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Two Senate Amendments.

TWO important amendments to the rate bill, which were in the nature of additions to the measure, were made by the senate. One concerned the declaring of pipe lines to be common carriers. The other prohibited railroads from producing the material which they haul, in competition with the shippers on whom they depend for their revenue. The first amendment would bring the Standard Oil company within the jurisdiction of the interstate commerce commission better than any enactment which could be devised by congress. The Standard Oil company has been able to crush competition largely by the possession of pipe lines, which it claims are private concerns because it built them and has, therefore, the right to use them as it pleases.

The prohibition against railroads competing with shippers is supposed to follow the principle laid down by the supreme court in the Chesapeake & Ohio coal-carrying case. It hits all of the coal-carrying roads which are practically in a consolidation. They are also in the business of producing coal. They have not been able to withstand the temptation to get their own coal on the market first, by allowing themselves a secret low rate, but more especially by allowing themselves a full complement of cars while the independent shipper waited.

These two amendments will probably occasion the greatest legal battle which the country has ever seen. They go to the very root of the attempt of congress to extend its jurisdiction over interstate carriers. When this litigation has been concluded it is the opinion of supporters of the broad construction of the powers of congress that the legislative branch of the government will have such a firm grip upon the transportation problem that the railroad organizations will be nothing but the representatives of congress. They will be allowed to run the railroads and declare the dividends so long as they run them as congress thru the commission commands.

A Washington correspondent figures the wealth of the senators at $343,000,000. No one but a trained newspaper man could have thrown this computation together and gotten it right to a dollar.

Another Hill Vision.

ROLLIN E. SMITH, whose letter in The Journal this week from Antwerp, presents an interesting view of that rather quaint market, where so much business is done in old-fashioned ways. Mr. Smith's summary is unusually interesting, for it bears upon the commercial methods and possibilities of the third port of the world and the principal gateway to continental Europe, thru which great quantities of American breadstuffs pass every year, and doubly interesting in that it comes at a time when attention is being drawn to the diminishing importance of our country as an exporter of raw wheat. Mr. James J. Hill, who has a great plan for building new lines of railroad in the Canadian northwest, in his address to the business men of Winnipeg, touched upon the increasing home consumption of wheat. By 1910, Mr. Hill says, there will be 100,000,000 people in the United States. Home consumption, all requirements included, runs to about six and one-half bushels per capita. Our wheat area may increase, but is not likely to increase in proportion to our consumptive requirements. The time is close at hand when our country will fall out permanently from the list of wheat exporting countries, and become an importer.

This statement of Mr. Hill has aroused a general practical interest in the wheat problem. Everything bearing upon it is now being read. Mr. Smith's covering of the foreign markets, and Mr. Hill's predictions of the future at home are alike of interest.

Canada of the west is the coming wheat country. No one knows this better than Mr. Hill. He is evidently getting in line for the future. In his Winnipeg conference he drew the best ideas from the most representative men of Manitoba. It is to be observed that he did not go above the line for conference without taking along a prominent Minneapolis miller, the better perhaps to have at hand every desirable bit of experience with reference to the industry.

Minneapolis may as well face the conviction that the days of great American exports of surplus wheat are drawing to a close. We shall hear less of Canadian wheat underselling American wheat in Antwerp or Liverpool, for while the Canadian product may be offered abroad, the American competition will gradually cease. The change is being made, to the time when the supply of raw material for the great local industry will be first consideration. Minnesota and the Dakotas cannot be depended upon forever. Possibilities on our side of the line are still great, but the day will come when western Canada will be the main source of wheat supply.

There are barriers that exclude Minneapolis from free access to these rich fields, but they are artificial. What the future may have in store it is hard to say, but there is little doubt that in the mind of the great railroad builder of the northwest the time is coming when closer trade relationship between Minneapolis and Winnipeg will be seen, when the wheat of western Canada, instead of going miles over land and sea, will find its quick and remunerative market just across the Canadian line to the south.

The man with his legs crossed in the streetcar is again drawing attention to himself. Unfortunately few people go armed in the streetcars and he escapes.

Scotchmen Leaving Scotland.

