THE JOURNAL

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SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

The governor gives the legislature something to think about in his statement to-day to the effect that if the present sesison continues for the full ninety days he will not feel justified in calling an extra session next year in order to put into effect by legislative enactment or the submission of constitutional amendments the work of the tax commission.

The governor is quite right. An extra session may be very desirable for the purpose indicated, but under the circumstances the governor would not be justified in calling such a session. The important work of the legislature is well-advanced, and there is really no reason why the present session should continue beyond seventy days. The house is in advance of the senate and has passed on to the upper body a good deal of important legislation, and some which members of the house are particularly interested in, but the upper house seems to manifest no particular haste in disposing of the business before it. Ordinarily the senate, being the smaller body, would be expected to be more expeditious in the dispatch of legislative business than the house, but such is not the case, and the house has indicated a disposition to hold up the joint resolution providing for an early adjournment until the senate displays greater alacrity in disposing of business advanced from the house.

The remark of the governor should be of service to both houses. They have an opportunity by prompt dispatch of business before them to bring about results which will be of immense political advantage in the next campaign, or they may fritter away advantages which the republican party may as well have and which it very much needs at this time.

APPROACHING A COLLAPSE

General MacArthur reports the surrender of the insurgent lieutenant-general, Trias, to the United States in southern Luzon, with his entire command, the significance of the surrender being in the fact that Trias is the comander-in-chief of the insurgent forces in South Luzon. This surrender, following a series of collapses during the past few months, indicates that the insurgent Filipinos are beginning to understand pretty thoroughly that their warm friends in the United States, who fought for them during the campaign last year with inflammatory and incendiary rhetoric and assured them that, if Bryan was elected, as they were certain he would be, the American flag would be hauled down and the archipelago would be evacuated by our troops, have shown themselves base deceivers or false prophets and are not to be trusted although they have continued to emit sympathy with them which in any other country, would be properly construable as treason.

Before the second year of McKinley's second term is ended, the American sympathizers with Aguinaldo and his insurgents and the Filipinos themselves will have seen such a development of real liberty and civilization in the archipelago, notably in Luzon, that they will not father their own utterances of 1899, 1900 and 1901. They will not be able to refute the logic of great accomplished facts. Some of them, it is to be hoped, will be heartily ashamed of their treasonable course toward our government.

The "despot at Washington," as your full-fledged American Tagalog calls President McKinley, is carrying out the national will as expressed through congress with great ability and is showing that he is worthy of the trust reposed in him by the American people. The alleged "despot" is simply fulfilling that trust by actively promoting the introduction of public education and good and honest government in the islands and local autonomy. Despots do not usually proceed in this way—enlarging political and civil liberty and giving the people of all classes abundant opportunity for wholesome education. Despots are afraid of such things.

If this country were squirming under the heels of despotism, as represented by the Atkinsonian and Bryanic groups, the jails would be crammed with turbulent and hysterical traitors who stand with the enemies of the United States against their own country. By the way, The Journal is in receipt of a photograph and a copy of a speech of that interesting Tagalog, Sixto Lopez, who has been making speeches against our government and abusing the president for some months in the United States and passing his hat around to get money to pay his expenses while doing so. Sixto is not an Adonis in appearance, but he has been having a good time, petted by the American Tagalogs. He has never, however, taken part in the campaigns of Aguinaldo and his lieutenants. He does not care to expose his body to the chances of war. It is easier to travel sumptuously about this country and damn our government and live on the fat of the land.

Sixto Lopez and the American element supporting him in this country are beholding each day the collapse of their false prophecies. As the insurgents surrender and the natives welcome the peace-giving and prosperity-promoting American regime, the insular conditions change for the better. This process will continue until the transformation is complete and the archipelago will date its wholesome regeneration from the American occupation.

BRITAIN'S PROPOSED SUGAR DUTY

The Journal recently commented upon the changing sentiment in England, which has brought the government to something like a definite purpose of resorting to protection, beginning with a duty on sugar from bounty-fed countries.

It is not at all unlikely that, if a duty is laid on sugar, it may be followed by the imposition of a duty on iron and steel products to enable the British manufacturers to continue their menaced industries with some degree of success. The main purpose of the sugar duty is to afford revenue and help the sugar-producing colonies of Great Britain, notably the planters in the British West Indies, who have been almost ruined by the great influx of sugars into England from foreign countries which pay bounties to their sugar producers. England is supplied with sugar to a very great extent from Germany.

