THE JOURNAL

LUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. | J. S. McLAIN, EDITOR.

DEMOCRATIC HEADWINDS

It is reported from Beaumont, Texas, that the Hon. C. A. Towne has affiliated with those terrible fellows, the capitalists, and has become a member of a $3,000,000 oil gusher company, which is a factor of the big land and oil combine growing out of the oil excitement in Texas. Mr. Towne shares the furore of many of his fellow democrats in this capitalistic lusting, and he has, no doubt, forgotten his speeches of last year as to the wickedness of multimillion combinations.

It would not be surprising to find him recognizing the present tendency of the New York democratic leaders to the policy of saving their party by trying to hold the east and the south in solidarity as against the remaining Bryanism of the west. Mr. Towne is not probably ready to swear eternal fealty to the "principles" which the once flamboyant preterite Bryan is laboriously expounding in his weekly journal, the Commoner, at Lincoln.

The movement of the New York leaders of the democracy is certainly the wisest for their party, and it only remains to be seen whether the McLaurin wing of the southern democracy is strong enough to attract the growing element in that section which believes in promoting the natural course and order of events in our national development, and which has given notice already that it revolts against the antiexpansion declaration of the Kansas City platform.

It is to be noted that Bryan in his Commoner, stands by the antiexpansion plank as vehemently as ever, and is repeating his ancient platitudes about silver and the gold standard—as far away from the living present as old Rip Van Winkle was asleep on the mountainside with all human activities roaring beneath him. Mr. Bryan is getting away from his party in the east and south, and Tillman, while strong in South Carolina, will not be able to help his Nebraska friend very much longer. Even Bailey of Texas is changing front on the subject of expansion, like Morgan of Alabama and other southern democrats.

The reorganization of the democratic party will not come in a day or a month or in a year, but the leaven is working which is going to accomplish it, not, however, without splitting the party and leaving the retrograde element with its anarchic and socialistic elements to shift for themselves.

The only possible hope for the democratic party is in reorganization, and it will be successful only according to the measure of its approach to and adoption of progressive republican principles.

The Omaha road wants some streets vacated so that it can improve its terminals in this city. Minneapolis wants direct service with the southwest, without having to go by way of St. Paul, either on passenger or freight trains. And until the Omaha agrees to the direct service the probabilities seem to be that the business men of Minneapolis will not urge the council very hard to vacate the streets. The Omaha railroad company has a chance now to do the fair thing by the city that gives it most of its twin city business and is in no position to ask favors in the way of street vacations till it improves that chance.

CHINA'S CASE

Washington reports advices from Peking announcing that the representatives of the powers are inclined to adopt a special agreement that, after the withdrawal of the foreign troops, no power shall seize Chinese territory if the imperial government is not able to pay the indemnity of 450,000,000 taels (the tael is about 70 cents of our money) and each power will share in the loss according to the amount of the bonds it has received. It is proposed that an international board of finance shall collect the money from China which is to be paid in annual installments running thirty-one years. This indemnity is additional to what China is charged for the expense of maintaining the foreign troops in Peking, which now reaches $100,000,000.

This is a rather formidable pull on the celestials, but there are further crosses for them to bear, if the powers insist upon razing the forts at Taku and other approaches to Peking and occupying in a precautionary way certain points in the province of Chi-li. The proposition to establish an international board of finance at Peking to stand over the Chinese administration and collect the indemnity, is a measure of business precaution, but the board, with the foreign garrisons it is proposed to maintain, will be a continual reminder to the Chinese that their independence is gone. Moreover, China has been remorselessly plucked by Russia, Germany and France and her territorial integrity has thus been grossly violated, and these three powers have been relentless in pushing punitive expeditions, in violation of international law, which forbids hostile operations pending negotiations.

During the past year of bloody tragedy in China, our government can show the cleanest record. That record reveals the fact that our troops are not implicated in the wassails of massacre and pillage and rape in which the other troops indulged, and that our troops did not participate in the so-called punitive expeditions of General Waldersee, who is still engaged in them. Our government has protested from the first against the partition of China, and Great Britain and Japan have joined in the protest. Our troops have been ordered out of Peking, except the legation guard, and our indemnity claim is the lightest of any of the first class powers, aggregating only $25,000,000. Our declared purpose in sending troops to China jointly with the other powers last year, was to rescue the legationers and protect foreign property. This has been accomplished and so our troops have been ordered away and our government has at least prevented, by its firm attitude, a scramble for Chinese territory for the present at least.

The end is not yet. The anti-foreign forces are yet seething and plotting and will continue to do so as long as the powers keep up the military occupation of the capital and points in the vicinity. Neither the emperor nor the old empress will return to Peking under such circumstances, especially since the temples have been violated and the palaces either destroyed or robbed of their furnishings and occupied by the foreign military staffs. And the present negotiations for a peaceful settlement are carried on, not with the imperial government direct, but with intermediaries, one of whom was known to be the tool of the dowager empress, a perjured scoundrel and thief who has pocketed bribes without number and robbed the imperial revenues for his own uses. Behind the Chinese commissioners is chaos and a large promise of future Chinese vengeance.

