

LIND IS BOOMED FOR GOVERNOR

"Honest John" May Be Democracy's Standard Bearer.

AGREEABLE TO ALL FACTIONS

Backers Declare His Election Would Be Stepping Stone to United States Senatorship.

St. Paul—(Special)—Anything short of United States senator for John Lind, now representing President Wilson in Mexico, would be looked upon by many of his admirers as an affront and with positive rejection on his part, still it might be news to a few to know that "Honest John" is being quietly boomed as Democracy's choice for standard bearer in the big state fight which will be waged this fall. Mr. Lind, they say, looks good to National Committeeman Fred B. Lynch, who will dominate the big Democratic love feast to be held in Minneapolis next month. President Wilson, they further say, would like to add Minnesota to his collection of scalps, and John, they add, would not be averse to making the race if the final goal—the United States senator-



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JOHN LIND.

ship which comes two years hence—can be assured. Mind you I am not giving you this Lind talk as authoritative; it is only gossip, and probably only very thin gossip at that, and yet it has the earmarks of some one close to the throne. This Lind talk was started last week and like the proverbial straw was grabbed at with avidity. Some even had the nerve to say it had national administration backing, but Mr. Lynch would not go that far. The best he would say was that if Mr. Lind could be induced to enter the race he would be a winner. Lind gossip aside, the coming Democratic get together meeting is going to be the best Kilkenny scrap ever held in Minnesota, or I miss my guess, and probably it is here where this Lind stuff comes in. He is to be offered as the egg that will settle the coffee. Anything to put Dan Lawler out of business is generally accepted here as the motive behind the love feast, as promoted by Mr. Lynch, but in the getting process it is pretty certain that some one is going to be hurt. Dan will not stand for it, nor neither will the O'Connor crowd, with whom Mr. Lawler is aligned, so you see this Lind stuff, if it could be forced, would not be a bad thing after all. All factions would practically have to accept him.

Speaking of Dan Lawler and the Lynch designs on his gubernatorial ambitions, I gather from the talk that if Congressman Hammond, who is favored by Mr. Lynch and his lieutenants, is brought out for governor that the flaying the administration end will receive from Mr. Lawler will be worth recording. It will be an echo of the Clark-Wilson fight for control of the Minnesota delegation and some choice linen may be aired in the mixup. Hammond, the Lawlerites charge, though enjoying committee prestige at the hands of Speaker Clark, forgot him in his hour of need and for this reason he should be treated as an ingrate. Besides they hold that Hammond, because of his connection with the present tariff law, cannot be elected. The farmers, they say, would knife him.

While the fight in the Democratic ranks threatens to muddy the political waters of that faith, looming up on the horizon of the unwashed is Representative Pfander of New Ulm and no one would be surprised if in an effort to settle the gubernatorial nomination controversy the leaders were compelled to take over the New Ulm man and his ambitions. Gossip of this kind is quite frequent down here and mention of Pfander's name generally brings endorsement. Pfander comes of a distinguished and prominent Minnesota German

family. His father was state treasurer at one time and the son has received additional honors in a political and civic way.

State Auditor Iverson has not realized his gubernatorial ambitions as yet, still this fact did not prevent him, when addressing a convention of independent telephone delegates in St. Paul, to assure those present that the next governor of Minnesota would sign a telephone regulation bill. The independents want a law that will compel physical connection between lines and a commission which will regulate rates. Governor Eberhart vetoed such a law passed by the last legislature. For some unknown reason Governor Eberhart was not asked to address the gathering. Mr. Iverson was invited instead.

It is pretty certain that the minimum wage law for minors and women passed by the last legislature will be attacked in the courts on the ground that it is unconstitutional. This was made plain by Rome G. Brown of Minneapolis in a hearing on the law before Attorney General Smith. Mr. Brown, who represents employers of labor affected by the act, says the law is unworkable and unenforceable as well as unconstitutional. About all the commission which resulted from the passage of this law has done since its creation has been to draw on the \$5,000 a year set aside for its maintenance.

H. J. Maxfield, former state immigration commissioner, has filed for the Republican nomination for congress in the Sixth district. He is going to contest the present incumbent, Congressman Lindbergh, and according to close friends the fight that will be waged will be a hot one. Whether Lindbergh will elect to go after his present job or throw his hat into the Bull Moose gubernatorial ring is not known at this time, but if he does try for his Washington job it is generally agreed that he will have the fight of his life on his hands. Maxfield is some campaigner and is well known in the district. His home is at Wadena.