If the British sugar duty is levied it will be found that a great mistake has been made by the senate in declining to ratify the reciprocity treaty with the British West Indies, which would have given us command of their trade, which will go to England when the way is opened for a revival of their sugar industry by the removal of bounty-fed sugar competition which has seriously impaired their industry. We have been selling a considerable amount of goods to the British West Indes, exchanging them for other crops than sugar which they produce. The senate, having now adjourned sine die, the reciprocity treaties remain untouched, and, as they have not been extended for another year and the senate is likely to remain indifferent to them and to treat with discourtesy the nations with whom Mr. Kasson, at great trouble and expense negotiated them under the provision of the tariff of 1897, they may be considered dead.

Great Britain cannot be blamed if she flops over to protection in self-defense, as far as she is able. The recent exchequer returns showed an excess of expenditure over receipts of $280,000,000, while the rigor of the situation is seen in the fact that the national debt, a few years ago freely bought up from the holders at from 110 to 115 for each 100 pounds of stock, is being reissued to them at 97, and British consols are no more dominant in the investment world. The government hesitates to lay any heavier taxation upon liquors and the income tax leaves only people with incomes of $15 a week exempt, while the others are kept on the anxious bench expecting further increases of the tax. Thus, the British government will be compelled to adopt more or less of indirect taxation to get out of the financial slough to firm ground.

It is likely that the doctrine of protection will have increased support in England henceforth. The Manchester school of Bright and Cobden is likely to be overshadowed by the imperative school of financial necessity.

Why Bing Lost His Head. A correspondent of the Seattle Times at Peking tells how the prominent Chinese who are slated to lose their heads are able to hire for a few hundred dollars droves of people who are willing to act as substitutes and thus have their own heads taken off. The story sounds incredible, but it is not so. Every year in China people die of starvation. Many of them find it preferable to die by the sword, especially as their relatives benefit highly from their loss. The correspondent of the Times gives the case of Lo Fan, who was an active Boxer and whose head the civilized Christian nations of the west have decided to take off. When Lo Fan bears that he is slated to lose his pigtail, together with that part of his anatomy from which it sprouts, he sends at once for a poor ne'er-do-well named Bing. The story goes on like this:

Bing is brought into the presence of Lo Fan, and throws himself on his face.

"Rise to your knees, Bin," requests Lo Fan condescendingly.

"I am here by your commands, most august neighbor," says Bing.

"Have you been hungry lately, Bing?" inquires Fan kindly.

"Often, and very hungry."

"There can be very little pleasure in living when one is often hungry."

Bing agrees that this is so.

"How would you like to die by the sword?" inquires Fan suddenly, as if struck by a new thought.

Bing raises his eyes at this and tries to scent what is in the wind.

"You do not answer me," comes from Fan after a while.

"That is because I do not know what to say," stammers the wretch.

"But you do not enjoy living?"

"That is true."

"Then why should you care to live?"

Bing studies the floor, and at length inquires:

"Why do you want me to die by the sword? What difference can it make to you?"

"I am warned that some of the foreign officers have decided that I must die by the sword."

Bing begins to see the light now.

"And, as I am never hungry," pursues Fan. "I can see no reason why I should want to die. With you, it is different. You have no reason to wish to live. What do you say, then? Will you die in my place?"

"I do not know," replies Bing. "I do not care to die either. It is not pleasant to feel the sword on one's neck. I think I prefer to live."

This is not strictly true, but Bing is working for an object.

"Your people are all poor. They, too, are often hungry. Now, if you were to do me this little service of dying in my place, and your relatives were to receive 50 taels—"

"Fifty taels!" echoes Bing, indignantly.

At this point there occurs a great deal of bargaining, but Bing finally secures a price of 300 taels (or about $200) for his head. This will keep Bing's relatives in great ease and comfort for some time. Bing is quickly arrayed in Fan's garments, and when the Russian, German or French soldiers arrive, he receives them with great urbanity. They go through the rather amusing form of a trial and Bing alias Fan is marched out and his pigtail cut off just abaft his collar button, taking the head clean with it. Civilization then expresses itself as satisfied, and the soldiers go back to their quarters.

This, right reverends and wrong reverends of every order; this, my lords and gentlemen, is the sweetly laughable farce that is going on in the east.

Who are the real barbarians?

Russell Sage doesn't like the way in which Andrew Carnegie spends his money. It sets a spendthrift example to other millionaires.

The Austrian empire is said to be crumbling. After the present emperor dies, Germany will get the German provinces and Italy the Italian. The others want to be independent and this will probably mean fighting.

A morning paper says a number of houses are to be built "across Lake Calhoun." Will the lake to be filled in or are the houses to be on piles? Or is it true that the ice man has taken all the water out of the lake?

If the lion and the bear come together in the orient, the Boer would stand a show of regaining his own. England is probably to wily to take on the Tartar just at this juncture.