The suggestion of a contempory that the new law to punish husbands for non-support of wives and families is a failure because there seem to be quite as many arrests on that charge as before the law was passed, does not seem to be good. There may be more arrests because there is a penalty and a chance to offer to the delinquent sufficient inducements to make him do his duty as a husband and father. At any rate, it is pretty sure to have that effect in the long run.

The Duluth Herald cannot see any reason why an unoperated mine should not be taxed the same as an operated mine. Probably the Herald can understand why an improved lot, carrying a valuable and productive improvement, should pay more than unoccupied ground. Of course this is not a single tax principle, but single tax is not yet in operation in this state.

THE SOLDIER AND THE CANTEEN

Mr. John Edgar of Rochester, Minn., writes a communication to The Journal to-day, first, apparently, to rip up the argument in favor of the canteen at the army posts and, second, to favor substantially, at least, the canteen or government dispensary, as a substitute for saloon. In other words, he is opposed to the government dispensing wine and beer to its soldiers, whose appetites are probably as well developed on the average as those of the average man, while he favors the dispensing of liquor by the government to the public.

Mr. Edgar is an advocate of the dispensary system, substantially that which obtains in South Carolina. But he seems to think that it would not work at the army posts. The consistency of his position does not impress itself very strongly upon The Journal. Neither does the force of his argument at the beginning of his communication, where he undertakes to make it appear that as a temperance measure drinks should be served in the home, in the business establishment, at the railroad headquarters, etc. Of course, the illustrations he uses do not illustrate. The cases are not parallel, and the conclusion he reaches does not follow. As to the reports from the army officers, as far as we have seen them, they do not differ materially. The testimony seems to be almost universal on the side of the canteen as against the abolition of the sale of wine and beer at the canteen and th resort of the soldiers to the campgate saloon. Of course, Mr. Edgar's comparison of the treatment accorded the Indian with the protection thrown around the soldier, he could hardly expect to be taken seriously since the Indian is a ward, treated just as a child is treated. The soldier cannot be treated in that way. When he is so treated there will be no soldiers; at least, none worth anything.

The Journal probably needs to make no explanation of its attitude toward the saloon. It is sufficiently on record against that unmitigated evil to protect it against any charge of befriending that institution or justifying the drink habit when speaking of the post canteen as a better thing, under the circumstances.

A correspondent of The Journal takes exceptions to our suggestion that the ore out of the mine be taxed separately from the ore in the mine, on the ground, apparently, that this tax will increase the price of the iron product. Probably it will not. The price of the iron product will be increased if the trust can increase it, whether the tax is levied on it or not. The only thing that can surely prevent increase in the price of the iron product is competition, and competition seems to be developing strongly against the big steel trust.

The Joker of Yonkers Brian G. Hughes, the man who entered a broken-down car horse, Puldeka Orphan (pulled a car often), at the horse show in New York, and who actually took a prize at the cat show with a 10-cent female cat picked up on the street, is one of those natural jokers who flourish in so many communities in America and increase the general stock of good health by making people laugh, thus discouraging liver complaint and dyspepsia. Mr. Hughes says he hasn't any philosophy of jokes, and the only kind of jokers he objects to are those "who keep a joke up."

"A man who will run a joke around," says Mr. Hughes, "till it is on its uppers and its tongue hangs out, ought to go to bed with his natural brother, the lobster. I believe in exploiting the brand of jokes that leaves no sting—the kind that loosens up your joints and makes you feel as if you had lots of money in the bank. I don't believe in mean tricks."

Under Mr. Hughes' store in Yonkers a branch of the Nepperhan river runs. One day he hired two hoboes to pump out his basement, promising them $5 when the job was done. The whole town collected and rubbered at the men who had undertaken the work. When they discovered the trick they got two coupling-pins and hunted for their friend, but he had left town.

Two years ago Mr. Hughes planted a U. S. mint bag full of brass at Asbury Park. The "find" occasioned a small riot, and Mr. Hughes and a number of men "who saw it first" were fined $10 each by the police judge for disturbing the peace. The men "who saw it first" felt hurt, but soon joined in the laugh.

Mr. Hughes says there are three things necessary to a good joke—a man who can play it well, a man who can take it well and an audience that will not rub it in too hard. It would be well to memorize these three points—especially the last.

The latest act of Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland resulted in a severe black eye for a railroad octopus. The question was on the taxation of a belt line and terminal railroad in Cleveland which has been assessed at $15,000 to $20,000 for many years. After the president and receiver of the road had claimed that $19,000 was a full valuation, because it is earning no profits, Mayor Johnson breezily asserted that the value of property is what it will sell for, and declared that he and the receiver tried to buy it some years ago for $500,000, and could not get it for that price. He concluded it is not worth any less now. Being challenged to pay $400,000 for it, he started to write a check for the amount on the spot, and the magnates backed down at once. A mayor who can write checks for $400,000 can call bluffs of almost any description.

Dr. J. H. Gridmer says New Yorkers are suffering from brain-softening, heart failure, nervous prostration and a few other minor maladies which he lumps under one name of Newyorkitis, due, he says, to the rush and roar of the streets. The doctor ought to leave off his tonic for a few days. It makes him dream.

