THE JOURNAL

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THE AUTOMOBILE

Some of the automobilists complain that the newspapers make too much of the accidents which happen through the frightening of horses by the horseless wagons, and that for the sake of sensation they exaggerate the facts.

The newspapers probably might plead with equal force that not half the accidents that occur get into the newspapers.

But the main question is not one of whether all the accidents are reported or not, or whether the reports are sometimes over-stated—the main fact is how is the automobile to be introduced on the streets and boulevards and country roads with the least possible danger to drivers of horses which have not yet become accustomed to the newest style of vehicle and the noise which some of them make? The automobile has come to stay. It is a practical and useful contrivance, the operation of which nobody has any desire to restrict beyond reasonable limits. It is evident enough, however, that the automobile must—and may, with care—be operated with due regard for the rights of others. The problem is how to make reasonable rules and secure compliance with them so that the development of hostility to the automobile by victims of reckless, swaggering drivers may not lead to unreasonable and almost prohibitive municipal and state regulations.

The matter is largely in the hands of automobilists themselves.

Most of them are very careful of the rights of others, appreciative of the responsibility which they incur in driving machines of this character through the streets and on the country roads, and take great pains to avoid accidents or giving annoyance to drivers of horses.

But their efforts thus far are confined to regulating their own machines. It would seem that by organization they might establish such conditions of membership in the organization that would influence the conduct of all chauffeurs and eliminate all cause for prejudice or animosity on the part of the public. Membership in such an organization might be conditioned upon observance of such rules and regulations as to speed and other details of driving automobiles as would remove all occasion for apprehension with regard to them and forestall the enactment of any unreasonable regulations by state or local authorities.

One regulation which has operated elsewhere with good results is to require that each automobile carry on the rear a plate of several inches in diameter bearing the number plainly inscribed. This makes the identification of the offending chauffeur so comparatively easy that he is likely to bear in mind the possibility of having his number taken and reported on account of improper conduct in the handling of the machine. It is a great aid to the police in controlling the speed of these machines.

The automobile is too serviceable and calculated to become too general in its use, to be made the subject of ridiculous and unnecessarily stringent police regulation. But if it is to escape liability to such embarrassing restrictions it will have to be handled with strict regard for the fact that it is as yet worse than an annoyance, and a real source of danger, when carelessly driven on the streets and highways.

The people of New Ulm are preparing a great celebration for Saturday and Sunday, of the anniversary of the siege of that town by Little Crow's bloody warriors in 1862. History was made at that siege and the people of New Ulm do well to keep its memory bright. It seems almost inconceivable that it was only forty years ago that the Sioux were still a formidable power in Minnesota and were able to harry the frontier for hundreds of miles and kill and capture hundreds of settlers. Thanks to the good fight fought at New Ulm they got no farther east, but the terror they inspired spread even into Wisconsin. Had they taken New Ulm their ponies might have carried them to the Mississippi. In the region they harried and menaced there are to-day over a million people and there is no quieter, no more peaceful country in all the United States.

IN A NUTSHELL.....

Minnesota's State Drainage Work

In the arid and semi-arid states the problem is to get water onto the land. In parts of Minnesota the problem is to get water off the land. Public attention was first directed to this problem in the middle plane of the drainage slope of the Minnesota side of the Red river.

This plane, about ten miles wide and 225 miles long, is so flat that its natural drainage systems are not equal to the task of carrying off the rainfall. The natural slope varies from a few inches to two or three feet per mile. In 1886 a convention was held at Crookston to discuss the problem of protecting this rich land against overflow. This convention raised $10,000 to make a topographical survey of the region. This survey showed that the land could be relieved of its excess of water by the building of 275 miles of main ditches at a cost of $750,000.

In 1893 the legislature passed a bill creating the Red River Drainage commission and appropriating $100,000. Ezra G. Valentine was chairman of this commission and O. H. Hoffman of Minneapolis engineer. The next two legislatures appropriated $57,500 for the work and the Great Northern Railway company gave $25,000. With these sums 117 miles of ditches were built in Traverse, Grant, Wilkin, Clay, Norman, Polk, Marshall and Kittson counties. The local county authorities have built ditches tributary to the main ditches and, in the case of Polk, have spent large sums of money in extending the main ditches rather than wait for the state to act. The tributary ditches, including those of highways, measure hundreds of miles. Great good has been accomplished by the ditches, which being built in straight lines get the full advantage of whatever natural slope there is. The county authorities are charged with keeping them in repair and free from obstructions. In 1897 the legislature gave general supervision of the ditches to a state drainage commission, composed of three members appointed by the governor.

