THE JOURNAL

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A COMMON SENSE TRUST PLANK

Indiana republicans adopted a trust plank that is full of common sense. Because it does not declare war on all business combinations, the democrats will doubtless assert that it is only one more republican pronouncement that says nothing. But the plank exactly expresses the views of the great conservative, and yet progressive, majority of American citizens who have given thought to the matter of business combinations. They realize that any political platform that teaches the destruction of business consolidations of all kinds is, if not demagogic, certainly fatuous, archaic and ineffectual. Read what the Indiana republicans say on this engrossing subject:

We are opposed to all trusts or combinations of capital whose purpose or effort is to restrict business or control prices. And we especially denounce those whose tendency is to increase the cost of living and the necessaries of life. We favor legislation to prevent such abuses. We approve the sincere and determined effort of President Roosevelt to enforce the laws against illegal combinations in restraint of trade, and demand that administrative officers, state and national, shall enforce the laws in the most vigorous manner, so that the legitimate competition shall not be embarrassed or destroyed.

It is not all combinations of capital that are inimical to the general intereste. It is those whose purpose is to restrict business or control prices; and the most reprehensible combinations are those that increase the cost of living and the necessaries of life.

Regulation, not destruction, is the correct general view of the trust question. This is an age of great industrial tasks and it requires great power to perform them. It is a corporation age.

But these combinations are so large that they can no longer say when the voice of criticism speaks: "This is my business and none of yours," as the old-time manufacturer on a small scale might say. The business of a great corporation is the business of the people.

Capital does not fully understand this yet. It will have to learn. The people are prepared to grant that great combinations are economic necessities in the present era, but they refuse to concede that they can rightfully be directed to the public injury.

A consolidation is really justified only as it is an improvement on the system it supersedes, and that point is finally to be determined not by increased dividends for a few stockholders, but by the betterment of the service to the public.

Among individuals there are those who abide by the law, moral and civil, and those who violate it. We may expect that there will be some such difference among trusts; some will be lawabiding, some will be lawless. The latter must be reformed or put to death.

Up to the present time the lawless trusts have been most in evidence. This is because we are still near the inception of the era of consolidation. The selfish motive has been the animating cause of consolidation, as it usually is of most private business undertakings. The selfish motive does not take account of the necessary difference in the relations between a great consolidation and the public and a little business and the public.

Taking the Indiana trust plank as a good expression of republican tenets as to consolidation, we are fortunate in recent republican practice. By proceeding against the merger and the beef trust, President Roosevelt has demonstrated that the republican party is still a party of action and performance. While asking for further and stronger legislation it is doing all it can to enforce the laws we have.

Fortunate nationally in President Roosevelt, Minnesota republicans are fortunate in Governor Van Sant, who, like the president, is doing all he can to "enforce the laws in the most vigorous manner so that legitimate competition shall not be embarrassed or destroyed."

There is great rejoicing in English high life because King Edward has decided not to require guests at levees to kneel when kissing the royal hand. Special favorites will be permitted to kiss the worshipful hand, but they will not have to kneel. We are grateful that there are some English institutions that never crossed the Atlantic.

THE BIG SHIPPING DEAL

It is interesting to note that many of the most ardent opponents of monopoly who are supporting the Frye ship subsidy bill, do not seem to perceive that the American line recently taken into the big fleet of foreign tonnage would receive, under the provisions of the bill, the lion's share of the disbursements which are made discriminative in favor of vessels which are least useful for our ocean carrying trade. Not only this, but the enormous amount of foreign tonnage acquired by the Morgan syndicate may become eligible to the subsidy benefits through the clause in the Frye bill which directs and commands the postmaster general to contract for postal service with steamers answering the requirements of the measure, which would restrict, prejudicially to our interests, the foreign mail service of the country in several important directions. The attorney of the Merchants' Association of New York has reported to that body his opinion that the language of the bill favors such a construction of its scope. He states that, under this construction, a practical deadlock would be reached and the choice would be offered to the government as between the injury to be sustained by curtailment of the postal service, which would be extinction in some instances of our mail service, and on the other hand the admission of a large fleet of foreign tonnage to American register and to the big mail subsidy granted under the Frye bill. Americans would be taxed for the benefit of foreign ship owners.

The acquisition by the Morgan syndicate of six lines of trans-Atlantic steamers with a prospect of getting more, would seem to indicate that the syndicate has little confidence in the possibility of the passage of the subsidy bill, or that it believes that it may be able to secure the passage of a bill through congress admitting to American registry vessels of foreign construction. Every now and then congress admits a foreign built vessel and so it has established a precedent for such registration.