The parish of Shoreditch, London, England, has a garbage crematory which not only burns the stuff, but which actually makes money for the parish. The garbage is exposed to a forced blast produced by motor-driven fans, some of which ventilate adjacent sewers and blow the gases into the furnace, thus helping to feed the flames. A new system of thermal storage economizes the heat. The steam generated is stored in boilers and is used to drive engines and dynamos and to heat water furnished to baths and laundries. So far the local system has not paid any dividends.

This golf language may be somewhat difficult to understand, but it is warm and to the point when the careless lady, by vigorous stick work manages to hit her husband on the nose with the metal end of the golf stick.

A baldheaded man at McHenry, Ill., had his mental ceiling frescoed in colors for a joke, and it nearly resulted in the insane asylum for him. People thought he was getting too toppy.

There were ten illegal ballots cast at the Professional Woman's League election, and the ladies, though annoyed at first, are now pointing with pride to their ability in practical politics.

The crop-killers are out with axes for the northwestern crop. One man has dreamed that we are to have six weeks drought and another has consulted a Hessian-fly clairvoyant.

The New York police are enforcing an order against courtship in the public parks. Holding hands is permissible, but osculation is barred.

A masher was fined $500 by a Kansas City judge. When he gets it paid, the lady's friends threaten to caress him with baseball bats. The mashing business has its drawbacks.

Omaha thinks that it is in the grip of an asphalt trust. Put a little brick pavement into the old hat for the trust to kick on. That's the way to fool it.

A public religious discussion on baptism in Missouri nearly resulted in a fight. These good old issues will stand considerable bullyragging still.

The sultan has barred the typewriter from Turkey. We see the hands of twenty or thirty sultanesses in this.

Chauncey Depew has launched a third-term proposition. Chauncey is the little joker of the administration.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

The extra session proposition is worrying a good many republicans. They feel that the record made last winter was almost too much to expect of the legislature, and that an extra session next winter may spoil it all. They prefer to let well enough alone, going before the people on the record of seventy-nine days' work. This feeling may be shared by a few members of the legislature, but the great body of them will certainly want to come back next year.

The only thing that would prevent the extra session would be a delay in the work of the tax commission. If that body should ask for more time, the consideration of its report could be postponed until the next regular session. The commissioners are hard at work, however, and will in all probability have their report completed by Feb. 1, 1902, as the law directs. In that event the governor cannot well avoid calling an extra session. He went on record repeatedly in conversation with members last winter, saying that if they would adjourn the session early he would call them in extra session.

Pressure is already being exerted on the governor by those who oppose the extra session, and he will doubtless hear from many before next February, but on the other hand the members of the legislature would not consent to abandonment of the idea, and the governor himself is anxious to have the new tax code enacted as soon as possible. If it is put through in effective shape, it will make one of the strongest campaign arguments of 1902.

J. F. Jacobson still figures in the editorial columns with regularity. Nearly every paper in the state has taken its turn at the Lac qui Parle statesman, either crying him up or down. Several have mentioned him as good material for governor, with the addendum that he would stand no show in a convention on account of the hostility of the politicians. Commenting on such a suggestion in the New Richmond Star, the Albert Lea Enterprise says:

> Mr. Jacobson is all right and would make a perfectly fearless and independent governor. But the politicians would not for a moment entertain the thought of making him governor.

The Northfield News, Congressman Heatwole's paper, says:

> If Mr. Jacobson is such a great friend and defender of the people, and his friends are correct in their estimate of him, he would be the proper man to nominate for governor, provided, of course, it was decided not to give Mr. Van Sant another try at it.

The West St. Paul Times gives a glimpse of the reverse side of the picture. It says that Jacobson is "a demagogue of the first water."

> He is the kind of a fellow who is always playing to the galleries. He is pompous, bombastic, egoistical, domineering, arrogant and headstrong.

At this point the editor ran out of adjectives. It may be well in explanation to state that the editor of the West St. Paul Times is Charles S. Schurman, one of the representatives from the thirty-fifth district. A perusal of the roll call on the gross earnings bill may throw some light on the editor's state of mind.

Chisago county does not like J. C. Pope, who represents the thirty-second district in the house, and Chisago county papers are talking about retiring him. Pope says, however, that he is quite likely to go after the nomination again, and the Sandstone Courier reminds Chisago that in the past Kanabec and Pine counties have had a good deal to say in naming candidates on account of factional strife in the larger county. Here is where the primary law cuts a figure. The Lindstrom Courier retorts that convention days are over, and that Chisago can take every legislative nomination in the district by sheer voting strength, if so disposed.

By the way, Chisago county people are trying to find the man who named the county. They have discovered that "Chisago" is Indian for "skunk."

—C. B. C.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

Katherine Germaine and the Broadway Opera company will present "The Highwayman" at the Metropolitan to-night for the last time in this city.

Richard Mansfield will present his great dramatic spectacle of "Henry V." at the Metropolitan for three performances, beginning to-morrow night. The great production will be given with all the completeness as to detail of scenery, armor, furniture, heraldry, cast, ballet, choir and extra people that characterized the original New York presentation.

