THE JOURNAL

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THE CONDUCTORS

The railway conductors have been given a clear track in Minneapolis to-day and orders to go as they please until the small hours of to-morrow morning.

They began to take in the sights of the metropolis of the northwest early in the day, and found Minneapolis looking her handsomest for their benefit.

These gentlemen of the ticket punch and the bell-cord are most heartily welcome. While not all of them are here, some having been left at home to run the trains, a very large and representative delegation is on hand to enjoy a holiday and the hospitality of the twin cities of the northwest.

The delegates to this national convention represent a class of men who are held in high regard by the public generally, since in their keeping, to a large extent, are the lives of all of us whenever we travel the iron roads. Their fidelity to duty, their faithfulness under responsibility, their courage in the face of danger, their courtesy and patience, have won for their profession the confidence and esteem of the public in so high a degree that everyone feels a personal satisfaction in doing anything that may be done to make their holiday and their respite from the strain and stress of business a pleasure and delight to them. We hope that their convention may be altogether profitable and satisfactory, and that their outing may bring them all the pleasure that they anticipated. In this busy world of ours these intervals of respite from work come none too often to men burdened with responsibility and care, and none have earned the recreation and rest of such a period of release from duty better than the railway conductors of the country.

PROFITABLE TO MINNEAPOLIS

The announcement that the Standard Oil company, by the purchase of stock in the open market, has secured control of the American Linseed Oil company, brings to a close another chapter in the history of a "trust" that made no money for its stockholders and indeed has been an all around failure except possibly from the point of view of the promoters.

Originally organized as the National Linseed Oil company, this corporation aimed at a monopoly of the business and embracing as it did some of the largest mills in the country it came close to the desired end at one time, but failed to secure control of several important competitors, notably one local mill which has retained its independence throughout. The company had, and it still has some excellent properties, and in its early career bid fair to prove a profitable undertaking, but, as has been the case with many another industrial combine, the attempt to monopolize the trade operated to breed competition in addition to that already in existence, and what with a lack of harmony amongst the constituent companies, some bad management and plenty of water in the stocks, the first company traveled a rocky road.

Following the reorganization in 1898, when the National passed away, and the newly organized American Linseed Oil company took over all the properties, came a brief period of prosperous business and some moderate returns—on the preferred stock, although the common stock has never paid anything. Meanwhile the outside competition has grown fiercer and more powerful, not the least important instance of which is found in the independent mills operated in this city. The company finally became involved in a disastrous flax deal last fall and has lain half-dormant since.

If it is true that the Standard Oil company will direct the operations of the company from now on, it need not be feared that anything inimical to the interests of Minneapolis will follow. On the contrary it is likely to be of benefit. The local mills of the company have always been considered as among the best of the trust properties, and with plenty of working capital in sight they will undoubtedly be operated to full capacity when the new flax crop begins to come in, giving employment to several hundred men who were let out when the embarrassment of the trust necessitated their closing in September last.

Aside from this, Minneapolis possesses strategical advantages as a crushing point which are recognized everywhere, and have given it within a comparatively short time, pre-eminence in this line of industry. The geographical location with relation to the flax growing country, and unsurpassed facilities for the cheap and expeditious handling of the raw material and later distribution of the finished product are factors in the economies of manufacture that cannot be ignored. If therefore Standard Oil influence, following the well known methods of that giant company, should aim at the partial abandonment of less favored plants, and the concentration of production where conditions favor economy, it could only operate to build up the local field rather than to take any business away from here.

THE "JOINT HIGH" AGAIN

It is reported from Washington that there is a strong probability that the Anglo-American joint high commission will reassemble at Washington in the course of the summer or autumn. The last session of the commission terminated in 1899 because it was found impossible at that time to reach an agreement on some of the questions, as the fisheries, the delimitation and establishment of the Alaskan-Canadian boundary, the readjustment of customs duties and transportation across intermediate territory and transit of merchandise from one country to the other, to be delivered at points in the other beyond the frontier. The Canadian premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, has intimated, with permission of the British government, that the Canadian representatives are willing to renew the discussion.

It is very desirable that the questions in dispute between Canada and the United States shall be definitely settled by the commission. One of the difficult questions to be settled is that of reciprocal trade. Canada buys a great deal from us, much more than we buy of her. Last year we sold Canada some $20,000,000 worth of our agricultural products, while we bought only $2,000,000 worth from her. This is only one item of the same disproportionate trade. Canada is not willing to continue a one-sided trade and threatens to divert her trade in some important lines to Great Britain. Tariff concessions on our part, in some particulars, would be profitable for Canada and ourselves.

