THE JOURNAL

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

CIRCULATION —OF THE— MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

Average for November... **51775**

Dec. 2.....51,220

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 2d 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 SUPREME COURT DECISION

Perhaps a clearer idea of the force of the supreme court decision rendered yesterday in the Pepke case may be obtained by recalling briefly some recent action of the United States supreme court.

It will be remembered that when the Porto Rican cases were passed upon by this court, Justice Brown concurred with Chief Justice Fuller, Justice Brewer, Justice Peckham and Justice Harlan, in the view that Porto Rico, after the termination of the military administration and up to the time of passage of the Foraker act, was domestic territory in the sense that the tariff laws of the United States applied to the island.

Under that decision duties collected on imports from Porto Rico into the United States, it was declared, must be refunded. This was in the Delima case. Then followed the Downes case, which related to transactions occurring after the passage of the Foraker act. Here Mr. Brown parted company with the four justices with whom he had concurred in the first case, and while not reaching conclusions upon exactly the same grounds, decided with Justices Gray, White, Shiras and McKenna that the Foraker act was valid and that duties might be collected in Porto Rico on all imports and in the United States on imports from Porto Rico for the benefit of the revenues of the island of Porto Rico. In other words, that congress had the power to legislate with regard to the tariff in Porto Rico independently of the tariff laws of the United States.

In the Pepke case, decided yesterday, the point at issue was the power of the United States to collect duties on imports from the Philippines into this country. The court holds that at the time of the ratification of the treaty with Spain, in which the Philippines were ceded to the United States, the Philippines became domestic territory in the same sense that Porto Rico was domestic territory subsequent to the conclusion of the military administration of the island and prior to the passage of the Foraker act. It, therefore, follows that the United States might not collect duties upon goods imported from the Philippines into the United States.

There appears to be some difference of opinion among members of congress as to whether it is necessary to buttress the present Philippine tariff by an act of congress. It will be remembered that under the Spooner resolution the president was authorized to administer the government of the Philippines, which he is doing under a commission. That commission has adopted a system of tariff for the islands and is collecting revenue under that tariff. Whether it will be necessary to validate the Philippine tariff by an act of congress similar to the Foraker act, upon which point there is a difference of opinion, does not alter the effect of the decision of the supreme court in the Pepke case, which is to the effect that congress has the power to legislate with reference to what is described as appurtenant or unorganized territory, regardless of the tariff regulations as applied to the states. In other words, the court has been consistent with itself in the Porto Rican cases, and has sustained the doctrine as to the authority to govern dependencies unhampered by the theory that the constitution applies in all particulars to such dependencies and requires that their inhabitants be accorded all the political rights and privileges which belong under the constitution to the citizens of the states.

The president is right when he says of the Philippines that the vast natural wealth of the islands must be developed and the capital willing to develop it must be given the opportunity. The full and free commercial development of the islands will stamp out the remnants of insurrection and unrest.

The president would pull up the roots of anarchy. He takes the radical ground that no body of men preaching anarchistic doctrines should be allowed at large any more than if preaching the murder of some specified private individual. He would deport foreign anarchists who come to America and righteously punish the domestic brood of vipers. He would have all nations unite to suppress anarchy as they did to suppress piracy and the slave trade. These are drastic measures, but the people are in a mood to discuss them. In the formulation and the administration of law on this point, however, we must be on our guard against seeming to persecute, against the severity that overleaps itself and sows the seeds of new enemies with the same blows that it fells old ones.

The Journal pointed out some time ago that the president is essentially a western man. This fact is emphasized by the attention he gives in his message to irrigation, forest and game preservation and the Indian problem.

NO SENSATIONS

If there is any degree of disappointment entertained anywhere with regard to President Roosevelt's first message to congress, it will be traced to the expectation that his vigorous, not to say radical, habits of thought and expression would manifest themselves in some more aggressive and sensational declarations on the subject of the trusts and reciprocity than appear in this document. Theodore Roosevelt is apparently no exception to the rule that grave responsibility begets conservatism, for while the message is positive and direct, and presents his recommendations in clear and definite terms, he does not indulge in extravagance of expression or offer any encouragement to hasty and radical action. The message is rather the kind of a communication a democratic people expects from its president. It discusses public questions in plain words. It says what it means and means what it says.

The message is dignified throughout. It breathes calm strength in every sentence; the strength of a nation that is confident of itself that feels its power and is sure it can handle all problems without ruffling exertion.

To have something to say and then to say it are the chief factors in a virile composition. Viewed in that light the message is good literature. It is characterized by simple sentences, plain words and great lucidity. Considered as a studied and embellished literary vehicle it is not imposing. It contains no such literary charm as the president has given to some of his writings in private life. It lacks the smoothness and careful joinery of the McKinley messages, and contains few of the epigrammatic sentences and phrases that the late president was so fond of. It has not the rather ponderous majesty of diction and construction that won many admirers for Mr. Cleveland's messages. It is the message of a man so intent upon the affairs which tradition compels him to discuss in a formal manner, that he has little time to consider the literary form of the statement. To put it in homely fashion: He says what he has to say and quits.

