THE JOURNAL

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AN EARLY WORLD-POWER ACT

Owing to the rapid extension of our foreign trade relations and the recent occurrence of a number of events which have led the United States to be more closely associated with international questions involving European and Asiatic nations than formerly, we often slip into the error of speaking of America as a world-power of recent birth.

One of our world-power acts of forty-eight years ago is about to be celebrated by the Japanese. It was not the English nor the French, then the leading nations of Europe, that awakened Japan from her sleep of centuries. It was the United States that forced Japan from her retirement and started that rapid succession of developments which have made that country one of the world's great powers. It was on July 14, 1853, that Commodore Matthew Calbraithe Perry, brother of the hero of the battle of Lake Erie, entered the harbor of Uraga, Japan, at the head of a powerful squadron and practically gave the shogun his choice between war and granting the requests of President Pierce. These requests were good treatment of American sailors wrecked on the coast of Japan and the opening of the ports of Japan to American trade. A treaty of peace, amity and trade with the United States was signed on March 31, 1854.

The Japanese of the fifties regarded the United States as a bullying, mercenary, sordid nation which was disposed to use force to gain its ends. The thought of Perry's fleet and his menacing guns was enough to arouse intense anger and hatred of the white men from over the sea.

On next Sunday a society of prominent Japanese citizens will unveil, at the very spot where Perry landed forty-eight years ago, a monument to his memory. It is at the same time a monument marking the beginning of the end of Japan's isolation from the great world. The Japanese of to-day are thoroughly grateful for the show of brute force which made the Shogun do what was best for his people, though neither he nor they so regarded it then.

A Paris savant declares Columbus a fraud because, as the savant intimates, he forged a letter which tended to show that he had advice from learned men that in their opinion a route to the East Indies could be found by sailing west. Well, Columbus discovered the West Indies, anyway, and though robbed of the distinction of having his name given to this western world, he will remain something of a figure in history after his latter day detractors have been as thoroughly forgotten as his contemporary enemies.

A PROSPEROUS COUNTRY

The window glass and bituminous coal industries of western Pennsylvania are enjoying extraordinary prosperity, and apparently the glass trust is sharing some of its immense profit and its employes. The Window Glass Workers' association has $350,000 worth of trust stock which pays 6 per cent and also has $51,000 in bank. The men in this trade draw from $170 to $520 per month, and the working season lasts eight months. Thus the $520 men are able to make $4,000 a year and have a long vacation during the hot months. Wages of glass workers have advanced 70 per cent since 1896. In view of the fact that theirs is a less skilled occupation, the miners are doing as well as the glass workers. In the best mines the ordinary laborer draws $2.10 a day; loaders from $2.60 to $3.50 and diggers earn from $100 to $150 a month.

Considering these wages in a thickly populated part of the east, and taking into consideration the prosperity which at present is enriching and cheering every part of the nation, it becomes necessary to revise some of the conclusions reached a few years ago.

During the hard times of '93 and the following years the serious magazines of the country and the editorial columns of newspapers contained many discussions of economic conditions in which the gloomy conclusion was regretfully reached that America's golden age had passed away; that the ebullient prosperity of the eighties was the result of the tremendous efforts put forth to supply, equip and open up the west, that the great task having been done, in the rough, there would never again be such a surplus of demand over supply; that in the nature of things there could no more be big profits, fat dividends and liberal wages. It was the almost universal opinion that we were to sink to the level of the economic condition of Europe. We were warned to prepare ourselves for an epoch of small pay, low dividends, petty economics, shabby living.

We did have a few lean years, it is true; years of idle men, Coxey armies, closed mills, public soup-houses, ruined banks, prostrated industries, reductions of salaries, abandonment of dividends; years of worry and fear and suffering. But all that is gone now, as the memory of a bad dream dissolves with returning consciousness. The nation was never so generally prosperous; never was there more work and more pay; never were the great industries paying dividends more regularly and plenteously.

The wise men were wrong. If sooner or later American trade and commerce and industry must sink to the level of those of Europe as regards remuneration the beginning of that time has not yet come.

As our military and naval attaches abroad have not been provided with anywhere near the facilities for getting information that this government courteously offers to the attaches of other powers at Washington, the latter are to have their privileges restricted. And some of these attaches are very angry. They have no cause for anger, as the action of the government is aimed not at them personally but the nations they represent, and is eminently correct.

THIS INTERESTS EVERYBODY

Figures were given and statements made at a recent public meeting of the Commercial Club in this city showing that Minneapolis and St. Paul are grossly discriminated against by some of the railways in the matter of merchandise freight rates, especially throughout the southern part of this state.

