THE JOURNAL

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VIGILANCE, RECIPROCITY'S PRICE

While it is a source of satisfaction to know that republican party leaders have already been in conference regarding mesures to promote reciprocity, friends of the new policy must be on their guard. Already some of the Washington correspondents are beginning to lay stress on the great difficulties in the way of the inauguration of the policy which, what may be called President McKinley's farewell address, in no uncertain words, declared to be the true economic policy of the republic hereafter.

It is admitted that there are difficulties both as to the manner in which the new policy shall be inaugurated and also in the effect tariff legislation may have on business. But the public must beware of attempts to paint the difficulties in too dark colors. It may be taken for granted that after a period of quiescence out of respect to the memory of the late president, the interests that are opposed to any tariff changes whatever will do all they can to retard the new movement. The petty interests or supposed interests of the various sections will soon have their representatives working to oppose any legislation or reciprocity treaties that may be deemed injurious to them. The history of tariff legislation proves that in the union of many such little interests there is often invincible legislative strength.

But the difficulties must be overcome and the defenders of the old order of things must be resolutely and energetically opposed. We must remember that our external economic policy must hereafter be viewed from the standpoint of the foreign market; heretofore it has been wisely regarded from the standpoint of the home market. We have created a strong nation; a nation which is in no way dangerously dependent upon any other nation. In the event of a great world war we could live by ourselves and upon our own products better and for a far longer period than any other nation. We may say that our economic independence is now as undisputed as our political independence.

But peace, not war, is the moral condition of this nation. In that condition it has come about that the prosperity of a large number of our people, and, in a measure, of the whole nation, depends on the foreign trade. This is especially true of our agricultural population and is becoming true of many classes of manufactures.

We must, therefore, create and maintain good markets abroad. This we can scarcely hope to do, if we continue what, we must confess, is now the policy in practice—that we shall sell more and more abroad and buy less and less. Senator Hanna once put this idea rather brutally when he said that we didn't propose to let any nation make a profit off us, with the implication that we intended to squeeze profits out of all the others. As Paul Leroy Beaulieu says, "No well founded commerce can exist unless it is based upon equivalent exchanges." What good will it do for us indefinitely to heap up gold in payment of trade balances? If we are always to strive for the big end of the bargain and succeed we shall end by exhausting the other nations, by sucking their substance out of them. Then whom shall we have to buy of us? And what shall we do with our gold?

The continuation of such a policy, backed by our immense resources and control of the available supply of foodstuffs, would inevitably tend to such commercial emnity towards us that it might well lead to an anti-American trade league in Europe and this commercial war might be the forerunner of a terrible military conflict between the United States and leagued Europe.

FREIGHT RATES COMPARED

The attention of business men in Minneapolis and in the state at large is called to a comparison of rates on the Omaha road in Minnesota and Iowa made in another column of The Journal to-day. The Journal has already shown that great discrimination is made against this city and in favor of Chicago. This publication leaves Chicago out of the question entirely, since the complaint of discrimination has been met with the excuse that the volume of traffic justifies important differences in rates, and comparison is made between Minneapolis and points in Iowa where the volume of traffic is very much smaller than that in and out of this city, but where it appears the rates are much lower. Indeed so marked is the difference that the conclusion is natural that Minnesota s to-day paying for the great improvements that have been made in recent years on Iowa roads which have large mileage in both states.

It remains to be seen how long the business men of Minneapolis, and, indeed, the people of the state at large, will be satisfied with this unequal adjustment of things. The article in question makes the point so clear that an elaboration in this connection is unnecessary.

Parents of children whom the state labor department has compelled to withdraw from work involving danger to health or morals, want to know "What business is it of the state's what their children do?" The question bears its own answer. Such parents have no right to say what their children shall do, and the state to whom they may become charges and enemies, through unfavorable surroundings, has everything to say. A child with such parents were better off with none.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF ROOSEVELT

A London cable quotes the views of the London Spectator on President Roosevelt, predicting that he will be "a thoroughly American president," who "will not try to quarrel with England, but will show her no special favors," being neither "for nor against England, but merely for his own country." The Spectator goes a step further and noting the deep sympathy with this country shown by England during the dark days of our sorrow since Sept. 6, says that England might "give America a free hand on the isthmus and accept the Monroe doctrine, despite the protest of other European powers."

