THE JOURNAL

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

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PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

The proposed international conference of American states fixed for October will possibly fail of accomplishing the unity of purpose desired, if the testy Spanish-American republics, Chile, Equador and Costa Rica refuse to take part in it as seems to be foreshadowed.

These republics want the principle of arbitration limited in its scope. Chile is especially unwilling to have her encroachment upon Peru and Argentian made the subject of investigation by an arbitration tribunal. She and Peru have, ever since the war of 1878, which was so disastrous to Peru, been at loggerheads. It is now reported from Washington that Peru and Argentina have announced that they will take no part in the conference, and, therefore, leaving out the dissentient republics, the conference, if it assembles, will have representatives from the United States, Mexico, Honduras, Salvador, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Colombia, Venezuela, Bolivia, Uruguay, Paraguay, Brazil, Hayti and San Domingo.

These would be enough, it would seem, to make the conference effective as to its object, which is to bring about a recognition of mutual interests and promote trade, harmony and recognition of the saving principle of arbitration as the solvent of differences between the several states.

The conference has attracted deep interest in Europe and it has been likened in importance, by some European journals, to the great peace conference at The Hague in 1899. It is unfortunate that there will not be in attendance representatives from every independent nation of North, South and Central America. There will be discussed, among other subjects, arbitration of all international disputes before a permanent Pan-American tribunal; reciprocal tariffs or an international customs union to facilitate and promote trade; improvement of postal facilities; new and better systems of sea and land transportation lines; a Pan-American railway system; the interoceanic ship canal and improved international bank facilities.

There should be no thought of giving up this conference because five states do not care about joining the movement. Unity of fourteen out of nineteen on a program of mutual interest and of vital importance in every way, will accomplish so much that the non-participating states will ultimately be drawn into the common action. If the report that Brazil, Bolivia, Uruguay and Paraguay will not participate unless the principle of unrestricted arbitration is recognized, which is the ground taken by Peru and Argentina, is true, there is no reason why such recognition may not be given and the court of arbitration be empowered to consider all international differences. If such a tribunal is a good remedy for one international dispute it is equally good for another.

Judge McGee is tired of comedy; he proposes to put on a little tragedy for a change. The public will appreciate the substitution.

The Pilgrim, a monthly magazine published at Battle Creek, Mich., has just established at the University of Michigan a fellowship of a novel character. It is entitled "a graduate fellowship for research in rhetoric and English composition," and its purpose is to bring about improvement in the teaching of these subjects in the public schools. The work of the incumbent will be to investigate present methods of teaching English composition, especially with reference to the causes of success or failure, and to discover a remedy for the evils. The fellowship was secured for the university by Professor F. N. Scott, who for the past four years has been collecting from several hundred schools in all parts of the United States the material that will be used in the investigation. This is believed to be the first time in the history of education that a university fellowship has been established by a magazine. It is also the first time that a fellowship has been established by any one for the express purpose of improving the teaching of English composition in the public schools. The results of the research made possible by this fellowship will be watched for with great interest. Certainly there is something fundamentally wrong with the methods of teaching English composition in many of our schools, if one may judge by the character of the English written by pupils in them. Indeed, many recent university graduates make woeful work of it when they put pen to paper. In this connection it may be well to warn the fellow-to-be at Ann Arbor that he will find few agencies doing a greater work for the improvement of English composition among pupils than the Journal Junior.

The Oregon and Washington delegations to the National Editorial convention at Buffalo are in town to-day on their way east. They were loaded up with "impressions" by a receiving committee of Minneapolitans and pledged to Minneapolis as the place for the next annual convention of the association. The National Editorial association is composed of editors and publishers, chiefly of weekly papers, in all parts of the country, and the annual meeting brings hundreds of newspaper writers together who can't rest till they have told the people in their respective localities all about the attractions and advantages of the city in which they have met; so that from the cold, business standpoint the National Editorial convention is a very good thing for any city to have. It means more advertising, of an excellent kind, than the city could buy for very many times what it costs to entertain the convention.

TOO INTEMPERATE

It is not the spirit of wisdom which prompts the American Protective Tariff League to make a savage warfare against every man in the republican party who proposes to put on the free list, as a corrective of monopoly prices, the products of industrial combinations which take advantage of the protective duties to make excessive profits; this, not to cripple any industry, but to be held over the great combinations as a preventive of abuses of their privileges.

The last number of the organ of the Protective Tariff League denounces Congressman Babcock and all who favor his proposition to adopt such plan as traitors and "pseudo republicans." This organ has used the same terms toward those republicans who favor the effectuation of reciprocity treaties with the leading countries of the old and new worlds.

It is certainly the height of folly for the American Protective Tariff League to assume this position of hostility toward loyal republicans, who, in taking the position that the Dingley tariff was never intended to be an unchangeable expression of republican economic policy and that protection does not embody the feature of rigidity of duties after the industry protected has long passed the point where it needs the support of special protective legislation, are taking the identical ground of the greatest and most conspicuous statesmen of the party.