Senator Nelson, of Minnesota, made a touch-down in the president's message. The senator's pet project of a new executive department to look after commercial matters, is strongly approved.

THE MESSAGE ON THE TRUSTS

The president has not hit the trusts "a blow between the eyes," as it was predicted, by some, he would. No calm and sensible person wished him to do so. The blow that would hit the trusts between the eyes would also stun the whole American industrial organism. But, upon this point he has gone farther than the perfunctory "something ought to be done." He takes high ground in favor of publicity of trust management, this publicity to be obtained through national legislation asserting the power of supervision and regulation. With publicity attained, specific regulative legislation may then be taken up.

"First, be sure you're right, then go ahead" is the president's advice. Don't begin wholesale regulation of the trusts till you know what ought to be done, but regulate them. They require regulation. "It should be as much the aim of those who seek for social betterment to rid the business world of crimes of cunning as to rid the entire body politic of crimes of violence."

The nearest approach to a reference to the northwestern railway merger is found in the following sentences:

Therefore, in the interest of the whole people, the nation should, without interfering with the power of the states in the matter itself, also assume power of supervision and regulation over all corporations doing an interstate business. This is especially true where the corporation derives a portion of its wealth from the existence of some monopolistic element or tendency in its business.

Certainly the monopolistic element is present in a railway consolidation that absolutely eliminates transportation competition in a territorial area as large as France and Germany combined.

Of the passage devoted to trusts, in the message, it may be said in general that it recognizes that we have reached that stage in industrial development when the national government must "in the interest of the whole people assume supervision and regulation over all corporations doing an interstate business." The president recognizes that the trusts "in certain of their features and tendencies" are hurtful to the general welfare, and that no defense resting upon alleged limitation of property rights can successfully oppose the right of the people to protect themselves. "Great corporations," the president well says, "exist only only because they are created and safeguarded by our institutions; and it is therefore our right and our duty to see that they work in harmony with these institutions."

The trusts are substantially warned that they are not sacred, that above them are the law of the people. On the other hand, there is no blind fury against the great industrial evolution in the process of which little business undertakings have been developed to a size commensurate with the greatness of the nation and the magnitude of its undertakings. There is no frantic desire to oppose legislation to healthy, natural growth and change.

The presidential deliverance on the trusts is what we would have it. It correctly expresses the attitude of the nation, confident in its strength and ready to use it against the trusts when it shall be shown precisely wherein they offend, and, therefore, how they are to be corrected.

The president speaks of "crimes of cunning" of the trusts. Of course evasions of the law of Minnesota by means of a New Jersey corporation are not in this category.

Right again is the president when he says that whatever may be the general application of the reciprocity idea, weighty reasons of morality and of national interest bind us to pass commercial measures in the interest of the well-being of Cuba.

THE PRESIDENT ON RECIPROCITY

The portion of the president's message touching reciprocity is very moderate in terms, for he does not go far beyond the limitations set by the recent reciprocity convention at Washington.

Boiled down, the president means to say that he favors, practically, very few if no concessions in rates of duty upon any article produced in foreign lands which is also produced in this country. Such limited reciprocity is not the kind championed by the late President McKinley, and, although President Roosevelt asks the attention of the senate to the Kasson reciprocity treaties, "laid before it by my predecessor," he must be aware that the senate majority has refused to take up those treaties on the alleged ground that they adversely affect some of our industries. President McKinley, who earnestly championed these treaties, did not take this view. He thought they (and notably the French treaty) would be of positive benefit to our export trade. In providing maximum concessions of 20 per cent (tariff of 1897), he knew that treaties so based with European nations would beget international comity and save us from the bitterness and loss of tariff retaliation against us. The president says it is most important that we should maintain the high level of our present prosperity and should find markets abroad for our growing surplus. So it is; but we cannot do it if the present indications of European tariff hostility are realized and the country adopts the narrow view of senate protection exteremists, who have flatly refused to ratify the reciprocity treaties approved and laid before the senate by the late President McKinley.

Surely, the "well being of the wage worker," to which the president refers in his message, will be best promoted by the expansion, not the contraction of our export trade. It is unfortunate that President Roosevelt does not commend in any way the Kasson treaties to which he calls the attention of the senate. He does not read the trend of public sentiment with the intuitive celerity and accuracy of his distinguished predecessor.

THE MESSAGE ON SUBSIDIES

President Roosevelt favors subsidies as a means of rehabilitating our merchant marine engaged in the foreign trade. He does not say so in so many words, but he does say that the government should take such action as will remedy the inequalities of competition between American and foreign ships—higher cost of building ships in America, higher rate of wages for the employes and higher standard of living. We know no governmental action that will tend to attain this end unless it be the enactment of a subsidy law.

