THE JOURNAL

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THE INSULAR CASES

The federal supreme court is reported to have reached a decision in the insular status cases which have been under consideration so long, and the decision is said to be to the effect that the constitution does not follow the flag, the majority opinion being written by Chief Justice Fuller. The lack of unanimity is regrettable, but it does not effect the commendable result that this vitally important question has been decided, for very important business interests have waited upon the long promised decision and all the provisions made by the government for insular control and government have necessarily been of a temporary character, pending the determination as to the competency of the political powers of our government to provide for acquiring and governing external territory.

It is expected that the texts of the majority and minority opinions will be made public next Monday. It will be interesting to note the contentions on either side, for the whole subject has been so diligently threshed and rethreshed that the arguments are becoming "familiar as household words." The opponents of the government's position contend that the United States is not a nation possessing all the attributes of sovereignty and is only a national government, not having the unenumerated national powers reserved to the people, or, if it has them, cannot exercise them and can exercise no power not specifically conferred by the constitution; that there is no distinction between external and internal sovereignty and that annexation makes the acquired islands an integral part of the United States, in which the constitution, including the tariff uniformity clause, fully operates while separate tariff laws are unconstitutional.

The contrary view is the reverse, holding that there is a distinction between external and internal sovereignty, and, until the islands are annexed as integral and domestic parts of the United States, the latter will exercise external sovereignty over them, including the making of separate tariff laws if it sees fit, on the ground that the United States possesses all the constitutionally enumerated national powers and the unenumerated powers reserved to the people, which aggregation of powers is such as inheres in the most potential sovereignty, and that this sovereignty may be exercised in all external and international relations.

These two views are flatly contradictory. Practically the precedents since the organization of our government, notably the acquisition of Louisiana as an early precedent, favor the latter contention. An authoritative decision upon this important matter, embodied in American jurisprudence, is greatly needed, and the delay in the supreme court is pardonable since that august court has not heretofore had such a vitally important question brought to it for decision.

Mr. Pettigrew is said to have refused a salary of $15,000 and the offer of the position of land commissioner of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railroads, demanding $25,000, provided Mrs. Pettigrew would agree to his throwing away his time at that rate. Mr. Pettigrew is getting some advanced ideas of what a capitalist's time is worth since he became one himself.

The country will say amen to Congressman Landis' statement that if hazing can't be stopped at West Point without closing up the academy the academy will be closed. Mr. Landis is a member of the congressional board of West Point visitors and knows what the sentiment of congress is.

THE PORTO RICAN TARIFF

The Porto Rican tariff of 15 per cent, which provoked so much discussion last year, terminates on the first of March, 1902, and it is reasonably certain that it will not be re-enacted. The island of Porto Rico has to her credit in the United States treasury to-day more than $400,000. This is the full amount of custom receipts from goods imported from Porto Rico into the United States. This money is held in the treasury subject to the demand of the insular government, which was a provision of the Porto Rican tariff bill. But the internal revenue receipts of the island, and the duties upon articles imported from other countries, have proved to be sufficient to pay the expenses of the island government, showing, as was contended at the time, that a tariff upon articles imported from the island into the United States was not necessary. It was complained that it was not only not necessary but that it was a hardship to impose upon the people of that island a tariff on imports into the United States from Porto Rico, but objectionable from the sentimental side in that it interposed a trade barrier between a dependency of the United States and the United States itself. The people ofthis dependency had welcomed the American occupation with hospitality and delight and had manifested the most enthusiastic loyalty to American authority. The Porto Rican tariff may have been excused to some extent, in the first instance, on the ground of prudence and necessity of meeting the expenses of establishing a government where revenues from other sources might be regarded as indefinite and uncertain. Experience has demonstrated, however, that revenues from other sources are abundant, and the Porto Rican tariff will not survive the limit fixed for it by the law of 1900. Indeed, under the circumstances, it would seem to be the part of wisdom for congress to repeal the act early in the coming session without waiting for its expiration by limitation.

President Taft of the Philippine commission, has cabled to Secretary Root requesting him to send 500 of the appointed school teachers selected for work in the Philippines under the auspices of our government. This is the way the poor Filipinos are being ground under the heels of imperialism.

THE ORIENTAL TRADE

Mr. James J. Hill in his remarks to The Journal of yesterday upon the development of traffic with Asia from our Pacific coast, was not oversanguine in portraying the opportunities and advantages of the United States. No other great manufacturing and trading nation except Great Britain possesses the coast line on the Pacific essential for trade and traffic development with the Orient. Great Britain's is a comparatively small coast line wedged between United States territory. We face Asiatic territory which, if Americans have not lost their prehensile commercial ingenuity, will more and more, as the years come and go, fall to us as a most valuable trade preserve. That we shall grasp it is indicated by the operations of capitol during the past few years and notably at the present time.

