THE JOURNAL

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

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THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

made the Greatest Gain ever made in any February in its History.

Compared with February, 1901, the Advertising for February, 1902, is

238 Columns Ahead.....

The Journal carried almost double the advertising of its evening competitor.

Figures for Comparison:

	Columns.
JOURNAL	**1167**
Tribune—Evening	**626**

THE FIGHT ON CONCESSIONS

The republican caucus at Washington last night, came to no decision as to the acceptance of the 20 per cent relief to Cuban planters proposed by the ways and means committee of the house. The opponents of any liberality in dealing with this question profess to be dreadfully afraid lest the American Sugar Refining company will derive all the advantage accruing from any lowering of the duty on raw sugar from Cuba. They profess to be very anxious for the planters in Cuba to clean up all the profit to be made. It is proposed to head off the sugar trust by paying the planters a bounty direct and other schemes have been evolved to prevent the making of a reciprocity treaty or a reduction of the duty of $1.68½ per hundred on raw sugar. Mr. Tawney is conspicuously fearful of the trust which refines cane sugar, but he is apparently desirous of sustaining the opposition of the beet sugar refinerers to any tariff reduction, although the head of the beet sugar interest has declared, only a little over two years ago, that the beet sugar men could get along very comfortably and pocket healthy profits, even if the country was on a free sugar basis. The anxiety lest the American Sugar Refining company, known as the "sugar trust," will fatten on any contemplated reduction of duties on raw sugar, does not appear to be well based, for the price of raw sugar is fixed at Hamburg and the price in New York would be the Hamburg price with the duty of $1.68½ per hundred pounds added. Of course, the price of raw sugar delivered at Havana or other Cuban port would be the Hamburg price with whatever tariff reduction is made by congress added. The concession would go to the producer, not to the American Sugar Refining company, and there is no use trying to set up that concern as a bogey to prevent concessions to Cuba.

Two years ago congress knocked off 85 per cent of the duty on raw sugar as a concession to Porto Rico and no sugar interest has suffered from that act in this country, and, to-day, Porto Rican sugar comes in free of duty. Yet in all the storming about the "ruin" of our sugar interests no "ruins" can be found from that cause. Neither were any "ruins" visible under the reciprocity treaty with Spain, when Harrison was president, which admitted Cuban sugar free of duty. Nor could any "ruined" sugar interest be found under the operation of free Hawaiian sugar, which began to come in in 1876 and has been increasingly coming in ever since. It was, indeed, predicted that "ruin" would follow, but there has never been an iota of evidence that the forecast has been verified.

It is probable that the senate will do better than the house's 20 per cent off. There are intimations of a growth of generosity in the upper house to the extent of at least 33 1-3 per cent. That is better, but we can afford to be generous to the extent of 50 per cent, at least.

Friends of forestry cite the present floods in the east as proof of their contention that the wholesale removal of the forests is inevitably followed by alternating droughts and freshets. This is strongly disputed in some quarters, but in Russia the theory has official sanction. Writing in the March Forum, R. E. C. Long says:

> It is well known that ever since the emancipation there has been a gradual decline in the humidity of the country, the chief cause of which has been the destruction of vast areas of forest land, the timber of which has been sold to meet the needs of impoverished proprietors suddenly deprived of their most valuable resources. The result is that famine, always caused by drought, may now be described as the most stable of Russian institutions; and, what is still worse for the country as a whole, a vast population, estimated at from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000, lives in a state of semistarvation so chronic as to weaken the vitality of the race and threaten its future. The forestry laws which have been promulgated since 1888 have been effective in preventing any further denudation of the country, but they cannot restore the better conditions of the past.

Once again must all admirers of indomitable courage salute the Boers. Once again have the Boers outdone all the patriotic fighters of the past. No sooner does Lord Kitchener sit down to celebrate the anniversary of Majuba Hill with a report of a British victory of importance than there comes to him the news of how, in fair and equal fight, one of his detachments was defeated with a loss of 632 men, killed, wounded and prisoners, and two guns. It is sadly impressive, this spectacle of a nation dying so hard, while all the world looks on. It is no longer war. It is a sacrifice.

A GREAT EXPERIMENT

In the Outlook the editor, Dr. Lyman Abbott, recently stated anent the Philippines problem that capacity in a community for self government may be developed through centuries in the hard school of experience or in "an incredibly less time through tutelage" under a nation which has been through the school of experience. Dr. Abbott has since been asked by a correspondent to point out some of the examples of a nation in which self government has been learned under tutelage of another nation. He was forced to admit that there are no such examples. He adds:

> No nation ever before attempted what, by the Philippine commission in the Philippines, and by the United States governors in Cuba and Porto Rico, America is attempting to teach another nation—the art of self-government.

