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THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1901.

A FIVE-CENT FARE.

In urban and suburban life one of the great developments of the past few years has been the greatly added facilities for cheap and speedy transportation through the use of the trolley. Here in St. Paul we have not made as great advances in that direction as have been realized in communities of less population. But such as we have been provided with have already developed into good paying properties.

One of the urgent needs of the city in this behalf is the establishment of improved passenger traffic between the heart of the city and South St. Paul and vicinity. The Great Western Railway company has for years served the public well through its motor service between Inver Grove and the city. The amplest depot facilities have been established at intervals along the line; and although they have not been as well patronized of late years as in the past, they are still available and would be found of the greatest value should a more perfect system of local passenger service be established.

The managers of the street railway company have been urging on local authorities the extension to them of a franchise for the establishment of a suburban car service to and from South St. Paul. One of the conditions they have attached to the establishment of such a line is so burdensome as to put the project out of the question. The people of South St. Paul and the other places in the route will much rather continue to patronize the existing system maintained by the Great Western rather than give the St. Paul City Railway company the privilege it seeks. They are now able to get to the city on the payment of 5 cents each way. In order to do this they are called on to buy ten tickets, which in the end is the same in point of outlay as a 5-cent fare to those who find it necessary to ride regularly on the route. A single fare costs only 7 cents, and the service, in point of speed and equipment, is not at all bad.

This problem of better service between South St. Paul and vicinity and the city is forcing itself steadily on the public attention. It is on its face far from being a difficult one. The steam railway has already supplied the great need of the public; and with certain improvements would meet all the requirements of the situation.

A 5-cent fare is a first requirement. No thought should be entertained of giving a franchise to any corporation which was not willing to carry passengers at 5 cents a head. The advantages which the existing system possesses in the estimation of the people of South St. Paul is that the existing population can be best served along its route and that there will be no need to cut up its principal street for the establishment of another system.

The people immediately interested would probably be glad to have the Great Western authorities take this matter up seriously and provide them with added trains and establish a uniform 5-cent rate. If that could be done it would not be difficult for that corporation to control the traffic, giving to the public all the conveniences they seek through such a service as the street railway people could give. In any case the people of both communities and of all the intervening points should not seriously entertain any proposal to give a franchise to any concern without having a 5-cent rate established.

THE CRETIN CELEBRATION.

The Catholics, not only of St. Paul but of the entire Northwest, have just cause for pride in the wonderful public demonstration made in this city yesterday. It is of course quite natural that those engaged in the immediate field of Bishop Cretin's labors should regard with much satisfaction the mighty results which have flown from those labors, and be rather disposed to place a free estimate on them. But when such an anniversary as that celebrated yesterday is capable of bringing together such a throng of representatives of the church from all over the country as appeared in St. Paul, there is little to do save to join in the expression of the wonder which the occasion must produce.

Fifty years is but an hour's space in the history of any people. Yet we here in St. Paul have witnessed in that brief space results the like of which have not been produced in centuries before. The marvelous growth which has been in progress throughout this entire country since the moundation of the republic has aroused the admiration and wonder of the world. The progress which has prevailed in the growth of the Catholic church and the propagation of the Catholic faith in the United States in the past fifty years, in and out of St. Paul, represents even a greater marvel.

The Catholic church might be said to have had no recognition among Americans at the close of the War of the Revolution. The efforts of the Catholic missionaries in Canada and in the South and Central American countries had left no trace on our civilization. My Lord Baltimore had been able to do but little for his faith. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, found much more bitter persecution right at his own door than he could have found elsewhere on the continent, even among the crags of Puritan New England. Indeed, till the period of famine emigration from Ireland the beginnings of Catholic development had been hardly laid. Yet when Bishop Cretin placed his foot on the soil of St. Paul his church had in the Eastern states reached much of power and influence. Here, save for the scattered traces of the faith which found their way from over the Canadian border, the church was practically unknown. Those were the days when the missionary priest had to be brought from foreign lands, and, too, usually from lands which knew not even the language which was destined to be spoken in this region.

