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.

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Figures for Comparison:

	Columns.
JOURNAL	1167
Tribune—Daily	626

THANKS TO VAN SANT

Not till Prince Henry met Governor Van Sant of Minnesota did he make the acquaintance of American democracy. But for that accidental touch of the American "real thing" the prince might have journeyed back to report to his imperial brother in the full conviction that there are no social differences between Europe and America. So successfully, up to that point, had we imitated the manners of Europe and worn the outward air of obsequiousness that we supposed the occasion demanded, that the prince would never have known how we act in this country when we are "at home" and princes also. The prince would never have realized but for that little piece of Van Santian simplicity that he was in a country where men are not very much impressed by titles and care vastly more for the native worth of a captain of industry than they do for all the hereditary princes and princelings and noble parasites the world may boast.

Some people are inclined to make fun of our good governor for his simplicity and absolute disregard for the formality that kings and princes use for hedging purposes. The governor naively confesses that "our Minnesota party did a good deal to relieve the occasion of its stiff formality." And he is right, emphatically right. But all the same, even if Honore Palmer did almost die of shame and Colonel Eddy was horrified beyond measure, we are glad that Governor Van Sant did what he did.

Just think of the deliciousness of the occasion when the governor gave the prince a gentle punch in the region of the second button hole, took him by the arm, and, with a pleasant "Come this way, Mr. Prince," took him up and presented him to the Wonderfully Arrayed Staff of the Governor of Minnesota. What a shock to the prince, who all his life long has had people presented to Him, to be towed through the hotel hall to be presented to the Minnesota staff. Oh, what a sight for republicans and democrats and all defenders of the rights of man! No "Your Highness" for the Governor of Minnesota: plain "Mr. Prince" was good enough for him.

Americanism is not dead yet. Even while Governor Van Sant was introducing the prince to his staff, Governor Hogg of Texas was manfully refusing to attend a royal levee in London because he would have to doff the simple dress of an American citizen and don the knee breeches, wig and sword of effete courts.

May we always have Van Sant, and may the supply of Hoggs not run short!

THE WAR AGAINST CONCESSIONS

The opponents of tariff concessions to Cuba in the house now stand by the action of Speaker Henderson, yesterday, as antagonists of any reduction whatever in favor of Cuban sugar and tobacco. The president has been warned that, if he attempts to promote the more liberal policy toward Cuba he may expect a big fight with the republican majority in the house.

To emphasize their purpose, the majority propose to ignore our national duty toward Cuba and secure the services of a loitering and procrastinating commission to investigate the whole subject of Cuban conditions, which will report at some indefinite time in the future. It is presumed that the president's loyalty to party will lead him to abandon the Cuban relief policy he set forth in his message last December. It is just possible that this view of the presidential disposition is erroneous and that the presidential mind has also a consciousness of imperative duty to the American nation. The president recognizes the principle that remissions conceded in our tariff have their corollary in remissions acquired in our favor. The theory of the antagonists is that, if there is a reduction of a mill in the duties laid down in any schedule, the duties of all the schedules will go, like the falling of bricks which are set on end when the first in the line is knocked over. This theory is begotten of unjustifiable nervousness.

There is still another bogey set up by the extremists. This is to the effect that international complications will occur if we give Cuba a concession on sugar duties; that Germany, the leading beet sugar producer, will protest against such action on the ground that it is a violation of the spirit and letter of the "most favored nation" clause in our treaty with that empire, and that Germany is entitled to similar concessions. As to this, the course of our government has, since the question was raised by France in 1803, upon our acquisition of Louisiana territory, been absolutely consistent, the recognized principle being that it is legitimate to make commercial concessions to a country which are not gratuitous, but are in return for equivalent concessions and to which no other country is entitled except upon rendering the same equivalent. For instance, Germany, in 1894, having claimed the most favored nation clause as to salt which the tariff law of that year admitted free, was denied by our government because she laid a duty on foreign salt. Germany acknowledged the principle in recognizing the force of the Hawaiian reciprocity treaty of 1875. In her treaty with the Hawaiian government, Germany declared that the special advantages granted to Hawaii by the United States in consideration of equivalent advantages should not in any case be invoked, the relations of proximity and other considerations" precluding the most favored nation clause of the German-American treaty. Professor John Bassett Moore, recognized as a leading authority on international law, sets forth in his pamphlet on Cuban concessions that, in the case of Cuba, relations of proximity and other considerations are more complete and forceful than in the case of any other country, and he cites the treaty of Paris (he was secretary and counsel for our commissioners who concluded the treaty of 1898 with Spain), showing that our government, in its temporary occupation of the island, is under all legal obligations to protect, in all legal modes, the lives, liberty and property of all who submitted to the authority of the United States, which duty includes all rational policies for insular betterment.

