THE JOURNAL

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FINANCIAL LEGISLATION

The report from Washington that there is a steady decline of circulation through the withdrawal of bonds securing it, suggests somewhat forcibly the necessity for such financial legislation as will give the country a continual supply of currency adapted to the demands of business.

The applications for withdrawal of bonds securing circulation during May are now exhausted, as the legal limit is $3,000,000 a month, and the applications for June are reported very large. Naturally, if there is a great pressure for currency, the ability of the banks to increase the amount outstanding by the issue of notes will be impaired according to the measure of the reduction of the bonded debt by the purchase of bonds by the secretary of the treasury. Every withdrawal of bonds securing circulation means, of course, the retirement of the currency issued against them when it is needed by the business of the country. The point of interest in this process is that while the secretary of the treasury intends by the purchase of bonds not only to reduce the national bonded debt, but to increase the circulation, the banks are withdrawing the circulation secured by the bonds, and contracting the currency to that extent. The anticipation of the public debt is thus a rather costly operation and congress would do well to address itself to the work of reform.

At present, in case of a panic, the banks can only afford relief by issuing clearing house certificates, as was done with good results in 1893, when business machinery and the crop movement requirements were met. This method of tiding over stringency is a violation of the law taxing state bank circulation 10 per cent, but it was tolerated because of its agency in restoring confidence. What is really needed is actual money. In the Fowler bill this demand is proposed to be met by a provision to the effect that, in graduated amounts covering a period of five years, the banks which assume currency redemption of United States notes, may take out asset circulation equal to 60 per cent of their paid up, unimpaired capital, with provision for emergency circulation subject to an increased rate of taxation, so that when the pressure for which it may be issued is removed, the notes issued will be at once retired. The proposed currency will respond to the demands of business, the redundancy through emergency issues being prevented by the tax from assuming the quality of undue inflation. At present our bond-secured currency is controlled by the profit or loss on the bonds.

The asset currency clause of the Fowler bill does not meet the views of many persons who fear undue inflation. There is, possibly, a better way to secure an elastic currency. The discussion of the bill may evolve such method. The law permits the secretary of the treasury to accept other than United States bonds as security for circulation, if in his estimation there are others sufficiently secure for that purpose, as railway or municipal gold bonds of high character, which have not fallen below par for several years preceding their acceptance as security, and are secured by mortgage on roadbed and track, if they are railway bonds, and, if municipal bonds, are issued by a city whose tax levy does not exceed 2 per cent per annum.

The proposed credit currency issued to take the place of the $130,000,000 greenbacks retired (the government concurrently to retire $65,000,000 of them, leaving $151,000,000 backed by the $151,000,000 gold redemption fund in the treasury) is to be further secured by a fund consisting of United States bonds or gold coin equal to 5 per cent of the notes outstanding, this fund to be used only for the payment of the notes of failed banks, the taxes and interest on bank deposits being added to it, while the notes so issued are not to exceed the capital of the banks and will be a first lien on the bank assets.

The bill provides also for the redemption of silver standard dollars in gold which places the capstone on the gold redemption bill of March 14, 1900.

This provision, aside from the greenback retirement and asset-based circulation propositions, which are in dispute, ought to receive the robust attention of all sound money advocates. We have undertaken to plant ourselves firmly on the gold standard and there will be a serious deficiency if our coinage legislation is not completed. There are two bills in the house which provide for the interchangeability of our gold and silver currency. If nothing else is done in financial legislation one of these latter bills should be enacted this session.

Russia seems to be in a condition remarkably like that of France before the French revolution. Physical misery and economic discontent had full as much to do with precipitating the French revolution as political and social theories. Hungry mobs plundered and sacked before men realized that a revolution was impending. In Russia we read that eighty-one estates have been sacked while all the better and more progressive portion of the population seems to be inflamed with reformatory zeal.

PROVISIONS AND SAVINGS

As to whether the poor man is sharing in the abundant prosperity of these times an article that appeared in the local news columns of The Journal, Saturday, is instructive. It was there shown that though the cost of provisions in Minneapolis has increased 30 per cent during the past five years, the average savings deposit at the Farmers' and Mechanics' bank has increased 13 per cent.

As the clerks, workmen and small-income people generally of Minneapolis appear to be living more liberally and comfortably than they did five years ago, the conclusion seems to be unavoidable that their incomes must have increased more rapidly than the cost of living.

