THE JOURNAL

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SHAFFER'S DEFEAT

Now that the terms of settlement of the steel strike, or, rather, the terms of surrender granted the strikers, have been made public, it is plain that the Amalgamated Association, which boasted so loudly of its strength, has been badly whipped. Judged by the estimate other labor organizations seem to have put on the strike, it deserved to fail. The American Federation of Labor did not give the Amalgamated Association a single cent of financial assistance, and the coal miners and railroad men refused to go on a sympathetic strike.

The trouble with Shaffer and his advisers was that they lacked patience. If they could only have waited they might, in the course of two or three years, have succeeded in organizing all the mills; but, not content with a satisfactory wage scale, they determined to force the unionization of all the mills at once, being confident that in the booming condition of the steel industry they could not lose.

It is to the credit of the steel corporation that it did not enforce harsher terms than those made public yesterday. But this course was probably chosen as much from interest as from motives of clemency. In many of its mills the corporation probably finds it convenient to fix wages by collective instead of individual negotiation.

The great strike, with all the loss and misery it has caused, is not without its beneficial results, however. Generally speaking, with increasing strength of their organization and extending influence, American labor leaders have become more prudent, more moderate and more disposed to secure results by conference and friendly discussion than by strikes. Mr. Shaffer and his supporters proved to be unfortunate exceptions to this rule. Their defeat will be likely to have a salutary effect upon other labor leaders who are inclined to be rash.

SHAMROCK II. MAY WIN

The official measurements of Columbia and Shamrock, which are about to compete for the America's cup, increase the strength of the popular opinion that if Sir Thomas Lipton does not win the cup this year he will come very near to his goal. Although Shamrock is in point of masts and spars, sail area and displacement much the larger boat of the two, Columbia is allowed a handicap of only 43 seconds, owing to Designer Watson's cleverness in keeping the water line length of his pride yacht down to 89.25 feet—half a foot less than that of Columbia.

Inasmuch as Columbia's measurements differ only fractionally from her measurements in 1899, when she defeated Shamrock I., it is interesting and instructive to compare the measurements of Shamrock II. with those of Shamrock I. The new challenger, though having a shorter load water line than Columbia's, exceeds Shamrock I. in this respect by about 1.5 feet. From the end of the bowsprit to the after end of the main boom, the new boat measures five feet more than the old; from the mast forward to the end of the bowsprit, 1.2 feet more; her spinniker boom is 6 feet longer; her topmast is 3 feet taller; the distance from the main boom to the topsail halyard block is 15 feet greater; the square root of her sail area is 2 feet greater.

Thus in the matter of sail area and power Shamrock II. is vastly superior to Shamrock I. and also to Columbia, though in respect to sail area Shamrock I. also exceeded Columbia. To secure these theoretical superiorities, Shamrock II. has to give Columbia a time allowance of 43 seconds. Two years ago Columbia had to give Shamrock I. an allowance of 6 seconds. As compared with Columbia, therefore, the supposed improvements in Shamrock II. over Shamrock I. have cost 49 seconds.

The question which the races will decide is: Has enough speed been gained by these sail alterations to make Shamrock II. so much faster than Shamrock I. that she can afford to give up these 49 seconds and still have a prospect of winning?

Reference to the records of the races of 1899 shows that the margin which the new boat must make up is very large. In the first race of that year, after seven failures on account of lack of wind, Columbia beat Shamrock 10 minutes and 3 seconds, the wind being 10 or 12 knots. In the second race, Shamrock lost her topmast, but in the third race, the wind blowing almost a gale, Columbia won by 6 minutes and 18 seconds.

Although Shamrock I. had a greater sail area than Columbia, it was distributed in a different manner, the sails being longer and shallower. But, taking a hint from Columbia's victory over the first Shamrock, Watson has given the present challenger such a tall mast that the sail area is greater in both dimensions than that of Columbia.

So if we assume that the model of the hull of the challenger is as good as that of Columbia, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that the challenger is enough faster than her predecessor to make the contests very close, if, indeed, Shamrock II. does not prove an easy winner.