The sale of seats opens to-morrow morning for the engagement of Jessie Bartlett Davis and the big vaudeville company which appears at the Metropolitan the first half of next week, commencing Sunday. Among other features in addition to Jessie Bartlett Davis are Thorne and Carleton in a roaring comedy sketch, Gus Williams the German comedian; DeHaven, May and DeHaven singers, dancers and instrumentalists; Morrissey and Rich, Irish comedians; Smart and Williams, colored artists; Marsh and Sartella in a singing and dancing specialty and the polyscope with some new views.

With its bright catchy music, its new songs and witty dialogue, "The Telephone Girl" well succeeds in filling the aching void at the Bijou the current week. This farce is admittedly one of the cleverest that ever came from the Casino sources and is the best described as one continuous laugh. The company producing the comedy has been well selected.

Hal Reid's beautiful story of the south, "Knobs o' Tennessee," with an entirely new scenic investiture, will be the next week's attraction at the Bijou. The play is well-known in the east but this will be its first visit to the northwest. It is described as a strong melodrama, a play without a mortgage on the old farm, without a woman's injured honor, without a risque situation; just a pure American play with well defined pathos and comedy at just the right intervals; full of the odd characters that inhabit the foot hills of the Tennessee mountains.

Minneapolis Journal's Current Topic Series.

Papers by Experts and Specialists of National Reputation.

THE WOMEN'S CLUB MOVEMENT.

XIV.—ARTS AND CRAFTS WORK OF SOUTHERN CLUBS

By Mrs. John K. Ottley, member of the Industrial Committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs and Chairman of the Committee on Working Women.

Copyright, 1901, by Victor F. Lawson.

The work of women's clubs falls under two heads—what they do and what they suggest.

Every discussion must take into consideration these two distinct lines of influence and there can be little question that the abstract field of suggestion is quite as important as the concrete one of actual endeavor.

Society is only just reaching that stage in evolution when it perceives its "tendencies" and consciously strives to foster them.

Social telesis, as a great social philosopher has aptly named this effort of society, as a whole, to assist social evolution, is manifesting itself more and more strongly in all the movements of the day, and such a group as is constituted by the clubwomen of the United States should be a potent factor in observing and fostering social tendencies.

A notable instance in this direction is to be found in the great and growing interest of American clubwomen in the new movement toward democratic art and its expression which is manifesting itself so strongly in the United States to-day. Never before has there been such a tendency to make art a part of the daily life of all the people and to draw from the simplest individuals some product of the hand inspired by the individual mind.

The clubwomen of America have done and are doing much to foster this tendency for individual hand production, which is raising its head feebly enough amid the endless profusion of machine-made products.

Work by the General Federation..

The general federation of Women's clubs has a strong central committee which has done much to stimulate interest in and desire for hand products. Its chairman, Mrs. Herman J. Hall of Chicago, with an able corps of assistants, arranged at the last biennial convention of women's clubs in Milwaukee an exhibit of arts and crafts which was of unexcelled value and significance of interest. The handwork of all nations appeared in wonderful and dazzling array, metal, jewels, wood, lace, leather and all the wonderful weaves of the orient testifying to the art of the old world craftsman. Few and pale in comparison seemed the rugs and pots, the draperies and the carvings which stood for "home products," but of unspeakable interest to the loyal American, who saw in them the promise of unfolding beauty and development both of the art and the artist.

True it is that the occidental nations have ever lacked that subtle necromancy of touch which makes of the products of the orient wonders of the world. It is equally true that our own new world has found neither place nor time for the beauties of European hand work, but for this latter deficiency there have been reasons which do not, perhaps, argue a lack of artistic possibilities. Though the hand products of the western world may never equal those of the orient they may certainly attain an admirable degree of beauty and excellence and be found expressive of our life and civilization.

So they speak the genius and development of our own people we shall be content, knowing well that that genius and that development will be constantly augumented and magnified by such expression.

Fostering Hand Work in America.

Following the lead of this central committee, of which Mrs. A. H. Brockway of Brooklyn is now chairman, clubs all over the country have added arts and crafts departments and devoted time, attention and influence to the promotion of the handecraft idea.

"But how?" asks some one. "Are the club women who are interested in hand crafts themselves craftsmen?"

Not necessarily so. Here comes in the suggestive value of an organized body possessed of intelligence and influence. The share which women's clubs may have in the arts and crafts movement in America consists more in what they may enable others to do than in what they shall do themselves.

To suggest the possibility and the practibility of hand work to those capable of doing it and to aid in finding a market for such work when done, have been found needful fields of influence in which clubs and club women have proved most effective.

The whole business of hand work has fallen so thoroughly into desuetude in the United States that the dying embers of it must be carefully fanned and cherished, and after the work is done a market must be created, almost artificially at first, for, since hand work must always cost more than the products of the machine, the public must be interested with the excellencies and advantages of hand work before it will see a reason for paying a larger sum for what seems, superficially, the same article.

