THE JOURNAL

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GOVERNOR VAN SANT'S MOMENTOUS ACT

Early in his contest with the merger Governor Van Sant prophetically remarked that, in beginning an action against the proposed consolidation of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads, Minnesota had begun a struggle that had the profoundest significance and that would reach further than even the most careful observers supposed. Events are fulfilling this prophecy. The governor may have builded even better than he knew, though his prophecy shows that he had taken a long look ahead and felt that in daring to beard the collosal merger he was taking what might prove to be the first effective step in the great struggle for control of corporations that have in some instances grown greater than their creators.

The action which the president has instructed the attorney general of the United States to bring precipitates the huge question of national power over trusts. The action is to be under the Sherman anti-trust law which forbids "a contract, combination in form of trust or otherwise, or a conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states."

Thus the "obscure western governor" of lordly Wall stret appellation has by simply doing his duty brought up for consideration and action by the nation the whole question of the trusts. Realizing this fact, Wall street has already ceased to scoff. It may really have thought "an obscure western governor" scarcely worthy of notice, but the president of the United States, especially when that president is Theodore Roosevelt, is not to be disposed of with a contemptuous smile.

But if Van Sant had not acted Roosevelt would not have acted.

Of course there is loud moan about the injury done to business interests by this act of the president, but in connections of this kind "business interests" may be translated to mean "trust or monopoly interests." Railroad securities are, of course, affected, and it is conceivable that the disturbance might extend to general business, but the trust question must be settled some time. And no great question was ever settled without disturbance of some sort.

THE NOTIFICATION TO RUSSIA

The note issued by Secretary Hay to Russia and China is a corollary of the Anglo-Japanese treaty so far as that document insists upon the open door for trade. It leaves the inference, of course, that Russia may expect the moral support which our government can give to the alliance of England and Japan. It is a reminder to Russia of her pledge to our government on Dec. 13, 1900, in which she stated that "as to the ports now opened, or hereafter to be opened to foreign commerce by the Chinese government, and which lie beyond the territory leased to Russia, the settlement of the question of customs duties belongs to China herself, and the imperial government has no intention whatever of claiming any privileges for its own subjects to the exclusion of other foreigners. It is to be understood, however, that this assurance of the imperial government is given upon the condition that a similar declaration shall be made by other powers having interests in China." This pledge was regarded as abundantly sufficient by our government, and Secretary Hay declared that he could find no evasion in the reply to our government's request to pledge an open door in China. At the request of Secretary Hay the other powers having interests in China made answers of the same tenor with Russia's. Russia is bound therefore, to recognize the justice of our position, that we are entitled to have an equal share for American merchants and capitalists in the big market which is opening in China.

Neither England and Japan nor our government can legitimately attempt to disturb the concession made by China in 1895 to Russia for railway construction in Manchuria. China was not forced or juggled into making that concession. She was emerging from the ill-starred war with Japan of the previous year and was glad to have Russia occupy Manchuria and enter upon railway construction under the protection of Cossack troops, for she feared Japan would follow up her former successes with encroachments in that quarter. Russia holds that concession for eighty years. If the Anglo-Japanese treaty is construable as retroactive, the two powers, to be consistent, will have to notify Russia to withdraw from Manchuria, notwithstanding her concession, and likewise notify Germany to get out of Shantung province, where she has established herself under exclusive concessions from China. Japan holds Formosa as part of the war indemnity she obtained from China; France holds Tonquin by conquest from China; England holds Hongkong by what may be termed conquest, and Russia has appropriated about a third of the original Chinese empire; at least, as it stood a half-century ago. The expression "preserve the integrity of the Chinese empire" would seem to mean the preservation of what is left of it.

Our own government has consistently held the position that our citizens must be secured against any impairment of their treaty rights in China and that the impairment of the rights of the citizens of one power would mean the infraction of the rights of all. The Anglo-German alliance of 1900 was designed to preserve the integrity of the Chinese empire and keep its ports open to the trade of the world. Specifically has Russia proclaimed her adherence to the open-door policy,and when three such powers as the United States, Great Britain and Japan are of the same mind as to the effectuation of the policy, there is no doubt that the pledge made by Russia in 1900 and repeated since, will be, as to its strict performance, insisted upon. The declaration made by Secretary Hay to the powers on July 3, 1900, is sufficiently explicit as to our policy as to China, "to seek a solution which may bring about permanent safety and peace in China, preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity, protect all rights guaranteed to friendly powers by treaty and in law, and safeguard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese empire." This is the American policy to-day and it is a good policy.