It is not impossible, indeed, for congress to entertain such a liberal view of the subject that it may enact that foreign-built ships owned by Americans may be given American registry. The recent large acquisition of foreign bottoms is under control of American capital. At one blow American capital has acquired a formidable and almost controlling amount of Atlantic tonnage. It may proceed to control the Pacific tonnage, most of which will carry foreign flags. The next step may possibly be to transfer the whole acquired tonnage to our flag. Will such action injure our ship building industry? Hardly. It is very certain to stimulate it. This country is destined to wrest from Great Britain the sceptre of the sea.

Besides beating the English in South Africa the hostile mule may defeat a St. Paul candidate for the municipal assembly. Joseph Horejs, candidate on the democratic ticket, has been arrested because his mules were wont to chant at night and thereby keep from sleeping the Roehl baby. The wailing of the baby kept the parents awake, and they have proceeded against the mules as the primary cause, recognizing that the infant was not a voluntary party to the offense.

MONEY IS WRONG

The Hon. Fernando de Soto, Senator de Mississippi, discussed the transfer question with a Washington street car conductor yesterday and after failing to convince the conductor and a fireman by means of fistic arguments, resorted to the knife. This, too, proved to be an ineffectual argument. Now the senator is wroth. He has had the conductor arrested and desires to have both him and the fireman who assisted him to remove the angry senator from the car discharged from their positions.

These are the requests of an angry man clearly in the wrong. Neither of the men should lose their positions. The senator should be arrested for a breach of the peace. The constitutional immunity of members of congress from arrest under certain conditions is not involved in this case.

Senator Money seems to be a pretty good sort of statesman with a bad temper. When he cools off he should apologize to the conductor. In that way he would make up for the bad impression he, a senator, has created by allowing himself to become involved in a disgraceful quarrel with a street car conductor who was doing his duty.

And while we are on the subject it may be suggested that another conductor has an apology coming from Senator Hoar. The kind conductor tried to help the aged senator onto the car. The senator being quite sure that he is still strong and hale, regarded this courtesy as tending to advertise him as a weak and dependent old man. Hence it was an insult. Hence the conductor must be discharged.

The Moros seem to have had enough already. The desire for an early translation to the houri-thronged paradise does not seem to be so strong as they say it is in the books.

The news columns of The Journal to-day contain an interesting story about a trust which bit off too big a mouthful. Members of the beef combine, not satisfied with their profits in meat, undertook to corner the butter market. They succeeded in getting possession of nearly all the butter in the country, although to do so they had to pay big prices for it. But after they had accumulated it in their storehouses and had raised the price in some places to 40 cents a pound, consumers decided not to eat butter at that price. The consumption fell off. Retailers cut down their purchases to a fifth and sometimes a tenth of what they had ordinarily been accustomed to handle. The trust had butter to burn, which was gradually deteriorating in quality. There was but one possible result, and that was a decline in prices, and the decline came so rapidly that butter has gone down 9 cents in the principal markets of the country during the past week. This incident suggests that for some trusts there is a quick and sure cure.

The new pension commissioner is apparently in receipt of so many bouquets that he is unable to acknowledge them all in the ordinary way, so he has gotten out a printed card of thanks in which he says that he has received "a copy of the paper with a kind article therein concerning myself. Accept my thanks. E. C. Ware." That's all right, but if Mr. Ware wants to do something original let him wait until he gets into the office of pension commissioner and then get out another card something like this: "I have just received a copy of the paper containing a hot roast of myself. Will the editor go hang. E. C. Ware."

THE JUNTA SEES THE LIGHT

A significant phase of the progress of the pacification of the Philippines is the bowing of the Hongkong junta to the inevitable. This junta, composed largely of Filipinos from Batangas province, has taken an important part in stirring up opposition to American authority, arming and encouraging it. Located on neutral soil at Hongkong, and not far from the islands, it has been more dangerous to American authority than the rebels in the field.

Devoted to the independence of the Philippines, the junta has proceeded on the theory that if it could only keep the war alive the time would come when the American people would tire of their burden and leave the islands to themselves. It is significant of its determination that the insurrection was most stubborn in Batangas province. But General Chaffee reports that the junta advised General Malvar to surrender. This is taken to mean that the junta has now recognized its error in supposing that the Americans would ever leave an unfinished fighting job. The members of the junta at last understand that the future of the Philippines cannot be worked out as they would have it by opposing American authority. The Americans have made up their minds to lay the foundation of whatever political structure is to be raised in the Philippines. They will do it. It is best that they should do it.

Indiana republicans are in favor of the establishment of absolute peace in the Philippines. Who isn't?

