THE JOURNAL

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A REFRESHING CONTRAST

Hutchinson Leader.

The course of The Minneapolis Journal with reference to the questions coming up in the legislature affecting corporations is in refreshing contrast to the subservient attitude of nearly all the other twin city papers. The Journal's independent attitude is worthy of note and hearty commendation.

THE BRITISH BUDGET STATEMENT

The British budget statement made by the chancellor of the exchequer in the British house of commons, yesterday, together with his recommendation of additional taxation and increases on present taxation, were sufficiently suggestive to Englishmen that Secretary Joseph Chamberlain's South African war is a very costly amusement and that British export trade is suffering and that Britain needs a resourceful financier at the helm like Henry IV.'s Sully or Grand Old Man Gladstone. When the chancellor of the exchequer says: "I think the house will see the war has brought the country to the verge of ruin;" and Vernon Harcourt, a liberal leader, says: "We cannot go on without involving this country in financial ruin," the situation is necessarily pretty bad.

The chancellor proves this by the figures of the cost of the Boer war, which has aggregated $755,000,000 so far and is costing now about $7,000,000 a week. With a deficit of $275,000,000 it is necessary to float a loan of $300,000,000, while the income tax is increased and duties are laid on refined and raw sugar and molasses, from which even British West Indian colonial sugar is not excepted, and glucose is made dutiable and a protective duty of a shilling a ton is laid on coal exported. This is the only protective duty laid, as the other duties may be called revenue duties.

It is evident, however, that Britain is weakening on free trade for she has decided that refrigerated beef for army use must be of home production and that means protection of the British farmer. Britain does not admit that she is resorting to protection, but gravitation that way has commenced and recently the chancellor of the exchequer was hinting at a duty on breadstuffs, but he saw that it would hardly pay when British farmers can't begin to grow cereal food up to the measure of the supply needed.

The truth of the chancellor's statement about the decline of British export trade cannot be doubted. The London Mail has published a series of gloomy statisticial articles on the subject. The situation is depressing, but it will hardly do for Americans to assume that Britain, as an industrial force, is in a moribund condition. The straits into which she has come are stimulating an aggressive spirit, which means a strong movement for the rehabilitation of the export trade. British iron mongers are arranging to buy vast areas of Swedish iron lands to enable them to get their raw material cheaper for competitive purposes. British manufacturers are installing American machine tools in their plants so as to turn out better work and throughout industrial England there is a movement to induce the British workman to imitate his American brother and drop his superabundant sporting engagements in cricket, football and fishing and attend to his work so that his employer may complete his contracts on time. The delay in filling orders in English shops, which has been such an advantage to American manufacturing contractors, is caused, not only by the poorer tools used, but largely by the insistence of the workman upon limiting work to get time for his sports.

The chancellor's lugubrious statement, yesterday, is likely to stimulate British activity to repair the damages in the export trade. Hitherto the extension of trade within the empire has had less artificial stimulus than that of any other nation and while imperial federation, which would be a distinct advantage to England, is but slenderly favored as yet in the colonies, it may in time be brought about through various possible stimuli.

In our own country we should not be so overconfident of maintaining and strengthening our present commanding position that we shall grow careless and unmindful of opportunities and disdainful of the commercial and industrial devices and processes of our European competitors. England, Germany and France are preparing to fight us with our own weapons.

The Minneapolis Journal is shaking hands with itself, bowing to its reflection in the mirror and throwing nice little bouquets at itself—nice little bouquets which its authorized agents have been gathering out in the country. Those little knots of wind flowers can be had for the asking, but arbutus—well, there don't seem to be any of that sort coming The Journal's way.—St. Paul Globe.

This is one of the Globe's daily exhibitions of distress over the handsome and unsolicited compliments the country press is paying to The Journal for its services to the state in connection with the work of the legislature, while the Globe and its contemporaries truckled to the public service corporations. The Globe need not feel so badly; nobody expects it, under existing circumstances of oknership, to do differently. As for "arbutus," no, none of "that sort" came The Journal's way. When the "arbutus" was passed The Journal was not favored. It seems to be pretty well understood, dear Globe, that The Journal is not an "arbutus" paper.

The Chicago Evening Post has demonstrated that while Mr. Harmsworth may know what the English public wants in the way of newspapers, he is not a safe guide as to the American choice. The under existing circumstances of ownership, adopted the tabloid form only to abandon it and return to the ordinary size of page in order to save its circulation from evaporation.