The chief obstacle in the way of letting the Postal Telegraph company go ahead with its cable to Manila without fear of competition from the government seems to be a fear that the company is acting in collusion with the Eastern Extension Cable company with a view to maintaining a monopoly of cable communication with the far east. But as the company binds itself to give greatly reduced rates, gives government business at terms fixed by the postmaster general the preference, and agrees to sell out to the United States at appraised value at any time, the government ought not to think of building a cable. This is said with the qualification that it should be assured that the Postal company will build at once and complete its line within a certain time.

TAX LEGISLATION ON DANGEROUS GROUND

Friends of an improved tax code, extremists as well as moderates, must proceed carefully now or the special session will adjourn without accomplishing anything. Friends of legislation of some kind were found voting against each other on the Wallace amendments in the house yesterday. If they continue to oppose each other the minority that is resolutely opposed to all legislation may have its way.

The private and public discussions of the tax commission's proposed code have brought out the fact that the people are not prepared to accept such drastic features as that code comprises between sections 35 and 51 inclusive. Representative Wallace has struck the popular chord in his amendments which substitute the provisions of the present law for those designated. These amendments were adopted yesterday with some exceptions and under them, of course, the primary assessment of personal property is left in substantially the same condition as under the existing law. The Jacobson amendment to Section 60 provides that in case of a refusal to list personal property the assessor shall make an arbitrary estimate accompanied by a notation of failure to make a sworn list. The county auditor is required to increase such an assessment 50 per cent. This increase or penalty may, however, be abated if the property owner ultimately decides to swear to a list. It is a question whether this Jacobson amendment does not practically restore most of the effect of the drastic sections for which the Wallace amendments were substituted.

It appears that country members who, at heart, favor the whole code presented by the commission, will oppose the measure as modified by the Wallace amendments, even to the outcome of no legislation whatever. They say that the effect of the modified code will be to let city personal property escape and that country real estate will bear a correspondingly increased burden. To some extent this may prove to be the case, but as the measure will undoubtedly secure somewhat larger assessments of city personal property than at present, it is not likely that the present balance between city and country will be greatly disturbed. As such a change must take place within the limits of 2.83 mills, which is the entire general levy, and will scarcely add a tenth of a mill to any farmer's burden, if it adds anything, there is little practical reason for country opposition to the measure. The country must remember that pure justice really requires that the cities be relieved of some of the burden of state taxation, though it is so light as not to lead the cities to complain strenuously. Again, if farm lands are assessed too low in the country and personal property too high, relatively, it must be remembered that city real estate is over-assessed as much as city personalty is under-assessed. A far as rural local taxation is concerned it may reasonably be expected that an increase in real estate assessment will be followed by a proportionately lower rate. At the same time such an increase in real estate assessment will work none of the special hardships that sweeping taxation of all personal propery would work in the cities.

It is conceded that the amended bill dispels all visions of the possible taxation of all forms of property and will result in much the same treatment of personal property for taxation purposes that we have now. But other parts of the bill are well worth saving. Members who think that the Wallace amendments do not eactly "tote fair" as between city and country will do well, in view of the infinitesimal difference it can make to them at most, not to take a stand that will distinctly set back the cause of tax reform.

There is no hope that the bill as originally reported can ever pass. The amended bill is conservative and safe and sets a limit in tax legislation beyond which people are not willing to go.

Attorney General Knox may be able to serve the country as well as he served his private clients and with as much devotion. He now has an opportunity to do so.

A PARALLEL

In explaining President Roosevelt's motive in proceeding against the Northern Securities company, a Washington dispatch says:

> He takes the position that he is just as much bound to act if public interests are threatened and laws violated by the Northern Securities company as he would be if a grave riot were in progress and disorderly persons were destroying property of Messrs. Morgan, Hill and Harriman, in violation of the United States laws, and the state authorities, incapable of enforcing public order, should call on him for United States troops to put the riot down.

Readers of The Journal will recall that it has used similar language in defending Governor Van Sant's course. It was as much the governor's duty to enforce the law against consolidations as it would be to call out the state troops in a time of public tumult to defend the property and protect the lives of the very persons who tried to persuade him not to do his duty.

A contributor to the Lanesboro Leader makes a strong plea for the use of numbers in designation of country residences. This idea was much discussed at the good roads convention at Buffalo, and has been introduced in practice along rural free delivery routes in Michigan. Any one who has ever driven much in the country knows how difficult it is to find a certain farmhouse without making repeated inquiries. Now if the farmhouse had a fixed number on a road with a fixed name it would be very easy to find it, with good signboards to direct the traveler on his way.

