THE JOURNAL

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

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CIRCULATION —OF THE— MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

Average for October..... **51550**

Nov. 1	51,905
Nov. 2	53,002
Nov. 4	52,052
Nov. 5	51,214
Nov. 6	51,484
Nov. 7	51,220
Nov. 8	51,242
Nov. 9	52,887
Nov. 11	51,268
Nov. 12	51,318
Nov. 13	51,381

The above is a true and correct statement of the circulation of The Minneapolis Journal for dates mentioned.

KINGSLEY T. BOARDMAN, Manager Circulation.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 14th day of November, 1901.

C. A. TULLER, Notary Public, Hennepin County.

AMERICANIZATION BY CIRCUS

Circuses are thought of rather as means of satisfying curiosity and presenting to the eyey strange animals, extraordinary feats and more or less nonsense, rather than as schools of instruction. But the occasion of the establishment of the American Barnum & Bailey circus in Paris for some months has been a means of opening the eyes of French officials and engineers and promises to result in modernizing or Americanizing that country in a number of ways.

The president of the Paris board of health took a crowd of officials to the circus in order to show them how Americans surpass the French in solving great problems in organization and also in sanitary arrangements. The object lesson that followed was the more impressive because for years the great cattle and horse shows of France have been given in the same building that now houses the circus, and they presented much the same problems that the circus presents. The French got along with nothing but surface drainage, insufficient precautions against fire and no heating whatever. An account of the visit proceeds:

The party then inspected the stable arrangements, the employes' camp, the property-room and the vast kitchen for man and beast. Every inch of ground was trenched and sewered, steam heat was installed, water under high pressure was everywhere, available to flood any part which might be in danger from fire. Then there were private switches, bringing within the building the menagerie and property trains. The tracks were covered during the day, but uncovered after midnight to bring in train loads of hay, litter and food stuffs. Electric lights were everywhere. There were private dynamos in the offices employing sixty department managers and accountants, and a private telephone exchange connecting the multitudinous departments with each other, with the city, and with all Europe. While the visitors were admiring American ingenuity, Prime Minister Waldeck-Rousseau telephoned to his brother-in-law in London from the manager's desk. The manager next called up the Barnum-Bailey representative in Berlin, settling several business questions in the twinkling of an eye, while the prime minister was holding a second receiver to his ear. The French visitors expressed unbounded admiration.

When these wonders were reported to M. Millerand, the French minister of commerce, he said that that was exactly why he had made up his mind to ask the French congress to appropriate money to build and maintain a French government school in the United States. This determination is one of the sincerest compliments that has been paid the United States since Europe began to realize that we could teach her some things. M. Millerand frankly declares that "our engineers, merchants and business men of all sorts must Americanize their methods," and he proposes to send every year to the United States 100 gifted graduates of commercial and technical schools and support them for from three to five years while they are at work in mine and factory, workshop and counting room, learning how they do better in America. France has always been foremost among the nations to welcome new ideas and men with new ideas and she has been called the colonizer of ideas, even as Britain is the colonizer of nations. This idea of M. Millerand's shows that if France has fallen behind the American pace she proposes to lose no time in catching up. If other countries follow the French lead we must prepare ourselves for still fiercer competition, if we are to maintain the supremacy we have gained. The other nations are preparing to fight us with our own weapons.

The industrial commission must be getting evidence from the proceedings of Farmers' Alliance meetings of ten or fifteen years ago. This talk about a committee of the Minneapolis chamber of commerce fixing the price of wheat smells of about that degree of antiquity.

THE GREAT RAILROAD AGGREGATION

Thirty-four thousand miles of railroad under one management—nearly enough to go once and a half around the world.

This is the result of a little quiet financial negotiating which culminated yesterday in New York in a satisfactory agreement between the Morgan-Hill people, the Harriman people, the Rockefeller interests, the Vanderbilt interests, and others of less importance.

Such a merging of rival and competing railroad properties under what is called "community of interest" is rather startling in its suggestivenesss as to what may be the outcome of this process. This new alliance includes all the transcontinental railroads and their branches from the southern line of Nebraska to the northern boundary, and practically wipes out all competition within those northern and southern limits, from Chicago to the Pacific coast. There are, of course, local lines of more or less importance within this area not yet included, but the power of these still independent lines to affect the general situation is materially lessened because of their necessary relation to the roads that are a part of the great "community."

This harmonizing is brought about in such a way as to seem to leave little opportunity for interposition or obstruction by the state or federal authorities, or by individuals using such authority. The negotiations resulting in this great combination have been under way for months, and while the public has not been unaware of the probable outcome there seemed to be nothing for the public to do but to stand by and look on while speculating upon the possible effect of this merging of such great and rival systems of transportation.

