

THE JOURNAL

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SUBSCRIPTION TERMS. Payable to The Journal Printing Co. Delivered by Mail. One copy, one month, \$0.35. One copy, three months, \$1.00. One copy, six months, \$1.75. One copy, one year, \$3.00. Saturday Eve. edition, 20 to 36 pages. 4.00. Delivered by Carrier. One copy, one week, 8 cents. One copy, one month, 25 cents. Single copy, 5 cents.

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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. Tribune—Morning and Evening—25 issues and 6 Sundays... 975. Times—Morning—25 issues and 6 Sundays... 871.

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BASTILLE DAY

A Paris cable points out some preparations of a tumultuous character for the celebration next Sunday, in Paris, of the anniversary of the capture of the Bastille by the revolutionists of 1789. On that occasion Paris was a detonating volcano. Nocker had been dismissed and thirty thousand troops had been stationed in Paris. The people raged in the garden of the Palais-Royal. Camille Desmoulins, exalted on the top of a table, pistol in hand, shrieking verbal stimuli to the frenzied people, who, supplying themselves with arms mastered the city and with the fierce cry "To the Bastille!" hurled themselves upon that historic prison. It was then that to the query of the king as to what was going on, the Duke of Liancourt said: "Sire, it is a revolution." And it was.

There is an element of the Parisian population that can be aroused and quickened to similar frenzy to-day, but it is much smaller and more helpless than of old. The new organization which proposes to make trouble is not a Dreyfus mob or a mob of Jew-haters or army sympathizers as a few years ago, but an anti-English organization called the "Paris Transvaal Volunteers," composed of Boer sympathizers and the anti-English element. This combination proposes to boycott all English people and get authority from Kruger to fit out privaters to "destroy British commerce." The chief demonstration of these new crusaders will occur next Sunday, on Bastille Day. If the boycott is actualized as to English people, there is little doubt that the French government will be held responsible for damages by the British government, and, if the organization enters upon privateering, the French government will be reminded of the laws of neutrality. Kruger is reported to have seriously contemplated the commissioning of privaters to prey on British commerce, and if he has been so foolish, our government will not permit the fitting out of such vessels in our ports. We agreed with Spain in 1898 not to commission privateers and would not permit such resort in our ports, although our government never agreed with the signatories of the treaty of 1856 to discontinuance of the practice. The civilized powers are united in opposition to such piracy, and, if Kruger authorizes it, his privateers will probably be treated as pirates by the powers. Kruger, indeed, is at the head of no organized government, but is in self-exile, while the former Boer army is broken up into raiding bands which will have to succumb ultimately to superior force and deficiency of supplies.

The Boer agents in this country have made bitter protests because Americans are selling horses and mules to British agents for use in South Africa. These gentlemen should acquaint themselves with international law and learn that it is perfectly lawful for a neutral's citizens to sell horses, mules, and supplies of all kinds to anybody who may choose to buy and take the risk of getting them to destination without capture by an enemy. The French organization to promote privateering is another matter. Violations of neutrality are such acts as fitting out armed vessels and enlisting recruits in a neutral's port and territory to be used against a friendly state. Probably the plans of the Paris Transvaal Volunteers will develop more clearly on Bastille Day. If they are really in earnest, they might help their Boer friends more substantially by going to South Africa and joining Botha and De Wet and taking the chances of war. If they are "Transvaal Volunteers," they certainly should be giving personal aid and comfort to the brave riders of the veldt. Shrieking platitudes in Paris and putting up impossible programs do not help the Boers a particle in France or in the United States.

The members of the city council should certainly regard themselves as custodians of the public interest and representatives of the business interests of the city in dealing with the request of the Omaha road for the vacation of streets. No one knows in this connection so well what the business interests are as the shippers themselves, the business men who

are to be served by the railroad company, and whose merchandise furnishes the freight to be carried by this road. Minneapolis business men have been at a disadvantage for a long time. There is a chance now for the council to help them to remove that disadvantage by securing from the railroad company such consideration as the volume of business of this city is fairly entitled to, and the aldermen will be expected to use the power they possess to bring this about.

