THE JOURNAL

LUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. | J. S. McLAIN, EDITOR.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL.

One month	$0.35
Three months	1.00
Saturday Eve. edition, 20 to 26 pages	1.50

Delivered by Carrier.

One week	8 cents
One month	35 cents

All papers are continued until an explicit order is received for discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid.

THE JOURNAL is published every evening, except Sunday, at 47-49 Fourth Street South, Journal Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

M. LEE STARKE, Mgr. General Advg. { New York Office, Tribune Building. Chicago Office, Tribune Building.

W. W. JERMANE, Representative. { Washington Office, 45 Post Building.

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Good Work in Chicago.

Chicago continues to justify its reputation as a big city in which clean government is popular. The Chicago voter really seems to think. Moreover, he takes enough interest in municipal politics to vote after he thinks. In the judicial elections Monday, Boss Lorimer and his pet candidate, Judge Elbridge Hanecy, went down to a well-deserved defeat. More than that, only three of the candidates on the republican ticket for judicial places were able to survive the handicap of being on Lorimer's list, and these pulled thru because of certain elements of personal strength and the approval they received from Lorimer's enemies, notwithstanding the fact that they were on his ticket. Out of fourteen circuit judges, the republicans elected but twelve. Each party elected one of the superior judges.

Altho the candidates for the judicial offices had their names on the partizan tickets, it was in only one sense a party contest that brought defeat to so many republicans. It was really a fight against an objectionable political boss and his machine. The Chicago Tribune and the Chicago Record-Herald both opposed most of the republican, or, rather, Lorimer nominees. It was not merely a fight against Boss Lorimer, but for a strong and decent judiciary.

The long and hard work that has been done in Chicago to convince the voters that local politics is public business is bearing good fruit. It is almost certain now that when any municipal government proposition is plainly put before the voters of Chicago, they will decide aright. Chicago has a population that is largely foreign in origin. When such results can be accomplished with such material, it is time to give up the idea that the republic is in any great danger from its new citizens. The contrast between Chicago, with its immense foreign-born population, and Philadelphia, with its great preponderance of American-born, is startling.

Mr. Tulloch favored publicity. Now that he is getting so much, perhaps his views have changed.

The Hawaiian Case.

The federal supreme court yesterday decided, in the case of a convicted criminal in Hawaii, that this conviction was legally accomplished thru a verdict of a majority of the trial jury without grand jury indictment, altho the federal constitution provides that there shall be indictment by the grand jury and a unanimous verdict on the part of the trial jury. The man was convicted after congress agreed to the annexation of Hawaii, and before congress organized the territory of Hawaii and while the laws of Hawaii remained in force pending action by congress.

In this case, altho Hawaii was outside of any conenction with our treaty with Spain whereby we acquired the Philippines and Porto Rico, the same question which figured conspicuously in the insular cases decided in 1901 by the supreme court, was involved in this, viz.: whether the constitution follows the flag? The federal supreme court again declares, as it did in 1901, that it does not necessarily do so. The essence of the former decisions in the various cases was, practically, that the newly-acquired possessions were subject to oongress and their citizens do not necessarily become citizens of the United States, nor are they entitled to the immunities and privileges of citizens of the United States until congress shall have conferred these immunities and privileges upon them, but, meantime, the inhabitants are entitled to be protected in life, liberty and property, under the principles of the constitution of the United States, as heretofore applied to aliens. The civil and political status of the people of the acquired islands was left to be determined by the congress of the United States. In the former decisions the judgments of affirmance presented by Justices Gray, Brown and White were concurred in by Justices Shiras and McKenna, and yesterday's decision was reached by the same vote, the new justices, Holmes and Day, taking the same position on the question that their predecessors, Gray and Shiras, took. The dissenting opinions delivered by the chief justice and Justice Harlan followed closely the line of their arguments two years ago, the former holding that the majority opinion was a usurpation of the law-making power vested in congress, by the supreme court. Justice Brown, delivering the opinion of the court, held that the joint resolution of congress for the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands was intended to be temporary and provisional; no change in the Hawaiian government was contemplated, and, until further legislation by congress, the republic of Hawaii continued in existence.

