THE JOURNAL

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JOHN HAY'S GRIEF

Unspeakable must be the grief of John Hay, secretary of state, over the sudden and lonely death of his beloved son. Doubtless the secretary had looked forward with all the pride a fond father has in a good and able son to a career which would be useful to him and his country and likewise honorable to both. To think that the young man, in the fullness of vigorous health, ambition and energy, should be taken off by such a deplorable accident, is truly enough to overcome the father and inexpressibly sadden the remainder of his days. John Hay has demonstrated the possession of extraordinary ability as head of the state department, he has added new honors to the administration of American diplomacy and has compelled the respect and confidence of his countrymen without regard to party, and has their sympathy at this time in full and generous measure.

The Kansas City Star, in its issue of June 22, provided its readers with an excellent opportunity to compare the journalism of the first part of the nineteenth century with that of the corresponding period of the twentieth. It published a fac simile of the London Times of the same day of the month of June, 1815. The differences in journalism as well as in means of communication are vividly brought before the mind when it is recalled that this issue of the London Times contains the first account of the battle of Waterloo, fought on June 18. The London Times of that date was about half the size of the Journal Junior.

THE APPROACHING TRADE WAR

Frank A. Vanderlip, foreign assistant secretary of the treasury, has returned from Europe to add his voice to the many that are already predicting an approaching trade war between America and Europe. Between our increasing and laudable aggressiveness in trade and the disposition evinced in some quarters to continue in this new era the policy of extreme protection which exactly suited the requirements of a period of national life from which we are now emerging, there is grave danger of such a conflict. It will be a battle of discriminating and prohibitive tariffs, and as most wars of physical force arise in our times from trade or related questions, it is by no means impossible that the clash of tariffs may be followed by that of horrid war.

Wise statesmanship, devoted to a generous policy of live-and-let-live may yet preserve for us the markets we have won and ward off the serious international disturbances now threatened.

Here is a great opportunity for some man of ability and ambition. Let him strive for the peaceable and welcome extension of American trade as Blaine in his time toiled for high protection, but was wise enough at the proper time to safeguard the advantages gained through protection by the application of the principle of reciprocity.

David Nation has issued a statement to the public saying that Mrs. Nation, having left her home in Medicine Lodge, Kansas, never to return, according to her own declaration, he will hereafter make his home with his daughter at Iberia, Ohio. Mrs. Nation's hatchet seems to have done more permanent execution in her own home than anywhere else.

THE DELAWARE DISGRACE

The story of J. Edward Addicks, the dealer in votes and legislators, is told again in the July number of Ainslee's Magazine by E. F. Clark, who describes the methods of the man who for over twelve years has poured out his money freely for the purpose of purchasing a legislature which he would own and which would elect him to the United States senate.

Addicks, having spent many years operating among municipal bodies to promote his business plans, and being very successful, came to the conclusion as to all members of all legislalative bodies, as Walpole did about the English Jacobites, that "all these men have their price." With that idea he selected little Delaware and its little legislature in 1888 as the arena for his purchase of a seat in the federal senate. He began to distribute his cash in 1894 with some effect, for he controlled absolutely only four out of nineteen republicans; in 1898 he had a personal republican following of 18 out of 31 legislators of that party and in 1900 he had secured 22 out of 29 republicans; thus, in six years, by self confessed bribery, he had bought up three-fourths of the republican legislators.

Previous to 1894 Addicks had for six years been trying to get a grip on the legislature. He had succeeded in preventing the election of a senator for two years when the legislature met last January, and it was necessary to elect a senator for the remaining four years, and one to fill the vacancy caused by expiration of Kenney's term, thus giving Addicks a chance to trade with both sides, and there ensued another disgraceful chapter, the result being that, for a third time, there was no choice and Delaware's seats in the senate are vacant.

Mr. Clark does justice to the wicked situation and it is well to bring such facts repeatedly before the public that they may be aroused to shame and indignation.

When Lord Cornwallis was engaged in the dirty business of buying up the Irish parliament for the sum of $6,300,000 in order to put the act of Union through, he wrote to General Ross: "I despise and hate myself every hour for engaging in such dirty work. I trust that I shall live to get out of this most cursed of all situations." Cornwallis degraded himself "to prevent the British empire from being dissolved," as he stated. Addicks has no such motive as this for debauching Delaware. He proposed at the start to buy up everything in sight for the benefit of Addicks, as if he lived in Walpole's time, when government was carried on by corruption and the measures of the government were put through by purchase, and members of the British parliament bought their seats as they would buy a horse.

Addicks has tried for twelve years to be master of Delaware in order to get into the senate, but he has failed, with all his corrupt endeavor to get there, although he has kept a state of the union from having her proper representation in the United States senate for some years. He has openly boasted that, by his money he "made Delaware republican." But Delaware is not republican yet, and probably will not be till she gets rid of Addicks.

