THE JOURNAL

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

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CUBAN SOBER SECOND THOUGHT

The acceptance by the Cuban constitutional convention, yesterday, of the conditions of evacuation of the island offered by our government, will be declared by the anti-administration pessimists to be the result of cruel compulsion on the part of our government and a fresh "assault upon liberty." These poor, crushed Cubans, however, by a very large majority, do not take this view of the matter. The testimony of Mr. E. L. Conant, who went to Cuba as one of the counsel for the Evacuation Commission, and has thoroughly investigated Cuban conditions, is conclusive as to the disposition of the masses of the Cubans to submit quietly to any orderly and progressive government. He affirms that there are not fifty men on the island who have any desire to rebel against the United States, and that, with the acceptance of the Platt amendment, capital will be attracted for investment in railways, mines and well-equipped sugar and tobacco plantations.

The substantial business interests of the island would prefer such complete control by the United States as would insure the protection of property rights, honest courts and safety of investments. The Platt amendment would seem to give our government adequate restraining power over the Cubans. Our government properly stood firmly to the original propositions in spite of the absurd clamor of the antis, who manifestly have no desire to promote the best interests of the Cubans and of the United States; no desire, indeed, to extend American influence and institutions in Cuba or in Porto Rico or in the Philippines, but are calling for the abandonment of all our responsibilities, and cowardly leaving the people of these islands to chaos. In Cuba, they would have the government surrender its trust to men like Juan Gualberto Gomez, whose ideal republics are Haiti and St. Domingo.

The Cubans of the constitutional convention do not as a body represent the Cuban masses, who have no desire to go through the horrors of war again and will be perfectly content with the mild terms of our government. The Cubans may now proceed to organize their government as soon as its details are perfected. Even in kicking against the Platt amendment, the delegates, who sought to narrow down the restraining and intervening power of the United States, admitted that they expected to call upon our government whenever they got into any serious trouble at home or through foreign interference in the island. The United States is their natural protector and will continue to see that they do not cut themselves while playing with edged tools.

While boiling the water the people are inclined to roast the city authorities.

THE RIVER ROUTE

The Journal's Washington correspondence yesterday related some suggestive facts and figures about the diversion of trade, particularly export trade, from New York and other North Atlantic ports to South Atlantic ports and gulf ports. Among other things it appears that during the past year New Orleans increased her export trade about $28,000,000.

The shifting of the trade channel and the movement of exports toward southern ports has become a matter of so much consequence as to call for a special investigation by the government, and a bulletin from the bureau of statistics shows that the port of New York, in 1900, handled only 47.03 per cent of the foreign commerce of the country against 52.5 per cent in 1890; 51.4 per cent in 1896, and 48 per cent in 1897. This loss was principally in exportations, which in 1900 were but 37.21 per cent of the total exportations of the country as against 41.3 per cent in 1894.

In the same connection, the development of transportation facilities toward the gulf is a matter of interest. New railway lines are being opened in that direction, and there are indications of a revival of the river trade. Indeed, the Mississippi river seems not unlikely to render again an important service to the great valley through which it flows as an outlet for the export trade and the heavy freight originating along that river and along the navigable streams tributary to it.

It is not unreasonable to look for a revival of the river trade, or to anticipate in the near future the movement of large quantities of flour and grain, meat products, machinery and other articles which go to make up the bulk of our export freight, along the cheap and natural highway of the great river. And when that time comes those in Minneapolis who have been disposed to sneer at the improvement of the Mississippi river near this city and at the establishing of the head of navigation at this city, will appreciate more fairly and justly the importance of the work which has been undertaken between here and St. Paul, and the service which river transportation will be able to render to this city in handling her export trade. It has been the habit of not a few business men of Minneapolis to smile when reference was made to Minneapolis as the head of navigation and to the important work under way to establish a stage of water in the vicinity of the Washington avenue bridge sufficient to make river transportation regular and practical, but none need be surprised if within the next ten or fifteen years the great water route from St. Anthony Falls to the gulf has come to be an important factor in the transportation facilities of this city. Certainly if the channels of export trade continue to shift and the volume of business flowing towards the gulf continues to increase, the river will be an important part of the facilities necessary to carry merchandise and products of all kinds to the world's markets.

The indifference of the city authorities to the character of our water supply is hard to account for. Possibly it is because they do not realize the gravity of the situation, but that is no excuse, because they ought to. Naturally the newspapers of the city do not care to advertise the carelessness and incapacity with which this part of the public service has been handled or to make a sensation of the facts in the case, but they will be obliged to take the matter up on its merits and do it thoroughly if the city council cannot in any other way be compelled to wake up to their responsibility as officials and as individuals and stop pumping sewage into the water mains, as they are doing to-day. There is absolutely no excuse whatever for the failure to provide, years ago, sufficient pumping capacity at the upper station to meet all conditions. There is nothing so important to the city as a good water supply. Minneapolis has such a source of supply if the city authorities will provide the machinery necessary to make it available at all times.

