# THE JOURNAL

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

**SUBSCRIPTION TERMS**

**Payable to The Journal Printing Co.**

Delivered by Mail.

One copy, one month..................$0.35
One copy, three months............... 1.00
One copy, six months................. 2.00
One copy, one year................... 4.00
Saturday Eve. edition, 20 to 26 pages.. 1.50

Delivered by Carrier.

One copy, one week............. 8 cents
One copy, one month...........35 cents
Single copy .................... 2 cents

**THE JOURNAL is published every evening, except Sunday, at 47-49 Fourth Street South, Journal Building, Minneapolis, Minn.**

building.

C. J. Billson, Manager Foreign Advertising Department.

NEW YORK OFFICE—86, 87, 88 Tribune

CHICAGO OFFICE—307, 308 Stock Exchange building.

**CHANGES OF ADDRESS**

Subscribers ordering addresses of their papers changed must always give their former as well as present address.

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### THE UNTOUCHED TRADE OF CHINA

The heathen Chinee is a customer to be prized above all others, if the statements of Robert M. McWade, United States consul at Canton, are to be accepted. He says that once a Chinaman is convinced of the superiority of a certain kind of goods he will continue to take them without protest even if the prices be raised. But if the quality fails he will stop buying the goods and can never be induced to take them again. For these reasons Mr. Wade urges American exporters to be scrupulously careful about the quality of their goods and to introduce them at very low prices. When, tempted by low prices, the Chinaman buys a superior article, he will prefer it afterwards and then the prices may be raised without fear of losing his custom.

As there are a great many articles produced by America and in demand in China which can not be equaled by other nations, there is no reason why Americans should not build up an immense trade in China. Yet Mr. McWade has to report that in his whole consular district, comprising the provinces of Kwangtung, Kwangsi and Yunnan, with an area of 170,000 square miles and a population larger than that of the United States, there is not a single American merchant. It is strange that this should be so in view of Mr. McWade's statement that the Chinese exhibit a marked preference for Americans and American goods. The explanation probably is that the foreign field is so large that American manufacturers, active as they are at present, have only just begun to develop it and that in all parts of the world there remain vast regions in which the enterprising American trader may successfully operate. It is not only from China, but from South America, Africa and western Asia that our consuls report good openings for American manufacturers if they will but interest themselves in their opportunities and use the same efforts in getting foreign trade that they do in seeking domestic patronage.

The trade of China, which we do now but touch, shall and will be ours in the future. At no distant time the United States must dominate that great trade. Our geographic and economic positions are such that once we bend our energies to the conquest of the growing trade of 400,000,000 of people, it must in large part become ours.

Fifty years ago Sir Edward Shepherd Creasy, the historian of "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," predicted that the United States would conquer the islands of the Pacific, the Philippines, China and Japan. The Philippines and some of the islands of the Pacific are ours, but the conquest of China and Japan, which will be commercial rather than military, is surely coming. In the eight years from 1893 to 1900 our exports to Japan grew from $3,000,000 to $29,000,000; and we advanced from the sixth to the second place in the list of nations exporting to Japan. In 1893 the United States supplied 7 per cent, Germany 9 per cent and the United Kingdom 32 per cent of the total imports into Japan; in 1900 the United States supplied 21 per cent, Germany 10 per cent, and the United Kingdom 25 per cent. From 1890 to 1899 our exports to China increased from $5,000,000 to $15,000,000 in addition to the increase of our exports to the distributing port of Hongkong from $5,000,000 to $8,000,000. The next decade will doubtless see gains by the side of which these will be insignificant.

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Where do all the Boers come from? Like the Spanish reports in Cuba, are those of the English in South Africa. According to these there have been more Boers killed and captured than there ever were in the field. From July 1 to July 22, 1,068 Boers were captured, wounded or surrendered. But still the war goes on; still the British army in South Africa is kept up to the maximum; still De Wet and Botha are at bay and no efforts are made to take them; still the war costs $7,500,000 a week; still there are Boer commandoes within 300 miles of Cape Town.

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It is now a matter of indifference whether the citizens of Waterville mobbed the game commissioners or whether the names of aggressors and assailants should be exchanged. The game and fish commission has decided to ignore the sapient law which classes bullheads as game fish. The languishing industry of Waterville will now revive; $1,200 a month will flow into the pockets of the fishermen for the dainty fish beloved of Kansas City; the citizens will be relieved of the odor of the decaying pisces and the board of health of the necessity of burying several tons a month, and joy will reign in Kawtown as brook trout again appear on bills of fare.

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Captain Thomas F. Schley, son of the rear admiral puts it well when he asks: "If the battle of Santiago had resulted in defeat to whom would the blame be attached?" It is certain that Sampson would have reported "The fleet temporarily under the command of Commodore Schley during by enforced absence," etc., instead of, "The fleet under my command," etc., as he put it in his famous report of the great battle.

