THE JOURNAL

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AN ALMOST UNANIMOUS VOTE.

The Journal publishes to-day replies from sixty-six members of the house and senate in response to an inquiry whether they favor an extra session, assuming that the report of the tax commission will be ready by the first of February. The response is almost unanimously in favor of an extra session. Of the sixty-six from whom answers have been received, fifty-five are unqualifiedly in favor of an extra session; four favor it conditionally, and two are non-commital, while only five are opposed to the proposition.

This comes pretty near a unanimous vote on the part of those voting. And as for the sentiment of the whole body, it is just to assume that this is a fair representation of the judgment of the entire membership. The same inquiry was sent to all the members and it is reasonable to expect that those opposed would be as likely to answer as those in favor of the special session. The sentiments of some who have not replied, and who are not included in this list, have been obtained from other sources and average up with those who have replied in about the same proportion. But for the sake of absolute fairness to every member no one is quoted who has not replied directly in writing or, as happened in one or two instances, by authorized interview.

The reasons assigned in support of an extra session are mainly those which have been discussed in the press of the state, one of the strongest being the importance of being able to take up, consider and dispose of the tax commission's report without any other topic or interest occupying the attention of the legislature, at least not until that is out of the way and finally disposed of. Another, which the members themselves make, and which, therefore, may be repeated here, is that the legislature as a body would be more likely to be sensitive to public interest and less likely to be influenced by private and corporate interests at this extra session, immediately prior to an election, than at a later session, when an appeal to popular approval was not so near at hand. And this, as a matter of fact, is a very strong argument and one which will appeal to every one from the political standpoint.

We are told that this legislature has made an excellent record, and so it has. But the value of that record as an influence upon the result of the next election will be very much greater if the legislature completes the work so well begun by giving to the people the result of the labors of the tax commission, which is universally conceded to be eminently able, and in which the public has great confidence.

We are not surprised to find that the financial argument is not pressed with much earnestness. It is manifest that if the report of the commission be what it is expected to be, the benefit to the state from its adoption would be a much weightier consideration from the financial standpoint than the probable expense of an extra session.

The Minneapolis Journal is now busily engaged in making political capital for the democrats by howling about the election of Clausen as secretary of the railroad and warehouse commission. The trouble with The Journal is that W. E. Verity, a Minneapolis newspaper man, wanted the job, but did not get it. And so The Journal turns in and hurts the party that made it, all it can. Minneapolis is sore, anyway, because it thinks St. Paul has got the lion's share of the patronage under the present administration, but it is her own fault. Minneapolis had two or three candidates for every position asked for, who were sticking knives into each other at every opportunity and making it impossible for the governor to appoint either.—Fairmont News.

This is a curious mixture of fact and falsehood, the mixture being explainable probably in the light of the fact that prior to his appointment as deputy oil inspector the editor of the Fairmont News was the worst "knocker" of the state administration in the whole state. Van Sant couldn't do anything that suited him at one time, but one day along came a commission as deputy oil inspector, and now you see how solicitous he is for the whole state administration. Nobody has offered us a deputy oil inspectorship so that we cannot be expected to take the same view of the situation at all times that Editor Everett does with that commission in his pocket. It is rather inconsistent of him, however, as the champion of the administration, and presumably an advocate of peace and harmony, to indulge in this attack upon the Minneapolis brand of politics. It won't do any good to twit us on facts and keep on calling attention to our habit of sticking knives into each other. We are trying to get over that in Hennepin county, and if outsiders will only ignore the unfortunate habit we may be able to break it off in time.

THE WATER SERVICE.

The city engineer, as a result of his soundings and investigation at the Camden station, reports that another pump may be located there with safety. This is the only question, as we understand it, before the water board with regard to the location of another pump at that place. It is conceded that that is the proper thing to do. That, indeed, is the thing that must be done at the earliest possible date. Another pump at Camden station will obviate the necessity of operating the lower pumps except upon a very great emergency, which is not likely to ocucr before the new station is ready for business. Any reasonable plan which will relieve the city of the necessity of relying upon the lower pumps for any portion of the water supply is to be regarded with favor, and this proposition has been shown to be practicable.

The matter will doubtless come before the council on Friday night with a recommendation from the water board that one of the Jumbo pumps from the West Side station be transferred to the Camden house, and we shall expect that report to be adopted and the work prosecuted with all possible haste.

It seems to us that this is a matter about which there is no room for further argument. The facts are such as would make it criminal for the council to hesitate for an hour to adopt a practicable scheme to supply the city with water exclusively from the upper station. It is to be hoped that this matter will be acted upon so promptly and that the work will be carried on with such expedition that it will not be necessary to refer to this disagreeable topic again. It is by no means a pleasant matter to which to give publicity, but the press of Minneapolis would have been shamefully negligent of their duty if they had not pressed this business upon the attention of the authorities, as they all have done, and demanded haste.