Mississippi is to have a republican newspaper. The anti-imperialists of that state have not permitted anything of that kind there for a good many years, but a man fond of excitement has decided to get it that way. He will publish a paper called the Progressive Era at Jackson, Miss., and it will tempt fate by advocating republican principles.

TWO DECADES IN THE SOUTH

Twenty years ago Walt Whitman, poet and prophet and sturdy champion of democracy, predicted that in time to come the south would wrest the scepter of industrial supremacy from the north. Fifty years ago Commodore Maury, the great marine geographer, declared that with the building of an isthmian canal, the Gulf of Mexico would become the center of the world's commerce.

Now comes a prophet of our own times, Richard H. Edmonds, editor of the Manufacturers' Record of Baltimore, who repeats these prophecies and bases them, in part, upon the vast reservoirs of petroleum recently discovered in Texas. That state he thinks, will soon be in a position to dictate the price of fuel. While between 70,000 and 80,000 oil wells in other parts of the United States produce 160,000 barrels of oil per day there are a dozen wells in Beaumont which produce 70,000 to 80,000 barrels more than all of the others.

With this enormous addition to natural resources which were already incomparable it is easy to foresee a period of remarkable industrial development for the south.

It was in a paper in the "Industrial Potentialities of the South" delivered before the North Carolina State Bankers' Association on June 21 that Mr. Edmonds touched upon the great promise of the Texas oil discoveries. He showed, too, that the industrial south is not altogether in the future. In the two decades just passed it has made wonderful strides; in some respects doing even better than the north. In 1880 the south had $250,000,000 in manufactures; now it has $1,000,000,000; than it produced 5,760,000 bales of cotton, now it produces 10,300,000; then the value of its manufactures was less than $500,000,000, now it is $1,500,000,000. Twenty years ago the south had 667,000 cotton spindles; now it has 6,000,000. The south is to-day producing more coal than the entire bituminous product of the country in 1880; while its iron production equals that of the whole nation so late as in 1879. Figures complimentary and encouraging to the south might be quoted at length from this interesting address but enough has been given to show that in the new era which has just begun with the passing of financial supremacy from London to New York, the south will acquit itself creditably and do its whole part in that great work which is to make the twentieth century a period of American domination.

The National Civil Service Reform League is making a plea for the extension of the classified system of the civil service to include the federal census enumerators. The acknowledged frauds in St. Mary's, Charles and Anne Arundel counties, Maryland, supply the deplorable facts upon which this plea is based. It appears that Congressman Sydney E. Mudd was desirous of increased legislative representation for the counties of his congressional district.

While no fraud is traced directly to him, some of the enumerators appointed through him are shown to have padded the census just enough to add one legislative representative in each of the three counties named. One of the false enumerators was convicted and another pleaded guilty.

The federal grand jury which indicted them suggests that to avoid the recurrence of such frauds the appointments should be on a non-partizan basis. This is a recommendation in which The Journal heartily concurs.

The wise and conservative policy of congress in resisting the demand for free trade until the island was able to provide for its own support has more than justified itself, and has proved as great a blessing to Porto Rico as our policy in other matters of island administration.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

In view of the fact that the money collected under the Porto Rican tariff lies in the treasury untouched, other sources of revenue having provided enough money for the support of the island government, it would seem to be subjecting the truth to a pretty severe strain to say that the obnoxious tariff had justified itself or had proved a blessing to Porto Rico. If either were true Governor Allen would hardly feel it necessary to call a special session of the island council to repeal the law. People are not usually in such a sweat to get rid of blessings. The P. P. was right on the Porto Rican tariff once, but it wabbled badly before the matter was disposed of.

A SIGNIFICANT EVENT

The surrender of General Cailles at Santa Cruz yesterday may be hailed as the end of resistance to American authority in the Philippines. Cailles was, perhaps, the most resourceful, determined and competent of the survivors of the band of leaders who followed Aguinaldo. That he has voluntarily surrendered himself and his men and their arms shows how hopeless to even the most resolute of the insurgents appears resistance to the American arms.

The genuine grief of the officers who surrendered and the scrupulous exactness with which Cailles carried out his agreement are at once complimentary to the late insurgents and indicative of sincerity. That the American authorities regard Cailles' surrender as the end of all resistance worthy of the name is proved by the release of prisoners of war held at Manila.

With peace really secured in the Philippines there opens to the United States a magnificent opportunity for liberal constructive statesmanship in line with America's reputation as the great exponent and practicer of popular government.

Pat Crowe doesn't dare to visit Omaha so long as young Cudahy lives. Cudahy is dangerously ill as a remote result of the kidnapping. But if Cudahy dies Crowe would feel it safe to live in Omaha. That is, so long as the only person who could say who was the kidnapper lives, Crowe does not dare to show himself but as soon as that person is dead, Crowe would dare to go anywhere. That is pretty good evidence that Crowe is the guilty party.