FLAG DAY

To-morrow is "Flag Day" and the American Flag Association, which represents veteran, patriotic, military and historical organizations in the United States, has invited the public to give hearty recognition to the occasion, as it is the first celebration of the day in the new century and there ought to be a general display of the inspiring bunting.

Flag Day is designed to commemorate the passage by congress on June 14, 1777, of the act declaring that "the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." It was this flag which Betty Ross of Philadelphia produced with her skilful fingers in troublous times with the approval of General Washington, and about the making of which a clever romance has been woven in these latter days. Betty should always be remembered on Flag Day. There is a woman connected with every great piece of work and Betty Ross is the woman in this case, and a fine specimen of the patriotic American woman she is. The flag which Betty made displaced any number of colonial and provincial flags like the Rattlesnake, Pine-Tree, Appeal to God, Beaver, etc. The flag which Betty made was unchanged until 1818, when another woman, Mrs. Reid, was called upon to make the first flag under the new act of congress, which provided that there should be twenty stars in the union and that a star should be added for each state admitted to the American union—white stars on a blue field, and these additions have been made until forty-five white stars shine on the blue field. Let us reverently remember and salue Betty Ross and Mrs. Reid to-morrow when we salute "Old Glory!"

Old Glory had a daring rival for four years, about forty years ago, but the "Stars and Bars" have long since disappeared as the symbol of rebellion and the confederacy's flag is only found in old curiosity shops or guarded as a fetish by a few unreconstructed individuals in the southern states. The "Stars and Bars," during the civil war, was not so much in evidence on the great battlefields as the Southern Cross upon a white field, which became the battle flag of the confederacy. "Old Glory," although the flag of a young nation, is older than the present British flag, established in 1801, and older than the present flags of Spain (1785); of France (1794); of Portugal (1830); of the German Empire (1870); of Italy (1848); of Sweden and Norway, China and Japan, and of all the Spanish-American states. So the Stars and Stripes may well be called "Old Glory." It stands to-day for what it did when Betty Ross first sewed its stripes together and placed thirteen stars in the blue union. The English poet, Campbell, if he were living to-day, could not write as he once did:

Your standard's constellation types
White freedom by its stars;
But what's the meaning of your stripes?
They mean your negro's scars.

Flag Day and the Fourth of July are very close to each other, yet the two events commemorate two great acts in the construction of this nation which should always be celebrated separately. We shall therefore celebrate as best we may, to-morrow, and none should fail to remember those two gracious women of the Flag—Betty Ross and Mrs. Reid.

Cardinal Gibbons put a quietus yesterday on the report from Europe that the United States government was going to send a representative to the vatican by informing the pope at an audience with his holiness that the United States could not constitutionally credit a representative to the vatican because the republic does not recognize a state church and does not make any distinction between forms of religious faith. This will have two good results—it will remove apprehension on the one hand, and prevent misconception of the character and aims of our government on the other.

President Tucker of Dartmouth, a scholar and Christian minister, says that "the Christian church has been set back, nobody knows how far, by the behavior of the missionaries in China." The commercial spirit, displayed in one or two cases, is not going to discredit the whole missionary band. But these particular cases of greed and bad judgment ought not to be defended.

A Chapter on Coronets

The coming coronation of King Edward is causing the nobility and others who lay claims to that kind of thing to rummage around among their family heirlooms for old shelf-worn coronets, some of which have been in the cedar chests so long that they are badly moth-eaten. Coronets are quite a study in themselves. The duke is entitled to wear eight strawberry leaves on his, while the marquis is allowed four silver balls, with a like number of strawberry leaves between. The earl rejoices in eight strawberry leaves and eight silver balls, while the viscount has to content himself with fourteen silver balls only. The baron brings up the rear with a paltry six balls.

It is not considered etiquette to wear your coronet on the streets, and a viscount sitting at a lunch counter with his "topper" of fourteen silver balls is liable to be severely kicked by royalty if it comes in to snatch a bite during the busy hour. A duke who went down to business in his eight strawberry leaves would unsettle English institutions.

The coronet habit has not reached this country, and they are never worn—at least out of doors. Possibly some of the degenerate sons and daughters of the great trust magnates sometimes try on a coronet encrusted with diamonds and priceless pearls. For full particulars, see democratic platforms next year. But any man seen polishing up his coronet with chalk and an old tooth brush can be set down as cherishing aristocratic tendencies at war with our institutions.

A Woodman in St. Paul yesterday hit at a valuable dog with his ax because the brute stole his steak from the tent.

Woodman, spare that dog,
Touch not a single bow-wow;
In youth he stood by me,
And I'll protect him now.

Complaint is made in the suburbs of the chicken nuisance. There is no chicken yard quite so inexpensive and handy as your neighbor's lot or garden, but if he is an irascible man, holding claims of grievance in his mind, his family is likely to have chicken for dinner with some frequency.