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The Chicago Chronicle implores the democrats to get together and agree on something. It suggests that they accept expansion as an accomplished fact and draw up a political program based on opposition to the present method of administering the "colonies." The faith of the Chronicle in its party is something inspiring. Why, for forty years to come there will be some democrats opposing the acquisition of the Philippines.

### TO GET RID OF THE YOUNGERS

The Northfield News, disgusted with the public receptions that have been tendered the Youngers and the general disposition to slobber over them now that they have been paroled, demands that they be pardoned and permitted to leave the state. The News was firmly opposed to the parole, but now that it has been granted, thinks it would have a beneficial effect on public morals to get the former bandits out of the state. Such a position is largely justified by what has transpired since the notorious convicts were paroled. Notwithstanding plausible talk by the prison officials about preventing notoriety, they assigned the Youngers to an occupation in which they, with the best of intentions, could not help being in the public eye, and then their employer began those disgusting receptions which Governor Van Sant was compelled to forbid.

But we think that The News errs in giving any credence whatever to reports that money was used to create a sentiment favorable to the parole of the Youngers. The nature of their crimes was such that a certain sentimental following was attracted to them from the start. This combined with a general public feeling that convicts had been reformed and were no longer a danger to the community; as well as the fact that they had served five years longer than the length of the average life sentence eventually gave them their restricted liberty.

If the manufacturer who is employing them should be directed to keep them at work in his factory instead of using them as traveling men, they would drop out of the public view.

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President McKinley is to have more trouble. A yellow paper is urging its readers to "write a letter to the president" whooping it up for Schley and urging him to court-martial Sampson. The paper displays its familiarity with current events by speaking of canned-beef Egan as if he were in the navy department.

### NOT SO VERY BAD

The great drought in the corn belt is ended and after all it appears that serious as was the injury to corn, varying from 70 per cent in some states to 30 per cent in others, the farmers as a whole have not suffered any irretrievable loss. They have less corn, but they will get so much more for it that their net income from that product may be large this year as last. But in the drought region itself the wheat crop was so large that the farmers are likely to have more money this year than last after all the perturbation of the last few weeks. The rains of last week insure good late pasturage and have come soon enough to leave time for fodder crops, thus preventing the hasty marketing of beef cattle. All in all the situation is far from being discouraging and it is doubtful if the year can be classed lower than "average" from the agricultural standpoint.

### GERMANY'S NEW TARIFF

A Berlin cable notes the perplexity of the German Chancellor in the matter of Germany's new tariff, which was devised to meet the views of that troublesome element the agrarian party, who insist upon extreme protection for their special interests to the sure disadvantage of the industrial forces of the German empire.

The increase of the duties on breadstuffs naturally meets with objections from the industrial element, for higher prices on breadstuffs and provisions, which also are included in the higher tariff schedules, suggest constriction of the domestic economy. The maximum duty on wheat is placed at 65 marks per ton and on rye and oats 50 marks per ton (the mark is about 24 cents), the present duties being 35 marks per ton on rye and wheat and 28 marks on oats. The minimum charge on wheat, under the new tariff, is 55 marks per ton and 50 marks on rye and oats. There are no minimum duties on animals and meat and the cattle duty takes a jump from 9 marks to 100 marks per ton and swine duty is raised from 50 marks to 100 marks a ton; sausages from 170 to 450 marks per ton; butter and cheese from 15 and 20 to 30 marks per ton, and eggs from 20 to 60 marks. These duties are practicaly prohibitory and, of course, will affect our trade and that of Russia, Austria, Belgium and Switzerland, if the bill is confirmed by the federal council of Germany. The German Chancellor would attempt the difficult feat of riding two horses going in opposite directions. The new tariff would please the agrarians in operation, for they could dictate prices of meat and bread, but it would displease Germany's neighbors, as Russia, with whom it is very desirable for Germany to keep on good terms. It would seem rather unwise for Germany to exploit this agrarian tariff against foreign meat and bread at a time when there is a most unfavorable outlook for the home crops. In Prussia wheat and rye are turning out in bad condition and through the empire the outlook is unfavorable. Germany has been importing an average of 48,000,000 bushels of wheat annually for some years. In 1895 the production was 106,140,000 bushels and the consumption 156,328,015 bushels. The consumption increased to 179,000,000 bushels in 1900, and, as the population is increasing and there is now an estimated shortage of 56,000,000 bushels (official), it is not discernible where the agrarians propose to get the needed supplies under the prohibitory tariff. The newspapers in Germany which reflect the interests of the industrial classes, vigorously denounce the propsed duties and predict reprisals by the foreign nations whose trade is affected adversely by the new schedules. As a matter of fact, Germany cannot raise enough food for her own people.

### THE NEWS SUPPRESSED

The London Mail is in trouble. Because, with commendable enterprise, it published officially suppressed information regarding the shooting by Boers of wounded British soldiers at Vlakfontein, the British war office has forbidden it access to regular news channels.