AGUINALDO'S BLUFF

Aguinaldo is reported to have refused to issue an address to the insurrectos calling upon them to surrender and accept American sovereignty.

Don Emilio doubtless wants to be coaxed and petted to issue the document and secure some large advantages for himself. He has taken the oath of allegiance, but practically maintains an attitude of hostility to the sovereignty of the United States and can be tried by court martial as a prisoner of war and leader and promoter of insurrection.

It is probable that too much has been made of Don Emilio's influence over the insurrectos. Since his capture, insurrectionary officers have said that he was not necessary to them and they could go ahead with the fighting without him. As the insurrectos were disintegrating and surrendering before Don Emilio was captured, it is evident that he did not have influence enough to prevent disaffection, which continues on a large scale. As long as he could by a bold system of lies and misrepresentation, keep the Filipinos from discovering the real intentions of the United States, he was able to secure their adhesion. Since the Taft commission has succeeded in communicating directly with the natives a great change has taken place in Filipino sentiment, which insures the early pacification of the disturbed district.

Enough has been accomplished by the Taft commission to show the people that their best interests are insured of actualization through American sovereignty and not through a tyrannical halfbreed dictatorship, of whose rigors they have had a disagreeable taste. Forced levies on the natives for supplies, looting, house-burning, massacre of those disloyal to Aguinaldo or whom he considered dangerous rivals, as in the case of Luna, and other samples of Aguinaldo's style of government show to great disadvantage beside the civil and religious liberty and educational facilities, local autonomy, peace and prosperity and protection for life and property, characteristic of American supremacy.

It is rumored that Funston did not capture Don Emilio, but a cousin of the slippery insurgent leader. But, even if the government has been hoaxed, it makes no difference, for the collapse of the insurgents is a foregone conclusion. It is beyond the power of Aguinaldo to put an army in the field or to revive the exhausted revolt.

Work for the Board of Education The new theory that teachers should amuse and entertain their pupils, so as to sugar-coat their little pill of instruction, is taking deep root in Chicago and is being carried out to quite unheard-of lengths. Thus the child is shown such words as "hop," "skip" or "jump," then the words are pronounced distinctly, and then the teacher hops, skips or jumps and each pupil is required to follow her example, calling out the word as he does his little "stunt." From these simple words the system proceeds to difficult sentences, such as "wash your face," "comb your hair" and "brush your clothes," the teacher repeating the words and going through the operation which they describe, while the children follow her example. As a variation, the pupils are taught to mew like the cat and perform other exercises that would have given Horace Mann and other early educational experts heart failure.

Doubtless for such sentences as "stand on your hands" the masculine superintendent of schools is called in and balances gracefully in the air before the delighted children. Or the board of education may be called on to do a little song with clog dance at the end. Something simple and poetic, say:

We are pussy willows,
Growing in the spring;
When the wind blows o'er us
See us dance and sing.

At this point the board of education breaks into its little clog, while the children keep time by patting their hands. In this way the board of education may be made decidedly useful and kept in good humor to prevent quarreling over the finances and the location of new schoolhouses.

The field of the educators with their "object lessons" is gradually but surely widening. It is a hopeful sign.

The Boston Globe shows how it is Irish generalship that is fighting England's battles. It says:

General Horatio Herbert Kitchener is descended from an old Irish family and was born in Ireland.

General Frederick S. Roberts is descended from an old Irish family of Waterford. The general was born in India.

General George S. White was born in Ireland of Irish parentage.

General Garnet Wolseley is of Irish descent and was born in Dublin.

These are the gentlemen on whom Maud Gonne should call.

Boston has a horse show now going on. The horse is that rather cumbersome four-legged animal that used to draw our vehicles and eat the oats that the Scotchman left.

Mrs. Nation's paper has given up the ghost. Its literary flavor was strong and goaty and its news was old. The first number was enough to satisfy everybody.

The marriage of Mary E. Wilkins, the novelist, has been postponed again. The gentleman will soon have to sue Miss Wilkins for breaches of promise.

New England Methodist ministers in convention took action against fishing on Sunday. Well, that does seem to be the minister's busy day.

Arbor Day will soon be here, and the schoolhouse janitor is dusting off the old beanpole for use again.

The Michigan legislature is said to be at work on a bill to prohibit any man with a pink wart on his nose from holding office. If they could prevent any wart from holding office the republic would be greatly benefited.

The operation of having the stomach cut out is said to be a severe strain on the doctors. The patients also exhibit evidences of "strain."

Kansas City held a $500 fine over Mrs. Nation while she left the city. It worked well. Why not try it on the blind pigs?