And that is the fact. An able British writer has compared our administration of the Philippines to the French colonization system—the system of attempted assimilation of the dependencies to French civilization. And as the French have failed in accomplishing this purpose, so he thinks the United States will fail until it adopts the method of Great Britain with its dependencies not controlled by people of European race. That is the system of maintaining order, promoting commerce, introducing sanitation and ameliorating the conditions of life among the people as much as possible with little or no disturbance or interference with their customs, religions and political usages.

But France has not sought to make her colonies self-governing. She has sought to make them as French as possible, but for the benefit of France, not of themselves. However our law makers may misrepresent us at times, the American people at heart are determined that Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines shall be governed for their own good first. We honestly intend to teach them self-government, and we believe that to a large extent that means their Americanization. We may fail. There is no beacon light of history to guide our course. We are sailing an unknown and unchartered political sea. The problem may be regarded as certain of early solution in Porto Rico. That island, under American rule, is progressing materially, morally and politically. It is quiet and content. Cuba will offer no greater difficulties when it shall be definitely included within the American political system. The proximity of both islands to the continent and the strength of American example and influence will promote the rapid instruction of their people in self-government under American tutleage.

In the Philippines the outcome is uncertain. It must be remembered that the conditions we found there were more favorable to an experiment in self-government than the English or the Dutch have found in their oriental possessions. So far as concerns the Mohammedan tribes the conditions are not different, but with the five or six millions of Christian Filipinos they are very different. There is no system of caste among them, there was no ancient system of native government, there were no strongly organized tribes, though there were tribal or sectional animosities. Whatever else Spain may have done, her work of converting the natives to nominal Christianity, at least, and the breaking down of the tribal lines seems to have paved the way for instruction in self-government. Christianity is one of the mainsprings of modern democracy, which is utterly unlike and, at heart, immensely superior to the democracy of antiquity. In no other oriental peoples has there been such a wholesale conversion to Christianity as in the Philippines.

Eighty insurgents appeared yesterday within ten miles of Manila. And still General Funston and Governor Taft think 15,000 soldiers in the Phillipines are enough.

FOREST TAXATION

While discussing the tonnage tax proposition yesterday, State Auditor Dunn remarked that it was as unreasonable to tax ore production instead of the mines themselves as to leave pine forests untaxed till cut. We have no dispute with Mr. Dunn as to the tonnage question, but the parallel he seeks to draw is not altogether happy. Whenever the state shall make a serious effort to secure reforestation it will have to begin by excusing from taxation standing timber. The tax now imposed on such timber is a premium on its rapid destruction. The income from forestry as a business is too small to permit of taxation on the standing pine, which is a means of expenditure to the owner instead of a source of income. He derives a revenue from it only when the standing timber is converted into lumber and logs, and it is on them that he should be taxed—when the object of the state is to encourage forest raising. Even under present conditions lumbermen think they are unreasonably taxed on standing pine. People generally, and particularly those of the pine counties, will not agree with them, because they think that it is only by taxing the forests that they can get anything out of the large private fortunes that are being made out of what was once the possession of all the people. Yet there is no doubt that the present destruction of the forests would not proceed so rapidly and so ruthlessly if taxes were not so high as to make it to the owner's interest to convert his trees into lumber, and then into money, at the earliest possible moment. In this connection it would be well for the legislature while amending the constitution to provide a phrase or clause that will make constitutional legislation framed to encourage reforestation and forest preservation through remission of taxes on lands devoted to that purpose.

It is to the pages of the St. Paul Globe that one must turn who seeks unadulterated misinformation as to tax questions. Although all its contemporaries have from time to time threshed over the question of the difficulty of securing the adoption of constitutional amendments under the provision of the constitution which requires that a proposed amendment must have a majority of all votes cast at the election and have given the facts as to the adoption of this provision, the Globe, with blissful ignorance, asserts this morning that it was adopted in 1869. Displaying still more of that kind of ignorance, it says: "Tax amendments would have just the same chance for adoption that every other amendment has had during the last third of a century." The Globe has had little to say on the tax question, and it would have been better for its reputation if it had not said that little. If the Globe has a blue book it should inform itself as to constitutional amendments and then blush.

The Des Moines News has just rendered The Journal a very sincere compliment on the theory that imitation is the sincerest form of compliment. But when it took over the idea, the form, the matter (verbatim) and the illustrations from The Journal's Landseekers' Edition, even to editorial comment, without adding a line of original reading matter of its own, it might have been generous enough to give The Journal some credit for its wholesale appropriations.

AN UNFORTUNATE BLUFF

We regret to see evidences that reciprocity is not being taken up in Canada in the same spirit of fairness that has characterized the agitation on this side of the line for reciprocity with Canada. It begins to be plain that the reciprocity resolution lately introduced in the Canadian parliament by John Charlton, a member of the joint high commission, is more of a threat than a friendly step towards reciprocity. A correspondent of the Boston Journal says:

> The resolution does not provide for reciprocity in natural products. It provides for a rebate of 40 per cent upon dutiable goods entering Canada from countries that admit Canada's natural products free; and it also provides that the tariff be increased where necessary to sufficiently protect established Canadian industries that would be affected by the rebate.