The former decisions touching the powers of congress and the extent of the spreading quality of the constitution, engendered an immense amount of partizan froth and indignation, but the country established the supreme court for the purpose of getting decisions on al lsuch disputed questions, and there is no use kicking against a tribunal established by the nation, and people who object to the power of congress as defined, will have to wait until the supreme court may reverse its own deliverance, which does not seem likely, altho it has in the legal tender, the income tax, and some other cases, recorded reversal of former judgments. The decision of yesterday in the Hawaiian case and the decisions in the insular cases in 1901, are among the laws of the land and the fact that they were reached by no more than a bare majority of the membership of the supreme court does not abate their vitality or force. The decisions have not, indeed, resulted in the ushering in of "Caesar" or a "colonial satrapy," or "plunged the nation into a pit of hopeless degeneracy," or "stabbed liberty," as many democratic organs have asserted. Under our great responsibilities the nation is certainly showing its ability to meet them.

This is commencement week at the University of Minnesota—an excellent time to commence to abandon track athletics unless there is some prespect of making a creditable showing. The board of control ought to abandon that form of athletics at the university, unless there is a prospect of improvement.

Speculation in Canada.

Close observers of Canadian progress and development predicted some time ago that in entering upon a new economic era of expansion and activity Canada would largely follow in the footsteps of the United States. It was foreseen that in shaking off the extreme conservatism and slowness of former times and taking on American bustle and rush, the Canadians could hardly hope to escape some of the unpleasant concomitants. One of these is the stock market panic, and another is a succession of good and bad times. In recent years, Canadian capitalists, inspired by the rapid material development of their country, have begun to exhibit a decided fondness for speculation. Toronto and Montreal, more especially the former, have been the centers of the Canadian speculative fever. The favorite stocks have been Canadian railways and industrials and American railways and street railways in which much Canadian capital is invested. The latter include the "Soo," the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic and the Twin City Rapid Transit company.

One of the favorite stocks has been the Dominion Iron and Steel company, to whose works Mr. Carnegie referred when he declared that Cape Breton was a myth. This stock has lately gone crashing down and down. A week ago it caused a panic in Montreal and hundreds of persons were ruined, and yesterday its fall, together with that of other stocks that sympathetically joined it in the descent, wrecked the firm of A. E. Ames & Co. of Toronto, perhaps the leading brokers of Canada. There seems to have been no real cause for the slump in stocks, other than those of the Dominion Iron and Steel and Dominion Coal company; to what degree the loss of confidence in them is justified remains to be seen. The Boston syndicate that built up those companies unloaded on the Canadians at fancy prices, and it is alleged that one reason why they got out was that they had found out that the enterprise was not so good a one as it seemed.

The Canadians have always prided themselves on their freedom from panics, but just now the Americans seem to be the people who are viewing stock speculation askance. There is "nothing doing" in Wall street, and the speculators therefore argue that the country under Roosevelt is bound for ruin at a mile a minute. We don't suppose that the Toronto and Montreal stock market crashes will have the least effect on the solid business interests of Canada, but they may be taken as a sign that in its mighty new development Canada is likely to have to deal with such crises as have characterized the United States in the past.

The close relationship of all forms of villainies is brought out in bold relief by the alleged plot of the St. Louis boodlers to assassinate Circuit Attorney Folk. The boodler may consider himself a venial offender, but when fair dealing is left behind in one respect there is no telling when it will be abandoned in all others.

German Complacency.

A Berlin cable, condensing the expressions of sentiment on the Manchurian situation in German diplomatic circles, states that there is undisguised satisfaction over the apparent inability of Great Britain to oppose successfully Russian progress in the orient, suggested by her apparent unwillingness to make effective the Anglo-Japanese alliance entered into last year with a great flourish of trumpets and the announcement that the combination for defensive or aggressive operations would surely check any further advances of Russia in Manchuria and stop her felonious movements toward the capital of Korea. Russia, as the civilized world knows, has ignored the Anglo-Japanese treaty and continued to make her grip on Manchuria firmer by concentrating troops on the railway concessions at every important point on her railways, where she is confirmed in her occupancy by a treaty made with China herself, which treaty Russia will undoubtedly hold and flaunt in the face of any power remonstrating.