Bishop Cretin did a great work. But it was not all his work, nor even planned by him. Those who came after him supplemented that work, as perhaps he had not dreamt of it. The American spirit took the place of the foreign sense of things; and Catholic and Protestants, laymen and clerics, worked hand in hand for the accomplishment of the same result. They suffered, endured and waited together. With the prosperity which was bound in time to reach this frontier land, as the result of its marvellous riches, there would come the strong men of all lands and of all creeds. They came. With them came the growth of the church and of the country. They were accomplished side by side. What the American man of every creed and no creed did for the material development of his country the members of the Catholic church have done for their faith. They have laid its foundations strong and sure on American soil, and nowhere more strong or more surely than in the great Northwest, from the beginnings made by Bishop Cretin and his devoted associates.

The grand significance of the scenes witnessed yesterday in St. Paul is not confined to any one race or religion. Every man who has borne part, however humble, in the up-building of this great empire of the Northwest, is entitled to his share of the honor attaching to such great achievements.

DANGERS OF DRAINAGE.

The state drainage commission has at its disposal $25,000 for drainage purposes this year. Various parts of the state are clamoring for attention and for a part of the money to be expended in ditch digging in their vicinity. The Red River valley alone could use the whole appropriation and then not be half drained. There are thousands of acres of swamp land in the state which can be made of use only through a careful system of drainage, but will this reclaiming of the swamp lands be a benefit to the state at large? Will not the emptying of these natural reservoirs tend to produce droughts in the dryer portions of the state? It is an established fact that denuding the land of forests lessens the rain fall on the one hand, and on the other the removal of the natural obstructions to the flow of water during the rainy periods produces floods.

Every new ditch that is dug helps to rob the country of its needed water. Every new ditch that is dug not only reduces the area of evaporation, but helps to hurry the surplus water toward the sea. If it were possible to drain the swamp areas and still hoard the water in reservoirs in the vicinity, for irrigation purposes, the harm would be minimized, but every acre that is reclaimed by a system of drainage renders uncertain ten acres of original tillable land of the state.

There was a time when the great flat prairies of Illinois never failed to bring forth a crop. It might be wet in the spring—the sowing and planting might be delayed by too much water, but droughts were unknown. In an evil hour whole counties were ditched and tiled. The drainage was complete and the farmers rejoiced. The surplus water was removed as soon as it fell; farming was made easy. But the lack of water began to be felt and when a drought set in it seemed impossible to break it. Sections of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois are becoming subject to droughts, a thing unknown a quarter of a century ago.

The semi-arid region is creeping eastward year by year and will continue until the whole Mississippi valley is in the belt unless more care is taken to conserve the moisture.

The forests must be replenished, the hills covered with a new growth of timber and the drainage conserved in reservoirs. To drain the swamp lands of this state without regard to the disposition of the water will be fatal to many a fine farm. We do not know whether or not the drainage commission has given this matter close investigation. If it has not, before another step is taken the result of the system contemplated should be investigated. Drainage may be a blessing or it may be a curse.

EVANS AND THE G. A. R.

The settlement of the heated issue between Gen. Sickles and his comrades of the G. A. R. on the one side and Commissioner Evans, the national Republican committee and the president on the other ought to be deferred to some later day and more favorable weather. It has thus far been fought out with entirely unnecessary vehemence; and the general public which is not interested in pensions, save to have their amount greatly reduced, would be convenienced by an adjournment being taken.

Gen. Sickles is ordinarily an irrascible man. He is gifted with the gift of plain speaking. They say that he is apt to forget antecedent statements, and to insist on his present opinions without regard to any change which time or circumstances may have wrought in them. But none of them can say that he was not a good soldier, that he is not a man of honor, or that he does not bespeak the opinions and preferences of the rank and file of the Grand Army organization.

On the other hand, Pension Commissioner Henry Clay Evans is conceded to be a careful and conscientious official, the worst charge against him being a disposition to give the pension claimant the worst of it, if he gets a reasonable chance. That he is or was a good official he is able to adduce the testimony of Gen. Sickles himself to prove, as he is to show that his official conduct was entirely acceptable in the past to the G. A. R. organization.

But it is beyond all reasonable question that, for some cause adequate in their view, the leaders among the old soldiers, Gen. Sickles among the others, were able to secure the promise from the Republican national committee that Evans would be removed in case McKinley was re-elected. Evans and his friends meet all the accusations and the statement of the promise by alleging that Sickles and his friends speak for the pension agents, and that he is obnoxious not to the rank and file of the old soldiers, but to the pension sharks who are uneasy at the restraints which he has been able to place upon them in their raids on the national treasury.

