THE JOURNAL

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The Minneapolis Journal

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As Usual, The Journal Leads All the Other Papers in Minneapolis by a Big Margin

Here are the Figures that Prove It.

Measurements for August, 1901.

JOURNAL, 27 days	**956**
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Advertisers prove the worth of THE JOURNAL'S circulation by using it more than any other paper.

AN OVERLOOKED DOMAIN

The occasion of the state fair and its splendid demonstration of the resources of Minnesota, make it timely to remark that withal her nearly 2,000,000 of people and her vast wealth, Minnesota still has a great undeveloped region. We have been too much in the habit of thinking that the state must regard the third of its area covered by the northern woods, as a region that will be good for little after it is stripped of its timber. In this way we have reduced the productive area of Minnesota by 28,000 square miles.

While it must be granted that some of this territory will not for years, if ever, be utilized for agriculture, and while it is to be hoped that in some way or other much of it will always be devoted to the raising of timber, it is gradually dawning on people that there are millions of acres of land in northern Minnesota, immense tracts subject to homesteading, which are capable of being converted into rich farms. With the land hunger's pangs sharpened by the recent realization that the cheap agricultural lands of the United States are about gone, with the treeless prairie lands rapidly increasing in price, the man who wants land of his own is turning to the wooded country.

While we have referred in a general way to the wooded region as a barren country, settlers have been slowly invading it and finding to their delight that much of it is productive and capable of profitable farming either as tilled land or pasture. Any one who travels over the older railroads running through the timber country and compares the productive fields he sees there now with the desolate cut-over and burned-over regions he saw five or ten years ago, is surprised by the evidences of prosperous agriculture. It is not the Red river valley, to be sure, and it is not to be farmed in the same way or given up to the same crops, but it is good land and it is now cheap land. It cannot fail to attract and support a large population, dependent upon agriculture or stock raising, aside from the mining population supported by the world's greatest iron mines.

One cannot but marvel at the peculiar idea of the fitness of things which leaves the streets of Minneapolis in the business center more offensively filthy on such a day as yesterday—and particularly yesterday morning, when a grand parade was to take place—than any other day of the year. The aldermen of the fourth ward and the street commissioner may have some reason for this condition of things, but what it is is too deep a conundrum for us. It may not add any pleasant reflections in this connection to say that the condition of things which obtained in this city did not prevail in St. Paul yesterday morning, but it is nevertheless a fact.

TAVERA'S HOPE

Dr. Pardo de Tavera, one of the native members of the Philippine commission, on being inaugurated into office yesterday said that he believed "the day is coming when the American constitution as a whole, without amputations, will be planted here as the flag now is."

This is the expression of a commendable ambition on the part of the Filipinos, though it remains to be seen whether it will meet with a responsive echo in the United States. A Filipino, believing in the latent capacity of his people for self-government and at the same time attached to American rule can scarcely entertain a humbler ambition for his people. If the development of the Filipinos in the next few years shall be in accord with their estimates of their own capacity; if for example it shall be comparable to the progress of Japan since Commodore Perry landed at Uraga in 1854, the American people will have to decide whether it will be for their interests to cultivate this aspiration and promise its ultimate gratification. If they decide against such a course then justice to the Filipinos will demand a policy aiming at autonomy. If the Filipinos prove themselves to have a talent for government the American conception of self-government will call for either the incorporation of the islands or portions of them into the union or else their elevation to a status bearing a relation to the United States proper similar to that of Canada or Australia to the government of the United Kingdom.

The state fair got under way yesterday with a stride which promises to make the present week a record breaker in attendance. Perhaps comparatively few people knew that the management took the precaution to have Mr. W. L. Moore, chief of the weather bureau at Washington, on hand yesterday to look after the weather, and from present indications he has arranged things very satisfactorily thus far. Fair skies and cool but pleasant weather is just what the fair management want.

PEACE THROUGH COMPULSION.

A Berlin dispatch notes the adoption of a resolution by the German Society for Obligatory Peace calling upon the imperial government to take the initiative in persuading the powers to change the principle of the International Arbitration Tribunal at The Hague from voluntary to compulsory arbitration.

