THE JOURNAL

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SOME LAME EXCUSES

The Pioneer Press thinks it does not follow that because Minneapolis furnishes the Omaha road 143 per cent more business in the way of freight shipments and 63 per cent more in the way of receipts than St. Paul, that the offices of the Omaha road should be moved to this city.

Of course, the Omaha might maintain its general offices at Shakopee or Hamilton, if it saw fit, but, naturally, one would expect the headquarters to be located where the most business is done, and since, during the past ten years, the Omaha has increased its business in Minneapolis 50 per cent, and decreased it in St. Paul 33 per cent, the propriety of having the constitution follow the flag, so to speak, does not seem to require much demonstration.

The Pioneer also falls back upon the fact that St. Paul has been the headquarters of the company from the beginning, and that that is a reason why it should continue to be, and, also, cites the investment of money in an office building in St. Paul as a reason for maintaining the general offices of the road there. The presumption is, however, that the property in St. Paul could be rented for other purposes, and the fact is that it is becoming inadequate to meet the demands of the company, which will require a new quarters building in all probability in the near future.

But the interesting point is that the Pioneer has abandoned all thought of claiming the headquarters and special consideration for St. Paul by the Omaha road on the ground of business done. It relies now upon the reluctance with which employes of the company would break up home associations and social ties in St Paul if they were required to move to Minneapolis. As a reason for adhering to a particular business policy on the part of a railroad this is something new. The time when railroads began to regard the preference of their employes as to place of residence when these preferences conflict with the business interests of the road, if it has come at all has stolen in unawares. The railroad employe is a good deal like the soldier—he goes wherever he is told to, and lives wherever his detail to service requires.

This seems to be the best the Pioneer can do, however, in resisting the logic of events, the demands of business, the development of trade and the best interests of the railroad company.

THE LORILLARD WAY

Pierre Lorillard, the wealthy tobacco manufacturer, who died two weeks ago leaving a fortune of only $4,000,000, though it was estimated to be worth $25,000,000, applied throughout his life an economic system to which some other rich people often appeal in particular instances of extravagance. Mr. Lorillard's idea of the duty of the rich was that they should spend as lavishly as possible, thereby "putting money into circulation" as the common phrase has it. He held that if a rich man spent every cent of his income in princely style, dispensing dollars and eagles and double-eagles right and left on the road through life he would help himself as well as the public to realize the greatest satisfaction from his fortune.

His idea of an adequate income was that it should be a thousand dollars a day and expenses; a mere hundred thousand a year, he said, was barely enough to enable a man to understand how much he could enjoy life if he had more. He was a rich man who found no fault with himself because he was rich, but frankly expressed his enjoyment of his estate in life. He regularly spent an income which must have approximated if it did not exceed a thousand dollars a day and at times encroached on the capital—as the comparatively small estate shows. Withal he was a great man and accomplished some noteworthy feats, chief among which was that of introducing the fashion among the very rich of serving champagne from a large pitcher holding several quarts.

While Mr. Lorillard may have applied his economic system more intelligently and systematically than others, it is one held in high repute by many people, especially the tradesmen who cater to high livers. The notorious, riotously extravagant Bradley-Martin ball, given in a time of great suffering among the poor, was warmly defended, it will be remembered, on the ground that it poured out a golden stream for dresses and jewels, decorations and flowers, music and show; and that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of poor people were benefited by this full-flooded river of wealth in a time of financial drought.

The theory is one easy to combat and has as much standing in economics as the common notion that skeletons of extinct animals may be reproduced from a single bone has in palaeontology. Practically it is not reasonable because modern fortunes are not hoards kept in closely guarded vaults; they are, instead, in the numerous channels of business. If they are drawn upon for extravagant expenditures the amount of capital engaged in producing wealth is decreased, and the community is that much poorer. Morally extravagance, merely for extravagance's sake, is not to be justified. The starving man is not altogether wrong when he protests that his fortunate brother has no right to waste his wealth while the other dies. Moreover extravagance creates an undesirable class whose special business it is to humor and live upon the extravagant. Finally, as Ruskin points out, it is wrong to create a demand which makes thousands toil in producing frivolous and ephemeral things, good only to make a show, when there is so much useful work to be done and is yet left undone.

Hinsey, the imperial prince of the endowment rank of the Knights of Pythias, says that Supreme Chancellor Fethers has been trying to drive him out of the order for some time. It would seem to be a pity that he didn't succeed a long time ago.

The Pioneer Press says: "The Minneapolis Journal takes a great deal of unnecessary trouble to show that the railroads carry a good deal more freight tonnage to and from Minneapolis than to and from St. Paul." No trouble at all, esteemed contemporary. On the contrary, it is rather a pleasure to place the public in possession of information which it should know. In fact, that is one of the things for which The Journal exists, and, furthermore, we are not quite through with this agreeable task.