Besides the Asiatic continent the vision of the future of trade must take in the vast insular tracts which gem the bosom of the Pacific and which are inhabited by the Malayo-Polynesian race. Of these groups, we have placed under our flag Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines, a chain which reaches nearly to the eastern coast of China. Since these acquisitions the importance of the Asiatic market has been recognized, as it has not been recognized before, as contributory to the objective of our immense output incident to the expansion of our home manufacture.

At present there are four rail and water lines from the Pacific coast to Asiatic points, the Canadian Pacific's Vancouver line, the Great Northern railway, operating from Seattle, the Northern Pacific, operating from Tacoma, and the Southern Pacific, operating from San Francisco. The Great Northern (Mr. Hill's road) is about to add to its service two of the largest freight and passenger vessels in the world, each of 20,000 tons register and 33,000 tons displacement. The Northern Pacific has recently added a new line of steamships to be operated from Tacoma to Liverpool via the Pacific, Indian ocean, Suez canal, the Mediterranean and Atlantic ocean.

In addition to these facilities, the China Mutual Steam Navigation company of England, is about to extend its service from Liverpool and Yokohama to Seattle, making monthly trips for each steamer, taking in Manila en route. It was recently announced that the Hamburg-American line will establish a service between San Francisco and China and Japan, in connection with the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railway. Then there is the proposed rail and water line to China and Japan from Manzanillo on the Mexican Pacific coast, the rail connection with our railway system being by the extension of the Mexican Central to Manzanillo. And other lines are in prospect.

These important connections are worthy of note, as showing how the present and inevitable future of the Asiatic trade strikes the minds of the shrewdest capitalists in the world, who know a good thing when they seet it. It is not exhilarating for Americans to know that the greater portion of the vessels engaged and to be engaged in this important trade, are not of American build. Mr. Hill is showing that it is abundantly possible to build big American steamships right at home and without subsidies, too. There is no doubt that other enterprising Americans will build steamships for our Pacific Asiatic trade and fly the American flag in oriental ports. As the trade develops (it is in its infancy now) American capital cannot resist the opportunity for profitable investment in Pacific ocean transportation facilities. The lion's share of the Pacific trade must come into American hands; at least it will if we do not enter upon a period of decadence. If foreign shipping interests have gone in ahead of us we must displace them by our superior enterprise and energy, which have brought us to the position of a competitor for the world's trade dreaded by all Europe.

The prospect Pacificward broadens and brightens as the student of great trade movements and developments contemplates it. It is a great opportunity which is presented to American enterprise and the American grasp will tighten about it.

Full of Prunes The prune trust is in a bad way because of its vicious attempt to corner the luscious vegetable and raise prices. Some time back the California prune growers were convinced that they were being robbed by the packers. They organized a prune octopus to market their own output and divide the profits among themselves. Their octopus was to get 3 cents a pound for the crop, without regard to the size of it. A great deal of money was spent "bulling the market" by buying up outside prunes, and the growers of Oregon and Washington sold out to them at fair to high prices. The crop was bigger than they bargained for, as is always the case, and the California octopus finds itself still holding the sack with 80,000,000 pounds of prunes of last year and a big crop coming on. In fact, the prune octopus is full of prunes and is not feeling at all well. Sick semper octopi.

It requires great skill to run a corner and not be left with all the stuff on one's hands and no particular market.

A student at the University of Missouri was skylarking around "the female college" the other night, and now carries in his person, or has had dug therefrom, fifty-two bird shot fired by a learned professor who was protecting the girls from goo-goo serenades and fool talk. The higher education of the sexes sometimes requires the strenuous life on the part of the professors.

A Delafield, Wis. horse saw a Milwaukee automobile for the first time Sunday. As he noted the wagon moving along pulled by an invisible horse, he came to an abrupt stop, snorted, quivered in every limb and dropped dead. Either he saw the finish of his kind, or he thought he was "seeing things."

The Russian thistle that we were all so badly frightened about a few years ago is now said to be the salvation of stockmen in Nebraska. Anything that grows green and edible there is valuable.

The Chicago university anthropologist says the man or boy who parts his hair in the middle is a degenerate. We have suspected this for some years, not having had any hair to part.

Three hundred religious commercial traveling men are to meet at Madison, Wis., July 5. This sounds paradoxical, but it isn't.

Crop destroyers are exulting over the fact that the German wheat crop was destroyed anyhow, if it did rain here.

AMUSEMENTS

Richard Mansfield's "Henry V." at the Metropolitan.

Let us speak frankly of this Shakspearean chronicle-play, "Henry V.," and its production by Richard Mansfield.

