

THE JOURNAL

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A Lame Conclusion. The Pioneer Press has concluded that the constitutional rule that a proposed amendment to the constitution, to be valid, must have a majority of all the votes cast at the election is a wholesome one. The declaration is perfectly plain, but the reasons for it are not convincing. Moreover, the Pioneer is satisfied with the defeat of the amendment increasing the rate of taxation of railway gross earnings, and does not seem to think that much has been lost through the defeat of the tax reform amendment. It thinks that both did so well this time that, with a little remodeling, they would pull through in a second heat, and is generally convinced that the present constitutional rule regarding amendments by no means operates as an estoppel of all amendment.

We are unable to share the Pioneer's optimism on this point. Five amendments have been submitted to the people since the rule was adopted in 1898, and all of them were defeated. Between 1892 and 1902, twenty-one amendments have been submitted to the people. The sixteen that were submitted during the operation of the old rule that a majority of those voting on the amendments, instead of all voters, carried them, were adopted but fifteen of them would have been defeated under the present rule; that is, they failed to get a majority of all votes cast. So, if we had adopted in 1890 the rule we foolishly adopted in 1898, Minnesota in ten years would have been able to amend its constitution but once; yet he will be rash indeed who will say that of these fifteen amendments there is none that deserved enactment.

The fact that the adoption of the most pressing constitutional amendments is hardly within the realm of the possible under the present rule, and with the amendments printed on the same ballot with the state ticket. As to the Pioneer's idea of cumulative interest in amendments ultimately carrying them through, it is thought to say that the amendment regarding increasing the limit of school fund loans to local governmental bodies had its second heat this time, and, although it was a measure calculated to appeal to local self-interest all over the state, was overwhelmingly defeated both times.

It will be interesting to know whether, when the gross earnings bill comes up in the legislature again, the Pioneer Press will be found promoting it. If the Pioneer's previous attitude had not indicated that it is not especially desirous of an increase of the rate of taxation of railways, we might attach more importance to its complacent conclusion that constitutional amendment is far from impossible.

Dar Reese is now talked of for United States marshal. Dar's education will not be complete until he has taken a severe course of private life.

No Privacy Without Sight. Architect Cass Gilbert of the new state capitol is trying to persuade St. Paul to buy land for a plaza that will provide an adequate approach to the capitol and give a view of it that is architectural merit demands. No small part of the desire for the building is due to the desire for privacy. Such being the case, it is most inconsistent to pen the capitol up so that it is impossible to appreciate it, to fall, in other words, to give the picture the frame it requires. Inasmuch as the state has spent much money for a structure which adorns St. Paul, it is only proper that St. Paul should provide the plaza, which might remain under city jurisdiction, perhaps as a park. Unless this is done, the capitol will suffer from the contrast with some of the cheap and tawdry structures that are near it. It will be like a palace among hovels. We earnestly hope that St. Paul will take up Mr. Gilbert's proposition, and so energetically and speedily that when the capitol is dedicated the great white building may be seen beyond a vista of green sward and foliage.

The utter concealment of the impressive proportions of the Minneapolis city hall and courthouses for lack of a plaza, should be a lesson to the people of St. Paul. As with the capitol, riches were lavished in making the courthouses impressive, and then it was so pent up that the purpose aimed at it is not attained.

A poor little urchin has just straggled 250 miles from a place in Iowa to see his mother in St. Paul, she being divorced from his father with whom he had been

IN A NUTSHELL....

Showing Why Young Women Do Not Like to Be Servants.

In this week's Independent, Mary E. Trueblood, an instructor in Mount Holyoke college, writes interestingly on "Housework Versus Shop and Factories." Miss Trueblood has just conducted an investigation for the Massachusetts bureau of labor in regard to the employments of women. She visited the working girls in their homes and boarding-houses in Boston, Lowell, Lynn, Haverhill, Fall River, etc. Her investigations confirm the common opinion that housework is the last occupation of the intelligent American working girl will seek, and throw light on some of the causes of this condition, so menacing to home life in America. In Massachusetts, shoe factories, textile mills, department stores and restaurants are the principal industries that draw girls away from housework. The shops or department stores had the highest per cent of American-born girls, while not one such was found in housework. Ireland furnished the largest number of houseworkers, and the others came from Canada, England and Ireland. What is true in Massachusetts in this respect is true here. An American-born houseworker is a novelty, and when one is found it is likely that she comes of foreign-born parents resident in the country.