A great many life-long friendships have been disturbed during the past twenty-four hours by the rivalry in hailstorm stories.

NO HOPE FOR IMPROVEMENT.

Dr. Ames' first move when he took hold of the police department was for economy. He made motions which seemed to signify that he proposed to save a lot of money in the administration of the police force. To-day he is asking for $100,000 for next year over the present year's appropriation, and $85,000 more than has ever been expended upon the police department in any previous year.

Minneapolis is growing and naturally expenses of this character increase. If the city was likely to get something of value in the way of police administration there would be less to be said about an increase in expenses, but with the worst police service we have had in this city for fifteen years, it is not likely that the proposition to increase the expenses far in excess of any previous year will meet with much favor. When the people see their money expended liberally they like to know that they are getting something for it. The present conditions furnish no evidence that the money already appropriated is well expended, and no assurance that an increased expenditure will produce any better results.

FRANCE AND TURKEY.

The French ambassador to Turkey, M. Constans, disgusted with the meager settlement of the French claims proposed by the sultan, left the business of the embassy in charge of the councilor and has gone to Paris, and it is reported that the Turkish ambassador to France, who is in Switzerland, has been wired by the French government that he is not wanted in France, and so diplomatic relations have been broken off between the two countries by France for the purpose of bringing the sultan to terms and make him disgorge about 12,000,000 francs on account of French claims.

The breaking off of diplomatic relations does not, of course, mean war, for diplomatic ruptures often occur between nations without war, which does not necessarily follow. Our own government has not infrequently suspended diplomatic relations with foreign powers and, as to Turkey, it has been found a very effective way by which to enforce the payment of claims or to secure apologies. The action of France will probably bring about a more serious settlement of the French claims than the sultan has proposed. It is that cunning scoundrel's way to delay such settlement as long as he can.

There are people who think the action of France will be followed by a general rush of Turkey's creditors to secure their claims, including Russia, who has held her big war indemnity claim over Turkey's head ever since 1878, when she nearly succeeded in casting out the Turk from southeastern Europe, but was prevented by Great Britain.

The probability of a rush of creditors is very slight. The Turkish bondholders who have had to submit to the scaling down of their bonds, know that they will not gain anything by peremptory action, and Russia, no doubt, prefers to nurse her war indemnity claim as an in terrorem instrument with which to menace Turkey.

Russia has acquired much Turkish territory by slow accretions during the past century and a half. Her progress has been steady. Checked by European interposition, she waits and goes ahead on the first good opportunity. At present she has not the slightest desire to reopen the eastern question, and it may be asked which of the European powers has? France, of all Europe, desires most to prevent war. No political party in France would dare propose a war now. The chauvinists roar more gently than they used to. Germany's influence at Constantinople is at present strong, but Emperor William, who has taken the trouble to avow himself the dear and bosom friend of the butcher of Armenian Christians, would use all his power to prevent the reopening of the eastern question.

The signatories of the Berlin treaty are, of course, a set of pronounced hypocrits. They published the Berlin instrument as the final word on Turkey, which they swore must thereafter be sedulously maintained as to its integrity, but they continued the work of destroying the Turkish empire by the segregation of Crete as an autonomous state under a Greek prince and cutting it out of the sultan's empire, practically. This was done by that "concert of Europe" which avowed its intention of "maintaining the integrity of the Turkish empire"! Yet these same powers did not lift a hand to interfere with the awful massacres of the Armenian Christians through fear, as they said, of "disturbing the equilibrium." Even the concert of Europe cannot perpetuate the oppressions and misrule of the House of Othman. The Turkish system is in decay and it will perish under the "protecting" arm of Europe and it will perish if it undertakes to engage in a physical encounter with twentieth century civilization.

"No Cause for Laughter"

We regret to state that Bishop Spaulding of Peoria has written a book of poems gotten out by the "Grafton Press"—wherever that may be. The bishop is a grand man of considerable weight, but his ideas do not lend themselves easily to poetic expression. It is not that the world has anything against bishops per se, but sometimes they become overweighted by the dignity of office. For example, Bishop Spaulding sings thus:

The more we know the more we serious grow;
All levity is mark of childish minds,
Or else of frivolous souls whom no truth binds,
Who drift with changing tides that come and go.

Deep, earnest heart belongs to those who know;
And he who thinks, no cause for laughter finds,
But sees the world with eyes which weeping blinds,
And all in mirth discovers seeds of woe.

Sweet wisdom never speaks in jesting tone,
And they who into life's dark mystery
Have looked the deepest, etc., etc.

Standing on the shores of some of our inland lakes, listening to the joyous laughter of children, it does seem a pity that these "frivolous souls, whom no truth binds," could not look a little deeper and "no cause for laughter find." The joyous singing of the birds—the light laughter of boys and maidens—the leaping waters, the smiling landscape stretching away in peace—alas! alas! how blind! Little these know the awful seriousness of life!