We have not as yet heard a denial or so much as an excuse from the railways. Inasmuch as the figures given were taken from the published tariffs of the railways, there is little likelihood of a denial being made. Excuses may be offered but that brings us to this proposition—Will this city longer content itself to see the railways so maintain their freight rates as to divert business from our very doors to Chicago?

The Commercial Club has made a good beginning. It has given the matter careful study in detail, and clearly stated its findings. It is now up to the citizens of Minneapolis to do something. It is not the business of the Commercial Club alone, nor of the newspapers or any other single body or interest. It is the privilege and duty of every citizen, especially of every shipper, to give this matter attention, and not allow it to again grow cold and drop by the wayside. The grain men have had their turn at rate adjusting; the wholesale grocers have tried it, the jobbers as a whole have made two or three attempts, but that to which the city is entitled, namely, an entire and fair re-adjustment, giving us our full right, has never been accomplished.

The present movement differs from any of those of the past in that it is intended to include all interests having the welfare of the city at heart. Heretofore the different attempts have been thwarted in whole or in part, not only because of lack of numbers actively engaged in the effort, but because the railways would take advantage of the fact that the matter was being pushed by one interest only, and make a special effort to discredit it everywhere else, and in this they have always been more or less successful. On account of a large section of the shippers and the public in general having no interest in, or detailed knowledge of, the question at issue, a little stretching of the truth or the omission of a little truth, when adequately done, would be quite effective in minimizing or discrediting the efforts of the few shippers engaged.

It would therefore seem as though it was high time that this sort of thing should stop and that every interest, in fact every citizen, should realize that this is a matter of particular importance to it or to him—and not make the mistake of throwing the burden of the entire matter off on the Commercial Club, or any one set of men or any one interest. Let the entire business community give the matter a little time and attention, and the thing desired can be accomplished.

This applies just now to the matter of the Omaha railway and the concessions that company should make in return for the vacation of certain streets, while proper consideration of the large amount of business given it by the shippers of Minneapolis cannot be avoided. We would like to see the matter amicably and speedily adjusted, but its right solution is of great importance to this city, and time and effort should not be spared to bring it to a conclusion, in which we secure the concessions and benefits to which we are entitled. Our city council should see that all of the facts in the case are had and carefully considered, even though it takes all summer, and we believe that they can be assured that the public expects them to not only do this, but to absolutely decline to give something for nothing, for we are now at that point where it is not only advisable, but necessary to the future welfare of the city to preserve concessions of this character for railways that are willing and able to use them on a reciprocal basis.

Word comes from Washington that the high protectionists will be able to prevent any tariff revision at the approaching session of congress. In the meantime the trusts continue to sell their products much cheaper abroad than at home. American wire rods, for example, are offered in Manchester, England, at $29.30 per ton; they are selling in the United States at $39. A good authority estimates that, making allowance for freight, etc., the steel trust is exacting a profit of $15 more a ton from the home than from the foreign consumer. Maybe this success in foreign trade is not such a good thing after all if the American consumer has to make up for low prices abroad.

Minneapolis shippers pay the Omaha road about $5,000,000 a year. St. Paul shippers pay that road about half that amount. The road spends in St. Paul about $2,000,000 a year and by comparison almost nothing in Minneapolis. This has been going on for fifteen or twenty years. Is Minneapolis unreasonable in asking that the city be regarded with more consideration in the future? It isn't simply a matter of a few street vacations, though it is absurd to think this city will grant those vacations while the Omaha discriminates against the city on points where it would be economy for her to favor this city—but it is a question of broad future policy and the attitude of this city toward railroads that are friendly or unfriendly towards this city.

The state loses valuable services with the retirement, through the operations of the board of control plan, of W. H. Knapp, the most efficient steward of the Rochester hospital for the insane. During the eleven years of his service Mr. Knapp has proved to be a good business man, a wise manager, a careful buyer and a good provider. He is of the kind of public employe of which we need more. It is a matter of regret that his abilities and experience are to be lost to the state. It would seem that he would have been a most excellent man for a place on the board of control, if the new system is to be successful in the highest degree.

ONLY A CHANGE OF NAME

The University of Illinois has sent a circular to the leading western colleges urging that after the coming season there shall be no paid coaches in football or other college athletics. It is proposed that instead of paid coaches regular instructors shall intsruct the athletic teams. The circular holds that the prevailing custom is not satisfactory "because it is destructive of university self-dependence, because it encourages extravagant expenditure and invites professionalism, because it makes the game a battle between rival coaches who become indifferent to the hazards of the contests and because it results in the overtraining of the men to an extent which is hurtful physically, and which unfits them for regular university work."

It is difficult to see how the mere substitution of a paid instructor for a paid coach will result in much more than a change of names. The instructor will be as much intent upon turning out a winning team as a paid coach. To win is the chief end of all American athletic contests, and that spirit is bound to have its effect upon an instructor as well as upon a paid coach. Nevertheless, there are some advantages in having a permanent athletic instructor who is a member of the faculty and not dependent upon the whim of students for his place.