THE MISSIONARIES IN THEIR OWN DEFENSE

The China Missionary Alliance, which comprises fully nine-tenths of the whole body of Protestant missionaries in China, has issued a statement to the press defending the missionaries against the adverse criticism which has been showered upon them on account of the recent tumults in China. The two main classes of this criticism have been, first, that the missionaries are chiefly responsible for the recent uprising; and, second, that they have manifested an un-Christian spirit in suggesting the punishment of those who were guilty of the massacre of foreigners and native Christians.

The statement makes out a very good case on both points. It shows that the causes of the insurrection were manifold and deep-rooted and that its purpose was anti-foreign rather than anti-Christian. It is explained that while the attempt to introduce a foreign religion into China necessarily arouses opposition and resentment, the extent of these has been overestimated. At the same time the missionaries have ever striven to be tactful and respectful of Chinese etiquette and customs. Moreover, the various institutions conducted by the missionaries have had a conciliatory effect that more than offset the opposition caused by the nature of their undertaking.

We have never believed that the missionaries were barbarously thirsting for revenge, as has been often asserted, and their statement on this point is ample. They show that the action of the public meeting held in Shanghai last September has been strangely misconstrued. The meeting asked merely that justice be dealt out to the guilty, to the end that order might be restored and maintained in China, and not that personal revenge might be taken.

The North China Daily News, the leading paper in China, which well understands Chinese character and actions, sustains the position taken by the missionaries, pronounces the defense adequate and declares that there is no general dislike of missionaries among the people of China. The News states that in its inception the Boxer uprising was not anti-Christian but anti-Manchu and was turned against the Christians by Yu Hsien, then governor of Shantung; the diversion not being difficult because the masses of the Boxers were in the field for plunder more than for anything else.

Herbert L. Bridgeman of Buffalo, commander of the Peary relief ship Erik, which sailed yesterday from Sidney, C. B., said, before starting, that he was confident that Lieutenant Peary has already reached the North Pole. Whether Mr. Bridgeman's confidence is warranted will not be known before October at the earliest, but if Peary really has reached the goal of so many generations of effort after his own many unsuccessful attempts, he will have attained a fame that will amply reward him for all his efforts.

FRANCE'S FETE DAY

The French people, from President Loubet down to the street urchin and rag-picker, very enthusiastically and variously celebrated yesterday the anniversary of the storming of the Bastile in 1789. There were outcroppings of red-handed communism, militant socialism, and a Deroulede demonstration, all of which were held in check by the police for the sake of appearances. On such occasions all the enemies of the French republic endeavor to celebrate the affair of the Bastile each after his own ideas of the meaning of the day, which originally ushered in a period of bloodthirsty frenzy on the part of a nation who had for years been the harried victims of a remorseless monarchical tyranny and for that tyranny substituted a far worse tyranny and wassail of blood.

After two unsuccessful attempts to establish a republic, the French have succeeded at last in maintaining a strongly centralized government of that name, through much storm and stress, for forty years, regarding the proclamation of Sept. 4, 1870, as the commencement of the system. To an outsider the history of the third republic suggests much instability, for there have been thirty-two ministries since the proclamation, equivalent to so many administrations of the government, for the president is irresponsible beyond the nominating of the ministries, who are directly responsible to the chamber of deputies for carrying out the will of the majority.

It is no little proof of the progress of the French people that the republic exists to-day in spite of the hostility of its internal enemies, the monarchists, imperialists, radical republicans and socialists. There has been a deal of extravagance and misgovernment and brazen treachery of the republic's enemies, secular and religious, but the republic still stands and the people must have a large degree of prosperity to endure the strain of heavy taxation which they have to pay for the privilege of bearing the name "republic." The budget for the year ending March 31, 1901, showed total expenditures of 3,554,000,000 francs, or about $690,000,000, or $18 per capita, as compared with our per capita of less than $6 for all purposes.

France's population, moreover, is not increasing much. It is practically stationary. Since 1850 her population has increased from 35,000,000 to 38,600,000, while Germany's population has increased in the same time 60 per cent. France's 10 per cent increase has been chiefly from the influx of foreigners, so that the outlook is improving in that particular. To meet the enormous budgets, largely for military and naval purposes, there must be money in the hands of the people, and they have shown their ability to meet whatever public charges are laid upon them and make no complaint of expenditures for war purposes. That the French have much capital to invest is evident from the fact that they hold not less than $900,000,000 of the Russian national debt and have invested largely in Russian joint stock companies. A country which accumulates money as the French do, under their very severe taxing ystem, must be in a rather substantial financial condition. France is, indeed, a phenomenon among European nations.

