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SATURDAY, SEPT. 14, 1901.

THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD.

It is finished. The hand of the assassin has done its work and the nation mourns its chief. One week ago the American people stood with anxious faces waiting—waiting for words of hope from the bedside of the stricken president. They came, those words of hope, meager at first, but growing stronger with the process of the suns, until despair and doubt gave place to confidence. Joy sat in every heart, and with tears of gratitude the nation thanked God for His abounding mercy.

All believed that the surgeons' skill, and loving care, together with the sufferer's iron will, had defeated Death upon his chosen field, and that time alone stood between weakness and the strength of health.

The storm had passed; the thunders rumbled but faintly in the distance. From the clearing sky, already studded with stars, came the lightning bolt. Death had returned to seek his own.

* * * *

The president is dead. Slain in the fullness of his eventful life and at the meridian of his usefulness, he fell—the first victim of this republic to the accursed breed of anarchy. The generous and noble-hearted Lincoln fell a sacrifice to the misguided frenzy of those for whom he had naught but thoughts of love and words of charity. Garfield bit the dust, a victim of the rancorous hate of the demon of party avarice. But the assassin of McKinley, offers no excuse for his most dastardly deed. He struck not in revenge, neither for his country's wrongs. Coldly, and with a Judas smile he grasped the outstretched hand of him whose life he was about to take. In its sickening horror, this crime stands out unparalleled in history.

* * * *

William McKinley is dead. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." Fifty-eight years of life and then—the dreamless sleep of death. Fifty-eight years filled with acts of kindness, and the tenderest deeds of love and then—eternity. Fifty-eight years within whose golden span no deeds of violence or unjust words appeared to mar the symmetry of a life well-rounded and complete. Fifty-eight years of struggles, of hopes, of disappointments, of cares, of successes and then—faith whispers heaven and the reward of the good.

William McKinley was a Christian. A Christian, not in the narrow sense of believing certain dogmas or in observing certain rules of conduct, but in that broader and higher sense of being what the Christ taught. If moderation and kindness and love and charity make up the Christian character, then was William McKinley a Christian.

* * * *

The nation mourns the president; the people mourn the man. In this feeling political bias has no part. No matter how men differed from the political views of the president, nor how bitterly they opposed his various national policies, they admired and respected, aye, loved McKinley, the man. Whatever his mistakes may have been they were not mistakes of the heart. He was great-souled and as tender as a woman. His civic ability and private virtues added luster to the office which he held. The American character was honored by his life. In purity of mind and purpose he stands next to the immortal Lincoln.

To her, the loved companion of his eventful life, no words of consolation can be said. The words of a stranger would be blasphemous uttered before the holy shrine of affection.

"Strong Son of God, immortal love,
Whom we that have not seen thy face,
By faith and faith alone embrace,
Believing where we can not prove;

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him; Thou art just.

"We have but faith; we can not know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee—
A beam in darkness: let it grow."

A JUST DECISION.

The decision arrived at by the majority of the naval court of inquiry as to the eligibility of Admiral Howison will beyond doubt be concurred in by all who take interest in the proceedings whether they be partisans of Sampson or Schley or be entirely disinterested as between those two officers.

Beyond doubt Admiral Howison thought himself fully qualified to sit in judgment on his brother officer Schley. As between the accused officer and he who now stands practically as his accuser before the country there never was any doubt of the preference of Howison for Admiral Sampson. That circumstance did not of itself lessen his fitness to discharge the duties of the position of judge, any more than did the statement confessed by him to have been his, that Sampson, being the commanding officer, was, unless special circumstances were shown to warrant another conclusion, entitled to the honor of the victory at Santiago. Nor would both of those statements in the opinion of the Globe suffice to warrant the conclusion that Admiral Howison was disqualified.

The testimony of three witnesses which stood uncontradicted on the record showed that as between the accused and accuser in this case the feelings of Admiral Howison were strongly enlisted in the cause of the accuser, and that he did declare himself to be the partisan of that officer, and did so with so much decision as to leave little doubt that his partisanship was of that intense kind that rendered him incapable of ridding his mind of the bias which he entertained.

The Globe declared its belief at the outset that the representatives of Admiral Schley had the fullest justification for the challenge of Admiral Howison. The event proves us to have been right. Yet the decision reached does not impugn the perfect good faith of the discarded member of the court. He was chosen to that duty. He believed himself competent in every particular to discharge it. We are all, consciously or unconsciously, partisans on all disputed questions. At the present moment the entire country may be said to be divided into two camps in connection with the issues in this case—the one division standing for Sampson; the other for Schley. Yet it may be fairly assumed that but few of us, however ardent our partisanship may be or may have been, will admit that we are incapable of doing exact justice as between the two men.