It is a pretty mess as it stands. It is a fight of politicians. Evans at the best has to do with pensions not yet granted. His administration of the office does not materially affect the essential principles which underlie the pension laws. The fault found with him is one which the general public will sustain him in. Whether Sickles speaks for the bona fide old soldier, or for him who has been described as "the pension bummer," and whether the promise which Sickles quotes was or was not given, it must be admitted, at this stage of the controversy at least, that public sentiment is with Evans and against his assailants.

Since there is no political campaign in sight, and the promises of the national committee are not impossible of performance in the future, when the pressure can be made much greater than it can in an "off" year, it might be well if Gen. Sickles and his friends would accept the situation as it stands, and recognize that Evans' pull is just at this time a little too much for them.

The country is enjoying the longest hot wave of the century. On every hand one hears the expression, "Isn't this war?" We all know what war is.

Columbia has won a boat race and is accordingly elated. Did any one ever know a college athlete to amount to anything after he left college?

Earl Russell knelt before the bar of the house of lords. We wonder if his soul knelt when he "crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee?" This kneeling may be a custom honored by time, but to the American mind it is a custom that would be more honored in the breach than in the observance.

A report comes from England that Christian Science is making great headway among the aristocracy and has invaded even the royal circles. If this craze will only spread to the other courts of Europe it will save the anarchists a great deal of trouble. The fad will accomplish what dynamite has failed to bring about—annihilation. All that is needed is time.

The ministers at Pekin are worse than a petit jury when it comes to agreeing on the simplest matters of detail. Now they are hopelessly tangled up over the kinds of bonds to be issued to pay the indemnity and the rate of interest they shall bear. A body of ordinary business men would settle a detail like that in twenty minutes.

Phillips, the man who cornered corn and thereby gained the title of corn king, is himself being cornered by a customer who demands an account of the inside workings of that great corn deal. In response to this demand the board of trade of Chicago has given Phillips until August 1 to make things plain to his doubting customer. A king may have his troubles it seems.

It is refreshing to note that, amid the alleged corruption of the municipal affairs of the city up the creek, the courts are bound to maintain their dignity. The giver of tips, Mr. O'Brien, has been found guilty of contempt of court and fined $25. It ought to have been $100. When the toughs get to the point where they can monkey with the courts with impunity, it is time for a vigilance committee presided over by Judge Lynch. Minneapolis is to be congratulated upon the possession of a judge who has the backbone to protect the ermine.

Although Uncle Sam is anxious to forget the Maine, there are others who insist on remembering it—especially those having claims against Spain on account of the supposed explosion. It will be remembered that President McKinley cited the blowing up of the Maine as one of the causes for armed intervention, insisting that a government that was unable to protect neutral vessels in her harbors had forfeited all claim to sovereignty. The administration desired to forget this, but, like the Teller resolution, it will not be forgot.

It is reported that Secretary Wilson is jubilant over the prospects of this country producing enough beet sugar to supply the home demand. He claims that the beet industry will enrich the farmers who go into it. Sure it will. The country paid over $15,000,000 to these beet sugar growers last year. This would help to enrich them even if they did not grow a beet. The cheaper way for the country would be to pay all beet growers a pension to keep them still and open up the markets to sugar which is grown in a sugar climate. Artificial prosperity is always expensive.

What does Gen. Gomez want? He is here on some kind of a mission, no one knows what. It was rumored that his visit had something to do with the old Cuban bonds. Then again, it was suggested that there was a political significence in the visit. Gomez would be Cuba's first president and go down in Cuban history as the first in war, the first in peace and the first in the hearts of his countrymen. In this role of father of his country he is hopelessly handicaped. He never cut down a cherry tree and has been suspected of telling what was not the actual truth at least twice in his life. If Gomez is here to get pointers on the personal and political career of George Washington we respectfully refer him to a fellow by the name of Grosvernor, of Ohio—the latest authority on things pertaining to Father George.

The preachers of Omaha have resorted to the time-honored injunction to stop the threatened bull fight at South Omaha. The bull will be brought into court, constructively, and there his status as a part of the community will be determined. Inasmuch as the promoters of the bull fight promise that not a hair of the bull's head shall be touched, the anxiety of the good preachers on behalf of the male cow does not clearly appear. There is a precedent for this action, however, in the order of Judge Gildersleeve, of New York, on the afternoon of the late black Thursday. In that case a temporary injunction was issued against the Wall street bulls in the shape of an order to show cause why they should not back out of the arena and quit goring the lambs.

