THE JOURNAL

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HERRONISM

The proceedings at the trial of the Rev. George D. Herron by a council of the Congregational church at Grinnell, Iowa, yesterday, place that apostle of a new religion invented by himself, in a rather unenviable light, showing that he deliberately deserted his wife to marry a woman of wealth on the ground that he loved her so that he could not live without her.

Herronism is not a very charming religion to contemplate. It is rotten at the foundation. Herron does not believe in civil or ecclesiastical marriage. His creed, as expressed by himself, is: "People who love each other, and who, therefore, ought to live with each other, need no laws to bind them together. The coercive family will pass away with the coercive economic system. Even when love exists on the part of one and not on the part of the other, there can be no possible good in the two being kept together by external law." At his marriage in New York the other day, he married himself to Miss Rand. She was his "affinity."

Herron's views on marriage very closely resemble those of Victoria Woodhull before she settled down in London and became respectable by wedding a titled banker and turning down the lights on her old life. This kind of socialistic marriage which Herron and Miss Rand performed for themselves may "go" in New York, but it will hardly hold good in other states, not even in Utah. The New Apostolate, as Herron calls his new religion, begins in a rather lawless way. He and his wife propose to found a colony of New Apostolaters on a farm in New Jersey, where the colonists will cultivate the ground and grub for stones and build walls and convert the world to their fad,—so they say. Herron's father is a Presbyterian of the strictest sort and he does not seem to be convertible by his son, for he declared the other day that the old religion is good enough for him, and he proposed to live and die by it.

TWO NOTABLE GATHERINGS

The annual convention of the National Association of Manufacturers of the United States, which assembeled in Detroit yesterday, has, since its organization in 1895, accomplished a great and valuable work in promoting our export trade. The meeting this year will be of special interest, because of the great impulsion of capital to investment in transportation facilities, notably for the Asiatic export trade which is surely destined to expand as soon as there can be effected a rational composition of the Chinese troubles. The establishment of several new steamship lines to be operated between our Pacific coast ports and Asia, shows the confidence of capital in the future of the Pacific trade, of which the United States is sure to obtain the lion's share.

The National Association of Manufacturers has sought, with a good degree of success, to increase our commerce with Latin-America. At present we export almost as much merchandise to Mexico as we do to the whole of South America. The value of our trade with those countries advanced from $197,861,949 in 1899 to $227,023,184 in 1900, but there is large room for improvement and the National Association is alive to the importance of working up that trade and has established a warehouse in Venezuela where American goods are constantly on exhibition, with expert salesmen to take orders. This aggressive movement has been imitated at Shanghai by the American Asiatic Association and a floating exposition of American manufactures to visit all parts of the world has been earnestly proposed by Chief Austin of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington.

The National Association takes a deep interest in the improvement of our consular service, so as to make it effective in promoting American trade. Germany has paid particular attention to her consular service and requires her consuls to be experts, not only in the routine work of the consular office, but in finding out what the country or district to which they are assigned needs in the way of manufactures, and how the buyer of German goods wants them packed for shipment, and to find out what the country has to sell to Germany. The agitation for consular service reform is strengthening in our country and there is every probability that congress will take some decisive and favorable action next winter.

In view of the great development of the vast empires bordering on the Pacific and the practical extension of our Pacific coast to within a few hundred miles of Japan and China, the National Association meeting will be of special interest this year. That body believes in expansion and comprehends the importance of keeping step with all commercial opportunities abroad.

Another gathering of American industrial forces will be the semiannual meeting of the Southern Industrial Association at Philadelphia on June 11 to 14. This is the first meeting of the association in a northern state, and, indeed, it is practically the first ever held by representatives of southern industries in a northern state. Under the influence of the investment of northern capital, the whole face and conditions of the south have been transformed. Within the last quarter of a century there has been enormous development of southern resources, agricultural and mineral, and iron furnaces and cotton mills are multiplying continually.

A change has followed this industrial activity in southern sentiment on protection and expansion, and southern men are increasingly aligning themselves with the time-spirit which is the spirit of progress, and taking a broader and national view of things.

The meeting of the Southern Industrial Association in Philadelphia, where so much has been done to promote our export trade, in the establishment of one of the largest collections of the world's products, with a bureau of information attached, will do much to stimulate the southern men and make the chasm between them and the reactionary element in their section wider and deeper.