But that they have not kept up with the enormous and unprecedented increase in the price of provisions in the last year is shown by the fact that while each depositor has, on the average, $31 more in the bank than five years ago, and there are 12,500 new depositors, the average deposit has fallen off 12 cents in the year ending April 1.

The recent increases in prices have put a burden on the average consumer that has not been offset by increase in income. Nor is it likely that the average income will bound up 25 per cent to meet the same degree of increase in the cost of provisions. The price of the latter must go down or consumers will reduce consumption. Happily there now seems to be reason to believe that the prices of provisions will not long remain at a point where they have been boosted partly by scarcity and partly by speculation. Indeed, the decline has already set in.

J. Sterling Morton, secretary of agriculture under Cleveland, has been gathered to his fathers. Mr. Morton was an energetic, aggressive, resourceful man of much strength of character. In Arbor Day, now so generally observed, he has left a monument made by his own hands.

THE COERCION ACT IN IRELAND

The British government has no doubt made a mistake in its determination to apply the coercion act to Ireland. The ordering of several regiments of Scottish and English soldiers to the island to maintain order, when it has recently been admitted by a large segment of the English press that Ireland, or the greater portion of it, was never more orderly than at present, and the announcement of the government of its purpose to apply the coercion act in the western districts, where there has been some boycotting by tenants, are calculated to inflame the people. Unfortunately such incidents as the assassination of Lord Frederic Cavendish, chief secretary for Ireland, and Mr. Burke, another government official in Dublin in 1882, by ruffians, disclaimed by the Irish land league, served to keep up the tendency to coercive measures on the part of the government.

The present act for the prevention of crime in Ireland was pushed through by the great liberal leader, Mr. Gladstone, who devoted much of his public life trying to do something for the benefit of the Irish people, and make them contented with the act of union. The great difficulty in the way of reconciling them with the union is not so much the burden of landlordism, which, in spite of many land acts, is still an irritant on account of the very many small holdings which cannot afford the ordinary Irish family a decent living, as the aspiration nursed in the Irish heart of separation from England. The agitation against landlordism is only one number in the program to achieve the great object—separation and full self-government.

In 1782 the independence of the Irish parliament was exacted from the Rockingham ministry because England was in the storm and stress of bitter defeat by her American colonies. In less than twenty years this parliament was bribed out of existence and the act of union brought the island more closely than ever under English domination. A few years ago Gladstone's project to restore the Irish parliament was overwhelmingly defeated. There has been no lack of beneficial legislation for Ireland but it is very certain Great Britain will not abandon Ireland until she herself is overwhelmed with irremediable disaster. Ireland will no doubt continue more or less a thorn and a sharp one in England's side even if Michael Davitt's land program were fully adopted by the government.

A well considered article contributed to The Journal Saturday discussed the feasibility of the mercantile merger, and pointed out that, while the promoters of the hardware merger would have it appear that "economy" will be quite sufficient to insure the success of the merger plan, they tacitly admit the expectation that they will be able to exercise great influence with the manufacturer, enough, if necessary, to keep ambitious independents in certain territory from getting their orders filled.

Naturally the mercantile merger in any particular line would be able to buy from manufacturers on very favorable terms. The principle of wholesale prices would provide for that. But it would not provide for preventing the independent from getting his orders filled without such a combination between the merger and the manufacturer as would be in restraint of trade. And agreements in restraint of trade are becoming particularly obnoxious in these days, not only to the public generally but to our present very vigorous and straightforward national administration.

CRUX OF CHALMETTE QUESTION

While the report of Colonel Crowder, detailed by the war department to report as to whether the British mule camp at Chalmette is a violation of the neutrality of the United States, has not yet been published, it is asserted that it is of a nature that will lead the president to order the camp broken up.

There is a good deal of confusion in the public mind as to what constitutes neutrality. On the one hand it seems reasonable that the people of the United States have a right to sell their goods and products to all comers, regardless of whether the purchasers be at peace or war with some other nation than the United States. That has been the historic American theory of the privileges of a neutral. On the other hand it seems hardly consistent with strict neutrality to permit officers of the British army to maintain on American soil a regular transport supply camp, which is as much a base of operations for the British army in South Africa as the stores at Cape Town itself.