CUBA'S FUTURE

The poet says that a woman is like a shadow. Pursue and it flees; turn away and it follows. The United States is the man; Cuba is the woman. When the Cubans thought the Platt amendments meant annexation they were angrily opposed. Now that the high protectionist element in the United States is organizing to prevent the annexation of Cuba, a strong party is growing up in that island which urges annexation.

The question of the annexation of Cuba will ultimately be fought out on much the same lines as the annexation of Hawaii. A little time will convince the Cubans that annexation is their salvation. But the tobacco, fruit and sugar growing interests of the United States are bound to oppose annexation with all their power.

The Cuban question is a long way from settled. We have given the Cubans political independence from Spain, but, as they will soon discover, unless we admit them to freedom of trade with the United States they will be in abject commercial servitude to us. With Porto Rico and Hawaii enjoying free trade with the states and producing about all that Cuba does, it is easy to foresee the fate of the gem of the Antilles which must find its principal market across the narrow straits that separate it from the mainland.

In a short time the situation as between the United States and Cuba will be that Cuba will be anxiously seeking incorporation as an American state or territory while there will be a fierce political struggle in congress, if not in the country, on the question of granting the desire of the Cubans.

Mrs. Nellie B. Meade-Lynn-Van Slingerland says of the love letters she exchanged with the late J. R. G. Pitkin of New Orleans: "These love letters, together with poems we had written to each other, were later published. It may seem peculiar that we should do such a thing, but the simple fact was that neither of us had any means, and it was necessary to obtain funds." Why, of course; how obvious! Whenever you are out of money do anything to get money. What better excuse could there be for publishing one's love letters?

A matador was nearly killed in a South Omaha bull fight yesterday. The crowd was enthusiastic. Let us see; did not American papers have learned editorials last year conclusively proving that France was decadent because the Spanish national sport had crossed the Pyrenees?

HOW LIPTON MIGHT LOSE

It's all off with the Independence. The Boston millionaire's race seems to be about as good as Shamrock II. Mr. Lawson will not long be alone in sorrow. In October Sir Thomas Lipton will commiserate with him. The Constitution yesterday beat the Columbia twenty-eight minutes and eight seconds and the Independence one hour, eighteen minutes and thirty-one seconds; the Columbia beating the Independence by fifty minutes and twenty-three seconds. In the meantime Shamrock I. continues to beat Shamrock II., which Columbia defeated in 1899.

It looks like this: The Constitution is a better boat than the Columbia. The Columbia is faster than Shamrock I. Shamrock I. is faster than Shamrock II. Lipton had better call off the cup race and challenge Lawson to a trial of the relative slowness of Shamrock II. and Independence, a new international trophy to be awarded to the loser.

American trade is not more than a few laps behind the flag in Porto Rico. In the first year of the operations of the 15 per cent tariff the United States imported \$3,927,413 worth of goods from Porto Rico, and exported to that island \$7,129,031. These figures show great gains over the preceding year and will themselves be surpassed when absolute free trade prevails between the United States and the island.

Minneapolis business men are wondering why they do not hear from the Omaha railroad management about the resumption of the negotiations concerning the vacation of streets asked for by the railroad company. There is a suspicion that the railroad company may have decided to adopt some other way to secure what they want, and may be planning to ignore the business men entirely. They will hardly be able to ignore the business men, however, when it comes to getting business. The business men hold the key to the situation.

THE DEADLY LIVE WIRE

Another man was killed in Minneapolis by a live wire to-day. This is the third death of this kind within two weeks. Most of the deaths resulting from accidental contact with electric wires could be prevented with a little more care. These dangerous wires, as well as those that may be charged from them, are far too carelessly handled and strung in cities. The general use of underground conduits would reduce the danger now encountered by the public and also by employees whose business it is to handle electric and telephone wires or come in close proximity to them in the discharge of their duties. Public protection demands the policy of continuous extension of the subway district. The large losses sustained by telephone and telegraph companies through storms would tend to prove that in the long run it will be an economy for the companies to put their wires underground.