Thus far the advantage has been in every direction with the accused officer in this controversy. Public opinion has shown a decided bias in his favor. The country is convinced that he is one of the bravest men in the service, and as brave as any who ever in any capacity risked his life in the discharge of his duty. His partisans have from time to time put forward statements and theories in the public press and elsewhere in his behalf which would condemn any case less just than his. They have, indeed gone so far as to declare their unwillingness to abide by the decision arrived at unless it was one which would completely exonerate Admiral Schley from all blame and yield to him all the honor of the victory at Santiago.

We can pass over all this sort of thing readily. The majority of the court in this case has already shown that it is bound to mete out exact justice under all circumstances. They are men of great technical knowledge and experience, and of the highest integrity, personal and professional. In all human probability they will soon have associated with them a man equally just and capable. Their verdict, whatever it may be, or whether favorable to Sampson or to Schley, will be the verdict of the country, and both of those officers must stand or fall by that verdict. Neither political nor personal partisanship will find itself ever able to rise above that verdict.

TWO GOOD BOATS.

There have been indications enough offered to convince the ordinary American seafaring man that the vessel which is to contest marine honors with the Columbia is a dangerous craft. Her performance, related in yesterday's press dispatches, in a severe gale in the vicinity of Sandy Hook, shows that she is not only a good seagoing and stanch craft but that she is in the hands of men who will get out of her the best service of which she is capable.

Shamrock II. is very plainly the best boat which has ever come from across the ocean to contest with the holder of the international cup. The Globe many weeks ago, and long before there was any serious thought that the Columbia would be chosen to battle for the cup, declared its belief on the record made by that vessel in her contest with Shamrock I., and in the few contests which had then been held between her and the Constitution, that if the Columbia were chosen there need be no particular misgiving as to the result, as that vessel had shown herself then not inferior in any respect to the best of that type of craft then afloat on American waters.

It is of course generally recognized that Shamrock II. is a much superior boat to Shamrock I.; but it remains still open to question whether she is as much her superior as Columbia showed herself to be in the trials of speed which have taken place between the two vessels. The wisdom of the choice of the Columbia has been questioned; but for uniform and reliable action, especially in the closing series of tests, the new boat was clearly outclassed by her older competitor, while the third vessel showed palpably her inferiority.

The world must await the outcome of the actual contests. The British sailors have a better chance than they ever had before. No one questions the truth of that statement. If the American yacht wins the victory will be a grand one, without being particularly humiliating to the other side, especially if there is a wide margin at the finish between the two vessels. It will leave little question in the minds of even the most prejudiced observer, that the Yankee seaman and the Yankee craft do, all things considered, outclass anything and everything afloat.

Whatever the result, it is certain that, unless atmospheric conditions are unusually unfavorable, the contest will be one of the closest and most exciting that has taken place since the old America swept everything before her in British waters upward of fifty years ago.

ABOLISH THE HOTEL RUNNER.

A demand has been made practically by the entire business community to abate the nuisance represented by the hotel runner. The question how to deal with the runners has at last reached its final stage, and the verdict of the business community is unmistakably one which demands their disappearance.

Everything which a perhaps unwise toleration could suggest has been done to avoid the need of putting an end to the hotel runner. But in vain. He seems unable to conceive that toleration on the part of the community is anything more than a confession of helplessness.

The Globe was willing that the utmost leniency should be extended to those men; and if they lived within their rights and the requirements of the ordinances, we were in favor of their toleration. But it has been found practically impossible to bring them under any form of regulation. The effort that has been made to punish one of the number and give the others a further chance has been proven a failure. The evils of the system increase day after day.

The license which the city extends to those men to ply their calling throws a certain legal sanction around their acts. They have made their licenses the warrant for all sort of ill-treatment of incoming travelers, and behind their outward occupation of securing guests for the lower hotels, many of them have conducted a line of business little below the moral grade of highway robbery.

As long as there seemed any possibility of regulating those engaged in the pursuit, we are willing that every effort in that direction should be made. Now the matter has reached that phase which can be dealt with effectively only by the common council. There must be no paltering with a serious situation. The ordinance under which these men have been operating must be repealed. They must be cut off right at this point, and those of them to whom licenses have been issued which have not yet expired must have their money refunded to them.

