THE JOURNAL

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A Pertinent Suggestion

In an interview with The Journal to-day Mr. George Partridge brings out one point with regard to the attitude of the Omaha road towards the recent demands of this city, which is deserving of special attention. He assigns as one reason why the Omaha has been so reluctant to comply with any of the requests formulated by the Commercial club, that it is the policy of the railroads and other public service corporations to antagonize commercial bodies of this character and minimize as far as possible their influence in the community. They recognize that the organization of such associations as the Commercial club is calculated to concentrate the influence of business man and employ that influence in behalf of the community in a way which may require of railroads things which they do not wish to do.

Mr. Partridge seems to have analyzed the situation very keenly, as that appears to be the attitude of the Omaha road towards the Commercial club, and if the road could induce any considerable number of business men to withdraw their support from the Commercial club, antagonize it, and break down its influence, they would have accomplished just what they are driving at. Happily, however, they do not appear to be succeeding, and it certainly is to be hoped that they will not if the business men of Minneapolis are to secure the trade advantages and facilities to which they are fairly entitled and which they must have if they are to succeed and the city is to grow.

Mr. Partridge's interview is valuable at this stage of the proceedings. It shows that the policy advocated by the Commercial West has been tried. The Omaha and other roads have been requested, and have had "please" said to them over and over again. To these polite requests they have paid no attention and evidently do not propose to. The business men of Minneapolis are beginning to be aroused to the fact that they are being used as submissive and subservient factors in the commercial problem, and that not only they, but the state of Minnesota, so far as relates to the trade carried on over the lines of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern, must help to pay the deficit of the Burlington road.

Mr. Partridge suggests as a remedy for this state of things that the business men of the cities and of the country get together and demand of the legislature a distance tariff. The Journal is no advocater of coercive measures except as a last resort, but it is most emphatically in favor of the business men of Minneapolis having sufficient sand and self-respect and fight in them to resent the continuation of the present policy which finds particular illustration just at this time in the case of the Omaha road and its application for the vacation of certain streets.

The moral of the situation is, as Mr. Partridge suggests, not to let the Omaha in this case, or anybody else in any other, create a division of sentiment here at home or use part of the community to break down the influence of such a useful institution as the Commercial club. If we can't stand together we must be prepared to fall separately.

Prof. Triggs of Chicago University, who has turned down Longfellow and Shakspere, has exalted in their place Charlotte Perkins Stetson, an intense young woman who leads a strenuous life on the platform and down among the underworld. Triggs doesn't mean to rate Stetson too high, however, for he says it doesn't take much to beat Longfellow any way.

In a recent cable dispatch from New Zealand via London, the statement is made that New Zealand's vaunted compulsory arbitration law is not proving to be very satisfactory. The intelligence is meager and indefinite, but Premier Seddon himself, who fathered the act, is reported as saying that the expectations of its advocates have not been realized; that the boards of conciliation and the court of arbitration, instead of averting or lessening strife, have tended to make labor contentious and aggressive. Fuller details will be awaited before accepting the word of some anonymous correspondent on this important matter. It is difficult to see how labor could be "aggressive" when boards of conciliation and arbitration tribunals have to pass on the subjects of dispute.

The microbe-frightened sanitarians of Europe are making quite a serious warfare against trailing skirts worn by women. In some parts of Switzerland wearers of trailing dresses are fined by the health authorities. In Ischl, Upper Austria, there have been several instances of skirts of unsuspecting ladies being torn by rabid sanitarians. At Ems, Prussia, the authorities have put up a notice that no long skirts are to be admitted within the public gardens. The sanitary zeal of the Berlin police is becoming a mania. Goodness! It is a wonder we are not all dead.

Mob Promotion of Crime

From Missouri and Texas come the usual reports of the lynching of negroes charged with rape, in one case the lynchers prolonging the suffering of the victim by burning and torturing him with coal oil. In one case it has been ascertained that the negro lynched was the wrong man. No doubt such a mistake is by no means rare, as the mob takes no time to look up evidence and is apt to string up the wrong party any time.

It would seem about time for the lynchers who continue to disgrace their several communities by the displacement of the law, to ask themselves whether they really think they are decreasing the crime of rape by lynching the alleged perpetrators. If lynching is the solvent of the difficulty, the crime of rape ought long ago to have disappeared from the United States, for certainly we have had enough lynching every year to have given the process the benefit of a full test of its virtue as a punitive agent, but instead of decreasing the abominable crime of rape which it is supposed to prevent, it is on the heavy increase and in the very localities where lynching has displaced the processes of the law.