AMUSEMENTS

Al G. Field's Minstrels at the Metropolitan.

Al G. Field's Greater Minstrels are worthy of their title. A large audience voted their entertainment a success at the Metropolitan last night, and from the enthusiasm evoked, it is certain that a motion to make the vote unanimous would have passed with cheers.

Mr. Field's press agent might honestly appropriate the old circus catch line and advertise "three shows in one and all for one price of admission." For Field's Greater Minstrels include not only a first-class minstrel show but a high-class vaudeville entertainment, with a section of the Buffalo Bill show thrown in.

The minstrel part of the bill is highly meritorious, as it serves to introduce some capable singers and comedians. Arthur Yule sang "The Palms" with magnificent effect. His pure lyric tenor was also heard in other ambitious numbers. Billy Taylor's singing of "The Sunset Gun," was another spirited effort which aroused the audience. Rees Prosser was enthusiastically welcomed in his songs, "For Love Alone" and "When the Harvest Days Are Over."

The first part introduced Al G. Field, John H. Blackford, Tommy Donnelly and Arthur Rigby in "moke" skits of persiflage and harangues that put the audience in good humor. Their jokes were mixed, like all those of the minstrel ilk, but the new ones were in the majority.

The olio opened with an extremely funny skit entitled "One Day at the White House," the same being a wild take-off on President McKinley, Marcus A. Hanna and Teddy Roosevelt. It takes an American audience to sit convulsed at seeing their president ridiculed in merciless fashion, and it is likely that the laughers felt a bit ashamed of themselves. The ridicule is piled on too thick where it affects the president. Senator Hanna and the picturesque rough rider may be proper butts for ridicule, but the person of the president should be inviolate. The skit ought to be toned down.

The Blackford Brothers in "The Coon from Arkansaw," a musical sketch, was one of the most enjoyable features. John H. Blackford's violin playing, during which he narrated his adventures at a country dance, was highly artistic besides being irresistibly funny. The turn of the dancing professors was as neat as anything ever seen in Minneapolis. The eccentric gyrations of one of them evoked uproarious merriment from all parts of the house.

Bob Keys and Eddie McDonald gave a remarkable exhibition of acrobatic eccentricities, embracing some of the most difficult feats of strength and agility ever witnessed. In addition to being acrobatic stars of the first magnitude, both are born comedians and their pranks kept the fun going at a fast pace. Pascatel, a clever contortionist, was another star feature of the program.

The big troupe of Moorish Mamelukes in sports, games and pastimes peculiar to the orient, concluded the entertaining performance. Their act was highly spectacular and aroused great enthusiasm. It is the same marvelous exhibition of fast tumbling and pyramid work that constitutes one of the big features of the Buffalo Bill show.

Field's Greater Minstrels are immense.

—W. A. D.

Foyer Chat.

Della Fox and her big company of vaudeville artists will appear at the Metropolitan Sunday evening for an engagement of four nights and three matinees. The advance sale has been large and the prospects for a successful engagement are most encouraging.

Otis Skinner and his players will present at the Metropolitan the last half of next week "Prince Otto," which was adapted by Mr. Skinner from Robert Louis Stevenson's novel. The play had a very successful run at McVicker's theater in Chicago last summer, and also played a successful engagement at Wallack's theater, New York, early in the season.

But three more performances remain of the engagement at the Bijou of the Royal Lilliputians in their merry spectacular farce comedy, "The Merry Tramps." The entertainment is a most novel one and the attendance thus far has been most flattering. The final afternoon performance occurs to-morrow afternoon.

That versatile comedian and golden-voiced singer, Al H. Wilson, in a really good comedy, "The Watch on the Rhine," will be the bill at the Bijou the coming week. The play is brim full of bright lines, laughable situations and original character studies. The story is well told throughout, and is just complicated enough to keep the fun going at a rapid rate, with just enough pathos to throw in the darker shades by way of contrast. Mr. Wilson has a part that brings him out as a comedian of quiet methods. He introduces a number of pretty songs that charm and enthrall. The company carries all its own scenery.

OTHER PEOPLE'S NOTIONS

Work of the Building Inspector.

To the Editor of The Journal.

Will you kindly give space in your paper to a few lines in reply to the communication of "B. A. G." in last night's Journal, which he terms "Remarks Relating to Good Government." In this case, it seems to him to mean the erection of fire escapes. As a rule, I think such communications unworthy of answer when signed only by initials, but in order that "Bag" may have something in it and may receive information which he evidently lacks, I break the rule in this instance.

