THE JOURNAL

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POLICE CONNECTION WITH GAMBLING

The Parkhurst society of New York city has full evidence now of the connection between the police department and the syndicate which runs tho pool rooms and gambling places. Attempts which were made to bribe Detective Dillon, a Parkhurst man, put the society into possession of the secret telephone numbers and addresses of forty-seven of the pool rooms. With this information in its possession the Parkhurst society "tried it on" by giving information of an alleged Parkhurst raid to police headquarters. It worked to a charm. Thirty poolrooms were suddenly closed at 3:30 in the afternoon by sending this "fake" tip to the police over the telephone in the secret code.

Two precincts were communicated with through the operators at police headquarters. One message was received by a sergeant, another by a captain. The word in each case was the same: "The society is planning an immediate raid on the poolroom at such and such a number." In both cases the response of the police was "All right," and in each case the poolroom was closed immediately. This showed that the gamblers were carefully warned by the police of the trouble to come. While these facts have been practically known this is the first time it has been possible in New York to prove them.

No less definite evidence of the collusion of the police with the gamblers in Minneapolis has not only been proven to the satisfaction of the public, but established before the court in such a way as to result in fining a police officer for giving a gambling house notice of a contemplated raid by the sheriff's officers. The exercise of police power is reduced to a complete farce when such a state of affairs exists. The police power, instead of being a terror to evildoers, and a means of restricting if not preventing crime, becomes a cover and shield for the criminal and an abettor in his operations against society.

That kerosene kills the mosquito is conceded, but now come some protesters who say that kerosene is worse than the mosquito and that the last estate of the community that uses it on its mosquitos is worse than the first, albeit the mosquitos are annihilated. It is said that in addition to the unpleasant odor the oil kills or injures vegetation, thus turning the verdure of the low grounds, meadows and marshes into places repugnant to the eye. The anti-kerosene, but also anti-mosquito, champions advise the cultivation of friendly relations with the swallow and night hawk, which grow fat on mosquito diet, and the growing of the castor bean plant.

GOVERNMENT RAILROADS

An article by Dr. A. von der Leyen, in the June number of the German Review, shows how strong is the tendency toward and practice of state ownership of railways in Europe. The example originally set by Prussia has been followed very generally not only by the other German states but also by the other nations of Europe. This growth in the extent of government ownership is strikingly illustrated by the change that has taken place in Russia since 1882. In that year the government owned only 40 miles of railway. Now it owns over 16,000 in a total mileage of more than 25,000; nor do these figures include the government railroads of Finland, and the Trans-Caspian and Siberian railroads. Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Belgium, Italy and Holland own all their railroads. Norway, Denmark and Sweden own most of the railroad mileage in their territory, and Switzerland is acquiring it. In France the private railroads have had an understanding with the government since 1883 by which the ownership of the railroads passes to the government in the second half of this century.

The English railroad system is the only one in Europe which is not now largely owned or controlled by the government. The largest system of privately owned and managed railways in the world is, of course, in the United States. Dr. von der Leyen thinks it would be difficult to show that the two great private systems are more efficient than those managed by governments. In this comment the doctor speaks from prejudice rather than knowledge. It is hardly to be disputed that in cheapness of passenger and freight transportation and general efficiency of management the American railroads, generally speaking, are the best in the world. Richard Guenther, U. S. consul-general at Frankfort, says that Americans traveling in Europe agree that so far as comfort and convenience are concerned "the American railroads are far in the lead and the English come next."

Viewed from an American standpoint the sucess of the government railroads of Europe has not been such as to afford an argument in favor of government ownership in America. Indeed the agitation in this country in favor of government ownership has its origin not in complaints of poor service, but rather in fear or jealousy of the vast economic and political power of the railroads.

Representatives of six influential reform organizations in Philadelphia held an important conference the other day, at which it was resolved that all of the organizations should support a full fusion ticket, state and city, to be run under the name of the union party, whose mission in life will be to shut the stable door on Matt Quay now that the horse is stolen.

A REMARKABLE BIOGRAPHY

A biography of the Hon. Justice Mookerjee, a Bengalese gentleman which his sorrowful but highly educated nephew published "in English" in 1871 is a good example of the difficulties which an Indian mind finds in its attempt to use the tongue of the westerner. The early part of the biography is full of unconscious charm but it culminates in the description of Mookerjee's selection to fill a chair at the Bengal Legislative Council as "most judicious and tip-top." His success "restored happiness and sunshine to those sweet and well-beloved faces on which he had not seen the soft and fascinating beams of a simper for many a grim-visaged year." But he did not live long enough to enjoy his honors. Within less than two years after his elevation, a headache came on, "which gradually aggravated and became so uncontrollable that he felt like a toad under a harrow. * * * All the well-known doctors of Calcutta did what they could, with their puissance and knack of medical knowledge, but it proved, after all, as if to milk the ram! His wife and children had not the mournful consolation to hear his last words; he remained sotto voiced for a few hours, and then went to God at about 6 p. m."

