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SUNDAY, SEPT. 15, 1901.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Through the lamented death of William McKinley the reins of national executive power pass into the hands of a man comparatively young in years, but whose entire mature life has been devoted to the discharge of the duties of official station. Theodore Roosevelt comes to the executive chair of the nation at a period in life when the test made of his good sense, patriotism and moderation must necessarily be severe. He has had continuous training in executive and administrative office, and in point of official experience he may be said to be fairly well equipped.

President Roosevelt is well known to his countrymen. He has played a leading part in its affairs for many years, and since his majority has been the incumbent of either municipal, state or national office. Since the death of him to whose office he succeeds he may be safely declared to be the most popular man in the entire country. It is fitting that in the constitutional order of affairs such a man should succeed to the office. It is well for the American people that such a man so succeeds.

As never before, the character of Theodore Roosevelt will receive the closest scrutiny of his countrymen. Until the vast responsibilities of the present fell upon him he filled the full measure in the public eye of a brave and picturesque public character. No man can excel him in physical or moral courage. Has he, too, those qualities of patient and discerning toil, of thoughtful concern for the rights of others, and that broad and commanding conception of national rights and obligations which distinguish the statesman from the mere politician?

The people of the United States, in their material interests, will find that no real characteristic of Theodore Roosevelt is revealed in the suggestions of the cartoonist. He is no mere swashbuckler. He does not carry the traditional chip on his shoulder. He seeks no quarrel with any man; but he has the conscious power of fulfilling Polonius' requirement once a quarrel is forced upon him. There is no national interest that can be made to rest upon him that he will not discharge with the deepest sense of personal and official responsibility. There is no wrong that will receive even toleration at his hands. There is no evil for which he will not seek a remedy, and apply the remedy without fear or favor when found.

There will be a strong man at the helm of national affairs for the next three years or over. Theodore Roosevelt will during that period be president of the United States. He will have no proxy, and he will register no will save his own and what he believes is the will of the American people. He will head no clique. He will be the echo of no man or set of men. In nearly twenty years of public life he has never for a moment bent to the personal exigencies of any situation. He has stood immovable by his conceptions of right. The past has never revealed his judgment to have been greatly at fault. Whether as member of the New York legislature, of the national civil service commission, or of the police department of his native city, or as governor of his native state, he has done that which lay at his hand to do without thought of the influence of his act on his own personal or political fortunes; and in all cases, as events have proved, he has done well. There is no act in his public career of which he has need to be ashamed. There is no attitude borne by him on any disputed question of public policy that has not reflected credit on his intelligence and borne testimony to the man's probity in thought and action.

It has happened with almost unfailing certainty in the political history of the country that he who has been called to the presidential chair through the demise of its incumbent has reversed the policies of his predecessor, and has run counter to the powers and influences in political life whom that predecessor represented. Will it be so in the case of President Roosevelt? Only time will reveal. It is too early to indulge in prediction. The character of the man is well known. The character and requirements of those that have been nearest to the presidential chair during the past five years are, too, known. Let the assurance go forth—for it has an indelible foundation in the strength and rectitude of character of the new president—that no policy will be adhered to, whether in the interest of party or individual, which will run counter to Theodore Roosevelt's conception of what the rights and interests of this people demand. Nothing will remain undone which may be needful to do, to set the currents of national executive authority in directions which will prove destructive of the plans of those, however high in official or political power, that savor in the slightest measure of individual gain at the expense of the national interest or honor.

The Democratic party can make no reckoning on the blunders of the new national executive. To the policies of his party and his administration it may offer an effective opposition as running counter to the true welfare of the country; but there will remain a sense of official accountability behind each and every act of President Roosevelt such as, combined with the man's own judgment of men and events, will surely destroy any calculations that may be made on his possible mistakes.

Whatever the future may reveal in conduct or character in the new national executive, let it be frankly owned at the outset that no man ever entered upon the exacting duties of his office with a larger measure of popular good will than will President Roosevelt.

CABINET CHANGES.

