THE JOURNAL

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A PRESIDENT FOR ALL

President Roosevelt says that he knows neither north nor south—that he intends to be president of the whole country. In saying this he has given a specific declaration of adhesion to another of the McKinley policies.

Perhaps the time was not ripe for earlier presidents to do what the late president did, but among the achievements of his administration not the least was the promotion of good feeling between the north and the south. President McKinley's success in obtaining the good will and the votes of some of the southern senators was remarkable. Four more years of the same policy by a younger and more vigorous president may lead to the undermining of the democratic party in its last stronghold and, perhaps, to such an "era of good feeling" as the republic had in the times of Monroe.

It is significant of the blending and reuniting of the sections after the bloodiest of all civil wars that the president of the United States, a man unsurpassed anywhere for unflinching and aggressive loyalty to the old flag, is the son of a southern woman, the nephew of an admiral in the confederate navy and also the nephew of the man who fired the last gun on the terror Alabama ere she plunged to the bottom of the British channel.

A man in whose veins flows the sturdiest of northern and the most devoted of southern blood is admirably equipped to wipe out all sectional lines and be the president of the whole country in heart, deed and thought as well as in name.

And such a president, on the other hand, will have an inestimable influence in making all of us, north and south, citizens of the whole country.

The Cuban problem seems to be working itself out very satisfactorily. Somewhat slowly, but safely and surely, preparations are proceeding for the launching of the new republic. It will doubtless greatly distress the "anti-imperialists" to learn that American occupation will end about May 1. The fact, too, that the various Cuban factions seem to be uniting on Estrada Palma for president will also disappoint those cheerful critics of ill omen who have never yet been able to find any good in Cuba.

TREASURY'S BOND PURCHASES

Henry Clews, in his financial letter, expresses the opinion that the purchases of bonds, anticipation of interest and increase of government holdings in public depositaries by Secretary Gage, although increasing available funds for business by some $25,000,000, will prove insufficient and gold importations will be necessary to ease the situation.

Mr. Clews may be mistaken. There were many predictions of stringency in August and September, but the stringency did not materialize. To prevent possible stringency on account of the assassination of President McKinley and any tremor of confidence usual on such occasions, the secretary offered to increase his bond purchases and did so. The secretary has been buying bonds for some time because the available cash balance has been running as high as $182,000,000 and he desired to secure bonds for the sinking fund, and has not in any case offered bonuses to induce bondholders to sell.

It has been represented that the demand for funds with which to move the crops in the west and south is unprecedently large and has been a heavy drain on the New York banks, but the treasury records show that the demand for that purpose has not been as large this crop-moving season as it was last year, so far as the New York banks are concerned, and it is more than probable that the money accumulations in the west have made the west and south less dependent upon New York than they used to be and they are able to furnish, to a large extent, the financial strength necessary in the work of harvesting and forwarding the crops to market. This year there was a larger demand by speculators for money with which to put up margins to hold their securities during the hesitant conditions after President McKinley was assassinated. This reduced necessarily the supply of money in New York for crop-moving purposes, but, as has been shown, there is not so much needed now from that quarter and there is not so large an amount of government currency taken as formerly, because credit money in the form of checks performs the function of local circulation more than it used to.

Secretary Gage has curiously enough been found fault with because of the continued accumulation of a treasury surplus, notwithstanding the reduction of taxation which went into effect in July. He did not make the revenue laws, and simply carries out the behest of congress, to whom belongs the duty of reducing internal revenue taxation, if the surplus is not reduced by increased expenditures or by bond purchases.

President Loubet toasted the czar in these words: "The Franco-Russian alliance is pledged to settlements inspired by justice and humanity." And all the while the French president was probably thinking of Finland, where there is in process a settlement that is inspired by neither humanity nor justice. But whether M. Loubet thought of it or not, the world cannot help thinking of it.

"UTOPIAN DREAMS"

A Berlin dispatch quotes the Berliner Post as saying, yesterday, that it is indulging in "Utopian dreams" to expect President Roosevelt "to overthrow the mighty forces which control the United States and its economic policy to-day," and that the "threatened free trade era in the United States will not be realized." The Berlin paper further says that Germany can secure tariff treaties with America "only when we compel them through an autonomous tariff."

The Berliner Post has a decidedly level head. President Roosevelt cannot overthrow our protective policy. It is not within his power and he would not destroy it if he could. The only way it can be accomplished is through the national congress concurrently with the president, and, if congress is strong enough it can pass such legislation over the president's veto. A democratic congress a few years ago threatened loudly to change our economic policy and introduce free trade. They had the power, but dared not attempt the change. They marched up the hill and then marched down again. Even the democratic party has ceased talking about introducing free trade. President McKinley never indulged for a moment the "Utopian dream" of free trade.