DISASTERS IN GROUPS

The first year of the new century has been characterized by an unusual number of physical disasters and this month of June, especially, has not been one of calm beauty like that of the fair goddess from whom it is named. Cloud-bursts, floods, tornadoes, severe thunderstorms, deadly lightning strokes, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and other cataclysms are reported.

The Abbe Moreaux, a great French astronomer, last month detected a mass of sunspots on the eastern limb of the sun's disc, the whole group being about 50,000 miles across and showing symptoms of violent agitation; in other words it was a big solar storm area, the first development of such form of solar energy since the minimum sun-spot period ended last February. For the next four or five years we shall have the period of sun-spot frequency, and it is not surprising, therefore, that our entrance upon that maximum period is signalized by visible and tangible manifestations of the effects of solar agitation. Science has shown that the period of maximum frequency to minimum and through minimum back to maximum is from nine to a little over eleven years. In the maximum period, the magnetic needle reveals the coincidence between great solar storms and magnetic disturbances on the earth. At the moment of the development of a solar cyclone, the magnetic instruments in every observatory are simultaneously thrilled with magnetic vibrations. Thus the physical forces, being correlated and convertible, if one of them is in abnormal agitation, the others are likely to be involved also. Hence we may look for magnetic disturbances on our earth of an extraordinary character, breeding cloud bursts, violent storms and tornadoes and other forms of disturbance far more frequently than in the minimum sun-spot period.

From records of observations kept with care running through a number of years, it is known that there is a periodicity of sun-spot appearance and that the earth's atmosphere is distinctly affected by the spots in the maximum period. Old Galileo himself wore out his eyesight by his assiduous gazing at these spots.

We can charge to the sun much of our discomfort and tribulation, but he visits the earth with such abundant and wholesome beneficence that we err in complaining of what may seem to us his malevolence, but which is really a necessary process for the sanitary good of the world at large. The most effective medicine is often the most disagreeable to take.

Nature's Dirt Eraser The western country is so rich that one may expect to find almost anything there, but it looks now as if the limit had been reached in Wyoming. Five miles west of Newcastle, in the northeastern part of the state, C. W. Betts, a Denver mining engineer, has found a soap mine. What attracted Mr. Betts' attention was the appearance of a mass that looked like soap suds. There had been a good rain the night before. This had beaten on an exposed deposit in such a manner as to produce suds. A trial of a chunk of the stuff on the hands resulted in determining that nature had there left as good an article of soap as could be manufactured.

The deposit lies in a fissure and dips into the ground like mineral. It contains sulphates, potash, and pumice enough for the necessary grit to rasp the soil from dirty hands, or the grime from paint, pots or kettles. As the news spread, every tramp in that part of the state was seen making tracks for the border. It is pretty bad to have so much water lying around loose, but when it comes to a natural deposit of soap, it looks like crowding the limit. If it went much further, somebody might discover a bucksaw mine.

An Englishman in New York notes the fact that the American Englishmen are not quite so English since the queen's death. Albert Edward is all right, you know, but somehow it is borne in on the Anglo-Americans that they have a pretty good country right here where they live.

Rev. Edward J. Hardy of Trinity college, Dublin, the author of "How to Be Happy Though Married," says he is appalled at the hurry and unrest of Chicago, where he is visiting. Mr. Hardy does not understand the necessity of making money as quick as possible, so as to get out of the city.

An Arizona meteor is said to have jarred the earth for forty miles around. The meteor must have stepped on a particularly fresh banana peeling.

A newly found African plant called woandsu is said to be practically an ideal fruit. It is said to be of the nature of a bean, and there is a stir of deep unrest in Boston.

Mr. Wanamaker has raised his bid on the franchises to $3,000,000. He knows he is safe, as the Quay faction need these franchises in their business.

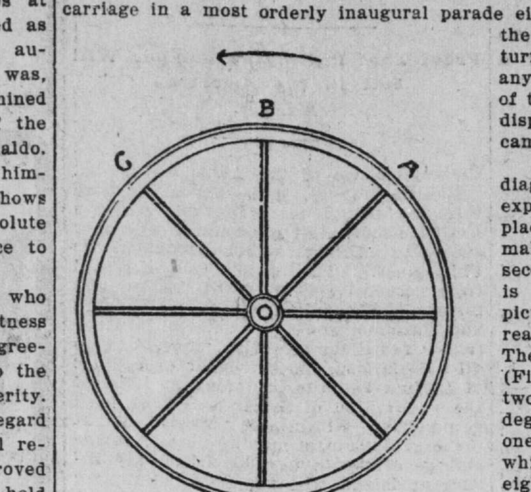
Mr. McKinley is to be given absent LL. D. treatments by Harvard.

St. Paul is trying to save Summit avenue from the flat of the despoiler.

