

THE JOURNAL

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

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS Payable to The Journal Printing Co. Delivered by Mail. One copy, one month, \$0.35...

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: Pittsburgh, Pa.—Du Quoin. 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. 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.

ADVERTISERS PROVE CIRCULATION.

The Minneapolis Journal

Makes Gain in Advertising.

All the other papers in Minneapolis lose in columns of advertising, compared with September, 1900.

Here are the figures: Measurements for September, 1901, compared with September, 1900.

Table with columns for Date, Coils, and Gain/Loss. Rows include Sept. 1900, Sept. 1901, and various time periods (25 days, 30 days, 45 days, 60 days).

It is apparent to everyone that advertisers use the Journal more than any other paper in the city.

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

Do not allow yourself to forget Dennis Sewell. Do not yield to procrastination. Of course, you intend to give; then give now. Here is an opportunity for real, practical helpfulness, in recognition of the heroic public services of a humble private citizen, who in his death met the noble termination of a brave and useful life.

Postmaster Lovejoy seems to be one of the men who do things. In getting the postoffice department to install a system of distribution of mail to branch offices by means of automobiles, the postmaster has scooped his official brethren all over the country.

SEVERE, BUT JUST AND NECESSARY

Four freshmen were yesterday suspended from the University of Minnesota for one year, directed to make full reparation for their vandalism and sentenced to receive a public reprimand from President Northrop.

The offenses of the callow youths were twofold. In issuing a cane rush challenge to the sophomores they found it expedient to daub red paint on the fence enclosing Northrop field and also on the walls leading to it.

While we recognize the weight of the plea that it was indispensable to the proper publication of the challenge that red paint should be brought into conjunction with fences and walls, we must admit that President Northrop was justified in instituting a rigid investigation. It was then that the offenders signed again and capitally, granting that their first offense was but venial. Under a close questioning they denied all complicity in the commission of both the horizontal and perpendicular surfaces above mentioned. Afterwards they confessed their double guilt—as vandals and liars. In a published statement the secretary of the faculty says regarding this persistent lying:

The faculty desires to emphasize its sense of the terrible of deliberate lying by students when called before the faculty to testify. The faculty does not require students to testify against their fellows, but it does require them not to lie when they do give testimony.

This offense and its punishment reminds us that some college students have a peculiar code of "honor" in which lying to a professor or instructor is not considered as within a reasonable definition of lying in general. It was, perhaps, a recognition of this fact that prompted the faculty to let the offenders off with a year's suspension instead of expulsion. In a similar situation outside of college circles probably none of the four youngsters would have dreamed of lying. Flagrant thefts are practiced and defended on a similar theory. Students who boast of collections of stolen silver unwittingly

contributed by all the hotels or restaurants they are able to "touch" would be horrified if they were compared to shoplifters. But the outside public cannot understand the difference.

This kind of "honor" may be tolerated in some institutions, but it deserves summary suppression in a state university—and seems to be getting it in Minnesota. The extent of the injury a student may do to such an institution as the state university by such run-making as destroying property and such honor as "lying persistently" cannot easily be estimated. The honest, hard-working, serious-minded student, who does not care to tax themselves to support generously an institution where it is considered the thing and quite student-like to do acts which would in Chippewa county of Roseau would land the offender in the calaboose.

It is well for the great institution of which we are all so proud that there has been so little of this student barbarism at the University of Minnesota, and it is well for the continuation of such a record that the four vain and foolish lads who were so exultant in their folly and are now so humble in its expiation will have a year in which to change their conception of college life.

Why not let the redoubtable, numerous, thrifty and industrious Smiths—L. A., who is the son of A. J., who is county commissioner; George H., who is brother of the latter; Jesse, who is the son of J. H., and M. E., whose place on the family tree is not located—take over all the county's work? There would be no check on them, you say? Well, is there one now with one of the tribe letting contracts to his son and taking payment himself, though county commissioner, while another relative "inspects" the job?

