THE JOURNAL

LUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. | J. S. McLAIN, EDITOR.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

Payable to The Journal Printing Co.

Delivered by Mail.

One copy, one month..................$0.35
One copy, three months.................. 1.00
One copy, six months.................. 2.00
One copy, one year.................. 4.00
Saturday Eve. edition, 20 to 26 pages.. 1.50

Delivered by carrier

One copy, one week.................. 8 cents
One copy, one month..................35 cents
Single copy.................. 2 cents

THE JOURNAL is published every evening, except Sunday, at 47-49 Fourth Street South, Journal Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

C. J. Billson, Manager Foreign Advertising Department.

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

CHICAGO OFFICE—307, 308 Stock Exchange building.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Subscribers ordering addresses of their papers changed must always give their former as well as present address.

CONTINUED

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

COMPLAINTS

Subscribers will please notify the office in every case where their papers are not Delivered Promptly, or when the collections are not promptly made.

The Journal is on sale at the newsstands of the following hotels:
Pittsburg, Pa.—Du Quesne.
Salt Lake City, Utah—The Knutsford.
Omaha, Neb.—Paxton Hotel.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Hotel Van Nuys.
Denver, Col.—Brown's Palace Hotel.
St. Louis, Mo.—Planters' Hotel, Southern Hotel.
Kansas City, Mo.—Coates House.
Boston, Mass.—Young's Hotel, United States, Touraine.
Cleveland, Ohio—Hollenden House, Weddell House.
Cincinnati, Ohio—Grand Hotel.
Detroit, Mich.—Russell House, Cadillac.
Washington, D. C.—Arlington Hotel, Raleigh.
Chicago, Ill.—Auditorium Annex, Great Northern.
New York City—Imperial, Holland, Murray Hill, Waldorf.
Spokane, Wash.—Spokane Hotel.
Tacoma, Wash.—Tacoma Hotel.
Seattle, Wash.—Butler Hotel.
Portland, Oregon—Portland Hotel, Perkins Hotel.

"IMPARTIAL" ATTACKS ON SCHLEY

A Boston paper in one of those sanctimoniously impartial editorials which the Sampson partizans are so fond of writing —editorials which abound throughout with insidious reflections upon Admiral Schley and conclude by filing a decision against him, uses such phrases as "playing to the gallery," "highly objectionable methods of courting popularity," etc.

There is no justification whatever for such flings at a good American, true gentleman, and brave sailor, who throughout one of the most trying situations in which a deserving officer was ever put has at all times conducted himself modestly and with scrupulous regard for the feelings even of those who seemed leagued together to do him grave injury. Admiral Schley has never played to the gallery and has never courted popularity. He is a genial man, who makes friends and is of the type that is always more popular than that to which Admiral Sampson belongs. Schley's popularity is spontaneous, not sought. His repression of his personal feelings, his refusal to sulk even in that trying moment when it was sought to deprive him of all honor in that great sea-fight off Santiago, a battle of sufficient decisiveness and importance to give immortal honor or lasting shame to all connected with it, were not only admirable but remarkable. If he had had his own way there might never have been a protest against this injustice. But he had loyal friends who, knowing the admiral and loving him for his personal worth and deeds since, as a mere boy he forsook his comrades in arms, his social and political sympathies and, deciding all by the standard of duty, elected to cast his lot with the old flag in the war of states, were determined that no such foul injustice should be done him. It is his enemies who have kept up the scandal and have at last forced this gallant officer to the humiliation of asking for a court of inquiry concerning a campaign and a battle wherein he did his duty as he saw it and fought bravely, effectively and decisively.

The two eminent lawyers who have been commanded by the court to defend the assassin have a task which is repugnant to them, but which they must faithfully perform. The public must remember that even such a wretch as the assassin of the president is entitled to a fair and full trial in the courts and should not attach to his lawyers any of the odium that belongs to him. It is pretty certain that there will be no pettifogging in his behalf and no resort to those representible "legalisms" which an English jurist so roundly condemned the other day.

HELPED THE BOERS

Americans, who as sympathizers with the Boers, have felt that President McKinley did not do enough to save the South African republic from the heavy hand of the British empire, will read with satisfaction the statement made by Mr. Vanderhooch (the unofficial representative of the Boers in Washington), published in The Journal's Washington correspondence yesterday. Mr. Vanderhooch testifies from an intimate personal association with the late president that he was personally a friend of the Boers and that he did all he could as the head of a nation enjoying friendly relations with the British empire to bring about a peaceful settlement of the deplorable war in South Africa. All except the hare-brained jingoes who would willingly plunge us into a war with the British will agree that the president did all he could when they learn from Mr. Vanderhooch's own statement that ,after suggesting his good offices to Great Britain, the president went still further and had Ambassador Choate inquire of Lord Salisbury whether a joint request from the powers would be acceptable, and even consulted the ambassadors of other powers in Washington in that connection.