First, then, it is not, strictly speaking, a play at all. It has no action, no sustained interest, no coherence of story, no stirring situation or effective climax. Of character drawing there is little, save the idealized portrait of the English hero-king, who, upon assumption of the scepter, has become a very different person from the rollicking Prince Hal of "Henry IV." Even the comedy which is introduced at intervals has but the most tenuous connection with the play, and merely serves to introduce and dispose of certain characters which had already been made popular in the preceding chapters of what may be called William Shakspere's "Dramatic History of the Plantagenet Kings of England." And this comedy is rather elephantine in its humor—not at all in the best vein of the master. The fact that it harks back to earlier plays in the cycle, thus presupposing a knowledge of them on the part of the auditor, must be accounted a serious defect, if the play is to be considered as a separate production—as it must under modern conditions.

What made "Henry V." popular in the England of Shakspere's time and after, was its historic interest. King Harry was a national hero, one of the great English kings whose deeds and character stirred English imagination and fed English vanity. His great victory over the hated French at Agincourt was an oft-told tale, such as Bunker Hill, for example, is to Americans. Hero-worshipers all, the English delighted in Homeric tales of his prowess, his frankness, his generous chivalry, his piety, his rough-and-ready soldierness, his even-handed justice, and, withal, his innate modesty. But this epic quality is not sufficient to endear Harry Plantagenet to us. We cannot see him through English eyes nor revere him as the English do. So that the historic interest of the play does not blind us to its undoubted defects as a subject for modern stage representation.

There remains the literary quality of the text—the hall-mark of the master at last. Herein is the play of "Henry V." differentiated from a mere dreary chronicle of Holinshed. The sonorous blank verse is illuminated by a felicity of phrase, a nobility of sentiment and a profundity of thought that mark it unmistakably as Shakspearean. Unfortunately, however, literary quality too often eludes the actor. Give him action and interest, and the beauty of the language with which the thought is expressed will inevitably enhance the effectiveness of his reading, even though much of that beauty be lost because one may not pause and study it. This loss in effectiveness is made greater by the archaic words and obscure meanings that abound in Shakspere and puzzle the commentator. How much more must they puzzle the auditor who catches them as they come from the actor's mouth, and who, perchance, is not over familiar with this rarely acted play!

These are some of the reasons why the "Henry V." chapter in the series of chronicle-plays is not well adapted for modern stage representation. What, then of Mr. Mansfield's effort to overcome the difficulties and win success for his production?

Having premised that the choice is badly made, it must be freely admitted that seldom in the history of modern stagecraft have so much time and money and effort been expended in an adequate Shakspearean production. One readily believes all the tales of the advance agent about the year that was spent in getting together the properties and the costumes and arranging the thousand and one details of this truly magnificent as well as historically correct production. Wherein Mr. Mansfield has demonstrated a love for dramatic art that stops at nothing to accomplish its purpose. The stage pictures that are presented cannot be matched for beauty and truth and completeness. But are they not a mistake, for all that? Beyond their archaeological value, do they serve any good purpose?

This question brings us to the consideration of the work of Mr. Mansfield, not as a producer, but as an actor. Certainly it cannot be contended that this wonderful production is worth while unless it is the setting of some gem worthy of the frame. For that gem we naturally look to Mr. Mansfield's characterization of the hero-king, the central figure in the play, to whom Shakspere attributed every manly virtue. If Mr. Mansfield were to materialize for us a living, breathing King Harry, buoyant, frank, sympathetic, inspiring affection as well as fealty in his subjects, a man no less than a king, defects of play might be overlooked and magnificence of production applauded. But alas, Mr. Mansfield's art cannot encompass that result. It is just that quality of open-handed, free-hearted manliness which he cannot portray. The very simplicity of the character is what eludes him. His successes have been achieved in characters which are recondite, whose qualities do not lie on the surface, which are cynical, perhaps, or at least developed most on the intellectual side. The bluff soldier, the leader of men, the kingly optimist with a sublime faith in himself and his cause, seems not to be within his grasp.

Perhaps it is this lack of adaptability, this failure to identify himself entirely with the role, that leads Mr. Mansfield into indulgence in certain unpleasant mannerisms in many of his long speeches. Perhaps it is his ever-to-be-praised horror of ranting that prevents him from declaiming these speeches with sufficient distinctness and earnestness. It is interesting to note that when the king gets through with the declamatory harangues with which he put heart into his followers and devotes himself to the wooing of the French princess, Mr. Mansfield at once finds his footing and the result is the prettiest scene of the play. It goes without saying that Mr. Mansfield reads with intelligence and discretion, as he always does, but he is not well fitted with the character of King Harry.

The company in support of Mr. Mansfield is necessarily a very large one, and although the demands upon its members individually are not great, they are for the most part well chosen and well drilled. One of the features of the work is the part Chorus plays in explaining the connection of events and bridging over gaps in the action. This character, somewhat like the chorus in the Greek drama, is intended to act as commentator on the action and also to stimulate the imagination of the audience so as to cover up the deficiencies of stage representation in Shakspere's day. This latter function is rendered unnecessary by modern stagecraft, but Mr. Mansfield has wisely decided to retain Chorus in his version, since some of the best lines in the play are spoken by that character. Miss Florence Kahn invests the role with a picturesque interest, which is unfortunately marred by a delivery in which the declamatory style demanded by tradition is unduly exaggerated.