TROUBLE IN SPAIN

There is more trouble in Spain. Spain has been a fearfully troubled country for a century past. The unrest growing out of strikes on a large scale in the province of Barcelona, has spread to the whole northeastern region of Spain, and General Weyler, the minister of war, has placed all Spain under martial law and will no doubt, judging from his record in Cuba, not hesitate to put down the disturbances by a "blood and iron" policy. Behind the strikers are the anarchists and the situation portends a chaotic condition, during which it is not unlikely that the Carlists may make another attempt to wrest the kingdom from the line of Queen Isabella, who was made the successor of old Ferdinand VII., who, in 1829, by as mean a swindle as was ever perpetrated, without a regular meeting of the Cortes, decreed the abolition of the Salic law which excluded females from the throne. If Don Jamie wants to renew the struggle of his forebears for the throne of which they were unjustly deprived, he could have no better opportunity. The Basque provinces can be depended upon to back him, although they have met with so many disappointing results of their loyalty to the Carlist cause.

The violence and bloodshed in northeastern Spain suggest that the young son of Alfonso XII. who will get out of the leading strings of his mother, the queen Regent Christina, in May, and proceed to rule over his unfortunate kingdom, will likely have a rather unsatisfactory reign, for Spain, after a century of popular struggles after greater liberty and better government, which have not yet been attained, although there are some betterments, is still trying to find out what she really wants and how to get it. The political parties are numerous, from anarchism up to stiff conservative royalists, between which there is an agglomeraton of theorists of various shades of liberalism, but apparently hopelessly disunited, as the late Emilio Castelar, found out to his sorrow when he tried to turn the provisional republic, over which he presided in 1873, into a real republic through the union of the liberals. Alfonso XIII. is only 17 years old and there is little prospect of any independent action on his part and he will no doubt be under the control of the reactionaries who have been the curse of Spain and the leading obstruction to her progress Let us hope that the youth who bears the weight of the formidable name Alfonso Leon Ferdinand Maria James Isodore Pascal Anthony, may have wiser counsel than his predecessors had. It would certainly be advisable for him to keep as far away as possible from his grandmother the ex-Queen Isabella, who has been the torment of Spain for seventy years and still lives and is able to make mischief yet.

When considering the Cuban tariff reduction problem, it will do no harm to remember these words of Senator Platt of Connecticut:

> I am as strong a protectionist as ever, but I believe that proper and reasonable tariff concessions can be made on Cuban products, in return for Cuban tariff concessions on American products, that would greatly benefit the trade of both countries and not appreciably injure any American industry. I think the cause of protection is being wounded now in the house of its professed friends, and that the free-trader cannot injure that cause as much as protectionists can who insist upon unreasonable and unnecessary customs dues.

We can see no objections to the amendment to the primary election law adopted by the senate yesterday. As a rule in cities of 10,000 or less the citizens are not in danger of those local combines and machines whose malign influence the primary election law is supposed to do away with in the larger cities. The amendment applies purely to local offices. All other officers that come within the scope of the law are to be nominated by the primary election system.

Senator Nelson is quite right in saying that the American people will never consent to the abandonment of the Philippines. The time may come when the Filipinos, having achieved a self-governing status, will be entitled to decide whether they will continue to travel with us or go their own way. But mere abandonment of the Philippines is not to be thought of. It is true that it is embarrassing both to the Filipinos and ourselves that they are at present in such an unclassified political relation. Yet to attempt at the present time to commit the nation to a definite policy as to their future would be a great mistake. The wisest course is to make the Filipinos understand that their destiny is in their own hands, and that the quickest and surest way to realize independence, if that is what they wish, is to stop fighting and take hold with the American administration for the improvement of the country and the people.

The Commercial Club is entertaining the state editorial convention in a most creditable manner, and it is a body that is worthy of such entertainment. There occasionally comes out in the country press an ill-ratured fling at Minneapolis, which is without justification. Meetings between the editors and local people, such as the convention and its attendant social features are sure to bring about, will go a long way toward causing Minneapolis to be judged on its merits. A successful convention of this kind is apt to be worth much more to the city than some conventions that have thousands of delegates and visitors.

What is the use of discussing the now purely academic question of whether the war with Spain was preventable? The war brought about a lot of improvements in Cuba, Philippines and Porto Rico that would never have come under Spanish or unassisted local government. The stamping out of yellow fever under the American administration in Cuba may prove to be worth the whole cost of the war. Not only has yellow fever been driven out of Havana for the first time since its appearance there, but the source of the infection has been discovered, and it is now known how to proceed to avoid the dread disease.

The Grand Forks Herald is entitled to complimentary mention of its recently issued North Dakota edition. The state has been covered in this edition in amazingly complete and satisfactory form. A paper that can issue such an all-around good edition is a credit to the state.