The advocates of obligatory peace will find their own government very intractable on this subject. Emperor William has not changed his views on war and peace an iota since the international peace conference at The Hague. He is the last person in the world to deliberately champion compulsory arbitration. He himself would never submit to compulsion in such a matter. The majority of the powers at the peace conference opposed strongly the principle of compulsion and it was rejected because they realized the absurdity of whipping a power, irate and ugly, into a calm reference to arbitration of a difficulty with another power. It may be said that, if the powers subscribe to compulsory arbitration, they would be in honor bound to abide by the agreement. Certainly, but you have first to get them to agree to the principle and then who will say that, in a specially aggravating case, where there is a burning sense of wrong, disputing powers would be faithful to the pledge? International honor is not held so sacred that passion may not overthrow the barriers against flagrant violations of contract.

Compulsory arbitration has generally been rejected by labor organizations in this country. New Zealand is the only country where the system is in operation and there is a great difference of opinion as to its success. Under the New Zealand law no workman can be brought before one of the tribunals unless he is a member of a trades union which is legally registered for the purpose of summoning or being summoned in such proceedings, and he can withdraw his registration and cease to be subject to the law if he wishes. If one party to a labor dispute wishes to arbitrate, the other party, if summoned, must come into court and arbitrate; and, if the result is not agreeable to one of the parties, he is not compelled to work, but, theoretically, if he works he must work under the terms of the award. The law is made exclusively for the trade unions and is consequently one-sided and it is charged that the tribunals are generally packed in the interest of the unions.

The powers who formulated the terms of the international tribunal at The Hague will not adopt compulsory arbitration. It does not fit their spirit and temper any more than it fits the spirit and temper of labor unions. Compulsory arbitration is a contradiction of terms.

The Labor Day parade becomes each year a more ambitious and significant event. The labor organizations make it more of a holiday, prepare for it more elaborately, and not only get more pleasure out of it themselves, apparently, but strengthen the impression that this is a workingman's country, where the idle are few and the unemployed small in number, whether from choice of from necessity. We have with us the advocate of the strenuous life, an idea imbibed in our western country, and which he finds exemplified here in the lives of all the people. It is highly appropriate that the wage earners, men who stand for the idea of labor as honorable and beneficent, should give expression to their idea at least once a year in some such demonstration as that which filled our streets yesterday.

PARTY FUTURES

Mr. Charles A. Conant, always interesting as a writer on finance and economics, essays to make a forecast of the policies of the two old political parties in the future in the September Atlantic.

He notes a radical transformation of the two parties during the past two years, which has brought one of them to the front as a protagonist of a strong government and seeking national greatness through a resolute foreign policy and expansion of "colonial empire," while the other shows a tendency to champion measures of state socialism which have obtained a firm foothold in Europe. The first, the republican party, Mr. Conant thinks, has weakened on the subjects of the championship of the black race and protection and concerns itself more with a positive national policy and the protagonism of privilege and power. He thinks that the democratic party mistakenly appeals to "Jeffersonian principles" because the Jeffersonian principles have accomplished their work and can no longer stir political passions. The reforms for which Jefferson contended have been completely achieved, and, if the party would have any measure of success, it must, as the party of opposition, demand equality of opportunity for those within the state in sharing what has been won by a firm national policy for the citizens of the state throughout the world, combining with that policy certain measures of state socialism.

Mr. Conant's forecast cannot be very exhilarating for the Cleveland democracy, who have been standing for the laissez faire doctrine of Jefferson, for he insists that "Jeffersonian principles" have accomplished their work as little remains to be achieved in the United States in the arena of political freedom. He says nothing about the special democratic measures in the south to destroy the political freedom of the negro voter and govern him without his consent, while he approves the championship by the democratic party of government control of public utilities, which is already an emphatic policy of the Bryan democracy. Mr. Conant predicts that the democratic opportunity will come through the blunders of the party of constructive measures and a resolute foreign policy, but the democracy must be cohesive enough to govern well and be led by men of "a due sense of responsibility to existing order."

Mr. Conant, like many other makers of forecasts, insists that the republican party accomplished, in its early years, the mission for which it was organized. This is a mistaken view of the nature and spirit of republican organization forty-five years ago. The party was organized immediately for the prevention of the extension of slave territory. Coming into power and confronted by the attempted dissolution of the union by the slavocracy, it faced the emergency and adapted itself to the new conditions and maintained the integrity of the union and proved itself the party of constructive measures, a great national party, acting for the national welfare and vastly extending the equality of economic opportunity. The republican party started out as a national party promotive of the national welfare and it has been such a party ever since. Time and again the political prophets have pointed to the open grave of the party, but the grave remains unoccupied and the party somehow manages to champion policies which meet the views of the most practical and business element of the nation. It is not true that the republican party has been "radically transformed" within the last two years. What it has nationally accomplished since the nation called for war with Spain has been only the natural working of the national spirit which has always actuated it and has produced results invariably beneficial to the nation. If there are more millionaires developed under the wealth-producing policies of the party of constructive measures, the majority of the millionaires have come up from the masses by their own energy and thrift, while the general betterment of conditions is marked by the wide spread acquisition of comforts, luxuries and culture.

