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SUNDAY'S WEATHER.

Threatening.

By the United States Weather Bureau. MINNESOTA—Threatening weather; west to northwest winds. NORTH DAKOTA—Threatening weather; west to northwest winds. SOUTH DAKOTA—Threatening weather; west to northwest winds. WISCONSIN—Partly cloudy weather; light to fresh westerly winds. IOWA—Threatening weather; west to northwest winds. MONTANA—Threatening weather; southwesterly winds.

YESTERDAY'S TEMPERATURES—Buffalo, 36-40; Boston, 36-46; Chicago, 34-38; Cincinnati, 46-48; Montreal, 34-36; New York, 34-40; Pittsburg, 44.

ST. PAUL BUREAU—The following, taken at 6:48 p. m., local time (8 o'clock Washington time), is a relative statement of the local conditions for the twenty-four hours which ended when the observations were taken: Barometer, 29.79; mean temperature, 30; relative humidity, 68; wind at 8 p. m., west; weather, partly cloudy; maximum temperature, 34; minimum temperature, 26; daily range, 8; amount of precipitation (rain and melted snow) in last twenty-four hours, 0.

NOTE—Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation. —P. F. Lyons, Observer.

Some Timely Words of Caution.

A recent issue of Bradstreet's calls attention to movements which are resulting in the continued combinations of large sums of capital in the development of industrial enterprises. The same journal does not hesitate to issue what may be accepted as a warning against this tendency and reminds the public that it might be well to "consider the results of the industrial 'craze' in Great Britain, or the case, which seems to afford a closer parallel to the movement here, of the German markets, where the severe complications at the end of 1898 were the direct outcome of a course of excessive indulgence in industrial capitalization and combination, attended by an excessive speculation based upon it."

Every period of natural prosperity quickens the speculative instinct of the individual. But this instinct is not always associated with good judgment, and, in the absence of the latter, the former, when the spirit is unrestrained, must inevitably lead to disaster. This is especially true when the operator, encouraged by a few lucky strokes in the beginning, allows himself to be flattered into the confidence that he is possessed of the true genius which must lead to success. A successful Wall street operator once remarked that he was always sorry for the speculator who made money in his early ventures, inasmuch as he was generally sure to find himself soon without any money with which to make more.

Operations in what are known as "industrial," or trust shares, such as Sugar, Whisky, Oil, Tobacco and the like, have been larger in late years because of the general stagnation existing in the market for railway shares. The speculator must have something to feed his desires upon, and these were attractive in that connection. At the present time railway shares have attained so high values that the more conservative hesitate either to buy or sell for a speculative turn. There is, however, an abundance of money, and this is finding its way, as indicated above, into combinations for the exploitation of industrials. Many new corporations are being organized, and the capital of others is being increased, notably that of the American Steel and Wire company to the sum of $90,000,000—and this is with a view of embracing within the combination establishments which have hitherto operated independently, as, for instance, the Washburn & Moen company and some other smaller concerns in this particular industry. Larger lines of stock are issued and placed on the market for the mere purpose of speculation. And all these schemes are engineered by men who are thorough masters of their art and know when the time is ripe for practicing it with the greatest deftness.

Business shrewdness of the highest order is a gift of nature, just as any other intellectual quality that may be reflected in a successful career, no matter under what classification it may be recorded. The man who begins the activities of life by calculating results in advance of his undertakings is usually found to be possessed of a plan or formula which he strictly adheres to in all the process of applying means to ends. Through practice and experience he becomes by degrees so proficient in his operations that he is able, at last, to compound his skill, so to speak, and in a manner, to apply a mechanical simile, not unlike the distribution of steam, whereby force is secured with which to drive the engine. Thus he becomes, in the end, a master in his particular branch or specialty. Being possessed of this instinctive shrewdness or genius, he is prompt to detect the spirit of weakness or incapacity or hesitation in others and to avail himself thereof to his own profit.

Such a man can always command unlimited sums of money for the perfection and successful conduct of his schemes. Indeed, this natural gift is of itself capital, and often stands in that relation in some of the largest business enterprises, at least in their inception. It is here, oftentimes, that the latter-day "trust" has its origin; and the monetary and industrial and speculative conditions of the present are especially favorable to the fostering of these enterprises which become, in their practical operation, monopolies. There can be no question as to the perniciousness of these schemes. They are born of the spirit of speculation, and, in the end, cannot fail of proving destructive of the highest order of national industrial activity and energy.

Bradstreet's computes the amount of capital being thus attracted to the industrial corporation movement at the round sum of $1,000,000,000, and says: "Not even in any of the former periods of activity in railroad building and the creation of corporate stocks and obligations which accompanied them has there been such an expansion in the amount of new securities brought upon the country's financial market."

