THE JOURNAL

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

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CIRCULATION
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
Nov. 14	51,160
Nov. 15	51,511
Nov. 16	54,438
Nov. 18	51,242
Nov. 19	51,154
Nov. 20	51,172
Nov. 21	51,372
Nov. 22	51,690
Nov. 23	54,380
Nov. 25	51,210
Nov. 26	51,078
Nov. 27	51,202
Nov. 28	50,698
Nov. 29	51,412
Nov. 30	53,458

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 1st day of December, 1901.

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

ALL RECORDS BROKEN.

The Minneapolis Journal gets away ahead of its marvelous record of a year ago by running **161** columns more advertising in November, 1901, than in November, 1900.

In November, 1901, The Journal carried **1277** columns of advertising, this being 16½ per cent more than the daily and Sunday issues combined of The Journal's nearest Minneapolis competitor.

Advertisers prove the circulation of The Journal by using it more than any other paper.

The Journal's circulation for November, 1901, averaged **51775** copies daily, or **4,230** daily more than for November, 1900.

THE FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS

The fifty-seventh congress, which assembles in Washington, to-day, contains in each house a majority ample to vindicate the republican party as the party of positive action, the party of construction, as opposed to the democratic tendencies to destruction; the party which has distinguished itself during the last forty years for making world-admired conquests over prejudice, error and intolerance and placing the nation at the forefront in the progress of the world. The republican party has never been a party of negative action. If it has shown symptoms of laissez-faire it has never written laissez-faire on its banners as a principal. It has surely destroyed the hopes of an obsolete Bourbonism. It has compelled large segments of Bourbonism to bestir themselves and try and move with the age.

The fifty-seventh congress was chosen about a year ago, concurrently with the great aggressive leader, whose useful life was suddenly cut off by the bullet of a foul assassin. The republican majority, ample and effective, reflected the spirit and temper of the party which had followed him in the new movements which it was his mission to lead and direct. The new policies, which pressed upon the nation new problems imbedded in them, developed from changed and changing conditions which the discerning mind of McKinley recognized as conditions to be met and rationally and courageously to be utilized for the advancement of the whole country. He moved with the age and was ready to meet new conditions. He voiced his deepest and truest convictions in the speech he made last September in Buffalo. He made it as plain as the sun at noonday that the best interests of our industries and commerce demanded a recognition of the changes which had come through the industrial progress of the nation, and of the commercial and industrial world around us. He sounded in trumpet tones the urgency of the "problem of more markets" and the necessity for "a broad and enlightened policy" which alone "will keep what we have." The surplus product must have a vent abroad. "The excess," he said, "must be relieved through a foreign outlet and we should sell everything we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions and thereby make a greater demand for home labor."

And he pointed to reciprocity treaties as the solution; to friendly relations instead of reprisals. McKinley was a keen and true observer of the times and tendencies. He never uttered speeches like that at Buffalo for mere oratorical display or buncombe. He knew that a strong element of public sentiment would uphold him. The majority of the individuals who, in the recent reciprocity convention at Washington, narrowed the McKinley policy and uttered impotent resolutions, really at heart recognized the vitality and prophetic nature of his utterances.

The republican majority in the fifty-seventh congress must needs follow the great leader who, removed from the earth life, yet speaketh in thunder tones. Was he too advanced for the party whose boast has been that it is ever at the forefront of the achieving forces of the nation and of the world? Do any waver and hesitate to follow the great leader on the advanced ground? This should never be! The young and vigorous president of the strenuous life has already committed himself to the policies of his great predecessor. He does not believe in party union based merely on party exigencies or personal adherence. He believes that the strength of a party lies in its convictions. The republican party has won its great victories with that strength. It will win yet greater victories if it acts on its convictions. It cannot afford to take any but advanced ground or consult other than the real national interests.

W. R. Merriam, director of the census, is a public official who knows how to get the magazines on his string without offending anybody by what he says. In the current Forum he has an article on "Suffrage North and South" which is a splendid exhibition of ability to state facts without drawing conclusions. He exchanges tit-for-tat between the north and south on the basis of census data regarding the restriction of suffrage and gravely concludes that there is no particular solution of the negro question.

COUNTY BUSINESS METHODS

Considerable progress has been made during the past year toward a more businesslike administration of county affairs. There is still, however, some room for further improvement. A few days ago, as noted in The Journal, a number of tax payers petitioned the commissioners to advertise for bids before contracting for supplies. The petition was resented by the commissioners with some show of indignation as an unfavorable reflection upon their honesty and their business methods.