The lynchers have evidently made a big miscalculation. Instead of minimizing the crime of rape it increases every year and it would seem to be about time for the country to call the lynchers to account for the failure of their prescription. The fact is, lynching is increasing in cruelty and ferocity and the communities resorting to it are increasing in savagery and lawlessness and losing their hold upon all virtue. Mob law degrades and develops the seeds of crime in human nature. The southern lynchers are strongly developing the crime of rape in the negro. They are manifestly getting their hands fuller of "business" every day.

Perhaps the time has arrived for southern people to inquire whether it is not safer to bring about a revival of the enfocement of the laws against crime than to continue the stimulus which lynching surely gives to crime. Surely they have tried to put down crime by the commission of crime long enough to prove that it is a flat failure, as a punitive process, and that it is only a breeder of crime and savagery. They have tried lynching long enough to ascertain that it is a boomerang which comes hurtling back to wound unto death.

Bring the south under the dominion of law, with no discrimination as to color, and the negro will respond as speedily as the white to the rational change. The wonder is that the negro in the south has risen as much as he has, considering the obstacles with which he has been continually encompassed, since his emancipation. Hostile legislation, the subject of race riots, lynched whether innocent or guilty, cheated and discriminated against in every way, beleaguered by his own crimes and sins—these things have not kept the negro from remarkable progress.

Shortly after the war General Howard addressed a negro school at Atlanta, and asked the children what message he should carry to the north from them. A little negro, whose head hardly reached above the desk behind which he stood, shouted: "Tell 'em we's a risen." And it certainly would appear true in a larger sense, today, of that interesting race.

The Milwaukee Journal is out with a bit of Damascus blade philosophy that will bear thought. The Journal says:

Our Wisconsin soldier boys, after several weeks' outing and practice at Camp Douglas, will be fully prepared for another year's arduous task of protecting the state by each soldier's attending to his private business. It is the model method.

And one doesn't have to kill off other people, either, in doing it.

Governor Van Sant is going to receive a present of a live beaver. There is an old saying, "busy as a beaver," but the governor can give any beaver points right now on being busy. The appointments have not all been made yet.

The Canal Treaty

The international law association, which is in session this week at Glasgow, discussed the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, yesterday, and Judge Lynde Harrison, of Connecticut, expressed the belief that the senate, at the coming session, would accept the treaty on the same lines as the one rejected. Judge Harrison did not state the grounds for his belief in this opinion, but he must be nearer to the inner consciousness of the United States senate than most people to hazard such a positive expression on this subject.

Lord Pauncefote was quoted in July to the effect that the outlook was favorable to arriving at an agreement before congress reconvened, but he denied that any tangible result had been reached.

It is certain that the United States has already, in spite of all that has been said of our "unimpeachable" rights, conceded the right of citizens of another nation than our own to construct an isthmian canal, by allowing the construction of the Panama canal to be commenced under foreign auspices under a joint neutralization policy. If we, by act of congress get rid of the obligations of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, we do not concurrently get rid of the joint neutralization obligations we have entered upon for a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, do we?

It will be well if the senate unites in the acceptance of the reiterated American doctrine of canal neutralization which has been the policy of our government ever since this country began to talk canal. It is to be hoped that the calmer consideration of the subject during the recess, will bring the senate to agreement on this subject and after the manner indicated by Judge Harrison yesterday at Glasgow. The most serious question relating to the canal is the matter of location. Which location will be the most economical and convenient? Which will best subserve the purposes of the maritime commerce of the world? It may be set down as a fact that any canal constructed will be the subject of joint neutralization as recognized in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty.

The South American Mystery

The more "explanations" we get of the trouble in South America the less they explain. It is safe to say that but few people in this country know what nations are concerned in the existing difficulties, or how they stand related to each other on the map. After studying the situation at length, the "foreign affairs expert" of the Boston Globe says:

Exactly what the trouble is all about is not easy to understand. Insurrections are a national pastime in the South American states, and the men at the head of them are ruled by no motives save personal ones. So far as can be learned, Castro, the president of Venezuela, has been assailed by a former president who was banished, but who has been going the rounds and stirring up strife wherever possible. He has succeeded in involving Colombia in the dispute, and these two nations are engaged in a headlong conflict not quite easy to understand.

On the other hand, Colonel Barcenas, consul at Philadelphia, who is a warm friend, if not a partizan of President Castro, says that Castro's assailant, Hernandez, was not a former president, but only a presidential aspirant; and that Castro has no designs whatever against Colombia, but is seeking only to prevent a few insurrectionaries in Colombia from invading the soil of Venezuela.

