THE JOURNAL

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SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

Payable to The Journal Printing Co.

Delivered by Mail.

One copy, one month	$0.35
One copy, three months	1.00
One copy, six months	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.

C. J. Billson, Manager Foreign Advertising Department.

NEW YORK OFFICE—86, 87, 88 Tribune building.

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.

CONTINUED

All papers are continued until an explicit order is received for discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid.

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THE STEEL STRIKE

The steelworkers' strike seems not to be the instant success that was anticipated by President Shaffer. The refusal of the Amalgamated men in South Chicago, Milwaukee and Joliet to join in the strike, and the unexpected continuance of men at work in some eastern mills has proved rather disconcerting to the strike leaders. The situation from their standpoint improves a little to-day, however, in some eastern mills, but altogether the strike is much less formidable than President Shaffer evidently expected it to be.

The fact that large numbers of men who were expected to join in the strike have voted to continue at work will probably make it much more difficult for the strikers to accomplish anything in the way of embarrassing the steel corporation. Part of the corporation's capacity is cut off, it is true, but a very considerable part of it is in operation, and enough apparently to save the company from such embarrassment as would compel consideration of the demands of the strikers.

The strikers have apparently not displayed their full strength yet, but to an outsider the prospects for their success appear much less promising than they did before the first test of strength was made. In explanation it is claimed there is dissention among the officers of the Amalgamated Association, dissatisfaction on the part of some of them with President Shaffer's management. This probably accounts in part, at least, for the action of the men at Milwaukee, South Chicago and Joliet, where the leaders are said to have indulged rather freely in criticism of the president. It is difficult to see how the steel workers can win unless they hold together and act in harmony.

Mr. Shaffer says he wants to arbitrate. He so stated in a speech yesterday. Mr. Morgan says he does not. It is quite natural that Mr. Shaffer should wish to arbitrate if he is disappointed by the defections from his own ranks, and it is probably quite natural for Mr. Morgan, anticipating successful resistance of the union's demands, to refuse to arbitrate. But refusal to arbitrate is always calculated to cost something in the way of public sympathy and moral support. Mr. Morgan can probably well afford to submit to arbitration, and may yet think it wise to do so, particularly if it should be fully demonstrated that the Amalgamated Association cannot possibly win if the appeal to force is allowed to stand. The public generally would appreciate such liberal action by the steel corporation, and it would go a long way toward ridding the public of the idea that the corporation is a tyrannical institution, out to crush organized labor and rule its employes by force regardless of their wishes or interests.

The territory of Arizona has come into prominence as a bidder for corporation patronage in the matter of "wide open charters." The new Arizona law has these features: "No liability of stockholders; no annual or special taxes; no publicity, that is, no annual or other reports; no tax on capital stock and no limit on the amount of capital stock." When a corporation goes a long distance and takes out its charter in Arizona, it will be a pretty good sign that it doesn't want to be watched too closely.

NO MATTER WHO OWNS IT

Owing to the recent "hold-up" of a train on the Panama railway by a band of semi-guerillas under the flag of Columbia, the Washington authorities have sent the gunboat Machias to Colon to prevent any interruption of traffic. A treaty now in force between this country and Colombia makes it the specific duty of our government to preserve efficaciously and positively the perfect neutrality of the isthmus "with the view that the free transit from the one to the other sea may not be interrupted or embarrassed."

This simple but suggestive act of sending the Machias to Colon shows that no matter who builds the canal across the isthmus, when the time for action comes Uncle Sam is bound to see that the waterway is "protected."

Really, what more do we want. Whether the United States spends some hundreds of millions of good government money for a canal, or whether somebody else builds it, in times of stress the United States is going to protect that waterway even to the point of force of arms. And anybody who tries to stop such action will find life full of trouble for him. Perhaps it is best for the government to own the canal, but in any event it will be "protected."

Any anti-American commercial alliance of tariffs against the United States is not likely to be very effective as long as we hold the bread basket. Europe has to have 200,000,000 to 300,000,000 bushels of wheat a year from us to say nothing of corn, oats, etc. It does not pay to get chesty with your food supplier.

WHAT MORE IS NECESSARY?

Here is an interesting fact.

The arbitrary tax of freight discrimination against the traffic in and out of Minneapolis reaches the enormous total of $4,000,000 per annum, which is $1,000,000 greater than the entire direct tax budget of Minneapolis for city, county, state and school purposes.

Our average rate af taxation is about twenty-five mills, which, on the basis of $120,000,000 valuation, produces an annual revenue of $3,000,000. People think the taxes are high. They groan about the burden and complain of the rate which levies $3,000,000 on all property holders, and on all property, real and personal, throughout the city. But here are the manufacturers and wholesalers paying a tax, in the shape of extra freight charges, over and above what they ought to be—mere excess of fair rates—of $1,000,000 over and above the entire public revenues of the city, and doing it every year.

