THE JOURNAL

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

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Advertisers Prove Circulation.

The Minneapolis Journal

LEADS all Minneapolis papers in amount of advertising carried in June, 1901.

The Figures that Prove It

Measurements for June, 1901.

	Columns
Journal—Evening—25 issues	1017
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THE ADVERTISERS GET RESULTS IN THE JOURNAL, That is why THE JOURNAL gets the most advertising.

Its Circulation Goes Into the Homes.

THE SHIP-BUILDING RECORD

The bureau of navigation reports the number of vessels built during the last fiscal year in this country at 1,173 of 401,285 tons gross, as compared with 1,058 of 305,677 tons the previous year. Including barges and canal boats there may be added 88,331 tons, bringing the record nearly up to the flush ship-building times in 1854 and 1855, when American clipper ships speeded through all seas under vast expanses of canvas.

The feature of the official report is the record of the construction of fifteen ocean steel steamers aggregating 70,667 tons built on the seaboard and nine steel steamers built on the great lakes for ocean traffic. We are making progress, but we will have to "push things" to get anywhere near Great Britain's record last year of 664 steel steamers of 1,432,600 tons and Germany's record of sixty-three steel steamers of 213,984 tons, chiefly for the ocean trade. Great Britain has held her ship-building trade with great vigor, while she has shown during the last few years, decided decadence in other lines of industry. The notable fact as to our ship-building industry is that, under our present laws, we are building steel ocean steamers for trade and war vessels for our own government and for other maritime powers. Another fact is that our Asiatic trade is developing and concurrently there is a demand upon our shipbuilders for large freight and passenger steamers.

This is a wholesome stimulus, aside from the mail-carrying payments by the government to American vessels under the law of 1890. It would seem that, with the expansion of our foreign trade, there naturally follows the expansion of our merchant marine, notwithstanding the veto placed by our navigation laws upon American registry of foreign-built vessels. It is the intention, however, of the advocates of the defeated subsidy bill of the last session of congress to push it again next winter, modified but slightly from its old shape. These gentlemen will be opposed strenuously by the opponents of the scheme to give most of the proposed annual subsidy of $9,000,000 to the owners of swift passenger steamers. The new bill prepared by Congressman Minor of Wisconsin is designed to remove the chief objection from the Hanna-Frye bill. Mr. Minor and Congressman Jones of Washington and Stevens of Minnesota were members of the house committee on merchant marine in the last congress and they are members of the new congress and will oppose the passage of any bill of the quality of the bill defeated last winter. The new measure ignores speed as the gauge of subsidy and makes cargo-carrying capacity the test of qualification for receipt of a subsidy, with the practical view of promoting our export trade. It provides further that no subsidies shall be granted to foreign-built ships owned by Americans; that the period of subsidy shall be reduced to ten years and the maximum aggregate disbursed by the treasury shall be $5,000,000 instead of $9,000,000, and no ship more than twenty years old shall receive any subsidy; the Standard Oil company's tank steamers are excluded from subsidy and the new line of steamers from Chicago via the lakes and St. Lawrence river to European points will be entitled to subsidy for the ocean portion of the voyage. The bill provides for close inspection of ships receiving subsidy and each subsidized ship must carry all postal matter free.

This measure is infinitely better and more business-like than the Hanna-Frye bill. It must appeal to the business common sense of the country. If it is necessary to subsidize our shipping, a subsidy measure should go farther than to benefit a few wealthy ocean steamship companies. It should greatly amplify our freight service to foreign countries. After all that can be said in favor of subsidies, the fact stares the country in the face that American shipbuilders are able to construct great steel steamships at a profit, without direct cash subsidies. The manufacturers of iron and steel are now competing successfully with the great European iron and steel producers in every kind of material entering into the construction of a ship and that is a sufficient demonstration that they can compete successfully with Europe in steel ship construction.

There is a good prospect for a quarrel in the Ohio state democratic convention, which is to meet at Columbus on Wednesday. Which goes to show how little it sometimes takes to make a lively fight.

CROKER'S FOURTH OF JULY ADDRESS

Richard Croker's letter to Tammany from England is an interesting production. It was written for the inspiration of the the New York democracy on the Fourth of July. The Tammanyites are anxious to have Croker back. They feel safer when he is running things and adjusting the "divvies," and arranging for more plunder, more fat offices for the faithful, more adroit devices for the evasion of the laws.

In his address Croker says:

The Tammany Society formed when the constitution was adopted, has been faithful to the principles of constitutional liberty from that day to this. We believe in what we celebrate and have faith that all the democratic people, who first made our union possible, will guard it faithfully when others would destroy the fundamental principle on which our freedom rests.