It seems that Judge Hanecy of Chicago once owned up to the name of Hennessy. He was probably trying to avoid Mr. Dooley's remarks by the change.

While out with is gun Saturday Count Boni bagged an editor. Some regret is felt, though it is generally acknowledged that the editor talked too much.

The real estate market is beginning to stir as uneasily as the heavy man with the pebble in his shoe.

St. Patrick also drove the bad weather out of America.

AMUSEMENTS

The Boston Lyrics in "The Idol's Eye" at the Metropolitan.

There was a succession of painful occurrences at the Metropolitan opera-house last evening which bore a remote and distorted resemblance to a comic opera. The Boston Lyric Opera company was in the throes of a production of "The Idol's Eye," and a segment of the public had been beguiled into paying its money for the privilege of watching the long drawn out agonies. If there is anything more painful than a singer who can't sing, it is a comedian who can's possibly be funny. Both classes of phenomena were to be seen last night merely for the price of admission. While "The Idol's Eye" was never a great comic opera, it nevertheless contains some tuneful songs and some swelling choruses marked by a certain weird orientalism that is most appropriate. The book, too, is funny enough in the hands of capable actors But the treatment given the opera last night was unspeakably bad. It would be bootless to go over the list from principals to chorus in any attempt to distinguish between them as to degree of badness—for some were worse than others. Harry Brown as the Scotch kleptomaniac is perhaps entitled to an exception in his favor.

The Boston Lyric company, it should be explained, has divided its allegiance and now devotes a share of its energies to the production of grand opera, where formerly it was engaged entirely in the comic opera field. Its best artists are now reserved for the classical productions with which the lighter compositions are alternated. This plan seems to have operated disastrously for the standard of its comic opera work, if judgment is to be formed from last night's performance. And this deterioration must inevitably affect its more pretentious work. If Colonel Thompson, the manager of the company, is determined to drive two horses, he should have them better matched.

—W. B. C.

Foyer Chat.

Collamarini will appear as "Carmen" at the Metropolitan to-night, supported by Russo, Alessandroni and the Boston Lyric Opera company. The press of other cities where she has appeared have been unanimous in their praise of her enactment of this role. To-morrow night she will be seen as Azucena in "Il Trovatore."

Charles A. Bigelow, the inimitable purveyor of humor, and leading comedian in Anna Held's coming production of "Papa's Wife," at the Metropolitan opera-house, for one week commencing next Monday evening, is said to have one of the best parts ever written in a comedy. The part is that of Professor Celestin, teacher of music at a convent, who has but two blots on an otherwise blameless past—a burlesque and a love affair. In one scene with Adella Barker he attempts to play Jean in a sort of "Sapho" staircase scene, but, having a Fanny Le Grand who would require the services of a Sandow, ultimately is obliged to give up. The episode consumes some fifteen minutes and in that time it is said that Mr. Bigelow and Adella Barker might be speaking in "dumb show," since the laughter of the audience makes it impossible for a line to be heard.

The adventures of a party of American tourists, who after being shipwrecked on the Arabian coast, fall into the hands of a tribe of wandering Arabs, is the plot from which the new melodrama, "Lost in the Desert," which will be seen at the Bijou the coming week, has been written. It is a play of more than usual sensational effect and much pains have been taken to select a cast that will do justice to the strong character parts. Among the many mechanical effects may be mentioned a race for life on the back of a runaway horse, a rescue by a mounted Arabian chief, the burning of a ship in mid ocean, a storm in the desert and the blowing up of an Arabian prison. A troupe of genuine Bedouin Arabs in a series of astounding acrobatic feats contribute a most entertaining feature of the performance.

W. H. West's Minstrels began what promises to be a most prosperous week at the Bijou yesterday, two large audiences gathering to greet the veteran minstrel and his strong company. In every department the performance is a fine one. Vocally it surpasses anything in the minstrel line seen here within recent memory, while the olio is clean, novel and entertaining. The comedians are among the best in black face. A more extended review of the performance will be given in this column to-morrow.

BREEZY NOR'WESTERS

The man who has been lecturing in South Dakota schoolhouses on "The Evil Effects of Ice Cream," has met a frost on the collection plate, and his hearers complain of chilblains.

No South Dakota farmer will admit monapoly possible in all things. The gopher market cannot be cornered.

The main issue in North Dakota is whether Delabere of the Sheldon Progress or Kent of the Lakota Herald wins the ham.

The Fargo Call insinuates that United States Marshal Haggart is practically out of circulation, politically.

The poster party and the poster drapery have landed with terrible effect at Duluth.

The "old guard" in North Dakota has not quit the game, although Major Edwards shows a disposition to compromise occasionally.