They are paying $4,000,000 to the railroads which serve both Minneapolis and Chicago, for the privilege of being allowed to sell goods in competition with Chicago in territory which naturally belongs to them. This fact is set out in detail in another column of this paper today, and we hope it may have the attention of the business men of this city.

If this fact, together with others which have been laid before the public and this community recently do not call for united, concerted, harmonious and determined effort, and an effort directed with intelligence and wisdom, to secure advantages in the matter of freight shipments to which this city is fairly entitled, what will produce that result?

The indebtedness of the governments of the world is now $31,201,749,274. Most of these debts are the heritage of disastrous wars. Australia and Canada are alone in having public benefits and improvements to show for their debts. The United States has the lowest percentage of debt to wealth in the whole list. We still live.

IN A WHITE MAN'S WAR

Joseph Chamberlain, the British minister of colonies, made a statement in parliament the other day that will cause much comment throughout the civilized world. He said that colored troops had not been used so far in the war in South Africa wholly because the British did not think it good policy to use them, though they could easily have set 20,000 Basutos upon the flank of the Boers had they chosen to do so. Mr. Chamberlain added, however, that there was nothing to prevent the use of colored troops in any war Great Britain might be engaged in. In response to a question he frankly declared that in the event of war with a European nation, native troops would be brought from India.

While there is widespread opposition to the use of soldiers of other races in "a white man's war," it is largely founded upon reasons which are not good. Americans have rightly complained of the use of savage Indians by the English in the wars of the revolution and 1812, because the Indian had no respect for the laws of war and could not be forced to obey them. He made war on women and children and other noncombatants, pillaged and burned and wantonly destroyed life and property. Since the excesses of the Indian allies of the British in those two wars there has been an honorable disinclination to use other than white soldiers in a white man's war, for fear that they would commit atrocities similar to those perpetrated by the Indians. But no parallel can be established between the well-trained and disciplined native troops of the British colonies, for example, and the bands of wild Indians of the war of a hundred years go. There is no more reason why nations having such troops shold not use them when they are required than that the United States should not enlist negroes in its army. In the civil war the union armies contained 189,000 negroes, who as a whole made very good soldiers, and there are now four regiments of negroes in the regular army.

The British army in China, during the recent troubles there, was largely composed of troops from India, and though many atrocities have been charged to the Russians, Germans and French, it is not recorded that a single Indian soldier was guilty of such offenses.

The color of a soldier's skin makes no difference to the nation he fights for, provided he be a good soldier, brave, faithful and true; and makes no difference to the nation he fights against if he be an honorable foe, gentle to the wounded and merciful in victory.

A morning paper refers to the unusual number of deaths from unusual causes during July as "death's rich harvest." Perhaps that is what might be called a clerical error. It might be more accurate to say the coroner's rich harvest.

Estes and "Ella" The other day Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in roaming around for "copy," took an editorial out of the Madelia, Minn., Messenger, so ably edited by your old friend W. R. Estes, and commented on it to the extent of two columns at say $10 per column. When Editor Estes saw that Ella had taken his gray matter and used it to preach a sermon on, his hated contemporaries say that he became slightly "swelled." At any rate, he took up the subject in last week's Madelia Messenger with a "scare head" and put in two and a half columns more in showing where Ella was all right in getting her real literary flavor from the Messenger, with the brand "made in Madelia" blown on the bottle. Mr. Estes also "bites his thumb" at his contemporary thus:

Say, Cole, did Ella Wheeler Wilcox or anyone else ever see anything in your paper worth criticising?

Thus does he give the unquoted, unhonored and unsung Cole the merry ha-ha.

The controversy between Ella the Emotional and Estes the Practical is as to the manner in which a "vivacious young girl from 12 to 16, living in a country town, should spend her evenings. Ella tells how the country girl, after the day's work, finds her room or even the house itself a cage. Ella was once a country girl herself, and she knows how it is. She says:

Your head, heart and body are wide awake. You are longing with every one of your five senses and all your emotions for something to happen. It seems to you that a prison cell could be little worse than your bed chamber. You would rather have the house attacked by a band of Indians, or see a tidal wave approaching, than to go to bed and try to sleep. Oh! to see somebody—anybody—for something—anything—to happen.

And then Ella tells how Charlie goes by whistling and you go to the window and nod at him. He wants you to go over to Nell's a minute and talk over a picnic. Without telling mother, you slip out of the house. Ella says:

You would not be gone ten minutes, and nobody would miss you. And before you can count ten you are off, giggling with delight at Charlie's witticisms and shrieking at his attempts to be familiar, and no doubt acting silly and ridiculous in the eyes of all who see and hear you—but ah! the relief of being out in the moonlight and talking with some one near your age.