"The king never dies" expresses the immortality of the English government. Edward may pass away, the house of Guelph may surrender the throne to a new dynasty, but the king is immortal. Translated to this side of the Atlantic this aphorism of governmental continuity becomes, "The president never dies." Until the republic ceases to exist, the president is immortal. Five times within our constitutional history of 112 years, five presidents have passed away during their term of office, surrendering the sceptre of power to the vice presidents. Once only did the foundations of the republic seem to tremble in sympathy with the awful shock. When the life of the Great Emancipator was blotted out, and at the same time a murderous assault was made upon the secretary of state; coming as this did at the close of the awful struggle for the supremacy of the flag, the people for a moment lost faith in the stability of the government and in the righteousness of their cherished convictions. It was then that the youthful Garfield faced the distracted populace with the words that have become historical, "God reigns and the government at Washington still lives." This sentence today is on the lips and in the minds of millions. One president is taken away, but another fills his place. The president is dead; long live the president.

In our sorrow over the untimely taking off of President McKinley, we must needs rejoice that his place is to be so ably filled. For none but the rankest partisan will deny to Theodore Roosevelt the possession of civic and personal virtues second only to those of the late president.

It is without serious concern, therefore, that the nation looks upon the change of administration made necessary by the hand of an assassin.

Changes there will be, but no material ones in the essential policy of the executive branch of the government. From the intense personality and native vigor of the man we shall expect Mr. Roosevelt to be president in the fullest sense of the word. Although not necessarily radical, in the language of the street, the president will be it.

Following precedent, the members of the cabinet will at once, hand in their resignations. That the president is more in accord with the administration policy of President McKinley than he is with the policy of the leaders of the party, can admit of no doubt. A majority of the cabinet could, we think, work in perfect harmony with the new president, but the experience of President Johnson with the Lincoln cabinet is to be avoided at all hazards. The president has a right to choose his personal advisers from among those in whom he has personal confidence.

The retention of Secretary Hay would meet with the same public approval as would the retirement of Secretaries Long, Gage and Knox. Whether the imperative natures of Roosevelt and Root could abide each other in the council, is a question. Root will perhaps wish to retire.

The changes in the cabinet are of the utmost interest to the public on account of the law of presidential succession. We must acknowledge the fact that the life of President Roosevelt is in as much danger as was that of President McKinley. Should he be taken off, then the secretary of state becomes president. In the choice of secretary of state and secretary of war, the possibility of their succession should be kept in mind. Herein the president should bend his personal preferences to the desire of the general public. The law of succession gives Mr. Roosevelt the power to appoint his successor—it is a heavy obligation and it should be discharged with an eye single to the country's good.

HOW DIFFERENT!

In the progress of labor agitation and the strike movement in the United States for the past twenty years or so a considerable number of men have appeared as labor leaders at one time or other whose very names were unknown within a year of their appearance. Yet these men, during their brief hours of national prominence, wielded almost absolute power in their spheres of action during the periods, more or less prolonged, of their greatest activity.

In England, on the other hand, throughout the same period, labor leaders have come into national prominence, have enjoyed the power and prestige almost as great as that which their brethren in the United States wielded, and yet have continued to enjoy the confidence and good will of those whom they have led, as well, in a lesser measure, the respect and confidence of the British public. These men have held seats in the British parliament for long periods and have outlived government after government. Men like Alexander Macdonald, Thomas Burt, Richard Pell, Benjamin Pickard and Charles Fenwick, all at one time or other the leading executive officers of their trades unions, have served continuously in parliament.

What is the difference in the personnel of the British and the American trades union movement, or what is the difference in aim or method of labor leaders in the two countries which has caused the leaders in the one country to pass away as it were in an hour and be forgotten, while in the other they have survived political and industrial change alike, and preserved to themselves the confidence and good will of those whom they have been chosen to represent? Why is it that the capable and reliable man in the labor movement in England is almost invariably placed even in high political office and kept there by English laborers; while the American leader is not usually regarded as worthy of holding any but minor political appointments?

This is a question which really concerns the laboring people themselves chiefly. Whatever be the explanation, the fact remains that no representative of organized labor has ever been seriously considered as a candidate for important public office either in state or nation in this country, and none has been put forward in that character by their own people. Mr. Powderly holds the position of emigration commissioner, or something of that kind, which is an office of no significance. He got it for political services; and, if the test could be made, it would doubtless be found true that he would not today have the votes of 1 per cent of the members of organized labor in this country to enable him to hold it. Mr. Ratchford, of the Miners' organization, a man of force and character, was appointed a member of the industrial commission by the late President McKinley, and resigned, we believe, to take the position of labor commissioner of the state of Illinois. Aside from these two, there is no laboring man in official life whose name even is known to the people of the country.