Dearly beloved, let us not be so strenuous that we slide by the point without seeing it.

Chicago has scored on the bill boards. A "master in chancery" has upheld as constitutional a city ordinance that no bill board shall have a superficial area of more than 100 square feet; shall not be located nearer than twenty-five feet to the lot line; shall not be erected to a greater height than ten feet above the level of the adjoining street, and shall not be erected within five feet of any other bill board. The bill board and the billy goat are the twin relics of barbarism.

Walter Wellman had a private chat with the French government, and the premier told him that, though France asks $150,000,000 for the Panama canal, this is only a bluff, and the canal can be bought for one-third of that sum. We wonder Walter didn't snap it up at these bargain-counter terms and present it to the United States with his compliments. There is nothing like being able to recognize an opportunity, Walter.

The Boston Globe, in a column editorial, mourns "The Passing of the Lobster." West of the Alleghenies and north of the Ohio, instead of "passing," the lobster seems to be more virulent and talkative than ever. One told us how to run a newspaper not ten days ago.

Uncle Ellery Cranberry—Say, you see them pertaters? Yes. Well, they say pertaters has come down. Them hain't. (It is unnessary to state that Uncle Ellery is a progressive farmer and is able to hold his product till he gets his price.)

The Scorchers' Association, the Lodge of Men Who Slap You on the Back and the Didn't-Knok-It-Was-Loadeds are to hold a joint convention at Minnetonka. It is hoped that the Society of Idiots-Who-Rock-the-Boat will take them out on the water.

Russian troops are said to be massing on the Turkish frontier. We don't want them to fight,
But, by jingo, if they do,
We're shy on corn, but we've got the wheat,
And the pig is with us, too.

The Paris Temps observes the United States with sorrow. It sees to the south a "revolutionary trust" and to the north it detects "the occult intervention of business jingoism." There is an editor who ought to let absinthe alone.

A Texas judge, in an interview, upholds the burning of negroes. The next world is likely to have something hot in store for that judge. There are times when this new-fangled abolishment of hell seems to be a mistake.

A Shakopee man screens his barn and has an electric fan back of the cows. The animals nearly sprain themselves to give what comes pretty close to pure cream. Treat your cow right.

Messrs. Chamberlain and Balfour propose to cut down the Irish representation in parliament. The measure will be of direct benefit to the New York police force.

A number of papers pictured Mrs. Nation in her bathing suit. Yet they say that there have been men who tried at one time to hold Carrie's hand!

The porte didn't make good and France has withdrawn her bill collector from Constantinople.

Dr. Ames' police estimates are $130,000 more than last year. Wouldn't that make a fine machine?

DETECTING FOOD ADULTERANTS

Philadelphia Post.

One of the most striking features of the exhibit of the department of Agriculture at Buffalo is a collection of silks dyed with food adulterants.

If you get some blackberry juice, say, on your clothing, and apply ammonia to the stain, the spot will change color, but will not come out; the dye will remain in the fabric. On the other hand, if the spot is made by some aniline dye or other artificial substance, such as is commonly employed in counterfeiting jellies and wines, and the same treatment is applied, the coloring will pass into the ammonia. You may then dip a piece of white silk or other cloth into the ammonia and it will take the dye which has been thus communicated.

Now, this is precisely the method used by the chemists of the department of agriculture for testing foods and drinks, to discover whether they contain artificial dyes. If the cloth dipped in the ammonia takes the stain, the evidence of fraud is conclusive. The collection of silks shown at Buffalo exhibits the results obtained by many such trials, and it is surprising to observe how beautifully many of the fabrics are colored. They are of almost every hue of the rainbow.

One piece of silk is a brilliant red from a substance called "rosaline," used for coloring meats, such as corned beef and sausage. A yard of pink is tinted with dye from preserved cherries, and another yard of salmon hue owes its beauty to currant jam. Various kinds of jellies give other colors; there is a fine purple from port wine, a magenta from Burgundy, a light red from tomato catsup and a pretty yellow from soda water flavoring.

One sample of Burgundy yielded three colors—red, orange and blue. The first dyeing gave purple (from red and blue); the second green (from the blue that was left, combined with yellow), and the third a delicate yellow. All three colors had been put into the wine by the manufacturer, and it was possible for him, by varying the proportions, to get any shade he wanted. Such things are interesting, as showing the extent to which food adulteration is carried.

"NEW ONTARIO" AND ITS BOOM

A Great Region Opening Up---Rat Portage and Its Bright Future---The Fisheries Playing Out.

From a Staff Correspondent.