The extreme protectionist is in the habit of calling reciprocity "free trade," which is altogether an error. President McKinley discovered from experience that no tariff laws are perfect or can stand for many years, and that their terms must change when the business conditions of trade demand and require it. The change which has taken place in our foreign trade within a few years has been of an astonishing character. The balance in our favor of exports over imports has increased in the last ten years to $661,594,874 from only $3,305,137. A process which will increase this formidable foreign business and safeguard our home market is not free trade.

Of course the making of reciprocity treaties does not act automatically as a trade-producing process. With the making of reciprocity treaties we shall have to continue, by our ingenuity, to produce goods at less cost than our competitors and have freight rates and transportation to foreign markets on conditions which will give us at least equal advantages with them, and our manufacturers will have to study the business methods of our competitors that we may know the secret of their successes. These are conditions essential to foreign trade expansion which must accompany mutually reciprocal reciprocity treaties. The process will not by any means bring us to the free trade basis which extreme protectionists say will result from abandoning, not protection as an essential economical principle, but the erroneous dogma that we can always get something for nothing.

Justice will be swiftly dealt out to Czolgosz. His trial began to-day, only seventeen days after his crime. So far everything relating to his case has been handled by the authorities with the greatest discretion. If this record is lived up to it will be but a sort time till Czolgosz will ignominiously perish for his crime.

CANADA'S TRADE PROBLEM

The new Canadian policy of cultivating the British market for Canadian goods and, reciprocally, giving British goods a preferntial tariff, seems to fall far short of its purpose. Notwithstanding the preferential tariff, sems to fall far short Canada's purchases from Great Britain during the past fiscal year were $1,625,433 less than those of the previous year. But Canadians will find the keenest disappointment in the fact that their exports to England have decreased $3,705,350. At the same time the exports to the United States increased $8,000,000, though the governmental policy and the sentimental tendency of the people has been unfavorable to trade with the United States.

Although the Canadians are undoubtedly enjoying abundant prosperity at the present time, these figures—supplemented by others which show that the total trade of the dominion with the United States is far larger than that with England—indicate the annoying economic positon of iCanada, consequent upon its anomalous political relation as compared with other American countries, a position which prevents it from developing the full possi- American, their natural and, under free vents it from developing the full possibilities of either British or American trade relations.

The policy of Great Britain being that of free trade, it is not possible for Canadian goods to receive a tariff preferential in the old country. At the same time Canada is committed to a policy of economic independence, which keeps it from admitting British goods free of duty. Again, political affiliation with Great Britain excludes the Canadians from the American, their natural and, under free trade conditions. their best market. And even if these affiliations were not in the way, the policy of economic independence would stand as a barrier to the development of trade. Economically, at least, Canada ought to be a part of the United States, content to let flourish the industries in which Canada can excel and equally content with the disappearance of those in which it cannot excel in competition. Economically it is as absurd for Canada to encourage certain home industries by subsidies and tariffs as it would be for one of the American states to do so. Within the union each region seeks its own economic level and finds in that its prosperity. While far from discouraging the growth of manufactures with in the state, Minnesota, for example, is not envious of Pennsylvania's successes as a manufacturing region, but is quite content to rest its prosperity primarily on agriculture, supported by lumbering and mining. At present Minnesota is essentially an agricultural state and the people are content to sell to the manufacturing states and take their products in return. The greater part of Canada is essentially an agricultural or raw material country, the natural market of which is in the United States, but free access to which is made impossible by Canada's political affiliations and its false policy of economic independence—which is a misapplication of our own protective tariff policy.

The Owatonna Chronicle sits in judgment on the board of control and concludes that it will never, never do because the July salaries of the state school were held up, and also because the board has cut oysters, tongue and canned salmon out of the provision list. We are informed that the salaries have now been paid and that the board of control is to be thanked that they were paid at all, inasmuch as the independent board went out of existence with a deficit of $2,814.74. As for the delicacies that appear no more on institutional bills of fare, even on extraordinary occasions, it may be suggested that if the officers of the institutions had not been so fond of them they might still be on the list for special days.

