THE JOURNAL

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JOURNAL LEADS IN Circulation AND Advertising

Circulation of Twin City Papers for April, 1902:

JOURNAL	53,713
Tribune, Ev'g Estimated from last published statement	36,000
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Advertising Carried by Twin City Papers in April, 1902.

Journal 26 issues	1472	Cols.
Tribune 26 daily and 4 Sundays	1309	"
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Pioneer Press 26 days and 4 Sundays	1025	"
Globe 26 days and 4 Sundays	691	"
Dispatch 26 issues	1452	"

WHY?

Because THE JOURNAL reaches the homes of the great purchasing class.

MONEY FOR A GOOD CAUSE

American work for the relief of the Martinique sufferers is going ahead with impressive generosity and celerity. President Roosevelt yesterday asked congress for $500,000, but that body concluded that, in view of private relief measures, an appropriation of $200,000 would be sufficient. This will likely prove to be the case for the present, at least, as the transportation and distribution of the supplies being conducted by officers of the army and navy and government vessels will cost nothing, leaving the whole sum appropriated to be expended for supplies and provisions.

Secretary Root has taken charge of the work in a businesslike manner and even before the bill was passed vessels were loading supplies in anticipation of its passage. Naval and military rations stored at San Juan will be rushed to Martinique at once, while supplies of all sorts will immediately go forward from New York.

A great work of international charity, like this, meets with the approval of almost all our people. Only six members of congress voted against the appropriation, and the proportion of the people opposing it is even smaller.

Among the private relief enterprises are those of the New York Herald, of the people of San Juan and of the people of New Orleans, who have loaded to the guards a French warship that happened to be lying in that port, and is now on its way to Martinique. It is certain that if the sorely tried people of Martinique are able to take care of themselves for a few days there will be no lack of food to tide them over the period of commercial and agricultural distress that is certain to follow such a stupendous catastrophe.

And now the "blawsted Americans" are buying up the steamship lines connecting England with the Orient. J. J. Hill has just bought a line of thirteen steamers engaged in that trade. At the present rate, whether the American or some other flag flies over it, we Americans will control the cream of the world's ocean transport service within ten years.

OPPOSING THE BREAD TAX

In the British house of commons yesterday, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the veteran liberal leader, rose and moved that "the house decline to impose duties on grain, flour and other foods of the people."

This food tax, which is a notable feature of the budget of the British chancellor of the exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, is about the same in amount as it was in 1868, the last year of the imposition of such tax on the British people, and its removal was supposed to be the permanent elimination of a bread tax. But the South African war has broken in upon the dream of Cobden. Hicks-Beach told the commons yesterday that it was necessary to impose the tax on the masses in order that they should be made to realize what war preparation and war involved. No doubt the British masses fully realize by this time the cost of a prolonged war, but they would prefer that the additional taxation should come out of the people who went gaily into the war assuring the country that it was only a diversion of a few months.

The masses of the United Kingdom find cheap food a necessity. About a third of them do not buy enough food to keep up the standard of physical efficiency shown by scientific investigation to be essential for the maintenance of health. Thus it is much harder for a workman to pay a halfpenny more for a loaf of bread than it is for an income tax payer to pay an additional penny in the pound income tax. The food tax now imposed will produce $13,000,000 of the sum to be raised by taxation to meet the expenses of the war this year; four-fifths of the amount needed will be raised by loans, suspension of the sinking fund and by the issue of exchequer bills.

The British farmers are anxious to have a protective tax laid on grain and all farm products. At a recent meeting of representatives of the agricultural interest in England, it was affirmed that the United Kingdom could, by intensive farming over her available arable area, with additions from the large amount of land included in great estates and used as parks and deer stalking grounds, produce all the food the people consume. It is claimed that English farmers are handicapped by high rents, tithes, rates and railway rates and if these were abolished or reduced, they could compete with the United States. They claim too, that the climate and soil of England are better for wheat than those of the United States and that the English crop is far less liable to serious damage or partial destruction, while by keeping to the rotation of crops system the average yield of the British farm is double the American yield.

These theories need to be actualized before they can have much weight. It may be possible for the United Kingdom to produce her own bread and meat, but it is evident that nobody there would like to risk it. What may be done (but there is much doubt about it) is to carry out Chamberlain's scheme for imperial federation, which is to be discussed at the meeting of colonial premiers in London in July. If carried out according to the Chamberlain idea it would do us some injury.