What is to be the outcome from the standpoint of the public is yet undeveloped. Railway management in America, during the past twenty-five or thirty years, has witnessed very great reduction of transportation charges of all kinds. Competition is given the credit of having been the largest factor in bringing about the reduction, although, of course, increased volume of trade and cheapened operation have been essential elements in the problem.

Under this "community of interest" scheme the question of transportation presents new possibilities. Competition is practically eliminated. Whether the effect of this elimination is to be fatal to further reduction of rates and calculated to check improvement in facilities and methods, is one which business men are asking themselves with a good deal of concern as to the answer. Experience alone can determine what that answer will be.

And, yet, it cannot be conceded that the people are powerless in the face of the situation. They may suffer harm for a time; they may discover that the new basis of organization has been of advantage to the public. But in the event that it is not, but is, on the contrary, damaging or ruinous, the business public will not be without recourse, will not be powerless to defend itself against extortionate rates and inadequate or inferior facilities. Just how this defense can be most effectively made will have to be determined by circumstances. But that the American business world will permit itself to be enslaved by one interest of this character, no matter how great and powerful, is not to be conceded for a minute. On the contrary, the fact that this great railroad combination may have the power to oppress is calculated to make the public the more sensitive and apprehensive and the more easily inclined to employ the greater power which it possesses to hold license and greed in check.

ROCKY BUT FORTUNATE

City Attorney Healy is very kind to the rock-founded northeastern part of the city. Though it costs $13 a front foot to build sewers in that part of the city, the lot owners are paying only $3, or $1 less than the fixed limit of such assessments. On the other hand, in the Eighth ward, where the actual cost of some sewers is $3.50, the abutting property owners have to pay it all. That is to say, they have to pay more for their sewers, though they cost $9.50 less, than do the first warders for theirs. Of course no one would dream of asking the first warders to pay the entire cost of construction of sewers through their rock, even if the law permitted, but it would sem as if a strict construction of the decision of the supreme court on the question of sewerage assessment would require that the charter limit be assessed wherever the cost of building sewers exceeds that limit. If it would be unjust to the Northeast siders to expect them to pay for their sewers in full, it is equally unjust to the eighth warders that they have to pay for easier work larger assessments than their East Side brethren.

"Billy Banquet" Baldwin is emulating Patti and other celebrities of numerous "last appearances." About two years ago Mr. Baldwin retired from politics. Since then he has run for a county office and has now lighted a bomb under the foundations of the local democratic organization.

The Pioneer Press agrees with The Journal that if places in the Louisiana Purchase Hall of Fame are to be awarded for national rather than local or regional achievements, Cushman K. Davis and William Windom should be chosen to represent Minnesota. But for fame that rests upon achievements connected with the rearing of the state it would name Henry M. Rice and General H. H. Sibley instead of Bishop Whipple and John S. Pillsbury. Much can be said in favor of honoring the memory of both of these stalwart pioneers. The question is not to be settled by the judgment of any one person or paper and every contribution to its discussion should be welcomed. The Journal hopes that the state press will devote some attention to this matter and thus contribute to a final choice that shall represent the consensus of the wisest opinion in the state.

A CARNIVAL OF DEATH

The fighting in the so-called Balangiga massacre seems to have been of the order Rider Haggard loves to describe. The first details of this bloody encounter are brought by Lieutenant F. F. Allison of the navy, who arrived in Victoria, B. C., Tuesday. Although the unfortunate soldiers were separated from their arms when the murderous onslaught began they fought so desperately with such weapons as they were able to get that they saved the post colors, beat back the murderers and killed so many of them that when the punitive expedition arrived they found 160 bodies of bolo men who had paid the supreme penalty of their rashness. Nor does this include all the native dead, for, doubtless, they buried many. So that for every American treacherously killed four of the sneaking bolo men gave up their lives. Not since the days when General Forsyth fought Roman Nose on the Republican river has there been such a frightful slaughter of an attacking party by so small a number of soldiers.

The martyrs of Balangiga seem to have avenged themselves.

Brodrick, the British war secretary, has figured it out that there are now only 10,000 Boers in the field. But still he calls for more soldiers, though there are now 250,000 trying to catch the 10,000. Why not reinforce the army by letting officers serve themselves and thus release for active duty the soldiers now used as their servants. As the Toronto Star estimates the number of these to be equal to the number of Boers in the field the reinforcement would be material.

A RURAL REVOLUTION

Arrangements have been completed for the introduction of the rural free mail-delivery system into every part of Hennepin county. It is stated that about forty-five country postoffices will be eliminated by the introduction of the delivery system.