AN APPROPRIATE MEMORIAL

One of the best possible memorials to President McKinley would be the success of the Buffalo exposition. It is now too late to expect financial success, but the forty days or the exposition remaining could be made memorable for the attendance. The exposition represents in its name and its exhibits one of the great American policies to which President McKinley was attached, as is clearly shown by his last speech.

Pan-Americanism is the spirit of good will and reciprocal trade with all nations cencretely applied on the American continent. The president's assassination and death in Buffalo practically paralyzed the exposition for two weeks. This loss should be made up, and the determination of a few people in each of the counties of the union to make a sort of pilgrimage to Buffalo in memory of the dead president, a pilgrimage which would at the same time give them a practical understanding of the value of reciprocity, would make the last days of the exposition worthy of that noble undertaking and would bear substantial results in an increased determination to work for the new national policy.

The London Times concludes that it approves of Funston's capture of Aguinaldo. If there were a few Funstons in the quarter of a million troops the British government now has in South Africa, there would be fewer De Wets and Bothas and Delareys at large.

A MCKINLEY MEMORIAL HALL

The Pioneer Press, in discussing the question of McKinley monuments and the difficulties that have attended the erection of national monuments to our presidents, says:

On the contrary, such projects as plan the building of a home in Washington for the aged, to be called "The McKinley Home," and as that broached in Minneapolis for the erection of a greatly needed place for popular assemblies, to be called "The McKinley Hall," commend themselves at once as worthy of all support. Investment in either would yield large annual returns in beneficence and public enjoyment. The name would keep the martyred president's memory ever fresh. The "home" would fitly recall that predominating trait of his character—kindliness; the "hall" that other trait—his democracy and love of the people. Let us have memorials of these types in every part of the land. Arches and marble shafts can wait.

The Journal would like very much to see the suggestion that Minneapolis erect a McKinley memorial hall carried out. We have been discussing the need of an auditorium in this city for some time, and have got as yet no further than the discussion. This would seem to be a good time to make an advance and take advantage of the sentiment of love and admiration for McKinley which has manifested itself in such a marked degree and give it permanent and substantial expression in the form of a memorial hall which shall be adequate for all purposes for which a large public hall is desired.

A Question of Ethics

The Metropolitan Museum directorate in New York is in a quandary as to a gift of art treasures that are said to be a part of the Peking loot. Mr. Squire, the secretary of the American legation at Peking, "made the collection." That is, he bought the objects of art from looters and others after the troubles in China had subsided. The Brooklyn Eagle, which is usually conservative in its treatment of ethical questions, tells the story of the collection as follows:

So soon as the allies got into the sacred city the French Bishop Favier entered the palace of Yen Li Sen—treasurer of the empire and friend of the whites—and helped himself to all the best pieces of bronze, porcelain and other such matters that he cared to annex. It was this outrageous performance, rendered doubly despicable by the clerical garb of the thief, that created such a stir against the missionaries and caused many of the innocent to be charged with participation in robbery.

Such articles of value as were not annexed by the bishop fell into the hands of other robbers—Russian, mostly, it is believed—and were put on sale in the town, the soldiers caring nothing for them as works of art, but caring much for the liquor they could buy. Yen Li Sen is dead, so that he can no longer object, whatever becomes of his collection, and the articles of value are undoubtedly mixed with the plunder of other palaces and homes of the Chinese.

That is, Jones and Brown, who are neighbors, have a quarrel, Jones being the aggressor. During the lawsuit that follows, Robinson steals Jones' $500 dog and sells it to Brown, he knowing it was stolen. The court decides the former case against Jones and assesses him $10,000. He agrees to pay this. This matter being settled, to whom does the $500 dog now belong? It is indeed a delicate question.

A poor old worn-out Maine woman who had worked herself to death trying to keep up with the stony farm game was reminded by her pastor, near the close of her life, that, at all events, she would now enter on her well-earned rest. "No," she replied, "it will be just my luck to have the resurrection come to-morrow morning." Nobody who has ever worked in Maine can have much confidence in any extended rest.

The Chicago Chronicle has an editorial on "How to Avoid a Treasury Surplus." When we had a surplus before we put the democratic party in power. It disappeared.

The demand for elk teeth is so large that there is danger of the elk being exterminated. When the elk goes he seems to leave not only his teeth but his thirst behind.

Both the populists and democrats in Nebraska declared for free silver. There is danger of making the state unanimously republican in 1904.

The assassin's trial ought to be made short and dull.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

The Alexandria Post-News takes a hard shot at the new policy of Minnesota populists as announced in the state committee's address, saying:

Can the people's party denounce the democrats in national politics, condemn their leaders and their policy and then work for these same leaders, these same principles in state affairs? We hope they will try, for cats and dogs will be emblems of peace compared to the ruction that will result.

