THE JOURNAL

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	Sept. 1900. Cols.	Sept. 1901. Cols.	Cols.
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SAMPSON'S EVIL GENIUS

Poor Admiral Sampson! Was there ever a man so unfortunate in words and explanations of words! Since his evil genius kept him away from Santiago on that great day when Spain's empire fell, where presence were worth half a life-time, every public utterance of his has had the effect of embittering the people against him. Always he says the wrong thing at a most inauspicious moment or says the right thing too late and out of effective connection. History will, no doubt, be kinder to him than the present generation, but a little tact, a little geniality, less assumed indifference, concealing the keenest sensitiveness, to what the public thinks, would have made him a happier man and saved him from the feeling that his countrymen condemn him and underestimate his services.

To-day there is said for him by Colonel Robert M. Thompson, of New York, what should have been said the moment Maclay's vile libel of Schley first saw the day with Sampson's reputed indorsement. Maclay himself declared that the proofs of the book were submitted to Sampson and approved by him and, in confirmation, the admiral admitted in a newspaper interview that he had seen and read the proofs. In those proofs Schley was called a caitiff and coward and there in cold type was printed the cruelest, most unjustifiable, most damnable slander ever uttered concerning an officer of the American navy, a slander which affected every officer through the odium it brought upon the service. The most searching examination of the most prejudiced witnesses has not brought out one iota of testimony reflecting upon Admiral Schley's bravery and honor.

Why did Sampson allow all these months to go by without indignantly repudiating Maclay's scurrilous statements? There seems to be no explanation except his fatal inability to say the right thing at the right time. The excuse that the secretary of the navy interdicted officers from any further public talking is puerile, because if a special dispensation in so urgent a case could not have been obtained, the announcement could have been made indirectly months ago as well as to-day. Perhaps it would not have been made now if Admiral Sampson's friends, foreseeing the certain vindication of Admiral Schley from all aspersion upon his honor and courage, had not sought to guard their friend from the outburst of popular wrath that would follow Admiral Schley's triumph if the record still showed Sampson standing sponsor for the contemned Maclay's libel in the guise of history.

The present activity of the burglar, it should be borne in mind, is carried on with practically the same police force that guarded the city under the previous administration and under the two administrations preceding that. But at no time in the city's history has the burglar been so active or met with so little apparent opposition as to-day.

VIOLATION OF THE BUILDING LAWS

Attention is called to an article in another column with reference to encroachment upon the streets and parkways of buildings and the violation of the law in such encroachment. C. M. Loring—whom no one will accuse of having anything but the good of the city at heart—has been protesting against this practice of getting permits through the council to permit the violation of building ordinances, but without much success. As the representative of the Improvement League, he proposes now to take the matter into the courts and compel compliance with the law. This may cost some builders the fronts of their buildings, but it will be a good thing for the city in the long run. Builders who are indifferent to the general good of the city, and governed only by their own selfish interests, and who are aided by easy aldermen to violate the law and the rights of their neighbors, must be taught to comply with reasonable and necessary regulations with regard to location of buildings. If it costs them something to reconstruct their buildings they have no one to blame but themselves, and public sympathy will not be enlisted very largely in their behalf.

The trouble in Minneapolis is that we are not half as particular about these things as we ought to be. They are important in their bearing upon the beauty of the city in general and the value of adjacent property in particular. The violation of building laws involves a damage to other property owners which the violators should not be permitted to impose, and will not be if decent regard is paid to the building ordinances.

A physician, enjoying a large practice, who is not opposed to vaccination, calls The Journal's attention to the rather arbitrary methods of the health department in the matter of vaccinating the children in the schools. The point is made that in numerous cases the children have been vaccinated and re-vaccinated by competent physicians apparently without result. The health department should recognize the fact that some persons are immune to the poison of smallpox and spare the child the unnecessary exposure to the danger that undoubtedly does exist to some extent from the virus, let it be never so carefully prepared. There is no occasion for the health department to get itself disliked for the sake of carrying out reasonable regulations. Most people are willing to comply with reasonable requirements but they are not disposed to submit gracefully to annoyance from unreasonable demands with regard to vaccination.

PREPARING FOR THE CAMPAIGN

An important meeting was held last night at the rooms of the Hennepin Republican Association. A number of active republican workers came together to consult with regard to the interests of the party and to prepare for the next campaign. They decided that there had been too much coarse work in the past on the part of "spellbinders" and others who had assumed to speak for the party on the stump and elsewhere, due to lack of information. To this end committees were appointed to prepare a statement of the services the republican party has rendered to the people of this state and also in this city and county, and another committee to map out a plan of campaign.