City engineers are urging the wisdom of narrowing the roadway in the residence and little-used streets of American cities. The recommendation is a good one. In many of our Minneapolis streets the paved width is twice as much as is necessary, as is shown by the unused appearance of the margins. By introducing a plan of paving only a part of the usual street width and devoting the rest to boulevards, the original paving cost would be greatly reduced, the repair bill would be less and the streets would be beautified.

THE BRITISH LIBERALS

The meeting of the British liberals yesterday in London is reported to have been eminently harmonious in spite of the positive assertions as to the existence of a hopeless split, chiefly on the subject of supporting the conservative government's war policy in South Africa.

As all factions of the liberal party were present at yesterday's meeting it is probable that the acquiescence in the recognition of Sir Henry Cambell-Bannerman as leader of the party by the followers of Asquith and Resebery, is only an expedient to stave off a party collapse. Indeed, Campbell-Bannerman, in his speech, showed a disposition to concede a point or two, for he declared himself favorable to the prosecution of the South African war to a victorious conclusion and to a settlement which would provide a full measure of self government for the Boers on Canadian or Australian lines.

This is a more practical view of the liberal duty than Campbell-Bannerman has hitherto maintained, although he has by no means gone as far as the liberal faction represented by the London Leader, which fights the government and stands up for the Boers and gives them aid and comfort just as our so-called anti-imperialists have been and are still doing—judging by the Fourth of July manifesto issued by the Boston backers of the Philippine insurrectos.

It would seem preposterous that the once great liberal party of England should be so barren of leadership that it has to fall back upon such a weakling as Campbell-Bannerman. It is doubtful if Lord Rosebery or Mr. Asquith could do anything to impart to their party any of its old strength and aggressiveness which distinguished it in the Gladstonian days. Rosebery and Asquith have made no overtures for the leadership. Rosebery has been tried as leader and the party fared badly under him. There has not been a man in sight in the party, since Gladstone died, who had the splendid qualifications of the "Grand Old Man" to harmonize the factions and make the party march in solid column voicing his own matured policy. Campbell-Bannerman has hitherto shown no ability to harmonize differences. He has spent his time denouncing the government for prosecuting the South African war and has simply widened the chasm between the warring liberal factions.

There is a fine opportunity for a strong man to lead the liberals out of the slough in which they are helplessly struggling. The Salisbury government has made a distressing display of its party's weakness and inability to meet great questions in a statesmanlike way. There is no Disraeli in the conservative ranks. Party discipline has disappeared. The large majority in the commons has no leader to handle it intelligently and important legislation drags. The war has been conducted in a slipshod and inefficient manner and the leading men are criminating and recriminating each other for the disastrous campaigns.

The liberals have their opportunity in the weakness of the party in power. But there is not a man in the party, apparently, who has the ascendency over the minds of men which Mr. Gladstone had and exercised. There is no master mind to sway the rank and file of the party. The liberals are as deficient in organization as are the democrats of this country. They have allowed the conservatives to advance along lines which were distinctly under liberal championship before. The liberal party has, indeed, taught the conservatives the political wisdom of not shrinking from measures of a far-reaching character, if they prove remedial of a real grievance.

But, having taught its opponents political wisdom, the liberal party appears to be suffering at present from neurasthenia, while the conservatives, under the leadership of Lord Salisbury, a decadent statesman, are wasting their fine opportunity to deal promptly with the war problem and with important questions more entirely of a domestic nature. Both parties in England seem just now to be in need of recalling Dean Stanley's advice: "The best remedy for all evils is to look forwards."

Andrew Carnegie sends the cheering news that he still has $280,000,000 to give away. The "upper classes" in Scotland are hoping that be will not give any more to Scotch universities. It makes learning so common, you know, and makes it possible for a poor boy to brush elbows with a duke's son.

Wealth doesn't always get first honors in this country. Though the press dispatches carried more matter relating to the death of Pierre Lorillard than to that of John Fiske, the press of the country is devoting several times as much space to the author as to the millionaire.

It is announced that the new tariff for the Philippines which is to be promulgated in about a month will tend greatly to increase the trade of Spain and the United States with the islands. As yet the public has not been informed even as to the principle upon which this tariff is based. It is to be hoped, though, that the administration has learned the lesson taught by the history of the relations of other nations to their dependencies and has not sought to make the Philippines an exclusive trade hunting ground for Americans. In a long run that kind of tariff legislation always defeats its own purpose. A tariff drawn in the interests of the dependency is ultimately in the interests of the guardian country.