This would be reciprocity with a jug-handle, indeed. While the natural products of Canada are to be admitted free to the great American market, the Americans will have the advantage of a reduction of 40 per cent in a tariff that will be hoisted in advance so that the reduction will not injure Canadian manufacturers.

The resolution is probably thrown out as a bluff to arouse American attention to the reciprocity question. The Canadians probably think that if they assume a cocky attitude we will cease to treat them with indifference. It is too true that we have too long looked upon the Canadians with indifference and have neglected the promotion of friendly trade relations with them. We must, therefore, accept the Charlton resolution in good temper, while deprecating its unfortunate lack of fairness, a lack that will have a very depressing, instead of a stimulating, influence on Canadian reciprocity sentiment in this country.

Senator Miller's bill for an amendment to the constitution that will make it possible for a majority of the voters enough interested in constitutional changes to vote on them one way or the other enough to carry an amendment is of the right kind. Now, if we can only carry that.

THE PAPAL JUBILEE

Leo XIII. entered the twenty-fifth year of his pontificate yesterday, and celebrated the twenty-fourth anniversary of his coronation in the basilica of St. Peter's, in the presece of a mighty multitude and with all the accessories of the magnificent ritual of the Latin church.

One is impressed with the enduring quality of the Latin church and is inclined to think that there is a large measure of truth in Macauley's statement about the undiminished vigor of that system when the New Zealand traveler sits on a ruined arch of London bridge and sketches the desolation of London. The dream of the great mediaeval popes, Gregory VII., Alexander III., Innocent III. and IV., and Boniface VIII., of the theocratic rule of the pope over all the nations of the world, making the pontiff head over all secular potencies, whose acts were to be regulated by pontifical permission, has not been realized. The claim to world supremacy, secular and religious, gathered its strength when, through King Pepin and Charlemagne, the pope became possessed of several provinces which Pepin had conquered from the Lombards, and additional territory. The pope thus became a secular prince and contention for this secularity was thereafter the procuring cause of the most serious conflicts within the Latin communion. Submission of potencies to the papal claim were followed by revolts, and, when Boniface VIII. issued his bull Unam Sanctam, which claimed that it was a condition of salvation for every human being to submit to the Roman pontiff, the prestige of the papacy was weakened and the sixteenth century reformation and the birth of Protestanism obliterated the scheme for a papal world empire, which, however, lives in a modified form in the demand of the popes for the restoration of the states of the church now merged in the kingdom of Italy. Pope Pius IX. made a strong fight for this territory in his closing years, but it is on record that he stated to Count d'Harcourt, the French ambassador at Rome, that he had given up all hope of recovering the states of the church, and that he would not accept them if they were offered to him. Jules Favre, in his book, "Rome and the French Republic," quotes this dispatch of Count d'Harcourt. This statement of the pope was not made in a consistory, but to the count in a private conversation, but Pius, no doubt, spoke his real convictions on the subject. His successor, the present pope, strongly makes the claim for the lost papel territory, but the decisive utterance of the King of Italy, recently, precludes the idea of such restoration by the Italian government, which has emphatically, from the very birth of the United Italy, declared against such policy. While papal supremacy is gone in northern Europe; while France is checking papal influence by restrictive legislation, while even in Austria the papal hold is weakening and in Mexico and several Spanish-American republics the clerical influence is waning, Mexico having confiscated church property and decreed religious toleration, while this diminution of papal influence seems to be going on, the church of Rome is making its largest gains in the United States, where the principle of church and state union is positively prohibited by the constitution and the nation jealously guards the principle.

In this country, there is absolute equality of religions, and each system works out its own spiritual purposes. What Rome has lost in Europe she is gaining in this country. Archbishop Corrigan, in his recent pastoral letter on the papal jubilee, dwelt with justifiable admiration upon the progressive and conciliatory influence of Pope Leo and his efforts to take the sting out of militant socialism in the interest of peace, "despoiled of his temporal princedom and clad only in the royalty of moral power." And it is evident that this "royalty of moral power"; the domination of the spiritual quality, is the strength and power of Rome in a way impossible under the secular princedom.

If the sheriff's office had been put on a salary basis twenty years ago instead of yesterday, the records of a number of Minneapolis' citizens would have been much better.

In sizing up the legislature don't forget that it gave the state flower its correct name. Hurrah for the legislature and "Cypripedium reginae."

The politicians are beginning to lose interest in the sheriff's office.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed.

The Yonkers Statesman says it was an automobile that struck Billy Patterson. More likely he was struck by an idea, and the novelty killed him.

Since the incident is over, it may be remarked that Senator McLaurin showed that he was not pitchfork shy.

We should advise the octopus to keep under water. Attorney General Knox has one of the nicest pea shooters in the third grade.

A Chicago astrologer says that stinginess this year is due to the planets. About the time the Easter bonnet is due, hubby is horribly susceptible to the starry influences.

