THE JOURNAL

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THE BREACH IN THE WALL

The compulsion of distinctly defined public sentiment reached the innermost recesses of the caucus of the house republicans last night. The irreconcilable element must be congratulated upon their appreciation, if tardy and somewhat exasperating, of the fact that the preponderance of public opinion favors, strongly, fidelity to national pledges and national duty with respect to Cuba.

The agreement upon the ways and means' concession of 20 per cent off regular duties to Cuba, is not a very liberal determination, considering the fact that the republican party is fully committed to the policy of reciprocity, which it has declared to be what it in truth is, the twin of protection, and, as a party, is responsible for the Platt amendment, which impliedly demands all really helpful action in behalf of the material welfare of the Cuban people, which our government can reasonably bestow upon them. This concession to Cuba is no concession without a quid pro quo, for Cuba returns an equivalent in kind. It is to be hoped that the report of the ways and means will be allowed proper discussion on the floor of the house, and that both senate and house may finally agree upon a more liberal concession.

Strangely enough, the republican majority in the house has, in this Cuban matter, been stoutly opposing concessions to Cuba on the ground that the American Sugar Refining company would be the sole beneficiary of any concession in tariff, and swearing by all the gods that the tariff wall must have no breach made in it in order to shield the nascent beet sugar monopoly. As a matter of fact, the American Sugar Refining company does not regulate prices in the sugar market. That is done in Hamburg, where the size of the surplus sugar product of Europe governs the fixing of prices. Meantime, there is no evidence that the American Beet Sugar company is preparing to go out of business, although Mr. Oxnard declared that any reduction whatever in sugar duties would send them to the wall, crippled and ruined. Three years ago he affirmed that, even if foreign sugar was admitted free, the beet sugar interests would prosper. The two statements do not agree very closely.

The limitation as to the duration of the concession to Cuba is too close. Aside from that it is affirmed by the Cuban business men and planters and by experts from this country who have carefully investigated the matter, that nothing less than a 50 per cent concession will be profitable to both Cuba and the United States. Such concession would surely concede the entire trade of Cuba for our country and yield some profit to Cuba, while 40 per cent would enable the Cubans to live and produce. It was shown before the house committee that the beet sugar interest enjoys protection to the extent of 94 per cent, and yet the beneficiaries of that enormous degree of protection declared that a 10 per cent reduction of duty would "send them to the wall." Certainly, publicity as to these facts is necessary. Reflection upon them is natural, and there is little doubt that those who would stifle discussion of reciprocity and judicious tariff revision and shut the door against investigation, are apt to get their fingers pinched in the door hinges.

With the opening of the Fort Totten reservation in North Dakota and a portion of the Red Lake reservation in Minnesota, about 350,000 acres of rich agricultural land will be opened to settlers. The question of how to dispose of it will be a burning one. There will be ten applicants for every quarter section.

THE PRESSURE APPLIED

The injunction proceedings begun yesterday by the interstate commerce commission against eight railway companies operating between Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago to secure strict observance of the law forbidding the transportation of freight at less than the published rates, mark a decisive effort of the government to effectuate its own laws. The result of these proceedings will determine whether the Sherman anti-trust law and the interstate commerce law are constructed with such legal ingenuity that their interdictions may reach the extreme by-paths of lawlessness; whether, indeed, these laws are but statutory pretenses. Thus far, the interstate commerce act has confessedly failed to deal adequately with unjust discriminations. The government, indeed, theoretically reserves its approval to published rates. These published rates stand for the legal rates, just as the rates of duty in the tariff schedules embody legality. The government consistently collects the tariff rates on imports. Is there any reason why it should not compel with equal energy the enforcement of the freight rates of railway tariffs sanctioned by itself, practically?

It is known that packing house products, for instance, are continually carried from the point of origin to the seaboard at rates much below the published tariff rates, so giving to half-a-dozen or more packers big advantages over their competitors, and yet the intercommerce law was originally devised to prevent just such unjust discriminations. It is true the commission has accomplished something in the way of securing greater publicity of rates; has lessened the number of rate wars and has equalized long and short-haul rates, but the commission admits that it has failed in doing away with the crowning evil, the paramount injustice of discriminations for the benefit of favored shippers, the dictation of lower rates by the big combines working harmoniously with the traffic managers of the railway systems. The latter officials, the traffic managers and general freight agents are the fellows who are responsible for the demoralization of rates, for they promote them to promote business for their roads, regardless of the disastrous effect upon the annual revenues. Is it possible that the government cannot, through its own laws, put a stop to the lawless exploitation of these violators of the law for whose acts the railway companies are responsible? At the present time the courts have ample power to determine whether rates are just and reasonable, and it would seem that, under the restraints which the courts and the commission can exercise upon excessive charges, there should be compliance on the part of the roads. Possibly the thing that is lacking is what the distinguished Judge Cooley, first head of the interstate commerce commission, when the commission was organized, pointed out, viz., that the prohibition of the pooling contracts in the law might have to be modified. The commission, indeed, in its first annual report, said that, to make the railway service of the most possible benefit to the public, contract relations will be essential, because there would be need of joint tariffs, joint running arrangements and interchange of cars. In the commission's second annual report it expressed the opinion that pooling arrangements would no doubt become imperative in the future. To-day the commission is divided on the subject, the president, Judge Knapp, and one or two members, standing for traffic contracts under government supervision.