I have been a taxpayer in this city for the past twenty years and claim to have as much interest as "B. A. G." in "good city government," and I agree with him that the ordinance relating to fire escapes is a good one, and for his information will state that I have already ordered the erection of thirty-nine fire escapes since Jan. 1, this year, and that twenty-seven of these have already been finished, notwithstanding the fact that the taxpayers who owned the buildings protested vigorously in many cases that there was no necessity for them.

We shall continue to order the erection of fire escapes as time can be given to this work and as necessity demands. The inspector of buildings is required, among other things, to inspect new buildings in process of construction, to inspect old and dangerous buildings, heavily loaded floors, to figure safe floor loads for warehouses and other buildings, to order the erection of fire escapes, and in general to look after the safety of all buildings. I have but one assistant for the above mentioned duties and do not think that the above record in the matter of fire escapes is subject to just criticism. If "B. A. G." will kindly notify me as to what particular buildings he refers to I would consider it a favor, and will make an examination of the buildings and take such action as the cases may require.

—James G. Houghton,
Inspector of Buildings.

Minneapolis, April 19.

Making Her Record.

Detroit News.

Mrs. Nation may not be attracting as much attention as formerly, but she is stacking up one of the most imposing police records that any reformer can boast.

Sign of Recklessness.

Kansas City Journal.

The German emperor has developed a sudden interest in American roller skates. Later on he may do some experimenting with the highball.

An Appropriate Heading.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A lecture recently delivered at Lincoln, on the subject, "The Philosophy of Profanity," deserves to be classed under the head of "timely topics."

Nerve, With a Man Around It.

Wichita Eagle.

Funston is merely nerve with a man built up around it.

Minneapolis Journal's Current Topics Series.

Papers By Experts and Specialists of National Reputation.

AMERICAN LIFE A CENTURY AGO.

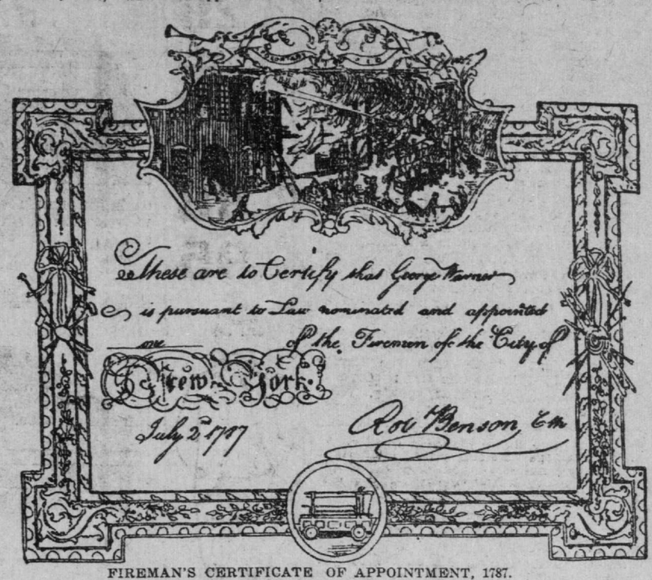
IX.—EARLY FIRE PROTECTION

By Alice Morse Earle, Author of "Colonial Days in Old New York," "Stage Coach and Tavern Days," etc.

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

There was scant fire insurance a century ago. In Philadelphia was "The Philadelphia Contributorship for the Insurance of Houses by Loss by Fire," which is supposed to have been founded by Franklin, and which still exists. The rate was 20 shillings on £100, the policy running for seven years. The premium was in the nature of a loan, returned at the end of the term without interest. No house with shade trees near it would be insured. A label was tagged to the insured house. A rival insurance company was started and took the distinguishing tag of label of a tree to affix to the house, since it insured tree-embowered houses.

For many years these two Philadelphia fire insurance companies were the only ones. It is not known that by 1795 a single building in Boston was insured against fire. There existed a primitive sort of mutual insurance, which was another example of the general helpfulness, the neighborliness which everywhere existed. It was a recognition of the principle that the loss which is sharp to a single person falls lightly on many. A citizen whose house or shop had been destroyed would send out a paper or publish a notice calling attention to his misfortune and asking the assistance of his fellow-townsmen on the ground that God's hand might next visit them and they would need the help he now implored. These petitions were not necessarily from those in destitute circumstances, and it may be assumed that liberal response was given. There were also friendly societies which carried out these methods. The Massachusetts Mutual, the first company in Massachusetts, was established with the century; it had some curious rules. If a policyholder allowed his pump to get out of order and remain so after his attention had been called to it, he had to pay a fine of $2. He was also fined if his chimney caught fire. The first fire insurance lawsuit in the United States was brought against this company in 1807.