NEITHER EXTRAVAGANT NOR PENURIOUS

The board of tax levy should be able to find and abide by a happy mean in its appropriations for the ensuing fiscal year, upon which, of course, depends the rate of tax levy. On the one hand, it must guard against an excessive tax rate, but on the other, it must guard against inefficiency in public service and institutions caused by inadequate appropriations. To attain this desirable end the board should ruthlessly prune all appropriations which may be suspected of concealing extravagance or sinecures, or are likely to be used with more regard for providing some one with a salary than for the public good.

In this class is Mayor Ames' rejected request for a large sum of money for an increased police force. Minneapolis certainly does not need eighty-eight more policemen, if it needs any, and there is reason to believe that the mayor wants more policemen more for his own private political service than for that of the city. In the same category is the mayor's demand for a contingent fund of $5,000, and also some of the county items.

But when it comes to a consideration of the board of education's request for $719,000, to be raised by city taxation, the board of tax levy faces a request that cannot be lightly put aside. It must be remembered that during the hard times the city's educational department suffered severely, it being necessary in one year to reduce the school year by a whole month and to abandon certain kinds of instruction. During those years the school population grew rapidly and enforced economy prevented the board from providing adequate facilities. It results that to-day, as shown by Dr. Jordan's report, all the schools are overcrowded and that 3,500 pupils are housed in fifty-eight basement and nineteen annex rooms. To give the board each year far less than it needs to do its work properly but shifts and increases the burden which the taxpayer must meet some day. The city's children must be educated and the board of education should have the funds to properly do the work required of it.

In this connection it must be remembered that hard times are past, that the city is prosperous and that the total valuation is even now much less than it was many years ago. The city must in its various functions make a showing that will compare favorably with that of other cities. In other words, Minneapolis cannot afford to be shabby any more than it can afford to be extravagant. It is a question if the dire necessity of reducing the school year a month did not hurt the city's reputation far more than a nominally high tax rate—a rate which must always be considered in connection with the basis of valuation.

The other city boards and departments which have pressing and legitimate needs should be considered in the same broad spirit. This does not mean that it is always necessary to give all that is asked, but to give with a full understanding of the necessity of pursuing a liberal policy.

While taxpayers are clamoring for low rates of taxation—and we all know they have had a hard enough time of it—they should remember that it is as important to have the right kind of spenders of public money as it is to have economical appropriations. More is often lost through ignorant, incompetent, dishonest and grafting officeholders than is saved by penurious appropriations.

If the taxpayers, as a whole, were more active and conscientious in municipal and county politics, they would have less occasion to complain of the rate of taxation. It isn't so much what is legitimately and carefully spent for public purposes that makes local taxes a burden as it is what is misappropriated or wasted.

REFORM IN NEW YORK

The municipal reformers in New York yesterday nominated Seth Low, president of Columbia university, for mayor, the republican convention and the Citizens' Union uniting upon him as head of the reform ticket.

President Low would seem to be the man for the emergency, which is a very serious one, as shown by the exposures which have been made of the corruption and totally demoralizing influence of Tammany, which, in possession of the municipal machinery of the Greater New York, has signed partnership agreements with vice and utilizes the offices for the sustenation of its favorites and dependents after the manner described and admitted by Richard Croker's biographer, Alfred Lewis, in his portly volume of adulation of the "Boss."

It may be remembered that, some years ago, the revelations of Tammany corruption made by the Lexow legislative committee, largely promoted the election of Mayor Strong and the reform ticket, which gave New York good administration for two or three years, but the reform forces drifted apart and Tammany went in in high feather and with a keener appetite for municipal plunder. Affairs have reached such a bad condition that the reform element is again uniting, with an excellent prospect of winning the election, although Croker has recently declared that, if Low was nominated, he would surely be defeated.

President Low stands and has always stood for reform. When he was mayor of Brooklyn he gave that city a notably honest and efficient administration. Everybody knows what he can do and has done and that he will do it well.

The municipal reform element all over the country is interested in the outcome of the New York municipal election. A great victory for reform in New York will give heart and hope to reformers everywhere. Break the patronage monopoly held by Tammany and New York will be freed from the procuring cause of gross misgovernment. These monopoly lords erect a barrier against independent thought and manly self-respect, and carefully cultivate the servility of their dependents, who are submissive workers and cringing assessment payers. It is the feudal system giving the spoils won in battle to retainers. The big battle against this system in New York is worth fighting and winning.