No member of the company succeeds so well in reading the blank verse effectively as Sheridan Block as the French King. Mr. Block's reading is beautifully cadenced, and is always clear and lucid. Without particularizing as to the other actors who appeared as English and French royalties and nobles, it must suffice to say that they uniformly appeared to advantage. The comedy characters, Pistol, Nym and Bardolph, are well bestowed, while J. A. Wilkes, who took the role of Fluellen last night at short notice, deserves a word of praise. The first comedy scene in which Falstaff's old servants appeared was given with true Falstaffian flavor and, indeed, much more was made of the comedy scenes than could have been thought possible. This is only another evidence of the fact that Mr. Mansfield has neglected nothing that could tend to bring his production nearer the goal of perfection. His acting version of the play is arranged with skill and does no unnecessary violence to the original, while the spectacular additions of the triumphal entry into London and the betrothal at Troyes are in keeping with the spirit of the play.

In a word, to see Mansfield's "Henry V." production once is a privilege and a pleasure. But one would not care to see it twice.

—W. B. C.

Got It Away From Morgan.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Webster Davis and Richard F. Pettigrew have been accumulating money rapidly. At the very moment when J. Pierpont Morgan has been supposed to be after everything in sight they have secluded large sums from him. 'Rah for Davis and Pettigrew.

A Traveler.

Indianapolis Journal.

President McKinley has already traveled more extensively than any of his predecessors, and after his present tour there will be but two states and two territories, not counting our island possessions, which he will not have visited.

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AMERICAN LIFE A CENTURY AGO.

XIV.—SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

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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The year 1800 witnessed little change in educational ideas from those of half a century previous, though great changes were brewing. The horn-book was still seen, but the famous New England Primer was chiefly use. Little boys and girls attended dame schools, learned their letters, to read and spell and to knit and sew. When the little girl proudly carried home and displayed her first pair of knit garters her brother showed the "galluses" he had knitted as he sat by her side. When they left the dame school their paths separated; he was thrust promptly into the pages of Latin grammar and was set to make a "sum book." Seldom did he have a printed arithmetic, and it was just as well that he did not. For many of the rules in the arithmetic of those days can hardly be understood by tolerable mathematicians of mature age to-day. Pike's arithmetic was the most popular and the worst. A very good Latin grammar for its day, "Cheever's Accidence," was in use everywhere; written by one Cheever, the Boston schoolmaster, who taught seventy years. Josiah Quincy said he studied it through twenty times before mastering it. The custom was to study the grammar through three times, committing to memory, before any parsing was done. The "Young Lady's Accidence" was a much simpler and clearer grammar.

A book printed in 1834, entitled "The District School" says geography was taught in but four schools in Massachusetts till 1820, and was not well taught even at the date of writing.

Thoroughness in Writing and Spelling.

The writing master still dominated, and poor handwriting was deemed as disgraceful as poor spelling. Home-made ink, of a decoction of maple bark mixed with copperas, or a compound of water, vinegar and ink powder, and goosequill pens, did not add to ease of writing. The master always set the copy and made the pens.

The crystallization of orthography caused by the books of Noah Webster awakened a perfect passion for spelling. Teachers reveled in holding spelling schools, and young and old joined in spelling matches. Every one spelt well. Poor spelling was abhorred. The modes of reciting lessons in spelling, the dividing into syllables, and pronouncing each portion of the word as it grew in the speech of the speller, have been made the object of much ridicule, and are frowned upon by modern teachers. Those methods produced, however, generations of absolutely perfect spellers, while our modern methods have brought out a generation of young people who spell wretchedly, and, worse still, are not at all ashamed of it.

Great severity of discipline still existed; pupils were flogged unmercifully. Teachers seemed to have a perfect passion for punishment. I read recently some pages of the diary of a very genial gentleman, a librarian of the American Antiquarian society, who had been a schoolmaster in his youth and who died in 1840. One entry told of a ride in a stage coach with a mother and a young child who cried. He said: "Such is my temper of mind toward every child I see since I kept school that I could scarce keep from thrashing him. I long to beat every child I meet." Pupils were whipped with leather straps, with birch rods, with cat-o'-nine-tails, with heavy ferules, with walnut sticks. Even the Lancastrian system, held to be founded on gentleness and persuasion, set pupils in the pillory, hung them up in sacks, shackled the legs, tied the arms, etc. Every illustrated child's book shows that whipping was the common practice.

Scant Education of Girls.

In early schemes of education in this country girls had scant attention. The wife of President Adams (born in 1744) wrote: "I never was sent to any school. Female education in the best families went no further than writing and arithmetic; in some few and rare instances music and dancing."