Haiti has so far escaped violent physical manifestations but the political eruptions there are as vigorous as ever.

OUR STAY IN THE ARCHIPELAGO

In the debate on the Philippine bill in the senate yesterday, Senator Hoar declared that the war in the Philippines would not have occurred had our government declared its purpose to recognize Philippine independence when our treaty obligations were fulfilled and a government had been established in the Philippines.

Senator Hoar ought to know by this time something about the history of our business in the Philippines. He prefers writing the history of the Spanish war on the basis of his own inextinguishable prejudices. It has been demonstrated beyond the possibility of successful contradiction that, before the treaty of Paris was ratified, Aguinaldo and his colleagues had definitely determined to make war upon the United States and drive our troops out of the islands, and that on the night previous to the news of the ratification of the treaty, a treacherous assault was made upon our troops at Manila and war a l'outrance was declared by Aguinaldo. The theory of Senator Hoar is that our government, having acquired the islands by treaty with Spain and undertaken to perform many serious obligations connected with the sovereignty thereof, was bound to bow to the dictation of an adventurer who had pledged himself to lead a portion of the people of Luzon to the looting of Manila and the massacre of all foreigners found there, and evacuate the archipelago, having pulled down our flag, and so leave the Filipinos of the eighty tribes to fight out the question of supremacy among themselves.

In discussing the bill Senator Foraker said that we would stay in the islands until we have established law and order and good government there and that we might stay there "even longer than has been expected." Doubtless. The work mapped out by the senator will keep us there somewhat longer than Senator Hoar wants us to stay; somewhat longer than Senator Tillman wants us to stay. We do not as a nation like to repudiate our obligations, and the treaty of Paris imposes upon us obligations which have no terminal point that mortal vision can now detect.

James Gray almost announced his candidacy for mayor last night. But it is not yet too late to save him.

ANOTHER PIECE OF CANADA ANNEXED

People who are slow to realize that the development of western Canada is at last going on rapidly will be aroused by such a piece of news as that published in The Journal yesterday that a syndicate largely composed of American capitalists has purchased 1,000,000 acres of land in Saskatchewan and Assiniboia. Many other American land companies have been in this field for a year or two past, but we believe that the purchase referred to is the largest yet made by an American company.

Mr. George F. Piper of Minneapolis, a member of the syndicate, remarked that while it was to be regretted that the efforts of such men are to be put forth beyond the international boundary, "we must all admit that the great wheat and flax fields of the future must be across the Dominion boundary. Such business ventures as this will necessarily hasten the day when we shall have more liberal and advantageous relations with Canada, and we know of nothing more desirable, especially for the northwest."

Mr. Piper's view is substantially ours. A month ago it was said in these columns that since western Canada is certain to be settled soon it is better that it be settled by Americans than by aliens. The bulk of the settlers in all these vast stretches of lands owned by American companies are and will be Americans, and even for some of those owned by Canadians the chief source of emigration is from the United States. It can not be doubted that the hundreds of thousands of Americans who will ultimately find homes in western Canada will exert a powerful pro-American feeling in that country, and the more friendly the relations between United States and Canada and the freer the trade relations the better for the people of the American northwest.

There is no doubt that the present volcanic activity in Central America and the West Indies together with destructive earthquakes will constitute a powerful argument against the long Nicaraguan canal route. We don't want to spend millions and take years digging a ditch that some old volcano can fill up in about ten minutes. Neither do we wish to build costly locks and dams that an earthquake will shatter as if they were pasteboard.

THE GOVERNMENT AND GOOD ROADS

The late Congressman Peter J. Otey of Virginia delivered a good roads speech just before his death that was a powerful appeal for the federal government to take charge of wagon road building. It is a curious proof of the decay of the substance of the states' rights doctrine that the most strenuous advocates of such a local application of federal authority as the building of country roads should come from the south. The point made by Mr. Otey that it is as reasonable for the federal government to build and care for country roads as it is for it to improve navigation on some unknown rill is well taken. Much of the money spent for rivers and harbors might better be spent for country roads.

It is sometimes forgotten that there is good precedent for federal wagon road building. Though the strict constructionists of the constitution fought it hard the federal government in the first part of last century built the famous national pike from the Potomac to St. Louis, 800 miles long and traversing seven states. This road became the great highway of national life and development in the twenty years preceding the introduction of steam railways. It at once reduced the time of travel from Baltimore to Wheeling one-half and freight rates quite as much. Often at one time as many as twenty four-horse coaches could be seen on one stretch of the splendid highway while broad wheeled Conestoga wagons drawn by six horses carried with ease as much as ten tons. No better road was ever built in America than the old national pike. With the introduction of steam locomotion its glory passed away and its utility as an interstate route came to an end. Ever since public road making has declined in efficiency in the United States.