A new drainage board, consisting of the governor, the state auditor and the secretary of state, was created in 1901. At the same time $50,000 was appropriated. This board has undertaken drainage work out of as well as in the Red river valley. Bids have been advertised for for ditches in Wadena and Aitkin counties. This board has just completed the Lost river swamp ditch in Polk and Beltrami counties and contracts have been let for the New Solum ditch in Marshall county, the Good Hope ditch in Norman county and the Badger and Skunk creek ditch in Polk county. Bids have also been advertised for for other ditches in Norman, Red Lake and Marshall counties. Some of these ditches have drained permanently swamp or lands too wet for agriculture, while others have served to carry off annoying and damaging surplusages of water. Some of the ditches have become little rivers with a permanent flow of water.

THIS IS A GOOD THING

The west still agrees with Seth Bullock that Theodore Roosevelt is a "hoss off its range"—meaning thereby that though born and living in the east, he is at heart a western man. Wherefore it is but natural that when the president comes west he should be received after the emphatic and noisy fashion of the west.

The president is to be made the goal of a 600-mile race when he reaches Omaha. "Bar Z. Kid," "Cayuse Bill," "Scar Face" Thompson, "Seven-up Kid," "Mexican Pete," "Lariat Pete," "Rattlesnake Pete" and scores of other riders of cayuses, known to fame in the cattle country, propose to ride like the wind from Deadwood to Omaha for the honor of being the first to grasp the president's hand and the emolument of fifty $20 gold pieces. The Slim Buttes of Wyoming will contribute three "lady cowboys."

Now, we suppose that that solemn, pompous class of people who are forever talking about dignity without being able to define it, will hold up their hands and exclaim against permitting the President of the United States to be a party to such a contest and such a spectacle. For our part, we relish it. And we have no doubt the president will relish it. He cares a whole lot more for a frank, honest, faithful cowboy than he does for scores of the polite bores he has to meet and waste time with at Washington and Oyster Bay—"the sissies and the ninnies" of the nation, as a speaker before the Trans-Mississippi congress called them.

The president, on his western trip, will have enough formal receptions, enough perfunctory handshaking, enough regulation speech making, enough jollying. Give him at least one chance for novelty, at least one chance to enjoy himself.

Let the cowboys race, and let the president squeeze the grimy paw of the winner.

Idaho is not a very populous state and republicans are not especially numerous there. Nevertheless the antitrust and tariff revision resolutions adopted by the republicans of that state yesterday are important as showing once more how the wind of republican opinion blows in the west. If the party leaders are wise they will be keeping all these straws in mind. The people of the west have about made up their minds that there shall be no more tariffs for the benefit of trusts and monopolies. And they are going to look first to the republican party for the realization of their wishes.

CHANGE IN WESTERN CANADA

March Brothers & Wells of Litchfield and Morris, Minn., have bought the Canadian Northern Elevator company and purpose to create an elevator system along the whole length of the Canadian Northern system. This is not the only Canadian field in which these enterprising gentlemen are operating. They have bought and sold large tracts of land in Manitoba and the territories and they are opening private banks in small western Canada towns. They are not alone in this and similar work. Many other Americans are interested in Canadian elevator lines, scores of them in Canadian land companies and not few in miscellaneous commercial and industrial enterprises. Taking advantage of contiguity, similarity of physical conditions, knowledge of the best way to exploit a new country and abundant reserves of capital, Americans, and especially Minnesotans and Iowans, are in the very van of the development of the Canadian west.

This influx of American capital and brains is as a rule gladly welcomed by the Canadians. They want to see their country developed, and they know that if it depends upon Canadian and English energy and capital and immigration for development it will proceed at a snail's pace. It is a simple business matter. The American capitalists make money and in making it vitalize and enrich the country.