The Mail can stand it if the government can. Unless it was Otis' bungling censorship in the Philippines, there was never a worse exhibition of ill-judged censorship than that now being given by the British military authorities in South Africa. Two possible reasons are advanced for the suppression of the news of the Boer atrocities. One is that the government is convinced that it can never secure peace in South Africa without liberal concessions to the Boers, and that the publication of the cruel and excerable conduct of the burghers at Vlakfontein would so arouse public opinion that the concessions could not be made, thus enforcing the continuation of the war to the bitter end. The other is that the British themselves have been guilty of such cruelties in their treatment of reconcentradoes that they did not wish to permit even truthful reports to get out concerning violation of the rules of warfare by the Boers.

Both of these explanations are rather recondite. It is more probable that the information was suppressed because Lord Kitchener wished that as few details as possible be given to the public concerning so pronounced a British reverse so long after the war was "over." That would be in line with his policy of suppressing practically every bit of intelligence concerning the progress of the war, a policy that has been so rigorously and effectively applied that the world knows little more than that the war must still continue since England keeps 250,000 men in South Africa.

### POSTAL REFORM

Postmaster General Smith, in his recent orders looking to the removal of the annual deficiency, largely chargeable to the abuse of the second-class matter transportation, seems to think that it is necessary for the postal department to return a handsome net profit to the government. As a matter of fact, the government is bound to give the public all the legitimate mail transportation facilities which are possible, without regard to expense, provided the business is conducted with the proper business economy.

Ther is no doubt that the annual deficit is due largely to the inclusion by many publishers of publications, not legitimate literary productions, in their mail matter, as second-class. Many speeches have been made on this subject in congress, especially when the Loud bill was up for consideration, and now the government defines what a periodical shall be, excluding books from the classification and ruling out second-class novels printed in a regular series once a month, and excluding from the mails gift enterprise sheets and every publication not in circulation, according to its value as a news or literary journal, and news agents are prohibited from sending back unsold copies at pound rates. The effectuation of the new orders will demonstrate whether or not the postal deficit is caused by the working into the mails of the excluded matter at the cheaper rates.

The government could no doubt make up the deficit, if congress would provide for a domestic parcels post, such as Europe has. Our country is the only one which has not this convenience. In Europe the parcels post charges are far below the express charges with us, which are eight or ten times higher. It is possible that the recent orders of the postoffice department which practically curtail the supply of cheap literature for the people, may lead to a revival of the parcels post project in the next congress. The postmaster general suggests that the elimination of the publications indicated, from second-class matter, will enable the department to provide for 1-cent letter postage for any distance within the United States. This would be a gain to the public, for it would bring letter postage down to a mere bagetelle and nothing cheaper in letter postage could be asked. The parcels post would be a like advantage to the public. It would be a legitimate business for the postoffice department. The saving under the recent orders as to second-class matter may amount to from $12,000,000 to $20,000,000 and the postmaster general says that if his orders interfere with any legitimate newspaper or periodical he will issue a supplementary order correcting the mistake.

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***Al Hamid's Errors***

The favorite song of the Sultan of Turkey is "They're After Me, I'm the Individual They Require," and in the cool of the evening, after the muezzin has sounded for prayer, three or four of the sultana turn back the lids of several pianos and prance merrily up and down the keyboards while the sultan's deep bass, albeit slightly tremulous with fear, rolls out across the Bosporus. While the sultan is supposed to be a king of men, he finds that life has many drawbacks. In his mind's eye hundreds of conspirators, with clenched teeth and drawn knives, are crouching around prepared to let a stream of dark royal blood flow. Hundreds of poisoners are lurking about the royal kitchen trying to insert Rough on Rats in the biscuit, to fry the doughnuts in carbolic acid and to put wood alcohol in the rum. Dynamiters are concealed in the cellar and under the beds. Every barber is an assassin and all physicians are viewed with deep suspicion. In fact, the sultan has a severe case of what is known as "the claim of fear." He thinks the asthma is due to hit him on Aug. 3 at 2 p. m.; that the rose cold will show up at 6 p. m. on Aug. 21; that an east wind has in it the seeds of destruction and dissolution, and that the hot wave brings insanity and death on its wings.

If the sultan would abdicate, take 160 acres of good land in Asia Minor, retire to his farm, put the upper 80 into wheat and practice diversified farming on the rest, he would get that gentle exercise conducive to sound sleep at night; he would soon acquire a conscience void of offense, and life would once more take on the pleasing aspect that it presents to a Minnesota farmer with a big crop and a bank account.

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The Pioneer Press this morning figures the corn crop of Minnesota right down to a bushel. It says:

Although corn is not a leading staple of agriculture in these states, it has done comparatively well. Minnesota, which last year produced 31,794,718 bushels, will this year produce 20,666,560.