AMUSEMENTS

"The Girl from Baxim's" at the Metpolitan.

It won't do to stop and think at "The Girl from Maxim's." The only safe course is to float along merrily on the full tide of laughter. There are several reasons why thought is dangerous to enjoyment. One is that the story is so full of absurdities and impossibilities that with the first pause for cogitation vanishes all illusion. And the first law of the drama is illusion. We must accept the hypotheses proposed by the playwright, if we can, else the superstructure will come crashing about our ears. In this case George Feydeau, the author, asks us to believe that his characters are deaf and blind and without reasoning powers. With that premise, the story at once becomes possible and funny.

And then it is quite necessary to ignore the rather shameless audacities of the play, if one is to enjoy it. We have not quite reached that stage of enlightenment—or decadence—where like the Parisians we enjoy being shocked. But an American audience is usually mollified by the saving flavor of humor and calmly ignores what it does not wish to take note of. There is perhaps a gasp when Praline is first disclosed under rather compromising conditions, but the explanations that follow partially clear that up and the merry ront of mistake and misunderstanding goes careening on to the end.

Only a few of the play folk who appeared here in the play last year are still in the company but the performance still goes with commendable spirit. W. H. Turner, to whom has been entrusted the role of the doctor whose one lapse from the path of virtue has brought on a train of domestic disasters, certainly weaves a tangled web when first he practices to deceive. His conception, however, is the obvious one and quite lacking in the little touches that woud make it distinctive. On the other hand, Joseph Allen as the general, his uncle, is a capitally jolly old gentleman with an infectious laugh and an unconscious egotism that is deliciously droll. Miss Lena Merville plays the girl who causes all the trouble with vivacity and audacity—the two qualities most necessary in a Moulin Rouge dancer. She sings and dances only passably well. Miss Florence Gerald is deserving of praise for her excellent interpretation of the thankless role of the deceived and impressionable wife. She invests it with a fervor and genuineness that go far toward making its absurdities seem probable. John H. Armstrong still makes a hit with his laughable picture of the stupid young duke. The other characters are for the most part well done.

The occasion was made notable last night by the presence of a large number of the visiting state editors and their ladies. They seemed to appreciate the performance thoroughly.

—W. B. Chamberlain.

Foyer Chat.

David Belasco's latest comedy, "Naughty Anthony" comes to the Metropolitan on Sunday evening for four nights and one matinee. Not much attention has been paid to plot, just a series of amusing situations that keep the audience in good humor. The cast is headed by Marie Doro, said to be one of the youngest and prettiest of comediennes, and Will F. Phillips who plays the title role.

The Orpheum Show at the Bijou next week is pleasing large audiences in St. Paul this week. It is one of the best vaudeville aggregations on the road.

"Yon Yonson" is still attracting crowded houses at the Bijou.

WU THOUGHT IT WONDERFUL

Minister Wu Ting-fang had a new experience the other night at the residence of Professor Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone. Professor Melina, a sleight-of-hand performer, was present. The Chinese minister smiled affably when he saw the performer began shuffling a pack of cards. Several of the guests selected cards, and Melina then declared the cards were on the back of Mr. Wu's neck. "You are a bright young man," declared the minister, as Melina took the cards and several others from the diplomat's flowing robes. Next the conjurer removed an egg from the minister's mouth. "I am not a chicken," declared the minister. Melina, to show that Mr. Wu had other eggs concealed, took seven or eight from various parts of his clothing. He then handed the minister a $10 bill, and, cautioning him to hold it tightly in his hand, stepped away from him. "Have you got it?" be asked. "I have, and it won't get away from me," answered the minister. When he opened his hand he was tightly clutching a small piece of newspaper, and Melina extracted the bill from a lemon which the minister was allowed to cut. "Wonderful!" said Mr. Wu. "Tell me how you do it?"

NEAR THE HEAD OF THE LIST

Seventy-three years of married life is almost the record, and it is held by an old couple in Fairfield, Iowa. These aged lovers were married January 22, 1829, and they have lived together continuously ever since. The unusual part of the case is that they have never been separated even for a day since the words which made them one were spoken. They are Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Hunter. Although Mr. Hunter is 91 and Mrs. Hunter is 89 years old, both are remarkably well preserved. They are perfectly happy and contented and expect to live to celebrate their diamond wedding.

Curious to Know.

Smart Set.

The Bachelor—Why, I've just reached my prime.

She—What delayed you?

The Nonpareil Man

Only Half Protected.

Several people in Chicago were vaccinated on the arm and it took. Later on it was discovered that they had smallpox, but it was also ascertained by medical examination that they had it only on the unvaccinated side. Since then, several doctors are insisting on vaccinating all patients on both arms; price $1 per arm.