As to the ultimate effect of this process, accompanied as it is by a large infusion of American settlers, the Canadians differ among themselves. Many of them don't care, being quite content to accept any solution time shall bring. Others are quite confident that in no respect can the movement be a menace to the present political status and relations of Canada. Still others are alarmed. One of these is S. Morley Wickett, a representative of the Canadian Manufacturers' association. He says the influx of American farmers "means the inoculation of American ideas and predilection for American wares, including newspapers with their foreign advertisements and political propaganda." Already he finds that Canadian agricultural papers are "simply not in it" with their American competitors in the new country. The possibility of political cleavage worries Mr. Wickett and he calls upon Canadian legislators, framers of public opinion and journalists to take steps to check the new tendencies.

This is an intensely interesting subject to talk about, but neither talk nor attempts to direct the results of the process by artificial means will amount to anything. Western Canada is going to be revolutionized by the process, but its current will be directed by circumstances and events yet hidden in the future. Of only one thing can we be sure—that is that the future population of that region will be much less interested in what transpires in London and a whole lot more in what goes on in Washington and New York than the present population is.

A communication appears in another column to-day protesting against the production of Sapho at the Metropolitan. This protest is entitled to respect, for it undoubtedly voices the sentiment of a great majority of the right thinking people. There is so much that is worthy in every respect from which to select that it argues an exceedingly low standard on the part of any company or of any music-house to present a play of the character of Sapho, especially when offered in its most offensive form; and this applies not only to Sapho but to all plays of that character. It is true that there are Saphos and Saphos. Public sentiment in New York compelled the cleaning up and pruning of that production until some of the most offensive features as originally presented were omitted. Sapho has been presented in this city in a somewhat expurgated form, and doubtless the Percy Haswell company will clean it up as much as possible before presenting it. But at the best, it is a demoralizing, suggestive, immoral show which the people who are regardful of the moral atmosphere with which they surround themselves will take pains to avoid. It would be much more to the credit of the Metropolitan management and the Haswell company, which has given the people of this city a generally clean and artistic program throughout the summer, to wind up their summer season on a higher plane.

It is not very long ago that Thomas Shevlin, republican national committeeman for Minnesota, and an important lumber magnate, was remarking in his impetuous way, that he was a republican because of the $2 tariff on lumber. Mr. Shevlin did not literally mean this, but he did mean that a part of his warm attachment to the republican party was due to a feeling that its policy of protection meant money in his own private pocket. Now Mr. Shevlin emphatically says that he is in favor of removing the entire tariff on lumber. It may be said that Mr. Shevlin no longer fears Canadian lumber and is entitled, therefore, to little credit for his change of mind. There are many other industries than the lumber business that no longer require protection, but how many of them have investors in them doing what Mr. Shevlin is doing? He certainly deserves credit for favoring the removal of a useless tariff. That is the true modern republican view of the tariff question.

Mr. Hay's remarks on the primary election law, in reply to Mr. Shevlin, seem to be quite timely. At least, Mr. Shevlin's criticism of the primary law would have carried more weight if he, as national committeeman for the state of Minnesota, had been less active in his partizanship. It is certainly not expected of a national committeeman that he shall exert his influence, if he has any, in favor of one candidate as against others, either under the convention system or the method of direct nominations. There is an impropriety about it which is so manifest that it need not be particularized.

Russell Sage has become affrighted at the combines and Oscar Lovell Triggs tells us that we are hopelessly, inextricably combined and will ever be more so. People without so much wealth as Sage and without so much brains as Triggs have forestalled Sage with their fright and have had misgivings that what Triggs knows is to be might come to pass. But, as Sage suggests, the people will revolt against combinations when they begin to drive the spurs a little deeper. About that time Mr. Triggs' dream will be a sad wreck.

The case of Harvey S. Rogers, the local postoffice clerk, charged with stealing and rifling 10,000 letters, passes comprehension. Such offenses are invariably detected sooner or later and the offender is always punished. Uncle Sam never compromises such cases. Why, then, should a young man with good prospects, deliberately enter into such certain ruin?

RATIONAL PROTECTION

Boston Herald.

It ought to be clear that the policy of reciprocity with Cuba offers no menace to the United States beet sugar industry and proposes no impairment of the protection now granted thereto. What it does contemplate is fulfilment of our national good faith and extension of our foreign export trade. It is not a violation or an abandonment of protection, but rather a rational carrying foward of the protectionist principle to meet the changing conditions of new times. That is the view the American people take of it.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed.

There are a lot of men around talking about candidates and politics who in reality cut about as much figure in politics as a hole in the cook's stocking does in a square meal.