The estimate of President Roosevelt is correct. Like his martyred predecessor, he is "a thorough American," and, like him, will not hate England because he is an American and will not quarrel with her for the mere love of contention. Hatred of England as an "American duty" did not enter into the manly composition of the late president. It is no ingredient of the composition of President Roosevelt.

So far as the Monroe doctrine is concerned it seems a little strange for the Spectator to be talking about England "accepting" that doctrine. England has accepted the Monroe doctrine and with it has admitted our right to protest against European encroachments upon this hemisphere as in the case of the Venezuelan boundary dispute, which, after a considerable amount of bluster, she consented to refer to an arbitration tribunal for settlement.

There will be no trouble as to this matter. Our proper national policy is to detach ourselves in a perfectly lawful way from the binding force of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty which imposes joint control by Great Britain of any canal which we may construct across Central America. The new treaty, which Secretary Hay has been negotiating with Great Britain to remove this handicap, will be brought before the senate in December. Its ratification is a necessary preliminary to action on the two routes for a canal which have been under consideration, via Nicaragua and Panama. The country is in a mood to contemplate the canal project in a purely business manner. That is the only way by which such project may be carried to a successful consummation.

Senator Wellington is too late. His explanation of his attitude toward the assassination of the late president is outlawed in public opinion. He had an opportunity the next day to explain and chose not to do so. Evidently he was then satisfied with the way the people took his remarks. This thirteenth hour explanation is suspiciously like those of various humbler offenders who have apologized just as the tar brush was reaching them.

SHALL WE HAVE A MEMORIAL HALL?

The Journal has taken notice of a proposition that Minneapolis join with the country at large in erecting a McKinley memorial arch in Washington. It is to be hoped that such a movement will take definite shape and result in definite action. It would be a fortunate thing if the children of America could have an opportunity at this time to participate in such an expression of sentiment. It would render to the rising generation an important service in impressing upon them the value of character and of all those graces of character which Mr. McKinley possessed in such an eminent degree. It would no doubt be a source of satisfaction to all the people, young or old, to testify by their individual gifts their love and admiration for the great president.

A similar thought has taken the form in the minds of a few Minneapolitans of a public hall to be known as a McKinley memorial hall. Several have expressed to The Journal a desire that this city might honor itself by building such a hall and that they might have an opportunity to contribute to its erection. Two purposes would be served—one, the erection of a suitable monument to the late president; the other the supplying of a long-felt need in this city in the form of a large public hall suitable for large conventions and other similar demands.

There is on foot a project to erect a large public hall. The plan has been discussed publicly of adopting a portion of the exposition building to the uses of a public hall capable of seating 10,000 or 12,000 people. The erection of such a hall on other sites has also been considered. It is very desirable that there be no rival enterprises of this character competing for public support. Minneapolis needs a large public hall and needs it so much that her citizens can well afford to build it. A memorial hall would naturally be expected to be something fine architecturally and might involve considerable expense if it were made large enough to serve the purposes of an auditorium. At the same time contributions to such an undertaking would probably be obtained more readily in the form of a popular subscription than if the undertaking were dissociated from the thought of erecting a McKinley memorial.

The desirable thing is to unite these two ideas of a public hall if possible and work for tangible and early results. This would seem to be a good time for some public-spirited citizen who has the money for that purpose to take the lead in one or the other of these propositions, either toward the erection of a memorial hall ample to serve the needs of the city and of sufficient architectural beauty to satisfy the idea of a memorial building, or to advance the undertaking to erect, with less regard for architectural effect, an auditorium adequate to the demands of this city at the present time.

Poor Winnipeg! It appears to have had insult thrown in its face by royalty; then the insults were rubbed in. How pleasant it must be for the Winnipeggars to know that the Duke of Cornwall must have ten feet of space between him and common Canadians when he dines in state. But that is one of the advantages of being the appendance of a trans-Atlantic kingdom. The people of Winnipeg are a spirited lot and we shall not be surprised if there is a pronounced chilliness during the stay in their city of the personage they now call the "pampered doll."

ANTI-ANARCHIST LEGISLATION

Senator Allison said yesterday that congress will make a thorough investigation of anarchy in the United States next winter and that much legislation on the subject will be proposed to the judiciary committee of the two houses, who will, with the attorney general, seek some constitutional method of reaching the seat of the trouble.