This from the Preston Times:

If McCardy is a candidate for auditor, what shall we do with Dar Reese?—Minneapolis Journal.

Do with Dar Reese? Has he not been done for already? Should not eight years of the most lucrative office in the state, worth from $5,000 to $6,000 per year, satisfy even a Dar Reese? There are 50,000 republicans in this state equally competent, fully as worthy; then why not give one of these a chance? Dar Reese, or any other man who has had eight years in office, should not persist in playing the hog, but step aside and give other deserving republicans a chance. The woods are full of competent men.

The only thing the matter with Langum's statement is that he is too modest by half—just about half—in stating the emoluments of the office.

Haldor E. Boen is apparently for M. J. Daly for congress. In the last issue of his paper, the Fergus Falls Globe, he figures out Daly's chances as follows:

Senator Daly is apt to become the fusion candidate for congress next year. In that case his chances will be much better than they were last year. In 1900 he lost the counties now composing the ninth district (except Beltrami, which was in the sixth,) by only 787 votes, and it is figured out that, by John Lind running for governor, and a certain opposition to Daly being withdrawn, he can win hands down in an off year. Republican congressional aspirants may lay their ears to the ground and listen.

Boen's conditions are worth noticing. In an off year, with John Lind running for governor, and "a certain opposition to Daly being withdrawn," he would stand a good show.

On the face of things the ninth is an exceedingly close district, but the republican managers count on it with some degree of certainty. The trend of Red River valley populists toward republicanism has been steady for the past six years, and is expected to keep up. The new election law prohibiting fusion will hit the demo-populist forces a particularly hard blow in the ninth. The candidate will have to be straight democrat or straight populist, and in either case he would loose many votes from the other wing of the fusion forces. With both a democrat and a populist in the field, the republican candidate would have easy sailing.

Ninth district republicans are counting on Beltrami county for a good sized plurality next year. Beltrami is rapidly filling up with farmers from Iowa and southern Minnesota. These are largely republican, and the denizens of the lumber camps are, as a rule, of the same persuasion. Beltrami will cast a big vote next year.

Politicans regard the third and sixth districts as the really doubtful ones—not necessarily next year. The districts embrace the counties that used to be reliably democratic, and whenever the democratic party gets back on its old lines the German vote will largely return to its first love, and Dakota, Scott, LeSueur, Carver, Stearns, Benton and Morrison counties will return something like old-time democratic majorities. When ever that happens, the third and sixth districts will be debatable ground.

Referring to a story recently printed in this column the Austin Register says:

The latest fusion story is that Colonel Weiss, of the Duluth Herald, is being labored with by Mr. Rosing to run for governor as Lind's successor, as the latter gentleman positively declines to be a candidate again. Don't you believe it. If the Register were to make a guess, it would say that Rosing's visit to Colonel Weiss was to get that gentleman to come to the twin cities and interest himself with the proposed Lind organ, which will be either the rejuvenated Globe or a new paper at Minneapolis. It isn't worth while to take much stock in the repeated "retirement" of Lind. Unless all the signs fail, he will be in it when the time for his nomination arrives. Without Lind, the fusion party would be like the play of Hamlet without the somber Dane. Lind knows his power, and he will not transfer his mantle to the shoulders of Colonel Weiss or anybody else. He's for Lind.

The Register's guess is a poor one. Cal Weiss cannot be dragged into any twin city newspaper venture. —C. B. C.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

Every theater goer will be desirous of seeing Stuart Robson as "Bertie the Lamb" in his magnificent revival of "The Henrietta" at the Metropolitan the last three nights of this week. It not only means that they are to laugh as another generation has laughed before them, but that they will see that first and greatest of American comedies, "The Henrietta," produced upon a more elaborate order than it has been during its fourteen years' career.

Surrounded by a company of unusual excellence, magnificent and appropriate scenery, costumes historically correct and with attention to the smallest detail, Otis Skinner's revival of "Francesca Da Rimini" is one of the dramatic events of the season. One cannot readily recall any dramatic presentment that has received such unanimous and unstinted praise of press and public as has been accorded this production of Boker's romantic tragedy. Mr. Skinner will be seen at the Metropolitan in this role during the week of Sept. 30.