The tariff, like the small boy who put the mouse in the milk, should be corrected by its authors rather than by the boarders.

General Alger will not break in and drag out the senatorial seat, but he will accept it as a hand-out, the same way we would act towards a $600 bill.

Mr. Shevlin says he would like to see the duty taken off of lumber. So would the builder.

Bartholin and Tascott are now rooming together in Chicago.

If football, as Chancellor Andrews of the University of Nebraska says, is a cure for the social evil, where does ping-pong come in? Perhaps that is the social evil referred to.

Corn this year seems to feel its juice.

The Peter Power case is beginning to cast out the odor of a delayed limburger cheese.

Two Englishmen came on and took the tennis championship yesterday. Mr. Morgan has to let them get a few things to keep them from making an outcry.

It ought to be a great year for the farmer. The harvester trust is out to help him out.

Beatrice Fairfax is telling "the fainthearted how to win." Her latest advice to C. D. E., who complains that "he" treats her "in a very brotherly way" which she does not like, and wants to know how "to make him truly love her," is as follows:

Just to be the nicest, sweetest little girl he knows. That is the sort of thing which always makes a hit with a man. Always smile, and never have any troubles.

Well, the deep, designing, artful minx! If ever we saw duplicity unmasked, it is right here. We call on Mayor Jones to have the column for the "Fainthearted" pulled. Young men, look out for the "nicest, sweetest little girl you know!" She is laying for you.

Report on the crops.—The candidate crop is thought to be a little spotty in places, and there is some smut on the lowlands, due to the moisture early in the season. Hennepin county reports a good deal of wild oats among local candidates, which will materially reduce the yield when election threshing occurs. The tobacco weevil is reported to be eating out the hearts of some of the candidates, and farmers are becoming apprehensive.

In North Dakota the republican crop shows signs of blight, due to a heavy Jud Lamoure frost when the party was in the dough. There has been too much "dry" weather all over North Dakota to suit the democratic crop, and that party has declared for resubmission. Binders (spellbinders) are now at work in the fields.

Extract from G. L. Morrill's Forthcoming Book, "The Pacific Slope."—Say, but the Rocky mountains are lallapaloolers, though I do not see anything so very rocky about them! In fact, they impressed me as being thoroughly up to date and very much less rocky than the late city administration in Minneapolis. Whoop!

We debouched from the train at Banff and made our way to the hotel, where the mountains are overtopped by the prices charged for board. Sat around in the corridors and lobbies and ate dinner. There are springs at Banff, and we drank the water, though I grieve to say that some of the party took something on the side to give it "body." Read the guidebook and let the rest of the party take mules to ascend the mountain side. I was willing to take guidebook's dicta as to size, shape and scenery.

And so off again, on (board) again, Flannagan, for the Pacific slope and the great cities of the coast. Whoop!!

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Skandinaven of Chicago, a paper which has great influence among the Norwegian speaking citizens of Minnesota, has come out for the nomination of Andrew Grindeland in the ninth district. In a lengthy editorial Mr. Grevstad sizes up the district and the candidates. As to S. G. Comstock, he says that no one questions his ability or his honesty of purpose, but he has been an attorney for large railroad systems, and may be yet, and has grown in the habit of looking at public questions from that standpoint, especially where the interests of corporations are affected. Ezra Valentine, he says, is a capable and just man, but a banker and not a man of the people, and that he is more naturally related to the corporations than to the interests of the farmers. Either Andrew Grindeland or Halvor Steenerson, in Skandinaven's opinion, would represent the district satisfactorily, but both cannot be nominated, and as they divide the northern end, the south end may nominate one of its candidates and beat both Grindeland and Steenerson. The interests of the people, therefore, demand that one withdraw. As to fitness the Skandinaven says there is no choice, but the natural conclusion is that the strongest man should go into the fight unopposed. From information received from different persons in various parts of the district, Grindeland must be looked on as the stronger of the two, and it therefore falls to Mr. Steenerson's lot to withdraw. This would be a great sacrifice on his part, but in the end he would gain by it. In case neither withdraws, the Skandinaven advises the voters to follow Grindeland. The Skandinaven, of course, develops a strong preference for Scandinavian candidates, a fact that will not be overlooked by all who deprecate the nationality issue in politics.

Seventh District Sensations.

