THE JOURNAL

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Pardon of Cole Younger.

Consistency is not a quality that characterizes the discussions of the Younger paroles and pardons. The views of men, as of journals, change not logically but emotionally. It would be difficult to defend the change logically, but it is a fact that with the death of Jim Younger, there ceased to be any real opposition in Minnesota to the pardoning of Cole. If Jim had lived it is doubtful if the brothers would have been pardoned yesterday, as Cole was. The self-destruction of Jim and the revelation of the Dead sea apple the parole had turned out to be for him broke down at once an opposition to the pardon which would have held out a year or two longer otherwise.

The board of pardons did well to make the pardon of Cole conditional upon his removing from Minnesota and staying away. Not that it makes any difference on the score of undesirable publicity or notoriety, whether he live in Minnesota or in Missouri or somewhere else. The value of this one condition is to remind the public that to the end of his days Cole Younger will never be quite free from the penalty of his crime, that because he is a murderer he will not be permitted to live in Minnesota.

It is to be hoped that there is no truth in the report that in expectation of a pardon Cole had arranged to go on the stage in a melodrama to be called "The Younger Brothers, Bank Robbers." We are reluctant to think that he would do so, condition or no condition. If he had intended to act upon the stage his own villainy, the condition that he must shun notoriety was a most wise one, and we take pleasure in the loss of the $6,000 the promoters of the melodrama are said to have spent in anticipation of turning Cole into a heavy villain in imitation of his former self.

That is a very peaceful dove of peace that seems to be hovering over Washington now. Our friend Speck, the new German minister, seems to have a very soothing influence on the negotiations. Since the allies haven't anything else to save in this Venezuelan matter except their faces, Mr. Bowen ought not to be so unsparing as to be unwilling to give them the 60-days' monopoly of the Venezuelan customs that they demand.

Sensational Plague Rumors.

The bill introduced in the house by Congressman Slaydon, of Texas, providing for an appropriation of $50,000 to pay the expenses of a commission to investigate and report on the "bubonic plague now prevailing on the Pacific coast of Mexico," and aid the Mexican authorities to stamp out the plague, is calculated to awaken apprehension of public peril which is not justified by the actual situation.

It is true that there were some cases of the bubonic plague in San Francisco two years ago, due to the indifference and carelessness of the local health authorities, and there is no doubt that some localities in Mexico have been invaded by the disease, because of inefficient sanitary organization, or the absence of such organization. Our government, however, has, through the Marine Hospital Service which has taken the place of the former national board of health which congress killed by refusing to appropriate any money for its sustentation, taken all possible precaution against the introduction of the plague into this country from Mexico. The Marine hospital authorities are kept advised of the outbreaks on this continent and if there develops any real public peril, the public will be advised of it, and, with the co-operation of state and municipal health authorities with the government, there is small probability of a spread of the plague which germinates and fructifies in filth.

The world, or the civilized portion of it, has made great advances in the science of sanitation as it has in every other direction beneficial to man. Formerly, deadly plagues were almost universally prevalent, but under the progress of medical science and rational sanitation there has been a very marked change in the power and character of these invisible enemies of the human race. Yellow fever has lost its formidable character even in Havana and other Cuban towns, because of the application of modern sanitation to the localities most pitilessly ravaged. Asiatic cholera, once deemed irresistible as it stalked relentlessly through the inhabited earth, is minimized in importance as a scourge of the human race and its seat and origin have been discovered in India, where it is bred in the excrementitious pollutions of the porous soil, and nurtured in the near-surface subsoil water. The disease follows the routes of the pilgrims to the pagan shrines and by them has been invariably brought into Europe. A traveling disease, Asiatic cholera is checkmated by an effective modern quarantine service. Smallpox is only to be feared now when inefficient health authorities neglect their duty and suspend vaccination and relax their vigilance in the prevention of the importation of cases of the disease. Sanitary science has, in these days, made such gratifying progress that, in effective operation, it can close the doors against the bubonic or any other menacing plague. Bacteriology comes to the aid of man with the revelations of the microscope and demonstrates the existence of micro-organisms potential in the reproduction of disease through the resident toxin, and yet vanquishable by a specific anti-toxin which can be introduced by the helpful hand of science.

There are those who smile incredulously at this kind of pathology, but its triumphs so far stand unimpeachable.

IN A NUTSHELL.....