Even the William Morris products, with their illuminating trade mark of "Not How Cheap, but How Good," required to be expounded and elucidated before the British public knew how much it desired them.

Hand Work of the Mountaineers.

It is a far cry from William Morris and the Kelmscott shop to the Georgia mountaineer at Fouche's gap, and yet an arts and crafts movement has been initiated in the latter place which, however humbly, recapitulates the thought of the great English master.

The mountaineers of north Georgia, in common with those of North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky, the other states of the Appalachian highlands, are a primitive people, among whom life has moved in the same channels for many hundreds of years. Their ignorance explains their prejudice, and their bravery, honesty and occasional fruitless industry speak of greater capabilities within them.

The genuine highlands are remote from civilization, but there are boundary districts in which the "mountain white," in his unterrified illiteracy and shiftlessness, lies geographically near to the great world of which he knows so little.

Mrs. Lindsay Johnson's Efforts.

Such is the case near Rome, Ga., and thither in excursions from her neighboring plantations went Mrs. Lindsay Johnson, president of the Georgia Federation of Women's clubs. She found the greatest destitution and need of some sort of profitable employment for the women, whose lives are dreary beyond description. In most of the homes were found the old-fashioned hand loom, and, in many, the spinning wheel still in use. The weaving was, however, done only in sufficient quantity to supply the wants of each family.

Mrs. Johnson, grasping the possibilities of the situation and aided by her husband, himself deeply interested in the development of his section of the country, succeeded in bringing one mountain woman and a hand loom, with many products, to the Cotton States and International Exposition held in Atlanta in 1895-6. To induce a weaver to come was a most difficult task. Some of the women who were glad to work at home and thankful to earn the money, could only be persuaded to say, in explanation of their refusal, that "he" did not like it. The same excuse, in other terms, is sometimes given by women further up in the social scale.

One was, however, finally induced to make the journey to Atlanta and the exposition. There thousands of persons from every section saw the work and became interested in it and many of them gave orders.

Fabrics From Mountain Looms.

So many orders were secured, indeed, as to keep a number of neighborhood women busy in Texas Valley, near Fouche's gap, for several years, until another fair, in Atlanta, in 1899, afforded another opportunity for displaying the hand weaving. At that time the Georgia Federation of Women's clubs had entire charge of the exhibit of women's work, and the same was true of the fair in the autumn of 1900. On both occasions Mrs. Johnson's hand-weavers created great interest by weaving on the loom at certain hours and by a beautiful exhibit of coverlids of various designs and colors, towels, draperies and similar products.

All sold well and many orders were taken each year, which the weavers filled during the long summer and winter months that elapsed between exhibits.

The blue and white cotton is particulary popular for draperies and portieres in seaside cottages, where it defies the sea air, refusing to become "slimpsy," as may be said of few other fabrics.

One purchaser ordered a hundred yards of the product for cottage draperies, while many buyers have been delighted with their quaint blue and white fringed counterpanes.

Linens and Silk Scrap Draperies.

Some beautiful hand-woven linens have been produced for sheets and towels, but the cost of the flax necessitates so considerable an investment that this feature of the industry must needs wait on orders or further capital.

Good success has attained the weaving of the silk scrap draperies which are so effective for portieres, divan covers and similar uses. The same product which can be woven in New York for $1 a yard can be woven in the mountains of north Georgia for about 10 cents a yard. In each case the silk scraps are, of course, furnished by the customer.

Mrs. Nellie Peters Black of Atlanta, whose farming interests also border on the mountain district, has found similar interests to foster.

From Pine Log come, beside the weaving, old-fashioned silk quilts, hand-made hats and some interesting specimens of basketry in which cornstalks, pine needles and broom straw are used with really excellent effect.

Exhibits of all these products are made not only at the state fairs, which are the best markets, but at the various women's clubs of the state, and thus a steady and increasing demand for the hand wares has been produced, which has proved mutually advantageous to producer and consumer. One must needs know the homes and the home life of the women who do the hand-weaving to realize what the coming of ready cash must mean to them.

Hope for Rag-Carpet Weavers.

Of course the rag carpets are among the products of the mountain craftswomen, but as yet the results have not been particularly satisfactory. Some instruction in color combination, however, can bring this product up to the level of the other wares and can produce strips equal to those sold through the Roycrofters, at East Auroura, as the work of "Roycroftie girls 70 years young."

Although the mountain women are those for whom southern club women have done most, the movement has by no means ended there. Hand craftsmen have been developed and encouraged both among club women and elsewhere. Some very excellent exhibts have been made at the clubs of hand carving, both in pieces of furniture and in smaller specimens of burnt wood, carved and burnt leather, hammered brass, plaiting and weaving.

An effort has been made to divert the talent of some young artists from the painting of large pictures which nobody wants to the execution of beautiful and artistic dinner cards, menu cards and Christmas and Easter gifts—things, in short, which people really want and in the preparation of which artistic ability may find a genuine expression that the big, undesired oil painting would never show.

Arranging for a Market.