Great Britain has herself, in establishing a protectorate over Egypt done almost exactly what Russia has done with respect to Manchuria. English capital had been invested enormously in Egypt, in loans to the spendthrift Ismael Pasha, and for the construction of railways and other works. She also invested $100,000,000 in securing control of the Suez canal. From 1879 to 1883 Egypt was under the dual control of England and France. When Arabi Bey rebelled in 1883 England, by armed intervention restored order and crowded France out of the dual system and practically took possession of the country and has been the real possessor ever since and has had to wage several wars with the Soudanese and has extended her rule to Khartum and a considerable distance south, almost to the subequatorial lakes. England is in Egypt of which the sultan of Turkey is nominally the suzerain, to stay. The whole proceeding, while advantageous to Egypt, was nothing but a big piece of land-grabbing and England makes the same claim Russia does, that she is justified in her action, because she has very valuable interests in the valley of the Nile, and controls the Suez canal, which is part of her route to India, which she cannot permit any other nation to control or possess.

Russia points to the millions of roubles she has spent on her railways and city-building in Manchuria and claims that these large interests must not pass into any other hands. She has played a sharp game. Germany and France are willing, as they want to play some sharp games themselves in China and it looks as if poor, swindled Japan, who was cheated out of her hard-won spoils of war in 1894, by the interference of Russia, Germany and France, will have to measure swords alone with Russia if she would obstruct that unscrupulous power in her Manchurian program.

The St. Paul school teachers are getting at one of the real evils of industrial instruction in the public schools. The evils of such instruction are not in the work itself, but in its manner of introduction and direction. Perceiving the great benefits to be derived from industrial instruction and realizing their lack of means, school boards have been inclined to have the regular grade teachers give instruction in the industrial work. This leads to over-worked and often vexed teachers, and generally to poor teaching, for not all teachers can be expected to be interested or proficient in instruction that is thus forced upon them. Some of the simpler forms of industrial instruction probably cannot be left to specialists; but when schools go in for it on a large scale, as little of the special work as possible should be put on the shoulders of the regular teachers. The policy of overloading the teachers is bad all around, whether the superfluous load be from industrial instruction or something else.

It is hardly possible that Congressman Tawney was correctly quoted when he said that the international joint high commission had expired by limitation, and hence talk about its reassembling was all bosh. This will be news to Senator Fairbanks and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who have been corresponding with a view to resuming negotiations, and to Secretary Hay and President Roosevelt, who have approved of the effort to get another session of the commission. If Mr. Tawney spoke as quoted, his personal opposition to the reciprocity policy as a whole, rather than any familiarity with the situation, was voiced. Mr. Tawney is a believer in maximum and minimum tariffs. At any rate, the joint high commission is in existence until discharged, there being no time limit. Congress simply failed to make a special appropriation for the expenses of the American members.

The damage wrought by the floods in Kansas and Missouri are so appalling that the footing up of estimates of loss has forced Topeka and Kansas City to recede from their first declarations that they required no outside help. They are a hustling, independent sort of people down there, and it may be taken for granted that if they have receded from their position of proud independence it is because the need of immediate assistance is greater than they can meet themselves. Provisions and clothing are needed for those who have lost their property, their crops and their means of support. Their more fortunate neighbors will doubtless do their full share in taking care of them, but in the United States the loss and hardships of one community are in varying degrees the loss and hardships of the entire nation, and assistance should be equally extensive.

Judging from the hot competition for the city hall and courthouse bonds, taken yesterday by Dominick & Dominick of New York, at a premium of 106.305, the bond market is improving. The $250,000 worth of bonds disposed of were, it is true, 4 per cent, but the high premium at which they were taken reduces the interest charge to less than 3.55 per cent. As some of these bonds were for fourteen years and none longer than thirty-three, they are really not so attractive to permanent investors as thirty-year 3½ per cents at par or a little better. Controller Rogers is still of the opinion that there will be no bids for the $815,000 of 3½ per cents, but the probabilities are against him just now.

St. Paul teachers maintain that their salaries should not be graded according to the size of the children they teach. The claim appears to be a just one, yet there is a tendency to assign a lower salary to the teachers of tots than to the teachers of big boys and girls. In Minneapolis, we believe, no distinctions are made as to salaries in the different grades, below the high school, except that the maximum salary in eighth and mixed seventh and eighth grades and entering rooms is made somewhat higher than for the other grades.