What a funny thing the English language is any way!

Mrs. Nation says she does not care if David Nation is suing for a divorce from her. "I thought I loved David when I married him, twenty-five years ago," she says, "but it was a fleeting fancy." David finds life with Carrie's ideas too strenuous for a man of 74 and he alleges that her crusade causes him "worry and humiliation." Hence his desire to throw Carrie and the whole hatchet business.

A "BOQUET" FROM CAMBON

Jules Cambon, French minister to America, seems to be in a fair way to apply for naturalization. Being in France on his vacation he has been boasting of America and Americans in a way that would be considered impudent in an American abroad. He has told Frenchmen, with great admiration for us, that the mass of the American people abstain from alcoholic drinks, and that a nation once threatened by the vice of intemperance is now redeemed. Now he is telling his compatriots that a person who has never been in America cannot "imagine how attractive life is in that land of work, energy and bigness." "The Americans," he continues, "are strong and solid and don't waste time on useless things. They don't indulge in absinthe or read bad literature. Finally the ambassador does not hesitate to declare that a painful impression is produced on a person returning to France, owing to the prevalence of loose morals.

In the words of the French ambassador there is a sufficient answer to our English critics who concede our greatness in trade and in manufactures—in all that leads to dollar winning, but argue that the whole life and energy of the nation has been concentrated in that pursuit to the dworfing of its moral and intellectual side.

The Frenchman says we are strong, temperate, pure, energetic, scornful of trivialities and not given to reading bad literature.

We hope he is right. At any rate it is more pleasant to read what he says than some of the remarks Anthony Hope, Rudyard Kipling and others have handed us.

LIFE INSURANCE IN THE TROPICS

The extension of American territory into the tropics has brought before the American life insurance companies the problem of tropical hazards. That the companies must arrange to take care of the large available business among both insurable natives and Americans resident in Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines, goes without saying, but it will be many years before life insurance for persons living in those islands can be reduced to terms of stable premiums. At first the companies will probably have to impose rates that are unnecessarily high in order that they may be on the safe side. For years to come the actuaries will have to compile mortality and morbididity statistics from those islands before they can reduce the expectation of life to a reliable basis. If the Spanish administrations had kept reliable vital records during the hundreds of years of their occupation, or for the last fifty years, even the problem would not be so dependent upon the passage of time as it now is.

About the only valuable data now at hand are those that have been kept in the army and navy during the last three years, and these of course give no information as to the morbidity and mortality among civilians. Edward Bunnell Phillips, an insurance writer, has brought out a book on "Tropical Hazards," in which he has compiled the available army and navy statistics together with reports by army and navy officers on sickness and death from disease among the military and naval detachments in the tropic islands. Mr. Phillips shows that while these statistics afford little valuable information for the actuary, they indicate a maximum death rate, for during all of the period they cover in the Philippines and part of the time in Cuba and Porto Rico, the soldiers were in the field; and in the Philippines were in hard marches and hard fighting and taking the maximum of risks and exposure.

No such death rate may be expected among civilians settled in the tropics in time of peace. While the life insurance companies do not appear to have begun a campaign for business in the new American islands, twenty-six of the leading companies now place no restriction as to travel or residence on their policy holders. Most of these are willing to "write" army and n avy officers who expect to serve in the tropics, but in every case of this kind the insured will be put in a special army and navy class or will be required to pay an additional premium during the service in the tropics.

When it is recalled that prior to the civil war no American insurance companies took risks south of the southern boundary of Virginia and Kentucky, it is obvious that the companies have vastly broadened their scope and liberalized their managerial policies in the last few years. It is not to be doubted that many companies will soon make regular provision for taking care of life risks in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. At first the premiums will be very high, but the probabilities are that with experience they will be reduced, though there is every reason to believe that for the strictly tropical business they will always be much higher than for the home business.

They are not having any hay fever in Chicago this year. Some of the victims lay their good luck to the drought. Others have become religious.

THE CHAUNCEY OF CHINA

There is no doubt that Minister Wu is a diplomat of the first order. At a New York social gathering the other evening the witty celestial responded to the well worn toast "the ladies" in the following happy vein:

When I see so many finely built women confronting me and I am called upon to be the "gallant" of the moment what can I say but that I wish for that moment only that I were not a Chinaman—I should like to be an American as I stand here, so that each one of you would appear as beautiful to me as you actually must when seen through your countrymen's eyes. Alas! the slight difference in the formation of my iris cannot do justice to the impression you make upon me, individually and jointly and severally. But there are some well nourished figures and forms among you that really appear to be as fine as the best that my own fertile country has produced. And your intelligences and souls, I am told, which are hidden under your intricate fashionable apparel, are more beautiful even than your forms. May you all feel the depth and sincerity of my admiration, and may your youthful looks and honorable years always walk hand in hand.

