THE JOURNAL

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

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

Payable to The Journal Printing Co.

Delivered by Mail.

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

Delivered by carrier

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

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

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

AIDING THE OPPOSITION

The victory of the champions of the ship subsidy bill in the senate must be, in the necessary aftermath, flavored with the disagreeable conviction that it did not receive the full support of the republican senators, for six of them voted against it on the conviction that it would not be a very healthful item to place upon the record of republican legislation. It certainly would not be.

And, for this reason, the house majority may well hesitate about taking it up at this session or at any other session. The bill, as it passed the senate, is objectionable chiefly for these reasons: It gives, unblushingly, the cream of the outlay to the combinations owning the big fast steamers; fixes no limitation to the disbursements in bounties per annum, the amendment looking to such limitation being killed; provides for a system of mail subsidies in addition to tonnage subsidies which will cost far more than payments under the contract system at present in use; provides for the payment of tonnage subsidies to ships whether they carry cargoes or run empty; gives little encouragement to the building of slow freight ships which are most needed for the ocean traffic. These features are sufficient to show that the measure, while not as bold in its terms as the bill which the house refused to pass in the last congress, is yet a pronounced generator of monopoly.

The opposition, if it has any wit and wisdom, could utilize such a measure, if it is enacted, against the party in power very effectively. The democrats are slow to avail themselves of such opportunities, but they are evidently struck with the vulnerable republican action so far on this subsidy business. There are two measures to which the republican majority in congress might direct their robust attention with great advantage to the country and the party rather than to the construction of monopolisic opportunity. These are the proposed currency reform bill now under revision in the hands of the house banking and currency committee, and the Kasson reciprocity treaties, which the senate committee on foreign relations has decided to take up for such amendments as will insure their ratification, after their long imprisonment in the pigeon holes. The currency reform bill embodies Mr. Fowler's plan for providing an elastic currency always responsive to the demands of trade, for the interchangeability of silver standard dollars with gold, the transfer of greenback and bank note redemption to the national banks, the redemption of $195,000,000 of greenbacks and the issue, under restrictions of bank circulation and emergency notes against commercial assets of banks instead of bonds, and embodying a system of bank note redemption on a modern progressive basis through each of the clearing-house districts into which the country will be divided. This measure effectively eliminates any lingering hopes of positive advocates of bimetallism, and embodies a continuation of the sound money policy for which the business and progressive element of the nation fought in 1896 and 1900. It would seem to point to such reform of our banking and currency system as would be a safeguard both in periods of business expansion and business depression. It merits intelligent discussion because the capacity for currency expansion under the refunding law is about exhausted and business continues to expand. It should receive attention because, if the business collapse should come with the usual shrinkage of credit and with no facilities for emergency issues of currency we would be unprepared to face the storm. It is time to prepare for storms when the sky is clear, when conditions make for prosperity. It will be well to make our banking and currency laws accord with the needs of our progressive country. It will be well for congress to discuss fully the question as to the security of currency based on other than the United States bonds. It will be well to demonstrate that, under effective government supervision as now, a strong guaranty, by the way, and the commercial assets and guaranty of the national banks, we can have a currency adequate to business needs, as good as gold, available in critical periods. Attention by congress to this subject and to the revived reciprocity treaties, which mean large advantage to our export trade, would certainly seem to be good politics.

INVESTMENT AND SPECULATIVE STOCK

A lively discussion has been on for several months in New York financial circles regarding the status of the so-called "industrials" in the New York stock market. Two important things happened to change their standing. One was the president's message, which, in touching upon the trust question in a general way, brought out the desirability of a public knowledge of the affairs of these companies; the other was the action of the United States Steel corporation, which in its first report gave a general summary of earnings, expenditures and other items of value to the investor. Heretofore it has been the rule that the industrial companies have not taken the public into their confidence. The investor who bought a railroad stock might make a poor selection and a poor investment, but at least he had the regular periodical figures of increasing or decreasing earnings to guide him. It was not so with the industrials. In the case with the most of them these requisites were and are still lacking. Consequently the only thing the prospective investor can do is to make a rough approximation and even that must be qualified.

The result of this has been that the investing public, always chary of the industrial, has fought shy of them more and more of late. Several disastrous deals, notably the Amalgamated Copper fiasco, have increased this feeling. The time is coming shortly when the industrial companies will have to lay bare their financial conditions if they are to have the confidence of the public. Several of them have already done this, but the majority still keep their affairs private.

A good fight against this secretive policy has been waged by the leading conservative financial publications of the east. The Wall Street Journal, in making clear its editorial attitude in the matter, says:

> Managers of industrial companies have felt aggrieved because we persistently spoke of their companies as "speculative." A stock is speculative until its value can be determined; as soon as this can be done it ceases to be speculative and becomes an investment stock, taking rank in some one of the many classes into which investment stocks are divided. The essence of an investment lies in the fact that its value is known. The essence of a speculation is in the fact of value unknown.