JUST A FIGURE OF SPEECH

Ever since Henry Watterson drew that banquet-inspired picture of the formidable and menacing Man-on-Horseback it has troubled our dreams. Into our peaceful slumbers there has been injected a recollection of a French poster of the original Man-on-Horseback. There was the courveting white horse, with heavy, flowing mane. And astride him sat the Man, but under the chapeau was not the Napoleonic but the Rooseveltian face—thick lenses, prominent teeth.

At the feet of the charger lay in lieu of the fertile plains of Piedmont, plain and valley and forest of the American empire, to say nothing of the islands of the seas with their "new-caught sullen peoples." And the vision of the Man was but the preface to other visions of a land bristling with bayonets and resounding with trumpet calls; of an ocean black with frowning battleships.

But now comes the colonel and explains:

There is no man.
There is no horse.
Therefore there is no real Man-on-Horseback.

This sudden release of the tension of apprehension is something awful. Why, colonel, did you scare us so? Why didn't you tell us that your language was only figurative and fantastical and not to be taken seriously?

A gem of wisdom from the butter trust: You can corner the supply, but you can't corner the demand.

UP TO THE STATES

National legislation on the subject of oleomargarin seems to have left one important service for the states to render to their citizens by the exercise of the police power of the state. And this is in the direction of protecting the public against deleterious food preparations. Oleomargarin can no longer pass itself off for butter, and renovated or process butter must bear a tax sufficient to pay for the inspection necessary to insure the preparation of a wholesome article of food. With reference to adulterated butter the oleomargarin bill provides that the manufacturer shall pay a license of $600 a year; wholesale dealers a license of $480 a year, and retail dealers $48 a year, while upon every pound of the article itself there is levied a tax of 10 cents. Whether this was intended to be prohibitory or not it, in fact, recognizes and legalizes the sale of adulterated butter. Adulterated butter in the terms of the bill is held to be "a grade of butter produced by mixing, working, rechurning in milk or cream, refining, or in any way producing a uniform, purified, or improved product from different lots or parcels of melted or unmelted butter, or butter fat in which any acid, alkali, chemical, or any substance whatever is introduced or used for the purpose or with the effect of deodorizing or removing therefrom rancidity, or any butter or butter fat with which there is mixed any substance foreign to butter, with the intent or effect of cheapening in cost the product, or any butter in the manufacture or manipulation of which any process or material is used with the intent or effect of causing the absorption of abnormal quantities of water, milk or cream."

The duty which this bill leaves to be performed by the state is the exercise of its power of supervision over the manufacture and sale of food articles so as to protect the public from the use in the manufacture of adulterated butter of chemicals deleterious to health; or, if not themselves deleterious to health, calculated to disguise the condition of butter unfit to be eaten. The protection of the public from the sale and use of poisonous adulterants is one of the most important services the state can render to the citizen in these days.

J. Pierpont Morgan's advice to nations without a merchant marine: Buy one.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed.

Constantine J. Smyth may be nominated for Governor of Nebraska by the fusionists. No true Smith spells it with a "y." If you see it with a "y" or a final "e" you may be sure that they are "first cousins once removed" to the real Smith stock.

The board of health in Brooklyn borough has started in to abolish the rooster. There is no excuse for any one blowing a steam whistle with splinters in it at 3 a. m., as the rooster does.

No wonder a person running a coal fire with one hand, a garden with another, and trying to sweep snow with a third feels like cussing the government.

The complaint being made against adulterated limburger cheese arouses inquisitiveness on the part of a Council Bluffs paper as to how in the world such cheese could be made any worse by adulteration. In reality it cannot, but the users of the article have a belief that it can. To the undisciplined thought all limburger cheese swings the same weight of dumbbells.

The meat trust is not likely to get Mr. Bryan's $500 heifer that shares the barn with the family.

It is said that Mr. Morgan owns the wireless telegraph patents and will soon sue the people who are using his air for breathing purposes.

Carnegie says that the man who succeeds is the man who tries to do a little more than is expected of him. If this is true, no true office boy will ever get ahead the length of his nose.

The New York board of health is going to try to stop the sale of "headache cures." Many of the prepared postrums contain powerful drugs that rust or corrode the most iron constitution unless it is hand-painted nearly every day.

The price of beef is now reflected in the railroad sandwich. When one has left his glasses at home, the beef plays "hide and coop" in a most disgusting way.

A white man who was given the water cure by the natives says it isn't so bad—that is, not so bad as a horsewhipping. Still, jumping on your stomach when it is full of water must be rather disagreeable.

