THE JOURNAL

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THE

Minneapolis Journal

Beats Them All

In Amount of Advertising Carried in April, 1901.

Here Are the Figures

Measurement for April, 1901.

	Columns
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Why, do you ask, does The Journal carry more advertising than all the Minneapolis papers with their Sunday issues included (30 issues to The Journal's 26)?

Because The Journal's circulation is not made up of the morning, noon and afternoon editions and street sales; but almost its entire circulation is its 5 o'clock edition, which is delivered to the homes. The Journal is a great home paper. The Northwest's greatest daily; that is why advertisers get returns.

GERMANY'S ATTITUDE

The report from Berlin that the German ambassador at Washington has been interviewing Secretary Hay, by order of his government, relative to what the German chancellor calls "the growing bitterness of sentiment in the United States regarding Germany," may possibly be true, but Berlin is a rather roundabout way by which to get such information.

As a matter of fact, there is no "growing bitterness of sentiment" in this country against Germany, although the German emperor himself and the leading newspapers in Germany sneered at the Monroe doctrine at the time of the Venezuelan incident under Cleveland's administration, and there are prominent journals in Germany which have ever since been daily abusing our government and country in a very offensive manner. A "high official" of Germany admitted at Berlin yesterday that Germany makes no concealment of her disposition to interfere with the spirit of the Monroe doctrine. This is probably true. That Germany is going as far as she can to test our purpose of maintaining the Monroe doctrine is evident from the fact that the German government has been for some years planting colonies in the southern portion of Brazil under the direct license and encouragement of the imperial government, and the reported acquisition of Margaret island in the West Indies indicates a tentative purpose to ignore the Monroe doctrine, which Bismarck used to characterize as "sheer impudence." The Emperor of Germany has given his approval to the new tariff which, at the instance of the agrarian party, is directed chiefly against American grain and meats, and which will soon be put in operation, although Germany does not begin to raise enough bread and meat to supply her own population, which is increasing rapidly (from 20,000,000 in 1800 to 60,000,000 in 1900). Our country alone exported to Germany in 1899 more than a million tons of barley, 1,600,000 tons of corn, 1,370,000 tons of wheat, 500,000 tons of rye, 70,000 tons of meat and a large quantity of other foodstuffs.

There is, according to the Berliner Tageblatt, growing industrial distress in Germany, through reduced production and discharge of working people, and there is little prospect of an improvement in the situation. The Silesian iron works, the tin plate and tube manufactories and other important industries are not paying operating expenses, and many factories are closed. The German newspapers are trying to make the people believe that the United States is the procuring cause of this melancholy condition, and are stimulating, so far as they can, hostility to our government. They declare that the United States is now, by the acquisition of the Philippines, standing directly in the way of Germany's Asiatic commercial exploitation. When such a high dignitary as Count von Bulow says that "a league of Europe against America will ultimately prove to be a necessity of civilization," it would appear that there is something very closely resmbling hostility on the part of the government and people of Germany toward the United States.

There is one thing very certain: The Monroe doctrine will not be abandoned by our government and nation. It is as vital now as it was three-quarters of a century ago. It is possible that Germany may carry her test of our loyalty to this doctrine to the danger point. She will not do so, however, until she has constructed a navy which she thinks will be a sufficient backing to insure the success of her aggressive movements. It is our duty to continue our naval construction until we are a sea power which it will be perilous to attack. We are pledged to regard as an unfriendly act the attempt of any European power to interpose in this hemisphere for the purpose of oppressing the American republics "or controlling in any other manner their destiny."

Shall we repudiate or stand by this avowed position?

Kansas City has found a way to close the saloons on Sunday that will work for a while, at least. The Law and Order League asked the mayor and police commissioners to close the saloons on Sunday, and on their refusal began impeachment proceedings. The mayor and the commissioners then concluded the saloons could be closed, and the order has gone forth accordingly. This, by the way, is a remedy for misgovernment that is not confined to Kansas City.

THE SALOONKEEPER'S BOND

It is apparent that there will have to be some new law-making upon the subject of saloonkeepers' bonds. The majority of the supreme court have decided to-day that saloonkeepers cannot be prosecuted successfully on their bonds for violation of the liquor laws except where actual damages can be proven. In a case brought up from Renville county, where the lower court sustained the action to forfeit the amount of the bond on account of the sale of liquor to a minor, the supreme court has reversed the lower court and has decided that an action to forfeit a saloonkeeper's bond for selling to a minor cannot be made successful except where actual damages are proven. We understand this applies also to other violations of the liquor laws, so that violations of the Sunday law, of the hours of closing, and all other regulations of the liquor traffic against which the saloonkeeper's bond is given are of little consequence since it would be practically impossible to prove actual damages, unless the circumstances were very peculiar.