AT THE THEATERS.

The Criterion Stock company, at the Metropolitan opera house this week, is drawing crowds in spite of the hot weather. The advance sale for the special matinee this afternoon is very large, and the indications are that the house will be filled for this performance this afternoon, and the Saturday matinee also.

The Metropolitan is the best ventilated and cooled theater in the world. The theater is supplied with water from an artesian well sunk to a depth of nearly 500 feet. This water comes to the surface ice cold, and is forced by pumps through a coil of 500 pipes, the extreme length of which is over 700 feet. These pipes are set at the junction of the auditorium and stage, and air is forced through the ice-cold coils by three fans with a combined strength of twenty horse power into the chambers under the parquet and circle, rising through the apertures in the floor into the body of the house. By this cold air current the temperature of the house may be lowered twenty degrees.

Tonight (Friday) the Minnesota State band will again be heard at Como park. There are eight numbers on the programme as follows:

March—"Lorraine" ..... Ganne
Overture—"Barber of Seville" .... Rossini
Trombone Solo—Concerto.... Novakansky
Mr. John Hansen.
Valse Espagnole—"Cuban Blossoms" ..... Selling
Grand Selection—"Lucia" ..... Donizetti
Caprice Martial—"Le Trot du Cavalier" ..... Spindler
Potpourri—"Hottest Coon in Town" ..... Marion
Gallop—"Merry Wives of Windsor" ..... Nicolai

SAID BY THE YOUNGSTERS.

Hostess—And does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?

Willie (who has asked for the second piece)—No, ma'am.

Hostess—Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?

Willie (confidently)—Oh, she wouldn't care. This isn't her pie, you know.

Dolly is a firm believer in the all-wise and all-seeing power of her Creator, but she is also a most devoted mother to a family of six bisque and kid and waxen babies. On Sunday morning nurse came home from church and found Dolly busily pressing out a doll's dress with a toy flatiron. Nurse fixed her charge with a stern, reproving eye. "This is Sunday," she said—just as if Dolly didn't know the dullest day of the seven. "You should not labor on the Lord's day." Dolly lifted a pink face and smiled serenely. "God knows this little iron isn't hot," she said.

One of the first things to attract the attention of Baby Clarence was grandma's hat rack, made of a pair of deer horns. One afternoon when he was three years old his papa took him to Captain G.'s park. When relating the incidents of the trip to his mama on their return he exclaimed: "And, oh, mama! I saw a deer and he had a hat rack on his head!"

Mabel's mother was showing her a brood of chickens hatched in an incubator. "They are poor little orphans," said the mother.

"An' is that the orphan asylum?" asked Mabel, pointing in wonder at the incubator.

"Why, Johnnie! What in the world do you want to be a newsboy for?"

"So's I can jump on and off the 'lectric cars."

A little girl went out to play one day in the fresh, new snow, and when she came in she said: "Mama, I couldn't help praying when I was out at play."

"What did you pray for, my dear?"

"I prayed the snow prayer, mama, that I heard in Sunday school."

"The snow prayer! What do you mean, little one?"

"I mean the beautiful snow prayer in the Bible, mama. You know it says, 'Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow'."

"Enjoy your party, Bobby?"

"Yes, ma."

"Well, what girls did you dance with?"

"Oh, I didn't dance. I had three fights I licked him every time."—New York Press.

TOO GOOD TO TALK ABOUT.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Here is a "down South" story that is credited to Walker Hill, the banker:

Two colored citizens sat in a skiff in the creek that runs 'longside Mr. Hill's old home in Virginia. They were fishing and resting. Suddenly Sam, who had been lazily pondering, said to Bill:

"Say, Bill, wha' d' you think is de bes' thing in de worl' to eat, huh?"

"Well," said Bill, after giving the matter that due consideration that its gravity demanded, "I kinder think de bes' thing in de worl' to eat would be one o' dem fine yeller leg chickens, fried in de pan an' cooked wid good cream gravy. Dat's my 'pinion. Wha' d' you think is de bes' thing in de worl' to eat, Sam?"

Sam did not hesitate a moment. His answer came out promptly and most decidedly.

"My 'pinion de bes' thing in de worl' to eat is a good ole 'possum and sweet 'taters."

Biff! Bill hit him a sounding whack on the side of the head and Sam fell into the creek. He came up floundering and puffing like a narwhal.

"You blame fool," he sputtered, "wha' d' you do dat fer?"