So far as healthfulness of occupation goes, all the girls would be houseworkers if choice of occupation were made on that score. Housework, also, is about as remunerative as any of the four other employments mentioned, in the long run. Deducting the cost of food and lodging, Miss Trueblood found that the shop girl has a weekly cash surplus of \$3.23 from an income of \$7.52; the shoe factory girl, \$2.45 from \$10.42; the restaurant worker, \$2.32 from \$5.28; the textile worker, \$5.99 from \$8.35, and the houseworker, \$3.99 net. The houseworker's income is not so much inferior to that of the factory girl's as might appear, because the latter cannot count on full working time. She also has

an advantage over all the other classes in that living in a family she is able to do for herself many things that the other girls have to pay for. "The girls of all occupations," says Miss Trueblood, "understand perfectly well that 'housework pays well.'" Proof that the pay of houseworkers is not really lower than that of any of the others is shown by the fact that they were found to save more and give more to the support of others than their sister workers.

When length of hours is considered, housework appears at a disadvantage. While the shop girls worked 8.2 hours five days in the week and 4.6 on Saturday, the house girls averaged 11.6 hours for seven days in the week. Waitresses averaged 9.5 hours with extra pay for Sunday work, and factory girls worked 83 hours a week, so arranged as to give a half-holiday Saturday. In vacations, too, house girls are at a disadvantage.

Shop and factory girls were found better educated, more intelligent and with a higher standard of living than others. Education does not unfit for housework, but it does "raise their standards and make them unwilling to conform to the traditional requirements of housework." The conditions of housework must be changed to suit the new standards of the girls before it can ever be put on a satisfactory basis again. When the conditions are such that a house girl can consider herself an employee, not a servant, a term that sticks in the gorge of every American-born man or woman when applied to herself, and, often, when applied to anybody, the places will be sought. Absence of free time and personal independence together with continual contact with persons with whom she cannot in any real sense become intimate, a contact that perpetually suggests social inferiority, is not a condition that is attractive to a girl of good education, person, and that is the sort of girls our public schools are turning out; and, fortunately for the republic, will continue to turn out.

Living. The most pathetic phase of a divorce is in the torn and sundered families of the children who though attached to both parents are of necessity separated from one.

Forward March! It is announced from Washington that the commercial treaty with Newfoundland will probably be sent to the senate, commended by the president, when that body meets, and, if so, its disposition toward tariff concessions from a post-election standpoint will be signified, although the trade of the British dependency is not of formidable dimensions.

The president shows his firmness in the Cuban reciprocity business by sending General Bilis to Cuba to investigate commercial conditions and to try and adjust the differences as to the reciprocity treaty in the hands of President Palma before the meeting of congress. He has also recently secured the extension of some of the Kassar reciprocity treaties, so that the senate may act on them during the short session. The president means business.

In fact, the president, is as earnest about reciprocity as he is about regulating the industrial conditions, although the American Economist, organ of the intractable, don't-touch-the-tariff element, characterizes him as a "free trader," because in one of his speeches last summer, he expressed his approval of tariff revision in some schedules and recommended a tariff commission, composed of experts, to act as an advisory body for congress in the re-adjustment of duties on a scientific basis.

The Economist fully confirms the general belief that reciprocity and tariff re-adjustment sentiment is steadily increasing among republicans and leading republicans, and it files into a rage, denouncing these as "free traders" and predicting "ruin" if the president and those who think with him have their way. The testimony of the Economist as to the growth of sound views, business-promoting views, on reciprocity and tariff is interesting, and, indeed, valuable. It can gain nothing by denouncing people who do not believe in an unchangeable tariff, as "free traders." The Economist knows well enough that free trade sentiment in this country does not exist except in the lowest, most helpless minimum of even the democratic party.