The letter of one of the school board of Easton, Pa., urges teaching girls the use of the needle as well as to read and write, "if writing should be thought necessary for girls."

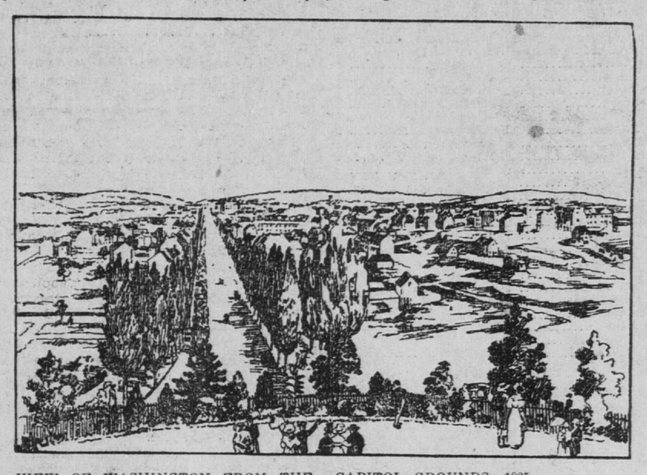
Their first entrance into the advantages of boys' schools was through an attendance at most inconvenient hours. Girls in Providence could be taught from 6 to 7:30 in the morning and 4:30 to 6 in the afternoon. The Morning Oracle of April 3, 1802, had this advertisement:

A morning school for misses will be opened in the chamber of the brick schoolhouse on April 19. Attendance, one hour and a half, beginning at 6 o'clock. Price, 13s 6d a quarter, 15s for those who may choose to be furnished by the instructors with paper, ink and pens.

William Woodbridge opened a school for girls at Middletown, Conn., and in the first quarter of the nineteenth century the Byfield school (kept by the Rev. Joseph Emerson), the Andover Girls' school and Catherine Beecher's school at Hartford were established. In 1820, in Miss Willard's school, was held the first public examination of a girl in geometry. Miss Lyon's school, at South Hadley, has lived and flourished, just escaping being called the Pangknackean seminary, which was appropriate, if not melodious, for it meant that, for the first time, the whole woman of our race was to be put to school. In 1825 a high school for girls was established in Boston; it was attended with most intense eagerness and not one pupil voluntarily left the school. But the success of the school was its ruin. With the most perverted view of education ever known, Mayor Quincy reported against the continuance of the school on the grounds that such large numbers would wish to attend, and the consequent expenditure would be great; so, in 1827, the girls' high school was discontinued. Bitterly disappointed the principal opened a private high school for girls, and soon many other girls' schools sprung up. In 1855 the girls had another public high school.

It was not deemed good form for women to go to public lectures; even in 1838 lyceum audiences were so rude that few women were willing to attend. In 1827 it was announced that ladies might attend the Athenaeum exhibition of paintings in Boston, even if not accompanied by a gentleman—this was an important step.

YALE COLLEGE IN 1823.



VIEW OF WASHINGTON FROM THE CAPITOL GROUNDS, 1825.
(From an old print.)

How College Students Dined.

In Yale college at the beginning of the century the students ate in a new commons building. At meal times sophomores entered at the north door, freshmen at the south door and juniors and seniors at the middle door. Tutors sat at an elevated table and tried to preserve order, but there was much rioting. In one term thirty coffee pots and 600 tumblers were destroyed—and this when classes were comparatively small. Boiled potatoes, bread, pats of butter, would be thrown back and forth. When peas were cooked all the undergraduates were summoned to shell them, but the work usually fell on the freshmen. If any man shirked he found all the pea pods thrown in his room. This was called "podding." Great pewter jugs of cider stood on the tables and all drank from the jugs. When the students did not like the quality of mutton served them they entered the commons bleating and seized the platter of obnoxious mutton and threw it through the window.

For breakfast at the commons were hash, "slum" and coffee; for dinner, beef or salt pork, with vegetables, bread, a quart of beer and ample cider; for supper, a quart of milk and half a loaf of bread or an apple pie for each student. Apple pie was a daily item of food at Harvard and at times was served at all three of the daily meals.

Some Quaint College Rules.

Students at Yale were obliged to draw water from the college wells for their use for bathing and drinking unless their fags did it for them. Two upper classmen were entitled to one fag. Every student had to remove his hat and stand silent as the college president passed. Every hour of the day was rigidly guarded. If a student wished to take a walk he asked permission of the faculty, specified the hour of leaving and returning, and his destination, and was fined if he varied these. Attending a dance was punished by a fine of 50 cents; playing billiards called for a fine of 40 cents, and the third offense meant rustication. There was a "buttery" at which cider, metheglin, beer, loaf sugar, tobacco, etc., could be bought and students were forbidden to buy beer or cider anywhere else. The "butler" who kept this "college canteen," had to furnish candles at prayers as a return for his privileges. About 1820 there was so much display of dress that a uniform of quaker gray was planned for Yale undergraduates. One student appeared in a suit of changeable silk; another wrote of his plaid cloak. A Lycurgan society was formed to encourage plainness of dress and simplicity of life.