And here is where Ella and Estes part company. Estes says you should not do this without telling mother and getting her O. K. on Charlie.

Doubtless this question is not an easy one to solve. There are daughters' rights, but there are mothers' responsibilities, too. Between Ella the Impetuous and Estes the Cautious, it is difficult to find the golden mean. We fear that Estes rather misrepresents Ella in saying:

In this article she would seem to advocate any kind of loose amusement. If Charley, with hair parted in the middle, a cigarette in his mouth and a vacuum in his head, asks her to go out at any hour of the night with those with whom she knows she should not associate, or to the public dance where questionable characters assemble, it is all right for her to go.

But Ella does not advocate that! Mr. Estes' own solution is this:

The writer advocates amusement and entertainment within the homes of respectable and refined families.

Possibly Mr. Estes is right, but meantime we keep our room at night and wait with trembling expectancy to see what Mrs. Wilcox has to advance in her own defense.

The authorities of the District of Columbia have adopted legislation which, if it were universal, would be calculated to make this old earth a pretty decent sort of abiding place. The regulation reads:

No person shall own or keep, within the District of Columbia, any fowl, parrot or bird which, by offensively crowing, cackling, talking or singing, or in any other manner, shall disturb the comfort and quiet of any neighborhood.

This means the rooster whose hoarse, locomotive hoot at 3:50 a. m. lifts the nervous man out of bed like the call of "free beer" in the Old College Hall.

The country generally regretted Captain Tom Schley's defense of his father at this juncture, but it was another case of the yellow correspondent. Captain Schley says that he has not been interviewed; that he knows nothing concerning his father's affairs, and that he relies upon his parent to take care of himself.

The explosion of mortars at Lincoln, Neb., is shelling out too much valuable wheat in the northwest. Give us a twenty-day harvest drought or wheat will get expensive.

Booker T. Washington is settling race issues; Ben Tillman is trying to make them. For a next-door neighbor give us Mr. Washington, "if he am brack."

John Bull's remarks to the Boer remind one of what the Bear said to the Pig: "Come out and be eaten; don't think so much of Self."

King Edward's new title is thirty-four words long. Now will the Boer beat his rifle barrel into prune sauce?

The Colorado lion has signed to play first base with the Roosevelt team in 1904.

AMUSEMENTS

The "Two Orphans" at the Metropolitan.

The old, old struggle between vice and virtue was fought out again upon the stage of the Metropolitan theater last night, to the obvious delight of an unusually large audience, which had gathered to see D'Ennery's harrowing melodrama of "The Two Orphans," first popularized in this country by Kate Claxton. The play has not been seen on the local stage within the past decade, but judging from its reception last night is welcome.

It is difficult to write intelligently and intelligibly of such a production as this "Kate Claxton version" of the French play. It is an old-fashioned melodrama, in which abduction, persecution, misery and self-sacrifice are commingled theatrically and which is remarkable chiefly for the dense clouds of gloom which hover about the heroine up to the very finale of the seventh act.

Never has a distressed heroine been so despitefully treated as is Louise, the blind girl. Her misfortunes, piled Ossa upon Pelion, are well calculated to harrow up the feelings of the impressionable, and yet they seem to please, possibly because of the delight in torture, some latent trace of which we seem to have inherited from the old Romans.

As for the manner of the play's presentation, several of the parts are well handled, and one or two are done very badly. Miss Kate Jackson, lent to Minneapolis for this engagement from the Criterion stock company, St. Paul, must be accorded high praise for her artistic rendition of the villainous old hag, La Frochard. The part is not a new one with Miss Jackson, and she plays it with a nicety of understanding attainable only through prolonged study. She makes La Frochard as utterly despicable an old hag as even the gallery could desire, and was rewarded last evening with a storm of hisses, something rather unusual from a Metropolitan audience.

As Pierre, the cripple, Herschel Mayall contributes the best piece of work he has done this season. His interpretation is always consistent, and he has toned down the heroics allotted him by the author in a manner that is most commendable. Particularly admirable was Mr. Mayall in the duel scene with his most unnatural brother, in the last act. His defiance of that brother in the line, "You have said it; we come of a race that kills!" was managed with excellent effect, and aroused the audience to a fine pitch of enthusiasm. Moreover, the subsequent fight with knives between himself and Mr. Butler in the character of Jacques was most realistic.