The government is now beginning proceedings which cut at the worst evil in this connection, the evil most difficult to get at and bring it to judgment. It will be well if the injunction proceedings show the necessity of amending the interstate commerce law, at least to the extent of legalizing pooling under control of the commission as was foreshadowed by Judge Cooley in 1887. The contracts between railway companies as to the maintenance of uniform rates would then be as binding as contracts between private parties.

The mark system, whereby it is gravely announced that at the end of a four-years' course a student has a record of 96.89 or 83.76, or some other utterly impossible percentage of excellence, which is very often mischievously deceptive as to the student's actual attainments, has at last been abolished at the University of Minnesota. It is a wonder that such an absurd system hung on as long as it did.

A SHAME

The "health measure" for the supposed benefit of the patrons of immoral houses which the local administration has adopted should open the eyes of those persons who are so largely responsible for what they euphemistically term a "business" administration.

There is no justification, moral or practical, for the inauguration in Minneapolis of such an execrable policy as that referred to, a policy so revolting, so shocking, so evil that it is nauseating to talk about it, even in the most veiled and guarded manner.

It is the worn-out, cast-off policy of Europe, a policy which is in every way repugnant to morals, expedience and the dictates of humanity—a policy that promotes the very physical evils it is ostensibly aimed at.

What authorization in law is there for such a policy? By what right does the mayor, or any one else, create a revenue for certain inspectors by forcing these wretched women of sin to pay them a dollar a week?

We are greatly mistaken in the moral tone of the city of Minneapolis if this hollow and cruel mockery of a "health measure" does not provoke an outburst of righteous popular indignation.

To what extent speculative sentiment has subsided may be judged from the fact that last week's trades on the New York Stock Exchange were 3,149,285 shares, while in the same week a year ago they were 5,296,687. So far this year the total shows 33,719,039 shares exchanged, while to this date in 1901 it was 63,784,753. A year ago at this time the wild bull market which culminated in blue Thursday, May 9, was just getting into full swing.

THE ETERNAL "CO-ED."

The two Chicago universities—Evanston and Chicago—have always differed in many things. The latest difference is as to their attitude on "co-eds." At Chicago University the men wish to be separated from the girls altogether. They don't want to see them, don't want to associate with them in classrooms, and would have them keep out of their sight altogether. At Evanston the men are very fond of the maids and dearly love to take them for strolls on the lake shore, much to the disruption of class-attendance records. Wherefore it results that, while a professor in the University of Chicago scolds the boys for their lack of interest in the eternal feminine and assures them that it is good for their education that they should study and recite with women, a dean of Northwestern declares war on all college courtships and urges the girls never to walk or stroll or admire the scenery in company with the men.

In effect, the young men of the Chicago "U" view of the question in the same light as the Northwestern women's dean. They believe that hard work is incompatible with "buzzing" the girls, and the dean knows that the "buzzing" results in poorly learned lessons and many skips by the girls.

But then, love-making goes on and ever will go on, in college or out, and all who have taken part in it know that it is very distracting and absorbing. But if it doesn't run its course in the college years it will later. If it doesn't disturb studies it will disturb business. If it doesn't lose lessons it will lose salaries.

Unless the insurgents in the Philippines are able to bring forward an entirely new crop of prominent leaders, the surrender of Gueverra in Samar, following that of Malvar in Batangas and the capture of Lukban in Samar, really seems to bring to an end every pretence of the resistance to American authority to be worthy of consideration as a rebellion or as an armed popular opposition. The men who remain in the field are mere disturbers of public order.

The coincidence Monday of St. Patrick's day and an address by a distinguished clergyman on "The Future of the Anglo-Saxon" emphasizes the inappropriateness of the phrase "Anglo-Saxon" for a race that, throughout the world, enjoys such a leaven of Celtic blood. The force of custom causes us to cling tenaciously to the term "Anglo-Saxon," which is really a gross misrepresentation when applied to the American people, and is far from being accurate when applied to the British empire, especially the self-governing colonies thereof. Some writers are coming to use the word "Anglo-Celtic" instead of "Anglo-Saxon." It is a more appropriate term. The English-speaking people are essentially a composite Celtic and Teutonic race, and any racial designation of them that takes account of only one of these two elements is deficient.