There is no doubt that there will be great zeal shown in introducing anti-anarchist measures, for the people of the United States most bitterly deplore the recent development of militant anarchism. They may secure congressional legislation of some kind restricting the right of assembly or forbidding the grouping and meetings of anarchists, but it is likely that, as is so often the case, having placed some anti-anarchist legislation on the statute books, the public may drop the subject under the delusion that legislative enactment removes the evil. It is a weakness of human nature to regard legislative acts as conclusive of the termination of an evil, and it seems impossible to eradicate the delusion. Only one of our three presidents who have been assassinated has fallen under the weapon of an anarchist. Neither Booth nor Guiteau was an anarchist in the real sense of the term. One was a pro-slavery fanatic and the other was a disappointed office seeker. McKinley's assassin was an avowed anarchist.

Whatever congress may do it is evident that the most potent action against anarchy will be that of each community, if each community is keenly alive to the disgrace of harboring a nest of anarchists and takes such action as did the excise board of Newark, N. J., yesterday, revoking the licenses of saloon men who harbor anarchists and permit meetings in their saloons to make speeches against the government and the good order of the community. If this kind of action were taken everywhere and seduously adhered to the ease and comfort of militant anarchists would be very greatly disturbed. Their chances of concerted action would be greatly reduced.

VICE STIMULATED BY CURIOSITY

A French Protestant clergyman makes an astounding charge against American visitors to Paris. He declares that they do Paris far more harm than Paris does them. Moreover Jules Cambon, the French ambassador to the United States; Senator Berenger, the president of the Paris society for the prevention of license in the streets, and Representative F. H. Gillet of Springfield, Mass., substantially agree with the clergyman. Mr. Gillet says that it appears to him that the class of amusement which Americans flock to Paris to get is especially prepared for their entertainment because it has become known that they want it. The "Paris by night" which American visitors think they must see, though they would shrink from the same kind of thing at home, is not, it appears, a real, naturally wicked Paris, but an imitation of what it is known the Americans like to think Paris is—that is thoroughly but spiritedly vicious and abandoned.

It is asserted that these sights of Paris "run" only during the tourist season and that the principal purchasers of foul, obscene and lewd pictures and papers are Americans who take them home to show their friends in proof of their accounts of the awful wickedness of Paris. Yet these very pictures and papers are said to be prepared for Americans because Americans want them, are hardly known to the Parisians, and can not be said to be a criterion of the state of morals in Paris.

Now the reformers of Paris assert that Paris is being contaminated by this desire on the part of Americans for a phase of life that they would not dream of investigating at home, though goodness knows they could find enough of it if they wished to search. The demand is supplied and, necessarily, in doing so people become depraved and from imitating wantonness and abandon come to be as wicked as they at first merely seemed.

While the discreet will discount this assumption that the good and virtuous Parisians are being soiled by contact with American curiosity, there is an abundance of reason to believe that the wickedness of Paris is especially open and spectacular because American visitors have Parisian vice on their lists of things to be seen in Europe. The Frenchman is altogether too thrifty not to have for sale that which his customers want.

It is hinted in reports from Washington that President Roosevelt relies largely upon himself for protection from attempts uopn his life. That probably means that the president is carrying a large and efficient shooting apparatus of his own. Anyway the new president is exactly right in keeping up with the democratic traditions of the president's office. He well knows that his real protection lies, as he substantially said a few days ago, in the people themselves. What would-be assassins they cannot take care of heavy guards would be no insurance against. President Roosevelt walks about Washington unattended. The czar is protected in France by thousands of soldiers and when he drives in the forest there is a guard or detective behind every bush. We prefer Roosevelt's way, the American way.

The Colombian government troops have introduced a method of waging war that is novel in South America. They have taken to killing the revolutionists in battle. The consequence of these fatalities promise to be the early pacification of the country and the triumph of the present government.

To an outsider it seems that the anti-Tammany forces in New York politics have acted wisely in choosing Seth Low as their candidate for mayor. If Dr. Low will consent to enter the campaign, and the elements that nominate him can be kept together without weakening disputes, he ought to be elected. Powerful as is Tammany we prefer to believe that after the recent appalling disclosures of police corruption in that city there are enough good men in New York with sufficient discernment to see where they are morally bound to place their influence and ballots. There can be no doubt that the New York police force is corrupt and incompetent and that it is used to protect violators of the law and to extract from the criminal and vicious a princely revenue for someone.