This is promising. It would indicate a disposition on the part of the republican leaders in this city and county to take time by the forelock and be ready with the material necessary to successful campaign work when the campaign opens. Not only will the committee collect information with regard to what may be said in favor of the party, but they will also take notice of any mistakes the party may have made and the shortcomings of those who have been elected to office by it and prepare the republican speakers for such attacks as are likely to be made on account of party blunders and the offenses of individual members in office.

This is about the most practicable work in anticipation of the campaign that has ever been undertaken in this city and the plan should commend itself to republican leaders in every county in Minnesota as well as to the state organization.

A "WHIPPLE" HALL

The committee appointed at Bishop Whipple's funeral to prepare a memorial on his life and work makes the suggestion that as a permanent memorial one of two things should be done: Either the Seabury Divinity school debt should be raised or else a dormitory should be erected at the state university.

In our opinion the latter suggestion should prevail. Sooner or later in the course of church administration the Seabury debt will be taken care of. Moreover, the raising of the Seabury debt would be but an Episcopalian memorial. The good bishop needs no further church memorial, for such is his church in Minnesota and all its works. He was more than a churchman; he was one of Minnesota's great men. What more fitting than that his memory should be honored and kept bright by an undertaking that would link his name with that of Minnesota's great university? A good dwelling place for students is needed at the university, and the proposed memorial would be productive of good for the living as well as of honor for the dead.

Only members of the Episcopalian church could be expected to contribute to the Seabury debt fund. All the people could be called upon for funds for a dormitory at the university.

CROKER'S CANDIDATE

Last evening, in New York, Edward M. Shepard, "Boss" Croker's candidate for mayor of New York in opposition to Seth Low, the reform candidate, on accepting the nomination, declared that he had no intention whatever of receding from his record on the subject of municipal government.

As Mr. Shepard has belonged to the reform wing of the New York democracy and has a record of consistency, the consent of Croker to his nomination and acceptance by Tammany is interesting. But Mr. Croker believes in the cohesive power of public plunder and in the magnetism thereof. He has seen many men corrupted through this means who were once strong in virtuous abstention, apparently, and he is of the opinion that "every man has his price." Croker's idea of a political party is a camp under military discipline, the activities of the members being altogether in relation to struggles for the control of offices, contracts and other spoils of war. The welfare of the community is the last thing the spoilsmen consider, and generally they leave it out of their calculations altogether. It would be a good joke on Croker if Mr. Shepard, if elected, should stand for honest municipal government. That would mean the elimination of Tammany influence altogether, for every reformer who has honest convictions sees the necessity of eliminating Tammany, root and branch, from all control of the municipal government.

Tammany and the spoils system, local and national, originated in New York under Aaron Burr and Van Buren, who was instrumental in the election of that notorious spoilsman Andrew Jackson. Jackson had said: "I am no politician, but if I were a politician, I would be a New York politician," and, under the tutelage of Van Buren, he became a New York thoroughbred politician, so far as the spoils system is concerned. New York, indeed, has produced the most finished products of the system known to man and from both parties.

When President Roosevelt was governor of New York, he successfully fought in detail the strenuous efforts of the Platt organization to force him to appoint to important offices men of the machine. Roosevelt did not yield an inch. He also met the Platt organization in the legislature and defeated corrupt propositions. Platt found he was mistaken in his man. If Croker's nominee for mayor of New York is elected, it would be exceedingly interesting if he should stand by his reform record and prove a firebrand for Tammany. Distrust, however, is too deeply seated against Tammany for any large acceptance of this view. The placing of Shepard in nomination by Croker looks as if he was afraid to put forth a straight Tammany man and wished to draw reform democrats from Low. But Low's prospects improve steadily and municipal reformers in New York seem to realize the ripeness of the present opportunity to strike hard and successfully for honest government.

THE SLAVE BOY BECOME A MAKER OF MAGISTRATES

This is the story of two men—Thomas Goode Jones and Booker T. Washington. The former is of an old southern family of the superior and ruling race. The latter, the son of a nameless father, is of the inferior, despised and helot race of the south. Forty years ago Jones was a dashing young confederate soldier, adjutant to General John B. Gordon in the war of the states. At that time Washington was an uncared for little pickaninny with not a friend or well-wisher in the world except his old black slave mother.

The years pass. The black boy, born in humility and poverty, become the Moses of his people, ordained to lead them out of the Egypt of their bondage by the road of industrial usefulness, comes to the white man, now grown old and decked with many honors, as the bearer of a commission for the latter as a federal judge. The latter, though of the proud and arrogant race, accepts the commission at the hands of the black man and finds additional honor in the office because it comes to him through a man of the humble race which he has ever helped and defended.