Quite a few of the wise ones are arguing that a Bull Moose candidate for governor stands an excellent show of election. They point out that the present fight in the ranks of the two old parties will force votes to a Progressive. W. H. Lee of Long Prairie, it is reported, is inclined to take this view of the situation and friends have been putting the same thing up to Congressman Lindbergh, but so far the two have refused to bite.

Admirers of the extreme in election and primary legislation cannot but view with alarm the present tendency to relegate to the discard some of the undoubted misfits which now adorn the various statute books. There are wise ones who argue that the next six years will see a modified convention system in Minnesota and that the non-partisan feature of present election and primary laws will be dropped. One paper, the Minneapolis Journal, has already taken up the cudgel in behalf of some kind of a political conference and the plea is spreading. Another election and the cry will be louder.

J. Adam Bede, former congressman from the Eighth district and a noted wit, has absolutely no use for the new order of things in matters political and never fails to air his views when he can. It is said of him that he was a guest at a banquet given to a well known Minneapolis newspaper man about to depart for another field and that one of the principal speakers was Archbishop Ireland. The remarks of the archbishop were quite pointed and in his talk he roundly scored the tendency toward Socialistic ideas and their incorporation in matters politic. Mr. Bede was favorably impressed and, rising as the archbishop sat down, said: "Yes, your grace, if the primary law was compulsory in the Catholic church you would have Billy Sunday as pope." The audacity of the remark startled the guests, but the archbishop only laughed and after a slight pause said: "I guess you are right."

The state is being flooded with a two-page letter sent out by an organization styling itself the Minnesota State Railway Employees' Protective association, attacking the Cashman distance tariff law. The letter is presumably for railroad employees only, but many others are being made the recipients of copies. The idea of the association is that what tends to reduce the revenue of the roads hurts the workmen in a wage way and for this reason the Cashman law is attacked. During the last session of the legislature the principal employment of the officers of the association was keeping the railroads informed of pending legislation and running errands in their interest.

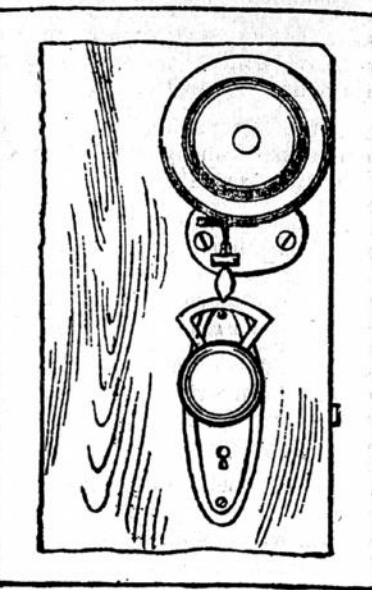
Dr. Egil Boeckmann of St. Paul, a son-in-law of J. J. Hill, the railroad magnate, has been made a member of the state board of health by Governor Eberhart.

Governor Eberhart is cudgeling his brain how to rid himself of an embarrassing situation in Duluth. There a prominent paper is hot on the trail of the police department and has demanded of the governor that he give needed aid. The managing editor of the paper in question conferred with the governor and report has it that the editor in question handled the big stick with vigor.

THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES

Doorbell That Rings When Knob Is Turned.



In a new invention which has been recently patented the act of turning the knob will ring a bell which is located on the back of the door. This dispenses with the uncertainty of the electric bell, which must be given more or less attention from time to time to maintain it in operating order. The external appearance of the knob is exactly the same as any other, but inside there is a curved segment secured to the shank of the knob. As this is moved back and forth in the movement of the knob a lever which operates the bell is agitated and causes the bell to ring.

Mincemeat.

Boil three pounds of lean boneless meat, and when cold put through food chopper. Then add four quarts chopped apples, one quart of ground suet, two pints of fruit juice, cherry or strawberry are the best; one pound of currants, one and one-half pounds of seeded raisins cut in halves. The juice of four lemons, peelings of three oranges, which have been through food chopper; one-fourth of a citron cut fine, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one-half tablespoonful of allspice, one-half tablespoonful of cloves, one and one-half pints of weak vinegar, and then add enough brown sugar to suit the taste.

Maple Waffles.

Vermont maple waffles are delicious when served nicely buttered and piping hot. To make them, soften one cupful of finely shaved maple sugar in three cupfuls of milk. Sift one quart of flour with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one saltspoonful of salt, then rub in one tablespoonful of softened butter. Beat the yolks of four eggs until light, then add the milk and sugar and stir gradually into the flour; beat thoroughly, fold in the whites of eggs beaten stiff and dry and beat again. Bake in well greased and heated waffle irons.—Rural New Yorker.

