THE JOURNAL

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SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

Payable to The Journal Printing Co.

Delivered by Mail.

One copy, one month..........$0.35
One copy, three months..........1.00
One copy, six months..........2.00
One copy, one year..........4.00
Saturday Eve. edition, 20 to 26 pages..1.50

Delivered by carrier

One copy, one week..........8 cents
One copy, one month..........35 cents
Single copy..........2 cents

THE JOURNAL is published every evening, except Sunday, at 47-49 Fourth Street South, Journal Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

C. J. Billson, Manager Foreign Advertising Department.

NEW YORK OFFICE—86, 87, 88 Tribune building.

CHICAGO OFFICE—307, 308 Stock Exchange building.

WASHINGTON OFFICE—45 Post building. W. W. Jermane.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Subscribers ordering addresses of their papers changed must always give their former as well as present address.

CONTINUED

All papers are continued until an explicit order is received for discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid.

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NORTH DAKOTA'S "HONESTEST GUV'NER"

At the Fargo farmers' convention last week it was not J. J. Hill, the great railway builder and manager, who received the most applause and the warmest welcome. It was plain John Miller, the first and, as the old farmer who called for three cheers for him said, "The honestest guv'ner North Dakota ever had." The cheers that followed, as well as the whole tone of the reception accorded to Mr. Miller, showed that in the long run, even in a state where there have been many unscrupulous politicians, personal integrity, devotion to the public welfare and high ideals of citizenship receive the meed of honor that is their due.

Since John Miller's time the people of North Dakota have had enough experience with weak governors to appreciate the worth of a strong, independent and thoroughly honest man in the governor's chair. The political combinations that have managed that state so much of the time, notwithstanding their great power, have never been so close to the people as Mr. Miller.

The subject of Mr. Miller's address was in harmony with his character as a man. He followed the veteran journalist H. P. Hall, who had gone to Fargo to act as a sort of advance agent for Mr. Hill. Mr. Hall's address had been largely obsequious glorification of Mr. Hill, a tribute to what he had done for the northwest and a suggestion that he was indispensable to the development of that region. But Mr. Miller pointed out that it was the strong and rugged characters, the good morals, the potent wills, the high purposes of the men and women of North Dakota that had made the state what it is to-day.

Neither Mr. Hill nor any other man gave the people of North Dakota their character. If the state had been filled with Mexican peons or Chinese, Mr. Hill might have built ten times as many miles of railway as he has built and labored ten times as hard as he has labored to promote the interests of the state and still North Dakota would have been a backward sister.

Mr. Miller showed that it was American citizenship more than aught else that made North Dakota great. And he made an earnest appeal to his listeners to set before themselves high ideals of civic duty.

It is significant that the very class of North Dakotan politicians who never had any ideals of civic duty are among those now loudest in supporting Mr. Hill's plans, and were the very ones who fought for the Louisiana lottery and against Mr. Miller, when he, as governor, with George B. Winship of Grand Forks, made their great fight and saved the state from the disgrace of sheltering the infamous institution.

If the good that men do lives after them, the name of John Miller will be written in the roll of names whom the state of North Dakota will delight to honor long after the names of men who stand conspicuously for the contrasted brand of citizenship in North Dakota have been dismissed from consideration as unworthy of a place in memory.

Charles M. Schwab, the president of the United States Steel corporation, will not hereafter be in great demand as a model for the youth of this land. It was all right to point out to the boys how the boy who once carried drinking water to the men in the Carnegie mills had become the head of the greatest corporation in the world, but as a true account of his life will include his recent gambling operations at Monte Carlo, we will have to cut it out of our sermons to youths. It is a question whether Schwab as gambler will not be as bad an example to the impressionable boys of the United States as Schwab the successful captain of industry was a good example. The spectacle of the fascinating disregard of money exhibited by the magnate as he played the limit at Monte Carlo is likely to be more attractive to the boy than the account of the laborious years that gave Schwab the wealth he disburses so extravagantly. As a shining example Schwab will have to be withdrawn.

How very 'cute Wall street is. We learn that it is now rumored there that Governor Van took his action against the merger with a view to securing a renomination and re-election.

A 12 per cent reduction in merchandise rates, both terminal and distance tariff on the Northern Pacific and Great Northern and, incidentally, the Soo, is a good thing; and the wholesalers of the cities will rejoice in and be thankful for it. But reductions on coal and lumber and wheat, which the farmer desired, did not appear. There will soon be a demand for Mr. Hill to address another convention of farmers.