Mr. Wu is fast acquiring the reputation of being the Chauncey Depew of China.

Bad Fix of Baldheaded Austrians

The Austrian parliament has forbidden the sale of "secret remedies." This does not bar patent medicines fully, but does provide that each new remedy of the sort must be submitted to government inspection for approval. No medicines can be approved whose prescriptions are not open to physicians and whose ingredients are not known. Lastly, cosmetics and "bald-headed remedies" are absolutely prohibited. The Austrian lawmakers go on the assumption that if any man is bald-headed, let him be bald-headed still, on the ground that all remedies of that character are "fakes." Clearly the bald-headed Austrian must wear a wig or submit to the jeers of the thoughtless, who do not recognize that a thin thatch is the mark of excessive cerebration and should be honored rather than scoffed at or referred to as the fly's skating park.

Augustus Lane of Freehold, N. J., a week ago Saturday became the father of a fine, healthy boy who was remarkably well developed. Mr. Lane declares that on Sunday the boy distinctly pronounced the word "bicycle." Either this week-old child is a reincarnation of some scorcher or Mr. Lane in the exuberance of fatherhood has drawn the long bow. We fear.

This story about the ricinus communis, the 400 name for the castor bean, driving away mosquitos, is true in this way: If you pluck up the ricinus by the roots and wave it frantically around in the air, the mosquitos will retire and tread water till you are tired out and quit. Then they jump in and hand you out a quick bite. The castor bean receipt is a fake.

Thomas M. Robertson, expert from the United States bureau of labor, has been investigating in New York and has issued a statement, in which he says that not only the flat life of the poor, but of the wealthy, is immoral. Mr. Robertson must have overheard the flatters' remarks, "De janitore."

Beauty by surgery is now a fad in Paris. For the fee of $1,000 you may have your countenance changed, nose made Grecian, flop ears remedied; while a slit in the face can be made a rosebud mouth by deft touches of the needle and the lancet. Have your face ironed if it doesn't suit you.

Grover Cleveland has been dropping a line into Goose pond at Otis, Mass. The fish merely smelled at the bait and Mrs. Cleveland is still patronizing the fish market and wondering what to do with our ex-presidents.

Even while Mr. Phillips was out of the game and sweeping out his office, corn slipped up a few notches and was heard to laugh in its tassel.

What think you of the millionaire who, in the presence of the Assessor and his Conscience, holds up a flabby fist and swears to $1,821.72?

Keep your eye on the Anopheles. The name is science talk for mosquito, but he bites harder if you think of him as "Anopheles."

The farmer with a few thousand bushels of wheat in his bin feels as chesty as the girl with two proposals in one week.

The new town of Lawton, in Oklahoma, has a Goo Goo avenue. In the east it would be Lovers' Lane.

Joseph Chamberlain's threat to banish the Boers is in the nature of an "absent treatment."

Old pewter is coming into fashion as much as old brass has been. Look over the garret again.

The waving-fields-of-corn poets of the southwest are working a kiln-dried muse this year.

Admiral Cervera is carrying around a big banner inscribed "Done by Schley."

Mr. Schwab, who draws a $1,000,000 salary, has not struck.

HER JULY BONNET

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
I stroked the nose of the face within,
Gently I pulled at her drooping ear,
Sounding the depths of her eyes so clear;
Tangling my hand in the mesh of hair
That droops from the neck of our family
mare. —Cleveland Plaindealer.

Even Bryan May Change.

Chicago Record-Herald.

It is a long time until the convention of 1904. Witness the transformation wrought in Pettigrew and Towne in a few short months. Mr. Bryan himself may get on the right side of the stock market or next to a Texas oil well.

"Everybody Is Drunk."

Washington Post.

The New York Evening Post is the most reasonable of all of Admiral Sampson's champions. The Evening Post charitably concedes that the people of the country are all idiots.

Escaped.

Washington Post.

Mr. Bryan's Ohio friends got together in a telephone booth the other day, decided that they were assembled in state convention, passed resolutions and placed a state ticket in the field. Since the adjournment of the gathering several of the nominees have effected their escape.

The Bite of a Tarantula

Mention of tarantulas reminded an experienced handler of fruit that centipedes make the trip up from Santo Domingo and Santa Cruz quite frequently.

Occasionally a tarantula appears, but as he is not so fond of being alone, concealed in the nooks and crannies of the great bunches of green bananas shipped from the West Indies to this port, a bite from his rather formidable weapon of attack is not often recorded.

'Twas a centipede that bit W. P. Slack, an employe of the Boston Fruit company, last Wednesday, and if any one should ask how the bite of a centipede feels, Mr. Slack would have them know that a touch of a white-hot brand would come quite close to being an imitation.

The insect, or worm, or combination of insect and worm that tattooed its resentment on Mr. Slack's arm was about four and a half inches long and had legs to beat the band, twenty in all.