The United States Steel Corporation's Profit-Sharing Plan Explained.

The announcement yesterday that more than 40,000 of the steel trust's 168,000 employes have subscribed for stock under the offer made by the company the first of the year naturally arouses interest in the plan, which was none too lucidly explained at the time of promulgation. A luminous account of the plan and its origin is given in February World's Work.

The plan was worked out by George W. Perkins, J. P. Morgan's right hand man and a great constructive thinker and organizer. His purpose was to create "a solid irresistible front for the great steel corporation," with no dissensions in its own household to weaken it. He viewed it also as an example to other corporations, as the beginning of the good work of bringing industrial peace to America.

Every workman employed by the steel corporation can buy a limited number of shares of the corporation's stock at a price that is now approximately the market price—the least well-paid employes having the precedence both in the receiving of stock and in the proportionate number of shares they can buy. They can pay for the stock out of their salaries at any time within three years, in the meantime receiving a 7 per cent dividend on the total amount to be invested and paying 5 per cent interest on the deferred payments. If the employe discontinues his payments before the stock becomes his, he can get back the money he has paid in, and he may keep the difference between the dividend on the whole and the interest on the unpaid part. If he keeps the stock after he has paid for it and remains an employe of the company for five years he receives another payment as an additional dividend, of $5 a year for each share. If during the five years he leaves the company this additional bonus is paid into a fund which is divided among the employe stockholders who have remained with the company. A man who is seriously disabled, or the estate of a man who dies while in the service, receives the bonus for the years during which he worked.

This part of the plan works out according to salary, from an investment of $82.50 by a $500-a-year man for a result of $142.50 in five years to an investment of $1,000 for a result of $1,780 by the $20,000-a-year man.

By the other part of the plan a percentage of the total earnings of the company will be divided among all those men who hold responsible positions—and the individual cases to whom this applies will be decided by the company—the percentage increasing with increased earnings. On a basis of earnings of $85,000,000, $850,000 will be divided, and when the earnings reach $155,000,000 this employes' dividend will amount to $3,875,000. Half will be distributed in cash quarterly, a quarter in preferred stock at the end of the year, and a quarter among the men who stay consecutively five years in the employ of the company.

It is interesting to read that Mr. Perkins developed the plan because he believes the tendency of modern business as of modern governments is toward well-ordered democratic government.

The University of Minnesota asks the legislature for $456,000 for permanent improvements, $5,000 yearly for a subject catalogue of the library and $100,000 a year for operating expenses, making a total appropriation for two years of $666,000. It is asserted that the university has left no margin for paring, but has done the paring in advance, and has got down to the minimum appropriation consistent with the growth and improvement of the institution. At any rate it is to be hoped that the legislature will approach the state's greatest institution with an open mind and with the intention of doing for it what should be done, rather than in a spirit of false economy.

Rockefeller, Tax Collector.

A University of Michigan professor who ought to be in Chicago University, has discovered that Rockefeller is playing a very useful part in American civilization. He is, according to this authority, doing for the United States what the British are doing for Egypt. The professor works out the parallel in this way:

Before the British occupation of Egypt the fellaheen were burdensomely taxed and the moneys were spent extravagantly and riotously. Now the fellaheen are taxed about as heavily as before, but they are getting something in return. Order is preserved, life and property are protected, and great public works such as the Assouan dam across the Nile are built.

In the United States we would have about as much wealth if the blessed Rockefeller had never descended into our midst, but by virtue of his Standard Oil lordship, he has taken possession of a good deal of the wealth that would have been squandered in the hands of the ignorant and careless people and has applied it to useful works. The Standard Oil tax may be onerous, but the people, like the fellaheen, have something to show for it. Mr. Rockefeller builds universities, endows hospitals, "generously" subscribes money for the assistance of education in the south, etc., with the money he gets from the people by his unofficial taxation. If he or some one else had not done the work he has done and organized this fine system of making the people pay revenue, we would not have had all these universities, schools, hospitals, etc., though the country would have been just as wealthy.

The charming thing about this Michigan idea is its complete neglect of the question of the ethics of Mr. Rockefeller's system of getting the money. The professor seems to think that it makes very little difference how the money is accumulated, just so results good in themselves are obtained. With the old Jesuits, he believes that the end justifies the means. But our professor has done the public a great service in reminding it that it is just as regularly and thoroughly taxed by the Standard Oil company as by the political government's taxation system.

