. As he became wrapped up in his story his English failed him, and he broke out in his native tongue.

"Ach Gott!" he protested. "I couldn't say it in your language, but I feel it yoost the same." He wiped his eyes and sat down.

All the platform seemed to be expecting something, and when the captain arose and stepped to the front, a bustle of suppressed excitement ran over the band of soldiers on the stage.

"Brethren, we have with us to-night a comrade who came into our ranks not a glorify God, but for worldly purposes," he began. "To make a market-place of the Lord's temple, to put on paper what he saw only to win the empty praise of the world. His was a false name and a fraudulent enlistment, but that comrade has repented. He has re-enlisted under his true colors, he has renounced the vanities of the world to be indeed a soldier of the Lord, and, brethren, that comrade stands here before you to-night to tell you how he was saved."

The captain stepped to the rear of the stage, and taking by the hand a man who had been standing in the shadow, he led him forward.

The band struck up "Soldier of the Cross" and the art editor looked closely at the uniformed figure. It was Peyton.

* * * * *

The art editor wired the office what he had seen. But the office didn't understand. In an hour an answer came:

"You must get him. Offer him anything he asks."

The art editor tore up the message and took the first train for home.

Let Him See Totten.

New York Sun.

A new and bold man of science has appeared in Chicago. He is John H. Fulton, M. A., described as a former professor of oriental languages in the Royal university of Athens, and the Imperial university of Vienna. Mr. Fulton believes that "the abode of satan is the planet Saturn, where he is now and has for years been preparing for his final struggle with God and the archangels." An interchange of views between Professor Fulton and Lieutenant Totten would be interesting.

Different, Isn't It?

Washington Post.

When Mr. Bryan arrived in New York Saturday the only persons to meet him were the man he had selected for ambassador to England and a newspaper reporter. What a change since last year!

The Best Ever.

Lisbon, N. D., Free Press.

The Minneapolis Journal has issued its annual book of cartoons by its special artist, Bart. This volume far exceeds in beauty and artistic workmanship all others published, and is well worth the price of admission. Bart, like The Journal, is the best to be had.

MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL'S CURRENT TOPICS SERIES

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PAPERS BY EXPERTS AND SPECIALISTS OF NATIONAL REPUTATION.

AMERICAN LIFE A CENTURY AGO.

IV.—TABLE FURNISHINGS

(By Alice Morse Earle, Author of "China Collecting in America," "Home Life in Colonial Days," "Costume in Colonial Times," etc.)

The dining table used a century ago was much narrower than that of the present day. It was a survival of the "table board" of the early colonists, which was simply a long, narrow, detached board top laid on trestles shaped somewhat like a sawhorse. The tablecloth was then called a "board-cloth." This narrow table top was ample for the table furnishings of the day. Our grandmothers did not need the five feet of diameter which we now overload with a motley display of linen, lace, silver, crystal, flowers and confections. They had no flowers on the table, and but rarely an epergne, or dish with fruit. There were no "individual" pieces, save plates, knives, forks and usually, but not always, glasses. Sometimes a tankard circulated round the table. There was always a salt cellar, one of goodly size; and by 1820 there was a castor, which had been seen before that date, but was not universally used. Benjamin Franklin had cruet stands and casters. A book of directions for fashionable dinner-giving, not yet fifty years old, begins the chapter on table furnishing thus: "Be sure to set the castor exactly in the middle of the table."

LOWESTOFT COFFEE POT AND CUP.

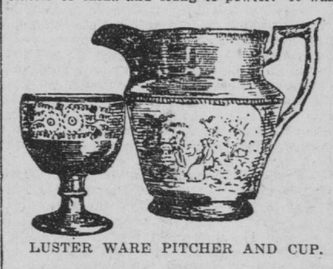
At a formal tea party or dinner the table was often set with the dessert in groups of pretty glasses and dishes, and it deserved display, for the whips, syllabubs, trifles, quaking custards, creams and floating islands were the skilled labor of many hours, usually of the house mistress and her daughters.

There was another reason for the convenience of a narrow table—there was little waiting upon or serving at meals, save by the persons seated at the table. Men of great wealth—the great land owners in the south and ship owners in the north—had butlers and waiters, usually negroes, often clumsy and ill-trained; but folk of ample means and bountiful table helped one another at meals. Servants placed the food upon the table, and sometimes the "help" then sat down at the end of the long table. The host always carved, placing his cuts one by one on the pile of plates in front of him, which were in turn passed down the table and supplied by each person with the vegetable or sauce from the dish in front of him until all were served bountifully with all on the table.

Wooden Trenchers and Pewter Plates.

Wooden trays and trenchers, over the cheap, cleanly and convenient table furnishing of pioneers, had disappeared with the eighteenth century, before the domination of pewter, save in rare instances, as during the revolution, when pewter was melted into bullets, or during the embargo in the nineteenth century, when London pewter came little to American ports. Then "trencher bees" were held, where the young men made trenchers from poplar wood and the young women scraped them smooth with glass.

Pewter, too, was being thrust out. Conservative folk like John Hancock hated the clatter of china and clung to pewter. It was thought that china dulled the edges of knives. The round platter, or "charger," was used for serving boiled meats long after pewter plates had disappeared. A "garnish of pewter" still was a bridal gift in the country in 1801, though china was used everywhere in the city.