In Mr. Vanderhooch's own words, President McKinley could do no more. If our national sympathy is with the Boers it is none the less true that the best of friendly relations exist between this country and Great Britain and that none but crazy men would dream of plunging this country into a war with the British empire because we do not approve of its course in South Africa. Any steps President McKinley might have taken beyond what he did would have pointed in the direction of war.

Mr. Vanderhooch has sufficiently answered the thoughtless critics who so ruthlessly accused the late president of being untrue to the historic American attitude toward struggling, republics and represented him as a silent ally of the British.

The fact that President Roosevelt while he was yet vice president had already this year received 2,000 invitations to make public addresses sufficiently demonstrates his popularity.

It may not have occurred to many people that President Roosevelt may have a third term without violating the unwritten law. Should the president prove successful and remarkably popular, he would of course be nominated in 1904 and easily elected. Would not the term from 1904 to 1908 be his first term? In 1908 he might be renominated and re-elected for his second term, which would run to 1912. In this way would not the president serve practically three terms without violating the unwritten law against a third term? This issue may prove to be a real problem in statecraft in 1908. But 1908 is a long time away.

HOW MUCH?

Was McKinley's work finished?

We mourn his death as untimely, and he is spoken of as having been taken away in the midst of his great plans and labors for the honor and advancement of his country.

The presidential career of William McKinley demanded ultimately of him little that was expected, but a great deal that was beyond the range of anticipation. He was nominated in the first instance because he was an advocate of protection. His championship of the protective principle had given him the prominence he enjoyed and had made him a presidential possibility. But he came into office to solve a new problem and under his courageous leadership the character of our currency became the leading issue. This question was the first one settled under his administration. Other men have been more distinguished as financiers and have rendered greater services in constructing the financial system of our country, but it was his fortune to meet the greatest issue ever raised with respect to it and help to settle it right.

Then came the Cuban question. This also was a new proposition evolved from new conditions and presented to him for solution. Once undertaken it expanded and broadened, bringing into account questions never anticipated and for the solution of which there was no precedent nor example. The policy of expansion became the expression of the sentiment of the people apprehended by a president who listened more attentively to their wishes than any other man who has held that office.

Expansion accomplished and new responsibilities undertaken and solved, new possessions acquired and new duties to them discharged, the president of the republic had become the most conspicuous figure among the great of earth. The nation, whose destinies he had done so much to shape, found itself recognized throughout the world as of the first importance, both on account of its success in war and its achievments in commerce. This proud position presented new questions. And here again we find the apostle of protection, the man whose name has stood for high tariffs and prohibitive schedules, stepping out into the most advanced position with reference to the extension of our foreign trade and advocating the adoption of reciprocity measures for the encouragement of that trade. At the end of a long line of illustrious deeds accomplished stands William McKinley on the day of his memorable address at the Buffalo exposition. His official life full of great results achieved, he points the way for the future. His utterance is an inspiration, his counsel is recognized as a message of wisdom. And almost with the final words yet upon his lips and his hands still extended above the people pointing the way to further triumphs, he falls at the hand of an assassin.

Who shall say that his work was not done? How much shall be required of a single span of human life? How many shall be the opportunities and the achievements of a single individual? William McKinley has left to the people whom he loved and served a legacy of more things accomplished for the glory of his country and the progress of the race than any other president since Abraham Lincoln. Who shall say that his work was not done?

The Progressive Age expresses some doubt as to the efficacy of vaccination in preventing small-pox contagion, and urges that the question of the constitutionality of the board of education's action in making vaccination compulsory upon school children be taken up. If vaccination is thought to be unconstitutional those who are opposed to it would be justified in asking the supreme court for a decision, but in the meantime, so long as the overwhelming weight of experience and medical testimony declare that vaccination is potent to prevent the spread of the dread disease the board of education is justified in pursuing its present course. There is no theory in general acceptation, from that of Copernicus to that of Darwin, that has not some opponents. Public bodies and individuals must act in conformity to the accepted wisdom of the age, and not upon the possibility that it is error.

We hope the business men of Minneapolis noticed the article in The Journal yesterday reciting the controversy between Kansas City and the Burlington road growing out of discrimination against that city by the Burlington road in favor of another city. Kansas City won in that controvery by just such methods as Minneapolis proposes to apply to the Omaha road in this city. The Kansas City Star says, after calling attention to the effects of united action: "The local commercial interests have demonstrated in this controversy that Kansas City is greater than any road, and the experience teaches a good lesson both to Kansas City and the officers of the transportation companies." The secretary of the Kansas City Commercial club, under whose auspices this fight was made, says that after the war is over and the road has conceded the reasonable demands of the business men: "At present our relations with the railroad companies are very satisfactory." There is no reason why they should not be. Everybody respects a good fighter when he is fighting for his own rights, and the railroads centering in Minneapolis are bound to think more of this city and treat it with more consideration in the future if it asserts its rights boldly and fights hard for what it is clearly entitled to.