THE NEGRO'S VALUELESS VOTE

The Atlanta Constitution complains that the negro does not seem to care whether he votes or not—this because numbers of negroes are emigrating from Georgia, where theoretically they are free to vote, to Mississippi, where they surely cannot vote. This is what you might call naïf. A little while ago the complaint in the south was that the negro wanted to vote. Certain steps—at first extra-legal—now legal in several states, were taken to keep him from voting. After twenty years of ballot-box stuffing, intimidation, and false counting, designed to make the negro's vote of no avail and sequentially causing him to put but slight value on the franchise, which has now given place to the era of exclusion from the right of suffrage by legislation, the Constitution complains that the negro doesn't care to vote.

In brief: The negro was taught by the whites that his vote was of no avail. Now the negro, having learned that his vote is no avail, has lost interest in it. Therefore, let the negro be condemned as an electoral failure.

But why should the Constitution waste space talking about the negro's valuation of his vote? To all intents and purposes he is out of politics in the south, and is likely to stay out. The south has, provisionally at least, settled the negro question on its political side, in its own way, and the north seems to have acquiesced.

Mayor Ames seems to think that to question his policy toward disorderly houses is to question his republicanism. Well, all right. The mayor can take it that way if he wants to.

There are few men out of work, yet Alderman Rand wants the police force enlarged.

UNEASY CHINA

The scene of the disturbances in Washington, is in the eastern part of Kwangtung province in the extreme south of China. In the southern provinces of China there have been numerous revolts against the Manchu dynasty at Peking in the past, the design being to restore the former Ming dynasty which was overthrown by the invading Tartars some 260 years ago. The uprising in Kwangtung appears to be of that description and, in addition to this outbreak there are symptoms of revolt in the Yangtze Kiang region, where the great river has overflowed its banks for some distance causing the destruction of human life and property on a large scale, such visitations being usually attributed to the subservience of the government to foreigners. No doubt every disaster of that kind will now be charged to the yielding of the government to the terms of the allies.

The situation in China is not very promising, although it is reported that the emperor Kwang-sung is asserting himself and issuing edicts practically reaffirming the reforms of 1898, which were quickly negated by the dowager empress as head of the reactionary party, her determination to keep China far in the rear of modern civilization being indicated by her warm espousal of the Boxer movement in 1900. It remains to be seen whether the emperor has the courage to enforce his reform edicts, with the old hardpan of an empress in close proximity. As long as she is alive it is proper to register doubts on the subject. The action taken by the allies was not pacificatory. China submitted because she had to. The imposition of the big indemnity of some \$230,000,000 will prove an irritant, for the reason that, although the amount is divided into annual installments, the provincial mandarins who will collect the portion not derived from customs duties, will squeeze two or three times the amount out of the people and by impoverishing them drive them to revolt against the government and against foreigners in China.

Bishop Graves, the Episcopal missionary bishop of Shanghai, recently stated that no real improvement can be looked for until foreign nations consult the interests of the Chinese people. This they have not done, but have declared that they have no concern with the internal reform of the empire, which is really the pivot on which everything hangs. Says the bishop: "To call the present state of things peace, or to speak of a settlement, is a misuse of terms. Some temporary arrangement may be patched up, but it will contain within it the seeds of future trouble. Everybody would rejoice at a stable and honorable peace, but the present seeming peace is not founded on honesty, nor can it be stable, for it leaves the forces of reaction, usurpation and corruption in full possession, and until these are defeated and dispersed, they will continue to block all progress, not only so far as missionary work is concerned, but in commerce and in any advance of international relations beyond the elementary position of force on our side and fear on theirs." There is no doubt that this is a true

measure of the situation. Russia has not receded an iota from her position in Manchuria, which she is converting into a Russian province, as she has maritime Manchuria which she appropriated many years ago, and there is not the slightest probability that she will withdraw from a single square inch of the vast territory stolen from China. Our commercial interests are jeopardized by Russian ascendancy in northern China and they are in jeopardy with a chaotic Chinese interior and a reactionary party in the seat of power.

And Lars Persena Rand pleaded in vain for the mayor. What a spectacle of sublime civic devotion this of the democratic sixth ward statesman forgetting his partisanship and begging for more money for the republican mayor to spend in entertaining!