Trivial to the point of contempt was much of the testimony offered before the Schley court of inquiry yesterday. Can it be that a great admiral's reputation is to be determined by somebody's opinion as to whether it was or was not too stormy to coal at sea with safety?

The Farthest North The terrible events of the past weeks have put in the background the good news received from the north via Sidney, Cape Breton, that Lieutenant Peary is alive and well, that he has rounded the north coast of Greenland, and that he has gone into winter quarters pending another attempt next summer to reach the pole itself.

Lieutenant Peary reports that he reached the extreme northern point of 83 degrees and 50 minutes, the highest attained on this side of the pole. There he looked around carefully to see if he could discover any traces of Duluth, but, strange to say, that city could not at that time be made out, owing to the haze from the Arctic sea. A number of hay fever specialists were found camping on "the north shore" who, owing to the entire absence of ragweed and goldenrod, were said to be quite comfortable. They expressed some fear, however, of the pollen of the little Arctic snowflower, and were preparing to move a little further north. Lieutenant Peary reports that the natives are of the opinion that they are in Congressman Eddy's district and that they are accustomed to throw almost a solid Eskimo vote for the seventh district man, though there are a few scattering votes for Adam Bede.

The country will be much interested in Lieutenant Peary's attempt next spring. At present he is stopping at the Spaulding Hotel.

She's All Right Anyway Lady Harberton is now the leading advocate of "rational dress" in England. Although her brand of reform is not specified in the dispatches, it is probable that Lady Harberton favors some modified form of "panties."

"Nothing," she says, with much emphasis, "nothing that women can do could make their appearance more truly grotesque than it is in their present dress. Hardly a line is left as in nature. And for these deformities women are willing to sacrifice beauty, comfort and even health; while an inartistic public with a vitiated taste looks on with contemptuous approval."

As Sandow, the strong man, has recently come out flatfooted against corsets, tight or loose, declaring that they are rapidly squeezing our young feminine life out of existence, there seems to be little left for the woman of to-day that is not under condemnation except the hat. And we have heard remarks about this delicate bit of extravagance.

Whatever she wears it will be hard to make the modern girl unpopular with us as long as she has those little winning ways.

Hudson Maxim, the explosive gentleman, thinks that the time is shortly coming when armored protection will cease to protect. This means that the heavy iron clad will be generally discredited, and that a wild scramble of the nations will ensue for light and swift but unprotected war vessels which depend for safety entirely upon their speed and their own ability to strike back. American jackies will find it very difficult to run when there is a fight on.

Some of the southwestern papers are working over the old story about the man who, when fishing the other day, missed a fine gold ring just as he got a fine big bite, which materialized into a large black bass. When he arrived home and cleaned the bass he found the ring—on the washstand where he had left it in the morning. At this point, you buy.

Some young women in a Pennsylvania town have announced that they will not associate with young men who wear their hats on the back of their heads, their hair hanging over their foreheads and who smoke cigarettes. The appearances of these young men induce great activity on the part of the fatigue bacillus.

John O'Conners of Peekskill was hit by the Empire State Express. As soon as he got out again, the sidewalk caved in under him and he dropped sixteen feet into an underground stream. He will recover but he will not venture out again without a horseshoe nailed to his chest.

The Fargo and Moorhead police have been keeping drunken bums chasing back and forth across the bridge. The bums obtain in Moorhead a variety of rum that would make a member of a peace congress strike his father, and the Moorhead police then try to drive them over into Dakota.

Washington correspondents express great surprise because the president isn't afraid for his life. Mr. Roosevelt forgot how to be frightened about forty years ago.

The kaiser conferred on Prince Chun the order of the Red Eagle. The prince would much prefer the bird's nest to make soup.

Bishop Cranston says "newspaper cartoonists are as bad as anarchists." His eminence should qualify this with a "some." Some cartoonists design without malice and draw as conscientiously as a mustard plaster on the back of the hired man.

The Nebraska populist convention perpetrated a joke that was worthy of Doc Bixby and which left that genial humorist paralyzed with admiration. The platform had this plank:

"We congratulate the republican party for adopting and putting into execution, so far as it has, populistic theories of finance."

No diagram was given.

Some excited person has written a letter to Emma Goldman threatening to assassinate her. Well, isn't that the state of society which the anarchists are trying to bring about?