The Commoner is jarred because the president has waved aside the third term crown. Surprising as it may seem, the chief executive may, after all, be a patriot, desirous only of the good of his country.

Whitney's horse that won the Derby was a leased English brute. It was purely a money-making deal, backed by Mr. Whitney's good judgment. The good old hoss-racing of the fathers has degenerated.

A watch trust is forming to spread the Yankee watch all over the world and to make the effete watchmakers of Europe think that they are turning out grandfather's clocks—one a year.

Doc Bixby of the Nebraska State Journal is much stirred over the doctrine of inherited sin. A nice cherry pie is a panacea for such mental annoyances.

Louis Hedges of Chicago has a canary that can whistle "Yankee Doodle." This is the kind of a canary that we want to see framed by the kittie.

The Recording Angel forgives the ghost dance you set up when the city surveyor changes the sidewalk line and runs it through your lawn.

The rich man now rides in a haughtymobile, but the good old bicycle that makes the boys holler "Ice" is good enough for us.

The neighbor's cow now comes out fresh and lively, steps on your sweet corn and drives it about four feet under ground.

Did you notice that melting look in the eyes of the ice man?

The June thaw set in yesterday.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

One reason for the success of the vaudeville bill at the Metropolitan this week is that there is sufficient variety to please all tastes. There are so many strong acts on the bill that it is hard to say which is the most pleasing. There will be five more performances, including matinee to-morrow and Saturday.

The headliner for next week's vaudeville engagement at the Lyceum theater will be the four Olifans, European grotesque artists, in an act said to be excruciatingly funny. This, in conjunction with seven other strong acts, will constitute the best vaudeville program offered since the opening of the season. Seats are on sale to-day at the Metropolitan.

LAMENTATION

William Watson's new Boer war poem, published in the London Daily News, reads as follows:

O early fall'n, uncrowned with envied laurel,
O lives that nameless come and noteless go,
Our vainly brave in an ignoble quarrel,
That fought unhating an unhating foe!

Ye pass, ye cease; in alien dust your dust is;
Carnage and tears depart not, wrath remains;
And Power derides the lips that counsel justice,
And nations wonder, and the world arraigns.

And foresight of how long the end yet tarries
To no man born of woman hath He given
Who marshals all His flashing legionaries
Nightly upon the silent field of heaven.

THE FIRST IRONCLAD

London Express.

The first ironclad, according to records recently discovered, was not the Merrimac, but a ship built early in the sixteenth century, when the Dutch were fighting for their independence with Spain. The burghers of Antwerp built this first ironclad, which was protected by heavy iron plates nailed to its sides. On the masts were roomy platforms for sharpshooters.

With this terrible vessel the burghers hoped to break the blockade—hoped it so confidently that they called the ship Finis Belli, "the end of the war." But it proved unmanageable, and shortly after being launched ran aground on a sandbar and was then called Perditae Expensae, which means "thrown away money." Soon after that the Spaniards won a decisive victory, dragged off the maritime monster and renamed it Finis Belli, for the war was then indeed ended, but unfortunately not with the result the men of Amsterdam had so confidently expected.

Let the Court Talk It Out.

Grand Forks Herald.

The St. Paul Dispatch explains that its Washington correspondent made his blunder in connection with the insular decision through leaving the room after the first decision had been rendered, without waiting for the rest. It is always well in such cases to wait until the court has got through talking.

Bon Mot de Jim.

Grand Forks Herald.

Ex-Mayor Gray of Minneapolis got off a rather neat thing when he said that the decision seemed to him to be that the constitution did follow the flag, but at a respectful distance.

Waiting for a Dream.

Iroquois (S. D.) Chief.

There are so many new oil fields being tapped and so many accommodating gentlemen ready to let the public into gigantic companies at a cut rate that we really cannot decide just where to invest our surplus funds.

One Good Barometer.

Omaha Bee.

Pay of postmasters all over the country is going up with each semiannual readjustment. As the pay is based on the amount of postal receipts, it is proof of the continued business activity.

It Does Look That Way.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Ohio women appear to be solving the female suffrage question. At Cleveland two years ago over 6,000 participated in the election of members of the board of education, and this month but 706 took the trouble to go to the polls. Voting is the business of the horrid men.

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Papers by Experts and Specialists of National Reputation.

THE ART OF LIVING A HUNDRED YEARS.

XVII.—REGULAR HABITS AND RIGHT LIVING

By the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

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There are books on bodily training. There are books on what people call "self-culture," by which they mean the management of memory, imagination and reasoning powers, as they would say of the mind.

And there are books which the careless reader would call "Sunday books," to be read when one must not read Hoyle's directions for whist, books which try to teach about the soul and its affairs; and go about their business as if these affairs had nothing to do with a sound body or a sound mind.