This may be pretty close, but, after looking over the crop in our back yard, we are more inclined to a little larger figure, say 20,666,561 bushels. Even this larger figure is probably no exaggeration.

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The democrats of Iowa are going to have a 16 to 1 row in their state convention. Without a Bryan time in prospect, the Iowa democratic convention would be about as dramatic an affair as the South St. Paul live stock market.

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A revival of interest in "Sartor Resartus" has been started in England by people who enjoy seeing a sturdy genius with dyspepsia let loose in creation with a baseball bat and a trunkful of grievance.

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The Municipal Public-Be-Damned party is organizing for the fall campaign. Platform: We care not what kind of water the people drink, provided we draw the salaries for furnishing it.

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The Swell Set at Newport has a new sport. It is a kind of party where each guest represents a patent medicine. One would think there would be much rivalry as to who should be the Pink Pill.

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The farmer is so busy now that he hasn't time to come to town and try to post his letter in the telephone pay station.

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A new political light in the Nebraska firmament is L. J. Blower. Nebraska has been much afflicted by hot air.

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Mr. Maclay may be an awfully good fellow, but as a historian, this country prefers George Ade.

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Dooley is going to be dramatized. Mr. Hennessey will appear as csenery.

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The press is handing out a few remarks to Alderman Grabolski of Chicago.

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An exchange asks what to do for mosquito bites. Scratch.

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**WHEN THEY DO THEIR WRITING**

"How authors work," said a publisher, "is an interesting subject to me, and I guess I am acquainted with the working habits of some 200 of them, living and dead. Alphonse Daudet did his very best work in the country in the summer time. He would take a little boat, row up a quiet stream and, pulling into a green and shady cove, he would sit in the stern and write with his pad on his knees for hours at a time. Rudyard Kipling works for two hours every morning, from 9 o'clock till 11; wherever he may be, on train, on shipboard or on a horse, he contrives to get in those two hours. Henry James works at night, usually from midnight until 3 o'clock in the morning. He has become a kind of machine, and turns out just so many hundred words of his cold prose each day. Mark Twain writes in a rocking chair, and the morning hours are his favorite ones. General Lew Wallace writes on a slate, with a small, moist rag beside him for erasing purposes. Marion Crawford uses a typewriter and works in the afternoon, though not regularly. Crawford can grind out 8,000 or 10,000 words of salable copy a day. Miss Wilkins, George Moore and Joseph Conrad are three artists who have no regular working habits. This week they will be at their desks all day and all night nearly, while next week they will not write a line."

**Doing Well Enough.**

Philadelphia Ledger.

The failure of the Hanna subsidy bill in congress does not seem to have materially affected the construction of trans-Atlantic vessels. Twenty-eight of these craft are now being built, and others are said to be in contemplation.

**Where He Can Get Tips.**

Detroit Tribune.

If Lord Rosebery will approach them properly, there are some men in Ohio who can give him information as to the best means of forming a new party.

**Why He Feels Hurt.**

Washington Post.

In other words, Mr. Bryan feels bad because the Ohio democrats declined to accept the platform planks upon which he sustained his two hard falls.

**Morgan Is Modest.**

San Francisco Bulletin.

J. Pierpont Morgan doesn't care particularly about being a director of the Northern Pacific himself. All he cares to do is name the rest of the board.

## Homelike Joys of Old-Time Taverns

Chicago Tribune.

There were stage coaches and tavern days in the western states forty years ago. But while these still exist in some parts of the country and in England, one would look in vain to find either now in the states where they used to be frequent and numerous.

Here and there forty years ago the traveler found men and women of dignity and stateliness who seemed to belong to an older country. They were people who stood upon the heights of honor. A man's word was his bond, and the stranger who passed over the threshold of the home far removed from what was then the center of population was entitled to the confidence and protection of the owner until he proved himself unworthy.

As the new country filled upu later from immigration, and the population became more diversified, the old types gradually passed away. They moved out into the greater west, and were finally lost.

But to return to the times and places when and where they lived when Indiana and Missouri were called western states. Pleasure travel then was confined to steamboats. When a man left the river and traveled inland he went by stage. Towns were far apart, and so it came about that taverns intervened.

At these the traveler got out to eat and stretch his legs, while the driver of the stage watered his horses and readjusted the harness and baggage. The tavern was usually nothing more than an ordinary house, but before each, swinging from a tree or pole, was the same sort of sign seen in old English towns, on which, after the name of the tavern, always a name of pretension, were the words:

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST.

There are not many persns living who recall these places and signs in the far west forty years ago, because the new country, which was opened up in later times, wiped out old customs and manners, whereas in New and Old England the same customs and manners still exist in many places.

The landlord of the western tavern was always a man of influence and pretension. He usually wore a high hat, carried a cane and took snuff. The latter was generally offered to the weary traveler who halted for the hour. In exchange for the latest news from "down the river" the landlord told the traveler something of the next town and the people whom the traveler was journeying to see.