The Appleton Tribune, Senator Young's home organ, claims that there is a strong disaffection in Renville county against Dowling, and that Young is being supported by Senator Nixon of Hector, and by certain county seat politicians at Olivia. The Granite Falls Journal urges the voters in the southern and eastern end of the district to head off Young by combining on one of his two opponents. Yet the Journal man resents as a base insinuation that he has any thought except loyalty to the home candidate.

Roosevelt and Van Sant.

At the big meeting in Bloomington Wednesday night, George L. Matchan, chairman of the Hennepin county republican committee, stirred the echoes with a "Van Sant and Roosevelt" declaration. He said that Theodore Roosevelt was already nominated in Minnesota as the next republican candidate for President of the United States, and asserted that if the republicans of Hennepin county would follow the suggestions of the organization, the republican party of Minnesota would not only elect Van Sant governor of Minnesota on Nov. 4, but would also by that act nominate the next vice president of the United States. As Theodore Roosevelt was the logical candidate for president, on the same principle Governor Van Sant was the logical candidate for vice president.

New House Candidates.

Legislative candidates in districts comprising more than one county are rushing to the secretary of state to file their affidavits. The following were received yesterday:

J. J. McGregor of Minden, Benton county, for representative from the forty-seventh district on the republican ticket.

Swan Torkelson of Copley, Beltrami county, for representative from the sixty-first district on the people's party ticket.

J. H. O'Neill of Park Rapids, Hubbard county, for representative from the Fifty-third district on the republican ticket.

J. H. Coates of Sauk Rapids, Benton county, for representative from the forty-seventh district on the republican ticket.

H. W. Rullifson of Lyon county as representative from the seventeenth district on the republican ticket.

The Bloomington meeting, which was a rousing success, will be duplicated in several of the rural towns of Hennepin. One will probably be held at Osseo Aug. 30.

At the Bloomington meeting Thomas H. Girling urged legislative candidates to go on record as favoring a separate legislative district for the country towns and villages of Hennepin. The suggestion was promptly acted on by several of the candidates, and without doubt the next legislature will be asked to redistrict Hennepin, setting off the country into a separate senatorial district.

The Albert Lea Standard says S. M. Owen is supporting Rosing, and that his election would be just as acceptable to the populists as if their own man should win.

—Charles B. Cheney.

OTHER PEOPLE'S NOTIONS

Elevating the Stage.

To the Editor of The Journal:

Following along the lines of the good work being done in the city, the writer thought well to bring to your notice the fact that the Percy Haswell company advertises that it is going to produce "Sapho" next week at the Metropolitan theater, beginning, I suppose, Sunday night. It does seem like a very great mistake for a stock company to put on a play of this character. It is a play such as should not be presented at any respectable theater. I should think it very much more degrading for a person to attend a performance of "Sapho" than to attend a performance such as is put on at the Dewey theater of this city. I trust that your paper will see fit to give this matter a good editorial and that through such influence the Percy Haswell company will be persuaded to change to some play that would be more acceptable to the class of people who patronize the Metropolitan.

—F. L. M.

Books and Authors

LITERARY CRAFTSMEN

A writer in The Writer says some very bold and interesting things about professional story writers. He owns up that he is one himself and does not object to the cataloguing of literature with the trades. He regards not with holy horror the suggestion of the spirit of commercialism in authorship. He boasts of having recently written a novel of 50,000 words for a magazine in nine days, and scoffs at those critics who say that at least two months should have been bestowed upon a story of such a length. The story, however, went into type. He declares that rapid work need not be poor work. A skilled artisan can work rapidly and accurately. This professional story writer takes pride in rattling off stories with his typewriter and he is ready to fill rush orders. He is not hesitant about admitting the fact.

JULIA MAGRUDER

So much for this man in the "literary trade." And is he not right? Balzac and the elder Dumas were in it. Zola and Corelli, and Kipling and Laura Richards, Mary Johnston, Miss Murfree, Kate Douglas Wiggin, W. D. Howells, Mrs. Burnett, Amelia Barr, Cyrus Brady and scores more are in it. Walter Scott was a very hard worker at the trade. He wrote under the terrible pressure of a debt of $640,000, driven like a galley slave, and yet some of his best novels were produced under this extraordinary pressure, and when he died under it, he had paid all but $35,000 of the debt. How glad he would have been had a typewriter been handy. Dr. Johnson worked at the trade of literature, harder than any mechanic worked at his bench.