Indeed, I know schools where you are taught how to multiply and to divide, how to add and subtract, how to make a speech, or to prove something which has been proposed, where nobody says anything about right or wrong, duty or pleasure, God or devil; and where nobody cares whether you are near-sighted or whether your head aches, whether you can walk well or run well; so only you are sure that seven times seven are forty-nine and of some other facts of that nature, the school is satisfied.

Union of Body, Mind and Soul.

I have been asked to write a few words, not too many, on regular habits in the training of life, as they look to an old man who never had to go to bed in the day time and who never "enjoyed ill health."

Body, mind and soul all belong together; and we are fools if we try to separate them. We must take care of them together. We must train them together. We do not want first-rate gymnasts or athletes unless they are first-rate men; we do not want expert calculators or brilliant authors unless they are first-rate men; and we have no use for the monk of the middle ages who spent day and night in prayer and meditation, with a body which has no nerve or muscle or go, and a mind which was addled and vague in its spasmodic action. This man, with his cosseting of what he called his soul, was not a first-rate man, nor a second-rate man. It is only by a stretch of language that he is called a man at all.

Wise Bodily Habits.

The reader will please remember this necessity of absolute union of the three, in the business we have in hand, although our work of course arranges itself under different heads. While we are talking about bodily exercise, we are not forgetting mental exercise or spiritual exercise. And while we are gaining strength on either side, we must gain it on the other sides also.

To begin with bodily strength and the health of this part of the machine, I always begin any instructions for a strong, well and happy life by the praise of sleep, and by insisting that my pupil shall learn to sleep well. All things seem to follow on this; and yet, sleep also depends on a well-trained mind and on a determined soul, able, willing and glad to control mind and body.

People woo sleep; they call sleep fickle or inconstant, and in various ways abuse it. They make ridiculous proverbs, which imply that there is something virtuous in short nights, as if sleep were to be kept at bay. All this is wrong. Sleep is the restoration of life—call it, if you please, the governor of the engine. With the right sleep and enough of it the body comes up to its work every morning, new born. In the first half of life it comes up to its work a little better able to do its duty than the morning before. But this is not so if the sleep has not been sound and steady.

Every one will find out how much sleep is good for him. Then he will make it his duty or business to take that amount regularly. A leader of men fixed it in my hearing last night as twelve hours out of the twenty-four. This is as much a duty as to eat enough or to drink enough, or to come into the house when it rains.

Rules for Sleeping Well.

The rules as I have found them are simple. They are well laid down in more than one book. Dr. Hammond's is as good as any:

First—Do not work the brain for six hours before you go to bed. Business men, so called, are apt to violate this rule. The agents of banks and other great financial trusts think they must give daylight to their employers, and then spend their evenings in memoranda and calculations about their own personal affairs. All this is wrong. You may get out of bed as early as you please and work your brain then. But you are safest if after 3 or 4 in the afternoon you give it no hard work at all. Are there not the children to play with and novels to read and Joe Jefferson at the theater and the sofa to lie upon while Marion and Hugh play a duet on the piano? Do not work this poor old brain, then, which has stood by you so loyally since you got out of bed in the morning.

Second—Remember always what the bed is for and why you are in it. You are there to sleep. Not to add up figures in your head. Not to think out a letter to your lawyer. Not to work out the best way of putting your house lots on the market. Simply you are there to sleep.

Third—If you have been working the poor old brain too late, or if you have been eating a Welsh rarebit just before you undressed yourself, and if your head burns so that it almost sets the pillow on fire, crawl out of bed and sponge your head with cold water. At the worst soak the feet in as hot water as they will bear. You want to draw away the extra blood from the brain. In all natural sleep there is less blood on the brain than when you are awake. I have at my bedpost a long cord with a child's flatiron attached to it. When my head is too hot I hold the smooth cold surface of the iron against the forehead to drive the blood away.

Fourth—People tell you to think of sheep jumping over a wall, to reproduce familiar strains of music, to hold the eyes open and fixed on some object opposite in the room. Recall the last ridiculous vision you had before waking. But do not engage while in bed in any such serious matter which will again exhaust and exasperate the brain.

Why Man Can Do as He Chooses.

Here the reader stops and says: "This man says do this, but do not do that. Does the man think I can do just what I choose?"

Certainly I do. That is just what the man is writing for. Are you not a child of God, made in his likeness? Can you not call on his own strength to put you through? "If you choose" you can, and just what we are trying for is to find out where you need that strength and how to use it. In all such rules as we are putting together here it is taken for granted that they are to be put through.

As to sleep, then, I will take it for granted that you get as many hours as you need. Some people need more, some less. Young people need more than old people. For myself, I take ten hours out of the twenty-four—one after my luncheon or midday dinner, nine between 9:30 at night and 6:30 in the morning.

Settle that matter as you need. But settle it. Hold on by your omnipotent power. If the factory bell requires 6 o'clock, or your work with hand or foot or brain requires 5 o'clock, 6 or 5 let it be. Do not change your mind every morning.