This is not a wholesome sign. On the contrary, it marks the advent of one of the evils of prosperity which sooner or later introduces disaster the ramifications of which can never be indicated in advance. The words of caution, quoted above, by the journal mentioned are timely and entitled to general observance.

Mr. Beecher's Former Pulpit.

There is some amusement and quite considerable cause for reflection associated with the recent call extended by Plymouth church, Brooklyn, to the Rev. N. D. Hillis, of Chicago, to succeed the Rev. Lyman Abbott, who was himself the successor of Henry Ward Beecher. The amusement exists in the gradual development of the truth of a prophecy uttered by Mr. Beecher himself not many years after he had been called to Brooklyn from Lawrenceburg, Ind., in 1847. Plymouth church building is a big red brick structure resembling in its external appearance Libby prison, rather than any place of worship that can easily be recalled. Though located on Columbia Heights it stands in the middle of a block, entirely obscured by the residences that have been erected around it. The auditorium is large, but many times it was found to be not nearly capacious enough to accommodate the thousands who flocked every Sunday morning and evening to hear the great preacher. Besides, it was constructed with a view to utility rather than to beauty of exterior. Noting this incapacity and not being altogether satisfied with the general outward appearance of the place that had become so famous, some of the trustees suggested to the pastor the desirability of constructing a larger and more attractive church building, whereupon Mr. Beecher, in his humorous way, quietly hinted that they had better leave well enough alone, inasmuch as if anything should happen to him whereby he would be removed from their pulpit they might not be able to assemble together enough people to fill the building they already had. Hence no change was made, and the old structure looks just as it did fifty years ago. In the meantime Mr. Beecher died in 1886, and the trustees have been frequently reminded since of the correctness of his naive prediction.

The cause for reflection exists in the tendency of many people to go to church without any regard to worship, but with the expressed desire to be either entertained or instructed, or both, by the sermon. This is certainly a tribute to the power of oratory; and the fact ought, likewise, to be accepted as an evidence of a larger intellectual growth in the community. Whether it results in a quickening of the spiritual sense or a broadening of the general spirit of reverence for things holy is a question concerning which many people will differ. It is certainly true that those who profess to believe in the creeds of and who find their ideal method of worshiping God in accordance with the impressive ceremonials of the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Episcopal churches are less inclined to reveal that hunger for words, or enjoyment of doctrinal disputation, oratorical display, discussion of public affairs and criticism of passing events of the day in the pulpit than those who are ordinarily attendants upon the services of what may be styled the dissenting churches, although not identified, as communicants, therewith.

This condition of things imposes an extraordinary power for good, as well as an accompanying responsibility, in equal measure, upon preachers of this class. Theodore Parker, Henry Ward Beecher, E. H. Chapin and Robert Collyer have been conspicuous types in our national history of clergymen who assumed the position that Christianity is of that wide scope, both in theory and practice, which embraces all manner of right living and right conduct, whether applied to the individual or the nation, the municipality or the commonwealth. The anti-slavery agitation afforded these men of brilliant intellect a magnificent opportunity for development and practical work. But in their accomplishment they erected a standard of pulpit discourse which thousands of others have striven to reach, only to find themselves degenerating, at last, to the performance of the role of the sensationalist. Only the wisest among those who have sought to emulate the great exemplars have been the men who, foreseeing the danger of bringing the religious faith which they represented under reproach, have refrained from the excesses which are the constant sources of temptation confronting evangelists of this particular school. To these the opportunities are great for ever-increasing good.

The call extended by Plymouth church to Dr. Hillis is a reminder of the fact that, while one man after another may be chosen to fill that pulpit, no one is ever likely to fill the place made vacant by Mr. Beecher's death. During the latter period of Benjamin Franklin's service as the representative of the United States at the French court, he made repeated applications to congress to be relieved, on account of the increasing infirmities of old age. Finally, in the spring of 1785, Thomas Jefferson arrived in Paris. Upon being introduced to a French gentleman, the latter courteously remarked: "And you have come, Mr. Jefferson, to fill Dr. Franklin's place?" "Oh, no, sir," was Mr. Jefferson's reply. "No living man could do that; but I am appointed to succeed him." And this is doubtless the relation of Dr. Hillis to the vacant place of Mr. Beecher in Plymouth church.

Mr. Bayard as a Fatalist.

It is stated that the week before he died the late Thomas F. Bayard, ambassador to England in the last administration of President Cleveland, said that fate, and not his own efforts or disposition or desires, had determined his course all through life. "We are all playthings," he said, "in the hands of fate."

It is, of course, possible that Mr. Bayard did make the dying remarks attributed to him; but, whether he did or not, nothing was thereby contributed to the solution of the great problem, and their only significance exists in the fact that the opinion was that of an individual of much eminence and one whom the world generally might be disposed to regard as having attained a reasonable degree of success in the affairs of life. But there is so much of wisdom and philosophy in the utterances, whether viewed from the standpoint of the fatalist or that of the devout believer in the controlling power of Providence, that they are entitled to thoughtful regard.