Unfortunately, the role of Louise appears to be beyond Miss Anne Scaife. She does not in the least realize the possibilities of the character, but is much too tame, perhaps through a dread of over-acting. Charles Waldron played the Chevalier Maurice de Vaudrey in the finished style Minneapolis audiences have come to expect in any role he essays, and Miss Mabel Griffith is to be commended for an intelligent impersonation of the Countess de Linieres.

Fred Wallace, cast for Pickard, valet to De Vaudrey, elected to play the role as a low comedy part, and, although this interpretation is indefensible, he "got his laughs" with no apparent difficulty. Mr. Wallace is a young man, and during the present season has shown a decided improvement in his work over that of former years. However, he has also evidenced a tendency to sacrifice verity for the favor of the audience, a fault which must be corrected if he is to attain success.

—J. S. L.

Asked After Grover.

Lenox Life.

Tyringham is a very quiet place, but the stories which come out of there concerning their "star boarder," Mr. Cleveland, are most extraordinary. It appears that one day recently Mrs. Cleveland went to the postoffice to get her mail and was greeted with the remark from a bystander: "How's old Grover to-day?" She answered cool and sweet: "O, very well." When she left the store still unruffled in the gracious way which made her so popular as Miss Folsom, one of the clerks asked the man who has done the talking if he knew to whom he had been speaking. "That woman," he said, "that's one of the Clevelands' maids." "Not at all," was the reply, "that was Mrs. Cleveland herself."

The Real Cost.

Philadelphia Ledger.

The Boer war is costing England $6,250,000 a week— and from a moral viewpoint that is the smallest part of the expense.

A Warning.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Let the prospective new commander of the British forces in South Africa remember that De Wet is unmistakably out for Blood.

A Reasonable Demand.

Chicago News.

The health department should post the names of all milk dealers who do not boil their water before using.

DOWN A 30-MILE FLUME BY NIGHT

A Perilous Ride in the Dark, but It Saved the Life of a California Lumberman.

San Francisco Correspondence New York Sun.

Three Butte county men had a ride last week which they will never forget. They work in a big logging camp in the Sierras, and two of them brought the third, Edward Lawler, down the Sierra Lumber company's flume in a box at night. That they ever reached their destination was due more to good luck than anything else.

Lawler is the foreman of the camp and he was caught between the ends of two heavy logs. His left leg was crushed and broken, and the mill doctor decided that to save his life he must at once be removed to Chico, the nearest town.

The accident happened shortly before 6 p. m. Chico was twenty-eight miles away. To get to the stage road would necessitate a two-mile climb up a hill 1,000 feet high to get out of the canyon. After that would come a hard dusty ride along the mountain ridge over the rough lava beds. It is a long, tedious ride in the daytime. At night, with a badly wounded man in the wagon, it was impossible. There was the flume, although it was a dangerous undertaking.

Accordingly, Lawler was brought from the camp to the mill over the logging railroad, a distance of four miles. A box, or boat, was built to fit the flume, a goodly supply of whisky was given the men and they started on their perilous ride at 8 p. m. Word was telephoned to the different stations along the line and a carriage was ordered to be at the Chico end. They arrived after midnight. Lawler is now in San Francisco in a hospital, but it will be a year before he is able to go about.

"How did it feel to come down at night?" repeated one of the men in reply to a question. "That's something I can't tell you. I simply held to the box and listened every second to hear the flume crack and drop out from beneath us. It was cold when we started, but I perspired all the way, and when I got to Chico I was completely exhausted. It's a fearful strain on a man to ride down the grade."

The Sierra Lumber company's flume was built more than twenty years ago for the purpose of floating lumber from the mill to town. It was the first in the state and for years the longest. Originally it was more than fifty miles from mill to dump, and more than a $1,000,000 was sunk in the scheme before it became a working success. The upper end was more than 4,000 feet higher than the lower.

The flume is thirty inches wide across the top and twenty inches deep, is shaped like a V and is supported on trestles. Along the side runs a ten-inch plank walk; a telephone line is strung overhead; stations are built every few miles to accommodate the men who keep the lumber running smoothly and the flumes in repair. From 80,000 to 100,000 feet of lumber a day, for eight months in the year, now pass down, at an average cost of only 90 cents for each 1,000 feet.

As the timber was cut the mill was gradually moved down the canyon until it has now reached its final resting place, and the upper twenty miles of flume has rotted away. The remaining thirty miles of the flume furnishes one of the most exciting rides which can be taken. Sometimes men take the ride for pleasure, but not often. Once a woman rode down. The flume men ride on rafts, light, dry sixteen-foot planks piled wedge-shape, twenty inches wide at the top and six at the bottom and ten inches thick. Strangers usually ride on a box, or boat, a triangular box built to fit the flume, open at the forward end, but solid aft. Against this the water pushes and forces the box along.