THE AROUSED "INTERESTS"

The talk of reciprocity and Congressman Babcock's bill providing for the freelisting of many articles manufactured by the steel trust and reducing duties in several of the tariff schedules, have naturally had the effect of bringing out the strong antagonism of industrial interests which have long enjoyed the benefits of high protective duties. The late President McKinley thought the time had arrived for some modification of customs duties and for the adoption of a judicious reciprocity policy, which would enable this nation to hold the trade advantages it has acquired abroad during the last few years and to amplify them. The conviction of many of these interests no doubt is, that duties which gave them a profitable field for commercial exploitation some years ago and at present, ought, as a commerciay necessity, to be continued indefinitely and that tariff laws should be regarded as unchangeable except, perhaps to increase them. There can be no change of this conviction until public sentiment is strong enough to insist that the policy of protection shall be administered according t othe correct, scientific meaning of the term.

There are many industrial interests whose promoters have a most erroneous idea of the meaning of protection. Some think that their products require 100 per cent protection. Others think 150 or 200 per cent is only fair. Others stand firm at 50 per cent. Babcock gets near to the true conception of protection. In his statement he says he has not reduced a schedule where labor is the greatest part of the cost of the article and that there is not a single item in the bill which will in any way affect labor. In making reductions each article is given full protection, as compared with the cost of production in other countries, leaving a margin in our favor. The true protective principle may be reduced to a formula like this: It would be reasonable to reduce each duty to an amount equal ot the difference in cost between American and foreign articles. It is only necesary to find out the cost of producing an article of American origin and the cost of producing the foreign article and the difference between the sums is the measure of duty to be laid on the foreign article. That is ample protection, for foreigners who wish to introduce goods in our country would also have transportation and insurance charges to pay.

Of course, protection above the point indicated becomes a bounty, a gratuity, to the interest receiving it and a tax upon the nation. The great extent to which we have in this country carried the unscientific theory of protection makes it more difficult to establish the scientific system. Long continuance of a false policy makes It seem to be an irrefragable truth and right to the beneficiaries. They are not to be severely censured, for they have had every encouragement to be deeply grounded in their belief. This belief will ultimately give place to the economic doctrine set forth in the last speech of President McKinley.

An esteemed contemporary says "there seems to be a string to the St. Paul Globe's democracy." Don't you think anything of the sort, kind sir. The Globe is a straight democratic newspaper, for the nominees and the principles of the party.—St. Paul Globe.

Is railroad monopoly one of the "principles of the (democratic) party?" It seems to be the principal thing for which the Globe stands nowadays.

CARELESS CRITICISM

Lop off some swell-head professors, and cut the pay of lightweights. There's something rotten at the state U.—Martin County Sentinel.

We admit that the advice to "lop off" would be good if the diagnosis justified the operation. There are no swell head professors at the university, though some are large with the learning and wisdom they contain; and as for the lightweights, the policy is to get rid of them altogether, when they are discovered. The conjecture as to rottenness is a mere haphazard guess quite unworthy of the Sentinel. The university, as the cap of the the state's splendid public school system, should and, with a few exceptions does, receive the support of the country press. In fact the quoted expression from the Sentinel represents some momentary irritation, we take it, rather than a settled policy of prejudice.

Alex McKenzie of North Dakota, recently in retirement in a federal palace in San Francisco, informs a newspaper man that Governor White of North Dakota made a mistake in writing to Governor Van Sant "before he had fully considered the questions involved." True, Alex, true. And you were one of the questions involved. But don't be too hard on the governor of your state. He will never, never, as long as he lives, do it again. He is no John Miller.

MORE POPULISTIC JOURNALISM

As one of the papers referred to by a financial publication as populistic, we desire to welcome the Pioneer Press into the ranks of populistic journalism. The Pioneer said yesterday morning:

But neither he (J. J. Hill) nor any man living is fit to be trusted, without adequate restraint by a superior authority, with powers which so intimately affect the rights and interests of every citizen in the vast region dependent upon the services of his lines. * * Such powers, unless subject to some effectual restraint, would be simple despotism.

If that be populism, we must say that populism has suddenly expanded, so that it now includes most of the papers and people of the United States free to express their own opinions and judgment.

The Northwestern Retail Lumbermen's association is a sort of distributing trust. Its avowed object is to compel the wholesaler and manufacturer of lumber to reach the consumer through its members and in no other way. Secretary Hollis reports with pleasure that the number of complaints against manufacturers for ignoring the rules laid down by the retailers has been only forty-nine during the past year. Mr. Hollis ingeniously attributes the small number of complaints to increasing fidelity among the wholesalers to the rule. From what we know of human nature we would prefer to attribute the decrease in complaints to the booming prosperity of the present, which makes it impossible for the wholesaler to keep up with his orders. He doesn't have to hunt for orders and skate over the thin ice of possible violation of the rules laid down for him by the retailers.