LUSTER WARE PITCHER AND CUP.

Before the revolution there began to be imported to America from England many pieces of a close-grained, creamy, opaque ware, which was not china and seemed smoother pottery, which was known as "yellow ware" or Liverpool ware, and nearly all of it was decorated in Liverpool in black or red prints by a process of transfer printing on pottery engraving invented by one Sadler, a Liverpool engraver. He had the notion of china printing suggested to him by seeing children when at play in a doll's house decorate their broken pieces of crockery by pasting on scraps of engravings which he had thrown aside. This yellow ware was very highly prized for many years, and wealthy merchants and sea captains brought pieces home as gifts. We find, therefore, that many of the large pieces of yellow ware found in America, such as pitchers and mugs, are printed with views of ships and sailors, Masonic designs and patriotic views relating to America.

These pitchers are what are known as the watermelon shape, and often hold two or three gallons. Whether they were made in Liverpool or not, they were decorated there, as Sadler kept his process a secret; and Liverpool ware is their name. They are much sought after by collectors, and are usually about a century old. I have found but one that had the Liverpool stamp on the base.

Tablewares and Their Designs.

Other cream-colored wares were seen on the table of 1801, chiefly the queensware, which was made at Leeds. It is yellowish and was imported in some quantity after the revolutionary war; also a pure white ware made at Leeds. Both are found in basket or openwork wicker designs. Often these pieces are unmarked. Some are marked "Leeds pottery" or "C. G." (for Charles Green, one of the owners of the pottery), also a "G" under a crown and sometimes an arrowhead.

"FLOWING BLUE" PLATE.

The Castleford wares came to this country in considerable numbers, especially a fine white ware, with surface divided into compartments by raised lines which were colored green or blue. In these compartments are sometimes medallions of liberty, the spread eagle or other devices relating to America. These are usually unmarked. Very rarely old pieces of salt-glaze ware came here. These have a granulated surface something like orange peel. They were usually of pure cream color, in reaside designs, standing on feet usually designed like lions' heads. They were cast in molds resembling the molds for silverware. Sometimes the relief borders were colored green or yellow. These are sometimes called Crouchware and were imported more frequently to the southern states than to the northern.

Pieces of "black china," especially teapots, are often seen in old country homes. The oldest are a kind of red pottery covered with a black glaze. They look almost like black glass. They often have a raised design and sometimes have gay-colored flowers

CHINESE PLATTER, WILLOW PATTERN.

painted over this black, glassy surface. They are called in England "black decanter" and were made in Jackfield as early as 1713 and in one or two other potteries.

Such pieces are always old, and are much sought after by collectors and are often found tipped with silver and with silver lids. The other so-called "black china" is unglazed and dull of surface and was made by many of the Staffordshire potters. It was named by Wedgwood, as he perfected it, "black basaltes." Some of the finer pieces have sliding lids or lids hinged on metal pins.

Pieces Imported From China.

A sudden and vast commerce sprung up between America and China and was well under way by 1801, so that great quantities of oriental ware came to our ports. The Chinese pieces found in greatest quantity are old Canton and what is known to collectors as Lowestoft. The Canton pieces are a thick and rather clumsy ware of greenish or bluish white ground, with blue figures of oriental pattern. The marks or stamps on the under side of the pieces are generally Chinese letters or signs in blue, of various meanings. The oriental pieces known as Lowestoft are so called from an erroneous impression which has been promulgated to a most remarkable extent that these pieces were made or decorated in Lowestoft, England. I have never seen a piece that I believed to be made in Lowestoft. The ware of Lowestoft is a coarse-grained bluish-white. The decoration is often of little stemless flowers in natural colors or chocolate or brown; of shields, coats-of-arms, monograms or initials, frequently in brown and gold. A border of blue, diversified with gold stars, or a meander pattern of gold, is seen, especially on punch bowls. The cups of Lowestoft are usually small and without handles; the mugs are both cylindrical and barrel-shaped. The coffee pots are tall, with straight spouts; the handles of the teapots are crossed or twisted and attached to the body with leaves. The surface glaze of the large pieces is often somewhat rough, as if painted into shape by hand. There are no marks or stamps on this ware. The ships of New England merchants in the India trade brought vast quantities of this Lowestoft to America in the years between 1800 and 1830, and nearly every old family of dignity from Maine to Georgia had a Lowestoft service which was called India china. Hence specimens are not rare, but are much beloved by their owners.

CHINESE EWER.

Willow-pattern ware was seen everywhere. This willowware was made in England from a design copied from the Chinese, and it was made in China from English ware. A table set with willowware had much charm both in appearance and in the imaginary story connected with it, which was a favorite with children. A sprightly woman wrote a poem to the willowware, beginning thus:

I have never been to China, and I fear I never can
Be chosen as ambassadress to Peking or Chusan,
But I know the kind of place it is as well as older pates
From different works on China illustrated by plates.
The color of the country is a kind of dingy blue,
With chaotic land and water here and there appearing through,
Interspersed with funny bridges and paths that seem to glide
To very funny houses upon the other side.