Then there is the theory stoutly held by some, to which we adverted yesterday, that all the disaffection in several of the South American states is caused by opposition to the schemes of the clerical party, and the object in view is greater popular liberty and the freeing of the schools from church control.

But the New York Tribune, which exploited this theory in a late interview, now produces another interview from "a well known Colombian now in this country," who avers that there is no church party in Colombia and that the church has no representative in the cabinet or in any department of the government, and derives no revenue from the state; but is supported wholly by voluntary contributions. All this may be true, and still there may be a popular revolt against the church's assumption of control over the schools and all the educational facilities of the people.

Another story has it that the war is due to Venzeuela's desire to get hold of the Panama canal, so that if the United States should buy out the French canal company Venezuela could exact a heavy sum before the work is allowed to proceed.

Still another story is to the effect that the war is an effort to consolidate Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador into one federal state, after the plan of Bolivar, "the liberator," which was once put in operation, but soon failed. According to this theory, the regular government of Ecuador is conspiring with President Castro of Venezuela and the insurrectionist General Uribe-Uribe of Colombia, to force the central government of Colombia into subjection to this new federation. While the advantages of such a union might be apparent to North Americans, it would be only to be deprecated if brought about by such a collusion with avowed insurgents, after the manner of a typical South American revolution.

It is alarming reports from Colon and Panama, of insurgent successes on the isthmus, against the forces of the regular government, which most interest our people. It is the well-known and well-recognized duty of the United States to protect travel and transit across the isthmus from interference by any armed force, no matter what may the real or the assumed patriotism which dictates such attempted interference. Our treaty is with the established government of Colombia, and it binds us to sustain that government in its integrity on the isthmus. So far as the interests of isthmian traffic are concerned, we shall sustain that government, against both its own insurgents and its hostile neighbors; and neither of these agencies will be permitted to dictate the terms under which the control of the Panama canal is to be acquired, in case the congress of the United States shall legislate on the subject.

Germany May Go the Limit

The protective duties that Germany proposes to levy are so heavy on food products that the new policy is threatening to affect seriously that nation's industrial and commercial prosperity. The scale of duties, as semi-officially published in a Stuttgart paper and uncontradicted so far, indicates an average minimum increase in the duties on grains of about 70 per cent, and upon meats and food animals of from 300 to 400 per cent. This of course seriously effects the wage earners and manufacturers, but is supposed to be a benefit to the land owners and farmers. The effect is clearly shown in recent elections where the socialists, already numerous among the wage earners, have made striking gains in what have been hitherto conservative constituencies. It would seem that Germany is approaching something of an industrial crisis. If the high tariff is carried into effect, commercial wars with Russia, Austria and the United States are expected. Without some door out of these complications, like reciprocity, there is no telling where they might end. Nations are now so closely bound together commercially that the injury to one is certain to be in the long run the injury to all.

Cures for Warts A writer in the Youth's Companion tells how to get rid of warts. The man who was interviewed is spoken of as "a club man," so that whatever he has to say is entitled to respect, for club men in their ocean voyages of narrative are notorious for hugging the shore of truth.

"In my opinion," said the club man, who was discussing the subject with a friend one day, "a wart is merely the outward correspondence of some mental excrescence. Get rid of that and it goes away."

The club man then told how he had a particularly vicious and obtrusive wart on his little finger which he fought in vain for three years. Last year he went to Europe and "in the excitement of preparing for the trip and of the journey itself I forgot all about my wart, and when I looked for it about six weeks later it had vanished, without leaving the slightest mark. I simply forgot it, and it had no mental condition to feed on, and so had to slide."

There are warts and warts. The cure mentioned above may be valuable for the particular variety favored by club men, but what shall be done to cure the "wart" who is always around trying to borrow 50 cents till next Saturday night? Why, lend him the money, of course, and shut up. He will come around again and "make it an even dollar," but what of it? Let him have the money. Let him have all he wants. This is the only cure for "warts."

Look over your ice carefully. When Health Commissioner Patterson of Chicago took his microscope and looked into some of the supply there has hair stood up like bristles. Warrants were issued for the arrest of President John S. Field of the Knickerbocker Ice company, Vice President E. A. Shedd, Manager William J. Shedd and Secretary W. A. Walker. They are trying to lay a typhoid epidemic to the iceman.

