

REVOLT AGAINST HILL

New York Democrats Have No Use for Any Reorganizer.

(Journal Special Service.)
 NEW YORK, June 7.—"No reorganizer" is the slogan of the liberal Democrats who hold a state convention in Cooper Union today to complete preparations for a vigorous campaign in New York State this fall. The addresses and the resolutions of the convention all pointed to avowed hostility to David Bennett Hill and all the other state leaders who were lukewarm in their support of Bryan in his two campaigns, or who openly opposed him. In an address to the public the organizers of the new party declared:

"The false leaders of the party in this state under David B. Hill were prior to 1884, in absolute control of the Government of this state, but accomplished nothing for the people and betrayed the confidence reposed in them. Having prostituted the party to a debased and degraded mercenary level they used it simply as a means of granting favors to the few. David B. Hill as the leader of the party in the state led the party from a majority of 59,000 in 1882 to disgraceful defeat in 1884, when, as a candidate for Governor, the people of the state repudiated him and

his leadership by 150,000 majority. These men again, under the leadership of Hill, now have the impudence and audacity to ask the confidence of the people."

Among well-informed politicians the new movement is regarded as of more national than local significance. They believe it to be a well-timed plan of Mr. Bryan and his followers to eliminate Hill as a Presidential candidate in 1904. Talk about the Democratic factions having agreed on Hill for a leader in the coming campaign is giving the Bryanites great concern. They calculate that Hill can be headed off as a Presidential possibility by the nomination of a third state ticket this fall and the consequent defeat of the regular Democratic candidate for Governor. These views of the situation are strengthened by the fact that Norman E. Mack, New York member of the Democratic National committee, has been in the West conferring with the Nebraska leader. Mr. Bryan recently suggested the nomination of Mr. Mack for Governor, and today's gathering of the element in revolt is believed to be the first step in an organized fight of the Bryanites to down Hill and defeat his hopes of being the standard-bearer of the party in 1904.

TEDDY HANGED IN EFFIGY

Southerners Furious Over Memorial Day Speech.

(Journal Special Service.)
 NORFOLK, Va. June 7.—In the presence of 300 persons, indignant over his remarks regarding lynching in his Memorial day speech, President Roosevelt was hanged in effigy near Prince Anne Courthouse. There had been much excited comment over the speech in which the President is considered to have vil-

lified the South. In the mock execution a dummy representing a rough rider was used. The plans were made by several of the best known white men in the country. On the body was attached a placard reading, "We Villified Our Country for Political Purposes."

The crowd, after the mock execution, circulated around the suspended dummy singing "We'll hang Roosevelt to a Sour Apple Tree." Speeches were made denouncing his Memorial day address and accusing him of trying to disturb the cordial relations between the North and the South for political purposes and condemning his defense of his Philippine policy of extermination.

Avoiding Shop.
 Clara—It's really to bad about Abel, isn't it?
 Maude—I don't know. What is it?
 Clara—Why, she can't play golf again this season.
 Maude—Has she injured herself?
 Clara—No, but she's engaged to a manufacturer of golf sticks and it would not be good form, you know.—Chicago News.

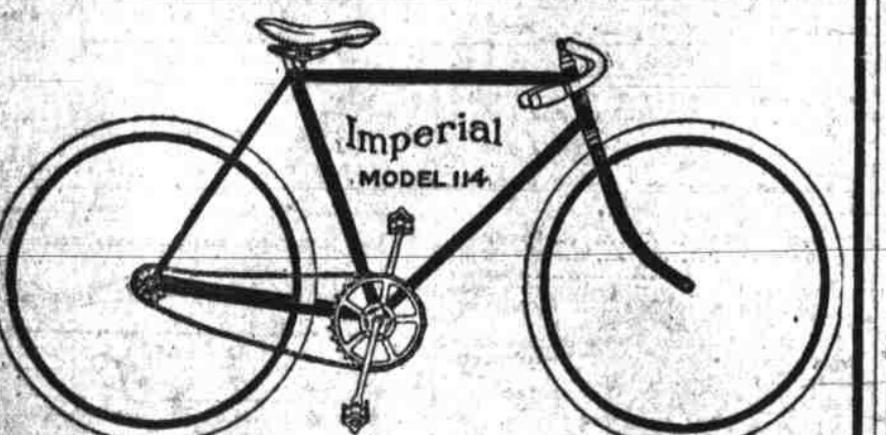
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ABOUT TITLED PEOPLE.