We would not permit either Britons or Boers to outfit, equip and dispatch an army from our shores. Neither would we permit the Boers to build a war vessel in an American shipyard, equip and supply it for the purpose of harrying British commerce. But does it not come to much the same thing, when we permit the British to collect and ship in British transports, directly to South Africa those mules and horses that are as much "supplies of war" as guns and ammunition.

It was this point that Attorney General Knox had in mind when he said that the main question was as to whether the traffic was being carried on as in time of peace. There is no question of the British privilege to buy and the American right to sell horses and mules. The question is as to the manner in which the traffic is conducted.

Besides general American policy as to neutrality, and international usage, the United States and England are bound by the treaty of Washington of 1871 which contains these provisions:

A neutral government is bound not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms or the recruitment of men.

A neutral government is bound to exercise diligence in its ports or waters and as to all persons within its jurisdiction to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations and duties.

This treaty was specifically cited by Queen Victoria in her neutrality proclamation issued at the beginning of the war between the United States and Spain and would doubtless have been enforced had the United States established at any English port such a camp as the British have at Chalmette.

Thus it will be seen that if the government takes steps to break up the chalmette camp, England can have no cause to take offense. Such a course can not be construed as an expression of ill-will to England. It will merely be the enforcement of that neutrality, after a careful investigation of the specific offense alleged, that the American and British governments have mutually bound themselves to observe.

That was a good speech Secretary Shaw made Saturday night. The secretary got the best kind of training for speechmaking by talking for the gold standard in a country that had a sentimental attachment to silver.

A FRONTIER NEWSPAPER

Considering that it is set up with Spanish types, which do not have some of the characters of the English alphabet, the Iloilo Times, the new American newspaper in the capital of Panay, P. I., is a creditable sheet. It does not lack for news, which is a curious mingling of reports of ladrone raids and proposed electric railways and electric lighting systems.

The Times' reports of the raids show very conclusively that ladrones and insurgents are not to be considered as the same. If they were the peaceful natives would not have such a fear of them as is shown in these reports. Wherever garrisons of American soldiers are withdrawn there is immediately an exodus of the inhabitants, who do not feel that they are safe from the robber bands of the mountains. The native constabulary seem to be brave enough, but they are lacking in cunning and coolness, at least in Panay, and are no match for the robbers, unless commanded by Americans, or, perhaps, by former insurgents, who have been under fire and are not easily dismayed.

William Jennings Bryan is going to be a special correspondent to report the inauguration of President Palma of Cuba. He can do it sympathetically. He hasn't waited quite so long as Palma to be president, but still he has waited.

A SCHOOL THAT ADVERTISES

It has long been a theory that a town can have no better advertisement than good public schools. It is, moreover, generally considered good business practice for a town that is seeking to build itself up to earn a reputation for good schools.

A striking, concrete instance of this belief in the public school as an attraction was shown in a half-page advertisement in The Journal Saturday. It was an advertisement of an auction of lots and lands at Aitkin, Minn. It consisted merely of a description of the property offered for sale and a large view of the Aitkin high school, which occupied two-thirds of the half page.

There was not a word about the town or the surrounding country's inducements to homeseekers or investors. It was intended that the school should speak for them. It was a clever piece of advertising. It left enough to the reader's imagination to interest him. It piqued his curiosity. He would naturally be interested in learning something about a town that had such a school. He would feel morally certain that it was worth investigating. The school said to the reader that a town that has a high school that would do credit to any city in the country must be something of a town. It must have progressive, public-spirited citizens; it must be a substantial place, and it must have a good country around it to support it. A town with a school like that makes an appeal to the man with a family. He knows that his children can get a good education at home.

We have no doubt that the foregoing is an outline of the reasoning or association of ideas that has led many people to write for further information—information they would have ignored had it been offered to them at first—or to attend the auction in person.

Recent news from Alaska reports a lively agitation in that district for full territorial organization. Mass meetings are being held in different towns and much enthusiasm is being worked up. The wonderful strides made by Alaska in the last four years make it certain that in part or whole it will have soon to be organized as a territory. Wagon roads are building from the coast to the Yukon, two railway companies are in the field, government telegraph lines will soon give connection with Nome, numerous new mining ventures are reported and the timber and fisheries resources of the territory are being rapidly opened up by capital and energy.