Lord Raoul Arthur Philip de Gentilly la Vallee was insulted in New Jersey by a plain American known as George Kanouss. Lord R. A. P. d. G. I. Vallee challenged G. Kanouss to a duel, and as George had the right to name weapons he chose eggs, and the nobleman's soul is filled with disgust and contempt for American institutions.

A Wisconsin man has invented an automobile actuated by a spring. You wind up the spring and then go careening up hill and down dale till the thing runs down. Whereupon you wind it up again and go on your way rejoicing. It's as simple as pulling yourself over a fence by your bootstraps.

Noah was just on the point of getting some of the more difficult animals into the ark, when Shem, Ham and Japhet gave their college yell. At this sound, the pterodactyl and several other strange creatures "ducked" and were lost in the flood.

A mosquito loaded with yellow fever germs has killed a man in Cuba, and the medical scientists are filled with admiration at the result. The patient has not complained, either.

The Kansas City papers have dropped the drought and tackled their union depot. Even horses with any architectural eye at all shy at it.

There are very few flies this year, owing to the dry weather, but those which did come out are Johnnies-on-the-spot, the bald spot.

Sir Tommy Lipton is showing a quiet and subjective kind of confidence that we don't like to see.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

A packed house greeted the matinee performance of Lover's Lane" at the Metropolitan this afternoon, and the play pleased the audience, especially the juvenile portion of it, mightily. This play will run the remainder of the week, with matinee again Saturday.

"Under Two Flags," as it will be presented by the Criterion company at the Metropolitan the first half of next week, will be slightly different from the same play as seen here recently. Miss May Buckley, the leading lady, is said to embody all the qualities necessary for the successful portrayal of the ideal vivandiere, Cigarette, and the other characters will all be in capable hands.

A Crime in Georgia.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Georgia man who shot at one negro and hit another has been arrested. It is a serious offense in Georgia marksmen to miss a negro.

SATISFYING LAND HUNGER

Rush for Lands in Northern Minnesota—Many Lake Homesteads—Free Lands for Hardy Pioneers—Uncle Sam Has Acres by the Million.

From a Staff Correspondent.

Crookston, Minn., Aug. 21.—The activity in the northwestern farm lands market which is evidenced in Minneapolis and St. Paul by the large numbers of corporations, firms and individuals who have engaged in the business recently, is reflected in the smaller towns of the northern and northwestern part of the state by numerous "land offices." Many a new sign has been hung out of late and many a man is getting rich buying and selling lands. The cheap lands of the Dakotas and Minnesota are in great demand among emigrants from older states and the older portions of Minnesota, who find it a profitable transaction to sell their farms in old communities at high prices and buy in the new ones at low prices. Enormous tracts of Northern Pacific and other lands have been bought by the large land companies which have cut them up and sold them. Some of them have been bought purely for speculative purposes, but many have passed into the hands of actual settlers. Some parts of the state have seen such an influx of these new comers in the last two or three years that the pioneers have been lost in the mass. Land owners, land agents and land buyers are constantly coming and going in the southern counties of the timber region and in all those of the Red river valley where any land wild or improved, is to be had. To hear the talk in the stations and hotels of the towns of these regions one would think that there is little beside land and wheat bought and sold of men.

Rush for Government Land.

While thousands are buying at all the way from $2 to $15 an acre according to location and the quality purchased, other hundreds, at least, are getting their land from Uncle Sam. The government, which has given away its land with such prodigality, still has millions of acres in Minnesota to give away. Much of it may be worthless for agricultural purposes, but hundreds of thousands of acres of good land remain and can be had for the asking and using by any man or woman not afraid to live in the woods remote from a railroad; willing to put up with some hardships and accept the lot of a pioneer.

In the Rainy and Red river watershed in Minnesota there remain two or three millions of acres of government lands outside of unceded Indian reservations. These lands lie in the northern parts of the counties of Itasca and Beltrami which have about 4,000 square miles each and are larger than some states.

Good Red Lake Land.