The devices of the extreme protectionists are easily analyzed. Their mode of action is sure to bring about the agitation for tariff revision which they are attempting to throttle. The late President McKinley, in his last speech, pointed unerringly to the inevitable revision. It is utterly useless and childish for the extremists to yell "free trade!" when the subject of revision is mentioned. McKinley was no free trader. No republican newspaper or public men who advocates judicious revision is a free trader. The bestowal of the epithet upon those who believe in maintaining and expanding our trade abroad and advocate the most practical and business-like way to do it, is unworthy those who claim to be statesmen.

Senator Lodge's amendment to the Philippine bill making the establishment of self-government dependent upon the cessation of hostilities seems to be commendable. It would put a premium on pacification.

AN ASTOUNDING DECISION

The Journal's news columns today show what a remarkable decision the supreme court made in denying jurisdiction in the suit brought by the state of Minnesota against the Northern Securities company.

It makes it impossible for the state to bring suit against the merger in any court.

This is a decision that is not less than astounding.

It is contrary to the assumption that the attorney general represents the people of the state, and must have the most far-reaching effects.

The decision must surpass the fondest dreams of the merger attorneys in its unqualified support of the merger against the state. The situation is one that calls for immediate legislation by congress.

The awful story of cruelty by American army officers to natives, that comes from Manila to-day, can only be believed on the theory that the officers were insane from their sufferings.

A NOTABLE AGREEMENT

A matter of deep public interest, more important, indeed, than the Chinese question, the Boer war question, the status of Prince Henry after his strenuous peregrinations, and half a dozen others which might be named, is the agreement accomplished yesterday between the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers and the American Tin Plate company.

This rational agreement, which affects the well being of 100,000 men most favorably, is the outgrowth of conference between employers and the employed. Under it there will be no closing down of the mills of the company pending the formulation of the wage scale; labor will be uninterrupted and strikes are precluded, the agreement holding good until July 1, 1903. All differences which may arise are to be settled by conference. This method of composing labor-capital attrition and irritation is the key note of the system of the national civic federation's propoganda of peace. The influence of that propoganda no doubt entered into the procuring causes of the present important settlement, which will doubtless deepen the growing sentiment favoring a rational handling of labor difficulties and the adjustment of wages through conference and conciliation, with no suspension of work or wages.

The private method of settling labor difficulties has proven, as a rule, far more successful than determinations sought from outside boards of arbitration, which can only be advisory. The public is interested in the method of adjustment which entails the least inconvenience upon it. The public has a perfect right to demand that transportation shall not be interrupted and that all public utilities shall be kept in full operation. It has a perfect right to demand that the other two parties shall get together and settle their differences in the way calculated to promote peace and public convenience as soon as possible. It is incumbent upon labor and capital as a duty to the public and the public order to do this. The system of private or trade boards of conciliation and arbitration has been very successful in England and in this country wherever it has been tried, notably in the boot and shoe trade. The best interests of labor would be consulted by organized labor through the general adoption of the principle of industrial conciliation and arbitration. The effectual removal of possibilities of strikes and lockouts will be accomplished when organized labor is duly incorporated and empowered to sue and be sued in the courts, or refer to the regular courts questions at issue with the employing party. In this way there would never be any interruption of work. Commissioner of Labor Wright advises well when he recommends that each board of directors of an employing corporation shall have upon it one or two representatives of the employes, so enabling the corporation to ascertain at once the views, wishes and conditions of the employes, the labor representatives being thus enabled to ascertain facts as to the business, which would lead to the avoidance of unreasonable action on the part of labor. The desire for industrial peace on the part of labor and capital is sure to work out an effective method of maintaining peace. The adjustment, yesterday, in New York, shows how readily a great labor organization and a great industrial corporation can negotiate a composition when they desire it and have the most peaceful relations.

Representative Nyquist may know more about dogs than he does about agricultural colleges. But if he showed the limit of his knowledge regarding the latter yesterday we are not impressed with the dimensions of the former.

A PROGRESSIVE FIASCO

Another step was taken in the progressive fiasco of the extraordinary session of the legislature yesterday when the senate, following the advice of its committee, killed the Jacobson tax bill without even decent preliminary rites. The senate should have placed the bill on general orders and given it a chance to be discussed and amended, but it preferred to make no effort to separate the good from the bad and to throw the whole fabric into the legislative gutter. Probably the senators were thinking quite as much about rapping Mr. Jacobson as they were about the merits or demerits of the bill.