ANOTHER PRIMARY LAW TEST

If the test of the success of the primary election system is the choice of nominees to office whom the people favor, the St. Paul election yesterday indorses the law. The candidates supposedly the most popular have been shown by the results to be so.

The chief complaint against the operation of the law is that it compels the disclosure of party affiliations. The Pioneer Press says that a considerable part of the qualified electors who stayed away from the polls is to be accounted for on that score. It will be recalled that the Hennepin county local law did not compel such a disclosure. The general law, which now applies to Minneapolis, as well as the rest of the state, does require a declaration of party attachment. It was only natural that with the party system of politics so well intrenched the practical men who made the law should have desired the change.

The trouble is that it really leaves no place for the independent voter—the man who really does not belong to any party. He must now vote at the primaries under a party label, and must publicly acknowledge party affiliations, determined by his general partizan support at the preceding election and his intentions with regard to political affiliations in the approaching election. The result is that that secrecy of ballot which is enjoined in the final election is, in a measure, denied at the primaries. But this is a feature of the law which we cannot expect to see altered in the present stage of political development. It is, certainly no worse than the old primary system in this respect, for under it a man's presence at a party primary openly proclaimed his political connection.

In the very midst of our boasts about the balmiest of late winter and early spring in the northwest we were hit by the worst blizzard in seven years. Minneapolis got none of the snow, but the reports from North Dakota about drifts ten and fifteen feet high, stalled trains, paralyzed railroads and complete cessation of traffic for several days, prove that the old settler doesn't always exaggerate in his weather stories. What damage to life and property has resulted from the storm seems to have been caused largely by unwarranted confidence that winter had withdrawn for good. But the property loss will be offset, we suppose, by the moisture the fields will receive from the melting snow.

CHANCES FOR MUZZLES

A woman writes to The Journal to suggest that something be done looking to the muzzling of those animals who defile the street cars by their nasty habit of voluminous expectoration. It has been urged by some that it is cruel to apply to dogs a muzzle that keeps the jaws closed. That is the sort of muzzle, however, that these street car defilers need. Notwithstanding the conspicuous anti-spitting signs in the cars the evil is now about as bad as it ever was. For a time, after the commendable effort made to enforce the ordinance, the cars are really clean, but the spitting animals, having recovered from their alarm, are now as freely exercising their disgusting habit as ever. If the task of enforcing the ordinance is too big a one for the health department the street railway company can perform it by simple instructions to its conductors to make a point of "calling down" the offenders and reminding them of the ordinance. They performed this duty very efficiently at one time, but have now ceased to be vigilant.

This is a duty the company owes to the public. So long as it does not keep its cars clean it discriminates against its well-behaved patrons. It is both exasperating and unjust that a woman should be compelled to go from seat to seat in a car looking for one under which the floor is clean enough for her skirts to touch.

Chile has been trying to float a loan of $12,500,000 in New York. To date nothing has resulted from the negotiations. It is said the New York financiers who were approached demanded more than ordinary consideration by the possibility of a war the opportunity entirely unless Chile could meet their views. One important consideration in the possibility of a war between Chile and Argentina. Chile recently ordered two warships, but gave the contracts to the Armstrongs and the Vickers, both English shipbuilders. This has made it even more difficult for her to borrow in New York, as the feeling maintains in high financial circles that if Chile wants to secure a loan here, she should patronize American shipbuilders.

There is not the slightest reason to believe that the beet root sugar industry of the United States will be in any way set back by a concession of 20 per cent to Cuba, except that it may retard the promotion of new plants until it is definitely shown that the reduction has no effect upon the new industry. We do not think that the beet men themselves really believe for a moment that the 20 per cent reduction in a 94 per cent margin of protection is going to cut into the profits of their business. It is more doubtful whether 20 per cent will do the Cubans much good and whether it is sufficient greatly to stimulate reciprocal trade between the United States and Cuba.

The nerve of the ice man! He is already telling us how hard he will labor to keep us supplied with ice during the coming summer. But there is Duluth appealing to him for help, you know, and Duluth must be cared for, and there will probably be demands from the south, and, well, he will do the best he can. It doesn't make any difference to him whether the price is raised a dollar or two. It is a labor of love with him, you know.

In Good Company.

Alexandria, S. D., Herald.

Governor Van Sant is in mighty good company when the president and attorney general take his view of the merger conspiracy. We notice also that Messrs. Hill, Morgan et als are not half so gay since the government tackled the proposition. Instead, there are well defined lines of care and anxiety discernible on the faces of the Northern Securities crowd since the administration took a hand in the matter.

The Nonpareil Man

Ajax Overworked.

Ajax was out defying the lightning one day, when the Olympian gods' Tourist club came by on automobiles, racing from Mount Parnassus to the Piraeus. Before Ajax could get out of the road he was tossed across the boundary into Boetia by the machine steered by Hercules.