Through navigation from great lake ports to trans-Atlantic points gives promise of being successful. The Chicago company which has led the way seems to be meeting with a fair degree of success, and its fleet of four boats is now making regular trips. It will interest Scandinavian residents of the northwest to know that Danish capitalists propose to establish another line between Copenhagen and Chicago. It will not be long before Duluth will have direct steamship connection with Europe. The development of this water route should ultimately be of great assistance to the interior of the country in providing cheap transport for European imports as well as for our exports to Europe.

The heirs of the late Jacob S. Rogers, the millionaire locomotive builder, who left almost all of his immense fortune to the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York city, hope to break the will partly because by a slip of the pen the millionaire repeated the word "thousand" so that one paragraph of the will provides that "seventy-five thousand thousand" shall be given to a certain nephew. As the error is obvious, since that many thousand would be $75,000,000, or about ten times the whole estate, it is not possible that the courts will gratify the hope of the heirs.

THE ELEMENT OF OPPORTUNITY

A New York correspondent who was moved to reflection by the spectacle of thirty millionaires, more or less, returning from England on the same steamer, found that about the only characteristic they have in common is their tactiturnity. Men of the most different habits, manners and methods have been equally successful in amassing wealth. Russell Sage would be sure that no young man as careless in little money matters as Carnegie is could ever attain wealth, but there he is, and is far richer than the careful, calculating, penny-rubbing Sage.

The correspondent concludes that a combination of opportunity and ability to see and utilize the opportunity are the essential factors in the accumulation of wealth. Opportunities which open up the road to great riches do not always come to even those who are prepared to take advantage of them. This view of the interesting subject leaves room for the operations of chance. A New York banker asserts that he has known many men who had all the qualities, mental, moral and physical, supposed to be essential to great material success, who nevertheless failed of the goal because they did not chance to meet the opportunity they were ever looking for.

While most successful men are inclined to credit their achievements wholly to industry, frugality and determination, leaving out chance or luck altogether, there can be no doubt that some men are more favored in opportunities than others. At any rate, there is some consolation in this view for the earnest man who has not made what the world calls a success. It should lead him to take life more contentedly, and be satisfied to accept the issue, after having done his best.

A revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is having a successful run in Paris. It's all up with the French. This is the last damning proof of their decadence.

The Auto's Victims If there is anything that is funny to the party not concerned in it, it is a new bicycle rider bearing down on a telegraph pole when he doesn't want to go that way. But if this is not amusing, a tenderfoot trying to control the steering gear of a bucking broncho is pretty certain to give a strong subjective joy to a man up a tree.

A new form of pleasure is now working its way to the front in the observation of some other person's automobile, control of which has been lost by the millionaire who holds the Thing's rudder. When the auto feels something give 'way inside, when something slips off, or the steering gear fails to connect, then come the times of trial for our retired men of wealth.

An automobile containing two heavy Chicago boys who had made their money in pork or something of that character, and who lived in gloomy brown-stone jails on Michigan avenue, bucked on them last week, and the Chicago papers give long accounts of their states of mind. The auto chased itself in several directions and then started directly into a drug store. Both men jumped out. The vehicle went on a few feet, then changed its mind and ran back. The millionaires were scrambling to their feet when it struck them. After it had lain down on them it stopped and they were prisoners until a policeman came along and pulled them out. Their wounds were dressed in a neighboring hospital. One of the millionaires then announced that he had had enough. The other wants more and is having the machine operated on.

The good old-fashioned sport of walking commends itself to our waiting thought.

Rose Davidson, who represent Hawaii at Buffalo, says that there are lots of Hawaiian heiresses who would marry American men if the right kind would show up there. The girls are a trifle brown but very handsome when they are young. Our old friend Grover Cleveland was said to have been slightly touched that way once.

These are gorgeous picnic days in the shady dell save where the hornet lifts father into the air and the mosquito drinks deep drafts from the crimson tide of little Mabel's young life.

Mr. Carnegie says he is too busy to run for mayor of New York. It is plain that the great founder's retirement from business did not wholly take him out of the game.

A burglar at Benton, Wis., carried his nitroglycerin in his hip pocket. It ruined his trousers and the authorities buried whatever pieces of burglar could be found.

The Atlanta Journal suggests a searching party to hunt for one T. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt may Charlieross for a year or two, but he will be easily found in 1904.

The Indianapolis grand jury actually censured the men who have been sending sane people to the insane asylum for the sake of fees. Goodness, wasn't that harsh!