Dr. H. M. Bracken's account before the sanitary conference, yesterday, of the origin of smallpox visitation that has now been epidemic in the United States for some years, though in rather less harmless form, was very interesting. It shows how the close relationship that exists between the nations nowadays is sometimes the means of disseminating evil as well as good. According to Dr. Bracken's account the epidemic can be directly traced to the Cuban revolution. The disease was not brought from the Philippines, as has been supposed, but from Cuba by refugees fleeing from the disorders of that island in 1895. One of the arguments of the anti-expansionists has been based upon the facility which world-wide political systems afford for the spread of contagious diseases.

SOME FOREST TO BE SAVED

Congressman Morris is reported to be now willing to withhold a little of the forest area in the Leech Lake group of ceded Indian reservations from the ravenous timber wolves who have been sharpening their saws and axes and licking their choppings for a feast on the sweet chunks of pine those reservations contain. It is represented that at the request of Senator Clapp, Mr. Morris is now agreeable to the reservation of some islands in Leech and Cass lakes and some peninsulas that are especially picturesque and worthy of preservation for aesthetic reasons.

In this compromise the purpose of the reservation seems to be that of a park, pure and simple. The forest reservation and preservation will be merely incidental. Yet, if the area reserved is so large as 100,000 acres, and it is chosen largely for its growth of pine, the amount of timber thus preserved will not be inconsiderable.

Such a reservation would amply answer the purposes of the sanatorium advocates, of the tourists and of those in search of a suitable camping place for an outing in the woods. It would fall short of the plans of those who desire to see the national government inaugurate a scheme of practical forestry in a considerable region around the headwaters of the Mississippi, both as an object lesson and for its direct practical utilities. It is conceded by all that there is more or less land in the reservations that is not adapted to agriculture. Why should not a commission of experts choose these lands and unite them in a reservation with those chosen for scenic beauty? But if the efforts to save some of the original pine forests of northern Minnesota give us 100,000 acres on the shores and islands of the lakes, they will have been far from vain.

The nomination of two gold democrats as the caucus choice for senators from Iowa is said to be regarded as a victory for the gold wing of the party. In that sense it may have some significance, but what difference does it really make which wing of the democratic party of Iowa is in the ascendent?

THE GEARY LAW

The objections to the further extension of the Chinese exclusion law made by Secretary Hay to the senate immigration committee yesterday, are worthy of consideration. Our government has been endeavoring to promote our trade relations with China and it would be an affront to the Chinese government to extend exclusion without conferring with the latter on the subject of renewing the treaty approving the law which expires in 1904. China may terminate the treaty by giving notice before its expiry; otherwise it will extend another ten years.

If China does terminate the treaty and congress re-enacts the exclusion law, the latter will not have the support of the treaty for China is not likely to consent to bind herself to such a stringent law again. She can hardly be expected to do so. The administration is committed to the policy of excluding Chinese laborers and the proper way to proceed is for the government to negotiate with the Chinese government for restriction upon the emigration movement which is confined to one or two provinces in China and can be controlled by the provincial authorities.

Restriction should begin at the point of departure. The government of Japan has agreed to restrict the emigration of Japanese laborers to this country, and the same thing may be accomplished in China. Chinese immigration into this country is comparatively light. There are only about 125,000 Chinamen resident in the United States and most of the evils originating with them, as alleged, could be removed if the cities where they live enforce their own ordinances. For instance, in San Francisco much is heard about the Chinese quarter being a plague spot. It is such through the neglect of San Francisco to enforce her own ordinances. When the bubonic plague broke out there last year, the locality was cleaned up and fumigated and disinfected for the first time. The plague spot exists simply because the city will not enforce its sanitary laws.

The Chinese were invited to this country on equal terms with immigrants of other nations. They were coaxed to come and build the transcontinental railways. They were made to believe that they were an absolute necessity to the nation. It was discovered that they were a menace to white labor on the Pacific coast and the sentiment changed from satisfaction to hatred and persecution and hostile legislation. The Chinese being disfranchised take the place of the under dog. Our government cannot undertake to deport them. The laws of exclusion could hardly be more severe than they are, and, just now, on the ground of self-interest alone, it would be very bad policy to anger the Chinese government with whom it is desirable to negotiate commercial treaties which will give our manufacturers and merchants large trade advantages in China.

It is the duty of congress to effect an understanding with the Peking government on the subject of restricting immigration. The Geary exclusion act was passed without notifying the Chinese government or securing its assent. That assent was obtained some years after in a treaty with China. It was an entirely improper mode of procedure on the part of congress to ignore the views of China, and such methods ought not to be of record in the future. If China had been treated in the past with some deference to her rights, it is probable that the Boxer tragedy would not have blackened the pages of modern history.

JUDGE FLANDRAU RETIRES

All his long life has Judge Flandrau of St. Paul fought for the correct spelling of his name, but the fight has been one appalling series of defeats. A town was named after him in South Dakota, and they had to spell his name Flandreau. Yesterday the venerable lawyer announced to the supreme court that he had tried his last case before it. And this morning the papers print it "Flandreau." But, seriously, we can well understand that it was an affecting scene when the judge yesterday terminated a legal career extending over fifty years. Judge Flandrau's life has been good and noble. He has faithfully served the private and public interests that have been confided to him. His career is inextricably intertwined with the history of the state. The retirement of such a man reminds us that the days of the youth of this state are rapidly passing.