The man who called Marshall McClure of the Minot, N. D., Optic the "Hot Air Professor," may as well make a dive for the cyclone cellar.

To prove to Senator Allison that there is an end to all things earthly some Iowa papers are referring to "the time when death removes him from the senate."

"Hubbard of the Northwestern" and "Blythe of the Q" are attaining a fair share of fame in the Iowa gubernatorial campaign.

Peter Beargrease is the mellow name of a half breed who made things lively at Two Harbors for a day.

The pipe of a New York newspaper man stayed lighted long enough to discover another mastodon in western Dakota.

Along with the tightening of the ropes around the prohibition law comes the word that the North Dakota superintendent of irrigation is out of a job.

Since the short residence divorce law went by the boards, Fargo has no dukes with pedigreed bull dogs to boast of.

George B. Winship of the Grand Forks Herald promises to keep the alarm clock set while the primary election bill sleeps.

Editor Jewell of the Bismarck Tribune declares that whenever Alexander McKenzie put his shoulder to the wheel the North Dakota potato turned up with first prize at the Minnesota state fair.

Charles Cavalier, who settled at Red Rock, on the Mississippi, in the early forties, is enjoying life and "fresh" weather at Pembina, N. D.

New York Daily Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL, No. 21 Park Row.

A Pawnbrokers' Trust.

March 18.—In these days, when corporation lawyers seeking to organize trusts are hard pushed for material, they are willing to take up with any sort of industry and endeavor to consolidate and incorporate the independent interests into one immense business so as to control the field. By this time it is observed that nearly every branch of trade has been so dealt with, but it has remained for an enterprising local law firm to discover that our pawnbrokers were not working in harmony. From this inspiration the lawyers conceived the idea of a "pawnbroking trust" and they have about brought the matter to a successful head. Hereafter, when any of our impecunious citizens visits "the sign of the three balls" he will be patronizing a trust, a consolidation of interests bound together by corporate ties. The new trust will probably not be incorporated until May, for there are several minor details yet to be settled.

Articial Sparklers.

Right here in New York is the center of an industry engaged in making artificial "precious stones." To meet the growing demand for these goods processes have been greatly improved, and to-day the business engages many of the most skilful chemists. The material chiefly used is glass, but it is not the ordinary glass of commerce. It is prepared with the greatest care by highly skilled artisans, for upon its clearness and perfect homogeneity depend the quality of the imitation gems which are far superior to the cheap grade of counterfeits that rely on silver backings for their lustre. This glass can be made only from absolutely pure quartz, or, better still, from rock crystal, as quartz frequently contains minute veins of iron, which would impair the clearness and color of the glass. The bicarbonate of potash and the oxide of lead which are mixed with it must also be chemically pure. Other ingredients of less importance are borax, which promotes the flux, and a small quantity of arsenic. The best glass for imitation gems consists of rock crystal, 32 per cent; bicarbonate of potash, 17 per cent; oxide of lead, 50 per cent; borax, 1 per cent, and a trace of arsenic. Carefully prepared by competent hands, this mixture produces a grade of glass which in brilliancy and iridescence yields little to the genuine diamond itself. These qualities may be further enhanced by the substitution of potassium for the bicarbonate of potash and an increase of the quantity of oxide of lead used.

Lady Hope Grows Fleshy.

Lady May Hope's explanation that she retired from burlesque at the New York theater because she found the work too arduous and exacting, was merely a harmless subterfuge. It was far from convincing to those aware of Lady Hope's capacity for endurance in the days when she was May Yohe, a slip of a chorus girl knocking about the country with Willie Collier and Charlie Reed in the slap-bang farce comedy vulgarly known as "Hoss and Hoss." Now that her ladyship has developed into a massive and robust matron of rare muscular endowment, it seems improbable that she would succumb to the strain of riding to and from the theater in an automobile and revealing herself to the public gaze for ten minutes at each performance, even though encumbered by the weight of some thirty pounds of priceless family jewels. Nevertheless Lady Hope's plea of enervation and nervous exhaustion was politely accepted, and the patrons of the New York contentedly switched to the contemplation of Miss Emma Carus, an equally plump and pleasing cancatrice with a foghorn voice.

Jollying the Buyer.