City people, engrossed in their own affairs, have probably paid but little attention to the rapid extension of a system which will do more to revolutionize country life than any one thing since the wholesale introduction of labor saving machinery. Think what it means to the man on a remote farm to have his daily paper delivered as regularly as the city resident gets his. Think what it means to be able to get his letters and send them without a long drive to the postoffice. This improvement in the means of communicating information to the country districts operates to put the farmer in closer touch with the world, to interest him in affairs far beyond the narrow confines of the neighborhood, to make him feel daily that he os an essential part of the nation, instead of a poor devil of a land scratcher, forgotten somewhere out in the unimportant rural regions.

Where the rural free delivery system is introduced the farmers and their families read more papers and magazines, write and receive more letters, and must, therefore, be mentally polished up and brought down to date. They keep in closer touch with the markets; they become more and more business like; they adapt their methods and their crops to the demands of the hour; they run their farms according to the needs of the present instead of the custom of the past.

A SENSIBLE KING

The decision of King Edward VII. of England that in the coronation ceremonies the presidents of republics shall receive equal recognition with kings and emperors is eminently sensible.

Count Golochowski, the Austro-Hungarian prime minister, who would give precedence to kings and emperors, is a reactionary of the Metternich type. He thinks that nations still exist for divinely appointed rulers to rule. He does not know that to-day the rulers but represent nations. A nation is no longer made up of a bunch of dukedoms and principalities, the sovereignty of which is inherited by some scion of a royal family. The nation is not the issue of the kingship; rather the kingship proceeds from it. It is not the House of Hohenzollern, the House of Romanoff or the House of Hapsburg that is to be represented at the coronation of the English king—it is Austro-Hungary, Russia and the German empire.

It is not President Roosevelt who is to be represented but the American nation.

To say that because the American nation has a president at its head instead of a king or an emperor it must take a second place is a gratuitous insult to democracy, daily growing stronger the world around. As the king of a nation that is essentially democratic at heart, notwithstanding many royal and aristocratic frills and inconsistencies, King Edward had no difficulty in settling the point raised by Golochowski. Had he decided it otherwise the United States would probably have been conspicuous by the absence of its representatives from the coronation.

BRAZIL'S AUDACIOUS DISCRIMINATION

The firm hold American commercial interests are getting in South America is demonstrated by the action of the Brazilian congress in passing a tariff act that makes the duty on flour in barrels lower than that on flour in sacks. This is admitted to be a pronounced discrimination in favor of American as against Argentine flour, the latter being exclusively packed in sacks.

It has been evident for about a year that the Brazilian government was disposed to favor American as against Argentine flour, and that fact has caused no little irritation between the two South American republics concerned, and has been a fly in the ointment of their tacit alliance. The Brazilian government was persuaded to discriminate so frankly against the product of a neighboring republic through the representations of Mr. Bryan, the American minister, who has pointed out that while America sells very little to Brazil it has been taking 85 per cent of that country's total exports. Doubtless Mr. Bryan made some diplomatic suggestions as to what would be the consequences to Brazil if the United States should enact tariff legislation tending to curtail the size of these imports.

It is also probable that the exceedingly friendly relations that have existed between Brazil and the United States since the unsuccessful attempt at revolution in that country have had much to do with Brazil's willingness to oblige us. Brazil is about the only warm friend we have in South America, the Monroe doctrine notwithstanding, and she seems to be a friend that remembers and repays favors.

The Nonpareil Man

Little Side Issues.

General Funston has recovered from his appendicitis operation. In Funston the army surgeons picked the wrong party for a post mortem.

The Little Falls Transcript says that the members of the Order of Buffaloes will be assessed to pay the loss on the Pan-American exposition. The official notice states the amount due from each member as 11 cents. Most of the order will have to be chloroformed before another 11 cents can be extracted from them.

Jersey City cheerfully elected an undertaker for mayor and the town joker thought it was funny to put crape on the city hall door.

An attempt is being made to corner eggs in Chicago. The northwestern hen may show some evidences of discouragement but in the long run she will down this unholy combine.

Boston is the town whence our grammar comes, but the country will do a shudder when it reads the following editorial in the Boston Globe:

The experiments in Germany in the running of electric cars at the rate of 100 miles in an hour have not been successful. They could not keep up so tremendous a pace. And had they ought to?

The careful deerhunter now has little trouble in bagging his man.

Look out for a New York magnate with a bunch of railroads under his arm.

Captain Kidd's lately discovered letter gives some hints as to the location of that buried money. A man will "sweat himself" digging for gold when he couldn't be forced by his wife to make a garden on the back of the lot.