The plan suggested by the committee on streets will not be found adequate to the case. The decision to issue no more licenses leaves the matter just where it is. Licenses may be again issued at any time after the present efforts of the business community have come to an end. The end should be reached now, and it can only be reached in one way. That is by the repeal of the ordinance which provides for the licensing of such persons and the immediate discontinuance of hotel running as a calling.

Elsewhere is printed the list of names attached to the petition for doing away with the hotel runner. That list includes the best men in the community. There is not a business man of moment, especially of those identified with our retail interests, whose name is not signed to that petition, or who has not interested himself actively one way or another in the movement. Such a demand from such a source cannot be ignored. The urgent need of the action demanded is assured by the very demand of those men.

What business can be done legitimately in the vicinity of the depot either by hotels or local stores will continue to be done, and the unwary or ill-informed traveler will have a chance to get something like a reasonable equivalent for his money when the council has rid the business community of St. Paul of the disgrace and wrong which are involved in the operations of the hotel runner.

The Dispatch must take another look over the city. It may see a little smoke this time.

The Shamrock had a race with a squall and come out ahead. The Columbia will have to go and get a reputation before it can enter the Shamrock class.

It might be policy for the venders of fruit and vegetables who are monopolizing the sidewalks at certain points in the city, to pull in their horns a little before some private citizen takes the matter up and by enforcing the law makes a clean sweep of the whole shebang. A little diplomacy sometimes averts a war. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient.

It seems that the people must be continually prodded into observance of some of the ordinary rules of decent society. Don't spit on the floor. Don't spit on the sidewalk. Don't—but this is enough for the present. Notwithstanding the fact that the ordinance against spitting on the sidewalk is posted up in divers and sundry places, the habit continues. Nor is this habit confined to civilians. The conservators of the peace, commonly called "cops" or policemen, forget to move to the curb when they expectorate. This is an awful example for the "cops" to set before small boys. "DON'T SPIT ON THE SIDEWALK"—This means you. Borrowing a pun from an English paper (it is absolutely new), If you expect to rate as a gentleman, don't expectorate on the sidewalk.

ALL MINNESOTA MOURNS.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

Prominent men of Minnesota gave expression to the sincerest grief for the death of and admiration for the character of the late president, as son as his death was officially received. By those seen by the Globe, the following statements were made:

"The nation mourns. Well may she mourn. She has lost her chief magistrate whom she loved so dearly; in whom she so willingly reposed her pride. William McKinley is now dead; his memory will live adown the ages, as that of one of the most worthy to have been the president of the republic of the United States. I knew him closely; I esteemed him; I loved him. He was the true man, honest, pure of morals, generous-minded, conscientious, religious. He was the noble citizen, proud of being a son of the people, brave on the battle field amid his country's peril, jealous of its glory, unswervingly loyal to its honor and its interests. He was the typical president of the republic, large-minded in his vision of the questions bearing upon the country's fortune; resolute in using the authority for what seemed to him its best weal; ready as the leader of a self-governing people to hearken to the popular voice, and, so far as principle and conscience permitted, obey its behests, even to the sacrifice of his personal views. Political opponents differed from him in matters of public policy; they did not, they could not, mistrust his sincerity, or his spirit of justice and patriotism.

"William McKinley is now dead, stricken down by the hand of a vile assassin. This makes the nation's sorrow doubly deep. For to sorrow is added shame—shame before her own eyes, before those of the world, that in this land of civil liberty there should have been found a man so overwhelmingly bad as to murder her president; to murder him who served so well his fellow men; to murder him who cherished so tenderly the free institutions of America; shame that within her own borders the majesty of the republic should have been outraged and its name disgraced, the honor of humanity assailed and its most sacred rights imperiled.

"In our hour of sorrow we turn to the God of nations and commend to Him our country. In His mysterious designs He has judged best to take from us our friend, our president, despite our earnest prayers that we be allowed to retain him among the living, we murmur not against His holy will, which we know to be wisdom and goodness; but in compensation for our great loss we pray that peace be given to the nation; that blessings descend upon its people."

—"Archbishop Ireland."

FORMER GOV. LIND.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Sept. 13.—(Special.)—President McKinley was a man of good impulses, kind-hearted and generous. He was beloved by his friends, and liked by all who came in contact with him. He had a wonderful power of concentration and persistency, as evidenced by his devotion to the protective policy. I do not recall that he took any interest in any other question during the time that I served in the house with him. In this hour of the nation's sorrow I do not think it opportune to discuss his merits as a statesman, nor has the time arrived for an unbiased judgment. —John Lind.