Yet for purposes of local transportation good roads are now needed more than ever. Almost all of the freight handled by railways and steamships is first hauled by team either over country road or city street, and there is besides the vast amount of local freighting that begins and ends with wagon carriage. The lack of good roads seems to be due to the failure to provide a powerful governmental agency to plan, build and care for them. Whether this agency shall be provided by the states or the federal government makes little difference so it is provided. The local communities must be assisted by the larger and wealthier communities. Heretofore we have labored under the false impression that a local road is of benefit only to the persons who use it daily. It is on the contrary of benefit to the whole country. Good country roads mean more prosperous country people and hence more prosperity and well-being for all.

A little practical effort to help struggling fellow men, such as the Mills hotel scheme, which was started off in good shape yesterday by the payment of $25,000 on the purchase price of the St. James hotel, is many times better than a lot of long range talk.

THE MINNESOTA PRIMARY ELECTION SYSTEM.

A correspondent of the Milwaukee Sentinel has been investigating the operations of the primary election law in Minnesota. The Sentinel is understood to be opposed to the Minnesota plan of holding primary elections; naturally it gives prominence to the defects of the law.

It finds, among other things, that the system of direct nominations does not insure purity in the primaries, and that charges of gross violation of the law in the recent St. Paul primary election have led to legal proceedings against several persons. Perhaps the system does not insure purity in primaries, but what about that system for which it was substituted? When did it insure purity in primaries? The hope is, and experience thus far justifies it, that the new law will insure greater purity in primaries than did the old system.

In the next place the Sentinel charges that it imposes heavy expense upon the city and increases the personal expenses of the candidates. That depends a good deal upon the candidate as to his personal expenses, while the expense to the city is immaterial if the results prove, after a fair trial, to be satisfactory.

Another alleged weakness is that the personal organization or machine wields an influence out of all proportion to its merits. The political boss becomes a power. If that be true, why are all the bosses opposed to the law? We have yet to discover any facts in proof of this charge of weakness.

It is further claimed that the poor man, who has no money with which to advertise himself, cannot hope for a nomination against one who is already well known, or who happens to be backed by a machine of his own making and who has money to spend. As to that, what better show was there for the poor man under the old system? Conventions are easier to buy than a majority at the primaries.

Another complaint is that there is no way by which nominations can be made with a view to geographical or nationality considerations. That is true, and in some senses it may be a source of weakness. But there is no more serious evil connected with the old system than that practice of parceling out nominations, and especially the last ones to be disposed of, with a view to placating locality or nationality, or some other unworthy interest. For example, take our municipal boards. The nominations are frequently passed around in conventions as consolation prizes with results vastly worse than are likely to come out of the direct voting system.

The Sentinel finds fault with the law, too, because there is no provision made by which the party platform can be drawn. In the case of state affairs, that is a serious objection. In the case of municipal affairs, it is no disadvantage. The primary election law in Minnesota applies only to local offices and members of congress. The national convention fixes the platform for congressmen. Below the congressional rank there is no need of declaring party principles. The city and county conventions often proceed without them. No one, so far as we know, advocates the extension of the direct voting system to the state ticket. It is generally conceded that a necessity exists for holding a state convention in order to formulate state issues. In the case of municipal and county contests, no platforms are necessary. The candidate is and should be the platform, and where that is the case, there is greater probability that the candidate will represent sound principles.

The Sentinel correspondent gives considerable prominence to what is generally conceded here, that the law should not be extended to state affairs. It is not likely that it ever will be. The state convention affords the only satisfactory method of formulating party principles and defining the attitude of the party of the state toward state issues. The state convention is a necessity.

Another objection raised by the Sentinel is that the present primary law, requiring the voter to select the ballot he will vote, violates the secrecy of the ballot, and ought, therefore, not to stand. This secrecy of the primary ballot, of which so much is made, is a right which the voter never possessed under the old system, and he has no right to complain if he cannot enjoy it under the new. Under the old system every man was obliged to array himself with one party or another and his very act of participation in the party primary was public evidence of his political preferences. All that he is asked to do under the new law is to declare his politics just as he was obliged to do before there was any direct primary election legislation.