It has been supposed that the land between Red Lake and Lake of the Woods was about all swamp, but it is now claimed that two-thirds of it is good land containing much good timber of various kinds. Only a little of this land is yet open to settlement, but it has been surveyed, the surveys are now being examined and it is likely to be opened to settlers in the near future. The land along the rivers which run north through this country into Rainy river is particularly good, the banks often being high, and covered with popular, spruce, cedar, maple, elm and ash and al ittle pine. But in ceded Indians lands all forties showing pine to such an extent as to be of much commercial value are sold at auction on the basis of the estimated stumpage, so that they are not within the reach of the average settler. Among the more important streams of this region are the branches of the War Road river, Tipple creek, Water Road river, Baudette river, Rapid river and Black river. Lands of this region that lie in Roseau county have been opend to settlement as well as that point of Beltrami county that touches Lake of the Woods. Many farmers from Iowa have gone into the Roseau county lands and found them very rich to say nothing of the income to be realized from disposing of the timber standing on them. Four townships on the northeast shore of Red Lake have been opened, and as yet not a single claim has been filed in them. There are also eight townships in the northwestern part of Beltrami county now open. In Roseau county there are eight full and nine half townships yet to be opened. Six of the former are the eastern townships of the southern tier of the county; two are the most western of the northern tier and the half townships lie along the international boundary. In Kittson county the northeast township and half township are still held up. All of Beltrami county has been surveyed although all the surveys have not yet been accepted. It will be but a short time until all the lands outside the Indian reservations are thrown open for settlement and there is nothing to keep settlers from "squatting" on them now.

Where the Free Lands Are.

The United States land office at Crookston has jurisdiction over the counties of Becker, Beltrami, Cass, Clay, Kittson, Marshall, Otter Tail, Norman, Polk, Red Lake and Roseau. In this district there are in round numbers 1,600,000 acres outside of diminished Indian reservations. According to the figures kindly furnished me by the officials of the land office, Becker county has 6,072 acres open to settlement; Beltrami 285,000 and 1,051,000 surveyed but not yet opened; Kittson has 22,033 acres untaken; Marshall 37,000; Polk, 8,010; Red Lake, 352; Roseau, 95,000 open; 270,000 surveyed but not yet ready for filing. The unceded Indian reservation lands in this district number 1,669,760 acres.

Passing into Itasca county, which lies in the Duluth land office district hundreds of thousands of acres of land are available or soon will be, in the valley of the Rainy. The region watered by the Big and Little Fork rivers and their tributaries is believed to include much good government land. For forty miles back from the boundary, these lands are largely given over to spruce which is worth at least $5 an acre. For agricultural purposes the land along the Fork rivers is probably the best in the northern part of the state.

A Rich Region.

It is this rich region that the Minnesota & International railway will open up. Minneapolis has a vital interest in the early completion of that road and should do what it can to push it.

The Duluth people well understand what a rich country lies north of the pine belt and already they have organized a railroad to build to Rainy river from some point on the iron range roads. Less than fifty miles of road will reach this country and less than a hundred will give Duluth a direct line to Koochiching—only half as long as the Minneapolis line via Brainerd and Bemidji. So the quicker a Minneapolis road is built into this rich northern country the better.

Many Take Claims.

But to return to the Crookston land office. Up to Aug. 1 of this year 1,101 persons had filed on claims, taking a total of 148,329.89 acres of land. There were 143 filings in January, 100 in February, 151 in March, 172 in April, 217 in May, 186 in June and 132 in July. It is presumable that most of the land covered by these filings is good land. Now and then some of it has valuable timber and sometimes land is taken on account of its cedar.

A Girl's Good Luck.

The timber estimators in going over the ceded Indian lands sometimes make mistakes and allow to pass as agricultural land pieces that have a great deal of pine. It is said that one young woman in Crookston, who "proved up" on her claim about a year ago, has just sold it for $6,000 to lumbermen who wanted it for the pine.

How to Get a Claim.

The common way of taking government land is to go personally and look up what part of the country you prefer. Upon application the land office will provide you with a plat of any township showing what land is open to settlement. You can then file an application for the particular piece you want, paying the required fees. Within six months of filing you must take up your residence on the land. Five years of continuous residence makes the land yours. But fourteen months after filing you can buy it for $1.25 per acre. No Person can take more than 160 acres, but one may take less than that at a time and preserve the right to take the remainder of a quarter section at some other time.

A Great Opportunity.

These good lands of northern Minnesota, with their beautiful lakes and rivers, teeming with fish; these forests of valuable and useful trees sheltering big and small game from the moose to the squirrel, will soon be taken. They furnish the landless with a great opportunity; they should be the salvation of many a struggling city man who is starving and failing in health trying to live and keep up appearances on a small salary.

Go north, young man, or disappointed man; get some land that is your own, attach yourself to the soil and grow up with the new country.

—Theodore M. Knappen.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

If Halvor Steenerson of Crookston has congressional ambitions, the recent utterances of A. D. Stephens, his fellow townsman, must give him some uneasiness. There is no love lost between Steenerson and Stephens, and their careers have crossed each other in a most provoking way at various times. Since the Steenerson boom for congress started, Stephens has concluded that he has just as good a right to represent the republicans of Polk county and the new ninth district as his rival. He has given it out among his friends that he is quite likely to be a candidate.