Immediately after the petition referred to had been received and pigeon-holed, the board made a contract for fourteen tax statement books at the agreed price of $120 for the lot. They declined to advertise for bids and justified their acceptance of the offer made on the ground that the price was less than the county paid last year.

The petitioners, representing the Tax Payers' League, declare that the price paid is still excessive and have gone so far as to sustain their claim by figures. The books purchased are of the ordinary style of single-page ruling, with printed heading. Each book contains 300 pages; all the pages are alike, and in size 15¾ by 10½ inches. The paper to be used is called "Sterling Ledger," not the best quality. These books the petitioners find they can buy for $75 for the lot of fourteen, or $5.35 apiece.

The printers have a small private price list for such work, and the prices therein listed are as high as the printers ever expect to get from any one. The price list referred to is a small book, bound in manila; there is a number on each one, and a record is kept of those having them in their possession. According to this book, and figuring the work at the top price there set down, the fourteen books would cost only $91.84, or $6.56 per book as compared with $8.57 which the county commissioners have agreed to pay rather than to advertise for bids. This is a difference of $2.01 on each book.

The petitioners, however, were not satisfied with the list price for comparison, knowing that competition usually reduces list prices, and obtained another estimate of $75, which the bidder claimed left a first-rate margin of profit, and with which any one getting the order should feel satisfied. In other words, these books have cost the county $45 more with the county commissioners doing the business in their way, than they would have cost if the county commissioners had pursued a plan which ought to apply in all purchases of supplies for public use.

The county commissioners may not enjoy the criticism of their methods to which they have been subjected of late, but so long as facts like these are developed, public attention is challenged and the newspapers are bound to give the information to the public.

The city departments are prohibited from making any purchases of supplies such as printed material in amounts over $100 without first advertising for bids, and the county commissioners will strengthen public confidence in themselves as a board when they adopt the same method.

The December number of Review of Reviews contains an article of special interest to Minnesotans by Horace B. Hudson. Mr. Hudson writes under the heading "A Public Servant of the Northwest," an appreciative estimate of the late Governor John S. Pillsbury. He describes him as a public servant of the northwest because, as he says in his article, "it is very conservative to say that he spent more than one-third of his life after removal to Minnesota in the service of the public." The article is illustrated with pictures of the statue of Governor Pillsbury, erected on the university campus, views of Minneapolis, or, rather, the site of Minneapolis as it looked in 1857, soon after Governor Pillsbury came here, and of the same locality as it is to-day; a portrait of the governor when he settled in Minnesota, a picture of Pillsbury Hall, the governor's gift to the university, and a general view of the buildings of the school of agriculture on the state farm, while the events in the life of this eminently useful man are presented in such a way as to leave a strong impression of his character upon the reader.

Last Saturday the newspaper correspondents of Washington elected Mr. W. W. Jermane, chief of The Journal's bureau, one of the committee of five whose business it is to represent the correspondents in Washington in all their relations toward congress and the government departments. These gentlemen have charge of the press galleries at the capitol, make all arrangements for the accommodation of newspaper men on usual and unusual occasions, and constitute a sort of executive press committee. Membership on this committee is a mark of confidence and esteem by their fellows which all Washington newspaper men highly appreciate.

The European nations are beginning to profit by our example. In the distinctively American industry of boodling and political commercialism, for instance, England shows signs of waking up. The telephone monopoly deal, in which a son of Joseph Chamberlain has a hand, makes us wonder whom Croker has been entertaining at Wantage.

FIND THE MORAL

In an account of last Friday night's meeting of the Minneapolis city council appears the following paragraph:

The Northwestern Telephone company, under the stimulus of active competition, has finally developed a liberal streak toward the city. Last night the company submitted a proposition to the council offering to give the various city offices free use of telephones after Jan. 1. Some twenty telephones are involved. The city has been paying about $1,000 a year for this service up to date.

Our memory may have failed us, but we do not recall that the Northwestern Telephone company came forward in other years with any offer of free telephone service for the municipal offices. Why this difference? In the past as now its whole business has been founded upon the privilege of using the public streets for its poles and wires. To be sure the supreme court has held that the telephone company may use the streets without the permission of the city. Nevertheless the streets belong to the city; and the company, by whatever authority it uses the public streets for a private, money-making, business purpose was never before moved by generosity to make a return to the public for some of the favors it enjoys. It took its $1,000 from the city and maintained an attitude of contemptuous indifference toward the ordinances and the city officials who sought to enforce them.