This is the time of the year when buyers for business houses come to New York from all parts of the country. The hotels, especially in the downtown section of the city, the old hotel district, are filled nightly with these persons, a great many of whom are strangers to the city. This has caused a new enterprise to spring up, that of professional entertaining. Managers of the big wholesale houses which sell to these buyers have developed the plan. They have some of their best salesmen, such as are thoroughly conversant with the theaters and various places of amusement, go about the hotels every night at the dinner hour. When they strike upon some lonesome looking individual who is evidently visiting the city for the first time to lay in a supply of goods, they immediately take him in tow, escort him to any theater in town he may choose to visit, and generally make the evening one of the most enjoyable the man every had. It is good business policy, for the man who would otherwise spend a lonesome evening hanging about his hotel or sauntering around forlornly trying to have a good time, feels himself under a lasting obligation to his host, and the latter finds little difficulty in selling a big order of goods before his charge leaves town.

New England Furniture.

An interesting announcement in the book world is that Esther Singleton is about to issue the third part of "Furniture of Our Forefathers," through Doubleday, Page & Co. The parts already issued deal with Virginia and Philadelphia in the period before the revolution. The field next to be covered is that of the seventeenth century in New England. In addition to being the first comprehensive guide and cyclopedia for the collector of old furniture, the work is an interesting and correct social and domestic history of colonial times. The manners of the people, their style of dress and standards of living are all faithfully portrayed. The illustrations are from careful photographs made from the original prints in various parts of the country which were visited by the author and the photographer. The critical descriptions are by Russell Sturgis.

—N. N. A.

At the Bend of the Stream

BY J. P. COUGHLAN.

Copyright, 1901, by J. P. Coughlan.

"Och, Pat, ye are me darlin',
Ye are me heart's delight."

As Pat Casey strolled down the street of sunlit Kilclooney, lilting and singing as he went, he smiled broadly on the world, and the world, or at least Kilclooney, smiled back at Pat.

When about to turn down the lane that led to his own snug farmhouse Pat's song was interrupted by a voice behind him. Turning and seeing Father Matt Daly standing in the roadway he respectfully lifted his cap, saying:

"Good evenin', yer reverence."

"Good evening to you, Pat," replied Father Matt. "'Tis the happy man you seem to be this day."

"Faith, then, happy I am, yer reverence, an' 'tis I that have the good cause."

"Good cause, Pat! And what is it, may I ask?"

"An' who's the better right to? Why, but 'tis a sacret yet an' mustn't go farther than yerself; but I think I'll have a nate job for yer reverence very soon."

"I'm glad to learn it, Pat. Jobs are scarce just now, and they are hard times for the clergy. And what may it be?" asked Father Matt, with a knowing twinkle in his eye.

Pat looked cautiously around, and, putting his hand sideways to his mouth, whispered loudly:

"Nora Condon has taken me for her husband, yer reverence."

"That's the secret, is it?" laughed the priest. Then, with a serious face, he added:

"Nora Condon is a good girl, and, indeed, I must say, you're not a bad boy yourself, Pat; but, remember, don't dare come to me before the altar until you've given me your firm promise to give up your illegal ways. The church commands us to obey the laws."

"Ah, yer reverence, sure 'tis the hard thing to be drivin' the 'drop o' the cratur' out of the country altogether, but before I'm married I'll make ye the promise."

"I'm sincerely glad to hear it, Pat. Good evening, and God bless you."

"Thank ye kindly, yer reverence; good evenin'."

As Pat left the priest, to continue his homeward walk, a complacent smile crossed his handsome, good natured face. "Faix, an' I suppose his reverence is right," he mused to himself. "We'll have one good flow tonight, an' with the help of God 'twill be the last. Ould Gauger Nicholas would give something to be able to discover on me; but after to-night I can snap me fingers at him. He's a terrible villain entirely, an' I have no doubts but that he has a sweet spot in the corner of his withered ould heart for me own Nora, but faix won't he grind his ugly ould teeth when he sees me ladin' Nora up to the altar as if she was a queen in her own right an' me the king of Munster?"

That night lights burned brightly in the Casey household, and from the kitchen chimney the blue smoke curled up into the midnight air, but if a friend of the family came, doubtless, after passing the time of night with those in the kitchen, he would find his way down to the little stream that skirted the bounds of Pat Casey's farm.

At one spot down by this picturesque stream the water, passing through a barren, rocky patch, made a V-shaped loop around a knot of boulders. Near to these was a sort of natural cave, known only to the Caseys and their immediate friends, and formed by them into a neat distillery, where, from time immemorial, the "mountain dew" was turned out in considerable quantities, and in almost perfect immunity from disturbance.

On this particular night Pat Casey attended to the still. Ned Hanlon took charge of the precious fluid as it filtered slowly through the worm, and Jerry Casey stirred the "wash" out into the stream that flowed beyond. Not a vestige of smoke appeared in the cave, nor went up from above it. From the fire under the still a pipe ran under the ground for a hundred yards or so until reaching the house it stealthily joined the capacious and respectable chimney of the farmhouse, the two smokes mingling innocently as they mounted skyward.