Chicago is trying to get rid of her cable system. This plan of charging a person 5 cents to have the life nearly jerked out of him is a bit out of date.

If another battleship is launched soon, the country would like to see Carrie Nation get her ax and break a bottle of wine on the wharf amid the tooting of whistles.

The millionaires' club of New York might give Miss Stone a $20,000 banquet and hear her lecture on "The Bandit Ban, or the Macedonian Cry."

The first robins have arrived in western Kansas. A chinch bug was heard singing in the groves of Rock county, Minn., last week.

The Ohio river is carrying its tail straight up in the air. People living on the banks have to jump quick.

Jerusalem has a new waterworks system and some of the dirt accumulated about 120 to 200 A. D. may now be washed off.

Mr. Ivey of Sitka, who is going to lose his job as collector when the mails reach him, may be a pretty good American, but as a diplomat he is a monumental failure. With Iveys in the various chairs of state, eighteen or so Great Powers would be at war all the time, to say nothing of a few revolutions on the side.

If Queen Wilhelmina would go to South Dakota she would find laws and judges humane enough to rip that sticking plaster off of her young life in about fifteen minutes.

Elephants are said to be disappearing. It is still possible to see them in our larger cities if you don't care for your wife's restraining influence.

A new railway lunchhouse sandwich has been christened by the traveling fraternity as "The Dentist's Friend."

Our Trip to Europe.

Pisa, Jan. 31.—We have just come here from Switzerland, but before we tell of the glories of that mountainous land of freedom and goatsmilk, we want to speak of the Leaning Tower. We have always longed to see the Leaning Tower. Everybody else in this part of the country seems to be too lazy to stand up straight without leaning against a wall or a house or something, and it seems as if the tower had caught the general spirit of lopsidedness. We climbed to the top and looked over. It was awfully deceptive and Lucille thought she could touch terra firma with her foot. She reached way over and hung her foot down but it didn't scrape on the pavement. The distance is evidently farther than it seems to be by the naked—beg pardon, I mean unaided—eye. We jounced up and down and tried to tip the tower over, but it wouldn't budge. A gendarme shook his head and held up one finger at us and we had to stop. If this tower were in the United States, we would put a jackscrew under it and jerk it up straight in about fifteen minutes. But these foreigners do not seem to care. These slipshod ways, we can not get accustomed to.

Speaking of Switzerland—if ever there was a place that needed leveling, it is that country. In the United States the real estate men would have the hills sawed off and thrown into the valleys inside of fifteen days. Then it might be fairly valuable real estate.

We had hardly entered the country before three large St. Bernard dogs grabbed us and in spite of our cries we were carried in their mouths to the monastery, where we were obliged to put up till the snow was cleared off the railroad and we could get away. The monks said it was a narrow escape for us. The hotel charges, they said, were nothing, but we might leave $100 apiece for the monastery. We compromised on a smaller sum, however, and got away in safety on a railroad that ran down on a track at an angle of 45 degrees. It felt like dropping out of the swing. Lucille asked the conductor if it wasn't pretty steep and he replied, "Not as steep as the prices, madam."

We looked at Mount Blanc (pronounced blamonge) at a distance, then Lucille looked at her purse and remarked, "Girls, that hill is too steep for us. Let's go to Paris." We hope to visit the Latin quarter there soon. We have about decided that these countries are illusions; that there is only one real country—the United States, where the locomotives come from, and where we came from and want to get back to. Lovingly, Lucille, Margaret and Mary A.

Troubled About the Sun.

Editar Minneaples Yurnel.

Ay yust rade en dat Yurnel of Februari 28 a laiter daited Stokholm Yanuari 30, from Lucille, Mary H. ant Margaret, dat haf bain taken das trip en Urop, unt dat laiter sai dai har got bai Norwai alraity, unt et tal en gut shaip alrait about dat ski runnin, ant Ay yust laff tal Ay tank Ay dai.

Ay vas nix furstai al dose vairts; dat "carom" gait mai tal Ay ask mai brutter Hans ant he tal mai. Hans he bain en dis kontrai trai yare now, ant he tal mai alrait. But Ay tank dose girls bain pretty funny if da kan not kip fram dranken en de nait. Ay no not vat dey bain dranken, but it must hav bain som of dat Ameriken stuff laik de bois got at de drugstors, ant Lucille most hav bain alraity ful to tank she saw das sun at mitnait ven she gat up to got anoder drank. Dat mitnait sun bain alrait en summer, but en Yanuaria ve kan se das sun only sax-ait ours en Norwai.

Ay tank she bain praty full to tank she see das sun. Ay thot maibe it bain de moon she saw, but Ay luk en das almanak ant da moon vas on its last kwarter den, so it kud not gat ful.

Dis es de furst taim Ay try to wrait United States, so maibe Ay not gat et al yust rait, but du baiter tal dat Nonpareil Man den he maik na more braik laik dat mitniait sun in Yanuari bisnes.