It was on a box that the Lawler party rode, and what astonished the flume men was that the weight of three heavy men, combined with the bumping and scraping of the box along the sides of the flume, to say nothing of the tons and tons of water piled up behind did not cause the lightly-constructed trestles to give way. Such a thing has happened before. A fall, especially on the grade, is sure death.

It takes three and a half hours to make the trip on a raft, and save on the five miles of so-called grade, the flume men ride standing. It is a more difficult trick that driving logs down the Connecticut river, this balancing oneself on a narrow raft, and fully as dangerous.

Starting from the mill, the flume passes over great sawdust piles; piles as big in area as City Hall park in New York and 15 feet deep. So solidly is the sawdust piled that the trees have all been killed and turned black, as if a forest fire had once raged there. Then for five miles it runs along the side of the canyon close to the creek, through dense woods, which form a continuous green arch above. At the end of this first section is a station, and here it is that the real ride begins.

It is called the grade, and for another five miles you ride with your heart in your mouth. It is as if you were coasting down the chutes at Coney Island, only it seems as if you were never to reach the end. Two hundred feet below the creek plunges along, a silver ribbon sparking in the bright sunlight, and high above rise steep monutains, bare and brown. So fast do you ride that the raft sometimes runs away from the water and sticks against the sides of the flume.

This is the time when it is really dangerous, for when a wave strikes the raft it lifts it and whirls it around double curves and over hundred-foot trestles as easily as a plank is tossed about in Hell Gate. Sometimes lumber crawls up and over the sides and is shot down into the rocks below.

The scenery is wild and grand, and when you look back in rounding the curves you can see the flume far above, winding and twisting along the mountain side, while below the creek tumbles along between huge lava rocks and makes sudden dives of fifty feet or more.

There was no moon on the night the Lawler party made the trip, and haze obscured the stars. They rode for most of the way in absolute darkness, with only the roar of the creek and the noise of their boat bumping along for company.

After leaving the grade the canyon broadens out into a big basin, with sides 800 feet high. Perpendicular cliffs rise on the west, but on the east are green trees and pastures. It is this way for three miles, when again the canyon narrows and lava rocks take the place of brush. More trestles are crossed, ninety feet or more in the air, and you pass into Iron canyon, where the creek flows between solid walls of iron ore 100 feet high, and finally out into the great Sacramento valley. The last few miles are through orchards and across wheat fields. There is no perceptible grade to the flume, and the raft barely moves. It is not until you reach the end, where the timber is dumped off and built into great piles by Chinamen, that you realize what an awful strain the ride has been on your nerves.

As a young New Yorker who recently rode down a raft exclaimed:

"I have sailed on a ninety-foot racing yacht, and have raced across the plains of Texas at night in the cab of a locomotive, at the rate of eleven miles in nine minutes. I have ridden behind a motor cycle on a steeply banked, six-lap bicycle tracks, and have come down the Mt. Washington railway on a plank, but the only sensation I know of which will compare with a ride down the grade is to coast down a mountain on a railroad velocipede when the brakes refuse to work right and it seems as if you would leap the track every second."

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Roosevelt's chances in Minnesota for 1904 are being discussed by C. S. Mitchell in the Alexandria Post-News. He believes Roosevelt is the popular choice of Minnesota republicans, but thinks it very debatable whether he secures the Minnesota delegation. By way of explanation he continues:

The reasons are several and the first is that while we believe he is the choice of the people of this state to succeed Mr. McKinley, there is not much doubt that he is not the choice of Mr. Hanna. Mr. Hanna is a man of rare political judgment and when he makes up his mind he never hesitates to act. If he acts against Mr. Roosevelt, it will be felt in Minnesota most decidedly. Hundreds would yield to his judgment and in this we have no insinuation of unfair or dishonorable methods, for we do not believe they would be used. Everyone will remember how nearly Minnesota was taken away from William McKinley and given to Senator Davis on the favorite son plea, though every sensible, thinking man must have known Mr. Davis hadn't the ghost of a chance for the nomination. No state was ever more enthusiastically and unitedly for a candidate than Minnesota was for McKinley, and he had in the state many of the shrewdest and strongest political workers. Yet it was mere luck and chance that gave it to him. With a large majority for him in the seventh congressional district convention, the delegates were almost taken away from him and given to Mr. Davis. It was only after a very warm fight that instructions for McKinley were carried and that convention really decided the result in Minnesota. "Billie" Mason said no one in Illinois was for McKinley except the people; it is apt to be the same in Minnesota with Roosevelt. The work for him should begin in the primaries, with instructions in the county conventions and above all be aware of "a favorite son."