Perhaps the most serious objection to the whole bill is that men of superior qualifications are sometimes placed at a disadvantage in competition with men of inferior qualifications who, however, may have wider acquaintance and be able to use it effectively. This defect of the law there is reason to believe will be cured by longer experience, as well as that one with reference to the selection of candidates with respect to geographical location and nationality. What is most needed in connection with the new primary election law is experience—the practical test of use. It may require amendment, it may ultimately be rejected by the best judgment of the people, but the principle involved seems to be right, and the probabilities are that it will be retained and improved and so adapted to the necessities of the case as to prove altogether acceptable.

A Baldwin locomotive was mixed up in a bad railroad collision in Tunis. The engineer of the Baldwin laid it to the engine. He said that it was equipped with inferior brakes and that though he applied them in what experience had taught him was ample time the collision was not prevented. The railway authorities made an experiment to test the engineer's statement. They made up another train precisely like the one hauled by the Baldwin involved in the collision and found that it could be stopped 150 feet short of the spot where the collision occurred. In fact the ease with which the huge locomotive could be handled astonished the Frenchmen. Vice Consul Touhay says that as a result Americans will be invited to equip an important railway extension in Tunis.

The people of the new American territories are not slow to appreciate the desirability of getting recognition in the river and harbor bill. Now come the people of Hilo, chief port of Hawaii, the largest island of the Hawaiian group, and represent that as the coming city of the Pacific, the future metropolis of the islands, etc., it is absolutely necessary that the federal government improve the Hilo harbor. It appears that this is a perfect natural harbor except that it isn't safe in stormy weather. To make it safe all that is necessary is for the government to build a mole across the sea opening for a mile or two at an expense of a few millions.

The naptha explosions at Pittsburg yesterday though small, compared with the volcanic explosions in Martinique, resulted in a terrible destruction of life and limb. Considered as an explosion resulting from artificial causes the Pittsburg disaster is of unusual magnitude. In a degree, too, it seems to have been an artificial imitation of the natural explosion. As at Martinique people were overwhelmed by suffocating gases.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach said in the English parliament yesterday that it was necessary to tax the masses in order to make them understand what war and war preparation mean. Sir Michael, it seems, wishes to accustom the British people to paying the war bill. Evidently he thinks there are other wars to come. The taxes may have the effect, though, of preventing other wars, at least such useless wars as that against the Boers.

As editor of the Denver News Senator Patterson is in favor of "knocking peace into Aguinaldo." As a member of the senate he doesn't like to have it knocked into Samar. As both of these jobs have been finished the senator probably figures that he might as well be making a little political capital.

The eighth warders are displeased both because of what they get and what they lose. They don't want the garbage that is freely offered them and the don't like to have the sod freely stripped from their vacant lots. The eighth ward is in a position to appreciate the police administration.

PREACHER'S ODD DYING REQUESTS

When the Rev. Edward Powers Gray died some days ago it was found that he had made arrangements to have his dust returned to dust with little delay. In his will he directed that his body should be placed in a plain pine casket and buried "in contact with the earth without masonry or woodwork, but with some fragrant hay or clean straw upon it." He also asked that those who assumed mourning in his memory should wear something white, as a token that a Christian hope was commingled with their sorrow.

OUR LIBRARY IS SIXTH

The library of congress ranks sixth among the libraries of the world in its present contents. France has the largest, England comes next, then comes Russia, and Germany follows with her libraries in Munich, Berlin and Strasburg, the last-named holding almost equal rank with ours in Washington.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed.

The drought is broken.

It looked like rain for a time yesterday.

That borrowed umbrella cost $2 only last month.

Several scorchers who always ride stopped half way down town and wrung themselves out.

When the sun comes out hot, it will take a bug sitting on each seed to hold it down.

The ducks and the sweet peas were out yesterday just luxuriating in the Seattle weather.

When Lowry Hill blows off the top of its crater there will be a severe loss of real estate sign boards.

Haiti seized the opportunity yesterday to start a revolution, and severe fighting began in the streets. It is a pity that Mount Pelee hadn't dropped on the people who are so anxious for slaughter.

A waiter in a local restaurant was so excited over The Journal pictures that he forgot and gave an order for ham, etc., as follows: "Puggery Wee and eggs! Set up one!"