The leonids have been short circuited somewhere outside of the solar system.

Somebody imposed on a local paper with a story that the price of wheat was "fixed" by a board in the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce. If that were true, they would have to elect a new board every week as fast as the old board got rich and retired to its library.

Some Early History.

When Father Hennepin came up
The river, so he claims,
He tied his batteau to the bridge,
And called on Mayor Ames.
I have his book "Noveau Voyage,"
Date 1696,
'Tis full of information on
Our early politics.

In 1690 "Doc" had run
For mayor of the town
And easily had cinched the job
By aid of Thomas Brown.
For at the time a thousand Sioux
Came in to vote, they say
"Doc" filled them full of war paint and
They scalped his friend James Gray.

Before James Gray had been de-haired
By Indians, as you see,
Your Uncle Loren had a seat
Chalked "This Reserved for Me."
But "Doc" remarked to Brother Fred
"I'll get it, never fear,"
Upon the face of Coffee John
You might have seen the leer.

The continental congress met
In Brackett's grocery store,
When they unlocked the doors they found
Your uncle held the floor.
When Brother Fred's police rushed in
To bounce him, 'tis no fiction,
The continental congress held
Fred had no jurisdiction.

Thus runs this ancient chronicle,
The strangest tale extant,
Much of the text was writ, 'tis said,
In Regan's restaurant.
Here Father Hennepin tells how
He met his friend Van Saut,
Who told of his close race with Lind.
He heard the latter pant.

I love the ancient chronicles
Of these old stirring times;
Perchance you miss their flavor
In these few paltry rhymes.
But if you cannot now believe
Such things have ever been
You have not browsed the good old book
Of Father Hennepin.

The Hardwick Conflagration.

There was a hot fire at Hardwick, Minn., the other day, an account of which the Hardwick News begins as follows:

On Tuesday evening at about 10:30 our peaceful and sleepy little village was awakened, etc., etc.

The News then tells how thirteen of the fifteen firemen turned out as one man and squirted on the conflagration until it sank to a smouldering ember.

Careful investigation into the cause of the conflagration shows that it "probably caught from a defective flue in a karosene can. It was undoubtedly due to the carlessness on the part of a few small boys" The News has the following notes on the fire:

We must not, says the News, forget to mention the heroic action of the entire city council, who had adjourned a meeting just before the fire started, and appeared breathlessly upon the scene just as the fireboys were putting the hose cart back in the postoffice.

It is reported that two kids layed back of Olson's shop taking notes for The Minneapolis Journal.

The chief ran over a man with a dark lantern lying between the water supply and the fire.

Gus Plomeson and Sam La Dou are especially to be commended for the manner in which they stood up to the flames while their comrads fell on every side overcome with the heat.

The fire boys wish to thank the members of the Ladies' Aid for the hot coffee and sandwitches served immediately after the fire was extinguished.

The man who rang the bell evidently lives in the country, judging by the way the bell was rung, and the fact that he has not yet been discovered.

H. T. Halverson lives over two blocks from the fire, but was there before the bell stopped ringing.

The water in the city well is exceedingly hard, as it knocked the fire down faster than five men could build it up.

One man who lives within fifty feet of the above-mentioned scene slept peacefully through it all, and was surprised the next morning when his wife called him to breakfast.

Tom Kennedy, living three miles in the country, was in in time for the refreshments.

J. D. Thompson did not appear at the fire, but says he was kept busy at the wires.

John Overland should be elected to a membership in the fire department, as he was among the first on the ground.

The village council should instruct the marshal to box the ears of any children found playing with matches after night.

—A. J. Russell.

THE ADVANTAGES OF POVERTY

Bullion has a million dollars,
Fifty cents have I;
Bullion, sitting in his carriage,
Swiftly travels by.
Bullion has a marble palace,
Whose white walls are high;
As for appetite, he has none,
But a horse's I.

Bullion's going out to luncheon;
Ah, well, so am I.
He will taste a crust and drop it
With a weary sigh.
I will hungrily devour
All that I can buy.
He can't even eat a doughnut
Or a piece of pie.

Things are often badly managed
Here below the sky.
Bullion ought to have my stomach,
Or, still better, I
Ought to have his wad of money.
See the poor old guy—
All he wants is toast for luncheon,
Steak and onions I.

—Exchange.

Reciprocity or Retaliation.

Chicago Record-Herald.