Our Hunted Millionaire W. S. Stratton of Colorado Springs, the poor prospector who became a multimillionaire in the nineties through his discovery of rich mines, has become so sick of constant importunities for money that he is unable to live in peace in that city, and has refused even to visit his home there. The Denver papers state that he has just offered all his property in Colorado Springs for sale and has announced his intention of living in Denver, where he expects to find less difficulty in dodging soliciting committees and dear old friends of his childhood, who show great anxiety to relieve him of his burden of wealth.

After he came into his fortune Mr. Stratton was very generous. He gave right and left with a free hand to public charities and to impecunious "friends," until they began to consider him an easy mark and to demand as a right what they had been getting as a free-handed favor. Mr. Stratton finally came to the conclusion that he was being made the feeding-ground of a lot of leeches. He made a strong effort to stop his benefactions. The result was abuse and persecution. The poor millionaire has now been obliged to sell out and seek refuge in a larger city.

It is no wonder that the man who has the million has to encase himself in an armor of brusqueness, outer offices, secretaries and other apparent incivilities. If he "opened up" to everybody, there would be delegations from his old home sleeping in his parlor, old friends of his childhood camping on his lawn, delegations from various ladies' aid societies inviting themselves to dinner at his house, while the Amalgamated Association of Social Parasites would make life a burden to him every day. Let us give our millionaires a chance to breathe and sleep in peace. They are a great deal more likely to "loosen up" than if you go after them with an ice-pick.

Twenty years ago Al Johnson, brother of Tom L. Johnson, was a horse car driver in Louisville. Last week he died in Brooklyn a millionaire. At the time of his death he is said to have owned a controlling interest in sixty-six street railways in the smaller Pennsylvania towns. Business now is a case of "every man his own octopus," if he is smart enough.

The hot-enough-for-you fiend has been superseded in New York by another scoundrel who goes around proclaiming that there is no hope of relief and that the heated term is practically sure to last a week or more longer. When these people collapse like a boiled shirt on wash day, no great public sorrow is felt.

The author of that sweet old song of childhood, "How I Love to See My Dear Old Mother Work," has just published a pathetic ballad song entitled, "'Twas the Bone That Fido Worried Years Agone."

The five necessary democratic votes in the Pennsylvania legislature cost the Quay people $20,000 each, or $100,000, to control the body. No wonder Mr. Quay says that he will not be a candidate for re-election.

A bull at the Omaha fights tossed a blue and yellow toreador about twenty feet into the air, and even the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was filled with joy and gladness.

The Chicago papers are discussing the question as to when a business man should retire. If his wife is out of town, say about 2 a. m.

After the hot wave in the east the asphalt trust had to iron some of the streets and hang them up on the line to air.

The ice cream joke has fallen into disrepute. The capacity of the new summer girl makes it serious.

Susan B. on "Husbands."

Alexandria (S. D.) Herald.

Susan B. Anthony is writing a series of essays on the subject of husbands. Of course she knows all about 'em, never having had one. Susan reminds us of that young lady resident of this state who went up and down organizing mothers' clubs. Finally she married a distinguished gentleman and gave up the club business. Now she is busy getting some practical experience along the mother line herself. However, so far as Susan is concerned we fear the saving grace of a day that is past will never come back to her.

Another Point Raised.

Boston Herald.

A Minnesota jury decides that it is no crime to kill a gambler who cheats. What about killing a bluffer who opens a jackpot on a pair of deuces?

Another Possibility.

Washington Post.

Then, again, Web Davis' publishers may simply be waiting in order that the booksellers may have the time to enlarge their shelves

A CENTURY PROGRESS IN SCIENCE

St. James Budget

It has been reserved for Professor E. E. Dolbear of the United States to give the most striking summary of the world's progress in science during the century just closed. It is an admirable instance of the multum in parvo and brings home the salient points of the century in a way that volumes of learned disquisition would not do:

The nineteenth century received from its predecessors th horse. We bequeath the bicycle, the locomotive and the automobile.

We received the goosequill, we bequeath the fountain pen and typewriter.

We received the scythe, we bequeath the mowing machine.

We received the sickle, we bequeath the harvester.

We received the hand printing press, we bequeath the Hoe cylinder press.

We received the painter's brush, we bequeath lithography, the camera and color photography.

We received the hand loom, we bequeath the cotton and woolen factory.

We received the gunpowder, we bequeath nitro-glycerin.

We received twenty-three chemical elements, we bequeath eighty.

We received the tallow dip, we bequeath the arc light.

We received the galvanic battery, we bequeath the dynamo.

We received the flintlock, we bequeath automatic Maxims.

We received the sailing ship, we bequeath the steamship.

We received the beacon signal fire, we bequeath the telephone and wireless telegraphy.

We received leather fire buckets, we bequeath the steam fire engine.

We received wood and stone for structures, we bequeath twenty-storied steel buildings.