THE PACIFIC CABLE

The recent announcement of the incorporation of the Commercial Pacific Cable company in New York, with the intention of laying a deep sea cable from San Francisco to the Philippines, has aroused Congressman Corliss of Michigan, and Admiral Bradford of the navy, both strong advocates of a government-constructed and government-owned cable to Manila, to earnest protest against the creation of a private cable monopoly to the archipelago. These gentlemen have bitterly opposed the granting of a subsidy to any private company for cable construction, arguing that rates would be exorbitant, but Mr. Corliss, noting that the company now incorporated does not ask a subsidy, says that cheap communication being essential to the commerce of the Pacific, it is possible to hold the cable company down to 25 cents a word to Manila and 25 cents to Honolulu, and, if such rate cannot be obtained, the government should construct the cable.

The British government has arranged for the laying of a cable from Vancouver, B. C., by way of Fanning Island, Fiji, and Norfolk Island to Auckland and Queensland in Australia, the proposed tariff being 49 cents a word, and the cable is expected to be self-supporting in four years.

We need a Pacific cable as much as Great Britain does. The cable she will construct will not give us direct service, and it is essential that an American cable be laid direct to Manila. The route for a cable between San Francisco and Hawaii was surveyed in 1892 and the entire practicability of that portion of the route was demonstrated, and experts have expressed the opinion that the other portion of the route, from Hawaii via Guam to Manila, is as practicable from a technical and engineering standpoint. Estimates have been made that, if the rate per code word of an average of eight letters, is placed at 50 cents from San Francisco to Manila, the cable need be operated only four hours daily to put the enterprise on a sound financial basis. The distance from San Francisco to Manila is 7,000 miles, while from Puget Sound to Manila it is (via Yokohama) 5,954 miles, giving the advantage to the latter route of more than a thousand miles, besides more frequent stations, making shorter links between stations, which will make the cable cost less. These advantages are worthy of consideration, whether the government or a private company constructs and operates the proposed cable.

The St. Paul library building is to have some more business "features." Not content with a clothing and several other stores underneath, space is to be rented to a bowling alley on the second floor. It's a shame that the books take up so much room.

While you are complaining about the tax rate reflect how much you have of that \$20,000,000 of personal property which Alderman Jones says escaped the assessors.

TO REDEEM NEW YORK

That much-abused phrase, "the keynote of the campaign," can be fittingly applied to the following excerpt from the speech made by Seth Low in accepting the nomination of the Citizen's Union for mayor of New York: The common purpose of this campaign is to wrest the control of the city from those who permit one man to govern it from his English home, like a second George III, and to make millions for himself and his friends out of the control of it, as though this imperial city of New York were his private gold mine.

Did anybody ever explain how Richard Croker could honestly grow rich in politics while doing nothing else? As never holding lucrative office himself? As Mr. Low says, Croker has made millions for himself and his friends out of his corrupt control of the government of New York. Such a statement is not in the least extravagant if the people of New York have left in them any spark of desire or respect for integrity in office or any horror of the prostitution of municipal government to the base and sordid ends of Croker and his corrupt and servile followers, if they have any desire for a good name for their city, they will this time sweep Croker from power once and for all.

AN UNANSWERED RIDDLE

Druggists' Circular. In 1899 the Missouri Historical society gave a historical loan exhibit, to which were contributed objects of great value as local historic interest. During the temporary absence of the librarian one day a porter called and left an oil painting with the janitor, but did not tell the name of the owner nor did he tell the name of the painter. The subject of the picture, on opening it, the librarian saw the face of a man apparently about 30 years old, with small brown eyes, a great deal of curly reddish-brown hair, high colored cheeks, and a wide expression of scorn on the mouth. Altogether a decided air of distinction rests upon the face. The man is dressed in the high coat, white tie and rolling black collar which distinguished portraits painted during the first quarter of the last century. The picture was hung during the exhibit with the query attached, "Who is this gentleman?" and so the hands of the Historical society's "wells-to-do" were never called for, as "about" copied in numerous papers with the request that it be identified, or claimed, the mysterious owner has never made himself known, nor has he parted with the secret of the stranger's identity. Suggestions have been offered from time to time, but none of them has seemed satisfactory, and the question still remains, "Who is this gentleman?"