The above contention seems to settle the case of the Hindoo twins now in London who are joined as the Siamese twins were. One of the twins believed in vaccination and the other was a strong anti-vaccinationist. The medical twin had himself promptly vaccinated and the other twin, to escape the virus, claimed to be immune because of his brother's vaccination. The doctors are in much doubt over this contention. If, however, the Chicago case is a precdent, it seems clear that only one quarter of the Hindoo twins is properly protected. This is clearly an outrage on the public of London.

Casually Observed.

Well, the extermination of the Boers might stop the war—all except the interest paying and that will continue to be fierce for some decades.

Santos-Dumont puts up a skyscraper without foundations.

England has about $200,000,000 worth of new have on the stocks. When we look at England's prospective debt, say for 1910, we shudder.

When royalty comes over, the Society of the Unfurled Ears is in its full glory.

A Three Rivers, Mich., girl has advertised in the want columns for a man. She says:

> Must have a man right away. I would leave my happy home for a man. I would like a good looker and a high stepper.

The demand for man seems to be on the increase.

Frank C. Andrews of Detroit arrived in that city a few years ago with $1.25. He left it for jail the other day owing the bank of which he was vice-president $1,500,000, which he had acquired without security. His game was what is technically known as plunging—a game in which the young fellow with money bets the old kings of Wall street that he is quicker than they are with his eyes blindfolded. They usually win.

We are happy to say that the Charles City, Iowa, board of education has turned to the wall the Venus of Milo and the Winged Mercury. The clothing merchants of the town are standing behind the board in a body.

McGinty Dumont.

Monday marnin', just at 9,
Santos-Dumont, dressed so fine,
Went flyin' over Monte Carlo's hall,
W'en the wind it whipped about,
Turned his airship inside out,
And Santos, like McGinty, took a fall.

Down wint M. Dumont to the bottom of the air,
And I guess he'd been there yet,
For the sea was rather wet,
Had not some one turned about
And from danger pulled him out,
Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

Our Trip Up the Nile.

Cairo, Jan. 2.—For the last two or three days we have been sailing up the Nile on our Howadjis, which are strange little boats with triangular sails. We put in several days at Khartoum, where Lord George Gordon was killed by the Arabians and where, afterwards, Lord Kitchener fought the Mummy hoards to a standstill until the plain was strewn with their bodies. You may remember reading about the false prophetess, Miss Ella Mahdi, or El Mahdi, as she was usually called, who escaped at this time and was afterwards rounded up by the Egyptians and slain. We take it that El was a sort of Arabian Joan of Arc, or something of that kind. Lord Kitchener, whose name is still held in terror in North Africa, is now at work with fire and sword in South Africa. Whatever he may do there, he certainly made this part of Africa a desert, if appearances may be believed.

We have not yet seen any of the Mummy natives, at least none who are alive. When we ask for Mummies, they show us dead ones. Possibly they were all killed off by the English.

The dam at Assquan is a wonderful bit of engineering skill. It extends across the Valley of the Nile and is intended to hold enough water to supply Lower Egypt during the dry season. This is one of the ways the English occupy themselves when they have everybody in the neighborhood licked to a finish.

We have decided, if the way opens, to cross the desert with a caravan to the French line of railroad. You may possibly hear from us next at Ijijijiijiji or Dar Fur. Lovingly, Lucille, Mary H. and Margaret.

—A. J. Russell.

OTHER PEOPLE'S NOTIONS

A Logical Conclusion.

To the Editor of The Journal:

A railroad attorney of St. Paul, speaking before the Congregational club in this city on Monday evening, is reported by The Journal to have used the following language:

> In your city, a few days ago, distinguished and eloquent men, at a Lincoln celebration, indulged in gloomy prophesies of disaster, based on recent alleged combinations of railroad interests centering in this state.
>
> It seems to me, however, that the situation is neither hopeless, nor serious. It is the undoubted power and duty of the governor of this state to enforce the laws of Minnesota and to prevent their violation. If the so-called merger is a violation of our statutes, there is a simple and common-sense way of preventing this violation, and that is to repeal the statute forbidding the consolidation of railroads.