The Free Kindergarten association will maintain no more free kindergartens in the public schools. If there are to be any kindergartens in the public schools hereafter the school board must provide for them. The association feels that it has demonstrated thoroughly the advantage of having kindergartens in the public schools and their value to the community, and that it is no longer their duty to carry on this work. It is now up to the school board to determine whether the school system shall include the kindergarten grade and kindergarten work, or whether the Minneapolis schools shall be lacking in this particular. We have a great deal of confidence in the school board and its ability to settle wisely the questions brought before it, but we hope that this question will not be determined adversely to the kindergartens without exceedingly careful consideration. More can be done for the state by taking the children of the kindergarten age and giving them the right start than can be accomplished at the same expense in the higher grades when the lower are neglected.

THE SMALL COLLEGE

The commencement season at Hamline University this year is one of peculiar interest. Along with the other friends of the institution The Journal would like to extend its congratulations to Dr. Bridgeman upon his success in managing the financial interests of the university. The newspapers have told the story of his effort to supplement large gifts by Mr. Hill of St. Paul and Mr. Norton of Winona, and of his success in securing $100,000 in endowment during the past year, to which he expects to add in the near future $150,000 more in order to make good the terms upon which the original donations were made so as to secure those original donations in full.

An interesting fact in connection with the raising of this $100,000 for endowment is that it was all secured within the state of Minnesota. Whether Dr. Bridgeman shall be successful in securing the balance within the boundaries of the state remains to be seen, but he has assurances from a number of his contributors that they can be relied upon for further assistance.

The readiness with which the people of means in this state who might naturally be expected to contribute to this institution have responded to the appeal from Hamline is proof of the great confidence which the people generally repose in Dr. Bridgeman. The work which he has accomplished and the services which he has rendered to education, to the state and to the church under whose general auspices the university is conducted, entitle him to great praise. It is no simple matter to build up an institution of the character and importance of Hamline on private benevolence, under the shadow of the great state university, backed by the resources of the state and treated with generosity by the legislature. No man who does not possess peculiar qualities and extraordinary capacity for his work could have accomplished such a result.

But the time of the small college has not passed. The success of the trustees of Macalester in wiping out the debt of that institution and placing it on a firm financial basis, as well as the success of President Strong of Carleton, in bringing up by the aid of Dr. Pearson the special endowment of that institution to the figure of $150,000, and the growth of enrollment at all of these and other colleges in this state in spite of the unprecedented growth of the state university, shows not only increased population and increased wealth among the people, but a survival of faith in the efficiency, the advantages and the peculiar mission of the comparatively small college which not even the great university, with all its resources, its magnificent equipment and its multitude of students, can overcome.

The mayor takes credit to himself and the administration for the million dollars' worth of building permits issued during the month of May. The "doctor's" modesty still hangs like a millstone around his neck.

THE MAN FOR THE PLACE

Ex-Governor Merriam is now being urged for another important service to the government. His valuable service as director of the census has prompted the publication of an article in a Washington paper by W. A. Croffut, urging the wisdom of consolidating under one head, and under one roof, all the intelligence bureaus of the government: that is, those offices which have no function except the very important one of collecting and distributing information. Such departments are the census office, the bureau of statistics, the labor bureau, the bureau of education, the proposed and much-needed bureau of corrections and charities, and, possibly, some others. This is urged on the ground that it would simplify matters and make it easier for the citizens of the United States to procure the information desired on various subjects.

At the head of such a great department, of course, it would be necessary to have a man of peculiar fitness, and this man Dr. Croffut finds in W. R. Merriam. Mr. Merriam has certainly impressed himself upon the country and upon the government at Washington as very capable in work of this nature, justifying in all respects his selection for the important office of the census superintendent. If such a department as Dr. Croffut suggests should be organized, the employment of Mr. Merriam as its chief would insure to its conduct the employment of businesslike methods.

Mr. J. B. Gilfillan's gift of fifty 4 per cent "Soo" railroad bonds, guaranteed by the Canadian Pacific, will produce annually a fund of $2,000, to be used by the regents of the university and the president in the shape of gifts or loans to students who are poor and struggling to secure an education at the university. Two thousand dollars wisely distributed will supplement the efforts of ten or fifteen young men and women to such an extent as to enable them to secure that which might otherwise be out of their reach. Mr. Gilfillan's gift is one of the best advised benevolences to which our attention has ever been called.

The Gods Are "Called Down" Mrs. Nation attempted to slap the statue of Apollo with her hatchet yesterday because the god was starring in the Kansas City art gallery without his pantaloons. This would be reason enough for severity had not Apollo taken out a classical license to wear what clothes, or lack of clothes, he pleased. If Mrs. Nation attempts to reform the classical deities, there will be a stir on Mount Olympus such as has not occurred since the days of the wrath of Juno over the indiscretions of Jupiter.