Martin Irons, Eugene Debs, Terrence Powderly have all passed away. They are no more than a memory in labor circles. It will soon be so with Mr. Shaffer. The fate of all of them is evidently the same—oblivion.

It will probably be found by those who have sufficient interest in the subject to inquire into it, that the difference is chiefly to be found in the different relationship borne toward the labor movement by the so-called "leader" in the United States and in England, and in the different lines on which the movement in the two countries are conducted. Strife and aggression mark the life of the American labor leader. Counsel and cooperation are distinctively the functions represented by the English leader. Can it be, too, that the character of the man who comes into prominence in labor circles in England is superior to that of him who struts his brief hour of prominence in American labor affairs.

American laboring men would do well to find the true answers to these questions, and satisfy themselves whether there is not something radically wrong either in principle or method in the policies which are today in operation among them in their union affairs.

NEGROES IN AUSTRALIA.

The government of Australia has recently adopted a measure which prohibits the employment of negroes as laborers on the mail steamers. The Australian premier in giving his approval to the measure took occasion to say that he was convinced that it would meet with an imperial veto.

This incident, while in itself apparently insignificant, is not unlikely to be followed by the most serious consequences. It involves two questions which must find a final answer sooner or later in the new commonwealth. One is, whether the representatives of the races other than the Caucasian who come into the Federation are to be allowed coequal civil and political rights, and whether Australia will be content, and for how long a time, to accept an imperial veto on subjects of overpowering local interest and concern.

Goldwin Smith in a recent article in the North American Review, discussing the political situation in England, avows his entire disbelief in the theory of British Imperial Federation. He declares that the people of Canada know little or nothing about British politics or politicians, and that the British people know equally little about Canadian politics or politicians. The same he claims to be true regarding Australia and Australians. He adds:

"The completion of Australian Federation, instead of being a step toward federation of the empire, in which character it is hailed, is really a step the other way. It tends to the consolidation of a local nationality, and to the strengthening of local separatist feeling. A federation of federations would indeed be a political edifice requiring a master hand for its construction, and still more, perhaps for its maintenance."

Assuming, as the Australian premier assumes, that the imperial veto is affixed to this apparently settled purpose of the Australians to declare against the black race and to establish a color line, will that veto tend to lessen the strength of the federative principle recognized in the Australian constitution and in the imperial assent to the organization of the Federation? On the other hand, should the veto be made, will it turn the Australians from any purpose they may have to discriminate against other races than the white?

It is difficult to see how the imperial authorities can at this stage of the relations of the two sections of the British empire pass this form of enactment by without a veto. To do so would be in antagonism of all the professed public sentiment of the country on the race question—a public sentiment, which finds frequent expression whenever the anti-negro feeling is manifested in the United States.

Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of an imperial court of appeal is not likely to be realized; and such questions as these must find settlement through the naked interference or non-inference of the English government and the English governing politicians. Will such settlements, when not in accord with the strongly marked preferences, prejudices or self-interest of the colonies affected, be accepted by them and quietly acquiesced in, or will they, as Goldwin Smith intimates, be certain to result in advancing the decentralizing influences which are operating?

It is unfortunate for the new federation that such a question as this should come up so soon in its career. But whatever the result of the submission of the measure to imperial sanction may be, it is highly unlikely that the Australians will accept the British theory as theirs unless it accords with their views, which as we say is quite unlikely, or that they will lay aside their purposes to settle the race question in their own way.

The outcome of the issue thus raised can be looked forward to with a great deal of interest, as it will greatly affect the strength of the federative principle in English colonial affairs and the future status in the antipodes of the question of the races, which is forcing itself for adjustment on every nation affected by it.

COLER, TAMMANY CANDIDATE.

The Globe some days ago in commenting on the false views which found expression in certain newspapers throughout the country regarding New York city politics called attention to the fact that the reasonable certainty which existed that Comptroller Coler would be the Tammany nominee was being misrepresented as a display of fear on the part of the Tammany politicians.

It has been plain to well informed observers that Coler would not be the anti-Tammany nominee, mostly because he would not be a sufficiently pliable man in the hands of the politicians who will be in the saddle in case Tammany is beaten. It has also been plain that there was a strong likelihood that Coler would be the Tammany candidate. The Globe assumed the affirmative on the two propositions. Its prediction that he would not be the anti-Tammany candidate has been realized while the one that he would be the Tammany candidate for mayor is apparently in fair way to be fulfilled.