JUDGE W. L. KELLY.

It is too early to speak of William McKinley as a statesman. History will place his name where his achievements warrant.

As a man, no braver or more beautiful character adorns the annals of our country. His body stricken unto death by the assassin's bullet, he uttered no cry of pain. The first thought of his gentle heart was to save from sorrow his noble wife, and the second, Christianlike in its tenderness, for forbearance toward his assailant. In this very act of death his character as a man was shown. He died as a martyr. His memory will be cherished as long as the republic lives.

—William Louis Kelly.

CONGRESSMAN FLETCHER.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Sept. 13.—(Special.)—I consider President McKinley one of the greatest statesmen of this or any previous generation. He was thoroughly American, and his life was devoted to the welfare of the people of all classes. Honest, conscientious, careful and considerate, his death at this time will be a terrible misfortune to the civilized world. Why any human being could have the heart to do him injury is past my comprehension. —Loren Fletcher.

GEN. GEORGE C. LAMBERT.

I consider that the bullet which struck the president struck the heart of the nation in the person of its chosen representative. Political differences necessarily sink in common grief at the awful tragedy, while the world sympathizes with the much afflicted wife of the dead president. The people of the United States owe it to their peace of mind to stop the influx of foreign sewerage of the Czolgosz description. While people differed with President McKinley on matters of policy, I think all conceded his sincerity, and admired him as a husband and a man. —George C. Lambert.

HIRAM F. STEVENS.

William McKinley will live in history rather on account of the completeness of his character than because of any particular trait or achievement.

In his private and domestic relations his life was highly exemplary. As a statesman, in the proper sense of the term, the nation has produced few equals. Loyalty to his country and devotion to what he believed to be its interests were his supreme concern. He had clear convictions and he expressed them with candor and maintained them with courage. Though possessed of rare tact and diplomacy, he was free from subterfuge and hypocrisy. Sagacious to an unusual degree, he was ever open to counsel and ready to follow the path of duty, whether it ran along the lines of his own first conceptions or involved a new departure. This is the highest kind of courage and his exercise of it will receive the approval of posterity. He believed in his countrymen and did more than any other man to reunite them. He greatly discharged a great duty in a great crisis. His fortitude under financial misfortune and his fidelity to duty won the sympathy of his fellow citizens. His noble life and tragic death will enshrine his memory in their hearts and insure him lasting fame. —Hiram F. Stevens.

JUDGE H. R. BRILL.

As a statesman President McKinley was conspicuous for his unswerving faith in the American people and in the institutions of his country. A broad and never faltering patriotism was the governing sentiment of all his policies and actions. As a man he seems to me to have been a typical American. Amiable, kindly, honorable in the highest degree in all relations of life, a manly man, a Christian gentleman. —Hascal R. Brill.

FRANCIS B. CLARKE.

I think President McKinley was one of God's noblemen, a great statesman, consistent Christian, a scholar and a gentleman, and as good a president as this country ever had, not excepting President Lincoln. Ninety-five per cent of all the people in the United States, north, south, east and west, will mourn his death. Not only in this country, but there will be mourning all over Europe by those who know of his high-minded Christian traits of character.

—F. B. Clarke.

JUDGE O. B. LEWIS.

A wise statesman and a noble man, whose simple dignity and pure patriotism have won for him a lasting memory in the hearts of the people.

Rarely if ever has this country known a more perfect type of the patriot and of the man than was William McKinley.

—Olin B. Lewis.

C. A. SEVERANCE.

I have the highest opinion of Mr. McKinley, both as president of the United States and as a man. I consider him one of the most powerful statesmen of this age, and I think that after he became president he developed greatly. His administration has, in my opinion, been masterly. He has held his party together, has commanded the respect of even his political opponents and has stood before the nations of the world as a dignified and able executive. The assault upon his life was a dastardly piece of work and unwarranted from any point of view that I can conceive. —C. A. Severance.

Hibernians Also Grieve.

At a regular meeting of Division No. 8, Ancient Order of Hibernians, held last evening, the following resolution was passed in regard to the attempted assassination of President McKinley:

Whereas, The dastardly assault made on President McKinley at Buffalo, has by its particularly atrocious horror appalled every right-minded citizen of the United States, wholly irrespective of political belief; and

Whereas, The calamitous event at this moment threatens to develop into a tragedy;

Therefore, be it resolved, That we, the members of Division No. 8, A. O. H., in regular meeting assembled, do express our profound abhorrence and poignant regret for the awful deed, which not only has imperiled the life of a most eminent and worthy citizen, but has assailed the foundation of representative government; and be it

Resolved, That to Mrs. McKinley, in her great affliction, our sincerest sympathies go out in amplest measure.