The unanimity with which the people of Minneapolis are acting in seeking to pay proper respect to the memory of our martyr president, the evident desire of all the elements of our population to have a part in the public expression of the universal grief, promise to make the scenes and hours of to-morrow a lasting memory and serve a most useful purpose in impressing upon us all, old and young, the lessons of patriotism and the spirit of devotion to country. Every child in Minneapolis old enough to take it in ought to be made to feel in some way the significance of the demonstration in honor of President McKinley.

CANADA ENTERTAINS ROYALTY

All Canada is aglow with enthusiasm over the visit of Prince George Frederick Ernest Albert, the only living son of the King of England, whose present title of Duke of Cornwall and York will soon be changed to that of Prince of Wales. The duke, accompanied by his wife, landed at Quebec from the royal yacht Ophir, yesterday and was received with joy by the French Canadians.

This royal visit to Canada will doubtless strengthen the sentimental ties between that country and the United Kingdom, for it is difficult for an American to appreciate how much royalty means to British subjects, even to Canadians. All the loyal British subjects of Canada feel themselves highly honored in the prince's visit.

This is the first royal tour Canada has enjoyed since that of the present king, then Prince of Wales, in 1860, disregarding what may be termed the unofficial visits of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught. The increased wealth, importance and population of the dominion make it certain that the reception the present royal visitors are receiving will far outshine that accorded to their father forty-one years ago. The royal couple will cross the continent, and, returning, will spend some time in Ontario and the maritime provinces.

The people of the United States will view with neighborly good feeling the royal tour of Canada and the delight it affords the Canadians.

Gunton's Magazine was very unfortunate in having gone to press for its September issue with an editorial reflecting upon President McKinley's personal integrity. Of course the editor would not have published such an editorial had he known what was about to occur, and this not a fit time to attempt to answer it; but if Mr. Gunton errs as widely in his estimate of the president as he does when he locates the republican national convention of 1892 in Indianapolis, the editorial in question requires no answer.

A LESSON FROM CANADA

Four socialist labor party orators were arrested at Hamilton, Can., for expressing sympathy with the assassination of President McKinley. This is a piece of international courtesy which, we fear, would not have found its counterpart in this country previous to the assassination of President McKinley—as, for instance, if our anarchists had expressed themselves in approval of Sipido's attempt to shoot the Prince of Wales. In fact, it was only a year ago that the anarchists of New York had a picnic, one of the diversions of which was a shooting gallery in which the targets were in likeness of the various monarchs of Europe.

The thing rather appealed to our sense of humor at the time, and a well-known cartoonist, who is far from being of the New York Journal stripe, treated the theme in a jocular and decidely amusing manner. Moreover, no attempt was made to stop this sport of the anarchists. Yet it may have been that very affair which inspired King Humbert's assassin. It is a very easy step for an anarchist of the weak mental type, from shooting at an effigy to shooting at the original.

We must confess that, in our selfish fancy of immunity from the violence of anarchists, we have thought too little of the work of these brutes in other lands, even when their plots were hatched on our shores.

PROMPTED BY A LOOK

In Hawthorne's romance, "The Marble Faun," after Donatello has flung the Capuchin monk over the precipice of the Capitoline Hill, occurs this passage:

"What have you done?" said Miriam, in a horror-stricken whisper.

The glow of rage was still lurid on Donatello's face, and now flashed out again in his eyes. "I did what ought to be done to a traitor!" he replied. "I did what your eyes bade me do, when I asked them with mine, as I held the wretch over the precipice!"

These last words struck Miriam like a bullet. Could it be so? Had her eyes provoked or assented to this deed? She had not known it. But, alas! looking back into the frenzy and turmoil of the scene just acted, she could not deny—she was not sure whether it might be so or no—that a wild joy had flamed up in her heart, when she beheld her persecutor in his mortal peril. Was it horror?—or ecstasy?—or both in one? Be the emotion what it might, it had blazed up more madly when Donatello flung his victim off the cliff, and more and more, while his shriek went quivering downward. With the dead thump upon the stones below had come an unutterable horror. "And my eyes bade you do it?" repeated she. And then, after a little, she knew that she had prompted a deed which knotted them together for time and eternity like the coils of a serpent.

The prompting to crime, to assassination, whence is it? Hawthorne's fine description of the silent prompting of Miriam's silent look becomes a closer portrayal of the truth the more one reads it. The flaming appeal of the anarchist is not necessary to vitalize the arm which wields the destroying weapon of the assassin. In this country there are smooth statesmen who have wrought the English language into all fantastic shapes in depicting other men whom they declare to be enemies of the people and bent upon using every device to enslave and tyrannize over them and rob them of their rights. They do not say these should be taken out of the way. They do not call for blood. But they use language for all it is worth and expression for all it is worth to prompt others to cultivate the spirit which in its blossoming spells assassination.