It is questionable whether any man resting in a conscious condition intellectually on his deathbed is fully satisfied with the record he has made, and for the reason that every man is possessed of his own ideal of what real success in life is. Mr. Bayard is reported to have said that fate, and not his own efforts or disposition or desires, had determined his course all through life. Every man who reasons philosophically must reach the same conclusion with respect to his own career. Gen. Grant was one of the most notable illustrations of a man who attained to undreamed-of fame, and apparently without any initial effort of a fixed kind on his own part. Upon one occasion he said, substantially, in his quiet, modest way, that in looking back over his strange life he could note the fact that many of the things he most desired, and to which he had applied the most industrious efforts in attempting to secure, were the very things he failed to secure, and those which he ought not to have secured, anyhow. In unison with this view we have the recorded utterance of Abraham Lincoln to the effect that it was through his repeated failures to succeed in getting the smaller things he most desired, he did succeed in getting the larger things he never expected to get.

Whether Mr. Bayard may properly be classed as a fatalist, pure and simple, or as the excellent Christian gentleman his career proved him to be, matters little. But it was unquestionably true of him, as it must be in the case of all men possessed of an honorable purpose in life, that even though what may seem to be proper desires are not realized, and what may seem to be well directed efforts result in apparent failure, the sum of honest, sincere endeavor along conscientious lines must bring some solace to the departing soul even though every dream is not realized, and every ambition, no matter of how noble intent, is unsatisfied.

Bottles, Bibles and Embalmed Beef.

The question whether the beef was doctored so it smelt like the embalmed body of a human being appears to have been answered in the affirmative. The next question, and the vital one, is who furnished the beef and who was responsible for feeding it to the army? Were the beef contractors gentlemen having a pull with the war department, or, to be more specific, with Gen. Alger? Unfortunately the record of the secretary of war is such that a suspicion of the character just referred to will not down. The court-martial of Egan will develop the truth, whatever it may be. That is to say, the character of the court is such that no charge of its being a whitewashing body will attach itself to its reputation at the very outset. This is more than can be said of the civilian commission which has thus far been inquiring into the conduct of the war.

There is unquestionably a horrid scandal buried somewhere in the vicinity of Washington. Its presence is just as certain as was that of the odoriferous beef among the military supplies. Every family in the land which contributed to the volunteer forces is anxious to know upon whom the responsibility rests of having furnished unfit medical and food supplies. This administration has lost much of the war popularity that naturally belonged to it, because of its unreadiness to deal promptly and vigorously with the sins of omission and commission of the war department.

Embalmed beef, we submit, is hardly the kind of food wherewith to stimulate patriotism in the Anglo-Saxon. While there may be a reasonable doubt as to the kind of meat upon which the immortal Caesar fed, certain we must be that it was not embalmed. Even Aguinaldo or Weyler would have hesitated about feeding it to their legions. Truly our national administration is resting under an imputation that would not lie against heathens.

If the administration has any of this particular kind of food left, a use for it can be suggested. Bearing in mind that the administration has determined to acquire the Filipinos by a sort of massage treatment, to which has been applied the term "benevolent assimilation;" that it would thoroughly christianize these pagans and save their untutored souls, and believing, as we do, that such a missionary spirit is truly grand and imposing, let us suggest an enlargement of the kit of tools employed by all pioneers of civilization and Christianity. To the Bible and the bottle of Medford (or is it Bay that is best adapted to the intestinal structure of savages?) by all means add embalmed beef. Can any more powerful combination be suggested for overpowering Aggy and his followers and bringing them in detachments and whole troops into the new American kingdom?

Cuba appears to be getting along all right. It has formed a tobacco trust.

What have the twelve bicycle policemen of St. Paul done with their bicycles?

Anyway, Manila should be kept out of the Union until she gives a bond to make better cigars.

Senator Quay is right in the thick of a deadlock, but he doesn't enjoy it half as much as Col. Wanamaker does.

In a way the turkey is lucky this year. He gets some days of grace because Thanksgiving day does not come till Nov. 30.

The Minneapolis Journal says the parents of McCumber, the new senator from North Dakota, were poor farmers. And McCumber may be a poor senator.

Chief Goss, of the police, is as polite as a Parisian. He speaks of the man who drives a wagonload of bums to Como daily as "the conductor of the workhouse van."

Mr. Merriam may be recalled as minister to West Superior and sent to some court where there is a salary attached. The social war between Mrs. Merriam and Mrs. Davis is over.

The grand jury of O'Brien county, Iowa, has met twice in success without finding a single indictment. The preachers of that county will have to go where there are more people to convert—Des Moines, for instance.