Ajax picked himself up, felt himself all over, and finding nothing broken, shook his fist into the air and remarked:

"I said lightning! I ain't a-going to take on the lightning and the automobile dudes the same day unless I get a raise in salary."

And, muttering to himself, Ajax climbed up the side of Olympus to register a protest on overwork.

Casually Observed.

Our friends in North Dakota have been playing ping-pong with the snow shovel and the cheerful murmur of the rotary plow is heard in the land.

What has become of the woman who used to think that unless she was talking every moment of the time the company was not entertained?

John G. Woolley, in a recent magazine article, asks, "Is Prohibition a Fraud?" It depends a good deal on how the hotel clerk in the prohibition town sizes you up.

The Spanish cabinet has resigned. While knowing nothing about Spanish politics, it is always safe to say, "We are glad of it" when a Spanish cabinet resigns.

Mr. Carnegie granted thirty-eight applications for libraries last Thursday, giving from $175,000 down in each case, and then went out as guest of honor at the seventh annual dinner of the New York Library club with a clear conscience.

It is said that profanity has so increased on the streets of Harrisburg and other towns since the meeting of the last Pennsylvania legislature that the churches are organizing crusades against it, even while acknowledging that the provocation is great.

The British "kicker" who stays at home and grumbles at the cost, wants to know how those 500 men with Methuen who ran four miles when the mules stampeded, could have kept up with the mules. Possibly the mules stopped to graze now and then.

Walt Mason complains in the Nebraska State Journal because every hoss-seller invariably says, "A better piece of horseflesh never looked through a collar." Possibly Mr. Mason expects the legislature to pass a law against exaggeration in hoss trades!

Boston has begun to move her more inartistic statues into the suburbs, and even there horses of pedigree and Harvard graduates shy at them.

A poet in a local weekly paper has taken a turn at the Tillman-McLaurin affair, with the following result, so far as the first verse is concerned:

The senate prize ring had a tilt,
The weapons were the fist;
Tho' little blood had been spilt
Were compelled to desist.

The other five verses were fully as good as the one quoted. It looks like a reincarnation of the Sweet Singer of Michigan.

An "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company went out of business in Kentucky after making a fine collection of cabbages, potatoes and eggs. A company that had no more sense than to go Uncle Tomming in Kentucky and didn't play behind a wire netting deserved to fail.

A Visit to a Mahatma.

Simla, Feb. 16.—After a long trip by rail we are at Simla among the hills, described so graphically by Kipling—and we have seen our first Mahatma! We gave Charlie, the native boy, you know, 50 cents on the night we arrived here, to locate us a Mahatma before we retired for the night. He looked very much puzzled at the word "Mahatma," but after we had explained it at length, a light began to dawn in his face and he went away with the remark that he would return soon. In about an hour he was back, exultingly remarking, "Charlie heap sabe, have Mahatma rounded up in woods. He says the three misses are to 'come on boys.'"

We threw our India shawls over our shoulders and started to follow Charlie into the woods. After we had gone a little distance, Charlie stopped and pointed to a bronze image seated Buddha fashion at the foot of a big tree. In a moment it moved but did not open its eyes. It was indeed a Mahatma.

"Samadhi," whispered Charlie, "him in state of samadhi."

"He's in a trance" whispered. Mary L., who had made something of a study of eastern occultism, "isn't it just lovely?"

"What does samahdi mean?" asked Lucille.

"Why, he's left his body and his soul is now wandering some where in Calcutta or New York, perhaps. Isn't it wonderful!"

"Looks to me as if he's asleep," said Lucille, "would it hurt if I should stick a hat pin in him."

"You might drop dead on the spot," said Mary H.

"Well, I'm going to give him a quarter, anyhow, for the show," said Lucille.

She took a piece of money from her purse and dropped it in the Mahatma's lap. Then occurred the first miracle we saw in all India. While his soul was absent in Calcutta or elsewhere, the Mahatma reached his hand out and made that bit of money disappear into his clothes. Awed and silent we crept back to the hotel.

The next day we detected a wonderful resemblance between the Mahatma and our coachman, but Charlie said it was because they were brothers. This is indeed a wonderful country—a land of marvels and miracles. But we must hurry back, though there is some talk of visiting Mt. Ararat and taking in the ruins of the ark. Lovingly, Lucille, Mary H. and Margaret.

Horny Handed Son of Toil.

The "horny-handed son of toil" has figured much in American politics, and it now comes to light that he is not a myth, but a real thing. A local medical paper has a learned article from a physician on "Erythema Keratodes," which in reality is nothing but horny-handedness. The physician says:

I have had among my patients a farmer who used to spend a couple of hours every Sunday evening whittling down the horny masses on his hands to get them into a fit state for work.