This is a great victory for the liquor interests of the state. It will also impart a great stimulus to temperance sentiment and action. It will undoubtedly lead to some very vigorous legislation at the next session of the legislature under which the people may impose a penalty upon violators of the liquor laws by simply proving the act of violation without having to prove specific damages as direct consequences.

We do not undertake to criticize the opinion of the court from the legal standpoint. It may be good law, but we have just as good a right to an opinion from the standpoint of good sense as the supreme court itself, and viewed from that standpoint the condition in which the state finds itself appears to be ridiculous—so absurd, as we have intimated, that the demand for effectual legislation on the subject will be immediate and imperative.

Mr. Bryan recognizes the McLaurin idea as a menace to his kind of democracy and says that "those who believe that the man is more important than the dollar will have to bestir themselves." That sounds familiar, but the public seems to have learned that the man and the dollar are more important than the man without a dollar—the state of the man under democratic conditions.

A NOTABLE CELEBRATION

The reception accorded the president at New Orleans, yesterday, was imposing and enthusiastic. It was in large measure a prelude to the greater reception which he will receive at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition and celebration at St. Louis in 1903.

The central feature of the reception yesterday was the gathering about the venerable structure in which the great territory of Louisiana was formally transferred to the United States in 1803. The members of the Louisiana Historical Society were present in force, and the far-reaching effects of the acquisition of the great territory, out of which so many splendid states have been organized, were appropriately set forth by the president of the society, and emphasized by the president, who declared that the transaction "changed the map of the world and made this union what it now is, the strongest and freest nation on the face of the earth." This declaration was received with a mighty demonstration of approval. There would hardly have been found any one in the vast audience to dispute the statement of the president.

When Jefferson undertook the purchase of Louisiana from France, he took the view that the purchase was a question of the greatest and even vital importance for the nation. In 1802 he had written to Pinckney: "I have always held that the unity of the empire and the best interests of our nation require that we should annex to the United States all the territory east of the Mississippi, New Orleans included." Jefferson admitted that the constitution did not warrant the acquisition of foreign territory and still less its incorporation into the union. Practically Jefferson became a broad constructionist when he believed a policy was of vital importance to the whole union. He was, in such case, if in no other, willing to admit that a sovereign nation has the right to acquire new territory and the right is perfectly obvious and undeniable. Under this obvious, truthful view, the expansion of the last three years, as that since 1803, has been accomplished. In a few years there will be few to deny that the sovereign United States possesses all national powers set forth in the constitution and all the unenumerated powers reserved to the people. It was under that national power that the sovereign United States coerced the seceding southern states back into the union. Jefferson would have sanctioned the process had he been alive at that time.

Another Stanford University professor has resigned—a martyr in the cause of free speech. But what does Mrs. Stanford care? Doesn't she own the university, and doesn't the faculty go with it as a part of the plant?

A Question of Supports The London Lancet, the great medical authority, has been discussing the human leg and its peculiarities. It starts out with the proposition that the legs of a man ought to be of equal length. This position would seem to be almost axiomatic, provided man did not live on a side hill. In that case, first one leg and then the other ought to be the longer, as the man goes or comes along the side hill. Probably nature has done well, however, to make them equal, for the man on the side hill can cant over a little.

But the Lancet claims that a man's legs are not of the same length. The difference is usually microscopic, but it is a difference, probably due to the fact that nature never makes two things just alike. President Lincoln once laid down the proposition that a man's legs should be long enough to reach from a man's body to the ground. One leg may get there a trifle sooner than the other, but it is fundamental that sooner or later they both should touch land.

Incidentally the Lancet gives one bit of valuable advice. If by some carelessness or other misfortune there should be one short member while the child is young, the best method is not to provide a thicker sole for the shorter one, but to judiciously exercise it and by this means stimulate its growth until its length will be equal to that of its mate. If you provide the thick sole, you take the burden off of nature and she makes no further effort to rectify the blunder. Another way of lengthening a member is to throw the burden on society. All you have to do is to collect $1,000,000 or so, and your friends, relatives and neighbors, your church and your country's tax gatherer will see to it that the shorter limb is pulled.

The Stillwater Gazette says it will not do to print all the news. The Gazette says:

Some fellow who knows as little about running a newspaper in a small city as we do about where we will put up when we go hence says it is the duty of a newspaper, as well as to its interest, to publish all the news, no matter what the consequences. If this city chap should ever endeavor to practice what he preaches, in a small city, he would be obliged to live a life of hairbreadth escapes and not get many square meals a week. He might also develop into the fastest kind of a pedestrian.