A TIME FOR SEVERITY

Balanagis, the vile nest of treachery in Samar, where Company C of the Ninth Infantry was all but annihilated, should be acquainted with the meaning of the word retribution. According to the Manila American the unfortunate soldiers were butchered by a murderous uprising of the ostentatiously peaceful people among whom they were living. The soldiers were not killed in battle. They were assassinated by or with the assistance of their supposed friends and their bodies were savagely mutilated. This is not an act of war but a crime, which should be punished as such. By acts of generosity which are not less than chivalrous our soldiers have proved to the Philippines and the world that the fighting brown man is treated as fairly as if he were a recognized belligerent. Now the time has come for an exhibition of another form of justice—this time retributive, not forgiving. Every Tagalog

Hints at a Dark Plot

Washington Post. Perhaps the managers of the democratic campaign ought to be kept busy by inventing plots and intrigues to make themselves fixed things so that neither could accept.

Enlightenment for the Ignorant

Free silver is still the leading question, says Bryan. It is good for him to keep us posted this way.

who had a part in the massacre should speedily be executed, and the hunt of the bloodthirsty sneaks should be kept up day by day, week by week and month by month till the last wretch has paid the penalty if his crime with his life. Such stern punishment should be dealt out that so long as the men of Samar recall the massacre of Balanagis they must also recall the punishment that followed.

The Bull and the Auto

A Bayonne dispatch describes a bull fight in which the gentlemanly matadors or picadors, or whatever they are in Dago, went out to meet the heifer's natural propensities in an automobile. The foveley drew an enormous crowd but the bull would not stand for the "sport." When he saw the "tommy" on the track and detected the smell of gasoline in the air, he turned tail and flew the ring. Six other bulls refused to take part in that kind of sport and the game had to be called off, as it was nearly church time. Great indignation was expressed by the picadors, who were paid to see a fight and several benches were wrecked and windows smashed as a testimonial of disregard for the kind of sport presented. Personally one feels a strong sense of sympathy with the hero of the stockyards. With a horse, handicapped as he is by a decadent Latin matador, a bull has a fair chance, but when pitted against a lot of machinery with a bucket full of gasoline in its insides he feels that he is going against the unknown and very naturally and properly shrinks from the encounter. Some day the machine will buck on such work also and will throw the picadors out and then the machine and the bull will join drives and run over and step on a few of them, just for sport.

Walter E. Duryea, the New Yorker who had the misfortune to break his neck, denies that he was promoted to a position of honor. He says: "Were the choice offered me between matrimony and a broken neck, I might hesitate. At present I have the broken neck and that is enough."

The English Imperial Yeomanry show a disposition not to re-enlist for service in South Africa. They propose to rest and to let humanity do its own staggering for a while.

An automobile at Buffalo covered a mile in 13 1/2. The little girl with the baby carriage stands by the roadside and looks on with interest. She says she has never seen a car before and she doesn't know the principles at a horse race.

A few years ago a popular "cure" was to go without breakfast. Now they want you to eat two breakfasts. Anyhow, they are erring in the right direction.

The Leisure Hour club usually calls around to hold a session in the office of the alleged busy man the day he returns from his alleged vacation.

Seth Low has just compared Mr. Croker to George III. A good many Tammany supporters will ask "Who der deuce was der George Tree?"

The Southern Baseball League has finished its season without lynching an umpire. Is that the reason it is called the New South?

Mr. Bryan tells Mr. Roosevelt that he ought to be satisfied with one term. Mr. Bryan will take one and be glad to get it.

Miss Helen Stone is held for \$100,000 ransom. These brigands well know that the American girls are expensive critters.

Correspondents are standing around waiting for candidates to play football with a kodak lens's torse box.

Why not let the college eleven attend the next anarchist meeting in its professional capacity?