A GREAT tide of immigration into Canada from British ports is noted this season. It is estimated that 2,000 people a week leave Glasgow for New York and St. Lawrence river ports. Up to date this season 20,000 people have left Glasgow for America and Canada. This means the loss of a population equal to that of a moderate-sized Scotch county each year. It means, moreover, the draining off of the best part of the working people. The Canadian government agent in London estimates the departure from Great Britain for Canada at not less than 4,000 a week.

Obviously the emigrants are attracted by the prospect of land in the newly opened portions of the dominion. Their decision to move out is stimulated by the conviction that there is nothing for them at home. The elder brothers have the farms. The younger brothers must leave or remain as laborers. There is no land within the possibility of acquirement at home. There is the chance of owning broad acres in the new country and the Scotchman who is proverbially not a speculator takes the chance. It is after all only the chance between servitude abroad and servitude at home.

The empire has viewed with tolerant equanimity the depopulation of Ireland. It has not seemed to care how many Irishmen left Ireland, apparently believing that the only good Irishman, from the British viewpoint, was the absent Irishman. But will it take as quiescent a view of the depopulation of Scotland?

German physicians are now planning for a day of twelve hours. This means day and night "shifts" of doctors, for there is no reason why a doctor should not have his sleep as well as anyone else.

The Russian Douma.

AS A MAKER of history the Russian douma bids fair to excel the record of the legislative assembly which the poor king was forced to summon on the eve of the French revolution. The siuation of the czar has points of similarity to that of the fated French monarch. He did not call the douma until the rising tide of revolution taught him that the days of bureaucracy were over. He has not called it with any very specific idea of what he is to do with it. It seemed a convenient escape from chaos just as the state's general seemed to Louis a buffer between himself and anarchy. Louis failed to placate the people. Nicholas may succeed because conditions are different. The world has advanced. Education has made progress. Christianity is more real. But revolution is not impossible.

The douma has frankly pointed out to the czar the intolerable conditions under which the Russian people are working. It demands the abolition of the death penalty—that convenient weapon of the tyrant, of coercive and oppressive laws and of the detention of persons without trial. It demands full civil liberty, requests the recognition of the trades unions, suggests the modification of the fundamental law to include responsibility of the ministry to the parliament. It apparently favors a single chamber legislature for it objects to the continuation of the council of the empire as a upper house and would have it reduced to an advisory board somewhat like the privy council of Great Britain, which includes all the men who are ministers, but which is in itself nothing but an ornament to the state.

The agrarian demands of the douma include the ex-propriation of lands. The forcible dispossession of many of the bloated landholders of Russia and the turning over of the lands to the peasantry for cultivation is necessary to the life of the state. It is a process similar to the land acts for Ireland whereby the owners may be legally dispossessed against their will by a commission which, after hearing, fixes the value of the lands and awards title to actual settlers who apply for portions of them. There is compensation, of course. Whether the Russian douma contemplates buying out the landowners is not clear, but probably not, as there is not money enough, either in the public treasury or in the pockets of the peasants to do it. But there is moral justification for the dispossessing of many of the present holders who have with the land power to perpetuate a condition of serfdom in Russia.

The douma's program is a large one. It will not be put thru without many bitter conflicts, but the manner in which the douma has gone about its work is significant of the assurance that it has stated the minimum demands not of the douma merely, but of the people of Russia.

It turns out that there was no infernal machine under Governor Folk's lawn mower. It seems to have been a scheme of the governor's to make his wife believe it would be unsafe for him to handle that mower.

Direct Election of Senators.

BECAUSE the primary has resulted in the choice to the senate of Jeff Davis in Arkansas and Robert L. Taylor in Tennessee it has been assumed that the more spectacular canvass and the more wierd candidacy prevails in the direct selection of senators. But it is not necessary to admit, either, that the worse choice has been made in these cases, or that these selections indicate a tendency. We are too far from the facts in either case to decide. The people of those states had two candidates before them in each case and chose one. In Arkansas the people have apparently chosen a demagog, but those who know Governor Davis are inclined to believe he puts his worst side before the public. He is reputed to be a man of boundless energy. It is certain that he made many bad breaks in politics and that without a reform of his manners he will be an unpleasant figure in the senate. But the country is gradually accustoming itself to the thought that a few honest, rugged men, tho without grace of speech or suavity of manner, will do that body no harm. They may prove a tonic.