Lieut. Hobson will not kiss as many Filipino girls in a year as he did Kansas City girls in a minute. Hobson was somewhat mistaken regarding the mouth of Santiago harbor, but regarding the Kansas City girl's mouth—never.

Senator Martha Hughes Cannon has received a vote for United States senator in Utah. With Roberts in the house and Mrs. Cannon in the senate the American congress can look forward to its representatives from Hawaii and the Philippines with equanimity.

Vernacular of a Vag.

The city detective had landed a vagrant in the "cooler" the night before, and this morning he dropped in at the station to look him over before the man was haled before the police judge. He was a typical tramp, a superlative tramp; possibly an exaggeration of all tramp characteristics; the ne plus ultra of American vagabondage; Weary William personified.

Professionally, the detective was well versed in thieves' cant and the slang of the day. With nearly all classes of the slums and underworld he could "patter" quite intelligently. So when the keen eyes of Weary William caught sight of the city official standing before the cell grating in the gloom of early morn, the latter was not startled by the request:

"Gimme a fuse, boss."

A cigarette was tossed through the bars of the cage, seized and promptly lighted.

"Going to plead guilty?" the detective inquired.

"Sure. I give him a wheeze de las' time, an' he's onto me."

"How have you lived the last thirty days?"

"Gumping."

"Eh!"

"Gumps. Chuckens, ye know."

"Oh, yes. Ah, good morning, Mr. Bliss."

The salutation was respectfully addressed to a tall young man, of reverent aspect, wearing the cloth and air of a clergyman.

"Good morning," replied the young preacher, "you have no objections to my talking a few moments with this man?"

None in the least, but—er—are you quite sure you speak the language?"

"Language! He—he speaks English, surely?"

"English 'as she is spoke' on the road, certainly. But go ahead."

"My good man," said the clergyman, turning to Weary William, "you are willing to talk to me?"

"Sure thing. Politics?"

"Oh, no. I would do you good, if possible, and in order to do so, tell me something of your life. Where did you come from here?"

"Well, I'll tell you, boss. I was out for de long straw las' fall"—

"Long straw!"

"Harvest. After she was over, went thrashin', blew in my wad and went broke in Montevideo, Minnesoty. But there was plenty of punk in the country, an' while 'twas warm wedder floppings was good in box cars"—

"Wad? Punk? Floppings?"

"Wad is money; punk is bread, and floppings is a place in which to sleep," explained the detective.

"The heterogeneous character of his patois is, indeed, singular. I am"—

"Say, boss, don't land so heavy on me character," interposed the vagrant. I know I'm tough, but don't call me hetrogenus. Don't do it."

"Why, my man, nothing was further from my thoughts than to cast any reflections upon you whatever. The definition of heterogeneous is—but never mind. Tell me more about yourself."

"Sure. I had to hike out."

"Hike?"

"Drill."

"Drill?"

"Yes. I moped about ten miles to a tank an' jumped an' extry. The shack was a good guy, but the con fired me, an' I had ter hit de gravel."

As the clergyman looked up blankly into the face of the detective, the latter explained:

"He walked out ten miles to a water tank, and boarded a freight train. The brakeman was a clever fellow, but the conductor put him off the train."

"Yes, an' a bull pinched me at Glencoe."

"Policeman arrested him," again interrupted the detective.

"I puts up a big talk to de judge, an' he let me go wid a promise not ter become chronic."

"Chronic?" inquired the clergyman.

"He's one ahead of me, this time," laughed the detective. "What do you mean by chronic?"

"Hangin' eroun' town, askin' ter punk, pokeouts, shoveouts an' dukeys."

"Back door lunches," said the detective.

"Sure. Then I struck in wid Slim Oscar, an' me an' him went down inter de jungle an' made a combine. Dere was a party of muskfakirs an' wire-workers, an' dey chipped in wid some dope."

"I think from what I can gather," said the detective, "that he and Oscar went into a piece of woods where they made a stew of stolen chickens, onions, strips of beef and potatoes. There were some gypsy peddlers and workers in odd wire goods and ornaments, and they supplied beer for the party. Am I right?"

"You called de turn, boss," answered the tramp. Dere was a dingy among us."

"A dingy!" This from the clergyman.

"A shine."

"He means a negro."

"What happened then?"

"Night. The hull push jumped a through freight; she give de high-ball at every town."

"High-ball?"

"Yes; two short snorts frum de engine dat was pullin' us. Dat's a signal dat dey isn't goin' ter stop. So we all cum on through an' scattered."

"My man," said the clergyman, "I hear you are going to plead guilty, and will, likely, be sentenced to thirty days. Here is a dollar. It will hardly pay your fine, but keep it for punk when you come out. Don't spend it for dope." —Richard F. Steele.

Here, There, Everywhere.