Port Arthur, Ont., Aug. 23.—"New Ontario" is a phrase that rolls trippingly off the tongue in this part of Canada. It means the vast extent of the great province that lies north and west of Lake Superior and Lake Huron, a region having an area of over 200,000 square miles, most of which is to-day a vast and almost unexplored wilderness, hardly penetrated by white men, except along the railroad lines and principal water courses. The phrase also carries with it the meaning of development, it being the supposition that the wilderness is now to be exploited. Although the census returns for New Ontario, like those for most of Canada, were very disappointing, it cannot be denied that there is great development in progress in this region. In the western end there are the Canadian Northern railway, the prospecting of the mineral and timber territory it is opening up, the utilization of the great water power at Rat Portage; while in the eastern part there are various railroad lines including the one Clergue promises to have built from Sault Ste. Marie to Hudson Bay within three years, and the Canadian Northern railroad north from Parry Sound, toward Hudson Bay.

Pulp Mills at Rat Portage.

The extensive pulp mills promised for Rat Portage are regarded by the people of that city as an assurance of lasting prosperity. A syndicate of eastern Canadian capitalists constituting the Keewatin Water Power company, which some years ago built a power dam to utilize the water fall of Winnipeg river at its outlet from Lake of the Woods is now getting ready to apply the power, for as yet it has not been used. This syndicate has secured from the dominion government a wonderfully liberal concession, such a concession as can be obtained only in Canada, that paradise of corporations. This concession gives the privilege of removing pulp wood from thousands of acres around Lake of the Woods for twenty-five years at the nominal rate of 25 cents a cord with the privilege of the renewal of the concession at the expiration of the period named. In consideration of this concession the company has promised to spend something like $2,000,000 in the near future, developing the plant. It is said to be the intention of the promoters to ship their paper to Asia, instead of to Europe. It is asserted that there is a great and growing market for paper in Asia. With an unlimited supply of raw material, with an abundance of cheap water power and good transportation facilities this Rat Portage venture should be a great success and contribute to the prosperity of the city quite as much as its people expect.

Power for Winnipeg.

The same company is also getting ready to convey electric power from its power dam to Winnipeg, a distance of 193 miles, there to sell it to the street railway company, to private consumers and perhaps to the city. There seems to be no doubt that this project will be carried out in the near future. Already the poles on which will be strung the wires are being got out.

A Wilderness City.

Rat Portage has 5,300 people by the recent census and is a very substantial town, having made considerable gains in the last three or four years. In that period many new and substantial buildings have been erected. The town may be described as being surrounded by rocks and water. Every rocky hill has a lake at its base, and there is one point not far from the town where twenty-three lakes may be counted from one view point. So rough and watery is the country that practically the only way to get out of the town is by water or railway. The wagon roads lead nowhere. Visitors who are used to seeing towns of the size of Rat Portage depend upon a rich agricultural country ask what keeps up such a prosperous burg, as soon as they see it. Lumbering, mining, the supplying of the Rainy River country, the fisheries—these are what make the town. The Rat Portage company is a large concern which saws logs brought down the Rainy river and towed across Lake of the Woods in rafts. The logs come largely from the Minnesota forests, but part of them come from the Canadian side of Lake of the Woods. The mines that are tributary to Rat Portage—those of the Wabigoon, Lake of the Woods and Rainy Lake districts—have never yet produced any such mass of wealth as to arouse the envy of a Croesus, but they have been very successful in bringing into the country large amounts of money for prospecting and developing purposes. As long as they continue to do that they are about as valuable to the distributing point, which is Rat Portage, as they would be if they were producing millions. The Rainy river trade has already been touched upon in these letters.

Few Sturgeon Left.

The fisheries are of little consequence now. Where the fish boats used to bring in 75,000 pounds of sturgeon, the largest of fresh water fish, they now bring three or four thousand. The sturgeon are caught largely for the roe, which is manufactured into caviare, but the meat is also utilized. It is said that in the large cities sturgeon steaks often pass as those of the halibut. The output is controlled by Americans, much of the catch is in American waters and the fish are shipped to the United States. Two explanations are given of the decline of the fisheries. One is that the building of the power dam at Rat Portage, which turned the whole immense lake into a mill dam, so raised the water that it gave the sturgeon ample feeding grounds in marshy shallow waters where it is impossible to catch them. The other and more probable explanation is that the big fish, weighing from 40 to 125 pounds, have been fished out, the sturgeon being a very slow-growing fish. They are taken in pound nets which in principle are like those mouse traps into which the little beast falls by walking along a tapering passageway. Of course in the same haul many white fish, pickerel, etc., are taken. Other likes near Lake of the Woods also produce a large amount of fish for the American market.

It is an interesting fact that to get good white fish a lake has to be fished awhile. The fish grow so rapidly and reproduce in such large numbers that they soon overcrowd small lakes. In the struggle for food among the fish, life is to the swiftest swimmer and best fighter. Consequently the fish that survive to be taken in nets are tough, lean fellows, called racers. The first year that Shoal lake was fished car load after car load was rejected in the New York market, because they were not toothsome. The next year was a little better and the third year's fishing was very fair.