Former Governor Taylor made a noisy campaign against Carmack. Presumably he carried his fiddle as he did in the gubernatorial canvass against his brother. But Governor Taylor is not likely to burn Rome because he plays a violin. He is not a Nero. Besides, Carmack was a hopeless "grouch," who did not fit in with the progressive south of the present day. He was out of step with the industrial procession. The people of Tennessee parted with him officially as they have parted with the hatreds of the war period which he incessantly fanned.

On the other hand, the senators from Alabama, Georgia and Virginia have been indorsed at the direct primary. It seems as capable of discriminating as the legislative plan. There is no cause to apologize for the direct primary in the results thus far obtained. Instead of being discouraged, the people would like to see it tried in some typical northern states like New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio as it is going to be tried in Illinois.

"Now, altogether, Chicago!" shouts the Journal of that city. What for? A riot or a drink?

Diaz Has Builded Well.

THERE is a strong undercurrent of hostility to President Diaz of Mexico among the old aristocracy and the clergy, according to William E. Curtis, who is writing some letters from the southern republic to the Record-Herald. On the surface everybody is for Diaz, and the Mexicans are careful not to talk politics with foreigners, but the old Spanish traditions are still strong among the grandees, and they would be glad to return if they could to a monarchy.

The Diaz government is not a monarchy in form, but in fact amounts to about the same thing. The difference is that the old aristocracy is not recognized, and therefore is not satisfied with the regime. Diaz rules absolutely, and by the results he has achieved in thirty years he has demonstrated that he knows what Mexico needs. The nation has emerged from political chaos and industrial paralysis to a condition of stable government, efficient protection for capital, and a growing industrial prosperity. The firm hand of Diaz is just what the nation has needed in such a period of transition. It is too late now for a reaction. After Diaz, it is hardly probable that another leader so sane and strong will be found, but with the experience the nation has had it should be able to continue peaceful. It may be hard to hold down the ebullitions of political rivalry, but the great commercial and industrial interests that have developed in the nation will not forfeit what they have won. They will not permit a return to the conditions of the days before Diaz.

Is Mansfield Joking?

RICHARD MANSFIELD has been giving his ideas upon acting and upon living, in the Atlantic Monthly, and finds them to be identical. Taking Shakspere's line, "All the world a stage and all the men and women merely players," he goes on to the rather thin conclusion that it is to be taken literally; that every man and woman plays a part in the world. Every man, he says, who has made his mark has chosen his character, the character best adapted to himself and has played it, has clung to it and made his impress with it. This is to say, no man has been content to be himself but has selected a role in which he conceived he would shine and which presumably would hide or obscure his weak points and has played it for all he was worth. Nothing more odious or hypocritical could be suggested. Civilization would have gone to pieces long ago, or rather would never have come to its present state if men had had no higher ideal than playing a part. If this is Mr. Mansfield's real idea of humanity it shows that he has been more a student of written parts than of actual humanity.

Spain is so tickled over our taking the Philippines that her cartoonists no longer represent the typical American as a pig, but as an angel.

The attempt of the Massachusetts legislature to investigate itself threatens to be a dismal failure.

Henry James calls Washington a city of conversation, but does not go so far as to say that money talks.

Steenerson Bill Popular.

CONGRESSMAN HALVOR STEENERSON has succeeded in framing a federal drainage act which receives the unqualified support of Maxwell's Talisman, the organ of forestry and irrigation. The Steenerson bill does not suit all of the irrigation boomers, because it will divert some revenues now used on irrigation work to employ them in draining swamp lands and making them fit for agriculture. It must appeal to every reasonable man, however, for it is absolutely fair. While conceived for the purpose of draining lands in northern Minnesota, it is made national in its scope.

Under the terms of the bill all receipts from the sale of public lands in thirteen states, Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Ohio and Wisconsin, are to be turned into a drainage fund, and spent under the authority of the reclamation service. The process of taking surplus water off the land will be handled in the same way as the present system of taking water to land that is too dry. The land will be sold to actual settlers only, in pieces of 40 to 160 acres, and the cost of drainage will be paid by the purchaser in ten annual installments.