We received the stairway, we bequeath the elevator.

We received ordinary light, we bequeath the Roentgen rays.

We received the weather unannounced, we bequeath the weather bureau.

We received unalleviable pain, we bequeath aseptics, chloroform, ether and cocaine.

We received the average duration of life of thirty years, we bequeath forty years.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

"Sowing the Wind," one of the strongest and best constructed plays which has been produced on the stage within the past ten years, will be the Pike Theater company's offering for the coming week at the Metropolitan. This play was the original of the so-called modern "problem plays," and was introduced to this country by the Empire Theater Stock company. The story is particularly strong in dramatic situations and heart interest. Mr. Douglas will appear as Brabazon. Miss Lavinia Shannon will be seen in the role of Rosamond, and Mr. Mayall will play the part of Ned Annesley, her lover. The play will be sumptuously produced, both in the matter of costumes and scenery.

"The Banker's Daughter" will continue as the offering at the Metropolitan for the rest of the week, with another matinee on Saturday. "The Banker's Daughter" has proved one of the most attractive productions the Pike company has ever put on in this city and is drawing large and appreciative audiences.

FOOD VALUE OF VEGETABLES

What to Eat.

Tomatoes rouse torpid liver and do the work, ordinarily, of a doctor's prescription.

Lettuce has a soothing, quieting effect upon the nerves, and is an insomnia remedy.

Celery is an acknowledged nerve tonic, and is more and more used in medical prescriptions.

Onions are also a tonic for the nerves, but people will be forever prejudiced because of their odor.

Dandelions purify the blood and generally are declared to tone up the system.

Watercress, which is now at its best, is a "good, all-round" brace-up for the system.

Potatoes should be eschewed by those who "have a horror of getting fat," as that is one penalty of eating them.

Spinach has medicinal properties and qualities equal to the most indigo of all blue pills ever made.

Parsnips, it is now contended by scientists, possess almost the same virtues that are claimed for sarsaparilla.

Beets are fattening, and even a moderately learned man will explain because of the sugar they contain.

Ordinary Lima beans, some one has said, are good to allay thirst, but the same can be said, with equal truth, of a pitcher of water.

Asparagus is efficacious in kidney ailments to an extent that is not yet, perhaps, thoroughly appreciated.

Cucumbers, aside from sunbeam emitting properties known to readers of facetious paragraphs, contain an acid that is helpful in cases of dyspepsia.

Cabbage, in Holland, is regarded as something of a blood purifier, but the authority is vague. In Germany, its efficacy is purely sauerkraut.

Parsley will assist good digestion, like cheese and nuts, but a quantity in excess of ordinary capacity has to be consumed. Therein lies the joke.

Pumpkins are an ingredient in a patent medicine that is guaranteed to cure quite a variety of ailments flesh is heir to, but the world is increasing in inhabitants who do not believe all they hear.

MASON AND DIXON LINE

Philadelphia North American.

The monuments of the famous Mason and Dixon boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland have suffered severely from the attacks of vandals, and they will soon be replaced with cast iron markers. Rapid progress is now being made on the relocation of the line.

The eastern portion of the line was originally marked by stone monuments at equal distances of one mile. Twenty per cent of these stones have been removed or destroyed. The western portion, owing to the great difficulty at that time in the region traversed by the line, was marked by wooden posts, cut on the spot and secured in place by mounds of earth or stone piled around them.

These posts have disappeared, but some of the mounds remain. Many have been destroyed by cultivation of the ground. It is believed, though, that enough of them can be recovered to enable the relocation of the boundary with precision.

The legislature of 1889 appropriated $7,000 to reset and repair the boundary monuments, and one year ago the Maryland legislature appropriated $5,000 for the same purpose. Dr. W. C. Clark of Baltimore is co-operating with Secretary of Internal Affairs Latta in directing the work.

THE SCOT'S TRICK

Spare Moments.

A drunken Irishman was once lodged in the cell of a Scotch country police station, when he made a tremendous noise by kicking the cell door with his heavy hob-nailed boots.

The constable who had charge of the police station, going to the cell door, opened it a little and said:

"Man, ye micht pit aff yer buits, an' I'll gie them a bit rub, so that ye'll be respectable when ye come up afore the bailie the morn."

The prisoner, flattered at the request, at once complied, and saw his mistake only when the constable shut the door upon him, saying coolly:

"Ye can kick awa' noo, my man, as lang as ye like."

THE SCHOOLMA'AM'S HOPE

A young woman school teacher of Kansas, on her way to the Philippines, where she is to teach, writes thus to a friend: "Dear Mazie—Yes, it is true that I have signed a contract to teach three years in the Philippines, and that contract looks pretty big and horrid to me now, for papa says the government will hold me to it whatever happens. But I don't believe the government would force a girl to keep on teaching if one of those brave, noble colonels or captains asked it to let her off so he could—— Oh, you sly thing! You know what we talked about. Any way, I am going, and if I come back with a military title to my name won't you pokey things envy me? Your own, Cally."