"BANK OF THE UNITED STATES"

Readers of The Journal are urged to peruse carefully Maurice L. Muhleman's article favoring the creation of a federal bank; which is reproduced in another column, from "Money." The idea of a federal bank has never been in favor with the American people since the days of Andrew Jackson, though eminent economists and financiers, have ever been of the opinion that a national bank similar in its general lines to the national banks of other great countries is essential to the best management of the national funds and the regulation of the paper currency, conformably to the needs of business. The bank scheme Mr. Muhleman outlines would not do away with the existing individual national banks but would federate them in a great central bank which would be the government's fiscal agent and depository. This bank would have certain ordinary and emergency note issuing powers. Thus it would prevent the dangerous accumulation of money in the treasury vaults in times of prosperity, which results in the reduction in the volume of the circulating medium just when it is needed most; and by the note issuing power, would enable the bank to come to the rescue of business whenever money is scarce.

We presume that the most common question that will be asked by those who read Mr. Muhleman's plan is: Why is it necessary to delegate these functions to a chartered bank; why can not the government actually conduct a bank with the powers and functions Mr. Muhleman desires for a federal bank? But it is probably deemed unwise to leave under the possibility of political control such a powerful institution. Yet it will be observed that the plan contemplates that the government shall hold an influential part of the stock and that the bank shall be under the general supervision of the treasury department.

But whether Mr. Muhleman's plan prove acceptable or not it is admitted on all sides that our present currency system lacks elasticity and that the recent extension of the national banks to small towns has not greatly increased the bank note circulation. Undeniably we need a better system than the present one.

THE McKINLEY MONUMENT

If it is decided to erect the proposed monument to President McKinley at Canton instead of raising to his memory a suitable memorial in Washington, the decision, it seems to us, must be regarded as a mistake. One object of a monument is that the people may see it. Indeed, there is very little excuse for expending large amounts of money on memorials to distinguished dead unless they are erected where they can be seen by a great many people, and can be made to teach the lesson which they were intended to convey to a large number. It goes without saying that a great many more people would see a McKinley mounment in Washington than in Canton—perhaps a hundred to one. While, of course, a suitable tomb should be erected at Canton, the monument to which the country is to be invited to contribute and in the erection of which the children are to be permitted to share, belongs nowhere else than in Washington, and it is to be hoped that those having the matter in charge will recognize the fact and put it there. They certainly cannot expect anything like the hearty co-operation and support from the general public for a monument at Canton which would be readily obtained for one to be erected at the capital of the country to which very many thousands go to see the sights every year.

SPEEDY JUSTICE

The termination of the Czolgosz trial, yesterday afternoon, denoted the promptness of the proceedings and yet it cannot be said that there was a particle of undue haste in the presentation of evidence or in the deliberations of the jury. The assassin was given all the opportunities which justice, properly administered, affords to an accused to clear himself, but the evidence was clear and unmistakable from the beginning; the prisoner admitted his guilt, and the jury acted upon the evidence. The prisoner was assigned counsel to defend him, in accordance with the law, and the whole proceedings marked the admirable deference to law and justice, undisturbed by one of the most desperate assaults upon the peace and order of the community on record.

In Judge Lewis' admirable speech, as one of the counsel for the defense, he made a very impressive point in referring to the exploitation of anarchy at Buffalo. He declared that, while anarchy was subversive of government and order, he did not believe "it creates a danger to this country equal to the belief becoming so common that men who are charged with crime shall not be permitted to go through the form of a trial in a court of justice, but that lynch law shall take the place of the calm and dignified administration of the law by our courts of justice." He predicted that when such doctrine dominates this country, if it ever does, our institutions "will be set aside and overthrown," and, in some parts of the country, he affirmed that, judging from reports, "the time is fast approaching when men charged with crime will not be permitted to come into court and submit to a calm and dignified trial, but will be strung up to a tree on the bare suspicion that some one may hold the belief that they have committed some crime."