With Mrs. Nation as dressmaker to the Olympian deities, we may yet see Cupid in a natty little sailor suit, Venus in a fetching summer gown—of rather gossamer texture, perhaps—and Apollo and Mercury going down the mountain arm in arm clad in shirt waists with creases in their pantaloons.

A dress reform is much needed on Mount Olympus.

Good Sense at Tuskegee Booker T. Washington's talk to the graduating class at the closing exercises of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial school was a model of good sense, that is as applicable to white as to colored scholars. "Don't go home," he said, "and feel that you are better than the rest of the folks in the neighborhood because you have been away to school. It would be better for you not to have had any education than to go home and feel ashamed of your parents, or not want to help them. Go home and lead a simple life. Don't give the impression that education means superficiality and dress. Don't be ashamed to go to church and Sunday school, to the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Christian Endeavor Society. Keep good company. Have no going backward. Don't pay $2 for a buggy to take your girl to ride on Sunday when you are not earning more than $3 a week. And you, girls, don't let the young men do that for you. Tell them that if they haven't got too much common sense to do such a thing, you have got too much to let them do it. They will respect you all the more for it."

Mr. Washington is the kind of a man for whose sake one would even be willing to be rich, so he could send him $100,000 once in a while.

The negro newspaper at Topeka, Kan., says that the colored man, as a race, takes too much patent medicine. The paper says:

With the growing intelligence of our people, one cannot but be surprised that there should be so much serious demand for nostrums calculated to do violence to the handiwork of our Creator. What the race needs more than the vile nostrums is soap and water industriously applied to the cuticle, and energy, intelligence, honesty and frugality will make the race acceptable unto all nations.

The negro is not the only person who feels it incumbent on him to go and take something every time he runs a sliver into his finger.

In the theological discussion now raging in the Nebraska country papers, one editor has been found, D. J. Poynter, of the Albion Argus, who believes in the total depravity of man; that, in the fall of Adam, man fell, and went clear to the bottom. Mr. Poynter thinks that the preaching of one hundred years ago will snake him out of this unhappy condition. It is refreshing to find one sturdy old pillar among so many reprobates.

The new animal that has been discovered in Africa, half ox and half giraffe, has five horns. Sir Henry Johnson, the British commissioner in Uganda, made the discovery. It is called the helladotherium, which you will consider appropriate if one gets after you in the open.

Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland and Editor McLean of Cincinnati are exhibiting a sorrow over each other's lack of genuine democracy like the sorrows of the old maid over her canary the day before her marriage.

Omaha's street fair is to have its bull fight after all, as the Humane society has been persuaded that it will be pulled off with soft gloves.

A colored man aged 60 years died at Hopkinsville, Ky., the other day worth $500,000. There was no prejudice to speak of against the gentleman.

Contractor, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough;
It cost a hundred D
And I'll protect it now.

"Prune thou thy words," sang Cardinal Newman in a fine poem, but the trouble has been that many people's words are already full of prunes.

The governor of South Carolina wants Tillman and McLaurin to "take a sober second thought." We thought we detected the odor.

A few escaped grasshoppers are nibbling away at some of the North Dakota wheat fields. Wanted—A new scare!

A Vassar girl has just thrown a baseball 173 feet—all the feet lying in the same direction. No casualties.

Mr. Bryan was enthusiastically received in Nevada, Mo. The Bryan habit is like the cigarette habit.

The visiting doctors looked at the outside of the city hospital and wagged their heads alarmingly.

AMUSEMENTS

The last opportunity of witnessing Mr. Sothern's production of "Hamlet" will be given to Minneapolis theater goers at the Metropolitan to-night. Mr. Sothern's portrayal of the character of the melancholy Dane should command the attention of every student of Shakspere. While the mounting of the play is elaborate it is thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the play and serves as a worthy setting for the actor, who at a single bound has scaled the classic heights that have dashed the hopes of many ambitious actors before him.

Beginning with a matinee to-morrow afternoon, "The Girl With the Auburn Hair" will be seen at the Metropolitan for the remainder of this week. There are seven other strong acts included in the bill and the polyscope will show a number of new views.

The Metropolitan will be the only playhouse in the city open during the week beginning Sunday, June 9. A big vaudeville bill will be presented, the leading feature of which will be Mary Norman, the society caricaturist in a refined monologue and imitations.

In view of the excellent patronage extended to the colonial play, "At Valley Forge," at the Bijou this week, the closing performances of the season will not occur on Saturday but on Sunday, a special afternoon and evening performances being announced. The play deals with the colonial period with a charming love story running through it, while the comedy features are very enjoyable.

Minneapolis Journal's Current Topic Series.

Papers by Experts and Specialists of National Reputation.

THE WOMEN'S CLUB MOVEMENT.

XVI.—WOMEN'S CLUBS AND ART.