And it is always a good thing if half a dozen people or more or less, can agree on this: If they will say, "We will meet at 5, at 6, at 7, for breakfast," at whatever hour they all choose. In that case, it is much easier to hold the rule.

This is to say, in other words, that it is a good thing to live at home, or in some family which takes on the habits of home.

Habits of Appetite.

Talking thus of habits of sleep, I have said what I need not repeat of habits of appetite and habits of exercise.

As to what a man eats or drinks, let him be his own master so completely that he can go through a day or a week without grumbling on the simplest ration possible. If he can do that, why, he may order sweetbreads or pate de foie gras or tenderloin steak whenever he can pay for them. But do not let us hear any grumbling about eating and drinking. When people ask me about smoking, I am apt to say that I wish they would not smoke, but that any man who can go without his pipe or his cigar for six months and not miss it may smoke. If he cannot, why the "poor critter" is a slave, and the first thing he has to do is to free himself from that exact slavery. This rule applies precisely in all matters of food.

And the reason is very subtle which prevents us from applying it in questions as to habits of drinking. A man who has smoked one cigar can determine as well whether he shall take a second as if he had not been smoking. But a man who has drunk one glass of whisky cannot determine as to the second glass as well as he could as to the first. Here is one reason why he had better determine in early life that until he is 65 years old he will drink no alcoholic spirits. He will take it if the physician insists upon it, but on no other condition. You see that nobody pretends that the stimulus of wine or distilled liquor is anything but a stimulus. When you take a glass of wine or a glass of whisky to brace up for a particular effort, you are simply borrowing from to-morrow. Now, if a woman is thrown out of a carriage on her head and is senseless, it may be well to give her some brandy so that she can borrow from to-morrow's resources in pulling herself together this afternoon. But it is only in such an exceptional case that one has any right to borrow to-day from to-morrow's resources.

Habits of Thought and Study.

I think that the school hours of our life in cities are too many for boys and girls who go to school forty-four weeks in the year. In the better system of the older country districts, where a school is closed after thirteen weeks' winter study, and not opened again until after a long period of weeks on the farm or in the household, why, there is no harm in seven or even eight hours a day for study while the scholars are at school.

A certain dawdling habit comes in with the long school session which is bad all around. And many a boy and girl has to break up this habit and turn over a new leaf when they form the habits of reading, writing and thought upon which they are to go through life.

In the first place, let nobody be gloomy because he has not more than two or three hours for study in every day. I do not say that a man needs no more, if he be working out some of the great problems or enterprises. If a man were designing a new locomotive, or if he were contriving a new pattern for a dollar watch, or devising a new light like Edison's, he would give much more than three hours a day for stiff brain work—for study.

But this does not mean that a man needs more than two or three hours a day for book study. "Sunday will come in," as Andrew Fairservice says, and that will give him more. nI the Chautauqua courses, which are proved very well devised for the average American workingman, we find that eight closely applied reading hours in a week will meet our requisitions, though we ask for more. I know that almost anybody, however much occupied, can get fourteen reading hours every week, and for people who come to me for advice I order that, as if I were a doctor with a prescription blank and Rx at the top of it.

Hours of Reading and Study.

As to the hours of reading, or careful study, man or woman must take it when they can. You are always safe, however, if you can leave you bed so early as to get an hour for reading or writing or study before you go to your day's regular work. Only you must take some food before you begin to work your brain.

You are on ticklish ground again if you work the brain hard in the hours before sleep. This has been said already and the reason given.

But simple reading, for the acquisition of knowledge or for pleasure, does not work or tire the brain. Reading aloud in the evening is an excellent habit in the family for the last hour or hours of a day.

It is all very well to be an all-round man or woman, and to keep, in a way, even with what the world is doing in its larger interests. But all the same, whoever takes life seriously will be wise if he determines that he will keep himself well up on some one special line of study which interests him. Is it flowers, is it the care of bees, is it trees, is it grass, is it local history, is it the history of the nation, is it the tariff, is it municipal lighting? I do not know. You know what you like, what interests you. You know what will be of use to you in your daily occupation. You know how you can help the neighbors and make the town a better town. If you know that, you know what is your special line of reading, or, if you please, of study. And my advice is that you form the habit of keeping up your reading in that direction.

To Keep the Machine in Order.

Any one who knows a bicycle ought to know enough of the machine to keep it in order. He need not be a machinist, but he may need to take off a nut, or to put it on, he needs to know when and where to oil and how much oil to use.

Now the same thing is true of mind and body, which is the machine which man, the soul, has to use. He may not know how many bones he has, or where the sciatic nerve divides. But he is the master. The nerves and bones and brain are not masters. He is to tell them what to do, and he is to keep them in order. He will have full power to do this if he keep in touch with the God from whom he is born. He is a child of God. God wishes to help him through if he will let him. Thus the man succeeds in whatever is in hand, because he brings to bear infinite power.