Competition is the magic word that explains the suddenly assumed generosity of the Northwestern Telephone company. The Twin City Telephone company is spending large sums of money instituting a thoroughly modern and metropolitan telephone plant. It is preparing itself to fight a battle to the death with the Northwestern. It has smoothed its way by generous treatment of prospective patrons, by punctilious regard for the ordinances and by giving the county remarkably cheap and efficient service. Seeing this, the old company has rallied its forces in a determined effort to save the day. It has begun by "jollying" the city. It might be inconvenient, you know, if the city were to take on the new system, as the county already has, to the practical exclusion of the old.

Can you see any moral in this veracious fable that can be made to fit the case of the great railway merger and the possible extinction of railroad competition in the northwest?

The Hubbard County Enterprise, published at Park Rapids, has issued an "industrial edition" that is a credit to itself and to the county. It is profusely illustrated with cuts of landscapes and buildings in this rich and progressive county. It is sure to attract attention and draw settlers.

THE CHARLESTON EXPOSITION

The Charleston exposition, which could not be formally opened Dec. 1, as announced—that day falling on Sunday—swings open its gates to-day.

This exposition has not been very widely advertised, and many people do not know of its existence. It will, however, represent the new South as the expositions at New Orleans and at Atlanta were not able to do. Its formal title is The South Carolina Inter-State and West Indian Exposition. The arrangement of buildings and grounds is said to be very original and attractive. The great staples of the south will each have "palaces" for the concentration of special samples; all that is beautiful in southern horticulture and valuable in her agricultural and mineral and mechanical products will be fully displayed. The Southern transformation since the dark days of the civil war will be adequately illustrated. For instance, there will be a woman's building which will show how the woman's movement has captured the most conservative state in the union and that South Carolina women are marching abreast the times. The southern woman was the last to align herself with this great progressive movement, but she is thoroughly in touch with it.

The West India islands are expected to participate and there will be a fine exhibit of their products. The exposition will be open until June 1 next, covering the most delightful period of the southern year. There is no more charming climate than that of South Carolina in the winter months.

Even if the exposition does not return a net profit from the receipts, it will pay indirectly in the advertising which it will give the state and the south generally. That section presents one of the most marvelous instances of industrial and commercial growth and development of natural resources on record. In ten years the cotton mill interest has increased its spindles from 1,500,000 in 1890 to 6,500,000 in 1900 and its capital has increased from $21,000,000 in 1880, to $61,000,000 in 1890, to nearly $200,000,000 now, every year witnesing the increased manufacture of the finer goods, consuming in its own mills 1,600,000 bales a year, only 200,000 bales less than all the other mills in the country where the industry has been long established. Including cotton seed oil, the cotton crop yields some $800,000,000 a year. The south has a commanding position in iron and coal, is developing copper and gold and salt and is astonishing the world by its productivity in lumber and oil. The Charleston exposition will make a full revelation of the wonderful development of the new south under the most alluring climatic conditions.

Having exhausted the possibilities of "dope" the football writers are picking the "all-western" eleven. By the time they get through it will be in order to describe next year's practice games and preliminaries. The football writer knows full well how to draw an annual salary out of a two-months' sport.

We Americans are the greatest savers as well as the greatest spenders in the world. The latter part of the proposition is a truism. For the proof of the former consult the report of the controller of the currency. It shows that the people of this country have $2,310,660,000 in savings banks. The Germans come next with $1,900,000,000. The controller makes no comparisons in this respect with other countries, but we venture to assert that no other nation in the world can show figures approaching those of the total American bank deposits—$8,554,467,366.

THE BANK REPORT

The report of the controller of the currency shows that there are 12,972 banks of all kinds in the country, with capital aggregating $1,138,042,134, with surplus and undivided profits of $693,465,095 and $270,855,253, respectively. On July 15, the national banks held $2,941,837,428.77, the greatest amount of individual deposits during the existence of the system. The number of national banking associations on Oct. 31, 1901, was 4,279, with authorized capital stock of $663,224,195, and there was an increase of capital stock of $21,674,500 by banks organized during the year.

The largest number of banks was organized during the year in the middle states, 230 in number, with aggregate capital of $12,305,000. In the western states 157 were organized with $5,080,000 capital, 134 of them being banks of the smaller class. A statement of interest is that concerning the savings banks which hold $2,310,660 in deposits, an aggregate larger than that held by any savings banks in Europe, Germany coming next with $1,900,000,000. The average amount to the credit of each depositor is greater in the United States than elsewhere, being $406.23.