Where was T. Brown last night? We felt sure all along that Tom's father would be superintendent of the poor. But then Napoleon had his Waterloo, and no politician always wins.

It now appears that Secretary Long was wrong when he said in a speech at Boston that God only knew who wrote the famous "capture or destroy" the Spanish fleet cablegram to Dewey. Admiral Crowninshield says that he did it all by himself with the approval of the president. But, at any rate, the hostilities

were not grammatically begun, as the secretary pointed out. The cablegram said "War has commenced." If Dewey had been a stekler for correct English, he might have delayed operations until he had found out whether the department didn't really intend to say "begun."

HERE'S HOPING

The late Jacob S. Rogers, locomotive builder, who bequeathed almost the whole of an estate valued at \$3,000,000 to the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York, made his relatives mourn his death in about the only way he could. They had long counted upon dividing his wealth over his grave, just as relatives of rich folk are always doing in a certain class of English novels. But Jacob thought that money which the possessors do not earn is not productive of good to them. When he died Mr. Rogers put his theory into practice. Now the relatives will contest the will. Here is hoping that they will lose.

If the relatives get that \$3,000,000 there will be a few more gaudy cases in the world, a few more luxurious yachts, a few more scandals, a few more opportunities for plain people to be snubbed by nouveau riche, a few more spoiled children, a lot of foolish extravagance—and the great fortune will be gone.

In the hands of the authorities of the museum, \$3,000,000, yielding at least a quarter of a million in yearly revenue, can be made a powerful factor in elevating the intellectual plane of the nation. It will assist hundreds of young men and women to complete their educations and increase their native value to the republic, and will make the museum in many ways one of the great, progressive, helpful, uplifting institutions of the country.

THE BUSINESS MORTALITY RECORD

The current number of Bradstreet's contains the record of business mortality for the first six months of 1901, showing the number of failures to have been 5,465, with assets \$32,435,338 and liabilities amounting to \$66,133,362. The failures increased 12 per cent over the records of the first six months of 1900 and 8 per cent over the record of the same period in 1899, but they were 15 per cent less than in 1898, same period, and 22 per cent less than in the first half of 1897. The liabilities in the first half of 1901 were 10 per cent larger than in the same period of 1900 and 31 per cent larger than in 1899, same period, while they were 8 per cent smaller than in 1898 and 29 per cent less than in 1897, same period. The failures are shown to be fewer than in any year since 1892 except during that period in 1899 and 1900, while the liabilities, except in 1899 and 1900, were smaller than in any of the corresponding period since 1882 and the assets show the same condition.

The northwestern states show for the half year period 403 failures this year compared with 353 last year; assets \$1,261,988 as compared with \$1,562,421; liabilities \$2,815,477, compared with \$3,409,502. This is a better showing than that of the Middle, Southern and Western states, but, considering the much larger volume of business transacted and the new business enterprises entered upon, the record embodies no symptoms of weakness. It is only surprising that there are not more failures of banks from causes similar to those which brought the Seventh National of New York into the hands of a receiver. The trouble with this bank is that it made excessive loans on greatly deficient security, in violation of the national banking law, and over-extended certain checks. The law, while limiting the extent of loans to a single firm, curiously enough does not attach any penalty to the transgression, so the law is practically a dead letter and the Seventh National took advantage of the weak point in the law, as other banks have done and will probably do, if the law is not properly amended. Improper business methods and no inherent weakness in the financial or business situation, caused the mishap to the Seventh National and other banks which have closed their doors.