It is clear that there are things going on "under the surface" in the prison metropolis.

Agnes L. Pratt writes as follows to the Boston Globe:

I love you, I love you, my dear one—
The stream murmurs soft to the trees.
The flowers on its bank, mid the rushes,
Are kissed by the cool evening breeze.

Do the police allow this kind of thing right on the historic Boston Common?

Rev. Dr. Rainsford has apologized for having said "damn" at a banquet last week. "Under the influence of strong feeling," he writes to a New York newspaper, "I 'spake unadvisedly with my lips.' I wish to say, as publicly, that I regret it." It was a bad break, doctor. We pass it by this time, but do not let it occur again.

A Kansas man heard his suspender buckle creak when he breathed, and argued that he had severe heart disease. He fell away rapidly but made a quick recovery when he got at the facts one day. Nothing does a man up like a good vigorous illusion.

News comes from London that Dr. Ludwig Mond has discovered a method of producing illuminating gas from coal at 4 cents a thousand feet. Dr. Ludwig may have discovered this, but the man that makes up our gas bill has decidedly not.

Baltimore papers are complaining of a genus known as "booze-grafters," who sit around for hours waiting for somebody to buy drinks. Goodness! This order has extended itself thousands of miles west of the Alleghenies.

Herbert Spencer has just passed his eighty-first birthday. There are people who have sat up nights to read his works, but they are dead now.

When the patient dies, doctors in Korea cannot collect the bill. It makes the doctor hump to save his patient, otherwise he is a dead loss.

There is said to be a comet out twenty minutes before sunrise. Our respect for that heavenly body is small.

People who need violent exercise do not need to make gardens. They can ride down on the Kenwood car.

"Oh, that we two were Maying." "Say, git off dat grass. Can't yer read der signs."

AMUSEMENTS

"The Burgomaster" at the Metropolitan.

The complaint is frequently heard that the "accursed critical faculty" as it pertains to art, literature and the drama, tends to direct the attention of the critic to the fly on the barn door rather than to the door itself; that specks get before his eyes and mar the beautiful landscape unfolded to his vision; that he is quick to perceive faults, can condemn with sudden severity, but can praise only with miserly leisure. Wherefore, when a real work of art is submitted to his critical ken, he dares not brush away the specks and fall into raptures over the beautiful creation.

"The Burgomaster," which was presented at the Metropolitan last evening to large, a fashionable and a delighted audience, is responsible for the above observations. The performance was worthy of the highest praise and the statement can be verified by any one who will witness this really extraordinary entertainment, which combines more entertainment than any of the big operatic-burlesque shows on the road.

"The Burgomaster," with Doodle, "the brutes," the Indians and their tuneful chorus, side shows and world's fair melange, was first presented in Minneapolis last October with a fine cast. It has returned with a better one, considered as a whole, although individual preference might cavil over recollections of other principals, but not long. Any one who will follow the work of Gus C. Weinburg as the burgomaster, will be quick to appreciate that he is a comedian of high rank. A German by birth, his dialect is faultless and he retains all the refinement which characterized the work of his predecessor in the role. Mr. Weinburg wore well with the audience last evening, and at the close of the performance he was a greater burgomaster than when he drank the decoction that had put him to sleep 250 years before.

The company has left of the old favorites Edith Yerrington, graceful, exceptionally clever, faultlessly attired, and Laura Joyce Bell. The capabilities of these two women are well understood and need no exploitation.

But there are two other women in the 1901 edition of "The Burgomaster" whose accomplishments completely captivated the audience. The first of these, Miss Ida Hawley (the Chicago girl who has such a time with Willie von Astorbilt) is the possessor of one of those fresh young voices made of nothing but music. A voice not wonderful or remarkable, as are the voices of great artists, but a voice that causes the blase players in the orchestra to hang upon its every note. Miss Hawley's liquid soprano was beautifully manifest in the ballad, "I Love You," and other snatches incidental to the opera.

Alma Doerge, the young woman in the German specialty with wooden shoes, made a tremendous hit. Miss Doerge, like all artists, has an eye that finds every one in the house, and Alice Neilson in her best endeavors cannot hold attention with better grace. Miss Doerge has a wonderfully expressive face—the sort that Byron had in mind when he sang of "the mind, the music breathing from her face," and she is a cake-walker from the far country.

George Broderick, of the best ever variety, was highly entertaining in the two roles of the Dutch colonel and the Harlem Spider. Harry Crandell was most acceptable as E. Booth Talkington-Yellington-Speakington-Squawkington.