In this appointment, upon the diffident advice of Booker T. Washington, of former Governor Jones of Alabama to be a federal judge there lies the completest vindication and justification of Booker Washington's negro policy. The great educator of the blacks never interested himself in politics, never took any partizan stand, never thrust himself upon the whites, but went ahead resolutely, modestly and prayerfully in his chosen work for the amelioration of his race. Around him were the noisy politicians of his own people, clamoring for office, complaining that the negro is deprived of his political rights, restless, agitating, discontented, unhappy. Yet this man, who knows nothing of politics, is sent for when a high and honorable federal appointment is to be made, his advice is assiduously sought by the powerful president of 76,000,000 people, and, being reluctantly given, is acted upon. The slave boy is become a maker of magistrates. What he sought not has been granted him. Without desire for political influence he has become more powerful in politics than the politicians.

The Issson in this for Booker Washington's people is the lesson of preparation, the well-doing of humble things, the concentration of attention on the work that lies at hand, the upbuilding of character, the demonstration of their utility to the community. When the negro becomes a success, an indispensable factor in the industrial and commercial progress of the south, when he becomes a property-owner and taxpayer, a hard-working, thrifty citizen, he will not have to contend for political rights. He will have them.

Student Life in 1650

The New England Magazine for October has an interesting sketch of John Harvard, founder of the university that bears his name, and of the early struggles of the college itself. The college student of to-day could hardly understand the sternness of the discipline that was thought necessary in 1650. Some of the early ordinances were as follows:

No scholar shall buy, sell or exchange anything, to the value of sixpence, without the allowance of his parents, guardians, or tutors.

No scholar shall be present at or in any public civil meetings or concourse of people, as courts of justice, elections, fairs, or at military exercise, in the hours of college exercise, public or private. Neither shall any scholar exercise himself in any military band, unless of known gravity, and of approved sober and virtuous conversation, and that with the leave of the president and his tutor.

No scholar shall take tobacco, unless permitted by the president with the consent of their parents and guardians, and in good reason first given by a physician, and then in a sober and private manner.

The use of what Mr. Ade calls students' lamps, viz, cigarettes, would probably have caused the immediate expulsion of the undergraduate, while a cane rush would have called together the Massachusetts legislature.

The student of to-day has an easy, unhampered life compared with the pupil of the eighteenth century.

We are coming right along,
Minnesota,
With a team of giants strong,
Minnesota.
When the mighty game is through
You can bet there'll be a few
Tall Norwegians feeling blue,
Minnesota.
—Nebraska State Journal.

There are predictions of a frost in Minnesota for Saturday and it is likely that there will be several prairie flowers from Nebraska sadly withered.

"I had read somewhere," said the Pleasant Faced Burglar, as we sat opposite each other in the cafe chantant enjoying our Imperfectos, "that heaven helps those who help themselves, so I helped myself to a gold watch and $20 in money and while I cannot say that I received any active celestial help in the matter there was certainly no more active opposition from above than there was from the police force of the town." Here the burglar winked his near eye with the sound of the north wind slamming a barn door and took a sip of black coffee.—From an interview in the Daily Yellow.

Booker T. Washington says that every man who arbitrarily takes the law into his own hands and presumes to be the judge of life or death for a fellow citizen, commits the same sort of crime for which Czolgosz is now awaiting execution. Anarchy of all kinds should be especially unpopular at this juncture.

One of the Kenwood Parkway boys went out hunting the other morning at 5 a. m. The family detected his return when he was about a mile away because the wind was in that direction. Problem, to find the little black and white animal he shot at.

Mr. Croker lost $10,000 on the races last week. Such an insignificant sum divided among three or four million people will hardly raise the rate of taxation on Manhattan island a fraction of a mill.

The Hon. Chauncey Depew, who is credited with several narrow matrimonial escapes, has at last confessed that he is now to come under the chastening hand. The marriage will occur soon.

The Nebraska State Journal could not get excited over the yacht race, but when it comes to the "biggest pumpkin controversy" the paper just bristles around the ears.

Mr. Gunn has been nominated for some county office or other in Kansas and the opposition are trotting out the militarism issue.

Sunnyside people have decided to do their own police work. They are likely to get arrested for interfering with the city government.

Would that one of those comic opera brigands in the Acroceraunean mountains would hold Emma Goldman's hand for $110,000 ransom.

President Roosevelt neither smokes, drinks, chews nor swears. Mrs. Roosevelt must have picked the man they are all looking for.

A mindless scorcher, all legs and no brains, scored another prominent citizen and got away without being shot at.

The potato is not quite so expensive a berry as it was. Even the burglar passes it by now.

Why don't these burglars make their money by raising Belgian hares.

Sir Thomas Lipton was seen around pricing derricks last week.

The burglars nearly broke into the coal bin last night.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

H. F. Stevens' declaration of war against Senator Clapp is the political sensation of the hour. If the utterance came from a man of less reputation it would be laughed at, but H. F. Stevens is a commanding figure. He is a fighter and a good politician, and if he carries out his expressed purpose he will lead Senator Clapp a strenuous life for the next three years.