The leading democratic papers recognize the prevailing distrust of their party by the country, but tell the republicans, as the Atlanta Constitution does, that, if they do not revise the tariff and make monopolies in natural products impossible, "there will be such an indignation and independent uprising among the people as will foredoom the permanent defeat of the republican party, whether Roosevelt or some Dingy dervish be its head."

Such democratic warnings should not be pook-pooked as "vaporings." The republican party has twice lost in presidential elections by being off its guard through over-confidence, and its country has twice been afflicted with incompetent administration in consequence. Let it close ranks and march unflinchingly under its competent and courageous young leader!

Mascagni has about the same impressions of American courts that the officers of the Chicago got of the Italian courts during their unpleasant stay in Venice.

Americans in Canada. And now it is Ontario land that American capitalists are taking. A deal was closed in Toronto yesterday whereby Americans take possession of 2,000,000 acres of that province. The Americans purpose to put 12,000 American settlers on the land, and are pledged to colonize with none but English-speaking white people. Ontario evidently wants no Dukhobor experience. This transaction does not demonstrate any fear of an American invasion in Ontario, though some of the Canadian Angliomaniacs are already viewing with alarm the possibilities of the Americanization of Canada through American immigration. The more sensible take the view that if there anything essentially Canadian worth maintaining, it will assert itself against the invasion. And in western Canada the opinion is by no means unanimous that Americanization is an awful fate.

Before you bank on winning football games investigate your cook.

Anarchy in Practice. In Jackson, Ky., they seem to be realizing anarchy to such an extent that a visit to the detestable village should be enough to turn even a theoretical anarchist of his folly. A reign of terror has practically deprived the town of government or officers. Two dozen men have been assassinated in the last year and there has been no judicial inquiry into any of these offenses. We wonder how long the people of Kentucky will stand this sort of advertising. If necessary, they

should revise their constitution to such an extent as to deprive such communities as Jackson of any degree of home rule until they have been entirely regenerated.

The new measures of the Philippine commission looking to the punishment and extermination of ladronism are severe indeed, but the situation demands severity. Kindergarten methods and moral suasion will hardly do in treating a social disease that has persisted for three centuries.

Gompers' Complaints. President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor, in his speech at the opening of the annual meeting of the federation at New Orleans yesterday, showed that labor unionism in this country is so badly organized that clashes of jurisdiction between contending bodies threaten to bring about a physical internecine conflict ultimately. He drew, in fact, a rather discouraging picture of irresponsible organized labor in this country. Some scientific remedy is evidently necessary to produce harmony.

The disposition of labor to organize is rapidly increasing, as shown by Mr. Gompers in his speech, the membership of the federation having, in eleven months, increased by 300,000, and the whole membership of the federation is considerably over a million. If the leaders, like Mr. Gompers, would see fit to incorporate under legal charters and assume legal responsibility, they would find themselves morally stronger before the public and disarming much antagonism toward organized labor.

At this meeting of the federation it is said the friends of John Mitchell will try to secure his election as the federation's president in place of Gompers, who has 2,700 votes pledged to Mitchell's 2,300, the latter claiming that Gompers' principles tend to destroy the independence of the unions by centralizing power over them, while Mitchell would make a real federation of Gompers' organization, and eliminate all centralizing tendencies. The difficulty of attaining formidable solidarity of labor organizations is evident from the admissions of Mr. Gompers. As a matter of fact, organized labor in this country, according to Carroll Wright, includes only 8 per cent of the wage earners—not numerically impressive, certainly.

Oratorio at Popular Prices. Rev. G. L. Morrill writes to The Journal to-day to suggest that the Philharmonic society present the "Messiah" in the Exposition building, Christmas night. The rendition of this grand oratorio is the next thing on the winter program of this society, and the suggestion that it should be presented in the Exposition building is deserving of careful consideration by the society.