The wholesale assault and battery sometimes known as a cane rush occurred at the university yesterday, but unfortunately no one was killed. Another attempt will be made later.

A "summer boarder" at a farmhouse near the lake tried to catch "the little black and white kittie." They buried his garments, as nobody seemed to care for them.

"Just One Girl" has kicked over the traces. The author of this justly celebrated song has been sued for breach of promise. The "Girl" wants $20,000.

One of the most promising signs that the airship is coming is the recently expressed opinions of mechanical experts that it is an impossibility.

The departing trains at Vienna stations are to be called out by large phonographs. It is rumored that they can be understood.

St. Louis has 200 men with teams and stump pullers tearing the mortgages off the Purchase exposition site.

A noted Italian anarchist named Taffai is on his way to America. We see his finish at Castle Garden.

Santos-Dumont's airship scorched into a tree and was torn to ribbons. The dining car is good enough for us.

OTHER PEOPLE'S NOTIONS

Accidental Presidents.

To the Editor of the Journal.

In your editorial on "Accidental Presidents" you state that after Johnson left office he was forgotten. About six years after he retired from the presidency he was elected a United States senator from Tennessee. In that case he must have been remembered by a few. —J. Morgan.

That's nothing. Lots of nonentities get elected to the United States senate. There are ninety men in that body. How many of them can you name?

Roosevelt's Remarkable Rise.

To the Editor of The Journal.

But a few months ago, comparatively, Theodore Roosevelt was simply a citizen of New York, with no official position and no special ambition or prospect for office. He is first made assistant secretary of the navy. He soon leaves that position to be commissioned a lieutenant colonel in the army. Hardly has he severed his connection with the army when he is elected governor of the state of New York, and while still governor he is chosen vice president of the United States, and before he has fully familiarized himself with the duties of that office he succeeds to the presidency.

What a career is this! What other man ever set such a pace? Others have reached the presidency almost at a single bound. They were older men with national reputation. But when before did events ever hurry a young man from private life, through such an ascending series of places of power to the head of the mightiest nation of earth in a few months? History affords no parallel. Rough Rider is an appropriate title. It is not surprising he was pale as marble when he took the oath of office.

If the hand of God is in the affairs of nations, what is the significance of this remarkable evolution of our new president? —D. D. Webster.

The Smoke Nuisance.

To the Editor of The Journal.

If a woman will marry a man who uses tobacco she should certainly grant him the privilege of smoking in the home. She must like it or she would not have married him and the children have nothing to say in the matter. Of course we must not say what rights a man has in his own home, but I do claim that a man has no right, human or otherwise, to smoke a cigar or pipe in any public place. He cannot do so without infringing on the rights of others. Do you think a gentleman would smoke either cigar or pipe in any place where other people are compelled to breathe his smoke? I wish this subject might be agitated and brought before the people until smoking could be prohibited in all public places. —Mrs. J. F. T.

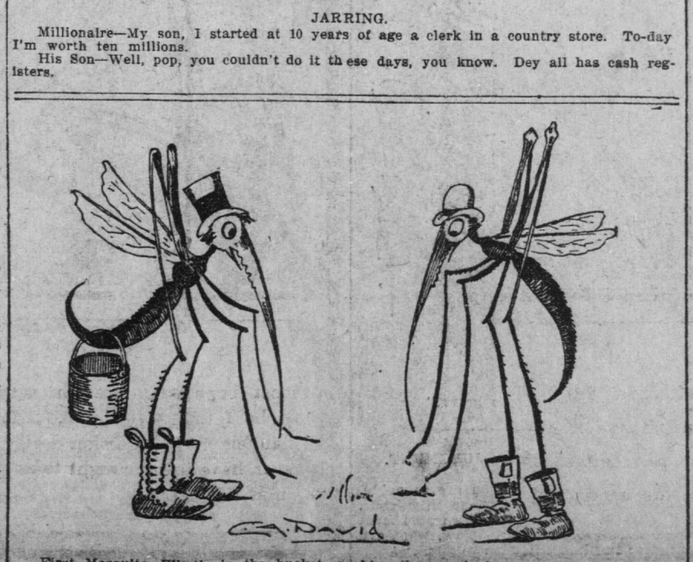
BELOVED VOICES

And, O, beloved voices, upon which
Ours passionately call, because ere long
Ye break off in the middle of that song
We sang together softly, to enrich
The poor world with the sense of love, and witch
The heart out of things evil—I am strong,
Knowing ye are not lost for aye among
The hills with last year's thrush. God keeps a niche
In heaven to hold our idols; and albeit
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white—
I know we shall behold them, raised complete,
The dust swept from their beauty—glorified,
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

JARRING.