But we have arrived at a time in our industrial development when we must choose between reciprocity or retaliation. We are forced to invade the markets of the old world to sell our surplus products. We must not invite trade reprisals and tariff wars by allowing the "unreasonable protectionists" to dictate our tariff policy.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Advices from the ninth district discredit the rumored withdrawal of Andrew Grindeland from the congressional race. If Grindeland has named Halvor Steenerson as his legatee, his friends do not know it. One who heard from him not later than Friday says Grindeland is still in the field. He was first to announce his candidacy, and has on the face of things at least as strong backing as any one. It is certainly no time for faint-heartedness.

Dec. 3 the speakers' committee of the Hennepin Republican Association will hold its first public meeting. Committees on state, county and city "campaign thunder" are already at work, and will present at the meeting an outline of the subjects to be taken up. Senator Snyder and Eugene Hay of the committee on state issues spent a morning at the capitol last week, and were assured the hearty co-operation of state officials in gathering data.

Thomas H. Salmon, secretary of the committee, says the movement has aroused a surprising amount of interest throughout the state. He has received letters from a number of campaign speakers outside the city, asking in what way they can get the benefit of the work. Some will doubtless come in to attend the monthly gatherings, and others will content themselves with securing the literature which will be issued in the spring as a result of the winter's research.

Judge Walter H. Sanborn of the United States court of appeals is positive in the statement that Minnesota needs another federal district judge. He says that every other state of the population of Minnesota has at least two judges. Judge Sanborn does not believe in a division of the state into two districts.

Talk of the additional judge has revived mention of the name of Page Morris for the place. This is evidently done in ignorance of the constitutional bar which would prevent Judge Morris' appointment prior to March 4, 1903.

That usually conservative and accurate periodical, the Legislative Manual, stands convicted of faking. In its list of Minnesota's United States senators, on page 100, appears the following:

"Charles A. Towne, republican, Dec. 5, 1900, to Jan. 23, 1901."

Towne's name is very properly listed as a republican under representatives in congress, but Judge Morris will bear witness to the incorrectness of the above entry. Moses E. Clapp will also object.

Towne was the third democrat to represent Minnesota in the United States senate. James Shields and Henry M. Rice, the original senatorial delegation elected May 12, 1858, were democrats. Since then no democrat has been elected to the office.

Uncle Pease has resumed the use of capitals in spelling John Lind, remarking that he believes in being respectful to a private citizen. It is only officeholders who are without honor in the Anoka Union sanctum.

The burning question among Minneapolis democrats is: Reorganize, or hibernate until spring?

—C. B. C.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

The amusing tribulations of a recrepit old sovereign in search of the fountain of youth will be exploited for three nights and matinee at the Metropolitan, beginning to-night, in the new Pixley-Luders comedy-opera, "King Dodo." It is estimated that the record-breaking engagement of the season will be enjoyed by the jolly old monarch and his merry cohorts. "The Burgomaster" long since established Pixley and Luders as favorite authors and their latest work will attract wide-spread attention.

"The Burgomaster," fresh from its triumphant tour of the country, will be presented at the Metropolitan all of next week. This merry melange is the cleverest musical travesty presented for many a day, and its reception everywhere, has been little short of an ovation.

Joseph W. Spear's Comedians, introducing the two original American Macs and the clever little soubrette, Mazie Trumbull, and a large company of dancers, singers and comedians and pretty girls, will present the new musical comedy, "The Irish Pawnbrokers" at the Bijou the coming week. The skit is a humorous satire of the life of the pawnbrokers and abounds in many amusing complications, humorous situations and side-splitting dialogne.

To-night at the Bijou Robert B. Mantell and his company will be seen in "Richelieu." To-morrow night will offer the last presentation of "Hamlet." For Saturday afternoon "Lady of Lyons" will be the bill. The engagement will terminate with a presentation of "Richard III." Saturday evening.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

[Published by Request.]

I've wandered through the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the schoolhouse playing-ground
That sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know
Who played with me upon the green
Just twenty years ago.

The grass was just as green, Tom,
Barefooted boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay.
But the master sleeps upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place
Some twenty years ago.

The old schoolhouse is altered some,
The benches are replaced
By new ones very like the same
Our jack knives had defaced.
But the same old bricks are in the wall,
The bell swings to and fro;
Its music's just the same, dear Tom,
'Twas twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbles 'neath the hill,
Close by the spreading beech,
Is very low; 'twas once so high
That we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to take a drink,
Dear Tom, I started so,
To think how very much I've changed
Since twenty years ago.

Near by that spring, upon an elm,
You know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom;
And you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark;
'Twas dying sure, but slow,
Just as that one whose name you cut,
Died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, dear Tom,
But tears came in my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well,
Those early broken ties.
I visited the old churchyard,
And took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved
Just twenty years ago.