The democratic party will have to "seek a new manifestation" as Mr. Conant puts it, before it can survive as a healthy rival of the party of expansion. At present there are no evidences that it is seeking the "new manifestation" which will commend it to a majority of the voters of the country. Mr. Conant admits that he cannot point out the man or men who are able to lead successfully in this search for a "new manifestation." He admits that he sees no man who is capable of leadership representing the methods and policies of democracy throughout the world in its "new struggles for equality of economic and social opportunity" which he thinks is the one issue upon which the democracy can rest a hope for success. Mr. Conant, throughout his paper, overlooks the fact of the adaptation of the republican party to meet new conditions and demands in the interest of the national welfare.

School keeps to-day. Thirty-five thousand children will be assembled in the schoolhouses of Minneapolis to-day to begin a new year of school work. It is a great business which the state does in educating its citizens; great not only from the standpoint of its significance and its success, but from the standpoint of its business enterprise. The public schools are the most expensive department of our state government, and justly so. It takes money to provide such facilities as are furnished in the schools of Minneapolis to as many pupils as crowd the school buildings of this city, but no part of the public revenue is furnished with more cheerfulness by the people than that which is wisely expended in the education of the children. The magnitude of this business, however, probably does not occur to many who are not personally in contact with the work, but a little observation and reflection will impress the fact very strongly upon any one. It requires a high order of executive ability to bring order out of confusion and results of a satisfactory kind out of so complicated an undertaking.

Dewhiskering a Fraud Many people in this part of the country will remember the Unblushing Fraud, who called himself a "Divine Healer," and who vilely and wickedly took the name of Francis Schlatter for purposes of deceit. He was spoken of in many parts of the west as the False Schlatter and his history and origin were well known. But the name was of value to him in many places and there was much confusion among the unwise as to whether he was the Denver Schlatter or not. A terrible accident has happened to the False Schlatter. He has been forcibly separated from his hair and beard, largely his stock in trade, and is now in the workhouse on Blackwell's Island for three months. At present he is employed in the upleasant task of scrubbing the workhouse floors.

The trouble with the False Schlatter was that he went on a Terrible Drunk and beat his wife. This somewhat interfered with his divine powers and a callous judge, finding it was not his first offense, sized him up for a fraud and gave him the limit. Mrs. Schlatter, formerly quite well known as Mrs. Comer of Chicago, has left him for good and in fact the Healer seems to be sadly up against it. The frightful loss of his hair and beard will throw him out of healing for some time after his exit from the workhouse. Just why so many people insist on associating holiness with whiskers is one of the modern mysteries.

"Bat'house John," whose real name is Alderman Coughlin of Chicago, has invented or discovered a coat and vest combined, which is intended to supersede the shirt waist, and a patent has been secured upon it. The new garment does away with the inconvenient and unhealthy belt, and, hiding the suspenders and waistband of the trousers, gives the wearer a neat, dressy and pleasing appearance. Bathhouse has heretofore been celebrated for wearing garments that would make a freight train jump a switch. The new invention will be eagerly awaited.

Luther Hickman of Warrensburg, Mo., state supervisor of building and loan associations and member of the democratic state committee and a prosperous merchant, is said to have a preparation that takes the kinks out of a colored person's hair. Up this way something strong is wanted to take the kinks out of a 2-months calf.

The old line democrats are now conceding that Thomas Jefferson was a good man, but that he has been overworked of late. Andrew Jackson has also struck the management for a vacation with half pay.

A board of investigation appointed by the state of Indiana has decided that there are no sane persons in the insane asylums. Did that board get into the legislative halls by mistake?

A lion is loose in South Dakota somewhere. The South Dakota girl, when the mouse runs across the floor, emits a shrill factory whistle under the impression that she has seen it.

Brass dust and filings is being exported to Alaska to salt claims with. The tenderfoot is safer on a good Minnesota farm, where they have to use stump pullers to get out the potatoes.

Harry Lehr, who amuses the 400 at Newport, had a dog luncheon Thursday to which society took its gavorite pups, and they all had a small cold bone together.