Another language-saver has launched his boat. "Is 'has got' good English?" he writes; "should not 'got' be omitted?" For the three hundred and thirty-third and last time, we say that "has got" is sound, correct English, good historically, good in modern use, a perfectly healthy idiom. Anybody who has scruples about the "got" can cut it out. Anybody who has a taste for prunes, potatoes, prisms, can learn to break himself of the habit of saying "has got" if he perseveres. We seek to put no constraint upon tender consciences. But abstainers from "has got" should be warned against being puffed up. Fresh English is always good, but persons who like it canned are welcome to take it that way. They mustn't put on airs, though. —New York Sun.

* * *

If the president were to come out and tell the people just what he is trying to do in behalf of "destiny" it would go far to make things comfortable. As Mr. Andrew Carnegie has said, "if the people knew that President McKinley had convictions on the subject to which he would stand, half the danger would be over."—Boston Post.

* * *

It is particularly important at this time that the authority and purview of the secretary of war and the commanding general should be accurately defined. So long as the army had little to do other than to make the Indians behave themselves the matter did not call for urgency. But now that the standing army is to be permanently enlarged and detachments maintained for months, if not for years, in distant islands, it is imperative that needed reforms, if any, should be initiated. There should be discipline in the army and no clashing of authority, and there should be thorough co-operation among the bureaus to insure practical results. The perfection of methods is the first thing in order.—Philadelphia Ledger.

* * *

Unquestionably our present constitution was not intended for a conquering nation with several different classes of citizens. A man with one eye can see that. The expansionists all see it themselves. They are therefore, in order to get over the difficulty, engaged busily in pooh-poohing and evading the constitution, like Tim Sullivan, as a "little thing between frinds," and announcing that it is no longer suited to the American people.—New York Evening Post.

A Colonial Cabinet.

The commission which the president is to send to the Philippines is not intended—so it appears—to gather and submit information as to the desirability of attempting the annexation and "benevolent assimilation" of this Malay pandemonium.

There would have been sense in such an inquiry six months ago. But the commission now appointed—without the advice or consent of the senate—is designed by the president to act "as a sort of advisory board, a local cabinet, as it were, to live in the Philippines and counsel him as to each new step in colonial development."

This is beautifully imperial and imperially beautiful. Having assumed the ratification of the treaty before the senate has acted upon it, and having in his proclamation to the inhabitants of the Philippines practically declared war against them without the authority of congress, Mr. McKinley is now to send a sort of kitchen cabinet there as his personal representatives in the development of his colonial policy.

Fortunately congress is in session, and is unlikely to wait for the report of any commission, personal or otherwise, before making known its purpose, as the representative of the people, not to go into any scheme of colonial expansion in the Malay archipelago—not to follow a war for freedom with a war of conquest—not to set up a "benevolent" despotism in the Philippines.

Mr. McKinley is either dilatory or premature.—New York World.

Remarks by a Truck Driver.

The life of a truck driver "ain't" altogether an unhappy one; neither does he repose on a bed of lilacs (as the poet says). The man on the truck sees things in a different light from the man on the sidewalk. Now, for instance, I was hitchin' up this mornin' by the light of a kerosene lantern, in a big hurry to get down to the skally to pull the last load out of a car before the demurrage man could get around and charge up $2 for trackage, and I got to thinkin' about politics and the Filipinos, and talkin' about politics reminds me of them two horses of mine. There's that off horse Jerry; he's a genuine Republican, clear through. He wants everything there is in sight. When I give 'em their feed Jerry eats all the oats out of his own box, then pushes his nose over into Ben's, and Ben, like a good-natured Democrat, is willin' to divide until he sees he's about to lose his supper; then he makes a kick and sends Jerry off to finish up on hay.

He's an expansionist, too, is Jerry; 'cause no matter how big his stall is, he ain't never satisfied, but goes over after part of Ben's. Then there's another kick, and I have to go out and arbitrate the matter. That's just the way with some men. The only way you can keep them where they belong is to build a wall around them so high that they can't get a ladder long enough to climb over it. If horses could only vote and hold office, that fellow Jerry would be boss of the city hall, or the White house, and Ben would keep on votin' for John Lind, and think himself well off at that.

Now, you take a horse and work him hard all his life, until he gets old, then turn him out to pasture, and he'll go around contented like and mind his own business. But you can't do that with a man. Put a man in office. Let him stay there and work until he gets to be as old as the coat of paint on the Market house; you can't turn him out to pasture; he won't go; he wants to meddle with everybody's business. There's lots of them fellows, old enough to know better, goin' around the country with one foot in the grave, you might say, and the other one runnin' a close second, preachin' good times and prosperity, and tellin' good people how to live and enjoy life and how much they can buy on a dollar and a dime a day, and plenty of 'em prayin' for a chance to get that much, while at the same time these prosperity preachers can't make both ends meet on a salary of from three to five thousand a year, with travelin' expenses and cakes included.