The three men were shortly joined by another.

"Pat," said he, "ye want to be very cautious to-night, I tell ye. I was in Cahircoolen to-day an' Ould Nicholas seemed to be very busy between the magistrates and the police barracks. I only hope he hasn't his eye on us. Did ye hear that he bought the Widow Bryan's over the strame there, next to this?"

"Oh, we heard that a fortnight agone, Thady," said Pat Casey, "an' what's more, we know he'd like to be able to add this one to it; but he won't do it while Pat Casey is alive."

"Hush! hush! I hear a noise overhead!" cried Jerry.

Suddenly a head came through a hole in the roof.

"Quick, boys, for the love of heaven! Jackeen Dooley, who has been watchin' up at the cross four roads, says that the pleece are stealin' down an' that ould Nicholas is at the head of 'em."

Without a word the lights were put out, the fire was pitched bodily into the stream, and with it the contents of every vessel in the cave, except one bottle, which Pat Casey took with him. In less than two minutes there was not a trace of recent operations, and the men stole to the house.

They were not more than well placed inside when they could plainly hear the policemen's voices coming from the spot where they were so energetically engaged but a few minutes previously. They had not much longer to wait when the sounds approached nearer, and suddenly Nicholas and his policeman burst into the kitchen.

"You've been warned of my visit, Pat Casey, and though I haven't caught you in the act of illicit distillation, we have discovered potheen-making apparatus on your land, and when you appear before the magistrate you will be accordingly liable to a fine of £100. We have seized the still and worm——"

"Thank ye for yer information, Mr. Nicholas, but it seems to me that yer business is to carry out the law an' not to be givin' information about it. I've forgot more law than you've ever learned, as perhaps ye may find out one o' these fine days." With this elaborate retort Pat turned on his heel.

"Well, I thought I would prepare you——"

"An' now prepare to take yerself out o' here an' not be disturbin' me an' me family," said Pat.

When the intruders had gone Pat Casey dived his hand into a big pot of mashed fodder, and producing the bottle he had carried away from the cave, he filled a horn all round and asked "one an' all" to drink a toast.

"To Nora, an' confusion take the gaugers."

And then was begun the most difficult part of the night's business.

Three days later Pat Casey and a group of friends stood in a little knot outside the dingy little building, called the Petty Sessions courthouse of Cahircoolen, waiting for their case to be called.

When the pompous clerk called out "The Queen vs. Patrick Casey and others," all filed in and sat on a long bench behind Mr. Hanrahan, their counsel. The crown prosecutor opened the case briefly for the queen. The charge was simple, but serious. Utensils for the manufacture of illicit whisky were found on Casey's land. Mr. Nicholas and the three policemen gave evidence for the prosecution, and then Mr. Hanrahan rose to state the case for the defense.

He expressed his intention to call no witnesses. The question was entirely one of fact. Mr. Nicholas and his police witnesses had spoken of having raided the land of his client, a most respectable and worthy man, and they testified to having found thereon certain utensils, but—and here Mr. Hanrahan paused to give due effect to his pronouncement—no evidence had been adduced to show that the land was the property of the defendants or in their possession.

Great sensation in court, during which the defendants grinned broadly, and the prosecution assumed a perplexed frown. Mr. Hanrahan then produced a map of the estate prepared by the landlord, and invited Nicholas to indicate the precise spot where the utensils were found. Nicholas did so, marking a spot on Casey's side of the stream. The accuracy of that Mr. Hanrahan at once begged leave to doubt. Then ensued a long legal wrangle, which was ended only by the long-suffering magistrate's deciding to adjourn the court to the disputed spot and there decide the matter for himself.

In less than half an hour three carloads of people, magistrate, counsellors, prosecutors and defendants, drove off from the courthouse amidst the admiring cheers of the assembled mob.

Throughout the journey Nicholas was grumpy and silent. From the doubtful knowledge which he possessed of the land so recently purchased by him from the Widow Bryan he began to fear that in the excess of his zeal he had pounced upon a still on his own land.

Surely enough, his fears were confirmed. The stream ran most conclusively on Pat Casey's side of the guilty spot, and the party returned to the courthouse to go through the formality of discharging the defendants.

That trouble off his mind and enjoying the sensation of being the hero of the barony, Pat made all haste with the preparations for his wedding to Nora Condon. Not many days after the pair presented themselves at the Kilclooney parish church.

Before the ceremony began Father Matt took Pat into the sacristy and spoke to him about his promise to give up potheen making. "Faith, yer reverence, this happy day I make the promise with a heart and a half."