This may have the effect of keeping Steenerson out of the race, and it may force him in. Polk county may have two candidates for the republican nomination, or it may not have any at all.

Beltrami county is persistently booming W. F. Street, the talented county attorney of the "northern empire." This will doubtless be resented by Beltrami's senator, O. H. Myran of Ada, who is enthusiastic for Grindeland. Myran has great influence in Beltrami, and with Street out of the way, could bring a large part of the county in line for the man from Warren.

Street has the congressional bee, and no mistake, but if the road looks too rocky he may be contented to represent the sixty-first district in the next Minnesota house. When Beltrami county fills up a little more and Street is better known, he will make a very formidable man.

The members of the legislature from the Red river valley are for the most part for Grindeland. They showed that when they so incontinently turned Ezra Valentine down last winter on the drainage bill.

There is said to be no doubt about Senator Myran being returned from the sixty-first district, but in the district to the south J. H. Smith will have hard sledding if he wants another four years. Many of Smith's constituents are not pleased with his record on corporation legislation, and his attitude on the question of game protection has hurt him with many voters. The feeling against him is especially strong in Clay county, but he is by no means solid with his own people of Becker.

The Spring Valley Sun says:

A few more appointments like A. C. Clausen and Henry Feig, and Mr. Van Sant will need to resume business at the old stand in Winona.

This is one of the unfortunate things about an elective railroad and warehouse commission. Governor Van Sant has about as much influence with the present commission as the Spring Valley Sun, but if there is any kicking the governor gets his full share.

The Crookston Times man has his lamps twisted. He remarks:

There is trouble for Mr. Morris. Senator Buckman of Little Falls is out for the congressional nomination in the sixth district, and when "Buck" attempts any line, he does it in very thorough fashion.

Buckman's candidacy will not hurt Morris any. The last legislature put a fence between them, and Morris is in district No. 8. Both gentlemen have their troubles, however.

Quoth the Mankato Free Press:

State Auditor Dunn is being talked of as a possible candidate for governor. It is understood that he will retire from his present position at the expiration of his term, and this is probably the reason that some of the newspapers are talking him for higher honors. Of wise, Mr. Dunn will not get mixed up with the governorship next year. If Governor Van Sant cannot succeed himself, it will be a gentleman about the size of Bob Evans who will watch the boys.

—C. B. G.

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As it was his day off, Fireman Harry Warren of Steamer No. 9 had taken pretty Helen Burke to the seashore. While the boat steamed back in the moonlight Helen beguiled the time telling a story of the olden days. This led to trouble.

"So she threw her glove down into the lion's den," said Helen, in conclusion, "and the knight jumped over after it. But when he came back he threw it in the lady's face, which was a thing no knight that called himself a gentleman would do, and I'm sure I wouldn't have blamed her if—"

"It served her right," interrupted Harry; "any girl who wanted a fellow to risk his life for the sake of an old glove didn't deserve any better treatment.

Helen frowned disapproval.

"If he was afraid to go into the den, he didn't need to," she retorted. "He could just have said: 'Never mind the old glove. I'll get you a new pair to-morrow.' But after he got it there was no occasion for throwing it in her face. I'm sure you wouldn't treat me that way." And the brown eyes glanced winningly at the sturdy fireman.

But Harry was obstirate.

"And do you think that the next time we go up to the park, if you throw your glove into a lion's cage, I'll trail after it? I'm afraid you'd be out a glove."

Helen hadn't the least intention of putting her lover's devotion to this test. Nevertheless, she was irritated at the unnecessary positiveness of his tones.

"Well, there are lots of other fellows who would be willing to. Anyhow, men aren't as brave as they used to be," she added rather illogically.

As Harry Warren risked his life professionally on an average of once a week, he thought this last remark rather unjust; so he retired to the other end of the boat to smoke a cigar and meditate on the fickleness of women in general and of pretty girls with brown eyes in particular. Helen's thoughts were of the unreasonableness of men and their readiness to take offense when none was intended.

When the time came for the band to strike up a two-step the fat musician who played the bass vio! threw away the cigar he had been smoking. It rolled to the top of the companionway, down the steps leading to the lower deck, and finally dropped into a pile of waste left by some careless member of the crew. There it smouldered. The crew were occupied with their duties about the boat, and the excursionists were dancing on the deck above.