When I was in Salignac's drill corps in 1861, we came at last, to our great joy, to the business of firing the old Springfield arms which they drilled us with. And of course we had to pull the triggers. And of course Salignac wanted us to pull them at the same instant, the same forty-seven thousandth fraction of a quarter second. And he said: "Don't pull as if you only wanted to start the hammer. Pull, each of you, as if you were starting a hundred-pound weight."

There is a great deal in it. Translated into every-day language, it means, "Use infinite power for what you have to do." Do not be satisfied with anything less. Then, as Longfellow says of the Trojans in the fleet of Aeneas:

"You find you can, because you think you can,"

or in this case,

"You find you can, because you know you can."

"From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we trend." That is the whole of it. And any man who holds to that, why, he can "put through" anything he and God undertake together.

How an Earnest Man Goes to Work.

A man, then, addresses himself to this business in a spirit wholly his own. He does not adrdess himself to it as a good-natured dray-horse addresses himself to the business of the day. A man, who is a man, is modestly conscious htat he has infilite power behind him to rely upon, which, sooner or later, as the day goes through, he can call upon. I have wondered, indeed, whether the unknown writer of Aladdin had not this in mind. Aladdin goes and comes, uses his own wits, which are better than those of the people around him, uses his own intelligence and memory, carries forward his own plans, is in love with his own sweetheart, and acts, up to a certain point, as the other actors on the scene do. But when he is in a very hard place, he rubs his lamp, and infinite power comes out and does for him what all alone he could not do for himself. I say, I have wondered whether the unknown writer of this capital story meant to show what human life really is. He struggles and hesitates and fails till he calls on the infinite powers. And then when he calls they prove to be close at hand and he puts them through.

To resume this whole matter:

First—Rule both mind and body with an iron hold. You are master.

Second—For the body, enough good sleep, enough good food, enough good exercise.

Third—For the mind, regular work, work in the line of your genius, and stop when you are tired.

Fourth—After you are 40 you may, if you are not a fool, choose your own rules, your own medicine and your own food. But you will find that the more that you are in the open air and the more you are with other people, the better you will succeed. You will also find that there is nothing gained by brooding over failure.

Edward E. Hale

When Peggy Came Back. By Jane Meredith.

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"Yes'm, I saw it with my own eyes."

"Do tell!"

"Who'd a-thought it?"

"Are you sure he kissed her? P'raps he was just picking a leaf or something out of her hair."

"Well, Mrs. Demming, you needn't think that just because I ain't been married no man ever kissed me. I've had as many beaus in my day as ever you had."

"Dear me, Miss Laviny, I didn't mean anything personal. Only it's quite a step from your porch to Mrs. Burkett's, and I thought——"

"I wasn't on my porch," answered Miss Lavinia shortly. "I was right close to the hedge—picking wine currants."

The last phrase was spoken apologetically, as if prompted by latent shame at thus spying on a neighbor.

"Oh, I don't know but it's your duty, Laviny, to keep your eye open when there's such doings in the heart of a respectable community like ourn," was the unctuous reply of Mrs. Smithers.

"Well, that ain't all I've seen either," announced Lavinia, rising to this skilfully baited hook. "You know Cousin Sallie left her theater glasses behind, and they're a heap of help. I can stand in my second story front with them and see straight into her parlor."

A girlish figure bending over a strip of renaissance lace in the rear of the shop straightened up suddenly and an exclamation escaped her lips. But the women clustered round the front door gossiped on excitedly.

"Didn't he take the train for town yesterday morning?" queried Mrs. Smithers.

"Yes, but he came back early dusk, with his arms full of white paper bundles. And when he got on the porch he tossed them helter-skelter on the settee, and—and—hugged her!"

"Oh!"

"Ain't that dreadful!"

"If anybody but you, Laviny Hart, had told that I wouldn't believed it!" murmured Mrs. Smithers.

"It may look out of place for a single woman to say, but it does seem to me like a judgment on Doc Burkett for going off to marry a frivolous, do-nothing Boston widow, instead of some decent, thrifty girl in his own town. He ain't been dead three months, and here is another man hanging round his widow. . Perhaps he's an old sweetheart Everybody knows Doc was well fixed."

"Yes, and they do say," interposed Mrs. Demming, "them as was round when he was brought home that day, that she stood round like a statue, never shedding a tear and just doing what old Dr. Green ordered, like some machine."

"Perhaps she knew it wasn't no use to do anything, anyhow," suggested Mrs. Marsden, who had a retreating chin and weak, fishy eyes.

"What's that, Becky Marsden?" snorted Miss Lavinia, turning severely on her insignificant neighbor. "What do you know about it?"