Some of the ships' logs seemed to have barnacles on them.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

Surrounded by a company of unusual excellence, magnificent and appropriate scenery, costumes historically correct, and with attention to the minutest detail, the revival of "Francesca da Rimini" is to be one of the greatest dramatic events of the past few seasons. One cannot readily recall any dramatic presentation that has received such a glowing review as this one. The high-class work as is afforded him in the role of Lanciotto that Mr. Skinner is seen at his best.

Still a young man, William Collier has been fortunate enough to reach the head of his profession, while many of those who started in the race with him are still in the ranks of Robert Riddleway, a Yale student, in Augustus Thomas' comedy, "On the Quiet." Mr. Collier was the great comedy hit of the past season in New York city, where he presented the play for six months at the Madison Square, which season he made \$100,000. Mr. Collier will give the opportunity for the display of his versatility. Mr. Collier will present "On the Quiet" at the Metropolitan all the coming week, opening Sunday evening.

The courtroom scene in "The Night Before Christmas" at the Bijou the current week, is one of the most realistic scenes of this kind ever presented on the local stage. A young man is on trial on a false charge of murder, and the presiding judge is his own father. The young man is found guilty and his father is sentenced to hang. The play is electrocuted. Sensationally the production is most complete and the performance is well witnessed. Saturday the only remaining matinee will occur.

The attraction at the Bijou the coming week, commencing next Sunday afternoon, will be the successful comedy-drama, "Across the Pacific" with the popular comic, Harry Clay Blaney, in the leading role, supported by a company numbering nearly seventy-five. The action takes place in Montana, in Chinatown, San Francisco, on board a United States transport about to depart for the Philippines, and in the Philippines during the war with Spain. Scenically the production is promised to be superb and the producing company will include such well-known players as Orma Galdora, Lester Franklin, Harry Fenwick, Thomas Beatty, Fred Watson, "Chinese" Johnny Williams, Frank Sanford, Marie Potes, Dorothy King, City Wolfe, Major Mort Epler and the Rough Rider band.

HE PREFERRED TO EARN HIS MONEY.

Boston Globe (Dem. H.). It is said that several times Mr. McKinley was urged to allow his friends to underwrite some of the stock for big combinations in his game, but his refusal was absolute. "I can't get out of my relations with the trusts or combinations of capital," said he, and he never did. Such a record is worth more than a ten-acre block of stock.

THE LAND GAME CHEAP.

Lakefield Herald—Shouldn't wonder if the St. Louis fair cost more than the land whose purchase it is designed to celebrate.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

The recent address of the populist state committee, declaring for an independent national ticket, has called forth all sorts of comment. The Alexandria Post-News declared that it was the only paper known to the rank and file of the people's party to hold them as the tools of democracy in Minnesota.

Victor Lawson, chairman of the populist state committee, replies to this thrust in his paper, the Willmar Tribune, and some of the things he says are important as outlining the populist policy in the state. Mr. Lawson says: "I am sure that this accusation is to any one who knows that fusion is a thing of the past in Minnesota in the sense that it has been formerly understood. Anybody but a political editor for postoffice only, would be expected to know that the new law passed last winter prohibits any dual party names on the ticket. If the people's party leaders were more tools of democracy, they would quietly try to struggle their own organization and preach that the best thing for populists to do is to join democracy, good or bad. Fusion has been killed by the Minnesota legislature. It is idle to talk of state fusion. The Post-News continues: 'These men know that to separate state and party names is to effect anything nationally. They simply throw the national ticket in the air to preserve fusion politics for revenue only as a device to keep the party organization and party appointments to care for the interests of their organization, knew that the first requisite for a national party organization was to make it independent nationally. What the party chose to do on local issues did not concern them so much. They wanted a good man on the democratic or on the republican ticket if they thought they were advancing good local interests. They wanted a man who had repeatedly supported republicans for city offices in Willmar because they represented a great majority of the voters. They have yet to hear any one question his loyalty to the national politics he advocates on that account.'

While Mr. Lawson is high in the councils of his party, he is not after the leaves and fishes, and, therefore, looks at the question from a rather higher plane than the average politician. He may make some trouble in convincing his colleagues that what they do on local issues does not matter so much. If the populists co-operate with the democracy in state government, they will demand their share of the honors.