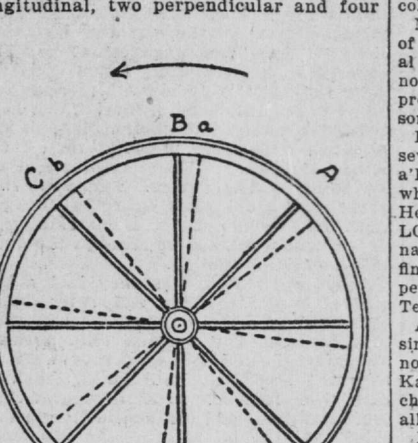
Explanation of a Camera Illusion

Those who have watched closely any of the popular exhibitions of "moving pictures" have noticed that occasionally the wheels of moving vehicles are seen to stand still, or even to revolve in the wrong direction. This is, of course, an optical illusion. The whole "moving picture" is such an illusion in the first place, and certain elements of it combined to give an impression precisely the opposite of what is intended. How this comes about is thus explained by C. H. Claudy in The American Inventor for June:

"It is rather odd to see the wheels of an otherwise well-observed presidential carriage in a most orderly inaugural parade either obstinately standing still while the carriage moves smoothly along, or turning frantically backward without in any way upsetting the smiling serenity of the vehicle's occupants, and seems to dispute the often-quoted expression, 'the camera cannot lie.'



"Reference to the accompanying diagrams may make the apparently inexplicable wonder simple and commonplace. Consider a wheel of eight spokes making one complete revolution every second. The biograph picture machine is to be presupposed as taking eight pictures in every second, although in reality the number is much greater. The first picture taken shows the wheel (Fig. 1) with two spokes perpendicular, two horizontal, and four at angles of 45 degrees. The second picture is taken one-eighth of a second later, during which time the wheel has made one-eighth of a revolution. It is obvious that spoke A has then moved to exactly the position (relative to the earth's plane) formerly occupied by spoke B, which, in turn, has moved to the place and taken the angle of spoke C. Now, as all the spokes are of the same shape and color, the second picture is apparently an exact duplicate of the first, as some of the spokes are occupying the exact angle and positions that the other spokes occupied in the first picture. Providing the rate of picture-taking remains the same and the rate of the wheel's revolution does not alter, a succession of pictures of the wheel are secured, each one of which will have two longitudinal, two perpendicular and four 45 degrees angular spokes. And, of course, when these are successively thrown on the screen it seems to the eye as if the wheel had not moved at all.



"To understand the reason of the backward revolving illusion, presuppose the wheel of eight spokes, with two of them longitudinal and two perpendicular, and the camera taking pictures at the rate of eight per second. In this example, however, the wheel requires one and one-fourth, or ten-eighths, of a second to make one complete revolution. The first picture taken shows the wheel with its spokes longitudinal, perpendicular and 45 degrees angular. The second picture, taken one-eighth of a second later, shows the wheel having made but one-tenth of a revolution, because, if the wheel requires ten-eighths of a second for one revolution, in one-eighth of a second it can make but one-tenth of a revolution. This brings spoke A to the position of the dotted spoke a, spoke B to the position of dotted spoke b, and spoke C to the position of the dotted spoke c. It will be noted in the diagram that the dotted spokes are slightly behind the first positions of the spokes, and that, therefore, the wheel must appear to revolve backward. If several spokes in a carriage wheel were painted white previous to the taking of the motion picture, the illusion could not occur, as the eye could not then be deceived into mentally substituting one spoke for another, because it happened to be in a position just occupied by that particular spoke."

OTHER PEOPLE'S NOTIONS

The Army Canteen and Army Temperance Instruction.

To the Editor of The Journal:

So much has appeared in the press recently in favor of the army saloon that it suggests to the opponents of this system that both sides should be allowed to give the freest expression of arguments, facts and opinions, in order that the truth may be reached.

Under date of May 28, 1901, when Commandant Ray of Fort Snelling wrote a complete denial of the statement made under head of "Washington Dispatch" in the Pioneer Press of the 16th and 20th of May, he also said:

The sale of beer or other intoxicant is not necessary in the army. In any form, it is a nuisance, caters to the worst element, and is the enemy of good discipline. * * * I cannot learn who is the instigator of the canards published in regard to myself, as I have never favored the canteen. Beer does not improve a soldier any more than it improves a surgeon, a lawyer, a clergyman or any other decent and useful man. * * * The statement that disorder exists in the fort owing to the abolishment of the canteen is an insult to every officer and enlisted man of the command, implying that the laws of congress cannot be enforced in the army of the United States without disorder.—Union Signal, June 13, 1901.

The "terrible results" stories which have gone the rounds of the Chicago and other papers, commencing with the Chronicle May 20, as to conditions at Fort Sheridan and Highwood village, have been investigated by Chicago ministers and proven fakes, General Otis, commander of the department of the lakes, having admitted to the ministers' representatives that "no serious disturbance has been caused by the removal of the canteen," and the president and marshal of the village of Highwood having made affidavit to the statement that no serious disorder occurred on the date mentioned. These facts are brought out in a conclusive way by the temperance papers in recent issues.