Senator McCarthy was on the right track yesterday when he told the senators that they were called in special session to consider and adopt a general tax code. There is not the least question that such was the general understanding regarding the program when the legislature adjourned a year ago. Instead of giving us a tax code the legislature may adjourn without giving us even a shred of direct legislation. We agree with Senator McCarthy that this fiasco is likely to have an unpleasant influence on the republican party in the approaching state campaign.

In view of the utter breakdown of legislation and the absolute failure to carry out the program, The Journal may be pardoned for saying that "hindsight" is beginning to show that the suggestion that the drastic tax code be passed with suspension of its operation for a year, pending action on the constitutional amendments would have been a wise course. As it stands now the symmetrical code has been beaten and it is even doubtful if a shred of it will be adopted. Those who get the best of the existing inequalities of taxation can now put forth their efforts to beat the amendments. When they have done that they will be secure in their inequalities for some years to come. As we have said before, much of the talk breathing intense devotion to scientific tax reform has been pure buncombe, designed to defeat, by indirection, both legislation and amendments.

SAVE THE COMMISSION

The enemies of any sort of tax legislation will now try to drive the Anderson bill into the shambles. This bill provides for a permanent tax commission of three members and the enactment of the real estate portions of the tax commission's report. Innocent and commendable as it seems to be, it will probably meet with determined opposition.

The only way, though, for the legislature to save its face politically is to adopt some such measure. The creation of a tax commission will of itself be a notable step forward. If that much is done and the real estate provisions of the commission's report are adopted it will be possible to make a defense of the extra session on the ground of accomplished legislation. A tax commission is indispensable if we are to have tax reform. If constitutional amendments are submitted and adopted there will be a demand for a new code from the next legislature. If the present session creates a commission it can, in addition to its regular administrative duties, draft for submission to the legislature a system of taxation conformable to the authority the amendments will give the legislature.

Our Minnesota congressmen do not seem to take kindly to the scheme of milling Canadian wheat in bond at Minneapolis. They seem to have the erroneous idea that the plan is inimical to the interests of northwestern wheat growers. We do not so understand it. It is a measure whereby northwestern millers may be able to meet the competition of European millers, which has become dangerous through the lower price of equally good Canadian wheat. Eventually it may be that governmental permission and assistance in milling Canadian wheat in bond may be the only means of saving the export flour trade.

A BURDENSOME TARIFF

As the newspapers are wont to give abundant space to the arguments of every sort of industry that, for its own business reasons, desires a lower or a higher or no tariff at all, on some article, there can be no impropriety in their speaking in favor of a tariff change that will be in their interests.

At its meeting held in New York two weeks ago, the American Newspaper Publishers' association adopted a resolution asking congress "to abolish the duty on wood pulp, mechanical-ground wood and lumber used in the manufacture of paper, and that the duty on news print paper be reduced." The tariff on bleached wood pulp is one-quarter of a cent per pound, on unbleached pulp, one-twelfth of a cent per pound, if mechanically made, and one-sixth of a cent per pound if chemically made. White news print paper is taxed three-fourths of a cent per pound.

There is no justification for these tariffs. They yield only an insignificant revenue and they protect only what has become one of the greatest monopolies in the country—the manufacture of paper. They are a premium on the early destruction of the American spruce forests and they tend to put American newspaper publishers at the mercy of a group of manufacturers who, protected by this tariff against competition, may at any time raise the price of paper to such a point that many newspapers will be printed at a loss, and that will greatly increase the expenses of every newspaper plant in the country.

The principal foreign sources of supply of pulp are Canada and Norway. Why these countries should be refused access to the great American market solely that certain manufacturers may reap great profits from their monopoly of ownership of the American pulp-producing forests is beyond comprehension. Here is a place where the Dingley tariff can be altered to the advantage of the American people as well as to that of trade reciprocity.

The National Wholesale Lumber Dealers' association is wondering where the supply of lumber is coming from. If the tariff on lumber were removed there would be a considerable increase in the supply. Think of keeping the tariff on lumber when the wholesalers are wondering where they are to get it.

ADOPT BROAD AMENDMENTS

It is gratifying to observe that the lower house of the legislature yesterday decided in favor of the broad plan of constitutional amendment. The legislature will go a long way towards justifying its failure to adopt direct tax legislation if it will submit to the people amendments that will cut the thongs that restrict legislative action on the important question of taxation. It will be just as easy (or just as difficult) to get the people to adopt the broad as the narrow amendments. The opposition to the broad amendments will be enccuntered in the legislature. If we are going to have an era of scientific tax reform let us begin with broad foundations that will be equal to the weight and reuirements of whatever sort of edifice the wisdom of the future may wish to erect thereon.