So we are to have no attractions at Lake Harriet this year, so far as they depend upon a pavilion. That, apparently, means no music and certainly it means no place at which happy crowds of merrymakers will gather as formerly. If the people prize the beautiful urban lake as they should it will not be a lonesome place in any event. For walking, driving, riding, bicycling and boating it is as attractive as ever. The music will be missed, but popcorn can be obtained short of taking a trip to the lake.

The late R. C. Bowman will long be deeply mourned by all his friends and associates, and by none more than his fellow newspaper workers. Mr. Bowman was a young man of the most excellent qualities as well as talents. He had no enemies. To meet him was to like him. His friends are scarcely able to comprehend that they have lost him with so much of the best part of life before him.

OTHERS MIGHT PROFIT BY IT

Atlanta Journal.

Mr. Cleveland is giving a good example right now of a citizen who knows how to mind his own business.

A SURE CASE OF HANDS UP

Atlanta Constitution.

J. Pierpont Morgan is taking the "rest cure" at Aix, France. 'Tis awful to speculate on what he may do to us, once he is thoroly rested.

AND IT WORKED ALL RIGHT

Buffalo News.

Mr. Hanna does not say the president asked for the Ohio indorsement. He "indicated" his desire for it. "Indicated" is a broad word.

PREFERS THE BANDWAGON

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Ohio never did like to feel lonesome in politics.

LOOK CLOSER HOME, SENATOR

Washington Post.

Senator Stone fears that the syndicates and trusts are planning to despoil the Filipinos. Not so long as they find the Missouri field so profitable.

The Nonpareil Man.

Casually Observed.

"Aunt Sally," of Waseca, or vicinity, laments in the Democrat over seeing "one of our industrious farmers hauling half a load to market on rough roads, when he could just as well be hauling a full load on good roads." Aunt says that he wasted valuable time, abused his faithful horses and cursed everything from Mark Hanna to the Empress of China. Yet neither Uncle Mark nor Tsi An were responsible for that road. That's what comes of greatness. Somebody is always knocking you.

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The Credit River correspondent in the Shakopee Argus says that two bright boys with a mechanical turn of mind are at work on a "flirtation recorder machine," to be set along the H. & D. tracks, which are used for a lovers' lane. In addition to recording kisses, the machine puts down in black and white a great variety of vows and declarations, such as "I love you." "I would die for you." "I cannot live without you." "I think of you every waking minute and dream of you the livelong night." "Life would be a desert without you." And all that kind of stuff, and it rings a bell when it gets too thick. If they ever get that machine working in Credit River, "Owntest Own" will have to use the sign language.

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One dairy writer suggests that the cow which kicks never hits a sensible man. Not if the sensible man side-steps before the cow's northwestern corner reaches him.

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It took three distinct shocks at Sing Sing to electrocute a thin, nervous prisoner, who had murdered a friend in a moment of absent-mindedness. The democratic party has taken two bad shocks already, but if the shock in 1904 finishes it, it will be a surprise to the public.

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The Surgical Review strongly approved automobile racing.

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Mr. Leiter's creditors refuse to compromise for 20 cents on the dollar. They acknowledge that the boy's wheat corner was a lalapaloola, but they do not want to pay the expense of it while the Leiter family continues to roll in wealth.

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Mr. Harriman, tho rifled of his appendix, is reported as doing well. We would do well, too, if we had his income! !

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The Dairy Column in the Fairmont News breaks out in this strain:

The cows need an abundance of water, for water is the largest component part of milk.

It has been claimed that water that has not been interfered with by the cow is too often "the largest component part," etc.

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The law requiring gasolene and kerosene cans to be painted red, mention of which was made a few days ago, was incorrectly published in the law supplements that were distributed by many of the Minnesota papers. The intention of the law is to provide a plan whereby cans of gasolene will not be mistaken for kerosene, and to accomplish this all cans containing gasolene are to be colored red. So if you see anybody trying to start a fire or fill the lamps out of a red can, you want to raise a terrible outcry and kick a hole in the ceiling before the gasolene gets red-headed and reaches for somebody.

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Professor William W. Black of Chicago is now undergoing an investigation by the school management committee of the board of education of that city on the charge of causing discord in the normal school. He is head critic of the school and went there with a good record from other institutions. The specific charge against Professor Black, made against him by the women teachers in the normal school, is that he habitually entered the room without smiling. There was no charge that he neglected or failed in his duties or was otherwise objectionable—simply that he never smiled. When informed of the charge against him, Professor Black did smile from ear to ear. His defense was as follows:

> I am down at the normal school for business. I am so wrapped up in the work that I haven't time for smiles. I don't talk to the teachers because I do not want to interrupt their work. I am here to criticize, and smiles are not necessary. But I can smile when I want to.