Friends of the junior senator are inclined to question the truth of the story, which first appeared in The Journal Saturday. To them I have only this to say, that so the story came to me, and that it was carefully verified before publication. The absence of Mr. Stevens in California made it impossible to reach him personally.

Stevens himself would doubtless prefer not to have had the story appear in print at this early date, for the capital city politicians will begin to apply the thumbscrews at once. It would never do to have St. Paul divided, you know, and they will argue that the city could not hope to turn down its own man and secure the election of another. It would certainly let Minneapolis into the game.

St. Paul is not given to doing the family washing in public, and it will indeed be strange if she presents two candidates for United States senator. Stranger things have happened, however, and it may be that Minneapolis will have no candidate at all. There are other things besides senatorships, and by 1904 Minneapolis may be wanting some of them.

Senator Clapp has his record to make, and on that record will ask re-election. He will be watched closely by the people of Minnesota. Mr. Stevens is also in a position to be tested. As chairman of the commission appointed to revise the statutes, his work will come in for the closest scrutiny in 1903, by the legislature just preceding the one that elects the United States senator, and by the self-same senate which will take part in that election.

It remains to be seen whether St. Paul "pounding" will cause Stevens to alter his mind. It will doubtless begin upon his return from California, and he will very likely retort that it is too early to start a senatorial campaign.

Milton D. Purdy, United States district attorney, is an avowed candidate for the four-year appointment to be made next May. He was named for the short term without any conditions or promises, and is just as much a candidate now as ever.

There are all sorts of theories about the district attorneyship, and most of them are evidently wrong. They are based on little remarks let fall by one or another of the senators, and you can prove almost anything by such random bits of conversation. Here are some of the "straight tips" being circulated:

First—Frank M. Nye is the candidate of Senator Clapp, and is acceptable to Nelson. He is in a "deal" with Purdy, whose appointment to the unexpired term was part of the deal.

Second—Senator Nelson has withdrawn his opposition to C. C. Haupt, of Fergus Falls, who is Clapp's first choice, and in due time Haupt will be named.

Third—Owing to the hostility between the Nye and Steele people, Purdy will be named as a compromise candidate.

Fourth—It is all in the air, but the senators are trying to agree on some Minneapolis man.

This last guess is the most probable. There seems little doubt that Minneapolis will get the place, provided the local politicians do not make war on the various candidates and render a selection impossible. The senators want to give Minneapolis the place and will, unless they are scared out of this territory by a factional row.

First district politicians have taken heart of grace since the Purdy appointment, and are pulling for Mr. Gray-French for the long term. They are still agreed that it ought to be a first district man, but very much disagree as to whether it should be Gray of Preston or French of Austin.

District Attorney Purdy has an assistant to name, to fill the place made vacant by his promotion. The civil business of the district is practically at a standstill, as Messrs. Purdy and Dickey have had their hands full with the fall criminal calendar. This week they are holding court in Duluth.

Not many applications have been filed, as the appointment is too temporary in character. A man with a practice does not care to go in unless assured of the long term appointment.

There is a persistent rumor that J. T. McCleary has his eyes on the governorship in 1904, "perhaps sooner." Now the the congressman's word should be taken as final, and he has declared without reservation that he is not a candidate for the nomination next year, but is for Van Sant. But 1904 is a different matter. It is too far ahead to figure on, but it is face to say that there will be plenty of good material for the governorship then, possibly including Congressman McCleary.

Young is the winner in the seventh district congressional fight, according to the Milan Standard. Not to be gainsaid, the Standard man has the figures for it. He gives Young 6,296, Dowling 4,373, Eddy 2,711, and 5,776 doubtful votes. By counties, he claims Swift, Big Stone, Kandiyohi and Lac qui Parle for Young; concedes Renville and Yellow Medicine to Dowling, Pope and Stevens to Eddy, and marks the rest doubtful.

Now let Dowling and Eddy bring forth their expert accountants and settle this thing.

George J. Malloy is said to be slated for deputy United States marshal at Duluth, to succeed the late Paul Sharvey. It is to be hoped that Malloy will be keener after the violators of Uncle Sam's laws than he was on the trail of the bribery scandal last winter.

Some Big Stone county republicans are kicking because Congressman Eddy appointed W. J. O'Donnell postmaster at Barry. They claim that O'Donnell is a democrat.

—C. B. C.

Poor Messenger Boys.

Chicago Tribune.

It would appear that admirals and captains make pretty poor messenger boys. Hereafter, when a commander-in-chief desires to communicate with his subordinates he would better employ landlubbers as dispatch bearers.

Information.

Chicago Record-Herald.