Outside of the Indian reservations, about all the swamp land in Minnesota belongs to the state under the grant of 1863, but it is worth nothing till it is drained, and the state can do the work only on a small scale. With the aid of the federal fund the drainage of northern Minnesota would progress far more rapidly. The Steenerson bill provides for turning over state lands to the federal government when the latter desires to drain them, and for co-operation between federal and state drainage services.

The provisions of this bill would not only help Minnesota, but would bring beneficent results to all the other states named. It is stated that even Illinois, rich and populous as it is from end to end, has 4,0000,000 acres of swamp land now unfit for cultivation. Florida and Louisiana have vast tracts that under drainage will become immensely productive of sugar cane, cotton, etc. The Steenerson bill should receive general support, and if it passes the Crookston man will have achieved a triumph in legislation. It would be a splendid boost for Minnesota in the state's efforts to turn swamps into farms.

An enthusiastic corps of teleghaph editors are just yearning to "release" Elijah's biography.

A Reasonable Requirement.

W. S. EDWARDS, manufacturer of lighting fixtures, was set upon on the streets of Chicago Tuesday, and in broad daylight, by a couple of sluggers and beaten nearly to death. Mr. Edwards is an employer whose employees are on a strike. He appears not only to have been a liberal employer himself, but to have labored as a mediator between other employers and employees. The Chicago Tribune says: "If any man should have been immune from an attack of hired or voluntary thugs, it should have been he."

The other day two men in the employ of one of the telephone companies, whose linemen are on a strike in this city, were set upon by a dozen or fifteen men and but for the arrival of the police one of them would probably have been killed. He was taken to the hospital, suffering from severe wounds.

In both these cases the officers of the labor unions have been prompt to deny responsibility for these assaults. This denial is accepted, but it is not enough. In the case of the Chicago assault commercial organizations have promptly offered a large reward for the arrest and conviction of the thugs who committed the outrage in that city. The time has come when labor organizations have not done their full duty in merely disavowing responsibility for slugging done in their interest. It is up to them to take active and effective steps to bring the perpetrators of such outrages to justice. The public expects, and has a right to expect, that they will take this attitude and take it effectively.

Not an officeholder has resigned since the Chicago city hall was declared unsafe.

A Curious Man.

SENATOR TILLMAN is a peculiar personality. He enjoys a fight with a friend better than with a foe. He is apt to lose his temper when he gets to abusing a foe but he can blackguard a friend and display a smiling face that would do credit to "Sunny Jim" of fading memory. Tillman and Spooner are great friends and yet no two men scrap more on the floor of the senate than they. Chandler, an ex-senator, who has been the go-between in the conferences on the rate bill, helping Tillman to save his face and yet get into communication with the president, was chosen by Tillman because of old-time personal friendship and yet Tillman and Chandler used to fight on the floor of the senate whenever there was an opportunity. It used to afford other senators some amusement to see these two opposites go out to lunch together after what seemed to be one of their bitterest conflicts of words, until they became accustomed to it. Tillman is said to have a charming frankness and openness of nature by those who know him best, but it requires a close acquaintance to find it out. He described himself the other day as "a rough man" and that's true enough, altho there is a suspicion that it is not altogether artificial.

The railroad presidents should meet soon in general assembly and try Dr. Stickney for heresy.

Responsibility of the License Committee

THE granting of saloon licenses is controlled by a standing committee of the council. That committee may reject any applications which it has reason to believe come from men who are not fit to conduct saloons and the general character of the men holding licenses is a matter for which the license committee is responsible.

There was a time when that committee seemed to think it had to grant a license to anybody who applied, but it learned differently, as a result of some contests with regard to licenses by the Home Protective league; and yet this committee is not nearly as careful, apparently, as it ought to be. There are men holding licenses in this town who have been inmates of state penitentiaries and men who have been refused licenses in other towns in this state which are not noted for their high moral tone. It is these licenses who are giving the police the most trouble in enforcing the Sunday closing law, exercising the privileges which the license committee have conferred, apparently, without taking full consideration of their disqualifications.