Millionaire—My son, I started at 10 years of age a clerk in a country store. To-day I'm worth ten millions.

His Son—Well, pop, you couldn't do it these days, you know. Dey all has cash registers.



First Mosquito—What's in the bucket, rushing the growler?
Second Mosquito—No; it's a cure for coal oil poison. Have a nip?

Zeb Taylor's ROMANCE

by CARL H. KING.

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Several events had happened in the life of Zeb Taylor before his romance came. For instance, he had grown up to be twenty-three years old and had become a farmer's hired man; he had almost become engaged to one farmer's daughter and fully engaged to another's; he had read a dozen love stories, taken the prize at a spelling school, learned to play the accordion and written a poem.

Such a thing as a summer boarder had never been heard of at Sheldon's Corners, but one evening, after Zeb had come up from the cornfield, his mother looked at him in a very wise manner and half whispered:

"Zeb, you can never guess what's happened! The Sheldons have got a summer boarder!"

"No, by gosh!"

"Yes, they have. I was there when she come. It's a young woman, an' she brought two trunks. Mrs. Sheldon had never let on, though I always tell her everything that's going to happen to us. Yes, it's a young woman, and she's goin' to stay a month."

"Good lookin'?" inquired Zeb with a little more interest.

"Handsome as a picture," replied his mother. "Yes, sir, she's the handsomest girl I believe I ever see. She's got brown hair and blue eyes, and teeth as white as chalk. An' when she laughs it's like the jingle of sleighbells. Zeb, don't you want to get a look at her?"

"I ain't dying to, but I suppose it would be etikett to call on her and sort o' welcome her to the neighborhood."

"Of course it would—of course. Yes, you'd better dress up a bit after supper and go over, and if you want any excuse you can ask Mrs. Sheldon to lend me her nutmeg grater."

An hour later, dressed in his Sunday clothes, Zeb walked over to the other farmhouse. Farmer Sheldon hadn't finished milking yet, and his wife was still washing dishes, but on the porch sat the young woman with teeth as white as chalk. On the way over Zeb had been preparing a little speech of welcome, and he intended to lift his hat and shake hands in the latest fashion. When he came upon the boarder, however, he was knocked out. He who had stood up without a tremor before one hundred and fifty people at a spelling match found his heart thumping and his throat dry as he stood before one young lady. She saw his confusion and helplessness, and she pitied him, and broke the painful situation by asking:

"Did you come here to see Mr. Sheldon about hogs or sheep or anything?"

"N—no marm," stammered Zeb as he reached out and pulled the top off a weed. He hadn't intended to say "marm," but it had come out that way.

"Maybe you are a relative or something?" continued the boarder.

"No—no, marm," came the reply again, with a determination to kick himself all over the road for repeating the unfortunate word.

Then ensued a painful pause. The boarder rocked to and fro and looked over Zeb's head, and Zeb shifted his weight from one foot to the other and tried his best to get rid of his hands. He finally drew a long breath, straightened up and said:

"I—I hope you'll love Sheldon's Corners."

"Yes, I hope so," she replied.

"Good night."

"Good night."

With that he turned and plodded homeward, and as he plodded he kicked himself and called himself all sorts of names for his stupidity. The mother anxiously awaited his arrival. When he told her what occurred she replied:

"Now, Zebby, you needn't feel a bit bad. That girl saw how bashful and modest you was, and she'll like you all the better for it. I'll bet a gander against a chicken that you made an impression."

After thinking matters over for a while Zeb almost concluded that he had, and he began to feel better. If he had made an impression then he must follow it up, as was always done in novels. He got an idea for a "follower" before he slept, and next morning before breakfast he was at the Sheldon kitchen door with a bouquet of hollyhocks for the summer boarder. Zeb's romance had begun.