This unhappy condition the doctor calls "a chronic erythema of the palms and soles, leading to overgrowth of the horny tissue, which has been described by Brooke under the name of 'erythema keratodes.' It is accompanied by edema and tenderness, and thus tends more or less to cripple the patient. The erythematous nature of the affection is shown by the fact that it begins in an inflammatory process. This differentiates it from the condition of keratosis or simple hypertrophy of the horny layer of the palm or sole, which forms a hard plate or the surface."

But why the vote of the man whose palms have to be filed or whittled is so eagerly sought by the men who are saving the nation still remains unexplained.

—A. J. Russell.

PLAIN TALK; VERY PLAIN

Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

That talk about the consent of the governed is, when you get to the bottom of it, mostly rubbish. We people of the south, for instance, who have for years been cheating niggers at elections and kept it up until we concluded that it was cheaper to disfranchise them by legal enactment, now shed crocodile tears on account of the woes of the Filipinos and cry aloud that all just government derives its authority from the consent of the governed. Rot!

The south didn't consent to the government that it got for several years after the civil war. The southern niggers are not consenting to the government they are getting now.

We talk about the consent of the governed and taxation without representation, when these arguments run our way; but we forget how often these principles have been violated in our own country to-day with our approbation and as the result of our own acts. Consent of the governed! Taxation without representation! Rot!

Not an Encouraging Comparison.

Washington Post.

General Funston doesn't remove a vast amount of doubt when he says there is no more war in the Philippines than there is in Kentucky. We continue to ship considerable ammunition to both places.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

The anti-Van Sant campaign is still confined to "bushwhacking," and from present indications, will not get beyond that stage. All efforts to get out an opposition candidate have failed, and it is predicted that the governor will be renominated by acclamation. This does not mean that the opposition has quit. It is still quietly at work, but unless it has victory assured, its hand will never appear.

There has not been much active work done since January, when J. H. Robinson of Mankato toured the southern counties. He went to size up sentiment, and evidently he did not get much encouragement. The only results from his trip have been some newspaper attacks on the governor, evidently as the result of interviews between Mr. Robinson and the editorial management. For the most part, Mr. Robinson found himself in an enemy's country. His efforts were handicapped by the knowledge that he was a defeated candidate for insurance commissioner, and had a grudge to work out. From all accounts, he did not travel on his own responsibility, but had good backing.

Since the Robinson trip there has been much activity. Work against the governor will not cease until the convention meets, but it is bound to be ineffective.

Constituents of Congressman Heatwole say he will be their representative again from the third district. His ambitions do not lie in the direction of the governor's chair. He wants to go to the senate, and as a stepping-stone, would like to compass the defeat of Van Saut this year. Just for the sake of beating Van Sant, he might go after the nomination himself if the prospects were good.

All is serene once more between the offices of the governor and the state auditor. Before leaving for his southern trip, Bob Dunn once more expressed himself in favor of Governor Van Sant's renomination, and his friends predict that, in a pinch, Dunn will be one of the governor's strongest supporters. They also predict that Dunn will be on the state ticket once more, despite his repeated declarations that he cannot be dragooned into running for auditor.

It's this way: J. F. Jacobson is expected to announce his candidacy within a month. If he develops formidable strength, the anti-Jacobson forces, which will never for a minute consent to his nomination, will combine on Dunn and force his name through.

The St. Cloud Journal-Press has a grapevine special from Little Falls, saying that Judge Collins was in that city feeling sentiment on the governorship, with a view to entering the fight. This does not seem probable. If it is true, the judge has experienced a great change of heart within six weeks. No longer ago than that he squelched the suggestion most emphatically.

"McCleary is the coming man," said a Minnesotan recently returned from Washington. "North star people at Washington expect to see the schoolmaster elected governor in 1904. He will bear watching."

The populist state committee sticks to its decision, and will call a separate state convention to nominate an independent ticket. The address of Chairman Lawson, printed elsewhere to-day, makes this intention plain. If the state committee is in sympathy with the rank and file of the party, the position taken is fraught with significance for the coming campaign. It means just this: A full state ticket in the field, supported by the mid-road populists and such of the fusion crowd as can be kept out of the old party ranks.

The attitude of the democracy will probably be "let them go." A large share of the democrats have always talked against fusion, and the new turn of affairs will suit them exactly. Fusion has been disastrous to the populist party, and by the time the remnants are gathered together it is likely to make but a sorry showing. It will be enough, however, to assure republican success this year. Both populists and democrats will have to build for the future. The only way they would stand a show this year would be for the populist convention to indorse the democratic nominee for governor. If this should be Lind, such a course is possible, but they would not indorse Baldwin or any other old line democrat.

Fifth ward republicans are anxious to learn the intentions of General George P. Wilson with regard to another term in the state senate. The friends of Willard R. Cray are ready to support him again, and he is likely to be a candidate, whatever Senator Wilson decides. Should the latter pull out, it is believed that W. D. Washburn, Jr., will contest with Mr. Cray for the honor.