They have cabbages cornered, and the Uncle Tomming companies are safe from that flying vegetable for a while.

Elevating the Church.

Newport society has taken up the church, and an attempt will be made to put it on a higher social level. Both clergy and laymen have been puzzled over the decline of the church as a power in our larger cities. It has been left for the leaders of society to take up the matter in the proper spirit. The Evening Post of New York looks with favor on the plan and quotes the following dispatch from Newport to a daily paper, showing what may be done in the matter:

Newport, R. I., April 14.—The services in Trinity church yesterday were unusually well attended for this time of year, and a number of the most fashionable people of New York city were present. Mrs. Vanastorbilt was there, dressed in yellow satin, and wearing a fine straw hat trimmed with yellow lace. Her grooms all displayed new liveries. She herself modestly concealed a diamond necklace under her lavender spring wrap. Mrs. Strutter, however, wore her diamonds on the outside of her coat and so it is hard to tell which mode is really to be preferred. Among others who were present and who contributed at the offertory were Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Guyer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Bonds, Mr. and Mrs. Walls Treat, with their charming daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Q. Pons and Mr. and Mrs. Stock Ambler.

The Post adds that it is encouraging to see religion taking such a deservedly high place among fashionable amusements.

Notes From the Field.

Uncle Pease has a severe cold verging on grip. For fuller details see Anoka Union.

A Mandan, N. D., man named White went down to St. Paul with $4,900 to play the stock ticker game. The game was apparently too fierce, for the St. Paul parties acquired his wealth at the first throw and he has brought suit under the anti-gambling law.

Austin, Minn., city fathers have raised saloon licenses to $2,000 and the crowd hardly blame the poison slingers if they put a drop of water into the whisky on Sundays and holidays.

The Blue Earth Post tells a good story about A. H. Bullis. Some years ago, while in Winnebago City, he was approached by a good Methodist divine, who said: "Mr. Bullis, you are a successful farmer, and undoubtedly more or less an horticulturist. Can you tell me the best time to trim apple trees?" "Well," says Mr. Bullis, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye that presages a little fun on his part, "I don't know as it makes any particular difference, but I usually trim them on Sunday. I have more time then to do a good, careful job."

—A. H. Russell.

AMUSEMENTS

"Arizona" at the Metropolitan.

The list of American dramatists shows no better story-teller than Augustus Thomas, whose play of "Arizona" opened a brief engagement at the Metropolitan theater last night. In his plays, whether they take the form of melodrama, comedy or pastoral drama, Mr. Thomas always has an interesting tale to tell, and he always tells it well. His plays are not smart. They lack the brilliant touches of a Pinero or a Fitch, but they deserve a hearing, nevertheless, for the inherent strength of the stories they tell. What is more, Mr. Thomas is master of a grateful style, and clothes his ideas in a verbal investiture that appeals alike to the ear and to the sensibilities.

The man whose knowledge of Mr. Thomas' work has been confined to "Alabama" will be surprised at "Arizona." He will experience much the same feeling of astonishment that would be awakened by the spectacle of a goldsmith turned armorer. "Alabama" was wrought with the delicacy of touch, the tenderness of treatment, of an artisan in ivory; "Arizona" is made of sterner stuff. It commands admiration and deserves applause. In comedy, too, Mr. Thomas has been successful, his "On the Quiet," produced by William Collier, having proved one of the best plays that star ever had. Unfortunately, his latest piece, "Colorado," was a failure, and has been withdrawn.

"Arizona" is not new to Minneapolis theater-goers, and its merits are too well known to require extended comment here. Its characters are ranch folk, army people, "cow punchers" and vaqueros; its locale, that territory which General Sheridan once compared unfavorably with the infernal regions.

Happily, the company which Kirke La Shelle has sent to Minneapolis is competent. Too often plays of the drawing power of "Arizona" are, in their second or third seasons, entrusted to players of mediocre ability or worse, who ruin the best scenes in a futile effort to copy some original. In the present instance the company is all that could be asked. Several of its members are well known locally. J. W. Cope played Canby when the play was last seen at the Metropolitan. Frank Campeau, the Tony of the production, will be remembered for his portrayal of Tom Driscoll in "Pudd'nhead Wilson"; and Grace Elliston, the Bonita, was the sympathetic amanuensis in last season's production of "The Tyranny of Tears." A more winsome, graceful and altogether charming Bonita it would be difficult to imagine.

Mr. Cope's Canby is a virile interpretation, interesting for its unconventionality and its fidelity to type. To Dustin Farnham has been alloted the role of Lieutenant Denton. He plays it in manly fashion, and yet invests the character with a touch of boyishness that proves most effective in the lighter passages. The incident of the side comb, with Mr. Farnham and Miss Elliston alone on the stage, is delightfully handled.