An Interesting Small Business.

One of the minor businesses of Rat Portage just now is the gathering and shipping of blueberries. The Indians bring them to town, largely from the hills along the Winnipeg river, in birch-bark baskets, though they are slowly being persuaded to use crates supplied by the merchants who buy the berries. The berries sell for 3½c a quart and over a hundred tons have already been shipped, representing a value of $7,000. It is estimated that the season's blueberry business will amount to $15,000.

Much Waste Land.

A large part of the country that lies between Rat Portage and Lake Superior is a rocky, desolate land which will never be good for anything except timber raising (and some of it isn't even good for that) and mining. For fifty or sixty miles east of Lake of the Woods the country seems to be nothing but rocks and water and swamps, with a light tree growth. After that swamps are more numerous, the surface rocks largely disappear and there is heavy tree growth and some tillable land. Formerly there was considerable good pine tributary to the railroad, but most of it has been cut off. At Dryden, eighty-five miles east of Rat Portage, the Ontario government has an experiment station and farm and there is quite an agricultural settlement in that vicinity. Near Fort William in the valley of the Kaministiquia river, there is also some farming, but the farms for the most part are rather shabby looking and the farmers desperately poor. In the actual bottom lands, however, there are some farms that have so far been more productive than the average prairie farm. The harvest here, what there is of it, is fully a month later than in southern Minnesota. The cool climate, however, seems to be very favorable to root crops, and the farmer who happens to have a good piece of tillable land can make more money here than most any other place. Freights are high and assure him high prices in the local market, which in Port Arthur and Fort Willliam acount, counting settled and floating population, to what is required by 10,000 people.

—Theodore M. Knappen.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

The selection of S. T. Johnson of Minneapolis as public examiner has evidently given general satisfaction. As far as heard from, the country press unanimously indorses the selection, and commend the governor for his prompt settlement of the question. The Winona Republican and Herald says:

Mr. Johnson's selection seems to have been wise. He bears a high reputation for integrity and ability in Minneapolis, where he is best known, and doubtless will discharge the duties of the office with fidelity and intelligence and to the satisfaction of the people of the state.

The St. Cloud Journal-Press remarks:

For once the republicans of Minneapolis have united in backing one candidate, and thus win out. The appointment is a good one. Johnson is well qualified and has the strongest backing of any candidate in the field.

The Stillwater Gazette voices the following indorsement:

This is a most excellent appointment and one that will meet with the hearty indorsement of the great majority of republicans of Minnesota.

The question of the deputyship will not be settled for some months, perhaps not until the first of the year. The new public examiner is himself authority for this statement. He is anxious to select the best possible material to assist him in running the office.

The deputy and the other asssistants will be selected solely for efficiency, and political pull will not be given any consideration. It is quite probable that some of the present office force will be retained, for a while at least, on account of their experience and knowledge of detail.

The boys refuse to let Bob Dunn alone. There is a running fire of debate in progress over the question of a third term for Dunn in the auditor's office, and the following extracts indicate the two prevalent points of view:

Roseau Times—It is almost a settled fact that the pressure being brought to bear will impel State Auditor Dunn to accept a renomination. The state never had a better auditor, and the demand for his re-election is universal outside of a few politicians. It looks as though "Bob" would have to stand for it again, and it is to be hoped he will.

Lakefield Standard—The boom for a third term for R. C. Dunn for state auditor continues and it is very noticeable that it comes from but one class—that class which desires the renomination of Van Sant at all hazards. It is equally apparent to a disinterested party that some of those who profess to be Dunn's most ardent backers care less about his success than they do for the Winona man's chances. That is poor politics. All is fair, evidently, in politics, as in love and war, but Van Sant's chances would be equally good if his supporters would work for him in an open and manly way instead of using the name and the strength of another man to further their interests.

—C. B. C.

PERFECTION

I swear the earth shall surely be complete to
him or her who shall be complete;
I swear the earth remains jagged and broken
only to him or her who remians jagged
or broken. —Walt Whitman.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

The last performance of "Under Two Flags," with May Buckley in the role of Cigarette, will be given at the Metropolitan to-night by the Criterion stock company. To-morrow night this company will be seen in a dramatization of "Nell Gwynne," with Miss Buckley as the charming and dainty Nell.

The sale of seats will begin at the Metropolitan to-morrow morning for the engagement of Haverly's Mastodon minstrels, which commences next Sunday evening and extends throughout fair week, with matinees Monday (Labor Day), Wednesday and Saturday. The organization is headed again this season by the famous comedian George Wilson, ably assisted by a brilliant array of minstrel talent. A brass band of twenty will give two free popular concerts daily, except Sunday, in front of the theater at 11:45 a. m. and 7 p. m.