Many new features have been added to the piece since its October presentation, so that those who saw it two or three times then will enjoy it as much or more now.

There are many new jokes, and fetching specialty bits too brief and illusory for description. Among the new turns are the football show by the "ladies of the chorus," the rainy day stunt by "the brutes," and much good talk between the burgomaster and the Harlem Spider. The cakewalk by the full company, embodying the poetry of motion, the glass of fashion and the mold of form, with Alma Doerge in the lead, was artistic to the last degree. —W. A. D.

Foyer Chat.

H. V. Esmond's great play, "When We Were Twenty-one," will be presented at the Metropolitan all next week, commencing Sunday night, by George Clarke, supported by a company of artists. Mr. Clarke, who is an actor of exceptional attainments, is said to have achieved the greatest success of his long stage career in the portrayal of the character of Richard Carewe in this play.

Go Won Go Mohawk, the Indian actress, and her company, which is appearing at the Bijou the current week, will conclude her engagement with a matinee and evening performance to-morrow.

Walter Fessler's latest melodramatic effort, "The Great White Diamond," opens a week's engagement at the Bijou next week and if the demand for seats be taken as evidence, this new play will receive a most enthusiastic reception. "The Great White Diamond" tells a decidedly interesting story with plenty of thrills and excitement, some love interest and a deal of comedy. The company is headed by Frank Hennig, well known from his appearances in this city in support of Thomas W. Keene, Frederick Warde and other stars.

Minneapolis Journal's Current Topic Series.

Papers by Experts and Specialists of National Reputation.

AMERICAN LIFE A CENTURY AGO.

XI.—CHILD LIFE ON THE FRONTIER

By Mary Hartwell Catherwood, author of "The Romance of Dollard," "The Story of Tonty," "The Days of Jeanne d'Arc," etc.

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

Among summer diversions of a pioneer village, the children highly esteemed a funeral. It overlapped on the mystery which young creatures love. There was a pause in every day. The other world approached.

The Freemasons, powerful craft, respected yet deprecated by the wives of its members, its poor locked lodgeroom considered a chamber of horrors, owned a bier on which its dead were borne in state. But less illustrious people had their coffins shoved into a wagon. For hearses were never seen or heard of in a pioneer village. The bereaved family sat around their dead on splint-bottomed chairs; or they followed with friends and neighbors in other wagons.

A dark, smooth-cut oblong waited under the graveyard trees. There was neither parson nor service many a time. The mourners locked down at the lowered box, plainly varnished, shaped somewhat like a diamond, with blunt ends, and their wailing was joined by the low note of the wood dove.

Children at a Burial.

On the graveyard rail fence the village children would sit; both holding themselves delicately aloof from a grief not their own and witnessing as a spectacle the storm and stress of human emotion. With delicious shivers down their spines they heard the rattle of clods on a hollow lid. Not until the grave is ridged and patted do they turn back to their play.

Comes now panting to meet them a belated mate, his trousers hung by one suspender, a hunk of dinner in his hand. He hits his bare toe on a stone, grabs the toe and waltzes about in agony, but never for an instant loses sight of the main issue.

"Been to the buryin'?"

"Yes," they answer, triumphantly, in that superior state of mind which results from accomplishing.

"'Tain't all over, is it?"

"Yes, it's all over."

"How did they take it?"

"They took it hard."

"I wish I'd a-been there!"

The Instinct of the Wanderer.

Even then the roving spirit which makes us a nation of tramps had begun its subtle workings in the pioneer village. Of couse a

CHILDREN'S DRESS, 1810.

preacher's wife had this desire for change gratified to the fullest extent. While her unsettled state was by no means envied, a few like Sister Day wanted to see beyond the horizon. Sister Day was always intending to go to Greenup to visit Cousin Priscilla. She would have to travel in a carriage of her own which she possessed, for there was neither railroad nor mail hack that would carry her to Greenup. The spring was too wet; the summer was too warm; in winter it was impossible to travel; the children had the measles, the times were too hard or she had guests. Finally she took that other journey from which there is no return, and probably smiles, good woman, wherever she may be, when she remembers the deferred trip to Greenup to visit Cousin Priscilla.

On the other hand, there was a drifting population in white-topped moving wagons always coming and going. Their aguish children saw life on wheels, and lived—and sometimes died—along the road. They were not gypsies. They were rather wanderers confirmed in poverty, trying each pioneer village a week or, perhaps half a year. Their scant furnishing was put into some empty

A FAMILY GROUP.
(From an old daguerreotype

house, forsaken by inhabitants of the better class, and their sway-backed horses turned out to graze. These people were movers, indeed. And, though the name of mover was by no means dishonorable—all the states fermenting with white vans moving westward—a pioneer village was usually glad when they fared on. Citizens could not be made out of such material.