The speaker undoubtedly referred to the Lincoln Day banquet of the Hennepin Republican Association, and it is fair to assume that his remarks were directed more especially at a speech delivered at that banquet by myself. In that speech, while pointing out the dangers of commercial despotism, the only prophecy I made was one not of gloom and disaster, but of hope and confidence that the republican party, to which I belong, and to which the gentleman above quoted does not belong, would, by its wise action, avert this danger and destroy the modern trust. But the remedy the gentleman suggests has the merit of boldness, and, while not entirely original, it is the first time I have heard of its being seriously suggested to thoughtful people. He calmly tells us that if the railroad consolidation is in violation of law, the common-sense way to prevent this violation is to repeal the law. Carry this suggestion to its logical conclusion, and we would, at the behest of the defaulter, repeal the law against embezzlement; at the behest of the thief, repeal the law against larceny; at the behest of the murderer, repeal the law against felonious homicide; at the behest of those seeking to exercise arbitrary power over the people, repeal the safeguards of our constitution and abandon the principles of the declaration of independence, and, as a final crowning act of all, repudiate the decalogue and let license and anarchy reign supreme.

—Eugene G. Hay.

A KANSAS GRAFTER

"Speaking of grafts and grafters," said a Topeka man to a Washington interviewer the other day, "I knew a man out in my state who had your man beat to death. This fellow advertised a sure potato bug exterminator. He inserted the advertisement in all the farm and country magazines and journals, offering to send his exterminator for $1. He received dollars by the thousands. What he sent them was a little package, containing two small, square blocks of wood, marked 'No. 1' and 'No. 2.' The printed directions that went with the blocks read something like this: 'Hold block No. 1 in the fingers of the left hand, the smooth surface up. Place the potato bug upon the smooth surface. Grasp block No. 2 firmly between the index finger and the thumb of the right hand, and bring it down sharply on the back of the bug. This device has never failed to exterminate the bug.' Of course, it wasn't long until the post-office people were riding his neck. If I'm not mistaken, he got ten years."

At a Woman's Club.

Smart Set.

Miss Homely—As for myself, I should prefer to be kissed to death.

An Unkind Member—But where would you get an executioner?

A TELLING SHOT

By Anne Allen

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"I don't see what you want a gun for," said Tom crossly. Tom was cleaning his golf sticks, and it always makes him cross. Margaret lay in the hammock and watched him.

"I don't see what you want a gun for," he repeated.

"To shoot with," she explained.

"You're getting very sporty," he remarked, scowling at his midiron.

"You're getting very slangy," was her quick response.

"I can't lend you mine," he went on after a pausé, during which he pushed back his cap and left a streak of dirt on his forehead. "I can't let you have mine because it's too heavy."

"I would not havo thought of asking such a favor," she said. "Mr. Gresham is going to send me one."

"Gresham! That long-eared Englishman?"

"His ears are not long, and he's a Canadian."

"Oh, of course, if you are willing to accept"—

"You gave me my golf sticks."

"That is very different."

"Yes, they are rather dissimilar. Golf club, hit, no go; gun, go, no hit." Then Tom was angry.

"Oh, if you wish to be flippant," he began.

"Flippant!" said Margaret. "I wished to be funny. It was rather good—eh, Tom?"

But Tom would not relent.

"My wishes are evidently nothing to you," he said, rising and standing very straight and tall beside the hammock. She did not contradict him. "What are you going to shoot?" he demanded.

"BETTER SHOOT WHILE DEY'S HIGH UP, MISS MARGARET," HE SUGGESTED.

"Pigeons."

"And they call you tender hearted!"

"Clay!" This laconically. He turned toward the house.

"You would look better without that smooch," Margaret called after him. He looked around inquiringly. "That dirt streak on your forehead," she explained. "It really is not a bit becoming."

He walked toward the porch of the old inn without raising his hand to his face, but it must have been a struggle. Then she knew he was provoked.

After he was well in the house she scrambled out of the hammock. She had seen the expressman put a brown leather case on the horse block and felt sure it was her gun.

There were several people in the office when she went in, and Tom's cousin Mabel, a silly thing with yellow hair and a lisp, cried:

"Oh, Margareth, are you really going shooting? What doth Uncle Tom thay?"

Uncle Tom was Tom's father and Margaret's guardian. She had not told him about the gun.

Mrs. Talbot looked up from a piece of honiton lace she had been doing for the last three seasons and said, "How mannish some of the young girls are getting" And Mrs. Peters clutched two of the small Peterses who happened to be near and cried: "A gun! Oh, my dear Miss Caldwell, don't point it here!"

Margaret took the offending gun and went up to her room. A little later she was looking out of her window and saw Tom, with his clean clubs, starting for the links. His face was nice and clean too. He looked so handsome that she was sorry she had quarreled with him. She was just going to tell him that she would go along when she heard Mabel's voice:

"Oh, Tom, wait a minute! And then as she got nearer: "Did you know Margareth's gun hath come?" She'th tho pleathed!" Then Tom glanced up at the window and looked so black that the girl leaned out, calling mischievously, "Pretty Tommy!" He turned on his heel and walked away with Mabel.