Cheese Biscuit.

An excellent cheese biscuit is made by sifting together two cupfuls of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, then with a fork or the fingers work into it one-quarter of a pound of cheese and add gradually about a cupful of water. It is impossible to give the exact amount of water, as flour differs in its capacity for taking up moisture. Toss the dough on a floured board, roll out and cut with a biscuit cutter. When in the pan sprinkle over the top a bit of grated cheese.

Virginia Corn Bread.

Three cupfuls of white meal, one cupful of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of lard, three cups of milk and three eggs. Sift together the flour, cornmeal, sugar, salt and baking powder. Rub in the lard cold, add three well beaten eggs and then the milk. Mix into a moderately stiff batter, pour into well greased, shallow baking pans and bake from thirty to forty minutes.

Old Fashioned Souce.

Take pigs' feet and head, thoroughly clean and place in salt water to soak for twenty-four hours. Then boil until the bones slip easily from the meat. Take up and when cool enough to handle, carefully remove all bones. Mince or grind through a meat chopper, season with salt, pepper and sage to suit the taste and press in a mold. This is very nice sliced and placed in vinegar, or for breakfast sliced and dipped in batter and fried.

Golden Betty.

To make brown betty with cheese arrange in a deep earthenware dish alternate layers of breadcrumbs and thinly sliced apples. Season with cinnamon, a little clove and brown sugar. Scatter some finely shaved mild full cream cheese over each layer of apples and when the dish is full scatter breadcrumbs over the top and bake thirty-five to forty minutes, placing the dish in a pan of water so that the pudding will not burn.

Popcorn Balls.

Pop corn in popper, put in pan. Take teaspoonful molasses, butter size of walnut and one teaspoonful vinegar. Cook all together until it will harden when dropped in cold water, then pour over corn and make in balls.

FOR THE CHILDREN

For a Washington Party.

There are so many lovely things to use as decorations and souvenirs that it is a pleasure to give a Washington birthday party. Games for the occasion are numerous. The "historical game" is lots of fun. Arrange some of vance by pictures or articles some of the Revolutionary events. For instance, a few carpet tacks on a package of tea would represent "tax on tea."

A tea table arranged with cups of tea and a sign, "This Tea Came From Boston," would stand for "the Boston tea party."

A picture of Washington's head cut in quarters and pasted on paper would be "Washington's headquarters."

A card bearing a picture of a soldier's bunk, a letter "R" and "H" lying in bed ill would stand for Bunker Hill.

Your imagination can help you work out many events of the Revolutionary times, and for the one guessing the most correct answers you give a toy cherry tree box filled with candy.

Another good game is to give in order the dates of the battles fought in Washington's time. The prize for the best answers can be a toy hatchet. At the table make each sign a patriotic song, awarding a flag as souvenir to the best singer.

Candy cherries hidden about the room create lots of fun. The object is to hunt for them and gather them in. The one who finds the most wins a prize.

Washington's Maxims.

Here are a few rules which were lived up to by George Washington: "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

"A good character is the first essential in man."

"Speak not ill of the absent. It is unjust."

"To persevere is one's duty, and to be silent is the best answer to calumny."

"Commerce and industry are best mines of a nation."

"Associate with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation."

"It is better to be alone than in bad company."

"I never wish to promise more than I have a moral certainty of performing."

Washington's Accuracy.

All schoolboys know something of Washington's adventures as a surveyor when he measured the great estates of Lord Fairfax, but perhaps few are aware of the painstaking accuracy with which he did his work. Many years afterward it was found that the surveys made by Washington when a youth were the only land measurements of that part of the country in colonial days that could be depended upon. Even after his death Washington's surveys passed unquestioned among lawyers.

Washington's Birthday.

Washington's birth is recorded in the family Bible as having taken place on "ye 11th day of February, 1732." This was before the adoption of the modern calendar by England, and this day was observed by Washington as his birthday until his twentieth year. The first known public celebration of Washington's birthday was on Feb. 11, 1794. The old style date was still adhered to. This was during the lifetime of the first president and completed his fifty-second year.

Mother Carey's Chickens.

Above is the name given by sailors to the stormy petrel, a small sea bird, the appearance of which is an unfailing sign of rough weather. The expression Mother Carey is said to be a corruption of mater cara, dear mother, a phrase used by Italian sailors in speaking of the mother of Christ, patroness of seafaring men, to indicate their thankfulness to her for sending these, her chickens, to warn them of bad weather.

Washington's Youth.