The Delaware peach crop is a hummer, prices reaching 40 cents a bushel in New York. The primacy of the prune is threatened in eastern boarding-houses.

John L. Sullivan threatened to throw Carrie L. Nation out of his saloon if she appeared there. We would advise Mr. Sullivan to crawl under the bar.

Professor Gautier of the Institute of France says it is possible to attain to perpetual youth. The professor has been calling on grandma.

The hide of the hippopotamus is two inches thick in spots. The little sarcasms of the jungle and riverside are wasted on hippo.

It is so quiet along the isthmus that it begins to look as if the fire department had been called out to squirt on the revolution.

Hornets this fall are of the two-horsepower variety and can lift a 200-pound man two feet a second.

J. Sterling Morton is in trouble again. He has bought a daily newspaper and doesn't seem to care who knows it.

ANNABEL LEE

Edgar Allen Poe was born in Boston Feb. 19, 1809, and died in Baltimore Oct. 7, 1849. His parents were actors. Early left an orphan, he was brought up by John Allen of Richmond, went to West Point, went to the University of Virginia, contributed to magazines, and also became a magazine editor.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the wing-ed seraphs of Heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me,
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know),
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in Heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Edgar A Poe

AMUSEMENTS

Haverly's Minstrels at the Metropolitan.

"Gentlemen, be seated! Good evening, Mr. Johnson. How are you this evening?"

"Howdy, Mr. White, howdy? I've got a little question I'd like to ask you. Why is Dowleism like a thin girl?"

"I don't know, Mr. Johnson. Why is Dowleism like a thin girl?"

"'Cause one's a humbug, and the other's a bum hug. Yah, Yah, Yah!"

Haverly's minstrels are at the Metropolitan. The entertainment is a genuine, old-time black-face show, very welcome in these days of short-skirted, strident-voiced vaudeville. It filled the theater last evening, and the audience was obviously pleased with the program.

The Haverly company is not remarkably strong musically, although the ensemble work of the first part is decidedly good, and the funny men are really what our Teutonic friends would term "comickers." George Morgan, who is programed as a "male soprano," has a freak voice, with a range greater than that of either Richard Jose or William Windom, although it lacks the volume of one, and the purity of the other. Mr. Morgan is making his first American tour this season, having been associated formerly with Moore & Burgess' minstrels of London. He sang "Thou Art Mine" and the familiar "Hello Central, Give Me Heaven" in a way that won him enthusiastic applause.

Apart from Morgan, however, there are no remarkable voices in the Haverly company, which relies for its success largely upon the abilities of its comedians and upon the second part, which is very good. Many of the songs are new, and most of them genuinely funny. Dan Allman's "Honeysuckle and the Bee," which is now the rage in Chicago and which he introduced to Minneapolis, is well handled and proved attractive. Mr. Allman also has another good song in "Mamie," who was a "klepto-Mamie, kleptomaniac." George Wilson sings a taking medley which includes a selection from the famous "Pretty Maidens" sextet of "Floradora," and which he finished, rather tamely, with "When Reuben Comes to Town," the gallery, by request, whistling the chorus. Charles H. Wesley contributes "Dolly Gray," the refrain of which is a direct plagiarism from "Sweet Marie," popular some years ago, and a pseudo-sentimental creation of Charles K. Harris, pathetically entitled "Nobody Ever Brings Presents to Me." Unfortunately Mr. Wesley's voice is not suited to solo work, and the result in both instances is disastrous.

The feature of the program is George Wilson, who is funny in the same old way, but still funny. As a monologuist Mr. Wilson is a distinct hit. His talk is bright and snappy, and his method of getting laughs effective. He has a hit on the Sampson-Schley controversy that sends the house into spasms of mirth, Sampson, as usual, getting the worst end of the argument. Marion and Pearl do a clever acrobatic turn, and Garden and Somers please with a musical mokes act, that is quite the best thing of the kind seen here in some time. Marion and Rupre, another Marion, make a hit with their act, in which one impersonates a Chinaman and the other a soubrette. This is the only act one the program that is not done in black face.

The jokes of the first part lose much of their snappiness through the poor work of Charles Wesley as interlocutor. However, the two editions of end men, Eddie Mazier and "Billy" Pearl, and George Wilson and Dan Allman, do much to compensate.

—J. S. Lawrence.

Mathews & Bulger at the Bijou.