That afternoon Mr. Suydenham, over in the cottage, lent Margaret his pigeon tray and colored boy.

"You can't hurt the trap," he said, "and Rastus can look out for himself."

So Rastus set the trap up away over on the shore, where no one goes. It was the hour when all the women were taking naps and the Peters children had gone with their nurse to the village for ice cream.

And Margaret started in to shoot clay pigeons. She had shot a few clam shells before, but she knew this would be harder because the shells are still, while the pigeons sail about in the air. The gun was a little beauty, light enough for her to lift easily and firm against her shoulder. Rastus got down behind his shelter. He raised his black head above the boards.

"Better shoot while dey's high up, Miss Marg'ret," he suggested and ducked again.

"Ready!" she called in a loud, firm voice. The disklike object rose from behind the shelter and sailed away into the air. She followed its course with her finger on the trigger, but some way she did not seem to find the right time to fire, and the pigeon floated unshattered to the ground.

Rastus' head popped up again.

"Nothing's the matter," she said. "It went rather fast, that is all." Rastus' grin as he disapeared was annoying, and she called "Ready!" for the second time, determined to shoot without fail and also to give Rastus only 50 cents instead of a dollar. Up rose the second disk, and she followed its upward course to where it began to descend.

Just then she saw two people coming along the shore—Tom and Mable. Here was her chance to show them what she could do. Down came the pigeon faster and faster. She pulled the trigger, stepped back, her ankle turned, and down she went in a most ungraceful heap.

The report of her gun, the twinge of her ankle and her fall all seemed to come at once, and she thought, "I've shot myself," and then tried to laugh as she realized the gun did not shoot out of that end. Then everything turned black and she felt no more pain.

The next thing she heard was Tom talking in a strange voice and in a most peculiar way.

"My darling," he was saying, "my own little girl." She thought he was speaking to Mabel. She had suspected——

Some way the pain in her ankle and the thought of losing Tom—men ever are the same good friends to you after they are married; wives seem to make a difference—all brought a big bunch to her throat. Then she felt Tom's face close to hers, and his voice sounded more natural.

"Oh, Margaret!" he said. "Look at me. Open your eyes, sweetheart." And she opened her eyes to find that he had been talking to her all the time. Womanlike she did not let him know she had heard anything, but murmured, "Where is my gun?"

Tom said, "Confound the gun!" And Mabel seemed annoyed about something too.

Rastus and Margaret were the only cheerful ones. Rastus said, "You done hit de pigeon, Miss Marg'ret," in a comforting tone.

Tom was still on his knees beside Margaret. The latter exclaimed, "My ankle pains me quite a bit, but if you will help me up, Tommy, I think I can hobble back to the inn." So Tom raised her gently, and she smiled sweetly at Mabel over his nice broad shoulder. Then she gave a little moan.

"Let me carry you, Margaret," Tom said. Mabel bit her lip.

"I'm afraid I am dreadfully heavy," Margaret murmured, "but it does hurt so." Then, as Tom lifted her in his arms, she said "Oh, Mabel, dear, if you don't mind—I will be evre so much obliged—will you carry my gun?"

Daily New York Letter

Young Adam "Lays It" to Eve.

Feb. 21.—"Women have been my ruin," was the explanation which 15-year-old Hyman Leech, a special delivery messenger in the employ of a Sixth avenue department store, gave for his downfall when he was arraigned yesterday in the Jefferson market police court on a charge of having stolen $44.50 from his employers. The "women" in his case were cash girls working in the same store, short-skirted slips of 12 or 13 years, who evidently already had developed the instincts of some older sisters.

The Leech boy told Magistrate Hogan a tearful tale about how they would come to him with petitions for candy and treats, because he had acquired the reputation of being quite a spark, and how his tender heart made it impossible for him to say no. His legitimate income of $4.50 a week being utterly inadequate for such purposes, he stole.

The climax of the boy's glory and the beginning of the end was a theater party which he gave last Tuesday to two girls and another boy. He stole the $44.50 in order to buy a box for the evening's performance of "Foxy Grandpa." In the box he and his friends sat in state.

The next day the Leech boy was arrested. He told the magistrate that, while his first name was Hyman, his girl friends had persuaded him to exchange it for "Harold."

"Don't send me away, judge," entreated Hyman-Harold. "This has been a turrible lesson ter me. I'll never have nothing to do with goils again."

The boy was left in temporary custody of the Children's Society pending further examination.

A Victim of Gambling.