FIREMAN'S CERTIFICATE OF APPOINTMENT, 1787.

NEW YOK FIRE ENGINE AND ENGINE HOUSE, 1809.
(From an old print.)

Caring for the Fire Buckets.

Fire rules were rigid enough everywhere. There was a fine of £1 for disobeying any order of the fire warden. If the householder could not display to the warden his fire buckets hanging in good order in their proper place he was fined. In New York, if the constable fetched home the fire buckets to the owner after the fire, he got 6 shillings apiece for his pains. This was deemed excessive and it was more than hinted that the constable hid them in order to claim the reward. Usually the buckets were left in a pile or set up on fence posts and owners and their servants came to claim them the following day. Sometimes they were lost by being put carelessly into the river to be filled and left to sink to the bottom. So they were not a cheap accessory to the household.

The Old Volunteer Firemen.

The old volunteer firemen of the first half of the nineteenth century were a picturesque and inspiring group. All classes of society, from the wealthy merchant to the humblest workman, served under the volunteer's heavy hat. Men left their homes to risk their lives for the preservation of the homes of others, and they did it unasked, and as simply as if they were walking to church. The fire laddies of the first salaried companies were made immortal by Chanfrau on the stage and through innumerable caricatures in the press. "Mose" in his red shirt, with black broadcloth trousers tucked into boot-tops, and his distinguishing "soap-locks" hanging down his shaven cheeks, was a real character. It is told that in New York in 1820 there were 500 alarms of fire, so the companies were never idle. The fights, contests of skill, rivalries of love and "wash-outs" of the different companies were episodes of American life, and the engineer with his trumpet was a hero. The orgies of the firemen's annual musters grew to be obnoxious to many law-abiding citizens, and when my father, in a position of authority, refused to countenance these musters until certain restrictions were enforced, he was threatened with personal assault and a general riot seemed inevitable.

When Fire Engines Came Into Use.

When fire engines came into more general use still more attention was paid to the formation of fire companies. Small wages were paid, fire drills were held, certificates of conduct were given. A certain number manned the rope, and each had duties assigned. When the fire was over and the engine was again in the engine-house a roll was called and all absentees were fined.

The newspapers had constantly from persons who had lost property by fire cards of thanks to all who had helped them in their time of need. Thus in 1827 in a Hartford newspaper Enoch Perkins presented his cordial thanks to the engineers, fire wardens and members of the fire society for their assistance at the fire at his dwelling place.

About Spontaneous Combustion.

Public spirit was also shown in warning against the causes of fire. Spontaneous combustion was a great theme.

A modern reader of the Aurora of February, 1801, would be surprised to see so much of its few columns taken up by one item. There had been a fire in Philadelphia in a tallow chandler's, and he published an elaborate explanation of the cause. A workman had melted up, to recast, some old candles that in some way had lost their shape and become fused together. He strained out the old wicks from these melted candles and cast them aside, and these wicks became fired in some mysterious manner akin to spontaneous combustion. The chandler published this relation, also the long and wordy affidavit of half a dozen workmen, candlemakers, who affirmed that they had seen fire generated from a similar cause, and that they gave their testimony simply out of kindly interest in the world at large, to warn others against similar loss by fire from a similar cause.

The Fire Plugs of Earlier Times.

There will occasionally be seen in the streets of eastern cities the words "Fire Plug" cut into a wall or post. Until a year or two ago (and I presume it is there still) the inscription "Fire Plug, 26 Feet," was cut in the granite wall of the burial ground in Washington street, opposite Rutland street, Boston. These fire plugs are primitive relics of the old wooden aqueduct days when the water supply came through a row of willow logs laid on either side of the wall from Jamaica pond into the heart of Boston. At the point marked by this inscription there was a sort of tank formed of oak boards that would hold about three hogsheads of water, and in it a small wooden plug was set. At an alarm of fire the plug was drawn and the fire engine took—what water it could get. The words "26 feet" indicated the force of the water. There were in all twenty of these fire plugs in Boston. The word "hydrant" has in general supplanted the word "plug," though I am told the latter is still used in some of our cities.

LEATHER FIRE BUCKETS.
(From an old print.)

A Great Fire in New York.