With all due respect for the president and the lofty purpose that animates him in this, as in all his recommendations, The Journal can not agree with him. It is granted that it is desirable that the American flag should once more float to the breezes of all the seas over richly laden argosies. But until there is an imperative need for such a step—until, in other words, it becomes absolutely necessary to the continued welfare of this nation that the merchant marine should be speedily rehabilitated in some way—we can see no sufficient cause for the adoption of a subsidy law. The American people are now busy enough with a thousand other forms of industry and trade than shipping. We have no great surplus of labor that can best find employment upon the sea; we have no idle capital clamoring for investment there. Our hands and our money are busy, too busy for us to ask our government to encourage artificially the development of an industry that shows little native vitality.

Why should we do for ourselves that which we can have done for us at less cost by some one else? If the other nations can do our freighting for us at a lower rate than we can do it for ourselves let them do it. Does the merchant do his own draying if he can hire it done cheaper than he can maintain horses and teams and drivers himself? National necessity or imperiled prosperity under present conditions would, we grant, justify a subsidy law, just as they justify a protective tariff. But first it must be proved that the justifying conditions exist. We are convinced that they do not.

More than that this is a most inopportune time to urge the appropriation of public moneys for private profits. Why should the people permit the national treasury to be used to fatten a new trust just when we are engaged in solving the problem of managing already overgrown trusts? It is significant that those who are loudest in their demands for a subsidy are equally emphatic in opposing the ratification of reciprocity treaties. On the one hand they tell us we must have American ships to carry our foreign trade and encourage its growth; on the other they oppose a measure that is especially designed to promote foreign trade. Can we be blamed for suspecting that they have more of an interest in subsidies than a patriotic desire to advance American interests?

FOREIGN CLAIMS AND MONROE DOCTRINE

With respect to Germany's legitimate claims against Venezuela it is perfectly proper for our government to stand off while Germany collects for her creditor citizens. The Monroe doctrine never contemplated any interference of that kind, for the United States will not play the role of protector of parties who seek to evade their lawful debts. If Venezuela harbors and protects such people she will not receive any encouragement from the United States to resist collection.

Venezuela's president has shown no disposition to maintain peaceful relations with our government. In the asphalt property case he has shown himself a boor. If Germany chooses, as is reported, to send a few warships to the coast of Venezuela to enforce settlement of the claims of German citizens, she is at liberty to do so, but any seizure of territory for purposes of German aggrandizement on this hemisphere will not be tolerated. No German "entering wedge" to colonization or occupation of Central or South American territory by Germany will be permitted. From such movements Europe is respectfully advised to abstain and it is very likely that she will take the advice, even if her jingoes raise a great outcry. They will not be given any opportunity to carry out even the rudiments of their pretty plan for the conquest of our country. It is more likely that Germany will have all she can do to hold her own in Europe before many years. Any predatory excursion to this side of the Atlantic will be a serious mistake on her part.

The country will agree with the president that we must continue to build up the navy. That course is a corollary of expansion of territory and commerce. Expansion means an increased navy. So does the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine.

What will Minister Wu say now? The president says the Chinese exclusion act ought to be re-enacted. It should be considered, however, whether it can not be so amended as not to interfere with trade between China and the United States, as it does at present.

Publicity, publicity, publicity, says the president, that we may know whether the trusts are operating to our injury. No publicity, says the Northern Securities company (see its charter) that the public may not know what we are doing to their injury.

AMUSEMENTS

Adelaide Thurston in "Sweet Clover" at the Metropolitan.

It seems little less than remarkable that two girls with almost no actual knowledge of stagecraft should have succeeded in turning out so good a play as "Sweet Clover." For, despite some crudities in construction, and despite a too literant twanging on a few sentimental strings, the play is a good one. Its merits lies not in its originality, for the story is almost parallel with that of "The Banker's Daughter," with scenes that are reminiscent of other successful comedy-dramas, but rather in the atmosphere of simplicity and truth with which the youthful authors have succeeded in investing the action. The good old rule of a climax for every curtain has been observed, and with success. The inevitable "comedy element" is introduced by the aid of two pairs of lovers who have very little to do with the story, but whose affairs are cleverly intermingled with the development of the main plot. "Sweet Clover" is the story of a girl who marries the wrong man for her father's sake, and then, in the course of the troubles and misunderstandings that follow, discovers that the man she did love is not as worthy as she thought him, and that she has learned to love her husband.