Ay laik das Yurnel bully. Det ar ust rait on das Schly bisnes.

—From Ole Oleson, Raymond, S. D.

Klark Kounti.

It may be said for Mr. Olson's benefit, as he has evidently been away from his native country for some time, that, owing to the deflection of the Gulf stream, the climate of Norway is undergoing most remarkable changes and that the midnight sun is now often seen in January. See article in Scientific American for Dec. 24, pp. 18-21, also discussion in Archiv fur Scientismus Pretzelischen, ab. xl., 41-24.

—A. J. Russell.

It Would Cost Something to See Him.

Matinee Girl—I must see you at any cost.

Actor—All right; buy a ticket for our next performance.

AMUSEMENTS

Frederick Warde and His Company in "Julius Caesar" at the Metropolitan.

It has been said that any playwright but Shakspere, dealing with that critical period of Roman history when republicanism was submerged in the rising tide of monarchical ideas, would have made the assassination of Caesar the catastrophe of the play. But Shakspere, with that clear-sighted genius which distinguishes him above all others, grasped the fact that it was not so much the death of Caesar as the battle at Philippi that determined the course of the world's history, and he made that the catastrophe of the play. This is how it happens that the Julius Caesar of the play is a comparatively weak character, while the heroic figures of Brutus and Cassius and Antony fill the picture. Shakspere shows us the weak side of Caesar—his foolish vanity that led him to desire the title of king even though it could add nothing to his power. This weakness is, of course, historical, but it is seized on by Shakspere and made an important factor in the story of the final crash between the two great contending parties. It results that "Julius Caesar" is absolutely unique among the great dramas in the almost equal opportunities it offers in its three leading roles.

Frederick Warde has wisely chosen to appear in the role of Marc Antony. The character lies more nearly within his limitations than either Brutus or Cassius, and he realizes in a broad way one's ideal of that eloquent and dashing partizan. If his conception fails at all, it fails in subtlety—just where all of Mr. Warde's impersonations are apt to fall short. The heroic qualities of Antony—his courage, his love for Caesar and fidelity to his party—Mr. Warde portrays with undeniable success. But Antony was a shrewd and subtle politician. Concede the genuineness of his sorrow over the death of Caesar, and the reality of his purpose to avenge the assassination, yet it is evident that his first and inmost purpose was to raise his own party with himself at its head, to power. With masterly craft he turned the fell deed to his own betterment. It is just this craft that Mr. Warde misses. In the memorable oration over the dead Caesar, his eloquence is forceful and impassioned, but without revealing clearly the selfish political purpose that animated Antony far more than his desire to see his dead chief avenged.

Barry Johnstone played Cassius with a fire that gave him first place in the production last night. He is an ideal Cassius in appearance—lean and hungry, indeed—and his sense of characterization is almost never at fault. This is the bitter partizan, the hot-tempered conspirator who acts on impulse and not on reason. He slays because he hates—not as Brutus does, because reason and patriotism force him to it. Hot gusts of anger fill his soul as he quarrels with his friend, and his temper goes as quickly as it comes. Not since Barrett has Cassius found a better interpreter than Mr. Johnstone.

The Brutus of Charles D. Herman was scarcely less praiseworthy. It was a noble Roman that Mr. Herman presented, fired by a patriotism that was perhaps misguided, but still pure and unselfish. The softer lights on Brutus' character, his sorrow for his wife and his tenderness to his page, were well handled by Mr. Herman, who did not the less contrive to indicate his nobility and greatness of soul.

In short, with three such actors in the leading roles of "Julius Caesar," the success of the production was assured. It was, indeed, a fine and satisfying performance of the great play. And it is pleasant to note that the audience—which quite filled the house—was largely made up of young folk, students and others, upon whom the play must have made a deep and lasting impression. Audiences like that must repay Mr. Warde—as indeed he freely acknowledged in his curtain speech—for his fidelity to the masterpieces of the drama.

—W. B. Chamberlain.

Foyer Chat.

James O'Neill's characterization of Edmond Dantes in "Monte Cristo," has become as famous as the Rip Van Winkle of Joseph Jefferson, or the Hamlet of Booth, and certainly it is a remarkable piece of acting. Mr. O'Neill has appeared in it with unvarying success, and it has made him a fortune. The new scenic production will be seen here at the Metropolitan beginning Thursday evening.

"The Explorers," the latest musical rage, announced for all next week at the Metropolitan, commencing Monday evening, is a melange of musical distinction, not because the cast comprises the original celebrated Eastern "Burgomaster" company but on account of the high grade mirth, beauty, and melody promoted in this enterprise. The book and lyrics are Bert Leston Taylor, a celebrated western wit and Chicago newspaper man, and his work is said to be of the kind that authors of international reputation seldom equal and the music composed by Walter H. Lewis has strength as well as sweetness.

When the Royal Lilliputians present the spectacular extravangaza "The Merry Tramps" at the Bijou next week the theater will be filled with fairies and sprites and gnomes, dyrads and hamadryads, dwarfs and imps, and brownies and giants, elves and trolls.