The Bijou's attraction the coming week will be "The Night Before Christmas," a new pastoral play which has met with distinct success. The rare gift of writing plays that abound to the fullest degree with that peculiar quality known as heart interest is possessed by comparatively few playwrights. To this limited class, however, belongs Hal Reid, whose productions in the past have met with the greatest popularity. His latest creation, "The Night Before Christmas," a charming story of pastoral life, founded upon real life in the little Ohio village, where the famous author was born, is said to be his masterpiece. The play is under the direction of Messrs. Burt and Nicolai, who have engaged an exceptionally strong company of thirty people and equipped the piece with special scenery.

The new bills at the theaters last night were Mr. and Mrs. Brune at the Metropolitan in their excellent production of "Theodora" and William Devere and company at the Bijou in "A Common Sinner," a clever farce. The productions will be reviewed in this column to-morrow. The Brunes play "Cleopatra" to-night.

A SHOT THAT WENT AROUND THE WORLD

Spring time had come and gone; summer was shading into autumn; the sun was shining through the hazy atmosphere of this September day; our country was at peace with all the world; our ships were proudly riding the seas in every clime, heavily laden with the products of farm and factory, conveying them to the markets of the world; prosperity was universal throughout the land; the people, without distinction as to class, birth or condition, were enjoying the rights, privileges and benefits of an enlightened and free republic, and on this day there was gathered together at the city of Buffalo, almost within the sound of that mighty waterfall, one of the wonders of God's creation, a representation of all the arts, sciences and literature of all the ages past and present, to show the wonderful work of man and his progress in civilization, step by step, down to the present time. Many times ten thousand happy people were gathered here to see these wonderful things, and through them study the grand and awful march of time. In their proud midst, beneath the stars and stripes—the emblem of liberty—stood the people's representative, a manly man chosen by them to be the president of their republic, extending to them all alike the right hand of fellowship with gladness in his heart and a happy and contented smile. His people were happy and prosperous. He had from his low and obscure position in early life, through his own indomitable energy, perseverance and strict integrity, climbed the ladder of fame to its topmost round. Now the world pauses and wonders, and it will continue to wonder through the ages to come, how it was that there did exist a human being so degraded, so lost to every sense of right and wrong, that he could, on this occasion, under the cloak of damnable hypocrisy, shoot down like a common dog the representative of a government which guarantees to the people more of liberty of thought and action, and offers a better opportunity for the poor man to make the best of life, than any of the governments on earth.

That shot went round the world, and all the people looked in wonder and amazement, for it was aimed at the very existence of all governments, all religions, all order, all security, all rights of property, life and happiness. It meant chaos, murder and rapine, darkness and night over all, and if carried to its logical results, the final extinction of the human race. —H.

Miss Babcock's Errors.

To the Editor of The Journal:

I see by your paper of Aug. 24 that you have had a visit from Miss Babcock of our university. As a Mormon, she has given you her view of the situation here in brightest colors. It is not very courteous to contradict a woman. But Miss Babcock has made statements that are false. I quote a single paragraph from her statement:

Miss Babcock proudly called attention to the fact that there was never a saloon nor house of prostitution in Utah until they were brought there by the Gentiles and the Mormons were unable to dispossess them. A big saloon has just been opened in Salt Lake City on a corner from which twenty-seven years ago Brigham Young ousted a purchaser who opened a saloon, submitting to a big damage suit rather than allow the property used for saloon purposes.

The Mormons ran saloons and distilleries long before the non-Mormon people set foot in Utah. We have the picture of the signs over the saloons entirely under Mormon patronage. They introduced the saloon and have kept it going and manufactured the supplies for the saloon. Miss Babcock knows, or ought to know, that the Mormon church has control of the watering-place on the lake known as Saltaire. President Snow holds it in trust for the church. He, or those who act for him, rent a place for a saloon, which is kept open every summer. A year ago, when the saloon was opened, a foul debauch was carried on, in which men, women and children became helplessly drunk. The secular papers cried "shame." The ministerial association appointed a committee to visit President Snow and get him to close up the saloon. Not he. He declined their proposition, saying: "If they would close a certain other private resort he would consider the matter of closing the saloon at Saltaire. The secular papers of the ctiy have frequently denounced the Brigham Young corporation for renting a valuable property here in the ctiy for immoral purposes.

Of course there are non-Mormons in the saloon business, but they are not connected with any church; while the authorities of the Mormon church control the property at Saltaire and secure a large revenue from the saloon that violates the law that would protect the Sabbath and protect children from the saloon.