A number of sales have been made of all the articles above mentioned, and for the ensuing autumn a great sale is planned at the Woman's club in Atlanta, at which every variety of hand work, ranging from carved wood to embroideries, will be offered to those in search of holiday gifts. There seems little doubt that purchasers, as well as craftsmen, will be pleased at this opportunity to secure gifts of a novel and unique character, each bearing the "hand-made" mark.

One embryo bookbinder has been found who, with legal calf and some simple instruments, has produced good results.

Among humbler craftsmen like efforts have been made toward encouragement and direction. Manufacturers of root and branch settees and chairs, so fearfully and wonderfully made as to be objects of curiosity, but not of utility, have been induced to substitute for these wares neat, strong, well-made chairs, as tables and lawn seats of white hickory, perfect in every part and standing squarely on all four legs alike.

Work of Negro Craftsmen.

The work of some negro craftsmen has been encouraged. They have done particularly well in basketry, mainly in large pieces, such as clothes hampers and waste baskets made of willow withes. These are pretty in white and when stained with aniline dyes, in bright reds and greens, they give a picturesque Indian effect. That so little of that effect appears in our art products to-day marks the crowning loss of American crafts.

That the wonders of Indian pottery and basketry, at once so unique and so characteristic, should have been permitted to lapse and disappear from the art of our nation was an error as inexplicable as it was irreparable. The remains of this aboriginal art may be stimulated somewhat in the west and northwest, but in the south, where the red man in somewhat isolated instances appeared within the writer's recollection, no trace is left of his craft, the secrets of which should have been engrafted upon our people and fostered as the most truly American art.

This effort to stimulate and foster art expression has proved wonderfully interesting, and if sometimes our "swans" have turned out geese, we have not been too much cast down.

How an Enthusiast Was Disappointed.

I remember one rather amusing incident of dashed expectancy in the case of a club woman who was an ardent promulgator of the arts and crafts movement and was constantly on the watch for hopeful material from which to develop a craftsman.

One day a servant brought to her bedroom a tabouret made of bamboo and matting, but executed by the hand of a skilled workman. He reported that a man at the door wished to sell it. The club woman was all interest at once. A Georgia countryman who could make a tabouret like that was a treasure. Buying the little specimen, she sent word to the maker to come back with other work when she could see him. The wife of the American minister to Japan was present and said mildly that it looked very like Japanese workmanship. The club woman, however, protested that there was no reason why every good piece of joiner's work done in bamboo should be necessarily Japanese.

It was a blow when the craftsman appeared a few days later and proved to be a full-blooded Japanese to whom English was still an unknown quantity.

The club woman took her disappointment generously, ordering fascinating tea tables and porch chairs for a summer cottage. Sundry young American craftsmen, seeing the work, were induced to emulate it.

Growing Demand for Hand Work.

There can be little doubt that this movement for hand work, with its excellence of execution and its individual expression, is to be more than a passing fad in America. That a market is to be afforded among us is evident from such facts as the well-known one that the ateliers of numerous artists of today have been turned into workshops, with orders for hand-made furniture pressing for execution.

The same demand seems easy to create in every department of the hand crafts, and in creating this demand, and stimulating the production which shall, with increasing excellence, fill it, lies a great field for interesting and valuable effort on the part of the American club woman.

Passie Fenton Ottley

The Mission of Dorothy. By Emily S. Windsor.

Copyright, 1901, by E. S. Windsor.

Cyril Moore, lawyer, was not noted for the suavity of his manner nor the mildness of his glance. Both were unusually severe this morning, and he was not inclined to deal gently with his disturber. He had been interrupted in the consideration of an important matter, but Dorothy Dale's brown eyes never flinched before his deep-set gray ones.

"Please, may I talk to you a few minutes?" she asked in her soft little voice.

"I am very busy," he returned, "and gave orders that I was not to be disturbed."

"The elevator boy showed me your office, and there was no one in the other room, so I came in," said Dorothy.

The lawyer made an impatient movement, mentally resolving upon the censure which Wilson should receive for leaving the entrance to the office unguarded.

Two little red spots had crept into Dorothy's face, but she went on bravely:

"You see," she began, "I——"

The lawyer again moved impatiently and frowned, but his small visitor persisted.

"It is so important, you see." There was a keen note of anxiety in her voice, but the brown eyes never wavered. And what was there in their depths which brought to the lawyer's mind a vague memory, and made him look at his visitor with a stirring of interest, then hesitate, and finally push aside the papers over which he had been absorbed, and sav shortlv:

"What is it? I can give you a few minutes."

"Oh, thank you," said Dorothy, politely. "It is about that position in the Hilton school."

Cyril stared in surprise. What could this little old-fashioned girl have to say about that? It would be interesting to know. He pushed his papers farther away, and leaned back in his seat.

"Sit down," he said, pointing to a chair. Dorothy obeyed with a grave "thank you," settling herself comfortably in the chair, which was so high that her feet were quite a distance from the ground. Her blue felt sailor hat was pushed back on her head, and several soft brown rings of her hair had found their way to her forehead. She lifted her clear eyes to the lawyer, and again their depths vaguely stirred his heart.