An eastern pastor has had some new light on Adam and Eve. After reading his explanation, one finds that a dense veil of impenetrable darkness is shrouding his own understanding of the tangle in which our great forefather became involved so long ago.

The fate of Severo, the Brazilian aeronaut, is likely to render the sport of aeronautics unpopular for a few days. Still, a class of people who loop the loop and eat Welsh rarebit and mince pie for midnight lunch cannot be so easily deterred.

There is a variety of professor, called by the youth of our colleges "the earthquake sharp," who considers the lamentable event at St. Pierre "a very interesting scientific event." One wishes that he had just been right on the spot with his seismatic instruments, so as to take more accurate observations.

Cable reports from Martinique state that, when the eruption of Mount Pelee began, there was one of those Nevertire scorchers who ride in all weathers coming into the town from Le Carbet, a suburb of St. Pierre. He saw the mountain explode, saw the fiery cloud of lava, ashes and hot mud in the air, and noticed the river of redhot lava running down the bicycle path, but he said to himself that "he guessed he wouldn't get off," so pulling his cap down over his eyes and putting his head down on the handle bars, he shot along over the redhot lava, ringing his bell and evidently having the time of his life—for he was scorching. Arrived in the town, he found that his wheel rack had been destroyed. At this he abandoned his bicycle and jumped into the harbor, whence he was finally rescued by a passing ship. Speaking about graphic details of description of the Martinique affair, how's that?

AMUSEMENTS

Vaudeville at the Metropolitan.

Vaudeville at the Metropolitan suggests the approach of the silly season, and even though the weather man has neglected to turn on the hot wave pipe, according to schedule, vaudeville will continue through the week. Last night's audience was large and the bill presented was received with marked favor.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry appear in a skit entitled "Mrs. Wilkin's Boy," which is one of the palpable hits of the program. The Barrys are always good and their act is a novelty to Minneapolis theater-goers, although familiar in every city on the regular vaudeville circuit. Barry sings his inimitable song, "The Green Grass Grows All Around," just as he has sung it for years, and it is still funny.

Lew Hawkins does a monologue in black face nicely calculated to increase the avoirdupois of his audience, if indeed to laugh is to grow fat. In addition he has a number of parodies on familiar songs which he talks to a musical accompaniment and which amuse hugely.

Peter F. Dailey and company, who are billed as head-liners, have a skit entitled "A Dress Rehearsal." In itself it is not remarkably funny, and its terminal facilities are worse than those of some railroads. Although well played the promised due to Dailey's name rather than to merit. The best thing about it is a burlesque on the old time song and dance team, contributed by Eddie Garvie and Mollie Thompson. Miss Mai Lowery, a former Minneapolis girl, is in the cast.

Phyllis Allen is billed as the phenomenal contralto and the adjective is not altogether out of place. Miss Allen has a rich, resonant voice which she handles admirably. Her singing of "Dear Heart," "Sweet Sixteen," and "Josephine" won her the deserved favor of the audience.

Mallory Broothers and Brooks, colored, contribute a good musical specialty in which the Florodora "Pretty Maidens" sextet is played upon glass rods. Their "imitation" of a negro band, and a medley played on saxaphones takes well with the "people in front."

Another musical act of unusual worth is presented by Esmeralda, who rapped out the "Semiramide" overture on a xylophone in a way that produced commendatory nods from even the orchestra, members of which are usually inclined to look bored under such circumstances. Later she played the "American Patrol" on the same instrument, and, for variety's sake, gave the "Cavaleria" intermezzo on an instrument the name of which will probably not be found in any dictionary.

Three Faust sisters, whose locks, strangely enough, give rise to the suspicion that they really are related, have an unusually good acrobatic dance. In its way this act is the best that has been seen in Minneapolis in several seasons. One of them is apparently quite boneless.

The program concludes with an acrobatic and slack wire stunt presented by Aronson and Ashton. There is no intermission, and by the time these performers get the stage the audience is scarcely in a mood to appreciate their work at its true value. More fortunately placed the act would go.

All in all the bill is an unusually good one and is well worth seeing.

—J. S. Lawrence.

"Not Guilty" at the Bijou.

"Not Guilty," a melodrama of the strenuous variety, is at the Bijou this week. It tells an interesting story, is well played, and unquestionably will please Bijou patrons.

One of the characters is a Tammany politician, an Irishman and mine owner. He is depicted as an honest, kind-hearted man, probably not above manipulating a primary, but a good friend of "the people," nevertheless. The character is a new one in melodrama, unique in that it neither holds up the Irish race to ridicule nor besmirches the character of a member of Tammany.