Frazer Coulter invests the role of Colonel Bonham with dignity and Frank Campeau is excellent as Tony. Dodson L. Mitchell deserves credit for an excellent character bit in the part of Sergeant Kellar. Miss Alma Bradley, as Estella Bonham, is scarcely equal to the requirements of the part. Her acting lacks sincerity; in fact, is so palpably artificial as to destroy the illusion. She was at her best, however, in the scene with William Hazeltine, as Captain Hodgman, in the second act. Mr. Hazelline plays the despicable Hodgman with good effect; and the others are satisfactory.

Like all of Kirke La Shelle's productions, "Arizona" has been well staged, and is effectively costumed. The play is now being presented in London, and it said to have met with great favor there.

—J. S. Lawrence.

Foyer Chat.

Rose Coghlan will begin her engagement of four nights and matinee at the Metropolitan Sunday night with a presentation of Herman Merivale's brilliant drama, "Forget Me Not." In this play Miss Coghlan is given abundant opportunity for the display of the emotional qualities that have made her famous. "Forget Me Not" will be repeated on Tuesday evening and at the Wednesday matinee, and on Monday and Wednesday nights a double bill comprising "Between Matinee and Night" and "Lady Barter" will be given.

"York State Folks," the pastoral play which received such high praise from all classes of theater-goers and the critics during its engagement at the Metropolitan during the first half of the week, is to return for three nights and matinee, beginning next Thursday.

With its performance to-morrow night "The Dairy Farm," which has been playing to large audiences at the Bijou the present week, will have finished the one hundred and sixty-sixth week of its continued success. This is a record never been equalled and one which Miss Eleanor Merrou, the author of this delightful domestic play is justly proud of. This is the first time this play has ever been presented in Minneapolis at popular prices, but the production is in every way up to the standard of previous presentations.

Melodrama will be the offering at the Bijou next week and a production of unusual magnitude is promised in the first presentation in this city of "At Cripple Creek." The play is said to recite a story full of heart interest and there is a pretty love story and a vein of good, clean comedy interwoven in such a manner as to produce a most pleasing whole.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

"MARKETABLE DELEGATES."

The last play of the "insurgents" is now being made. Emissaries are going the rounds, trying to work up sentiment for uninstructed delegations on governor. Their hope is that a majority of the delegates will go to the convention free to vote on governor as they please. A dark horse can then be brought out by the opposition, and nominated by old-time tactics, with the railroad influence at his back.

This move is meeting with little success. The Van Sant bandwagon has picked up so many stragglers that there is little left for the insurgents to work on. A very good criterion is the attitude of other candidates. Young and Dowling in the seventh are declared for Van Sant. Grindeland is in the same class in the ninth. Buckman in the sixth openly favors Van Sant's nomination. Bede in the eighth has been talking Van Sant for months. These gentlemen have been over their districts, covering the northern section of the state, where the opposition is supposed to be strongest, and they know what the sentiment is. It is unusual for candidates for congress to declare themselves on state offices, and the fact that these gentlemen deem it wise to express themselves in public on the subject indicates the way public sentiment is shaping itself.

St. Louis county, it is said, will instruct for Van Sant for governor and Halden for auditor. Hennepin will instruct for Van Sant and for Jones for lieutenant governor. The governor is named first on the ticket, and all other candidates will have to tote fair on the governorship in order to get fair treatment at the hands of Van Sant adherents.

WISH IS FATHER TO THE THOUGHT.

One notable thing about the "back capping" that is being done by republicans is this: With very few exceptions, the men who are shaking their heads and declaring that "Van Sant can't be elected," are the men who do not want him elected, who would rather see a democrat win, and will be a constant thorn in the flesh during the campaign, because of their carping criticism and half-hearted support of the head of the ticket.

MAY PULL JACOBSON IN.

"Don't be so sure about Jacobson's withdrawal from politics," said a well informed man yesterday. "You are right in saying that he does not want to run for auditor, but I should not be surprised to see conditions shape themselves yet so that he will be a candidate."

When last at the capitol, Mr. Jacobson gave the impression that he would stay out of politics entirely, and gave good reasons therefor. It is a fact, however, that within the last two weeks the strongest kind of pressure has been brought to bear on the Lac Qui Parle man, from every section of the state, and he may yet be forced into the field. He has many warm friends who are urging this step, but there is another class, men with no particular personal regard for him. They realize his strength with the common people, and want him on the ticket for the help he will give to it.