The Washburn correspondents of the twin city press are engaged in a Minnesota campaign for President Roosevelt. It will be necessary for the party organization to have a manager in this state, as to-day every republican is for Roosevelt, and there is no need to employ a manager. The party organization is in his favor. President Roosevelt is a very probably is as well posted in regard to the conditions of the state as any man in connection, however, it may be stated that, undoubtedly, no man in the state stands closer to the president than Knute Nelson, and his party is pretty strong evidence that he is a good judge of men.

Edward T. Young of Appleton is an avowed candidate for congress in the new seventh district. The announcement was made in the Tribune a few days ago. Young is a well known man in the state, and has been for some time. Senator Young felt that it was too early to begin a campaign, but with two other candidates doing active work already, it was necessary to make his intentions known in order to prevent votes being pledged to his rivals.

There are enough announced candidates now in the seventh district to insure one of the hottest campaigns in the history of the state. Not one of the three is to be despised as an antagonist. Eddy, Dowling and Young are all men of acknowledged qualifications, personal popularity and ability as campaigners. Yet they may have to enlarge their circle to make room for another.

J. F. Jacobson's friends and admirers are doing their best to get him into the race, and may finally prevail upon him. Jacobson is reluctant to go into a scramble for office, especially one of the magnitude which would entail a great expenditure of time and money. His Lac qui Parie county neighbors have had hard work for several years to get him on the legislative ticket, not on account of any modesty, but because he would have the time from his business to do so. Jacobson, who is the president of the county, is a man who is pretty strong evidence that he is a good judge of men.

Referring to the rumor that the leaders in Kandiyohi county have come together on Young for congress, the St. Cloud Journal-Free Press says: "Time was when the leaders might have delivered the goods, but not next year. When each citizen has the chance to register his choice for candidates, the name of Young will be one of the names on the ballot. Senator Young is an able man, but he will not get all the votes in any county with so many other names against him as Frank Eddy, and Mike Dowling will 'also' run."

The Mankato Free Press, Congressman McCleary's official mouthpiece, suggests: "Now that Congressman McCleary has declared he is not a gubernatorial candidate for the year, he would do well to consider the nomination he tendered, it is up to those who would like to get him off the congressional ticket to present him for something else. But the people seem to be very well suited with Mr. McCleary in his present position, and the congressman is likewise satisfied with it."

The following from the Granite Falls Tribune, a far from the center of the state press on the sordidness question: "There is one man that is never considered a barnacle to the state ticket, but a mascot instead. His name is R. C. Dunn, and if he elects to succeed himself, he will not be a man from the fresh water pond to the Red River valley that can be foolish enough to cross words with him."

Just the same, there are two announced candidates already—Samuel G. Iverson and Odin O. Halden.

THE TORTURE OF THE SLANGY MAN

When I fare forth to meet with Mind, Also with Culture-thought Refined And Higher Aims * * * when men with Brows Exploit philosophies that rouse My soul to terror, though the while I grin with comprehensive smile, Oh, how I long to let their stuff By its befitting name of "Guff."

It Will Get Him Yet.

We saw our contemporary start off on a bicycle carrying a gun in his hand. We made him a tearful farewell, when he shouted at us that "the thing isn't loaded." That settled it for us and we went to the desk and wrote out a beautiful and tender obituary for we knew that it is always the gun that has "loaded" that does the killing. But some way the thing didn't work as usual and he is still alive. But never mind it will get him sometime if he keeps it up and then we will have the obituary ready.

He Preferred to Earn His Money.

Boston Globe (Dem. H.). It is said that several times Mr. McKinley was urged to allow his friends to underwrite some of the stock for big combinations in his game, but his refusal was absolute. "I can't get out of my relations with the trusts or combinations of capital," said he, and he never did. Such a record is worth more than a ten-acre block of stock.

A Little Short.

Passenger—What you can't change a dollar? Conductor—Sorry, but I just bought two theater tickets.



Fisherman's Luck

Copyright, 1901, by Lillian C. Paschal.