In the eighteenth century the candidate for Harvard was not required to know either geography or arithmetic, though it is to be inferred that he did. In 1814 Harvard demanded a knowledge of arithmetic through the "rule of three," and announced that after 1815 the college would demand a knowledge of ancient and modern geography. In 1816 the entire arithmetic was set as a necessary study. Yale at that time made similar requirements.

In 1805 proctors were instituted in Harvard. There was then no college chapel; there was no chair of Greek, of natural history, or of law; there was no classification of undergraduates by merit. The rules regulating freshmen were still very rigid; they were severely "ground down." Among other impositions upon them was that of furnishing bats and balls for the use of the whole college in their games. The president's salary was $1,400 a year.

An engraving that shows a view from the capitol grounds at Washington in 1825 discloses that Pennsylvania avenue was planted with Lombardy poplars. They began to be imported to America soon after the revolution, and their popularity grew through the advocacy of Jefferson. They came to be regarded as a symbol of democracy and the domination of French ideas. They were therefore profoundly hated in some communities. In Salem a splendid row of them was destroyed at night by ardent federalists. They were planted along the new turnpikes which were being built everywhere. But few of there old poplars still stand anywhere in our northern states, save a few winter-killed old settlers and some scraggly young growth. They proved a poor substitute for our fine native trees, just as French notions of liberty poorly served our purpose.

America was certainly ever ready to make friends with France under every new rule. When Webster was secretary of state, the French minister asked whether the United States would recognize the new government of France. Webster assumed a solemn and impressive tone. "Why not?" said he. "The United States since its birth has recognized the Bourbons, the French republic, the directory, the council of 500, the first consul, the emperor, Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, the——" "Enough! enough!" cried the minister, at such a citation of consistent precedents.

Alice Morse Earle

Tom Dawson, Private Secretary.

By W. H. Durham.

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Dawson Thomas was private secretary to the head of a down-town wholesale house. Old Jackson used to say that the house could not get along without Dawson, yet that personage had been in the employ of the firm only a short year, was but 24 years old, and knew nothing of the business when he entered. But he had been a reporter and a good one. That means, as everybody knows, that he knew a little of everything in the world and a great deal more. So when he applied for a position with one of the most unique letters Jackson had ever received, the Old Man, after struggling through a wilderness of bad writing, broke into a hearty laugh and sent for him.

"You think you can fill the position that is open, do you," growled Old Jackson at Dawson, when that young gentleman appeared. "Do you know that this is a most confidential place and that, while knowledge of the business and lines we handle is not absolutely necessary, yet to a man of not more than average intellect, who is inexperienced, the position is impossible?"

"Why, of course I can hold it. Do you suppose I would come snooping around here if I didn't think you needed me?"

Jackson had been so used to having men quail before him, especially when seeking a position, that this breezy answer floored him. But he liked it.

"Well, young man, I will just give you ten minutes' trial."

It was nearly noon when Dawson had presented himself, and he now said:

"Very well. I will spend the ten minutes getting lunch, and then return."

He was gone before the Old Man could stop him. He left the door open as he went out, a trick for which a man had been fired the day before. Old Jackson seemed to shrink into himself until he was almost sitting on his back, staring out the open door at the stalwart back of his new secretary as it went down the long aisle and out the front door.

"Bang!" went the Old Man's fist on the bell. A huge negro, dressed like a comic valentine, sprang into the office.

"Dolefulness," roared the Old Man, "did you see that young fellow go out?"

"Yes, sah, I saw him," said the black.

"Well, when that fellow comes back, kill him."

Dolefulness disappeared as rapidly as he had come, and the old gentleman went out to lunch. When he returned Dawson was seated at a desk looking over the mail, which had just arrived.

"What the dev—where's that Dolefulness?"

"Who, the nigger?" said Dawson, continuing to sort the mail; "he's in the closet."

With a bang the door of the coatroom in the Old Man's private office hit the wall. Dolefulness, bound and gagged, tumbled on the floor.

"Well," gasped Jackson, sinking into a chair and mopping his forehead. It was ten degrees below zero outside and he had been kicking at the fireman all day. "What does this mean?"

"Oh, nothing," said Dawson, "the nigger got kinder gay when I came from lunch, and I just put him on ice. Shall I release him?"

"Dolefulness," Jackson thundered when the negro got on his feet, "what does this mean? Didn't I tell you to kill this man if he came back again?"

"Yas, sah, yo' did, but he seed me fust, just as I was going to hit 'im wid my billy."

"What did he do?"

"Jest grabbed me by de collah, he held me wid one hand and tied me wid the oddeh."