The Nonpareil Man

Hogg's Americanism.

When Governor Hogg of Texas was asked to doff his Texas clothes and put on knee breeches if he wished to see the king, he exploded right then and there. Governor Hogg was right. If he had melted himself down and run himself into velvet knee breeches, half the crowned heads of Europe would have rolled over on their palace floors in undisguised merriment at the fall of Texas.

If the king should come to Texas would he have to put on a sombrero an carry a lariat in order to visit the governor of this state?

An Expensive Question.

J. Petronius Jackson writes to ask, "If you boil an egg and a half a minute and a half how long will it take to boil nine eggs."

With eggs at their present price and the hens straining every nerve, people are not going to boil eggs just to work out fool problems. Call up or write later in the season, inclosing postage stamps, which always come in handy.

Casually Observed.

Scientists are trying to fasten the name "Amerind" on the American Indian. The red brother is justified in using on his scientific friend a coppertoed moccasin.

The government redeems the smooth nickel—if you can get one.

Prince Henry smokes cigarettes and seems quite sturdy. Possibly the nail only "lays for" the dude and does not tackle strong men. But we fear the worst.

A Russian has invented a monorailroad that carries passengers at the rate of 200 miles an hour. It is a good deal like dropping out of the airship.

A prominent "educator" in the east speaks of High School Latin and Greek as "sanctified relics." Never mind. The boy is able to forget the past quite easily.

Between Dawn and Waking.

I dream of all things sweet to hear,
The plash of waterfalls,
The cadences of distant flutes,
The sound of robin calls,
The east wind's murmur in the halls,
The raindrops' dripping lutes.
And, waking, still in dream I hear
The rainy music, sweet and clear.

I dream of summer's azure skies,
The swing of wind-tossed seas,
The sighing of the airs of night
Among the listening trees,
The murmurings of drowsy bees,
The long, slow-fading light.
And, waking from such dreams, I'd fain
Forget the frost upon the pane.

I dream of all things fair to see,
The tangled light of suns
On other planets far away
Beyond earth's brother ones;
The rings of smoke from victor guns,
The dawn of common day.
And 'tis the dearest dream of mine
To see earth's own sun sweetly shine.

A Call on Santos-Dumont.

Paris, Feb. 6.—Before leaving Paris we ventured to call on Santos-Dumont, who has returned here from his recent Italian experiments. Santos received us in his own charming manner, invited us in, and then in a little louder tone asked, "What did I understand you to say your business with me was?"

We were thrown into confusion, and Mary H., who has the business head, said:

"Oh, you know, M. Dumont, we are unprotected American girls out looking for celebrities and for places of interest, etc., and we were anxious to see if you would write in our autograph albums."

"Certainment," replied the prince of the powers of the air, consulting a little card from his vest pocket; "my prices for autographs to-day are 20 francs—or say 75 francs for the three." This in a burst of generosity.

"Well," said Mary H., "possibly we will have to struggle along without autographs, as we are drawing near the end of our journey, and likewise of our bank account. But how did you enjoy the blue of the Italian skies, M. Dumont?"

"It got all tangled up with my guy-ropes," replied the aeronaut. "I didn't enjoy it."

"Which would you rather fall on, M. Dumont, the land or the water?" asked Margaret in her bashful way.

"Well," replied the high-flyer meditatively, tapping his white teeth with his glasses, "the water is a little softer, to be sure, but you don't sink in when you strike the ground. Personally I prefer not to fall. There is a fine in France, you know, for breaking the law of gravitation."

"I am sure if you come to America papa will have the law repealed," exclaimed Lucille impulsively. "Papa, you know, is a member of the legislature, and they just play football with the baking powder companies and other rich corporations. Papa said if the legislature met oftener he would get rich quicker."

M. Santos looked at her meditatively, and we all thought he was smitten, but no. "He was just taking me in as a specimen," said Lucille afterwards in a sorrowful manner. After a pause, the aeronaut said:

"Well, you seem to be nice little girls, and I'll just write you autographs for luck."

He did so, and we came away happy and contented We are talking of visiting the hypnotic hospital. Lovingly, Lucille, Mary H. and Margaret.

—A. J. Russell.

GOLD AND DROSS

Smart Set.

If she laugh with you, jest with you, then
You are one of a hundred men
Gladdened and cheered awhile
With the trifling coin of a smile—
The cheap little coin and small
She may toss to any and all.

If she sigh with you, weep with you, then
She has chosen the man from men
To lay at his hand the whole
Vast wealth of an untouched soul,
To prove you how small the spent,
Poor gifts of her merriment.

—John Winwood.