It is noticeable that the number of railway receiverships during the half year is comparatively insignificant compared with the record a few years ago. So far, only three small roads, aggregating sixty miles of track, have been taken charge of by the courts, the entire investment, capitalization and bonds, being less than \$1,000,000. The Railway Age's statement shows that the first six months of last year made a record of receiverships for nine roads with 978 miles of lines and \$56,000,000 of bonds and capital stock, and the record for the whole year 1900 showed sixteen roads, 1,165 miles and \$78,000,000 of investment in receivers' hands. If we go back to the railway receivership business of the period 1893-97, the figures are rather distressing. The railways of the country have pulled out of the slough to firm ground. That was a period of wreckage, and the debris is not yet all cleared away. Altogether the entire record of failures in trade, banking and transportation show a most comfortable condition as compared with former years.

So many newspapers are getting letters written to the editor opening with the phrase, "Will you please explain what the go-go-eyes are," that it begins to look as if the one who in the pauses of business, molds public opinion a trifle just to keep his hand in, was writing letters as if one time had her put in jail for alleged blackmail, and the real Mrs. Pitkin called to see and comfort her. No one was ever known to live comfortably in such a mixup as this. Here is Pitkin killing himself and Mrs. Van Slingerland trying to get "into society."

A political discussion on newspaper row is said to have resulted in a fight. For one statesman to refer to another as a "political wart" does not conduce to a settlement of these great problems that are annoying us.

Mr. Bixby thinks that Governor Van Sant will not be out of breath for the next run. He also thinks Mr. Lind is getting shifty again.

Topka has a barber shop that is opened with prayer. Some barbers' language that we have heard sounds prayerful, but it isn't.

The South Dakota canary is in the Kitzy-ridge.

Foreed to Acknowledge It. Washington Post.

In short, Senator Beveridge admits that Count Tolstoy is wrong on all the propositions these great problems that are annoying us.

"Sowing the Wind" Next Week. "Sowing the Wind," the first and one of the best of the problem plays, is the underlined offering by the Pike theater company

ABULLET THAT GOES 24 MILES

New York Sun.

Upon the authority of Lieutenant Colonel James S. Ingalls, U. S. A., retired, whose tables and measurements are accepted by all ordnance constructors, the great guns of Europe, which have hitherto been able to outshoot by miles our heaviest weapons, are themselves outclassed in range, velocity and effectiveness by a recently designed American weapon, now nearing completion. It is a rapid-fire, improved Brown segmental wire-gun. It is expected that, with a caliber of 4 1/2 inches it will throw a steel projectile of fifty-five pounds nearly twenty-four miles, with a velocity of 3,900 feet a second. The extreme range expected is twenty-five miles, with a velocity of 4,000 feet a second. It would rise nearly ten miles above the earth. The time of flight of the projectile from its discharge to its fall is 108.3 seconds. The shell will have a striking velocity of 1,787 foot seconds at the terminus of range—a sufficient force to penetrate five inches of steel.

The weight of the gun is four tons and it will use a twenty-six-pound charge of smokeless powder. The length of the projectile proper is 20 inches and the brass case containing the fixed ammunition is 40 inches long. The brass cartridge case will hold, if charged to its utmost capacity, thirty-two pounds of smokeless powder, and with this charge the muzzle velocity will be about 4,000 feet a second, giving a maximum range of twenty-five miles, which will be the world's record for any size gun.

The tube and main foundation of the body of the gun are composed of curved steel sheets one-seventh of an inch thick, extending the full length of the tube. These steel sheets are wound with square steel wire one-seventh of an inch thick, ten miles of which is consumed in harnessing in the enormous force and energy carried by the weapon. One inch

square of the wire will sustain 55,000 pounds of dead weight. It is expected that the hitherto unheard-of pressure of 96,000 pounds to the square inch will be withstood by the new gun.