We are still waiting for some good reason for secrecy in investigating the capitol commission's accounts.

A Down Town, People's Church.

Reverend G. L. Morrill contemplates the organization of a people's down town church, or, perhaps to be more accurate, he contemplates a course of action which is likely to result in such an organization.

The people of Minneapolis do not need to be told who G. L. Morrill is. He has recently resigned the pastorate of a Baptist church in this city for good and sufficient reasons, and reasons altogether honorable, both to him and to the church. He has received assurances from a number of well-to-do business men that they will back him in his proposed undertaking.

There are only two or three things to be said about a matter of this kind. The first relates to the need of such a movement. Unquestionably, a Sunday morning religious service held down town, and conducted by the right man, would be largely attended. It is unfortunately true that the churches follow the movement of the residence district as it retires before the advancing and enlarging business section. At the same time, many thousands are left behind in hotels and in business blocks who seldom find their way up town to the churches. If these people are to have the gospel "preached unto them" to any great extent, it must be brought back to them. This is what is contemplated in such an effort as Mr. Morrill proposes.

Another consideration is the personality of the man who does the work. Such a pulpit, so to speak, is no place for a man who cannot mix with and reach the masses. G. L. Morrill is a great mixer. At the same time, he is a preacher of the true gospel. Probably no man in the Minneapolis pulpit is more uncompromising or more courageous than he in plain speaking when it is called for. Morrill's pulpit would make no more compromise with the devil than the most orthodox in the city, and that after all, is what the people want. We say that things are "as true as preaching," but there is nothing truer about preaching than that what the people want in the way of preaching is the plain, simple gospel, and we should expect Morrill to give it to them, and do it well.

Why not introduce a bill into congress pensioning everybody?

A Big Appropriation for St. Louis.

Minnesota's commissioners for the Louisiana Purchase exposition at St. Louis next year have asked the legislature to increase the appropriation for the state's exhibit from $50,000 to $150,000. This is a request that ought to be complied with. It will be advertising money well spent.

Minnesota is still a new state. It has room for thousands, even millions of people. It has openings innumerable for capital. It has room for more farmers on the green prairies, and room for more farmers in the woods. It has extensive mineral and timber resources, it has many undeveloped water powers. The more people that come to us the better for those that are here. Our neighbors and rivals in bidding for population are going to be well represented at St. Louis. We cannot do less than they.

The probabilities are that as an advertising agency the St. Louis exposition will be far superior to Chicago's show. The country is richer now and has much more capital. The chances are that instead of being held in bad times the St. Louis exposition will be followed by some years of prosperity. That means that the advertising can be effectively followed up. The Louisiana purchase states are bound to make a good showing at St. Louis or else they will be ignored. Visitors will have a special interest in the exhibits of those states, and if anyone of them has a poor exhibit it will be taken as a measure of the state. To have no exhibit or a poor exhibit at St. Louis is to hurt the state.

It is proposed to create the state of Montague out of western North Dakota and eastern Montana. Quay will help if it is made worth his while.

Canadian Reciprocity.

At the Canadian reciprocity meeting in St. Paul the other day Mr. J. H. Haslam, of St. Paul and Winnipeg, told his auditors that for the present reciprocity sentiment in Canada is dead. That comes pretty near being a fact. But that is no reason why we should let it die in this country. It is only a question of time until the reciprocity feeling in western Canada will be very strong. We want to be ready to reciprocate the next time Canada is. If the Alaska boundary question is settled without resultant bitterness, the international joint high commission would hardly be convened again before there would be a very keen interest in Canada in some form of reciprocity. A revision of the Dingley tariff with resulting reciprocity in tariffs putting our tariffs more on the lower level of the Canadian tariffs would quickly revive Canadian interest in the subject. Hard times in Canada might stir up the old interest in better trade relations with the United States. The time is probably unpropitious for any missionary work in Canada, but it is not so for work among our own people, a large part of whom care even less for reciprocity with Canada than the Canadians do for reciprocity with us, chiefly because they have not studied the subject.

Some people hereabouts must have money to burn, seeing hom they give up to charity fakirs when the Associated Charities stands ready to investigate every case.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

One of the most interesting comedy events of the season takes place at the Metropolitan to-night when David Warfield appears for the first time in this city in "The Auctioneer." No more interesting comedian is likely to be seen in this city.