When the managers of the industrials see it this way and make regular statements of the financial conditions their stocks will move up into the investment class. Until then, the industrials, with the few exceptions referred to, must be looked upon only as speculations, and they cannot hope for that solid backing which comes from distribution in small lots among investment buyers.

The agricultural department has been receiving inquiries of late from India about American agricultural machinery. Heavy shipments of farm machinery have been made within the past year into Siberia and the late inquiries indicate that the field is growing.

MORE PEACE TALK

There is considerable excitement in London over a Pretoria dispatch announcing that Acting President Schalkburger, ex-Secretary Reitz of the former Transvaal republic, and Commandants Meyer and Krogh had passed through that town en route to Orange River colony under a flag of truce. It is surmised that these dignitaries will confer with Lord Kitchener as to conditions of peace.

It would be a godsend to both Boers and Britons if this flag of truce had any such meaning. The Kuyper effort some weeks ago, when negotiations were undertaken by the Dutch premier at London in behalf of peace, failed because the British government very properly desired to negotiate with the Boers afield and make terms directly with them, which would be binding upon them. The fighting Boers ignored the Dutch government's peace efforts and intimated that they regarded the movement as an unjustifiable interference with their rights. It is no doubt because of this attitude that the Schalkburger mission has been undertaken, for they assume that they more nearly represent the Boers who are fighting over the veldt and getting their war material, provisions and clothing from captured British supply trains.

There is among the Boers, as is well known, very little subjection to authority in the fighting arena. Schalkburger might command, and if successful raiders like Delarey had sighted a provision train under the British flag, he would shut his ears to the mandate to stop, and, utterly regardless of peace negotiations, he would go for his quarry. A pious negro was met by a white neighbor returning from church on Sunday with a fat possum under his arm. "Why, Jake," said the colonel, "is it possible that you hunt and catch possums on the Sabbath?" "Lord-a-massey, kunnel," said the pious Jake, "does yer tink dere's a nigger in dis part o' de country kin stan' still an' let a big, fat possum tril cross de road jis in front of him an' let him go? No, sar; its aginst my prinspuls." Delarey will similarly continue to catch possums until he is caught himself. It is well to talk of "calling in the Boers," but they have all along declined to obey any call. They are last ditchers in diminishing numbers.

There is no doubt that they could get very good terms. The British government is fighting, as the Boers are, to keep up the reputation of the nation for the possession of grit. On the 14th of next October the South African war will have been waged for three years. Its cost to the British government approximates a cool billion dollars so far. It has entailed an infinity of suffering upon Boers and Britons. The man with the long purse will win, and he can afford to be generous with his very heroic foe. The British government cannot reasonably be expected to permit the Transvaal to return to the ante-bellum condition. With the Orange Free State the government had no quarrel. Steyn and his people went into the conflict on the basis of sympathy and kinship with Kruger's people. Safeguards for the preservation of peace can be secured and the Boers in both states would be infinitely better off than they have been since the fateful trek of 1835, if they are brought as a crown colony under the suzerainty of Great Britain. Meantime General Delarey is catching his possum.

A CHARTER SUGGESTION

The Minneapolis Charter Union's executive committee announces that it favors an attempt to secure home rule for the city through the adoption by the people of the present charter substantially as it stands. The members of the committee feel that they are justified in concluding from experience that there is no hope of securing the adoption of a new charter at a regular election, and they have no hope that the council will grant a special election. They think that the only way out of "the woods" is to adopt the present charter, thus making it a home rule charter, which will be subject to amendment by the people.

The charter reformers think that one or two reforms at a time can be adopted. Each particular reform is opposed by a certain element and when all the reforms are embodied in a brand new charter the various conservative forces are strong enough to defeat it, especially at a general election, where other matters engage so much of the electors' attention. There is some dissent from this view. There are some supporters of a new charter who hold that at least one more attempt should be made to secure the adoption of a new charter, and that there is no cause to give up the fight now.

Of course a new charter is preferable to a patchwork charter, and that is what reform by amendment will give us. On the other hand home rule, even with a patchwork charter is clearly better than the present system. Considering the arguments on both sides we are inclined to think that the outlook for the adoption of a new charter is not bright. At any rate the committee has performed a public service in stating his views, and the discussion that is sure to follow will probably make it clear whether it is advisable to adopt its suggestion.

Cuba will probably bless, in future years, the military government it is about to lose. The before-and-after pictures of streets, parks and public buildings in Havana may well cause many American municipalities to wish that they might be administered by the army long enough to teach civilians how to clean up, repair streets and keep a city looking well. There are numerous streets in Minneapolis that need repair and cleaning as much as Havana's streets needed them before the American occupation.