Harry Bulger is at the Bijou this week in "The Night of the Fourth." Mr. Bulger is funny; in fact, he is very funny; and upon his shoulders rests practically the entire burden of the piece. He has with him Sam Marion and the McCoy sisters, who relieve him of the responsibility occasionally and acquit themselves most creditably. J. Sherrie Mathews is also in the cast, but Mr. Mathews is evidently just convalescing from a serious illness and lacks his old time snap and go which was always a feature of the Mathews and Bulger farces. He has curtailed too much his vacation, and is in such poor shape physically that there can be but one excuse, and that a poor one, for his appearance on the stage—the existence of a contract that could not be broken.

"The Night of the Fourth" was seen here last season. Since then it has been revamped slightly and George Ade's name has been omitted from the program as its author. However, the changes do not improve materially what was originally a rather sad attempt at play writing.

"The Night of the Fourth" is interesting only in one respect. It gives Mr. Bulger an opportunity for good work as the retired iceman. With a first-class company it might be made to do, but unfortunately the company is lacking. With the exception of the names already mentioned and with the addition of William Macart, who plays a small part well, the cast is inadequate even to the slender demands made upon it.

Two good songs are interpolated; "When Shakspere Comes to Town," sung by Bulger, and "I've Hardly Known You Long Enough for That," a duet, admirably handled by Miss Nellie McCoy and Sam Marion. "Love Me, Lize," a rag-time melody with chorus, is not unpretty, and would probably prove attractive were Mr. Mathews in condition to do it or himself justice. Bulger's dancing is as funny as ever; and Sam Marion and the McCoy sisters contribute an enjoyable acrobatic dance that is encored repeatedly by the audience.

"The Night of the Fourth" is billed as a "vaudeville," and it is nothing more. However, people who have never seen Bulger will be well repaid for a visit to the Bijou during his stay.

—J. S. Lawrence.

TOMMY'S TACKLE

by Edwin J. Webster

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Thomas Stevenson, better known as Tommy, left college with a fair knowledge of mechanical engineering and a disposition to meet life good-naturedly. Incidentally Tommy carried away a well-developed set of muscles, and left behind him the reputation of being the surest tackler that had played on the university eleven.

The head coach measured every man's worth by his ability to play football.

"Tommy will never be a great player," he said regretfully. "He's too slow in his running. But he certainly is the hardest tackler I ever met. It's my belief Tommy would jar a freight engine if he made a good plunge at it."

After Tommy's graduation his uncle offered him a position at the Walnut mines.

"It will do the boy good," said the uncle, "and knock some of the college nonsense out of him."

Tommy was far from regarding his college education as nonsense, but he was anxious to get a practical knowledge of mining, so he accepted the position without discussing with his uncle the value of a collegiate training. His principal duties at the mine were to keep track of the time the men worked and the number of tons of coal brought out of the mine. This was not exactly the work Tommy had looked forward to while in college; but he accepted the situation philosophically.

"I want to find out all about the business," thought Tommy cheerfully, "and the best way is to get what I can out of the job I'm on. Something better will turn up later."

Because he was big and good-natured and free from egotism everybody at the mines liked Tommy. It was one of the boasts of the Walnut mine owners that they had never had a strike. When the miners in the Quincy mines across the river went out, the Walnut miners refused to join them; so one morning a deputation was sent over to rouse a sympathetic strike. The strikers' deputation was led by "Big Bill" Tomlinson. Bill was over six feet tall, weighed 250 pounds, and had the reputation of being the best boxer and wrestler in that district. Unless he had been drinking, however, Bill was good natured and not given to abusing his strength. On this particular morning Bill had felt that his position as the leader of the strikers called on him to take a few drinks. He was not intoxicated, but his potations had greatly increased his sense of his own dignity.

When the strikers arrived Tommy was sitting alone in the office at the entrance to the mines. Tommy knew Bill by sight.

"Hello," said Tommy cheerily. "What's up this morning?"

"We're from the Quincy mines," answered Bill, speaking slowly and with an attempt at impressiveness. "You know we are on a strike. And we have been sent over as a committee to see your men and get them to join us. We're goin' down in the mines and have a talk with them."

"It's against the rules for any one to go in the mines without a pass from the superintendent," objected Tommy.

"Rules! Rules!" thundered Bill, his voice and temper rising. "What do we care for rules? We're goin' in the mine. And we're goin' now, too."

Tommy was perplexed. In a drawer of his desk lay a revolver, meant for use in such emergencies, but Tommy didn't want to use it. Bill wasn't a bad sort of fellow at heart, and he had a family depending upon him. Moreover, Tommy felt a healthy young athlete's aversion to the use of deadly weapons. One thing was certain, no one was going down that mine without permission while he, Thomas Stevenson, had any breath in his body.