He did not appear at Sheldon's that evening, as one of the cows was missing, but next day, seeing the summer boarder in the orchard, he made an excuse to cross it and come face to face with her again. She bowed a little coldly, instead of extending both hands and expressing her delight over the hollyhocks, half of which were pink and half white, and he almost lost his wits again. When no words would come he climbed an apple tree, shook down about a bushel of hard, green apples for her, and though he realized that he had burst one suspender in descending, he managed to lift his hat and back away without falling down.

"Zebby," said his mother when he told her about it, "you did just right. There wasn't any use in saying anything. You acted shy and coy, and that was better than a rod of talk. I know girls better'n you do, and you needn't worry. I believe I'd like to have you marry this girl."

"I believe I'd like to," he replied as he sauntered away to think things over. As he was going over the case in his mind it occurred to him that he was somewhat handicapped by being engaged to Laura Lattimer. He would remove the handicap at once, and before he slept he sat down and wrote a letter that did the business.

The next morning a bouquet of pinks awaited the summer boarder at Sheldon's, and that evening Zeb called with a grim determination to express the hope that she was enjoying herself. She did not appear on the porch, however, and after talking with Farmer Sheldon for an hour about the crops he went home. He was looking and feeling glum, but his mother said:

"Zebby, you don't understand girls. She didn't come out because she is coy and shy, like you, and perhaps Mrs. Sheldon had been joking her. You just keep right on as you are doing."

He kept on. Every morning he sent a bouquet gathered with his own hands, and every evening he called. Sometimes the summer boarder sat on the porch with Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, but the only remark she ever made to him was to ask if there were any bears in the neighborhood. He accepted his mother's rosy views and fell in love. Also for six nights in succession he played the accordion in front of Sheldon's.

Three weeks had passed, and he was making up his mind to press things a little more, when Mrs. Sheldon informed him as he handed in a bouquet of peppermint and forget-me-nots combined that the summer boarder had left. There was no message for him—no farewell. Mrs. Sheldon even had the cruelty to say that his name had never even been mentioned by the departed boarder, and that the hollyhock bouquets were supposed to have come from her own garden.

Zeb turned away with a chill at his heart. When he reached home his mother tried to say something consoling, but he froze her with a look and passed on to the barn. He intended to hang himself, but being unable to find a rope, and realizing that a chain would hurt too much, he gave up the idea and wandered down into the cornfield. An hour later his fond mother found him asleep with a pumpkin for a pillow and a squash apparently acting as sentinel over his slumbers. She wiped a tear from the corner of his eye and whispered:

"Poor, poor Zebby! He can't understand that this girl went away because she was afraid she was falling in love with him!"

Daily New York Letter

A Peculiar Will.

Sept. 21.—The will of Judge Frederick Stump, who for thirty-four years was on the bench in a judicial circuit in Maryland, was admitted to probate this week and read as follows:

"Disgusted with the foolish display almost universally made at funerals, to the great gain of undertakers and to the deprivation of many families of even the necessities of life for a long time thereafter, I hereby direct that I be buried in a white pine coffin (because the wood decays more rapidly underground than any other I know of), without any stain, paint, covering or other emblems of woe on it, and if my friend, Ned Gehr, has not already gone to heaven before I die, I want him to make it. I direct that no embalming fluid or other stuff shall be injected into my body, and that no funeral sermon shall be preached over it, and that I be buried in a suit of clothes I have worn, as I do not see the sense of wearing old clothes when alive and being buried in a new suit, when it is of no use to you. I desire that my executor see that all my wishes are fully carried out."

No War of Factions.

Frequent conferences between President Roosevelt and Governor Odell since the tragedy at Buffalo have attracted general attention here. A little while ago the two men were rival candidates for the presidential nomination in 1904. Now there appears to be a friendly understanding between them. The belief here is that there is to be no war of factions.

Slept in the Barber Shop.

"Much of a crowd this time?" asked the newspaper men of Purser Schmidt of the Fuerst Bismarck when that vessel berthed in Hoboken.

"Much of a crowd?" gasped the purser; "why, we have even got a man in the barber shop."

Investigation showed that in the barber shop there had come across a New York banker, who in view of his absolute inability to secure any better accommodations, had taken the shop as his stateroom, and to get it he had to pay a handsome premium. E. R. Holden, of the banking firm of E. R. Holden & Co., 20 Broad street, was the occupant of the apartment. He said he considered himself fortunate in being able to come across as he did. He added that there were about 2,000 Americans on the other side who would have been glad to take his place. Mr. Holden only got the barber shop after he had signed an agreement not to go to bed before 11 p. m. and to get up before 5:30 a. m. Belated customers of the barber shop often kept the broker out of bed after midnight, and he lost much sleep.