The increased price of meat is a strong reminder of the interdependence of various sections of the United States. At the time of the drought in the corn belt last year, people of the wheat belt, while sympathizing with their neighbors, did not feel that the failure of the corn crop was likely to affect them unpleasantly. But now because the corn belt farmer had no corn, people everywhere must pay more for meat.

A man's reputation is not as unchanging as the leopard's spots. Three or four years ago the particular ogre of the workmen of the United States was Mark Hanna. Now, as our local columns show, to-day there are plenty of workmen who would like to see him president.

The Nonpareil Man

A Dangerous Remedy.

Jones—What are you taking for that cough?
Brown—The doctor advises Peruvian bark.
Jones—Have you tried it yet?
Brown—No, I have been afraid I might have to wear a muzzle.

Casually Observed.

When Bishop Potter made his remarks on prohibition, all members of the union were called out. That is, of the W. C. T. Union.

The Anaconda Standard thinks that the Boston strike occurred over a passage of Ibsen. If it did, it will not be settled this side of the grave.

There came very near being a fight at the Sailors' Snug Harbor yesterday. There were a lot of old sea dogs there and the city administration tried to have them muzzled.

Professor Loeb states that "Enzymes (which seem to be the controlling germs or forces of life), which do not nominally exist in the human frame, can actually be created." And then he adds: "Enzyme is a term we use to cover up our temporary ignorance." Thus is the mind again allowed to drop off an eight-story building.

The picture of Controller of the Currency J. J. Knox is worth $100—at least when it appears on the new $100 bill.

The Katzenjammers will be pleased to hear that Ma came out a bad second in China also.

Mr. Bryan, at the early age of 42, owns a barn and a prize heifer. Few young men have done so well.

When the war of 1861-5 broke out, there was a porter in a Boston dry goods house named Miles. He entered the army as a private soldier, was several times wounded, was promoted time after time for conspicuous gallantry in action, received the thanks of congress, was a full major general in 1865, and since then has distinguished himself as the ablest and most successful Indian fighter of his time. Owing to the strenuous character of the years from 1861 on, General Miles neglected to obtain an education at West Point.

A hay-fever cure, invented by a man named Wilson at Denver, Col., is made up of two small disks of very fine wire gauze set in rubber rings. These inventions of Satan are to be worn in the nose as stoppers to exclude poisonous or irritating dust or pollen. Even then a man might forget and open his mouth, and the mischief is done! "Alas, what perils do environ," etc., etc.

A Test of the Affections.

When a careful man has a lawn that he expends much force in keeping up to date, the boys soon find it out and play ball in the street in front. Of course, no boy intends to dent the moist sod with his heels, but if the ball goes over on the lawn, as it does about every five minutes, eighteen boys leap to return it to the street. Then four of the kids, who are attracted by the game but who are not playing, get into a stone fight. They take up positions on opposite sides of the lawn and begin to throw stones at one another across it. Now and then a charge is made, and the nice greensward soon begins to look like a gravel pit. Then the dogs walk over it, and one of them digs out a suspicious spot to test the odor a little more carefully, and the boys throw stones at him and chunks of lime and mud. One genius, more brilliant than the rest, throws an old tin can.

You can't help loving boys and dogs, but if it wasn't for Christianity there are times when you would go out and slap them with an ax.

—A. J. Russell.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

One of the largest Sunday night audiences of the season gave Marguerita Sylva a rapturous reception at the Metropolitan last night, and she added many new friends to the long list of those she gained on her visit to this city last season. The performance is full of ginger and many individual hits were made. A review of the production will appear in this column to-morrow.

The advance sale of seats for the engagement of the Pollard Juvenile Opera company opened at the box office of the Metropolitan this morning, and indicates that "the kiddies," as they are called, will play to capacity business at each performance.

The engagement of Miss Viola Allen to appear at the Metropolitan the first half of next week, beginning Monday, in "In the Palace of the King," has aroused a vast amount of interest. Miss Allen's success in this play, replacing the popular "Christian," has been extraordinary. In every city where the play has been presented the receipts have been limited only by the capacity of the playhouse.

In support of the handsome singing comedian, Andrew Mack, on the occasion of his visit to the Metropolitan the last half of next week with his new play, "Tom Moore," is Margaret Fielding, who will be seen in a typical bit of Irish character—an honest old Irishwoman. She is said in this role to have achieved the triumph of her career.

One of the most interesting and thoroughly good productions of the season will be Al H. Wilson, the German dialect comedian and golden-voiced singer, in the romantic comedy drama, "The Watch on the Rhine," by Sidney R. Ellis. Mr. Wilson has proved his claim to a place in the front rank of the singing comedians. His voice is a rich barytone of exceptional sweetness, while his acting is magnetic and full of quaint comedy. "The Watch on the Rhine" will be the attraction at the Bijou the coming week.

"Are You a Buffalo?" a rollicking musical comedy, began a week's engagement at the Bijou yesterday. It will be reviewed in this column to-morrow.