"Cause, niggah, you wan' a unstand dat dat's entirely too good a thing for a common niggah to talk about," said Bill.

THE MARTIAL SPIRIT.

When the line,
Guns asnine,
Tramps the street in cadence fine,
The martial spirit thrills one like the nectar of old wine.
And the heart,
With a start,
Throbs in sympathy with those that played the greater, grander part.

When the flag,
Ribboned rag,
Inspiration seems to drag
From the loudly roaring Springfield and the snappy, crackling Krag,
Every eye
Gazes high
With the sacred love of country as its banner flutters by.

When the sweet,
Wild "Retreat"
Halts the swift, pursuing feet
Of the charging soldiers pressing home the burden of defeat.
Every drum
Thunders "Come."
And the spirit of the nation makes their purple, pressed lips dumb.

—Will E. Maiden.

POLITICS OF THE STATE

The Robert G. Evans boom for governor, launched by Minneapolis politicians, is not meeting with that tremendous ovation doubtless expected for it. It is somewhat singular that of the state papers and politicians who supported Mr. Evans during the senatorial contest last winter, many of the most influential are vehemently opposing the idea of running him as a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor. Some contend that the Mill City man demonstrated a lack of power to concentrate the forces of his party, and that he would not be the right man to place in the race for governor in 1902. However this may be, it is extremely doubtful if Evans would land 75,000 in the rear of his ticket.

* * *

But Minneapolis, or any other section of the state, will find it difficult, if not impossible, to bring out a successful candidate for governor next time, since the gang has decreed that Gov. Van Sant must be renominated. The Winona Herald may be pardoned for saying that Van Sant deserves a renomination, since the governor and the editor of the Herald live in the same neighborhood, and besides that paper is one of the governor's special organs. It is not altogether strange, therefore, that Van Sant is being pushed forward by the papers from his own town, but there is an element of peculiarity in the attitude of some of the other papers over the state on the Van Sant-Evans proposition when they assert with such boldness that nobody but Gov. Van Sant can or will be nominated by the Republicans for governor. So far as individual strength is concerned there is no comparison between that of Evans and Van Sant. The course of affairs is a good illustration of the power of "that invincible gang."

* * *

The Minneapolis Journal is held responsible by the country press for the Evans boom. All sorts of angry words are being spent on that paper for daring to say that Gov. Van Sant cannot be reelected. The Anoka Herald stamps the Journal as the organizer of an anvil chorus and says of course the governor can't be re-elected if 30,000 or 40,000 of his partisans begin knocking him eighteen months before the election. There seems to be very little argument in such a theory. If the present incumbent of the executive's chair was the man his party really wanted in the office, does anyone think for a minute that the Journal or anybody else would be organizing an anvil chorus? If there are 40,000 Republicans in the state who, at this stage of the game, before the governor has filled out half his term, do not want him re-elected, there certainly must be some good reason for the opposition that is so generally manifested. Surely there is no one so unreasonable as to try to say that all these 40,000 are "disgruntled and disappointed officeseekers." The governor hardly had that many applicants altogether. Nor does there appear to be any just cause why these 40,000 of apparently independent men should surrender their ideas and convictions and bow to the will of a handful of grasping politicians, banded together for the purpose of cornering the political market of the state. It would seem that the 40,000 ought to have the right of expressing their preferences if this ring of four or five presumes to dictate the policy of the entire party.

* * *

The truth is that the Anoka Herald has been very conservative in saying that there are 30,000 or 40,000 Republicans who do not want Gov. Van Sant renominated or re-elected. Judging from the returns which came in last fall it would seem that the number is much larger. No doubt the Minneapolis Journal and the others who argue that Gov. Van Sant cannot be re-elected, are basing their statements upon these and other facts. By what method of calculation it is figured out that the man who runs 75,000 behind his ticket in a presidential year, with a side partner on the ticket, too, can be re-elected in an off year with no one in the field upon whom to lean, is certainly mysterious, to say the least.

* * *

Speaking of gangs and such things, the following from the Madelia Messenger might be pertinent:

The dominating influence of "de gang" has made a lot of country newspaper boys lay down the party pencil and fight for locality. If the Democratic cities are to have all the officers it is only justice that the Democratic cities elect the governor hereafter. The country has elected Republican governors, senators and congressmen since Minnesota has been a state and allowed the cities to receive all the benefits. Hereafter it is up to the cities to do the work.