Messrs. Iverson and Halden have been actively campaigning for weeks, and the entry of Jacobson would be a serious disarrangement to the plans of both. The Iverson men have been counting on Jacobson's support.

Mr. Halden's supporters are claiming Hennepin county for the Duluth candidate, on the strength of St. Louis county's support of Evans in the senatorial campaign. They are trying to work up a perpetual alliance between Hennepin and St. Louis.

The session of the executive committee of the republican state committee was brief and harmonious yesterday. There was only one thing to decide, the date for the meeting of the full committee, and May 8 was agreed on without friction. All other questions were left without discussion, to the judgment of the full committee. There is little doubt, however, that the convention will be early, probably by June 17.

CLAPP THREW A CHANCE AWAY.

The general verdict at home is that Senator Clapp made a political blunder in the appointment of C. C. Haupt to be district attorney. There was a feeling through the state that Hennepin was entitled to the place, and by passing over this county the junior senator forever passed over any hope of support from this locality for his re-election. As the politicians put it, Clapp threw away the only appointment he had. Mr. Haupt is a resident of Fergus Falls, the senator's old home, and if he is strong anywhere, it is in Otter Tail county. While Mr. Haupt's fitness for the place is not questioned, it is hard to see how the senator helped himself politically by appointing him. Clapp's fences in the twin cities are blown flat. He may get them in some kind of shape during the next three years, but this is doubtful.

The reappointment of Collector Peterson is credited to Clapp. Peterson was a Davis appointee, and Davis also named the district attorney, while Nelson picked Von Baumbach and Grimshaw. It is generally believed that the two latter will be reappointed. Hennepin is at least entitled to the marshal, and Grimshaw is highly satisfactory to Nelson.

Senator Nelson preferred the district attorneyship to go to Hennepin, but left the appointment to Clapp with only one reservation, that his colleague should name a man fit for the place.

Any man can sign a petition for a candidate, so he is a qualified voter. This is according to the ruling made by Judge Jaggard in St. Paul yesterday. Men had signed the prohibition petition who voted at the primary as democrats and republicans, and the city clerk refused to count their names. The judge held, however, that the law did not require the signers to be of the same political faith as the candidate.

—Charles B. Cheney.

ORDEAL BY FIRE

MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

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Miss Morris sprang from her bed and darted to the back door, aroused from sleep by stealthy knocking. A slim, prim, upright, faded gentlewoman, she did not forget to huddle herself in a shawl before flinging open the shutter.

"Marthy! What on earth—is the house afire?" she gasped to the fat black woman who stood upon the steps.

Marthy chuckled, though she tried hard to look properly subdued as she said:

"Not zactly, Miss El'nor, but hit's des Gawd's mussy hit ain't. You know how las' night my ole man Ben took en snook out de little circuit rider's white breeches fer me ter wash"—

"Don't tell me anything's happened to them—don't, for the Lord's sake!" Miss Morris said, almost staggering.

Marthy drew down the corners of her month. "I washed en i'oned um all right," she said. "Den I took en hung um 'fore de kitchen fire so dee'll git bone dry by dis mawnin.' Ben he went dar des now ter git

CONSCIOUS THAT HE LOOKED LIKE A CROSS BETWIXT A CIRCUS CLOWN AND A SCARECROW.

um en snake um back, en, 'fore de Lawd, dee ain't none on um left 'ceptin' hit is de buttons. Sparks must er popped out, en dee would 'a' set us all afire hadn't hit been I had sense enough ter leave dat cheer dee was on right spang on de h'arth"—

"What shall we do?" Miss Morris moaned. She had drawn Marthy with her into the shelter of her own chamber. The circuit rider in the guestroom at the other end of the house might well be awake conning over his sermon. It was Sunday morning. He was due to preach the 11 o'clock sermon at Horeb church, ten miles away. Horeb congregation was the richest, the most nearly fashionable, of all in the circuit. Moreover, Miss Morris knew that young Brother Brandon was deeply in love with Nelly Riggs. Her father, Horeb's leading steward, looked askance at the young minister's suit. He was ambitious for his doughter and heiress. Naturally, therefore, Brandon would want to show himself at his best.

He had come to stay all night at the Morris house, with no more than a change of linen in his saddlebags, clothed in flannel coat, white duck trousers and leather belt. A summer shower had splashed and stained the trousers very badly, hence the washing, the burning. Now the young man lay in bed trouserless upon a plantation that was a sort of Adamless Eden. Miss Morris and Miss Marina had lived alone since their father died, twenty years back, with black Marthy and Ben for servants.