A New York dispatch to a morning paper tells us that Wall street is quite sure that opposition to the merger is waning in the northwest and that it is believed in the street that if the application for a hearing in the supreme court could be withdrawn in a dignified manner the state would be glad to do it. That story may or may not correctly represent Wall street opinion. If it does Wall street has a lot to learn.

The Nonpareil Man

Pictures of the Past.

O, for those childish days of old,
O, for the vanished year,
When all the gang was "down" on me
And teacher twigged my ear.

I'd like to be that boy again—
To saw four cords of wood,
And when I felt like raising Ned,
To "sit down and be good."

I'd love to stop the horse's kick—
Be bitten by the dogs,
And reprimanded by a man
For stoning cats and frogs.

I'd love to take part in a fight
With George the butcher's boy—
When neatly pounded to a pulp,
To see my schoolmates' joy.

O, for those happy days of yore,
When on the fence I'd sit
And see the bad boy with my girl,
While I was "aber nit."

Poor as I am, I'd freely give
A dollar and a half
To be a boy just long enough
To lead the hungry calf.

"These scenes," to quote the Authors' Club,
"Now hang on Mem'ry's wall."
Thinking of Life's glad Spring, we raise
A tearful caterwaul.

On the Side.

Perry Belmont is going around among the Tammany people in New York exhibiting a deep dent in his person and intimating in no uncertain tones that Croker was "The Mick who threw the Brick."

General Funston professes his willingness to stay at home. An operation for appendicitis and a new baby usually allay this feverish thirst for excitement.

The revision of the 400 for the American continent is completed. Mrs. Astor never speaks when she meets us.

Ex-Governor Shaw of "Ioway" does not drink, gamble nor swear and has six toes on one foot. Wall street is beginning to breathe easier.

They are beginning to think about plowing in South Dakota.

Predictions are made that the open winter will be closed for repairs in February. This sounds like the talk of the people who gather around the cheerful blaze in the coal man's fireplace. We are holding for an open February.

Since Mr. Schwab's remarkable gambling record at Monte Carlo, gamblers in Steel trust stock are beginning to raise a loud cry of moral protest.

The Kansas City papers report that "when Bishop Cameron Mann reached North Dakota recently, he was surprised to find the sun shining and the temperature quite moderate and endurable." They have lied about the northwest so long down there that they really believe themselves.

The bees are out and strawberries are blooming in southwestern Missouri, and they are taking up a collection for the coal man.

A Life Among the Exchanges.

After reading 500 consecutive newspapers per day for 500 consecutive years, a strange phenomenon occurs in the mind of the exchange editor. It is not exactly analogous to the position in which the chicken-eater who eats a chicken a day for 100 days on a wager, finds himself. But it has features similar. The chicken eater, as time goes on and chickens go down, begins to note an aversion for the fowl growing on him and it is his ability to rise above this distaste that makes him a successful eater of chickens on wagers.

With the exchange editor the aversion is not directed to newspapers as a whole. But in the course of time he feels a distaste for a certain paper which finally grows into a sturdy hatred. It is not that the paper in itself is objectionable, it may have been a favorite exchange a few months ago, but he knows that the distaste for newspaper reading in general is settling in that particular channel.

The present exchange editor of this paper has confided to me that just now salary could not hire him to read the Pittsburg Dispatch. He knows that it is one of the best papers on the list. Its news service is well handled, print is good, editorials concise and clear, miscellany well selected, pictures attractive—and yet—— Well, all he can say is that he won't read it. In a few days this will wear off and the paper will take its old place as a favorite.

There are some bright spots in an exchange editor's life. The exchange fiend is not so troublesome as he formerly was. The Old Reliable who used to come in and explain that he was an old subscriber—had in fact taken your paper for about eight million years—and wanted to see a copy of the Ballyhoo Blue Blazer, does not call as often as he did in the eighties. The newer variety of fiend wants to see everything and to see it every day. He has an advertisement running in twenty or thirty sheets and is anxious to see how it looks. He usually smokes a section of Manila rope with a bouquet that draws nails and suggests a Filipino cooking school.

But the Exchange Fiend is not always a bad fellow. He relieves the monotony of the sea of papers, and the cockroaches leave after they have piped his cigar once or twice. No, the exchange fiend may be met with insult and contumely, but he turns the other cheek, always having cheek in reserve, and shows a Christian forbearance that cannot fail to make a hit in the exchange-room as at present constituted:

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of fiends distinguish, her election
Hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that editors' buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well comingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.