As S. V. Morris, Jr., has moved out of the district, this leaves only L. C. Stevenson and J. L. Dobbin of the old house members, but there is always plenty of material in this district, and the sixth ward will be demanding representation this year.

George L. Dingman, assistant dairy and food commissioner, denies that he has any idea of seeking another term in the legislature. He is satisfied with the representation the ninth ward now has. "Mr. Deming has made an excellent member," said Mr. Dingman, "and he is certainly entitled to another term. In fact, I do not think we can improve on our delegation from the thirty-ninth district. Senator Snyder and Messrs. Sweet and Deming have made a splendid record, and I think they will all be returned to the statehouse."

St. Paul's experience with the primary law furnished an odd contrast to the Minneapolis trial in 1900. Then the republicans cast nearly the party vote at the primaries, while the democrats only voted about 50 per cent of their strength. In St. Paul yesterday the democratic contest for mayor brought out the bourbons en masse, while the republican vote was light.

—C. B. C.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

"The Princess Chic" at the Metropolitan is just the piece to satisfy the desire for genuine comedy linked with music. Many old favorites are still seen in the cast. This opera will be the bill at the Metropolitan for the remainder of the week, including a matinee Saturday.

"Miss Bob White," Willard Spenser's successful pastoral comedy-opera, which is to be the attraction at the Metropolitan the first half of next week, is, perhaps, the only example of a work of that kind thoroughly and exclusively American; not only as to its authorship and production, but in theme, treatment and cast. Its great success, therefore, surrounds Mr. Spenser with quite an atmosphere of patriotism.

Of the three productions to be given by Pollard's Australian Juvenile opera company during their engagement of four nights and matinee, commencing Thursday, March 27, "The Geisha," "La Mascotte" and "A Gaiety Girl," the last named has never before been seen in this city, although it ran for over three years in London and two years at Daly's theater, New York. In fact, it was the most successful musical comedy ever produced.

Theater-goers who enjoy good old-fashioned melodrama, with its thrilling scenes, situations and climaxes, in which the right is upheld, the hero and heroine made happy and the villain properly punished, will find much to their liking at the Bijou this week in "A Ragged Hero," Maurice J. Gleding's latest effort.

Novelty is what the play-going public demand, and "Are You a Buffalo?" which will begin a week's engagement at the Bijou next Sunday afternoon, is said to offer much that is novel in musical farce. The company includes, among others, John E. Tierny and John Price, two Irish comedians of admitted talent; Marty Moore, Joseph Mitchell, Ada Deaves, Swift and Huber, Margie Tebeau, Lillian Clayton, Louise Satorr and the Mozart Comedy Four. The musical portion of the program consists of catchy and up-to-date numbers presented by a capable chorus of twenty pretty young ladies.

OTHER PEOPLE'S NOTIONS

Discrimination Against Humans.

To the Editor of The Journal:

I am a stenographer, and each morning have occasion to take a Lyndale car which is scheduled to arrive at Washington avenue at 7:48 a. m. I have been moved by recent experiences to study the statutes of this state, and find that any person who keeps or carries in or upon a vehicle or otherwise any animal in a cruel or inhuman manner, or who, being engaged in the transportation of animals, permits them to be so crowded together as to overlie, crush, wound or kill each other, is punishable by imprisonment not exceeding three months or fine of not more than $100.—Section 6793, statutes of 1894.

I also find, however, that the legislature has, unjustly, as it seems to me, discriminated against my class by providing that "the word animal as used in this title does not include the human race, but includes every other living creature."—Section 6809.

Is it not possible to arouse a public sentiment which shall eventually do away with this cruel discrimination? If necessary, let another extra session of the legislature be called.

—Betsy Maginnis.

March 18, 1902.

PASSING OF A GOOD SOUL

An Alabama Paper.

Katy Chambers was born Feb. 25, 1822, and died Jan. 25, 1902. After several months' illness at first, a letting down, as old people are subject to, and, third, a second stroke of bilious fever, and, third, a second stroke of paralysis, she passed all over.

Prior to seven years ago she was as active as any one of her age, and could say more, because she was an extraordinary woman in every respect—well balanced, and never, no, never, in the extreme in anything, unless it was to help others and go lacking herself if necessary. She joined the Presbyterian church in early life. She loved all, and especially Christians, in every denomination, and often was filled to the utmost with the presents and of her acceptance with God. She once shouted and praised God aloud. Some years ago, at Wilkins Springs camp meeting, while Brother Wade was doing some of his best reading on the highway at 8 o'clock a. m., she said she had finished the spirit as long as she could. She was advised by relatives to hold in, but it only added fuel to the fire—well to say the least. She was one grand and grateful and noblest of all women, none better in the past, and doubt there will ever be better in the future; no one ever knew her of all classes and callers, but to love her, and, always the friend of the meeker and poorer class, her house runs the home for many more travelers, never turned one away, and as for venders, they were all right once they got to her house and made it convenient to be there often.