OTHER PEOPLE'S NOTIONS

Met His Approval.

To the Editor of The Journal:

I am not given to letter writing, as you may observe, but want to tell you how much I appreciate a paper that can stand up for the right, regardless of party politics. If red tape and jealousy had been at the bottom of the sea, Schley, our Santiago hero, would have fixed the Spaniards long before July. President Roosevelt may be a judge of a broncho buster, but I prefer Admiral Dewey on a naval battle. Wouldn't Captain Coghlan's song do well sung nearer home?

Blanchard, N. D. —A. Sherritt.

For Mr. Child.

To the Editor of The Journal:

After reading S. R. Child's interesting letter in The Journal of Feb. 24, I beg leave to ask Mr. Child a few question through The Journal.

Mr. Child thinks that we should have a civil service chapter in any new city charter, in order to make it worthy of adoption.

Is there any good reason why we should provide a steady job for a city employe, any more than we should provide a steady job for an employe of The Journal, the sawmills, flour mills, or any other calling?

Why should people who work for the city be hedged around with laws that will make it easier for them to make a living than other people who are just as deserving and just as honest, but who work for John Dow & Co. or some other company?

Will Mr. Child please tell why?

—J. L. Johnson.

ALASKA IS GROWING WARMER

Chicago Chronicle.

Tacoma, Wash.—Sea captains lately arrived from the western coast of Alaska announce their belief that the Japan current has changed its course in the eastern part of the Pacific ocean and is now running several hundred miles to the north and east of its former channel.

Since the fall of 1899, these mariners hold that this warm ocean current has been sweeping with constantly increasing strength toward the Alaskan shore line.

In the fall of 1899 the western coast of Alaska was shaken by a terrific earthquake. Since that time Alaska's climate has been changing. It is believed that the Japan current was turned eastward by a stupendous submarine upheaval, which formed a new change of submarine mountains, throwing the current against the shore.

At first it was cooled by sea-level glaciers, which accounts for the gradual change in temperature. The current has finally resumed its warmth and the whole Alaskan climate has become milder. Last summer the climate there was rainy and warm like Puget sound, 1,000 miles farther south. The entire winter has been mild and rainy from Nome to Juneau.

CUBAN PRESIDENT A MOTHER'S BOY

Tomas Estrada Palma in March Success.

My father died when I was a boy, and I was left entirely to the care and training of my mother. Every true son has the highest respect and love for his mother, but I have a special cause for gratitude, as my mother was one of the truest and best of women. What little I am, and what little I have done for my country, I owe to her. I was the only child, and she lived for me. She taught me the path of rectitude, and my love for freedom she breathed into my spirit from her patriotic soul.

PROVING HIS MANHOOD

By P. Y. Black.

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The transport was at last nearing Cuba. With a glass one could make out the scattered palms and the dark hills rising behind the white beach. On the deck the men lounged, only half believing that the voyage was nearly over. In a corner a group were intent on a card game. Presently one of the three sprang up with an angry laugh.

"Kids for luck!" he cried, throwing down the cards.

"Nobby," said a lad with the badge of the band on his forage cap, "say, I can't help it if the cards will come my way."

"Come your way! I'm only an innocent veteran, with three service stripes, and I can't afford to play with sharks like you. Did you fetch that last ace down your sleeve, or was it hidden under the blanket? You're a match for any."

Young McRafferty, commonly known as "Bones," looked up with a glint of eagerness in his eyes. "Honest, Nobby?" he asked.

"Haven't I just lost half a month's pay to you, and me a man, more the shame? But what will the parson say to me for letting you into a game?"

Bones threw a scared look aft, but grinned cheerfully as he said, "Hope he's seasick yet."

He sauntered far forward in the nose of the ship. Thrusting his hand in his shirt, he drew out a precious case. Opening it, he fitted together the pieces of a flute—the flute which, as all the regiment knew, was a marvel in his hands. Bones could play many instruments. His dead father had been bandmaster. Thence arose the enlistment of little McRafferty, the child of the regiment.

"YANKEE DOODLE" RANG OUT BRAVELY ABOVE THE NOISE OF MUSKETRY.

Now his eyes were filled with sad desire as he fitted the flute to his lips and breathed out a sweet, familiar air, the "Lorelei." Suddenly he started, for a tenor voice had taken up the strain. Turning around, he saw the chaplain standing by his side. Together they finished the verse.

Then the man laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "McRafferty, I hear that you have been breaking all my rules while I was seasick."

The boy's eyes glanced up, apt in denial without the need of compromising words.

"McRafferty," cried the chaplain almost angrily, "don't lie, don't lie to me to-day, for it may be the last time I may ever talk to you!"

His voice softened at the last words. He held out his delicate hand. The boy took it eagerly, for if any one in the world could influence him it was the chaplain.