By Lorado Taft of the Chicago Art Institute, and the Municipal Art League.

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In a previous article the writer has made some suggestions regarding the study of art in women's clubs. It may not be amiss to add a few words on the relation of women's clubs to the cause of municipal art and to artistic advance in general.

An art club which has got anything out of its study will endeavor to be helpful in its community. It is not in the nature of things that a group of intelligent persons should read and think and write on lines aesthetic for years without developing a desire to make their surroundings more beautiful. That more is not accomplished, or at least undertaken, is due to lack of intelligent guidance. The gentle students of art history do not realize that they can help the living art of to-day. Yet had they faith in themselves or in the value of their pursuit their influence might become great.

In France even the smallest cities have their local art museums. These institutions, with their objects of beauty and of historic interest are a part of the national tradition and potent factors in the lives of an alert, beauty-loving people. What a boon would be a collection of the sort in each of our larger towns! Given a score of good paintings, as many casts, a hundred autotypes and a few choice etchings and engravings, free of access to rich and poor alike—why, the stimulating influence of such a place would be second only to that of the village library. Some, of course, find such things meaningless, but to others they would be a constant joy. And those who need them would be led unerringly to them.

Forming an Art Museum.

No art circle is too small to stand sponsor for a museum of this kind. The "art gallery" may seem very visionary and far removed in the perspective of time, but there is no reason why a tentative collection should not be inaugurated at once. It may not overflow a single portfolio in several seasons, but even there, between the pasteboard covers, it is a nucleus and an incentive. If the club is poor its little museum may begin as a mere pictorial adjunct to its library, consisting of "half-tones" clipped from magazines and pasted upon cardboard or linen. Then will come photographs, followed soon by the "Copley prints" illustrating the best of American art and the famous Braun autotypes of European masterpieces. The Art institute of Chicago has 18,000 of these, presented by generous Dr. Pearsons; Kansas City has an admirable selection, and every art museum in the country purchases them as its means may permit. They are far more satisfactory than the usual painted copies of great pictures. (Copies should, as a rule, be sedulously avoided unless they have the approval of an artist of standing.) Autotypes are expensive, costing in this country $4 each (large size, $15). A small club will not buy many in a year, but to select and purchase them, even one at a time, is well worth while—indeed, it is the way to get the most good out of them.

In the study of modern French painting and sculpture, aids are abundant and inexpensive. Girandon and many others sell good photographs of the treasures of the Louvre and the Luxembourg for a franc or less apiece. A paper upon Millet or Raffaelli, on Paul Dubois or Rodin, may be made doubly interesting through the aid of a few photographs taken directly from the original works.

Art in Public Libraries.

Certain clubs of the west have been farsighted enough to make friends with their local library boards, and in the building of new libraries have profited greatly. All over our country these handsome buildings are springing up, and every one of them should be crowned with a skylighted exhibition hall. This is easily incorporated while the plans are maturing, but may be unattainable at any other time.

Before the roof is on the building the proffers of donations will begin to come in. It is well to have an art committee selected early in the day, from among those best informed, which shall sit in judgment upon all works offered. If one or more of its members came as experts from another city the effect is all the better. Let it be understood that their judgment is final and impersonal, and a great deal of friction may be avoided.

It will be a work of years to fill the hall with choice paintings and sculptures and it is a great advantage to move with deliberation, but exhibits may be inaugurated from the first. There is no need of waiting for a collection of Claude Monets or of Dagnan-Bouverets! Have a loan exhibition of family treasures, good and bad. Really, it will be all the more instructive if some are bad. Later invite the local geniuses and the teachers of oil painting to show their wares here side by side. This will be instructive, too, and there will be helpful study and comparison. The school children may be counted upon to furnish one interesting show. They will provide the interest, also. Then "picked-up" collections of old engravings, etchings, "types of beauty," reproductions of favorite masterpieces, amateur photography, etc., may be devised with a little ingenuity and a great deal of work.

Exhibits of Contemporaneous Art.