—P. M. Moroney, President.
—Thos. Phillips, Secretary.

Trades and Labor Assembly.

Resolved, By the St. Paul Trades and Labor assembly, That we deplore, beyond the power of words to express, the death of the president of the United States at the hands of an assassin, and believe it the duty of organized labor and the working people in general to use every means in their power to drive anarchy and treason from our country, holding that whatever wrongs labor may suffer can only be remedied by the peaceful use of the ballot.

Resolved, That we extend to the wife and relatives of our deceased president our sympathy in their sudden and terrible bereavement.

E. C. Ives.

E. C. Ives, president of the Trades and Labor assembly, said:

The late president was a close observer of public sentiment, and his course was largely governed by what he believed the people wanted. Even his political enemies concede to him statesmanship of the highest order, combined with rare private virtues. Perhaps his life has not been offered in vain, if the result shall be the awakening of the whole people, regardless of class, to a realization that anarchy and the red flag must be hunted down and driven from our country.

Henry Giese.

Henry Geise Jr., president of the Cigarmakers' union, said: "I regret very much that the head of our government was removed from his high position. I believe that the conditions that organized labor is striving for can be effected by the ballot, and that it is not necessary to adopt the methods of the anarchist."

PROF. GATES, HONEST MAN.

New York Sun.

"Yes, the last act of my college career made an optimist of me," mused the graduate, whose sheepskin showed that he had a look forward of three years to his triennial. "I am persuaded that every college should have a chair for the propagation of honesty in the sale of old furniture, and have a Prof. Gates to fill it.

"Didn't you know Gates? Why, he was as much a part of the college as the president himself. I don't know but that he was a more important part; certainly my last interview with him impressed me more than anything the president said in his baccalaureate address.

"Gates was short on flesh, but long in the hearts of the boys. He bought their old furniture. He didn't have much to do except to sweep up a little now and then and look down the college well for stray freshmen. He was a bear on furniture in the spring and a bull in the market in the fall. You will understand by this that he bought all the old traps the seniors had to sell in the college days are almost over season and resold them to the freshies when they came in with the September equinoctial. The beauty of Gates was that he would buy anything—let him name his own price.

"I remember with awe the hush and solemnity that attended the final services in the college church, when the president began, 'Young gentlemen, members of the graduating class.' But somehow they didn't set my heart a-flutter half as much as did Gates on the following day, when he came to my room to set a price on my belongings. We haggled a little over the chairs and the bedstead, but came to an agreement when I threw in the student lamp. It had had a good many hard knocks in four years, and I thought a final throw wouldn't hurt it. Then came the question of the carpet.

"'Now, Mr. Gates,' said I, what will you give me for that fine carpet?"

"He looked at the rag from this point of view and from that. He poked with his foot at several worn spots and turned back a flap by pulling out a few tacks, just to emphasize the fact that the carpet had been turned. Finally he straightened up and said:

"'Well, sir, I don't think it's a very fine carpet.'

"But there I had a reply for him.

"'Hold on now, Gates,' I said, 'just recall how you praised it when you sold it to me four years ago.'

"That seemed to stagger him a little and he wanted to know what I would take for it. I told him that I wasn't setting any price on it, but was waiting for bids. I was eyeing him closely and presently detected by the way he stropped his chin with the back of his right hand that he had evolved an idea.

"'I'll tell you what I'll do,' said Gates. I'll mark with you.'

"'Mark with me, what do you mean by that,' said I.

"'Why, I'll mark on a slip of paper what I'll give for the carpet,' he replied, and you mark on another slip what you'll take for it. Then we'll split the difference and I'll give you whatever it is.'

"'Agreed,' said I, and we marked.

"Well—and this is what crowned, the close of my college course with optimism and sent me out into the cold world a believer in a public conscience—Gates marked $12 and I marked $8."

Never Too Late.

Indianapolis News.

"I'm eighty years, and never smoked in my life."

"Well, don't get discouraged, you probably will afterward."

NINETEEN COCKTAILS FOR 47.