To "Fix" the Future.

Parker (S. D.) New Era.

If McKinley will fix matters so that McKinley prosperity will continue on through another term, we will all excuse him from acting as president a third time.

Conducive to Coolness.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

A fine of 10 cents is imposed in one Rochester household for any mention of the weather during this hot spell. That and a reasonable amount of occupation will help the members to keep cool.

Advised to Dry Up.

Philadelphia Press.

"What would you say," began the voluble prophet of woe, "if I were to tell you that in a very short space of time all the rivers in this country would dry up?" "I would say," replied the patient man, "go thou and do likewise."

JACK'S YARN

By H. L. DAWES.

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About fifteen years ago my chum Bill an' me landed in New York with fifteen months' pay in our pockets. We had been more'n half way round the world in the ship Hooghly, an', sailor-like, we proceeded ter color the town with red lead from keel ter truck.

The first day wuz Saturday, an' I guess our log book showed that we did our full duty in the paintin' bizness. Sunday mornin' we spruced up in some bran' new togs an' laid our course uptown to see the rich folks, the pretty gals an' the dandies paradin' in their fine clothes.

At last we fetched up in front of a big church an' stood there a spell listenin' to the music that was playin' inside. I sez to Bill, "Let's go in an' see what it's like an' hear the music."

"I don't think," sez Bill, "that they want the likes of us in there. This 'ere appears to be sort of salvation shop, but I heerd the preacher at the Bethel say once that salvation wuz free; we might hail 'em an' p'raps they'll let us come aboard."

A gospel man met us at the gangway, shook our flippers as if we wuz old shipmates, an' then piloted us to a seat on the main deck about amidships. Talk about cats in a strange garret! 'Twan't nothin' to us two "Johnny-haul-tauts" stowed away in a high-toned New York church, with swell people all around rigged up in fine toggery.

Well, I cast my eyes about an' finally spied the music pilot about two p'ints on th' starboard bow. He wuz actin' kinder oneasy-like, as if he wan't dead sure how she wuz headin', but at last he got his bearin's an' let her went.

First, there wuz some birds a-twitterin' up aloft somewheres on the main-sky-s'l-yard, an' there they chased themselves up an' down the r'yal stay an' then they perched on the fore-t'-gan'l crosstrees, singin' like a bird store let loose. Then they wuz gone an' Bill sez to me, "Suthin' skeered them birds away, Jack," an' I w'ispered back, "Maybe the cook shook the tablecloth overboard an' they're after the crumbs. They'll be back ag'in all right."

Then the music pilot kinder cast his eye aloft, give her a couple o' spokes, an' we heard a light breeze comin' out o' the sou'west gentle an' soft-like. Sez I to Bill, "Light breeze an' passin' clouds," an' Bill sez, "Aye, aye, Jack." The pilot laid back an' took things easy, turned over his chart, jest takin' a squint at the compass now an' then.

"Plain sailin'," sez Bill, an' I sez, "Aye, he's got all the rags on 'er now, r'yals, sky-s'ls an' moon scrapers"—"an' stuns'ls," added Bill.

Then the music chap got frisky as if he wuz settin' on a hot galley stove, an' it began to breeze up a leetle stronger. He pulled out some windjammers on the port side, an' she gave a roll, an' he fetched up ag'in the lee rail. I knowed a smoky sou'wester wuz a-comin', fer I heerd the thunder rollin' way off like it wuz nigh hull down to the wind-'ard. It kept breezin' more an' more, the thunder wuz gettin' louder an' louder, an' I could almost hear the ole man holler, "All hands aloft an' take in sail!"

She eased up a bit when the flyin-kite an' light sails wuz stowed away an' the old gal wuz makin' good weather of it under lower-top-s'ls an' stay-s'ls. She wuz jest a bilin' and carried a bone in her teeth like a Cunarder.

You oughter heerd that music tune! Even if 'twas screechin' hard enuf to blow yer hair off we could foller that ere tune all the same, an' it didn't seem ter make no dif'runce how she wuz weatherin' the squall er how much them birds screeched, that music-pilot held that tune full—an'—by through it all.

He yanked out some more wind-jammers on the lee-side an' the thunder rolled an' moaned as if all the hell-furies wuz loose an' the devil chasin' 'em; the old packet wuz nigh on her beam-ends, an' she rolled so I calkilated to see that chap pitch overboard. Bye-m—bye she eased up a bit an' Bill nudged me with his elbow an' says, "Jack, they've got her hove-to under a goose-wing-maintops'l an' she's makin' good weather of it." That wuz my idea, but I wuz expectin' ter see the whole outfit bust an' spill all hands.