Miss Marina was stout and rosy, as Miss Morris was thin. She sat up, rubbed her eyes hard and said sleepily: "What you fussing about, El'nor? Here's what you can do—ask Ben to lend Brother Brandon that last pair of pa's trousers we gave him. He hasn't worn them out, has he, Marthy?"

"No'm-m," Marthy said, with a throaty giggle. "He been a-savin' dem las' breeches, he is; says he spects he got ter grow three-fo' more years 'fore he can fill um up, dee soo odacious big up round de waist parts."

"Well, they'll be long enough if Brother Brandon is so tall," Miss Marina said philosophically, settling back on her pillow. "Go and send Ben in with 'em, Marthy, and tell him to tell Brother Brandon we are sorry and that we'll go with him to preaching, though we didn't mean to. I don't intend," this vigorously to Miss Morris, "that anybody shall ever have it to say we were ashamed to see another man standing in our father's clothes."

Perhaps young Brother Brandon was ambitious of martyrdom. Certainly no martyr at the stake ever showed a finer courage than it took to march up the aisle at Horeb ten minutes late, feeling himself the focus of curious, even hostile, eyes, and conscious that he looked very like a cross betwixt a circus clown and a scarecrow. The late Squire Morris had been truly a man of girth. His black cloth broad falls, a thought shiny along the seams, stood in plaits and puckers within the saving compass of a yellow leather belt. Above them the trim gray flannel sack looked ridiculously shrunken. They bulged quite a bit at the knees and sat very close around the foot. But after one long, agonized whistle over his own appearance Dick Brandon had set himself to make his hostesses forget them, and so successfully that, though they had been on the verge of tears, in five minutes he had them laughing.

The Riggs contingent was another matter. If only Nelly would be mercifully hindered! Brother Riggs was a certainty. Nothing short of an earthquake or sudden death could have kept him away. Brandon caught the brother's measuring eye fixed upon him in disapproving scorn, but he kept his head high. All through the kneeling minutes of silent prayer his petition was for strength and light.

He got up trembling, but read the chapter and gave out the hymns in a clear, hard voice. Through the singing there came to him a breaking silver strain, Nelly's voice, freighted with the sweetness of compassionate love.

Somehow the note melted him, softened, strengthened. He lost the hampering sense of earthly vestures, earthly things. When he got up to speak, it was with a tongue of fire that searched and soothed equally, carrying all before it.

Rapt, transfigured, intent only upon the King's business, he went from height to height, arguing, persuading, until rugged men sobbed aloud or shouted praises. The church was smallish, with bare, brown wooden walls and high, narrow windows. Maybe it was the play of light through the whispering leaves outside, but more than one believed that upon this memorable day there was visible in Horeb church the fluttering of angelic wings.

Brother Riggs sat hard-eyed and critical until near the end. The spirit took him when he least thought, and took him hard. He made a leap across bench and altar space and flung himself into the pulpit, crying: "The Lord gave me my daughter; the Lord takes her away to be your wife in spite of me and the devil!" and hugging Brandon as though he meant to break his ribs.

Then somebody raised a hymn, an old camp-meeting chant, full of militant faith. Everybody sang end sang until at last the congregation brought itself to the level of Sunday uninspired.

Brother Brandon rode straight to his boarding place, although he was hard pressed to go and dine with Brother Riggs. But he came next day, clothed in his right mind, to propose properly for Miss Nelly and be accepted in due form.

As she nestled in his arms he said, smiling a tender, whimsical smile, "I cannot feel that I deserve you, darling, not even though I have won you through ordeal by fire."

Daily New York Letter

Maclay Cuts Out the Venom.

April 25.—In a revision of the third volume of his "History of the United States Navy," Edgar Maclay, whose violent criticism of Rear Admiral Schley caused the latter to ask for a court of inquiry, has eliminated much of the bitterness that characterized his original account of the operations of the flying squadron. The passage which caused the greatest amount of comment on the appearance of the first edution is omitted entirely from his second edition. Mr. Maclay has also omitted from his second edition the scathing comments made in his first edition on the Brooklyn's famous "loop."

The Mayor Is Pegging Away.

Mayor Low does not seem to be disconcerted by the present criticism of his administration, but is pegging away at the difficult work before him, in determination to accomplish all set before him even if it takes all summer and all winter. "I remember," he said in his speech yesterday, "asking Mr. Roosevelt once when he was police commissioner of this city and his name was much in the papers as an object of criticism whether he was going to take a vacation. 'Vacation,' he said, 'do you think for a moment that I would leave the city when I am having such a good time?' If one city department can fill our president with a sentiment like that, you can understand how little apt the mayor is, with all of the city departments on his hands, to take a vacation."