To-morrow morning, at the Bijou, the Box office will open for the sale of seats for the inaugural week of the fall and winter season, the first performance of which will take place next Sunday afternoon. A special matinee will be given Monday, Labor Day. For rollicking farce, brimful of fun, it is claimed there have been few comedies that equal George Ade's "The Night of the Fourth," introducing Mathews and Bulger and their clever contingent of comedians. The situations are ludicrous and seemingly inextricable, but suddenly, at the end, everything turns out to the satisfaction of everybody. The production is brimful of catchy and tuneful music, the farce is clever and snappy and the company an unusually strong one.

AN HISTORIC MANSION

Chicago Tribune.

Historic Harewood, around whose old gray walls cling some of the most romantic incidents of the colonial, revolutionary and early federal period, which was laid out and built in 1752-56 under the direction of General George Washington, where James and Dolly Madison were married, where Louis Philippe, afterward King of France, found shelter during his exile; where the young son of Lafayette was harbored for a time during his father's imprisonment; whose halls have echoed to the tread of many a beautiful maid, stately dame and gallant gentleman of the olden time, is soon to be preserved forever in a memorial of the Washington family and cared for by loving and patriotic hands, as now is Mt. Vernon.

THE USES OF WATER

London News.

The latest instance of the vivid insight which is occasionally met with in children's essays is as follows: A child had to write an essay on water. According to the most approved methods he began by a skilful analysis of his subject into rain water, holy water and soda water. In his peroration he indicated the chief use of water in the following terms: "No one could be saved from drowning if there wasn't any water."

HIS "READY-MADE" SCOOP

by CHARLES WELSTED

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Jerry was as smart a newspaper reporter as ever went on the police detail, but he was not liked by the other fellows. All track of Jerry would be lost for an hour or so, but he would turn up smiling, and next morning the public would be treated to another freak story in the Twister—a small "scoop," as newspaper men call an exclusive item of news. Then we police reporters, one and all, would have to face our city editors that day and make some explanation.

There were three of us who became tired of this sort of thing and almost found ourselves shuddering at the very name of Jerry, because, as for me, the city editor had said point blank, and without any frills on it, that if the Daily Twister got a "beat" on me again I would be expected to look for another berth.

We were loafing around the detective department at police headquarters one night about 11:30 discussing Jerry. He had been around most of the day, and we knew he was taking in one of the theaters that night, so we had no fears.

"Say," said Currie of the Stellar, "wonder if he would bite at the old gag?"

"Oh, the dickens!" put in Briggs of the Mercury, "he's too old in the business for that."

"Don't know about that," I ventured. "I have seen some pretty old birds fall into that same trap. He is at the show, and after seeing the girl home he'll be late, and if we get away early he'll naturally be anxious, do you see."

"Well, let her go!" said Briggs. "What's it to be?"

"Must be a mystery," put in Currie.

I pulled a wad of copy paper out of my pocket and began to write.

"What is it, Scotty?" asked Briggs.

"Suicide on the water front," I mumbled as I wrote on.

"Where?" asked Currie.

"Oh, just on the water front. Give him the whole water front to work on."

By this time I had written three sheets, put the first two in my pocket, and numbering the third "19," crumpled it up and threw it on the floor beside my seat, where it could easily be seen.

"What number did you have on the last sheet, Scotty?" asked Currie.

"Nineteen," I replied.

"How does it read?"

"Begins in the middle of a sentence and breaks at another, giving a partial description of a suit of clothes found on a dock."

"Good boy! I'll begin on page 23. Listen to this as I write," and Currie scribbled on, at the same time repeating, "also a soft felt hat. What drove the poor fellow to such a horrible method of ending his life is hard to conceive. Spots of blood were discovered——"

"Stop there," said Briggs. "Give me a show," and he began: "Page No. 40: —'but the police authorities both in that division and at headquarters claim they know nothing of the mystery, which leads to the belief that——" and here Briggs crumpled up his sheet and left it on the table. Currie had left his page on the desk just as he had written it, beside a few other blank sheets.

We left the room, walked over to the Hub, loafed round a bit, and then 'phoned No. 1 station.

Currie was at the machine, and called:

"Hello, sergeant! Has Jerry of the Twister been over there?" Currie waited a few seconds; then roared with a guffaw. "Never mind, sergeant," we heard him say, "we'll bring you over a Key West cigar."—"Yes, two of them."—"Very good!"—"Bye-bye."

Currie joined us in the small room, laughing heartily. "The sergeant says Jerry must have been drinking. 'The fool,' says the sergeant, 'thinks there is some mysterious suicide on the water front, and called me a liar when I told him there wasn't.'"

We enjoyed this, for we knew Sergeant O'Connor's temper.

"Then when I laughed," continued Currie, "he tumbled. Let's go over!"

Briggs bought the cigars, and in we trooped to headquarters. The sergeant was smiling, and pointed to one of the station men who was mopping up a big splash on the floor.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"That fool, Jerry, called me a liar, and as I couldn't get at him quick enough, I threw the mucilage pot."