This girl is very sweetly impersonted by Adelaide Thurston, whose girlish beauty and youthful ingenuousness well befit the role. Miss Thurston's claims to starhood are of recent date, her only previous stellar experience being a southern tour as the Lady Barbara in "The Little Minister"; but she gives evidence of talents that justify the claims. She lacks, as yet, that variety of vocal modulation so necessary for an actress who is called upon to express variant shades of emotion. For this reason she is more effective in the lighter passages that verge on comedy. When it becomes necessary to express grief and other conflicting emotions, her voice lacks depth and color. This is one of the drawbacks of youth, and, alas, it usually happens that, by the time an actress has acquired the powers of maturity, she also shows its physical evidences—wherein may be discovered the reason why there have been so few really successful Juliets. But Miss Thurston invests her character with such sweetness, purity and innocence that the picture is both pleasing and satisfying.

The principal character in support, that of the simple old rustic, her father, is played by Otis B. Thayer very consistently, albeit with some exaggeration. The temptation to accentuate the rusticity and simple-mindedness of the old man at the expense of his intelligence and of the probabilities has been too much for Mr. Thayer, who is inclined to overpaint the sentimental passages—which are much too frequent—and to caricature the comedy scenes. With more repression in these respects, the portrait would be an admirable one.

W. H. Tooker, who has just joined the company, shows himself an actor of parts by the discrimination and discretion with which he plays the husband who won the maiden's hand and finally her heart. Francis X. Hope as the unsuccessful lover is virile and forceful. Fred C. Hearn does a wonderfully good character bit as the Yankee horse trader who has been trying for thirty years to ask of his lady love the fateful question, and Miss Eleanor Sheldon in the opposite role is satisfactory, though by no means in the same class. The pair of young lovers are well played by Minnie Maude Allen and Edmund Ford, Miss Allen especially winning favor by her picture of a light-hearted maid. However pleasing to the eye her Rosalind costume is in the second act, it is difficult to imagine such a costume as really being worn at society tableaux. The cast is well completed by Misses Lillian Wood and Eveline Temple as society women.

—W. B. Chamberlain.

Nellie McHenry in "M'liss" at the Bijou.

Good, old-fashioned border melodrama, with a thrill in every situation, is the attraction at the Bijou this week. The play is "M'liss," dramatized from Bret Harte's story; and the star is Miss Nellie McHenry, whose name has been familiar to theater-goers for so many years that it would be unkind to enumerate them. The same play and the same star visited Minneapolis last season; and the same play, with another star, had been seen here long before that. However, the present combination seems pleasing to Bijou patrons.

The story of "M'liss" requires no comment. The play is not so good as the story, for it drags occasionally through overmuch talk, and is somewhat episodical, as are the majority of book-born dramas. On the other hand, the climaxes are effective and the characters are amusing caricatures of types that existed in California fifty years ago.

Miss Nellie McHenry, in the name role, is a rather matronly ingenue, but a prime favorite with the audience. Lacking the sprightliness of youth, she yet makes M'liss a character that appeals strongly to those in front of the curtain, an end which she attains through hard work and a clear understanding of the best methods.

Harry B. Bradley is good as Yuba Bill, and Raymond Finlay presents a diverting picture of the prairie actor. Frank Dayton, who is cast as the schoolmaster, lacks sincerity, his work being marred by an assumption of indifference quite out of keeping with the role. L. J. Loring is amusing as the justice who eats, drinks and sleeps "according to the statoots."

The scenery is good and the frontier costumes effective. —J. S. Lawrence.

Foyer Chat.

The antique tea set used in the first act of "Her Lord and Master," which Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon are to present at the Metropolitan Thursday night, came originally from the shop of Brassbridge, a famous London jeweler, wit, politician and litterateur in the time of Louis XIV. This set is lent by Miss Astor of New York.

"Sweet Annie Moore," "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," and "Lover's Lane," are three songs that have become extremely popular both in New York and London, having been introduced by The Casino Girl company, which will be seen at the Metropolitan the first half of next week.

"Vanity Fair," with Miss Gertrude Coghlan as Becky Sharp, which will be at the Metropolitan the last half of next week, requires thirty-five different speaking characters, and there are five sets of special scenery.

"McFadden's Flats," that everlasting, hilarious farce comedy which has made millions laugh, will be seen at the Bijou next week. An unusually strong company has been engaged, including John Tierney, the well-known Irish comedian; Jennie Lamont, Bobby Ralston, Katie Rooney, Harry Watson, Klein and Ott brothers, George Yeoman, John Gilroy, Charles Saunders, Jerry Sullivan and a large chorus.

HONEY IN THE LEE STATUE

Hundreds of pounds of honey have been discovered in the great equestrian statue of General Robert E. Lee at Richmond, Va. Both the horse and rider are hollow, and it appears that ever since last summer bees have been going in and out at the parted lips and nostrils of General Lee and his steed. The bees are almost numberless, and they have been making honey constantly. There is no way of getting inside the statue without damaging it, and the bees will be left alone in their iron home.