He was a Santo Domingo importation, came over as a stowaway, and when the bunch of fruit in which he was lodged arose by a series of tosses from the hold of the steamer Ethelred out into a salt-scented east wind, this hideous, elongated crawler with the Latin name, suggesting hundred-footed, sallied out from a dark place near the stalk and ran up the fruit handler's arm.

Persons of naturally slow and deliberate movement have been known to be quickened into astonishing celerity by the feel of a centipede or tarantula. These hideous crawling things have a way of shocking a beholder even before biting, and when they bite they are quite likely to frighten a New England man to the verge of St. Vitus' dance. Danger, however, keens observation, and the men who handle fruit from the holds of the West India steamers have an eye out for these aliens, which they kill on sight.

Several sailormen and men experienced in fruit handling were talking about the episode of Slack and the centipede soon after the attack of the tropical visitor. Its bite was not dangerous, said an officer from the fruit ship, but he would prefer a bad cold to a bite from one of them, for he had reason to know that their venom was all tabasco and a veritable power-house of stinging energy.

He had got next to a big fellow one night in Santa Cruz and was bitten on the leg. Hot coals were snowballs in comparison, and the sting of yellow-bellied wasps not to be mentioned in the same chat.

An Italian who buys of the Boston company thought centipedes less to be feared than tarantulas, and several of the group agreed with him. In Italy, the Italian said, there were tarantulas almost as large as an English walnut, and he told of the tradition concerning them. Away back beyond his grandfather, who lived in Taranto, which town is supposed to have given the tarantula its name, the people feared this great wolf spider more than southwestern American natives fear the rattlesnake.

Asked if the insect was more dangerous then than now, the Italian said no, but that people believed the poison had the effect of producing what was known as tarantism. The sufferer, as soon as bitten, would become melancholy and drop into a lethargy, from which nothing but music would arouse him.

The moment music fell upon his ear he would wake up and begin to dance. But what made the tarantula doubly feared was the peculiar power it was believed to possess of transmitting its influence through a bitten person to an entire community, and this was how.

Word, of course, would be passed that Giovanni somebody or other had been nipped by a tarantula, and that the village band had been ordered to play the dope out of him. Wise heads would immediately take to the woods, but the curious among the people would flock to see how the trick was to be done.

The band, to protect the players, was stationed where the musicians could not see the sufferer, else they, too, would be affected by the contagion. The instant the music was sounded the bitten person would begin to stir hands and feet. The lids of the eyes would lift to wide awake and the stricken one would begin to dance. Then the deuce would be to pay with the curious people who gathered to see the tarantula dope symphonied out of the spider's victim.

Here and there in the crowd would be seen a man or a woman doing a double shuffle, the rat-tat of a clog, or throwing corkscrews, side-action twists with right and left legs. Tradition has it that a minute's music was quite sufficient to inoculate every listener and looker-on, who, dancing his way home, made jumping-jacks of all his neighbors.

Since that time, back in the ages, tarantulas seem to have lost some of that remarkable power, but they are still competent to make a victim dance a series of grotesque flings, and at the same time sling into the air choice bits of mixed metaphor rather too shocking for a place in print.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

There are some queer kaleidoscopic changes in politics. The latest novelty is the opposition of George R. Laybourn of Duluth to an extra session.

Mr. Laybourn was the author of the tax commission bill, which he rushed in as House File No. 1. He talked and voted for it in its amended form, and declared that the state could not have a revision of the tax laws too soon. The bill passed, requiring a report by next February, but Mr. Laybourn is oposed to an extra session. He would not have the new tax code taken up until the session of 1903. A change seems to have come over the spirit of Mr. Laybourn's dreams.

On the other hand, Senator T. V. Knatvold of Albert Lea, one of the few members to oppose the tax commission bill, wants an extra session. Discussing the subject yesterday, he said:

I did not see the imperative need of a tax commission. Our tax laws are in pretty good shape now. But we have created the commission and it is composed of good men. I understand their report will contain some valuable recommendations, and if there is anything in it that will improve the system or bring more revenue to the state, we cannot put it in operation too soon.

These two shifts of opinion are only samples. The Duluth delegation is almost solidly opposed to the extra session, as are other members in different parts of the state who stood with them on corporation questions. Yet these members were all shouters for the tax commission bill. After the passage of the gross earnings bill, they seemed to lose all interest in the tax commission.

An extra session is likely to bear down hard on certain corporate interests. Those members of the legislature who have fathered anti-corporation legislation will be right on the ground, and if the tax commission report is to their liking, they will undertake to fight it through. If it does not go far enough, they will endeavor to amend it in the desired direction. Whatever happens, everybody will have to walk circumspectly, for the primary election will not be many moons away, and the average voter will keep his weather eye on the record of his representative.

There is another strange anomaly. J. F. Jacobson of Lac qui Parle is opposed to an extra session. He thinks it might do some good, but again it might not, and is opposed to it on the ground of expense.