The question of the Alaskan-Canadian boundary line is a storm center of itself. It was left unsettled when the commission adjourned two years ago, but a modus vivendi was agreed upon, which gave no seaport advantages to Canada, no obtrusive access to the sea through our territory. This temporary arrangement led to a ferocious and unreasonable outbreak of many democratic newspapers against the administration, charging betrayal of the interests of the country and kotowing to Great Britain and parting with American territory in dishonor at Britain's bidding. All this bluster and fustian was very ridiculous, for there was no "Alaskan surrender," no transference of the Lynn canal hinterland, no assumption by the president, as was charged, of the right to "alienate the national domain at his sole will and pleasure." It is to be hoped that editors who make such peurile statements will treat the subject as rational beings when it comes up again. There can be no settlement of this boundary question until a treaty permanently delimitating the boundary is written and signed. And when that takes place it will be found that no American territory has been given away.

THROUGH TO EUROPE

The program announced by the Northwestern Steamship company of Chicago to operate its four new steamers regularly between Chicago and European ports, brings the whole subject of the construction of a ship canal of adequate depth through American territory to the front. The company's steamers will reach salt water via the lakes, the Welland and St. Lawrence canals and river to the head of ocean navigation at Montreal. They will pass through seventy-three miles of canals and forty-six locks. These canals have a depth of fourteen feet, but it is the purpose of the Canadians to widen and deepen them.

Our Canadian neighbors have shown great enterprise in constructing their canal system from the "Soo" to Montreal. They have spent some $75,000,000 on such work and their present program for canalization involves the expenditure of many millions more, as it includes the tentative Georgian Bay canal scheme, which is, briefly, the utilization of the old voyageurs' route between Montreal and the great lakes, up the St. Lawrence river to Ottawa and up the Ottawa river to Lake Nipissing and across that lake to the French river and via the French to the Georgian Bay and Lake Huron. By securing a depth of twenty feet from Georgian Bay to Montreal, vessels of from 4,000 to 10,000 tons could be accommodated from Chicago to Montreal without a shift and thence to Liverpool. The scheme involves a saving in distance of 450 miles over the Erie canal route to the ocean and 900 miles on the through trip to Liverpool. Cheaper rates, it is argued by the projectors of the Georgian Bay route, say a quarter or an eighth of a cent under the present rates on grain, would divert the bulk of the grain traffic to that route and cheaper iron ore rates would bring about a like diversion. A glance at the map will suggest the brilliant promise of this scheme. There is only about thirty miles of canal excavation to be done, the remaining work being the deepening of the various reaches of water.

The actualization of this project brings all the lake ports in connection with the ocean traffic, and Duluth, as well as Chicago and Buffalo, will see steamers loading at her wharves for Liverpool, Hamburg, Marseilles or any other seaport in the world. There is no doubt that the Georgian Bay project, carried out, would divert an immense amount of traffic from our own transportation lines, but shippers on this side would naturally seek the outlet which offers the cheapest and speediest transportation.

Meantime, on our side, we are doing nothing to give American shippers a cheap and easy route to salt water without breaking bulk. In New York they have awakened to a knowledge of the inadequacy of the old Erie canal for the accommodation of the vastly increasing traffic. They are talking of deepening the Erie to twelve feet and enlarging the locks for 1,000-ton barge navigation. This scheme does not, of course, provide for ocean steamers, and, if the improvement rests here, the Canadians will inevitably get the bulk of the open season traffic, if they carry out the Georgian Bay scheme. The cost of a ship canal from Lake Erie to the Hudson river is estimated at from $200,000,000 to $300,000,000. At present it looks as if, while we are figuring on construction cost, the Canadians will construct and open for traffic their Georgian Bay canal cut-off. This outlet will give American northwestern traffic the outlet which it needs. The magnitude of that traffic is suggested by the fact that last year the Sault Ste. Marie canal passed 25,643,073 net tons of freight through its locks. In Europe water transportation is receiving the robust attention of Austria, Germany, Russia and France. Austria has arranged for the expenditure of 750,000,000 crowns during the next twenty years in the construction of canals, one of which is projected as a continuous waterway from the Adriatic to the Baltic sea. The canal, as a means of transportation, has by no means fallen into desuetude.

Some Claude Duval Dreams

Little Frankie Weiss, a 16-year-old highwayman of the Claude Duval variety, has been captured by the New York police for several daring burglaries. Frankie got his idea from the dime novel stories of adventure, of which he read about one a day till, as he expressed it, "the game became too slow" and he had to go into the "daring hero" business himself. The lad has big blue eyes, "tousled blonde hair and a sensitive, girlish mouth," so the yellow papers say. He is not a bad boy at all, generally speaking, but he has for the last six weeks led a strenuous life as burglar, bandit and general house breaker. The police have been looking for him for some time. The other night he astonished the town of Mount Vernon by galloping through the streets astride a footsore, jaded bay mare stolen from a Connecticut farmer. He wore cavalry leggins and a broad-brimmed sombrero. Old brass spurs of Mexican frontier pattern clattered at his heels. In a broad leather belt around his waist gleamed a big butcher knife and two loaded revolvers. He stopped at the house of a boy friend whose parents telephoned the police, who did the rest.