N. Y. Sun.

"The ways of woman?" repeated the hotel day clerk; "yes, you get a good insight into them in a hotel." Then, in a lower tone, with a touch of reminiscence in it, he added: "Do you know, they are much like the ways of Providence, inscrutable and past finding out? And you are likely to jump the wrong way in judging a woman's motives. Now I'll tell you a story to illustrate that.

"The other day a well-groomed woman drove up to the hotel in a hansom. She was becomingly dressed and looked city bred. She was particular to get a good suite of rooms and paid for them in advance. I saw to it that she was shown up to her apartment and then gave no further thought to her. She was unaccompanied.

"Some time later my assistant remarked that the guest in 47 was doing a land-office business at the bar, but I paid no attention to his comment, because it is my policy to discourage any seeming familiarity between employes of the hotel and its guests. But I violated my own rule a few minutes later, when the very excellent and discreet mixer of drinks of the house, who has been in its employ for twenty years and has privileges that are denied ordinary barkeeps, came to the desk with an apologetic air in his face and asked for a word with me.

"'What is it, Charles?' I said.

"'Excuse me, sir,' he said, 'but I—well, I thought sir, as how I'd better call your attention to the guest in 47'

"'Forty-seven, Charles?' said I, and then, as I repeated the number I recalled, dimly, the remark the assistant clerk had made about the guest in 47 doing business with the bar.

"'Yes, sir, 47, sir, and I thought I'd tell you as how I'd sent up nineteen cocktails to the room within an hour, sir.'

"'Nineteen cocktails in an hour, mind you! And I hold that's a whole lot too many in a respectable hotel. Yes, even though the woman's city bred. But I flatter myself that I concealed the astonishment that I felt, for I'm a firm believer in office discipline. Accordingly, I thanked Charles for coming to me and told him that he might leave the matter in my hands.

"A moment later found me knocking on the door of 47, and without delay, such as might have been expected, the woman of the hansom appeared, and, in view of the determination I had reached, she was provokingly sober and self-possessed. I had put all suavity aside, for I meant to deal with this case in a way to uphold the reputation of the hotel.

"'I am sorry to say to you, madam,' I ejaculated in a freezing tone, 'that these rooms are required, and I shall have to ask you to give them up.'

"The very next minute I regretted that I had been quite so hasty, for in a gentle but dignified manner she asked me to enter the room that our conversation might not be public. Still, I was in no mood to have the wool pulled over my eyes by a woman, much less a woman who had consumed nineteen cocktails within an hour.

"'I believe I recognize you as the hotel clerk,' the little woman said; and again I wondered that she showed no signs of intoxication. 'Will you please inform me why you want the rooms when I have already paid for them?'

"I could have sworn that the woman was perfectly sober, but the thought of those nineteen cocktails was too overpowering and I blurted out:

"'We don't care for women like you in this hotel. A woman that drinks nineteen cocktails in an hour can't stay here.'

"Well, she straightened up a little and the corners of her mouth were twitching with the suspicion of a smile as she pointed to the mantel over the fireplace.

"'There,' she said, 'are the cocktails. Did you think that I drank them. I only ordered them for the cherries, of which I am very fond.'

"Do? Well, what could I do but get down on my marrowbones? But what do you think of the ways of woman?"

MONEY LOST IN STREET CARS.

New York Sun.

"Have you any idea how much money is lost in the street cars of this town?" asked a Metropolitan street railway conductor of a reporter the other day after he had picked up a dime and stowed it away in an inside pocket. "Well, there's a lot of it, and no one knows it better than we conductors. Hunting for coins on the bottom of my car is one of the regular grafts, and any other conductor who has been in the business long enough to get his eyes open is on the same lay.

"Last year I made up my mind to put away every cent I found in my car in an old iron bank I had at home for the benefit of my youngster. I kept stowing the coins away and at the end of the year I had $6.07. Of course, that's not a barrel of money, but it's a right nice pick-up for a conductor. The biggest find I made that year was a 50-cent piece. From that the coin ran all the way down to a cent. In the winter time the pickings are especially good, for then every one has gloves on, and the coins slip from the fingers to the floor without the owner's knowing it. The only way to be sure you have all the money is to pick up the gratings on the floor. I do that every night as regularly as I eat my supper.

"Now, I've figured it out that if I find $6 a year it's very likely that other conductors average somewhere near that sum, maybe more, maybe less. There are severel thousand conductors in Greater New York so that it's safe to say that at least $15,000 or $20,000 is annually dribbled onto the floors of street cars by the passengers. In this estimate I don't include large sums which are sometimes lost in wallets and purses. A conductor is expected to turn these in at the office, and about all of them do. But the nickels and dimes and quarters are legitimate pickings, and we all have our eyes peeled for them."