Queer characters were always to be found in this village, and people were not so hypnotized by change that only the doings of the passing instant fascinated them. They had time to study and enjoy a picturesque figure, and they had knowledge of a fact we sometimes forget—that all human life, however mean and circumscribed, is interesting.

The Majah and Little Laura.

The majah was a Kentuckian, with a wooden leg, a brilliant, ill-balanced head and one beautiful little child named Laura. He dropped upon the village for its elevation, and became a star debater, the walking town library and substitute for Webster's unabridged dictionary. The doctor had such a dictionary, but it was too big and awe-inspiring to carry to the drug store every time a word came under dispute. The majah became a power, though he had neither house nor land—and land was then only $1.25 an acre—neither profession nor visible means of support, and his bills ran on indefinitely at the tavern.

The landlord sometimes grumbled, and would have asked the majah to remove his hair trunk and hat box—for who could have the heart to seize the majah's hair trunk and hat box for board? But the landlady, in common with other women of the village, adored Laura, perhaps because she was so different from their own aguish, blue-skinned children. Laura was sure of nourishing and mothering in the pioneer village until she reached an age to nourish and mother the next generation. She was like a luscious wild plum, all pink and gold, and sweet-tempered beyond belief; for all possibilities of happiness met in the child. She had three weaknesses—the majah, her little rocking chair and her love for bacon. Wherever the majah lounged in the village Laura trotted after him, carrying her rocking chair. She put it on the earthen sidewalk, rested and rocked at intervals. And knowing that people loved her smile and her singing of the one song she knew the witch usually posed before the threshold of some hospitable woman, who was ravished to hear the bird-piping there:

Sing and soat,
Sing and soat
In my little boat!

"Now, lady, will you please give me a piece of fat meat?"

When the Majah Died.

At the end of the summer the majah stretched out his wooden leg, turned up his toes and died like a gentleman, with all his bills unpaid. But the Freemasons, of whose great guild he was a past something of worship and renown, scraped contributions together from their own hard-earned dollars, straightened his affairs and gave him a rousing funeral, wearing aprons over their store clothes and casting sprigs of evergreen into his grave.

Laura was lifted to the bier to kiss him and cried because he was cold, but for no other reason that she could understand, and then was coveted for half a dozen homes, with her rocking chair. But after she had had her supper in the house claiming her the first night, and while the setting sun still yellowed the graveyard at the side of the village, she carried her rocking chair back to the ridge which she had seen built over the majah. There her pursuers found her singing persuasively the song which had never failed to bring her what she wanted:

Sing and soat,
Sing and soat
In my little boat!

"Majah, will you please wake up and give me a piece of fat meat?"

Peggy and Dutch John.

Another person—and that person a woman—excited less benevolence than hilarity. Indeed, where the struggle for existence was continual, she was well off in the world's goods, and had no occasion for the help of her neighbors.

You have noticed that when the public selects an individual to represent something that individual can never be anything else. He might as well yield to his fate as far as his fellow-men are concerned. Peggy was the typical old maid in the pioneer village, and if she did not like the character she was too shrewd to increase the fun by remonstrating, but played it well. She was wrinkled, tall and angular, though her black hair never changed its color, nor did her activity in dancing flag. Like a guidepost to the passing generations she held her place, which was an honorable one, and bore her part in the life of the village. She lived alone in a house exquisitely kept, a woman of means, bestowing kindnesses right and left; amusing herself with woolings like that of simple Dutch John. His humble handicraft was ditching, and he hung his shirts all along a fence, peeling layer after layer as the sun's heat increased.

"My mother was born on the ocean at midnight," said John. "And she could speak both Dutch and English as good as any preacher. If you will marry me, Peggy, I will keep you like a lady, for I have $29 saved and put by in a stocking."

The Winter Sleighing.

The great festivity of the pioneer village was the winter sleighing; and God was good to it in the bestowal of snow. Tradition says that snow rose over the rail fences, and the roads were often white marble canals. It was the easiest thing in the world to make a jumper, with saplings for runners and a box for a bed. The bells rung everywhere. It was merry as a fair. The young people in long sleds flew across the silent, star-keen winter night to dance at some tavern or farmhouse. Their laughter and their sleigh-bells, the crunching of the snow and flicks flying from the horses' feet and the gliding motion like no other gliding, were experiences not to be forgotten.