Senator Knatvold is inclined to laugh at the story that the democracy will make legislative corruption a state issue. Said he yesterday:

If those tax measures had been defeated, there would be some gound for blaming the republican party. But the republican majority passed the gross earnings bill, the express bill, the inheritance tax bill, and did not defeat any meritorious measure in which the people were interested. The party is purged of any charge of corruption. It may be used against individuals, but not against the party.

Senator Samuel Lord of Kasson, whose name has, without authority, been used as a candidate for governor, was in St. Paul yesterday and paid Governor Van Sant a friendly call, assuring the governor of his support. Asked about his boom, Senator Lord said:

I can only repeat what I said to the editor of my home paper as soon as I heard it. It is pure moonshine. I am not a candidate for governor in any sense of the word. Governor Van Sant is making a most excellent record and, according to all the tenets of fair play and good politics, is entitled to a renomination and re-election. I am for Van Sant.

It is reported that Albert Berg will be a candidate for the senate from the sixty-third district, to succeed A. Grindeland, now in the congressional race. —C. B. C.

THE HEALTH-FOOD MAN

His eyes are balls of polished steel;
His lungs are sponges dried;
His blood is bouillon-concentrate
In veins of leather hide.

His muscles creak like pulley ropes
When hurried into play;
His hair is like piano chords—
Some chords are lost, they say.

His heart's a little globe of punk—
A house of constant gloom;
For love can never burn within,
Because there isn't room.

His apetite has dwindled down
To fit his little food,
Till fruit is "water in a poke"
And bread is "so much wood."

Hot apple tarts and pumpkin pies—
He reads of them aghast;
And waffles brown and chicken stew
Are "terrors of the past."

And, smiling, from his vest he slips
A tiny box of tin,
With capsules brown and pellets pink
All rattling within.

Then, with a gulp, he swallows down
His dinner from the can—
This product of the health-food school,
The concentrated man!
—What To Eat.

Looks the Part.

Washington Post.

The published pictures of "Historian" Maclay are not the least disappointing. The gentleman looks the part to perfection.

May Eat Each Other Up.

Atlanta Constitution.

Mr. Debs is now engaged in a struggle with rival brands of socialism.

Grooming Odell.

Milwaukee News.

While the Hanna presidential boom seems to be taking a summer rest, there is an apparent effort in the east to groom Governor Odell of New York for the presidential race in 1904.

High Water Mark.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

Count Tolstoi has touched the high water mark of skepticism. He has begun to have his doubts about the doctors.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

"The Two Orphans" was presented for the second time last night at the Metropolitan to an audience that was wildly enthusiastic over the many strong situations and the beautiful scenic effects. The performance was smoother than on the opening night and the waits between the acts shortened considerably. There will be a matinee to-morrow at 2 p. m., and the same bill will run through the remainder of the week.

Like several of Clyde Fitch's plays, "Lover's Lane," which Wm. A. Brady will present at the Metropolitan next week with a fine cast and scenic equipment, is a satire, leveled not against the foibles of fashionable society, as in "The Climbers" and "The Moth and the Flame," but against the peculiarities of social and church life in a small town. The central figure is a clergyman of more than ordinary liberal views, who is virile and full-blooded and has the courage of his convictions. He also has well-defined ideas as to what amusement should be devised to keep the younger members of his flock out of the reach of temptation, and his house is a refuge for the depressed of every kind. Conditions like these, with a handsome young fellow to the fore, are sure to develop oddly, and in the genial comedy, through which peeps a tender love story, Mr. Fitch brings to view many quaint types of New England village folk that playgoers will laugh at.

A WHEAT KING

Chicago Inter Ocean.

The land rentals of John T. Stewart of Sumner county, Kan., will amount to nearly 100,000 bushels of wheat this year. In his home county he owns 115 quarter sections of land and about thirty quarter sections in adjoining counties. He rents the lands on the basis of half the yield, he furnishing all the seed and taking chances of securing a crop.

It is estimated that, if all the wheat due him on rentals this year was shipped in one consignment it would require seventeen freight trains of fifteen cars each to take it to the market. His rentals in wheat last year netted him $45,000. In addition to owning about $350,000 worth of land, every foot of it paid for, he has nearly $250,000 worth of bank stock and $300,000 invested in farm lands in Sumner county and Oklahoma.

About twenty-five years ago Mr. Stewart began life as a clerk in an obscure office at $60 a month. He slept in the office and was economical in other ways. He began loaning money in Sumner county about twenty years ago, and has developed into a remarkable financier. It is said that his ambition is to finally own a railroad, and he may gratify it, as he is still a very young man, not more than 45. He carries a small memorandum book in his pocket, and it is said that he can take it out at any hour of the day when required and tell every debtor exactly what his account is. Indeed, it is said that accounts of his vast transactions are always kept in a book that fits his trousers pocket.