Suffering from continued losses at the gambling table, W. A. Leighton, who, Lawyer Louis Karasik says, is "prominently identified with theatricals and owns a lot of real estate up the state," has commenced suit against David K. Johnson, well known in sporting circles in this city, for the recovery of $8,500. Mr. Leighton alleges that Mr. Johnson won this sum from him at faro games at which only they two played. In lieu of cash, Mr. Leighton says, he gave Mr. Johnson two checks for $1,000 each and a note for $100 to settle other losses sustained during the play.

Some Stirring Rescues.

There were several stirring rescues during a bad fire which destroyed the Florence apartment house on Kingston avenue, between Herkimer street and Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, yesterday. Eight families scantily attired were forced to flee from their beds and climb down the fire escapes. The blaze, which spread rapidly, was discovered by Sergeant Julius Heidler, who lived in the building.

Sergeant Heidler helped the members of his family to reach the street by way of an extension in the rear of the building, and then aided in arousing the other tenants and assisting them down the fire escapes. Soon after the fire was discovered, a tank filled with oxygen, used for medicinal purposes, exploded in the apartment of A. H. Tift, on the first floor. The explosion added to the excitement and fear of the tenants. Several women jumped when they reached the bottom of the fire escapes and were caught in the arms of Policeman Leonard and other policemen.

Probaly the most heroic act performed was the rescue by Rufus J. Suits of his aged father, a helpless invalid. The younger Mr. Suits, who is a clerk in the Brooklyn school board's office, lived with his family on the third floor. After getting his wife and children down the fire escapes, Mr. Suits returned for his father. With a clothes line he bound the old man to his back and carried him down a ladder, which had been raised by the firemen. The old man fainted during the descent. He was taken to the home of friends, where he was attended by a physician.

"Foxy Grandpa" Staged.

A novelty in the theatrical line is "Foxy Grandpa," a musical comedy which is amusing enough to fill the playhouse during the time allotted for the stay. As may be gathered from the name, the piece is based on a series of comic newspaper pictures involving the pranks of two boys who attempt to play jokes on their grandfather, and who usually get fooled themselves.

Many of these pranks are carried out on the stage, and are quite as amusing as they were in the paper, and at times more so. But for stage purposes, of course, they could not furnish the whole entertainment, and so the dramatist, R. Melville Baker, has introduced a lot of complications which involve the old gentleman in various tangles, out of which he naturally escapes with triumph.

The piece is William A. Brady's first venture in musical comedy, and he has labored well. The deft hand of that excellent stage manager is everywhere apparent, and it is easy to see where he has devised comical situations and introduced telling bits of "business," which apparently do not occur to the average mind. There is no lagging in the action, but "something doing" every minute. It is a very good bit of foolery.

Kaiser's Tars Get Car Privileges.

Open hearted hospitality has greeted the Hohenzollern tars on every hand. Even the Manhatten elevated scorns to accept their nickels. With the coming of the yacht an order was issued to carry gratis the kaiser's seamen, and each night when small parties of the royal crew have been to Manhattan and partaken too freely of the flowing cup they have boarded the "L" cars, and slept while riding uptown and downtown time and time again until morning came, and sent them sober to the good ship Hohenzollern.

All-Night Lodging for a Nickel.

Under a drug store at Roosevelt street and New Bowery is one of Manhattan's queer institutions. All the policemen on the post know the place, and now and then they turn their searchlights on the den to see if all's well. Known as "the chair house," its tile is derived form the fact that human beings so poor they cannot buy a lodging at the cheapest Bowery resorts put up 5 cents for a chance to occupy a chair for the night. By 11 o'clock the night's contingent is fast asleep in the chairs, the usual number being twenty-five or thirty men, of all kinds and degrees of decrepit poverty.

Thought He Couldn't, but He Did.

Frank E. Camp, one of Brooklyn's matinee idols, is playing the suffering Jean in "Sapho," while the generously proportioned Isabelle Evesson portrays the title part. Camp is a bantam weight, scarcely 125 pounds, while Miss Evesson tips the scales at thirty pounds less than 200. Last night Miss Evesson, the manager and the audience became excited when the play reached the point of the spiral staircase climax, when Jean carries Sapho up in his arms. When the critcal moment came Camp gritted his teeth, hissed a few phrases of burning affection into Sapho's ear, gripped her about the waist and limbs and gave a sudden jerk that brought her to a nestling position within his arms. Her weight carried him forward, and he staggered toward the stairway, while the audience held its breath. There were ten steps to climb. He did it and a roar of applause went up.

FROM THE LOW EARTH

From the low earth round you,
Reach the heights above you;
From the stripes that wound you,
Seek the loves that love you!
God's divinest burneth plain.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.