"Stand up," to Dawson. He saw that the negro was a foot and a half higher than his private secretary. "That'll do, Poleful. You may go."

"Now, sir," said Dawson; "if you will be so kind as to give me a word or two of advice, I will proceed with business. I have stacked the letters marked personal on your desk, and sent the others to the heads of the various departments. Is that right?"

"Say, you—you, who's boss here, you or me? How did you know who the heads of departments were?"

"That's easy. I noticed the names of them, together with their departments, emblazoned in box letters on the doors of their offices in the hall."

"Do you mean to tell me that you have only passed down this aisle three times and know all the heads of departments by name?"

"Certainly. What else are my eyes for?"

Jackson didn't answer. He looked at his new employe a moment, took his seat and began to open his mail. Dawson picked up a paper and began to read. Directly:

"By the way, Thomas."

"Yes, sir," said the new secretary.

"I wish you would go and tell Miss Agnew, the stenographer I always have, to come here. You may spend the time looking over the store. Come back in an hour."

Dawson looked the store over from top to bottom in that hour. He introduced himself to every man in the place and brought a smile to the face of each. A thinly veiled compliment here, a well told bit of his newspaper experience there, made every man his friend.

When he reached the office Mr. Jackson was gone, but on Dawson's desk reposed a note.

"Well," he said, "I guess it's up to me. I supposed from the way the Old Man acted that he was going to keep me, but he concluded that he could write better than he talked after all, and here is where—wow."

Dawson had opened the envelop and the last exclamation was caused by the following:

Mr. Thomas—You have intruded yourself into this office and shoved my nigger ("put that n-i-g-g-e-r," Mr. Jackson had said to the stenographer) into the closet. You have also made yourself familiar, without any warrant or direction, with my whole store. You are retained at a salary, to begin with, of $5,000 per year.

—Eben Jackson.

All this happened a year ago. Now the Old Man was furious. He arrived at the store fifteen minutes early and cursed every man in the place black and blue.

Dawson's first duty in the morning consisted of sorting and opening the mail, and he had so arranged matters with the postman as to meet him at the door, taking the mail to his desk himself. That caused him to be ready for business as soon as there was anything doing. He followed his plan this morning.

"Good morning, Mr. Jackson," he said, cheerily, as he took his seat. "This is certainly a fine day."

There came a gurgle from the Old Man's throat, not unlike a column of water through a pipe too small. "For funerals," he at last managed to say.

Dawson was used to this and continued to sort the mail. Finally he took the personal ones across the room and laid them on Mr. Jackson's desk.

"Thomas," the boss said, "take a seat. I want to hold a heart to heart conversation with you."

"Here's where I get it," sighed the boy.

"My daughter," Dawson started; "has told me that you have proposed marriage to her, and that she has accepted you. Is that true?"

"I never dispute the word of a woman, sir."

Mr. Jackson had been holding in pretty well, but this was too much.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have dared—" thus far he got and choked. "Sput-sput-sputter," came from his thoat, until Dawson said:

"Par-don me, sir, but some day that fit will kill you."

The proprietor of millions sank into his chair before this beardless boy.

"I want you to go, sir. This instant you leave my employ, go!"

"Certainly, sir," was the reply; "but before I go"—here he reached behind his desk and produced the same rope with which he had tied Doleful. "Just a minute."

He grasped Mr. Jackson by the collar, swiftly bound his hands, thrust a handkerchief into his mouth and anchored it with one abstracted from Mr. Jackson's pocket, thrust him into the closet which had proved so useful before, locked the door and Mr. Jackson heard him whistle.

It was only an hour that the boss had to stay in his cooped up jail, but it seemed a year. He suddenly heard the whistle again, and was ready to get down on his knees to his unruly employe, when the door suddenly opened. He happened to be straining upon it at the time, and, as a consequence, fell headlong into the room. He was quickly released by Dawson.

"That's all right, my boy," faltered the employer. "I won't fire you again, not until I get a corps of policemen."

"That's all right, sir. If you desire that I go now, I will do so. Only," and he poked his head out of the office door and brought in the girl who was at the bottom of the trouble. "Allow me to introduce my wife."

The Old Man was too full for utterance. Finally he reached out and grasped them by the hand. Pulling one on each knee he began to pat them on the back, while a smile of contentment stole over his face.

Daily New York Letter.

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

The Oriental Trade.