When the batteries at Sandy Hook and near Coney Island were designed it was expected that they would make the bombardments of New York by a hostile fleet an impossibility. They would command what is known as the deep water pocket of Coney Island and any warship attempting to maneuver in that locality for the purpose of bombarding the boroughs of Brooklyn and Manhattan would encounter such a reception from twelve-inch, ten-inch and eight-inch guns and twelve-inch mortars as to put her out of action in a comparatively short time. And inasmuch as only at that point was it possible for ships drawing twenty-five feet and upward to approach the city within range of the ordnance hitherto constructed, the army engineers and the artillery officers felt that they had achieved a practically permanent victory over the attacking powers.

But now comes upon the scene a gun which, if it were on a ship lying almost out of sight of Sandy Hook could still bombard the whole of Manhattan Island. At a distance of six miles from the mortar batteries on Plum Island a ship would be fourteen miles from New York by a hostile fleet an impossibility. They would command what is known as the deep water pocket of Coney Island and any warship attempting to maneuver in that locality for the purpose of bombarding the boroughs of Brooklyn and Manhattan would encounter such a reception from twelve-inch, ten-inch and eight-inch guns and twelve-inch mortars as to put her out of action in a comparatively short time. And inasmuch as only at that point was it possible for ships drawing twenty-five feet and upward to approach the city within range of the ordnance hitherto constructed, the army engineers and the artillery officers felt that they had achieved a practically permanent victory over the attacking powers.

THIS FAN FANS WHILE YOU ROCK



New York Press.

There is apparently no limit to the Yankee's ingenuity in the invention of useful and labor-saving devices. Among the latest useful novelties which will command a market to all, now that warm weather is so near, and the question of how to keep cool is so important—a simple and perfect fan attachment for rocking-chairs.

AMUSEMENTS

The Pikes in "The Banker's Daughter"

For the second week of its stay at the Metropolitan the Pike theater company is presenting Bronson Howard's "The Banker's Daughter," a play which is said to have done for its talented author just what a certain celebrated man once did for Milwaukee. "The Banker's Daughter" was Howard's first attempt at a pretentious play, and apparently cannot without merit custom state its insatiable variety. The dramatic excellence which witnessed its presentation last night found the piece taken to its liking, if applause is to be taken as a criterion.

"The Banker's Daughter" tells the story of a loveless marriage, brought about through the machinations of a father who had found Wall street too much for him, and who sacrificed his daughter in order to save his reputation for integrity. The girl marries a French nobleman who loves her in a sense of parental devotion. Her husband, however, is kept in ignorance of her true motives, although not with her consent. To this add a lover who loves and who is beloved, and a yet more dramatic situation is created. The play is a masterpiece of the Howard play. The story is as old as life itself. Its manner of telling, however, is not. The incident of a duel, which Mr. Howard utilizes and which he permits vice to triumph over virtue in order to rid himself of an objectionable lover, at once stamps him as a master of his craft and explains his prominence among native dramatists of his time.

The piece serves to introduce to patrons of the Pike company a new face in that organization, but one very familiar to local playgoers—that of Miss Jessamine Rodgers, who was cast as Mrs. Florence St. Vincent Brown, maid, wife, widow and fiancee. Miss Rodgers played with refreshing spontaneity and at once won her way into the good graces of her audience.

Bron Douglas, always a forceful actor, gave a virile interpretation of John Streblov, the American husband. Minneapolisians have come to expect much of Mr. Douglas, and it is sufficient praise for his work to say that he did not disappoint them last night. He was particularly strong in the duel scene and in the scene with his wife immediately following.

Miss Angela Delores was the wife, and the role, although somewhat without her accustomed line, shows her to be advancing in her art. Charles D. Waldron, who made so excellent a impersonation in "Tribby," heightened it by his performance of Harold Rutledge, the young man to whom Mrs. Streblov had been engaged before her marriage, and who is finally killed in the duel.

Herchel Mayas, in the dueling count, scored his usual success. Both Mr. Mayas and Mr. Waldron can fence, and the duel scene was given better than it has ever before been done in this city. "Jack" Maber, a Frenchman, who plays the part of the drummer, who is "doing" Europe in a fort-night and keeping translated record of each marble Venus he encounters, played excellently well. Than Mr. Maber there is no other more satisfactory actor in the Pike company. J. B. Everham and Miss Emeline Melville had little to do, but acquitted themselves well. The other parts are in competent hands.