The Nonpareil Man

Little Side Issues.

That strong bit of Irish humor on the part of Galway in electing an officer in the Boer army to parliament does not seem to tickle the spare ribs of Mr. Chamberlain.

Paul Alexander Johnstone, the pin hunter, is now reading palms in Kansas City. There are a large number of Marks in the southwest as elsewhere who easily give up $1 to have Mr. Johnstone translate their paws into English.

The constitution and the flag now seem to be running neck and neck again.

The coal purveyor stepped out on the porch this morning and let the cold nip at him. "I've got them going for four months," he remarked unctuously to himself, as he went back in and joyously ate his rich repast.

A new Dagolini, to use George Ade's word, has come over to annoy the American piano. It costs three or four dollars to suffer the evening through.

Maurice Maeterlinck, the vague, mysterious and shadowy one who is called the Belgian Shakspere because nobody understands his game, showed up in London last month, and, to the great disgust of the worshipers of the vast unknown, he is a fat little cuss who wants to keep in the shadow.

English yachtsmen are trying to get H. R. H. to race for the America's cup. The prince is not likely to place himself in the false position occupied by his ancestor George III.

A large-hearted millionaire of Somerville, N. J., surprised two old friends by presenting them with a house and lot apiece on Thanksgiving Day. A millionaire of this caliber isn't so bad for a friend.

The new horse Directum will not be barred because of professionalism.

The heavy ironclad the Van Sant steamed up the river and threw a shell into the sheriff's office, but finding the place strongly fortified retired. It is thought that it will require some diplomacy to get possession of Fort Megaarden.

About as melancholy an affair as now exists in the newspaper world is the colored supplement.

Confound that turkey! He hangs on like the small boy's all-day-sucker.

Reports from India say that the Pillule of Pimbledepeg is quite sick.

Diary of a Patriarch.

And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years: and he died.—Genesis, v. 27.

Sept. 10, 3190 B. C.—In looking at the calendar to-day, I notice that I have passed my nine-hundredth milestone. I note that I am holding my own well for a man of my years, and I intend to push on and get a registry among the 1,000-year veterans. I have not used tobacco now for 800 years and feel much better for it.

Sept. 15.—In looking over the Genealogical Register of my family to-day, I see that Adam still holds the record, with 930 years to his credit. It must be noted, however, that Adam undermined his constitution in his young manhood by having to do with evil. He was not happily married, and his wife's example led him to some excesses, which caused him to lose his homestead. The strain on him was so great that he did not have the fundamental vitality which I seem to possess. He died of heart failure when comparatively young. The doctors seemed to think that the use of tea and coffee had something to do with it. Adam's children did not turn out well, either, and they were a source of much worry to him.

Sept. 25.—Yesterday I received delegations from several cities of Canaan, who came to congratulate me on my ripe age. There has been some feasting and dancing, in which your old friend Methoos took a part. I had a slight headache this morning and there was a twinge or two of rheumatism in my left foot, where the camel stepped on me 350 or so years back. Must be more careful.

Sept. 30.—A delegation of Philistines called to-day and wanted me to join them and accept the office of Holy Oolah in the grand lodge of Ancient and Variegated Patriarchs. The honor is a high one, and I would have taken it under consideration had I not overheard one Philistine remark to another at the well under the palm tree, "If we get Methuselah riding the camel he will think that something heavy has dropped in Canaan." I believe I shall decline.

—A. J. Russell.

A MODERN NEW TESTAMENT

The translation of the "Twentieth Century New Testament" has been completed in Chicago. The object of the book is to clothe the ideas of the New Testament in modern language. Following is a sample of the old King James version as compared with the new one. The text is that of I. Timothy, ii., 9-14:

KING JAMES.	MODERN.
"In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works. Let these women learn in silence, with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence. For Adam was first formed, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived, but the woman, being deceived, was in the transgression."	"I also desire that women should make themselves attractive by their discreet, quiet and modest dress. They should not indulge in wreaths of gold ornament for the hair, or in pearls, or in expensive clothes, but, as is proper for women who profess to be religious, they should make themselves attractive by their good actions. Women should listen to their teachers and always show them deference. I do not consent to women becoming teachers or exercising authority over men; they ought to be quiet. It was Adam who was formed first, not Eve. And it was not Adam who was deceived; it was the woman who was so completely deceived that she fell into sin."

MY SWEETHEART IN JAPAN

A little figure, quaintly dressed,
In colors soft, of dove-like shade,
Tho' since I left you years have passed,
You do not from my memory fade.

I seem once more to hear the sound,
The clatter of your clogs of wood,
As you came gayly down the street,
Then stopped to eye me where I stood.

I smiled, and then you laughed aloud,
And bowed in quaintest foreign style;
You wanted me to be your friend,
To stay and play with you a while.