She Withered Mr. Depew.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew, while repairs are being made upon his house in Fifty-fourth street, is living at one of the big hotels. Some time ago he went there and reserved a suite of rooms. When he came back from Washington, after attending the funeral of President McKinley, he went directly to the hotel. As he stepped up to the desk there was a woman arguing with the room clerk. The argument ran something like this. The clerk said:

"I am sorry, madame, but we have no rooms."

"I want a parlor, bedroom and bath, and I must have them," said the woman, decisively.

"We have none," said the clerk, courteously.

"Who is taking up all the rooms?" asked the woman, combatively.

Just then Senator Depew stepped up and the clerk said affably:

"The rooms you engaged are ready, senator. I hope they are satisfactory."

The woman turned and looked at Senator Depew, recognized him in a moment, and said to another woman with her, in withering scorn:

"I should think that these people who pretend to live in New York would have homes here and not go to hotels," and she flounced off.

Wifey Rose to the Occasion.

The Rev. M. E. Snyder, pastor of the St. James Methodist church at New Brunswick, N. J., was assigned as one of the speakers at one of the union meetings in this city in honor of the memory of President McKinley. Mr. Snyder, although ill, would have been there had it not been for his wife. The physician attending the preacher said he was unfit to go out. Mr. Snyder said he had never broken an engagement yet and he was determined to go. The only way in which he was kept at home was by his wife resorting to the expedient of hiding his clothing.

Caused a Car Blockade.

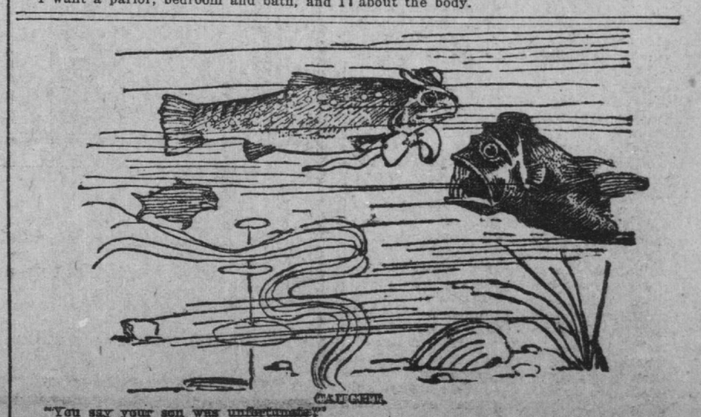
Because a bad silver dollar was passed on a car conductor last night and he was determined to cause the arrest of two men who had given it to him, there was a blockade reaching from the Brooklyn bridge to Houston street, the stoppage lasting a half hour.

Nathan Gelswilz of No. 52 Monroe street and his brother Raphael boarded a car at Tenth street and Nathan handed out a dollar in payment of the fares. The conductor says he noticed that Nathan passed the change to the brother. Thinking this action peculiar the conductor examined the dollar closely. He says he found it bad. He took it to the men, but they refused to take it back, saying they had given a good dollar to him. The car was stopped at Pell street and after a long delay a policeman came and arrested the men. As the conductor had to go to the police station to make a complaint, the cars were held up for twenty minutes more.

Had a Potato in His Pocket.

Shortly before 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon Emmet Knight, 18 years old, of Williamsburg, a riveter's apprentice employed on the new East river bridge, near the Brooklyn anchorage, had occasion to carry some tools to one of the workmen a short distance away. He started as was his custom to walk along one of the iron girders, which is 105 feet from the ground. The boy slipped on some grease on the girder and fell. He grasped frantically at the iron work but failed to catch it. The other workmen were almost unnerved by seeing his body shooting downward toward the street. The body turned several somersaults and landed in a heap of sand in Dunham place.

The other workmen climbed down from the structure as fast as possible and ran forward to the place where the body had landed. They expected to find a mangled corpse, but instead were surprised to see Knight raise himself on his elbow and look about him. Dr. Huffman, the ambulance surgeon, found that Knight suffered no further injuries than a broken arm and some unimportant bruises about the body.



"You say your son was unfortunate?"
"Yes; he went in swim."