Mr. Morrill argues the case so well in his communication that he leaves very little to be added except perhaps to say that the proposition is a good one, and to urge the society to adopt it. There is certainly a great public interest to be served in presenting this oratorio in this manner at the time proposed—Christmas night. There seems to be here an opportunity to bring to the general public a great musical treat at prices within the reach of all and to test in a measure the demand of the public for music of this character at popular prices.

This grand composition has been sung into the hearts of the common people all over the world. Let us have a trial of the popularity of music of this kind in Minneapolis, made under circumstances that will afford a fair test of the musical taste of the people of this community.

Alcohol as a fuel is hardly a new thing to a reporter for a morning paper would have it. In Europe especial attention has been devoted to the utilization of all its possibilities as a fuel and the necessary cheapening of its production. Germany and France lead in this high hope, and in the latter country they have high hopes that the economic handicap France is under by reason of limited coal measures may be raised by means of alcohol produced from the products of the fields.

Railway employees' wages are rising all over the country. It has been generally agreed that railway men and clerks were the principal sufferers from failure of wages to increase as rapidly as the cost of living. At the rate the big railway companies are raising the pay of their employees, the clerks will soon be all alone in their distress.

A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION. Pittsburgh Dispatch. The defeat of Congressman Loud by a candidate upon the democratic-labor ticket shows that the mail carriers have not only the inclination but the power to defeat a representative who hesitates to vote them any salaries they desire. The theoretic lesson in government ownership is now practically demonstrated.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed. The Berlin insane asylum claims a patient, whose hair changes color with her feelings. When she is cool and quiet her hair is a light yellow, but when she is excited it becomes auburn, and in other words when she gets red headed, she is so.

Some burglarious bibliophiles tried to ravage the Lincoln, Neb., public library at its first editions. The bibliophile will commit almost any crime to appease his insatiable thirst.

Colonel Wetmore of St. Louis says that he doesn't want to fight a duel because he is a poor shot. As the challenged party, the colonel has the choice of weapons and might choose axes.

No well equipped deer hunter in northern Michigan should neglect to wear a stove lid under his clothes.

President Gompers' remarks about President Eliot of Harvard were in full as bad taste as President Eliot's remarks about labor organizations. But it is a dition that is attractive to a girl of good education, person, and that is the sort of girls our public schools are turning out; and, fortunately for the republic, will continue to turn out.

Signor Mascagni, the noted Italian composer, has struck a bunch of legal trouble in Boston that bids fair to be as serious as the Orleans massacre as an international episode. Being a country of quiet tastes, the United States would not like to hear Mascagni's excited explanation of his case.

To-morrow's Game. Some one has happily described a doughnut as a hole completely surrounded by dough. It would like to see a person of a doughnut become digestible to the football team (prepared to the Schuck) put together by the colored cook who is to play for the school team in a betting on Wisconsin.

It would be interesting, if the wagering of money has so great an effect, to ascertain on which team the faculty is placing its bets. Meeting the men of the faculty who are to be the professor of intellectual and moral tenets, the first of the week, he remarked that it was looking like a very serious proposition. Meeting the men of the faculty who are to be the professor of "gambulous betting," they had "laid" each other the sum of two dollars on the result, the chair of intellectual and moral philosophy taking the part of Wisconsin and placing its money freely and emphatically thereon.

Yesterday no odds were given but particulars of each side were anxiously waiting for "St. Paul's Dream." It may be remembered by some that last year Assistant County Attorney Al Smith had a dream that Minnesota had thrown it into dramatic form across the St. Croix to the tune of 3 to 1. On the strength of this illusion of the night, the Hennepin county bench, having confidence in Mr. Smith, had wagered most of its members on the unfortunate outcome of the game. As the result of this, Mr. Smith resigned his position.