Kyrle Bellew commences a brief engagement at the Metropolitan next Sunday evening. He will present for the first time here Harriet Ford's dramatization of Stanley J. Weyman's wonderfully successful novel, "A Gentleman of France."

Those funny colored comedians, Williams and Walker, and their big company, who will appear at the Bijou next week, in their new musical comedy "In Dahomey," have spared no expense in this pretentious production. The comedy is full of catchy music, songs, dances, specialties and ludicrous situations.

A large audience last night saw "A Little Outcast" at the Bijou. The play tells an interesting story and the presentation was made by a capable company.

Another large audience witnessed the Ferris matinee performance of "The Man from Mexico" this afternoon. There will be but three more performances—to-night, to-morrow evening and a matinee on Saturday. Saturday evening, "Way Out West" will be presented. Opening Sunday evening the company will be seen in a grand scenic production of the new semi-religious drama, "The Prince of the World." In the second act a den of savage lions is used, the lions being now on exhibition in the lobby of the Lyceum.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

L. P. Hunt of Mankato has fought, bled and died behind the standard of many a Minneapolis candidate, and now announces that he is through with it. So many times he has stood by a Minneapolis man who stood an excellent show to win, only at the last minute to be "laid out" by home opposition, that the Mankato man has concluded to keep his hands off hereafter, and let Minneapolis fight her own battles. He comments editorially in the Mankato Free Press, as follows:

In a recent issue of The Minneapolis Journal its Washington correspondent took occasion to write an extended article on Minnesota politics as seen from that end of the line. Among other matters the writer discussed the senatorial possibilities as relates to Senator Clapp's successor, and this caused The Journal to editorially read a lesson of good advice to Hennepin county politicians.

As a matter of fact, Minneapolis is entitled to very little consideration from the country when it comes to choosing one of its own citizens for a place of high political trust. It has become traditional in Minnesota politics that Minneapolis can always be relied upon to knife its own man whenever he sticks his head up for an office. It gave 6,000 majority against Governor Clough, but the majority in the country was fortunately too great for "home consumption." It tried to defeat William Henry Eustis in convention, failing in which it stabbed him to the death in the election for governor. In Senator Washburn's last fight for the United States senate it afforded enemies who figured disastrously to his success. It killed Robert G. Evans in his fight for the seate as successor to the late Cushman K. Davis, and within thirty days it has knifed Lawrence H. Johnson, candidate for speaker of the house of representatives. With loyalty, unity and self-asserted vigor on the part of the republican party of Minneapolis and Hennepin county, every man noted above could have been successful in his ambition.

Is it any wonder that the good republicans of the "rural deestricks" are a good deal out of patience with the action of Hennepin republicans?

This is the general tenor of the country press of the state. Many of the editors allowed themselves to be gulled into commenting on the wild story in a morning paper, which had Van Sant and Lowry in a combination against Nelson and Clapp.

Finds a Berth for Miller.

The Lakefield Standard is authority for the statement that Herbert J. Miller of Luverne, former state senator, is a prominent possibility for assistant secretary of the new department of commerce. The Standard man argues that Senator Nelson, being the main mover for the bill which created the department, will have something to say about its makeup, and that as Secretary Cortelyou is to have first place, the second position should go to a Minnesota man. The Standard editor says:

Should the appointment come to Minnesota, few republicans would object to Mr. Miller's receiving it. It is a great tribute to his ability and noble qualities that amongst the editorial fraternity, where he is best known and where his best work has been done, he is most respected and admired. The record of Mr. Miller in the the senate was one to be proud of. More of a thinker and a worker than a talker and an introducer of bills, it was always noticeable that when he had anything to say that it had the merit which attracted attention and when he introduced a bill it demanded the respect and consideration of his colleagues. Mr. Miller would make an admirable assistant secretary of commerce.

Congressman McCleary would doubtless be pleased to see Senator Miller in such a berth, or "something equally as good." Still, it would be plainer sailing for him next year under the primary law if both Miller and Somerville were candidates against him.

The Fergus Falls Journal remarks that there is a good deal of unnecessary haste on the part of candidates for Colonel Brush's place as national bank examiner, as Colonel Brush has no intention of resigning.

—Charles B. Cheney.

PENSION CAME TOO LATE

Sioux Falls Press.