"To-night we will be in Cuba. To-morrow I will be in the front where the men need me, you in the rear with the nurses."

"No, no!" cried the boy passionately. "How can they march without music?"

"The colonel has ordered it, and you must obey. But, lad, lad, where are the promises you made me? You think that I have not heard these things, but I have. The men have hidden you away twice because you were the worse for drink. You gamble every chance you get. They even say—oh, McRafferty—that you don't play fair."

Bones faced him stubbornly. "I don' tlike the beer. It makes me sick. And I don't care for the money when I am gambling."

"Then why do you sully your father's memory and hurt your best friends?"

The boy drew in his breath with almost a sob as he said slowly:

"Because I'm a man, and I want to prove it. I'm tired of being called 'kid' by all the regiment. When I beat them enough, they'll stop."

The chaplain laughed bitterly. "You a man, and break your word! You a man, and cheat at cards! If you keep on as you have begun, you will become, not a man, but a disgrace to the regiment!"

Bones turned away without answer. If the chaplain could have seen the tears in his eyes, he might have added a comforting word. The boy's heart was swelling with grief and indignation. "Some day he shall call me a man," he promised himself.

* * * * * * * *

Mules, men and ambulances were crowded in the narrow, muddy, heavily rutted road which led through the tangled jungle. From the front came the sound of heavy firing from the Spanish trenches and blockhouse, where the red and yellow flag still fluttered.

A regiment of regulars came swinging along. With them marched the chaplain. A slender figure came up pantingly from the rear. The sergeant, who was file closing, ran up with an oath.

"What brought you here, you young devil? Do you think we are on dress parade? Get back to the ambulances where you belong."

"I can't, Sergeant Bull," said the boy, with an injured air. "The doctor said I was only in the way; didn't know the difference between the litter and the lancet. Told me to go to the devil, so I came to you."

"Blame you, Bones," said the sergeant, with a grin, "do you think I can't tell one of your lies? Go back to the rear, and be quick about it!"

"Ah, serge," cried Bones, "don't send me back! I can shoot as straight as the rest."

"You've no Krag."

"I'll take your gun when you're killed."

"You little beast, go back like a man and obey orders."

McRafferty's eyes glowed. "That's why I'm here!" he cried. "The chaplain said I'd never make a man, but I'll prove he is wrong."

Suddenly the company buglers rang out: "Forward, double time! March!" At a run the company came out of the jungle into the open. Bones was forgotten.

A shell screeched through the air and seemed to burst immediately over his head. Three men fell shrieking in front of him, dropping their guns. For a moment he thought of the rear and safety. Then the grizzled captain, old in Indian wars, stepped out calmly.

"Steady, my men. They'll never hit us like that twice. They don't know how."

McRafferty's voice led the answering cheer. He ran forward, grabbed a gun and cartridge belt from one of the dead soldiers and pushed himself into the ranks beside Nobby. The veteran took a moment to give him a hug.

"Good for you, my beauty! You've no business here, but keep close to me, my little mad soldier."

And Bones obeyed him—ran forward, dropped, fired. It was a dogged advance under fire. In straggling groups through tangled underbrush and a snag beset stream the men charged San Juan hill.

At last Bones sank down exhausted by a little group of panting men. A despairing corporal looked up the ridge where the Spanish flag still flaunted and down the hill at the stragglers.

"It's no use, boys," said he; "we can never make it."

"To h—l we can't!" cried the moddened child of the regiment. An inspiration came to him. Drawing out his flute, he pieced it together and put it to his lips. Standing erect, his fair, capless head gleaming in the sun, his blue eyes glared at the flag on the ridge, while "Yankee Doodle" rang out bravely above the noise of musketry. From below came a great shout, and hundreds of bluecoats came on with a run. Bones advanced with them, head well back, triumph in his air.

There was a rush past him. The red and yellow flag fell at last. Bones threw up his arm, with a cheer. Something, the last shot of a retreating foe, struck him in the chest. He fell, grasping his flute.

There was a crowd about him, and his head was in the chaplain's lap. Bones looked up.

"It's taps, ain't it?" he whispered.

"Yes, my man," said the chaplain.

Bones tried to straighten up. "I proved it to you! I am a man!" Then he fell back.

Daily New York Letter

The Florence Burns Case.

March 4.—A newly discovered acquaintance of Walter Brooks, who the district attorney believes was murdered by his mistress, Florence Burns, now a prisoner in the Tombs, was questioned at length yesterday. His name was not revealed, nor were any particulars concerning him except that he is one of those included in the term "Harry-boys." Besides Brooks' new found friend, Drs. Johnson and Beckwith of the Hudson street hospital were also questioned yesterday. They were asked about the symptoms manifested by Brooks during their examination of him after the shooting. Mr. Schuman is trying to learn if it is likely that Brooks was under the influence of chloral, an odor like that of chloral and symptoms such as produced by drugs, having been noticed, it is said, by Dr. Sweeney, who first attended him.

Iron and Steel Labor.