The wust was over, fer the music-pilot cast his weather eye on the chart, give her the lower tops'ls an' swung her on her course. He begun punchin' them wind-jammers back ag'in as if he had no more use fer 'em, an' it began to moderate.

We could hear the thunder dyin' away in the no'theast, kinder mutterin' an' cussin' as if it didn't want ter leave. The birds come back and we could hear 'em peepin' ag'in up on the yard-arms. Then it died out a flat calm an' even the birds began to quiet down till there wuz only one leetle cuss left a twitterin' on the end of the jibboom; he give a tiny squeak an' wuz gone.

Then the music-pilot stowed away his charts an' went below an' that part of the show wuz over.

Bill an' me saw the gospel-man when we wuz goin' out an' I asked him what that tune wuz an' where it hailed from.

He said, "Boys, that's one of the grandest tunes a man ever listened to, and if there's any soul in him at all, that tune will find it. The name of it is 'The Lost Chord.'"

Sez Bill, "I know a hanged sight better; he fetched her thro' it an' never lost a rope yarn!"

We walked down the street a piece, sayin' nothin', but I wuz doin' a big thinkin'. That music had made a queer feelin' come over me an' 'fore I knowed it I remembered what my mother said jest before I went off ter sea, that she wuz goin' ter pray fer me every night, an' sez, "You've allers a home ter come to, my boy, when yer want ter, an' I'll leave the shed window unlocked fer yer ev'ry night."

I wuz thinkin' of all those things, an' finally I sez to Bill: "I'm goin' home ter see the folks." Bill coughed queer-like an' says, "So'm I," an' we went.

Well boys, I ain't much on music, bein' only an old sailor; but this I say, if yer ever lose your bearin's an' yer steerin'-geer gits tangled up, just git a good music-pilot to play that ere tune on er big full-rigged organ, an' if it don't git soundin's of yer wayward soul, it's 'cause yer ain't got any.

Daily New York Letter

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

Streets Melted by Heat.

July 10.—The intense heat of last week created havoc with asphalt pavements in this city and the asphalt trust will lose thousands of dollars in consequence, as it agrees to keep a pavement in repair for a period of ten years. When it made this contract it did not anticipate such a protracted spell of hot weather, or it would have been more careful. On some of the streets which are most extensively traveled, great dents were made in the asphalt by the passing of heavily loaded wagons. Other streets are covered with footprints such as one sees in the sands. The asphalt company was notified of the situation yesterday and informed that it would have to repair the damage. Some of the dents will be ironed out, but in many places great sections of the street will have to be torn up.

Pet Mice That Waltz.

The mouse fad has hit New York. All the stylish young women in town are leaving their French poodle dogs to look after themselves while they get all kinds of amusement out of a pet mouse. Just what the latter thinks of the innovation cannot be related. On Fifth avenue the other day, two young women were noticed carrying common, every-day mice around with them. One had a gold chain about its neck, while the other had a piece of baby ribbon. The latest thing is to train the mice to waltz. Some of them can do a turn that would make a Bowery girl look like an amateur. Of course, those able to waltz are in great demand.

Millionaires as Waiters.

Here are the tables turned. For one day millionaires will wait on the poor, carve their meats for them, bring them food and make themselves generally useful. Magistrate E. G. Higginbotham, who is reputed to be the wealthiest man on the bench, conceived the idea on Saturday afternoon. Immediately he began his preparations. Grand View Grove, on the sound, was secured for Monday, July 15. Then a number of boats were chartered to take the poor people to the grove. Several of Magistrate Higginbotham's friends also became enthusiastic over the idea, and it was agreed that the wealthy ones, many of them millionaires, should act as waiters at the dinner. Invitations will be issued only to the deserving poor women and children.

Woman's Humane Mission.

Mrs. Evelyn Murray is directing her efforts to cruel teamsters who beat and abuse their horses. In front of Mrs. Murray's house, on West End avenue, is a steep hill, up which many teams pass each day. Drivers have been beating and abusing their horses until Mrs. Murray could not stand it any longer; so, each time that she or her butler sees a case of cruelty, they summon an officer and have the offender arrested. When the case comes up before the magistrate, Mrs. Murray is always there in person. She waits until the fine is imposed, and then has a heart-to-heart talk with the teamster. This usually ends in tears and a promise of better treatment in the future. Then Mrs. Murray pays the fine and the costs, and the man who had been cruel, his heart now softened, is told to go and sin no more. Mrs. Murray is said to be accomplishing a vast amount of good.

Admiral Schley's Position.