AMUSEMENTS

Frederick Warde in "Virginius" at the Metropolitan.

Sheridan Knowles' tragedy of "Virginius" was given a noteworthy production at the Metropolitan last night by Frederick Warde and his company. The play is an English semiclassic; its motive parental affection. Mr. Warde brings to his interpretation of the name role a nice understanding of its dignity. Virginius was a man of noble nature, jealous alike of his own honor and of that of his country. The beauty of the character has been portrayed with master hand by the playwright. It is artistically realized by the player.

From the very first scene, in which Virginius discovers his daughter's love for Icilius, and with playful banter covers the maiden with confusion, through the subsequent scenes of his departure to oppose his country's enemies; his grief over the foul murder of Dentatus; his rage at learning of Virginia's peril, and his haste to her succor, Mr. Warde depicts the varied emotions of the part with a fidelity that makes his work impressive. From the time of his arrival in Rome the action of the tragedy rushes on with unfaltering speed to the culminating horror of Virginia's death and his own insanity. His speech to his daughter before setting out for the forum: "I never saw thee look so like thy mother in all my life," is delivered with a wealth of affection. His indignation at the clumsy contrivance of the plotters, shown in his speech to Numitorius, who asks if the slave woman will swear to her story, and voiced in the line, "Will she swear? Why, of course she will; is she not his slave?" his expression when he chances to see the knife and when the idea of Virginia's death first comes to him; all are depicted with accuracy and naturalness. The character is a great one, and its realization by Mr. Warde is fitting.

The supporting company appears to excellent advantage. Barry Johnstone, whose work throughout the engagement has been marked by studious excellence, is cast as Icilius, Virgina's lover. He won the sympathy of the audience from the first and his interpretation of the role was most enjoyable.

Charles D. Herman, also an admirable actor, in the despicable character of Appius Claudius, maintains the enviable impression of his worth produced by his work earlier in the week; and Francis D. McGinn is good as Dentatus.

Miss Antoinette Ashton is scarcely fitted for the part of Virginia. In the earlier scenes her impersonation was marked by intelligence and a nice simulation of the innocence of the character. In the more strenuous situations of the later acts, however, she apparently realized that the role was beyond her and contented herself with reading her lines quietly, without any effort to make plain to the audience the horror which should have been evident when she is given to understand that even the best efforts of her father have been futile and that her fate is sealed.

Mr. Warde was compelled last night to regale the house with the usual curtain speech. This should not be. An actor should not be called upon to turn himself into what is slangily termed a "bally-hoo" for the delectation of a few people in the gallery who know no better than to voice their demands in insistent cries of "Speech! Speech!" both in and out of season.

—J. S. Lawrence.

Foyer Chat.

"The Explorers," heralded as the biggest musical comedy event of the season, and the latest financial and artistic record breaker in theatrical history, is the announcement for a week's engagement commencing Sunday evening at the Metropolitan. "The Explorers," like its sister play, "The Burgomaster," fairly tingles with many of those bright, airy, tantalizing tunes that are bound to fascinate.

James O'Neill begins a brief engagement at the Metropolitan this evening in the immortal "Monte Cristo." He became famous years ago for his impersonation of the great character of Dumas. The production is the most elaborate scenically and mechanically ever given to the play and the company is worthy.

"Mam'selle 'Awkins," with its pretty music, catchy songs, clever principals, entertaining comedians and large and capable chorus has scored a decided hit at the Bijou and the patronage accorded it thus far has been of a flattering character. The only remaining matinee takes place Saturday.

A performance of a thoroughly novel character, presented by a company of midgets and giants, assisted by a large and capable chorus who contribute with excellent effect a number of individual and ensemble musical numbers, well describes "The Merry Tramps," the musical farce which Gus Hill's Original Lilliputians will present at the Bijou the coming week, commencing Sunday afternoon.

OTHER PEOPLE'S NOTIONS

Vaccination in Germany.

To the Editor of The Journal.

May I be permitted to state a few facts gathered during my studies of the vaccination question? I shall choose Germany, since investigations and statistics of that country are probably more reliable than those from other countries.

Bavaria has, since 1807, compulsory vaccination. Whoever has been in the fatherland knows what compulsory means. In 1872, after the people of Bavaria had been vaccinated and revaccinated for a period of sixty-five years, that country had a smallpox epidemic. Over 30,000 persons were sick with the pox and, queer as it is, some 29,000 of these 30,000 had been just previously vaccinated. This fact was revealed by the vaccination records. Prussia had an epidemic in 1871, during which no less than 64,000 persons died from smallpox, and Russia was then a well vaccinated country.