Frankie wept dismally and confessed his errors. He said he had not done his deeds of violence for what there was in it, but to carry out the highwayman idea. But the language he used in his confession stamps Frankie as a bad boy.

"It's all the fault of them novels," he sniveled. "The mug what wrote that bunch of Claude Duval 'dreams' ought to get slapped with an ax. He's put me up against it fer fair."

While this is true, the grand jury to which Frankie is now held will, it is feared, be an unromantic body with a dislike for Claude Duvals of all kinds and a settled respect for the rights of property. If Frankie gets out of his fix he has promised to eschew the bandit business and all the bandit books.

The contractor on the New York subway tunnelled into the United States and is in trouble. Vaults of the United States courthouse are on the route and the contractor, who has heretofore regarded himself as a miniature czar, ordered that the vaults be cleared of all contents, as he needed the ground; but, unexpectedly, the treasury department said nay until a little red tape could be wound about the matter.

The Lyre, published in Michigan, says:

Truth crushed to earth will rise again, but
in a manner rash;
For when it gets upon its feet we'll give it
another smash.

Still, Truth manages to throw in a solar plexus hit once in a while and then there isn't enough left of Error to hold services over.

The Chapman, Kan., Standard has an advertisement as follows: "I wish to thank those who assisted me in keeping my roof from blowing off to-day." A great state—and a windy one, in every way.

Talk about your riots, your battles, your operations for appendicitis, your sudden deaths; after all that can be said the real thing in excitement began this afternoon at the ball park.

An anti-mashers' league is being formed in Chicago to protect women on the streets from insult. The masher is a mean pup and the antis propose to exercise their muscle on his person.

Polk county nearly had the capital city on the run Tuesday night, when its state senator swept Fourth and Wabasha streets with a rapid fire from a battery of one-pounders.

Two mean Harvard students stole the hands from the Cambridge church clock at night. It is a pity that the clock did not strike one or even both of them.

A real Rubens is said to have been found in Chicago. The real Reubens, when they reach that town, are usually invited to invest in a gold brick.

According to Colonel Olcott, man is a sort of telescope that can be "pulled out." He is cured of his diseases by working on his second joint.

They are telling a long story how the Younger brothers once saved the life of Steve Elkins. Then, we say, keep them in jail.

A Chicago man wants to kill mosquitoes by means of liquid air. "Hot air" does not seem to annoy them any.

The woman baseball team is in Kansas this spring and one particularly good town has quarantined against it.

As usual the people who had no connection with the mob were the ones who were fatally wounded at Albany.

The summer's millinery is said to be a series of dreams—but such expensive illusions!

Spain is holding "a naval congress." A few dories and two side-wheel steamers are there.

GIBES FROM CAUSTIC PENS

Goodhue County News—Dr. Rainsford said "damn" right out in meeting and the next week they started a boom for him for bishop of Minnesota.

Bemidji Pioneer—A vivid imagination is a terrible disease. A Kansas man heard his suspender buckle creak when he breathed and imagined that he had heart disease. He rapidly sank into a decline. There are a few men in Bemidji who imagine that the editor would die of heart failure should they pay their subscriptions. Some of them have been guarding our health in this way for four years.

Austin Statesman—A few years ago a populist would sit down on a log, and with a stick could figure out in the sand exactly the amount of money that ought to be coined in order that the government could buy all the railroads and telegraph lines in the United States. Now it takes a first-class mathematician to figure out what has become of all the populists.

Northfield Independent—In view of the determined efforts being made to secure the freedom of the Younger brothers, it is a matter for great regret that the indictment against them for the brutal murder of the inoffensive Swede, in the streets of this city, was not kept in force on the calendar of the court. The same loophole that saved their necks before would doubtless serve them again in this case, as being the law at that time, but it would insure them a continued residence at Stillwater, where they have developed into such distinguished and exemplary citizens.

Swift County Monitor—We knew something was going wrong a short time ago, but could not quite locate the difficulty until Congressman Jim Tawney announced that he had been promised an appointment for a constituent in the new army service and the appointment had not been made. Mr. Tawney took an early train for Washington, and when the secretary of war heard that Jim was coming, in order to save the war department building from being blown into the Potomac, he gave instructions to a special messenger to meet the northwestern blizzard at the depot and inform him that the name of his man was next on the list. These instructions were carried out, and the wrath of Jim was appeased. The world is righted, and our uneasiness has passed away. We hope that the administration will hereafter keep in closer touch with Mr. Tawney. His outbursts of wrath jar the entire state, and while they continue, life is not a pleasant dream for anyone.