The column had two bets up, one on Minnesota and one on Wisconsin. The one it lost, it paid. The one it won, the other fellow did not pay. Since then the column has been opposed to gambling. We await the result with no financial interest in it whatever.

May the toughest gang win. A. J. R.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat. Ezra Kendall continues to convulse his auditors at the Metropolitan with the eccentric sayings of Joe Miller in "The Vinesar Buyer." Ezra has bet his week's income on the outcome of the Minnesota-Wisconsin football game Saturday, and Saturday night he is going to tell the society who he gambled on. He has been the attraction at the Metropolitan how he happened to lose.

A powerful play, "The Penitent," dramatized by Lawrence Marston from one of Halliday's most famous novels, is to be the attraction at the Metropolitan for the first half of next week. A magnificent production has been given the play by Manager W. E. Nankville, and an excellent company will be employed in the presentation here.

It is a pleasure to announce the return of E. H. Sothorn for an engagement of three nights and matinee at the Metropolitan, commencing next Thursday in Justin Huntly McCarthy's play, "If I Were King." This play was the greatest dramatic success of the season. Mr. McCarty has been credited by the critics everywhere with writing a play of extraordinary interest, unrivaled in the beauty of its lines.

Miss Eugenie Blair is meeting with much success this week at the Bijou in her portrayal of Zaza. Miss Blair has been here in many different roles, but she seems to have found her greatest success in "Zaza."

MINNESOTA POLITICS

The rumor is wafted from Washington that Congressman Fletcher has gone down there with a knife in his boot for William H. Grimshaw, present United States marshal. Mr. Grimshaw's term expires next March. He exercised his prerogative as a citizen of the fifth district to oppose Mr. Fletcher's nomination, and although he jumped the gun by working for Fletcher after the primaries, the things he said before ranked in your uncle's bosom, especially as they were repeated with considerable gusto by democratic orators. Therefore, the committee on nominations, Mr. Fletcher intends to get even. The office is a senatorial appointment, however, and in the distribution it falls to Senator Van Sant, generally understood to rest entirely in the power of the senior senator. From all appearances he intends to reappoint Grimshaw. However, the St. Paul "push" has started another boom for Dar, and, urging his appointment. That would be an unkind cut, in view of Grimshaw's strenuous efforts for Reese at the last state convention. But the appointment is not a state ticket, as charged in some quarters. He cut loose from Warner and Schiffman, and did valiant campaign service, speaking for six weeks without expense to the state committee. Of course he owed the party something for eight years in the fastest state office, but he apparently did all he could to pay the debt, and is willing to incur fresh obligations.

Means Another Term for Leavett. Considerations are pouring in on "Jim" Martin for his work in the appointment on the state board of control. If loyal service to his chief and his party ever earned a man promotion, it did so in this case. The appointment is generally regarded as political, and in a sense it is. However, those who know Martin's capacity for work and his executive ability will not be surprised to find that a reappointment could have been made, for the good of the service.

This appointment is taken to mean that S. W. Leavett will be reappointed for a shorter term than his term expires next year. If Governor Van Sant had not intended to reappoint Chairman Leavett, it looks as though he would have saved Martin for the long appointment, giving the two-year vacancy appointment to some one else. Mr. Leavett's aggressive economy has made him a good many enemies, but he has not lost the confidence of the board, but evidently he suits the governor. His retention would mean that the board is to continue free from politics, as he has stood for civil service in the institution and non-partisanship. He is a Van Sant democrat, and his reappointment would thus recognize a large contingent of similar democrats who contributed to that 56,000 majority.

Estes Crowds Langum. About the most vigorous hustling for a legislative position is being done by W. R. Estes of Madella, former editor of the Madella Messenger. He wants to be secretary of the senate, and is backed for that place by his senator, Thomas Torrey of St. James. He is trying to line up the second district solid. S. A. Langum is actively after the place, and has a strong following among the old senators. He is going to lay his hands on the first district, where some of the newly elected senators refuse to support Langum. They are against him because he quit Knatvold in the congressional race, and because he was so bitterly opposed to Governor Van Sant's nomination. Langum was on the Tawney wagon, and for once a winner, but there are some who are not so official in the last two legislatures, but his activity in politics has necessarily made him some enemies.