"Why don't you apply at the superintendent's office?" he asked, determined to delay the crisis as long as possible. "Maybe he would let you have the passes."

"Maybe he would telephone for the police," sneered Bill. "No, young fellow, don't give us any steer of that sort. We haven't anything against you and don't want to hurt you. But we're goin' down the mine and goin' right now."

"Guess again," replied Tommy with slangy cheerfulness. Even if they did pound him, there was no use in feeling badly before he was hurt. "No passes, no entrance, is the rule of this game."

Bill's temper was now fully aroused. Should he, the leader of the strikers, be thwarted by a young fellow just out of college? From the door to the spot where Tommy was standing was about twenty feet. And Bill came forward with a rush.

As Tommy saw the big miner rushing at him there flashed through his mind the memory of a November afternoon when the Yale center rush had broken through the line and, ball under his arm, was plunging toward the goal. Tommy's tackle had saved the day then. Perhaps it would work again.

"Low and hard is the word," thought Tommy. And, setting his teeth and gathering every muscle in his body for the spring, he plunged forward.

The beauty about a skilfully executed football tackle is that the harder the other man is coming forward the more violently he is thrown. Bill had plunged forward with all the force of every ounce of muscle in his big body. Tommy caught him just above the knees and threw a little twist into the tackle. It had taken the head coach weeks to teach Tommy that twist. In the end he had learned it thoroughly. Bill was hurled through the air and came down with a heavy jar, partly on his left shoulder and partly on his head. Tommy extricated himself and stood ready to meet the rush of strikers which he thought was coming. Bill stayed on the floor.

But the rush of strikers didn't come. Instead, they stared in open-mouthed amazement, first at Tommy, who was standing with the blood running from a little cut on his lip, and a cheerful, expectant look on his face, and then at the prostrate Bill. One of the miners gave a little chuckle.

"Did you see the way the kid threw Bill?" he said admiringly. "He certainly is a winner."

Bill rose to his feet, slowly and painfully, with a look on his face, not of anger, but of utter surprise. Tommy stood alert, not looking for trouble, but ready to meet it if it came. But Bill's intentions were peaceable. He extended his hand to Tommy, gazing at him with a new-found respect.

"Shake hands, Tommy," said he. "It's all right about the mine. I don't believe any of us want to go down to-day. It might not be healthy. But, Tommy," he added, "they certainly did learn you more in your school than readin', writin' and figurin'."

And Bill and his followers trudged peacefully away from the Walnut mines.

Tommy related the incident to his uncle that evening. The latter was indignant at the audacity of the strikers in daring to interfere with his mines.

"Some one ought to complain to the police."

"I don't believe I shall," said Tommy thoughtfully. "I can't see that I have anything to complain of. And Bill, while not exactly content, seemed fully satisfied."

Daily New York Letter

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

News Gathering as an Art.

Sept. 3.—Newsgathering as an art has undergone many changes in the metropolis within the last ten or fifteen years, but there are still at least six newsgathering stations on Manhattan Island, where all the routine news of the day comes from. Of course there are many sources of news on Manhattan Island that change daily with the nature of the stories, but these half a dozen fixed stations furnish the greater part of the staple, local news. Geographically, the first of these is the Ship News Office at the Battery. It adjoins the Staten Island ferry slip and is the oldest of all the newsgathering stations in the city. It is a small wooden building almost disreputable in appearance and yet every newspaper in the city, and many throughout the country, are represented there by men who know ships and marine news as a child knows its alphabet. They have a "faculty," as they call it, and a "dean" to preside over the body. Each man does his share of the work and the news is divided equally between the members of the "faculty" without favor to any one. Of course there are times when a member secures a "scoop" or exclusive story for the paper he represents, but usually they all have the same news to work on when they arrive at their respective offices. The next newsgathering station, the city hall, is a little further up town. There the reporters have a special room which was set aside for them several years ago, and which has since been protected by every administration as a sacred part of the building. Here is gathered the news relating to the mayor's office, the board of aldermen and the business of the common council. If an alderman has an ax to grind he trots to the reporters' room or sends for one of the men he knows and the next morning the news is spread in all the papers. The same thing is true of the mayor and other officers. In the supreme court building just across from the city hall is the third newsgathering station. A small, dirty room is there set aside for the reporters and, as in the Ship News office, the greatest harmony prevails between its habitues. Some of the most interesting news of the city comes from the supreme court, and it is a very difficult place to fill satisfactorily.