Miss Babcock says: "There was never a house of prostitution in Utah until they were brought there by the gentiles." What name will she give to the scores of houses where one man had from three to ten women? Heber C. Kimbel, one of the apostles, is credited with having had forty-five women. It did not change the character of the business that he called those women his wives. Indeed, our Mormon friends are in the habit of justifying polygamy on the ground that it removes the necessity for houses of prostitution. The public will judge of the value of Miss Babcock's statements. There are other facts concerning this saloon and impurity in Utah that indicate the connection of the system with these vices. But it is enough to correct the statements made by Miss Babcock.

—S. E. Wishard,
Superintendent of Home Missions for the Synod of Utah.
Salt Lake, Sept. 16.

WU'S FORMIDABLE BLESSING

New York Times.

Wu Ting-fang, who was a guest at a recent wedding in Washington, was approached after the ceremony by the best man and jocularly asked to go over to the young couple and pronounce a Chinese parental blessing. The obliging Wu immediately complied. Placing his hands on the blushing bride and shaking groom, he said:

"May every new year bless you with a man child offspring until they shall number twenty-five in all. May these twenty-five man-children offspring present you with twenty-five times twenty-five grand-children, and may these grandchildren—"

It is said that the little bride grew hysterical about this time, and the best man made another request to Wu—this time to desist.

A LIFE LESSON

James Whitcomb Riley was born at Greenfield, Ind., in 1854. His father was a lawyer and contributor of verse to country papers. The poet cared little for books, learned to paint signs and letter them, went away with a party of men advertising patent medicines, afterwards wrote verses for newspapers, finally becoming a regular contributor to the Indianapolis Journal. He is not married.

HERE! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your playhouse, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by.
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by.
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But heaven holds all for which you sigh.
There! little girl; don't cry!

James Whitcomb Riley.

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Roanoke	1.01¼
Coteau Queen	2
Prairie Bell	3
Wild Rose	4

This appeared on the bulletin board as the jockeys who had ridden the first heat of the running race wheeled their horses, and riding before the judge's stand, waved their hands in signal.

The blatant country band began to blare. The race track was a mass of jostling, swearing, sweating, betting men. Gold clinked against silver, bills were waved in air, everywhere rose cries of "2 to 1" or "5 to 10 on Roanoke."

Buckskin Jones, a saloonkeeper, seemed to be the only taker for the losing side. He had staked a small fortune on Coteau Queen and bet against Roanoke freely.

The jockeys were leading their mounts to and fro, wetting the animals' mouths and rubbing their limbs. Many hands were stretched forth to pat the winning Roanoke, a black, Kentucky bred mare, whose slender, refined beauty in some subtle way suggested the Gibson pictures of American women. She seemed proudly conscious of her triumph; her nostrils dilated and the pupils of her eyes widened.

Beside Roanoke stood her jockey, Bud, and her owner, Jim Harcourt, a clean cut lithe young ranchman. Men pressed about them, paying the homage the American is so eager to render to his god—success.

A grim faced, thin lipped man stood quietly beside Roanoke, passing his hand admiringly over her glistening flanks and slender limbs.

"What'll you take for her?" he asked in an undertone.

"Not for sale," replied Harcourt.

"I'll give you $2,000 if she wins," murmured the grim man without moving a muscle of his face.

"Two thousand dollars!" Jim thought rapidly of a neat cottage on the ranch, where he could take Jessie, in spite of the disapproval of her stern old father, Judge Osborne, but the caution of the natural horseman was strong. He puffed his cigar a moment in silence, while the grim man watched him closely, and murmured carelessly: "I'll see you after the race."

The Dakota sun beat down mercilessly on the grand stand where gathered the shoddy aristocracy of a boom town; upon the fringe of farm wagons outside the enclosure, whose occupants craned their necks to see the races without money and without price, and upon a single Indian tepee standing near the course. The last was occupied by Shunka Li, who had set up his household gods, including squaw, papoose, dogs, cats and ponies, within the enclosure, thinking to while away the tedium of his abundant leasure by the excitement of the races.

The last strain of "Just One Girl" dies away, there is a burr-r of drum, and the first heat of the racing race is on. But interest in this event is mild. Anxiety—and cash—are centered on the second heat of the running race, the next on the program.

At last the hideous, goggle-eyed blankets are removed and the sunlight glances on shining flank, bridle and stirrup. Jim Harcourt, standing beside the Osborne carriage, in which sits Jessie, dainty, patrician and lovely enough to turn the head of any man, see Buckskin Jones press through the crowd and slip a folded paper into the hand of Bud, Roanoke's jockey, who is already mounted. Fear, anger, exultation are plainly written upon his low-browed, dissolute face as he reads. With a sinister smile he tears the paper in bits.