Mr. Samuel Hill, formerly of Minneapolis, but now of Seattle, tells the Times of that city that he met some capitalists in the east with a sackful of money looking for investment who refused to be inveigled into Washington because that state is fighting J. J. Hill's merger. The moral is left to the reader to infer. Now that the federal government is after all the mergers it looks as if those capitalists would have a hard time tapping their sack under what they consider conditions favorable to investment.

The meat trust promises us lower prices soon. Perhaps that is because the people, knowing that the meat bill is made by multiplying the price by the number of units of the purchase, have so reduced the latter that the bill is smaller than before prices rose.

"Well, anyway," General "Jake" Smith pacified Samar. He did the fighting and now the natives are surrendering to General Grant. If Samar rebels again it will be sufficient to circulate the report that "energetic" "Jake" Smith is coming back.

Now the president is after the sugar trust. The "fat boys" who remarked at Philadelphia that Roosevelt was not a "safe" man to nominate knew what they were talking about. Their idea of a "safe" president is one who acts on the theory that a trust can do no wrong.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed.

The landlord has been putting up the 300-pound dumbbell all winter and is now able to raise the rent without the least strain.

Rev. Dr. Wortman of East Orange, N. J., says that the questions now oftenest asked regarding the new minister's qualifications are "Is he young?" and "Does he play golf?" Mr. Wortman complains of this and seems to think that the rather antiquated tests of spirituality and a devoted life should come first.

The heroine of a new prize play recently staged in London is a stenographer afflicted with "heart hunger." We have known stenographers afflicted with "candy hunger."

The hen's smile as she enters the newly made garden is so broad that you can see her teeth.

It was a case of "ready Money" with his knife.

The doctor with an automobile is bound to get something somewhere, somehow.

Notes From the Field.

The Mapleton Guards have been organized but people who think they are a tough lot, anxious to administer the water cure to the crowned heads of Europe, should read their obligation of membership:

I do, upon honor, solemnly promise and pledge that, while a member of the Mapleton guards I will not use tobacco, profane or indecent language, or intoxicating liquors as a beverage; that I will keep myself pure and be loyal to my country, will obey faithfully the laws and rules of Mapleton guards, and all the officers over me, and that I will at all times endeavor to be an example of good conduct and strive to develop Christian manliness in myself and in others.

The cow of Pat Thomas of Foley, Minn., gave birth to a calf with two tails. It also had two heads and will soon be seen mounted in Mr. Patka's stimulant foundry.

"False as Stairs of Sand" is a serial in the Turtle River Pine Tree.

C. C. Doty has left the newspaper business to run a bakery. The Princeton Union says he will take the cake and the Duluth News thinks it is because he wants to handle the dough. Very few editors make a "hot roll" out of the newspaper business alone.

The McIntosh Tribune refers to its heated rival as "That weekly disappointment up the street."

The Waseca Journal-Radical tells how a disciple of Dowie struck the pastoral precincts of Nobles county, this state, and proceeded to preach the teachings of his prophet to the farmers. He made some of those people believe what he taught, and a large number of swine were killed and buried in a long trench with a most outrageously extravagant sign at its head. The furor for sacrificing the pigs spread until some disbelievers had the fellow arrested and put on trial in the city of Worthington for his sanity. After a two days' trial, which brought out the main doctrines of this new religion, he was pronounced sane by the court. As he left the office of the judge of probate he turned to the ministers present, who had been in constant attendance during the trial, and remarked that he now had this advantage over all of them, in that his sanity had been favorably pronounced upon by a court of competent jurisdiction and theirs had not.

Naughty Little Brother.

The boy sense of humor is sometimes wearing. I had a little brother once whose funny bone was so abnormally developed that he kept the family busy trying to get father to thrash him for his monkey-shines. But he was usually bright enough to dodge.

All this was in those memorable years after the war, the seventies, when the patent medicine habit had obtained such a hold on the people and had grown to such enormous proportions. One of the favorite "medicines" of the day, always kept in the house, was a brand of "painkiller," which, as I painfully remember, was hotter than the southern exposure of the bad place during a warm wave in August. Whatever was in this mixture we never knew, but it tasted like an extract of torchlight processions and redhot metals. When a boy saw the "painkiller" bottle show up, he recovered his health as if by magic.