It took nine years of strong diplomatic work to pry that $95,000 from Turkey. It cost nearly that in stamps and used up nearly the whole stock of ultimatum paper.

Memphis wants Mr. Carnegie to "build a monument to his name" in the shape of a university to be located at Memphis. Good idea—for Memphis.

The action of the Ohio convention reminds one of the Chinaman who, when he is having bad luck, bats his Joss with a club.

After being located for a few weeks about two feet from the future life, Missouri and Kansas have not cooled off a bit.

Genius *of* Stephen Foster

John Habberton in Literary Era.

The songs most sung throughout our land to-day, and the only American songs known in all other civilized lands, are those of Stephen C. Foster, who died almost forty years ago. Foster left more than 150 songs, of which the melodies as well as the words were his own. That not all of them are remembered should not surprise any one, for what lover of music cannot count on the fingers of one hand all the really "popular" songs of some great composers?

TUNEFUL LEGACY LEFT TO THE WORLD

But to count all of Foster's songs that have retained their place in the affections of two generations, and bid fair to live forever, one must use all his fingers and thumbs and borrow some extra digits from his friends. Exclude, if you will, Foster's songs in lighter vein, such as "Oh, Susanna," which took the world by storm, and to the music of which scores of other songs have been "set," and his wartime songs, like "We Are Coming, Father Abraham," which hundreds of thousands of ex-soldiers still sing, roar or croak, there still remain many others of his compositions which the traveling American may hear in every civilized part of the world.

Foster's "Old Folks at Home" is the most popular song in existence. It has been translated into all the languages of Europe and also into some of Asia and the isles of the sea. The lines are poetic only in the sense of suggestion; they are so simple and artless that it would seem any school child could pen them and improve upon them, but they express the sentiment of every homesick man or woman that ever lived. Compared with "The Old Folks at Home," Kipling's "Mandalay," which has been said by some high authorities to be the acme of homesick expression, is a disgusting emulsion of beer and sensuality.

MOST POPULAR SONG IN EXISTENCE

There is an oft-told story of a regiment of troops, with pay overdue four months, that was overtaken by the paymaster just as it reached a camp near a great city, in which everything was "wide open." Many of the men, with their pockets full of money, "broke guard" and returned to camp in a condition prejudicial to good order and military discipline. The guard themselves became untrustworthy, good men though they had been on the march and in battle; the sober men of the regiment strove unsuccessfully to restrain the uncontrollable, the colonel gravitated between slaughter and suicide, when suddenly the leader of the band asked permission to try his hand on the disturbing element. Grouping his musicians in the center of the camp he started "The Old Folks at Home," and played unceasingly for half an hour, when the officer of the guard reported that the camp was entirely quiet, even the most uproarious drunkards having wept themselves to sleep.

Several songs that have long survived the author, as well as the "peculiar institution" that suggested them, were reflections of slave life. Among them is "Old Black Joe." Of this it may be said in passing that when Wilhelmj, the virtuoso violinist, first reached the United States he went at once, with a great enthusiasm and a small English vocabulary, to a music store and demanded the score of something which he called "Black Jack." The man at the counter knew no musical piece with that name, and not even Wilhelmj's card stimulated his memory.

KNEW SONG BY IAS MELODY.

"Ach, himmel!" exclaimed the virtuoso. "Gif me a violin."

The instrument was brought. Wilhelmj looked at it suspiciously and sniffed sarcastically at each chord that responded to the tuning keys, but when the instrument had been brought to its best the violinist forgot it and himself as he drew the bow and brought forth some recollections of the music of which he was in search. They were not entirely according to score, but when he stopped and asked:

"Know you not that divine air?" the answer came chorally from twenty throats "Old Black Joe."

"Ach, so! That will I play to the Americans. When they know it not, they are beasts."

Wilhelmj's "first night" went slowly, though he played morceaus of the masters with faultless technique. Not to capture a first night audience is equivalent to a defeat. Wilhelmj was mortified and angry, but he gave the American barbarians one more chance. He played "Old Black Joe," and his fortune was made.

The secret of Foster's popularity is in the wedding of words and sentiment to music, so that the "blend" pleases and satisfies, and the sentiment is recalled whenever the music is heard. Poetry is read but little in comparison with sentimental prose, as many publishers will testify sadly, but songs that are praised as highly as poems sell by tens of thousands.

HIS SONGS HAVE STOOD TEST OF TIME.

Were this a review of Foster's works, many additional titles of songs that have stood the test of almost half a century of use might be named. Among them are "My Old Kentucky Home," "There's a Good Time Coming," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Nelly Bly," and "Gentle Annie," but enough has been said to show that the best known and best loved song writer in the world came not from any great musical center of Europe, but from a town that in Foster's day was "way out west" in the United States, and that the author was an unique combination of manly sentiment and musical genius.