The Portland Oregonian, about May 15, published an article on the canteen by Chaplain C. C. Bateman of Vancouver, which should have wide publicity. The wholesome effects of the removal of the canteen is dwelt upon and the statement made that "the United States is too big and too great to sell liquor to pay its soldiers' board bills." "The army officers favor the canteen because of the uses to which its profit is put," is another assertion among many in this strong arraignment of the whole system.

Mrs. Margaret Dye Ellis of the national W. C. T. U. forcibly describes conditions at Old Point Comfort and vicinity, the National Soldiers' Home, Virginia. Three thousand veterans in the home, 600 young soldiers at Fortress Monroe, 600 students at Hampton normal school, and, lying a short walk away from the home and the school, the little town of Phoebus with over 100 saloons, the porches of which were filled with old soldiers! The canteen advocates would place a saloon also at the fortress, but Mrs. Ellis voices the righteous sentiment of the country when she says, "I was glad and grateful for the anti-canteen law which removes temptation so far as the government is concerned from the way of the young soldier of the army post."

The French minister of war has recently sent to every commandant of an army corps a letter in which he alludes to the circular letter sent out May 3, 1900, forbidding the sale of intoxicants in any barrack, camp or field of maneuvers, and adds that for the benefit of the soldier, he has decided that lectures on the effects and dangers of alcoholism shall be delivered concurrently with the lectures on hygiene before the troops, either by the officers or by the military surgeons. He alludes also to the "moral action to be exercised by the officers" in regard to the enforcement of this rule. A course of instruction along this line would render our army a great service and meet the hearty approval of our millions of people whose voices have not been heard, but who will stand for the abstract right on any and all questions. —M. E. H.

Minneapolis, June 24, 1901.

WAS THE PIANO SAFE?

London Tit-Bits.

Some time ago a famous pianist was giving recitals in an Irish city. He invariably took a piano with him to the different towns where he performed. This was not the instrument made use of at public performances, but was one on which the pianist practiced at his hotel, and was a valuable instrument of which he was particularly fond.

One night, after the conclusion of a recital, the musician was alarmed to learn that his hotel was on fire. In the greatest anxiety he questioned the messenger as to the fate of his beloved instrument, and eagerly asked if it had been removed. The messenger replied that an attempt had been made to get it out, but this was not successful.

Noticing the crestfallen look in the face of his questioner, the man hastened to add:

"But make yer mind aisy, yer honor. Sure, the pianner will be quite safe, for as I was leavin' the hose was playin' on it."

A Very Particular Principal.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

The shirt-waist question has invaded one of Washington's high schools. Twenty-five boys appeared at a public exercise in that garment, and the principal sent them home with the injunction not to reappear until they could come properly dressed. The matter is to be brought before the school board for determination.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

The appointment of Judge O. B. Gould to membership on the board of control would seem to leave the field clear for W. B. Anderson for the judgeship nomination in the third district. He will have no difficulty in getting the solid support of Winona county, with Gould out of the way.

Winona politicians were kicking savagely on Van Sant's treatment of the city until the appointment of Morey, and even that concession did not entirely please them, as Morey's appointment was rather a personal matter than a favor to the workers of the party. The appointment of Judge Gould will silence most of this talk. It is certainly all that Winona could ask.

Governor Van Sant showed that he had learned wisdom by experience when he made the appointment without delay. He did not even give any one a chance to apply for the place.

A. V. Rieke of Fairfax, county attorney of Renville county, says that Dowling will have practically the solid support of Renville in his contest for the congressional nomination. As Rieke was for years a leader of the opposition to Dowling, his opinion ought to be good for something.

The principal reason for the fight made on Dowling in his home county was that Dowling had a way of getting everything he wanted without consulting Renville county, or even asking home support. This aroused a jealousy which resulted in a temporary turn-down for Dowling. The imperturbable Michael went right ahead, however, and got a national reputation without the aid of Renville county, and now all has been forgiven, and Dowling is on top. —C. B. C.

MOUNTAIN WHITES OF EASTERN KENTUCKY

By W. E. Curtis.

The mountaineers are illiterate in secular learning, but you seldom find a household that is not well posted in scripture history. While they may not be able to read the text, they can quote passages from the old and new testaments without number, are eager for theological controversy, are powerful exhorters and fervent in prayer. Some of their most effective preachers can scarcely read or write. Their language is rude, but inspired by deep emotion. Northern people have told me that the most eloquent prayers they ever listened to were offered by uncouth, uneducated mountaineers. This is a matter of pride with them. Men who can pray eloquently and carry on theological controversies with credit are quite as highly esteemed as those who excel in the use of the rifle or in athletic sports.

One day a boy who had been taken up by a charitable family to be fed and clothed and educated in a proper way was being discussed with some visitors. Forgetting that the child was present, his benefactor described the squalid home that he came from, the poverty, the ignorance and the privations of his parents. The boy was not without pride and loyalty to his own family, and looking up with a determined spirit, he asked:

"Mrs. Phillips, did you ever hear my father pray?"