The fire of the Merchants' Exchange in 1835 was a great crisis in the development of the city of New York. The water supply of the city had been meager and miserable to an incredible degree. There were wells, but even horses refused to drink the water from them; the water was full of filth; there was a tea-water pump which supplied drinking water, then carried by carts all over the town. There was a very scant aqueduct system by which a poor supply of brackish water was pumped up from wells and carried by hollow logs through a few streets. After this disastrous fire the Croton water system was evolved and perfected. It was opened with a street parade, a formal dinner, a ball and a concert, at which an anthem was sung having such verses as these:

Water leaps, as if delighted,
While her conquered foes retire.
Pale contagion flies, affrighted,
With the baffled demon, Fire.

Alice Morse Earle

THE VOLUNTEER FIREMAN IN POLITICS
(From an old print in advocacy of the election of James Gulick as register of the city of New York.)

The Tomb of Ayun Musa. By Osborne O'Connor.

Copyright, 1901, by Osborne O'Connor.

If you have visited Alexandria, Egypt, you will remember the five cemeteries in the western suburbs of the ancient city. In two of these cemeteries there have been no burials for the last fifty years, and in the one known as "The Sleep of the Holy Dead" you will find the tomb of Ayun Musa. This cemetery covers about five acres of ground, is surrounded by a stone wall in a more or less dilapidated condition, and one might wander there for days and meet no one to order him away. So great is the reverence among most natives for the long-buried dead, and so strong is the feeling of superstition in his nature, that it is almost impossible to induce him to enter these holy grounds in broad daylight.

Ayun Musa was a soldier and a statesman who lived 500 years ago. His popularity made him enemies, who conspired and brought about his ignominious death, and years after his demise, when it was known that he had been an innocent sacrifice, a tomb was built in "The Sleep of the Holy Dead" to honor his memory. No one knows whether his remains were actually laid in the tomb or not, and at this late date it would be hard to find anybody who cared.

It is a stone vault, with a rusty iron door hanging by one hinge, and tablets on each side of the door giving the name, age, date of birth and death, etc. The vault is a room about twelve feet square, and in the center is a marble sarcophagus which perhaps once held a coffin. Ten years ago a tourist could enter the grounds, find the vault for himself, and passing the hanging iron door, descend the six steps into the gruesome room. If the darkness and the mold and the bats did not shake his nerve, he could light matches and take a peep into the great stone receptacle and behold dust and spiders and perhaps a dead bat at the bottom. As it was then, so it probably is to-day. Your Egyptian has little use for a dead man, no matter what he was in life. The reverence I have spoken of is more ideal than actual. In my search for mummies I have met many an Egyptian who grieved that his father and mother had not been dead long enough to bring $50 in the open market as specimens. Unless it came to the ears of the authorities that some foreigner was breaking open tombs and shipping away bones by the hogshead they would not set a guard over a cemetery.

In visiting "The Sleep of the Holy Dead" at Alexandria I was actuated wholly by curiosity and was not even looking for a relic or a souvenir. I had wandered about for two or three hours, when I came to the tomb of Ayun Musa. I had not encountered a person of either sex and time had slipped past rapidly. It lacked only half an hour of sunset when I stood before the rusty gate and sought to decipher the tablets. I had found other vaults open, but had not entered, and why I suddenly decided to enter here I cannot say.

I knew there would be a sarcophagus, with its lid firmly cemented and nothing to be seen, but I squeezed my way past the broken gate and descended the steps. At the bottom of the gate was a great accumulation of leaves and dirt, blown in by the winds of centuries, and as I climbed over the heap I struck a match to look around. There was the sarcophagus in the center of the vault, but before the match went out I had seen that it had no cover. I must have a peep into it, and so I struck another match and advanced. An instant after the flame appeared I heard a movement in the vault. It was midnight darkness down there, unless one faced the gate. The flame of the match did not show even the further wall. My heart leaped as the noise reached my ear, and for an instant I thought of some evil-minded person lying there in wait. Then I laughed at the idea. Those old vaults were the homes of rats and bats, and it was one of those creatures I heard moving about. I stepped forward to look into the sarcophagus, but as I reached it my second match burned out. I had a third in my fingers when I received a blow on the head and went down in a heap on the floor.