An article from the pen of Admiral Schley, in Success, puts him squarely on record in opposition to Admiral Sampson's recent recommendation against the promotion of men from the ranks of the navy to commissioned offices. Admiral Schley says he has always favored the equal opportunity for promotion of the man behind the gun in the navy with his brother in the army, citing his official recommendation to that effect of about fifteen years ago. By taking this attitude Admiral Schley adds luster to his record and upholds the honor of his rank. Any other suggestion casts a slur upon the high office held by Farragut and Porter and upon the character as gentlemen of Perry and Melville.

—N. N. A.

"PADDY" CRAFT, GRITTY DUTCHMAN

How He Held the Hill Amid a Shower of Shell and Finished the Wig-Wagging.

Chicago Record-Herald.

Up at Fort Sheridan they have been tearing down the old wooden shacks which twelve years ago sheltered the two companies of the Sixth infantry which were "jumped" to Chicago at the time of the hanging of the anarchists. The old guardhouse, a jail only in name, the commissary building and the shaky pine barracks have gone. There still stands, however, though its doom is sealed, the little one-story, two-room structure which served as the quarters of Captain David L. Craft, Sixth United States infantry. When this pygmy building tumbles there will have disappeared everything on earth save an insignificant little headstone in a Pennsylvania cemetery to remind one that such a person as David L. Craft ever lived. Remembrance of this plain blunt soldier should not be allowed to die. The old description fits him well; he was the bravest of the brave. The wreath placed on his grave Memorial Day should be made of immortelles.

When the workmen finished putting up the shacks at Fort Sheridan the quartermaster looked over the little building assigned to Captain Craft and said, "He can never get into it." The captain weighed something more than 300 pounds, and as a matter of fact he fitted his quarters as a plump hand does a glove. Craft was never known as anything else except "Paddy" to the men of his regiment, save, of course, when they were addressing him. Why this descendant of the Pennsylvania Dutch should have been dubbed Paddy no one ever knew, but to the men it was a name of endearment. The physical infirmity of too much solid flesh weighed more on the captain's mind than it did on his framework of bones. He was only a brevet captain, and his fear was that his burden of flesh would force him to the retired list before he reached the full rank of company commander. Three times "Paddy" was ordered before a retiring board of surgeons for examination, and three times he defeated the attempt to put him on the shelf. When at drill every order of "double time" meant that Paddy, who could not stand the pace, must fall out. This in itself was a disqualification for service, and the wonder grew among those who did not know that "Paddy" held his own on the active list. An explanation can be found in five lines of an old army record which made Craft a brevet captain for a bit of almost unparalleled heroism.

One day in front of Petersburg a second lieutenant of the signal corps was ordered to the top of a hill with two companions to transmit messages sent him by one general to another in the valley beyond. Craft was a giant. His herculean frame was silhouetted against the sky, and as his flags wig-wagged back and forth the enemy in the trenches caught sight of him full and fair. A battery of artillery was trained on the place held by the signal men. It took but a minute to get the range. A shell struck within a few yards of the flagmen. Another came, and one of the little party was dead and another was dying. Craft alone was uninjured. The signal flag which fell from the hand of his subordinate was held aloft in his own. The wig-wagging went on. Craft's message was only half completed. A glance into the valley showed him the signaled order to leave his post and to retreat to the camp. The initial message was not yet finished. Craft kept on wig-wagging. The fragment of a shell shattered the flagstaff in his hand. Another fragment tore his left arm. Grasping the red banner in his right hand and raising himself to his full height he made a flagpole of his uplifted arm and finished the message while the raining shells dug graves all about him.

Second Lieutenant David L. Craft, signal officer, descended that Petersburg hill a brevet captain. Five lines' description in the Army Register of how he held the signal tower had more "pull" in it for "Paddy" Craft than would have come to him from the work of a score of crafty politicians.

WEATHER PROPHETS

Baltimore Sun.

"I have heard of all sorts of barometers, or weather signs, but I know of no more reliable weather prophets than my birds," said a Baltimore lady who owns several canaries. "I can almost always tell when it is going to rain by the distinctness with which I can hear the trains at night, but the birds are even more reliable than that. If I hear them singing in the morning early, before I take the covers of their cages off, I know that the day will be a good one, no matter if it is raining at the moment, but if they do not sing I am sure there will be bad weather before the day is over. I have never known them to fail, and I never think of going shopping or calling unless the birds sing in the early morning. That is why I never get caught in the rain, as many of my friends do. That poor weather bureau man who makes so many mistakes in his prophecies ought by all means to get himself some canaries."

Everything Comes His Way.

Groton (S. D.) Independent.

The war cloud between the United States and Cuba seems to have drifted off without a shower. Emperor McKinley (who will abdicate March 4, 1905) seems to have about everything coming his way. As a fullfledged American, a patriot and a statesman Emperor William is worthy of all the good things which promise to make his administration one of the best in history.