Little Brother one day discovered a new use for "painkiller," and a much more popular one. A strange tomcat had been hanging around moping a chicken now and then and fighting the local cats by moonlight until little was left of some of them but fiddlestrings and ribbons. Little Brother in some way made friends with Tommie and, as a sort of experiment in medical science, he poured a little painkiller on Kitty's back. Every one knows how cats hate to have water or any liquid on their fur, so after a moment Tom hitched his back once or twice, but finding he did not shake it off, turned his head and licked the spot with his tongue. It was a fatal error. We dimly remembered afterwards seeing the cat rise straight up in the air about a yard and then—b-zz-zzt—he shot across the country like an arrow, only touching the high spots and the tops of the fences. He never came back.

For weeks after that Little Brother laid around waiting, waiting for stray cats. After one experience they never came back. When the stray cats gave out Little Brother extended his operations to the neighborhood cats, until people who saw their tame animals going nowhere and trying to climb up on nothing protested and mother hid the painkiller.

Once Little Brother soaked a kernel of corn in painkiller and tempted the rooster's appetite with it. He fell. Then the feathers on top of his head stood straight up and he flew the coop hollering "fire" like mad. Father happened to see this, however, and all medical experiments came to a sudden stop—so sudden, in fact, that Little Brother was rather painfully jarred by the stoppage. Little Brother always had to have his joke.

—A. J. Russell.

AMUSEMENTS

Rose Coghlan in "Forget-Me-Not" at the Metropolitan.

Although a quarter of a century has passed since the first production of "Forget-Me-Not," its power and fascination endure; and that too, despite the fact that the play has become obviously old-fashioned and out-of-joint with modern methods of stagecraft. This is one more proof—if proof were needed—of the value of good writing to a play. The story of "Forget-Me-Not" is strong and sufficiently dramatic to satisfy an audience, but the play has survived because of its splendid dialogue. Wholly devoid of situation, in the common acceptance of the term, teaching no lesson and arousing no sympathy for the unfortunate woman around which it has been written, "Forget-Me-Not" still compels admiration by the force of its dialogue. The literary excellence of the scenes between Stephanie and Sir Horace Welby is seldom equalled nowadays, more's the pity, and is doubly grateful because rare.

There are two characters in the play, and only two. They are Forget-Me-Not herself and Sir Horace Welby. The others serve only as lay figures, marionettes which move here and there as the exigencies demand, but without in the least distracting attention from this woman and this man.

Stephanie de Mohrivart, notorious under the nom de guerre of Forget-Me-Not, was a wanton; a woman of brilliant intellectuality and no morals, cruel, selfish, vindictive and unloving. Stephanie possesses not one trait calculated to win sympathy. She is a woman of steel, bent upon securing her own ends at whatever cost to others, knowing no sentiment, desirous of reforming not for the sake of the reformation, but that she may be able to realize her dream of social triumph. She would assume a virtue to gain position. To accomplish that end she does not hesitate to descend to the most dastardly methods. For such a woman there can be no sympathy, but admiration is compelled by that intellect which Stephanie found her most potent weapon.

Sir Horace was an Englishman, stolid, indifferent, persevering—no match for the woman, as he himself admits, in a war of wits; but ultimately finding to his hand a means to compel her obedience and the abandonment of her plan which, carried to a successful conclusion, would have wrought ruin to the woman he loved.

The play is, in effect, a duel between a disreputable woman and a man whose predelictions in the past have taken him much into that woman's company. On her part, the woman asks "Why should there be one law for me and another for you; why should my sin be regarded as mortal, yours but venal?" The man does not reply in so many words. He undertakes no defence of society's laws. He only shows that they exist.

Stephanie and Sir Horace have two great scenes together. These scenes make the play. The motive of both is the same, an effort on the part of the Englishman to drive from the home of his sweetheart this woman in whose presence he sees disaster. The first opens with banter. Then comes a swift transition into pathos. The woman pleads as though for her life. The man remains stern and unyielding. Finally the woman plays her last card. She plays it with a supreme confidence that it will take the trick; and it does. The two are fencing with bare blades now, and the advantage is with the woman.

The scene which intervenes, though necessary to the play, is tame and but paves the way for the second duel, in which the woman is made to relinquish her temporary victory through physical fear. To many in last night's audience the motive must have seemed inadequate, for it was not developed with that clearness necessary to its proper appreciation. Stephanie's exhibition of terror when shown the man who seeks to kill her is sufficiently convincing, yet the cause of that terror remains in nebula. The audience sees the effect without realizing the cause.