"Well, my boy, your catch isn't very big to-day, is it?" June Devore was interested in the long line of boys fishing on the pier. She glanced down in amusement from under her knitted parasol, not at the kneeling figure in rumpled trousers, but at the small boat, tossed in seaweed, where squirmed some two-inch "killies."

"This isn't catch—it's bait," came in peculiarly smothered tones from under the goat cap bent over the wriggling line. A pair of twinkling, boyish eyes scanned with grave interest the dusky arch of the foam-crested trout beside him, with the mazy column of lace billowing above, while his grown fingers busied themselves with the transfer of the bait.

But the sweet voice above him broke with a "Oh, some of them are alive, and they're such tiny baby-fish. Please put them back in the water. Won't you, please?"

"New Frank Truitt had procured the bait for considerable expense of time and trouble over in Snark river, some distance inland from the ocean, so he naturally hesitated. Seeing this, the girl opened her purse.

"See here," she said with a winning smile, "I'll give you this if you don't mind. It's enough to make you and all your friends here ill." And she held a bright coin toward the bashfully bowed head, her playing eyes still intent on the baby killies she was trying to save.

Frank's friends were wont to say that his bump of humor was the most fully developed on his cranium. Anyhow, at this particular juncture it strangled his conscience.

"By Jove, it's worth it—such a huge joke to recount at the club," he thought, as with apparent reluctance he dropped the innocent fresh-water killies into their supposedly native element.

"Oh, you see, are quite dead," said he humbly, with the air of a remorseful culprit.

"It's too bad, but thank you so much. You are a nice boy," and for the first time she looked at him squarely, holding out the coin once more.

A slender brown hand reached up and grasped the money greedily. Then "the nice boy" rose to his feet, unfolding before her dimpled eyes as he did so five feet ten of masculine stature, while he doffed the cap and disclosed a clear-cut, mustached face, whose mischievous eyes shot laughing glances toward her flaming cheeks.

"Oh, beg pardon—but really—"

"Oh, I thought I never dreamed—"

When the last flutter of her white frock had disappeared in the crowd along the board walk he replaced his cap and turned to look at the boy who had doffed the cap and shaking the white with quiet laughter.

From examining the prize he fell to scrutinizing the hand which held it. It was fine, rather small, but deceptive, as some of his college opponents had learned to their sorrow.

Fail of Richard Saitus.

Oct. 2.—Physicians in charge of the insane pavilion of Bellevue hospital are deeply interested in the case of Richard Saitus, who was sent there by direction of Magistrate Cook in Jefferson Market court. Saitus was charged with vagrancy. He had been arrested while asleep on a grating near Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue. Poorly clad and apparently half starved, Saitus was taken to the hospital. He was found to be a tramp, although once a lawyer of standing and wealth. He gave the name of Henry C. Dewitt as a former friend, to whom he referred for information concerning his downfall.

Henry C. Dewitt is a lawyer with offices in the Park Row building. He told an extraordinary story of the life of Saitus. The vagrant, he said, is a line descendant of Robert Morris, the financier patriot of revolutionary times. He said Saitus was born in wealth and was graduated from Columbia College with the class of 1874.

Gradually all the ocean greyhounds are being equipped with the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy. It was announced today that the Umbria of the Cunard line fitted out with the Lucania and the Campania have had the system working for some time past.

Marconi System Extended.

At Goodwin's Plans. Among the intimate friends of Nat C. Goodwin there is a rumor that the actor may never again be seen on the American stage, unless it be during a brief tour.

Goodwin is on the other side, with his wife, Maxine Elliott, and a full company of American players.

This rumor is corroborated by the fact that Samuel Hall, a brother of Maxine Elliott and for a number of years a member of the Goodwin organization, did not go to London. His heart yearned for Broadway.

Goodwin always has thought his talents were not appreciated sufficiently from a financial viewpoint in America. It is said that he often complained that no matter how expensive or how cheap a company he engaged to support him, his business always remained about the same, and that his profits were invariably small for a company which played only the first-class houses of the union.

Goodwin has become convinced that if he once can establish himself as a favorite with the English theater-going public, the returns will be more constant and in greater proportion than those on this side.