In denouncing the advocates of tariff reform and of reciprocity, the American Protective Tariff League denounces, necessarily, President McKinley himself and the republican party itself, which has, in its last two platforms, called for reciprocity treaties and made the principle a part of its policy. Not only this, but the league overlooks the fact, apparently, that the president, acting in accord with the will of the party, appointed a special commissioner to negotiate reciprocity treaties, who devoted himself to the work and succeeded in negotiating some very advantageous treaties, which the majority in the senate refused to consider. What shall be said of the "loyalty" of the league which rejects the reciprocity clauses of two platforms and repudiates the action of the president in accordance with those clauses?

During the last ten years our imports from Europe have fallen off $35,000,000, while our exports have increased $428,000,000, and no reflecting man will assume that Europe is going to extinguish the fires under her factory boilers and submit to American industrial domination without a struggle. As the Hamburger Fremdenblatt puts it:

> Europe must fight Americanism with its own methods; the battle must be fought with their own weapons, and wherever possible, their weapons must be bettered and improved by us, or, to speak with other and more practical words, Germany—Europe—must adopt improved and progressive methods in every department of industry, must use more and more effective machinery. Manufacturers, as well as merchants, must go to America, send thither their assistants and workingmen, not only to superficially observe the methods there employed, but to study them thoroughly, to adopt them and, wherever possible, to improve upon them, just as the Americans have done and are doing still in Europe.

Europe cannot, without great injury to herself, combine in a zollverein against the United States. Germany, for instance, has to get her raw cotton and a large portion of agricultural products consumed from this country, besides much copper and oil and other articles. Germany and Great Britain and Russia and France are more likely to resort to the remedy proposed by the Fremdenblatt. The reciprocity policy is intended to effect an interchange of products between the United States and certain nations of the continent of Europe on equal terms which will enable us to retain profitable trade relations with them.

To denounce all attempts to modify our tariff by reciprocity concessions to increase our foreign trade as treason, and to class with Benedict Arnold anybody who proposes to withdraw tariff protection from monopolistically manufactured articles, is impudent in the extreme, and is not in accord with the splendid progressive spirit of the republican party.

The democrats are beginning to figure on electing a mayor next time. It will be the off-year and the republican candidate is bound to be handicapped, they figure, by the record of the present administration and for these reasons they are beginning to look for a candidate. If there is anything in their theory of their chances for success they won't have to look very far.

A "Call-Down" All Around

While the Omaha ladies were out shopping and looking over one another's dry goods display the other day, a man "of subdued and gentle appearance" caused some annoyance and excitement by handing them red cards reading, "Who is taking care of home and babies while you are gadding the streets?" He told the judge before whom he was taken that it had been borne in upon him that countless women were frittering away their time. The judge let him go.

Doubtless this serious charge is well founded, but it is a two-edged sword. Some Omaha woman might profitably distribute cards at the saloons and other places reading, "Is your wife sitting at home with the baby for society while you are out wasting the money?"

"Noiseless Milk"

It is said that rubber tires on a buggy make the vehicle last four times as long as it would with metal tires. There are so many things calculated to jar one now that rubber heels are found to lessen materially the wear and tear on the human frame. Carrying out the same idea, an Indianapolis man has invented "noiseless milk." He has had all his milkmen shod with rubber-heeled and rubber-soled shoes, and has put rubber tires on all of his wagons. He presented to each of his customers a rubber mat upon which to set the milk can by the door, so that there was no noise from that, and he had his horses all shod with rubber shoes. His business has quadrupled.

If rubber bells could be put in some of the noisier of the steeples and a rubber pavement put down where the grocery delivery boy now ruins wagons and horseflesh, people might get a little more time for meditation. Meantime the noiseless milk idea is a stepping stone to the quieter life.

Libby, McNeil & Libby, a firm of high class, particular Chicago pig killers, have ordered their men to stop chewing tobacco, while Swift & Co. bar profane language when the lamb butts an employe over the fence. Any man appearing in the stockyards without a necktie will be cut dead socially.

Some infernal scientific scoundrel has written a "Chemical Study of Tears," showing how they consist of phosphate of lime and soda and are a good thing for the eye. He has refrained, however, from discovering the tear microbe.

Mr. Leiter, whose eldest son dallied around the wheat pit a few years back and finally fell in, paid $102,844.51 in taxes to Chicago yesterday. It is clear from this that the family has something left.

The visiting doctors were operated on for a good time last night and the bacilli of homesickness removed. The operations were successful but nevertheless the patients seem to be recovering.

Some of the other wells at Belmont, Texas, are down 2,000 feet without finding oil. The boys who have been buying the stock are wriggling uneasily at the fine prospect of owning a hole.

The king has reduced the number of his private chaplains from thirty-six to twelve. What a man can do with twelve pastors when one is usually so obstreperous is a mystery.