And some are in the churchyard laid,
Some sleep beneath the sea;
And none are left of our old class
Excepting you and me.
And when our time shall come, dear Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope we'll meet with those we loved
Some twenty years ago.

—Andrew Jackson Gault.

The Most Powerful Citizen.

Des Moines Leader.

Mr. Morgan bestrides financial, commercial and industrial America like a Colossus. In the palm of his hand is the material welfare of millions. There is panic in his frown and prosperity in his smile. What is the shadow of power possessed by a titular president compared with the mighty substance of this real thing?

Just Have To.

Brookings, S. D., Press.

Can a woman dress on $300 a year? is a question agitating Washington society. If they couldn't out in this section, there would be queer sights at society functions.

A BIT CAUSTIC

Lakefield Standard.

They say:

That a folding bed shuts up when you least expect it to and a woman when she feels like it.

That Grover Cleveland intends writing a book entitled, "When Democracy Was in Flower."

A FAIR BACKSLIDER

BY JAMES·ARTHUR·C••K·

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It was Saturday afternoon, and Miss Meeson, the good looking school teacher of district No. 4, was at the schoolhouse to secure a book she had left the day before. She was sitting down to rest after her walk of a mile or more when a shadow darkened the open door and she looked up to find a tramp on the threshold. There was no mistaking his avocation; he was lean and ragged and hungry looking; he was sunburned and tough. It was half a mile to the nearest farmhouse, and yet after the first thrill of alarm the schoolma'am was not frightened. On the contrary, she saw the opportunity to read a fellow being a moral lesson and she was rather pleased. Miss Meeson had ideas. They were Puritanical and more. If she had been the governor of Connecticut she would have vigorously enforced all the blue laws on the statute books and sought to enact a dozen more.

"Come in here and sit down," she said to the tramp, to show him she was not afraid.

"Yes'm," he humbly replied as he timidly advanced and took a seat.

"Now, then," she continued after looking him over, "you are a lazy good for nothing and wouldn't work if work was offered."

"K'rect, miss," he answered.

"You go tramping up and down the country, and you do not hesitate to steal as well as beg."

"Perfeckly true, miss."

"You've probably been in jail?"

"A dozen times."

"I thought so. You have a red nose, and I've no doubt you drink."

"Like a fish, miss, when I can get it."

"A pretty specimen of a man you are!" she continued as she warmed to her subject. "A vagrant, a beggar, a thief and a drunkard! You are also a jailbird, and I don't suppose you ever speak the truth except by accident."

"You've hit it, miss," replied the tramp, with a fleeting smile.

"Cast in the mold of a man, yet witness the degraduation!" sighed the schoolma'am. "As if you hadn't got low enough, you have been fighting. No doubt you also used profane words!"

'I did, miss—I did. You see, it was this way: I meets a weary down here a mile or so and he has four turnips under his arm. I begs for one, but he turns me down. Then I tells him to go to the bad place. He sasses back and I puts up me dukes and lets fly. He gives me a black eye, but I knocks blazes out of him."

"Stop!" exclaimed Miss Meeson as she held up both hands. "I cannot listen to any such language. If my own father should talk that way I'd disown him!"

"But I had to tell you how I put up me dukes, ma'am," he protested.

"Dukes? Dukes? What do I know of dukes? I never heard such awful language in my life. You seem to have a bottle in your pocket. Is it possible that you carry the soul-destroying liquid around you?"

"It's to keep off the chills, miss," he explained, as he exhibited a pint bottle half full of whisky.

"And men can sink so low as this? I wouldn't have believed it. There is no heathen to compare with you. Do you think it possible that there is one little spark of goodness left in your soul?"

"I wouldn't bet on it, miss," ruefully replied the man, as he gazed at his wayworn shoes.

"Perhaps there is. Do you want to reform?"

"Of course."

"If you made me a promise would you keep it?"

"I'd try me hardest."

"Then there is some faint hope. I want you to begin by repeating the Lord's prayer after me."

He humbly repeated it, and when it was finished he seemed considerably affected. Miss Meeson took this as an encouraging sign, and went on:

"Now promise me that you won't lie or steal again as long as you live."

"I promise."

"And you'll let whisky alone from this time on."

"After what's in the bottle is gone."

"And you'll never fight or swear again?"

"Never, so help me Joner."

"Now I have some hopes of you," said the schoolma'am in more friendly tones. "I hope you'll take a bath and wash up as soon as opportunity occurs, and if you will call at Farmer Meeson's in a day or two I'll coax him to give you work. He is my father, and you will be directly under my influence. I shall do my best to regenerate you. I am hopeful that my influence——"

She was interrupted by the entrance of three more tramps, each one of whom outtoughed the first caller. It was clear from the first that their intentions were evil, and as they stood grinning and winking at each other the schoolma'am moved back in alarm, and her convert followed and put himself in front of her.