Miss Rose Coghlan, an actress of distinguished ability, played Stephanie in last night's production at the Metropolitan theater and played it well. Her's is a forceful interpretation. The wiles of the siren or the coquette are not displayed; the character dominates through intellectual strength. Her sovereignty over men was the rule of the stronger will over the weaker. There is nothing lovable in Miss Coghlan's Stephanie, but there is much to admire and much to wonder at. Her work will not soon be forgotten.

Emmett C. King as Sir Horace Welby is effective in a quiet way, depicting the imperturbability of the Englishman even in the face of adverse circumstances with fidelity to all accepted stage originals. The best thing about Mr. King's acting, however, is his admirable diction. The brilliant dialogue allotted to him by the authors lost none of its pungency as it fell from his lips.

—J. S. Lawrence.

Foyer Chat.

To-night and Wednesday night Rose Coghlan will appear at the Metropolitan in a double bill, "Lady Barter" and "Between Matinee and Night," and will repeat "Forget-Me-Not" Tuesday evening and at the matinee Wednesday.

That "York State Folks" scored an emphatic hit here last week was fully evidenced by the strong demand for seats on the opening of the sale for the return engagement at the box office of the Metropolitan this morning.

Al G. Field, who is coming to the Metropolitan with his big minstrel company the first half of next week, is always welcome, for he always brings something novel in the way of specialties and scenic surroundings.

Richard Mansfield will appear at the Metropolitan the latter part of next week, presenting for three nights only, E. Booth Tarkington's romantic comedy, "Beaucaire."

Bartley Campbell's best play, "The White Slave," will be the attraction at the Bijou the coming week. "The White Slave" has become one of the standard American plays. Its story is well-known. It is powerful in theme; original in climaxes, replete with rich comedy and deep pathos. Mr. Campbell never wrote so close to nature as when he created this same "White Slave." This season everything has been done for the play that money can do; the several scenes have been newly gotten up and many innovations made to bring the "White Slave" in touch with the times.

"In Cripple Creek," Hal Reid's latest and most thrilling melodrama, began a week's engagement at the Bijou yesterday. The production will be reviewed in this column tomorrow.

THIS MAN OWNS A CHURCH

W. E. Wynne, a building contractor of Anaconda, Mont., is, perhaps, the only man in the world who owns a church all by himself. It is in Butte, Mont.

TREMBELY ED'S AWAKENING

BY FREDERIC BRUSH.

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Trembely Ed, Trembely Ed;
Look at 'im cross, an' 'e'll drop down dead.

The mocking singsong came from an alley at the right of the village street and from a very small boy; but its effect on the man in the wagon was instant and remarkable. His chin dropped between his slouching shoulders, his head moved from side to side without the eyes following, and his big hands twitched forward on the slack reins in the futile effort to push the horse into a trot.

Soon a half dozen boys were circling about the wagon, chanting the couplet with a peculiarly effective rise and fall.

The men in the tipped chairs on the hotel veranda laughed. A group of girls stopped to watch the sport. The roan mare ambled steadily through and turned down the next side street. Here the boys drew off, each with an apple or tomato from the rear of the wagon, but far down the street the cry followed him:

Trembely Ed, Trembely Ed;
Look at 'im cross, an' 'e'll drop down dead.

Ed Jamison's father died at floodtime while trying to save another man's fortune. For twelve years his mother drove alone to the village with the produce, beat down a mortgage dollar by dollar, subdued a stubborn upland farm and asked odds of no man. Ed

THREE MEN LAID HOLD OF HIM AND SHOUTED IN HIS EARS THAT IT WAS ALL OVER.

Jamison had no right to be a coward. He grew up strong and healthy. But a coward he was, and that in a community where physical courage must almost daily be put to the test.

People took two different views of the matter. The greater number thought that his brain was wrong somehow. Only once in a long way was a man—or, more often, a woman—who claimed that Ed Jamison had some stuff in him.

"Give him time—give him time and the right chance," they said.

His chance seemed to have come when the mother broke her hip. But for two weeks he clung to the farm as if it were a life raft in a rocking sea. Stern necessity drove him down at last.

A week later the few that had championed him could not be found, for, though he made the trips regularly and won favor with his customers by his honesty and painstaking, he submitted cravenly to the heaped abuses of the town "gang" and slunk out of the village each day like a beaten tramp dog.