It is a long while to 1904, but unless Theodore Roosevelt dies or proves he is not Theodore Roosevelt, our vote is his, and we only wish it was enough thousands to give him what we believe the people of the state wish him to have, the united, hearty, to-the-last-ditch support of Minnesota's national delegates.

It is reported that the democratic state committee intends to make legislative corruption one of the issues of the next state campaign. It is to be hoped that the committee will unearth all it possibly can, and bring to light some of the dark secrets of the last session. The only trouble with corruption as a party issue is that whatever republican members are found guilty, there are democrats tarred with the same stick. Corruption in the legislature is not a party matter. It is a question of good citizenship.

—C. B. C.

AN APPRECIATION OF McKINLEY

Philadelphia Times.

A very interesting appreciation of Mr. McKinley is given by M. Cambon in an interview published in Paris. The French ambassador himself won a very high esteem from Americans generally by the good judgment with which he conducted the preliminary negotiations for peace on behalf of Spain, and his tribute to the president's fair dealing and to the good will with which he was supported by the country in the desire to avoid wounding the sensibilities of the Spaniards, is gratifying because we know it to be just.

M. Cambon characterizes Mr. McKinley as "a superior man, a clever diplomatist and an accomplished gentleman." We believe that even those who are least in accord with the general policy of the administration will cheerfully accept this personal description. No doubt we should have felt wounded by any disparaging criticism of the president, but it is a fact that he does thus impress those who have come in official contact with him and that the broadening effect of great responsibilities has greatly enlarged him in the general estimation beyond the conception when he was first a candidate.

M. Cambon's views upon America and American affairs generally seem to be cordially appreciative, but the impression he conveys of dignity, courtesy and unselfishness in the conduct of the government is one that is particularly gratifying to have expressed from such a source. The French, who remain at home, have a different idea of us, though their preconceptions have been much modified of late years, and M. Cambon is doing this country, as well as his own, a valuable service in the kindly report he has made of his experience at Washington.

An Interesting Body.

Des Moines Leader.

The cables say the legislature of the Philippines is in session. This is one of the most interesting bodies in the world. It consists of the five members of the Philippine commission appointed by President McKinley and three natives, appointed by the commission and subject to removal at the pleasure of the commission.

OTHER PEOPLE'S NOTIONS

Argument Against the Canteen.

To the Editor of The Journal.

The plea made for the army canteen is that it is a necessary evil. In a recent interview given the Kansas City Journal H. D. Bowersack said among other things that "regular army officers are not giving the new anti-canteen law a fair test. They are opposed to it and are doing everything possible to discredit it. It is inconceivable to my mind that a good soldier must have liquor, and it is a sad commentary on an army if it has to have a saloon attached to every fort in order to get recruits for the service. They say that with the canteen closed the men go to town and get drunk; that when the canteens were open the soldiers would drink moderately, but now they drink to excess. If this be true, why do not the commanding officers of the forts prohibit the soldiers from leaving the reservations. The soldiers cannot go to town unless they are given permission. If a soldier goes to town and gets drunk how easy it would be for the officer to prohibit him from going again. A permit to go to town could be a condition that the soldier should not become intoxicated. If the army officers were in favor of the anti-canteen law they could do more than any other agency to bring about sobriety in the army. The American people still believe they are more powerful than the army, and they will not sit idly by and let the army crowd the theory down their throats that it takes liquor to make a good soldier or that a drinking man is more patriotic than a temperance man."

We do not expect to reform all the old men who have acquired the drink habit, but we must do something to save the boys. Large manufacturers do not find it necessary to provide a saloon for the entertainment of their employes, and a great many railroad companies are demanding that their employes shall be total abstainers. No wonder we mothers are not willing for our boys to enlist in such an army. I think as one of our temperance papers says: "If patriotism must be gauged by one's capacity for beer, mothers need no longer train their sons to revere the flag and be ready to respond to a call for volunteers when its cause is in danger."

Minneapolis, Aug. 8. —Mrs. J. F. T.

Polk County's Crop.

To the Editor of The Journal:

I read with surprise the wheat estimate for Polk county, made by Mr. H. V. Jones, in his estimate for the three states.

The plain, uncolored fact is, the average for the entire acreage seeded to wheat in 1901 in Polk county will be fifteen bushels per acre. It is true considerable damage was caused by excessive rain, which shows principally along the lines of railway, which traverse the very lowest sections of the county, but there are thousands of acres that will yield from twenty to thirty bushels per acre. There are also thousands of acres that will yield from ten to twenty, and there are still several thousand acres that will hardly pay for harvesting, as a result of water damage. The net result, however, will show up Polk county with an average wheat yield of fifteen bushels per acre. This estimate is based upon several hundred miles' travel throughout the county by the writer, and equally extensive investigation by many other citizens of the county, whose estimate is substantially as above given. Kindly give expression to a home prediction, and compare figures when the whole story is told. —R. M. Hayes.