This was rich, and again we had a good laugh, and handed over the cigars. There was nothing new at the station, so we all reported at our respective offices, and each told his city editor the yarn, which was much enjoyed.

Next morning Curtis, our city editor, called me in, and he laughingly held up a copy of the Twister.

"You fellows allowed that joke to go too far, Scotty," he said. "This will cost Jerry his job, I am afraid. He has got a yarn here a column and a half long, and it makes good reading, too. He even names his victim."

I laughed. The joke had gone splendidly.

"Mr. Scott," said the office boy, "some one wants you at the 'phone." I went.

"Hello!"—"Briggs, that you? Did you see the Twister?—Ha! ha!"—"What!!!—Currie?"—"Is he?"—"Going to leave town?"—"Why, yes, I'll be out in a jiffy."—"At the Hub?"—"All right."

What was up now at the Stellar office? Currie, the last of all men! I reached the Hub, made at once for the small room, and there sat Currie alone smoking a cigar, and three cocktails ready for immediate consumption on the table in front of him.

"What's the row, old man? Where's Briggs?" I asked in one breath.

"Here's Briggs now," replied Currie, as the door opened. "Now sit down, fellows. Drink up, and Briggs, you press the button for another. We'll need it."

"Buz-z-z" went the bell. All was silence.

"We—are—scooped—again," said Currie slowly, with great emphasis on the "again," "and it's up to George Currie of the Stellar, Fred Briggs of the Mercury and Bill Scott of the Bounder to pass in their chips."

The waiter entered at this stage.

"Don't know what you are driving at, Currie," said Briggs, and turning to the waiter continued, "but we'll have to have another drink, anyway. Same all round."

"Look here," said Currie; "I have seen my city editor, I have been at police headquarters and at the morgue, and I have seen Jerry, and that one and a half column yarn of his in the Twister is a bona fide story. The suicide happened across the bay on the island, and no one would have located it until to-day, and we would have been all right, every one of us, but for that joke of ours last night. It made Jerry search the water front until 1 o'clock this morning, and then when he could find nothing he hired a boat, rowed to the island, and I'll be hanged if the story was not there waiting on him."

Briggs said something I hate to repeat, only it sounded most appropriate for the occasion. We wrote three notes to three city editors, pooled our finances, and next day three bright newspaper men were looking for a job down the coast.

Daily New York Letter

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

Summer in Wall Street.

Aug. 28.—Wall street in summer is a very different place from Wall stret during the months when the operations of "the street" are closely followed in every civilized land. Repose succeeds intensity of action during the lazy days and energy is accumulated rather than expended, while the tide of financial affairs drops to its lowest ebb. The summer season is a time of short office hours, of late arrivals and early goings, while holidays are at a premium and the hands of the clock are more eagerly studied than the wheels of the ticker. Wall stret is the nerve center of the town. There are other quarters of the metropolis where men work as continuously and ambitiously, but there is none where business is carried on at such a tension as in the little district of which the Stock Exchange is the very brain. There are brokers who never take a vacation, who are as uniform in their office hours as the phases of the moon. The majority of the brokers, however, so badly need rest and recreation when the summer months come round that the sea, golf links, foreign tours and the fashionable health resorts engage their energies and attention while the ticker ticks monotonously for the less fortunate clerks who are compelled to remain behind. Yet, despite the lassitude of the brokers and the dullness of trade, there are many tourists to be seen strolling around in the financial quarter to "see the sights." The idea to be gathered from the signs in the street or on the floor of the exchange are rarely accurate, however. One must go into the brokers' offices, where the veteran sighs at his futile efforts to encourage trade and the regular customer nods in his chair, kept cool by electric fans. In the telegraph rooms private wires on thousand-mile circuits, costing small fortunes in annual rental charges, carry an occasional message. St. Louis sends news of rain in Kansas and Pittsburg gives hourly bulletins of the strike, while Saratoga sends "tips" on the races to those who occasionally like to play. The high-salaried manager nervously walks from ticker to ticker, while the office boy hangs out of the window with nothing to do.

Dull Days in the Bucket Shop.