* * * * * * *

"You don't whistle any more, Ed," said his mother. "You look thin and sick. What's the matter?"

He had built her a couch on the sunny veranda behind the climbing rose. He cared for her tenderly. The green valley stretched away below them to the village marked by the smoking tannery chimneys.

"You've done well with the farm, Ed. Everybody says so. You mustn't get sick now. Whistle 'Lorena.' You know I always like that."

He started low and sweetly, quavered and broke down, arose hastily and walked out to the barn. The mother watched him with anxious eyes.

* * * * * * *

The summer passed with sun and shower. Large harvests followed, and the Jamisons prospered. Ed came to enjoy comparative peace in the village, for the inability to arouse in him the least resistance made the game tiresome.

In September Mrs. Jamison was well enough to ride out, and one day Ed took her to visit a cousin down the river. He had never, like other lads of his age, taken the girls to ride, and this day he playfully called her his first girl—his sweetheart. He whistled the old tunes and imitated the roadside birds and was happy.

The drive home brought them to the village just at lamp-lighting. Something unusual was happening. The main street was crowded with men and boys. Teams lined both sides, and at the open windows and in the yards and balconies the women chatted gaily.

"What is the celebration?" asked Mrs. Jamison of a neighbor as they drove alongside.

"Political meeting—great speech. Better hurry in, or you won't get near."

Ed proposed at once that they turn and take the long route around the town, but his mother would not hear of it. They found the crowd so dense in the main street that they could advance but a little way at a time, and opposite the speakers' platform they came to a standstill. A company of town boys bored through, justling the people to right and left, shouting and blowing horns. The leader, a tall young fellow, struck the Jamison horse across the nose with a horn.

Looking up, he saw who was the driver, and his joy nearly overcome him.

"Trembley Ed, as I'm a democrat!" he shouted. "Come on, boys! Here's our game! He'll scare to death here."

Perhaps they did not see that Ed's companion was a woman. The people fell back a little and looked on dully. Some of the best men of the town were there, but none offered to interfere. Bystanders' justice is as slow in getting under way as it is inexorable in its final action.

The gang was in their liveliest mood. They unbuckled the harness, tied the horse's ears, tipped the wagon and howled and circled. One of them threw a half eaten banana at Ed. He ducked, and Mrs. Jamison screamed and clapped her hands to her eye. Ed sprang to his feet and drew the hands gently away. Blood streamed down her face. The sharp stem of the fruit had made a ragged cut in her cheek.

A country crowd takes up news as water does wave motion. Within five minutes it seemed that everybody in the place knew that something was happening down in the square.

"Ed Jamison's fighting! Ed Jamison's killed two men! There's an awful fight going on in the square! Trembely Ed Jamison's gone crazy!" So the rumors caught from man to man.

Something was happening. Trembely Ed Jamison was "licking" the Tannersville gang one by one in a twelve foot ring under the wavering torchlights of the speaker's stand, while the speaker waited and wondered.

It was minutes before the men about the wagon fully believed their eyes, but when they did Ed got fair play to the finish. Three of the gang tried to wriggle into the crowd, but they were tossed back into the circle and when they saw that escape was impossible fought gamely; but they were no match for the sturdy hill boy. Clean, regular living, hard work in the sunshine and a superior muscular inheritance were pitted against them, but more potent than these was the unleashed spirit of the youth. It was as if the dam that had caught and held all the manhood that should have flowed quietly and steadily through the growing years had suddenly given way.

This flood swept him along. He could not stop. When the last man, the tall leader, went down, he swung on into the crowd like a madman. Three men laid hold of him and shouted into his ears that it was all over. He recovered slowly and went to his mother. A doctor was binding up her wound.

People wondered afterward how she could have set there so quietly in the midst of the noise and the jostle and the sickening blows, but Mrs. Jamison, deep in her troubled mother heart, knew that out of that dust and cursing and pain another son was being born to her.

When Trembely Ed took the seat beside her, they hardly knew him, and as the crowd parted widely to let him pass the pent up rang up to the hills and on up to the high feeling loosed into cheer after cheer that heart of the mother.

Daily New York Letter

Magnetism as a Motive Force.

April 28.—Elisha J. Hunt declares he has discovered a motive force that will develop energy until the machine wears out. "I fully believe," he said, "that before the year is out I shall be exhibiting an auto-carriage that will run from New York to San Francisco without stopping or costing one cent for fuel. It will start and stop simply by pressing a lever. The secret is magnetism. The magnet will be adjusted to keep a steady pull on the driving mechanism and will renew its vitality from the electricity in the air."