All of these diversions lead up to the thing most desired—exhibits of contemporaneous paintings and sculptures. To obtain these in the smaller places is a problem of importance, since all this fervid study of art is of little avail unless accompanied by "laboratory practice" with the real thing. We came pretty near solving the problem successfully in the experiment of the Central Art Association, which undertook some years ago to send out circulating exhibits among the smaller cities of the west. The artists were surprisingly accommodating and the people were enthusiastic, but just when a season's experience had demonstrated that a caretaker to accompany the show was indispensable, the hard times struck the country, and the clubs, while still most eager to have the pictures, declined one and all to pay for the attendant. Some day the art departments of the Federation of Women's clubs will carry their work still further and acomplish what was then merely sketched. Backed by the organized strength of the clubs, they can readily set in motion a system of interchange of collections of good art. Offering the hospitality of fireproof, well-lighted galleries and the bait of an occasional sale, they will find the response of the artists cheerful and abundant. The success of such an experiment will depend largely upon the intelligence of the person in charge, whose care it should be to superintend every detail of packing, unpacking and hanging, and who should be possessed of sufficient taste to arrange and light the collection properly. If the same individual could introduce the work to the public by means of bright little talks on the paintings and their authors, the value of these exhibits would be greatly enhanced. A man or woman able to do all these things well would be worth a good salary, but if enough clubs unite, they can afford to employ the best talent and to command the finest works of art.

A Sample of What Can Be Done.

The annual exhibition held in Lincoln, Neb., demonstrates what may be done when the work is in the right hands. The holiday show of the Nebraska Art Association, held in a beautiful gallery of the library building of the state university, is a surprise to every visitor. It included this year not only important works by our eastern painters, like Chase, Curran, Harrison, Childe Hassam, Ochtman, etc., but also characteristic canvases by such up-to-date celebrities of Paris as Simon, Dauchez and Souza-Pinto. These men are always willing to let their paintings come to the Pittsburg exhibit; they will let them travel farther under proper guaranties. It becomes, then, only a question of combining. A well-organized circuit cuts the individual expense down to a fraction.

The permanent collection will then grow naturally out of the exhibitions. These afford choice of many works and in this very choice—in the process of trying to select a good picture—lies an invaluable aid toward artistic education. The mental exercise alone is worth the price of the picture. Every sale helps, too, the next exhibition; the assured purchase of one or more paintings each year is the best inducement in the world to artists. They will favor that kind of an exhibit with their choicest canvases.

As things are at present, our painters expect patronage from only the largest cities. While smaller places in this country often show a higher average of both wealth and culture, they are not picture markets. Their art-loving citizens seem to have little confidence in their own judgment and buy only foreign paintings, through picture dealers. Our Chicago artists sell at home and in other large cities. I do not recall a purchaser in years from "down in the country," though Illinois and Wisconsin, Indiana and Iowa are rich in beautiful and luxurious homes. The opening up of new centers of art trade in the towns would give a great impulse to production in the studios. A widespread effort like that made by the Chicago Art Association in recent years would do a world of good and result in a veritable boom in American art.

Collections of Sculpture.

That these galleries which my fancy is building should ever purchase original works of sculpture is too great a flight for a wary imagination, but with plaster casts as cheap as they are there is no reason why our halls should not be adorned by some of the best things ever shaped by the sculptor's chisel. The matchless frieze of the Parthenon can be bought for $1 a foot; Venus de Milo and Hermes will lend you their serene beauty at a nominal price. This is not the place for a list of suitable casts, but the writer would like to repeat here a suggestion offered in an article of some months since: "Why duplicate all of the old casts in all of the new collections? Would it not be better to work on the plan of the great libraries of Chicago and other cities, where, aside from the books in universal demand, each has its specialty and is rich in its particular field? Why, then, should not our art clubs of nearly contiguous cities develop special fields of research? While not neglecting the universals and while actively promoting native art, they could bring together historic collections worth traveling miles to see."

Art and Public Monuments.

From indoor sculpture the step to monumental art is a short one. If the art clubs would use their influence to have all public decorations censored by experts they would by this act alone justify their existence. The military monuments and other works of alleged sculpture in most of our smaller cities are inexpressibly bad. To stem the tide of stock statuary which is spreading over our enthusiastic if misguided land were in itself a great contribution to artistic well being. But the clubs with their resources of knowledge and influence can not only eliminate the meretricious, but will be impelled to efforts for positive improvements. Here in Chicago, with our polluted atmosphere and dirty streets, the clubs have had to go back to the beginning even and preach cleanliness before adornment. The Municipal Art Lague has spoken for clean streets and a clear sky as a necessity before the setting up of statuary and the exhibition of mural paintings. In many smaller towns these particular handicaps of ours are not known, but everywhere in the west at least there is room for "landscape architecture," for the planting of trees and shrubs, for the reclaiming of vacant lots and for the introduction of flower beds and fountains. The women's clubs are bound to be leaders in all of these good works and above all should keep in touch with professional authorities upon such subjects. When the time is ripe for action they must not only know how to do, but how to guide others.