Croker has the bosses' lingo at the tip of his tongue. He is a type of the brood. He is a very ardent devotee of the constitution. He is tenderly solicitous for the maintenance of the rights of the people.

Every boss is.

Croker is especially philanthropic. In practical working, Crokerism, while outwardly extolling free suffrage, is a scheme to permit the election of no official who has not received upon his forehead the number of the beast, which is Tammany's tiger. The "principle upon which our freedom rests," according to the Tammany dictionary, is freedom from the annoying interference of municipal reformers with the program of predatory Tammany. There is in New York a flowing stream of $100,000,000 a year in expenditures to be politically influenced. It is the disbursment of this sum which effects the "cohesive power of public plunder" which has made Tammany the synonym for unrivaled perfection of political working power. Its power has come by degrees. At first, in 1789, a political club, with no immediate contact with the voters, Tammany began in 1812 to organize for the control of city and state politics. In 1827 it made its first effort at control of primaries. In 1834 it wrought into the new constitution of New York state provisions for several thousands of new offices, and, between 1834 and 1865, was the period during which Tammany rose steadily to absolute power over the city, which it has retained with some breaks growing out of the Tweed exposure and other investigations. The Greater New York has resulted in the strengthening and extension of the area of public plunder.

The corruption of Tammany, at whose head is Croker, has aroused the indignation of society, but New York society has never yet become indignant enough to engage in a tireless war of extermination of the governing principle of Tammany. There is a succession of Tweeds, of Sweeneys, of Hugh Smiths. They constitute themselves a junta to control the immense financial and business corporation and the taxable property of every property holder in their own interest.

If the public are not interested enough or indignant enough to smash the machine they ought not to complain as they listen to the pretty song of liberty and human rights which Croker sings. A solid union of taxpayers and aggressive, intelligent action will beat the machinations of any predatory municipal gang.

"Made in America" is a sign that sells goods all over the world to-day. Four years ago many articles of American production, regardless of their superiority, had to be sold as products of the country where offered, so great was the prejudice against American goods. O, Spain, what a glorious opportunity you gave us with that little 2x4 war!

A MALICIOUS SLANDER

A remarkable example of history which is not history is to be found in the third volume of Edgar Stanton Maclay's "History of the United States Navy from 1775 to 1901," just issued from the press. Assuming that the exhaustive reviews of the book which have appeared in the papers do not do the author injustice he has in this third volume written down as fact the mere partizan opinion of a champion of Admiral Sampson. Departing from the high standard set by the first two volumes of a history which had come to be accepted as the standard account of the American navy, forgetting the duty of the historian to present impartially all the essential facts relating to great events so that the reader may form his own judgments irrespective of those arrived at by the historian, Maclay has deliberately taken advantage of his exceptional position to transmit to posterity the hateful slanders of Admiral Schley which have been uttered during the deplorable controversy between the two rear admirals who were at Santiago.

Not to notice Maclay's criticisms of Schley which relate to matters of judgment, it is enough to condemn his book that he charges Schley with "deliberately turning tail and running away" and with "evasion of duty" in the battle of Santiago itself. Again Maclay says: "Schley was perfectly willing to avoid blanketing the fire of the other American warships even at the risk of a disastrous collision with the Texas, so long as he could escape getting too close to danger."

Well does one reviewer say that this is malice and nothing else. A historian who deliberately charges Schley with cowardice is not entitled to respectful consideration. It has remained for Maclay to be the first to besmirch American naval annals with a charge of cowardice—a charge, too, as baseless, as cruel as any could be.

Unless Independence shall be able to make a far better showing to-day than she did Saturday she is not in the same class with the Constitution. In view of the narrow course pursued by the New York Yacht Club in limiting contests for the honor of defending the cup to boats owned by its members it is not its merit, but rather its good luck that the cup is likely to be defended by the swiftest American yacht.

THE WATERS OF THE RED

The proposed plans for the prevention of disastrous floods in the valley of the Nile of America, as the Red River of the North has been called, do not seem to be chimerical. They also give promise of serving another purpose, that of assisting navigation in the Mississippi by raising the stage of water in that river.

Without attempting to speak for the engineers it would seem to be feasible to divert much of the flood water of the upper valley of the Red into Traverse and Big Stone lakes, thus using them as reservoirs; from which, through the Minesota river, the Mississippi could be replenished in the months of low water.

The carrying out of this plan would restore of the Minnesota river to its former respectable proportions, from the mere sluggish creek which it now becomes in dryer years. In the pioneer days this stream boasted a considerable steamboat traffic, and while no stage of water would ever restore that, the towns and cities that lie along the river would prefer to see it a full-volumed, deep-running stream instead of an insignificant thread of water in the bottom of the old channel.