These figures suggest that the detestation of national banks is hardly as deeply rooted as certain demagogues declared in the campaign of 1900. The people of the west and south, where there is usually the greatest antagonism to these banks expressed during political campaigns, avail themselves of the financial facilities furnished wherever they are extended. It is apparent, too, that the people of the United States, the bone and sinew of the land, have a commendable habit of saving their earnings for a rainy day. There is no people on the earth more or as much addicted to this habit. Americans lead the world in savings. We lead in everything that is commendable. The controller notes the expiration of the charters of 370 national banks in November, and between now and Dec. 31, 1903, and suggests the extension of their charters for those who wish to continue in existence.

He would have congress safeguard the gold standard by making the legal tender silver dollars exchangeable for gold, as provided in either the Overstreet, Hill or Levy bills introduced in the last congress. Such action would insure their value of one hundred cents each. The present law requires the secretary of the treasury to keep the silver dollar at parity with gold, but does not define how he is to do it.

The controller further warns congress that it will not be long before it must decide upon the disposition of the national banks and their note issues. It will have to decide upon the system of bank note issue, whether against bank assets or secured by the deposit of bonds. The business of the country demands a more flexible currency than that issued against government bonds. Secretary Gage very decidedly favors the issue of currency against assets as the more economical and useful method. The question of currency reform, however, will be adjourned for consideration until the necessity presses upon the country with unavoidable persistence. For a business nation we are singularly fond of the policy of delay in strictly business matters.

Sheriff Megaarden has entrenched himself in his office. He might have done that by another method and without scandal.

HONOR WHERE IT IS DUE

In an account of a farewell gathering in honor of Alexis Fournier, the well-known Minneapolis painter, upon the occasion of his departure from Paris after a stay of more than two years; the Paris edition of the New York Herald says that any one of the collection of paintings the artist took with him, the fruit of his work in France, "would enrich any gallery either here or in the United States. So far American amateurs are open to congratulation, but his place here will not be readily filled." The Herald also says:

The poetic quality of his work, which is, after all, but his gift of portraying nature at its great poetic moments, his sincerity and his tremendous capacity for hard work, were a source of constant inspiration to every one who knew him. Although the length of his American sojourn is still indefinite, his early return has already become one of the pleasant anticipations of the Quartier Montparnasse.

Mr. Fournier's friends and admirers in Minneapolis will be delighted to know that the ability which they long ago perceived has made such an impression in the very capital of art.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

New bills at the theaters last night were: Adelaide Thurston in "Sweet Clover," at the Metropolitan; Nellie McHenry in "M'liss," at the Bijou. They will be reviewed in this column to-morrow.

That cyclone of fun, "McFadden's Row of Flats," will be seen at the Bijou next week. The secret of its success is that it is changed from season to season in the way of new specialties and many new added situations, jokes, comedy, yet retaining its potent features.

A rare treat is in store for those who enjoy seeing upon the stage character plays of high social life. "Her Lord and Master," by Martha Morton, which is to be presented here on Thursday evening by Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, is a masterpiece in the study of American and English society and Miss Morton has certainly shown wonderful power in the absorbing love element and great diversity of incident with which she has surrounded her play.

Gertrude Coghlan will appear at the Metropolitan the latter part of next week in two plays—her success of last year as Becky Sharp, in "Vanity Fair," and, for the first time in this city, one of Julia Marlowe's successful plays, "Colinette."

The big musical extravaganza, "The Casino Girl," presented by a company of sixty, will be seen at the Metropolitan the first part of next week.

The greatest English comic opera success for the past ten years, "Florodora," will be presented at the Metropolitan in December for a brief engagement by Fisher and Ryley's company of eighty people.

Mrs. Sarah Cowles LeMoyne will appear at the Metropolitan the latter part of December. This will be Mrs LeMoyne's first stellar appearance here and she will present her greatest success, "The Duchess of Malborough."

Eugenie Blair will be the new year's attraction at the Metropolitan opera-house. She will present "Peg Woffington."

Henry Irving and Ellen Terry are playing the biggest engagements this season they have ever had in the United States. This pair of great artists will be seen at the Metropolitan during the season.

The Nonpareil Man

Mystery.

Ugly and wakeful, redheaded and vicious,
Loud roars the baby for half of the night,
Still sings the tired and worn-out young mother,
"Seep, itty tumfort, fond mama's delight."

Why should the baby, O, why should that baby
Run like New York on the wide-open plan,
And why should this mother remark to that offspring,
"Oo is its papa's own dear, itty man?"