Some More Hennepin Candidates. Hennepin county has a crop of candidates for positions in the senate. Thomas D. A. McNeely is being pushed as a senator-at-large. Rev. Wm. Wilkinson is said to be a candidate for chaplain, and there are a number of applicants for minor places. St. James is being pushed by Rev. D. A. Tawney, a retired Presbyterian clergyman living at Maclester. Edward Johnson of William, is being pushed for the position of secretary. Captain D. A. McNeely of the fifth ward wants to be assistant sergeant-at-arms of the house this winter.

—Charles B. Cheney.

Books and Authors

A LIGHT-HEARTED MILTON.

It is usual to contemplate John Milton as meditating upon state and controversial topics during the Cromwellian period, and writing upon them or thinking in harmonious numbers of sacred things were chaplain in Rev. D. A. Tawney, a retired Presbyterian clergyman living at Maclester. Edward Johnson of William, is being pushed for the position of secretary. Captain D. A. McNeely of the fifth ward wants to be assistant sergeant-at-arms of the house this winter.

she did not break her heart. Verschoyle was deeply interested in her, proposed marriage, more in pity than love, and prevented her from marrying the Earl of Blam. She accepts and they are married and she falls in love with him on the wedding trip. Her love begets deep jealousy of another woman, and she leaves him. Out of this tangled there was deliverance. How the last few chapters strongly tell. The story has real merit.

MILTON'S ENGLAND. By Lucia Ames Mead, author of "Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers," etc. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co., 200 Summer street. Minneapolis: Evans, Munser, Pickering & Co. Price, \$1.50.

Mr. Bernstein has in these stories, with fine artistic touches, portrayed Jewish life in the Jewish quarter in New York, where dwell the speakers of the Yiddish dialect to whom two Yiddish newspapers minister. The sketches in this book open a new window into the life of the Jewish reader. They portray the life of the community, with alternate wit and pathos. They show how the religion of Israel enters into the daily life of the ghetto.

A PROPHET OF THE REAL. By Esther Miller, author of "The Sport of the Gods," etc. Minneapolis: Evans, Munser, Pickering & Co. Price, \$1.50.

A story of deep interest far better in plot and construction than the author's "The Sport of the Gods," and there is a psychic element in it of real power. Alice Duran, a poor friendless stenographer in London, jotting down her consonants and logograms to the dictation of Arthur Verschoyle, popular novelist, who is thinking out a new novel, finds herself telling the story of her own life and suffers and turns pale as she tells Verschoyle, being haunted by her crime. Her daughter had a lover who did not know the antecedents and there was a repetition of the crime. Alice broke the engagement with her lover, who was told her story, and she married him, as she did not love him, but only wanted a home,

DICKY DONNELLY'S REDEMPTION

BY WILLIAM H. OSBORNE

Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure. Dicky Donnelly was all right—literally all right. He didn't smoke, chew, drink or swear—there was just one thing the matter with Dicky. He was starving, that's all. The failure of his two bosses had swept out upon the streets some hundred and fifty employees, and Dicky was one of them. What became of the others he did not know, and he didn't care just at present. He was too much taken up with his own affairs. From his perusal of the first advertisement, six weeks ago, that read, "Wanted—Bright, clean, intelligent young men," etc., up to the present time Dicky had been working as he had never worked, simply to find work. And now he had just 15 cents left.

As a last resort he tried the industrial homes and the missions for men. He was sure he could get a job of some kind there. But they turned him away. "You!" they exclaimed. "Why, you oughtn't to have any trouble to get a job, a fellow that looks like you. It's not your obligations."

"I want to get drunk," said Dicky. "I don't know what you mean by that. It's the deadbeats. If we took your kind in the others would be broken out of us. We can't give jobs to men that can't get jobs, that's all. We can't do anything for you."