Out of Mischief.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Congressman Eddy of Minnesota, says that there are not a dozen members of the national house of representatives who if they were working for anybody but Uncle Sam would be able to earn the $5,000 a year each which they now receive. But what of that? Many of these men who are ciphers at Washington, while they might not be able to earn $5,000 a year out of congress, would be able to do more than $5,000 damage to other people.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Every politician and every newspaper man has his own private opinion about the governorship question. There is plenty of room for individual shades of opinion, but even at this early stage there are certain facts to work from, which time will prove to be correct.

Governor Van Sant will be a candidate for renomination.

State Auditor Dunn will not be a candidate, but will support the governor against any other entry.

Joel P. Heatwole is the choice of the Van Sant opposition, but he will not appear as a candidate unless the prospects of beating Van Sant are much better than they are to-day.

The following extracts are reproduced, not as authorities, but as showing the views that obtain in some quarters.

W. D. Smith observes in the Winnebago City Enterprise:

> The friends of Van Sant must not shut their eyes to the fact that the opposition to his renomination is not by any means insignificant. The opposition has already decided upon Congressman Joel P. Heatwole of Northfield as their candidate. The writer does not think that State Auditor Dunn will be in the field for the reason that he has given Van Sant certain promises which cannot be broken. Congressman Heatwole is a past master as a campaign organizer, and with his experience and ability will be a formidable candidate. St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth are honeycombed with opposition to Governor Van Sant. 'Tis useless to shut your eyes to these facts, gentlemen.

The editor of the Elbow Lake Herald appears to be a pessimist. He says:

> The same powerful interests that defeated the passage of the tax code and other tax legislation in the legislature, with the added influence of the railroads, will unite in an effort to defeat Governor Van Sant. We fully believe they will succeed. That combination controlled the legislature, but there isn't a man in the state who could be elected governor with this opposition arrayed against him. Van Sant will be defeated because he has been the friend of the people.

The Glencoe Register speaks for the third district Heatwole element, as follows:

> While it is not probable that Joel P. Heatwole will make public at this early date his intention of withdrawing his name from consideration as an available candidate to succeed himself, even if he entertains such an intention, yet it is not at all improbable that he would prefer to succeed Van Sant rather than go back to congress, and that at the proper time, if the contingency happens that is now wished for by Heatwole and his friends, the third district congressman will loom up as a candate for gubernatorial honors.

The Albert Lea Times says:

> Auditor Dunn and Congressman Heatwole are credited with intentions of becoming candidates for the republican gubernatorial nomination. They had better wait a couple of years. The party and the people want Governor Van Sant for a second term. Dunn and Heatwole are both excellent men in good standing with the public, and they cannot afford to impair their prospects for future promotion by allowing the use of their names in opposition to Governor Van Sant and the Van Sant policy at this time, for the Van Sant policy is the people's policy. Both gentlemen should wait. Their own and the public's interests require it.

The Benson Monitor (dem) says:

> If Congressman Heatwole wishes to try for the republican nomination for governor there is nothing to prevent his entering the field. It is probable that the statehouse ring will control the state convenion, which will mean Van Sant's renomination, but according to the precedent established by the governor himself, the submission of Heatwole's name to the convention will not lessen the chances of the Northfield man for future preferment. Nor will it prevent his renomination for congress in the third district this fall.

Talk of undue influence has been more prevalent than usual this spring, though something of the kind always follows a legislative session. One widely circulated story has it that sixty house members and thirty-eight senators were in a pool to defeat anything in the way of tax legislation affecting the corporations, and the amount of money spent to hold this phalanx together is variously estimated at from $50,000 to $100,000.

The Evansville Enterprise observes:

> It is intimated in some quarters that the amount of money spent by lobbyists in the state legislature was more than double the cost of the special session. Considering the results obtained by the lobbyists and those for the state, it was money well spent, while, it is needless to say, the state's money was thrown away. If the legislature would frame some law that would absolutely prohibit lobbying in any form, the people of the state might have a chance to get some legislation in their favor that would not always favor the corporations first.

It would not hurt lobbyists any to deny them the floor. They do not use it much anyhow. The legislature cannot prohibit them from renting rooms at hotels in the capital city and holding open house for members. The only way to shut this off is for members to cease visiting these headquarters.

The Madelia Messenger, though outside the sixth district, joins heartily in the anti-Buckman anvil chorus, as follows:

> The congressional situation in the new sixth district is not encouraging. C. B. Buckman seems to have things his own way. The district is naturally republican and it is a wonder that there is not a fight on in the primary election. Buckman is a man that has been in public life for a long time and has been on the wrong side of most questions. He possesses the necessary wealth to make a strong fight, and some of the best men of the district do not care to enter the fight against his barrel. It is to be hoped, however, that some good, clean man will enter the lists and carry off the prize. It is time such men as Buckman were told to "go way back and sit down."