Baby refuses to join the child's union,
But works the tired house crew long overtime,
Yet in this world with its strange contradictions,
Often, how often, we wonder at crime.

Little Side Issues.

London is agitated because an American syndicate wants to build a $10,000,000 office building on the Strand with 6,000 offices and thirty elevators in it. If it is done the city's building laws will have to be radically changed, as no Englishman under the present laws can fall more than six or eight stories.

If the Pioneer Press will keep still this weather will run around December's end for thirty yards.

Senator Stewart says that providence settled the silver question. The republican party stood around backing providence up grandly.

The thin ice is just lying awake nights waiting, waiting.

Dr. Philippe Marechale says that 25 per cent of young women who wear corsets die of pulmonary diseases, 15 per cent suffer "organic derangement," while only 30 per cent retain their health. All the girls expect to get in the 30 per cent by a tight squeeze.

A blind pig at Crookston was raided last week and a brand of man killer labeled "Tame Moose" was discovered. The officials claimed that the liquor contained a high percentage of alcohol, while the "Tame Moose" dealers declared that it was non-inebriating. The frightful loads accumulated by those who had sampled the Moose, however, showed that its specific gravity was much too heavy to escape the law.

A cheerful Kentucky crowd presented a $50 tombstone to a couple on their golden wedding day.

Mrs. Ormsby of Chicago is displaying her quadruplets in a dime museum. She ought to be stopped on the ground of discouragement of matrimony.

Bavaria bought an American locomotive and the people are fighting mad over its "unearthly whistle." The engineer must be practicing the American habit of waiting till he strikes town before tooting.

Little Journey to the Home of Adam.

Hunters who have escaped unshot, or even half shot, from the tall timber this fall, report having seen a man running like a gas meter when "the steady" is calling on the daughter of the house Saturday night. This is J. Adam Bede running for congress in the upper district.

It doesn't make so very much difference where Mr. Bede was born and raised. Wherever he is, he is at once at home and running a hot newspaper or for congress or something. One of the last stunts he did was Bede's Budget at Pine City. The Budget has gone hence, but J. Adam is still on deck and going to be heard from.

Mr. Bede made the hit of his life somewhere around 1894, when he was United States district marshal for Minnesota. He had been weighing about 120 pounds, and the New York Sun had attempted to make a josh mark of him by putting him into birch bark pantaloons and exploiting a very doubtful quality of humor over the event. When the great railroad strike came on, it was found that J. Adam weighed about 500 pounds in his stocking feet. He tore over the state like one of these big steam road rollers that had slipped a cog somewhere and was running wild. The strike was finally quieted and Mr. Bede broke every democratic tradition by resigning his office. He had had strenuous life enough, and, like "The Private Secretary," he was anxious to obtain "a little repose." But he had made a $10,000 reputation, and it has been clinging to him ever since like a bulldog to the fore paw of his foe. You do not hear much of Mr. Bede now, but he is having a good time and attracting immigation to northern Minnesota, and he can afford to wait.

He Wants to Get Back.

Governor Savage of Nebraska has troubles of his own, even in the magnificently appointed chambers of the executive mansion of Nebraska. "I would rather stand and look at a piglet squealing for a place at the trough," he said one day, "than sit in a luxuriously appointed office and hear the chronic office seekers squealing for some sort of a snap. There is something soothing and restful about a barnyard. It is a real pleasure to lean against a haystack and converse with a hired man who has no axes to grind, whose highest ambition is to borrow a chew of tobacco. I take more pride in my ability to guess the weight of a fat hog than I do in my capacity to hold the helm of the ship of state." That's just it. A man nearly breaks his neck trying to get loose from his farm, and after he has accomplished it and gets what the world calls "way up," he is just as anxious to get back on the land again. The contented man on a good farm, with a little money in the bank, has this world "skinned to a finish." —A. J. Russell.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

That circular of Attorney General Knox, instructing federal officeholders to keep quiet in politics, really came to Minnesota. When Marshal Grimshaw was interviewed on the subject he had not received the communication. It came next day, and is posted in the federal building. There has never been much prejudice here against activity of federal officeholders, such as some other states have developed. A sharp senatorial contest may develop such a feeling in the future, but just now there is no disposition to put a quietus on those who draw pay from the government.

President Roosevelt has some strongly developed ideas on civil service and non-partizan conduct in office, and may draw the lines tighter than ever before, regardless of local sentiment.