"Are—are they wicked?" she asked in a whisper.

"A bad lot, miss," he answered, while one of the trio demanded a kiss all around.

"O, but hear them! They mean me harm!"

"I expect they do, miss, and you see how it is with me. You made me promise not to swear any more, and how can I blast their blooming eyes without swearing?"

The trio began dancing about, and the girl grew white-faced as she said:

"But I guess you may swear if you think it will do any good."

"And me dukes, miss. I promised not to put 'em up again. I can't fight three wearies with me nose."

"O, don't fight," she wailed; "but if you must, then put up your dukes, or whatever they are! See! They are tearing the seats out!"

"And one thing more," continued the convert. "I've got to take a drink of whisky to brace me up. It's one to three, and I'll need a bracer."

"Then take it—take it!" she exclaimed as the trio began to crowd closer.

"And can I leave out the bath and wash up and work"

"Yes, yes! Protect me!"

"I'll do it, miss; and here goes."

Her tramp reached for his bottle and took a hearty swig, and as he restored it to his pocket he opened on the enemy at the rate of seventy-five swear words a minute. He blasted their souls, damned their eyes and expressed his profane contempt for their progenitors, and the schoolma'am held her hands over her ears. Then he pushed up his greasy sleeves, "put up his dukes," and while Miss Meeson prayed he sailed in and slam banged! He got many a bang in return before victory perched upon his banner; but his cause was just and he finally put the last one to sleep and stood over his body and told the half dead girl that the way was open. She hurried to the door, but paused there to turn and say:

"I think I—I backslid."

"You did, miss," he replied.

"And you'll continue to swear and fight and drink whisky and——"

"I think I'd better, ma'am—for the cause of eddecashun. 'Pears to beat the other way all holler."

And as the schoolma'am hurried down the road with her heart in her mouth she could not help but think the same thing.

Daily New York Letter

The Gathman Gun Test.

Nov. 14.—Many army and navy officers went to Sandy Hook to-day to see a test of the Gathman gun and the aerial torpedo which it is designed to carry. The test is an official one, and, in addition to a board of officers having the test in charge, General Miles, General Brooke and other well-known officers were present. The inventor of the gun, Lous Gathman, was present to superintend the firing, and there were also present representatives of the makers of the gun.

The gun itself is the largest ever built, and the explosive force of the torpedo projectile enormous. Moreover, there have been explosions that wrecked the guns themselves at tests and shots that ricochetted.

The Gathman gun is 44 feet long, with an interior diameter of 18 inches. It weighs 60 tons. The projectile it fires weighs one ton and is between six and seven feet long. It is fired with a velocity at the muzzle of the gun of 2,000 feet a second. The gun has been set upon a platform built for it.

Gathman has been at work on his gun for ten years. A dozen years ago he came from Chicago, delivered a lecture before the board of ordnance and fortifications, in which he said that our guns were obsolete because not built in harmony with the modern developments in metallurgy and ordnance. He said that his explosives could be thrown great distances as well with powder guns as with pneumatic guns, and in the ensuing years he has been at work proving, or trying to prove, his assertions. Nobody among the army experts took him seriously for some years, but his turn came at last, and two years ago congress appropriated $60,000 for an experiment with his ideas. The army and navy departments have since then made some appropriations, and the test will have cost altogether about $125,000. The experts have changed their views of the inventor, and the late assistant naval constructor, R. B. Dashiell, told a senate committee that the Gathman gun would revolutionize the use of high explosives.

The Hope "Sparkle" Sold.

The Hope diamond, so called from the fact that for seventy years it has been in the possession of the English family of which Lord Francis Hope is a member, was purchased from the latter in London on Tuesday by Simon Frankel of J. Frankel Sons of 68 Nassau street, this city. The sale of the famous gem, famous not only because of its color and size, but also on account of the historic interest attached to it, was made through Adolph Weil of London, who carried on negotiations with representatives of Lord Francis Hope on behalf of the Frankels. These were not concluded until Mr. Frankels arrived in London, however. A cablegram from him on Tuesday conveyed the information that the deal had been closed.

The Frankels were not willing to give the figure at which they obtained the gen, but cable dispatches from London said that it was $150,000. Joseph Frankel, brother of Simon Frankel, said that this was only an approximation, and that the exact figure was the highest ever paid for a single stone.