"That's right, Pat; I'm glad to find you speaking so manly. And now tell me," he added suddenly, "did you and the boys divert the stream the night after the gauger pounced upon you?"

Pat's reply was indirect: "Well, your reverence, Nicholas coveted my patch of land and me an' the boys thought we would give him a taste of it to please him. We wanted to do it without his knowing it; an' more especially, as it was easy to do that same, because that strame was turned many an' many a time be me father, an' the Widow Bryan, accordin' to which way they wanted to irrigate the land. So that's how the turnin' didn't show, all the ground about bein' the same lookin'."

"My clerk, who was in Cahircoolen yesterday, tells me, Pat, that Nicholas is going to leave Cahircoolen," said Father Matt as they walked back to the church.

"Good fortune never comes in small doses, thank God," said Pat Casey fervently.

An Epitath.

White Lake, S. D., Wave.

The Pettigrewsome days are o'er,
The liveliest of the year,
And in the senate halls no more
Will prance our prairie steer;
In the cool, moist shade we laid him
When the voters cast the leaf,
And we sighed that one so eloquent
Should have a race so brief,
And yet a miracle it seems
That one so full of gall—
So modest and retiring—
Should ever quit at all.

Hard to Get Rid Of.

Detroit Free Press.

Just at this particular time in this era of prosperity, one of the chief difficulties with bankers is to invest all the money placed with them on deposit.

Beware!

Milwaukee Sentinel.

Admiral Sampson will write a book. Now his enemies have got him where they want him.

MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL'S CURRENT TOPICS SERIES

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PAPERS BY EXPERTS AND SPECIALISTS OF NATIONAL REPUTATION.

THE OPPORTUNITY AND THE MAN.

(Series under the direction of President Andrew S. Draper of the University of Illinois.)

V.—OHIO C. BARBER

"Barberton!" cry the brakemen on Erie and Baltimore & Ohio railway trains as they reach a bustling Ohio town of 5,000 inhabitants 300 miles east of Chicago.

"There was nothing but a cow pasture and meadows and swamps here a little more than ten years ago," is the information the local passenger is likely to give to the stranger in the car seat beside him. "Barberton is a remarkable town now. Those big brick buildings which we just passed are the works of the Diamond Match company, the largest of the kind in the world. Hi Barber founded the company and founded Barberton, which is named for him. His full name isn't Hiram, as one would think, since his frineds call him 'Hi,' but Ohio C.—plain O. C. Barber, he writes it."

It is as the "father of Barberton," a pioneer in match manufacturing, and a rich and benevolent man that Mr. Barber is widely known. Akron was his boyhood home and Barberton is eight miles southwest of Akron.

OHIO C. BARBER.

Fifty years ago, in his father's barn, he was splitting sticks by hand and dipping them in sulphur to make the crude matches of that day. As boy and man he has developed an enormous business and now makes and sells matches all over the world. Physically Mr. Barber is tall, broad-shouldered and muscular. His eyes are large and appear severely searching, under heavy, dark eyebrows. They and the drooping corners of his large, firm mouth and indented, slightly protruding chin, give him a look of power which the most casual observer cannot fail to notice. His iron-gray hair, his heavy mustache and the lines about his mouth and eyes mark him as no longer young, although he does not look as old as his 60 years. Most persons would guess his age to be 50. Notwithstanding his austere look, he is one of the most approachable of men. His ways are democratic. As he walks about Akron he continually recognizes and greets the friends of his youth and early manhood as well as the machinists in his shops. His Akron residence in Market street, near the business center of the city, is far less pretentious than others near it—a plain, three-story brick house on a lot no larger than suitably accommodates it. He lives alone. When he is away the three or four servants have the big house to themselves, and its outward appearance gives no sign in one way or another as to whether the master is in Akron or Europe. The house is richly but simply furnished. The library bears evidence that its owner likes books—that he is interested in economic subjects, but reads much else as well, newspapers, however, taking the place of fiction. Yet Mr. Barber reads novels sometimes. He especially admires Ernest Seton-Thompson's wild-animal stories.

Beginnings of a Great Business.

Ohio C. Barber was only 6 years old when he was set to work making splints for the manufacture of matches in his father's barn at Middlebury, now a part of Akron. His father was George Barber, a poor man, but awake to the needs of his day and generation, as his son has been after him. This characteristic in the elder Barber led him to begin the manufacture of matches on a scale as great as his means would permit, about 1840. In those days the lucifers were made by a gang of fine circular saws, so that when the operation was completed the strips resembled a double-edged, coarse-toothed comb. The open ends of the strips having been dipped in a composition made principally of sulphur, a slow-burning, expensive match was secured by sawing through the center of the comb lengthwise and separating the teeth by splitting each from the main body. In the begignning the matches had been marketed without being split apart, because of the theory that they would ignite themselves if packed more closely.