Washington's proudest youthful pos sessions were a pony and a whip top. He was taught to ride the pony by Uncle Ben, one of his father's slaves, and on this humble animal he acquired that seat on the saddle that carried him through the dangers of two wars. The whip top probably was a toy imported from England. Even in the mother country toys were few and crude in those days.

A Boy's Witty Remark.

A teacher said to a boy considered dull in mathematics: "You should be ashamed of yourself. Why, at your age George Washington was a surveyor."

"Yes, sir," was the response, "and at your age he was president of the United States."

The Oldest Flower.

The rose is the oldest flower of which there is any record. So great is the antiquity of the rose that all account of its origin has been lost. In Egypt the rose is depicted on a number of monuments believed to date from 3,000 to 3,500 B. C.

Riddle and Answer.

We are little airy creatures, All of different voice and features. One of us in glass is set. One of us you'll find in jet. Father you may see in tin. And the fourth a box within. If the fifth you should pursue— It can never fly from you. Answer.—The vowels.

IN THE REALMS OF ROMANCE

Maiden Saved From Dire Fate by Her Faithful Lover.

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That March afternoon as Zeb Taylor made his rounds of the sugar bush with pails suspended from a neck yoke to empty the brimming troughs of sap and convey them to the barrels at the fire it all came back to him so forcibly that he seemed to be working in a dream. He had known Nellie Tompkins since childhood. The two farmhouses stood close together, and the children had been Zeb and Nell to each other until he had become his father's "hired man" and she had put on long dresses.

The old folks had looked upon it as a matter of course that the young couple would get married in due time. It was only after the girl had been sent away to school and her letters to Zeb had been few and far between that he awoke to the fear of losing her.

Nell Tompkins at eighteen was a good looking, attractive girl, and Zeb realized that education and society would improve her still more. Other young men would be attracted, and he would stand no show.

As Zeb reached the camp and emptied his buckets of sap into the barrels he lingered and thought of more recent sorrows. Nell Tompkins had returned from school two weeks before on a vacation. He had hastened over to the farmhouse in his working clothes to welcome her, and plainly she had been shocked. There was no warmth in her handshake, no love in her eyes. Even when he reappeared a night or two later in his Sunday best she had called him Mr. Taylor and had refused to remember how he had carried her on his back over mudholes and boosted her over fences. A change had come to blast all his hopes, and on his road home he made up his mind to face it like a man.

While he mended the line fence between the two farms next morning he raised his voice in song so that Nell Tompkins might realize that he was not taking her conduct to heart, but his voice sounded like a crow's. When he met Farmer Tompkins he made a great pretense of being jolly, and he started a report that he was "stuck" on Abigail Spooner.

Thus Zeb Taylor had tried to make himself believe that he was getting the best of it.

Night had come in the sugar bush. Zeb had eaten a cold supper while the sap in the pan boiled and foamed and later on had cut up the wood to be used through the hours of darkness. Then he sat down on a log to smoke and figure out how many pails of sirup would be the result of that run of sap. He intended to follow the sirup to the "sugar off" process and count up the pounds of sugar, but his thoughts insensibly drifted away to Nell Tompkins, and for a long ten minutes he was oblivious of his surroundings. Then he was suddenly called to life by the hoot of an owl. He could have suppressed the cold shivers inside of two minutes had not the hoot of the bird been followed by the scream of a woman. The sugar bush was a mile away from any house, and the voice of a woman in the dark woods weakened Zeb's knees and brought his heart into his throat. He was shaking with alarm when the owl hooted again, a hoot full of the direst peril, and again it was followed by the scream of a woman whose life was menaced. Zeb stopped only to grab up a club, and then he made a rush into the darkness. He had only fifty feet to go before discovering Nell Tompkins leaning up against the trunk of a tree.

"You—you here!" gasped Zeb as he came to a halt.

"Yes, and, oh, Zeb, the bear—the bear!" she exclaimed as she held out her arms to him.

"What bear? Where? When?"

"He's just roared out twice, and you—you—"

"Yes, I heard him roar, but don't you be afraid," said Zeb as he put his arm around her and gently walked her to the fire. The arm still encircled her as they sat down on the log together, and he asked:

"Nell, did you start for anywhere and get lost?"

"I—I don't know," she half sobbed. "I heard you were making sugar down here all alone and that you were going to sugar off tonight."

"Not quite so soon."

"And I thought—thought—"

"What did you think, Nell?"

"I thought if I came down you'd give me some maple wax on a white chip and that I would say that I was sorry if I hurt your feelings the other night."

"And you got lost in the woods?"