Upon the official vaccination and smallpox records Dr. Bruckner (Basel) bases the following remarks: "The official smallpox records furnish the clearest proof that all smallpox epidemics of late years have had their beginning amongst the vaccinated and re-vaccinated."

It is a known fact that Bohemia is the best vaccinated and the worst smallpox-ridden country in Europe.

In Germany it has been officially admitted that vaccination is blood-poisoning. The health office of Berlin has admitted that in 1891 over 1,000 deaths were caused by vaccination.

In 1890 Theodore Poppe published the following sentence: "Vaccination is syphilitic poisoning." He was duely prosecuted in the courts for contempt of the vaccination law. The prosecuting attorney called as witnesses for the state upon Dr. Cruewell (Berlin), the highest medical authority on vaccination. On Sept. 3, 1890, this same authority made the following statement under oath: "Every inoculation of so-called 'protective pox' is syphilitic poisoning. Since I follow Peczely's method of diagnosis I am in a position with certainty to demonstrate the evil effects of vaccination to the of a syphilitic nature. Most of the people will have to suffer a life time from this poisoning. When our present vaccination law was passed, the authorities labored under misconceptions in regard to vaccination. It was universally believed that the pox of the cows was something different from human pox. But now it has been proven to a certainty that cowpox, which was held to be a distinct sickness among kine, is a myth. Cowpox as a separate sickness of animals does not exist. Some cases of the so-called cowpox are nothing else but syphilitic sores, others are true human pox. Mr. Jenner is indebted for his lymph to the syphilitic milkmaid, Sarah Nelones. Vaccination does nothing but prepare the way for the worst of sicknesses." Such a statement from so great an authority startled the medical profession of Germany. Investigations began everywhere.

Dr. Schoppe (Boun) called attention to some of his observations, saying: "If a child is not very robust we will find as the result of vaccination a great disturbance in the lymphatic system; lymphangeitis begins, and, as a rule, scrofula is but the initiatory step of tubercular complications."

This hint was followed up by others, and as we understand, investigators are about prepared to come forth with the statement that most of the many cases of tuberculosis of recent years are directly caused by the disturbance in the lymphatic system due to vaccination and revaccination, a fact worth while considering, worth while investigating in our country.

A few of the many prominent medical men who have, in the fatherland, during the past few years investigated vaccination and who have declared against it are: Professor Dr. Kramichfeld, Professor Dr. Yung, Dr. Weiss, Dr. Schoppe, Dr. Stiegele, Dr. Girl, Professor Dr. Hebra, Professor Dr. Kupmaul, Dr. Weber, Dr. Boehm, Dr. Zilfinger, Professor Dr. Dammann, Dr. Cruewell, Dr. Deventer, Professor Dr. Virchow, etc., etc.

These men have a reputation at stake and their authoritative statements have not as yet been impeached by men who enjoy themselves anything of a reputation.

The exact words used by these men in condemning vaccination would make interesting reading, but we are afraid this communication would, by quoting these men, grow into a lengthy article.

St. Peter. —John Plocher.

IN THE SUGAR BUSH

BY GEORGE GRANT

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That March afternoon, as Zeb Taylor made his rounds of the sugar bush with pails suspended from a neck yoke, to empty the brimming troughs of sap and convey them to the barrels at the fire, it all came back to him so forcibly that he seemed to be working in a dream. He had known Nellie Tompkins since childhood. The two farmhouses stood close together, and the children had been Zeb and Nell to each other until he had become his father's "hired man" and she had put on long dresses. Zeb had never escorted any other girl to the circus, to a picnic, to camp-meeting, to a harvest dance or a corn shucking, and Nell had never encouraged any other young man.

The old folks had looked upon it as a matter of course that the young couple would get married in due time. It was only after the

"WHAT BEAR—WHERE—WHEN?"

girl had been sent away to school and her letters to Zeb had been few and far between that he awoke to the fear of losing her.

Nell Tompkins at 18 was a good-looking, attractive girl, and Zeb realized that education and society would improve her still more. Other young men would be attracted, and he would stand no show.

As Zeb reached the camp and emptied his buckets of sap into the barrels, he lingered and thought of more recent sorrows. Nell Tompkins had returned from school two weeks before on a vacation. He had hastened over to the farmhouse in his working clothes to welcome her, and plainly she had been shocked. There was no warmth in her handshake, no love in her eyes. Even when he reappeared a night or two later in his Sunday best, she had called him Mr. Taylor and had refused to remember how he had carried her on his back over mudholes and boosted her over fences. A change had come to blast all his hopes, and on his road home he made up his mind to face it like a man.