Now, that isn't exactly what they said, but that is what they meant. And Dicky could see that it was true. Bum after bum staggered into the places and was received with open arms. But Dicky's kind they turned away.

"I'll tell you, though," said the man in charge, "we have free meetings here every evening. If you've no place to go to, you are at liberty to come here, you know." He handed over a small sheet of paper, still damp from the press. Dicky looked at it. It was as follows:

MEN'S RESCUE MISSION. GRAND RALLY. Stirling Address to Fallen Men by Willoughby G. Schenck, the Great Wall Street Banker. Come One and All. Salvation is Free.

Dicky crumpled it up in his hand and was about to throw it away. But he didn't. He opened it again and read it carefully through to the end. Then he stepped out upon the sidewalk and glanced over at the street. On the farther corner was a brilliantly lighted saloon—a cheap sort of place. Dicky took out his 15 cents and started for that corner.

"I want to get drunk," he said to the bartender. "Well," replied the bartender with a grin, "there's nothing 'bender you if you got the price. What d'you want?" "What—what's the best thing to get drunk on?" inquired Dicky in a hesitating sort of way.

"Well," replied the bartender, uncertain whether Dicky was chasing him or otherwise, "we sell some of the greatest forty-rod stuff you ever tasted for 5 cents. It'll knock you out of your boots. I'll make you stand on end all right."

"Gimme three glasses, then," said Dicky. "Three glasses?" exclaimed the bartender. "Well, all together?" "Well," returned Dicky uncertainly, "any way—that's best, you know." It was half past 8. The men's rescue

meeting was in full blast. It was the grandest rally of the year. Willoughby G. Schenck, the banker, philanthropist and mission worker, harangued the crowd and the crowd howled. There was no doubt about his ability in that respect. He himself had worked up out of the slums and a queer one, but he made an impression. Hardened old sinners who hadn't thought of home and their boyhood days for years sat with tears running down their faces, and sought whose faces never showed one softening line sat with bowed heads and quivering lips. He was only fairly launched when a young man in a heavy state of intoxication entered the room. This young man glanced wildly around upon the crowd and at the speaker, then lurched heavily up the aisle and sank into a front seat.

It was Dicky Donnelly, drunk. The forty rod had taken effect. Dicky felt himself that it had gone to his head just a little. Drunken as he was, though, he sat straight, but swaying from side to side, and tried to listen. The six or eight bankers whom he saw finally dwindled down to one, and this one was none other than Dicky. Dicky felt himself, poured forth his whole soul, not upon the old man, not upon the toughs, but upon Dicky. In Dicky Donnelly he saw himself as he once had been. Ordinarily Dicky, who was a good church member, in good standing, would have been unaffected, but now the banker's words of his own life, his boyhood and sorrow so mingled themselves with the fumes in Dicky's brain that Dicky felt them very, very much, and his tears began to fall, or at least they seemed to do so.

And when the banker had ceased Dicky staggered to his feet and looked once more around the room. "Gents," he said in a husky voice, "I don't know what there's a bigger bum in this here room than me. I don't know what there's a bigger bum in this here room than me. Gents, look at me, born an' bred in a good home, with every advantage an' here I am to-night. There ain't a man here but what he's got a better chance of there ain't." His voice trembled, and he stopped for an instant. "I tell you, my frens," he continued, "it was a blessed night. I know what that there place mean. The words that this here man, he indicated the speaker, 'has said to me to-night. He's a good man, an' I wish he's went through just what I did. He's afraid to tell you an' me to brace up."

Dicky raised his hand solemnly. "My frens," he said, "I know what that there hole on the corner. An' I say to you to-night that from this time forth I'll never drink another drop, s'up me, 'long as I live. (For I ain't got no more to sell to himself, 'Not that stuff, anyway.")

"That's right, sir," exclaimed Dicky, turning to the banker. "It's you has helped me. On 't'night of the 14th of this morn' an' lead a new life, sir, if you'll only help me to."