Emma Goldman has used no stronger language to prompt assassination than many an American politician used last year to disparage McKinley and hold him up for public objurgation. These were so many Miriams who gave looks, if they did not give daggers and pistols to those they prompted. They all belong to a greater or lesser degree to that "confraternity of guilty ones, all shuddering at each other." Their victim lies today pale in death and with burial chants intoned in sobbing minors about him. Are they affrighted by their work? They may well be affrighted. Are they silent now? They may well be silent and keep silent forever after this.

"The Bard of the Congaree"

J. Gordon Coogler, sometimes known in his own state of South Carolina as the "bard of the Congaree," from the river on whose banks he smit his lyre, is dead, at the age of 36.

Mr. Coogler made his living by setting type and writing poems. His distinction lay in the fact that his poems were so undeniably bad that they were good. He could not be called a minor poet, nor even medicore. His poetry on second thought is too much dignified even by the adjective "bad." If a slight descent into the language of the streets may be allowed on this one occasion for the sake of exact truth, it must be said that Mr. Coogler's versification was "bum." Those who carry the lines of the sweet singer of Michigan in their hearts will feel that in the close race run by her and by Mr. Coogler for this proud eminence of bumness, the Congaree bard was several miles in the lead. Everything written by him broke the laws of versification into eternal smash and revoked every poetic license ever taken out since the melodious days of Chaucer.

Mr. Coogler's poetry was so very, very bad that it sold "just for a josh," and the **bard supported a sister and widowed mother** partly on the proceeds. Yet Coogler had the poetic fire in him and longed to let it burn, but proper expression was denied in his case. A brother poet in the Chicago Record-Herald takes note of this fact and sings the Congaree bard's death song thus:,

I turn to lay a poor wild flower
  On gentle Cooglers' breast;
He came to serve his little hour
  And pass on with the rest;
  He doubtless heard the world deride,
  But sang on sweetly satisfied
  To know he sang his best.

There lies his little broken lyre,
  We hear his song no more!
Ah, Coogler, may the sacred fire
  Be thine upon That Shore—
The fire that burned in Shelley's breast—
That you may sing there with the best
  Of all who sang before!

Professor Starr, a Chicago criminologist, shows how Czolgosz is a degenerate because his face is out of plumb. Asymetry the professor calls it. One ear is too low and his nose bends to one side. He will be treated for this trouble by electricity by the New York state authorities.

Dispatches from Delaware state that Mr. Addicks has stopped running for the senate. He has been sprinting for this office so long that varicose veins had developed on his boom.

Recent attempts to break into the city's drinking water on the river and get samples show that it is safe to club the drink once or twice before use.

Admiral Schley's loop drove the good ship Admiral Howison into the bank. It was afterwards pulled off without serious damage.

Dog liver oil is being prescribed for consumption. Well, it kills the dog, anyway. And that is something.

The coal man's wife this morning remarked that she "never saw father in a better humor."

The wily farmer is letting out a few of his potatoes and the price has retired a few steps.

When arrested Herr Most wept. His tears, however, were not for his country.

The buckwheat cake is beginning to stir uneasily in his lair.

GEMS FROM McKINLEY'S SPEECHES

Extracts Which Illustrate His Wisdom, His Courage, His Patriotism and His Faith in God.

Right action follows right purpose. We may not at all times be able to divine the future, the way may not always seem clear, but if our aims are high and unselfish, somehow and in some way the right end will be reached. The genius of the nation, its freedom, its wisdom, its humanity, its courage, its justice, favored by divine Providence, will make it equal to every task and the master of every emergency.—At Trans-Mississippi exposition, Omaha, Oct. 12, 1898.

We have one flag and one destiny, and wherever that destiny shall lead us we will have hearts strong enough to meet its responsibilities. We must follow the light as God has given us to see the light, and he has singularly guided us, not only from the beginning of our great government, but down through every crisis to the present hour; and I am sure it is the prayer of every American that he shall still guide and direct us.—At Merchants' Exchange, St. Louis, Oct. 14, 1898.

Let us remember that God bestows supreme opportunity upon no nation which is not ready to respond to the call of supreme duty. —At Coliseum, St. Louis, Oct. 14, 1898.

Duty determines destiny. Destiny, which results from duty performed, may bring anxiety and perils, but never failure and dishonor. Pursuing duty may not always lead by smooth paths. Another course may look easier and more attractive, but pursuing duty for duty's sake is always sure and safe and honorable.—Auditorium, Chicago, Oct. 19, 1898.

That flag has been planted in two hemispheres, and there it remains, the symbol of liberty and law, of peace and progress. Who will withdraw it from the people over whom it floats its protecting folds? Who will haul it down? Answer me, ye men of the south; who is there in Dixie who will haul it down? —Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 15, 1898.