The "engines" continue in the Pike theater, with matinee to-morrow and Saturday.

"Sowing the Wind" Next Week.

"Sowing the Wind," the first and one of the best of the problem plays, is the underlined offering by the Pike theater company

VIOLETS.

By HELEN WOOD.

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Edith Dean entered her Aunt Marcy's room with a great bunch of violets on her jacket. They filled the room with their perfume, and seemed the spirit of their wearer, a slender girl with blue eyes, and a pretty, pensive way of carrying her head. Mrs. Murray greeted her niece affectionately. They were strikingly alike—the same eyes, lips and way of speaking.

"How beautiful your violets are!" "Oh, yes," replied the girl carelessly. "My always sends me lovely flowers, but I'm getting so tired of violets. I don't see why he didn't get American beauties instead to-day."

"The girl nodded her head delightedly. "It was in the spring of 1861. I was a gay, sporty girl like you, and Langdon Murray, to whom I had been engaged for several months, was my hopeless slave. With our social pleasures differed slightly from those of the present day, we, too, loved pretty gowns and flowers, so when Langdon proposed to send me, for a certain dance, the prettiest flowers he could find, I naturally expected something quite handsome in the way of a bouquet. Instead of the roses I had hoped for, there came a bunch of violets, not violets of Parma, like yours, but the simplest of fragrant blossoms. I was in a fine temper, tossed them aside and went to the dance unadorned with any flowers. If Langdon felt hurt he showed no sign, and his very self-restraint annoyed me the more. I was disgracefully pettish all evening, and on the way home had little to say to my long suffering escort."

"The next evening he called as usual, and in the meantime mother had rescued the discarded violets and placed them in a vase. He crossed to the piano and touched the half-faded flowers which he had kissed. Then he turned to me with unusual gravity and tenderness. "So you didn't like my violets, Marcy, dear?" "Childishly I shook my head. "I thought, dearest, they were the reflection of your eyes. That's why I chose them. Perhaps, as you don't care for them, I may take them back." "Take them, of course," I said nonchalantly. "No, I want you to give them to me." "Willingly I selected a small bunch and handed them to him. Then I laughed nervously. "Dear me, Langdon, you look as serious as if you were going to a funeral. "To something worse than that, Marcy, dear, to—war. And these will remind me of the sweetest girl in the world, my slender, blue-eyed violet, who is going to be brave to come back!"

"A chill crept over me. I saw my pettish folly, my one-sided quarrel, in their true light. What a penitent girl I was, and how complete was my reconciliation, how tender our parting. Then, when he had kissed me good-bye for the last time, I took what was left of the violets and pressed them in this book."

Daily New York Letter

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

Ice-Cream Soda for Horses.

July 9.—Ice-cream soda for horses jaded and panting from the excessive heat of summer is the subtle plan adopted by Mrs. Evelyn Murray of this city, by which to insure brief periods of rest for the poor steeds unable to play their own complaints. Not that the horse is really supposed to make way with the soda through a straw, or even by means of the regulation German silver spoon; but that the dumb beast is expected to rest a period equal to the time it would take him to dispose of a half gallon soda or two. Mrs. Murray's affairs, heretofore, to succor the horse in his distress have failed to bear fruit because the drivers arrested for cruelty in overworking and overloading their teams have managed to get off with a simple pretense of the magistrate because of the lack of sufficient evidence to convict. Not to be defeated in her humane intentions, however, Mrs. Murray has conceived the ice-cream soda plan. The formula is a simple one, and the cost is not excessive. It is a suffering horse, give him a quarter with which to buy soda for himself. The chances are ten to one he will buy beer, but while he is gone the horse will get a rest. The plan is said to be impossible to thwart, and the enthusiastic support of all drivers upon whom the scheme has thus far been tried.