"You see auntie lost all her money in Boston, and so we had to come here to live. Auntie owns a little house here, and she says that is better than nothing. And yesterday Mrs. Pruden told her they wanted a teacher in that school, and that auntie must try to get it right away."

"Oh, indeed," ejaculated Cyril.

"You see," she went on, in a confidential way, "auntie knows a lot of things. She belonged to ever so many clubs in Boston. Every one says that she is so clever."

Dorothy paused to see if the lawyer were properly impressed with the importance of her aunt's acquirements.

"Yes," said Cyril politely.

"Mrs. Pruden told auntie that you could let her teach that school, but last evening a letter came from Mr. White in Boston to say auntie must come to see him right off—you see he attends to all of her business. So she had to go on the early train this morning." Here Dorothy stopped, out of breath.

Cyril uttered an interrogative "Yes."

Dorothy smiled up at him. "And I was afraid she might be too late when she came back, and then it will be such a nice surprise for her when she does come back for me to tell her I came to see you about it."

"Then she doesn't know what you are doing?" queried Cyril.

"Oh, no; I waited till she was gone."

"Where do you live?" questioned Cyril.

"Over on Rose Crescent."

The lawyer did not recognize the locality. But there had been many changes in the old town during those years in which he had been absent from it.

"Auntie will be a splendid teacher. You see, she's so sweet. Won't you please try her?"

"In her eagerness Dorothy arose and stood beside Cyril, placing her hand in its woolen mitten on his arm.

The little action thrilled him. A sudden realization of the loneliness of his life smote him. And again the child's brown eyes awoke that memory.

"Please, won't you?" urged Dorothy, with an unconscious pressure of his arm.

Cyril looked down into the eager face with an expression in his own that few had seen there during later years.

"I'll see what I can do. I must know more of her qualifications. I mean," he explained kindly, "if she knows all the things that the person who teaches in that school must know, I'll do my best."

"Oh, thank you. I'll go now." Dorothy slipped off the mitten and gravely tendered her hand to the lawyer. He rose and bowed over it with more ceremony than he had for many years shown any other member of her sex.

Dorothy flashed a confiding smile at him and tripped jauntily away through the outer office, much to the surprise of Wilson, who was now at his post.

Wilson was still more surprised that afternoon, when, on going into the lawyer's private room, he found him putting his desk in order, and was waved away with, "Don't bother me with that now. It's such a fine afternoon, I think I'll take a walk and look at that Dorren property."

Wilson went back to his desk. He furtively watched the lawyer as the latter put on overcoat, hat and gloves. It was the first time within his knowledge that Cyril had set aside an important matter. What had happened?

The lawyer walked on with rapid stride. There was in the air a suggestion of the spring which was not yet near.

On the corner an organ-grinder was playing popular airs. A little further on a flower vender was offering bouquets of violets for sale. The scent of the flowers floated up to him, and the memories awakened earlier in the day by a pair of childish eyes were again stirred. Cyril bought one of the fragrant purple clusters, fastening it in the lapel of his coat with a smile. When had he done such a thing?

As he walked along his glance fell upon a lamp post, bearing the name "Rose Crescent."

A sudden remembrance came to him of his little visitor of the morning. That was where she had said she lived. He recalled his promise to do what he could for her aunt. Why not call upon her, and find out her fitness for the position? He paused to glance up and down the street.

But the child had not told him her aunt's name or their number. Then it was useless to consider it further. Still, he would like to please that child.

We was walking on when he heard a flying of small feet behind him and his name called. He turned around to see his little visitor of the morning.

"Oh," she explaimed,"I was at the window and saw you passing. "I thought perhaps you were coming to see us."

"Well," said Cyril, smiling, "you did not tell me your number."

"I forgot," she laughed. "It's in here. They had been walking back, and now she stopped in front of a modest house, standing back from the street.

"Come in," she said. "Auntie's just got home. I didn't tell her about it yet."

Cyril followed her up the garden path, and into the house. She led him into a room opening off a small hall. A lady seated before an open fire rose at his entrance. She was not very young, and she was very sweet looking, with great brown eyes.

"Madam," began Cyril, "I—"

He broke off abruptly, looked bewildered, then ejaculated, "Rebecca Powers—you!"

"Cyril! Why—"

"You see, auntie, I went to see Mr. Moore about that school. I was afraid you'd be too late, and—" began Dorothy.

But neither her aunt nor the lawyer seemed to hear her. The latter was saying, "She has eyes like yours."

"You see auntie," began Dorothy once more, but stopped as Cyril spoke again. "To find you here!" His face was flushed and his eyes were shining. "There was a bright color in the cheeks of Dorothy's aunt, too. Dorothy was looking at her in surprise. Why, she knew Mr. Moore. Then she would surely get that school.

"Are you still Rebecca Powers? When I saw you last, I thought that you were going to marry—"

Miss Powers interrupted him quietly. "You were mistaken, but I remember you had a bad habit in those days of jumping at conclusions."

"That one has cost me dear—all these lonely years," he said.

He took the bunch of violets from his coat. "I remember you were always fond of voilets. Rebecca. Are you still?" He held the fragrant blossoms toward her, and Miss Powers after a glance into his face, took them from his hand. She held them to her lips a moment, then fastened them carefully in her bosom.