In the list of pensions granted to ex-soldiers of the civil war last Monday occurs the name of James E. Harden, of Gayville, in this state, who was granted $17 a month. For a dozen years Mr. Harden prosecuted his claim before the pension bureau, submitting and resubmitting evidence until patience had ceased to be a virtue. Monday witnessed the fruition of his efforts. Last week he died of the complictions set forth in his ancient pension application.

WESTERN CAPITAL GOING EAST

Aberdeen (S. D.) News.

The west is not only no longer dependent upon the east for capital to develop its resources, but is actually investing its own surplus capital in eastern enterprises. Nebraska recently bought $300,000 worth of Massachusetts bonds, and now Minneapolis millers are arranging to erect mammoth flouring mills at Buffalo.

A CHICAGO SOCIETY ITEM.

Chicago Broadax.

Mrs. Florence Lenos, 4632 Dearborn street, is one of the good Sunday school teachers and workers in Bethel church. Last Sunday Mrs. Lenos wore a beautiful red dress trimmed in white buttons and she looked very bewitching in her neat costume while instructing her class of young boys, and she is greatly admired by the members of Bethel and its pastor.

A QUESTION IN LANGUAGE

Washington Star.

"Did any of the passengers escape with his life?" inquired the man who wanted harrowing details. "I didn't stop to ascertain," answered the man who is harrowingly exact. "It struck me that, if anybody escaped without his life, there wasn't much use in his escaping, anyhow."

HOPE FOR ILLINOIS

Aberdeen (S. D.) News.

With Cannon as speaker of the house and Hopkins in the senate instead of Mason, Illinois will in the next congress enjoy in a measure the prestige and influence which Iowa possesses in the present session.

NO PUNISHMENT FOR SECOND OFFENSE.

Sioux City Journal.

That South Dakota anti-football bill appears to be incomplete. It neglects to provide hanging for the second offense.

Books and Authors

BOSTON'S INTELLECTUAL FORCES

Helen Winslow, in her "Literary Boston of To-day," alludes with much fervor to the claims of literary superiority over Boston made by New York and Chicago, and she reminds Chicago that Roswell Field, a Chicagoan, had, after a temporary Boston residence, written back to his Chicago friends that "it may be set down that every family in Middlesex county, Massachusetts, boasts a rubber tree and an author." Miss Winslow points triumphantly to the Holmes — Emerson — Longfellow — Lowell—Whittier group and says: "Let not other critics sneer at Boston until they can hold up such citizens of their own and say: 'Behold, we are the people!' "

A. CONAN DOYLE.

It must be admitted that Boston has an inextinguishable prestige through the distinction of having the right to claim the possession of these and other brilliant names. These names, indeed, act as a continuous incentive to literary effort in Boston, and it is not surprising that there are found in the Boston of to-day so many really illustrious names of active literary people. Boston has a literary atmosphere. She has the structures in which illustrious literary people of the past lived; the streets and parks where they walked; the bookshops where they lingered over old tomes. There is a powerful influence in such literary associations, a stimulus for young authors. The great literary epoch of the middle nineteenth century, as Miss Winslow properly calls it, produced intellectual forces in Boston and vicinity, which, in work accomplished, must always give that city prominence and be an inspiration to the new generation of authors.

NEW BOOKS

FOOL'S GOLD. A STUDY IN VALUES. By Anna Raymond Stillman. Chicago: F. H. Revell company, 68 Washington street. Price, $1.50.

This "study in values" is put in very attractive form, embodying some interesting love episodes. It is a narration of Philip Arnold's struggle between inclination and duty. The inclination was sordid and injurious. Arnold's sister stood and lived on a higher plane and was his good angel to the last. The scene is in the southeast largely, in a Blue Ridge mining camp. Incidentally, the power of religion to transform is attractively shown.

LITERARY BOSTON OF TO-DAY. By Helen M. Winslow, Author of "Salome Shepard, Reformer," etc. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co., 200 Summer street. Minneapolis: The New Store. Price, $1.20.