You can drag your tree smasher into court, says Mr. Rockwell, and have the judge gnash his teeth at him. When the old shack comes galloping up the street call for the police.

The German South Sea expedition was eaten by the inhabitants of the cannibal island of St. Matthias, who have entered no complaint of the flavor.

The Jones & Laughlin steel plant at Pittsburg, outside of the trust, is going to double its capacity. This is Morgane majeste.

When suffragist and doctor came together their discussion was not on that high spiritual plane we sometimes read about.

The ice barons of Chicago have completed their trust and prices of the chilly diamonds nearly doubled yesterday.

The administration is said to have kept about ten feet ahead of the grand jury all the time.

Talk about Melrose Abbey! Go and see the sweet girl graduate by moonlight.

A farmer appeared in Bridge square this morning with Christmas trees.

When the church burned the clock in the steeple had a hot time.

Russell Sage is not going to have his settlers shot.

AMUSEMENTS

Vaudeville at the Metropolitan.

High class vaudeville at popular prices appears to be just what the doctor ordered for Minneapolitans. A fine audience that filled every seat down stairs in the capacious Metropolitan and banked the walls of the theater with humanity was present last night to gaze upon the young woman with the aureole tresses and the other performers.

It is hardly fair to tear away the veil of mystery which envelops "The Girl With the Auburn Hair," inasmuch as said veil, with other theatrical accessories, constitutes her stock and store. Suffice it to say, the lights are lowered and from behind a gauze curtain come the divine harmonies of "The Holy City," or Gounod's "Ave Maria," wafted out from a deep-throated contralto of that musical quality which distinguishes the natural from the cultivated singer. Through the "dim religious light" the interior of a church is outlined, and the figure of a young woman clad in choir vestments is observed standing in the front pew. There she sings her songs with organ accompaniment in an environment of mystic beauty, inspiring a feeling of awe and lending an indefinable charm to the scene quite apart from the heavenly music she has chosen for her praise offering. The act is a decided novelty, and evokes great enthusiasm. As for the auburn hair, there are a thousand girls in Minneapolis—but that's another story.

The comedy hit of the bill was contributed by Eddie Girard and Jessie Gardner, in "The Soubrette and the Cop," a wild sketch in which the inimitable Girard, monkey act and all, is given plenty of rope.

Dolly Rathbun Chesley, the Minneapolis girl, contributed the most artistic turn on the bill. She is the possessor of a lyric soprano, not of great volume, but pure, sweet and true. She was heard in three numbers, "L'Ardita," "Sleep, Little Baby of Mine" and "Celeste." Her reception was most flattering, as her songs were just difficult enough to suggest the possibilities of good vocal music outside of coon melodies.

The sketch of Harris and Walters was very funny and kept the audience in fine humor for a quarter of an hour. The act of the "stuttering kids," Harris and DeLoss, was pleasing, although rather slow. Dorothy Studebaker, the balladist, a tall, handsome brunette with a wonderfully sweet expression, was delightfully entertaining with her dainty little songs. The polyscope pictures are indifferent, except those showing the McGovern-Gans prize fight, which are excellent.

The performance closes with an exceedingly clever and amusing club swinging act by Derenda and Breen.
Derenda and Breen. —W. A. D.

The vaudeville bill for next week at the Metropolitan will include Mary Norman, the society entertainer; Lizzie Evans and Harry Mills in Edward E. Kidder's successful comedy, "Two Girls to One Man"; Moller, Fuller and Burke, the eccentric comedy trio; the Rozzini's European comedy acrobats; World and Hastings, refined singers and dancers; Weston and Yost, the conversational comedians, and Mallory Bros. and Brocks in a musical act. The polyscope will present new views.

Bryan's Inconsistency.

To the Editor of The Journal:

William J. Bryan, it appears, is not satisfied with the decision in the insular cases. In this connection it may be of interest to note his inconsistency and insincerity in the same matters during the campaign last year. He and his more immediate followers declared that if Bryan was elected president he would give the Filipinos immediate and absolute independence except, perhaps, with a protectorate. At the same time they declared that the constitution had already spread itself with full force and effect over the Philippines, as completely as in the United States. They knew that at least one of their propositions was without foundation in fact. The war between the states settled for ever the question that when once the constitution had been in all respects and in its entirety extended over any territory belonging to the United States, that territory cannot secede, neither can it be expelled from the union, nor be given that independence either by the executive or by congress.

In other words, when new territory acquired by this country has been accepted and taken into full fellowship with the other states and territories, except that statehood may not as yet have been granted, there is no power except revolution that can detach it. Bryan knew and knows that if the constitution in all respects followed the flag, as he contended, then his promise to give the Filipinos independence was an absolutely empty and vain one, and that it could never be fulfilled. On the other hand, he knew that if independence could be given, the constitution did not for all purposes and in full force and effect follow the flag, and noting the fact that he so strenuously insisted that independence be given, we will give him credit for being sincere in that contention, which puts upon him the burden of being hypocritical in asserting that the constitution necessarily follows the flag. —A. T. Cole.