If the stage came to the tavern at a late hour in the night, as it often did, the driver called out his long "hellow" until it awoke the help in the tavern. This was always a darky, who came out with a lighted tallow candle in a tin lantern.

When the traveler left the stage and entered the tavern the landlord was on hand to greet him, and if the traveler was "inclined" the landlord invariably produced a bottle of applejack or peach brandy from the sideboard. This was the landlord's cheer and the guest could offer no insult greater than a proffer to pay. If there were any "lady travelers" they were shown to the room of the wife of the tavern keeper, who, instead of offering tea, ordered the maid to bring in hot rum, spiced.

After this hospitality the travelers resumed their journey. The darky with the tin lantern stood in the doorway until the stage rumbled away in the night, and then the tavern lights were out.

Some of these taverns stood on the river wharf—the steamboat landing. If the stage arrived in the night the travelers were quickly informed, as nearly as the landlord could reckon, about the time when the next packet was due, bound up or down.

The tavern by the riverside in the western town forty years ago was known to every boatman and traveler. What the tavern lacked in those modern conveniences now required by travelers was made up for by the hospitality on the part of the landlord and his wife, which, like the taverns themselves, long since perished from that part of the earth.

The names of some of these western taverns, as recalled by the man who tells the story, were the Orleans, the Oriental, the Raleigh, the Traveler's Rest and, most frequently, the Mansion House.

## Old Mohair on the Ozarks

New York Sun.

Out of Ancyra, alias Angora, which asseared Midas founded, out of that glory of the Galatians came the goat with hair as silken as Jim Ham Lewis's matchless growth of pink; came to the United States to be domesticated from Maine to California, to be a delight and a staple. But some great merits of this Asian emigrant weren't appreciated in this country until the other day. His independence of the weather, his skill as a forager, his frugality and his activity as a hustler and a self-supporting institution have been revealed surprisingly in the Ozarks of Missouri. Into that region of rock-ribbed and rock-headed democracy the Angora goat has been introduced; and there he has just now a brilliant triumph.

The long hot spell has ravaged and burned Missouri. Pretty much all the water in the state has dried up, except the brain of the Hon. Champ Clark. Thermometers have exploded. Ice houses have been sunstruck. Oxen have gone mad and barbecued themselves. A terrible time for man and beast. The pastures have been parched. The springs have disappeared. Cattle, sheep and hogs have suffered greatly and sometimes have been unable to get a drop to drink. But the wanderer from Asia Minor hasn't wilted. He has been left to his own resources and has come out strong. Nobody brings him water. Nobody brings him food. Old Mohair takes care of himself and takes mighty good care. He has got fat among the lean kine and the silly sheep. A dispatch sent from Dixon, Mo., to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat shows the Angora's genius as a diet reformer and a laborer:

"The case is yet to be reported of a goat dropping down from heat and lack of water. It is a question with many farmers whether the goats needs any water in dry times. If they do, they find it for themselves. As for feed, the goats are doing very nicely on sprouts, leaves, weeds and what little grass they can find. Occasionaly, perhaps, where the scrub oak sprouts have dried up close to the ground, the goat raisers will chop down a few trees so the animals can get at the green tops. That is goat raising in the Ozarks these days. D. A. Palmer, a big stockman of west Camden county, is in the Angora goat business on an extensive scale. He has a herd of nearly five hundred. It is surprising how well they are getting along this dry weather, when all other stock is failing fast. When it comes to clearing land, it is estimated that five goats will do the work of one farmhand, and do it well."

Eats nothing in particular, seldom takes a drink; does one-fifth of the work of a hired man. There's an accomplished animal for you. He is long-headed as well as long-haired. Men, poor weaklings compared with an Angora, may break down in the delirious heat. Ordinary animals may peak and pine. Old Mohair can live on nothing and through everything. No wonder he is "on top in the Ozark." If the drought "should continue until the corn crop is burnt up," says the Dixon dispatch, "then a few goats will be the only farmhands many of the small farmers will be able to afford this winter. Goat meat will supplant beef on the farmhouse table." Why, this is worse than cannibalism. It is a stab at political economy. We can't believe that anybody in the Ozarks is foolish enough to eat one-fifth of a farm laborer.

## AMUSEMENTS

**Foyer Chat.**

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was presented at the Metropolitan last night by the Pike Theater company to the largest Sunday night audience since the opening of the summer season. The play was mounted in an excellent manner, the Ohio river scene, the levee scene and the cotton field scenes being particularly good. Realism was added to the cotton field scene by the introduction of a number of negro singers and dancers, who easily carried off the honors of the evening, and responded to numerous encores. The individual performers gave good portraylals of their respective roles and the entire performance was pleasing. A more extended review of the production will be given in this column to-morrow.

**THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER**

O sprich, kannst Du seh'n bei der schindenden Nacht
Was wir freudig noch graessten im Abendrothglanze,
Uns're Streifen und Sterne, die wachrend der Schlacht
Im Winde geflattert dort, hoch auf der Schanze?
Der Racketen Gesaus—und der Bomben Gebrans,
Verkuenden durch's Dunkel; die Flagge haelt aus!
O sprich! weht das Banner im Morgenlichtschein
Noch ueber den Helden, im Lande der Frei'n?

Was ist's, das am Strande im Nebel dort weht,
Wo die muthlosen Heere des Feindes jetzt rasten?
Was ist's, das so stolz auf der Wallhoehe steht,
Das die Luefte des Morgens so flatternd erfassten?
Sieh' es glaenzen im Licht—wo der Morgen anbricht—
Hellstrahlend und leuchtend—jetzt ist es in Sicht!
'S ist das stern-besaete Banner, lang weh' es allein
In der Heimath der Helden, im Lande der Frei'n!

Und wo ist das Heer, das so prahlend einst scwur,
Durch verheerenden Krieg uns blutige Thaten
Die Heimath zu rauben, die heilige Flur?
O ihr Blut hat verloescht jede Spur, die sie traten.
Kein Hort schuetzte mehr das gemiethete Heer—
Sie entfloh'n oder fielen; das Grab deckt sie schwer.
Und das stern-besaete Banner weht siegreich allein
In der Heimrath der Helden, im Lande der Frei'n!

O! stets sei es so wenn sich Maenner bewehrt,
Zu vertheid'gen ihr Land gegen feindische Horden!
Der Sieg und der Frieden sei ihnen bescheert,
Preist den Himmel, das endlich wir frei sind geworden!
Recht siege hinfort—an jeglichem Ort—
Und dies ist der Wahlspruch: "Sei Gott unser Hort!"
Und das stern-besaete Banner weh' immer allein
In der Heimrath der Helden, im Lande der Frei'n!

—Translated by Edward Leyh.

**Benefits of Competition.**

Pittsburg Dispatch.

In connection with the unique—in the eyes of this country—policy of the Parisian municipality in forcing the Paris street car lines to furnish a seat to every passenger, it is noted that these same lines carry passengers at a 3-cent fare. There is a sharp contrast in the fact that these Parisian lines carry no more passengers than there are seats for, at 3 cents, and have made a profit, while American lines crowd their cars out to the bumpers and are still unable to spare from their revenue a return to the city for the use of the streets.

**Marked N. G.**

Philadelphia Times.

James J. Van Alen has been knighted by King Edward. Mr. Van Alen will be recalled as the gentleman who went to protest in an effort to secure a position in the diplomatic service of the United States.

## From Window to Window

*By Cicily Allen.*

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The woman who writes was not obliged to go to the office every day. She went principally because she liked the great, noisy building, with its rush of hurrying feet, the dramatic entrances and exits of news-gatherers, and even the hammering of the stereotypers. This was her life, and it helped her to forget.

She lived far up on the heights in a white stone apartment house, whose entrance was gorgeous in upholstery and palms, and whose windows overlooked the glistening river. The elevated trains whirled her through the tenement life of the great city, and she always laid down her morning paper when she reached the point where the windows of the dull brick houses almost touched the iron railing of the road.

So it happened that there came a morning when the woman who writes leaned forward in a sudden wonder. In one of the dullest, dingiest tenements a window shone out like a solitary star in an overcast sky. It had been washed and polished till it gleamed like French plate, and between the prim ruffles of an old-fashioned dimity curtain peered a face, in whose soft, blue-gray eyes hopefulness and home sickness struggled for supremacy.

The train had slowed up for a curve, and she studied the quaint picture hungrily, till the cars swept around the bend. The next morning she watched for the clean window, the dimity curtains and the sweet English face, and the next morning and the next.

The figure in the window was not always idle. Once the supple hands were polishing tinware, which, to the woman who writes, recalled a faraway farmhouse, where rows of milk pans once gleamed in the sunshine. Following an unaccountable impulse, she nodded cheerily. The blue-gray eyes opened wide in friendly surprise, the flush on the fresh English face deepened, and from that day the morning greeting was exchanged regularly.

The summer quivered and shimmered into fall, and fall tossed its smart colors and sparkling hours into the outstretched arms of winter. The winds howled and the storms raged at the tenement window, now closed and stuffed about with bits of rags. The blue-gray eyes still smiled their greeting across a row of scarlet geraniums to the woman behind the car window, who, after the train had swept the curve, would lean back half wearily and weave romances of the life behind the white curtains and crimson blossoms. She could see the English husband coming in from his work. He would be strong, and straight, and young, and of course very gentle and tender with the girl who had come to him from across the seas. Wherefore the happy lovelight in the blue-gray eyes if all these things were not so? Then a frugal supper, smoking hot, would be placed on the table. The teapot would be of brown and yellow stone, like the one at the farm. But the woman who writes never mounted the narrow stairs leading to the tenement room. She had been disillusioned so often.