While he mended the line fence between the two farms next morning, he raised his voice in song so that Nell Tompkins might realize that he was not taking her conduct to heart, but his voice sounded like a crow's. When he met Farmer Tompkins, he made a great pretense of being jolly, and he started a report that he was "stuck" on Abigail Spooner and almost in love with Hetty Cable. He also kept away from the Tompkins farmhouse, and if any one asked him for news of Nell it appeared to take him all of thirty seconds to recall her name.

Thus Zeb Taylor had tried to make himself believe that he was getting the best of it. Down in his heart he knew that he would have been only too glad of the chance to make another call.

Night had come in the sugar bush. Zeb had eaten a cold supper while the sap in the pan boiled and foamed and later on had cut up the wood to be used through the hours of darkness. Then he sat down on a log to smoke and figure out how many pails of syrup would be the result of that run of sap. He intended to follow the syrup to the "sugar-off" process and count up the pounds of sugar, but his thoughts insensibly drifted away to Nell Tompkins, and for a long ten minutes he was oblivious of his surroundings. Then he was suddenly called to life by the hoot of an owl. He could have suppressed the cold shivers inside of two minutes had not the hoot of the bird been followed by the scream of a woman. The sugar bush was a mile away from any house, and the voice of a woman in the dark woods weakened Zeb's knees and brought his heart into his throat. He was shaking with alarm when the owl hooted again, a hoot full of the direst peril, and again it was followed by the scream of a woman whose life was menaced. Zeb stopped only to grab up a club, and then he made a rush into the darkness. He had only fifty feet to go before discovering Nell Tompkins leaning up against the trunk of a tree.

"You—you here!" gasped Zeb as he came to a halt.

"Y-es, and O, Zeb, the bear—the bear!" she exclaimed as she held out her arms to him.

"What bear? Where? When?"

"He's just roared out twice, and you—you—"

"Yes, I heard him roar, but don't you be afraid," said Zeb as he put his arm around her and gently walked her to the fire. The arm still encircled her as they sat down on the log together, and he asked:

"Nell, did you start for anywhere and get lost?"

"I—I don't know," she half sobbed. "I heard you were making sugar down here all alone."

"Yes."

"And that you were going to sugar off to-night."

"Not quite so soon."

"And I thought—thought—"

"What did you think, Nell?"

"I thought if I came down you'd give me some maple wax on a white chip and that I would say that I was sorry if I hurt your feelings the other night."

"And you got lost in the woods?" queried Zeb as his heart began to melt.

"I—I—guess so. It was awfully dark."

"And a bear growled at you?"

"Such awful growls! O, Zeb, I was so glad to see you! I might have been eaten alive!"

"Y-e-s. Say, Nell, you are sorry, I'm sorry, and what?"

"Why, you'll go home with me, won't you?"

"Yes; and what then?"

"Why, if pa and ma haven't gone to bed—and I don't think they have—you might want to talk to 'em, you know."

"Yes, I know," whispered Zeb as he lifted her face and kissed her. And then the sap in the pan boiled and foamed again, the fire crackled and snapped, and the owl above their heads chuckled in his throat and flew away to other fields of romance.

Daily New York Letter

The Wireless 'Phone.

March 6.—The wireless telephone now under investigation by the signal corps at Washington was discussed freely by Signor Marconi last night. His opinion is distinctly discouraging.

"The report," said he, "gives 480 feet as the distance over which wireless messages have been telephoned. Why, that is about the length of the American liner Philadelphia. One could talk that distance on a clear day without instrumental equipment of any kind.

"I myself in several experiments with the wireless telephone, succeeded up to one mile. But I abandoned the effort, realizing that it was practically useless There is hardly a possibility of success in the wireless telephone. The electro-magnetic waves used in wireless telephoning are slower and far less powerful than those employed in wireless telegraphy."

An Expensive City.

Controller Grout admits that the first budget to be made out by Mayor Low's board of estimate may exceed the budget prepared by former Mayor Van Wyck's board. He said at a session of the sinking fund commission:

"If all the expenses demanded by the heads of departments for this year are allowed, the expenses of the city will amount to more than $100,000,000."

The controller was talking to Dock Commissioner Hawkes, who wished to spend $5,400,000 on docks during the present year. It is probable that this amount will be allowed and great deal more by special requisition upon the board of aldermen. But Mr. Grout and Mayor Low are alarmed at the increasing needs of heads of departments. The controller declares that all bond issues will be exhausted and the debt limit wiped out if he yields to all requests.

$600,000 for Porcelains.

The collection of Chinese porcelains formed by the late James A. Garfield, distinctly the finest collection in the world, has been sold by Mr. Garfield's estate. The purchaser is the firm of Duveen Brothers, of New York and London.