On the heels of this effusion from the Messenger comes the little St. Paul Review, which some people say is the official mouthpiece of the gang, with this one:

That refrain sounds familiar. It has been sung before, and is more of a swan song than anything else. We notice that the country districts never forget to come to the cities for campaign funds. For some reason or other they are long on demands of this sort and short on help. Does the Messenger deem this consideration of any moment?

Mr. Wiggins and Mr. Barker

Brooklyn Eagle.

There lives in Chicago a charming young woman who is the proud possessor of two dogs. This in itself, it may be conceded, is hardly worthy of comment, for there are many charming young women who own dogs; but these particular dogs have been very strangely named. The fact is that the young woman in question prizes her dogs so highly that she thinks the greatest compliment she can pay to a young man is to name a dog after him, and at the same time she is so discreetly decorous and such a slave to propriety that she would not venture to give the young man's front name to a dog—it would seem too familiar. Now, young men come and go and young women are notoriously fickle, but dogs—at least these dogs—remain, so it happens that they are now bearing the appellation of cavaliers who have passed on to other charmers. It never would do to change a dog's name every time a vivacious and flirtatious girl shifted her affections, you know.

The real names may not be repeated here, lest trouble should arise therefrom, but for the purposes of the story the dogs may be designated as "Mr. Wiggins" and "Mr. Barker." The idea of calling a dog "Mr." may seem strange, but in view of the way they were named it would not seem proper to refer to them as simply Wiggins and Barker and the young woman never does it. She is distinctly formal in addressing them, as naturally would be expected of a girl who has been properly brought up. That, it may be said in passing, is the occasion for this story. If the circumstances were different there would have been no distressing complications and misunderstandings.

A young man who knew nothing about the dogs called on the young woman recently. He was a stranger in the city, but she had been a chum of his sister's at boarding school, he himself had met her once or twice, and he was assured of a warm welcome. It is impossible to describe his emotions satisfactorily, but if the masculine reader will mentally put himself in his place—remembering always that nothing had been said to him about dogs—he may have a fair conception of how he felt and what he thought.

He heard her tripping lightly down the stairs, and just as he was rising with pleasurable anticipations to meet her there was an interruption of some sort. He knew this because he heard the stamp of her foot, the rustling of her gown and these rather startling words:

"Behave yourself, Mr. Wiggins! You're mussing my dress all up. How do you think I'll look if you don't let me alone? Stop it, I tell you!"

The next moment she appeared in the doorway, smiling a pleasant welcome to him.

"Pardon me for keeping you waiting," she said, "but Mr. Wiggins has been bothering me so I could hardly do a thing."

"I think I heard you speak to him," suggested the young man, rather pointedly.

"Oh, yes," she replied, calmly; "I have to speak to him pretty sharply sometimes, or there's no telling what he'd do. Why, he nearly tripped me up twice this afternoon."

"He must be an awkward brute," he remarked for want of something better to say.

"Oh, no; not really awkward—just playful, you know," she answered. "And he's no worse than Mr. Barker, either. Why, this morning Mr. Barker bounced into my room and ran away with one of my shoes just as I was about to put it on—actually seemed to think it was a joke. Sometimes I think Mr. Barker has a vein of real humor in him."

The young man said nothing. There really seemed to be nothing for him to say, and if there had been he couldn't have said it. He had met strange people in his time, but— Well, wouldn't you have been at a loss to know what to say or do in the same circumstances?

"They're a dreadful trial," she went on. "You've no idea how annoying they can be. They have no regard for any one. Mr. Barker just about ruined one of my gowns last week by his boisterous fun. I told him to let me alone, but he wouldn't and I finally just had to slap him good and hard."

"But—but why do you permit it?" ventured the young man. "Surely it would be permissible to have such troublesome creatures turned away."

"Oh, yes, I could do that," she admitted, "but it has been going on so long that I know I should miss them. They're so delightfully jolly that I've really come to enjoy their antics—sometimes. I've learned to put up with it all, and even when they're most annoying I frequently have to laugh—they're so original, you know. Mr. Wiggins threw the cook down the cellar stairs day before yesterday."

Here was another occasion where the young man could say nothing. He was clearly beyond his depth and was afraid that any comment he might make would prove to be a mistake.

"Caught her by the toes, you know," the girl explained after a moment.

"How very extraordinary," he said.

"Oh, no; he's always doing such things, and he doesn't mean anything by it," she said, carelessly.