The LeRoy Independent sounds a battle cry in the following trumpet tones:

Minnesota is fortunate in having a man at this time in the executive chair who is free from all "entangling alliances" with railroads and who has the courage to do his duty though compelled to fight the most formidable money power on earth. Let the people and law-makers of the state give their undivided support to Governor Van Sant, regardless of party ties, as this is a battle, the result of which will affect their individual interests and prosperity.

The Litchfield Independent does not care to have a special election in Meeker county. It says editorially:

A "feeler" was sent up from St. Paul last week by Governor Van Sant to find out whether the people of Meeker county were anxious to go to the expense of a special election for a member of the house in J. W. Torry's place, in view of the possibility of an extra session. So far as we can learn, the people here are manifesting but little interest in the matter. A specail election would be quite an expense. As we look at it, it would be important to have the county represented in the lower house in case any legislation is to be had respecting the railroad consolidation matter, providing that a man be elected who will stand as the unswerving champion of the people's side of the controversy. To send a railroad tool or a weak man down would be useless. It would be better to leave the place vacant.

Commenting on a recent dispatch in The Journal from East Grand Forks, telling of the senatorial aspirations of A. D. Stephens and Hugh Thompson, the Crookston Journal says:

The record of these two gentlemen has placed them before the public in a way that suggests to those who are familiar with the situation, the thought that it is a good opportunity to let them scrap it out between themselves and settle the question of which one outranks the other. Meanwhile the voters of this county have had a sufficient sample of the fine Italian handiwork of both of these gentlemen to refuse to dance to the music furnished by either of them.

Elijah Barton, chairman of the democratic county organization, is in no hurry to a meeting of the central committee. He will call it some time during this month, and the question of reorganization will then be taken up. It is quite possible that the committee will have to take hold of the preparations for the Jackson day banquet. William Baldwin, who has always engineered this event, is not inclined to work at it this year. He has discovered that republics are ungrateful. —C. B. C.

SLEIGH-BELL MEMORIES

BY INA TRAVIS.

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Amos Shepard dismissed his secretary and walked to the window. The afternoon sun cast a dazzling light on the first snowfall, and above the clang of the cable cars sounded the faint tingle of sleighbells on the boulevard.

Buttoning his overcoat to the throat, he strode down the mosaic corridor, past the brass cages behind which the bank clerks were casting up the day's accounts, and threw open the door, whose curtains had been tightly drawn. As he stood on the threshold a pleased light came into his shrewd gray eyes. Round the corner, with clink of silver chains and jingle of bells, swept his favorite team of blacks. The present Mrs. Shepard was most considerate of her husband's wishes and tastes. Sleighing was one of the banker's keenest pleasures, and she had remembered the fact.

But as the horses stopped before the bank Mr. Shepard noted the absence of his big English coachman. A tall, square-shouldered figure sprang out and tossed back the fur robes, then waved a familiar greeting to the man on the step. It was Reginald.

"Come on, father, for a dash on the speedway. Everybody's out."

"Where is James?" inquired Shepard as he climbed into the cutter.

"At the stables. I thought—we—might have the first ride of the season together."

If the elder Shepard had not been so absorbed in studying the set of the new harness, he might have observed in his son's voice an anxious note and in the adjustment of the robes more than ordinary filial solicitude.

Once on the boulevard, beyond business traffic and cable cars, he might also have looked here and there on dull brownstone houses whose rentals flowed into the Shepard coffers. When the avenue rose sheer above the water's edge he might have looked across the stream to his large holdings in the Palisades, from which, it was predicted, the city would eventually draw its water supply.

But he was not think ing of these things. A faraway look came into his eyes, and he paid no heed to his son's occasional comments on passing vehicles until finally Reginald found what comfort he could in his own thoughts.

Amos Shepard sat with his arms folded, studying with unseeing eyes the scenery spreading out before them. Instead of towering cliffs and stately mansions, he saw a stretch of midwest prairies broken by rail fences and low farmhouses. The blooded trotters were transformed into a patient gray mare drawing a high box sleigh. The robe was a flannel-lined buffalo skin, and— But did that matter? She was at his side, and with lips stiff, partly from cold and partly from the fear that he was asking more than she could give, he framed the momentous question.

And that thrilling word of three letters which seemed to change his whole life—it carried him away from the old farm to the busy city above the river, where he meant to make a name for himself and wealth for Kitty. It was much harder than he had anticipated. He was almost ready to give up and return to the farm when she wrote that she thought she could help him, and she was such a dainty, fragile Kitty. After she came it was easier. It was Kitty's encouragement and good advice that smoothed out many a business wrinkle, just as her soft hand rubbed away the frowns and the headaches at night.