Minneapolis Journal's Current Topic Series.

Papers by Experts and Specialists of National Reputation.

AMERICAN LIFE A CENTURY AGO.

XIII.—OLD-TIME NEWSPAPERS

By Alice Morse Earle, author of "Stage Coach and Tavern Days," "Old-Time Drinks and Drinkers," "Colonial Days in Old New York," etc.

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We, who have lived to see "the turn of the century," have found a new and unusual order of things—the world willing, in spite of the wars in Africa and China, to believe that the new times are good times, that we are better and happier than our grandfathers, that trade and commerce are prospering—in short, that "all's right with the world." The ancient classics reveal that with poets and philosophers of old retrospection at the close of a year or century meant depression of spirits. Old Thomas Fuller wrote three centuries and a half ago, in his "Cry Without Cause and Be Whipt," that in the forty years he had known England and London, since he was man grown, at such times merchants ever sang the same tune, that "trade was dead, old times were best, who can tell what the future will bring?"

The condition of the gloom in the mind of every past age, after reviewing the vanished blessings of the past and surveying the menaces of the future, found voice in the Columbian Centinel at the opening of the nineteenth century in these words:

THE ALLS.

France fights All,
Britain pays All,
Russia threatens All,
Prussia humbugs All,
Switzerland is plundered by All,
Spain does nothing at All,
Germany thinks itself All in All,
The United States is spoliated by All,
And lest Destruction should come upon All,
May Heaven have mercy upon us All.

There was apparently the same controversy over the exact limits of the century which we endured a year ago. The New England Palladium of Jan. 1, 1801, thus rhymes:

Precisely at twelve o'clock last night
The eighteenth century took its flight.
Full many a calculating head
Has racked its brain, its ink has shed,
To prove by metaphysics fine
A hundred means but ninety-nine.
While at their wisdom others wondered,
But took one more to make a hundred.
Thus by an unexampled riddle
The world's divided in the middle.
The century walking from its bed
Finds half mankind a year ahead,
While t'other half, with lingering pace,
Have scarcely started in the race.
Go on, ye scientific sages,
Collect your light a few more ages;
Perhaps as swells the vast amount,
A century hence you'll learn to count.

Newspapers When the Century Began.

When Dr. Franklin proposed to start a newspaper his friends urged him to desist because there were already three newspapers in this country. Franklin answered with his usual perspicacity that "more papers would make more readers."

In the year 1801 there were in the United States 200 newspapers, of which seventeen were dailies. New England had sixty-five newspapers and the middle states had seventy-four.

The editor, owner and printer of a newspaper in 1801 was usually one and the same person. There were no editorials. The matter in the paper was usually selected. Practical printers, save in one or two cases, owned the papers, men of scant education and no literary pretenses. The first religious newspaper was the Religious Remembrancer of Philadelphia, started in 1813. Then came the Religious Intelligencer of New Haven, then the Boston Recorder, in 1816. It united with the New England Puritan in 1849 and became the Puritan-Recorder.

The first meeting of American publishers was held in New York in 1802, at the City Hotel. It was called a "literary fair," and thereafter met alternately in New York and Philadelphia.

Elegant Titles Abound.

The Columbian Centinel announced in its opening issues that the editor "would adorn the Centinel with the most delicious sentimental sustenance which we can obtain, as well as the production of our soil as exotick." This department was first printed under the heading "Sentimental Repast"; then the editor evolved a more elegant title, "The Helicon Reservoir"; then it became "Sentimental Sustenance," then "Castalian Fount," then the "Cabinet of Apollo." A department of brief anecdotes was headed "Entertainment for the Disciples of Zeno." The "Preparations for Sunday" was changed to "Moral Entertainer."

The Boston Gazette had expired with the century, the editor sending out his farewell from prison.

There was probably never a time in any country when newspapers were so enriched with political contributions from men of ability, standing and patriotism, nor was there any time when malignity and scurrility were more rife.

It was not till 1813 that the first daily paper of Boston, the Advertiser, appeared; soon the old semi-weekly papers languished and were absorbed by the Advertiser—even the Centinel. The Advertiser was a business paper. It gave no notes of theaters or concerts, no book notices, no foreign or domestic correspondence. The Boston Courier, in 1824, took up all these lines and was widely read.