"Quite a common occurrence?" he asked in a bewildered way.

"Not throwing them down the stairs," she answered, "but he certainly does like to catch people by the toes. He goes for mine if he happens to see me in my stocking feet—when I'm putting on my shoes, you know. I try to bar him out of my room, but he gets in somehow."

Will the reader pause to consider what he would have done about this time? It would have been nothing, wouldn't it? He would have been wondering what kind of a place he was in, wouldn't he? And how he could get out quickly and quietly and reach some quiet spot where he could think it over. And yet she rambled on. She supposed, apparently, that he knew about her pets; indeed, she is said to be so wrapt up in them that she thinks every one knows about them.

"I wish you could see Mr. Barker," she said.

"Thank you; from what you have told me of him I don't believe I would care to," he returned, coldly, for even courtesy would not make him put the seal of his approval on such a creature.

"Oh, you'd like him," she insisted. "I know you would; every one does—so clever and bright and active and entertaining. But the poor fellow has been ailing for a day or so. I left him in my room rolled up in a blanket in front of the window where he can get the sun. He requires a lot of petting and care when he is sick."

"You—you look after him personally?" he asked.

"Certainly. Why shouldn't I?"

"No reason at all, of course," he hastened to say. "It shows kindness of heart, and—and most girls would hardly do it."

"Well, it is a good deal of a task," she admitted, "and sometimes I rather wish there were not two of them. One is enough for any girl."

"I should think so," he said in emphasis.

"Especially when they're so full of fun and so boisterous," she added. "Why, one of my dearest girl friends refused to come to the house any more because of a playful little joke that Mr. Wiggins played on her. He grabbed her by the ankle as she was passing along a dark hallway and nearly frightened her to death."

The young man says he does not know how he got out of the house finally, and he was in a daze for some time afterward. Then he happened to meet a friend of the family, and suggested in an incidental way that he heard a good deal of Mr. Wiggins and Mr. Barker while calling there.

"Yes, of course," was the reply. "Very clever little dogs, are they not?"

And now he says he is going to call there again, just to show that he doesn't always act like a chump.

WHAT GOLF COSTS US.

Gustave Kobbe in Harper's Weekly.

It is within bounds to say that this country spends at least $15,000,000 a year on golf. Fifteen million dollars is a large amount even to an American. Few of us have that much pocket money, yet I believe the sum to be well within bounds when reckoning up the annual expenditures for golf. Remember that a few years ago the Morris County Golf club, at Morristown, N. J., although already boasting fine and extensive links, added in one purchase $90,000 worth of land to its possessions, so that club house and links now represent an expense of about $150,000; that the Midlothian County club, near Chicago, represents at least an equal amount of expenditure and owns a railroad two miles long, over which the "Golf Limited" conveys members of the club from the Blue Island station of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway to the club house.

In round numbers there are a thousand listed clubs in the United States, but there must be many more. I myself belong to a club within little more than an hour's railroad ride from New York, but it has not yet got into the "Guide." How many more clubs must there be that have escaped notice. The total number easily is 1,200, although I think 200 is a small aggregate to allow as having escaped the official eye. Considering that the Country club of Brookline, Mass., has 750 members, and that it is not at all extraordinary to find golf clubs with over 300 members, it is not unreasonable to allow an average membership of 120,000. In New York city there are two thousand players who are not members of any club. Golfers of this class throughout the country must aggregate at least 30,000, so that the golfers of America may be put down at 150,000 strong. Certainly it is not too much to allow an average annual expense of $100 each, which makes the total $15,000,000.

Not a Dimple.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

He—Is dat a dimple in yo' chin?

She—Nopey, I got dat when we cut fo' de prize at de card party.

GOVERNOR AS ICEMAN.

New York World.

A prominent New York city Republican who went to Newburg to see Gov. Odell on Friday found him delivering ice on one of his father's ice wagons. The visitor was turning from one of the streets leading up the steep hill from the river. He was just passing the Palentine hotel when a cheery voice sung out:

"Hello! What are you doing up here?"

The visitor looked in the direction whence came the voice and saw the governor of the state standing on the back of an ice wagon poising a fifty-pound chunk of ice.

On the sidewalk watching the governor was his intimate friend, Capt. "Joe" Dickey.

The captain was giving the governor advice about his job when the New York visitor came along.

"Look out, Ben, that lump is overweight," he was saying.