It is useless to deny that all successful novelists have been and are hard workers at the "trade." The late Frank Stockton made a trade of literature. The successful writers for magazines are in the trade. They write to sell, and, like other owners of commodities, they take and fill rush orders. The trade is in better condition than it was when E. T. Whipple declared that any author who attempts to live on the product of his imagination is "constantly coquetting with starvation." Even in the juvenile literature trade, there are men and women who command respectable incomes from it. Poe, if living to-day, would be the possessor of a healthy bank account and would be dictating to his secretary as she hammered out the articulation of his genius on her typewriter, and thrust sheet after sheet of typewriter copy into the hands of waiting boys to be rushed to the busy linotype machines. Poe, as a literary tradesman, to-day, would have taken a very optimistic view of things. The skilled literary craftsman of to-day, indeed, may not fear to work rapidly, nor blush to have a captious critic call his product "machine made." Some of the best goods in the world and produced by the most rapidly moving machinery.

LITERARY NOTES

Dr. Washington Gladden's "Social Salvation" has been reprinted in England.

Chicago is in a bad way generally. When a municipal government lets its public library run down at the heels, so to speak, it is a very bad sign. The Post of that city says on the subject: "This Memorial Hall (save the mark!) has received no care, 'save a superficial dusting,' since May 9; the marble in the rotunda has not been cleaned this year, fixtures, cuspidors, are in a filthy condition; the windows have not been cleaned since early in May——! Secretary Wickersham informs us that the Memorial Hall 'has received the same attention that the remaining part of the library receives'—an assurance calculated to establish the impartiality of the board, but not to diminish our fears for the future of one of our chief public monuments and the valuable book collections, to preserve which it was erected."

Speaking of his work in finishing Stevenson's uncompleted novel "St. Ives," Quiller-Couch said recently: "It is a thankless task, and as far as my own case goes, I regretted afterward that I ever undertook it. This is the kind of thing I hear from the critics: 'Even Mr. Couch himself must admit that the fact that he has succeeded even to this point shows that "St. Ives" is an inferior book.' You see they had me both ways. As a matter of fact, only one chapter was of my own invention, and the executors protested even against that. I ought really to have changed the whole ending, for I am convinced that Stevenson abandoned the book simply because he got 'stuck.'"

The Aeronautical World is a new periodical published by the Aeronautical World company at Glenville, Ohio, devoted to the subject of aeronautics, now attracting wide attention, and setting forth all noticeable current discoveries and experiments and noting the progress of the science. The first number is very attractive and promising.

Bingham Thoburn Wilson has written an epic poem entitled "Ye Mountaineer," occupying 233 octavo pages, which Neely (114 Fifth avenue, New York) publishes. It relates to the revolt of the settlers, in what is now Vermont, against the mother country, because of the decision by the crown that the claim of the colony of New York for the nullification of their land titles must be sustained.

Dr. Sven Hedin is writing the story of his travels and discoveries in Tibet, in Stockholm.

J. L. Ford takes two columns to inform ambitious young writers, through the Philadelphia Times, how to write successful novels of the "B'gosh" school of literature. He says that is "one of the most profitable branches of the great American industry," more's the pity!

The Journal of American Folk Lore has an interesting account of a curious religious drama entitled "The Tastoanes," performed each year on St. James Day (July 25) at various towns near Guadalagara, Mex. The text of the play is in corrupt Spanish and Aztec and dates from the Spanish conquest, containing aboriginal features, and old war dances. "The Tastoanes" is a mixture of old Aztec paganism and legendary Christianity.

CRIME OF THE TRAMP

By LEO CRANE

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It stood upon the banks of a gentle river, a fishing village of great modesty. The morning sun would toss its beauties out upon the waters of a mild lagoon. The roadways were of shells that had been pounded into powder of the whitest. Old-fashioned cottages lined the streets, their porches festooned with climbing roses whose sweet scent wedded the lavish perfume of wandering honeysuckle and set forth to meet the fresh smell of the bay.

Upon the shore was a little shipyard all covered with chips and darkened driftwood. Rotting ways bathed their feet in the greenish water, and about them played the children they had given birth, a myriad of small boats upon the sleeping waves. One of these belonged to a higher caste than the others. There was a clean coat upon it, and proudly it rode to a well-made mooring. When the breeze would swing it slowly, the old man seated upon a last stretch of the ways could read its name.