Five thousand dollars was the price paid by the Empress of Russia recently for a dress. It was a mass of silver embroidery and eight girls were at work upon it in relays night and day for six weeks. The Carina is beautiful and youthful in appearance. Amelia Kussner Couderc, the well-known miniature painter, last year painted a portrait of the Empress who gave her some dozen sittings. Comparatively few photographs have been taken of her, for she is somewhat averse to posing before a camera. She is herself, however, quite an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and frequently takes her camera with her when traveling.

The Queen of Rumania, more familiarly known as Carmen Sylva, is a great lover of nature. Nearly all of her literary work has been done out of doors. One of her favorite spots is a little summer house built of reeds and surrounded by a hedge of rose bushes. A hammock is swung in one corner and when not resting here the Queen sits at the writing table, which is carved from stone and overgrown with lichens. For flowers Carmen Sylva has a particular fondness and keeps them always about her in profusion.

The finest collection of Russian sables in the world is owned by the Dowager Empress of Russia. The lining of one of her cloaks cost \$50,000. She dresses in black and devotes much of her time to works of charity.

Transit at the Hub.
 Passenger (after a hot run)—Why don't you stop the car at the corner? Didn't you see me signal you to stop?
 Conductor—The fact is, sir, you overdid the thing. I thought you were practicing Swedish movement athletics.—Boston Transcript.

Out West.
 "Are you a widow?"
 "Yes."
 "Death or Dakota?"

The JOURNAL SHORT STORY

Kenyon Meredith twisted round several times on his revolving chair, and, with an impatient movement of the hand, said:

"Ask Miss Gerard to come in here."
 The frown left his face as a girl appeared—a girl who was unknown to him save by name.

"I don't know why it is," she said, without preface, "but mother can know no peace till she has seen you. She knew your father, you know," with a queer, ironical smile. "How bored you must be with people who trade on that past acquaintance to make you do things you hate."

"Not at all," he hastened to assure her, letting his quick, appreciative eye roam from the soft curve of her uplifted chin to her little patent-clad toes, that were tracing patterns on the carpet. "Only, you see, I no longer practice."

"A triviale of that sort means nothing to mother," she answered.
 And he laughed—a very attractive, pleasant laugh—and wondered why she roused in him interest; why he kept silence that he might hear her voice; why he felt compelled to seek her glance, that glance that wandered rather haughtily over his head.

Meredith inwardly complimented Mrs. Gerard upon her choice of a messenger. Aloud, he merely said:
 "It will give me great pleasure," and rose as she did, furtively marking the mixture of question and incredulity in her straight, raised eyebrows.
 She thanked him gravely, indifferently, was evidently quite unconscious of the warm pressure of his handclasp, and, with a slight bow, left him.
 And that is how they first met.

"Mother is not really ill!"
 There was no question in the girl's tone. She was standing before Meredith, her eyes fixed searchingly on his, and they were both occupying the hallway of Mrs. Gerard's bedroom, which was not covered with flower boxes.

"No not really," he replied, unguardedly, watching the little soft rings of hair as they were lifted from her forehead by the light, night wind.
 "Then why have you come here every day for five weeks?"
 It was a question he was not prepared to answer offhand, and so took refuge in temporary silence.