Crookston, Aug. 8.

Summer in the Windy City.

Chicago Tribune.

Piano playing as a business is one of those evils which must be endured until public sentiment has been educated up to the point of a proper appreciation of what is disagreeable to others. The evil has been much aggravated of late by the invention of numerous appliances which can be attached to the piano and played by the heels, so that large numbers of persons are now adding to the discomfort of their neighbors and helping to destroy property values.

"Obscure" Candidates.

Boston Herald.

We think there are enough democrats and enough republicans, also, clearly in sight from whom to select candidates for the presidency to avoid the necessity of going out of sight for this purpose.

A Task for Democracy.

Washington Post.

Before the campaign of 1904 begins, it would seem to be proper for the democracy to find out what "the teachings of Jefferson" are, in order that an authentic set of "democratic principles" may be formulated

JEDBURY'S JOB

by Douglas Cameron

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Jack Jedbury did not see HER when she arrived at the Tip-Top House. At that particular moment he was perspiring in his 9x9 room on the top floor in a painful and laborious effort to supply two missing buttons on his outing shirt.

As a rule, Jack lounged on the porch when the 'bus from the afternoon train arrived, partly to give the resort a populous air and partly to impress new arrivals with the fact that the hotel boasted of at least one presentable man. For poor Jedbury was merely playing the role of guest.

During his college vacations, through which he had worked his way by dint of much totoring of gilded youths, he had waited table at various mountain resorts. Such work was not considered beneath the dignity of a self-supporting collegian. But he was out of college this year, and in the fall an opening in the law office of Senator Dawson awaited him. In the meantime he must live, so he hied himself back to the White mountains.

The proprietor of the Tip-Top House looked over this athletic applicant for waiter's duties and said grimly:

"You're too decent looking a chap to waste on a dining-room. We're always short on men up here. Now, I'll give you not only board and lodging, but a small salary also, if you'll make yourself agreeable to the ladies, especially the plain ones, and tinkle your banjo on the porch evenings, when the moon is up and the girls feel romantic."

Jack had entered upon his strange duties with a keen sense of the ridiculous. It recalled college theatricals, and he was not a bad actor. And then SHE came and spoiled it all.

SHE was Josephine Denton, Dick's sister, and Jack had been Dick's favorite coach. When Josephine attended the Junior Prom she had heartily approved of Dick's sentiments toward his sturdy tutor, and had signalized her approval by giving the latter two half dances, and one entire extra. That had been moons and moons ago, yet neither had forgotten their meeting and farewell, all on one eventful evening.

The hotel manager had a diabolical scheme for moving Jack from table to table. This increased Jedbury's popularity with the ladies, but it did not add to Jack's happiness. On this particular evening Jack was late. It was his night to dine at Miss Simpkins' table, and he disliked her above all the frumps for which the Tip-Top House was famous.

"Late again," she cooed, tapping Jack's arm with her ring-decked hand. Jack always did hate to see a woman wear rings on her middle finger. She wore hair, too, that proclaimed to the world the merits of peroxide of hydrogen.

"Naughty—naughty man!"

"I—I—the fact was, my watch had stopped," muttered Jack, trying to take his place carelessly, indifferently. Then he looked and saw HER gazing at him with open mouth, and that gaze held wonder, amusement—or was it contempt? He groaned inwardly and sent his soup back untasted, though he had had a hard climb over the cliffs that afternoon with Miss Maria Harris, who was just a shade less trying than Miss Simpkins.

While Miss Simpkins cooed and gushed, Jack ate his dinner in a fashion that threatened his digestion. Incidentally he was watching the speculative squint in Miss Denton's eye, which said so plainly: "I wonder what you are doing here, and with that impossible woman!"

After dinner he retired to the furthest corner of the piazza and his cigarette. His ruminations were not pleasant. At college he had never represented himself as other than a poor man, and had been respected for his grit. But here he was sailing under false colors and SHE must know it. Clearly he was no longer entitled to the honor of Miss Denton's acquaintance.

"Mother, here's a nice quiet spot," said a sweet voice, and Jack rose from the deep recesses of a wicker rocker to face Miss Denton and her mother.

"Oh, Mr. Jedbury, I beg your pardon. We thought this corner quite deserted." She was holding out her hand and smiling. "My mother, Mr. Jedbury—in Dickie's class, you know."

Jack stammered over his greeting and watched for an early opportunity of retiring gracefully. Under the circumstances it was only decent thing to do.