The proper pronunciation of the president's name is not as though it were Ruse-velt, but Rose-ze-velt. The family is sensitive about such matters. The Roosevelt family is of Dutch origin, and therefore desirous that the family name should be properly enunciated.

One Way Out.

Baltimore American.

Mr. Yerkes has just acquired another English railway. Why not cut the earth in two and let Morgan and Yerkes draw straws for which half each will take?

Make Him an Exhibit.

St. Cloud Times.

Historian Maclay ought at least to be one of the exhibits at the Schley court of inquiry.

Had Only Three Leaves.

Mankato Free Press.

There is a slight suspicion that Sir Thomas Lipton did not have a four-leaf Shamrock.

Greetings of the Day.

Stillwater Gazette.

In Cloquet the morning salutation is: Have you the smallpox? In Minneapolis it is: Was your house robbed last night?

Appropriate.

Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Music is said to be a cure for anarchy. The "Dead March," for instance.

AMUSEMENTS

William Collier in "On the Quiet" at the Metropolitan.

In the course of his stage career William Collier has demonstrated several things. One of these is that noise is not an essential ingredient of humor. This is not altogether a discovery, since other comedians before him have driven us to laughter without overstraining their vocal chords or indulging in a corresponding exuberance of manner. But Mr. Collier has become in a way the apostle of repression in comedy. And with this quality of artistic reticence he combines an unconscious naturalness that adds greatly to his laughter-compelling powers. He never seems to be acting. His voice, which is remarkable for its carrying quality, is rarely raised above an ordinary speaking tone. The footlights form the boundary of his activities and no evident appeal to the audience beyond for laughter or appreciation ever crosses that line. One secret of his success, no doubt, is the clever "business" he introduces at every turn. This by-play, while possessing the essential quality of unexpectedness, is by a paradox not infrequent in good comedy acting altogether natural and unaffected.

Mr. Collier presents this season, as last, "On the Quiet," a comedy trifle by Augustus Thomas. It is not a great comedy nor one likely to reflect unfading luster on the fame of that leading American playwright. Yet it is quite in his manner, betraying at every turn the hand of an expert play builder. While one notes the lack of originality in the characters that are brought together by the action, most of whom are familiar types in farcical comedy, the situations are handled in most effective fashion. Nor is the dialogue lacking in brightness and aptness. "On the Quiet" is just mildly entertaining; it lacks entirely that convulsivant quality which made its predecessor in the Collier repertory, "The Man from Mexico," so irresistible.

The various characters are for the most part well played, so well in fact that the star shines not at all by contrast, as some stars do, but entirely on his own merits. Cranley Douglas succeeds in imparting new interest to the hackneyed character of the scion of English nobility who has married a rich American girl. The languid drawl, the inevitable monocle, the ill-fitting clothes, the inability to understand an American joke and the other characteristics of the stage duke are of course in evidence, but Mr. Douglas succeeds in revealing some glimpses of the really not half-bad fellow encased in the British shell. Louise Allen, now as heretofore, plays the opposite part to Mr. Collier, and does it with a sweet and girlish simplicity that leaves nothing to be desired. She accepts the young man's rather original methods of love-making with evident sincerity and does not permit her romance to be spoiled by the blighting influence of her millions. The sister who married the duke, a less important role, is admirably played by Myrtle May. John Saville furnishes a good bit of character in the role of the young man's lawyer-father who helps him out of several difficulties with paternal complaisance. The rector, who against his better judgment performs the clandestine ceremony and thereby learns anew the hardness of the transgressor's way, is only passably done by George A. Wright, who misses some of the humor of the various situations. One welcomes the appearance of M. L. Heckert, who won fame in "The Man from Mexico" as the truculent officer of the law, and who now appears as a blackmailing bookmaker, frankly "on the make." Richard Malchien is sufficiently stiff and unfeeling as the brother who manages the family's affairs from a strictly financial standpoint. The minor roles are in capable hands.

The play is well staged, the third act on board a cruising yacht being especially effective. One cannot forbear to deprecate a rather risque passage in this act which sadly mars the generally wholesome tone of the production. This is done innocently enough, but it is so bald and plain as fairly to stun the audience for the moment. And the fact that there is no necessity for it, dramatic or otherwise, should lead to the elimination of the passage.

—W. B. Chamberlain.

"Across the Pacific" at the Bijou.

The Chinese characters in "Across the Pacific" are very true. Mr. Williams has the best dialect I ever heard on the American stage. He speaks English just as a Chinaman speaks it, and that is rare, for of all your dialect actors the man who attempts to talk what you call "pigeon English" is usually the worst. Blaney is very good, too. He would be well liked in Japan. His play compares very favorably with Japanese plays of like sort. We have plays like "Across the Pacific" in Japan, but they are not so well done as they are here. We don't spend so much money on them. Our productions are not nearly so expensive. The little girl made a good soldier. I liked her very much. But they ought to have killed Bud Stanton earlier in the play. In Japan he would not have been allowed to live so long.