Because The Journal's Washington correspondent said that members of congress in the northwest states hoped that, in spite of his ultra high tariff ideas, Mr. McCleary might be returned to congress for another term, owing to the position he occupies on the ways and means committee, the Luverne Herald scores The Journal for not bringing its correspondent and its editorial columns into closer harmony, "The Journal claiming not to be in sympathy with Mr. McCleary's high tariff ideas." As to the latter, the Luverne Herald is correct, but what has that to do with reporting the fact that there is in congress a considerable sentiment among members not wholly in sympathy with Mr. McCleary's tariff views that he ought to be returned to the house? If such a disposition exists, for which we are not responsible, is it not The Journal's business to report it? Certainly the Herald wouldn't have us lie about it or even suppress it in the hope of thereby aiding in Mr. McCleary's defeat. There are other ways to do that which are much more to be approved.

Don't worry about The Journal correspondent using the news service of The Journal to promote the private interest "Of a man who is believed to be in close touch with corporations that use money freely to secure the election of their supporters." The Journal's Washington correspondent has never found it necessary yet to use the news service of The Journal other than to give the news as it exists.

Professor W. M. Hays proposes to improve the human race. Work should be at once begun on the man who sweeps his dirt out on Nicollet avenue after 7 a.m.

Carnegie and the Chinese Language.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, it is reported, has abandoned the reform of English spelling, not as an undesirable task, but in favor of one which calls for more ingenuity and more capital. He will study the Chinese language, of course by the help of experts, and try to reduce it to a tongue which can be learned by other nations. The Chinese language has no alphabet. It consists of about 30,000 characters, which are fundamental. All one needs to do in order to know Chinese is to memorize these characters and learn what to do with them in a pinch. A Chinese printer does not stick type at a case. On the contrary, he gallops madly up and down a long hall, picking out the characters appropriate to the thought to be expressed.

The Chinese number 400,000,000, and they are all supposed to know Chinese. As a matter of fact, the dialects of the country are so broken up there is practically no such thing as a Chinese language. The task Mr. Carnegie has undertaken is to study the language with a view to seeing what may be done with it from the occidental standpoint. The present status of the tongue is a bar to fluent communication of Caucasians with the Mongolians. Mark Twain once said that with industry a man might learn English in thirty weeks, French in thirty months and German in thirty years. On the same basis Chinese might be learned in thirty centuries.

Apparently this is an impracticable wait. The twentieth century wants to get in touch with China, to learn from China and to influence China. The matter of a fairly serviceable means of communication is important. Mr. Carnegie has recognized the problem and attacked it. The work is not only well worthy of the devotion to it of some of his wealth, but it is more dignified and of a broader scope than many of Mr. Carnegie's other efforts to benefit the world.

It is said in extenuation of Chancellor Day's attack upon President Roosevelt, that one of his nephews who was in the government service has been disciplined or dropped because of getting into some kind of trouble, and that the chancellor is angry at the president for not acceding to his request for the reinstatement of the nephew. Oh, if that's the case, why the chancellor is excusable, of course.

Premier Bannerman tried to quiet a group of London suffragists by telling them that he had no doubt their ambition would be realized in a few years. They expected him to say a few minutes and flew into a passion about it. Women will never make good voters until after they have voted several times.

James I often expressed his wish that the neck "of that scoundrel Raleigh" had been wrung before he introduced tobacco into England. Now it appears that it was Sir Walter Raleigh who introduced the potato into Ireland, which tends to balance the account.

When the Gaekwar of Baroda arrived in New York he wore a tweed suit, spoke English and had only one wife. As between Gaekwar and Gorky, give us the hindoo.

Won't somebody please sue Mr. Umpty Ump Sinclair for libel. He is just dying to swear to the number of copies of his book that have been sold.

Mr. Bryan's determination not to do anything to secure the democratic nomination may be born of the knowledge that little needs to be done.

THE ANGELUS

(Heard at the Mission Dolores, 1868.)

Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the Present
With color of romance.

I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther Past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream at last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio;
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting,
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old—
O tinking bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness—
Break, falter, and are still;
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!

—Bret Harte.