"Really, Mr. Jedbury," went on the girl, with just a tinge of reproach in her voice, "it was hardly kind of you not to come over to our table this evening, seeing we were perfect strangers. It was not—well, just exactly fraternal." This with a laugh as she pointed to the secret society pin on her waist, the counterpart of the one on Jack's shirt.

Half an hour later Jack was vaguely wondering what had become of his virtuous determination not to inflict such a sham as his unworthy self on the Dentons. For that space he was living in Paradise. Then——

"I wonder where dear Mr. Jedbury is. We had an appointment for a row on the lake."

It was Miss Tubbs, who did not belie her name. Jack rose awkwardly, his face crimsoning under Miss Denton's gaze.

"I—I think some on is calling me."

"Don't let me detain you," returned Miss Denton with just a touch of hauteur in her tones. And the unhappy Jack strode off with Miss Tubbs.

Every night for a week when he sought his hot room under the roof, Jack perjured himself afresh with vows to abstain from Miss Denton's company. As a matter of fact, he was at her side morning, noon and night. In time the wails of Miss Simpkins and the other frumps reached the ears of the hotel manager. He was a man of action. The next day Jack received this business-like note:

"Mr. Jedbury—You're not keeping to your bargain. Drop your flirting with Miss D. or I'll blow the game on you, and then see her drop you."

Had the hotel man been foolhardy enough to deliver that bit of advice in person, Jack would probably have come near killing him. As it was, he tore the note into myriad small pieces, and murmuring, "I'll tell her myself and save him the trouble," he strode down the hill after Miss Denton. He caught up with her in a quiet, secluded nook of rocks, where the lichen and moss grew rank and a tinkling stream sang perpetual love songs to the overhanging ferns.

The shadows fell thick about them, or he might have noticed that Miss Denton's face turned color as he told of his impending departure. Presently she spoke:

"We shall miss you. I—I am very sorry."

"And I shall miss you," he murmured, almost under his breath. She bent forward as if to catch the words. Then softly:

"How much? Won't you tell me?"

He threw discretion to the winds and blurted out the whole miserable story. When he finished her hand had crept mysteriously into his.

"I knew it all the time, Jack. You are a miserable actor, but Senator Dawson—he's our cousin, you know—says you have the making of a splendid lawyer."

Both her hands were in his now, and he held them tight.

"Do you mean that, Josephine, and will you wait?"

She nodded her head slowly. Only the tinkling stream heard the rest. And the rippling brook knows the old, old story by heart, and so do the drooping, quivering ferns.

Daily New York Letter

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL, No. 21 Park Row.

Textile Industries Boom.

Aug. 12.—Tremendous growth in the textile industries of the country is indicated by information and statistics obtainable from the center of the trade in this city. From reports just issued it appears that the number of woolen mills contracted for during the first six months of 1901 means a gain of 250 per cent over the total number built in the last six months of 1900. When it has been remembered that the last half year has been a period of unusual depression in the marketing of woolen goods, the importance of these figures can readily be understood. During the first half of the present year 261 mills were either constructed or contracted for, as against 224 reported in all the textile manufactories in 1900, which is a gain of 37 mills in six months over the whole of last year. Of the 261 mills, 143 are devoted to cotton, 35 to wool, 58 to knit goods, such as hosiery of various kinds, and 25 to linen, silk and jute manufacturing and other miscellaneous purposes. The increase in the number of the mills in the north has been especially notable, the south simply maintaining its steady rate of development. Another important feature of the increase is that the majority of the mills are designed to turn out a quality of goods superior to the average, as the public seems to be realizing the extravagance of purchasing goods made of the cheaper grades of materials. As a result, mills which turn out the cheaper grades are not nearly so profitable at the present time as they were several years ago. Next to the woolen industry the greatest increase in numbers is in the knitting manufactures, the exportation of knit goods from the United States increasing steadily every year. In England, especially, as well as in Germany and other continental countries, American made goods can be found in the very center of the hosiery-manufacturing districts, and prices are generally in favor of the American product. Failure of the manufacture of cotton goods to go forward as rapidly as usual has been due to the trouble in China, the export of cotton goods to that country having been entirely cut off for the last year. In spite of this, however, the number of mills erected during the last six months was only one less than the number erected during the same period last year.

Guarding Against Loss of Life at Sea

With the continual growth in the dimensions of the great trans-Atlantic liners, one of the most important problems confronting the steamship companies is the necessity for the provision against accident. Now that the passengers on one of these modern leviathans are numbered by hundreds instead of tens, from twelve to fifteen hundred not being an unusual number, the aggregate capacity of the fleet of lifeboats and life crafts is often in excess of the gross tonnage of the old-time ships themselves.