The mask has been thrown off by the reformers. They want a figurehead. Nothing else will do them. A strong man, intent on forcing the issue on municipal purity would be as offensive to them as they say he would be to Tammany. Coler is a reasonable type of the city official who wants to get the nearest approximation he can to clean official life. He has been somewhat thoughtless and tactless in many of the things he has done and attempted; but he was fresh from the outside when he was plunged into the vortex of local politics by being chosen as city comptroller, and he has learned many things since.

It would be a distinct gain to good government if Coler could be chosen as the Tammany mayoralty candidate. It would put a quietus in all probability on the distinctly dishonest public movement which is now masquerading in the big city in the name of municipal purification. It would, moreover, put a man at the head of Tammany's administration who, whatever arrangements he might enter into with the leaders—and it is mere nonsense to assume that he would enter into none—would not be a party to any known wrong-doing. The people would know that a man of honest impulses was directing their local affairs, and those of the voters who are Democrats in party affairs and disposed to grow restive and turn to the Tammany opposition, would in large proportion in all probability resume their attachment to the old organization.

No; the likelihood that Coler will be Tammany's candidate for mayor of Greater New York does not imply that the Tammany politicians are scared. It does imply that the anti-Tammanyites have much reason to be scared, and it does imply, moreover, that Tammany has the local situation in hand, and that the group of spurious municipal evangelizers who vaunted their own superior virtue as one of the ways through which they hoped to get control of the offices will soon disappear from the stage. Coler or no Coler, Tammany will win in the next municipal campaign in New York city.

CONSERVATIVE JOURNALISM.

It has been only a few years since the birth of yellow jouralism, but already there are unmistakable signs of the return swing of the pendulum toward common sense and conservatism. Every dog has his day and certainly the yellow journals have had theirs. To deny that they were, and are popular, would be stating a palpable untruth. But, like all fads, they are passing. Like the gaudy street walker they have managed to attract attention for a time, but owing to the absence of intrinsic worth the ability to attract attention does not carry with it the power to retain the interest.

The flamboyant headlines followed by a fantastic mixture of fact and fiction; the frantic attempt to catch the eye, by a barbarous art in still more barbarous color-mixture; the extravagant use of the half-tone and the total absence of editorial character are the characteristics which mark the acme of yellow journalism, which has been reached by a number of metropolitan journals. The financial success of these journalistic fakers has brought out many imitators among the feebler folk in the smaller cities. That they have caught the eye of the masses and are financially successful, there is no doubt. They bear the same relation to the legitimate newspaper that the spectacular melodrama, the farce and the vaudeville do to the legitimate drama. The people want them now, but from the very nature of things they cannot be enduring.

Recognizing the ephemeral nature of this yellow craze, the better class of papers have steadfastly refused to cater to an evident popular demand for show and sensation. The New York Sun, Post and Times, the Brooklyn Eagle, the Baltimore Sun and the Chicago Record-Herald have so far pursued the even tenor of their way, giving to the public news and information instead of sensation and pictures.

We mention the above papers only as examples; there are others as dignified and conservative. When the public tires of looking at posters, it will go back to the art gallery; when its appetite for horseplay is satiated it will relish and enjoy all the better the creations of Shakespeare. Women laugh at the antics of the clown, but they fall in love with Hamlet. When the people desire information; when they want to know what the world is doing; when they want to be guided in the serious affairs of life, they buy the paper that is produced by brain-action and not by the action of the camera and a colored press. But, if they have nothing to do and do not care to do it, they will look at the pictures of Allan Dale and Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the yellow journals and perhaps read what it is alleged they have to say.

With the advent of sensationalism the individuality of the newspaper disappeared. The editorial page was crowded out entirely or reduced to inane comments on inconsequential matters. With the suppression of the carefully written and well digested editorial opinions on public matters went the influence of the paper. Who cares what a man without character says? Who heeds the flippant or murky comments of a yellow sheet devoid of a definite policy? The age of the individual editor has passed, but not so the age of the individual newspaper. The corporation has taken the place of the owner and publisher, that is all. The personality which guides the editorial policy of the newspaper is there just the same, and it is that which makes a newspaper a living force among thinking men. It may take a decade, but the time is not far off when yellow journalism will be a thing of the past, and the conservative newspaper will again come into its own.