Jim whispers to Jessie: "I am offered $2,000 for Roanoke if he wins. You know what that means for us, dear?"

Jessie's face flushes.

"You know he will win, but will that help matters?" Nothing will make father feel differently about it, and I cannot disobey him."

There is the usual friction of starting, but now they are off. Roanoke forges steadily ahead. But see, something happens! She rears—wheels. Coteau Queen gains. Again Roanoke plunges and rears. Great beads of sweat start on Jim's ashy face. By heavens, Bud is holding her in, and a breast ahead forges Coteau Queen, her slender body all iron and fire. She's under the wire.

"Hurrah for Coteau Queen!" is the cry of Buckskin Jones and his satellites. The infuriated men gather round the judges' stand. They bid fair to tear it down, and with fierce cries of derision is mingled the name of Bud, the jockey, who barely escapes rough handling through the intervention of Buckskin Jones.

What Jim Harcourt said to his jockey is not a matter of history, but when the third heat is called Bud has disappeared and Jim is mounted on Roanoke.

"Win her and the two thousand is yourn," whispers he of the grim face.

A voice shouts: "Don't disappoint your friends, Jim We've put our money on that mare of yourn."

"You fool, don't you see they've changed riders?" cries another.

As he passes the Osborne carriage Jim catches just a fleeting glance of a fluttering fichu, and he knows, without looking, how white and tense is the face above it.

Roanoke responds to the magic of his touch and voice. They are one length—two lengths ahead. They are almost home. The two thousands will be his.

But what is that in the course? A papoose, a tiny, dusky bit of humanity that has strayed away from the tepee of Shunka Li, and is playing contentedly in the dusty course.

The horses are forging almost abreast. There is no time to hesitate. It is certain death to the child if it remain, defeat for him if he rescue it, but there is only one thing to do.

The crowd takes in the situation, and after one mighty groan, is silent. Then in an instant Jim swings himself out of the saddle and seems to cling as if by magic to Roanoke's side. For one awful second Roanoke's hoofs thunder in his ears, then he grasps the bare, brown arm of the shrieking child and is back again in the saddle. Earth and sky reel before him. The shouts of the people reach him like the far-off echo of another world. He is dimly conscious of the tiny brown body tightly pressed against him, but Roanoke never swerves.

Coteau Queen's driver is lashing her mercilessly. They are almost home. Faster! Faster! Now Roanoke is under the wire like a flash. The race is won.

Pandemonium reigns. Every one shouts as in a common voice:

"Bravo! Bravo! Hurrah for Jim and the kid!"

"Won after all, an' carryin' extra weight, an' every pound's a foot in a runnin' race!"

"She's the best mare in South Dakota!"

Pla-Souie, the papoose's mother, hangs on the outskirts of the dusty throng, her green and yellow blanket sounding a dominant note of color. Though anxious to recover her baby, she is too timid to assert herself.

Seeing Judge Osborne approaching, Jim dismounts. The judge parts the throng with outstretched hand.

"Well done, my boy, well done. My daughter tells me you are thinking of selling Roanoke. Don't be in a hurry about it. We'll talk it over at dinner. Of course you'll be up—at seven—yes!"

Just then from the bulletin board flashes the ominous words: "All bets declared off."

But Jim, handing the papoose back to its eager mother, neither sees the words nor hears the exclamations of the men around him. He is thinking of the evening—after dinner.

Daily New York Letter

Sept. 23.—William Green, a wealthy traveler from Ireland, who is on his way to Chicago, where he has relatives, found out all about a new game that a party of clever New Yorkers have just devised and are imparting to unsuspecting strangers. It is called "the Yankee president" and Mr. Green's introduction to the fascinating pastime cost him $50 in cash and a fine gold watch valued at $250. "The Yankee president" is similar to the old-time three-card monte layout, except that the modern sport is played with an extra card. He was buncoed with such adroitness, however, that when he told his story to the police he said he was sure he could pick the right card next time. The swindlers escaped and the police told Mr. Green he probably would not see them again. He went up Riverside Drive to look at Grant's monument and met a handsome young fellow, elegantly dressed, who said he also was sight-seeing, lived in California, and suggested a trip over to Fort Lee to get a view of the metropolis from the palisades. They met a stranger over there who said he had been buncoed at a card game, and who, strangely enough, had four cards the sharper had used. Green and his friend got interested and experimented just to see how it worked. When the party had finished with the inquisitive Irishman the latter had just money enough left to telephone to police headquarters in New York.