"Mary!" he commented slowly, removing the pipe from his mouth and puffing out a cloud of grayish smoke. Then, turning to a man close by, he asked:

"D'ye spose why 'tis named Mary?"

"He's sweet on Mary Harte," said the other without displaying a bit of interest in anything save the chip he was whittling.

"Oh!" remarked the old one, grinning to himself and sticking the pipe back into his mouth, proving a bit of sentiment could not lure him from the habit. "Yere he comes now."

"He's got his oars along," said the other, looking across the quiet space of water. "D'ye s'pose he's goin' out?"

"Reckon so, but 'tain't lookin' much out there on the bay. Gittin' a pesky fog up, I'm thinkin'." And the old man grunted at the foolishness of it. "Why in thunder don't he stay at home for onct? O' late he's out on that stream most o' his time."

THE MAN SCREAMED SHRILLY, "ABOARD THERE!"

"S'pose he wants to git married," suggested the companion, cutting a large section off the chip with a contemptuous flourish of the knife. "He's another one o' these danged fules. But these youngsters won't listen to no reason. There's that feller breakin' his back summer an' winter, sunshine an' bad weather, come better or worse, all so's he can scrape enough together to buy a peck o' trouble."

"I can't understand it," said the old man, smoking up on his pipe.

"Well, I can see through it in a way," admitted the whittler meditatively, "'cause when I was young an' necessarily foolish I had the same thing in mind fer quite a spell. But Hank Jordan—ye know Hank—well, he gotter ahead o' me an' married the woman. Then I says to myself, 'I'll see what's in this game,' says I. 'So, by jing, Hank starts in to make a livin' fer a fambly 'o' two, me havin' a quiet, peaceable time all the while, but 'fore he was through he was workin' like a plow-horse in a muddy furrow, tryin' to swim with six kids' store bills on his back. The on'y things I had to owe fer durin' that same space o' time was my terbacker an' one shirt, 'cause, ye know, I'm not hard on clothes. But Hank Jordan bought enough clothes to cover a regiment, an' while they'd be showin' 'em in the street Hank'd be sittin' in the back yard, with a bit o' chalk an' a board, tryin' to figger out how to stave off the rent. I never could see the sense o' it. In the las' nine years I've on'y had the chilblains an' the quinsy, but Hank Jordan had everything from mumps to milk rash—not him, ye know, but them as he was mainly responsible fer."

The man across the way tossed a pair of oyster tongs down into the clean boat and whistled for a ragged-looking dog playing about the town's edge. Then, with it beside him at the tiller, he ran up the small sail and steered out into the mist of the river marshes. An hour's run brought him over the ledges, where with a sounding splash the stone anchor was dropped, and down, down went the hungry tongs for the first clutch. Down on the sandy ledges he hoped to find his happiness and wrench it from the bottom. There was a scissors-like motion of the long arms, a twisting, tearing, sucking grapple of the teeth; then up, up, up, came the swaying poles, the water trickling back over the hands that hauled, and with a noisy clatter the catch of grimy things was dumped into the boat's bottom, and so on through the long day, sometimes staring stupidly out over the gray shifting desert at a passing steamer slowly plodding up the channel or eying in silent wonder a yacht sweeping silently and swiftly by his little craft.

It was in the afternoon. The boat was half filled with muddy shells.

"Lemme see, Regs," said the man. "What's the date terday? The tenth? So it is. 'Tain't agoin' to be very long now, Regs." He slowly counted a number of deep scratches upon the thwart. Some of them were crossed over with a counter scratch. There were nine not tallied. He got out a knife and rudely crossed another. "Eight more days to wait," he muttered—"eight more days."

"Then won't there be a fine time, Regs?" he commenced gayly. The dog cocked his head sideways and whined an appreciation. "The whole village'll talk o' it, an' the place'll be fine. Goin' to have Sam Lawder's house—that new un—an' there'll be a sea scene over the door an' a raft o' curiosities on the mantel, 'sides rocking-chairs an' sofeys an' all that sort o' thing. Mut, say, Regs, derned if I ever see such a fog as is gittin' up." The man peered off into the dense yellow cloak that had shut down upon him silent and awesome. He pulled up the anchor and started to row home.