The kaiser and the czar have formed a mutual admiration society. Edward, although uncle to the strenuous emperor, is not eligible.

The St. Paul Daily News was the first St. Paul paper to announce the death of the president—about eight hours ahead of time. Such enterprise deserves reward.

One, to read public opinion, would be led to believe that there is no public opinion outside of New York city. The complacency of some folk is amusing—very amusing.

A London paper has this headline: "The king plays golf." A picture of the king doing this stunt might be a fit companion piece to that other celebrated painting, "The king drinks."

Friday was a great day for yellow journalism. Fake newspapers and extra editions thrive in times of public excitement. The public ought to be protected against impositions.

The presidential succession runs to secretary of state, secretary of the treasury, secretary of war, attorney general, secretary of navy and secretary of interior. These constitute the American royal family.

Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson, Arthur and Roosevelt are the five vice presidents who became presidents by reason of the death of their predecessors. Hayes became president by virtue of the decision of the electoral commission.

Theodore Roosevelt is the youngest president the United States has yet had. He is 44 years old. Cleveland was the next youngest, being 48 when inaugurated. Garfield and Franklin Pierce were both 49. The rest of the presidents were between 50 and 68, William Henry Harrison being the oldest.

An exchange asks the question, "Will milk rise?" Well, now, where can that fellow have been brought up? No, milk will not rise. Cream sometimes does, but milk never. The stuff that we get from the water dairy is too thin to even sit up. It is usually so cold and blue that it looks as if it had been squeezed from watered stock.

The British sometimes have a faint sense of humor. Witness the following from the London Express editorial:

"We clip from Births, Marriages and Deaths advertising columns of the Newcastle papers of Aug. 29 an item which reads as follows:

B. of C., of ——, in the full joys of paternity, begs to announce that his wife gave birth to a daughter yesterday. Both are doing well. Deo gratias.

We omit the name of the advertiser because of the suspicion, entertained in all kindliness, that he may be more calm by this time, and that if he were called upon to word his advertisement today he might make some changes in it.

But be that as it may, the innovation is a good one. How would this do for insertion by the father of nine daughters, the first of whom has just led some one to the altar:

HIP! HIP! HURRAH!—Jones Brown, Esq., of Muddelhed, takes pleasure in announcing the marriage of his daughter Isabel to Theodore Bim, Esq., of Woking. Eight more girls on hand.

This is not so cold and formal as the usual wedding announcement. There is lurking in it a trace of the happiness which even the coldest natures feel when a beloved child, the apple of her fond parents' eyes, becomes a charge upon the check-book of another man."

DOOLEY ON EXPOSITIONS.

F. P. Dunne in Cosmopolitan.

"An' there ye ar-re, Hinnissy. Ye can believe me or not, but they're all alike, man, woman or child. If I iver give a wurruld's fair they won't be much to it but th' midway. Th' principal buildin's will be occypied be th' Streets of Cairo, th' Indyan village, th' shoot-th'-shoots, th' loop-th'-loops an' similar exhibits iv what man is doin' not f'r mankind, but f'r himsilf. They'll all be in th' main shtreet, an' they'll be bands playin' an' tom toms beatin', an' Egyptian girls dancin', an' Indyans howlin', an' men hootin' through migaphones f'rm th' minyit ye hand ye'er ticket to th' chopper at th' big gate. An' away over in a corner iv th' gr-round in a buildin' as small an' obscure as Alice Benbolt's grave, where no man'd find it onless they thripped over it on their way to th' merry-go-round, I'd put all th' arts an' sciences I cud pack into it an' lave th' r-rest outside where they cud wurruk. F'r a wurruld's fair is no rollin' mills. If it was ye'd be paid f'r goin' there. 'Tis not th' rollin' mills an' tis not a school or a machine shop or a grocery store. 'Tis a big circus, with manny rings—an' that's what it ought to be."

"Why do they get thim up?" asked Mr. Hinnissy.

"They get thim up f'r th' advancement iv thought an' th' gate receipts," said Mr. Dooley. "But they're run f'r a good time an' a deffycit."

RELIEVING DENMARK OF A BURDEN.

New York Evening Post.