A few newspapers had "Departments of Miscellany." In one case such a department was called "The Bouquet." The Boston Gazette termed it "The Attic Bower." The editor was constantly inviting, even urging, contributions:

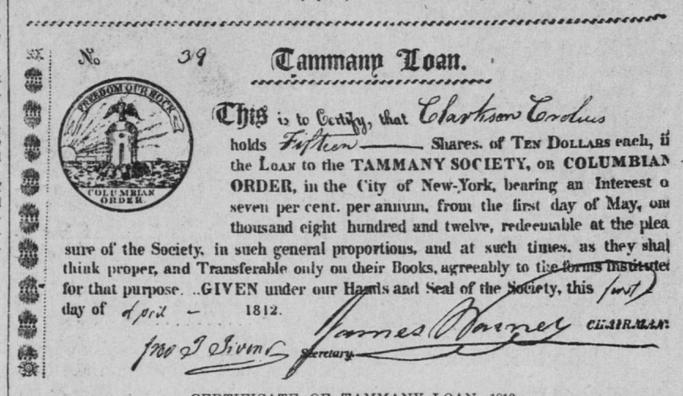
A portion of our paper will always be reserved for the communications of our literary friends, and those whose labors have already decorated that department will remember that among the variety of readers of advertisements, news and politics some will look under the Attic Bower and be delighted with the fruits and flowers of the muse. The interesting anecdote, the just and moral tale, and even trifles light as air, will be read with pleasure, "tho' the news of battles lost and won ring on the ear."

Another time the editor advertises that "a few chaste and pungent witticisms are wanted for the Attic Bower." It was wise to specify that they should be chaste, for some so-called witticisms of the day would bring a blush even to the brazen statue of Benjamin Franklin—plainest-spoken of editors.

Notices of Marriages and Lotteries.

Marriage notices in the newspapers followed closely on English lines. Details were given of the substantial and spiritual charms of the bride; all did not have fortunes—and those who did never escaped the editor—but all were amiable, accomplished and personable, if not beautiful. In short, to use a favorite expression, they "were possessed of every requisite to render married life happy." Perhaps the fact that the complaisant editor received a loaf of cake and a bottle of wine may have contributed to his unstinted and unvarying praise. Marriage notices in the American Mercury long were headed by a woodcut of a brace of very affectionate doves.

I scarcely know whether many an old newspaper would have lived even its ill-nourished, anaemic life had it not been for the universal prevalence of lotteries; for they afforded advertisements to the little sheets, of prospectus, drawings, prize winnings and puffings, as well as keeping the printer busy on off days with ticket printing and the striking of handbills. Unless one had studied it up one must be amazed to know of the vast number and the character of the old-time lotteries. There was not a state nor a community but held them, to pay public debts and make public improvements. Every church of every denomination gladly held them, to build new edifices or repair old ones, or build a parsonage, or send out missionaries. Every college and school held them to build schoolhouses, make endowments or provide libraries. Harvard, Brown, Dartmouth, Yale, all held lotteries. Bridges, turnpikes, canals, were built by their help. Private lotteries were also held; sad swindles many of them were. I do not doubt pious people gladly helped by ticket purchase all these worthy causes, but the lottery was far more to them than that. It was theater, race track, gambling hell, all in one. It was the most vivid excitement of our grandfathers' lives; the first quarter of the nineteenth century saw the fiercest burning of the fire. There were objectors to it all; serious, thoughtful men, who saw that under the guise of helpfulness the monster was strangling the new nation; it seemed a giant task to kill such an octopus, but when a few determined men worked together, the system went down and ceased to be with a suddenness that was phenomenal.



No 39 Tammany Loan.

FROM OUR ROCK — COLUMBIAN ORDER

This is to Certify, that Clarkson Crolius holds Fifteen ——— Shares of Ten Dollars each, in the Loan to the TAMMANY SOCIETY, or COLUMBIAN ORDER, in the City of New-York, bearing an Interest of seven per cent. per annum, from the first day of May, one thousand eight hundred and twelve, redeemable at the pleasure of the Society, in such general proportions, and at such times, as they shall think proper, and Transferable only on their Books, agreeably to the forms instituted for that purpose. GIVEN under our Hands and Seal of the Society, this first day of April — 1812.

James Roosevelt CHAIRMAN.
Geo. T. Irving Secretary.

CERTIFICATE OF TAMMANY LOAN, 1812.

Some Odd Advertisements.

A varied line of advertisements appears. One tavern announces that it will serve "pepper pot" on Mondays, turtle soup on Saturdays, with Blue Point oysters. The quaintly worded notice of the meeting of the Tammany Society comes next—"On the second going down of the sun in the month of flowers, at the council fire of the great wigwam." Rewards for runaway apprentices—one "A Penny Reward," one but a farthing, another sixpence, and for a runaway slave $100. This latter reward is said to be thus excessive because the slave has been so ungrateful. The advertisements of books reflect history: Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia," Hamilton's "Last Letter" and "Amorous Vindication"—the latter priced 50 cents—Paine's "Age of Reason."