It is said that he lives on less than $100 a month, and that outside of this his largest annual expense is $500 to the Methodist church his wife and large family of children attend. He is not fond of traveling, except to go to a democratic convention—a diversion he is passionately fond of. He is a pronounced temperance man, and, it is said, believes in the prohibition laws of Kansas.

The great Wellington cyclone of 1892 picked him up and absolutely pasted him to the gable end of a barn and kept him stuck to it for more than half a minute, as if he was the picture of a man, instead of the real thing. When the tornado had passed he dropped to the ground and landed on his feet without a scratch.

A WARNING TO PREACHERS

Cyrus Townsend Brady.

"I thought it would be easy enough to convert the lay pepole of the town, but realized, of course, that the ministers would be a harder task. I remember one of the first sermons I preached with that idea before me. It was a hot summer day, and a gentleman very much under the influence of liquor slid into the rear part of the church and went to sleep. It was somewhat disquieting at first, but I soon warmed up to the subject and forgot him. What happened has always been a warning to me against very loud preaching—I waked him up. My vehemence so disturbed him that he arose, walked unsteadily up the aisle, and stopped in front of the pulpit. I was dreadfully embarrassed, I remember, but I retained sufficient presence of mind to take what I thought was an efficient and brilliant means of bridging over the gap, for, of course, I had stopped preaching when he stood still and looked at me. Leaning over the pulpit, I remarked suavely:

"'I perceive that my good brother is ill. Will some——'

"Before any one could move, however, he lifted his head, and, fixing his blinking eyes upon me, remarked in perfectly distinct tones heard throughout the church:

"'I sh'd think such preachin' 'ud make everybody ill.'"

HARVEST TIME

Oh, the harvest time is here—
Filled with sunshine and good cheer;
The golden stacks gleam on the stubble field;
The hum of insect song
On the breeze is swept along,
And is lost where the horizon fades away.

How the birds, with notes achime—
Welcome in the harvest time!
Sunshine-kissed and balmy days are these!
Flitting wings across the wheat—
Through the waves of quivering heat
That is like a lake of shadowy ripples fair.

Oh, the harvest time is here,
Filled with gladness and good cheer—
For the yellow grain is being gathered in!
Waving fields of golden hue
That the sunshine filters through;
And the wind makes merry tunes across the
wheat. —May Phillips Tatro.

What It May Lead to.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Secretary Long's order to persons in the naval service to stop talking is a severe restriction, and may eventually lead to the suppression of all kinds of conversation with the umpire.

Between GENTLEMEN

by Irvington Harper

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I was a passenger out of Waterloo station one morning several years ago, and shared the compartment with a young woman. The train was hardly under way when she began weeping, and in response to questions, she informed me that she had been serving in a London shop for several years, and had been discharged because of a series of thefts, of which she was entirely innocent. The girl's grief was too deep to be affected, and I offered my sympathy and such advice as I deemed best. Then turning to the window, I went carefully over her case. When I turned around, after perhaps a quarter of an hour, the girl had disappeared. The door had been left unlocked. Behind her she had left a bag, a parasol and a paper parcel. My duty was plain. I should have pulled the cord, stopped the train at once and made a full report of the circumstnces. I was a gentleman of good repute, but at the best it meant a legal investigation and much embarrassment for me. When I reached my destination I hurried away, as if I had been an actual murderer.

The papers next day mentioned the finding of the girl's dead body on the rails, but as it was a highway crossing, the inference was that she had been struck by a train while crossing the tracks. The coroner's inquest failed to reveal her identity, and nothing was said of the things left behind her in the car. She was buried as an unknown, and the whole affair was dropped.

I returned to London, and, though guilty of nothing but neglected duty, my feelings were not to be envied.

Then, one evening, I received a call from a stranger. He gave his name as Bascombe, and claimed to be a gentleman of leisure. According to his story, he had seen me get into the compartment with the girl, and had taken the next one ahead. He had heard sounds of a struggle and her cries for help. He had seen her thrown out on the tracks. After I had left the train he had passed along the footboard on the other side and gathered up the effects she had left behind. He had ascertained my name, and had waited only for a fitting opportunity to call upon me and ask what I was going to do about it.

I gazed at him in horrified amazement.

"It's an affair between gentlemen," he added, "and I think we can easily come to an understanding."

"But why should I come to an 'understanding' with you?" I asked with a sinking heart.

"To avoid being hung!" he smilingly replied.

"But I did not lay a finger on the girl. She jumped without my knowing it."

"All very fine, sir; but why didn't you stop the train and report? Why did you skulk away? An innocent man would have hastened to give the alarm and clear himself from the slightest suspicion. The poor girl has gone to a pauper's grave because you did not come forward. Tell me how a jury of British fathers will look upon your action?"

I had made a false move, and he proposed to take advantage of it. He was a blackmailer. I must come to his terms or stand a legal investigation.

"I am an innocent man and will repair my error at once," I said as I looked him full in the face.

"That will be wise of you," he calmly replied. "You will only have to explain why she leaped from the car—why you made no report—why you carried off her property—why you dodged the inquest. Perhaps you can also get over my evidence."