Fargo, N. D., June 5, 1901.

Minneapolis Journal's Current Topic Series.

Papers by Experts and Specialists of National Reputation.

AMERICAN LIFE A CENTURY AGO.

XVI.—STREET SCENES

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 stroller along the city streets saw little in 1801 to indicate what any American city of to-day would be or, indeed, to show what any of our smaller towns would be. For every village to-day has brick houses, and nearly all have one or two three-story brick blocks. Boston in 1801 was a city of wooden houses "seldom enlivened with paint." There was but one brick house in Tremont street. Mrs. Quincy wrote: "The ranges of wooden buildings, all situated with one end toward the street, and the numerous chaises drawn by one horse, the driver placed on a low seat in front, appeared to me very singular." Beacon street in 1802 had but four houses. In 1804 the father of Wendell Phillips built a brick house there. There were then in the town fourteen churches. The rent of houses was high. There were no brick sidewalks in Boston except in Washington street, near the Old South church. The streets were, as the saying was, "pitched with pebbles," and Mrs. Quincy said every one walked in the middle of the street because there the pavements were the smoothest. Horsemen who galloped in the streets were fined. There were few street lamps; there was no gas till 1831.

New York was but a small place. The majority of the inhabitants lived below Cortlandt street and Maiden lane. So doubtful did it seem that there ever would be many residents above Chambers street that when the city hall was built in the first years of the century it was decided that the back wall should be of common red stone instead of granite, for "who would see it?" City Hotel was an important edifice, where now stands the Boreal building. It was the first building in the city to be covered with slate (in 1800) instead of old Dutch tile. There were public gardens; the Indian Queen and Tyler's, and away uptown was Kip's farm. The Battery was set out profusely with Lombardy poplars.

A TOWN CRIER.
(From an old wood cut.)

Noises in the Streets.

The streets were noisy, but it was with human sounds, the cries of various artisans and vendors; there were none of the clanging metallic sounds of our modern machines of travel and transportation, our whistles, bells and gongs, the puffing rattle and banging of our trolley cars, our cable cars, our elevated roads and engines, our bicycles and automobiles. There were sounds of birds and beasts, for hogs ranged the streets unchecked, as public scavengers, and well-to-do citizens kept pigeons and poultry in their town yards; and at morn and night lowing cattle went from their homes in town stables to outlying pastures, and thence returned.

The "charcoal-man" was a regular city street vendor, who is not yet extinct, with his long, narrow black wagon, his sinister countenance and mournful cry. In Philadelphia a popular members of this calling was "Jimmy Charcoal," who went through the city blowing a horn and singing:

> Charcoal by the bushel,
> Charcoal by the peck,
> Charcoal by the fryingpan,
> Or any way you leck.

His loud horn became a nuisance and was prohibited and he triumphantly substituted a great bell. "Sweep-ohs" were frequent; a few still linger; an old sweep still passes my Brooklyn house, singing loudly every week during the spring, but the boy sweeps have vanished. Soft-soap men passed with wheelbarrows and barrels of soft soap; and city housekeepers who could not conveniently make soft soap were glad to buy from them. They still are seen in New England towns, where they still buy soap fat from housekeepers; but the accompanying commodity, "hickory ashes," has vanished with wood fires.

In the Days of the Woodpile.

So also have the great loads of "cordwood" which were delivered in long logs in front of houses, and were sawed up on the edge of the sidewalk, even in crowded city streets. The wood-sawyer sawed the logs and sticks into short billets, which, when grown to an armful, were thrown down a cellaray with the cry, "'Way, piler," to a comrade in the cellar who was making the woodpile. A brawny fellow walking past would have a huge ax over his shoulder and two jingling iron wedges hanging from it; his cry was "Spli-i-t wood!" He split the billets into kinlding wood, a work the sawyer never shared nor interfered with.

Though coal was known of in the eighteenth century, it attracted little attention 1820. Several wagon-loads had been brought to Philadelphia and exploited, but the public benefactor was denounced as a swindler. Coal wagons were scarcely a common sight even in city streets until 1840.

Brick-dust vendors passed with sandmen who sung "Sand your kitchens; sand your floors." No one to-day buys floor sand, but every one wanted it in 1801, when there were more sanded floors than carpeted ones. Milkmen carried milk pails on neckyokes to supply customers; and bakers' boys delivered cakes and bread from traps and baskets carried on their heads.

When the Town Crier Went About.

The town crier with his bell added his voice and slang to the other confused sounds. He walked slowly, with occasional stops, crying out lost and found articles, notices of articles for sale, of town meetings—in fact, such local events of temporary interest as would now be advertised in a newspaper. Sometimes he cried them at the lecture or town meeting. If a stray domestic animal was found, a cow or a horse, the finder was required in early days to put about its neck as a sign "a wyth or wreath." Thus bedecked with green branches, the cow was turned over to the poundkeeper while it was cried.