So will I say that shouldst thou wish
From this stern office to secure and drag away
The Billville Eagle or the Moorhead Blade,
Welcome, thrice welcome, fiend, but leave, I pray,
Thy "snipe," of wet dog in the tender spring suggestive,
Beyond the purlieus of the clos-ed door,
There to suggest unto the forceful and stern-languaged janitor
The mouse in wainscot perished.

—A. J. Russell.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Opponents of Governor Van Sant are champing their teeth over the publication in The Journal of Tuesday, exposing their plans. The trouble is that publicity sadly interferes with the still hunt they are conducting. It is hard enough to line up the boys against the administration when they are in the dark, but to have the whole end and aim of their campaign heralded abroad is very confusing.

There is no doubt as to the correctness of The Journal's information. Confirmation comes from every direction. The anti-Van Sant cabal is powerful. Its strength consists in the personal ambition of both great and small men who have joined its ranks; in personal hostility to the state administration, arising from appointments, and last, but not least, in the always potent influence of the Great Northern in state politics. The railroad influence is always present, but is always more felt than seen.

There are no railroads supporting the governor. Many railroad officials are doubtless in sympathy with him, but they have not said a word. The only ones to talk are minor employes.

Employment of M. D. Munn as one of the counsel for the state, gave color to the story that Governor Van Sant was inspired by railroad interests. From a political standpoint Mr. Munn's selection was bad. No doubt about that. But suppose other railroad companies should oppose the consolidation, and object to being absorbed or throttled. Would it be wrong to accept their moral support in a battle against monopoly?

Much of the personal work in St. Paul on behalf of the merger is being done by Alex. McKenzie of North Dakota, who is stopping at the Merchants' hotel for the winter. Mr. McKenzie has spoken his mind about Governor White, and says that gentleman made a great mistake in writing his first letter to Governor Van Sant "before he had fully considered the questions involved."

Governor White probably sent his telegram promising to attend the Helena conference before having "fully considered." He did not arrive at the stage of a full consideration till the day the governors started for Helena, when he discovered that it was all a mare's nest. Perhaps Mr. McKenzie could explain what constitutes "full consideration" in North Dakota.

Governor Van Sant addressed the Roosevelt club of St. Paul last evening, and after his departure the club passed a resolution indorsing him for re-election.

The Journal's Washington correspondent says:

Congressman Fletcher has little to say for publication over the withdrawal of Mayor Ames from the congresisonal race, but all of Mr. Fletcher's friends in Washington are taking it for granted that the withdrawal will make Mr. Fletcher's renomination a very easy matter.

Thomas H. Shevlin, national committeeman from Minnesota, is spending a portion of the winter at Washington.

—Charles B. Cheney.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

"All the world loves a lover," is an old saying, and ages have proved the truth of it. Perhaps this is the reason that the successful play of to-day is the one into which the dramatist has injected a liberal amount of love-making. "Heart and Sword," the romantic comedy in which Walker Whiteside is to be seen at the Metropolitan to-night, has its portion of this sublime theme, but not to the extent that it militates against any one of the other absorbing themes woven so artistically together.

The company supporting Jefferson de Angelis in his new comic opera, "A Royal Rogue," to be presented at the Metropolitan the latter part of next week, is said to be the best this favorite comedian has ever had. It includes several artists well known in this city. Henry Norman was for five years the principal basso-comedian of Henderson's American Extravaganza company. Miss Helen Byron, the principal comedienne, was last season W. H. Crane's leading soubrette.

It is seldom that Minneapolis theater-goers extend to any organization the praise accorded that matchles organization, Ellery's Royal Italian band, during its recent visit here. The band came here practically unknown, but it was soon the talk of the town. The band returns for six more concerts, commencing with a matinee Sunday and concluding Wednesday evening, with the usual matinee on the closing day.

Among the numerous high-clas atrtactions which have appeared at the Bijou this season, it is doubtful if any have pleased theater-goers in so great a measure as Kellar, the magician, who is holding the stage this week. Kellar is to-day without an equal, and the entertainment he is presenting is one of exceptional merit. Saturday the only remaining afternoon performance will take place.

Lovers of melodrama will be offered an exceptional treat at the Bijou the coming week, when "Lost in the Desert," a most thrilling play, will hold the boards. The piece is promised to be presented by a capable company, and special attention has been given to the scenic effects. The acrobatic work of the troupe of Arabs is marvelous.

ON QUAKER HILL

Where tall pines crown the lonely hill
The unkempt grasses wave,
And shifting shadows ever weave
The semblance of a grave.

From the long shade the passer-by
At noonday turns aside;
'Tis but a shadow on the path
Thy steed and thee may ride.

The stranger turns at dusk to catch
The white gleam of a stone;
Fear not, for thou, save thy good steed,
Cross Quaker hill alone.