The dull, monotonous clang of a lighthouse bell came at intervals from somewhere. He knew not exactly where. He was getting bewildered in this smoky cloud of fog. Then he rested upon the oars, letting the boat drift, and listened intently for the mysterious note of the bell. It was farther off—it seemed so—and which way?

Suddenly a strange, humming noise reached him—wind or— He fished hurriedly into a side locker for a horn and sent two long, harsh blasts across the unknown waters. A loud, swishing sound could be heard, growing nearer, above a babble of impotent noise. A bell rang, and the hoarse cry of a siren brought him terror. About the boat were only the moving mass of cloudland and a few feet of lapping water—no heaven, no other thing but that, motionless, and the sobbing noise. The man screamed shrilly, feebly, "Aboard there!"

Then a great, dense shape loomed up out of the sea like a ruthless, grasping hand to crush him. Immense, terrible, it towered a moment over the boat. There was a crunch of splintering wood, a weak excited bark of a frightened dog, a despairing wail from a man, and a white wave of foam dripped back from the beak of the monster. It passed on with a rushing roar, satisfied. A burst of clanging and clanking came from the silence and died away again. A belch of reddish fire lighted for an instant the yellow pall and then left it as before. The thing dissolved like a ghost in the mist. The waves churned for a moment a rag of canvas. Then everything disappeared, and the silence settled down as the quiet of eternity.

The whitecapped waves raced and tossed for a time, worrying some little bits of splintered wood. Then they began again the old, old chant, sighing mournfully in tune with the twilight breeze, slowly lifting the fog. Off in the distance a single point of light glimmered mistily, pointing the way home. The winds told the tale to the shores in the black watches of the night.

A old man who had once again claimed his seat by the rotting ways fished from the tossing lips of the water a bit of board.

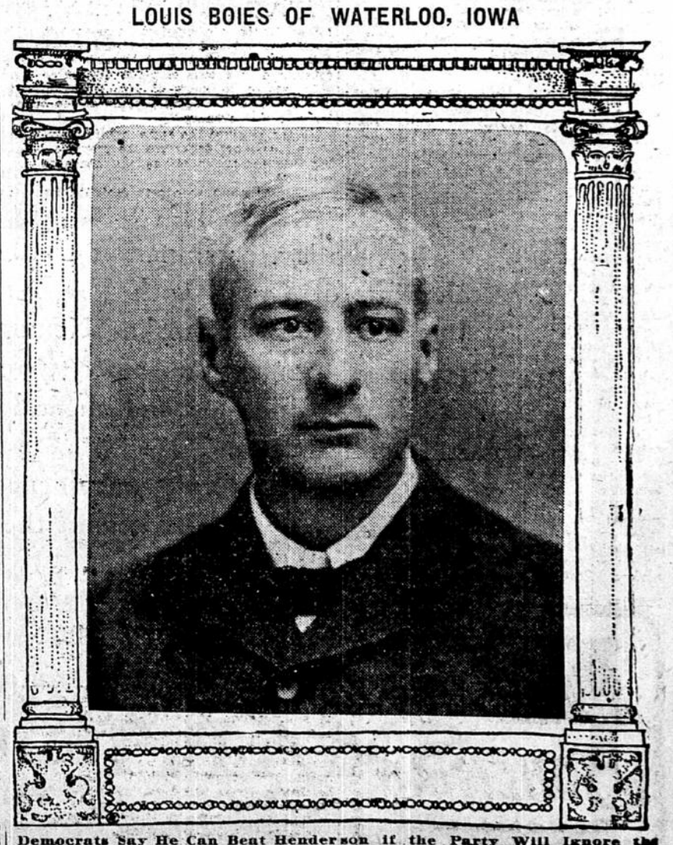
"What's this?" he asked of another who occupied himself cutting a piece of chip. They examined it curiously together.

"Looks like the thwart o' a boat," said the man.

"Here—here What's them marks?" pointing at a number of rude scratches in the wood.

"I dunno," said the other, slowly shaking his head in doubt. "Never saw them on a boat's thwart before. There's eight o' 'em not tallied. See! Wonder if that's got anything to do with it!"

LOUIS BOIES OF WATERLOO, IOWA



Democrats Say He Can Beat Henderson if the Party Will Ignore the Kansas City Platform.