The scenes are laid in the Pennsylvania coal regions and in New York city, and the scenery, particularly that set which shows Union Square, New York, with Keith's theater in the background, is effective. The interest centers about the efforts of a former secret service man to establish the innocence of his friend who has been accused of murder.

Gerald Griffin plays Judge O'Dowd, the Tammany politician. In the slang of stagedom the part is a "fat" one; but Mr. Griffith deserves much credit, nevertheless, for the way he handles it. His brogue is excellent, not overdone, as is too often the case on the stage, and he speaks the Irishman's lines with a true appreciation of their wit.

An excellent characterization is that of Frank Russell, who plays "Long Shot" Logan, a race track tout. Mr. Russell's manner of walking, his speech and action all suggest the typical tout.

Harry English has the role of the former detective. In the first act he comes upon the stage in the guise of a drunkard. The scene is a difficult one, but is well handled. Frank Rawdon, the man unjustly accused of murder, is played by Ismar Noa.

Miss Rose Swain, whose home is in Minneapolis, has been cast as Nora O'Dowd. Miss Swain has not been seen at a local theater for several seasons, and she has grown visibly in her art in the meantime. Her Nora O'Dowd is an ingenuous, fun-loving girl, with a decided will of her own. The character is a pleasing one, and in Miss Swain's hands is given an added charm.

Norma Hyatt and Anne Hall are good in the roles assigned to them, and the company generally is satisfactory. The singing of the newsboys' quartet wins favor, though just why is difficult to determine.

—J. S. Lawrence.

STORIES OF SOL SMITH RUSSELL

Washington Post.

"Several years ago, while passing the summer months at Northboro, on Lake Winnipiseogee, N. H., I became very well acquainted with Sol Smith Russell and found him one of the most companionable men I ever met. The world would be better if it had more such men. He was always in a happy mood and never seemed to enjoy himself unless he was doing something to make other people happy," said W. D. Searle of Boston at the Raleigh hotel. "Subsequently I met him in different parts of the country and always found him the same congenial spirit. He was one of those jolly souls who see the bright side of life and afford other people much amusement without any apparent effort.

"One afternoon up at Lake Winnipiseogoe, Mr. Russell and another man were caught in the bathhouse during a terrible thunder storm. All the bathers had managed to get up to the hotel but Mr. Russell and his friend. It was a fierce storm. The lightning was sharp and rain fell in torrents. Mrs. Russell was much alarmed about her husband, and many of the people in the hotel were terrified by the storm. The bathhouse was a ramshackle affair and anything but a desirable place to be during such a downpour.

"As soon as the rain ceased Mr. Russell rushed into the hotel thoroughly drenched. His clothes were soaked through and he and his friend were shaking with cold. But instead of telling about the discomforts he had suffered the distinguished actor gave us an imitation of how he had crawled between two shingles to keep from getting wet. In five minutes all the frightened women were convulsed with laughter and had forgotten their fear.

"The summer was an unusually stormy one, and on several occasions it fell to Mr. Russell's lot to amuse the women at the hotel when the thunder and lightning were offering very strong competition. And he always succeeded. Once I remember he entertained a crowd by giving an imitation of how the gods of storm produced their tremendous crashes. With the assistance of tins and other paraphernalia used in producing storms on the stage he produced thunder and rain enough to satisfy the most exacting lover of melodrama."

What Some Scotch Names Mean.

Liverpool Post.

The following table gives the meaning of the names of the principal Highland clans in Scotland:

McIntosh—The son of the First.
McDonald—The son of Brown Eyes.
McDougall—The son of Black Eyes.
McOnnechy, or Duncan—The son of Brown Head.
McGregor—The son of a Greek Man.
McCuthbert—The son of the Arch-Druid.
McKay—The son of the Prophet.
McTaggart—The son of the Priest.
McLeod—The son of the Wonder.
McKenzie—The son of the Friendly one.
McIntyre—The son of the Carpenter.
Campbell—Crooked Mouth.
Cameron—Crooked Nose.
Stewart—High Stay, or Support.

OVER AN UMBRELLA

BY C. B. LEWIS

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Mrs. Josiah Peabody, wife of Deacon Peabody of the village of Glenville, had a remarkable umbrella. It had witnessed the struggle for American independence and had taken many journeys by land and water. The ribs had been bent or stove in on numerous occasions and the handle broken and glued together half a dozen times. It had attended funerals, camp meetings, quilting bees, husking frolics and town meetings without number and at the age of 120 years was still doing business at the old stand and holding its own against all competition.