We find in the columns of a morning contemporary, which advocates the annexation policy, an argument for the purchase of the Danish West Indies for the sum of $4,450,000, this being "the amount expended by Denmark on account of the islands since the time when, on account of the collapse of their sugar industry, they ceased to be self-supporting." In other words, we are to relieve Denmark of the burden she is now carrying and take it upon our own shoulders for the future, and pay $4,450,000 for the privilege of doing so.

THE ORIENT AT OUR GATES.

New York Sun.

The first long hot spell of the summer came with a waxing moon. Day after day city and suburbs broiled beneath a pitless sun; night after night the brick walls and asphalt streets of the city yielded up the caloric stored through sixteen hours of unclouded sunshine, making the season of darkness almost as terrible as that of day.

To the suburbs evening brought relief, for the fields and woodlands have less stored-up heat to release than the brick and mortar of the town, and the southwest wind at least counterfeited coolness. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, each sitting beneath his own suburban vine and figtree, gazed southward in the direction of the seven times heated furnace, whence as by a miracle they had escaped unscorched, though not without the smell of flame upon their garments, and reflected that even the estate of the commuter is not without its mitigations.

Yet in the suburbs nearly twenty miles northward from the battery the smell of the furnace was still in the air, an odor as of some gigantic battle far away; and it was a tropic moon that rode high in the tropic night, transforming dim stretches of familiar fields and woodlands into the semblance of Oriental or South sea landscapes. The moon in the zenith and the faint salty odor in the air brought up visions of the sound, swelling warm in a soft rippled tide through all the creeks and inlets of Pelham Bay park. Every breeze wafted languorous odors from the honeysuckle thickets and perfume from the crimson ramblers robed in multitudinous flames.

As the night wore on, hot but not stifling, the memory of the day down town became merely an infernal vision. The balsamed air was good to breathe and the whole suburban landscape was a scene of magic beneath the moon. Fireflies swam dim and drowning in the midmoonlight, birds that all day long had panted beneath the heat with open bills and half-raised wings crooned uneasily on their perches; bats on velvet wing wheeled in eccentric flight, a sort of visible moving silence; far southward a coppery tingle well above the horizon showed where the furnace still exhaled its sulphurous breath into the sky.

A lawny mist scarcely dimmed the radiance of the moon, but rather served to heighten the richness of its light, and to fill the shadowy spaces with a sort of palpable mysterious gloom. It seemed that the region might as easily have been the suburbs of Venice or of Bagdad as of New York, and the country almost any but the twentieth.

Midnight found the atmosphere still musky and tropical, the shadows dim and soft as new-fallen snow, the whole suburban region silent save for the occasional hot hiss of a passing trolley car. As for the moon, she hung low in the west, gibbous and mellow, amid a richly irradiated area of torrid sky, a floating island of the blessed. When at length she sank beneath the horizon, the long alternating lines of softest light and shade were suddenly swallowed in the vast of night, and the suburban world was left to a few hours of darkness and silence before the earliest birds should usher in another day of gleaming sunshine and torrid air.

MEDAL ON ITS TRAVELS.

Chicago Tribune.

As one of the elevators in the big office building touched bottom and the door opened to let its load of passengers out a short, dumpy, perspiring man with a cropped beard and a protuberant stomach tried to crowd his way in, regardless of the fifteen or twenty persons that were trying to make their exit.

"Don't be in a hurry," said the elevator boy.

"But I am in a hurry!" impatiently exclaimed he of the squat figure. "I've been waiting here five minutes."

"You haven't been waiting five seconds," retorted the elevator boy. "If you had been, you know, you could have gone up in one of the other cars."

"That's all right," said the other, still pushing and elbowing his way in. "Maybe you know."

"I think I do."

"Why is it," asked the man who had been flattened up against the side of the elevator, "that it's always somebody of his build and atmospheric displacement that acts the pork in a place of this kind?"

Nobody seemed to know. The generalization may have been too sweeping. There are hogs of all degrees of obesity and tenunity.

The imprisoned passengers succeeded finally in extricating themselves.

The man with the stomach took possession of the corner furthest from the door.

In a few moments the elevator started upward with a full list of passengers.

"Second floor!" shouted one of them.

It was the personage with the stomach. With a series of convulsions he fought his way out and stepped off at second.

He was followed by a man who looked as if some secret grief was preying upon his mind.

"Comrade," said the latter, "I'd like to speak a word with you."

The other turned around.