For voices with the wind shall speak,
Forms with the dusk uprise;
And swaying gallows creak, and steps
Be heard, and phantom cries.

The tall pines moan, the branches shake,
Slow falls the snow, and still;
The moaning night wind sighs "Alas!"
Like the dead on Quaker hill.

—Ina Lord McDavitt, in the Boston Evening Transcript.

A REMARKABLE OPERATION

London Daily News.

One of the most remarkable triumphs of modern surgery achieved in connection with the present campaign in South Africa is furnished by an operation that has recently been performed upon Captain A. R. Finlay of the Second battalion, the Bedfordshire regiment. This officer was shot through the head at Vlakfontein, the bullet penetrating the forehead and eventually emerging at the back of the skull. He was picked up on the battlefield apparently lifeless, and was carried to the nearest hospital tent. There he remained in an unconscious condition for nearly two months, during the whole of which period one side of his body was paralyzed. He was then sent to England, in the faint hope that the sea voyage might possibly do him some good, and, on arrival at Southampton, was removed, more dead than alive, to a private hospital in Welbeck street. While in this institution he came under the professional care of Victor Horsley, who succeeded in removing no less than twenty-seven pieces of shattered bone from his head, and thus restoring sensation to the shattered side. Captain Finlay stood the operation exceedingly well, and his complete recovery is confidentially anticipated.

FORTY YEARS ON ONE MEAL A DAY

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Pottsdown, Dec. 30.—Rev. John J. Eberle, a retired Baptist preacher, was found dead in his bed this morning. On July 14, 1860, he began the practice of eating one meal a day, and did not deviate from that rule to the time of his death. He took no nourishment whatever between meals. From the age of 17 to 37 years he was an intense sufferer from complicated ailments and adopted the one-meal-a-day method to effect a cure. His health improved under this system of dieting, and the distressing headaches with which he was afflicted disappeared altogether.

Couldn't Do Better.

Chattanooga ews.

If President Roosevelt wants a first-class secretary for his navy, he might hand the job over to Dewey or Schley.

A STRANGE ALLY

By C. B. LEWIS.

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Everybody that knew Uncle Jerry Billings recognized that he had no earthly use for anybody on earth who didn't believe in the Methodist religion. It was a mania with him. He hired farm hands of that persuasion only; he bought of and sold only to those he called the true believers; he would not give sup or bite to a tramp who had a leaning in any other direction.

He was a widower with a grownup daughter who kept house for him. In one way it was unfortunate for him that most of his neighbors were Baptists. His opinions were so strong that he would not visit, borrow or lend, and of course they were forced into the same policy. One of his neighbors was Joseph Shields, and they had let each other alone for five years because they differed as to how their souls should be saved, yet Uncle Jerry often said:

"Joe Shields is a good feller and a hard-workin' man, and his wife Martha is a mighty good woman. If they'd only turn Methodists, I'd be glad to go over there once in awhile."

One day Farmer Shields died. If Uncle Jerry hadn't been away in Illinois on a visit to his sister, he might at last have stood

"WIDOW, PAIL AND MILKSTOOK WENT FLYING."

at his gate and seen the funeral procession pass, but he didn't get home until a week later. Then he said to his daughter:

"Hanner, I'm a determined man, and I can't go back on what I've said, but mebbe it wouldn't hurt the Methodist religion very much if you should go over to see the widder and tell her I'm a little sorry Joe has been called away."

"Shall I tell her that of course he couldn't go to heaven believing in the Baptist religion?" asked the daughter.

"No, not skassly. It's jest possible that a few Baptists do creep in, and we don't want to hurt her feeling's. I allus did like Martha, and if Joe hadn't met her first mebbe I should have asked her to marry me. You might ask her if there was anything I could do, and you needn't hurry home. If you ain't back by sundown, I'll have bread and milk for supper."

The widow wasn't "sot" in her religion, but there was nothing Uncle eJrry could do, and time passed until her husband had been dead a year. She lived in the same quiet routine and had a hired man to see to the farm. Uncle Jerry was uneasy right along, but stuck to his text and contented himself with sending Hannah over occasionally to ask if everything was going right. One afternoon, much to his own surprise, he found himself over the line fence between the two farms, and, the Rubicon having been passed, he kept on until he had reached the house and found the widow drying apples in the sun.

"You know how I stand on religion, Martha," he said, with the freedom of a neighbor, "but mebbe it don't allus apply to widders. Anyhow I'm kind of feelin' as if it was my duty to see that the hog holes in the fences was stopped up and that your cows didn't git the holler horn for lack of salt twice a week. Is your hired man the right sort?"

"I haven't got any," replied the widow. "He got sick two weeks ago, and I have only a boy to look after things. I don't want you to risk your soul's salvation, though."