One morning in early spring she caught her breath as the train slowed up before the window. No face peered between the ruffled curtains. A friendly hand had bowed the shutters to the glaring sunlight. That afternoon she hurried to a shop, where all sorts of dainty baby garments are sold. When she had selected a piece of flannel richly embroidered, and a robe of sheer linen, edged with filmy lace, she actually felt angry at the careless fashion in which the clerk tossed the small garments to the wrapper. It seemed almost like a desecration. As she carried her package to the waiting hansom she said to herself:

"It is perfectly absurd, considering their station in lift, but how her eyes will shine!"

She could not send her gift, for she knew neither name nor exact address, but she waited and watched. At last, one morning, the shutters were thrown back, and in a high-backed rocking chair, close to the window, sat the little English wife, her blue-gray eyes shining proudly above a long roll of white flannel, topped by a very small and very red face.

Then the woman who writes did a remarkable thing. She took deliberate, careful aim and tossed into the tenement window a bulky, oblong package. For more than a week she had carried that package back and forth every day, waiting for this very opportunity—and yet her arms felt strangely empty.

All day long, between the woman who writes and her work came the proud mother-light in those blue-gray eyes. Wherever she turned it haunted her, till her pen lost its cunning, and her heartstrings thrilled with a vague longing and unrest.

When night came to her brilliantly lighted parlors, where clever men and women gathered to laugh at her witty sayings and to drink the punch she brewed with cunning hand she was the gayest of them all. Never had she looked more queenly in her clinging gown of scintillating jet, never had the clever words come so easily to her smiling lips. She would forget it all—the narrow, pinching life in the tenement, the red geraniums, the ruffled curtains, yes, even that tantalizing mother-love in the other woman's eyes.

But when they had all gone, the men who admired her and the women who feared her, the memory of the blue-gray eyes came back with insistent strength. She turned out the lights, leaving only the dull crimson glow from the tulip-shaped lamp, and under that she sat long and silently, her broad, white forehead resting on her jeweled hand.

When she rose a pink flush was creeping over the pearl-gray heavens. The other woman was doubtless awake, too, intent on her husband's early breakfast. The woman who writes glanced round the room. Here were drooping roses, there three or four empty punch blasses, and yonder a small bronze tray piled high with dull white ashes. Then she crossed to her desk and wrote:

"My Dear Robert—It has all been a wretched mistake—this thinking that we could get along without each other. I have been a little slow in finding it out, but now—I am sure. Do not think I have scored a failure, and then have turned to you. My work never looked so promising, but, oh—the emptiness of it all. You said once I must come to you. Well, I am coming, dear; coming because I can't stay away any longer. I am writing to mother to send Rob—your Rob and mine—just think, I've not seen him for six months—and you've not seen him—oh, it must seem like years. I've been selfish, Robert, but I never saw it that way—until to-day. Cable me just one word—'Come.' I will understand. Yours, —Emily."

She addressed the letter with a feverish hand to Paris.

When she threw open the window she saw a working man in overalls and blouse hurrying towards the city. Perhaps the little Englishwoman was standing in her doorway, watching her stalwart husband off to work, with his kisses fresh on her lips, and her babe cradled in her arms. And on the lips of the woman who writes trembled a happy smile.

## Daily New York Letter

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL,
No. 21 Park Row.

**Some Interesting Fans.**

July 29.—An interesting collection of fans has come into the possession of the New York Art Museum, having been presented by Miss Sarah Lazarus. It is displayed in two large cases of four wings each that have glass on both sides, thus enabling one to see all parts of the dainty articles. In general, however, the decorative ideas are sufficiently frivolous for their purpose. One might safely say that everything that is not mythological is rustic, as the gods and the shepherds furnished a large proportion of the subjects, leading to the inference that in these earlier centuries, as now, there was a strong tendency to escape from the actual into the fanciful. One of the Louis XIV. fans has the marriage of the king to Marie Therese as decoration, a fairly successful attempt at portraiture being made. On the reverse is a somewhat mixed mythohistorical scene, in which the queen is represented enthroned as a goddess on extremely substantial clouds, while the king approaches with outstretched scepter, in the role of Jupiter presumably. The sticks are of pearl, exquisitely inlaid with gold. Another Louis XIV. example shows a feast of the gods on Olympus. The gayety of the scene suggests that Bacchus was master of ceremonies, as a more Bacchanalian revelry would be hard to depict. Still another of the same reign is adorned with a brick presentment of a little flirtation between Mars and Venus, with Cupid encouraging the affair. This centerpiece is surrounded by birds, musical instruments and flowers. The reverse is embellished with a dainty "tea party" of two in a garden. The charming hostess is so imprisoned in her extravagant hoop skirts that she can hardly reach the table to pour the beverage she desires to serve. Her attendant swain is equally gorgeous and almost as voluminous in his attire. Of the same period is an adorable specimen of the jeweler's art, with sticks of mother of pearl, finely carved and richly set with sapphires, emeralds and diamonds.