In the civic house cleaning now in progress in Chicago the women's clubs have formed a league for promoting public sentiment; women have offered their services as street inspectors; they have enlisted and even organized the school children in certain districts to clean up and keep clean the streets and alleys; above all, they are preaching everywhere the doctrine of personal responsibility, the greatest thing in life. They are planting trees in neglected streets and filling yards and window boxes with bloom where erstwhile was only dirt and squalor. Later they will make our new small parks delightful little cases in the arid desert of a city. They will bank them with shrubbery and sprinkle them with flowers, while here and there will be scattered fountains and beautiful statues; subjects that will do the tired eyes good, figures of grace, and other sturdier forms suggesting the glorification of labor, cheerful, hopeful workers in various industries.

Memorials of Our History.

Here as well as in the smaller cities there need be no hurry about erecting statues to Dante and Shakspere. They are resting comfortably. Let us rather make it our first business to set up memorials to those whose lives are associated with the neighborhood and who have deserved well of their fellowmen. What our country lacks is associations, a background of memories. Let, then, a portion at least of our art have significance. Mark the footsteps of the explorers. Raise a memorial where the inventor has brooded into realization his beneficent thought; where the author has penned his helpful lines. On the courthouses of Illinois let there be tablets to tell us "Here spoke Lincoln." There should be a record on the spot where Grant took command of his regiment, where our other great men were born, have lived and died. In these ways art becomes woven into the very life and history of our people; the statue or bust is beloved as the man, and we grow cultivated in the finer things of life as one takes possession of an inheritance.

In all of this the women's clubs are destined to play a leading part. Men may do the actual labor, but it is the women who will demand it, who will say when and how it is to be done and who will see to it that it is done. All this study of art is not to be in vain. It is not an affectation nor a veneer, but something which our womankind fairly love and assimilate into their very beings. There is nothing like it in any other nation under the sun.

Lorado Taft

Legal Tender.

By Addison Clark.

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The Henderson farm had once blossomed like a well kept flower garden. In those days the white house, set back from the road in a clump of live oaks, was astir with life and youth. The master had been a justice of the peace, and had run for the legislature. Men had called him Judge Henderson, and he had walked with his head erect.

He had had one neighbor, then, whose heart was very near to his own; but the war had come and changed everything. Robert Stephens, the neighbor, had gone away to join the Yankees, and friendship was changed to bitter hatred.

The master's sons, nephews and friends had also gone to the war, some from the north and others from the south. His slaves had left him at the first rumor of freedom, and the old place soon fell into decay.

A thick carpet of crab-grass and wild morning glory vines had spread over the fields where had once been rows of cotton and corn. All was silent now in the house among the live oaks.

Upon a bed in the large sunny front room upstairs lay the master, sick and deserted—no, not quite deserted, for there was left old Jerry, the last of a hundred slaves. The old man turned over restlessly in his bed, and putting up a thin, bony hand, pushed the gray hair out of his eyes.

"Jerry!" he called in a feeble voice.

A wrinkled black face appeared at the door. "Yes, Ma'se Tol, heah I is," answered the old servant.

"What do you mean by leaving me here alone? Where have you been all this time?"

"I ain't be'n nowhah, Ma'se Tol, 'ceptin' in de kitchen. I ain't lef' yo' but a li'le minute."

"You have! I say you have, Jerry! You've been gone for an hour. Why don't you bring me something to eat? Do you think that because a man's a little sick he don't get hungry?"

"Yes, sah; Ma'se Tol, yes, sah; de dinnah be ready t'rectly. Would a be'n done, sah, only de hins somehow don't lay no mo' to-day—no, sah, not a single aig, and de co'n meal am done all gone, an' de bac'n an' de coffee."

"Nothing to cook, eh! Not a thing to eat in the house, and I'm to lie here on my back and starve am I, just because you're too lazy to go to the store and get something?"

"Yes, sah, Ma'se Tol, yes, sah," said Jerry uneasily; "I'se jes' gwine to de sto' now—jes' a gwine when yo' call me. Yes, sah, Ma'se Tol, but—but de money done all gone, too."

"Money! That's what is the matter, is it? Well, why didn't you say so? What do you stand gibbering there for and not tell what you want? Do you think I'm a beggar?" He turned over in feverish haste, his old hands trembling nervously, and reaching under the pillow took out a large wallet, which he opened, displaying a number of crisp new bills. "Money! There, take what you want!"

A look of awe came over the old negro's face; then he smiled as with trembling hands he took one of the bills and folded it tenderly. "Yes, Ma'se Tol, yes, sah; de dinnah be ready 'trectly," said he, and bowing and smiling, he shambled out of the room.

Two stores, in one of which was the postoffice, a gin house and a blacksmith shop, constituted the town. One of the stores was owned by Judge Henderson's former neighbor, who had gone out joyfully to fight for the union, and had come back broken, one-legged, almost a pauper.