May 24.—Ever since the railroad magnates and financiers have been given a brief vacation as a result of the collopse of the transportation "community of interests" plans, they have been turning over in their own minds the moves under way for the possession of the oriental trade. This offers a prize of such value and magnitude that every man interested in railroad or steamship transportation has regarded it with longing eyes for many months if not years. And from the signs that have come to the surface a severe struggle is coming at no late day for the possession of this trade. James J. Hill and J. Pierpont Morgan are working towards this end and hope to accomplish it through the fleet of the largest steamships in the world, which the Great Northern railroad is building. These vessels are to have an enormous carrying capacity, amounting to something over 20,000 tons each, together with a speed of something like fourteen knots an hour. At New London, Conn., two of these vessels are now being built at a cost of over $5,000,000, and their companions are to follow soon. According to the little of the Hill-Morgan plans that have become known, these vessels are to co-operate with other steamship lines, particularly with the Atlantic Transport line and the recently acquired Leyland line, both of which are controlled by Mr. Morgan at this time. When the scheme has been thoroughly worked out, it is expected that the Hill-Morgan combination will have a system of rail and water lines that will encircle the globe. But the combination is not having everything its own way, as the Atchison system has a deal on the carpet with the Hamburg-American line, which will enable the combination to reach every important mercantile center and make a specialty of the eastern trade. Back of the Atchison in the deal is the Pennsylvania railroad and the combination does not lack capital. Then there is the Harriman syndicate, controlling the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific, which will have something to say about the Northern Pacific connections at Tacoma, while the Canadian Pacific, with its steamship line from Vancouver, is to improve its service and make a bid for trade, to say nothing of the new China Navigation company from Seattle. This fight for the trade of the orient will be the next great struggle to shake Wall street to its foundations.

Mr. Lawson's Presumption.

To one who has closely watched the course of recent events it must appear that Thomas W. Lawson, the Boston copper magnate, has been properly punished for his presumption. Mr. Lawson attempted to forcibly and rudely intrude upon the pleasant pastimes of the New York Yacht Club. Apparently Mr. Lawson regards the international yacht race as really international. He does not seem to know that in the opinion of the members of the New York Yacht Club these races are of English challengers against the New York Yacht club. The rest of the country has no more interest in them than in the personal investments of the members of the club. Mr. Lawson foolishly believed it was the privilege, even the duty, of a patriotic American citizen to do all in his power to assist in maintaining the sea supremacy of the United States by building fleet yachts to defend a cup gained many years ago and placed in the custody of the New York Yacht Club. He even went so far in defending his theory as to build a yacht which has been launched, but he has learned by this time his action cannot be regarded as other than a presumption in the extreme. The defense of the America's cup is entrusted solely to the club and the members of the club would gladly see the cup pass into the hands of British or Irish yachtsmen rather than to have it held on this side by some enthusiastic sportsman not affiliated with their organization. In the future Mr. Lawson will not be so hasty in dealing with these hair-trigger masters of marine etiquette, but will pocket his enthusiasm and superfluous zeal and be content to take his place with the other spectators of events over which he can have no control.

The National Art Gallery.

The proposition to establish a national art gallery in this country is again revived. Its prime mover is Francis Howard, the artist, who has been working up the proposition in Washington all winter. Mr. Howard has been in the city for a few days and has just sailed for Europe, where he will consult with several prominent American artists who have for some years been making London their home. These artists, including such representative men as Whistler, Sargent, Macmonnies, Chase, La Farge, Dielman, Melchers, Alexander, Fisher, Pennel and St. Gaudens, residing in both Paris and London, are back of the idea for an American art gallery, and their idea has been favorably received in high official circles at Washington. Secretary Hay of the state department has promised his support with the president and with congress, to which body it is also likely the president will offer a recommendation. This latter action is desired to give the movement an official status rather than to secure funds, as the artists desire to erect their own building and secure the pictures through private and popular subscriptions rather than from government aid. According to the idea as at present outlined, the gallery would be made a permanent home for a collection of the works of deceased American artists, so that the living artists at the back of the project could not be accused of working for their personal interests.

Mr. Callaway's Reasons.

Samuel R. Callaway, who has retired from the presidency of the New York Central railroad to accept the presidency of the new American Locomotive company, the latest arrival in the trust field, assures the public he made the change, not because of any trouble with the New York Central, but because he needed the money. That the president of a corporation such as the New York Central should not be a wealthy man seems remarkable, but Mr. Callaway asserts that, after thirty-eight years as a salaried railroad man he is not worth more than $25,000, a sum which can be exceeded by many of his subordinates. As the president of the American Locomotive company, Mr. Callaway will be paid $60,000 annually, which is much in excess of his stipend as head of the New York Central. According to Mr. Callaway, there are many railroad presidents in the United States, and heads of the largest roads, too, who are worth less than $100,000. The position evidently is not such a wealth-producing one as many people have been educated to believe.

—N. N. A.

PAST REDEMPTION

Short Stories.

At one of Mr. Moody's meetings a worker aproached a young man with the question: "Are you a Christian?" The young man looked up, smiling good-naturedly as he replied: "Oh, no sir; I am one of the choir."

Parted With Gladly.

Chicago News.

London has decided to purchase an automobile fire engine from this country. We are pleased at that, because we have them for sale rather than for use.

Reciprocal.

Chicago News.

The farmers will gladly continue to raise the corn if Mr.