She was twice married, first to W. B. Crews and second to W. H. Chambers, and had two children by W. B. Crews and none by W. H. Chambers, last and not least. It is strange, and yet it is so, Sister Chambers was one woman. Mary has said first and last never has one ill word spoken of or against her.

She was born in North Carolina and brought to this county by her parents when quite young. She rambled only about two miles from the old homestead during her good age of 80 years, less a few days. She lay down and died in the faith and was buried at New Hope Church cemetery at the head of her former husband, being no room on both sides, then to wait the resurrection morn. Farewell, my dear wife, until we meet again.

—H.

"THE STRENUOUS LIFE"

Westminster Gazette.

If we were prescribing a course of reading for politicians, we should ask them to get a volume of essays entitled "The Strenuous Life," by the president of the United States, which was published a few days ago. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is a remarkable example of a man who has reached the highest place without losing any of his youthful enthusiasms. He has seen the worst side of politics, he has had to submit to the innumerable compromises and acceptances of the second best by which a practical man struggling among conflicting interests contrives to get things done; he has seen the ebb and flow of public opinion and he still emerges with a high opinion of his fellow men and with an immense belief in the power of zeal and energy to influence the future. There is a good deal in his teaching which might alarm quiet people. He is very pushful, he has no belief that wars will cease; he is an expansionist, an imperialist, with a great belief in his flag and the destiny of his people. But, on the other side, he brings the same fervent feelings to bear on domestic reform in the United States, and he manages to combine with them a code of practical wisdom in regard to political organizations and party politics which might have been framed for our use as well as for the use of Americans.

TOO PROPER

Harper's Weekly.

Our distinguished guest has also demonstrated that he possesses a sense of humor which has stood him in good stead during his American pilgrimage. It was undoubtedly this intuitive sense of the ridiculous that forced a smile over his usually placid face when he was introduced to the mayor of Rochester, who greeted the distinguished guest on the rear platform of a sleeping car and extended, on behalf of George Washington Aldrige, the freedom of the city. It was not this, however, that caused his highness to smile, but the fact that his honor was resplendent in evening dress and held a crushed opera hat in the hollow of his arm.

In the Ghost's Path

By Lester Grey.

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Mary Manners was at war with herself and with all the world. Will Voight found that this was not a case where "present company is excepted."

"No," she said and shook her head so decidedly that certain rebellious curls bobbed in her eyes. "No, I don't want to go to the theater. I want to be alone and to think. Who could think in a hot, stuffy theater? We will go to the park."

He ventured to hint that even his presence might be a bar to the flow of thought.

"I could not go alone, stupid! It would not be proper."

"Or interesting."

She flashed him a look, and he subsided.

The park looked cold and rather gloomy, but her sigh of satisfaction was quite ecstatic as she cried, "Oh, I do love the park!"

"So do I in summer."

"But now, when the breath of spring is in the air.

"More winter than spring in this air," he retorted grimly. "There is a lot of ice still

DOWN ROLLED THE DIGNIFIED MR. VOIGHT TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SLIDE.

in these sheltered walks, so do let me help you."

But she refused his proffered hand and stepped daintily along. She even hummed a fragment of a gay dance tune. Evidently her spirits were rising in proportion as his fell. Overhead the bare branches creaked and sighed. Underfoot the walk looked treacherous enough in the fitful glimmer of the gas lamps.

Now came a bit of incline. She started down recklessly, with a challenging look at her silent escort. "Let's see who gets to the bottom first."

But on the instant her foot caught on a bit of gravel. She swayed and would have fallen if his ready hand had not steadied her. The effort, however, destroyed his own equilibrium. Down, down rolled the degnified Mr. Voight to the bottom of the slide. His high silk hat rolled even faster in an exploring expedition toward the little brook that ran alongside the path.

Th egirl clasped her hands tragically. "Oh, it is going into the water! Save it! Save it!" Then she burst out laughing.

Mr. Voight raised himself stiffly and went in chase of the hat.

When he brought it back, she was still laughing.

"I am glad that I afforded you so much amusement." His tone was very freezing. "And I am happy to tell you that the hat has escaped injury. Your anxiety about it was quite remarkable. As for my injuries—oh, that is a matter of no consequence to you evidently."

Her laughter had died away, and she bent toward him contritely. "Forgive my laughing! If you could only have seen how funny you looked!" Another paroxysm was threatened, but she steadied her voice as she caught sight of his face. "But you are not hurt, are you? Just let me brush you off, and you will be all right, Will."

"Will" refused to be placated. He had been laughed at, and ridicule pierces to the innermost core of a man's being.

"Don't pretend an interest you have just shown conclusively you do not feel. I am quite ready to resume our walk—homeward." And he turned and began to ascend the incline.