Judge Lewis does not exaggerate the peril from this source. Men who set aside the law and the courts, and, on their own motion, assume the functions of judge and jury and executioners, are as much a menace to the country as the plotting anarchist. In the south, where such lawlessness has been most largely developed, thoughtful men are beginning to see the end to which this course of lawlessness leads, and are calling for the restoration of the functions of the courts. The evil, indeed, appears to be extending northward, for, in some western states there have been recent terrible instances of lynching, embodying, in one or two cases, the barbaric resort to roasting the victim to death. Your anarchist shoots a president to death because he thinks, according to his view of rulers, that to be a ruler of men is a crime. Your lyncher seizes a man whom he suspects of crime and hangs him or roasts him to death without reference to the forms of law. The lawlessness is equally flagrant.

The Buffalo trial, as Judge Lewis said, is "a great object lesson to the world," in that it commends fealty to the course of law under peculiarly aggravating circumstances. It should speak in commanding tones to those communities in this land who have substituted lynching for calm and dignified judicial proceedings.

The assassination of Garfield by a lawless spoilsman, who wanted to protect and strengthen the spoils system, proved a mighty stimulus to civil service reform. It is proper to expect that the assassination of the beloved McKinley, about three weeks ago, will prove of like influence in greatly minimizing the spirit of anarchy, whether developed in secret plotting to slay rulers, or in setting aside trials in a court of justice and substituting the infamy of lynchings.

A Defense of Cartoonists and the Like

A tendency has been shown of late, possibly due to these times of stress, to berate the cartoonist as a person guilty of inciting disrespect for those in authority and hence a sort of particeps criminis in anarchy. The idea seems to be that cartoonery is a kind of lese majeste that ought not to be tolerated any longer.

There are two points to be taken into consideration in the matter of cartoons—one that there are cartoonists and cartoonists, two, that cartoonists are not always free to carry out their own ideas but have to draw what they are paid to draw.

A certain Methodist bishop has said that cartoonists ought to be suppressed. Just as fair would it be to say that all Methodist bishops are opposed to law and order because one Methodist bishop in the south has come out in favor of lynch law for negroes under certain conditions.

The cartoon is as much an instrument of good as of evil. It was Nast's cartoons that contributed more to the downfall of the Tweed ring in New York than did the courts of justice. Doubtless, Tweed and other corruptionists considered the Nast cartoons clear cases of lese majeste. If the paper is vile, the cartoon will be vile; if the paper is good the cartoon will be used to subserve good ends.

The Rochester hospital has a football team. The other teams act that way ofttimes.

People who get into these light fall shoes doubt the stories of a short corn crop.

Mr. Roosevelt is likely to be the hero of a tariff war before he gets through.

Nobody has yet mentioned General Alger for a cabinet position.

The colleges have opened—if you can judge by the sport page.

The fall overcoat has been suffering seriously from mothbite.

Open for Potatoes.

Red Wing Republican.

The Republican has been favored with samples of corn, apples, melons, grapes, plums, asparagus and fruit and vegetables of all kinds except potatoes. Farmers, if they have any fine fruit of that variety, need not be afraid to bring it in. The Republican has a burglar-proof safe, and samples will be carefully returned after they have been assayed.

The Enemy of All.

Utica Observer.

The attempt on the president's life has wiped out almost every last trace of personal and political difference. There is a significance in this. It speaks of the final bedrock of the government, broader and deeper and firmer than any political party—the bedrock of American citizenship. And he who attacks the head of the government attacks indirectly every citizen who lives under that government.

Little Wonder.

Mexican Herald.

It is little wonder that the United States is leading the world in the extent and quality of industrial output in so many lines. The latest figures show that the industrial schools of the country alone own property valued at $350,000,000, and nearly 150,000 students are enrolled at these schools for higher practical education.

Objectionable Methods.

Indianapolis News.

The enemies of Schley could not find fault with the results, but they did object to his methods. So did the Spaniards.

OTHER PEOPLE'S NOTIONS

Judaism and Patriotism.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Grant me sufficient space to give expression to my views of an editorial in your paper under the caption, "Excessive Freedom," under date of Sept. 20.

You say Pope Leo XIII. is reported from Vienna to have said in an address to bishops on Sunday that President McKinley was the "victim of excessive freedom granted to the American people," and he urged that it was the duty of society to "oppose the spread of socialism, Judaism and anarchism."

I do not intend to dwell upon the part of the pope's address referring to conditions in this country, as you have fully covered that ground. I, however, wish to refer particularly to that portion of his remarks where he includes Judaism in the same category with anarchism.