By and by her hands were less soft, for the work became heavier when the babies arrived. And when, after he had achieved his first little success, came the panic to sweep everything before it, Kitty's wise head planned the foundations for the new work, and Kitty's small economies, ennobled by her great love, made the upward climb easier. He could see her now making red flannel mittens for Reggie and the wee checked pinafores she sewed for Kathie under the green-shaded lamp.

He drew in his breath quickly. The picture changed to the day when he brought home her first silk dress. How her blue eyes shone when he threw the glistening folds over her shoulders! Later came the sealskins and the diamonds, but nothing that made them half so happy as that first silk dress. And day by day as he prospered he realized that there was something which his wealth could not buy back—the fading health of his quiet, fragile wife.

When it was all over and for one long, weary year Kitty had lain asleep under the graceful marble shaft, a handsome mistress came to the newly furnished mansion on the avenue. Thoughtless people said it was so fortunate all round, for the first Mrs. Shepard was not the sort of woman to preside over such a home or to cultivate the people who would be useful to a rising man like Amos Shepard.

The second Mrs. Shepard was admirably adapted to the position. She knew the schools which would give the children the best social standing. She presided over a dinner table with indescribable grace and tact, and when Shepard was elected to congress it was freely circulated that his wife's diplomacy had been worth more for campaign purposes than his goodly check. Kathie's social debut was set for next week. Already the society papers were singing of her prospects, her gowns and her beauty, and she looked like—his Kitty of the sleigh ride years ago.

"Father, I want to tell you something—"

They were almost home, and the young fellow was getting desperate. Stocks and bonds might be of paramount importance to men of fifty, but when the blood runs riot in the veins of youth life holds other more vital interests.

Mr. Shepard roused himself with an impatient srug—a check, of course. A physician's practice in the first year is not profitable even when backed by influential parents and friends.

"Yes?"

Reginald lifted the whip nervously, and the blacks sprang forward.

"Well, father, I want to get married. I know I'm young and have my way to make, but if you love a girl as I do, why, it gives you something to work for besides mere money."

Amos Shepard's lips closed firmly. Was it that butterfly Bessie Clayton, who had shared their opera box the night before? Reginald Shepard, M. D., read the sign aright, but plunged on.

"I suppose it sounds silly, because if it wasn't for you I couldn't keep up appearances, but I'll probably spend less money when we're married than I do now. Mabel doesn't care about show—"

"Mabel who?"

"Don't you remember Mabel Brewer, Aunt Helen's adopted daughter? I met her two years ago when I was visiting on the farm, and—well, I love her; that's all. I know she's not as swagger as the girls in Kathie's set. She won't shine in society, but I don't care a rap. I don't want a career. One in the family is enough, and Kathie's going to cut a big swath. I just want a nice little home—and Mabel. She has her ideals of what a physician should be, and if I live up to them I reckon you won't have cause to be ashamed of me."

They were under the porte cochere. Without a word Amos Shepard tossed aside the fur robes.

"I say, dad, you're not angry?"

His father stood beside the cutter gazing up at a window screened by filmy lace. Suddenly he wheeled around and faced his son. Something the latter had never seen shone in Amos Shepard's eyes.

"Reginald, you remember that Van Twiller place on Grant avenue? It's not large or showy, but it's a mighty pretty little house. Well, I'll deed that over to Mabel on your wedding day. And now I've got to write a line to your Aunt Helen."

And Amos Shepard, banker and member of congress, ran up the granite steps like a boy.

Daily New York Letter

Raid on Chinatown

Dec. 2.—Detectives and a dozen policemen made a raid last night on the houses from 11 to 17 Mott street in Chinatown. Seventeen white women were taken away in a patrol wagon.

Recently a number of complaints had been made to Captain Wendell about the manner in which the women were annoying the sightseers. They were in the habit of calling from the windows and the merchants in the neighborhood got together and made a complaint. Three of the girls were caught "hitting the pipe" and when brought to the station were so much under the influence of opium that they did not know their names.

At the sight of a force of policemen going through the building the Chinamen became panic stricken and ran out. One Chinaman fainted when he looked out the window and saw the patrol wagon in the street. Detective Rauth said last night that it is the intention of the police to clean Chinatown thoroughly of disorderly people.