AMUSEMENTS

The Pikes in "Sowing the Wind."

The Pike Theater company entered upon the third week of its stay at the Metropolitan last evening. The play given was Sydney Grundy's famous problem of the sexes, "Sowing the Wind," and for the manner of its presentation there can be nothing but praise. The Pike company has done nothing in Minneapolis, either in this or in previous seasons, that has created a more profound impression than this much-discussed English drama.

When Mr. Grundy first exploited "Sowing the Wind" in London, Mrs. Grundy—the apocryphal personage of that name, and not the author's wife—was greatly shocked. The theme of the play was not new, quite the contrary, but its treatment was so daring, so unconventional and so biting, withal, that not Mrs. Grundy alone, but a host of lesser celebrities, including not a few of the London critics, the professional nil admirari of the English capital, held up their hands in amazement. Since then, however, we have had a surfeit of such plays as "Zaza," and "Sapho," and "Sowing the Wind" has become, if not caviare to the general, at least innocuous and unexciting by comparison. All of which clarifies the situation in that it permits a view of the Grundy work, unwarped by prejudice and devoid of artificial stimulus.

"Sowing the Wind" is a strong play; there are few stronger among current day productions. It has an interest beyond the passing hour, an interest that grows with consideration. The question which it presents is not to be brushed aside idly. Why should the woman who has made one false step suffer throughout her life while the man goes free? Why should she be ostracised while society smiles upon him? Why should their child be compelled to bear the ignominy of its mother? Every one knows that such a condition is unjust, and everyone knows equally well that it exists. Why? That is the query Mr. Grundy has propounded, and he has left you to answer it as you think best, and as you, in your liberality or your littleness, may elect.

As for the play as a play, the brilliancy of its dialogue and the unusual strength of its situations have been commented upon too frequently to require further commendation. "Sowing the Wind" has been presented in Minneapolis on two previous occasions, once badly and once well, but never better than it was last night. It serves to introduce Miss Lavinia Shannon, the new leading lady of the Pike company, and in a role which affords a hard test of her capabilities. It is little wonder that Miss Shannon, early in the evening, evinced a slight nervousness which, however, wore away as she became imbued with the spirit of her part. It serves also to present Byron Douglas and Herschel Mayall in characters entirely dissimilar from their accustomed work, and in both cases with eminently satisfactory results.

Place aux dames! To Miss Shannon must be attributed much of the success of the presentation. She depicted the character of Rosamond with a warmth and vigor of understanding that was truly delightful, and as she was made to feel more and more the sympathy of her audience her work grew in intensity and effectiveness. The personality of Rosamond, moulded as it was in the crucible of social intolerance and bigotry, is most difficulty of adequate portrayal. However, in Miss Shannon is found an able exponent.

Not less commendable was the Lord Brabazon of Byron Douglas. In the famous "sex against sex" scene of the third act, in which he and Miss Shannon have the stage to themselves, the approval of the audience, expressed in storms of applause from every part of the house, was a testimonial richly merited by both. Four times the curtain was rolled up and then came the stereotyped demand for a "speech." After such a scene, so excellently presented, even the curtain call seemed incongruous. The cry of "speech" was ridiculous.

Herschel Mayall as Ned Annesley, Rosamond's lover and Brabazon's adopted son, played with excellent discretion a part that would tempt less artistic actor to heroics. John B. Maher gave a very humorous and enjoyable characterization of Sir Richard Cursitor, and Miss Emilie Melville's interpretation of the Hon. Mrs. Fretwell was very well managed. The other roles were in capable hands.

"Sowing the Wind" is lavishly mounted and effectively costumed. The patrons of the Pike company owe a debt of gratitude to Manager Hunt for providing them with so adequate a production of so excellent a play, by far the most pretentious and the best thing the company has ever done in this city. The engagement continues through the week with the usual popular priced Wednesday and Saturday matinees. —L.

PRACTICAL WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

London Outlook.

Wonderful and yet more wonderful is the progress made with wireless telegraphy, but wonderful only for a day. The day after sees it become commercial at the rate of sixpence halfpenny per word. That was the charge on board the Cunard steamer Lucania, which has been fitted with the Marconi apparatus, and gave it a practical and successful trial last Sunday. Far out on the open sea, cut off from all visible connection with land, those on board were able to transmit messages to lightships, passing vessels and to the shore by the mysterious electric waves, and receive answers by the same means. Electricity, in fact, is transforming the whole conditions of human existence.

OUR LANGUAGE

London King.