Mrs. Levi Cantwell, wife of Deacon Cantwell of the same village and living right across the way from Mrs. Peabody, was a remarkable woman, and what more natural than that a remarkable woman and a remarkable umbrella, should advanture together? Mrs. Cantwell was remarkable in so much that she would never stir out of her house without an umbrella. She dreaded rain like a cat, and,

WITH TE WRECK HUGGED TO HER BOSOM, MRS. PEABODY RETURNED TO HER OWN ROOM.

no matter how clear the day, was always looking for a sudden downpour. She had an umbrella of her own, and it was large enough to shelter her, but now and then she was forced to lend it or send it to the shop to be repaired.

The day she started to drive over to Rawsonville in the deacon's one horse wagon was one of the occasions when her umbrella was "not at home." It was a beautiful June morning, with no rain in sight for a week, but Mrs. Cantwell didn't propose to run any chances. After trying in vain at three or four houses she called upon Mrs. Peabody to lend her that remarkable old colonial.

Her request fairly stunned the owner of the sacred relic and was at first peremptorily refused, but after considerable discussion, remembering that Mrs. Cantwell had the reputation of being careful handed and tender hearted, Mrs. Peabody yielded.

"You know what store I set on it and what store the deacon sets on it," she said as she brought out the blue covered umbrella and dusted it off.

"I do," was the reply, "and you needn't worry one single bit. You must know what a careful woman I am when you remember that I've made one set of cups and sassers last me fourteen years."

Mrs. Cantwell might have driven away with the umbrella raised over her head, but as she needed both hands to manage the lines the deacon carefully stowed it away under the seat.

Arriving at Rawsonville, the old horse was hitched to a post in front of a store, and Mrs. Cantwell entered to do some "trading." She was an hour or so about it, and during this interval a stray cow come down the street hunting for something better than burdocks to eat. She found it when she looked over the tailboard of the wagon and espied the sacred umbrella. She had never seen the like of it before, and the taste was novel and palatable. The more she ate the more she wanted, and she never stopped until the lasting of cover had been swallowed and a vigorous but unsuccessful effort made to devour handle and ribs.

Mrs. Cantwell drove home without having looked under the seat and realized what a wreck accompanied her. It was only as she reached her own door and Mrs. Peabody came across the road that the tragedy was discovered. Excuses and apologies and offers to make repairs didn't go. With the wreck hugged to her bosom Mrs. Peabody retired to her own house, and good will to men flew out of the back door as she entered the front.

A quarrel over a broken flatiron may be confined to two neighbors, but a difference of opinion over a remarkable umbrella is a different thing. No one charged Mrs. Cantwell with deliberately bringing about the wreck, but she was blamed for not keeping one eye on hungry cows outside the store while she had the other on seven-cent calico inside. She knew the associations and sentiments surrounding that relic, and sooner than submit it to peril she should have hired a boy to watch it. The pros and cons were discussed at every fireside in the village, and of course a feeling of bitterness was engendered. In less than a week neighbors who had always borrowed sugar and tea of each other were refusing to lend, and back gates were being nailed up.

Deacon Peabody was a good man. So was Deacon Cantwell. Together they had passed the contribution boxes in church and counted up the receipts after the sermon. They had worked out their road tax side by side, and had stood elbow to elbow in temperance crusades and town improvements. That long friendship was now broken. After looking at the dilapidated umbrella for the fiftieth time Deacon Peabody had said to his neighbor:

"Deacon Cantwell, I never dunned a man in my life, but you owe me 50 cents."

"I do, and here it is," replied Deacon Cantwell, "and I'm free to say I think you are a mean man."

"I don't want any words with you."

"Nor I with you."

"You'll take your hoss out of my pasture!"

"And you'll keep your hogs outer my garden!"

The minister naturally heard of the rise and fall of the remarkable umbrella, and, although he refused to become an adherent of either side, he felt it his duty to touch upon the affair from his pulpit. He didn't mention the umbrella by name, nor was he too hard upon the hungry cow. He didn't hint that Mrs. Cantwell was careless or Mrs. Peabody impetuous, and the meeting between the deacons was passed over entirely. He simply found a Biblical parallel and worked it up for the benefit of both sides, and the result almost wrecked the church. For the next three months there was more backbiting in the village than should have been heard of in ten counties, and there were no signs of a let up when an incident stepped in to restore peace.