"But I did not carry off her luggage. You have admitted that you entered the car and disposed of it yourself."

"Yes, I have admitted it to you, but my testimony in court may be altogether different."

He had me in a trap.

"You came here with an object in view," I said after a long silence.

"Of course," he grimly replied. "I am the only witness, and I should like to take up my residence in the United States. In case you should see fit to further this desire, you will find me very grateful, and this little affair would soon be forgotten by both of us."

"In other words, you want blackmail."

"I want nothing of the sort, sir!" he exclaimed with considerable heat. "On the contrary, I feel it my duty to stop at the nearest police station and make a full report of the case. You are evidently a human wolf, and I do not care for any further talk with you. You may even be plotting to cut my throat as you sit there; but I warn you that I came here armed and prepared.

Such a bluff as that was hardly needed to bring me to terms. I had placed myself in the wrong from the start and must now see it out.

"I am perfectly innocent, as you know, but you can make out a black case against me by your false testimony. How much financial assistance do you want?"

"Ah! That is better," he chuckled. "I knew you would see the point after a little. I think £10,000 would keep me in America the rest of my life."

I groaned in despair. That was half my fortune.

"If you value your neck at a less figure you might state it," he sarcastically observed.

I had £7,000 in the bank and could easily raise the other £3,000 next day. I turned from him without a word and wrote an open check. There was a smile on his face as he watched me.

"Perfectly satisfactory as between gentlemen. Three days from this I will be on my way to America. You have been very wise, sir. Excuse me, if I—"

He stepped to the sideboard to help himself to a glass of brandy, carrying the check in his hand, but stopped of a sudden, groaned, threw up his hands and went down like a dog. I ran over to him and spent a minute trying to resuscitate him; but, seeing that the pallor of death was already coming to his face, I took the check from his stiffening fingers and rang for my valet. After a brief examination of the body the physician summoned turned to me and said:

"A case of heart disease. Was this gentleman laboring under great excitement?"

"Not at all," I answered. "On the contrary, he was very calm and collected."

"Friend of yours?"

"No; he called on a business matter."

"Well, he had a bad heart, possibly without knowing it, and died as if struck by a bullet. I'll notify the coroner and make a post mortem."

And so ended the worst hour I ever put in.

Daily New York Letter

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

T. Reed for Mayor.

Aug. 13.—The boom of Thomas Brackett Reed for the republican mayoralty nomination in Greater New York is not a joke nor a fake. It was, indeed, a sudden inspiration, but inspiration it certainly was. The suggestion has been accepted by the leaders most interested as appropriate, logical and especially promising. It is the talk of politician and citizen, and if anything mortal can give Richard Croker uneasiness, it must be the idea of Tom Reed working, with his coat off.

Three days before the Reed story appeared, a leading Platt worker in one of the biggest wards in New York gave his honest view of the situation thus:

"If any anti-Tammany people can read their title clear to anything in the coming municipal campaign they have very acute vision. I see little prospects of harmonious action against Tammany. It will be the same old fight over again. Tammany will name its candidate; then the independent democrats will nominate Bird Coler. The regular republican organization will name a candidate; then the Seth Low crowd will cry 'machine' and name a 'reform' candidate—and the anti-Tammany vote will be split and divided by three factions—and the same old result. Low could have been elected by merely promising to handle the patronage in the interests of the republican organization. This he refused to do, and babbled about being unhampered and free to serve the people. Now elections can't be won in that way. Why can't these people profit by the example of Bob Odell? A machine politician, he has made one of the best governors the state ever had, and they all admit it now. They don't seem to see the necessity of using the same tools the other fellows do. Politics without patronage is all poppycock. It can't win. And what good are reform principles if you can't get in? The kid-glove crowd had its try last time. They should let us try this time. But they won't."

The day after the Reed "boom" appeared this same man said: "Here is saving grace for us. If Tom Reed cannot unite all classes of anti-Tammany voters, the task is hopeless. A statesman and man of power, clean and strong in character, he would have the support of the independent voters. Being also a practical politician, the republican organization would support him without fear of his action afterwards. Being a man of independence and large views, and not a bitter partizan, the anti-Tammany democrats would support him, and we would have a united opposition to Dick Croker. If Tom Reed will say the word Tammany has a fight on its hands, despite its clear-cut majority of 100,000 over all."

Tammany's Assessment.

Taxpayers are in arms at Tammany's assessment on the metropolis for 1901. From all quarters are heard outcries against the administration that makes possible extravagances so great as to require an increase of 7 cents on each $100 worth of property, thus bringing the rate up to $2.03, or $28 for every man, woman and child in Greater New York. The framers of the present charter of Greater New York believed the budget of the consolidated city would be about $60,000,000, whereas the expenditures for this year will aggregate no less than $98,000,000. Nor is this all. The net bonded debt, which was $213,000,000 in 1897, the year before Tammany came into power, had leaped to $280,000,000 by the 1st of last January. Compared with the expenditures of the other great cities of the world, the expenses of New York exceed those of London by $40,000,000, Paris by $32,000,000, Berlin by $77,000,000, Vienna by $88,000,000, Chicago by $66,000,000, Philadelphia by $75,000,000 and Boston by $88,000,000.