Soft almond eyes, so dark, yet bright,
To mine were raised with laughing look;
I stooped beneath your parasol,
And from your lips one sly kiss took.

So through those languorous summer days
I lingered still in fair Japan,
While you played soft the samisen,
Or stayed to cool me with your fan.

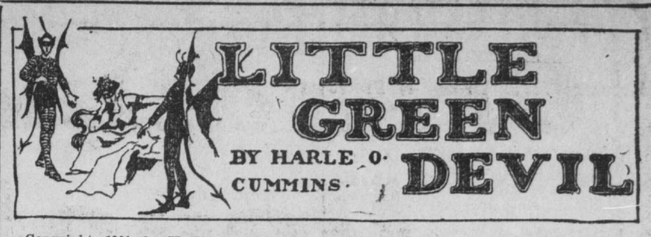
O little maid, I see you yet!
Seated on cushions, at your ease,
Trying to lisp our English words,
Or teach me your queer Japanese.

Sayonara now, and fare you well,
Forget me not, O'Suna san,
For some bright future summer time,
I'll come once more to fair Japan.

—B. H. Carey in Pearson's.

NUT TREES FOR CITY STREETS

Philadelphia man suggests that trees planted in public squares and on streets should be of the nutbearing variety. He believes that a sense of honor would be cultivated in boys, even in the worst neighborhood, if it were explained that the nuts belonged to them, and that they would only damage their own property if they interfered with them before the proper time. Then, when the nuts were ripe, they would be taken from the trees under the direction of the city forestry department and a new festival day be inaugurated, marking their distribution.



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The invitation I found waiting me on my return from a trip south was a great surprise. I had been private secretary to Colonel Wade for six months, but that was certainly no reason why his wife should have included me in her list of guests.

It was to be a masque ball, and I had nothing to wear. The affair was to take place that very night, and the fact that I was half in love with Miss Dorothy, the colonel's eldest daughter, made me hurry down to a costumer's shop. M. Clausen shook his head as he surveyed my five feet six.

"I have nothing that will fit you, sir," he said, "unless you will take this green devil costume. There were three of the devils ordered, but two of the gentlemen came in yesterday and told me that their friend was sick and wouldn't be able to use this suit, so it's on my hands. You may have it for $5. It's dirt cheap at that price, but it's so small I wouldn't stand a chance of getting back the cost of the cloth renting it. What do you say?"

I said "Yes" immediately on seeing the costume. It was a giddy affair with its livid green tail, its long, stuffed tail with a fork at the end and two little horns projecting from the cap.

I paid M. Clausen his price, congratulating myself on getting a fine suit so cheaply, and hastened back to my rooms to try on my purchase.

When I presented myself at the Newbury street house at 9 o'clock that night, Colonel Wade greeted me in the hall facetiously:

"Ah! So we are to be honored with other members of the family? Two of your brothers are already here. You're Dr. Swain, I'll wager."

If the man with whom I came in daily contact did not recognize me, my disguise was perfect. I laughed to myself as I passed up stairs.

Ten minutes later I was mingling with as great a crowd of notables as were assembled on that famous Styx houseboat. Several William Shaksperes were stolling about the room, Napoleon Bonaparte was having a desperate flirtation with Joan of Arc, and over in one corner William Penn was busily fanning a somewhat portly edition of Queen Elizabeth.

As I stepped into the ballroom I jostled against a tall man dressed exactly like myself, except that his costume was of a glowing crimson. The meeting was evidently more of a surprise to him than to me.

"Where in h—l did you come from, Shorty?" he whispered, pulling me out of the crowd.

"Why, naturally, that's just where I did come from," I answered, disguising my voice and wondering meanwhile at such language even from a brother fiend.

"I told the professor you were cooked for six months when I saw the pinch yesterday. How did you get out?"

"Ask no questions," I answered in a solemn tone, laying my finger on my lips. "I have leave of absence from his satanic majesty himself for to-night only. To-morrow I shall be cooked again, as you say."

"Well, we mustn't be seen together; might cause suspicion. See you later."

I knew not a thing of what he was talking about, but as my answers were probably equally puzzling to him I judged that we were even. Following his advice, I left him and began looking for a certain young lady.

In a few minutes I had found a graceful Cleopatra, whom I thought I recognized to such an extent that I was perfectly willing to play Antony to her for the rest of the evening.

Dropping the high falsetto in which I had been talking to the red devil, I assumed my natural voice.

"Oh, Mr. Churchill! Is that you?" exclaimed the Egyptian queen. "Why, I'd never have known you in this world!"

"In this world, of course not; but you certainly would in the lower one, where you see I belong, Miss Dorothy Cleopatra," I answered, and we shook hands.

"I'm so glad to find some one I know," she continued. "I've been talking to so many kings, queens and emperors for the last half hour that you mustn't mind if my conversation is a trifle stilted at first."