There was Little Breeches; comes all the way from Ohio up here to Minnesota, just before the last election, tellin' our Swedes how to vote, just as though we didn't know when a dollar was worth a hundred cents, and that money wasn't put up at a bargain sale under a Republican administration.

—J. V. S.

Much Money in Circulation.

The year has begun with the money in circulation in the United States well over $25 for every man, woman and child in the country. That average has been reached only a few times in the history of the country, and never when the purchasing power of a dollar was as great as it is now or when the use of bank checks, drafts, etc., made the demand for coin and currency so light in proportion to the volume of business.

The supply of money, in comparison with the population, is now larger than it is in almost all other countries, and in most of them the banking and other facilities which so greatly decrease the need for money in American business affairs are far inferior to such commercial conveniences in the United States. It is true that France still has a large lead over this country in the stock of money, relative to the number of inhabitants, but it is doubtful whether the supply is more abundant there than in the United States, when the difference between the countries in business methods is taken into account. The recent increase of the circulation in the United States, both absolutely and per capita, is unique among nations. It seems likely to continue for a long period, and even to go on with accelerated force and speed.

In this matter, which has been made so much of by the inflationists, the progress of the nation is all that could be asked by the most captious if they keep within the bounds of a world-wide experience and laws of trade, which are of universal application. —Cleveland Leader.

Choate's Tribute to Depew.

At the dinner given in honor of Chauncey M. Depew by the Republican club of New York, of which he is president, Joseph H. Choate, the newly appointed ambassador to England, was one of the speakers. Mr. Depew and Mr. Choate have for many years shared honors as after dinner speakers, and have exchanged many witticisms across the festive board; but between them there has always existed the warmest friendship, undimmed by any shadow of envy. This is what Mr. Choate said of his friend:

"As to my recent appointment, I've been told that I resembled the English convicts who are sent to Botany bay, in that I am sent abroad for my country's good. I've only come to say a few words of praise for a man whom I have loved and honored for many years—Chauncey M. Depew. I sincerely congratulate the state of New York on his election to the United States senate. I won't speak of his far-famed powers of speech. You have heard of that. I want to show the reason for his selection to this honor. It is because he is the most popular, the best loved and the most honored man in New York state. Some men have been known by their newspaper praise or blame, or by other things. But here is a man who is known to you all for himself. Throughout the state no one knows anything against him. In all the speeches that he has made, on every conceivable occasion, I know of not one instance where he has left a sting in any one's breast from his words. I have come here to speak the truth, and not to swing 'taffy' at Dr. Depew, and I say this understandingly. He is a forty-year graduate of Yale, and you will be well aware of that when you note the color of his hair. Note me. On that account I congratulate myself. But in all that time he has wounded no one's feelings. The people love him. He has been named by all the people of the state of New York, and they look up to him and expect great things of him in this new field. I predict the fulfillment of their expectations."

A VICTIM.

O the grip—
The terrible grip!
I'm wondering still if he'll get me this trip!!
If he'll cough me to glory
And finish my story—
The grip—the terrible grip!

O the grip—
The terrible grip!
I'm wondering still if he'll founder the ship!
Or still keep a body
A-taking his "toddy"—
The grip—the terrible grip!

O the grip—
(Ain't it time for a "nip"?
Be sure that the hour—the minute don't slip!)
I'm almost as licky
As folks in Kentucky—
So here's to the grip—to the grip!

—F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Fact.

There's naught in this world to be had
Except by earnest trying;
Many a financial standing's made
Good by financial lying.

—Indianapolis Journal.

A Sorry Combination.

With something like abject despair
A woman's heart is filled
Whenever on her tea gown rare
A drop of coffee's spilled.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

LAWYERS ON THE TORRENS SYSTEM.

Henry L. McCune, of the Kansas City Bar association, in writing of the Torrens system, says:

I assume that all property holders will agree that our present system of transferring real estate is imperfect, and susceptible of vast improvement. The expense of securing abstracts and opinions of attorneys upon the title under the present system is frequently a serious burden. You may purchase a piece of property upon the opinion of one attorney that the title is perfect, and yet be put to endless expense and delay when you wish to sell, because another lawyer objects to the title. You may have a perfect record title, and yet lose your property partly or entirely by reason of the forgery of a deed, or the appearance of a forgotten or unknown heir, or because of other matters not appearing of record. Frequently sales of real estate are delayed or prevented because of mistakes of conveyances in drawing deeds, or of notaries in taking acknowledgments, matters over which the owner of the property has no control, and for which he is, of course, not responsible. I consider that any change in our laws which will relieve us from all or any of these difficulties is to be desired, and while the Torrens system is, no doubt, imperfect, like all other human devices, I am satisfied that it is immeasurably in advance of our present system, and that it will soon be in as general use in the United States as is now its twin reform, the Australian ballot system.