The Rush City Post tells the same story as that emanating from other Chisago county papers. Says the Post:

> The legislative ticket for this district, so far as announced, seems to read like this:
> McKusick, Olson and Rowe.
> It seems to be all over up there but the shouting, if the voters agree with the newspapers.

The Hennepin county democrats will hold a Jefferson Day banquet once more. The birthday of the sage of Monticello falls on Sunday and the banquet will probably be held Monday evening, April 14. The Hennepin county democratic committee will stand as sponsors, and Saturday evening the following subcommittee was appointed to make all arrangements: Elijah Barton, George P. Douglas, Daniel W. Ahern, A. T. Ankeny, J. K. Gilmore, F. F. Lenhart and E. J. Conroy.

Herbert E. Day has been requested by a representative delegation of democrats to stand for the democratic nomination for judge of probate.

C. F. E. Peterson, deputy city controller, will be a candidate for the republican nomination this fall. The attitude of Controller Rogers is not definitely known. He may be a candidate himself.

H. G. Hays is still running McCleary for governor, on the theory that Van Sant will not be a candidate for renomination. Surely his town was not misnamed—Sleepy Eye.

It looks very much like a three-cornered fight for senator in the forty-second district between Gustav Theden, Henry Gjertsen and Jay Phillips.

—C. B. C.

BIBLE AND BUSINESS

Rockefeller Adroitly Combines Them, Even on Sunday.

New York, March 24.—John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in talking to the members of his Bible class on "Why Should We Join the Church?" spoke of the methods of trusts, liking their benefits to those of the Christian in allying himself with the church. Said Mr. Rockefeller:

> To fight the battle alone is to be lost. Association with others is an absolute necessity if we would be successful. In union there is strength and success. We can see this illustrated every-day in the business world.

OGILVIE MILLS SOLD

Montreal, Winnipeg and Other Properties Change Hands.

Montreal, March 24.—Charles R. Hosmer of this city and F. W. Thompson of Winnipeg, have purchased the extensive milling business of the W. W. Ogilvie Milling company. The purchase price is in the vicinity of $3,500,000. The company has three mills in Montreal, and also at Golderich, Deanforth, Winnipeg and Fort William. The new company will be reorganized and the business extended.

CRUSH THE CRUSHER

Railroads Attempt to Kill the President Politically.

HIS FAIR PROPOSITION REJECTED

Mr. Roosevelt Thereupon Blames Railroad Kings for the Spread of Socialism.

New York Sun Special Service

New York, March 24.—Under the heading, "Railroads Threaten Roosevelt with Political Defeat in 1904," the Herald today publishes the following from its Washington correspondent: Behind the scenes in Washington there is under way a contest that in its bearings on national parties and the political future of public men and because of public sentiment on one side and the vast interests involved on the other, is likely to be more potent than the isthmian canal, Cuban relief and revenue reduction questions rolled into one.

It has to do with the attitude that shall be maintained by President Roosevelt, the administrative officers under him and congress toward the railroads of the country. The capitalists who are managing and manipulating these properties are men whose influence can be felt in politics or business from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

While all this has been going on, the big railroad men of the country have been paying occasional visits to Washington for the purpose of protecting their interests at the White House and in congress. For three months there has been a steady stream of these financiers. J. P. Morgan has been there three or four times. Daniel S. Lamont, Marvin Hughitt, E. H. Harriman, James J. Hill, Paul Morton, Stuyvesant Fish and a dozen others have been here off and on, all armed with the argument that the president should let well enough alone.

Interstate Commerce Lead-Off.

Alarm was felt in the first place over the activity of the interstate commerce commission in making an investigation for the avowed purpose of ascertaining how the law was being violated and then deciding whether suits should be brought or not. The railroad men have been making ironical boasts that the interstate commerce commission did not enforce the law and had made no effort to do it. This put the interstate commerce commission on its mettle, and it decided to see that the law was enforced, unless the president interposed.

To obtain that interposition many visits were paid to the White House. The president was given very vivid descriptions of what a panic meant, and it was a matter of easy inference that if he encouraged the enforcement of what the callers characterized as an obsolete and oppressive law he could not expect political support from the business interests of the country who felt that they were about to be attacked.

It is related that during one of these interviews the president of a western and southern railroad, the stock of which a few years ago was selling at 25 and is now at par and a half, was very insistent in describing the iniquitous feature of the interstate law.

Wouldn't Meet Him Half Way.

The president told him that he would be very glad to meet the railroad men of the country, with the representatives of the shippers, and perfect a law upon which all could agree and which would safeguard every interest and do injustice to none. He would use his influence to pass such a law.

The railroad men rejected the proposition, declaring that the railroad men wanted no law at all, or a law that should be a dead letter, claiming that the railroads under their present conservative management could be absolutely trusted to oppress no one. The president's reply was characteristic. He is reported to have told the railroad president that such men as he were almost entirely responsible for the spread of socialistic sentiment in this country.