"And as I've just been comparing temperatures with a neighbor of mine from hades, you mustn't mind if there is a certain warmth to my remarks," I answered.

We were in the midst of an interesting tete-a-tete when some one tapped me on the shoulder. Turning, I saw another devil—this one clad in somber black—behind me.

"Sorry to disturb you, but I must see you for a few minutes," he said gruffly.

I excused myself reluctantly to the fairy queen and walked toward the library with my black companion.

"Andy said you was here, but I didn't believe him," he muttered when we were alone. "I got you out here to tell you the new plan. We had to change it when we thought you was pinched. Wilson, the fat butler, will meet us three here with the keys as soon as they start down to supper. Andy'll have his togs off an' be down at the back door with the team, an' you an' me—we've got to git the kid. Madge is goin' to have him tied up in a shawl an' gagged in the first room at the top of the back stairs. You've got to keep watch in the halls, for there's a dozen fly cops hangin' round, and I'll see that we git the kid down without any holler. Savy?"

I signified that I understood, shuddering at the horrible plot I had accidentally discovered. Colonel Wade had three daughters and one son, a baby boy scarcely two years old.

"Now, don't go makin' any dates to take the fairy I saw you talkin' to down to supper, but be sharp when you hear the signal to march down."

Queen Victoria and Sir Walter Raleigh came strolling into the library just then, and the black devil left me abruptly, whispering, "If you git a chance, that Cleopatra you was talkin' to has got a fine bunch of stones in her back hair. We could use them, too."

Leaving the library, I hastened out in search of my host and found him in the drawing-room chatting with Mary, Queen of Scots.

"Colonel Wade," I began, excitedly, getting him to one side, "there's a plot to kidnap Robert to-night while the guests are down at supper. The other two devils, the butler, a servant named Madge and I don't know how many others are in the scheme."

"And who are you?" he began, glancing suspiciously at my livid costume.

I took off my mask, and never shall I forget the warmth of the handclasp he gave me as he muttered, "Ted, my boy, I can never repay you for this."

Calling a servant, he gave orders for the orchestra to play another waltz and to wait for word from him before striking up the march for supper. Then he sought out the private detectives he had stationed in the house and told them the plot on foot.

And while the crowd of poets, soldiers, heroes and heroines of bygone ages in the ballroom were waltzing to the strains of "The Serenade," a red and black devil, a white-faced nurse maid and two trembling lackeys marched ingloriously out the front door and boarded a large covered wagon resembling an ambulance, but which is known down in the west end as the Black Maria.

Daily New York Letter

Johann Beck, Freight.

Dec. 3.—The World this morning prints the following:

Johann Beck of Budapest, an artist, 25 years old, was found yesterday fainting from hunger and thirst in the hold of the steamship Palatia of the Hamburg-American line. He had shipped himself as freight in an ingeniously contrived box, which appeared on the ship's manifest as containing "a model."

Beck was alive in St. Mary's hospital, Hoboken, at a late hour last night. He was not sufficiently conscious to talk, but when he was asked whether his name was Johann Beck, he weakly nodded his head in the affirmative. The doctors think he may recover. He takes nourishment naturally and frequently. His scheme of stowing himself away was the most complicated and elaborate ever attempted to beat passage across the Atlantic. To come over by freight cost him nearly half as much as the price of passage in the steerage, and may possibly cost him his life.

Beck is five feet four inches tall, and in his present emaciated condition weighs 120 pounds. Papers belonging to him show that he lived in Budapest, Hungary, before he went to Hamburg. Here he lived on the third floor of No. 23 Langestrasse, in the St. Pauli district. He gained a precarious living as a painter. He received many letters from his sweetheart, who addressed him as "Lieber Hans" and signed herself "Lovingly, Johanna."

These letters, neatly arranged in a small pasteboard box, were among the most precious possessions Beck brought with him to the new world.

He Saved Nearly $20.

Judging from the care bestowed upon the equipment of the traveling box, Johann Beck schemed for months before he set out for America. He found out that steerage passage would cost him 120 marks, or $30, while a box of the size he planned and weighing 150 pounds could be sent over for 40 marks, or $10. This, of course, did not include the expense of making and equipping the box and fitting it out with provisions, nor the cost of cartage from Johann's lodgings to the steamer pier.

The young painter bought a stout packing case of quarter-inch stuff, well braced at the corners. It was five feet ten inches long, four feet high and two feet ten inches wide. At one end of the bottom of the box Johann placed an old flat leather valise, stuffed with socks and undershirts. This was his pillow. Next to it he strewed sweet new-mown hay to the depth of ten or twelve inches. This he trod upon and stamped until it was only four inches deep. Then he covered it with burlap, tucking the coarse cloth in at the edges. This was his bed.