—Sachiro Oida.

Sachiro Oida, whose opinion of "Across the Pacific" is expressed in the foregoing paragraph, is a full blooded Jap, and a member of William Collier's company, now playing at the Metropolitan theater. He is a graduate of an American college and speaks English, French, German, Japanese and Chinese fluently. He has traveled all over this country, Europe and the orient, and his tribute to the ability of "Chinese Johnny Williams" should be accepted as high praise, for he knows of what he speaks. Prior to his association with Mr. Collier, Mr. Sachiro was with James K. Hackett. He has secured a concession at the Louisiana Purchase exposition, to be held in St. Louis, and intends to manage a theater there in which he will present American plays, interpreted by a company of Japanese actors.

"Across the Pacific" opened an engagement of one week at the Bijou theater Sunday. The play was seen here last season, and scored a big hit with patrons of the Washington avenue playhouse. This year it is duplicating its former success. From the popular standpoint "Across the Pacific" is all that it should be. It is a melodrama of the ultra-sensational type, with the requisite number of thrills in every act, and with the smell of gunpowder permeating all. It tells an interesting love story, and it appeals with unerring accuracy to the spirit of patriotism that animates every true American. Moreover, it is full of that wild improbability, without which no melodrama could be successful.

To attempt a serious criticism of such plays as "Across the Pacific" would be a mistake. From the standpoint of the audience and the box office alike the play is a success. Nor are the reasons for its success difficult to determine. The sensational incidents of the play are well managed, it has been given an adequate mounting, its humor is natural and is skilfully introduced and the producing cast is good. Nothing more is needed.

Henry Clay Blaney plays Willie Live, a war correspondent for a San Francisco paper, who accompanies the United States troops to the Philippines. Mr. Blaney and his legs are funny, and he is a decided favorite with his audience. Miss Kittie Wolfe is the Weiner this year, and her specialty is one of the hits of the performance. Orme Caldara is deserving of praise for his work as Joe Lanier and Dorothy King is good as Nell Hazelton.

—J. W. Lawrence.

Foyer Chat.

The Klaw & Erlanger Opera company, which is presenting DeKoven and Smith's "Foxy Quiller" this season, is the largest and most complete organization which has ever appeared in comic opera in this country. It is headed by Jerome Sykes, one of the best of the singing comedians of the day, and includes such sterling artists as Miss Eleanor Kent, Miss Grace Cameron, Miss Almira Forrest, Miss Lillian Seville, Miss Marian Bent, Miss Marie Christie, Julius Steger, Adolph Zink, the lilliputian comedian, Harry Macdonough, Louis Cassavant, Arthur T. Earnest and others, and a special enlarged orchestra under Signor A. DeNovellis. The stage settings are upon an unusual scale of scenic splendor, requiring three sixty-foot baggage cars for their transportation. A special train is used throughout the tour. The sale of seats will open Thursday.

"On the Suwanee River," which comes to the Bijou next week, is a story of Florida life, a quaint and simple tale of men and women as they are down by the Suwanee river. There is no resort to hair-raising mechanical devices, but reliance on merit and a capable company to present the ideas of the author. The company will include Stella Mayhew, Eva Haynes, Kate Weston, Allen Bailey, Lew A. Warner, Fred Truesdale, Earl Atkinson, Harrison Stedman and others.

O'GRADY THE NIGHT HAWK.

by J. W. CARY.

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O'Grady, the night hawk, roused with a start as the swinging doors of the saloon were flung outward.

"Keb! Keb, sor?" and he seized the dangling reins.

The man looked critically at the shaky vehicle and the bony horse, and uttered an imprecation as he turned to the two other men issuing from the saloon and supporting between them a third and much younger man.

"Only thing in sight," he murmured viciously, then turned to O'Grady: "Can that bag of bones travel five miles to-night?"

"Yis, sor," exclaimed the night hawk, springing down and throwing open the rickety door of the cab. "He's bether thin he looks; there's a hape ave foight in him yit."

The cabman sized up the party. Big Dolton, the gambler, he knew. The two men with the youth he recognized as hangers-on of the gambling resorts, always ready for any scheme. As for the boy, he was a handsome young fellow, in spite of flushed face and blood-shot eyes, and the cut of his evening suit and furlined coat showed plainly enough that he was a man of wealth.

"A foine looking lad," soliloquized O'Grady, "an' a pritty penny it'll cost him to see the town with Big Dolton as guide."

As the boy was helped into the cab he said thickly: "Where are we going? I don't want to go home yet—the night's young. I'm not a kid, nor drunk, either.