I have no light or knowledge not common to my countrymen. I do not prophesy. The present is all-absorbing to me. But I cannot bound my vision by the blood-stained trenches around Manila, where every red drop, whether from the veins of an American soldier or a misguided Filipino, is anguish to my heart, but by the broad range of future years, when that group of islands, under the impulse of the year just past, shall have become the gems and glories of those tropical seas—a land of plenty and of increasing possibilities; a people redeemed from savage indolence and habits, devoted to the arts of peace, in touch with the commerce and trade of all nations, enjoying the blessings of freedom, of civil and religious liberty, of education and of homes. and whose children and children's children shall for ages bless the American republic because it emancipated and redeemed their fatherland, and set them in the pathway of the world's best civilization.—At dinner of Home Market Club, Boston, Feb. 16, 1899.

Side by side with education must be character. Do not forget that. There is nothing in this world that lasts so long or wears so well as good character; and it is something everybody can have. It is just as easy to get into the habit of doing good as it is to get into the habit of doing evil. With education and integrity every avenue of honor, every door of usefulness, every pathway of fame and favor are open to all of you.—Duluth, Minn., Oct. 13, 1899.

Back of the governments to which I have referred is the home, which is the ideal government after all—the family, bound together by ties of common interest and affection—the American home, the schoolhouse for the education of American boys and girls in the duties of citizenship. And from this home, which lies at the foundation of our public institutions, the governments draw their virtue and integrity. The education that comes from the home touches all our lives and stays with us as long as we live. There is not a man anywhere in our country who, remembering the affectionate counsels of his mother, has not been helped in resisting wrong and adhering to right. It is that American home, where love is found and virtue presides, that is the hope of our republic.—At Brianerd, Minn., Oct. 13, 1899.

And the flag now there is not the flag of tyranny—it is the flag of liberty; and wherever the flag goes there go character, education, American intelligence, American civilization and American liberty.—At Redfield, S. D., Oct. 14, 1899.

I pray that the virtue of the citizen will be so high and his aims no noble that nothing ill can ever befall this republic, and nothing ever impair its usefulness and glory.—At Vermillion, S. D., Oct. 14, 1899.

We all love that flag. It gladdens the heart of the old and the young, and it shelters us all. Wherever it is raised, on land or on sea, at home or in our distant possessions, it always stands for liberty, for civilization, for humanity; and whereever it is assaulted the whole nation rises up to defend it.—At Parkersburg, Iowa, Oct. 16, 1899.

The best policy in this world for man or nation is duty. Where that calls we should follow. We should not halt. We should not hesitate. Responsibility born of duty can not be evaded with honor. —At Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 16, 1899.

The memories of the past impel us to nobler efforts and higher endeavor. It is for us to guard the sacred trust transmitted by the fathers and pass on to those who follow this government of the free, stronger in its principles and greater in its power for the execution of its beneficent mission.—At Richmond, Va., Oct. 31, 1899.

The liberators will never become the oppressors. A self-governed people will never permit despotism in any government which they foster and defend.—At New York, March 3, 1900.

The wisdom and energy of all the nations are none too great for the world's work. The success of art, science, industry and invention is an international asset and a common glory. * * *

By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet and we should sell everywhere we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor. * * *

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not. If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?—At Buffalo, Sept. 5, 1901.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

The artists composing the vaudeville company at the Metropolitan will give their last performance in this city to-night. To-morrow night and the remainder of the week, with matinees Friday and Saturday, another strong array of talent headed by Mary Norman, will furnish the entertainment at the Metropolitan.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Brune will be seen at the Metropolitan the first half of next week in the following repertoire: Sunday night, "Cleopatra"; Monday and Wednesday nights, "Theodora"; Tuesday night and Wednesday matinee, "La Tosca." The sale of seats opens to-morrow morning.

Stuart Robson's production of Bronson Howard's comedy, "The Henrietta," which will be seen at the Metropolitan, Sept. 26, 27, 28, will be given, it is promised, upon a more elaborate scale than it has ever yet been presented. The cast will be composed of prominent players, three of whom have been stars on their own account, and the embellishment will be different from any former production.

"Hunting for Hawkins" is meeting with considerable success at the Bijou this week, and the play has been most enthusiastically received at each performance thus far. The presenting company is a most capable one. The scenic effects are all that could be desired, and the performance as a whole is a very entertaining one. The piece has a well-defined plot, laughable situations, amusing dialogue and all the attributes of a successful comedy.

For the coming week at the Bijou there is announced a visit of a brand new comedy entitled "A Common Sinner," with William De Vere in the leading role. Mr. De Vere is well known, having been seen here on several previous occasions, last season with Hoyt's "A Black Sheep." Mr. De Vere assumes the role of Colonel Culpepper Sinner, a whisky drummer, and his characterization of the part is said to be most amusing. The supoprting company is promised to be a most capable one. The play is said to be entirely clean and wholesome, full of laughable scenes, situations and climaxes.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

(President McKinley's Favorite Hymn.)