In the newspapers of 1802 we find eulogies on Martha Washington, who died on May 22 of that year. In the Washington Federalist was the following:

Died at Mount Vernon on the 2d2 ult., Mrs. Martha Washington, widow of the late illustrious George Washington. To those amiable and Christian virtues which adorn the female character she added dignity of manners, superiority of understanding, a mind intelligent and elevated. The silence of respectful grief is our best eulogy.

The news of her death had reached Boston on June 2, and the Sentinel published an account of her last moments. "Confidence and resignation were uniformly displayed during seventeen days' depredations of a severe fever." She gave advice and benedictions to her friends, and sent for a gown which she wished to be buried in—a white dress.

Making Both Ends Meet.

The old-time editor had rather a hard row to hoe. The accompanying notice shows the straits of the veteran printer, Isaiah Thomas. Many times other editors fared worse. They had to beg that old rags might be saved for paper; they had to keep an intelligence office; they were sent to jail for debt; in short, as the editor of the Columbian Phenix wrote: "The moral and virtuous writer is left to starve and the chaste and modest editor is bankrupt."

Early Glories of Tammany.

The first part of the century resounded with the glories of St. Tammany, and newspapers of Maryland, Pennsylvania and New York contain frequent notices of Tammany meetings and parades. The name is so associated to-day with New York and New York politics that many forget that he was not a New York sachem, nor did his honors begin in New York. He was first chosen as patron by the Pennsylvania troops under Washington's command; soon his fame spread. Forts were named for him, and the first day of May, chosen as his birthday, was celebrated as such a festival that in 1810 General Dearborn, secretary of war, forbade any further festivities, believing that they fostered drunkenness and debauchery.

Tammany's popularity was not confined to the army. Poets sang his praises, plays were written on his life. In all the southern and middle states were Tammany societies. The charter of the New York society describes it simply as a charitable association; it gave substantial aid to the needy; started a museum of natural history; rescued the bones of the prison-ship martyrs of the Revolution from ignominious exposure when they chanced to be thrown by the waves on the shores of Wallabout bay. The society gave those bones the most spectacular and singular funeral ever seen in this country. The popularity of Tammany arose from its social attractiveness. There were almost no clubs and assembly-rooms, as our secret societies have nowadays, and Tammany meetings afforded a cheerful resort. The poet Halleck wrote:

There's a barrel of porter in Tammany hall
And the Bucktails are swigging it all the
night long,
In the time of my childhood 'twas pleasant
to sit
For a seat and segar 'mid the jovial
throng.

Bucktail was the name given, because of their parades the members wore turkey feathers and bucktails in their hats.

Tammany and the Common People

One quality was lacking in Tammany—it was never aristocratic. The May-day parade, with its Indian mummery, was deemed vulgar; the jovial meetings could not be called choice. Many great men were members; Aaron Burr was a guiding spirit in its infancy, but the general membership was not elegant.

Tammany was a recognized counterweight to the Society of the Cincinnati, which, on account of its pride of membership and hereditary principle, was looked upon with alarm. The sweep of democratic ideas is plainly shown by the fact that Tammany, recruited from among the common folks, has made presidents and formed politics, while the Cincinnati, which included Washington, Hamilton and all the great men of the Revolutionary army, has never had enough political influence to control a town election.

To Delinquent Customers.

Serious Times—or the PRINTER *without* Money—*or a Final Hint to* Delinquent Customers *and* Postriders!

THE Subscriber has frequently given *Hints* to his *Delinquent Customers* and *Postriders*, that he was in want of Cash and has repeatedly invited all indebted to him to come forward and make an immediate settlement, without being put to any *extra cost*—he now, for the last time, informs all that are indebted to him for *Newspapers, Advertisements, &c. &c.* that an immediate settlement must be made, and all who disregard this notice, may depend upon having their Notes and Accounts put into the hands of an Attorney.

To accommodate those who cannot pay money, the following articles will be received until the FIRST of JANUARY, 1803, viz. *Corn, Rye, Wheat, Oats,* and *Wood*—Those who have not the above articles, and who cannot make it convenient to pay the money at present, their NOTES will be received, payable in *Three Months*, provided they are given previous to the *Second Wednesday* in *March* next.

ISAIAH THOMAS, Jun.

Worcester, November 17, 1802.

Alice Morse Earle

Her Majesty. By Zoe A. Hutchings.

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The prime minister mopped his forehead, and the duchess dried her eyes. They had just been through a trying ordeal with her majesty the queen, who "would not marry the Duke Reinar and would not marry the Prince Corray, state reasons or no state reasons." The minister and the duchess, the duchess, the young queen's mother, had yielded, and had sent her majesty into the garden to make her proposal to her favored subject, the Earl of Norwood.