"Shocked at the Decency."

Alfred Mosely, the English sociologist, went through the lower East Side Sunday night, accompanied by James B. Reynolds, secretary to the mayor, and Detective Sergeant Funston. At the Waldorf-Astoria Mr. Mosely was asked what he thought of the conditions as he found them.

"Extraordinary," was the reply, "simply extraordinary. The mayor's secretary and a detective took me into what they said were some of the toughest districts in New York, and I was simply astounded at the orderliness and decency of them. Why, sir, your New York is a Sunday school beside London. Some of your papers stated this morning that I went down town to inspect the Jewish quarter. That was incorrect. I've been all through the London Ghetto, and my experience has led me to believe that a Ghetto is a Ghetto wherever it is.

"What I did want to see, though, was the toughest part of New York, where men and women, whom misfortune or evil association or inclination has led to crime, live and mingle with one another. I went up and down the Bowery and through some of the intersecting streets and into the worst dives my companions could pick out. I saw men and women whose faces showed the lives they lead, and, if I may so express myself, I was shocked at the decency of all I saw."

Grau Company Romance.

New York, April 27.—One of the members of the Maurice Grau opera company who left this country recently, is to return in July. He is coming back then, not to sing in opera or in any way follow his profession. He is to be married to the former wife of a New Yorker, who is a member of a family conspicuous in the financial history of the city.

This man has not been active in business for several years. He withdrew from affairs on account of ill health and has spent much of his time in traveling. He is to secure a divorce from the woman who is now his wife and she is to marry the singer, who will come back in July to have the ceremony performed.

This is the end of a romance which has since last autumn been a subject of interest to the members of the opera company, who could not fail to observe the remarkable proceedings that reached their climax in the course of the Chicago engagement of the company three weeks ago.

The Maurice Grau Opera company started on its tour last October. Accompanying one of the singers were the New York man and his wife. The tour through the small towns of the south and west was a hardship for the singers, who were well paid for taking it. They were at a loss to understand what inducement there could be in the journey for the two New Yorkers, who were constantly in the society of the singer. The three took rooms in the same hotel. Apparently the husband and wife were equally devoted to the singer, and their intimate friendship was known to all the members of the company. It was, indeed, known that the couple from New York were traveling to be in the society of the singer. They took the entire journey to the Pacific coast and back through the cities of the middle west.

On arriving here the married couple and the singer settled in a hotel up town. They were nearly as inseparable as they had been on the road. So agreeably did they pass the winter that when the singers went to Boston, Chicago and the other towns to be visited on the spring tour, the man and wife again accompanied their friend in the company. They were to have gone to Pittsburg and Baltimore after the Chicago season. But the plan was not carried out.

On the contrary, the singer canceled his engagement after the first week in Chicago and suddenly returned to New York. The husband went to bed in his hotel in Chicago with what was thought to be a stroke of apoplexy. His wife, who, by his orders, was not admitted to his apartments, was ill for a short time and was then brought on to this city.

She will be ready to marry the opera singer when he returns here in July, even if the ceremony has to be performed in some other city than New York. The preliminaries of this ceremony have already been arranged, and when the singer left it was with the understanding that he would be back in this country so soon as his duties in Europe permitted.

Reminder of Famous Alliteration.

The Thirteenth Street Presbyterian church, which the late Rev. Sampel D. Burchard founded and preached in for forty years, was gutted by fire yesterday afternoon. The loss was $40,000. Dr. Burchard attracted attention to the church and himself in 1884 while the Blaine campaign was in progress. It was then he made his famous address to James G. Blaine calling the democratic party the party of rum, Romanism and rebellion. The speech was credited with defeating Blaine for the presidency.

Lacerated by a Lion.

Millie Fernato Houghtaling of New York was fearfully lacerated by a vicious lion with Sautelle's circus at Homer yesterday. The lion is known as Oom Paul and was recently received from Africa. She attempted to enter his cage to give an exhibition, when he struck her down and tore her breast in a fearful manner. She was extricated by the attendants with difficulty but will probably recover from her injuries if blood poisoning does not ensue. The attack caused a panic among the spectators but a crush was avoided by the presence of mind of the manager.

Defective Page