Dorothy was becoming impatient, but to her great amazement, just then, Cyril stooped down and kissed her aunt.

Then he turned to Dorothy. "I am going to ask your aunt to take charge of one pupil," he said; "one who needs her very much."

"One pupil!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Why I—"

But again neither her aunt nor the lawyer seemed to hear her.

Daily New York Letter.

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

After the Oil Swindlers.

May 22.—Since Judge Foster of the court of sessions made his interesting remarks to the grand pury on the subject of the horde of fake Texas and California oil companies doing business in the financial district the gentlemen running those questionable financial institutions have been taking to the tall timber at a rapid rate. At least a half dozen of the philanthropic concerns, doing business for the sole benefit of the investors, according to their announcements, have closed up shop in the last week and their promoters have left for distant parts without leaving an address to which their mail may be forwarded. Possibly they have gone to look up their "oil fields." Such others as are still doing business are being carefully looked after by some of the best detectives of Captain Titus' staff and also by some of the attaches of the district attorney's office. The district attorney is hard after these men and already has evidence to present to the grand jury which will probably result in the indictment of several.

Living in the Present.

M. Gaston Deschamps, who came here from France to deliver the Hyde lectures at Harvard and throughout the country, says:

"What is particularly remarkable in America is the exuberance of the life here. I have lived in Athens, where it is with the dead and the past alone that one thinks and lives and dreams; here it is exactly the opposite, and every thought and dream, and all your boundless energy, is devoted to the life of the moment. That is very striking to a European. Among the colleges the ones that interested me the most were perhaps those for women, like Wellesley and Smith."

Thrown Up by the Sea.

There is an unclaimed fifty-foot, two masted fishing schooner tied up in W. M. Tebo's yacht basin at the foot of Twenty-third street, Brooklyn. The boat floated into the Tebo basin at daybreak on the morning of April 6 last, unannounced, and without a soul on board. She bore on her stern the name "Commodore, of Philadelphia," and the Tebo people thought it would be easy to locate the owners. They opened up a correspondence with Philadelphia shipping people, but so far have been unable to find the owners. She is leaking badly, and they have requested the dock department to take her off their hands.

To Save an Historic Spot.

An attempt is being made by the Society for the Preservation of Historic Places to have the city acquire the site and property known as Fraunce's Tavern, at Broad and Pearl street. It was in the famous "Long Room" of this old hostelry, which room is still in existence, that General Washington delivered his farewell address to his generals at the close of the revolution. Since that time great changes have been made in the old tavern. The ancient Dutch roof has been removed, together with the lattices over the windows and two additional stories have been built on what was originally a two-story and attic building. The place is still used as a hotel, although its present status is rather that of a cheap lodging-house with a saloon on the ground floor.

Atlantic Ferry Overcrowded.

Trans-Atlantic travel is becoming so heavy that captains of tramp steamships are getting all sorts of tempting offers from would-be passengers. The wretched man who has an appointment in Europe that he wants to keep may be found haunting the vicinity of the Battery these days, making the rounds of the steamship offices to find out if some ticket holder on a boat soon to sail has not dropped dead, got arrested or done anything else that might prevent his sailing. The tramp steamships are doing a good business, although, as they carry no passenger licenses, the passenger have to sign articles as members of the crew at 25 cents a month, which they never get. Then they live with the captain and have a good time, being finally landed at some serio-comic port in England like Sunderland or North Shields. Even the sailing ships leaving for north Atlantic ports have an occasional passenger. A few resourceful tourists confronted by full bookings have gone to Jamaica and there taken ship to Southampton, while others are escaping east via Montreal.

—N. N. A.

Conservatism Advised.

Indianapolis News.

It seems to us that a note of warning should be sounded. As far as we can see there is no occasion for alarm, but there is reason for a wise caution. The country is full of money, trade is extraordinarily active, wages are good and prosperity abounds on every hand. We believe further that the vexed money question is settled, and that we have seen the last of the 16 to 1 movement. But in spite of it all there is the feeling that it may be possible for even a rich and powerful people like those of the United States to overinvest, in an effort to get rich too fast.

McLaurin's Democracy.

Chicago Post.

In his speech to the Manufacturers' Club of Charlotte, N. C., on the conditions and prospects of the south, Senator McLaurin did not formally read himself out of his party, but that was because many of the younger and more independent democrats of his state and section are in avowed sympathy with him. A motion of censure against him was defeated in the legislature of South Carolina, and he has therefore the right to claim that he does not misrepresent the real sentiments of the old-fashioned and genuine democracy of the south.

In Algiers a motor vehicle transport now makes a daily run of 106 miles between two towns where vehicular traffic of no kind has ever before been possible.

Trifle Late to Help Poe.

Detroit News.

Unappreciated genius should find comfort in the fact that a bunch of Poe relics sold yesterday for more money than the author got for all his works.

One Sign of Weakness.

Detroit News.

Senator Platt's declaration for a union of anti-Tammany forces indicates that he suspects himself of having overplayed his hand.