"Of course you're not drunk," answered the gambler soothingly, "and if you don't want to go home I'll take you to a quiet little place where we can have a game of draw. No percentage to the bank, nor loaded dice against you."

"All right," answered the boy eagerly. "Come on, the money b-burns in my pocket."

Waiting until the three were safely within the cab, the gambler, in a low voice, gave O'Grady the directions.

After driving for nearly an hour the address was reached. It was in a thinly populated part of the city, and O'Grady turned into a street but recently thrown open. Fumbling in his pocket, the gambler drew forth a roll of bills, from which he extracted a V, remarking, carelessly as he did so: "There's your fare. That's all."

"Hold on," said the boy impulsively as he reached the sidewalk, and Pat noticed that his voice was clearer and firmer. "Your horse must be pretty well winded. Let me add this." And he slipped another bill into Pat's hand.

As his fare disappeared, Pat lit a match and discovered that the young man's tip had been a ten-dollar bill. He jumped on to the box and started cheerfully down the street. Then with a sudden impulse, he pulled Billy almost to his haunches.

"Phwat wull that black-haired divil be afther doin' to the lad?" he murmured. "He give me tin dollars, an' I'll not lave him there to be murthered most loikely."

Covering his patient horse he stole back to the house, which he recognized as the one-roomed shanty used by the contractor for an office when the street was being graded. Lights burned within, and Pat caught the murmur of voices, but something had been hung over the windows, and twice he made the circuit of the house before he determined on a line of action.

"Howly St. Patrick, but phwat a shpot to bring a young b'y. Th' sons av divils moight cut his thorat, an' he'd not be found in th' month."

Pat was studying the ridge pole. A low shed or lean-to reached from a point within a few feet of the ground to the eaves of the shanty. And near the ridge pole was a square, dark spot. With a prayer to the Virgin and every saint he could recall, Pat drew himself up to this dark square, a window frame, guilteless of glass. A minute later he was crawling, snail-like, over the rafters of the attic toward a gleam of light.

Reaching the light he drew back suddenly, for he found himself looking squarely down on big Dolton. It took but a few seconds for the experienced night hawk to grasp the situation. The room was newly furnished, even to the lamp brackets on the wall. Big Dolton had spotted his victim and lured him to this promising lair.

When Pat returned to his post of observation the boy was winning, and his flushed face and quick breathing showed how skillfully the sharks were playing him. Gradually the stakes were increased and the lad began to lose, until all his money and a check for a large amount lay on the table.

Pat saw the gambler, as he dealt, drop two cards from the pack into his lap, then, as if feeling in his pocket for a match, turn them over with his sleeve. Next they were skilfully handed to the fellow on the right, but at that point the carefully arranged plan failed. The gambler's tool fumbled the cards awkwardly and one dropped to the floor, striking Van Elston's shoe. The young fellow glanced down just in time to see the trickster pick it up and place it in his hand.

Trembling like a leaf he rose slowly from his seat and laid his hand—four kings—face up upon the table.

"The pot's mine!" he burst out in a voice choked with anger and excitement. "That fellow Blowser is a cheat! I saw him pick an ace up off the floor!"

"Hold on, Van Elston," said the gambler in a cold, hard voice, and his eyes glittered as he spoke. "Don't use such ugly words. These men are gentlemen and my friends. It's a show down, and the best hand takes the pot. What have you got, Blowster?"

The stool-pigeon, his face flushed with annoyance at his blunder, without a word laid five cards down before him—four acres and a queen.

"He's a swindler!" cried the boy. "By heaven, I believe you are all swindlers. The pot's mine, and I'll have it!" and his right hand went down to his hip pocket.

"Stop!" hissed the gambler, and the excited boy looked across the table straight down into the muzzle of a choked revolver. "Put your hands on the table."

"I won't!" screamed the boy—

Crash! A heavy body shot down through the battered ceiling, amid a shower of plaster and broken larth, straight upon the broad neck and shoulders of the gambler, smashing his chair beneath him and hurling him to the ground. Out of the chaos and above the bang of the revolver, the bullet from which whizzed harmlessly into the floor, Van Elston heard a strong Irish voice shout out to him:

"Kiver th' ither two sphalpeens, me bye! Kape thim kivered—an' blow their domned heads off if they thry to move! Oi'll w-r-r-ing the neck av this murtherin' bla'guard, Oi wull!"

Van Elston, encouraged by the friendly shout, leaped quickly backward, drew his revolver and ordered the other two men, who had sprung in terror towards the door, to hold their hands above their heads and turn their faces to the wall.