The pioneer village is gone and nothing like unto it is left under the sun. Scarcely a skeleton of the old street remains in an overgrown town, with electric lights and netted with wires. The man abreast of this century hears contemptuously of such little days and dwarfed people. But the vastness of the space which they had for their development was sublime. Gone with them is the winter prairie, bound by the edges of the world, a white circle of eternity. The stars hung over it like tassels, almost swinging in the keen air. Far off the cry of a wolf could be heard. All life except his was submerged in the silent land-ocean. If there was a moon it could almost be taken in the hands; yet lowered itself from a sky of infinite height. Cold and awful, unbounded and mighty, the winter prairie none the less put into men's minds

CHILDREN'S DRESS, 1830.

thoughts of conquest, of great things to come. There was in that generation's hopefulness and looking forward a joy which their children and children's children are not able to understand.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood

A Resurrected Hero. By Capt. Harry L. Wells.

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When Colonel Twiller appeared at the door of his apartments in the Nagasaid Hotel, he saw that Nellie was standing at the window looking out over the crowded harbor, and drumming impatiently upon the glass with her fingers. Now the colonel had not been the guardian and sole mentor of that young lady since her tenth year without learning the signs of the times, and he read in that drumming the existence of a mental condition that was better permitted to work itself off through the fingers than through the lips. So he stole in as softly as the stiffness of his cork leg would permit and seated himself in a low bamboo rocker to await the turn of events.

The colonel's other leg had been left at Gettysburg, and when he was well enough to go home, Nellie's mother, who had refused him whole before he enlisted, married the remaining three-fourths of him and seemed glad to get the chance. The colonel was glad also, and when Nellie was born he was still more glad. His happiness continued about ten years, and then the death of his wife robbed him of it until the budding of his daughter into womanhood, an exact counterpart in form, feature and disposition of the lost wife, restored it to him. He had become an abject slave of this impulsive, changeable, petulant, warm-hearted copy of his wife, and that was the only reason why he was now 8,000 miles away from his native land.

Nellie had said she absolutely must go over to Japan to see those cunning Japanese girls in their own homes, and the colonel had said "Yes, of course"; though he very well knew that she cared no more for the cunning Japanese girls than she did for the woman who is supposed to keep company with the man in the moon. He knew she simply wanted to get as close as possible to Lieutenant Jack Carter, who was fighting in the Philippines, and whom she had flatly refused to marry.

Jack was the son of the colonel's old chum, who had been so badly wounded at the time the colonel lost his leg, that he only lasted through a few years of suffering and then had left his little curly-headed boy an orphan in the care of his comrade in arms. The two children had grown up together and loved each other, but Nellie had some romantic notions about heroes, such as her father with his cork leg, which Jack did not seem to fill. He was only Jack. So she refused him without knowing how much it hurt her, and he, when the war broke out, enlisted, still without knowing how much it hurt her.

Her pride at the thought that perhaps Jack would become a hero after all was mingled with a fear that the price of the heroism might be more than a mere cork leg, and this idea the colonel stimulated upon every occasion that offered. As time went on, news from the Philippines became more startling, and that is why she told her father she wanted to see those cunning little Japanese girls in their own homes, and selected Nagasaki, the nearest port to Manila, but the poorest for seeing Japanese life, as her point of observation.

As Nellie stood at the window drumming, she saw the sampans darting about the harbor, the men-of-war lying at anchor, the large merchant steamers, the whalers and the many fishing boats, and just under the window the long row of jinrikischas backed up against the sea wall in front of the hotel, the rickshaw men looking like animated mushrooms in their sugar-bowl hats and knickerbocker trousers. She was especially interested in an army transport that had steamed slowly into the harbor a few minutes before, with the stars and stripes floating from the stern, and now, as she watched the group of khaki-clad officers disembark from a sampan and climb the long stone steps to the bund, she drummed still more impatiently, and remarked spitefully:

"They make me tired!"

"Who?" queried the colonel from the depths of his chair.

"Why, those officers with their nice, clean uniforms! What right have these officers to come away from Manila when Jack is over there fighting those horrid savages? I should think they'd be ashamed to do it."

"Perhaps they would be if they knew Jack was there all alone."

"Now, Popsie, you stop making fun! You know they have no right to come home unless Jack does. I just know he's been sick all the time. None of them have been fighting night and day like he has. I wish you would go over to the club and see if those good-for-nothing officers know how soon Jack's regiment is going to be sent home. You'll find them there, for they are certain to be all standing in front of the bar drinking those horrid Scotch sodas."

"Very well, my dear," said the colonel, rising; "but I want to call your attention to the fact that a young officer who is sick all the time could not be fighting savages night and day. You'd better decide upon one thing or the other as the reason why he ought to be sent home." And the colonel chuckled as he stumped down the hall and the broad flight of stairs to the hotel entrance.