ATCHISON GLOBE LIGHTS

About the proudest man on any paper is the baseball editor.

Some men think that if they have family prayers night and morning, that is enough.

When giving advice to others, here is a small slice to serve yourself: Keep still more.

Very few men can stand punishment. Give them a poke or two, and they will run like a cottontail for tall timber.

Ever remark how poorly some Wise Men get along? They claim to know everything, but are never able to accomplish anything.

Girls of 6 or 7 have girls of 16 or 17 bested. But we will admit that girls of 16 or 17 have the best of everybody else.

You can always tell when a young man is in love: he becomes very anxious to make a great deal of money, in order that the object of his affections may have Everything She Wants.

There is many a girl hanging over the gate waiting for a man to come along who is guilty of a greater waste of time than when she hung over the same gate as a child to see a circus parade go by.

Spring chickens are again coming to town. And we call attention to an injustice that is always practiced: Most of the spring chickens brought to town for frying, are roosters: Isn't life as precious to a rooster as to a pullet?

HIS MOTHER AND DICKY.

She's a woman with a mission; 'tis her heaven-born ambition to reform the world's condition, you will please to understand.
She's a model of propriety, a leader in society, and has a great variety of remedies at hand.
Each a sovereign specific, with a title scientific, for the cure of things morbific that vex the people sore;
For the swift alleviation of the evils of the nation is her foreordained vocation on this sublunary shore.
And while thus she's up and coming, always hurrying and humming, and occasionally slumming, this reformer of renown,
Her neglected little Dicky, ragged, dirty, tough, and tricky, with his fingers soiled and sticky, is the terror of the town. —Tit-Bits.

REMARKABLE COW

Kansas City Star.

This "for sale" advertisement appeared recently in a Central Branch, Kan., paper: "Fullblooded cow for sale, giving milk, three tons of hay, a lot of chickens and several stoves."

Hoot Mon

Attorney Whangdoodle was just leaving his office when I entered notebook in hand. The client had escaped some hours before. Colonel Whangdoodle was glad to see me even when I announced that my intention was to interview him upon broad or narrow court review.

"I am glad you have come," he said. "I was thinking about court review just before you came in. One of my clients (as noted above Colonel Whangdoodle has but one) recently recovered a verdict of $275 against a soulless corporation. It was a just verdict. In all my practice I never put in more work on a case (very likely not, this having been the colonel's only case in thirty years). Never have I consulted more authorities nor briefed a cause with greater care. I knew when I got that case before a jury I should win. I did win. But what did the court do when the verdict was returned? His honor, without rhyme or reason, reviewed that verdict and cut it down to $225."

"And so you lose your fee?"

"No, not exactly that, but the outrageous conduct of a prejudiced and ignorant judge so emasculated the result of the jury's deliberation that, sir, there was nothing left for my poor client. What do you think of that for justice?"

"What do you suggest, Colonel Whangdoodle, as a remedy for these evils in our judicial system?"

"I would have court review restricted, sir, restricted, constricted, boa-constricted, sir; I would have the judges limited to an inquiry whether a plaintiff got enough, and I would wipe away their arbitrary power to decide whether he got too much. Our courts, sir, are arrogating to themselves altogether too much power. They must be curbed, they must be dealt with by the legislature, they must be regulated they—" But I could see that the colonel who had risen from his desk was about to assume his favorite jury pose with one hand in the breast of his worn frock coat, so I hastily withdrew.

* * * *

Apropos of earthquakes, the Boston Herald claims that they act as a tonic tho it does not recommend the brand of medicine for general consumption. "The dull routine is broken and the system gets a healthy shock." There seems to be something enlivening about the air one breathes and after it is over one experiences a sensation as of restored physical vigor, accompanied by an unwonted lucidity of mind. After an earthquake shock, absent-minded men have been known to restore their social standing by a capacity to remember names and faces most marvelous and unexpected. People who borrow money are spurred to acknowledging the debt and almost to the very point of paying it. Women remember where they laid away the company pillow cases; children have an accurate mental picture of the place where they last saw "dolly."