At a table of German and English students recently one pleasant little German was keen on showing his knowledge of English. Every sentence of his was bound to contain hayve and alretty; a bit of slang was to him as ponderous as the voice of an oracle, and the English th was simply impossible. He commented brokenly on the bewket on the table, and the gaynose in M.'s buttonhole.

But the climax was reached in answer to a question put in good German:

"Are you going to the lecture to-night, Herr B.?"

"Ach, no!" with a wave of his hand; "der ghost is retty, but der meat is feeble."

Then the quiet man straightened out our wrinkled brows by suggesting that possibly he meant, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

American Money in England.

London Chronicle.

Another sign of the American conquest. A fruiterer in the West End is marking his goods in United States coinage—strawberries, for instance, at 16 cents a basket. This is a trifle superfluous, for most Americans who come over here know perfectly well the value of English money, and of English goods too. Yet, after all, the fruiterer is perhaps only foreshadowing the inevitable. We are having a new coinage, and we might as well accept the situation—call our sovereigns $5 pieces, our shillings "quarters," our sixpences "dimes" and our halfpennies "cents."

Love's Endearing Phrase.

Atlanta Constitution.

We once heard a Billville matron calling to her husband, who was digging bait in the garden, "Honey, ef you don't drap that hoe an' fetch me in a cord o' wood I'll break this washpot over yer head, honey!"

EVER MEET HER?

Boston Herald.

Her husband is all right—but he is so fat!

Her little boy is all right—but he is growing so spindling!

Her home is all right—but the paint is too light!

Did she like the last lecture at the club? Liked what he said very much—but his hair was cut so short—like a prize fighter!

Her new tailor suit is all right—but Mrs. Xyz has her coat a trifle, the merest shred, longer, and it's much better!

Her new hat is elegant—but if that ribbon was a shade darker, now—!

The Balance Sheet.

Boston Journal.

With the close of business on Saturday the United States governement ended the most successful financial year in its history. This is ample proof, to those eminent critics of the administration who gaze into the front end of the field glasses, that the country is going to the eternal bow-wows.

Ibsen's Love of His Fellow-Man.

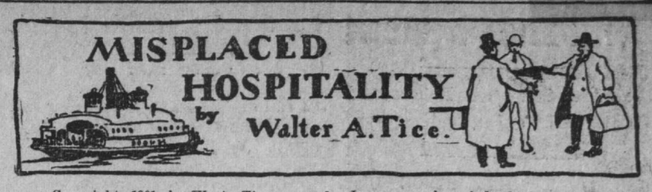
Christiania Letter to Pall Mall Gazette.

Now and then Ibsen can go out in an open carriage, but the frequent demonstrations of respect tendered to him cause so much irritation that he has sometimes turned back, refusing to go out again that day.

The Cannibal Fish.

Joe Jefferson in Ladies' Home Journal.

And that reminds me that Helen Keller once asked me how I justified my killing so many fish. I explained to her that the fish is naturally a cannibal and is constantly killing other fish—hundreds of 'em—and so, by killing one fish, I save the lives of hundreds of others. "I suppose it's for that humane reason, then, that you catch them," she replied. And Mr. Jefferson chuckled with enjoyment of Miss Keller's explanation of his benevolent defense for his favorite pastime.



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"Bessie Whitney of all girls! She's absolutely devoid of sentiment; so cool and calculating, just as one might expect the daughter of a political boss to be. At school she never chummed much with the girls. She kept an account book, too, and put down every treat—sodas, fudges and everything—as if she was working her way through college instead of being the daughter of a man who's made a fortune in politics!"

Frank Jameson had tried to laugh down his pretty sister's vehement protests. He had even declared it was all due to her sisterly jealousy; but now as he rushed toward New York, the home of his fiancee, the words rang in his ear and stood out boldly on the paper he was trying to read.

He lived over again that last evening in New York, when he had asked Bessie Whitney to be his wife. He recalled with a sudden pang how quietly his proposal had been received. Then he had thought it was because Bessie was deeply impressed by the seriousness of the moment. Now he wondered if it were true that she did not feel the deep passion that thrilled his whole being when she had whispered that almost inaudible "yes," that she was indifferent.

He tossed aside his paper impatiently and glanced carelessly at his traveling companion. A middle-aged man, clearly a stranger to this section of the country, he leaned forward eagerly to study the scenery. Jameson regarded the intense expression with some amusement. Here was something to divert his uphappy trend of thought.

"Perhaps you'd like to sit next to the window," he suggested. "Pretty country along here, especially if you're interested in farming."

The stranger looked at Frank in surprise. The unexpected courtesy somehow suddenly carried him west of the Allegheny mountains.

"Thanks; don't mind if I do," he answered heartily. "I'm interested in farming all right. Got as fine a quarter section near Sterling, Minn., as ever you saw."