But it was not there Jerry went. He well knew that his master would eat no food from that store. So he passed it by, and went on to the other, where a busy, practical newcomer did a general merchandise business for cash.

"Mornin', Mistah Ross," said Jerry to the man who came forward to take his order.

"Good evening, Jerry. How is Mr. Henderson to-day?" asked the proprietor.

"Jedge Hindi'son, sah, am bettah, t'ank yo'; he am heahty, sah," returned the old negro, straightening up his bent form and looking with contempt on the questioner.

"Can I do anything for you," asked Mr. Ross.

"Yo' kin, sah," responded Jerry; and he gave his order as if he were speaking to a servant.

"Yes, to be sure," said the proprietor, when Jerry had finished; "but excuse me, ah—but, Jerry, did Judge Henderson send the money? You know we do only a cash business."

Jerry looked at him for a moment in silence. "In c'ose I brung de money," he said. "Does yo' t'ink I done come beggin' fo' Ma'se Tol sump'n to eat?"

The proprietor unfolded the bill which the old negro handed him, and as he saw what it was, smiled in a superior manner. "Why, Jerry, this is no good; this is not legal tender," said he. "This is Confederate money. The Confederacy fell six months ago, and Confederate notes are no longer legal tender; they are not worth the paper they are printed on."

"Ain't no good! Yo' say de money ain't no good?" responded the old negro, trembling with anger and disappointment. "Ain't Ma'se Tol's money good as any money? Ain't my Ma'se Tol Hindi'son a ge'm'n? Ain't he pay his debts?" His voice broke to a sob and tears filled his eyes. "Ain't de money to buy my po' marster sump'n to eat when he hongry?"

"Jerry, you don't understand," explained Mr. Ross. Confederate money is no longer legal tender. Judge Henderson must have sent the wrong bill. Tell him if he will send coin or United States notes we will be glad to serve him."

The sick man awoke from a fitful slumber as he heard a step upon the stairs. For a moment he lay staring up at the ceiling and trying to straighten out the tangle in his thoughts. "Jerry!" he called at length, impatiently. "You lazy nigger, why don't you come on with my dinner? Didn't I tell you I was hungry!"

"Yes, sah, Ma'se Tol, heah I is, sah," answere Jerry, coming half fearfully into the room. "But—but Ma'se Tol—" his lips were trembling and the tears streaming down his face.

"Well, what is it? What do you stand there whimpering like a baby for? What's the matter?"

"Oh, Ma'se Tol!" cried Jerry, falling upon his knees beside the bed, "he say de cornfede'cy done busted, and de money ain't no good!"

"The money no good! Sam Ross said that!" cried the old man in a shrill, cracked voice. "He's a liar, Jerry! I'll go right down there and tell him so." He lifted himself upon his elbow, and struggled to sit upright in bed; but the exertion was too much for his feeble strength, and he fell back weakly upon his pillow.

Then he lay for an hour raving in delirium, alternately cursing the man who had refused to take his money and begging Jerry to bring his dinner.

The old negro remained for a long time, kneeling by the bed moaning and praying, and begging "Ma'se Tol" just to be quiet and Jerry would soon have his dinner ready. Then a light broke upon his darkness. He arose, and taking the discarded bill, went again down the road toward the village. He would try the other store; no doubt Captain Bob would take the money, and his master need never know where the things came from.

"Evenin', Cap'n Bob," said Jerry to the one-legged man who came forward to meet him.

"Good evening, Jerry," answered the old soldier. "How is Judge Henderson to-day?"

"Mighty po'ly, sah, mighty po'ly, Cap'n Bob. Cain't somehow eat nuffin' an' he hongry laik, too, all de time. Don't reck'n yo' got nuffin' fo' a sick man—no bac'n er co'n meal er coffee?"

Jerry handed the storekeeper the bill and stood watching him closely while he examined it. When he had looked at it carefully, and turned it over and looked at it on the other side, he turned to the old negro with an understanding look: "Why, of course I have, Jerry; anything you want," said he.

"An'—an' Cap'n Bob, am de money good?" asked Jerry anxiously. "Ca'se Mistah Ross, he say de cornfede'cy done busted and de money ain't no legal tindah."

"Sam Ross is a liar, Jerry, and a scoundrel, too. I'll tell him so the first time I see him. The money is good for anything in this store."

He stumped about noisily on his wooden leg, swearing softly to himself, until he had made up a dozen packages and placed them on the counter—meat and eggs, corn meal, and coffee, and whatever else the meager resources of the small store afforded.

"Jerry, tell Judge Henderson that I am pleased to serve him," said he, as he handed the parcels to the old negro. "And say to him that I will call to-night to ask about his health, and to break with him a bottle of the old Forty-two. I'll wager he hasn't smacked his lips over anything as good as that these twenty years."