"I had intended to go to the eleventh floor," resumed the man of funereal aspect, "but my business is with you."

"What do you want?"

"It'll take me only about a minute to tell you. Several days ago, when I was setting cat-a-cornered in a crowded street car, a man gave me a medal. He said it was given to him by a stranger because he had monopolized the narrow strip of shade at the left edge of the sidewalk on a hot day. And now ——"

"What's all that got to do with me?"

"Nothing, only that medal belongs to the meanest man in Chicago. I have carried it three or four days without having any right to it. It belongs to you, sir!"

With a dexterous motion he slipped into the waistcoat pocket of the squatty personage a flat, round piece of galvanized iron with an inscription stamped upon it and bolted down the nearest stairway, looking immensely relieved.

THE WONDER OF THE WORLD.

When Artemisia and Mausolos rode
Out of the Carian gate, their chariot wheels
O'ercame the world, till its great spaces flow'd
Like air away; while on their horses' heels,
Like the one cloud of whitest fire
That brings the god again,
Their chariot hurl'd, to match their swift desire;
And so went quickly from those Carian men.

Went, but not all; it left pale radiance there;
Love's perfect apparition cannot fade.
Their passionate chariot still upon the air
Hung like a cloud, and swaying by, still staid—
As if each chang'd and fading ray
Retook its fervency—
Retook their splendor, till their train, and they
That gave it fire, still rode by radiantly.

For Artemisia, when her dead lord died,
Drank his burnt ash, solv'd in a cup of wine,
And turned their chariot into stone, for pride
Of their undying Love, and cast a shrine,
The world's last wonder, on the air,
To tell in marble rhyme
What Artemisia and Mausolos were,
Who Death o'ersway, though dead, and conquer time.

This, the world's wonder, Artemisia gave;
Because she loved Mausolos deathlessly.
So come, all Lovers! to Mausolos' grave,
And say: "All fades; but Love the Mystery
(Since spirits master Time) fares unafraid
To its supreme abode;
Past Fate, and Night, and Death, the darker shade—
As Artemisia and Mausolos rode!"
—Ernest Rhys in Harper's Magazine.

THE NEW PANHANDLER.

New York Times.

His attire was so conventionally picturesque that it seemed modeled after that of the tramp on the vaudeville stage. Soleless shoes planted with wavering inexactitude supported a trembling frame. Trousers through which bits of flesh dirtily leered led up to a buttonless vest. Over all, in spite of the warm sunshine, a tattered ulster fluttered. A crushed and shapeless felt hat leaned down toward an evilly smelling pipe clutched between nervous teeth. At the edge of the little group of men talking together on upper Broadway the stranger halted, without disturbing by so much as a penny plea the conversation of the men there. Finally the man with the Panama hat noticed the stranger.

"Just in from Bridgeport, Conn. Been looking for work all day. Haven't had a thing to eat in three days, I suppose?" he inquired.

"Nope," said the stranger.

"Without shelter for a widow and three children. Family all on the sidewalk. A few pennies to help them along."

"Naw."

"Then it is a traveled stranger that seeks our assistance, thinking that he will assist the untraveled and the unwashed."

"Nit."

"Then my friend, what is your little game?"

The stranger threw the skirt of his ulster over one arm in melodramatic dignity. "You are wrong, all wrong. I am not a native of Bridgeport, Conn., looking for work; I am not the husband of a widow without shelter; I do not seek assistance. I support my family in the utmost dignity. I send them abroad every year regularly. And yet I do not work nor do I ask such as you for assistance."

The Panama hat leaned back in the air. From beneath it came hearty laughter.

"How on earth do you do it?" asked its owner.

The stranger dug a hand down into his pocket. Then he held aloft a gleaming silver dollar.

"Gentlemen," he said impressively "that's my last dollar, and it's my fortune, too. Each day when I return to my family loaded with the spoils of my most original calling I am careful to save out one dollar. My family is equally careful to spend that day all the rest, so in the morning when I start out again it really is my last dollar. Now, gentlemen, since you have been so good as to hearken to my tale, I'll develop my game. Who'll be the first to match me for my last dollar and cent, too—the last cent of a bum?"

The man with the Panama hat got out a dollar.

"It's a go," he exclaimed.

The stranger raised a voice of warning.

"Gentlemen," let me admonish you; I always win. In the end I am always ahead of the game."

The man with the Panama hat and the stranger tossed their coins into the air.