Another side of the picture of dull times in the financial district may be seen in the bucket shops, where the speculation resembles the children's game of "unsight, unseen." These shops may scarcely be designated as offices. Their business is of too transitory a character to warrant fixtures, and the outcome of the game too uncertain for the proprietor to curtail his already painfully limited assets by the purchase of carpets and chairs that have next to no value in the settling up of accounts. There is many a bucket shop in the old buildings in New street that is as blank and devoid of attractive features as the future of the man who runs the game. In the winter weather they furnish shelter, are a rendezvous for scores of men with whom misfortune and disaster are boon companions, but who are, nevertheless, inveigled by hope to believe that they may yet resuscitate their one-time prosperity. The shops offer them shelter and a bench for such patronage as they can give, a dollar or two now and then, borrowed from some associate who knew them when their tide was at its flood. Those upon whom the bucket shops of this quarter mainly depend for subsistence, however, are the messenger boys from the street, the porters and elevator men of the nearby office buildings, while occasionally a Greek or Italian fruit-vender may be seen in the rooms. But when the hot weather comes on and the pavements outside begin to soften from the intensity of the heat, even the most wretched of the bucket shop patrons disappear. The manager shuts up his shop and all hands go out in search of other means of passing the tiresome days. Many of them frequent the city parks, especially Battery park, which gives a good view of the harbor and has the additional advantage of being cooler than most of the parks up-town. Here they loll on the benches and lay out their winter campaigns in the same cheerful and hopeful way as the banker upon his yacht or in his seaside or mountain home.

A Dangerous Boat.

Yachtsmen who have been following the trial work of Sir Thomas Lipton's cup-hunter on this side of the Atlantic have come around fully to the belief of the Irish knight, that he has in Shamrock II. the fastest yacht that has ever come from the other side in quest of the America's cup. The new yacht is generally regarded as a most dangerous boat, and the opinion is prevalent at the present time, especialy in view of the continued defeats of the new Constitution by the old Columbia, that Sir Thomas has a yacht that, even if she cannot win the much coveted trophy, will at least put up a fight so close from beginnig to end of the race that the contest will be uncertain until it is all over. So far the trials of the Shamrock have shown that her sails are excellent and that no ninety-footer ever made less disturbance in the water. In windward work especially, the new challenger is to be regarded as exceptionally formidable, and the way the little green-bodied yacht has been cutting through the water on her trial spins around Sandy Hook is regarded as nothing less than marvelous by all who have witnessed her work. From now until the date of her first cup race, Sept. 21, Sir Thomas Lipton will live on his steam yacht Erin, so as to be close to the Shamrock, and thus be able to observe her work during the final days of turning up. The entire Lipton fleet, including the Erin, the Shamrock II., the Porto Rico, on which live Captain Sycamore and the rest of the crew of the Shamrock, with the tugs, launches and tenders, are anchored nightly off Sandy Hook. Moored in the Horseshoe in smooth water, the entire fleet will be in a most comfortable berth while at anchor. And on every occasion when the weather favors, the challenger will be taken out for trial work.

Harlem Bridge Is Open.

Harlem bridge, connecting the boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx across the Harlem river, has been opened at last. Several thousand people were present at the opening ceremonies of the $2,500,000 structure, including the president and officers of the Willis Avenue Bridge Association, that was the first to agitate for the construction of the bridge about ten years ago. Now that the viaduct is completed, there are connected two highways, one over thirteen miles in length, extending from the southern part of Manhattan island to the northerly boundary of the city, and the other a projection of the same thoroughfare across the river, extending for ten miles into the most populous portion of Westchester, thus making a highway twenty-three miles in length. Although the cost of the new structure itself was only $2,500,000, the cost of the land for approaches, piers and abutments runs the amount up to fully $3,000,000 more. The actual work of construction began in the early part of 1898. The width of the bridge is 70 feet and its length is a little of 2,500 feet, 6,200 tons of steel being required in its construction. Over 31,000 cubic yards of the foundation work of the new bridge was done below the surface of the Harlem river; 24,000 cubic yards of concrete and stone were used in the construction of its piers and abutments, and the actual area of the steel work over which paint had to be spread was no less than sixty acres.

Secrets of the Stage.

Secrets of the "world behind the scenes," the means by which the illusions and the mystery of the stage are produced, are becoming more and more a matter of public property. Advertisements of the stage mechanics are a means by which publicity is given to the stage methods in the production of illusions. On Broadway one may see in the window of an electrician the way in which wind, cloud and rain effects are produced, while another shows a specimen of his skill in designing demons. In view of such wholesale revelations, the mysteries of the stage are likely soon to be only a tradition.

—N. N. A.

IMPORTANCE OF THE NOVEL

Prof. Richard Burton's Chautauqua Address.

Every one loves a story, and scholars are awakening to the fact what a force the modern novel is. It is the dominant literary form of to-day, as is proved by our public libraries and by publishers' sales. The novel is an all-covering tyrant that has choked the life out of the older literary forms. Some think it is the decadence of literature, but that is not my position. The modern novel is a great and potent power for good or evil, and it remains with us to make the good abiding and to exclude the evil.

Composite Maxims.

Century Magazine.

A penny saved spoils the broth.
A fool and his money corrupt good manners.
A word to the wise is a dangerous thing.
A guilty conscience is the mother of invention.

The Two-Minute Trotter.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

To trot a mile in two minutes a horse would have to travel forty-four feet a second. Cresceus, at Columbus, trotted 43.197 feet a second, striding twenty-six feet. It would seem a comparatively easy task to wipe out this difference, but it is almost a superhuman one.