When I came to it was night, and I found myself lying among bushes and blocks of stone. I was weak and dazed, and it seemed as if my head would split open with pain. No doubt it was a full hour before I crawled out and staggered toward the lights of the city. I had been conveyed a distance of almost a mile from the cemetery, and daylight came as I sat down on the steps of a house to hold my aching head in my hands and try to reason out the situation. I heard the voice of a native saying that I had been assaulted; a crowd gathered; some one brought a doctor, and presently I recovered sufficiently to give the name of my hotel and ask that a carriage be called: I had received a smart rap, but a bad scalp wound was the only result. After two days in bed I was all right. I had not told my story, and the landlord, the doctor and others simply looked upon it as a case of assault while I was prowling about the streets at midnight. The fact that I had been robbed down to the last coin was corroborative evidence, and I received many words of caution about American recklessness. I did not give up my story until I was able to visit the chief of police in person. When I told him what had happened he laughed and said:

"Ah, you foreigners—you must always have a story to account for everything; but in this case, why need you tell one? There is no wife to be deceived."

"Then you don't believe what I say?" I asked.

"You went wandering about the streets at night. You may have had a love adventure. You followed it up too sharply, and the result was a broken head. Perhaps the woman was a decoy. You are old enough to know what these things may lead to."

"But I am no fool. I tell you I was struck down in the tomb of Ayun Musa, and it must have taken two men to carry me away. What were they doing in that place? Why did they assault me? If I had been assaulted elsewhere or in any other manner there is no reason why I should not say so."

"Well?" answered the chief.

"Well, why not have the vault searched?"

"For what reason?"

"To discover who is lurking there, of course."

"But why should I care who is lurking there?"

"Don't you care anything about catching criminals in this part of the world?"

"We catch hundreds, but we do not look for them in the cities of the dead. I wish you good morning, sir!"

The official took it that I was either a fool or a liar, and I was mad about it. However, as I could do nothing without him, I had about decided to let the matter drop, when I ran across an American from Chicago. When I told him the yarn he offered to accompany me to the tomb. Arming ourselves and taking candles, we set out for the cemetery. It will still be remembered in Alexandria what we discovered there. There was a man asleep on the floor who proved to be a notorious and much wanted robber, and that sarcophagus was full to the brim with spoils. He had robbed pedestrians, houses, stores and even churches, and most of the stuff was right there. My watch, pin, ring and $200 in cash were only a small bit of the plunder. That tomb was his hiding-place and his home, and he had depended upon superstition to keep intruders away. We marched him out a prisoner and gave him up to the authorities. I was at first inclined to rub it in on the chief of police. He twigged the fact, and with very sober countenance turned on me with:

"Yes, you were telling me a straight story, is appears, and you have made a capture for which I thank you; but don't get too fresh over it. Under the laws of Egypt I can have you sent to prison for ten years for entering a vault of the dead without official permission. Do you see?"

I saw and had nothing more to say.

Daily New York Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL,
No. 21 Park Row.

The Circus Again.

April 19.—As for the annually recurring circus, the small boy and his sister are again able to disport in their element of anticipation and realization. For nearly a week the circus has been out of its winter home at Columbus and in waiting at Ambrose park, South Brooklyn, for the time to move in the Garden after the departing Indians and rough riders. When the circus came to town it was like the arrival of Noah's ark, only more so, as about every kind and sort of animal was represented only by many more than two varieties as a rule. As soon as Buffalo Bill gets through on Saturday night the circus will move in and get itself in shape on Sunday for the regulation parades and two performances on Monday. A circus in New York is no small affair for it always lasts from one to three weeks at the Garden, which is packed at every performance, for climatic conditions have no effect as they do when the show is tented in the open. And the indoor circus has come to be rather a social event too. Nightly the boxes at the Garden are filled with men and women in evening clothes.

War of Christian Science.

The Christian Scientists are certainly passing through a severe ordeal. From all sides they are being bombarded by their critics. Both science and religion are denouncing the new faith. The denunciations are now taking the shape of personalities leveled chiefly at Mrs. Eddy. Sunday Dr. Parkhurst, in his sermon, was particularly severe, and in an address to the Baptist Ministers' conference, Rev. Dr. A. G. Lawson, of Camden, said: "As a literature Christian Science is merely a hodge-podge, without system or order or original ideas or good sense. Its philosophy is regretted by every competent student of philosophy, and as a science it discredits every scientific demonstration. As a professedly Christian church the organization throws down every vital doctrine of Christianity. It is, moreover, an immoral system, and it is bound to bring a sad harvest of corruption. If it had not been for its pretended power to heal, it never would have attained notoriety. Its healers collect their fees in advance, and I have never heard of any of their so called churches doing one bit of humanitarian work among the poor and the unfortunate." Dr. Lawson's paper is to be printed by the conference. It cannot be disputed, however, that Christian Science is thriving in spite of criticism.