* * * *

Perhaps this after-earthquake effect accounts for the tenacity of purpose and the cheerfulness of San Francisco after the shock. A newspaper man writing to an eastern friend recently, said: "If you whimper now, you do it in a whisper. You'd be proud of what is left of your dear old San Francisco. She is full of people without homes, jobs or clothes; she is the worst bunged-up town that ever was, but the spirit of her is enough to bring tears of pride to the eyes of an American." The letter goes on to tell how the newspaper men stuck to their posts attempting to get out an extra on the day of the quake. Beaten in this first by lack of power, then by the advancing flames, they retreated to Oakland to get out a combined edition of all the morning papers. This particular newspaper man worked from Wednesday morning to Friday night without cessation. In eighty-four hours he slept three, and when he did finally turn in exhausted he says: "I had walked so much that my socks were stuck to my feet with blood." Probably this newspaper man was scarecly an exception to the rule, and very likely the newspaper men worked no harder nor more continuously than many others. They all gave evidence of the reserve energy that resides in a human being in an emergency.

* * * *

Speaking of sticking to your post, one of my earliest newspaper experiences was carrying election returns for the Pioneer Press. This was in the election of 1884, when Cleveland beat Blaine for president. I was sent to South Minneapolis to bring in two precincts. I arrived at the first polling booth at about 9 o'clock and found the judges laying out their work for the count. They thought they would finish about 3 o'clock. This was cheerful. Then I hiked to the other precinct and found they were likely to get thru at 5. Nothing to do but keep awake seven hours while names were called off in a droning voice. It was fine work. At 3 o'clock my first precinct seemed to be good for four hours more. The other was in even a more backward state. At 5 I visited the Pioneer Press office and reported the state of affairs to J. Newton Nind, city editor. He was sitting behind a flat-topped desk in the center of the room looking the picture of dignity and calm. When I had made my report he said: "You know what you are to do and that is to go back to those precincts and bring them in, this morning, this afternoon, tomorrow morning or tomorrow afternoon—only you are the man who has been hired by the Pioneer Press to bring them in." At 3 in the afternoon of Wednesday I arrived with the returns complete. Mr. Nind was still sitting behind that desk looking unruffled and serene. He remained there until the last returns were in and computed, about nine hours later, and then he walked home, not having slept or left his desk for thirty hours. This was the style of the old newspaper man. He must do things but he must not appear to be doing anything. An air of suppressed excitement about a newspaper office was all right provided it was solemnly suppressed.

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But while solemn secrecy may have animated the mental equipment of J. Newton Nind in that election, there was another man in this city who made enough noise to counterbalance the graveyard pall that enveloped the Pioneer Press. The noisy individual was one H. L. Gordon, poet "lariat" and thundering orator. It happened that the colonel, who was something of a plunger on elections, had put rather more money on Blaine than he cared to part with in one lump. The sum was variously estimated at from $10,000 to $50,000. Whatever it was, the colonel was sorry he had bet it. But the colonel was a man of resources. He learned from the newspapers that the returns from New York were very close and that that state was pivotal. The whole city was in a ferment of excitement. Old line republicans did not like to acknowledge that the party had suffered a defeat. They were eager to hear from New York. Sympathizing with the anxiety, Colonel Gordon began to give them exclusive news. Telegram from the state republican chairman appeared positively claiming the state for Blaine. Colonel Gordon drove about downtown making speeches from his carriage. The country was saved. The "party of rebellion" was not yet in the saddle. Blaine was elected and he would take his seat. Scrap Iron Bill, a local evangelist with a voice like the falling of great rocks from a mountain top, read the messages. The republicans were cheered, enlivened and so hopeful that they began to bet over again that Blaine was it.

It turned out later that this was what the colonel was aiming at. His agents were among the people betting on Cleveland wherever they could pick up a dollar. By Wednesday night Colonel Gordon had "covered his shorts" and there was a sudden stoppage of activity in the telegraph office. Cleveland was elected but not at H. L. Gordon's expense.

—James Gray.

MAKING A SURE THING OF IT

Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Muggins—She eloped with an octogenarian millionaire.

Mrs. Buggins—Eloped? Why didn't she wait and have a wedding?

Mrs. Muggins—She wanted to, but you see he caught a severe cold and she was afraid to take any chances.