The crier had a vast amount of business in announcing lottery drawings, and auctions or vendues, which were such a feature of modes of trade at the beginning of the century. Some tradesmen had private criers. Here is a notice from a Boston newspaper:

> As the method, lately practiced by the Subscriber, in having a Person at his Door, to invite Gentlemen and others to his Public Sales, has given dissatisfaction to some (Gentlemen Shopkeepers in Particular), to avoid giving Offense for the future he shall desist from that Practice, and pursue one (as follows) which he flatters himself cannot fail giving universal Satisfaction, as he sincerely wishes to do so. The Public are most earnestly requested to remember (for their own advantage) that, for the future, Notice will be given, by sounding a Bell, which he has purchased for that Purpose, which is erected over the Auction Room Door near the Market Boston, where constant Attendance is given both early and late to receive the favors of all such who are pleased to confer on their Much Obliged Most Obedien. and Very Humble Servant, M. Bicker.

The humble and offense-avoiding Bicker certainly belied his name.

Ways of the Night Watchmen.

Sometimes the town crier served as a night watch, and there were also paid watchmen with stars and lanterns, who called the hours of the night and the weather, and in stirring times of war or election, any unusual item of public news which chanced to arrive by night messenger. But police arrangements were very scant and defective; honest folk and timid folk made little use of the ill-lighted public streets by night. In Philadelphia, until the middle of the century, were watchmen, usually aged men, with cape coats, lanterns and rattles—very quaint and primitive figures. Each one had a shelter box; one is here shown. They were four or five feet in diameter, contained a bench for the watchman to sit on, a few hooks for clothing and a shelf for his oil can and torch; for he was usually lamp-lighter as well as watchman. Sometimes on cold nights "Charley" crept into his box for a few minutes' shelter and would sometimes snatch a forbidden nap. Woe to him if some prowling rogue or roystering blades discovered him; for they would fasten the door on the outside and call "Watch! Watch!" in tones of distress; sometimes they upset the watch box with the watchman in it; for it was not heavy, and was not attached to sidewalk or fence. The streets were lighted by heavy oil lanterns, which hung over the middle of the roadway on ropes or wires stretched across from wall to wall or between posts. These lanterns were attached to a pulley which enabled the watchman to draw them to the posts, which he would ascend by means of his ladder, and thus refill the lanterns with whale oil.

Funerals of Former Days.

"Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound," was indeed a true view of funerals in 1801. Articles in the house of death, such as mirrors, vases, pictures, etc., were shrouded in black or white cloth. The windows of the house were closed, in some cases for several months. In Philadelphia the shutters were tied together with black bands. Mourning was donned even for distant relatives and worn long. Every one went to everybody else's funeral. Black scarves and gloves were given to friends and relatives and bells were tolled. The dead were usually carried to the grave by bearers and had to be borne slowly through the main streets and past the town hall, and the streets were blocked with a rabble of curious citizens, old and young, that followed the mourners. Men were appointed by the selectmen to keep free passage in the streets. Funerals were forbidden to be held on Sunday, for such vast crowds followed the coffin that they became disorderly. Sargent, in his "Dealings with the Dead," writes at length on this subject. In New York a "funeral inviter" went from house to house of friends giving the hour of the funeral and invitations to it. Gentlemen walked from the house of mourning to the grave; women seldom attended funerals and never were present at the interment. Everywhere liquors were given to all who attended the funeral, whether the dead person were a man of wealth or a pauper.

Imprisonment for Debt.

Imprisonment for debt was a common practice everywhere. As men could not, of course, earn money while in prison to pay their debts, their release seemed well-nigh impossible. They had miserable cells and wretched food, and their lives were most pitiable; they begged from every one who visited the jail, and even called out to passers by from the doors and windows of their cells. They also appealed through the public press. Such notices as this from the New York Gazette were common:

> To all charitable Geneltmen and Ladies: We poor, unfortunate Prisoners in the City Hall of New York, humbly beg Leave to acquaint you, that we, besides our Misfortunes of Confinement, are under great Necessity for want of Firing, not having at this Time, one Stick to burn, nor have had for several days, and the greatest Part of us intire Strangers in the Country, so that we are Quite destitute of Friends, as well as al the Necesities of Life, and unless we are reliev'd by some Charitably Dispos'd Persons, we must unavoidably persist in this Place. Such Persons as will relieve us of this our great necessity of Firing, etc., we shall not only return our grateful Thanks, but shall, as in Duty bound, hope that our Misfortunes may be Doubles in Blessings on you and yours. I am for Self and rest of my Fellow-Prisoners, Gentlemen and Ladies, your most obedient, humble servant,
> —Edward Daily.