The lid of the box Johann battened together into one piece and fitted under it a rack so that he had room for half a dozen shirts, undershirts and a night shirt, a dozen newly laundered collars, a long tin box containing camel's hair brushes and a foot rule, a ready-to-put-on mustard plaster, a comb and brush, and a mustache trainer.

How He Was Provisioned.

Then came the provisioning. Johann got two dozen pint soda water bottles and filled them with coffee mixed with milk and sugar. No one knows how much food the man put in, but as the Hamburg-American ships generally make the trip to New York in ten days, he apparently overlooked the fact that the Palatia, a freighter, takes much longer time on her trip.

Beck went down to the company's office and paid the freight on his traveling box. He said it contained a model and would be called for at Hoboken. Then he sent a letter to a friend asking him to notify the company after the ship sailed that the box contained a live man. Next he went to an express office and paid two marks to have the box taken to the Hamburg-American pier. He hurried home and stepped into the box, pulled down the lid and fastened it with hasps.

When the expressmen called a few minutes later they found the door of Beck's apartment open. In the deserted room stood a big box marked "I. B. 71." Each end of the lid was marked "This side up" and "Use no hooks."

In paying the freight charges on himself, Beck arranged that the box should go express—that is, that it should be piled on the top layer of freight and so be readily accessible when the ship should arrive.

No Light or Air.

The Palatia was delayed for twenty-four hours in the river, but that escaped the notice of Johann Beck. As soon as he guessed that he was alone he turned the hasps and opened the lid of the box. There were eighteen inches of space between it and the steerage deck, so Beck had room to crawl out sidewise. Not a ray of light and little air entered his prison.

Longshoreman Frank Roeder went down hatch No. 4 to break out cargo. In the semi-darkness he heard a hoarse voice whispering "wasser," the German word for water, and discovered Beck.

Beck could not reckon the flight of time. He never saw any light from the day he stepped into the box until the longshoreman, Roder, dragged him forth to-day.

Beck must have gone mad or he would have drunk from the bottles of coffee left in the box. There was also a large double cake of chocolate in the box, weighing half a pound.

Soldiers Are Held Down.

After a trifle over two months on shipboard, the 900-odd soldiers who arrived here from the Philippines on the transport Buford on Sunday morning, prepared for a frisky time ashore to-day, but they were doomed to disappointment. The quartermaster's department, which has charge of shipping all arriving troops to their destinations, was not quite ready for the Buford's load, and so they were obliged to remain aboard the big transport all day.

To-morrow the 500 who are to go to Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., for garrison duty, will be sent away, but it will be several days before the rest, who are to go to Plattsburg, will be sent there. In the meantime they will have to remain aboard the transport. Colonel Thompson is an old soldier, and he knows that it would be taking a long chance to let his hardened veterans ashore just now, after their long sea journey and their three years of tough campaigning in the Philippines.

The soldiers did not know that they were to be deprived of shore leave until the transport got to her dock. Then they began to apply for permission to go ashore "for a little while." But Colonel Thompson was obdurate. He saw too many signs of long thirst. The soldiers were indignant and cussed their officers and their fate.

The Collector Bidwell Case.

Carl Schurz, who is justly esteemed as the best living authority on civil service reform, upholds President Roosevelt's action in the case of Collector Bidwell. "I do not know," he says, "the reason the president had for refusing to reappoint Mr. Bidwell. But I do not believe anybody suspects Mr. Roosevelt of having resolved upon that displacement as a mere move in a faction fight, or of having acted upon any other similarly unworthy motive. He seems to me fairly entitled to the presumption that this is one of the exceptional cases which do not permit the publication of all the circumstances, and that, without abandoning any of his principles, he has done the best he could in a complicated situation. That such exceptional cases do sometimes occur I know from personal experience." The Evening Post, which has hitherto been disposed to be critical concerning the Bidwell case, now editorially coincides with the view taken by Mr. Schurz.

Charges Against the Standard.

Fire Chief Croker's charge that the Standard Oil company violated the law by having a large quantity of naphtha stored in its Eleventh street building, and that this was the cause of the $750,000 fire, will be investigated by District Attorney Philbin. The charge, however, is denied by the representatives of the company.

BIOGRAPH CRAZE IN BRITISH SOCIETY

The photograph craze of the eighties is being equaled by the mutoscope mania of today in England, and English society delights in seeing itself as a biograph saw it. At an exhibition in Birmingham the other day Mrs. Chamberlain came across a reproduction of her husband making his speech at Blenheim. "It is wonderful, Joe," she exclaimed to her husband, "Why, I am just closing my parasol."

VOTED AS THEY PLEASED

Among surprising incidents of the recent city and county elections in New York state was the victory of J. N. Locke, who was chosen sheriff of Hamilton county. Independent voters were dissatisfied with all candidates nominated for the shrivalty, so they quietly scratched them and substituted Locke's name. He had a majority of twenty-one.