"Nothing," hurriedly replied Mrs. Marsden. "Only I was reading a novel yesterday where a woman got tired of her husband and put something in his coffee that didn't smell, nor taste, nor anything, and he——"

"Lawzee, Becky, I always knew you was light-headed," snapped Miss Lavinia. Nevertheless the group of gossips turned suddenly silent, and gazed at each other, wide-eyed.

"My, wouldn't it be awful if we had a poison case here, like the Molineaux——"

The girlish figure in the rear rose now, and a clear voice rang across the stuffy little shop.

"You've no right to say such things. You don't know Mrs. Burkett, and never wanted to treat her right, and you're wicked, wicked women to talk about her that way!"

Astonished silence fell upon the women. Then Mrs. Smithers' voice, no longer oily and complacent, rose cuttingly.

"That 's a nice way for you to speak to your elders, Peggy Smithers, and I'm ashamed of you. D'ye mean to call Lavinia Hart a liar?"

The girl fingered her bolt of braid nervously.

"No, aunt, but I can't sit here and listen to such dreadful things about Mrs. Burkett. I've worked for her, and I know she's a lady through and through—and she's not doing anything wrong. There's a reason—"

"Well, Miss Peggy, seeing as you're the only one in this party that has a visiting acquaintance with Mrs. Burkett, you might just walk up there and see who that man is."

"O, aunt, I can't! I couldn't ask such a question!"

"You don't need to ask. Worm it out while you're there. You can take up that new set of points you've made. Perhaps Mrs. Burkett might like to wear them with her widow's black." The last words came spitefully.

The girl stood in a pleading attitude.

"This is a nice way to treat your old aunt that's given you bed and board for ten years. Now you stop sniveling and trot along."

Poor Peggy! Before those words, "bed and board," she never hesitated. They formed the spiritual lash, which her aunt swung with unmerciful hand. The girl never stopped to reckon the mittens she knit for the shop, the lace she made, or the interminable days of fine sewing, as a recompense for the obnoxious "bed and board."

Drearily she lifted her simple sailor hat from beneath the counter and started on her hateful errand.

The great trees arched protectingly over her head, the wild strawberries bloomed at her feet, and from the woodlands came the call of her favorite birds. But her eyes were heavy with unshed tears. Was it not bad enough to listen day after day to the gossip that emanated from her aunt's shop without being forced into a partnership with the gossipers?

Languidly and tremblingly she mounted the broad steps leading to Widow Burkett's porch. That much-discussed lady met her at the door. Her quick glance detected the misery in Peggy's face.

"Come in, child, you look utterly worn out," she remarked, ushering Peggy into the dim, cool parlor. "What have you there? Oh, such lovely lace collars! I must have one of them. But I'm afraid this sort of work is pulling you down. You're looking badly, Peggy."

The girl flushed guiltily, and her tongue clung to the roof of her mouth. Mrs. Burkett studied her curiously.

"It is a long walk from the village, and as soon as Ned comes in we'll have some lemonade. He makes famous lemonade."

Ned! That must be the awful man. And she called him by his first name with such a proud light in her eyes. A brisk step sounded in the entry, the knob rattled, and Peggy turned dizzy and faint.

"Ned, dear, this is little Peggy Smithers, who made that lovely lace for me. Peggy, this is—"

Peggy had risen mechanically, and as she caught the next words, she raised her eyes, swimming with tears, to Mrs. Burkett's astonished gaze. Delicious little chills were chasing up and down her hot spine. O, if only she might rush from the house, down the shady street to the shop. But no, that man stood between her and the door.

Peggy had never seen just such a man before. He stood so very tall and straight, laughed in such friendly fashion with his eyes, and helped her to tiny cakes and a drink, all cool, sweet and sour, with the air of Prince Charming of fairy book fame. From somewhere—far, far away, came the trill of a riotously happy bird. Peggy raised her eyes once more to Mrs. Burkett's face, and this time there were no tears.

"Why, you're looking better already, Peggy. And now, if you won't have any more cake or lemonade, I shall carry you off to my room. I want you to see the beautiful silks and embroideries Mr. Lameroux has brought me from Japan and China."

* * * * *

The gossips at Mrs. Smithers' shop were becoming restless when Peggy came back. The girl fairly shivered with suppressed excitement, and her hand trembled as she stuck the hatpin through her sailor.

"Well, ain't you never going to speak?" snapped her aunt. "Didn't you hear anything?"

"Yes, I heard lots, aunt," answered the girl, trying hard to keep the exultation from ringing in her voice. The women leaned forward eagerly.

"His name is Mr. Edward Lameroux—"

"Hoity-toity," sniffed Miss Lavina.

"Just like a novel," murmured Mrs. Marsden.

"And he's just home from China and Japan, and he's going to stay a year this time, and he's brought her the most beautiful silks you ever saw, and I'm going there to sew on 'em for a whole week—and she gave me the queerest candy—it came from China, too, and it burns your mouth, but it's good—and—"

"Lawzee, Peggy, why don't you get down to facts?" ejaculated Miss Lavina. "Is he going to marry her?"