Amusing as this may seem to the reader, yet there is a sort of justification in the position taken by the teachers. It is hard work to deal with a wooden Indian, with a face set like a plaster of paris cast, and no bowels of compassion anywhere about him. Let's throw a smile now and then. It doesn't cost anything, and people are more likely to miss us for several days if we happen to die and go where everybody smiles naturally, without having to be prodded and reminded of it.

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Badge No. 13 has lost its hoodoo in the Indianapolis fire department. Several years ago, when George Toon was appointed on the fire force in that town he walked into the board of public safety office and asked for badge No. 13, which had been on hand for some time, every other appointee objecting to taking it. Toon rapidly rose in the department and had several narrow escapes from serious accidents. All the fires reached for him, but he sidestepped in time, and when the walls fell he had time to jump the other way. The other day when the Brosnan block burned, F. Fiend thought that he had Mr. Toon just where it wanted him, but the fire fighter saved himself from going down with a falling floor by holding on to a window casing and a nozzle. Recently he was appointed a captain on his merits, and then the hoodoo gave up and acknowledged that it was merely a "claim." No. 13 is now considered all right in Indianapolis.

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An Indianapolis girl who has been unable to secure work pumping a typewriter tells the News that, were it not for her silk skirt, she would get "real discouraged." She puts on this rich garment and walks back and forth in front of a mirror. She said that the effect was as follows;

"The swish of the silk sounds aristocratic, and I just let it make me imagine that I'm the real thing. It makes me feel rich even in poverty."

And she swished again. When things seem to be going all wrong, of course they aren't, we ought to put on our mental silk skirt and give it a swish.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK

Never Said It.

To the Editor of The Journal.

Having been "called down" by several newspapers for what I did not say regarding the comparative morality of Christians and Mohammedans, let me correct the editors before they wade any deeper in my gore. In your editorial you charge me with responsibility of the following:

"If the truth wer known, husbands of New York and Chicago, and all our large cities, indulge secretly not only in plural wives, but in thrice the wives of these so-called degraded peoples. The Mohammedan is true to his plural wives, yet many of our men are untrue to thrice the Mohammedan's number."

The notes of the official stenographer show that what was actually said was this:

"I believe the number of prostitutes in Chicago and New York would outnumber three to one the Mohammedan polygamus wives."

Not one word about husbands or about the wealthy classes. The quotation which you credit to me is the figment of the reportorial brain, and the editorial indignation is founded upon something never uttered. The remarks which I did make were made in the discussion of a medical paper, before a medical audience and upon a subject hardly suitable for discussion in a newspaper. I must thank you for your expression of confidence i my innocence of the facts concerning the "social evil" in America, but my position in my profession requires that I keep posted in such matters, and I fear your confidence is not justified.

RALPH ST. J. PERRY,
Farmington, Minn., June 1.

DOGS SMELL DEATH

There's an old superstition that a howling dog in front of a house of an ill person portends death. One prominent physician believes absolutely in it. The physician has a wonderfully acute sense of smell. Frequently, he says, he can foretell the coming of death within twenty-four hours of the patient's demise. Within two days of death, he says, a peculiar earthy odor becomes noticeable about a person about to die. He tells of one case where he became aware of the peculiar odor while talking to an apparently healthy man. That night the man dropped dead of heart disease. The physician is far from attributing the peculiar manifestation to other than physiological reasons. His own sense of smell is abnormally acute.

NO CHUMP

Kansas City Star.

It is just a plain fool who doesn't know when he is fairly beaten, and whatever else may be said about Senator Hanna, he is not a chump.

DEMOCRACY'S PLIGHT

Globe-Democrat.

It is a logical result when a party without an issue finds itself also without an available candidate.

"COMPENSATION"

Boston Transcript.