The girl was glad that the friendly darkness hid her involuntary expression of pained surprise. William the meek, William the long suffering, had rebelled. She had teased him and played with him. This, then, was the last straw.

Then a wave of indignation flooded over her. How rude he was, how unkind! She stood still and gazed at the tall figure hurrying up the slope. How could he treat her so? She would go home alone. But the park was very dark and silent. A cold tremor seized her. She was afraid.

With most undignified haste she hurried after and caught up with him, panting. A glance at him brought back her courage. His bearing was anything but victorious.

Her tone matched his own as she said: "I cannot go home alone. We need not have any further conversation, however, and I won't trouble you again."

Voight winced visibly at her words. There were signs of yielding as he replied, "You know that I am always glad to do things for you."

Miss Manners laughed bitterly. "And yet you were going to leave me alone just now. It wasn't a kind, wasn't a gentlemanly, thing to do."

His anger flamed up again. "I could not endure your mockery. It simply showed that I had been mistaken all along; that you did not care for me; had been only playing with me."

Her voice was low and vibrant as she retorted: "That is why I was restless to-night, why I have been restless for many days. I was trying to make up my mind whether I really loved you. You have helped me to solve the question. I can give you the answer now. It is 'No.'"

He was too stunned to speak, and so they hurried on in silence. An angry spot of color burned in the girl's cheeks, but the darkness hid this as well as the glint of tears in her eyes and the pallor of the man's face.

Suddenly he caught her to him, but he lifted her bodily and then set her down, trembling. Even as her cry of indignation rang out there was a blaze of white light, a whir of wheels, and the automobile was out of sight.

Voight's voice trembled as he whispered, "That is the White Ghost, but it might have been the White Death for both of us."

He held her in his arms, though she struggled. She was yet too indignant and too startled to realize her narrow escape.

After a moment: "What was it to you if I had been killed? What right have you to interfere?"

There was a traitorous tremble in her voice that gave him courage.

"The right of loving you. Had the last ten minutes made life seem so worthless for you, too?"

He tried to see her face, but she had hidden it on his shoulder. He bent his head till his lips almost touched her hair. "Can't you find it in your heart to change your answer?"

Her face was still hidden, and only a lover's ear could have caught the faint reply.

Daily New York Letter

Mock Gambling Den.

March 19.—Mrs. Everett H. Culver, the daughter of Senator W. A. Clark, the Montana copper king, has outdone her own record as originator of the most novel entertainments ever given in New York. She turned her handsome apartments at 175 W Fifty-eighth street into a mock gambling den. Her guests played roulette, faro, baccarat, shook dice and craps, and staked imaginary fortunes on the turn of a card. No money was bet, but the winners got prizes, and the heaviest losers got "booby" souvenirs.

A Very Young Mason.

The youngest man in the world to receive the thirty-third and last degree of Masonry is William Bramwell, leading man of the Murray Hill Stock company. This honor is to be conferred upon him this afternoon at the special meeting of the A. A. S. R. of the northern Masonic jurisdiction, to be held at Hotel Manhattan. Mr. Bramwell is 33 years of age.

A Tremendous Slavonic Growth.

The foreign-born parents of New York are rapidly increasing the population of the metropolis. Statistics gathered by the Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations in 1900 show that the high percentage of New York's foreign-born population is certain in the interval of 1900-1910 to greatly affect the increase of New York's population. The city of the United States of over 100,000 persons which has the highest birth rate (Fall River) is the city having the largest percentage of foreign-born population. New York is the second city of the country in percentage of foreign-born; and the particular nationalities which have settled in New York during the last decade, in largest numbers, are the nationalities which the federation's studies show to have the largest number of children. The nationality figures of New York show that there are more Slavonic males under 21 years of age in the New York of to-day than of any other people. They outnumber the Latins by over 11,000, the Teutons by nearly 12,000, the British by over 20,000, and the Scandinavians over twelve-fold; and the number of Slavonic men over 21 years of age exceeds every single nationality in New York except the Germans and Irish. In the decade, 1900-1910, New York is bound to have a great growth, as compared with other American cities of 500,000 or over, from the expansion of its American-born Hebrew population. One of the organization's experts, Dr. Laidlaw, sees New York becoming a mastodon in growth. "It is safe to prophesy," says he, "that before 1920 there will be about the mouth of the Hudson river, on the same area as of London or the metropolitan police district, a population larger than the present population of Greater London." So the metropolis of the new world promises to outstep its brothers of the old.

Everybody to Have Walking Coat.

The well-dressed man who wishes to keep up with the spring fashions can add a new style of coat to his wardrobe this year. The new coat is called the walking coat. It will take the place of the more cumbrous frock coat. The walking coat is a compromise between the cutaway and the frock coat. It is cut straight down in front, with pocket flaps