Chorus Girl Boom.

Chorus girls are at a premium in New York. Not that these piquante divinities of the light fantastic toe are ever at a discount individually, but that owing to the large number of musical companies going on the road this season they are unusually scarce. A score or more of musical productions are booked for engagements either in New York or on the road, and not one-half of them have their full equipment of chorus girls. Attention was first called to this fact by the importation of three charming English goddesses for "Florodora." But there are other reasons than the one advanced why it is necessary to send abroad for chorus girls, and it is not because the French or English maidens are either more capable or more beautiful than their American rivals. Stated paradoxically, it is due to the fact that as soon as these young Venuses begin to realize their ambition of becoming prominent in "the mob," they frequently lose the same by developing a taste for other pursuits.

Dining in the Open Air.

After innumerable summers during which the evening meal has been eaten within doors, New York is gradually awakening to the charms of dining in the open air. It is true that for several years there have been a few places in the metropolis where one could dine outside of brick walls and enjoy the shadows and cool of evening. But these places have invariably been so well patronized that one might have to wait indefinitely for a table. And besides, the crowd was likely to be a little unconventional, even exuberant at times; and to many this phase of the open-air dining-room was not altogether agreeable. Then a well-known restaurateur discovered the need and the deficiency, and a terrace adjoining his regular dining-room was the result. Instantly the experiment became a success, and on a warm night the tables are never empty. Pretty women in exquisite, airy gowns train their foamy frills and furbelows over the terrace, while the soft-colored lights give fairy effect to shimmering frocks of mousseline and organdy. And never did a winter night crowd of diners equal in picturesqueness the groups that flock to this terrace and to another that overlooks Central park this season.

Schley-Sampson.

Nothing but the complete exoneration of Schley can close the famous controversy, for the Schley partizans, strong and determined, are ready to spring the whole affair on congress if the court of inquiry goes wrong. Congressman Sulzer and Senator Tillman have publicly threatened this—but they do not represent the Schley people officially—their case will be in better hands. Just now Admiral Schley is trying to keep the affair free of politics and very little talk of congressional action is allowed to leak out. But such action is being prepared for, although it is not believed it will be necessary. The Schley people have the confidence begotten of strong popular favor. This is so evident that it cannot but have weight of itself. Wm. R. Hearst, who has taken up Schley's side so vigorously, has succeeded in making public everything that favors Schley. He secured interviews with the Spanish commanders, including Cervera, and he has been publishing letters from all parts of the country emphasizing the fact that Schley has the support of the people. All this matter is to be published in book form, together with the testimony taken at the court of inquiry. All of which would make thunder for Schley if the matter came up in congress. All the newspaper men who have followed the matter closely seem to agree that with Dewey at the head of the court, Schley has the best of it. Dewey's well-known dislike of Crowninshield; his warm feeling for Schley and the fact that Schley's critics have also been Dewey's critics indicate that the hero of Manila is likely to require strong evidence to remove his bias. Such a fear possesses the Sampson crowd, for they are actively preparing to make a hot fight. Evidently the talk of two weeks has had its effect on them. —N. N. A.

OTHER PEOPLE'S NOTIONS

The Negro and the Filipino.

To the Editor of The Journal:

I have just read an editorial in the Globe, criticising The Journal for its manly stand against Tillman and his policy toward the negro. The writer must have but little knowledge of the advancement of the negro in the last forty years when he compares the negro of the south to-day intellectually with the savage Filipino. The late election of a mayor in a city in Maryland shows plainly how the negro stands intellectually, when they elected a republican in a district which had never gone republican before. Why don't the writer come out openly and not try to hoodwink the colored people by speaking of constitutional rights in a section of the country which has no regard for law, where they advocate a policy that a republic can exist part free and part slave. It is time for that writer to quit feeding upon the carcasses of the negro to bring forth his imperialistic ideas.

The Filipino is a thousand times better off under the protection of the American flag than the negro is in the south under the lynch law and the shotgun policy of the southern bosses. Just let the negro alone for the next twenty years and he will work out the race question for all eternity. —D. E. Beasley.

St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 12.

Mr. Morgan's Position.

Detroit Tribune.

When Mr. Morgan essays to act for the entire steel industry, the coal industry or as an absolute control over any of the other necessaries of life, he ceases to be a private individual.

He Is the Rooster.

Baltimore American.

Senator Hanna may yet prove to be the egg that will settle the steel strike coffee.

Cinder Path Still in Use.

Chicago News.

Miguel Malvar has taken up the Filipino foot race where Aguinaldo left off.