If there is a race of people upon God's green earth who do appreciate and are quick to demonstrate their appreciation of this country, it is the Jewish. And why? For the reason that for ages the Jew has been persecuted, chased and hounded like a dog from country to country, unable to find a place where he could rest in peace; his property destroyed or confiscated; his family torn asunder, until he saw and understood that glorious old flag he loves so well, "the stars and stripes."

When the Spanish war broke out prayers were offered in every synagogue throughout the country every Sabbath day for the welfare of this government. The Jews remembered only too well the manner in which they were persecuted by Spain, and when our beloved and martyred president, McKinley, was so cruelly stricken down, Judas-like, by a cowardly assassin, on that memorable Friday, just before the commencement of the Jewish Sabbath, the Jewish rabbis, as well as all other worshipers in the synagogue, clothed in their Sabbath robes, prayed fervently to the God of all nations that the life of the president be spared to this country, and when the terrible news was flashed over the wires that President McKinley was no more, it was the beginning of the Jewish New Year, and the Jew became a mourner and in all synagogues special service was held and most fervent prayers offered up to God for his soul, and strength for his beloved wife; and when last Thursday came, the day when all that was mortal of William McKinley was laid at rest, every Jewish house of worship was turned into a house of mourning and, dressed in the garb of the day of atonement (the most solemn day of the year) the rabbis offered special prayers for the soul of William McKinley and the preservation of this government.

The Jew loved William McKinley, for he felt that in him he had a warm friend; and loves the American flag, for it denotes liberty and equality.

The Jew is a patriot, for he loves this country, a comparison with his condition past and present having brought this about; and I echo your sentiment when you say that "Judaism has nothing in common with anarchism and it is a libel to say that it is inimical to human society." That is a mediaeval view which is unworthy of the pope who breathes the air of the twentieth century.

—A. Goldman.

Waterville's Gas Problem.

To the Editor of The Journal:

Will you please inform your readers in this place as to the cost of gas to the consumer in several cities of our state. Also what is the relative cost of coal, oil and acetylene gas.

There is a Chicago company here trying to obtain a franchise for twenty-five years for the exclusive lighting of this city. They promise that they will not charge over $20 per thousand feet, and this seems to several of us to be a remarkably high price. Any additional information that you can give us relative to gas and gas lighting will be of great use to us. —George Bailey.

Waterville, Minn.

The net price per 1,000 feet in the Minnesota cities having gas plants is as follows: Minneapolis, $1.20; St. Paul, $1.30; Duluth, $1.25; Faribault, $1.60; Mankato, $1.65; Red Wing, $2; Rochester, $2; Stillwater, $1.80; Winona, $1.80.

Taking coal gas to mean ordinary city gas, which is really a mixture of coal and oil gas, it would be safe to assume that oil gas is the most expensive and coal gas the next; but it must be remembered that there is no satisfactory system of distributing acetylene gas, so that for a city plant it is out of consideration. As an independent means of lighting buildings acetylene is successful and, according to good authorities, somewhat cheaper than coal gas after the cost of distribution has been met; but the high price of carbide, essential to its manufacture, has retarded its growth in popularity.

As to the charge of $20 per 1,000 feet the figure quoted evidently refers to oil gas, which is measured on a different basis than ordinary city gas. Such a charge is equivalent to about $2 or $2.50 per 1,000 for the quality of gas furnished in Minneapolis.

He Criminated Himself.

Atlanta Constitution.

Guilty of winning a victory not intended for him is the real offense of Rear Admiral Schley.

IN SCHOOL DAYS

John Greenleaf Whittier was born in Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 7, 1807, and died at Hampton Falls, N. H., Sept. 17, 1892. He was a Quaker and the son of a farmer. He worked on a farm, got a common school education, taught school, edited the American Manufacturer at Boston, the Haverhill Gazette at Haverhill, and the New England Weekly Review at Hartford, and the Pennsylvania Freeman at Philadelphia. He was in the Massachusetts legislature in 1835-36.

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low-eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls
And brown eyes full of grieving
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

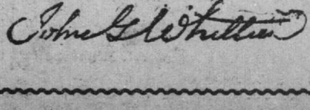
Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.