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
  Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
  Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus nor prayed that thou
  Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now,
  Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
  Will lead me on;
O'er moor and fen; o'er crag and torrent till
  The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.
—John Henry Newman.

For Mutual Assassination.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

Perhaps it might be an interesting experiment, as well as a severe punishment, to include among our island purchases one that is entirely uninhabited, and to assemble all our anarchists there to work out their theories on each other.

A Severe Indictment.

Indianapolis News.

The names of the alleged co-conspirators of Emma Goldman are Abraham Isaak, Maurice Isaak, Clemce Pfeutzer, Hippolite Havel, Henry Travaiglio, Alfred Schneider, Julia Mechame, Maria Isaak and Maria Isaak, Jr. These names furnish a severe indictment of our immigration laws.

To Build the Saloon.

Duluth Herald.

A schooner that left Boston for the west coast of Africa last week carried 551 puncheons of rum, 20 half-hogsheads of tobacco, 80 cases of gin, 3 half-pipes of gin, 3 quarter-pipes gin, and 44,900 feet of lumber. What do they want so much lumber for?

When DALTON Went EAST

by JAMES ALLISON.

Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson.

Dalton entered Mrs. Murray's purchases in the day book, and then went back to his desk—and the letter.

He drew it from the pigeonhole of imitation walnut, and turned it slowly from side to side, as if he were trying to match the pale gray tint from his scant ribbon stock. He looked curiously at the deeper gray sealing wax. He was always very careful not to break the seal when he opened her letters. He liked to study the stately "H" which hid what she said to him from the bustling, impertinent world.

Not that he had received many such missives. There were just four in all—and he knew them by heart. He read this last one slowly and for the third time:

"Frank Dalton, Esq., President School Board, District No. 11, Sahuache County, Col. —Dear Sir: Replying to your favor of the 23d, stating that your board had acted favorably on my aplication for the Twiggin school and would allow the salary which I asked, permit me to say that I feel that I owe you many apologies. The most urgent reason for my desiring to secure a position this summer in Colorado was an incipient throat trouble which has annoyed me for the past year. Recently, however, it has yielded to treatment, and with it has gone the motive for making the western trip. In addition, I have been offered a class in elocution at the Mount Clement summer school, an opportunity for acquiring some small reputation which I feel that I should not miss. Knowing full well that there are scores of worthy applicants for such an opening as your board offers, I am availing myself of a woman's privilege and changing my mind. In other words, I withdraw my application for the Twiggin school. Pardon my thus going into details, but you have been so courteous, I may almost say so cordial in your correspondence over the matter, that I feel a full explanation is due you. Again expressing my appreciation of your kindness, I remain, yours faithfully,
—"Elizabeth Hardin."

Dalton folded the letter, laid it regretfully on the desk, and sat with his hands plunged deep in his pockets. There were no customers in the store to interrupt his meditations. Even the straight, uncompromising Main street, beyond the door, was steeped in the calm of the sweet spring day. Ranchmen were home plowing, and no wagons rolled in noisily from mesa and river land. But Dalton was not worrying about the lack of trade. He was thinking of the girl who had written that letter.

Elizabeth Hardin! She had been recommended to the board by an eastern teachers' agency, and Frank had been instructed to conduct the correspondence. From the very first letter he had been interested in her personality, and when the salary she named was beyond the appropriation made by the board for Twiggins school he had calmly announced that the district was growing and needed better teachers, and if the board wouldn't pay Miss Hardin the salary she wanted, he would make up the difference. The children of Twiggins corner must be given modern educational advantages. And the remainder of the board, realizing that the male voters of Twiggins Corners were an uncertain element in county elections, finally acquiesced, and Miss Hardin was "called." Dalton, nervously fingering the bit of gray stationery, felt that Fate had been cruel in thus requiting his temerity in coercing the members of school district No. 11.

He walked out the side door and mounted the steep stairs leading to the second floor. Lately Dalton had been figuring with Tompkins, the carpenter, on building inside stairs, but somehow this afternoon he did not care where they ran. He entered the carpetless hall and threw open the door to his "front room" overlooking the street, and stared silently at its familiar furnishings. The paper was a warm crimson, with just a dash of olive green. The woodwork was painted dark green, and the carpet was red. Dalton had selected this much and a shiny oak organ before his sister Mary had come out from Massachusetts to keep house for him. But Mary had turned homesick before the year rolled round, and had left Dalton to care for, as best he might, the four rooms he had furnished so proudly.