"No," the lady answered in surprise; "does he pray well?"

"Well," replied the boy confidently, "I reckon he can pray better'n he can do anything else."

WIPING OUT THE COLOR LINE

Chicago Chronicle.

There was a scene on a Baltimore & Ohio train between Cincinnati and Washington the other night that gave a true insight into the nature of the prejudice that exists among the southern people against the negro. A colored man entered the sleeper with two small children of dusky hue, evidently but recently bereft of a mother's care. A southern woman protested, though in a dignified manner, against their presence, but to no avail, the other passengers insisting that negroes had as much right to ride in such conveyances as whites. About midnight a child passenger was taken ill and the efforts of a masculine voice to soothe it became a disturbing element in the somnolent exercises of the period. Some of the passengers growled, others were sympathetic. One was active, active though she knew that the baby wail came from a little pickaninny for whom she had expressed such profound contempt earlier in the evening. The woman from the south hurriedly dressed, and, ringing for a porter, told him to have the father bring her the child. She carried it to the smoking compartment, which was by this time vacant, soothed it as a woman can soothe fretful children, discovered what was the matter with it, applied some simple remedy and finally crooned it to sleep, as no doubt her own "black mammy" had often crooned her to sleep in the long ago. The mother's instinct had asserted itself and the color line for a time had disappeared.

The Lively Correspondent.

Bradford Era.

A correspondent writes to the papers complaining that the vast amount of electricity concentrated at the Pan-American exposition is responsible for storms that are occurring in this section of the country this summer. The complainant ought to devote himself to the closing down of dope dispensaries.

"JIM."

By CECILY ALLEN.

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The landlady was fair after a negative fashion, fat in a positive way, and forty, decidedly so. She presided over the culinary department of 174 Otis street in a manner so capabile that her boarders regarded her in the light of a genius and spoke with scorn of bachelor apartments and furnished flats. Her name is irrelevant and immatrial.

Her daughter was fair positively, fat negatively, and at least twenty years on the right side of forty. She presided with admirable tact over the long table in the dining-room, dispensing the culinary triumphs of her mother. Her name was Kathleen.

Dangler, who held a post in the M. R. & A. freight offices and went in for athletics, was in love with Kathleen and invested in a tandem, on the installment plan. Seward, floor walker in the silk department of The Fair, had a similar cardiac affliction, and showered the object of his affection with the latest editions from the book department, purchased at the customary discount allowed clerks at The Fair.

The situation was rapidly becoming tense, and betting on the outcome, among the remainder, and less interested quota of boarders, was about even, when "Jim" appeared on the scene.

He arrived in the dining-room one night, dozing in Dangler's arms.

"Miss Kathleen," remarked the athletic young man in his most confident tone, "I know you won't turn this poor doggie out to graze on concrete and asphalt. I came up with him wandering disconsolately in the freight yards. I'll wager he's somebody's pet. He's so slick and well fed. His owner will probably turn up in the 'lost and found' column to-morrow."

Miss Kathleen promptly relieved Dangler of his burden, and petted the impassive animal as only a woman can. This plainly annoyed Seward, and as Dangler rushed off to prepare for dinner, his rival glared unreasonably at his unoffending soup plate.

But it was the little woman who taught a sewing class at the settlement, read Thomas a'Kempis and abhorred Sunday newspapers, who discovered the "ad" in the Evening Herald.

LOST—A PUG DOG, ANSWERING TO THE name of Jim; fat and slightly asthmatic; finder treat him kindly, as he is an old family pet. Liberal remard. Marsden, 1701 Greent st. Telephone 786-A.

As she finished reading seventeen voices simultaneously exclaimed "Jim" and the pug, now comfortably esconced on the ruffle of Kathleen's gown, uncurled himself, licked his chops suggestively and wheezed asthmatically.

Dangler shot a triumphant look at Seward and remarked:

"I tell you what, Miss Kathleen, I'll telephone old Marsden right after dinner, and when he comes after the pup you claim the reward. Marsden's rich, and it ought to be worth a couple pounds of Huyler's anyhow."

Half an hour later Dangler returned from the telephone booth in triumph. Most of the boarders were either in the parlor, or chatting in the dim entry.

"Say, folks, maybe you think the old gentleman wasn't tickled! Said he couldn't come down to-night, and wouldn't trust one of the servants, so would we keep 'Jim' till to-morrow morning. He'll surely be here by 10. And, by the way, Miss Kathleen, he says the pup's getting old, and if he don't have a pillow to sleep on he'll—he'll snore. And he can't eat meat unless it's cut very fine."

Kathleen, with visions of Hyler's finest dancing before her pretty eyes, carried Jim off to the kitchen and personally prepared a delectable supper for the weary canine, after which the antidote for snoring was speedily produced.