The United States government is conducting a land lottery in the lands of the Indian Territory which the president has just opened to settlement by proclamation. The land is no longer to the swift, the nervy and the artistic with guns as aforetime; when the "sooner" flourished and there were picturesque races for fertile spots. Now in prosy and sober fashion the land hungry register and the quarter-sections are assigned by lot. The tenderfoot has an equal chance with the border terror. Thus does civilization take the color out of American life.

A FOREIGNER'S VIEW OF THE TRUSTS

In a most interesting interview Herr Kestrauck, an Austrian iron and steel manufacturer, who has recently returned to his home from a tour of America, says:

When I came to the large works at Pittsburg I was in the position of a historian seeing for the first time the Forum Romanum. I knew everything I was to see, but the reality surpassed imagination. * * * It was the enormous concentration of work.

Herr Kestrauck then explained to the interviewer that he meant both financial and technical concentration. He was amazed to find a single American company, the Illinois Steel, producing 3,000,000 tons of rails a year, while in Austria six companies were able to turn out between them but 300,000 tons of rails in the same time.

The steel trust meets with the German manufacturer's cordial approval as a great advancement in the organization of the business. In his opinion it largely solves the problem of over-production, because it is in a position to know what the demands are to be and can arrange to supply them without creating a dangerous surplus.

Whatever Americans may think of the trusts, viewed from a domestic standpint, there can be no two opinions about their success in getting foreign trade for us. Their enormous capital, the great numbers of able and energetic men in their employment, their sweeping economies in production and their capacity for practically concentrating the whole nation's strength, skill and capital in a certain department for the accomplishment of some special purpose—such as an extraordinary bridge contract in Africa, say—make it impossible for Europeans to compete with them so long as the former retain the industrial organization of half a century ago. The Europeans, so progressive in the art of war, who would scorn to go to battle with the military formations and tactics of fifty years ago, are striving to win in the intense commercial contests of these times with the organization of other days, adequate once but woefully deficient now.

As England led in the introduction of the factory system and other nations had to learn from her, so we now lead in the introduction of superior methods of organization. We cannot hope that other nations will long delay to follow in our foootsteps. Once they start they will learn the way much faster than they and we did the factory system.

The St. Paul Globe suggests that the Lincoln Republican Club of St. Paul should send a few of its distinguished reformers to Minneapolis to operate on Mayor Ames. The Globe doesn't seem to understand that Dr. Ames and his obsequious followers actually regard Minneapolis as one of the best-governed cities in the United States. How could it be otherwise when the administration is graced by such ideal reformers as Norm King, Dancehouse Gardner, Hugh Jennings, Burke O'Brien, the fickle goddess' scout, and others whose names are so luminous for good deeds that t'were useless to mention them.

Cutting Us Donw In some of our Sunday papers, specialists have been discussing how much of a man's anatomy may be pruned without destroying his usefulness.

Dr. George E. Marks, who is a specialist in an unpleasant sounding thing called prothesis, thinks that after a man's extremities are lopped off, he really ought to live longer, because "the labors of the heart are lessened to force the blood to the furthermost avenues, the nervous system is less harassed and the respiratory organs are not so easily overcome in the stress of life."

Dr. Metchnikoff, "the distinguished bacteriologist," has ventured the opinion that "a greater part of the intestinal canal is useless for man, because all the essential functions of digestion and nutrition can satisfactorily be carried on after cutting away the alleged superfluity."

The general public is getting to be of Mr. Dooley's opinion, that if the doctors opened more windows and fewer patients, the general health would be better and the death rate considerably lower.

A Choo-Choo's Troubles The morning papers tell the story of Mr. Wilcox's steam automobile, which has its unpleasant features. A friend driving along the country road found the owner of the auto lying on his back studying the obverse side of the machine, and, incidentally, busy with the monkey-wrench. The auto had not thrown a shoe, but it had thrown its chain. A plain, meat horse hauled the auto to the nearest spreading chestnut tree and the village blacksmith got the price of his Sunday dinner by acting as veterinary for the choo-choo. That is where a machine has the advantage. If the horse falls dead on the road the blacksmith cannot tinker him so he will go again.

Alderman Wenty of Brooklyn has leaped into fame in that locality by buying nineteen tickets to the Buffalo fair for his wife, his seventeen children and himself. It seems as though there must be something in the Brooklyn baby carriage joke.

The eagle-teasers who delivered Fourth of July orations in the east had a pretty hot time of it this year, and at the end of their spiels generally resembled expurgated dishrags.