While Harry aWrren was debating the problem of modern versus mediaeval chivalry, and Helen Burke was wishing he would ask her for a dance, a thin column of smoke came circling up from the lower deck. At first no one noticed it. It grew thicker. Then broke out the most terrible cry that can be heard on a crowded boat:

"Fire! Fire! The boat is on fire."

Harry Warren heard the cry of fire, and his heart gave a throb that had in it a little of exultation. Here was something that he could do, and do well. He might not be willing to enter a lion's den for a glove, but he would show Helen that he possessed both coolness and bravery when it was a question of saving human beings from the flames. The first thing was to get Helen to a place of safety, and Harry dashed forward through the crowd of frightened excursionists, who were rushing to the rear of the boat.

Helen had been sitting on the opposite side of the boat from the spot to which Harry had retired to smoke the cigar of wrathful meditation. When the fireman reached the front of the boat, the smoke, pouring from the companionway prevented his seeing clearly, but he could make out dimly the hat with the big flowers which he remembered Helen had been wearing. Perhaps she had fainted or had been overcome by the smoke. Harry drew a long breath and rushed through the smoke toward the gay bit of headwear.

In the meantime the officers had been quieting the frightened passengers, getting out the fire hose and making preparations for manning the lifeboats in case the fire should be a serious one. Fortunately, the flames had gained little headway and were under control almost before the passengers in the rear of the steamer realized what had happened. As soon as he saw that Helen was in no danger Harry set to work to assist the crew. When the blaze had been extinguished he started for the rear of the boat in search of his sweetheart. In his hand he carried the hat with the big flowers. The passengers came trooping forward, laughing at their recent panic. Among them was Helen. Harry felt rather abashed at being caught with a large hat, plainly the property of some young woman, dangling from his hand; but Helen looked at him with evident pleasure and wide-eyed admiration.

"And you went into all that smoke and fire just to save my new hat!" she exclaimed. "Well, you can say what you please, but I think you are just as brave and showed just as much chivalry as that knight who went into the lion's den after his lady's glove."

Harry blushed at this undeserved praise.

"It wasn't anything," he replied modestly. "There wasn't a bit of danger. And I thought there was some one under the hat. Anyhow," he added with sudden and unusual tact, "your hat is quite a different thing from another girl's glove."

Daily New York Letter

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

Sir Tommy's Boat.

Aug. 21.—Shamrock II. is a revelation to American yachtsmen. No sooner had Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger been put in dry dock, thus subjecting its beautiful lines to the closest scrutiny of our experts, than his chances for winning the coveted cup once more became the subject of interested speculation. All idea that Shamrock II. is not the greatest challenger ever sent to this side has now been cast to the wind. The Irish knight can lay claim to owning the greatest racing yacht ever built away from American shores. That much consolation is to be his even if Shamrock II. does not beat the American defender, while concerning this last contingency it may be said that his chances of victory were never better. Now that it is becoming more and more apparent that the Columbia, the defender of two years ago, will again be the defender this year, it is particularly interesting to note that the examination of Shamrock II. by American experts shows the new challenger to have been modeled almost directly after the lines of the Columbia. Designer Watson, in planning the great challenger for Lipton, appropriated all the good points in American models. No longer is there any great difference to be noticed between the designs of challenger and defender. The marked difference of type so apparent in 1895 and 1897, between the centerboarders of the old Vigilant-Defender class and the dropkeels of the two Valkyries, is no longer to be found. Both American and British yachts are now almost as much alike in appearance as two Chinamen. Sir Thomas Lipton's latest, while ranking as the greatest foreign yacht ever built, is Yankee cut from cutwater to rudder, and therefore if the Irish sportsman does win the cup, the event will even then be a tribute to the skill of American designers. The lines of Shamrock II. indicate a light-wind record-breaker; the possibilities in strong breezes, however, are more problematical. Yet past experience shows a much higher percentage of chance for light weather here during the yacht-racing season than for gales. Sir Thomas built the new Shamrock for American waters, American conditions, American weather and for the America's cup. That he has fulfilled every condition save only the last is certain, and even that may be his.

Trouble for Mr. Moss.

Mr. Moss has trodden upon the toes of his associates, for Justice Jerome and the other reformers, too, have political ambitions and they do not want to see Mr. Moss get all the glory. It happened that no sooner had Mr Moss made his alleged discovery of the tipping off the poolrooms to prospective raids, using the police headquarters telephone, and likewise secured the confessions from Edward A. Whitney that he was employed by the poolrooms for this purpose, than Mr. Moss heralded the fact to the entire world with the name of Moss emblazoned over all. Whitney was arrested and is now awaiting trial, but with the understanding that he will turn state's evidence and get off free. All which is a great ad for Mr. Moss. The trouble now is that the district attorney finds it hard to corroborate the Whitney charges, and declares that no arrests should have been made until the charges were corroborated. Taken as a whole, the lot of the reformer in New York is by no means a joyful one.