Among the advantages of the Torrens system, Mr. McCune enumerates the following:

First—It makes titles more secure. The owner holds the certificate of the government, guaranteeing his title, and he is safe in relying upon it.

Second—Under this system, transfer of property is facilitated, as no abstract of title is necessary and no attorney's examination of the title is to be made.

Third—The advantage of the slight expense attendant upon a transfer is too obvious to need further comment.

Fourth—One of the greatest dangers in our present system is incidental to transmission of title by descent or will. Who the heirs are, is always a question of fact, and every attorney who examines the title must be satisfied that all are accounted for. Under the Torrens system upon the death of the owner the land goes to the executor or administrator like personalty. Proof of heirship is made to the probate court, and that court, by a judicial determination, names the heirs and determines their respective interests, and orders the executor, after the estate is settled, to convey to them accordingly; and that settles the question of heirship for all time. A suit was tried recently in our state circuit court in which the plaintiff claimed an interest in a large amount of valuable property in this city as a descendant of William Gillis, a man who was supposed by those who knew him intimately to have lived and died a bachelor, and yet the supreme court of this state has, since his death, decided that he was married and left children entitled to an interest in his estate. Under the Torrens system, the question of heirship would have been determined by the probate court before the administration of his estate was closed, and upon the filing of the decree with the recorder and the issuance of a new certificate to the heirs named therein, the question of ownership would have been settled forever.

Fifth—The valuable feature of the Australian law is the provision requiring liens of every character to be noted upon the register in the recorder's office. The effect of this provision is to abolish, absolutely, all unknown liens, and to enable the prospective purchaser to find on one page every claim against the land (except taxes), be it a judgment, attachment, suit pending, mechanic's lien, dower or homestead claim.

ST. PAUL ATTORNEY TALKS.

A prominent St. Paul attorney says:

Compared with the defects found in our present method, the proposed Torrens system of transfer by registration of title, as demonstrated by its actual workings in other countries, shows the following advantages:

First—Expense. The cost of a first registration will not exceed, in any event, the cost of a single transfer under the present system, and will in most cases be less. The cost of all subsequent transfers is greatly reduced. The entire cost of an ordinary transfer of a piece of registered land upon a sale or mortgage will be $3. These charges, being fixed, are ascertainable in advance, so both seller and buyer know beforehand the expense of carrying out any sale or transfer. An ordinary transfer or mortgage of registered land is a transaction so simple in its nature that the real estate broker, or even the parties themselves, if of ordinary business intelligence, may easily carry it into effect without the aid of a lawyer.

Second—Quickness. Registered land may be sold or mortgaged and the money safely paid over within an hour or two after the making of the contract. The ownership of the property, and whether incumbered or not, is shown by the register at a glance. The certificate of title held by the owner shows the title at its date, and a certificate of search, obtainable in a few minutes from the register, will show all subsequent liens. If none appear, the money is paid over, the certificate of title accompanied by the deed or mortgage is delivered to the registrar, the proper entry made upon the register, and the transfer is complete.

Third—Security. The insecurity of the present system is largely due to the fact that since upon each transfer the title must be searched back to the government, there can be no rest in such searches, and error in their making is possible. By the Torrens system the title is rested or quieted by law at each transfer, hence upon a proposed transfer no search back of the preceding transfer is necessary. This curtailing of the search greatly reduces risk of error, and all rights of the buyer to recover damages from the seller for any imperfection in the title if warranted are fully preserved. If any purchaser, through caution, desires to satisfy himself as to the correctness of any first registration, he is permitted to examine, or have his counsel examine the abstracts and all other evidences of title upon which the registration was effected. All subsequent transfers or dealings with the registered title are matters of public record, and are also open to examination of the purchaser if he so desire. While such examinations may perhaps be made with more or less frequency during the first five years after registration, yet as the act of the registrar is final, they will be more and more infrequent until they cease altogether. Under the present system, security is dependent upon the examination made by the buyer. Under the proposed system all such security is retained; and in addition, the buyer has the benefit of (1) the official examination made by the registrar before the title is registered which can be attacked only within the limitation period; and (2) the conclusiveness given by law to the act of the registrar in registering all subsequent transfers or dealings.

Fourth—Shortening of the records. Under the present system, all deeds and mortgages are copied at length in the books of the recorder, and the originals returned to the owners. There is no copying of any deed or mortgage of a registered title as the original instruments are retained by the registrar.

Current Verses.

FIGHTING THIRD'S FAREWELL.

We are fighters from the cradle; we fought
upon the plain;
We fought at Santiago, and we hope to
fight again
When we get to old Manila, which is just
across the main,
And we meet that Filipino, Aguinaldo.

Good-bye, Minnesota, good-bye;
Good-bye, Minnesota, good-bye;
Under uniforms of the blue
Our hearts beat ever true,
And we'll always fight for you,
Our Minnesota!