According to Mr. Frankel, the negotiations which have led to the sale of the gem by the Hope family were begun but five months ago. Lord Francis Hope, who got the diamond, as an inheritance from his mother, to whom it had been left by her father, Henry T. Hope, a well-known banker of Amsterdam, was then on the verge of bankruptcy. The Frankels heard of this, and through intermediaries, made an offer for the famous blue diamond, which Lord Francis Hope was considering when the negotiations were suddenly called off on account of the objections of other members of the family. His relatives, prominent among whom is his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, feared that it was a plot of Lady Francis Hope, who was May Yohe, the actress, and who has since run off to Japan with P. Bradley Strong, to get more money from her husband, and so they brought suit in the English courts to prevent him from selling any of the jewels.

This suit was pending when Lady Francis Hope departed with Strong, thus giving her husband grounds for divorce. Then, it is said, the Hope family waived their objections to the sale and negotiations were reopened by Lord Francis Hope's representatives with the Frankels. Mr. Frankel left for Europe a week ago to close the bargain.

The stone, which the Frankels have now secured possession of, weighs 44¼ carats, is of the shape known as "cushion-shaped," and has sixty-four faces. Despit its darker hue, it is reported to have all the sparkle of the white diamond of fine quality, and its great value lies in the combination of this with its unusual color.

Patrick's Clerk Confesses.

Joseph Mayer, who was clerk for Lawyer Albert Patrick, under indictment for the murder of William M. Rice and for the forgery of the Rice will, arrived here to-day from Berlin on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. He came with George Cartright, who persuaded him to return, and Mr. Cartright had in his possession a sworn statement made by Mayer at the United States consulate at Berlin telling what he knew of Patrick's connection with the will and the murder.

This document consists of about 100 type-written pages, and its contents are such as to elate Assistant District Attorney Garvan. He said that they are strongly corroborative of the theory of Patrick's guilt.

Patrick's trial will not be hurried any, Mr. Garvan said, by Mayer's return, but will begin as planned in the first week of December unless something unforeseen prevents.

Claims Exemption for Teeth.

At Wallingford, Conn., Elmer Edwards, an actor, got stranded a few days ago and his landlady seized his false teeth, which was all she could get in lieu of his board money. Edwards has now sued the landlady for recovery. If the court decides that his teeth are tools of trade or necessary to support, they are exempt under the law and he can recover.

From the German Standpoint.

A fact which has a wide influence on the conditions, and a fact not generally known, is that New York is to-day the third largest German city in the world. No one will dispute the fact that Germans are excellent, law-abiding citizens, and no one can dispute the palpable fact that by instinct and habit the German requires his glass of beer or Rhine wine on the sole day of recreation which, as a rule, he has. This year at least 15,000 Germans voted the fusion ticket on the pre-election promise that their demand would be properly recognized. A reversal of that vote would have condemned this city to another term of the tender mercies of Tammany Hall, with accompanying bribery, blackmail, and worse. Which is preferable—Tammany and corruption, or decent liberal government?

An Artist in Negro Types.

A public exhibition of twenty-six of the paintings of Harry Roseland, the most widely known painter of negro types in the country, has begun at the Ainslie gallery and will last until Nov. 23. Mr. Roseland's pictures cover a great variety of subjects, and are, with but few exceptions, the result of last summer's work. There are several of the favorite negro pictures, among them "The Colored Palmist," "As Seen in the Crystal," "A Quiet Smoke," and "Mammy's Old Love Letters." The artist's versatility is well shown in the present exhibit of the variety of subjects, all handled in a masterly way. One of the most pleasing bits of delicate work, although one of the most simple pictures, is "An Ideal Head." It shows a brunette maiden who has arranged her hair most coquettishly and fastened a red rosebud close against the coil.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFICIAL

Kansas City Journal.

It is announced in the dispatches that the mayor of Minneapolis has offered the position of captai nof police to Cole Younger. It cannot be that there was no other available citizen for this place, so we must conclude that the mayor offered it to Younger because of his distinguished record. And what is Younger distinguished for? For being an outlaw—a leading member of a desperate band of robbers, thieves and murderers who terrorized the people of several states for a number of years. It was a criminal record of the blackest dye. Every member of the infamous band deserved to be hanged. In honor of this enviable record the mayor of one of the most pretentious cities of the west offers the ex-bandit an official position which hundreds of honest, capable citizens of the town would be glad to hold. But that is not all of Cole Younger's record. He also has to his credit an extensive, though uneventful, career as an imprisoned convict. It is not clear which part of his record it was intended specially to honor or reward, but probably it was the former. In any event, it is not at all difficult to arrive at the conclusion that the mayor of Minneapolis is a very extraordinary public official.