"I'll bet you it isn't," responded the governor. "You must think I've forgotten my business. I'll bet there isn't half a pound overweight."

The captain was about to accept the wager when the governor caught sight of the New Yorker and hailed him. He passed the fifty-pound chunk over to the regular iceman and shook hands with his visitor.

"I was just having a bit of exercise," he explained. "Up in Albany there is little opportunity for exercise, and I've been enjoying myself here at home for a week getting my hand back in practice.

"I used to serve ice to the merchants and they have been having a lot of fun with me today. I've really enjoyed the two hours I have been traveling about with the wagon. Come up to the City club and we'll talk."

On the way to the club the governor spoke to more than fifty men. The old men all called him "Ben," and he called them by their first names.

The governor delivered ice in Newburg for three or four years before he took an interest in politics.

NO MORE YELLOW FEVER.

New York Herald.

Extermination of the mosquito in Havana has resulted in the virtual eradication of yellow fever. In an official report Maj. W. C. Gorgas, of the army medical department, who is chief sanitary officer on Gen. Wood's staff, says:

We commence June with the city free from yellow fever, no cases being on hand. This is probably the first time Havana has ever entered June free from yellow fever. April and May also commenced in the same way.

Maj. Gorgas reports the number of deaths for May 517, which was considerably less than for any May since 1889, with the exception of last year. The average number for these years was 735.81.

Our last case of yellow fever occurred May 7, Maj. Gorgas continues. Since March 1 we have only had one death from yellow fever, which occurred on March 13. I cannot but hope that this exceptionally good condition is in great part due to the large amount of labor and money we are expending in the destruction of mosquitoes, and the circumstances point in the same direction.

Formerly we paid no particular attention to the mosquito, merely disinfecting for yellow fever, as we do for other infectious diseases. The amount of sanitary work done continues, but most of our attention is now being paid to the destruction of mosquitoes.

The suburbs and the small streams in the suburbs have been thoroughly cleaned out, and pools have been oiled and drained. The mayor has issued an order prohibiting the keeping of standing water within the city limits unless made mosquito proof. This is being enforced, and all standing water found not protected is emptied and the owner fined.

THE LEADERSHIP OF AMERICA.

Nineteenth Century.

No competent observer can doubt that in wealth, manufactures, material progress of all kinds, the United States, in a very few years, must hold the first place in the world without dispute. Its population will soon be double that of any nation of western Europe. The population will have an education second only to that of Germany and Switzerland, and superior to that of any other European nation. The natural resources of their country exceed those of all Europe put together. Their energy exceeds that of the British; their intelligence is hardly second to that of Germany and France. And their social and political system is more favorable to material development than any other society ever devised by man. This extraordinary combination of natural and social qualities, with vast numbers and unbounded physical resources, cannot fail to give America the undisputed lead in all material things. It is a curious instance of the power of national egotism that Europe fails to grasp this truth—that Germans, with their wretchedly poor country, narrow seaboard, and scanty rivers, ports, and minerals, still aspire to the first place; that Frenchmen fail to see how their passion for art, rest and home has handicapped them in the race for supremacy in things material; that Britons, in their narrow island and their comfortable traditions, will not recognize that the industrial prizes must ultimately go to numbers, national unity, physical resources, geographical opportunities, trained intelligence, and restless ambition.

THE WINDS.

When sluggish lags my pulse, I plead
The rigorous North will rouse and blow,
Clearing the far horizon's blur,
Starting the rune-chant of the fir,
And bringing for mine earnest need
The bracing tonic of the snow.

When I incline to dreams, and fain
With half-shut lids, would lounge and see
The boughs swing languorously above
To low, thrush litanies of love,
And ripples goldenly the grain,
The South for me, the South for me!

When melancholy suits my mood,
I long to list, 'mid lapsing leaves,
The misty East discourse of pain
In its thin minor, and the rain
With plaintive sorrowing imbued,
Make plaintive patter round the eaves.

And when the pilgrim zest is strong
For brackened pathways mounting high
Along the hill slopes to the crest,
Then would I have the ardent West
Fling me his buoyant welcome song,
Toss me his old ecstatic cry.

So, with the veering winds that sweep
The empyrean I am one;
Feeling close kinship unto each,
Soul-sympathies of spirit-speech,
Blow they or shrill, or low, or deep,
Across the face of God's white sun!

—Clinton Scollard in the Youth's Companion.