SOLDIER BOYS RETURN

Iowa Mother Goes to Chicago to Meet Her Son.

New York Sun Special Service

Chicago, March 24.—Under command of Colonel William McCaskey, the First and Third battalions of the Twentieth regiment, comprising forty officers, 280 men and the regimental band, reached the military post early yesterday morning. One mother traveled from Des Moines, Iowa, to welcome her son. Mrs. Bert Ashworth came to Fort Sheridan a week ago. Her son, Cyrus Ashworth, is a member of Company C, and she had not seen him since he marched away to war at a time when the country was aflame with martial spirit. They met in the mess hall at noon. When the young soldier saw his mother standing in the doorway at the end of the big building, he broke ranks, bounded down the aisle and took her in his arms. His comrades cheered him. During the rest of the day they danced attendance on the little woman, but her boy claimed all her attention.

REMEMBERED OLD LOVE

Iowa Man Leaves Farm to Sweetheart of Thirty Years Ago.

Middleton, N. Y., March 24.—Although estranged from the sweetheart of his youth nearly thirty years, Peter Barclay, who recently died in Ringgold county, Iowa, remembered her in his will to the exent of his earthly possessions and Miss Rachel Dixon, the fortunate Sullivan county woman, has gone west to claim the farm bequeathed her. In 1871 Miss Dixon and Barclay, who had been lovers for nearly two years, quarreled because Barclay was jealous. The following day Barclay left for the west. He located in Iowa, where he married a year later and began to accumulate property. His wife and children died several years ago. Miss Dixon declared to her friends that she refused several offers of marriage after Barclay left because of the love she bore him and she thought she was entitled to the bequest.

TAKES UP THE BEET

Octopus Encircling Colorado With Its Tentacles.

Denver, March 24.—The American Sugar Refining company has made the first move to take up the beet sugar industry in Colorado. Two companies to operate in Boulder, Weld, Larimer, Arapahoe, Jefferson, Morgan, Washington and Logan counties have been incorporated with a combined capital of $1,000,000, and options have been secured on lands suitable for beet culture and for the erection of refineries. Independent beet sugar companies were examining these lands with a view to purchase.

TRIPLE TRAGEDY

Chicago Police Scent a Double Murder and Suicide.

Chicago, March 24.—James Towns, his wife and their 8-year-old daughter were found dead in bed here to-day. They had been asphyxiated by gas from the kitchen range. A plug had been removed from the range, and the man's arm was thrown over the child, apparently holding her down. These circumstances are cited by the police as evidence of a double murder and suicide.

HOMES FOR 3,000

Great Northern Train of Immigrants in Five Sections.

Kalispell, Mont., March 24.—Five sections of a westbound passenger train on the Great Northern railroad went through Kalispell with about 3,000 people who are seeking homes in the west. Over 100 stopped off in Kalispell and will look over the valley with a view of settling here.

WHEN THE BONDS WERE LOOSED

By CICELY ALLEN.

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Co.

"For the land's sake, Melia Brown, where did you get that arbutus so early in the season?" And Miss Jane Prentice dropped the broom with which she had been diligently scrubbing her narrow flag walk and leaned across the gate, her eyes alight with pleasure.

"Down to Tucker's woods. There's lots of it on the other side of the creek." The little girl paused, fingering the rough stems and thick leaves nervously. "Here's a little, Miss Prentice, and I'd give you more, only I got it for teacher. I promised it to her yesterday."

The child offered a few short stalks crowned with the waxlike, fragrant pink blossoms. Miss Prentice pressed them to her face.

"My, they do smell nice and woodsy, Melia, and I'm mighty obliged to you. If you stop here on your way home, I'll have something nice for you sure, perhaps a little iced cake."

When the girl had shyly spoken her thanks and taken herself off toward the schoolhouse, Jane Prentice stood for a few moments, apparently studying the pale pink flowers in her hands. In reality a peculiar upheaval was under way, mental and moral. For the first time in her life Miss Prentice, aged 42, was seriously contemplating a deviation from the straight and narrow path—nay, more than that, the thorn-hedged, rigid path of domestic tyranny.

She could look back to her days in pinafores when the woods called her and domestic duties held her fast, when the birds of the air, the fishes in the stream, had a lesson for her which she longed to learn. Yet ever between her and them stood the stern, unyielding mother, to whom certain daily household duties and certain stints for girlish fingers were as the laws of the Medes and the Persians. Every year the call had come to her with the advent of spring, and every year duty as represented by her mother had intervened. There had been the walks and the porches to scrub each day, the furniture to polish (oh, how she had learned to hate the moist, limp chamois skin with which she weekly polished the mahogany table and whatnot in the front room), the sheets to be turned and reseamed and the stocking bag that seemed never to be entirely empty.