It is pleasant to know that this appeal met with ready response and kindness. In a newspaper dated a week later appears the following:

> To all our Kind Benefactors: We poor unfortunate Prisoners of the City Hall of New York, we humbly beg Leave to return to you our most grateful Thanks, for your Benevolence which we have received to our great Comfort in this our Necessity.
>
> Receiv'd we have, Firing, Meat and Pence;
> May others follow your Benevolence;
> When we in Prison were, you came to see
> What was our Want, and sad Extremity,
> We cold and hungry, sick and naked were,
> But you us Comfort gave, while we were there;
> Take your reward, which is Eternal Bliss,
> For you reliev'd us when in great Distress.
> For this our Thanks to you we freely owe,
> Pray God may on you double blessings flow.
> He that unto Poor doth freely give
> His double-fold shall of the Lord receive.
> I hope Prosperity may never fail ye;
> I am, your Humble Servant, Edward Daily.

Caring for the Poor.

Provisions for the care of the poor have varied comparatively little. Pauper children were usually "bound out" in private families; after an interval of time, in the mid-century, during which such bound service fell into disrepute, it is again our custom to-day, and is the best treatment we now know for infant paupers. There were workhouses for paupers, and adult, active paupers could be sold for a term of service, the purchaser paying a sum to the town or state. Infirm and aged paupers were "vendued" for the smallest sum for which any one would agree to give them their "keep"; this sum was paid by the town to the keeper. Paupers—men and women—still are sold in this way in this country.

WATCHMAN'S BOX.
(From an old print.)

Piracy on the Seas.

On the ocean property was most insecure, for the high seas were still infested with pirates. Merchant ships sailed heavily armed and the crews were trained to fight like men-of-war's men. In 1789 a friend of the Empress Josephine, sailing from France to the island of Martinique, was captured by pirates and sold to the Sultan of Turkey, and became the mother of the next sultan. Theodosia Burr Alston, the daughter of Aaron Burr, was doubtless a later victim of the Barbary pirates. Hundreds of Americans were captured before the bands of the Mediterranean and Caribbean seas were exterminated, the brave Decatur having aided vastly in this great work.

A memorable trial was that of the seven Cuban pirates of the ship Panda, who robbed the ship Mexican of Salem and fired her after fastening all the crew below. Luckily one spylight of the cabin proved movable and one of the crew crawled out and released the others, who put out the fire, but kept up a great smoke till the Panda was out of sight. The trial was carried on in Masonic Temple in Boston, as the courthouse was far too small to accommodate the crowd. The pirates were all hanged save one of historic name, De Soto, who was pardoned by the president for a humane action rendered early in his life to a wrecked American vessel. He was said to have been the handsomest man ever seen, perfect in face and figure, with superb eyes and eyelashes over an inch long, and the sweetest, gentlest, most lovable expression ever seen on a human countenance.

Alice Morse Earle

The Determining Factor. *By Mary S. Cutiing.*

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Juliet sat by the window with her hands folded in her lap. She was waiting for Mr. Barnard. Kathleen smiled as she passed through the room.

"Juliet always wears white and violet when somebody is going to propose to her," she said to Jerry, as she joined him on the veranda of the log camping-house. "It's so fetching with her violet eyes and hair. I've seen her wear the combination just three times in the last month. It makes her look remarkably young and innocent, doesn't it?"

Jerry laughed.

"I should say so! She can make twenty-five show for seventeen better than any one I ever saw. But does she always refuse her offers—doesn't she ever accept anybody? Just for a little while, you know!"

"No, but she refuses men so tenderly, so tentatively that they hardly realize it at first. She would love them so dearly, you know, but for that cruel coldness that debars her from the happiness which others face. Oh, I heard her! And they marry other girls afterwards. And idealize her forever. She is really an artist in that line."

"I'm glad you are not," said Jerry, putting one arm around his little fiancee.

"Hush—here he comes!"

Barnard was tall and dark. His walk, the swing of his arm when walking, the poise of his head, all spoke of a virile energy. He gave a courteous greeting to the two on the veranda, and passed within. In a very few moments he came out again with the girl in white and violet, and they disappeared in the direction of the woods; he very erect and straight-shouldered, she swaying a little towards him with her head drooping.

Kathleen and Jerry looked at each other and laughed.

"What do you bet that she accepts him, Kathleen?"

"I bet that she refuses."

"All right! I'll wager you a ring for your little finger against a pound of your chocolate fudge that I win."

"It's a go," said Kathleen, solemnly, and they kissed in ratification of the treaty.

The trees that withheld Juliet from view drooped over a shelving rock, on which she sat, with Barnard stretched at her feet. Below the rock was a nearly sheer descent, where one looked down on the graduated tops of pines; opposite rose another pine-clad mountain, the camp and log veranda seemed a hundred miles away, in these primitive fastnesses, where primitive feelings might also hold sway.

Barnard was the first to speak.

"You know what I wanted to say to you, Juliet."