There was not much play for little Ohio Barber. He went to school when there was a school to which he could go, but his holidays and odd hours were spent in the primitive match factory. His father, though a man of little learning, had the foresight to know that his business, unless calamities befell, some day must be of such proportions as to require a manager possessing a fair education. So he hired other help and sent his boy to school. But young Ohio was an enthusiast in the business of making matches, and even as a boy had many ideas about improving the methods of their manufacture. He was only 16 when his father agreed with him that he could read and write and cipher sufficiently well to permit of his giving his time entirely to business. However, the learning he had was too valuable to permit of the lad being employed at common labor in the shop, and the father was able to do all that was necessary in work requiring skill. Young Barber, therefore, was provided with a horse and covered wagon and put upon the road as a traveling salesman. His territory included all of Ohio. He sold the product of his father's little shop to country merchants and dealers in the larger towns and cities. His industry and success as a salesman brought more work for the factory, and from time to time additions were made to the force of workmen and to the investment in machinery.

How Progress Was Brought About.

"We are too slow, father," the young salesman said upon returning from one of his trips. "We must make matches by some faster process, and we must make use wherever we can of the railroads that are being built to get our goods into the hands of the wholesalers and retailers more quickly. We shall have to confine ourselves to the wholesale trade before long."

The elder Barber agreed with his son, who picked up ideas rapidly during business trips. He had already made some improvements in the method of match manufacturing, and father and son worked together to make still others. They succeeded, and year after year the business grew. When the son was 24 years old—in 1865—the Barber Match company was organized, and the business was removed to large brick buildings in Akron, Ohio C. Barber was made secretary of the company. His acquaintance with the trade in Ohio and elsewhere made his services especially valuable. It was not long before he was at the head of the business.

"We must make matches more economically and sell them at lower prices to increase the business," was the thought constantly in the young man's mind. All people now in middle life will remember with what excellent reasons he took this view of the situation. Matches were a luxury. In the homes of the well-to-do even, tapers rolled from old newspapers were constantly employed in lighting lamps and starting fires to husband the high-priced matches. To increase the consumption of the match company's product it must be sold for less money, and yet there must remain a profit.

Mr. Barber has toiled all his life at the task of improving methods of manufacturing matches. Notwithstanding the wonderful success which has attended his efforts in this direction, he is still striving to make further improvements in the matches turned out by millions by the corporation of which he is the head.

Making the World's Matches.

When the Diamond Batch company was organized in 1881, Mr. Barber, because of his commanding position in the trade, was made the president of the corporation. He still occupies that position. A small number of independent match companies were brought under one management in the beginning. The greatest growth of the business has been in the wonderful extension which the Diamond Match company has made. In addition to its commanding position in the United States, its enormous trade and profitable holdings, including vast pine forests worth millions of dollars, the company has built factories in many foreign countries. It was President Barber who secured government concessions and privileges in Europe which are of very great value. The courtesy and business shrewdness which he found essential to success as a salesman of matches to country storekeepers in Ohio many years ago have stood him in good stead in these far greater transactions with foreign governments of later days.

The making of matches now has been reduced to a point that is positively marvelous, largely through O. C. Barber's increasing efforts, his disposition to be entirely satisfied with nothing and his unfailing belief that further improvements are always possible. To-day blocks of wood are fed into a machine and come out finished matches. Great sheets of strawboard are fed into another machine and are delivered in the shape of finished match boxes.

Combating the Match-Makers' Malady.

In the middle history of match manufacturing phosphorus poisoning was the bane of the business. The disease—for such it was—often resulted in death, and, if not that, at least in the removal of a part or all of the afflicted person's jawbone. Mr. Barber undertook, years ago, to remove this curse and thus lessen the danger to his employes. The Diamond Match company now pays a high salary to an expert dentist who gives all his time to examinations of the teeth and gums of its workmen, seeing to it that they are sound and well cared for. The company's shops are ventilated with the greatest care by a system more complete, it is asserted, than that used in any other line of manufacturing, so that the fumes from the chemicals used—especially the phosphorus fumes—may be quicly carried off and thus rendered harmless. By these precautions the number of cases of phosphorus poisoning has been reduced of late years by more than 90 per cent.

Mr. Barber, who has been ill himself scarcely a day in his whole life, takes a great interest in the Akron city hospital and has plans in view for many improvements in that institution. At this time an offer made by him to give the hospital $100,000 is pending, while other citizens are subscribing $15,000 to pay the hospital's debt, the only conditions he imposed in his proposition thus to aid the charity.