President Shaffer and a committee of the Amalgamated association of steel and iron workers arrived here yesterday, it is said for the purpose of arranging contracts with the United States Steel corporation for the ensuing year. At the offices of that corporation it was said nothing was known of any conference. President Shaffer said: "We are not here for our health, but I am not in a position to state what the purpose of our mission is."

An Excise Law Mix-Up.

District Attorney Jerome seems to have a genius for work, and is all the time creating new fields of labor. The other day, for instance, he appeared in court in the case of a Second avenue saloonkeeper, named Herman Goetz, charged with selling liquor on Sunday. There was no doubt whatever of his guilt; indeed, he admitted it. But the district attorney really acted as his counsel, and held that his arrest was an injustice. Two policemen entered Goetz's saloon and bought beer of him and then arrested him. Mr. Jerome, by a searching investigation, developed these facts: First, That the police made the arrest not because Goetz violated the law, but because he was not a member of the Liquor Dealers' association, and, second, that the police, notwithstanding the change in the municipal administration, continue to enforce the excise law against certain saloonkeepers and not to enforce it against others. Mr. Jerome openly asserted that they discriminate in favor of the Irish liquor dealers and against the German. The district attorney is thoroughly aroused in regard to this state of affairs, and he created a sensation by announcing that he intended to compel the enforcement of the excise law against all violators. He says that he has been instructed to do this by Governor Odell, and that, while he does not like the law, he intends to obey the governor, who has written him that fully 31 per cent of the saloons in Manhattan do not comply with it. What the district attorney threatens to do is to indict every police officer who fails to enforce the law.

A Hill Boom Appears.

The democrats are beginning to feel encouraged over their party outlook in this state. The recent "harmony" dinners have brought about a better state of feeling. Croker's absence, even if it is only temporary, has cleared the air. His successor, Mr. Nixon, is conciliatory. Edward M. Shepard's activity is helpful. Finally, Governor Odell's policies have excited criticism and aroused opposition, so that democrats declare that he is growing weaker every day. As a consequence, democratic interest in their gubernatorial nomination is increasing. With the better prospect that the nomination will be something more than an empty honor, there are developing signs of a contest for the nomination, and to-day it is even reported that ex-Senator Hill is contemplating the chances of his election, provided he took the nomination himself. In 1894 Hill consented, at the earnest solicitation of his party, to lead a forlorn hope. He was candidate for governor that year, and was beaten by 150,000 plurality. Having made that sacrifice for his party, he might, with good grace, ask for the nomination now, when there seems a chance of election. It would be a great throw of dice for Mr. Hill. If he won, he would almost surely be the democratic candidate for president in 1904. Defeat would, of course, end his career, so far as national politics is concerned. Hill would be at once a strong and a weak candidate. He would arose democratic enthusiasm, but at the same time would consolidate republican opposition. Edward M. Shepard would seem to be the stronger man to nominate.

Crimmins Favors Him.

In this connection it is significant that John D. Crimmins, formerly of Tammany Hall, but in the last election identified with the fusion movement, declares, after a trip through the south, that there is a growing willingness to accept ex-Senator Hill as the leader of the democratic party in the nation. "If," said Mr. Crimmins, "we carry the state of New York at the coming election, or come close to carrying it, I believe Mr. Hill's leadership will be generally recognized throughout the nation."

Limiting the Skyscrapers.

A war on skyscrapers is to be begun in the board of aldermen. At the next meeting an ordinance will be introduced limiting the height of buildings in this city to 200 feet. There are now many structures that tower more than 100 feet above that figure. A bill introduced in the legislature a few years ago, having the same object in view, was beaten. The board of trade and transportation is behind the present move. Under the charter the board of aldermen can regulate the height of buildings. When the public hearing is held the board of trade and transportation will present its case. It is said that the assurance has already been given that the city officials favor limiting the height of buildings to 200 feet.

QUEER FREAKS OF FLOWERS

Duluth News Tribune.

"Why is it," complained the man with a grouch to a restaurant-keeper yesterday, "that you fellers hardly ever have any flowers in your old joints?"

The hash founder looked up. "Flowers won't live in restaurants," he said; "the smoke and odor of the cooking seems to smother them, and they never thrive. I've tried it dozens of times, and always with the same result. Put flowers in a saloon, though, and they grow and bloom in splendid shape. The tobacco smoke, I suppose, serves as a fumigator, and the fumes of the liquor apparently stimulate them. If you want to make a success of flowers put them in a grogshop. To stunt or kill them, a restaurant is the best ever."

TWO WASHINGTON BABIES

Leslie's Weekly.

Representative Lever of South Carolina is the youngest member of the lower house of congress, being but 27 years old. When he made his first call at the White House President Roosevelt greeted him with the remark: "I am glad to meet the 'Baby of the House.'" Mr. Lever responded, "The Baby of the House is honored in being greeted by the Baby President." The president enjoyed it so much that he repeated it.

Defective Page