Wall Street Boiled.

To John W. Gates Wall street owes a boom in stocks. While he dominated the market for only a brief period, and quickly passed over the responsibilities he had assumed to a stronger and greater man than he, yet his sensational deal in Louisville had such a wide advertisement that it did what all the professional manipulation of months failed to accomplish, namely, it brought in the public. The glamor of such an achievement, the story of $5,000,000 won in a few days, excited the speculative propensities of the people, and from all over the country, by wire and by letter, orders to buy came into Wall street. The consequence was a repetition of some of the scenes of April, 1901. The speculative pot over the raging fire of the stock exchange fairly boiled over.

Infernal Lying Based on Truth.

Modern yellow journalism is a wonder to behold. A day or two ago one of our principal sensational newspapers printed a half-column "spread" about a fire in the assay office. It was a most interesting story, and, no doubt, pleased a multitude of readers. It had every merit a news story should possess except truth. The only fact in it was that there had been a fire in the assay office. All the rest was fiction. There wasn't a single detail correct, nor had there been any attempt to get the facts right. The only object had been to make good "copy." In that the reporter succeeded.

Sunk by a Bull Whale.

Eight forlorn sailormen from the ill-fated little New Bedford whaler Kathleen reached this port to-day. They told the wonderful story of the sinking of the 195-ton Kathleen, after fifty-eight years of sea service, by the crazy plunge of a monstrous bull whale. To the eastward of the Windward islands, a school of whales was sighted. Captain Jenkins sent away the four whaleboats at once. The mate harpooned and lanced a big cow not half a mile from the bark. He was the first to bring his catch in. The cow was towed to the port side of the Kathleen, and the tackle was passed under the carcass. The captain sighted a tremendous bull whale within a quarter of a mile on the starboard quarter. It was by all odds the biggest whale he had ever seen.

"Hey, there, mate," he shouted, "you take your men and go after that bull over there."

The mate and his men tumbled down into their boat and bent their backs to the oats. The unsuspicious leviathan met them half way. Deviara plunged the harpoon into the big fish's back.

The bull sounded at once. Apparently his first rush did not take him very far, for while the men were still reeling off more line for him, thinking that the slackening of the line was merely temporary, he rose directly ahead of them and began to thrash the water. They had hardly gathered in the slack when the monster started off along the surface of the water. He went fast. The harpoon line was reeled off with a whirr. The friction over the bow set fire to the gunwale and it blazed up twice, only to be doused out by one of the men.

The whale was making dead for the Kathleen. Deviaria got out his hatchet, ready to cut the line when the big fish dived under the vessel's keel. But the bull did not dive. He rushed right on and struck the bark amidships on her ocken port side. The stout timbers were crushed in as a berry box is crushed when you kick it.

The whale sunk like a plummet as soon as he struck the ship. The boat's crew cut the rope just in time to save themselves.

Mate Deviaria called on his men to pull hard for the bark, which was settling rapidly. They came alongside in plenty of time to save those aboard. Within a moment after the blow struck by the whale, the captain had set all hands to dragging bread and water up to the deck, whence it could be conveniently thrown into the whale boats.

The ship soon sunk, and the entire crew found itself in the whaleboats, 950 miles from land. A passing steamer next day rescued them.

Sky Signs Must Go.

Borough President Cantor intends to introduce an ordinance in the board of aldermen to prohibit "sky signs" on buildings, although Corporation Counsel Rives says that the board has no right to pass such an ordinance. "This nuisance," says Mr. Cantor, "has become so great, both from an artistic standpoint and as a danger to the pedestrians of the city, that some radical steps in this direction must be taken. The bureau of buildings is constantly besieged with plans for projected 'sky signs,' and some of them are of formidable size, many of them unwieldy and all of them dangerous to life and limb."

STUMPING HIS COUNTY

Indianapolis News.

Jeffersonville, Ind.—George W. Stoner is a candidate who can truthfully be said to be "stumping" Clark county. He is a candidate for the democratic nomination for recorder, and has made a house-to-house canvass of the entire county. He says he has seen every democratic voter in the county and personally solicited his support. This means 3,500 handshakes. A good part of his traveling is being done by foot, or more properly speaking, by legs, as Mr. Stoner has no feet. When a young man he lost both feet in a railroad accident, but this does not deprive him of the use of his legs, and it has to be a good walker who keeps up with his. He uses neither crutch nor cane, and has a peculiar habit of swinging both arms as he stumps along. Mr. Stoner is 39 years old, and for a long time has been in the lumber buying business.

Defective Page