Queen Marie wandered along the garden paths until she espied Lord Norwood, and then she began plucking roses in embarrassment at his approach.

"Ah, my queen," he said, bending his knee and pressing his hand to his lips, "you will hurt these tender hands with the cruel thorns. I shall break the roses for you."

"I have to tell you something," she said, with averted eyes.

"Do you really care? Have they consented? Oh, my queen, I never dared hope——"

"Consented to what, pray?" she said coldly. "I haven't told you anything?"

"N—no," he stammered.

They walked on in silence between the rows of blooming azalea bushes. Suddenly she said, with an impatient movement of her hands:

"I wish I were a dairy-maid!"

"Why, your majesty!" he exclaimed, stopping short in amazement.

"Yes, I wish I were a dairy-maid," she continued, "and I should be milking a good old cow, and then the farmer's lad would chance along, and he would look at me as if he were not afraid of me, and he would say, 'Oh, Marie'—I mean, 'Oh, Tildy, I love you, I love you, better than my wealth, better than my title'—I mean, 'Better than—than my plow. Will you be my wife?' And I would say—I might say 'Yes,' if—if he would beg hard enough."

The queen hung her head and blushed.

"Would you say that?" Lord Norwood cried eagerly, seizing her hand. Then remembering, he dropped it.

"I wish I were a farmer's lad!" he muttered impatiently. After an embarrassing pause—"You see, your majesty, we are slaves to custom, slaves to a sometimes annoying and severe master, called etiquette and ceremony, and more abject slaves to our own miserable cowardice."

"Now you will have to yield me the victory in the argument we had last night!" she said gleefully. "Confess that I was right when I said that people in humble life are happier than we of pomp and ceremony. At last you will have to say that I am right, and you are wrong," and she laughed triumphantly, clapping her hands and pelting him with azalea blossoms. "Say you are wrong, quickly!" she ordered, seizing the sword from his scabbard and holding it above his head.

"No, I will not say it, even to my queen," he answered, fascinated by her change of humor.

"What! Will not acknowledge you are in the wrong! Oh, fie!"

"But I'm not in the wrong. It is the way in which we look at things, whether our environments need order our happiness or not."

"Ah, you are cornered! Did you not say a moment ago that we are the slaves of custom, which amounts to the same thing?"

"Well, then, we'll set custom aside," he said, a trifle piqued at being caught. "We'll suppose you to be a dairy maid, for you know you are really no better, being a mortal, and only elevated by—we'll say by the chance of custom——"

"Indeed!" she said icily, tossing her head. "If you so consider me, we may as well discontinue any further acquaintance." And she turned about and walked toward the castle. He was not prepared for this development, and was for a moment too stunned to do anything but stare after her. Recovering himself, he sprang to her side.

"Your majesty," he cried, "forgive me! I did not think—I would not have vexed you for the world. It was only for the sake of the argument, you know."

"Then say you have lost the argument," she said petulantly.

"No, I have not lost it, because you would not hear me out."

She started away again, but came back and said haughtily:

"Since you do not seem to understand my rank, I shall take the opportunity to let you know it and your own inferi—your own rank."

"Your humble servant awaits your most royal highness' pleasure!" he answered, bowing coldly.

She seemed disconcerted, and plucking some flowers, turned around at least three times.

"You must know—of course you know—it stands to reason that you know—I mean that you have always known how a queen must—it's the custom for her to—instead of the man— Why do you keep looking at me so? I don't believe you've winked your eyes once!"

The queen was almost in tears.

"I shall look at that tree," he said, turning his head in another direction.

"Well, you know a queen has to, has always had to—oh, you do distract me so! Go behind that bush, where I can't see you."

He disappeared behind a tall bush, and she continued:

"It is supposed to be a great honor for a queen to bestow on a man, but sometimes the queen doesn't think it so. Sometimes the queen feels honored and would prefer to be asked—can you see me?"

"Yes," huskily.

"Look over the other way. But it is," she continued. "I must—oh, I cannot say it!" she cried, wringing her hands.

He rushed from behind the green foliage.

"Oh, my own—yes, you can! Just say it," he pleaded. "Why, I could—easily!"

"Why don't you, then?" covering her face with her hands.

"Why—because—I—why, just say—just say—just anything!"

"Well, go back again, then," she said, weakly. But when he disappeared she burst into angry tears.

"I'll not do it!" she cried, stamping her foot. "I'll never, never, never do it!" and she fled to the house.

The prime minister thought he had never seen quite so perverse and intractable a queen, while the duchess pleaded and commanded in vain.

"No, I'll not do the proposing! I'll stay an old maid."

"We will allow her six months to make up her mind," said the minister, wearily.