Ammonia Loose in a Hotel

By the explosion of an ammonia retort in the ice machine of the Hotel Belvidere at Eighteenth street and Fourth avenue, one man was injured slightly and another painfully, and the guests of the hotel were thrown into a panic. The explosion occurred at 2:30 yesterday morning. The noise attracted policemen who with difficulty made their way into the cellar through the ammonia fumes. There they found Ferdinand Miller, the engineer, bleeding and unconscious. They carried him up stairs and then allayed the fears of the panic stricken guests.

The explosion broke all the windows up to the third floor. Guests scantily clad rushed into the streets and were taken to several nearby hotels. The fumes of the ammonia were so overpowering that they drove nearly every one from the hotel.

Back of the place of explosion are the kitchens and store rooms. The butchers and bakers were tumbled about by the force of the explosion and hurried to the street. George Schmidt was severely cut over the eye.

On the avenue front, down several steps, A. Glasel has a tailoring establishment. The dividing way is not damaged, but the concussion broke the front windows and wrecked a mirror, besides doing damage to some of his stock. It was well nigh daybreak before the fumes of the ammonia were dissipated sufficiently to make the hotel tenable.

The "Liberal" Sunday.

It is one of the curious developments of the times that in the present discussion of the Sunday laws some of the strongest advocates of a liberal Sunday, even to the point of open saloons, are representatives of Puritanism, while some of the strongest advocates of strict Sabbath observance are representatives of the Catholic church, which might be supposed to be naturally in sympathy with conditions that exist in most of the countries of Europe. But Archbishop Corrigan, in his triennial allocution, said that "we want no continental Sunday here. In order to cultivate the spirit of religion, it is necessary that Sunday should not be given over to drinking, and that the laws for the preservation of the quiet of Sunday should not be changed." Still, the same division of sentiment on this subject which exists in other churches is to be found among the Catholic clergy. Mgr. Doane, of Newark, recently wrote advocating liberal legislation, taking substantially the same position that his brother, Bishop Doane, of the Episcopal diocese of Albany, has taken.

The East River Bridge.

The temporary foot bridge across the new East river bridge was completed some weeks ago, and the first wire to compose one of the four cables has just been carried across the structure. There will be 7,900 such wires in each cable, divided into thirty-seven strands of 208 wires each. The total length of wire in each cable will be 6,000 miles.

Death of Major. Keiley.

Major John D. Keiley, who died last week, was by reason of his family connections and friends, as well as by his personal merits, one of the most distinguished Catholic laymen in the city. He had been signally honored by the pope, who made him a Knight Commander of the Order of Gregory the Great, and permitted him to erect a private altar in his own house in Brooklyn. He was a warm friend of Cardinal Gibbons, who nearly always was his guest when visiting this city. His brother, Benjamin J. Keiley, is bishop of Savannah. There was a large out-pouring of his personal and church friends at his funeral.

Jerome the Strenuous.

In an interview with Josiah Flynt, printed in the Independent, District Attorney-elect Jerome says that he intends to keep the promises he made before election. He will proceed against every gambling house where firm checks are accepted, minors allowed to play, blackmail money is paid to the police and where disorderly conditions prevail. He will do his utmost to prevent the police or any one else from making money out of the shame of women. He will see that the police do not blackmail the saloonkeepers, and that he will follow every trail leading to the connection of crime. He does not intend to be a policeman, but if the police fail to do their duty he will use the machinery in his own hands to see tht honest conditions prevail. It is evident, however, that, while Mr. Jerome intends to wage relentless war on blackmail and crime, he does not intend to be the agent of a puritanical enforcement of blue laws, although, of course, he will carry out the laws in all cases to which his attention is brought, whether he believes they are wise or not.

COSTLIEST OF ALL MONUMENTS

Mrs. Leland Stanford is determined that the university of Palo Alto, Cal., founded in memory of her son, shall be one of the greatest educational institutions in the world. The magnificent Taj Mahal, that wonderful memorial tomb at Agra, in India, cost $16,000,000, but this is less than the endowment of the Stanford university. The one monument is but a masterpiece of beauty, the other is the source of education and inspiration to higher achievements for the countless thousands in the years to come. Mrs. Stanford has given her entire time and attention to her son and her husband, who bequeathed to her this trust of affection.

EVENSONG

The embers of the day are red
Behind the murky hill,
The kitchen smokes; the bed
In the darkling house is spread;
The great sky darkens overhead,
And the great woods are shrill.
So far have I been led,
Lord, by Thy will;
So far I have followed, Lord, and wondered still.

The breeze from the embalmed land
Blows sudden to the shore,
And claps my cottage door,
I hear the signal, Lord—I understand.
The night, at Thy command,
Comes. I will eat and sleep and will not
Question more.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Defective Page