"I shouldn't want to, of course, but I'm willin' to take a few chances for your sake. You was allus set down as a Baptist, but I don't believe you are a real hard shell. I've sometimes thought that if you married again, and married a Methodist, you'd come into the fold after awhile."

"But we won't talk religion," he said, turning away to hide her smiles and blushes.

"No, we won't. Hannah was tellin' me that you had a new cow."

"Yes."

"And she's a kicker?"

"She's a bad one, and the boy won't go near her, and I fear for my life every time I go out to milk."

"Shoo! Is that so? Waal, we'll sort of forget religion for awhile, and I'll take that cow in hand. I ain't afraid of no kickin' cow on earth. I'll kind of tell the boy what to do about the crops and see that the cattle don't get into the corn, and twice a day I'll come over and milk that kicker. Better leave the pail hangin' on the barnyard gate in the mornin', as I'm an early riser."

"You are too good, Uncle Jerry," she murmured.

"That's on account of my Methodist religion," he answered rather proudly. "It allus affects a person that way if he's in earnest about it, while the Baptist belief—But never mind. I'll show that cow a trick or two if she lifts her leg at me."

Night and morning for the next three months Uncle Jerry milked that kicking cow as punctually as the sun rose and set. At long intervals, when the cow happened to be mentally busy on other subjects, he got through peaceably, but on fourteen occasions out of fifteen she raised a row and generally got the best of it. He might have grown discouraged and advised her slaughter or sale, but he had come to look upon it as a case of Methodist versus Baptist, and he was determined that the Baptist should knock under. Then came a day when his religious zeal carried him beyond due bounds in speaking to the Widow Shields, and she resented it by saying that he needn't trouble himself further. That angered him in turn, and he went home to say to his daughter:

"Hanner, you needn't mind about the widder any more. She's like all them Baptists, and I hope that old cow will kick her clear across the barnyard the first time she tries to milk."

He went to bed trying to make himself believe that it was a case of ingratitude, and he vowed he would never climb the line fence again; but his sleep was broken with bad dreams, and the still small voice kept whispering. So when morning came he took his way over the old path to do the usual milking. He was too late. He reached the widow's barnyard to find that she had been ahead of him. Even as he looked over the gate she was sitting down beside the cow in a gingerly way, determined to milk or die. Uncle Jerry started to turn away, but a vicious switch of the cow's tail made him pause; and twenty seconds later out shot a hoof. Widow, pail and milk stool went flying.

"You can't do it, Martha, and there's no use tryin'," said Uncle Jerry, as he lifted the half conscious woman in his arms.

"Wh-what's happened?" she gasped as she opened her eyes.

"The old cow has histed you."

"And—you—you—"

"I'm a-holdin' you in my arms and lovin' you and sayin' that after we are married I'll kind of give way on my Methodist religion and you'll kind of give way on your Baptist and we'll turn that old cow into corned beef and be happy evermore."

Daily New York Letter

Edwin Gould to Handle the Money.

Jan. 16.—The International Power corporation, designated the fiducuary agent of the United States government in China in collecting the indemnity growing out of the Boxer troubles, is to have for its head Edwin Gould, who it is stated on authority, will succeed the late Marcellus Hartley. From its formation the corporation has had the Gould interest prominently identified with it.

In the designation of the new corporation to act as the agent of the government in the orient, the Gould interests have triumphed over the Morgan-Rockefeller combination through a legal technicality. The Guarantee Trust company, controlled by Mr. Morgan, was the first in the field, but its charter forbade it to do business outside of this state.

The International corporation will at once establish branches in the Philippines, where it will act as a United States depository. It is expected that by the time the indemnity has been collected the bank will have become a power in the orient. In the Philippines the handling of the army and navy moneys alone will be an immense item.

The German Loan.

Two Wall street houses, A. A. Lisman and Zimmerman & Forshay, are asking American investors to subscribe to the new 300,000,000-mark loan of the German empire and Prussian government.

A. A. Lisman offers 115,000,000 marks of the German 3 per cent loan and 135,000,000 marks of the Prussian 3 per cent consols. It was at first reported that no part of the loan would be allowed to come to investors in the United States, but under the conditions offered Americans can take nearly all of the $72,000,000 if they desire.

Russell Sage's Troubles.

Russell Sage practically acknowledges the possession by Iseba'la d'Ajuria, the woman who is suing him for $75,000, of a check drawn to her order and signed by him. Mr. Sage was visibly disturbed by the announcement that the marchioness intended to use the check in her suit. He was told how she had taken it to Falk, the photographer, and had it photographed a few weeks ago.

"This check must have been obtained through a business transaction," Mr. Sage said. "I canot remember it. The woman probably came to my office and ordered me to buy some stocks, and this check was probably given in connection with these stock transactions."