Ex-President Cleveland's life is full of joy. He has just captured a ten-pound bass and doesn't care which party is in power.

HOSS TRADE AND THE HONEST FARMER

Nebraska State Journal.

The other day some Nebraska citizens were talking about horses which had lived to an extreme age; one of them spoke of a brown pony formerly owned by Governor Furnas, which died at the age of 43; another told of a steed that he bought just after the war and worked for twenty-five years; and sundry other narratives of fact were told, which stirred up an Honest Old Farmer to tell about a mule he owns. "It's a sorrel mule with a blazed face," said he, "and, by the way, you don't often see a mule with a white face; such a critter is rare enough to have a place in a museum. I bought that mule twenty-eight years ago this spring, and he was an old chap then; so old that you couldn't tell anything about his age from his teeth; he must be pretty near fifty, and he can stand up and work beside any horse in Nebraska to-day." A few minutes later another farmer joined the group, and said to the one who had told the story: "I'd like to buy that sorrel mule of yours if you'll sell him right; I have one marked just like him; how old is he?" "Twelve years old next September," responded the Honest Old Farmer, solemnly; "had him ever since he was foaled, and jotted down the very hour when he arrived; sound and gentle, and they don't put up better mules. If you really want to buy, you can't do better than to get him." The people who had heard the Honest Old Farmer's story were slightly surprised for a moment; but they made no sign.

"KNOCKING" ON THE COLLEGE BOY

Judge Frank Doster, chief justice of Kansas, recently turned himself loose upon the college boy in the Kansas Knocker. He said:

"Among other things, I would reform the college student or kill him off. I knock on him. I know we pretend to dote on him and affect to believe that he is the hope and first care of the state, but it's a lie. We don't. Nobody but his mother does. From the time he first starts out to render 'Gallia est omnes divisa in partes tres' he becomes an insufferable nuisance. If at that stage of his career his own gall could be divided into 3,000 parts instead of three and he left with only one of them the relief to mankind and to himself would be inestimable, because an inestimable fraction of the whole of what he has would suffice the needs of any ordinary mortal.

"Why do I say these things about him? I say it because he is self-important, noisy, conceited, ignorant of all practical wisdom, parts his hair in the middle, flaunts his fraternity badge and school colors in an offensive, challenging sort of way in everybody's face, and prances up street yawping his ear-splitting college yell to the fright and disgust of all timid, sensitive folk within sound. I saw him at the Twentieth Kansas reception, a bigger man than Funston—bigger even than General Hughes—making more noise and taking up more room than the whole procession, elbowing evcrybody out of the way, and drowning the voices of the orators and the music of the bands with his idiotic 'Rock Chalk, Jay Hawk! Rah! rah! rah! Washburn, rah! Baker, hurrah!' or whatever the infernal Siwash gibberish is. I have seen somewhat of this world, and I think I have correctly sized up a good many people in it, and I give it as my mature and solemn judgment, based upon a careful, unprejudiced comparison of the many classes of people who cultivate the habit of making a holy show of themselves, that, with the exception hereafter noticed, the college student is the most obtrusive and elephantine ass that fronts the grieved and frowning face of heaven. I was a college student once myself.

"Now, I am not objecting to what this creature learns at school. It's what he doesn't learn that I'm talking about. He's lazy. He doesn't design himself for any of the usual work of mankind. Nobody ever heard of a college student who was fitting himself for anything but one of the learned professions, so called—that is, one of the professions of learning how to live off the balance of mankind. He's going to be a lawyer, a preacher, a doctor, an editor, an author, an orator, a statesman, and no doubting thought ever ruffles his serenely egotistical soul that when once he vaults into the arena of affairs the things of this world will be speedily put to rights.

"But when he finally does land out the much-abused, long-suffering world gets its revenge. The world just trips him up and rolls its big self over him and mashes the wind out of him and then picks him up and chucks him into a little 8x10 office, with cobwebs on the ceiling and fly specks on the windows and two broken-leg chairs on the floor and a dozen second-hand books in a wabbly old case with the glass broken out, and, refusing to pay his board bill any longer, goes off and learns wisdom from the ant.

"Nor have I any spite at the college student. I only think he takes up too much room and makes too much noise and costs too much money and is too smart in the budding days of his career. If he could only be induced to subside somewhat, to practice a little the modest habit of self-effacement, to go out and soak his head, turn an X-ray upon his inwards and see himself as others see him, we could possibly endure him instead of filling up with wicked wishes for his assassination. But he won't."