The Luck of BLACKBOARD HANNIGAN

by John Walker Harrington

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Hannigan was down on his luck. Blackboards of the right kind were getting scarcer and scarcer, and the November air had a way of nipping the ears and nose which was not pleasant. Hannigan was a wandering painter. He had once been proficient as a despoiler of scenery, as many of the legends which now adorn the Buckeye landscape and proclaim the merits of pink pellets and condition powders will testify. Rum had gotten the upper hand of Hannigan. His hand was no longer steady enough to follow the configuration of letters, even when they were chalked out by steadier fingers, but Hannigan could still paint blackboards. There was a time when, around the walls of every district school in southern Ohio, there was painted a dark dado, on which the pupils worked out their arithmetical salvation.

Hannigan's outfit was simple. It consisted primarily of a can filled with a mixture of wood alcohol, gum shellac and lampblack. He also carried a package of plaster of paris, with which he filled the cracks in the walls before beginning operations, and several brushes for anointing the walls of learning.

Mr. Hannigan, as he strode along the tracks, was muttering to himself about the perversity of fortune. He had spent nearly his last cent for material. He had been to three schoolhouses, and in each one he had been confronted with slabs of smoothly polished slate which covered the plastered wall. The agent of a Chicago school supply company had preceded Hannigan and had done him much injury. At the last schoolhouse the teacher had smiled pityingly when the decorator talked of the evil which had come upon him. She had unclasped from a long chain which she wore a silver-mounted rabbit's foot and had insisted upon the astonished painter's accepting it.

Now that Hannigan was alone again his thoughts went back to the little schoolhouse, and the more he thought about the duplicity of the trustees and the slate blackboards, the more angry he became. He drew from his pocket the fuzzy fetich which the teacher had given him, and in the half darkness contemplated it with a look of fine scorn. Hannigan was walking along the railroad track with the measured tread common to the experienced wanderer who avails himself of that courtesy of the company known as the "tie pass."

"Luck," muttered Hannigan. "Jim Hannigan walking the track with not a thing in his pocket but a rabbit's foot, has a run of luck, hasn't he? Where's that fool thing?"

Hannigan took the talisman from his pocket and threw it on the track. It dropped near a rail, where the glint from its mounting revealed its presence. Hannigan stooped as though to pick it up again. Then he reconsidered.

"No," said he, "don't want it—won't have it. Let some fellow find it who wasn't born to be unlucky."

Hannigan heard a shrill whistle and the rumble of wheels. He stepped aside in a mechanical way just in time to evade a train. He stood for a moment contemplating the two fiery eyes of red which were diminishing in front of him. Then he looked around him.

"I was crossing the long trestle and didn't know it," said Hannigan. "Now, by gum, that is what I call luck. Crossing the trestle with no chance in God's world to get off of it and spikes on the side of the track to make it uncomfortable for us hoboes. Crossing the trestle, by jing! If I had jumped I would have been drowned in twenty feet of water, and if I had stayed they would never have recognized me except for this can of sawdust cocktails. Jim Hannigan, you are an ungrateful cuss. That rabbit's foot saved you and you threw it away. This is where you see a crayon enlargement of Jim Hannigan going back to find the only thing which ever brought him luck."

He went back over the ties, dodging the spikes, looking for the rabbit's foot. He could see no trace of it. He glanced up in time to see two bulging eyes of red which were growing bigger with every second. James Hannigan jumped and shrieked. The Cannon Ball was backing down on him, and he was in the middle of the trestle. He threw himself on the track, rolled over, clasped the end of a tie in his arms and swung himself off just as the express whizzed over his head. Above him was the roar of the train, and beneath him the waters of the Hocking were greedily lapping the wooden piles.

"Talk about hard luck," muttered the trembling painter of blackboards. "Queered for life by a rabbit's foot and a schoolmarm's smile."

The trestle was vibrating beneath the weight of the train. Hannigan, with his right arm within six inches of the rail over which was rushing the wheels of the Cannon Ball, felt a shiver through every nerve of his body. He yelled curses, and the rails gave back a mocking sound. He felt the dull pain of weariness in his arms.

"Twenty feet of water below," moaned Hannigan, "and I can't swim. I couldn't draw myself up, even if the train wasn't here. Well, so long, everybody; here's the end of James Hannigan, born a scenic artist, died a bum."