"Allow! Allow! Since when did you become queen? What! Six months, indeed. I'll be married this very minute!" And then the queen ran from the room in a passion, down the steps, into the garden.

"Where are you going?" asked the Earl of Norwood, meeting her.

"I'm going down to the village to marry the blacksmith!" she answered, hurrying past him. He ran after her and caught her hands.

"Oh, my queen! Oh, Marie! I love you, I love you! Better than my wealth, better than my title! Say that you love me. Say it quickly!"

He folded her in his arms.

"I am as happy as a dairymaid!" she whispered.

"And I as a farmer's lad!"

Daily New York Letter.

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

A Boom in Real Estate.

May 17.—Real estate speculation on a large scale seems to have followed right on the heels of the speculative fever in securities. Without waiting for a breathing period after the stock movement, the buying of real estate in all sections of Manhattan island was taken up and is being pushed to a remarkable extent. Pretty much everybody with spare cash seems to have become possessed of the same idea at the same time, and each week some of the biggest deals in realty are carried out. No particular section of the city is favored, the dealings running from the Battery to Washington Heights and the Bronx, with a large number of important transactions recorded on Broadway and Fifth avenue property. Everything, from vacant lots to office buildings and hotels, seems to be taken in the range, and in some instances quick turns for profits are seen. Less than a month after Former Mayor Hugh J. Grant and Henry Morgenthau, president and vice-president, respectively, of the Central Realty and Trust company, purchased the block on the west side of Broadway, between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth streets, for $1,650,000, came the news of its resale for $2,000,000; and other turns, while not involving such an amount, equally rapid, have been made.

A Big Bridge Anyhow.

An immense railroad bridge is to be built over the North river to connect this city with the New Jersey shore, despite the fact that the bill passed by the last legislature, giving to the North River Bridge company enormous rights and privileges, was vetoed by Governor Odell. It has developed that the Pennsylvania railroad is behind the project, and the bridge, which will be for the accommodation of passenger traffic only, will be the biggest kind of an affair. Sixteen tracks for railroad trains are planned, and so solidly will be the construction that the trains can pass over at full speed. Trolley tracks, driveways, bicycle paths and foot paths will be over the tracks for steam cars, and this end of the bridge will be located at about Twenty-third street. Fully $80,000,000 will have to be expended to complete the bridge as planned, but it is asserted on authority that the work will be under way in eighteen months and will be completed in four years. As for the interests back of the enterprise, the railroad people, they cannot get the work done too quickly for their purposes. The company already has a charter from the United States government, obtained in 1890, and according to its provisions, all the company has to do is to make proper arrangements with the New York city authorities for rights on the water front and for the compensation to the city for these rights. Such an application is about to be made, and terms are likely to be agreed upon.

A Blow to English Commerce.

While big movements are progressing in the various lines of commerce and development, the shipping world is by no means free from its excitements. No sooner did the steamship transportation people recover from the surprise of the sale of the Leyden line by English owners to Morgan interests, and the attendant movement for consolidation in the water transportation lines, than they were treated to the further surprise of the passing of the Atlas line into the hands of the Hamburg-American people. This is a second and serious blow to English commerce within the month. With the first passed one of the most important British lines to American capitalists, and now, with the second, the next strong rival to Britain for ocean supremacy in the commercial combat, Germany, makes an important capture. Taking the two events together, steamship men declare that Great Britain has, in the language of the sport, been "whipsawed." Brittania, they assert, has been given the worst blows possible in the contest to wrest from her the supremacy of the seas, and unless counter moves are made, and rapidly, too, they predict the passing of Great Britain as the leading power on the deep. The deal was closed on the other side, and gave to the Germans the last remaining English line plying between New York and the West Indies. The line also has an immense South and Central American trade. It is a most important acquisition for the Hamburg-American people, who, while they have several lines connecting the West Indies with Hamburg, have nothing from the West Indies to New York. There is a feeling among shipping interests that the deal of the Germans means much more than appears on the surface. They look for a gradual widening of German plans in connection with the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd lines, including eventually a stopping at Queenstown of the Deutschland and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, their star ship. This would carry the battle into England with a vengeance and mean the loss of millions to the present lines running from Queenstown.

The Shirt Waist Matter.

As far as the New York letter carriers are concerned at least, the shirtwaist fad for men's summer wear is a pricked bubble. Some of the postmen last year read of cities and towns about the country where the shirtwaist for the men had been made a part of the carriers' uniform, and they petitioned Postmaster Van Cott to adopt the plan here. The postmaster said he would let the men vote on the proposition, and if they favored it, he would issue a rule to permit the waist. But first he said it would be better to get a few models of the shirtwaists and let various types of men wear them before the assembled carriers. The trial came off last week, and the types selected were the tallest, the shortest, the leanest and the fattest of the uniformed force. Then there were a