"Must you say it?" she interposed, pleadingly. "Cannot you leave matters are they are?"

"No, I do not want to leave matters as they are—I want them entirely different. I am tired of seeing you made love to by other men."

"Is that all!" She raised her eyebrows with a quaint surprise, and then smiled at him tenderly.

"No, that isn't all. I want to make love to you myself; more than that, I want you to make love a little—to me!"

She sat up and looked at him wonderingly.

"But you're very impertinent to speak to me like that! Have I ever given you the slightest cause to think I'd make love to you?"

"Oh, yes," he spoke confidently. "A great many times when you didn't know it. Don't think I'm palpitating now with fear, many of those humble emotions which your other lovers have professed. I made sure, before I brought you here to-day; I know you far, far better than you know yourself, my Juliet."

"Mr. Barnard!" She had reddened from forehead to throat, as she jumped to her feet and looked at him defiantly.

"Sit down," he said gently, laying his hand on her arm. There, that is better. No you cannot draw your hand from mine. Do you wonder at being spoken to like this? I can tell you the truth because you belong to me, and there is no need for you to blush at it."

"Mr. Barnard"—she spoke with a chill composure of tone, although the hand in his trembled—"you are strangely deceiving yourself. I am not like other girls. Many men have loved me—you know that—but it is my misfortune that what means so much to others means nothing to me. I would willingly feel what others profess to find so beautiful, but I literally cannot. Underneath this light exterior, it is the truth I am telling you now—there dwells a mocking devil that will not let me give way to emotion—that analyses and dissects every thing in those who profess to care for me. I don't suppose I will ever see a man who is perfect—I don't suppose he exists—but he is the only man who will ever satisfy me. And I am called heartless, I am called a coquette because in each man who loves me I hope to find the perfect thing that I seek, and if they are disappointed, I am much, much more so. Oh, believe that, Mr. Barnard. Is it not the saddest thing in the world to go through life with an ideal that can never be realized?"

He was watching her narrowly.

"No, it's not the saddest thing. It would be sadder if you could never love without meeting that ideal. But you can. I am far from perfect, but I dare swear that you will be my wife—my very loving wife. And I will tell you on my side, Juliet, why this will be so—because I will not take 'No' for an answer. Don't speak yet! I will not take 'No' for an answer, though you should say it, ten, twenty thousand times. Whatever you say shall mean 'Yes' to me."

He rose to his feet and drew her to him. She looked at him dazed, yet unresisting.

He put his arm around her and kissed her on the mouth. "Say 'No' to me now, my sweetheart, if you can!"

"Oh," she sighed, as they walked back to the camp an hour later. "It is what I had dreamed—to be taken in spite of myself. I did not dare to think—to hope—that you would."

"Even if I am not the perfect lover?" He laughed down at her.

"But you are!" she flashed back at him.

"Hello, you two!" Jerry and Kathleen greeted them from the veranda. "Why, not really?" This from Kathleen, with a questioning glance at Juliet and Barnard. "Oh, you dear things!" as they smiled assent to her. "Let me congratulate you."

"I've won my bet," said Jerry, rising and shaking Barnard's hand heartily; "I bet against Kathleen that Juliet would accept you, Barnard."

"But she didn't," said Barnard, laughing. "She didn't accept me, although I own that we're engaged. You've both of you lost your wager, Jerry. I was the determining factor in this case!"

Daily New York Letter.

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

An Irrational Strike Settled.

June 7.—Strikers on the rapid transit subway, in at last consenting to return to work, have done the only sensible thing open to them. For a while it was feared that building operations of all kinds would be seriously interfered with by the action of the various trades unions, but the counsel of sane minds has prevailed and everything gives promise of going on as smoothly as before the strike began. In reviewing the motives that animated the unions to declare the strike, it seems that in every instance they were wholly irrational. Discarding the unessential points and stripping the true cause of all verbiage, the single issue between the strikers and the contractors was whether or not the double drum hoisters should receive $2.50 a day for work that any unskilled laborer could do. These hoisters, who were already receiving from $1.75 to $2.25 per diem and who, before the tunnel work began, could not earn more than two-thirds of that sum, were simply made bloated by prosperity. They complained to the unions. "The unions had to do something to mollify them, and the strike was the result. And never did a strike as little deserve success. In calling the workmen out the unions violated the most solemn of agreements with the contractors, they disregarded the interests of hundreds of their members who were more than satisfied with their wages and work, and they defied public sentiment. In giving its sympathy to the contractors, public sentiment did more than any one other thing to bring the strike to a conclusion in their favor. The contractors were thoroughly sick and disgusted, and the strikers knew it. In addition to this, even many of the union leaders were unable to justify the demands of the men. It was purely a case of killing the goose that laid the golden egg, and they suffered accordingly. Many of the union workers have lost places to non-union men. They have forfeited their proportion of the $1,000,000 to be spent every month during the spring and summer on this work, and all without gaining a single one of their extra demands.