In the sale of this unapproachable collection to a firm of dealers, the Metropolitan Museum of Art has lost the possession which gave it distinction among the museums of the nations. The collection has been on exhibition at the Metropolitan museum for the past few years, and when, after the death of Mr. Garfield, it was learned that he had not made definite disposition of his ceramics, it was hoped that the collection would find a permanent place in the gallery to which he had loaned it.

The purchase price was above $500,000. Exact figures were not obtainable, but it is believed by persons who have good information, that the sum paid was $600,000.

The Underground Railroad.

The rapid transit commission is figuring on the completion of the underground railroad next year. All the excavating, it is, thought, ought to be over by April, 1903, and the subway cars in actual operation by the following November. This seems almost too good to be true. Still statistics are given showing that 63 per cent of the earth excavation and 40 per cent of the rock excavation has been completed in eighteen months, and it is calculated that it will take only thirteen months to remove the rest. The commission is preparing to advertise for bids for the contract for the Brooklyn extension, which, in addition to the big powerhouse to be erected at Fifty-ninth street, is not included in Mr. McDonald's contract. Perhaps it is not out of place to say that the people are putting an extravagant estimate of the amount of relief that this underground railroad will afford. If it had been built twenty years ago, when first projected, it would have been ahead of time; but now, in a measure, it is behind time, and the growth of the city has been such that all of the new facilities the subway affords will be absorbed at once, and there will be an immediate need of providing for the growth of the future. People who expect that, with the subway in operation, there will be a seat for everybody, will be disappointed. In "rush hours" there will be as much holding on to "straps" as now. Transportation, however, will be quicker.

An Advocate of Killing.

In Carnegie Lyceum, Rev. Henry Frank made this astounding statement for a clergyman in a reference to the Florence Burns case: "I say now, unqualifiedly, that if a confiding woman be deceived by a man, her only recourse for the rescue of her honor is to demand that he marry her, and if he absolutely refuse, he receives but his just deserts if she shoot him dead on the spot."

The Excise Question.

"A good law that is broken is better than a bad law that can be enforced," said Bishop Burges of the Long Island diocese, in an address at the Church of the Messiah, in Brooklyn. The new bishop of Long Island takes a different stand on the excise question than that taken by Bishop Potter, so that the Episcopal church in this city may be said to be equally divided on this subject. Bishop Burgess is opposed to the idea of reducing the quality of a law so as to make it enforcible. He says that it is not the province of the legislature to take into account whether a law can be enforced or not. Its business is to make right laws, and leave the question of enforcement to the people. The bishop believes in the educational value of good laws. The law against the selling of liquor on Sunday has an educational value, even if it is possible to enter the side door of every saloon. Likewise the church should keep its laws in regard to divorce high, even if the seventh commandment is broken continually. The fact that the church keeps its standards high has an educational value. The bishop's theme was on the training of the conscience. He held that the first duty of man was not to obey his conscience, but to educate his conscience so that it would direct him aright, and then came the duty of obeying its dictates. "My conscience," said King Henry VIII., in defense of the most dastardly act a man could commit, the divorcing of a faithful wife.

MRS. ASTOR'S METHOD

Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. William Astor is one of the most methodical of women. She has for years, as near as possible, chosen the same date for her annual ball, the same date for sailing to Europe, the same date for her return, for the opening of her Newport house, and for her coming to town for the winter. Her passage is engaged on the ship on which she sails from one year to another. On the evening of her ball, which has for a number of years taken place with few exceptions on the first Monday in January, she does not occupy her opera box, although she is present at all the performances to which she is a subscriber. It has been Astor etiquette on that evening for the box to be untenanted, making the one gap in a brilliant horseshoe.

CAREFUL OF FORMS

General Hughes, who recently returned from the Philippines, tells a story about an Irish volunteer private who was acting as guard over a captured Spanish storehouse, and had received orders to pass no one without a special order from the provost marshal of Manila. General Hughes was provost marshal at the time, and when he drew near the storehouse he found his stomach very close to a triangular Springfield bayonet and heard in rich Milesian brogue:

"Halt! If yez come a step furdher I'll jam this inter rez!"

"Why not?" asked the general.

"Niver moind," said the private. "I know me orders. 'Tis a pass yez must have from the provost marshal."

"Well, I'm the provost marshal," said General Hughes.

"'Tis I that don't care if yez be the prisident. Divil a foot ye'll set inside here till yez show me yer pass."

The general drew out a blank book and scribbled a pass.

The private surveyed it and passed General Hughes with the remark:

"Why didn't yez do that without all this palaver?"