Honors for The Abbot, Too.

Although defeated by Cresceus in the greatest trotting race the world has ever known, Fire Commissioner John J. Scannell's The Abbot performed one of the greatest feats of his life in that selfsame race just run at Brighton Beach. Although a losing effort, the fight of The Abbot to regain his but recently lost prestige as the king of the trotting turf, was a notable one in horse history. Here was a horse that a month before the race was so sick with distemper that both owner and trainer declared it impossible to get him in shape for the match race engagement with Cresceus. The Abbot had not started in a race this year, and during the entire season he had not trotted a mile in his work faster than 2:11. Yet in the first heat of a match race on a track not perfect by any means as to footing, The Abbot trotted a mile in 2:03¾ in actual contest. The Abbot's best performance against time with the most favorable weather and track conditions, and with the best arrangements for pacemaking, was 2:03¼. Cresceus' time, under the same conditions, now the world's record, was 2:02¾, and yet in actual contest without pacemakers, with a track by no means perfect, Cresceus and The Abbot trotted their miles respectively in 2:03¼ and 2:03¾, a performance so remarkable that not only has nothing of the kind ever been known before, but that it will be many a long day before anything of the kind happens again. To Cresceus, the winner, honors and credit have come naturally; but to The Abbot, defeated, on an analysis of the event, it would seem that about as much credit should also be given.

Gen. Grant on Russia.

General Fred Grant, who has been traveling in Russia, says:

"There seems to be little, if any, of the trade envy against us among the Russians which appears so prominently now and then in the European nations. The general sentiment is always a distinctly friendly one. I found the greatest improvement in conditions everywhere since my last visit to the country in 1872. The country as a whole seemed prosperous. The improvement in the condition of the serfs was most remarkable. The results have been much more favorable than our own experiments with the negroes in the southern states since the war. The army service, too, has helped develop them, physically and mentally, in a way that makes up for the burden it is on the nation at large."

—N. N. A.

Curious Omission Is to Be Corrected

Buffalo Review.

That the Goddess of Light, holding heavenward a torch, which surmounts the highest pinnacle of the electric tower, should be ever in total darkness is productive of many an expression of wonder from the lips of those who have witnessed the illumination of the Pan-American. It seems to be the only thing lacking that would make the grand electrical display one great phenomenon. Thousands of electric wires permeate every nook and corner of the buildings of the exposition, but not one reaches the most conspicuous statue there. The question is asked: "Why should such an important feature have been neglected?"

If overlooked it is not too late to complete the electrical display by having one who is skilled in the art of steeple climbing wire the statue and fit it with electric lights. If it were only to illuminate the hand which bears the torch it would set forth that character representing the Goddess of Light in a more appropriate manner, as well as to remove a source of some criticism.

It cannot be said that there is no one available who could successfully do a task of this kind. Only last night the attention of a Review man was called to a resident of this city, Clarence E. Ward, who lives at No. 165 Broadway, and who has attained the reputation of being the most daring steeple climber in the world. In the course of a conversation with Mr. Ward, he asserted that he would readily guarantee to supply the statue with the necessary wires and lights without putting anyone to the smallest expense for scaffolding or other expensive assistance.

Mr. Ward is an expert in his line and has had many thrilling adventures. His experience in steeple climbing covers a period of twenty-five years. Three years ago he wired the Soldiers' monument at Indianapolis on the occasion of the encampment of the Knights' of Pythias. This monument is 284 feet 6 inches high, which is six inches more than the spire of Trinity church at the foot of Wall street, New York city. He also gilded the steeple of the First Presbyterian church at Cincinnati. Its steeple towers to a height of 287 feet. It ranks only second in height to the steeple of St. Patrick's church at New York, which is the highest in the United States.

In 1895 Mr. Ward attempted to reach the top of the great smoke stack of the St. Elizabeth hospital at Dayton, Ohio. It was there that he had his narrowest escape from death. For some reason he slipped and fell a distance of ninety feet, landing on the roof of the boiler-house. When falling he stretched forth both hands and this is said to have been the means of saving his life. Both arms were broken by the fall but he rocovered so that he has since been able to continue his wonderful feats. In Buffalo not long ago he gilded the crosses and painted the pinnacles of St. Mary's church and also, those of St. Joseph's cathedral.