Over and over Pat and the gambler rolled, like two ferocious bulldogs fighting to the death. Pat's left hand gripping like an iron vise Big Dolton's right, which still grasped the revolver, while the long, bony fingers of his own right hand were twisted with a strangler's grip about the gambler's throat. The table and chairs were overturned and the floor littered with fragments of plaster and broken lath, among which the two men writhed, one panting like a laboring locomotive, and the other, blue in the face and almost breathless from the death-like grip about his throat, still struggling faintly to free his pistol hand.

"Dhrap it! Dhrap it! Oi say—or Oi'll thwist yer bloody head clane off yer neck!" And as he put all his remaining strength into one more vigorous shake, the fight came to an end, the gambler's head fell dack, his hand relaxed the revolver dropped to the floor, and Pat, withdrawing his stiffened fingers from the discolored neck, slowly rose from the senseless form of Big Dolton.

"Be gorrah, me b'y, it wor a—close shave—yez had." His breath came in jerks. "Don't yez—know enough—not to thry—an' pull yer gun—whin a man has th' dhrap on ye loike thot?"

"I didn't care," answered the boy, realizing for the first time how near he had been to death. "Who are you, anyway?"

"Who'am I?" answered Pat in gasps. "Shure an' I belave I must—be—th' whoite winged angel thot looks afhter foolish b'ys."

It was the work of but a few moments to disarm and banish the gambler's cowed assistants. Then gathering up his money and check young Van Elston meekly followed the redoubtable O'Grady from the shanty, leaving Big Dolton to recover at his leisure.

Just what passed between O'Grady and his youthful companion on that homeward ride no one knows, but certain it is that Van Elston no longer plays cards for money. Neither is O'Grady to be found on the list of licensed hackmen, for he acts as head coachman in the Van Elston stables, while patient Billy is pensioned off as a reward for the part he played on the memorable ride.

Daily New York Letter

Mark May Take the Stump.

October 8.—"Mark Twain," it is learned may take the stump for Seth Low. That he will do so cannot be positively stated, because the fusion leaders did not learn until to-day that Mr. Clemens was a resident of New York. Such, however, Mr. Clemens now considers himself. He expects to register this week, for the reason that he wants to vote for Mr. Low and do all he can toward electing the anti-Tammany ticket.

Hewitt and Tammany.

Ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, in a remarkable interview made it very plain where he stands in the mayoralty campaign, and said some things that will have not small influence on public opinion. Friends of Mr. Shepard are defending his present position by saying, "Well, Abram S. Hewitt was once a Tammany candidate for mayor." But Mr. Hewitt gives the history of his nomination, and shows that the present situation is entirely different. Then Tammany was not in power and its record was not an issue. Mr. Hewitt was asked to take the nomination because of the fear of Henry George's election. He was first nominated by the county democracy and then by Tammany. He told of the visit of the Tammany committee to tender him the nomination. It was composed of Croker, Bourke Cockran, Hugh J. Grant and two others, and Mr. Hewitt said to them: "Let there be no misunderstanding, gentlemen. My experience teaches me that you will soon begin coming here to ask me to do things I cannot do—to grant favors it will be impossible for me to grant. Further than this, I will predict now that for this very reason Tammany Hall will be at war with me within three months." And this was a prophecy that was fulfilled. Mr. Hewitt's administration was a period of unceasing warfare with Tammany Hall, and it began within three months after he took office.

Croker's Deep Laid Plot.

"The action of Tammany Hall in nominating Mr. Shepard," said ex-Mayor Hewitt, "is very extraordinary; but I think it is capable of explanation. Croker realizes that Tammany Hall will have a crushing defeat in the coming election. He understands that this will be the end of his career as boss. He has determined, therefore, to pay off all his political debts in a way that will elave a lasting impression. He never forgets or forgives what he regards as a personal attack. Coler, in his Review article, gave deep offense to Croker. He, therefore, decided to turn him down, after such preliminary tactics as deprived him of all chance of the citizens' nomination. Coler was simply a tool, and has been discarded when he can be no longer of any use to Tammany. The other man who had given unpardonable offence to Croker was Edward M. Shepard, in 1897, when he denounced Croker and Tammany Hall in terms of bitter condemnation, which have never been exceeded. He now proposes to get even with Shepard."

Actors' Home Soon Ready.

Staten Island, just below the city, is the site of many charitable and philanthropic institutions, chief among which is the Sailors' Snug Harbor, which is well filled with old followers of the sea who are incapacitated from further work. An addition to the island's institutions will be the Astors' Home, on the Manor road. The original building was known as "Manor Farm," and was occupied for many years by R. Penn Smith, a colonel of one of the Bucktail regiments that distinguished itself at Gettysburg when General Pickett was killed. His only daughter married Barclay Warburton of Philadelphia, but died soon after marriage. One son is in charge of A. J. Cassatt's stock farm, and another is an expert in polo ponies. Recently a part of the estate was purchased by the Actor's Fund of America, and a new building to contain seventy-five b