Odell Is Generous.

Recent events has brought into view the generous side of Governor Odell. In no small sense the elevation of Roosevelt to the presidency defeats, or, at least, postpones, the attainment of Governor Odell's high ambition. Yet the governor said in his most earnest manner: "I shall stand behind President Roosevelt in everything. I have every confidence that the new president is going to make a good president, and that he will provide the country with an honest and conservative administration. I approve of his request to the members of the McKinley cabinet to remain in office, and I indorse his statement that he will continue the policies of his predecessor."

Yellow Journalism Attacked.

The Board of Fire Underwriters adopted resolutions relative to the death of President McKinley. These resolutions, besides expressing sorrow and sympathy, call for laws to exclude anarchists from the land, and assail "yellow journalism" in the following terms: "We believe his murderer was incited to his evil deed by the teachings of journals which, by holding him up to ridicule and misrepresentation, have led a vicious class to think that he was the enemy of the poor, instead of being, as he was, the faithful representative of all classes. We hold that a venal press which ridicules and vilifies a faithful magistrate, who is the choice of all citizens—as well those who oppose his election as those who vote for him, through the operation of their own law of election and choice—insults not him alone, but the sovereign people whose representative he is; and we deplore a condition of society which permits such license to culminate in this great tragedy of the century."

New Game for Roosevelt.

One feature of the prayer of Rev. Father Don Luigi Sartori, pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic church, Midland, Md., recited in church for the new president of the United States, was as follows:

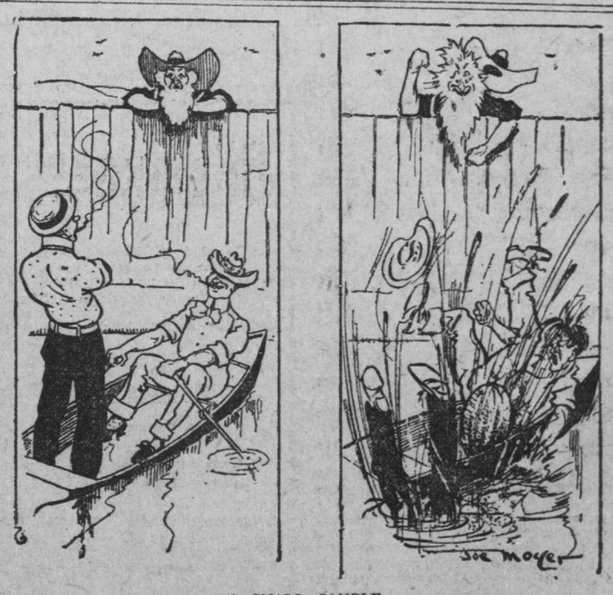
"That he may prove a courageous president in every respect for the welfare of the people, quitting at once hunting wild animals of the forest for the energetic hunting down of the two-legged savage beasts left roaming free about this vast, civilized country."

Gas Trust's Game.

Everybody is complaining of the poor quality of gas in this city. The combination of the gas companies has resulted in a steady deterioration in quality. The city bureau of lamps and gas made public results of tests made by its expert, E. G. Love, to show the candle power of a standard gas jet, and these tests reveal that the average candle power in August was only 22.78, against 23.64 in August, 1900. The quality of gas is now lower than at any time on record.

A New $500,000 Hospital.

A new hospital, costing half a million dollars, is about to be built by the French Benevolent Society in New York. The building will contain many French ideas in furnishing and equipment new to American hospitals. One of the most striking features will be a completely isolated ward for consumptives on the top floor. Each ward will have a sun parlor of its own in the rear of the building. The French government has contributed 100,000 francs ($20,000), together with a valuable Gobelin tapestry, to the hospital fund. The Gobelin tapestry is said to be the finest of its kind in America. It is from the painting by David, and represents Napoleon at Jaffa. It is valued at $50,000, and will be sold for the benefit of the society.



A SMALL SAMPLE.
Boy—Hullo, Old Hayseed; how's yer crop o' pumpkins this year?
Farmer—Fust rate, boy, fust rate; thet's one o' my smallest ones.

HOW THEY FEEL.

When a woman returns from a visit her neighbors feel that the responsibility of watching her husband is lifted from their shoulders.

A DANGEROUS QUESTION.

Casey—Whoi did Cassidy ivir marry thot widdy woman wid th' tin children?

Murphy—Shure, Oi dunnaw. Oi've niver dared ask him.