Emerson had had his desires to write upon compensation confirmed by the hearing of a sermon in church. The preacher was a man esteemed for his orthodoxy, and he assumed that judgment is not executed in this world, that the wicked are successful, that the good are miserable; and then he urged from reason and from scripture that a compensation would be made to both parties in the next life. Emerson was astonished that the congregation took no offence at this doctrine, which he believed to be as offensive and as wicked as the clergyman would have held his critical hearer to be. "What was the import of this teaching?" says Emerson. "What did the preacher mean by saying that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised; and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratifications another day—bank stock and doubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended; for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise? to love and serve men? Why, that they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw was—'We are to have such a good time as the sinners have now'—or, to push it to its extreme import—'You sin now, we shall sin by and by; we would sin now, if we could; not being successful we expect our revenge to-morrow.'"

MANY JEWS IN JERUSALEM

New York Evening Post.

The population of Jerusalem to-day, is I should suppose, double what it was twelve years ago, the increase being attributed entirely or almost entirely to the influx of Jews, by far the greater part of whom come from Russia. It is somewhat difficult to ascertain exactly what the population of the city or how large a part of it is Jewish. One of the best informed and most reliable Jewish citizens told me in conversation that there were probably fewer than 30,000 Jews and that the common estimate of 50,000 or 60,000 was exaggerated, but I found later that his own printed figures in an almanac which he published reckoned the Jews of Jerusalem at 56,000. The best informed outsiders claim that there are at least 11,000 Jewish families in the city, which would support the larger estimate. If this figure be correct then the Jews of Jerusalem are more than twice as numerous as all the other inhabitants.

Reckless Racers.

Pittsburg Gazette.

The tendency of new fads to reach a crazy pitch was never shown more fully than in this automobile racing. It is really an astonishing piece of presumption that the owners of these engines should claim the privilege of running over the public roads at rates of speed exceding that of fast railroad trains on their own tracks and rights of way.

The Spenders

A Tale of the Third Generation.

By HARRY LEON WILSON.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Some Phenomena Peculiar to Spring.

He awoke early, refreshed and intensely alive. With the work done he became conscious of a feeling of disassociation from the surroundings in which he had so long been at home. Many words of the talkative German were running in his mind from the night before. He was glad the business was off his mind. He would now go the pleasant journey, and think on the way.

His trunks were ready for the car; and before he went down stairs his hand bag was packed, and the preparations for the start completed.

When, after his breakfast, he read the telegram announcing that the car had been delayed twenty-four hours in Chicago, he was bored by the thought that he must pass another day in New York. He was eager now to be off, and the time would hang heavily.

He tried to recall some forgotten detail of the business that might serve to occupy him. But the finishing had been thorough.

He ran over in his mind the friends with whom he could spend the time agreeably. He could recall no one he cared to see. He had no longer an interest in the town or its people.

He went aimlessly out on to Broadway in the full flood of a spring morning, breathing the fresh air hungrily. It turned his thought to places out of the grime and clamor of the city; to woods and fields where he might rest and feel the stimulus of his new plans. He felt aloof and sufficient unto himself.

He swung on to an open car bound north, and watched without interest the early quick moving workers thronging south on the street, and crowding the cars that passed him. At Forty-second street, he changed to a boulevard car that took him to the Fort Lee Ferry at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

Out on the shining blue river he expanded his lungs to the clean, sweet air. Excursion boats, fluttering gay streamers, worked sturdily up the stream. Little yachts, in fresh laundered suits of canvas, darted across their bows or slanted in their wakes, looking like white butterflies. The vivid blue of the sky was flecked with bits of broken fleece, scurrying like the yachts below. Across the river was a high towering bank of green inviting him over its summit to the languorous freshness beyond.

He walked off the boat on the farther side and climbed a series of steep wooden stairways, past a tiny cataract that foamed its way down to the river. When he reached the top he walked thru a stretch of woods and turned off to the right, down a cool shaded road that wound away to the north thru the fresh greens of oak and chestnut.

He was entranced at once by the royal abandon of spring, this wondrous time of secret beginnings made visible. The old earth was become as a young wife from the arms of an ardent spouse, blushing into new life and beauty for the very joy of love. He breathed the dewy freshness, and presently he whistled the "Spring Song" of Mendelssohn, that bubbling, half-joyous, half-plaintive little prayer in melody.

He was well into the spirit of the time and place. His soul sang. The rested muscles of his body and mind craved the resistance of obstacles. He rejoiced. He had been wise to leave the city for the fresh, unspoiled country—the city with all its mean little fears, its petty immoralities, and its very trifling concerns. He did not analyse, more than to remember, once, that the not reticent German would approve his mood. He had sought the soothing quiet with the unfailing instinct of the wounded animal.