If New York has somewhat minimized the importance of Boston as a publishing center, Boston evidently maintains her importance, in a large degree, as the home of literary people. The author resents the asertion that there is "no literary Boston of to-day," and certainly in this volume she demonstrates that there is a literary Boston, and if Boston no longer has Dr. Holmes, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, "there are others," and she tells most interesting things about the personnel of literary Boston and how these people live and work. She begins with Aldrich and Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and reminds us of eighty to one hundred others, among whom are the venerable Edward Everett Hale, Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. J. T. Fields, Sarah Orne Jewett, Edna Dean Proctor, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, J. T. Trowbridge, Arlo Bates, Henry Cabot Lodge, Bradford Torrey, Beulah Marie Dix, Adeline D. T. Whitney, and she gives prominence, naturally, to the Cambridge set, beginning with President Norton of Harvard, and telling of the brilliant group of men and women through some forty pages. There are over thirty illustrations and the text is deeply interesting. The author looks hopefully to the literary Boston of the future on account of the prominence of many of her present young toilers who aim at artistic creation.

THE MAGAZINES.

To **Frank Leslie's** John Ridington contributes an informing paper, with illustrations, on "The Crusade of the Doukhobors," the communists who suddenly broke into a tumultuary and fanatical crusade in the Canadian northwest last year.

The Smart Set's novelette is "The Wooing of Marcus," by G. B. Burgin, who tells how Lady Fitzgibbons, widow, undertook to woo Marcus Pentragan who, however, declined the wooing and won a most desirable maid. There are many short stories, "The Wedding of Waldo Larpontier," leading in interest, and Smart Set poetry galore. New York: Ess Ess Publishing Co., 452 Fifth avenue.

Pearson's at last gives us "The Last Adventure of Captain Kettle." Cutcliffe Hyne has given the public quite enough of the captain and we are all glad that he is off the stage, clever as he has been. An interesting feature of "Underground History" is the revelation of an international spy on the blowing up of the Maine. New York: 2-20 Astor place.

Everybody's Magazine's conspicuous feature is a finely illustrated paper on "The Courts of the Rajahs of India," by Edmund Russell, who portrays very attractively the splendor of the appointments of the Indian princes under the sway of Great Britain. The career of Jane Addams, the practical sociologist of Chicago, is well told by Charlotte Teller. New York: 779 Broadway.

Masters in Art is, in the current number, devoted to the work and quality of the distinguished eighteenth century painter of the English school, George Romney. There is a very interesting biography of this genius, who, the son of an English carpenter, rose to great distinction and had dukes and earls and barons and blue bloods generally as his patrons.

The International Journal of Ethics (Philadelphia, 1305 Arch street) contains half a dozen papers of interest, notably those on "The Moral Aspects of the Rererendum," and "Marriage as An Economic Institution." In the former Professor Stewardson of Lehigh University, argues that, while the system has its defects, it has had good moral effects, notably in ameliorating the evil effects of party spirit, where it has been tried, as in Switzerland. He argues, too, that the referendum is not proposed as a substitute for the representative system, but as a modification or corrective of it. The referendum, however, in the extreme form most of its advocates champion, means a displacement of the representative system. Mr. Robinson, in the second paper referred to, argues that sex should not play such an important part in society as it does in our present civilization, and while sex is the basis of marriage, it is not the basis of love, and the conception of sex should be dissociated from that of the loftiest and thoughts and emotions which highly developed human beings are capable of knowing. Only then will homes be built up on sound economic principles.

Literary Notes.

"In Farthest India" is a quaintly written narrative of the imaginary adventures of Edward Carlyon in India, during the early period of the English occupation in the seventeenth century, when the French still had a stake in the country, and England had not pushed her conquests very far. The story has a historical basis which the author, Sydney Grier, details. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Minneapolis. The New Store. Price, $1.20.

"The Flesh and the Devil" is the suggestive title of a "psychological" novel by H. L. Cole (New York: F. Tennyson Neely, 114 Fifth avenue), who put in the mouth of one Howard Gordon, a narrative of a depraved life in rather plain language—a life which landed him in prison. Gordon's ultimate status, fortunately, was joyous. No convict ever lighted thus on his feet in a fragrant clover field.

Edward Marshall, the war correspondent, who lost a leg before Santiago, has writtena novel of French bohemian life, entitled "Lizette."

The Nonpareil Man.

Casually Observed.

A Baltimore society lady called on the health department for help because her husband wouldn't bathe. Afraid of the Baltimore brand of water probably. Some city water isn't fit for such uses.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Bainbridge, trying to get home from Canada, were run through two railroad wrecks and badly bruised. When Mr. Bainbridge hears the tooty-cars in the distance now he carries his fingers crossed.