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

The Pike Theater company presented Bronson Howard's melodramatic story, "The Banker's Daughter," before a large and enthusiastic audience at the Metropolitan last night. The play contains many intense situations, an unusually large amount of heart interest and much comedy. All the characters were in capable hands, and an excellent performance was given. The same bill all the week, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

He Is Recovering.

Denver Republican.

Hon. Charles A. Towne's oil octopus is capitalized at $2,000,000. And yet only a few months ago Mr. Towne was ready to throw fits every time he saw more than six figures in a row.

The Period of Rumination.

Albany Argus.

Jelks, Alabama's new governor, puzzles the punsters for the moment, but they'll get something out of that name long before he has vetoed his first bill.

International Manners.

Kansas City Times.

We can never hope to get the Mexicans to consent to annexation so long as we persist in calling them greasers. We ought to be smooth enough to quit calling them slick.

Dreamer and Doer.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The late Hazen S. Pingree, former mayor of Detroit, former governor of Michigan, dreamer of dreams and doers of deeds, was of the stuff of which reform's skirmish line is made.

As Usual.

Washington Post.

When Mr. Wanamaker dies—may which calamity long be postponed!—there will be the customary editorial rush to say all those good things of a dead man that did not occur to the writers thereof while he was alive.

Seems to Be Perfectly Shameless.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mr. Rockefeller admits that he's rich, and says, furthermore, that he's glad of it.

The Iconoclast.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Equally objectionable with him who can find nobody in modern days to compare with the personages of the past era is he who takes a delight in belittling the great personalities who have passed from the earth.

"I think if you are looking for a good servant, the one I have at present would like the place."

"Won't she stay with you?"

"No; she complains that she has too much silver to clean."—What to Eat.

OTHER PEOPLE'S NOTIONS

The Grain Inspection Department.

To the Editor of The Journal:

I found in the Moorhead Independent a couple of weeks since an editorial anent the new railroad commission which I consider too good to be left unnoticed. The Independent strives to bring out three principal points:

First—That "the new commission is proceeding with the utmost care and caution in the selection of employes." That "it is already practicing a system that amounts to practical civil service." That "every appointment that is made is strictly upon the merit and fitness of the applicant."

Seoond—That "when the fusionists got in control of the commission, they immediately set the ax in motion and began the work of decapitating republicans. They could not get them out fast enough to make room for the hungry and waiting fusion office-seekers."

Third—That the inspectors under the fusion commission brought the department into disrepute and totally destroyed the value of inspection as a measure of the value of grain sold on grade. "The result was that it was only a few months after the installation of the fusion crowd that inspection became a mere formal function, and grain was sold almost exclusively by sample," as the eastern buyer had no more confidence in the inspection department, etc., etc.

The author of the above, Editor Meeker of the Moorhead Independent, reminds me of the little boy who wanted to make himself rich and famous by starting out to make almanacs. He tried and tried in vain to get all the months and weeks and days in order, and finally exclaimed in despair: "O, papa! I can't get that darned almanac right!" The wise old man came to his aid and answered: "Don't be so particular, my boy; make them any way at all; only look out so that you don't get Sunday in the middle of the week."

So with Mr. Meeker. He evidently knows as much about the past and present of the grain department as the little boy knew about making almanacs. He tried and tried last fall and winter to find something to write about the inspection of grain, but failed. Now his wise republican fathers have come to his rescue and advised him to write anything at all—paint the fusionists black and the republicans white, and let it go at that, regardless of all the well-known facts in the case.

As to the first assertion, that the new commission is practicing civil service in the grain department, it would be safe, indeed, to stamp it as a lie; but that wouldn't look good in print.

Look at the case of H. B. Moore, for instance, who performed his duties as state weighmaster at Duluth in such an able and faithful manner that almost every member of the Board of Trade, nearly all republicans, endeavored to influence the commission to have Mr. Moore retained on the plea that he had proved himself to be the best weighmaster that Duluth ever had. But in suite of his ability and fitness he was the first one to be discharged—for political reason. How much civil service can the Independent find in that?

Then comes the chief clerk in the inspection office at Duluth. Chairman Mills of the railroad and warehouse commission wrote to the clerk and informed him that his services would be dispensed with after the 15th of May. In the same letter the chairman says that "there is no question but what you have been a faithful and efficient official." Anyhow he had to step out and give place to a republican. How much civil service in this, Mr. Editor?

But, of course, the new commission is very strict, and sees to it that "every new appointment that is made is strictly upon the merit and fitness of the applicant." To prove this assertion, the Independent should have pointed strongly to the appointment of a certain grain inspector at Minneapolis. Last fall this man was discharged as inspector at Duluth, not because he was a republican, as he had already held the place for two years after the fusionists were elected to office in 1898, but because of charges preferred and after an official investigation by the members of the commission. But the new commission has appointed this same man as an inspector at Minneapolis.