"I'll help you, my boy," returned the banker fervently. "I'll help you to help yourself." The banker wiped his eyes. Some sobs were heard all over the place. A man at the desk hurriedly wrote out a pledge, and Dicky stepped up and signed it. And because he did, many others followed his example.

At the close of the meeting, as Dicky and the banker strode down the aisle and out the door, the congregation broke out into a parting hymn of praise.

Some years later two men sat in a fashionable restaurant upon a night. They were respectively the cashier and the receiving teller of the private banking house of Willoughby G. Schenck & Co. The receiving teller was a clean-looking young fellow of pleasing appearance. His name was Dicky Donnelly.

"Now, Dicky," began the cashier, "first of all, what are you going to have to drink?" "Dicky shook his head. 'I never drink," he replied, "as you know. The fact is," he continued, "I never drank but once in my life, and that was because it was a business necessity." "A business necessity?" inquired the cashier, with surprise.

"Dicky nodded. "A business necessity," he repeated. "I said, I did it just to get a job, that's all." "What you give us?" replied the other. "What job was it, anyway, that you drank to get?" "Dicky laughed. "It was a job," he replied, "in the banking house of Willoughby G. Schenck & Co. And I hope I will never have to get another one like that. But at that time it was the only thing to do."

"Bottle of apollinaris, waiter," said the cashier.

in "Zut-Skl. The Problem of a Wicked Feme Sole." In "Dan'l Boren," the "Dad and Darkey" of the E. J. Waccott is travestied amusingly. Hall Catone does not escape and he is hard hit in "Golly and The Christian or the Mix and the Maxman," and "St. Paul or the Sherlock Holmes Mystery." "Travestied in 'The Stolen Clear Case.' There is no evidence in these 'Condensed Novels' of any impairment of Bret Haris's copious flow of genuine humor at the close of his life.

LITERARY NOTES. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, have issued Alexander Dumas' "The Speranza," translated by Miss Katherine P. Wormeley. Some of Dumas' most attractive writing is found in his story of his journeys and observations in the countries of the Mediterranean littoral. They embody the cream of his wit and wisdom.

"Job Hutton" is the title of a good story of a Georgia boy, who had a larger ambition than his father's plantation could sustain, and secured work in the United States engineering corps at Savannah. The senator had bought what he declared a fine little piece of nude art, daintily framed and set conspicuously on a mantel so as to catch the eye of any person entering the room.

The senator had personally picked the spot where to place his new acquisition and was not a little surprised to find a short time afterward that a huge bouquet of roses had been carefully placed so as to hide the picture. The owner of the picture removed the bouquet, but with ten minutes to spare passed the spot to catch a loving glance at his pet, there was the bouquet again. "Twice more the operation was repeated. Then the senator happened in he went to catch the culprit. Before long he discovered the misdeed in the maid in waiting in the door. "Please, sir," she exclaimed blushing pink, "I thought 'ud the people say if they saw a thing like that starin' them in the face as soon as they came into the room, an' I thought I'd save the reputation of the house."

DAILY DIVERSION

Saving the House's Reputation—Senator W. A. Clark is an enthusiastic collector of paintings, especially of the nude. Not very many months ago he received a number of friends at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. E. Clark. One of the guests at the occasion the senator had bought what he declared a fine little piece of nude art, daintily framed and set conspicuously on a mantel so as to catch the eye of any person entering the room. The senator had personally picked the spot where to place his new acquisition and was not a little surprised to find a short time afterward that a huge bouquet of roses had been carefully placed so as to hide the picture. The owner of the picture removed the bouquet, but with ten minutes to spare passed the spot to catch a loving glance at his pet, there was the bouquet again. "Twice more the operation was repeated. Then the senator happened in he went to catch the culprit. Before long he discovered the misdeed in the maid in waiting in the door. "Please, sir," she exclaimed blushing pink, "I thought 'ud the people say if they saw a thing like that starin' them in the face as soon as they came into the room, an' I thought I'd save the reputation of the house."