Mrs. Nation's Work.

Attention to all the little peculiarities of Mrs. Nation is duly called by her press agent and manager, both of whom are much more interested in the possible financial returns of her lecture tour than in the cause of "temperance." However, during her stay here Mrs. Nation has not done any real damage. She has been going around with a ferocious aspect, accompanied, however, by declarations that she didn't want to get in jail, and consequently would do nothing to invite such treatment Probably her most sensational escapade was her visit to Police Commissioner Murphy, in which the old lady delivered herself of a few impolite remarks on the commissioner's action in letting the saloons do business in this city. After standing it as long as he could, the commissioner ordered the woman removed.

Some of the Stations.

Some distance up the city is the fourth newsgathering station. It is the criminal court building in Center street, and is one of the most important of all the stations. From it comes all the news of the district attorney's office, the general and special criminal courts, which are the higher criminal courts, and also from the Center street police court. The coroner's office is likewise located in this building, and though it does not produce a great many "thrilling" yarns, the news is of a character that cannot safely be overlooked. Each paper of the Associated Press is represented at this station from 8 o'clock in the morning until late at night. The fifth station is the police headquarters in Mulberry street. Here the newspapers have three dwellings turned into offices immediately opposite the headquarters. The day duty is the most important and productive of news, the commissioner and deputy commissioner of police generally giving out all statements by 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The sixth and perhaps the most important newsgathering station of all is the West Thirtieth street police station. Though all the police stations in the city are covered by the Associated Press until 2 o'clock in the morning, each of the papers keeps a special man at the Tenderloin station. At present the newspaper forces there are divided into two factions. One of these has desk room in the rickety carpenter shop opposite the green lights of the police station. They sit up until 4 o'clock in the morning watching for prisoners to be brought in. The other faction, known as the "Outlanders," have no office but skirmish around in the dark and watch the station house from neighboring corners. The two factions fight each other continually. Each man is out for his particular paper and for a "scoop" where possible. Never does a prisoner arrive afoot, in cab or patrol wagon but the two factions are represented by one or more reporters. Some of the liveliest and best news in town is gathered by the reporters detailed to this station.

A Great Sea Wall.

Next to the rapid transit subway perhaps the most extensive and costly improvement now under way is the great sea wall designed eventually to encompass the whole of Manhattan Island. In fact, the actual cost per running foot is nearly, if not quite, as much as that of the subway, while the engineering problems presented are frequently very much greater. The wall is now being constructed by the department of docks and ferries at many points along East river, and the Battery wall in comparison is a trifling and primitive affair. The uses of the wall are several, making possible wide marginal streets which the enormous traffic to and from the river front has shown to be indispensable; the sewers are carried through the wall into deep water at all stages of the tide, and it makes a solid and permanent abutment for any piers that may be erected beyond it or structure built upon it. The type and cost of the wall, of course, varies with the river bed. Where the rock substratum, upon which it is built, is even and near the surface, the work is comparatively easy, it being made perfectly level by deposits of concrete in bags. On this foundation the wall is built up of seventy-ton concrete blocks, each 17x8x10 feet. When the bed rock is from fifty to seventy-five feet below low water, however, the work is more difficult and concrete in bags has to be dispensed with, and piles by the thousand are driven into the soft mud to make the required foundation. This, of course, adds to the average expense of the wall, as it is necessary to keep the piles in certain positions relative to each other in order to give a solid support to the enormous concrete blocks. A diver is, therefore, required to inspect each pile separately before the blocks are let down upon them. It will require a number of years and the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars to complete the wall as now projected.

Drawing-room Street Cars.

Drawing-room street cars are one of the latest novelties in the metropolis. Each car carries twenty-five persons at a fare of 25 cents each, and has a porter in attendance to look after the comfort of the passengers. Unfortunately for the great mass of New Yorkers, however, but to the undying satisfaction of the citizens of the "Cemetery Borough," to ride in the cars it is necessary to make a trip to the Borough of Brooklyn. Despite the fact that the residents of Manhattan have been petitioning the Metropolitan street railway to introduce parlor street cars on its lines, it remains for the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company to humiliate Manhattan by putting them on its line between Brooklyn bridge and Brighton Beach. All the summer long they have been running with pleasure to the passengers and profit to the company, and now it is announced that they are to do the same thing for theatergoers after Oct. 1. The cars will be clean and well-heated and, as they have done during the summer, will continue agreeably to supplant the crowded strap-hanging trolleys for those to whom such means of transportation are intolerable. New Yorkers may now be expected to make themselves heard on the subject of drawing-room street cars for Manhattan, for great as the inducement is, no Manhattanite could long put up with the rusticity of Brooklyn even for the privilege of riding on its cars.