"Queried Zeb as his heart began to melt."

"I—I guess so. It was awfully dark."

"And a bear growled at you?"

"Such awful growls! Oh, Zeb, I was so glad to see you! I might have been eaten alive!"

"Yes, and what then?"

"Why, if pa and ma haven't gone to bed—and I don't think they have—you might want to talk to 'em, you know."

"Yes, I know," whispered Zeb as he lifted her face and kissed her. And then the sap in the pan boiled and foamed again, the fire crackled and snapped, and the owl above their heads chuckled in his throat and flew away to other fields of romance.

EXERCISE AT HOME

A Short Course In Body Building For Business Men.

NEW LIFE FOR THE MUSCLES.

This System Is Simple, Gives Help Where Help Is Needed, Takes but Ten Minutes Night and Morning and Increases Strength and Vitality.

This is a synopsis of the preliminary setting up exercises used by the trainers of the various athletic teams, which I tested personally when captain of the Yale athletic team, and which were approved by the late Mike Murphy. I have adapted them for use by business men. SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Get up! That's the hardest part. Then cross a pair of two pound dumbbells, holding them with both hands up over the head, and swing them down between the outspread legs, then up until they are shoulder high and swing straight out to one side as far as possible, holding the arms stretched out straight and stiff. Go back again down between the legs and up and out the other side. If you don't have the dumbbells clasp the hands and do it without.

This is the famous "liver squeeze," which Sandow once said helped more muscles than any other single exercise. Moreover, it helps the muscles that need help.

Even the most sedentary man exercises his arms and legs somewhat. Few after middle age ever exercise the great trunk muscles that cover the vital parts of the body. That is the reason so many men past forty are ruptured and suffer so easily from strained or rheumatic backs and sides. That is one reason, too, for dyspepsia. The blood is never flowed across the stomach and back as it should be. The liver squeeze stretches and strengthens the muscles of the lower and upper back and the great fat muscles across the breast and abdomen, and, as its name implies, stimulates and increases the blood supply of the digestive organs underneath these vital muscles.

Do this exercise every morning and night five times, if you are over forty, ten times if under, for a week. Then add one a day to the number until it reaches thirty. That is enough for the average man. In two weeks you will find that your stomach and back are hardening, that your appetite has increased and that your digestion is better.

After the liver squeeze and after each exercise take five long, slow breaths, holding for a moment and breathing out slowly. Breathe right down to the bottom of the lungs or, rather, right up to the little upper corners that are so seldom inflated in everyday life and where the fatal tuberculosis bug always gets its first foothold.

Then lie down flat on the bed with the legs hanging over the side and slowly raise them, without bending, straight up and down again. Put one hand on the stomach and see how the abdominal muscles come up in hard ridges. This is the "melter," so called because it melts the fat off the stomach. Five times every morning and night is enough for the first two weeks. Then add one a day until it, too, runs up to thirty. This is the great weight reducer and is used by all athletes to get into condition and take off "slush," as the trainers call the fat that gathers so quickly and insidiously over the stomach.

After this exercise and the five deep breaths stand with the stomach in, chest out and arms straight out at right angles to the body, shoulder high, and make each dumbbell describe a small circle, kneading the shoulders back. This is part of the military setting up exercises to insure a good carriage. The average man works over a desk all day and long before he is fifty stoops at the shoulders. Twenty times every morning and night is enough for the first two weeks. Then increase it slowly up to a hundred.

The last of the exercises is for the neck muscles, which never get any exercise and often let the head sag forward. Clasp the hands back of the head and bend the head until the chin touches the breast. Then push the head back against the pull of the hands, keeping the chin down. Do it the same number of times as the setting up exercise, and in a few weeks you will be looking the world in the face again.

All of these exercises should, of course, be done before an open window or on a sleeping porch. If possible do them stripped. This gives the skin an air bath and hardens it so that it can resist cold and colds.

After these exercises take a cold sponge or tub bath and drink one glass of cold water. Get up early enough to walk at least a mile on your way to work and again on your way home. On either walk don't think of business. Relax your mind, watch the people you meet or, better still, get some friend to walk in and out with you. This prescription is to be mixed with eight hours of sleep daily.

These exercises take less than ten minutes, and you can't use twenty of the daily 1,440 to better advantage. Try this system for three weeks and see what an increase of power and vitality there is and how much easier it is to think and work and play with a helping instead of a hindering body.—New York Tribune.

Pure Sugar.

Pure sugar will be entirely consumed by fire, while an ash will remain if it is adulterated.

Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back.—Ben Jonson.