Everybody Builds Hotels.

An epidemic of hotel construction has taken possession of capitalists and builders, and at almost daily intervals announcemenets of new projects in this field are made. Nearly every one with capital seems to think that the hotel business in New York offers one of the safest and most profitable forms of investment. Following out this idea, ground will be broken for the foundations of no less than twenty-two hotels and apartment-houses in the course of the next few months. Chief among these is the hotel to be erected by the Iroquois Hotel company on the site of the old St. Cloud, at Broadway and Forty-second street. This building will be fifteen stories high and will cost $3,000,000. When completed it will be in every respect a most formidable competitor of the Waldorf-Astoria. The structure next in importance will be the Anusonia apartment-house in Broadway between Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth streets. It will cost $2,500,000 and will be erected by a syndicate of which W. E. D. Stokes is president. William Waldorf Astor is also to build a twelve-story hotel at Broadway and Forty-fourth street, at a cost of $1,500,000, while a $1,000,000 hotel is soon to be erected at One-hundred-and-twenty-fourth street and Riverside drive by Ralph A. Gushee. Of the other hotels contracted for, one is to be the Woman's Hotel at Thirtieth street and Madison avenue, intended exclusively for women; while a bachelors' apartment-house is to be erected in Waverly place for the exclusive use of unmarried men. To the present Pabst hotels will be added another in the Pabst Grand Circle Hotel and theater in Fifty-eighth street. A $3,000,000 hotel is also talked of for the site of the old Stewart mansion, while J. Stewart Barney has in contemplation a $2,000,000 structure for Fifth avenue and Forty-fourth street.

The June Disbursement.

There is no little speculation going on in the Street as to what will become of the June disbursement of $50,000,000 made in the form of interest and dividends on railroad and industrial stocks and bonds. There is the usual talk of immediate reinvestment in other securities, but a number of the tape players are rather skeptical of this outcome so soon after the recent panic in the street. Besides, they say, the crops being the recognized basis of continued prosperity, it would be foolish for the receivers of these interest and dividend payments to think of reinvestment until the government reports either confirm or disprove the reports of individual firms in regard to the crop outlook. Several of the largest firms in the Street have their own machinery through the medium of which they acquire reliable crop news, in some instances incurring a daily expense of $500 to obtain it; but after all, nobody would think of accepting such news as correct and final before confirmation by the government. It is true that up to this time the reports have been encouraging in the main, despite the recent unseasonable weather throughout the cotton belt, but at the same time most investors believe it is better to be on the conservative side.

Names of Apartment Houses.

So great has been the apartment-house building industry within the last few years that the owners of these little modern villages have had their inventiveness severely tested in the matter of selecting names for their establishments. It early became the custom to give apartment-houses names the same as hotels, and an examination of the list of these buildings in Greater New York shows that recourse to the dictionary and encyclopedia ceased to be useful many months ago. Since that time the owners have been called upon to invent most of their own names, and the oddest looking lot imaginable is the result. "The Evelyn," "the Marguerite" and "the Elizabeth" give an indication of the habit of a few builders to utilize feminine names. At first the English titles were most in demand, but now that the entire gamut has been run, the builders have been working over the old list by the simple method of adding the prefix "new" to the old names. Everything from the street cleaning department to the Wagnerian opera has been drawn upon, and the end is not yet. Indian names have even been called into play, and with this as a starter we may soon expect to see an apartment-house rejoicing in the name of "Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Janitor."

The Private Car Palaces.

August Belmont and Edwin Gould are having magnificent private cars built according to the very latest patterns. There is nothing that money can buy for convenience and comfort which will be omitted. Considerable quiet rivalry between the multi-millionaires over the construction of their private cars has developed lately, each trying to get something a little better than any one else. It is said that the car in course of construction for J. H. Moore, the steel magnate, will surpass anything on wheels in the United States. He is not advertising the beauties of his rolling palace, but is spending no end of money on it. —N. N. A.

A REPORTER'S RELIGIOUS DOUBTS

Israel Zangwill said recently: "My experience of the American reporter leads me to the conviction that you must either accept him unconditionally or reject him absolutely. No temporizing or attempt to dodge him will pay. Perhaps the oddest specimen of the American journalist that I met was a man in Cincinnati. He called on me one night, told me that he was racked and torn with religious doubts, and asked my guidance. With such reasoning and thought as I had at command I tried to help him to a clearer view, and he went away full of gratitude. Imagine my astonishment when, next day, I found this young gentleman posing throughout the interview as the profound thinker while I figured feebly as a shallow sophist."

Can Take Care of Themselves.

Iroquois (S. D.) Chief.

It is not necessary to bother about "what to do with our ex-presidents," as far as Grover Cleveland is concerned. Grover stuck his fishing pole in the bank and left his usual pastime long enough to pull in $400,000 profits on Northern Pacific stock.