A SONG TO YOU.

A song to you, dear, in the darkness,
In vales where no sweet flowers throng;
A song that is true,
Since I'm singing of you
Whose life is a beautiful song!
A song woven out of the light and the rain—
The roses that long for your coming again,
The south winds that call you, and call you in vain—
I am singing a song, dear, to you!

A song to you, dear, in the darkness!
The world it has waited you long;
The tears in Love's eyes—
On his red lips the sighs
For a lost and a beautiful song!
A song to you, dearer than echoes of Fame
From hills where her red stars eternally flame—
A song that is sweet since it breathes your dear name—
I am singing a song, dear, to you!

A song to you, dear, in the darkness
Of earth with its wrath and its wrong;
God's peace to your life
In the storm and the strife—
The life that is ever a song!
Come back to the valleys that long for the light;
Come back to the groves where the bloom's in the blight;
Come back to the morning that knows not the night—
I am singing a song, dear, to you!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

ONLY A DEMOCRAT CAN WIN.

New York World.

Greater New York is a Democratic city by a majority of more than 110,000. No Republican can this year poll the necessary Democratic votes to be elected mayor. However independent he might declare himself, the inevitable cry of "Platt's man" would prove fatal. If the anti-Tammany forces really desire or expect to elect the next mayor, the two fundamental, vital considerations that must control the selection of their candidate are: First, he must be a Democrat; second, he must have a record as a fighter against Crokerism and corruption.

AFTERNOON NEWS CONDENSED

Berlin—Crown Prince Frederick William has gone to Aix-la-Chapelle.

Hamilton, Bermuda—The United States gunboat Marietta has arrived here on her way from Manila.

Dantzic—The naval maneuvers were continued. The city is richly decorated, preparatory to the entry of the two emperors.

Berlin—The German linoleum syndicate, consisting of nine factories, has broken up. The industry is comparatively young in Germany.

Berlin—The emigration from Hamburg and Bremen last month reached 14,483, as against 9,576 during the corresponding month of 1900.

Johannesburg—Lord Kitchener is visiting Lord Milner here. Lord Milner resumes the high commissioneership held by Lord Kitchener during Lord Milner's holidays.

Columbus, Ohio—The Toledo Railway & Terminal company filed with the secretary of state a certificate for an increase of the capital stock from $100,000 to $2,500,000.

Berlin—There is no foundation for the report that Dr. Wilhelm Solf, governor of German Samoa, has caused dissatisfaction among the natives. As a matter of fact, the relations between the governor and the islanders are excellent.

Christiania—A message dated Aug. 5 and received by way of Hammerfeet, from Evelyn B. Baldwin, head of the Baldwin-Ziegler north pole expedition, says: "America, latitude 78, longitude 38. Seeking passage northward through ice. All well."

Port Huron—The steamer Hartford, which ran away from the Canadian government at Port Colborne, passed here without any attempt being made to intercept her, and is now out of harm's way, so far as seizure by the Canadians is concerned.

Pittsburg—Attorney General P. C. Knox arrived home in the morning and found a telegram awaiting him, telling him of the change in the condition of the president. At 1:50 o'clock in the afternoon he left over the Pittsburg & Lake Erie railroad for Buffalo.

Toledo, Ohio—At the request of Clarence Brown and King and Tracy, attorneys for the Arbuckles in the celebrated coffee case, Prosecutor Sumner has summoned Judge Mack to appear before the grand jury and tell what he knows of attempts to bribe him during that case. Sensational developments are expected.

London—The proceedings of the ecumenical conference this morning were suspended for the purpose of hearing read a series of press telegrams concerning the condition of President McKinley. The delegates were visibly affected, and special prayers were offered for the preservation of the president's life.

Joliet, Ill.—The crisis in the steel strike has been again postponed. The strikers expected to meet in the morning and take a decisive vote, but the committee from Pittsburg bearing certain instructions involving terms of settlement will not arrive until afternoon. Adjournment of the conference was taken until 1 o'clock. At the mills all is in readiness to start up at 2 o'clock.

Syracuse, N. Y.—The automobilists, who are participating in the endurance trip from New York to Buffalo, continued their journey this morning, starting from here at an early hour. There were forty-eight machines which made the start. A. Benjamin, of this city, was the first to get away. David Wolf Bishop, who was the first to enter Syracuse, was seventh in the list of starters. The party will spend the night at Lyons.