He looked at them now, wondering vaguely what was wrong. A comfortable Morris chair stood in one corner, but the moths had eaten great holes in its cushions. He could write his name in the dust on the center table, with its old-rose plush album. Fly specks adorned the photographs he had tacked on the wall. A sudden feeling of desolation swept over the man. What did it matter that he held public office, that he was always referred to in the Sahuache Eagle as "our successful young merchant," or that at the last fair of Union church he had been voted the most popular bachelor in Ladrone? What mattered anything, so long as Elizabeth Hardin had declined to teach Twiggins Corner school?

The very next morning he said to his head clerk:

"Herman, do you reckon you could handle this store if I went back east next month? I haven't seen the old folks for five years."

And Herman reckoned that he could.

The summer school at Mount Clement was in full sway when Dalton arrived. He took a room at the leading hotel and quietly started out on his quest. At the first news stand he picked up a copy of the Mount Clement Educator, devoted to the interests of the summer school. The frontispiece was the picture of a tall, willowy girl, dressed in a sweeping evening gown. Under the picture were the lines, "Miss Elizabeth Hardin, the accomplished young elocutionist, who is delighting Mount Clement audiences this summer."

Dalton walked back to his room like one in a dream. And this glorious creature was Elizabeth Hardin, whom he had pictured as a gentle, clinging creature in need of protection against a cold and unfeeling world, the sort of a woman who would fit snugly into his four rooms above the store at Ladrone. This girl who was delighting fashionable eastern folks and who could have her picture cover the whole page of a paper! Dalton did not know that Miss Hardin had paid $25 for that frontispiece, nor that, at this very moment, she was sitting in her room at a cheap boarding-house figuring on the summer's expenses, the cost of new frocks, photographs and advertising. She would not clear $5, and then what? Another winter in a New York schoolroom with fifty East Side children.

Half an hour later he found her and sent up his card, written by a man who had a stand on the corner.

Miss Hardin was startled. In a flash she recalled the name, the Twiggins school and the correspondence. Would he have on leather "chaps," spurs, and a belt full of revolvers? She entered the parlor with some trepidation. A tall, square-shouldered man, well groomed and clad in dark blue serge, rose to greet her. She almost laughed at her recent misgivings, and the thought brought a pretty flush to her cheeks, a new light to her tired eyes.

He never knew just how he managed it, but that night Dalton escorted her home from the concert. She wore the marvelous dress he had seen in the picture, and she gathered it up daintily as they walked in the moonlight. He felt as if some explanation of his presence were due, and finally he plunged into it.

"You see, Miss Hardin, I thought perhaps you'd change your mind about the school if I just could talk to you. Perhaps you'd like to come out next summer, anyhow. I've always pictured you so sort of different, but now, of course, I understand. You wouldn't like it out there, no matter how much we might want you."

He was looking down at the chiffon ruffle on her gown, which billowed like white foam around her feet. An odd smile trembled on her lips, something very like a tear shone in her eye. She had read his thought as in an open book.

"Perhaps you are mistaken, Mr. Dalton. I think I would like Colorado. And if the position is open next summer I may come."

They were passing through a small grove. Dalton stopped short and gazed into her face.

"If it's open! Why, Miss Hardin, of course it will always be open for you!" Then he added in a lower voice: "But next summer is a long ways off!"

Elizabeth sighed softly and a far-away look came into her eyes, as if she were scenting the keen mountain air and the Colorado pines.

"Yes, a long, long way!"

Then Dalton forgot her picture in the paper —forgot the imposing frock. He remembered only the little gray note, sighed, "Faithfully yours, Elizabeth Hardin"—and the sigh.

What happened next is no therein set forth, but western men are notorious for acting promptly.

This summer another elocutionist delighted the visitors at Mount Clement, and her picture adorned the first page of the Mount Clement Educator, but in Frank Dalton's Colorado home a new cushion has replaced the one of moth-eaten velvet in the Morris chair, there's a drawn-work cover instead of dust on the center table, and a stairway has been built from the inside of the store.

Daily New York Letter

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

Homes for Bachelors.

Sept. 18.—Bachelor apartments are a natural sequence in the life of a city where there are many clubs and club men. In New York thousands of men practically live in their clubs in the winter season. That is, they dine there, pass their evenings there or drop in after the theater or the social call. But while a man may be content to "practically live in a club" he wants a home of his own, a place away from the club, which would pall upon him in a month did he dine, live and sleep there. Builders quick to note this phase of bachelor habit are, with their accustomed business foresight, supplying a needed want. This is the bachelor hotel. In the clubhouse district, between Thirty-fourth and Fifty-ninth streets, there are to-day fully a score of bachelor hotels, going up or about to be started. While many of these hotels are exclusively for bachelors, some are designed for married couples, who of course, dine in the hotel restaurant, or, if they like, they can dine out. There is no kitchen housekeeping in these hotels. Like the bachelors, these married couples give much of their time to club life, the husband having his favorite club, the wife having her whist or euchre team. Near these modern bachelor homes are the University, the Century, the Harvard, the Yale, the St. Nicholas, the New York Yacht, the New York Athletic and the projected Union clubs, all recent developments of the new clubhouse district.