He dropped. The cold waters closed about the form of the knight of the road. Then a moment of silence and James Hannigan awoke. He thought he was sitting on downy cushions, and all around him was poured a cooling and a crystal flood. Hannigan sat bolt upright in the dark mud of the Hocking river bottom and about him flowed two feet of the tawny flood. Beyond were the dark depths of the stream.

From the locomotive a few feet ahead on the trestle there came a shower of fiery nodules. The ash box was open. In the glow of the falling particles Hannigan saw a gray object floating on the tide before him. He picked it up and placed it reverently in the upper pocket of his coat.

Daily New York Letter

Announced by Wireless Telegraphy.

Sept. 25.—Upon her maiden trip across the Atlantic the new German Lloyd steamship Kronprinz Wilhelm signalled by wireless telegraph to the Nantucket lightship. All was well, but the liner had been delayed many hours by rough weather beyond her expected time of arrival. Captain Stoermer, whose ship was built to break records, sent the first message to the lightship after perfect communication was established between the vessels. It was as follows:

"North German Lloyd Steamship Company, New York.—Kronprinz Wilhelm is twenty-five miles east of Nantucket, being detained by rough weather. Please notify Bremen offices. All is well on board. —Stoermer."

Thereafter as the big German liner steamed on her course for New York wireless messages flashed between the vessel and Nantucket and from there ashore. Many telegrams from passengers telling their anxious friends on shore of their safety hours before they could otherwise have received the news, were received.

Odell Is Shelved.

When Garfield was shot and Arthur succeeded him, the war between the Stalwart and Half Breed factions in this state became more intense and more bitter, with the result that, a year later, the republican party met a Waterloo in the defeat of Folger for governor, and in 1884 Blaine was defeated for president. But it is evident that there is to be no such sequence to the death of McKinley and the succession of Roosevelt. In the first place, there have of late been no such differences in the republican party as were created by the rivalries of the Stalwart and Half Breed factions. In the second place, Roosevelt is expected to continue as president the policy he adopted as governor. He is both an organization man and an independent, and he will sustain friendly relations with both wings of the party, and endeavor to heal such differences as do exist. Moreover, his succession to the presidency makes him the candidate of this state for the presidential nomination in 1904, provided, of course, he has made a success of his first term. Whatever claims or changes Governor Odell may have had must now give way to the superior position of Roosevelt. All the utterances of Platt and Odell since the tragedy at Buffalo indicate that they clearly understand the situation, and prefer peace to war. Senator Hanna's warm praise for President Roosevelt will also go far toward simplifying the new political situation produced by McKinley's death.

The republican and citizens' union conventions ratified the nomination of Seth Low for mayor and Edward M. Grant for controller. Mr. Grout is now borough president of Brooklyn, and has been a member of the regular, or McLaughlin, democracy. He was an early enemy of the Ramapo scheme; he is a friend and once partner of Justice Gaynor and is popular in Brooklyn. Low and Grout ought to sweep Brooklyn by a large majority. That's what McLaughlin fears, and that's why his lieutenant, Mr. Shevlin, is pleading so hard with Croker for the nomination of Coler for mayor; but Croker, it is believed, favors his friend, Lewis Nixon, the well-known shipbuilder, for mayor, though willing to accept Coler as a candidate for re-election as controller.

This week should clear up the situation, and start the mayoralty campaign in earnest. With Low on the one side and either Nixon or Coler on the other, the contest should be one of intense interest. Very little, if anything, can be said against the personality of any one of the three men. It is almost too much to believe that Tammany would put up for mayor a man like Nixon or Coler. Only the strength of the anti-Tammany movement, and the character and proved ability of Low, could force Croker to make such a nomination. The choice of the people would be between Low, pledged to a complete reversal of Tammany misrule and police corruption, and, say, Nixon, a man of fine professional and business abilities, as the candidate of a discredited and abhorrent organization and the personal friend of Boss Croker. On the whole, Coler would seem a stronger candidate than Nixon, but he has injured himself by his political position.

There are five Roosevelt girls who are soon to be introduced into society. One of them is the daughter of the president, whose debut will not take place, of course, until after the period of mourning has passed. Another is the president's niece, Miss Eleanor Roosevelt, daughter of the late Elliot Roosevelt. The three others are second cousins of the president. There is another Roosevelt girl, Miss Pansy Roosevelt, daughter of John Ellis Roosevelt, who had "her coming out" last winter.