Colon, Colombia—The steamer Alexandre Bixio, belonging to the French trans-Atlantic company, left Curacao, Sept. 3. Her non-arrival at this port is causing much anxiety. There are no means of communicating with Savanilla and Cartagena and it is surmised that the government is utilizing the Bixio in the transportation of troops. The affairs at Bocas del Toro continue unchanged. There has been practically no fighting. Commerce, however, is still suffering.

Chicago—Two men were brought to Chicago to be treated for wounds received while hunting an escaped circus leopard in the woods not far from Madison, Wis. The animal belonged to Col. George Halls' circus, which has its headquarters at Evansville, Wis., and for several days has been committing depredations among the live stock of the farmers. Posses were organized to hunt the beast down.

Pekin—The government has posthumously restored the honors of Chang-Ijin-Huan, the former Chinese minister to the United States and special representative of China at Queen Victoria's jubilee, who was exiled and executed in Turkestan. The arrangements for shipping Mr. Squier's collection of art works and antiquities to the United States are not completed. The collection is now stored at Tien Tsin.

New York—Johann Most, who was arrested last night on the charge of circulating incendiary literature, calculated to incite unlawful acts, was arraigned in the police court. At the prisoner's request his hearing was set for Monday, Sept. 16. The assistant district attorney asked that Most be held in $2,500 bail, but the magistrate said the prisoner was only charged with a misdemeanor, and fixed the bail at $1,000. Most was locked up in default of bail.

Delaware Breakwater, Del.—The schooners Cassie F. Bronson, of Bangor, Me., and Lavina Campbell, Boston, for Philadelphia, were in collision at the Overfalls, near here. The Campbell was badly damaged and is full of water. She is on her beam and drifting up the Delaware bay. The Bronson, with jibboom and foretop mast gone, is returning to the breakwater. One sailor on the Campbell had a leg broken and was landed here.

Yokohama—The special Chinese envoy, Nah Tung, sent to express condolence and apology for the murder of Sugiyama Kian, who was chancellor of the Japanese legation at Pekin during the Boxer uprising, was received in audience by the emperor at Tokio. The envoy presented to his majesty a letter of regret, couched in satisfactory terms. The emperor accepted the apology and said he hoped China's expressed desire for the maintenance of peace in the East would be realized.

Lyons, N. Y.—The first of the automobilists in the endurance run to reach here was D. W. Bishop, in his gasoline machine at 11:21 a. m. He was followed at 12:03 and 12:05 p. m. by two entries from Kokomo, Ind., both gasoline vehicles. A steam carriage, entered from Cleveland, was fourth, at 12:06. They kept arriving at intervals until twelve reached here, the last one at 12:20. The roads between here and Syracuse were very bad. Showers were also encountered.

Cambridge, O.—Copies of an injunction obtained in the United States court at Chattanooga were served on the Amalgamated strikers by a United States deputy marshal today. The fence around the American Sheet Steel company's plant will be completed, and work will be resumed by the mills at once. Sixteen experienced men were landed in the American Tin Plate company's works here. They came from Pennsylvania. The company expects to be able to start the greater part of the plant in addition to the two mills now running.

REMEMBERED AT LAST.

Detroit Free Press.

Though it happened in one of Detroit's swell hotels, neither of the principals belongs here. He had just seated himself at the dinner table when she and another lady came in with the usual flourish of handsome and well dressed women.

He turned a shade or two paler. After conning her menu she looked across the table and her face took on a puzzled expression. When their eyes met during the meal each pretended to be studying the tablecloth or the opposite wall. He left first, and she watched him through the doors.

"Amie," she said to her companion, "I certainly know that man, but I can't for the life of me place him. I think he knew me, too, but I couldn't bow to him unless I were sure, could I? You know I never snub anyone."

He wandered into the parlor later, while the women were there, looked a little too fierce for congeniality, and got away as soon as he could. She again gave out the conviction that she knew him, and wondered where it was and who he could be.

"Never mind," said the companion; "he's nothing to us. Forget him."

"Oh, foolish, it isn't that, but you know how it is when your memory betrays you, and I don't want him to think me rude. But hubby will be here tonight, and I'll have him find out all about it."

Half an hour later she smothered a scream and rushed imploringly at the other woman. "For heaven's sake, Amie, don't you say a word to my hubby about that fellow. It just came to me."

"Well?"

"He was my first husband in Chicago."