"Sterling? Why, I know a fellow out there, Jimmy Eckstrom—was in my class at college."

"Eckstrom? O, yes; there is an Eckstrom lives about two miles south of Sterling. Their boy go to school with you?"

With this entering wedge thir acquaintance broadened rapidly. Before Jersey City was reached Jameson had heard all about the pioneer struggles of John Wilson of Sterling, and Mr. Wilson had been given some valuable pointers as to what sightseeing deserved his attention on this, his first visit to the metropolis. As they boarded the ferryboat Wilson remarked that he guessed he'd stop at Smith & McNeill's. Jameson smiled. Yes, he knew where Smith & McNeill's was and he'd be only too glad to see that Wilson reached there safely.

Wilson, cheap satchel in hand, was making straight for the cabin marked "men."

"Better take the other side," suggested Jameson, pointing to the ladies' cabin. "You'll get a better view of the harbor."

They had not walked half the length of the cabin before Jameson realized that they were attracting attention. They were an oddly assorted couple—the stoop-shouldered westener in his "store clothes" and rusty slouch hat, and the dapper New Yorker, clad in raiment of London cut. Jameson looked neither to right nor left, but felt conscious that amused feminine glances were following their progress.

What followed never would have happened, so Jameson declares, if, on that particular day, George Raymond had not worn a red tie. But George Raymond and the tie appeared on the scene just as Jameson was posting Wilson on the location of the Statue of Liberty. He clapped Jameson on the shoulder and exclaimed:

"Where in the world have you been the last four or five days? I've been down to the office half a dozen times."

Jameson acknowledged the greeting, then turned to introduce the westerner whom George was regarding curiously.

"Mr. Wilson knows the Eckstroms at Sterling, George. You remember Jimmy Eckstrom?"

"Sure," answered George, feeling absently in his pocket as if he had suddenly remembered something. "Say, Frank, loan me a quarter will you. I haven't a cent in change, and I want to run up on the 'L.' Or, better still, change this twenty for me."

"Can't do it, old man. You know, sisters don't do a thing to their older brothers who go home for a visit. Perhaps Mr. Wilson here might oblige."

But Mr. Wilson suddenly stopped, clutched his bag and edged rapidly away from the two young men. When he had placed good six feet between them and himself he exclaimed loudly:

"No, you don't. I've heerd of you buncosteerers before. I ain't as green as I look. You don't short-change me. I read the papers, I do. Know Jimmy Eckstrom, do you? Ugh."

With flushed cheeks and blazing eyes Jameson tried to explain matters. George roared with laughter. His mirth added fuel to the flames of Wilson's wrath, and he again raised his voice in vigorous protest.

Deck hands, accompanied by a plain-clothes man, suddenly appeared.

"What's this?" demanded the detective.

"Trying to short change—bunco me!" yelled Wilson. "There, see that fellow, holding that twenty-dollar bill. The other one was in the scheme, too."

The plain-clothes man spoke quietly but firmly.

"You two'll have to go with me."

Jameson gasped.

"Go where?"

"To police headquarters."

The boat was touching the dock. The color fled from Jameson's face. Of course it was only an unpleasant misunderstanding. He pulled out his card. The detective took it and smiled. Cards, even engraved ones, are cheap. And there was the twenty-dollar bill in George's hand. Could better proof be wanting?

Jameson was rapidly losing his temper.

"Well, I don't go a step. The old man was mistaken. We can easily identify ourselves without going near police headquarters."

An ugly look came into the detective's eyes. He started to speak, when from the curious throng around them came the swish of feminine draperies and a small gloved hand was laid on the detective's arm.

"May I speak to you, please?"

Jameson whirled round to face—Bessie Whitney!

The detective frowned. Ah, a confererate! The young lady handed him a card and the frown faded. He bowed obsequeously and turned aside, not without keeping one eye on his prospective prisoners, however. Jameson hesitated between jumping overboard and knocking the detective down. George was swearing softly at the westerner, and the crowd, craning to see the finish of the little drama, was pushing its way to the pier.

When the detective turned his face was wreathed in smiles.

"I guess this is a mistake. The young man Morris Whitney's daughter's engaged to ain't turning confidence tricks."

He took the arm of the bewildered westerner and walked toward the dock. George started to tell Jameson what he thought of the whole performance, but Jameson was hurrying back through the ladies' cabin. He had seen a slender figure in dark-blue with her face turned steadfastly toward the Jersey shore.

They were the last to leave the boat, and that night Jameson wrote to his sister:

"It's not always the sentimental girl who's the bravest. There are two kinds of sentiment, little sister, and some day I hope you'll understand the sort that Bessie has—and shows."