The Use of the Paths.

Almost any evening through the summer, and on particularly hot days, during the entire night, Central park, Madison and Union squares and Battery park are the resting-places for sweltering thousands to whom the parks are a refuge from the heat of the day. On improvised beds of newspapers the through throng themselves down on the grass, and so crowded are the grass plots at times that the policemen detailed to look after the sleepers find it impossible to thread their way through the jungle of legs and arms without awakening them. Although the down-town parks are generally the places of greatest congestion, the greatest advantage of the lakes of Central park and its expansive meadows accommodate tens of thousands during the hottest nights. The crowds are usually orderly and well-behaved and disturbances of even a mild character are very rare.

School for Firemen.

The place where the firemen of New York are trained is the grand old school in the rear of headquarters. This brick-paved inclosure is 100 feet square and admits of drills and evolutions with engines and large trucks. It is quite as important as the yard for the purpose of drilling in the case of firemen, and is built in the rear of the main building expressly for the use of practice crews, and into which can be poured tons of water through the windows without damage of inconvenience to any one. The windows of this same building are to a degree terrible to the beginner, for it is from them that the first leap into the fire net is made, and the use and manipulation of the scaling ladder and "rescuing by the rope" are learned. The school is in charge of instructor McDams, and, though during his eighteen years of service he has supervised over 35,000 men, two serious accidents have occurred. Yet

STORIES OF THE MARYLAND WITCHES

Journal of American Folk-Lore.

Over a great copper kettle one night an old man remarked, as he stirred its wholesome contents, that he did not hear much of witchcraft nowadays, but when he was young there was a good deal of that business going on. His own father had been changed into a horse, and hidden to the witches' hall. All the witches, as they arrived, turned into beautiful ladies, but he remained a horse, and so far and so fast was he ridden, and so sore and aching, that the next day in his own proper person, that he could not do a stroke of work for two weeks.

Aunt Susan well remembered this adventure of her father-in-law. Her own father always kept a big bunch of sweetbrier switches hanging at the head of his bed. And many a night she had heard his "flashing away at the old witches that would do it at May's old farm."

Progressive farming has almost removed the sweetbrier off the face of the earth. But old

Mrs. Murray opened an old-fashioned collection of verses, and showed Edith a small bouquet of withered flowers tied with white ribbon.

"You of to-day cannot realize the horrors of the civil war. Mother and I sewed incessantly for the soldiers. It was all we could do. This labor of love, with frequent letters from Langdon, who was with the western army, kept me alive. Separation had taught me how deep was my love for him.

"After the battle of Stony Ridge came word that Langdon had been terribly wounded, and left on the field until aid could be sent to him. But when the hospital corps arrived he was not to be found, and the messmate who wrote the letter had been able to learn nothing of his fate. Nor could the inquiries instituted by my father solve the mystery. I railed at fate. I prayed to die. If only I could visit his grave, know where he was sleeping with my violets over his heart as he had said they should always lie.

"The weeks dragged into months, and then suddenly I was in Nashville that he lay there in the government hospital. With other federal prisoners he had been recently exchanged, and if I wished to see him alive I must come at once. Of the horrors of that trip and the days of agonizing the suffering and waiting, you can never know. But I cured Langdon back to life, and when we reached our northern home it was a more sensible, thoughtful woman that he led to the altar. And my dear, in developing into womanhood, I married life whenever the old thoughts would rise to my lips, I recalled the violets which he had worn over his heart through the battles and the marches. And whenever I became selfish and thought my husband was not doing everything he could to make me happy, I would steal away to my room and look into the pages where these withered flowers lay. Violets may be modest, but they can recall memories which no haughty American Beauty could.