Marked by a Tablet.

A bronze tablet in the front corridor of the old Hall of Records was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies Monday, which was the anniversary of the 15th of April 117 years ago, when the last British soldier in the war of the revolution sailed from New York. The tablet is unfortunately worded, and may have to be changed, but it recites the main fact, that this venerable building was used as a British prison during the war for independence. The inscription reads: "This tablet marks the site of the provost prison, where patriots died for the cause of freedom, about A. D. 1756. Erected by the Mary Washington Colonial Chapter of the American Revolution, April 15, A. D. 1901." A period and the word "erected" should have been inserted after the word "freedom."

Everything for Sale.

Every necessity and most of the luxuries of life are displayed for sale in the streets of New York. A man can feed and clothe himself, furnish his house and invest his fortune without entering a store, and the very rich and the very poor are alike patrons of the curious outdoor display. The "curbstone broker" who handles millions of dollars worth of stocks and the Hester street pushcart man with clothes, flowers or lunch, all cater successfully to the outdoor trade. The sidewalk salesman is found in greatest variety in the downtown financial district. Every day at noon Broad street is crowded with a remarkable perambulating restaurant. These curious vehicles gather in the side streets and at the stroke of 12 race for good positions. They together serve a remarkably varied menu of both hot and cold dishes. In the same block are to be found dog venders, while nearby a crowd of curbstone brokers rush from side to side in the excitement of speculation in Standard Oil stock and other issues of both high and low grade. Then there are the pushcart venders of Park row with their fruit and clothing and books. On the East Side, however, is found the home of the pushcart. Fish, groceries, dry goods, clothes, shoes, hats and domestic articles are crowded together in long lines of carts until the onlooker wonders how any storekeeper in the district manages to survive.

Dinners in Every Tongue.

A man can order a dinner in New York in a full dozen different languages, the only proviso being that he knows the languages. Every tongue apparently has a restaurant of its own with its native dishes, cooks and waiters. There is no better time to study the foreign element than while they eat; the dishes may not always appeal to one, but a visit to the quaint dining-room will repay the effort. The French restaurants are, of course, generally known, so well in fact they are losing their foreign flavor. Originally the French cafes in New York were small, low-ceiled rooms, where everyone spoke French and where it was the custom to follow dinner with an impromptu concert to which any guest was at liberty to contribute. But this is a thing of the past. Chinatown still remains intensely Chinese and there one may get a real Chinese dinner, something that cannot be done in the uptown Chinese restaurants. There are several Greek restaurants but they are seldom visited by others than Greeks and the dishes are incomprehensible alike to the American eye and stomach. The Turkish and Spanish restaurants are alike unfamiliar, the food being too fiery to suit Americans. The German and Hungarian restaurants meet with general favor, while Vienna cafes and English chophouses have become so common they have lost their charm.

"Free Law."

Little is understood outside the city of the work done by the Legal Aid Society, really one of the most important charities of our metropolitan life. It gives law for nothing, free advice, unpaid protection to the poor against the unscrupulous rich, and it gives thousands of dollars worth each year. Nearly 15,000 cases were aided in 1900, against a little over 9,000 cases the year before. Poor people often need legal aid more than they need food and clothing, and at times when a lawyer's fee is entirely beyond their reach. These are cases where the Legal Aid Society comes in to advantage. It has just completed its twenty-fifth year and its work has been extended to all the sections of the city where the poor and illiterate reside. The most common complaints received by the organization, coupled with requests for assistance, are for arrears of wages. There were over 6,000 such complaints last year. Applications to recover property, to recover for breach of contract and for damages for personal injuries also rang among the most numerous. Many applications come from sailors and are directed against dishonest landlords and to obtain salvage and prize money. Practically every nation in the world is represented among the applicants, natives of this country, however, leading the list.

—N. N. A.

Merely an Oversight.

St. Louis Star.

Notwithstanding Mr. Bryan insists the empire is here, congress at its last session failed to make any allowance for a royal family.

A Distrustful Subscriber.

Washington Post.

There is one thing of which Aguinaldo has become thoroughly convinced, and that is, if you see it in the Commoner, it is not necessarily so.

He Is Too Great.

Sioux City Journal.

Mr. Cleveland is the only living ex-president of the United States; and it seems sad to see so many democrats trying to kill him off.

Vain Quest for Backbone.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

Japan's protest is somewhat weakened by the belief that she wishes to find one alleged Christian power with backbone enough to stand by her before she begins to fight.