Impatiently the transport waits at anchor
in the bay;
The train is hurrying onward now to carry
us away.
We're off to meet the Chinaman, the heathen,
the Malay,
And that wily Filipino, Aguinaldo.

Good-bye, Minnesota, good-bye;
Good-bye, Minnesota, good-bye;
Though we find our soldier graves
On the land or in the waves,
We will let the foreign knaves
Know Minnesota.

—Evan M. Jones.

HOW THE PAPER'S MADE.

A youth from the hurly-burly street
Jams himself in a passenger lift;
And they shoot him stories high, to meet
Another, who bendeth o'er a drift
Of copy. Who smokes, and softly swears,
As someone's poem he idly tears,
Or chuckles with mirth sardonic—
He calls to Barrett and Jones and Flynn,
Brown, and the one who has just come in,
And in language, terse, laconic—
Assigns them all
To city hall,
State house, central, game or bout,
Sermon, horse race, boat race, club,
Lecture, banquet, ball or rout.
"Write the news and not flub-dub,"
He adds at parting. So on his "run"
Goes each reporter undismayed.
The chase for copy has now begun,
And that's the way the paper's made.

Over a desk, in another nook,
Pallid pessimist pushes a pen,
Solemn as Poe's lugubrious rook,
He writes a leader on "Public Men."
The telegraph chopper pastes and snips,
Reading one line to ten he skips,
With pipe in red eruption—
And steadily up the copy goes
To the type machines in stately rows—
A hot screed on "Corruption,"
A song of cheer,
A puff for beer,
Bit of scandal in high life,
Interview with Gottherocks,
Story of devoted wife,
Paragraph on Jerry's socks—
The mills go grinding. The "make-up"
comes,
Growling because he learned the trade;
But he sorts the slugs with nimble thumbs,
And that's the way the paper's made.

A rush and a roar is heard below
Where the hurried presses clang and clash,
Throwing off twenty thousand or so
Each hour they run, while the newsies
dash
Adown the street with something to sell
That's advertised best by a newsie's yell—
"Paper, sir? Latest edition"—
And pat, pat, pat fall the folded sheets,
Ready for sale on the crowded streets,
And each with a special mission—
Away they go,
Like flakes of snow,
To meet in the throbbing crowd;
Eager each to scan the news,
Toiler grim, or magnate proud,
On a level all peruse
Politics, crime, society "stuff,"
Fact and folly and pasquinade,
While the presses struggle to print enough,
And that's the way the paper's made.

—Richard F. Steele.

ADMONITION.

Oh, the small boy thinks it glorious when the
ice is on the pond,
To glide around in unrestricted glee,
He buckles on his trusty steel with expectation fond,
As careless as a juvenile can be.
He doesn't know what pangs of woe assail
the kindly crowd
Who on the shore are raising such a din,
As they vainly seek to warn him with their
shouts prolonged and loud
That he's skating where the ice is rather
thin.

Oh, gentle Kaiser, pause awhile and heed
the parallel,
In gliding 'round upon the upper crust.
Look out for territory which you've not inspected well;
Be cautious how you gayly place your trust,
Oh, ponder on that small boy and the ducking, which occurred,
As, pranksomely, applause he sought to win.
Take off your crown a minute and attend a
friendly word,
You are skating where the ice is rather
thin.

—Washington Star.

His Harvest Time.

The ice man's now endeavoring
With his usual cupidity,
To gather gold by severing
Much aqueous frigidity.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

BANKS ARE GAINING

NEARLY TEN MILLION DOLLARS OF CASH ADDED DURING THE PAST WEEK

SURPLUS RESERVE SWELLED

Much Interest Shown in the Slowness With Which Loans Are Advancing—Heavy Stock Dealings Were Expected to Produce Just the Opposite Effect—Deals Are of the Investment Sort.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—The Financier says:

"The banks of New York gained $9,747,800 in cash last week, mainly in the form of specie. The heavy increase in gold was due to treasury disbursements, to receipts from Europe and San Francisco, and smaller transfers from other points. The cash expansion, owing to the relatively small loan increase, greatly swelled the surplus reserve, and the gain in this item for the week was no less than $6,630,600, bringing the total idle excess to a point well over $35,000,000, the highest figure, in fact, recorded since August last.

"Much interest has been excited by the slowness with which loans are advancing, in the face of a stock market and industrial conditions never before paralleled in activity. One theory that finds ready acceptance is that the present speculative craze finds its course in investment buying, and that securities are being paid for and taken out of the market instead of being used as collateral. There is some room for this contention, but the operations of the banks for a week past do not reflect it. While the gross loan expansion was but $3,500,000, a detailed account shows that a gain was made in spite of the loss of $5,000,000 in loans by one very large institution, which is heavily interested in sterling investments and treasury disburs