Theatrically, this week is of interest and activity, emerging from the gloom the death of the president cast upon the playhouses last week. A notable feature is the appearance of the veteran character actor, J. H. Stoddart, as a star, in Augustus Thomas' and James McArthur's dramatization of Ian Mac Laren's "Bonnie Brier Bush" stories. David Warfield also appears as a star in Lee Arthur's and Charles Klein's comedy, "The Auctioneer." Then Mrs. Fiske makes her reentry in the new play, "Miranda of the Balcony," which she has already tried in two or three outside cities, but is now first introducing to New York.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

John Lind was only joking.

He does not have any aldermanic aspiration. The interview he gave The Journal on his return from Montana was just a delicious bit of John Lind humor.

Every one who knew the ex-governor was pretty sure of this fact at the time, and Lind has since confessed it. One of his closest associates in Minneapolis is my informant, and he explains the interview as follows:

It was only Lind's delicate way of replying to the assertion that he was about to turn republican. He was careful to work in the statement that, as he lived in a republican ward, he might have to move to some other that would give a democrat a better chance. See? In that way he announced himself unequivocally as a democrat, and silenced the gossips. I know he carried it off with every appearance of seriousness, and resented the suggestion that he was joking. That's all right. Lind is an actor, and a good one.

The ex-governor still refuses to give any encouragemtn to his friends, but he has begun to explain why he should not run next year, and this gives them hopes. Personally, Lind would rather turn the job over to Weiss or Rosing, but his followers are certain that they will be able to Rooseveit him again. If nothing else will do it, they think the Dan Lawler bugaboo will start him out.

The Fairmont News says:

Mayor Ames, of Minneapolis, has had a lot of trouble ever since he assumed his present office, but, thinking he could bear more, he has started a paper. Doctor, your finish is in sight.

Very likely, but the doctor's intentions are different. He started the paper to make trouble for other people.

The Granite Falls Journal delivers itself as follows:

This talk of a successor to Bob Dnun for state auditor is so much idle gossip. Better find out if he wishes to succeed himself; and, if so, support him. That man cannot be found who could fill the place he occupies, as he has given the state the best administration of that office it ever had, and his talents have been freely devoted to bringing that department up where it ranks with the best in the union.

The Owatonna Journal draws a moral of party loyalty from the assurance that Lind will be the democratic candidate. Says the Journal:

When the time comes, unless unforeseen contingencies arise, he will be nominated for that office and will accept the nomination with that seeming coy reluctance which has heretofore served his purpose well. That he will be a formidable candidate, it would be folly to deny. But, after all, his principal dependence is on a divided republican party and an unpopular republican nomination, and it will be well for republicans to bear this constantly in mind. Neither personal feeling nor party precedent should be allowed to jeopardize the republican control of the state administration.

—C. B. C.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

A performance of "Cleopatra" at the Metropolitan to-night will conclude the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Brune in this city.

The engagement of Stuart Robson at the Metropolitan the last half of the week, beginning to-morrow night, is attracting unusual attention. This will be the first time Mr. Robson has appeared in the character of Bertie the Lamb in five years, and it is announced that it is the last time he will be seen in "The Henrietta."

Otis Skinner will be seen at the Metropolitan all next week, beginning Monday night, in his grand revival of Boker's romantic tragedy, "Francesca da Rimini." No production of recent years has received such unstinted praise. On Mr. Skinner's interpretation of Lanciotto nothing but the highest words of praise have been bestowed, and the actor has undoubtedly achieved the dramatic success of his career. Nothing that Mr. Skinner has been seen in here approaches in magnitude of company, scenery or costumes, his present production.

"A Common Sinner" is pleasing local theater goers immensely at the Bijou this week. The piece does not boast of much of a plot, but there is sufficient for all purposes, and the many specialties introduced by the various members of the company add greatly to the enjoyment.

For the coming week at the Bijou there is announced the engagement of that pretty pastoral play, "The Night Before Christmas," which comes with the prestige of unqualified success wherever presented this season. Its clean, wholesome, country atmosphere should make it unusually attractive. The scene is laid in Ohio. The characters are the common, every-day men and women and children of the buckeye state, and old-fashioned home life in a country community is pictured true to life.