A Mass of Gold.

By far the largest mass of gold ever received at the United States assay office here has just made its appearance. It came from the far-away Caribou mines of British Columbia and was in the form of the crucible which had held it in its melted state. It was .800 fine, weighed over 500 pounds and was valued at $513,000. It took the utmost efforts of two of the strongest men in the building to place the lump into the smelting pot, which had to be especially made for it, none of the others on hand being large enough to receive it. Its great weight made it safe from any thieving attempts, and even if it were stolen it would have been profitless, since the proper appliances for smelting it can only be obtained at the assay office. The transition of gold from its natural state to its glory as the legal coin of the United States is indeed a most remarkable one. Besides coming in masses, gold is received at the assay office in the form of bars from the mining companies, in nuggets from the sands, and in old gold, such as watches, rings and the like, which the owners prefer to have in the shape of crisp bank notes. A receipt is given the owner for the weight and description of the gold. The latter is melted and then assayed. The assaying is done by taking a small piece from the first and last bars and these must agree within .0005; if they do not agree they are remelted. The government buys this bullion from the owner and gives him a check on the treasury, or if he wants the equivalent in gold or silver bars for commercial purposes, he gets them over the counter. The government then refines the gold and turns it into coin and bullion.

The Tobacco Trust's Growth.

News that the Consolidated Tobacco company, which recently acquired the common stock of the American and Continental Tobacco companies had invaded Great Britain reached Wall street to-day. Dispatches from Liverpool reported a deal in progress for the purchase by the Consolidated of the Ogden Cigarette company, which has a capital of £500,000, at 1¼ premium on the market price of the preference and 2½ on the ordinary stock. Third Vice President Patterson of the American Tobacco company practically confirmed the report that negotiations were on foot for the purchase of the Ogden company. The Consolidated company has also acquired large tobacco interests in Australia, a large plant in Belfast, Ireland, and valuable property in India.

Rich Men's Foolish Bet.

Somewhere bobbing about in the Atlantic are two securely sealed champagne bottles, the combined value of which is $1,000, as the result of a bet between two voyagers as to which bottle will be found first. John W. Gates, the capitalist, and Frank H. Hubbard, a dealer in foreign wines in this city, are said to have made the odd wager. Mr. Gates and Mr. Hubbard also deposited with a stakeholder their personal checks for $500 each, to be given to the one to whom his bottle is first recovered. The bottles were thrown overboard from the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse.

A Sad Awakening.

When the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse left Southampton last Wednesday the several hundred Americans who were returning home on the ship were jubilant at the news which reached them that day that Mr. McKinley was well on the way to complete recovery. This spirit of exuberance over what was thought was to the failure of the attack on the president's life was displayed at the captain's dinner, which was given as usual on the night before port was reached. The affair was marked by the utmost gaiety, while Colonel Joel B. Erhardt, of this city, proposed a joint toast to the health and long life of President McKinley and the Emperor William. The sentiment was received with cheers and musical honors. When off Nantacket light ship at 1 o'clock this morning the fact that the president had succumbed to his wound was conveyed to the ship by the wireless telegraphy. The coming of the pilot was anxiously awaited. He confirmed the forebodings and handed out a parcel of newspapers. Robert Hammond, a consulting engineer of London, read to the passengers who assembled in the saloon the descriptions of the death bed scenes. As they listened not only women but many men sobbed aloud.

Commissioner Devery Arrested.

Deputy Police Commissioner Devery was arrested yesterday on a warrant issued by Justice Jerome on complaint of Policeman O'Neill, who charged him with neglect of duty and oppression. The proceedings looking to Devery's arrest were taken up early in the morning by Justice Jerome. Sergeant Sugden said that Devery would be at the Center street police court before 3 o'clock. Devery turned up shortly before the hour, accompanied by his lawyer, Abraham I. Elkins; his bondsman, M. F. Lyons, the Bowery restaurant keeper, and Sergeant Sugden. The warrant was served on Devery and his pedigree taken. This formality over, Devery went up the stairs to the special sessions courtroom. It was decided to adjourn the proceedings until 2 o'clock this afternoon and Justice Jerome fixed Devery's bail at $1,000, which was given. Devery said that he had no statement to make.

The Gallant Judge.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

An Irish judge sitting in Four Courts, Dublin, in summing up a case in which the plaintiffs were a lady and her daughter, began: "Gentlemen of the jury, everything in this case seems plain—except Mrs. O'Toole and her charming daughter."

The Texas Gushers.

Boston Transcript.

The thirty oil wells in the Beaumont region, Texas, now spout as much in forty days as the whole country produced in a year before their discovery. Mut nobody seems to expect that oil or its products will come much lower to the consuming public. It is only the gains of the lucky landowners that excite comment as yet.