Postman's Troubles in Chinkdom.

Postmen in certain districts of New York, in order to get along at all satisfactorily, have to acquire a certain familiarity with a number of tongues. It is therefore not a matter for surprise that a new carrier who was sent out to deliver a special delivery letter in Chinatown should have gotten somewhat mixed up in his efforts to deliver the epistle. After much perambulating and much deciphering of hieroglyphics, the postman found the house he wanted and began pounding on the door. When several minutes had elapsed a sleepy Chinaman came to the door, only to greet the government Mercury with a yell that brought a dozen other Celestials to his side. They looked at the letter, held it up to the light, and chattered away like so many fairly intelligent monkeys. When asked to sign for the letter one of them seized the brush used in making up his laundry accounts and taking the receipt book of the postman began to make it look like an Egyptian obelisk.

Moving a Million Dollars.

Transportation of large sums of money from one city to another is usually done by the express companies, but it nevertheless occasionally happens that the necessity arises for transferring large sums at unusual hours or in exceptionally quick time, and it was this latter contingency which determined a firm in this city to send $1,000,000, nearly one-half in cash, by its own employes, to a nearby city. Of course, no one but those immediately concerned had an inkling of the transaction until it was all over. A member of the firm had the money insured before it left the safe, and an agent of the insurance company and another employe of the firm accompanied the bearer of the money to his destination. The responsibility was great, but owing to the secrecy with which the whole affair was conducted, there was little possibility of any one outside of the combination suspecting that the three men had $1,000,000 in their possession. There was little fear of a holdup in any event, but there was the usual danger of railroad accident. Large amounts of gold coin and bullion are frequently moved through the down town streets on trucks guarded by armed men, but such loads seldom attract special attention and there is next to no danger involved in moving them.

A Large Oyster Crop.

New Yorkers are not as greatly encouraged as they might be to learn that the oyster crop for the approaching season is to be unusually large. If accompanying the information concerning the quantity of oysters something definite were said about improved quality of the bivalve, the interest aroused might be somewhat greater than it is. Dealers have for some years been in the habit of attributing the neglect of the oyster to the degeneration of the gustatory nerve coupled with the fact that the average admirer of the delicacy is afraid that they may contain typhoid germs. Their ingenuousness in the matter is actually astonishing. None should know better than they that the real trouble is due to the custom of fattening the oyster in fresh water, thus making it at once large and tasteless, and not to the causes advanced by them. A proper oyster may be either large or small, according as nature intended, without being either tasteless or full of germs, but one thing is certain. So long as they are both large and tasteless, admirers of the bivalve are not going to become particularly elated over reports that what they don't want can be had in unusually large quantities. The same treatment of the scallop has lost for it its once great popularity.

Sub Rosa Boom for Whitney.

William C. Whitney's statement at Saratoga a few days ago, that he was "out of politics," has aroused not a little discussion in the ranks of New York democrats. No politician being supposed to tell the truth these days, an ulterior motive has been sought for Mr. Whitney's statement, and some believe he simply meant he would not be the democratic candidate for governor of New York state. It has been a well-kept secret for several months that certain democrats of the state have attempted to organize a movement to nominate Mr. Whitney for governor in the next gubernatorial campaign. It is admitted that the movement was started without the principal's knowledge, and it is now surmised that Mr. Whitney, who is a mighty keen person, has discovered what is going on. Now the democrats confess that they want him for governor, believing that he could unite all the factions of the state as well as give a brilliant administration at Albany. It was Mr. Whitney with Mr. Gorman who conducted the presidential campaign for Mr. Cleveland in 1884, and also accomplished his renomination and election in 1892, being really the cause of the defeat of former Senator David B. Hill.

—N. N. A.

It Won't Fool Many.

Alexandria Post-News.

Congressman Eddy says he is opposed to including any land fit for agriculture or any land with timber of value, in the proposed national park. He says that he believes "that God Almighty could not devise any better use for 160 acres of agricultural land than to make a home of it, and of a pine tree than to have it cut down, sawed into timber and built into a house." That is a catchy sentence that with a man who lets some one else do his thinking will pass as a convincing argument.