The colonel had a very dignified, military carriage, the dignity being accentuated by his desire to conceal the presence of the cork leg, and when he made his stately appearance on the hotel steps there was a rush of rickshaw men, bowing low with hat in hand, to tender their services. Selecting one, he stiffly mounted into the seat and was soon trotted to the door of the English club, where, as predicted, he found a double row of officers and Scotch and soda glasses aligned for business.

Upon invitation he joined them, but before he could ask any questions, his eye happened to catch sight of some clippings on the bulletin board. He was soon absorbed in what they had to say. They were taken from the Manila Freedom, and had been brought on the transport that morning. Briefly they told of a treacherous attempt to kill Americans under cover of a flag of truce. The American major, with his adjutant and orderly, had gone out to meet the flag, and when well away from cover, had been fired upon. The orderly had been killed and the major wounded by the volley. The adjutant, who had carried his wounded commander back to shelter under a hail of bullets, was so severely wounded that he was expected to die. The name of this gallant hero was Lieutenant Carter. Here was Nellie's hero at last; but, alas, not with a mere cork leg, but probably by this time sleeping beneath the silent stars on Battery Knoll.

The colonel hung his head in sorrow. How should he tell the news to that little girl whose very heart he knew would break, all the more surely because of remorse for having sent Jack to his death without knowledge of the love for which he had craved and pleaded.

Slowly he passed out of the club, entered his rickshaw and was soon at the hotel. He stumped stiffly along the hall to the parlor where Nellie was waiting. She turned from the window as he entered, and a glance showed her that something was wrong. With a rush she was at his side.

"What is it, father?" she asked excitedly.

"Jack," was all he could answer, as he sank into a chair and coered his face with his hands.

"What, father? What about Jack?" She sank on her knees at his side and with a firm grasp took his hands away from his face.

"A flag of truce! Jack and his major went out! Fired upon by those devils! Major wounded! Jack carried him to safety, but was mortally wounded himself in doing it."

For an instant she remained kneeling as though stunned by the news, and then she sprang into action. Jumping to her feet she almost lifted him out of the chair and dragged him toward the door, exclaiming incoherently:

"Come, come quick. We must go to him. Oh, dear, I wish I hadn't let him go! How can we get there? He may be dead! Oh, there's no steamer for a week. Won't one of those warships take us? Won't that transport go back with us? I wish he had stayed at home. I wish I had married him. I'd do it this minute if I could!"

"That's a go! I reckon there's a minister of some kind to be found in Nagasaki," said a voice in the doorway.

Nellie looked up at the figure standing there clad in khaki, then with a cry of "Jack!" she rushed forward and threw her arms around his neck. As for Jack, he clasped her in his arms and danced around the room with her, while the colonel, excited beyond recollection of his dignity, stumped about the room like their shadow. Finally Jack stopped to catch a breath and, as his grasp relaxed somewhat, Nellie released herself saying:

"Jack Carter, you're a fraud. You've never even been wounded."

"Never said I was," he answered sententiously.

"Then who was that Lieutenant Carter who was wounded under a flag of truce?"

"He belonged to another regiment. Poor fellow, he died the day we sailed! That's my regiment out on the transport. But say, I'm going out to hunt a minister!"

"Well, you needn't. I only said I'd marry you because I was sorry for you."

"Well, I'm sorry enough for you to marry you, too. So there's two of us. We'll mingle our tears." And he picked her up and took another spin around the room.

The colonel stumped around after them again till he came to the window. Then he stopped and looked out. He did not even turn around when Jack paused out of breath a few minutes later, and shouted: "Say, colonel, it pays to be shot, don't it?" He simply continued to look out the window, and laughed softly.

Daily New York Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL,
No. 21 Park Row, New York.

An Era of New Records.

May 3.—Some one really should remonstrate with the members of the New York Stock Exchange. They are acting in a most undignified manner and causing no end of woe to those unfortunate appendages of the newspaper world who are compelled to tell the public all they don't know about the market and the men who make it. No sooner does it appear necessary for these financial writers to prepare a vivid account of the establishment of new records for the financial world than the unfeeling brokers go ahead, before the articles are cold in type, and they deliberately give the yarn the lie by establishing new records and smashing the old ones to atoms. Not the slightest feeling is evinced for the personal and professional pride of the writers, and the latter, as a class, have come to a determination that it is time they made violent protest against this sort of thing. Ever since that day in November last, when Mr. McKinley was invited to remain at the White House for another four years, the animals of Wall street, variously known as bulls, bears, lambs and asses, have been creating new high figures both in the values of stocks and the numbers dealt in on the board.

Hospital With a Hoodoo.