"Gawd bress yo', Cap'n Bob," answered Jerry, with tears of gratitude in his eyes. "Yo' am a sho' 'nuff white man."

"No thanks at all, Jerry; just a little matter of business. And, Jerry, wait—here's your change."

When the old negro had gone, Captain Robert Stephens, sometime soldier and gentleman, hobbled back to the rear of his small store, kicked open the stove with his wooden leg, and unfolding a fresh, new confederate bill, tore it into bits and dropped it inside.

"Legal tender! Legal tender," he muttered. "Why the brute!—and the old man starvin' to death!"

Daily New York Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL, No. 21 Park Row.

Copyrighting a Residence.

June 5.—William K. Vanderbilt, Jr.'s, determination not to have his new summer home, Idle Hour, photographed without his consent is the means of raising a very nice point of law. Mr. Vanderbilt has been importuned by photographers since the completion of Idle Hour to make pictures of the house and grounds. Mr. Vanderbilt, however, has turned a deaf ear to all entreaties, and in order to prevent any stolen marches had the house, grounds and rooms photographed in scores of ways and from all points. Then he had the pictures copyrighted. He now owns the plates. No one can use them without his permission, and any other photograph of his house, it is supposed, will be a violation of the copyright law. How far this can be insisted upon will be an interesting question.

No Caste Here.

Six men were ordained in deacon's orders in the Crypt of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine by Bishop Potter. In an address Bishop Potter said that there was no caste at the Lord's table. He told a story of meeting a Brahman of high degree in India and having invited him to join at breakfast: "His face clouded and he waved me away with his hands," said the bishop. "'No, I cannot eat with you,' he said; his Hindoo caste would not permit him to sit down with me. Here we can all come to the Lord's table and ask the Lord to give us all the bread of life."

An Odell Boom.

Senator Coggeshall's prediction that Governor Odell would be the next republican candidate for president is directly in line with the thought of a large number of republican politicians in this state. Indeed, Odell's whole policy since he became governor would indicate that he himself has an idea that there is a chance for him in that direction. His open refusal to obey the orders of Senator Platt in the matter of police legislation was a plain bid for popular support. It was signally successful, too, in winning the independents, and it is a fact that Governor Odell is getting more independent praise than Roosevelt did during his whole term as governor. Popular as Roosevelt still is with the general public, he is regarded as having now no chance as against Odell in a contest for the support of the New York delegation in a national convention. But the tables may turn before Odell's term is up. Roosevelt has four years to serve in an office in which he can make no mistakes and no enemies, while Governor Odell has gained his mugwump popularity at the expense of Senator Platt, and next year must undergo the test of another campaign for governor. The man who is elected governor of New York in 1902, be he republican or democrat, is pretty sure of a first or second place on one of the two presidential tickets of 1904.

Vacation With Full Pay.

Edward Schickhaus, the pork packer, who has given his twelve regular employes a vacation, with full pay, till Sept. 1, closed his establishment in Newark, as he had promised. Schickhaus thinks his employes need a rest as much as he, and for that reason at his expense.

A Bishop's Good Sense.

Bishop Derrick, of the African Methodist church, appears to be a man of remarkable good sense. In thanking a committee for making a report on the state of the country, which contains only complaints and no praise, he said: "Why, there is not a word in your report about the bountiful harvests, the commercial interests and the great international development which give to the black man as well as the white, bread, meat and comfort. If there were to be a famine, black Bishop Derrick would die just as quickly as white Bishop Potter. We are a part of a great republic, we colored men, and if the republic goes up, we go up. Of course, there are grievances, but there are living facts of great blessings coming from God. American prosperity is our prosperity."

Chased by an Automobile.

While bicycling near Springfield, L. I., Miss Henrietta Lynes saw an automobile coming and ran up a ten-foot embankment. The auto gave chase after her and landed in a tree. Miss Lynes was badly injured. Theodore Kolb had lost control of the machine and fell over the dashboard.

Great Neck Abhors Actresses.

The residents of Great Neck, L. I., are staid and steady. There are two men in the town who have never been on a railroad train and who have not seen the Brooklyn bridge. When it was announced that four actresses were to locate in the town this summer there was much ado. The residents are now preparing to rent every unoccupied house in the village to prevent any more professionals from locating in the exclusive place.

—N. N. A.

WHEN KUNTE GETS ANGRY

Correspondence New York Evening Post.

Washington, D. C.—There is no more placid, benevolent looking man in congress than our Scandinavian senator, Knute Nelson of Minnesota. With his ruddy complexion, his neatly trimm