The mysterious green lifein the woods at either side allred him with its furtive pulsing. But he kept to the road and passed on. He was not yet far enough from the town.

Some words from a little song ran in his mind as he walked:

> The naked boughs into green leaves slipped,
> The longing buds into flowers tripped,
> The little hills smiled as if they were glad,
> The little rills ran as if they were mad.
>
> There was green on the earth and blue in the sky,
> The chrysalis changed to a butterfly,
> And our lovers, the honey-bees, all a-hum,
> To hunt for our hearts began to come.

When he came to a village with an electric car clanging through it, he skirted its borders, and struck off through a woodland toward the river. Even the village was too human, too modern, for his early-pagan mood.

In the woods he felt that curious thrill of stealth, that impulse to cautious concealment, which survives in man from the remote days when enemies beset his forest ways. On a southern hillside he found a dog-wood-tree with its blossomed firmament of white stars. In low, moist places the violets had sprung through the thatch of leaves and were singing their purple beauties all unheard. Birds were nesting, and squirrels chattered and scolded.

Under these more obvious signs and sounds ent the steady undertone of life in root and branch and unfurling leaf—provoking, inciting, making lawless whomsoever it thrilled.

He came out of the woods on to another road that ran not far from the river, and set off again to the north along the beaten track.

In an old-fashioned garden in front of a small house a girl bent over a flower bed, working with a trowel.

He stopped and looked at her over the palings She was freshly pretty, with yellow hair blown about her face under the pushed back sunbonnet of blue. The look in her blue eyes was the look of one who had heard echoes; who had awakened with the spring to new life and longings, mysterious and unwelcome, but compelling.

She stood up when he spoke; her sleeves turned prettily back upon her fair round arms.

"Yes, the road turns to the left, a bit ahead."

She was blushing.

"You are planting flower seeds?"

"Yes, so many flowers were killed by the cold last winter."

"I see; there must a lot of them have died here, but their souls didn't go far, did they now?"

She went to digging again in the black moist earth. He lingered. The girl worked on, and her blush deepened. He felt a lawless impulse to vault the palings and carry her off for a flower for ever in some wooded glade near by. He dismissed it as impracticable. His intentions would probably be misconstrued.

"I hope your garden will thrive; it has a pretty pattern to follow."

"Thank you!"

He raised his hat and passed on, thinking; thinking of all the old dead flowers, and their pretty souls that had gone to bloom in the heaven of the maid's face.

Before the road turned to the left he found a path leading over to the top of the palisade. There on a little rocky shelf, hundreds of feet above the river, he lay for a long time in the spring sun, looking over to the farther shore, where the city crept to the south, and lost its sharp lines in the smoky distance. There he smoked and gave himself up to the moment. He was glad to be out of that rush. He could see matters more clearly now—appraise values more justly. He was glad of everything that had come. Above all, glad to go back and carry on that big work of his father's—his father who had done so much to redeem the wilderness—and incidentally he would redeem his own manhood.

It will be recalled that the young man frequently expressed himself with regrettable inelegance; that he habitually availed himself, indeed, of a most infelicitous specious of metaphor. It must not be supposed that this spring day in the spring places had reformed his manner of delivery. When he chose to word his emotions it was still done in a manner to make the right-spoken grieve. Thus, going back toward the road, after reviewing his great plans for the future, he spoke aloud: "I believe it's going to be a good game."

When he became hungry he thought with relief that he would not be compelled to seek one of those "hurry-up" lunch places with its clamor and crowd. What was the use of all that noise and crowding and piggish hurry? A remark of the German's recurred to him:

"It is a happy man who has divined the leisure of eternity, so he feels it, like what you say, 'in his bones.'"

When he came out on the road again he thought regretfully of the pretty girl and her flower bed. He would have liked to go back and suggest that she sing to the seeds as she put them to sleep in their earth cradle, to make their awakening more beautiful.

But he turned down the road that led away from the girl, and when he came to a "wheelman's rest," he ate many sandwiches and drank much milk.

The face of the maid that served him had been no heaven for the souls of dead flowers. Still she was a girl; and no girl could be wholly without importance on such a day. So he thought the things he would have said to her if matters had been different.