Patient New Yorkers have come to look upon Bellevue hospital and its associate institutions for the "care" of the injured and sick, as a sort of newly devised "Inferno," the like of which even the resourceful Dante could not have conceived during the time he was busily concocting new horrors to exhibit to the multitude. Bellevue comes in for the greatest part of the censure bestowed by the public and the "All Hope Abandon Ye Who Enter Here" sign has long since been lifted to a commanding position over the gate to the institution, at least according to the popular belief. Within the last few months so many stories of unparalled cruelty have come from the hospital walls that the people stand appalled. Three nurses have been placed on trial for manslaughter, charged with causing the death of an insane patient by beating him unmercifully, and at least twenty persons confined in either the insane or the alcoholic wards have told stories which indicate practices in the hospital which may have been responsible for many deaths.

Another Case of Manslaughter.

At this time the city is startled with still another inquest along the same lines. A man, Herbert C. Wadman, died at the hospital where he was taken without either the knowledge or consent of his family. His body was covered with bruises of the most serious sort and his death was concealed from his family for twenty-four hours after it had occurred. Naturally the family was incensed and is making a fight to show that death was caused, more than anything else, by hospital treatment. The district attorney is interested in the case, too, and possibly another trial for manslaughter may result. Wadman, it is said, aroused the anger of one of the "nurses," who "did him up." At the same time the wife of the patient was refused admission and was told by one of the physicians she would "look well in weeds." Such instances as this, coming right after two serious scandals in which hospital attendants on ambulance duty sent dying women to the police station labeled "drunks," when they were suffering from serious illness and had not touched liquor, have done much to discredit the hospital system in the eyes of the public.

The Immigration Scandal.

Somehow or other there appears to have grown up in this country a belief that our immigration laws prevent paupers and criminals from securing a foothold on our shores. That nothing could be further from the fact is shown by the wholesale fashion in which Italy has been unloading some of her worst criminals in that country on America during the last few years. A case in point has just been stumbled over by the detectives of the "central office" in this city, showing how three famous brigands from the land of Emanuel were sent to this country by the authorities and merchants of their province in order to rid the section of three feared pests. These men are now, according to the best information, located in Kansas City, where they went from New York, and where the police are now looking for them to watch their future movements. According to the story unearthed at police headquarters here, these brigands had long preyed on the people of their province, but finally determined to visit America. They entered into arrangements with the police authorities of their section, whereby they were to be granted immunity from arrest if they left the country. The police there gladly assented, happy at the idea of being rid of the trouble of looking after them, and the merchants of the place consented to furnish the money from the same disinterested motive. Thus equipped, the brigands came over as well-to-do immigrants and had not the slightest difficulty in landing.

Not a Napoleon of Smugglers.

Another great smuggling story has gone by the boards. After throwing ecstasies over the seizure of thousands of dollars worth of jewels concealed on the person of Prince Henri de Croy when he landed on Sunday, the customs officials have been forced to admit the value of the property does not exceed $700. Such a come-down has caused untold suffering to various yellow journals along Park row, for they had been building all sorts of sensations around the personality of one whom they were pleased to style "a titled smuggler." Some of their figures reached $50,000 in placing the value of the jewels, while, by mutual consent, it seemed as though the money in the possession of the prince should be fixed at a like sum. The titled foreigner, however, asserts he had no more than $2,500, and is willing to exhibit his bank roll in proof of his assertions. Likewise, there seems to have been no secrecy attempted as to his possession of the property, for he showed it freely on shipboard and had carried it for a long time. All that was the matter was a mistake in making out declarations, and on this flimsy foundation the sensation mongers constructed one of the biggest smuggling sensations of the year. It must have been pleasing to the prince.

Another Magazine.

It is announced that still another magazine will make its appearance in the autumn, to add to the already crowded field in this line of endeavor. The new contributor to the gaiety of nations is to be called "American Country Life," and will be a monthly messenger from the publishing-house of Doubleday, Page & Co. Outdoor matters are to be its chief field of endeavor and its editor will be Liberty H. Bailey, who has done much to promote interest along these lines. He was long editor of the Cornell Nature Bulletins and has also been an author, professor and practical farmer. The publishers say they are going to have the most beautiful magazine on the news stands because they have the most beautiful subjects, and will spare no pains or expense in reproducing them in all their original charm. Heavy plate paper will be used throughout, and as the idea of the magazine is a new one, it will undoubtedly have an interested audience when it makes its bow. —N. N. A.

One of the Staying Kind.

New York Evening Sun.

General Funston has made arrangements to stay in the Philippines, having accepted a permanent position there. He seems to be disposed to remain a hero.