Edith was very thoughtful as she kissed her aunt and went to her room. There, on her tea table, the maid had placed a vase filled with American Beauties. She flushed as she glanced at them. What had she said to Jimmy about bringing violets to the national guard? "That evening when Jim Barber called on his fiancée, Edith was wearing the violets. He elevated his eyebrows slightly, then bent down to kiss the tender, up-turned face. Edith was looking at him curiously. "I thought you hated violets. Didn't you get the roses this afternoon?" Edith smiled. "I won't buy Jimmy. I do like roses best, but when you send the violets—why, that makes them different, you know."

Jim, rather surprised at the sudden tenderness and gentleness of his whimsical sweetheart, held her close to his heart. At last he raised her head, and pulling some violets from her corsage, placed them on his coat. Again he stooped to kiss her hands as she whispered: "You don't think, Jimmy, that I'm going to be a war—very soon?" Edith, who belonged to the national guard, glanced at her curiously. "No, dear."

"Scarey" Ones Weeded Out.

When a new lot of men is received at the school, the first thing the instructor does is to try to instill into them confidence in themselves. For the first seven days of their probation they are allowed to do as they please, and it is not an unusual thing for a fair proportion of the awkward squad to resign. If a man manages to stay out his first week, however, he will generally be retained for another week. One of the first things a beginner is taught is to let himself down from the roof of headquarters by a hepen rope twisted around the safety hook attached to his belt. As it may be necessary for him to come down in that way from a burning building with an unconscious person upon his shoulders, it is important to learn to do the trick with as little effort and as cool a head as possible. Jumping into the fire nets is another of the feats requiring a cool head and ample courage. These nets are made of canvas padded with wool attached to twenty-five steel springs, which are themselves fastened to a circular steel frame. These nets, held by firemen, have saved scores of lives in New York, and in setting the example to inmates of burning buildings or in leaping to save his own life, the fireman's previous experience in jumping is invaluable. Scaling a wall with ladders consisting of a center-pole with steps on each side and tipped by a barbed iron hook to catch on the window sills is another of the things which are practiced to do effectively. At first the men are very timid and hesitate to go above the second story; but after ten days or a fortnight they are willing to attempt anything the instructor will permit. The school of law enforcement is the only one of its kind in the United States, and firemen from the departments of cities all over the union have been sent here to be trained.

The Mighty Bank Clerk.

Bank clerks, thin and cadaverous, exciting the pity of the beholder for their impunctuality well as for their stinging prodigality, have ceased to be more than traditions in this city. In the old days nothing but fish blood coursed through the bank clerk's anatomy, and as he was never promoted on merit, and none of the clerks ahead of him ever had his condition and fortune were truly objects of the profoundest commiseration. Now all is changed. He is robust as a horse dealer, arrogant as a stock broker, and if he deigns to answer questions at all, shall one dare talk to him, it will be found that his one-time meek and lowly spirit has become a plutocratic pride. The climax of the codified code of danger is the "stamping prodigality" of the banking methods called during the course of the last hot weather, when it was announced that A. S. Frissel, president of the Fifth Avenue Bank, had provided shower baths for all his employees. Each man is allowed four baths a day if he wants them. Now that shower baths have been added to the "snaps" of the bank clerk's "job," it will only be necessary to extend his vacation from thirty to sixty days, with his expenses paid at the beach and a man to hold a green umbrella over him, to make the bank clerk's berth the best ideal of a "job" for young America.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The editor of the Muncie (Kan.) Record makes the following personal announcement: "For the first time we were married Wednesday. We have contemplated this step for a long time, but lack of funds always prevented us. I finally decided to get married and trust in Providence for the rest. The subscription rates of the Record will remain at the same price. Only the immediate relatives were present at the ceremony. Our views on

One of the Chances.

The man near Santa Barbara, Cal., who is cultivating the turkeys is taking considerable risk. His farm itself may turn turtle on him.

Chicago Tribune.

The money question will remain the same, only he need more of it. Will go to house-keeping in the Asquith home, in Second street."

Chicago Tribune.

The man near Santa Barbara, Cal., who is cultivating the turkeys is taking considerable risk. His farm itself may turn turtle on him.