"I'm watching yer," said the stranger.

He won.

"I always do. I told you so," he said.

Nettled a bit, the other matched again; then twice in succession, losing each time.

"That ends me for this," was his by no means good-natured remark.

Others of the group tried the new pastime with like result. The stranger might lose once or twice, but in the end he came off ahead. Finally the party concluded that there was more charity than amusement in continuing, and the stranger wandered toward Fifth avenue, where a fat man in white waistcoat and black spots was speedily interested.

Since that time the new variety of the "panhandler" has enjoyed quite an upper Broadway vogue. He isn't begging, and the men with whom he plays are too well known in Broadway circles to make police interference profitable.

So there he is.

THE BURIAL OF THE MONK.

Gentlemen's Magazine.

It was a sultry day. Not a leaf stirred, and the sea did not even ripple. There was a silence in nature that made the slightest sound almost painfully distinct. The thought of the dead monk in the church never left me. I seemed to see him lying there, with his hands folded on his breast, in the awful rigidity of death, and the two figures almost as motionless kneeling at his head. As night came on it brought no cooling breeze; the mysterious stillness seemed to deepen. It was too oppressive to sleep, and when at 3 o'clock the solemn monastery bell broke the silence it was a welcome relief. After the last echo had died away, the heavy suspense seemed more unbearable by contrast. At last we rose and wandered listlessly about the island. Just as we neared the cloture, a lamentable wail, beginning on a high note and coming down the chromatic scale, rent the air. I shivered with emotion; I knew what it was—they were burying the dead monk. They had lowered the corpse, clad in the cowl, into the grave, with no coffin; the infirmier had laid the body on the bare ground, and after a farewell look had drawn the cowl over the still, white face. Then the abbot had thrown a shovelful of earth into the grave, and the freres convers had begun to fill it up. Just as the body had ceased to be visible the monks had fallen on their knees, with their faces to the earth, the chantre crying, in the wailing tones we had just heard, "Domine!" The monks replied, lower down in the scale, "Miserere super peccatorem." Then the chantre again uttered that heartrending cry, "Domine!" and the monks replied. Yet a third time that piteous call as of a soul on the confines of despair, "Domine!" and once more the response, which floated over the wall like a sob, "Pity for a poor sinner." I was thrilled through and through.

MIDAIR DINING CLUBS.

The Century.

What a wonderful thing it is truly to be able thus by a word and without an effort to fly away from the fume and worry of jostling crowds, from the noise and smell of the streets, up, up over roofs and domes and steeples into the silent skies, where the ledge of your window

Look! Here comes a man out into actually scrapes the sky, as they say! Broadway through a door in one of the great stone hives. It is past noon. The man is weary with strife and strain. Where shall he go for a brief respite and the strengthening of his body? A few years back it must have been to some clattering, bustling restaurant level with the roaring pavement, where was no respite at all, but crowds always, noise always. Now he walks a few blocks, turns in at another door and takes an express elevator for the fifteenth, the eighteenth, the twentieth floor, and in ten seconds is as much out of New York as if he made an hour's journey into the country. The din dies away. He is far above the dust and clanging cars. He can breathe pure air. And, sinking back in the arms of a hospitable leather chair, he looks down over the city as a tired traveler might look down from a mountain crag

NAVAL DISASTERS IN PEACE TIMES.

Philadelphia Press.

There seems to be a good deal yet to learn in the management of fleets in time of war. In its practice maneuvers, the German fleet has just lost the cruiser Wacht, which collided with the battleship Sachsen. In the recent maneuvers of the British fleet one of the vessels was sunk by running on the rocks. The French maneuvers resulted in damage to torpedo boats. Our own navy has escaped from any such loss, but the number of vessels engaged in the maneuvers is small as compared with the English or French, which may account for our better fortune.

DOGS OUT OF PLACE IN CITIES.

New York Times.

Nobody openly defends the city dog and many attack him very openly, indeed, and yet dogs are numerous in all cities and promise to remain so till the end of time. It is a truth practically beyond dispute that the city dog is himself out of his natural element, and therefore more or less unhappy, and that he is a nuisance, petty or serious, according to his size and disposition, to everybody except his owner, but the latter, much as he may admit about city dogs in general, never really believes that his own dog is without virtues enough to counterbalance all arguments against him.

DEFECTIVE PAGE