The Kansas City Star of Saturday complains of "clouds of dust blowing." That's funny. We didn't notice them here!

As soon as the Judge Parker boom is well under way, a voice is likely to come out of Nebraska showing the insidious hideousness of the attempt to put the great democratic party into a golden collar.

Ex-Senator Allen of Nebraska is charged with the heinous crime of acting as attorney for the Burlington road. No one need be surprised any day to hear that Peffer has cut them off.

Seizing coal from trains is not pleasant, nor is mob law of any kind safe, neither is freezing to death conducive to the careful study of political economy.

The New York tax assessor got after Charlie Towne to the tune of $50,000. That's much better than the secretaryship of state under a silver regime, with fried snowballs for dinner for our infant industries.

The scores of the Chicago Skat club, as given in the papers, are very interesting. For instance, "Arthur Jansen scored a club solo with six matadores, after announcing schneider and making schwartz, registering 132 points." Julius Schiller, "after making schneider, scored a club solo without five matadores." Without knowing the first thing about the game or its nationality, we should hazard a guess that a schneider called for beer and to score a schwartz meant Rhine wine and sausages.

The Des Moines Daily Capital has a leading editorial on "Sin Defined," pointing out that sin is the transgression of the law. Technically that may be true, but it is also true that a man may sin without a transgression of law. We would offer a tentative definition of sin as follows: "Sin is the state of mind of a man who is sifting ashes when the wind shifts." Or again, "Sin is that mental state feloniously and contra bonos mores held by the fat man against the rich man with bristles who neglects to get the ice off his sidewalk."

Little Edwin had a verse to speak at the Sunday school concert. It came in after another little boy's effort, and was supposed to have a logical connection therewith, and to cap the climax, so to speak. The verse read, "Though dead, he yet speaketh." It was firmly impressed on his mind by his careful mother, but as Eddie thought it over on his way to the church he could not see how it could be right, and he tried to improve it. There was a distinct sensation in the sacred edifice as he arose and announced:

"Though dead, he never speaketh."

A dispatch from Sioux City, Iowa, says:

"Joseph Prairie, for twelve years employed as the 'Bearded Lady' with Barnum's circus, died at the home of his brother to-day. He had amassed a considerable fortune."

Thus the whole terrible story of deception and wrong comes to light at last, and is proclaimed upon the housetops. There may be "bearded ladies" and "bearded ladies" but Mr. Prairie, at least, was a hollow sham. "Nihil de mortis," says the Roman poet, and then adds feelingly, "Nisi bonum," but holding this truth in mind we are still compelled to insist that Mr. Prairie amassed his fortune by cruel deception of the innocent and inexperienced. How many an honest granger who had done him no harm, has felt his chin whiskers bristle with surprise and astonishment as he gazed, open-faced, on the luxuriant facial foliage of "the bearded lady." Ah! Little kenned he of the gold brick game put up by the late Mr. Barnum for extracting his hard earned half dollar, as he gazed at the rich, tropical lambrequins that adorned Mr. Prairie's visage.

But both Mr. Prairie and Mr. Barnum have gone to their rewards, and perhaps it would be as well to drape the mantle of charity about their statues.

Mr. Barnum's statue, we believe, is doing duty somewhere in Connecticut, and we may yet hope to see Mr. Prairie's whiskers in enduring bronze adorning some verdant, flowery Sioux City park and gazing out forever over the sweetly sinuous Floyd river.

—A. J. R.

Grand Promoter Runs Up Against a Hard-Hearted Landlord.

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Major Crofoot, Grand Promoter and General Organizer of General Enterprises, had just reached his office the other morning, and was putting a fresh coat of red paint on the stove to make himself believe that it was red hot and doing a wholesale business, when his landlord, accompanied by a deputy sheriff, opened the door and walked in. The major's heart gave three loud raps against his ribs and his knees wobbled, but five seconds later he had pulled himself together, forced a Juneberry smile, and extended his hand to exclaim:

"What a coincidence. What a coincidence. I was thinking of you, Mr. White, at this very moment, and wondering if I should send a check for the rent around to you or wait till you called. I was ornamenting the stove, you see. I never need fire in the winter, but I hate to see a rusty stove."

The landlord and the officer sat down and crossed their legs and folded their arms and concentrated all their attention on the major, but neither spoke a word.