"No!" exclaimed Peggy in a final burst of triumph. "He can't. He's her twin brother, and he's in the navy, and he's been gone five years—and—"

Mrs. Demming rose abruptly, saying:

"I declare I forgot that batch of bread. Like as not it's all over my clean floor."

Miss Lavina, looking decidedly aggrieved, departed in silence. One by one her visitors left, and Mrs. Smithers stood alone, absently dusting and redusting her tiny showcase.

And in Mrs. Burkett's cool parlor the widow was saying:

"I do feel so sorry for Peggy, Ned dear, that I believe I'll ask her aunt to let me take her to Boston when we go back. She is so handy with her needle. I know I could get her lots of work."

"Well, if she's so handy, why don't you have her for your maid?"

The widow laughed softly.

"She'd simply ruin me, Ned. The child adores me."

"I don't believe you could be ruined, and think what it would mean for that child to be taken away from those village harpies. The life must be torture to her sensitive nature."

"It may cost something to get rid of the aunt, but then—I believe Peggy's worth saving."

Daily New York Letter.

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

The Subtreasury Fort.

June 13.—Uncle Sam maintains one of his strongest fortresses right in the heart of the financial district here, although the fact is known to but a small part of the thousands passing the place each day. The stronghold is the subtreasury building, in which are stored millions of dollars of government funds, and the precautions adopted for the protection of the money bags, should the occasion arise, are both terrible and complete. It is not at all probable the subtreasury will ever be attacked by a hostile force, certainly not by citizens of the United States; yet, in the event it should, it would easily be possible for the government employes within to successfully resist the aggression of any force not provided with heavy artillery. The building is constructed entirely of stone, from foundation to roof. The windows and entrances are each provided with two-inch steel shutters, and at convenient distances are loopholes through which the defending force may resist with rifle fire any effort to fire the building or batter down the doors. The roof of the building, being overlooked by adjoining buildings, is likewise constructed to resist attack from those quarters. It is not only fire and bullet proof, but it is bombproof as well. Massive stone slabs capable of resisting anything but the explosive projectiles of heavy artillery, are arranged in a slightly inclined plane up to the formidable steel turrets, of which there are three. These turrets are of two-inch steel and are reached by an iron ladder from below. The walls are pierced by loopholes, through which sharpshooters, themselves amply protected, could create havoc with the enemy on the adjoining roofs. Inasmuch as the subtreasury stands on the corner, there is nothing to obstruct the view of the defending force, and it is possible to shoot in any direction with equal facility and effect. In adidtion to these precautions for successfully resisting attack, trap doors or hatches have been placed in the stone floors at equal distances from each other. Through them, when opened, can be seen the sidewalks below. These openings are designed to enable the defending forces to project powerful explosives from the building on the heads of a besieging force.

The Building's Armament.

The armament of this building is fully up to the standard of the fortress itself in point of completeness and effectiveness. The upper floor is a veritable arsenal. Looking through the iron gates with which the rooms on this floor are provided, one sees row after row of rifles, all of the latest pattern, arrayed along the walls. By the side of each rifle hangs a bayonet for use at close quarters, or, in the event of a sortie, should such a thing become necessary. Thousands of rounds of ammunition are kept immediately at hand for use in an emergency. In another compartment may be seen a still more formidable armament, consisting of eight Gatling guns, the barrels of which glisten and gleam under continual polishing. It is the policy of the government to keep every weapon on hand in condition for use at an instant's notice, and should a mob attempt to rush the building, the rapid-fire guns could work terrible destruction in the narrow streets. Not content with this, however, even a more deadly weapon is provided to guard against capture of the building by assault. Piled up in one of the compartments are numbers of boxes marked "Hand grenades. Handle with care." These grenades are made of one of the most powerful explosives known, and are intended to be thrown through the openings or hatches in the floor and walls of the second story upon the heads of the attacking force. Under such conditions the amount of destruction wrought in the ranks of an enemy would be practically incalculable. —N. N. A.

SOME VIEWS ON TAXATION

Albert Lea Enterprise—The tax commission should wipe out the $100 exemption now allowed the taxpayers by existing tax laws. The present system is too much an inducement to "scatter" the property of one man or firm and listing it with each member of the family or firm and property not actually his or hers. The present $100 exemption from taxation should not be found in the new tax law.

Buffalo Journal—That suggestion is all right on general property, but household goods to the value of $100, or even more, should be specifically exempt. There is on earthly reason why the bed a man sleeps on or the carpet he walks on should be taxed. It is not property in the accepted sense, but a necessary accessory to living. Luxuries in house furnishing should, of course, be taxed, but the necessary articles incident to comfortable housekeeping should have no place on our tax books.

The Solid South Shaken.

Wichita Daily Eagle.

McKinley has shaken southern prejudice more than any other man in fifty years.