Indeed, it looks as though "merit and fitness" cuts a great figure with the new commission!

The second assertion, that the fusion administration, immediately after getting into control, discharged all the republican employes to make places for fusionists, is as much out of place as is "Sunday in the middle of the week." If Mr. Meeker reads the daily papers he has certainly read an interview with Commissioner Staples, in which this gentleman admitted that the fusionists had allowed forty-three of the old republican employes to remain in their respective places.

Now, as a matter of fair play, I ask the Independent if it can name one single instance when an employe has been put on the pay roll during Chief Inspector Reishus' administration who was not fairly competent and who did not have to work for his salary? Can Mr. Meeker name one? If not, he must stand branded as a person who bears false witness against his neighbor.

The third point in the Independent's harangue is at par with the other two, namely, that the standing and usefulness of the inspection department has been destroyed by the fusionists. The writer knows whereof he speaks, also, on this subject, and can stamp it as a brazen falsehood. All shipments to foreign markets, and mostly all to the so-called eastern markets, are made through Duluth, where inspection certificates are issued. There has not been a single cargo of standard grade sent out of Duluth the last couple of years without state inspection certificates covering same. As a further illustration, the eastern buyers have absolutely demanded state certificates for every purchase of grain the last couple of years, not buying by sample, as during Clausen's administration. Even foreign grades, Washington and Montana wheat, etc., which have been shipped through Duluth, cannot, apparently, be sold easily on the eastern markets without Duluth certificates.

More than that: Inquiries have been received from Canada the last few months, asking if the Minnesota state inspection department could inspect bonded wheat arriving here from Manitoba which has already been inspected by the Canadian inspectors.

Such reckless statements as those cited from the Moorhead Independent will only injure the party and officials they were intended to serve. —O. B. Server.

Where the Trouble Lies.

Omaha World-Herald.

Senator Depew says the money microbe is to blame for some men being rich while others are poor. The trouble with this theory is that so many of us are immunes

JIM'S REINCARNATION

By DAVID H. TALMADGE.

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The worm turned on the morning of Sarah Shaw's death. He sat upon a box hidden from the street by a lilac bush. His attitude was that of one who mourns, but the expression of his face was that of triumph, strenuously subdued. A hand was placed on his shoulder presently, but he did not look up.

"Yes, Martha," he said.

"Won't you come in and have a bite to eat, Jim? Benjamin's here, and we'd best arrange about—the funeral."

"I made all the arrangements, Martha, before you came."

The worm stood up and threw back his shoulders.

His sister gazed at him, a bewildered expression in her eyes, her tongue tied with sudden amazement. Brother Jim had actually gone ahead and done something on his own responsibility.

Jim Shaw, seeing her wonder, understood—and smiled.

"Yes, Martha, I think I'll look after my own affairs—now." There was an instant's hesitation and he cleared his throat nervously, then sat down on the box again. "Forty-three years come next Saturday, Sally and me lived together without ever a hitch worth mentioning. We fought our battles against the world side by side—at least as close as a smart woman like her and a dolt like me could. Any one in this village'll tell you she was the smartest of us two. She had what's called executive ability. She went ahead and done things. I didn't. It's been town talk for forty years."

"Don't you think folks exaggerated some, Jim?"

"Exaggerated? Land, no! Many the time has she throwed her head back and said to me, 'James Shaw, 'twas the good Lord's providence that you married me; if you hadn't, I don't know what would have become of you.' I s'pose she suffered considerable along of my shiftlessness—poor Sally!"

"'Twas only her way, Jim."

"I know it. I ain't layin' it up against her. 'Twould have killed her long ahead of her time if anything had happened to make her believe she wasn't holdin' up everything on her shoulders to keep it from fallin' down and smashin' me. But she knows now. She's gone where there ain't no mists."

Jim glanced at the silent house, then at the great red barn beyond the apple orchard.

"Most all there is to life," he resumed, after an interval, "is thinkin' you've done the things you've thought of doin'. Take the barn there, for instance. One day Grimson he met me on the road goin' to the creamery, and says he, 'I hear you're goin' to have a new barn, Shaw.' 'Who was tellin' you?' I asks him. 'My wife,' says he, with a sort of a snicker; 'she was at the Social Hour meetin' yesterday, and she heard your wife say so.' 'Then I reckon it's true,' says I, and drove on.