"Yes, I will draw you a check for the rent," continued the major, as he found an old rag to wipe his hands on. "Might have sent it around, but rather expected you'd call. It's for $14—one month's rent. I think the room is cheap at that figure, though it needs a few repairs. Fine weather, isn't it?"

Neither of the men replied. The major seemed a bit rattled, but shook off the feeling and sat down to his desk and got out an old check book that had done duty a hundred times before as a bluff.

"Fourteen dollars—fourteen dollars," he mused, as he held his pen suspended. "One month's rent at fourteen dollars is—fourteen dollars. Perhaps I have the cash here with me. You'd as soon have the cash as a check, I suppose?"

It was the landlord to whom he addressed his query, but that individual neither spoke nor made a sign. He simply sat and looked grim.

"No, I don't seem to have the exact amount," said the major, after searching through his pockets and bringing to light the sum of 31 cents. "Never mind, however. It is only a step around to the Sixteenth National bank. Fourteen dollars—fourteen dollars. Look here, landlord!"

The landlord was looking "here"; so was the deputy sheriff. They were looking for all they were worth.

"By George! but it had slipped my mind for a moment. See here, now, but I want to tell you of my last enterprise. Just got all the details settled yesterday, and shall file articles of incorporation to-day. It's the biggest thing of the seventeen different enterprises I have promoted. Capital is all raised and paid in, and a dividend of 50 per cent is guaranteed for the first year. Mr. White, you are the very man I want for general manager. Yes, sir, the very man, and if you don't make $20,000 next year it won't be my fault. Let me explain."

The landlord did not object, neither did the deputy. Both of them winked at long intervals, but the rest was a cold, steady stare—a stare that would in time have pierced a stone wall and frozen a calf on the other side of it. The major felt himself growing hot and cold by turns, but got a new brace with his feet and said:

"It's the Universal Yankee Perambulator Company, Unlimited. A perambulator, as you know perhaps, is a baby carriage, and is called a peram for short. This is one of my own invention. It's a willow body resting on six rubber-tired wheels and four springs. The slightest movement produces a rocking motion and sets the baby to sleep. You may run one over a fence or up the side of a house without waking the baby up. Each peram is provided with air cushions, and in case the carriage rolls off the wharf it floats away high and dry. I call that device alone worth at least a million dollars."

The major paused to mop his forehead and caress his cheek, and though he looked at the two men and waited for some word in reply, not a syllable came. It was the same cold, steady stare, continued in our next.

"Nothing has been overlooked," continued them an of cheek, with a sinking heart. "Each peram is provided with a nursing bottle, a bottle of soothing syrup, a rattle-box and a stick of peppermint candy. The instant the baby awakes he finds everything ready at hand, and he deserves killing if he begins to howl. Each carriage carries a clock, that the nurse may be posted as to the time. There is one shade to keep off the sun and another to keep off the rain, and all the nurse has to do is to sit down on a bench and read a novel and look out for maniacs and mad dogs. Any baby can have a case of the croup and get over it without disturbing the nurse a single minute. Can't you see the value of the thing?"

They could, but they didn't say so. It was still that same cold-blooded stare.

"There are a few other little inventions of my own," said the major, as he swallowed the lump in his throat. "When a baby is teething he is liable to have fits. Each peram is equipped with an electric battery, and in case of fits the nurse turns on the current without looking up from her book, and in ten minutes the baby is smiling and crowing. There is also a hot water bag to put at its feet, and——"

The landlord slowly stood up.

The deputy slowly followed suit.

Mr. White advanced upon the Grand Promoter and put his arms around him and lifted him off his feet and carried him out into the hall. At the same time the deputy sheriff seized hold of the desk and drew it out, and then turned his attention to the two chairs and the old hat hanging on the wall. In just two minutes the major was evicted and the door locked on him.

"Gentlemen, why this outrage?" he demanded as he was released from the landlord's grasp, but it was a mild demand.

There was no reply.

"I owe one month's rent—fourteen dollars—and I sit down to draw a check for it, when——"

The two men turned away.

"Besides paying the month's rent, Mr. White, I was intending to offer you one of the best things of your lifetime—a yearly salary of $15,000 and a block of stock free gratis, but before I can do so I am seized——"

The landlord and the deputy went slowly down stairs, and after trying his office door and finding it securely locked, the major sat down on a chair with his chin in his hands and mused:

"By John, but I can't make out how they did it—I can't make it out."