"HE CLUNG TO HER SKIRTS, HIS EYES FIXED IMPLORING ON HER FACE."

Mrs. Prentice had meant to do well by her eldest daughter in thus molding her into housewifely, forehanded habits, and it had been a grievous disappointment to her when Jane had refused one matrimonial offer after another from men who recognized her worth as a housewife and homemaker. And perhaps that was why the girl refused them all—she had no desire to change taskmasters. In a vague way she was waiting for her day of emancipation, but the children one after the other had married and settled in neighboring towns, until Mrs. Prentice and her elder daughter were left alone. Then the busy mother had died suddenly, falling with heart disease in front of a cupboard where she had been searching for impossible cobwebs.

But years of rigid performance of duties had left Miss Jane too weak to break the bonds at once, and even as she stood in the narrow walk, with the gentle spring sunlight twittering in the cherry tree near the well, and the waxen flowers in her hands cajoling, tempting her, she hesitated. The morning work in the kitchen was not done. Dishes stood unwashed, and the flags stretching from her feet to the gate were unscrubbed. But the voice of the woods spoke to her again, and with a resolute closing of her lips she snatched up her pail and broom and fled to the house.

There she hastily packed a frugal lunch, picked up a trowel and an old-fashioned egg basket and went her way rejoicing, not, however, without carefully drawing every shade and locking every door lest some inquisitive caller might learn her secret and tell the tale of base desertion of the household gods.

Once in the heart of Tucker's woods she forgot all else. It was "woodsy," sweet, moist, earthy. Close to some of the rotten tree trunks snow still lingered, and she brushed it aside with eager hands, searching for the rare and delicate arbutus blooms. When she had filled her basket with specimens of moss, delicate lichens and quantities of arbutus, she sighed happily and looked across the creek. She remembered a hollow to which she had stolen many springs before, where jack-in-the-pulpits reared their dignified heads and modest anemones bloomed. She wondered if that fallen tree trunk would not be a very pleasant place on which to spread her lunch. With all the whimsicality of a child living out a fairy tale, she fairly skipped across the stream and plunged through the undergrowth into the sunlit glade.

Yes; there lay the old log, all moss-grown, with fern stalks clustered around it. She spread out her inviting lunch; then, with a laugh almost girlish, she piled some arbutus in the center as if to grace her woodland feast. She was biting into a tasty sandwich when a sound in the brush behind her made her whirl round. She gave a slight scream and turned white to her lips. Something long and sinuous and striped, something with glittering blue eyes seemed to be crawling straight toward her. Now the bushes parted, and the awful thing rose to its feet, a man in prison garb. Paralyzed with fright, Miss Jane clung to the tree trunk, and then a musical voice, though pitched to a nervous key, broke the woodland silence.

"Dont be afraid, ma'am. I don't want to hurt you. But, oh, I am so hungry, and you looked kind and I thought—"

"Gracious," exclaimed Miss Jane in spite of herself, "you're nothing but a boy! What are you doing in jail?"

"I'm not in jail now, but I will be soon if you don't help me. Oh, it was all a mistake. He struck me first. I had to do it to save my own life, but they said it was my awful temper. You will—"

"Do you mean to say you killed a man?" inquired Miss Jane, with a shudder.

"I didn't mean to," he exclaimed wildly. "God knows, I've suffered for the blow. His face follows me everywhere. And now they're after me. Won't you help me? They'll take me back there for life—think of it—till I die! And I am strong! I can't die soon! Think of it, to be shut up there for years, day and night, and never to see this sunlight, never to feel free air, but always the air of the prison yard! And you, everybody else, will be out here in the beautiful world, free—free!"

Long fasting and the horror of being hunted like a wild animal had made him hysterical, and after all he was not more than a boy, just turned 21. He clung to her skirts, his eyes fixed imploringly on her face. Nervously she pulled her dress from his hands. She remembered they were stained with blood, but her lips were echoing involuntarily, "Never to feel free air, but always the air of the prison yard."

Suddenly she rose. Something bright glittered in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"I know it's wrong. I'm breaking the law, but I've been a prisoner, too, all my life." The man gaped at her, but she did not heed him. "You eat this lunch and I'll be back directly."

He clutched at the food like a wild creature, but without looking at him again she ordered him back into the undergrowth and hurried away.

* * * * * *

That night a fragile looking man, who walked with a slight limp, boarded the Philadelphia accommodation at Dobbinsville. Under a loose cape she wore a black poplin waist trimmed with beaded gimp that refused to meet. A thick veil shrouded a bonnet that wabbled a trifle uncertainly, and if any one had examined the skirt carefully he would have noticed a hastily sewed tuck near the waist line. When most of the passengers had fallen asleep, the woman's figure squared itself around as if to screen something in her lap. Two work-worn hands spread out a roll of bills. Two quivering lips counted them. Then a voice, in which rang a half sob, murmured:

"I'll send for her some day when it's safe and show her I was worth saving. So help me God, I'll do the right thing down there in South America for that old lady's sake. She's on the square. But I wonder what she meant when she said, 'I've been a prisoner all my life.' I bet she never saw the inside of a jail. Perhaps they had her in a 'sylum. But I'm going to do what's right, on the level, old lady, for what you've done for me."