"It pleases her," he said at last. "She—she has confidence in me; and it enables me to see you, too—sometimes."
 "Sometimes?" she queried and smiled—
 one of her rare, sweet smiles—full in his eyes. He thrust his hands into his pockets, overcoming a desire to draw her into his arms. And his voice seemed cold when he spoke again, because of the restraint he was putting on himself.
 "Your life cannot be a happy one, shut up in this great house, in everlasting attendance upon—"
 "No, it is not happy; but that cannot be helped."
 "I differ with you. It can—it should. If you will let it be so—it shall!"

"Is it true?"
 The simple words left the girl's lips

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No Old Maids in Russia.
 The idea is still allowed to prevail in Russia that single life is a disgrace to women, for there are no old maids except in the religious orders. If the parents cannot arrange a marriage for the daughter she makes a journey, and is thus lost to the gossiping community. Soon reports are circulated of her marriage to a foreigner. Long absence brings forgetfulness, so that when the story is told of the death of the foreign husband in a strange land there are few who care of etiquette; and the woman finally returns as a broken-hearted widow. She has met the conditions of the country, and she is no longer a single person in society. Thus the fiction of "no unmarried women" is preserved in the domain of the Czar.—Chicago Tribune.

Scented New Game.
 Capper (at foot of State street stairway)—Wan't to try your luck a bit? Nice little game going on upstairs.
 Indignant Citizen—Sir, I am a church worker.
 Capper (becoming interested)—Mebby that's a better game than this. How do you work 'em?—Chicago Tribune.

Probably.
 Teacher—What would you call a man that never told a lie?
 Pupil—Dead and dumb.

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LIGHTS AND SIDELIGHTS.

"Did the typhoid fever leave you with anything?"
 "No; the doctor got it all."—Arkansas Traveler.

Mamma (at the Zoo)—What do you think of the baby leopards, Elsie? Aren't they handsome?
 Little Elsie—But do they always come in the same pattern, mamma?—Puck.
 First Workman—Why don't yer buy yer own matches, 'stead of always cudgin' mine?
 Second Workman—You're uncommon mean with yer matches. I'll just take a few (helps himself to two-thirds) and be independent of yer!—Punch.
 He—I believe you cared for me the first time we ever met.
 She—Why, what makes you think so?
 He—Because you kept looking at me so steadily. Every time I glanced in your direction your gaze was riveted upon me.
 She—Oh, but it wasn't because I had fallen in love with you. I was thinking what a pity it was there was no one near and dear to you who could tell you what wretched taste you had in neckties.—Tit Bits.

FAME'S PATHWAY.

General Drummond, an old resident of Guatemala, says of Godfrey Hunter that he was so unpopular as United States minister that when he gave his last reception only six Chinamen and a Pole attended.

The Russian Arctic explorer, Dr. Alexander von Bunge, declares in a recent magazine article that Andree was a victim of international rivalry, the success of the Norwegian, Nansen, having led him impetuously to undertake his perilous trip, in the hope of surpassing him and thus putting Sweden in the lead.
 The grand duke of Saxe-Weimer is just 35 years of age, and is said to be the richest bachelor in Europe, not even excepting his majesty of Spain. Rumor has credited his royal highness with tender sentiments toward more than one princess, the latter selection being the Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, whose attractions are becoming greater every year.

Tonsorial Jag.

Percy—Had a beastly wude shock last evening, doncher know?
 Harold—What was the mattah, dear boy?
 Percy—Met Clarence on the street, and he was undah the influence of liquor.
 Harold—Yaws, poor chappie! A howid barrah put some bay rum on his face, doncher see.—Omaha News.

Tough Proposition.

Farmer's Wife—I thought you said you were hungry.
 Weary Willie—Dat's wot I sed, ma'm.
 Farmer's Wife—Then why don't you eat that piece of steak I gave you?
 Weary Willie—Dat's all right, ma'm. I didn't ask for work.—Des Moines News.

Too Slow.

Ethel—But Harry Gayby is so "fast."
 Myrtle—He isn't fast enough to get away from me!

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