Daily New York Letter

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

Uncle Sam's Roof Garden.

July 15.—Uncle Sam has gone into the roof garden business. These attractive hot weather places of amusement have multiplied enormously in the large cities of the country, but it remains for the metropolis alone to possess the first and only roof garden conducted by the United States government. In a moment of inspiration the architects of the new buildings on Ellis Island made plans for roof gardens at the north and south ends of the main structure and they have produced one that for general utility and picturesqueness is far ahead of its rivals. The north roof is for the present reserved for the officials of the immigration bureau, but the south roof, which opens from the detention headquarters, has been turned over to the immigrants. During the hot weather the garden has done much to ameliorate the conditions prevailing among the thousands of immigrants detained on the island until relative or friends are heard from, or until sent back for various reasons to the countries from which they come. But apart from the aid to health and sanitation the open air gives to the immigrants the Ellis Island roof garden adds immensely to the scenic effect of the immigrant crowd. As night comes on strains of song float on the air, songs of all nations; a Neapolitan boat song, German love songs and Irish melodies. As the cool breezes creep up from the sea the music grows merrier and the dancers gayer, until all the troubles of the immigrants, past and future, are lost in the pleasures of the fleeting hour.

The Park Chair Squabble.

There are to be no pay chairs in New York's free parks. The very combination of "pay" and "free" has acted like a red flag on a mad bull so far as "the masses" are concerned, Park Commissioner Clausen has at last decided to cancel the pay-chair privilege granted to Oscar F. Spate. From the very first, despite the scheme's many commendable features, the public and most of the daily press have opposed the innovation. As a matter of fact, it is not absolutely new, for in the public parks all over Europe it is customary for enterprising persons to exploit the pay-seat privilege. But New Yorkers, with a lofty contempt for consistency, determined to have none of it. Practically every intelligent man who resented the "class distinctions," supposed to be engendered by the pay-chair system, was aware that such distinctions are enforced everywhere else. Money makes the distinction and it is acquiesced in by these same people in hotels and theaters, on steamships and railroads, and in fact in every walk of life except those bordered by "keep of the grass" signs. And there they were determined, and Police Commissioner Murphy was determined, and most of the daily papers were determined that there should be no "first" and "second-class." In support of their contention the public got mad and sat in the chairs and refused to pay. The police, obeying instructions, kept their orbs glued on the empyrean and refused to see the row that invariably followed when the chair attendants attempted to eject the men who refused either to pay or get up. There were broken heads and broken ankles, suits for thousands of dollars, heart-rending cartoons, oaths and curses, editorials and mush, and such a conflict of authority that pendemonium was a child's playground in comparison. Then Commissioner Clausen "backed down" and canceled the privilege. The chairs will be purchased by him and presented by him to the city as relics of a unique, internecine warfare.

Panic in Chinatown.

Chinatown has had a picnic. That is the women and children have, for only the wives and children of the merchants of Chinatown were included in the party. The men stayed at home. And as a picnic it was the most remarkable New York has ever turned out. Some of the picnickers had seldom or never before been out of doors, while quite a number had been cooped up for fully twenty years in the tenements of Chinatown. The picnic was given under the auspices of the International Sunshine society and took in Midland Beach, Westerleigh and Staten Island. There were eighty-six in the party, which represented the smart set of Chinatown. All the women wore jewels in their hair and each mother and child tried to outdo her neighbor in the costliness of their trousers. All of them wore shoes like round-bottomed row boats, but only three of the women wore hats. The others wore their hair braided. The start was made from Mott street, and there were twenty-four coaches to take the party down to the boat. When the women came out of their dwellings they wore veils over their faces, some of them carrying small parasols, while fifteen carried babies. Ten had white women as nursery maids, while twenty-seven dragged children by the hand in the traditional way. After visiting the various points of interest they were served with luncheon at Westerleigh, following which strings of fireworks were exploded for the benefit of the children and 6,000 pieces of fireworks set off for the amusement of the grown folks. Before returning to Chinatown each member of the party was presented with a souvenir in the shape of a silvered cup. The picnic was in every way a unique success.

Not Pleased With the Police.

Despite the charges continually made against the metropolitan police, New Yorkers are proud of the organization and do not hesitate to stand up for it whenever the force is assailed. Yet in the denunciation of the force by Walter S. Rockey, a druggist in Thirty-fourth street and Eighth avenue, even the most vehement partizan of the police must, to some degree, concur. Mr. Rockey is a patient man. Eight times was his neat little pharmacy looted by inconsiderate thieves and still Mr. Rockey maintained silence. But when for the ninth time burglars ransacked the store from cellar to garret, smoking his best cigars