One day Deacon Peabody's wife went up into the garret to overhaul an old trunk. The place needed airing, and she raised a window. A hand organ was playing down the street, and she held up the sash with one hand an leaned out to see and to hear. Next thing she knew she was hanging head downward on the outside of the house, while the sash rested on her ankles and held her fast.

Deacon Cantwell's wife was sewing carpet rags in her sitting-room when a series of shrieks lifted her out of her chair and propelled her to the front door. For a few seconds she was overcome by the sight opposite. Then she made a run for it, and two minutes later she was in the Peabody garret. Colonial umbrellas, hungry cows and the tongue of gossip were forgotten as she tugged and pulled at the hanging burden. When it was finally drawn back over the window sill, both women fainted away and tangled up with each other, and Silas Goodheart, who had heard the last shrieks and come running, stood over them with uplifted hands and said:

"Now let the heathen rage, for umbrellas is nowhar, and peace is restored to Glenville forevermore!"

IN A NUTSHELL

Chicago—The gas workers have voted to strike.

Baltimore—Archbishop Ireland is in consultation with Cardinal Gibbons.

Decatur, Tenn.—Jim Underwood, a negro, was hanged for carrying a pistol and making threats.

Dallas, Texas—There is some hope of reuniting the North and South branches of the Methodist church.

Newburgh, N. Y.—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett left Fishkill sanatorium yesterday. She has entirely recovered.

New York—Rudolph Meppler has been elected president of the New York Stock Exchange for the fifth consecutive time.

Elgin, Ill.—Because Mrs. Lena Crocker, 255 Watch street, is ill with smallpox, 3,000 employes of the National Watch company were ordered vaccinated.

New York—Julius Newton, once wealthy and well-known in Wall street, despondent and absolutely penniless, shot himself at Blue Point, L. I., on Saturday.

Chicago—A Burlington freight train ran into a house at Dekoven street and knocked three persons out of bed. It moved the house back four feet and smashed one corner.

New York—Friends of Rathbone and Neely convicted here of postoffice frauds, have appealed to President-elect Palma for his aid in the effort being made to secure their pardon.

Beatrice, Neb.—Arthur Shellenbarber, 10-year-old son of a prominent citizen, shot and killed Elden, the 10-year-old son of Frank Salts, president of the City Ice company, while playing.

New Haven, Conn.—Harvard defeated Yale last night in the annual intercollegiate debate. Harvard took the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That the immigration of Chinese laborers to our insular possessions should be prohibited by law."

White Plains, N.Y.—Miss Minnie Rice, one of the prettiest society belles of New Rochelle, who was badly injured in the New York Central wreck on Jan. 8 last, and who was preparing to sue the corporation for $75,000 damages, settled her claim for $18,000 cash.

Kansas City, Mo.—Horace White, editor of the New York Evening Post, says that owing to J. P. Morgan's consolidation of the steamship lines the democrats will elect the next president and control congress, especially if the republicans now attempt to pass the ship subsidy bill.

CAPITAL CULLINGS

Chairman Babcock favors making the campaign this year from New York city. He believes that the west will take care of itself.

The senate committee on pensions heard arguments by General W. W. Dudley and others in support of a service pension policy. It would cost $25,000,000 to $30,000,000.

Senator Kittredge is making strenuous efforts to induce the interior department to approve the Walker lease of Indiana lands embraced in the Standing Rock reservation. This is the matter which finally got into court on injunction proceedings, instituted by the Indians.

The president issued a proclamation opening for settlement the Fort Hall Indian reservation in Idaho. All of the land within five miles of Pocatello will be sold at public auction at noon on July 17 at a minimum of $10 an acre, and all the rest of the land will be thrown open to settlement and entry at noon of July 17 next. The opening involves nearly 400,000 acres ceded to the government by the Shoshone and Bannock Indians.

When C. B. Jackson was recently nominated for appointment as Indian agent at Sisseton, S. D., the South Dakota delegation had the laugh of the officials of the interior department. This agency was abolished very suddenly about a year ago, and though the delegation was repeatedly turned down by President McKinley and later by President Roosevelt, it finally succeeded in having the agency re-established. A similar movement is now on foot in connection with the recently abolished Indian agency at Yankton.

Defective Page