**Steamship Pier Red Tape.**

Information given nowadays as to the means of getting on the steamship piers to welcome returning friends is generally misleading and the embarrassing sequels are seen when the steamer arrives. Usually one of the clerks in the steamship office merely says when application is made for a ticket to the pier that none is needed now from the company; but he fails to add in nine cases out of ten that a pass from the surveyor is indispensable. Consequently a person with friends on board goes to meet the steamer only to learn from the guardian at the gate that nobody can pass without the little card bearing the surveyor's signature. As a consequence half the persons who have been told that a permit from the company is not needed are kept standing beyond the gate when their friends arrive, although they thought they had taken every necessary step to be on the pier to meet them. Another hardship of the situation is the probability that when it is learned how admittance to the pier is really to be gained the law or rule will already have been changed to add new intricacies. The number of persons who now make their way to the piers to meet friends or relatives only to learn at the entrance that their trouble is in vain, is large, and apparently their discomfiture is only amusing to the men at the gate whose duty it is to tell the arrivals without the surveyor's card that they must keep at a distance from their friends. The officers appear to get a great deal of pleasure out of this situation.

**Work of the Clearing House.**

To most persons it will be a surprise to learn that the entire staff of the New York clearing house, despite the size of the magnificent building it occupies, consists of a manager, his assistant, four expert accountants and two doorkeepers. The work of the clearing house is done not by employes of the institution, but by the clerks of the banks that are members. When the doors of the clearing house are opened each morning there files in a procession of clerks, two from each bank, together with a porter, who carries the checks and drafts that are drawn upon other banks. The clerks repair to their places at desks within a large circular inclosure. Every bank represented there has a desk, the clerks know which desk represents their particular bank and they station themselves accordingly. One of the two clerks from each bank occupies a seat at the desk, while the other arranges his papers on a tray in readiness for the word to be given for the start. When all is ready the circle of the room is made by the clerks who have the trays, each one as he passes a desk occupied by a clerk of the bank against whom his own bank has a claim dropping the checks and drafts in front of him. By the time each clerk has completed the circuit of the room and returned to the spot whence he started he has distributed his papers and each bank represented at the desk has the drafts, checks and other evidences that stand for the indebtedness of that bank.

**An Error Is Deadly.**

The clerks at the desks then get to work on the papers before them, figurmg up the amount that is claimed from the banks they represent. The difference between the claims they brought with them and those left during the moving of the procession around the room is the sum that the clearing house owes the bank or the bank owes the clearing house. It usually takes less than an hour for this work of so much importance to the banking business to be completed. A single hitch, such as an error of calculation on the part of one of the clerks, will cause the entire machinery to be thrown out of gear and necessitate a delay all around until the mistake is discovered and corrected. On account of the serious effect of an error during the clearing hours a clerk who makes a miscalculation is reminded of the enormity of the offense by having to pay a fine. When the clearing house has made up its balances the only thing to be done is for the banks owing money to send it in and for those to whom money is owed to collect it. Money is received between the hours of 12 and 1:30 and paid out not later than 3 p. m. Thus it will be seen that the work of the clearing house is done almost entirely by the constituent banks. The employes of the house are employed almost solely in preparing the statement that is watched with so much interest by the entire financial world, and which wields such an influence on the speculative and investment markets.

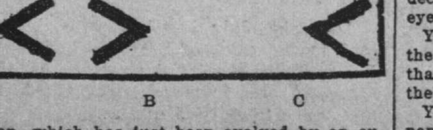
**American Actors Wanted Abroad.**

American vaudeville performers are finding excellent opportunities for remunerative engagements in Europe and are not slow to take advantage of the openings. It is more than three years ago that performers here cried out against the influx of English entertainers. They declared it impossible to secure good time and the salaries they desired because the imported acts commanded better pay than they. Now there is no complaint on this score. On the other hand, the English performers have taken up the cry and protest against the large number of Americans who are overrunning England. The "Belle of New York" was one of the entering wedges, and the taste for American shows has been cultivated till now even the English acts are using the word "American" in their billing matter descriptive of their turns. The best way when seeking an engagement in England is to open in London for a few weeks and return to America till time can be had. They book far ahead over there, and leave little room for additions to bills. This makes it hard to break in at once, but it is a delightful thing when a season can be booked ahead. There are probably two hundred American acts in England and on the continent at this time, and there appears to be a well established exchange of acts between America and Europe.

—N. N. A.

## A NEW OPTICAL ILLUSION

Simple and striking is this new optical illusion, which has just been evolved by an expert who has devoted much study to the subject. It shows, after all, how easily we are deceived in measuring distances with the eye.



A B C

You would think that the distance between the points B and C was much greater than that between A and B. As a matter of fact, the distance in each case is precisely equal.

You may easily test this with a piece of paper. Mark on the edges the precise points