Only six weeks ago, according to Photographer Falk, Mme. d'Ajuria brought to his office a check signed by Russell Sage for $500 and a few odd cents, which she asked to have carefully protographed. She cautioned Mr. Falk to let no one see the proofs, saying that the matter was strictly private between herself and Mr. Sage.

"I was considerably surprised," said Mr. Falk, "and I exclaimed, 'What, has Russell Sage been having his miniature painted by you, and if so, what are the odd cents in the check for?' "

Mme. d'Ajuria told him that Mr. Sage had not been having his miniature painted. "And as for those odd cents," she said, "well, they show that whatever this check is for, Mr. Sage has deducted his commission."

Who Got the Rake-off?

Bert Reiss, a lawyer and a member of the republican county committee in Brooklyn, who was defeated for congress a year ago, made a violent attack last night on Lieutenant Governor Woodruff, Michael J. Dady and other managers of the organization, in a speech delivered before the John Kissel republican battery of Williamsburg. Speaking of Dady's relations with Sheriff Guden, who was elected at the last election on the fusion ticket, Mr. Reiss said:

"This sheriff (Guden) told six individuals besides myself that immediately after his nomination Michael J. Dady sent for him and in Dady's office he said M. J. Dady made him sign an agreement, written in Dady's own handwriting, whereby he (Guden) would give said Dady all he earned over $12,000 and would allow said Dady to name all his subordinates if elected. Guden says that the said agreement was put in an envelop marked "In case of death deliver to Charles Guden," and deposited it in Dady's safe where, from all accounts, it still is, unless destroyed. Guden said further there were two other letters in that safe, each writer agreeing, if elected, to allow the machine or organization as some delight to call it, the naming of all subordinates in their respective offices.

"This sheriff's friends saw in the agreement with Dady a trick. Not only did Dady name all the subordinates, but, should the courts declare the bill making the sheriff's office a salaried one unconstitutional, then, under the agreement, Dady would get all over $12,000 per annum, the office, under the fee system, being worth at least $65,000 per year, or, the term being two years, $100,000."

Sheriff Guden went to Albany last night. Before leaving he refused to say anything about the charges made by Mr. Reiss. Mr. Dady is in Havana.

"Snap Hook and Eye" Stock.

Anybody who wants to buy stock of the Snap Hook and Eye Company of America can find several brokers who do business on the curb on Broad street, who will sell cheap anywhere from one share to 200 shares. They have been trying for forty-eight hours to find somebody to take the stock off their hands, but up to the close of the market yesterday they still had it. On Monday the stock was selling around $40 and yesterday it was offered at $1, with no buyers.

This condition of affairs in the stock of the company came about, according to certain curb brokers, by the departure from his usual haunts of the secretary and treasurer of the company, W. Alex Ellis.

The Snap Hook and Eye Company of America was first traded in on the curb about six months ago. It has been quoted at from 36 to 48. Not much was known on the curb about the concern except that it manufactured a hook and eye that was said to be a dream and an ecstacy to all womankind. It was known that the company had an office at 25 Broad street and that it had a factory somewhere. That was all the curb speculators cared to know until they were unable to make deliveries of stock which they had been commissioned to buy. Then they wanted to know a lot. They soon learned enough to knock the life out of the price of the stock.

Ellis registered late last night at the Bingham house in Philadelphia. He said:

"I have nothing to say. I may remain in Philadelphia several days. I may go elsewhere. I am on a business trip. I know nothing about the Snap Hook company."

He declined to say anything about stock transactions.

The Sunday Question.

Rev. St. Clair Hester of the Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, in a sermon on the Sunday question, said the city was now on the dividing line between the Puritanic and the continental Sunday, and as New York settled the question so also would the country. He regarded the issue as a momentous one. As between the Puritan and the continental Sunday, he favored the golden mean; but if the choice had to be between one or the other, he would unhesitatingly choose the Puritan Sabbath. There was a good deal of selfishness in our observance of Sunday, he argued. We are in favor of the day of rest—for ourselves. But if we want a cigar on Sunday, we think the cigar store should keep open for out benefit. If we want the Sunday newspaper, we ask that the newsdealer shall deliver it on Sunday. If we want a drink, the

HANDICAP OF ARISTOCRACY

The World's Work.

It is true, we have a territory of boundless resources and an advantageous geographical position; but it is not these that are giving us the lead, for these are but the materials of success. Success itself is an individual quality. If men of the same race and of the same capacity live, generation after generation, some under the social and political conditions of the old world and some under the conditions of the new world, the freedom of initiative and the freedom of opportunity in a democracy will make the men who live under it more efficient than the men who live under an aristocracy. That the English race in a democracy should outstrip the English race in an aristocratic society was to us a foregone conclusion a hundred years ago. If it had been possible for England to rid herself of what Burke meant by his fine phrase, "rank and title and all the solemn plausibilities of the world," it would never have been possible for the Amerisans in any way to outstrip the English.

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