When he had eaten, he loafed off again down the road. Thru the long afternoon he walked and lazed, turning into strange lanes and by-roads, resting on grassy banks, and looking far up. He followed Doctor von Herzlich's directions, and, going off into space, reduced the earth, watching its little continents and oceans roll toward him, and viewing the antics of its queer inhabitants in fancy as he had often in fact viewed a populous little ant-hill, with its busy, serious citizens. Then he would venture still farther—away out into timeless space, beyond even the starry refuse of creation, and insolently regard the universe as a tiny cloud of dust.

When the shadows stretched in the dusky langor of the spring evening, he began to take his bearings for the return. He heard the hum and clang of an electric car off thru a chestnut grove.

The sound disturbed him, bringing premonitions of the city's unrest. He determined to stay out for the night. It was restful—his car would not arrive until late the next afternoon—there was no reason why he should not. He found a little wayside hotel whose weather-beaten sign was ancient enough to promise "entertainment for man and beast."

"Just what I want," he declared. "I'm both of them—man and beast."

Together they ate tirelessly of young chickens broiled, and a green salad, and a wonderful pie, with a bottle of claret that had stood back of the dingy little bar so long that it had attained, at least as to its label, a very fair antiquity.

This time the girl was pretty again, and he at once discovered, not indisposed to light conversation. Yet she was a shallow creature, with little mind for the subtler things of life and the springtime. He decided she was much better to look at than to talk to. With a just appreciation of her own charms she appeared to pose perpetually before an imaginary mirror, regaling him and herself with new postures, tossing her brown head, curving her supple waist, exploiting her thousand coquetries. He was pained to note, moreover, that she was more than conscious of the red-cheeked youth who came in from the carriage shed, whistling.

When the man and the beast had been apepased they sat out under a blossomed apple-tree and smoked together in a fine spirit of amity.

He was not amazed when, in the gloom, he saw the red-cheeked youth iweld both arms about the girl—nor was he shocked at detecting instantly that her struggles were meant to be futile against her assailant's might. The birds were mating, life was forward, and Nature loves to be democratically lavish with her choicest secrets. Why not, then, the blooming, full-curved kitchen maid and the red-cheeked boy-of-all-work?

He smoked and saw the night fall. The dulled bronze jangle of cow bells came soothingly to him. An owl called a little way off. Swallows flashed by in long, graceful flights. A bat circled near, indecively, as if with a message it hesitated to give. Once he heard the flute-like warble of a skylark.

He was under the clean, sharp stars of a moonless night. His keen senses tasted the pungent smoke and the softer feminine fragrance of the apple blossoms. His nerves were stilled to pleasant ease, except when the laugh of the girl floated to him from the grape arbor back of the house. That disturbed him to fierce longings—the clear, high measure of a woman's laugh floating to him in the night. And once she sang—some song common to her class. It moved him as her laugh did, making him vibrate to her, as when a practiced hand flutters the string of a harp. He was glad without knowing why when she stopped.

At 10 o'clock he went in from under the peering little stars and fell asleep in an ancient four-poster. He dreamed that he had the world, a football, clasped to his breast, and was running down the field for a gain of a hundred yards. Then, suddenly, in place of the World, it was Avice Milbrey in his grasp, struggling frantically to be free; and instead of behaving like a gentleman, he flung both arms around her and kissed her despite her struggles; kissed her time after time, until she ceased to strive against him, and lay panting and helpless in his arms.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

AT THE THEATERS

Foyer Chat.

That Mrs. Leslie Carter is a great favorite with the matinee contingent was amply demonstrated by the large gathering of smartly gowned women who crowded the big Metropolitan this afternoon to witness the gorgeous presentment of "Du Barry." A number of prominent society people from near by cities contributed materially to the brilliance of the occasion, and were well rewarded, as Mrs. Carter's performance surpassed those of Monday and Tuesday nights.

As its closing attraction, the Bijou will offer next week "For Her Sake," the new Russian-Siberian play which has been meeting with great success. It is a powerful melodrama, replete with intense interest. The piece is lavishly mounted. Miss Milicent Evans, a beautiful girl, will be seen in the part of Phyllis Gray, an American girl. William Marble will be seen as Prince Walanoff and Ella N. Marble as the Princess Walanoff.