And in Jane Prentice's kitchen at that very moment there rose from the stove an odor of burning wool and leather that made her wonder if the neighbors noticed it.

Daily New York Letter

Wouldn't Worry Mother.

March 24.—The Rev. Charles L. Schoonmaker of Plainfield, N. J., who, after sailing for England on his way to Africa to be a missionary, suddenly decided to return to this country, and thereby caused the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions to wonder mildly, was seen just after he landed from the steamship Teutonic at the White Star line pier. Young Dr. Schoonmaker was having his baggage examined, and under his arm he held a mandolin, with which he had originally intended to drive dull care away when alone in the African jungle.

"The reason I came back," said he, "was on account of my mother. I didn't think it was right to subject her to the continuous worry that she would have been occasioned if I had gone to Africa. I suppose I ought to have thought about this before, but it was not until I got to the other side and talked with those who had been there that I realized the dangers to which I would be subjected and the worry that my mother would have on my account.

"As for my not informing her that I had decided not to go to Africa, I cabled the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of my decision, and it is their duty to inform one's family of any such message. My plans are all upset now. I had been working toward this for years. I shall, of course, take up my work, but as yet I have not decided in what field."

The Rev. Mr. Schoonmaker prepared for the ministry at Plainfield and was ordained there only a few months ago.

Rich Men's Races.

President A. J. Cassatt of the Pennsylvania railroad, his counsel, John G. Johnson, and three others made a flying visit to New York yesterday, and incidentally his special broke the record between Philadelphia and Jersey City by four minutes. His train covered the 90 1-5 miles in exactly eighty minutes. The best previous record was made by J. P. Morgan's special on Feb. 7, which covered the same route in eighty-four minutes.

Mr. Cassatt's special left Philadelphia at 1:13 o'clock in the afternoon and arrived in Jersey City at 2:33 o'clock, despite a number of hot boxes that developed on the locomotive and the two cars that composed his train.

Mr. Cassatt's special left Jersey City on the return trip at 6:49 o'clock in the evening. He came to this city to confer with President Baldwin of the Long Island railroad—now part of the Pennsylvania system—and other men interested in the passage of the Pennsylvania tunnel bill.

Summer Camps for Boys.

The vogue of summer camps for boys is apparently on the increase. All through Catskills, Adirondacks and White mountains, not to say the Berkshire hills, one finds these colonies of summer settlers, representing lads from all cities, but all enjoying themselves in the healthiest, most normal way, and in the charge of some responsible man who sees to it personally that the wish of his patrons' parents is carried out. The next summer calendar of one such camp that makes its quarter in the Catskills is as follows:

July 1—Camp party arrives.
July 4—Preliminary field day, with fireworks in the evening.
July 30—Water sports events.
Aug. 11—The "long walk" begins.
Aug. 20—Field day events, water sports exhibition, campfire and songs in the evening.
Sept. 3—Camp closes.

A mountain to climb and a lake to swim in—these are the two cardinal points to be considered in selecting a spot for a boys' camp.

Altogether the institution of the boys' camp solves most successfully the parental problem, "What shall we do with our boys in summer?"—if the parents can afford to so solve it, that is. Those in charge of such camps make a very good thing of it. For college instructors and other young men whose work fits them for such things, the charge of a boys' camp is an excellent way to put in the summer.

The Brooklyn Bridge Hog.

Magistrate Brann had before him in the Tombs police court Saturday an individual who had distinguished himself the night before in the rush for the Brooklyn bridge cars by knocking down a woman with two babies in her arms. In announcing judgment the court said: "I have no use for your kind. You kick and wax fat in this city, but I shall do my utmost toward arresting your development. I take only a punitive interest in the human hog." A fine of $10 was imposed, which the prisoner was unable to pay. So it is to be hoped that this burly ruffian is now cooling his heels in a place conducive to reflection on the vanity of being a blackguard.

There is only one way to stop this barbarous sort of thing. Let it be known that every one of these "rushers" who is caught smashing his way through women and children shall be treated as if he had committed assault and battery on an individual. The plea "I was only trying to get a seat," or "I have as much right to a seat as anybody else, having paid my fare," should be treated as an aggravation of the original offense.

IDENTITY IN DOUBT

Before making millions, ex-Senator Edward O. Wolcott and his brother established a law and real estate office in Georgetown, Col. Henry Wolcott ran the real estate business and did fairly well, but there was nothing doing in the law, and the ex-senator