That was Saturday night. It was remarkable how prompt the boarders all were for Sunday morning breakfast. Seward, who seldom appeared until noon, was first at the table, calm, cool and pale, in a satin-quilted smoking jacket. Miss Ainsley, the lady reporter, who worked until a heathenish hour each Saturday night, was next. In fact, every one seemed on tiptoe with curiosity, although "Jim" and the reward were never mentioned during the breakfast hour.

It was singular, too, how the boarders, who usually spent Sunday morning in their rooms, lingered in the parlor. Seward, holding the morning paper at a most peculiar angle, held the point of vantage in the bay window. The little woman who went in for settlement work clasped her prayer book nervously and wondered if "he" would come before time for her to start for church. Dangler got no further in his preparations for his usual morning spin awheel than to don his snowy white sweater with glowing crimson bands. Conversation languished.

Suddenly Seward dropped the paper and exclaimed:

"Here he comes!"

The moment was tense with excitement. The bell pealed shrilly and Kathleen cried nervously:

"Oh, dear, who's going to talk to him? I can't."

Dangler looked uncomfortable. Then he caught the eye of the lady reporter. He smiled in relief.

"You'll do it, won't you, Miss Ainsley? You reporters have all kinds of nerve. You'll know just how to tackle the old gentleman."

Before the lady reporter could protest Marsden entered. He laid his carefully polished hat on the table, crossed his cane on his gloves, and gazed inquiringly about the room. He recognized Miss Ainsley and his dog simultaneously.

"Oh, Miss Ainsley, this is an unexpected pleasure! And there's Jim! You old rogue, what do you mean by running off like this, sir? Very fortunate you found him for me, Miss Ainsley. What? You didn't? A young man! Very kind of him, I'm sure. Perhaps you'll be kind enough to give him this. And this to the landlady who fed him. I trust he had the pillow. Thanks! Good morning!"

Owner and dog retired in good order, but Miss Ainsley never moved. Her face wore a pained expression. Finally she opened her hand very slowly, and, resting on the palm, the assembled company saw a dull half dollar and a shining new quarter. The silence which folllowed was eloquent of various sentiments. Seward was the first to recover. A sardonic smile crept across his pale, slender countenance:

"Treat him kindly. A family pet. Give him a pillow."

Then he burst into heartless laughter.

The athletic figure of Dangler shook with illy-suppressed fury. He said something between his teeth, which reads like this:

"!—! !—! Sizz!"

She of the settlement work actually smiled on him, as though he had voiced her sentiments.

"Who gets this reward?" inquired Miss Ainsley in a cutting clear voice. Kathleen glanced from the flushed face of Dangler to the severe countenance of her mother. The landlady looked as though she had just burned a batch of lemon pies. The situation was saved by the sudden appearance of Buttons with Dangler's belated laundry package.

"Here, Buttons," said Miss Ainsley with a cordial smile. "You can have the wildest sort of time on this." She slipped the coins in Buttons' unresisting hand. "And no one else seems to care particularly about it."

If the incident had been closed at this instance it would have been better. But three evenings later the entire household was on the quivive over a mysterious package which had arrived by special messenger during the afternoon. It was adddessed in a large, flowing hand: "To the young man who found Jim." The conclusion was obvious. The owner of Jim had realized his base ingratitude and had repented to the tune of a handsome remembrance.

Dangler was distressingly late, and many of the boarders were toying with their coffee when he arrived. The demand that he open the package was unanimous. Blushingly he consented. The strings were snipped, the paper fell back, and before the astonished eyes of the boarders rose a dog's muzzle and a certain wire contrivance indispensable to that federal officeholder known as a dog-catcher.

The boarders individually and collectively stood willing to wager that Seward had perpetrated this unfeeling joke. But the sphynx-like countenance above the immaculate cream colored four-in-hand was neither paler nor more flushed than usual.

Sympathy, unuttered, but nevertheless strong, was felt for the unfortunate Dangler.

But, after all, perhaps it was misplaced. Women, especially in affairs of the heart, view events from a peculiar and unexpected standpoint. The landlady announced Kathleen's engagement to Dangler two Sundays later at dinner. The champagne which followed the announcement was generally supposed to be the outward and visible sign of the exuberant happiness of Dangler, and no one marred the occasion of unfeeling reminiscences.

Daily New York Letter

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

The July Dividends.