"'Twan't no news to me. Two days before that I'd completed a little deal in timber that had cost me in the engineerin' of it more than six nights of bad sleep. Sally didn't know nothin' of it. I'd kept it from her. Land knows, she had a big enough load to carry without bein' burdened with all my business troubles. I had the price of a new barn right in my inside vest pocket when I brought up the subject that day. 'Sally,' says I, 'I reckon we've got to have a new barn.' 'So I've heard you say these five years,' says she, 'and well I'm aware, Jim Shaw, that we'll never get it till I go ahead and do it myself.'

"I let on to be r'iled then, and I says, 'Well, why in tunket don't you go on and do it?' And she drew herself up like she always did when I spoke in that aggravatin' way, and her eyes snapped and her lips set firm over her teeth. 'I just will, you shiftless man,' says she. And she did. That barn's a monument to her executive ability, Marthy. She went and seen the carpenter, and he come and seen me, and the barn was built. Land, she was proud!"

One of the gnarled, knotty hands reached down and plucked a white clover blossom. The woman said nothing, but her gray eyes were brimming with an ineffable tenderness.

"And 'twas the same way with most everything we done, Marthy. There ain't no harm in sayin' it—now. I won't be here long, and I've got to hump myself to get the credit that's due me. She had it all for more than forty years, and I thank the blessed Lord she never saw through the deceit I was practicin' on her. I'm—I'm afraid I'm a sort of a Scribe and Pharisee, Marthy. 'Long at the last I worried considerable for fear I'd bust out and spoil it all. 'Twan't no easy matter holdin' in. Sometimes, when my liver was pullin' teeth for me to keep from tellin' her pullin' teeth for m to keep from tellin' her what a rickety old foundation her reputation as the ruler of our roost was built on."

He drew a long breath.

"But I didn't. And she died as happy and self-satisfied as a child. 'Jimmy,' says she to me when her breath was near spent, 'I was in hopes you'd be called first. I don't know what you'll do without me. But it won't be for long, dear, and I'll be waitin' to take care of you over there.' And then, before I thought, I says, 'I'll be all right, Sally; I can take care of myself.' And she rose right up. 'No, you can't, James,' says she. 'No,' says I, scared at what I'd said, 'no, I can't, Sally!' And she sunk back, smilin' the smile—she'd smiled—more than forty years ago."

His siter leaned forward impetuously and planted a kiss on his leathery cheeks.

Daily New York Letter

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

Ocean Going Tugs.

July 8.—Ocean-going tugs to supersede the coastwise schooner and the trans-Atlantic freighter as carriers of perishable products is one of the latest plans talked of by capitalists of the metropolis. Of course, it is not understood that the tugs themselves will be the carriers. Cold storage barges will be constructed as the real freight bearers, the tugs to tow the barges at a rate of speed very much greater than that of the Norwegian, British and American steamers now engaged in the trade. It is believed by tugboat men that in barges equipped with proper refrigerator plants at a comparatively small sum, it will be possible to safely ship from New York to London and other British and continental ports practically all the American cattle carcasses now used throughout the United Kingdom and European countries with a considerable saving in freight charges and a consequent reduction in price to both shipper and consumer. Fruits from South and Central America and the West Indies will be handled in the same way, and as steam tugs and barges are not dependent on wind and tide as sailing vessels are, it seems more than probable that the coastwise sloops and schooner will be compelled to retire in favor of surer and speedier facilities. In fact there are practically no limits to the possibilities of ocean tug service. Already for a number of years the Standard Oil company has found it economical to carry a large proportion of its petroleum in bulk in barges along the north Atlantic seaboard. Coal, likewise, is now extensively transported in barges constructed for the purpose, while it is authoritatively stated that flour, grain, wheat and other general cargoes will be transported across the Atlantic in barges at a great reduction in freight charges. The small daily cost of operating an ocean tug is largely responsible for the reduction, and inasmuch as the speed of a tug with even two barges in tow is ten knots an hour, the average tramp steamer will have to "spruce up."

Expatriated Americans.

It would seem that the great consideration shown in London to the Americans, members of the New York Chamber of Commerce, who have been visiting across the sea, would be a salutary lesson to the expatriated Americans who have foresworn allegience to their own country in the vain hope of thereby acquiring distinction in England. Every courtesy was extended to the visitors by King Edward and the nobility of England because they were Americans, proud that they represented the greatest country as well as the second greatest city on earth. And apart from the honor done these men the experience of William Waldorf Astor should have taught the millionaire American cad that instead of improving his social standing and prospects in England by the abandonment of the country that nourished him from the cradle, he must inevitably disgrace himself in the eyes of every self-respecting Briton. Yet notwithstanding the self-evidence of this truth to any intelligent man, no less than twenty-six citizens of the United States have during the last twelve months foresworn their allegiance to Uncle Sam and secured British letters of naturalization. Self-expatriated Americans have been made to feel lately that they have lost standing not only in America but in the British kingdom as well.

"Pay Chairs" in the Parks.

Pay chairs in the various parks of this city are an innovation that seems not likely to meet with general public approval. Several weeks ago Park Commissioner Clausen granted to Oscar F. Spate, for $500, the privilege of renting individual chairs in the public parks. The plan is to allot certain positions in the parks to the chairs, charging a fee of 5 cents for the use of each seat. At present there are about 300 of these chairs in Central Park, seventy-five in Riverside, and fifty in Madison Square Park. By payment of the fee one is entitled to go from one park to another during the period of one day and to make use of the individual chairs at one's pleasure. Though the plan has many features to commend it, the innovation has aroused a degree of opposition seemingly out of all proportion to the cause. Labor unions have held meetings with the special purpose of condemning Commissioner Clausen's action, a number of the daily papers have passed unfavorable editorial comment upon it, while one New York yellow publication, in accordance with its custom of instituting legal actions whenever a pretext appears, has instigated a young man to bring suit against Commissioner Clausen for $50,000 damages for being arrested because he refused to leave a seat for the use of which he would not pay the fee. The board of aldermen stands by the commissioner and, to the delectation of the public, the war goes merrily on.

"Al" Johnson's Death.

Just what effect the sudden death of Albert L. Johnson will have upon the working out of the scheme to connect New York and Philadelphia by trolley, cannot be ascertained as yet. So entirely unexpected was the demise of the street car magnate, because of heart disease, that his associates in the development of the Johnson system are unable or unwilling to state their future plans. Recent announcements made by Mr. Johnson were most startling in their character. His proposition to connect New York and Philadelphia with trunk line trolleys, by which the trip between the two cities could be made in two hours for 50 cents, was sensational. At first its feasibility was doubted, but the people of both cities became interested when they found that Mr. Johnson and his associates had already acquired many branch lines along the route. The system was promised in working order inside of two years. Serious delays will now be encountered. Only a few months ago Mr. Johnson caused considerable excitement by his bids to secure tunnel building in this city, but his operations and plans were not looked upon with favor by the local authorities.

Golf by Moonlight.

Golf by moonlight is the latest fad of fashionable New Yorkers. The fad was initiated by about 100 devotees of the fascinating game at the Ardsley club links on the night of the last full moon, and the game lasted until even old Sol's curiosity was aroused and he came peeping over the hills. Seventy-six players started in the tournament but on account of the difficulty in following the ball on long drives, the competition did not embrace a tour of the club's eighteen-hole course. Instead it resolved itself into a putting contest, and in order to give all a chance the match was cut down to a "twelve-holer" twice over the club's green. The conditions under which the game was played were ideal. The moon was in the best of humors and shone steadily and brightly all night, while the lawn was given a fairyland appearance by the hundreds of Chinese lanterns strung artistically around. So successful was the tournament pronounced by the club members that it has been decided to hold a number of similar events during the season. —N. N. A.

HOW IT FEELS TO FALL 5,000 FEET

Ainslee's Magazine.

"No, I don't remember ever thinking over all the past events of my life when I was falling," said the workaday balloonist. "The nearest I ever came to it was once when I was about 5,000 feet in the air, with a gas balloon, and it burst on me. It seemed an awful long time that I was falling, and the air roared in my ears and through the netting. I remember thinking, "Can this be death?' but most of the time I was working hard trying to get the parachute loose. The balloon giving no resistance, I couldn't pull the knife hard enough to cut the rope. But 400 feet from the ground I got it loose, and, the parachute being partly open, I came down all right.

"I used to have a linen parachute that was a little too small, and every time I came down with such a jolt that I used to shake myself and twist around to see if I was all there. Yes, this scar on my hand is the only bad accident I ever had with a balloon. Oh, bumps and scratches don't count. You must expect them. But if a man is careful and looks out for everything, it is as safe a business as any. You read in the papers every once in a while dispatches with the headline, 'Another Aeronaut Killed.' They're not aeronauts; they're balloonatics. They're careless, or they're too brave. Well, foolhardy, if you like. It's hard to draw the line. Real aeronauts die in their beds at a good old age. Look at Coxwell, the man that took Professor Glaisher up so many times—once the highest that any man ever went, seven miles straight up, so high that Glaisher was insensible and Coxwell lost the use of his hands and had to climb up into the ring with his elbows and pull the cord to the escape valve with his teeth. Nothing ever happened to him. Look at old man King; he must be 100 years old, and good as new. Nothing