June 25.—Dividend disbursements for July 1 promise to establish a new high record. Many of the companies prominent in the world of finance have not yet declared their dividends for that part of the fiscal year ending with this month, but a sufficient number have fixed their percentages to enable one to estimate that the disbursements or dividends on stocks and of interest on government and miscellaneous bonds will aggregate something like $150,000,000. Hitherto the largest disbursements on any July 1 were made last year, when $125,000,000 were distributed. The first quarterly dividend on the preferred stock of the billion dollar steel trust will be payable after the first of the month and will constitute one of the most impressive items in the list. There are $550,000,000 of this preferred stock in existence—a larger block than any on which a dividend has ever been paid in the past. As the dividend on the stock has been fixed for 1¾ per cent, the sum to be paid out on the outstanding stock will be over $9,000,000. Then there is to be the dividend of the Standard Oil company, which has often paid quarterly from 10 to 12 per cent on $100,000,000 of common stock, with occasionally 20 per cent quarterly dividends, involving a single disbursement of $20,000,000 at such a time. It is also possible that the billion dollar steel trust may declare a dividend on its common stock, of which there is another $550,000,000 outstanding. If the Steel corporation declares a dividend on its entire common and preferred stock, its dividends may in time get within hailing distance of the Standard Oil distribution. But it is a safe prediction that it will be some months to come before the Steel corporation will be able to declare sufficiently large dividends on its entire billion and more of stock to require it to check out more money from the bank than the Standard Oil will have to draw out to pay dividends on a capitalization of $100,000,000, or less than 10 per cent of that of its steel rival. Dividends of over $50,000,000 in a single year have been paid out by the Standard Oil company, and that will remain the record for some time to come.

Belleview Again.

Another horror at Bellevue! Once more is it charged that an insane patient of the hospital came to his death through beatings received in that institution. Invesigations show that John Christy, while an inmate of the Bellevue insane ward, was subjected to terrible violence, as the result of which he is now the sole possessor of a block of real estate six feet by two. The Bellevue authorities do not seem to regard the matter as particularly distressing. As a matter of fact, the treatment of people at Bellevue has reached such a stage that the average New Yorker would rather be sent to the morgue direct on a hurry call than to waste time by an unpleasant and brief journey at the hospital en route. He knows he is obliged to get to the morgue anyway, sooner or later, and cannot see the necessity for being beaten over the head, kicked in the stomach, prodded with hooks and scalded with water. Such kindnesses have caused no less than eight deaths since the 1st of January, while undoubtedly there are many more which have not come to light. Christy, who died Tuesday, was the latest. The city authorities are considering whether or not the situation needs their attention.

Centenarian Park Laborer.

Barney Morris, aged 109, celebrated his birthday by going to work in Prospect park, Brooklyn, an hour later than usual. A man of his age is surely entitled to a little relaxation. Morris was born in County Cavan, Ireland, June 10, 1792, and is as active as a man of 60. He can read a newspaper without glasses and in his day was quite an athlete. Scores of people visit the park where he is employed merely to get a glimpse of a 109-year-old laborer. Morris evinces a desire to fight whenever any stranger questions his age.

Teaching Canaries to Whistle.

Canary-bird venders in Vesey and Barclay streets laughed derisively at the report from Chicago that a feathered songster able to whistle "Yankee Doodle" had just been sold for $1,200. Whistling canaries are common enough in New York. One bird sold here a few weeks ago could, according to the original owner, whistle "How Can I Bear to Leave Thee" and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." In a queer little loft in Vesey street canaries are taught to whistle. They are taken from the nest when but a few days old and placed in a cage near which a music box plays one tune constantly.

Stocks Withdrawn From the Market.

Standard railroad stocks amounting to $600,000,000, par value, have been officially withdrawn from the market within the last two years. Of course a part of this immense sum has been offset by the issuance of bonds, but stocks to a very large amount have been actually locked up and nothing whatever has taken their place. Nor does this sum include the purchase of railroad stocks in order to secure controlling interests in the road involved, although these stocks are also effectually withheld from the market. A case in point is that of the Northern Pacific railroad. Practically the entire capital stock of that company is in the possession of Kuhn, Loeb & Company and J. Pierpont Morgan & Company, the rival financial factions that precipitated the late terrific time in Wall street. The Southern railway, Erie, Reading and Hocking Valley are other properties the stock of which cannot be found on the market in any quantities. All told, at least one billion dollars in formerly active stocks have been lost to the market since the spring of 1899, and despite the sums substituted in the form of bonds, the decrease in speculative and investment material in the railroad line cannot be figured below $500,000,000. The issues of new industrial stocks, however, during the same period, are far in excess of the railroad securities withdrawn, and if one may judge from the way the engraving and printing establishments are kept going, these securities have found, and are finding, favor with the public.

—N. N. A.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

The Lyceum is presenting an entertainment this week far above the average attraction seen during the regular season, and the comfortable auditorium should be packed at every performance throughout the week. There are seven big acts on the program, each of which is alone worth the price of admission. The polyscope is giving some new and interesting views.

Thursday morning seats will sell at the box office of the Metropolitan for the opening week of the summer stock season, which begins next Monday night with the Pike Theater company in Paul M. Potter's dramatization of DuMaurier's popular and successful story, "Trilby." All the favorite members of the company will be seen in the cast.

Make It Eternal.

Columbus State Journal.

It is reported that ex-Senator Pettigrew is making overtures looking to his return to the republican party. Frauds like Pettigrew ought to be compelled to serve an unusually long period of probation.

The Seaport Dream.

New Orleans Picayune.

One of the all-consuming ambitions of every inland city situated at or near a waterway, be that waterway ever so small, a canal or bayou, is to become a seaport.