THE JOURNAL

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THE JOURNAL is published every evening, except Sunday, at 47-49 Fourth Street South, Journal Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

C. J. Billson, Manager Eastern Advertising.

NEW YORK OFFICE—86, 87, 88 Tribune building.

CHICAGO OFFICE—308 Stock Exchange building.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

Payable to The Journal Printing Co.

Delivered by Mail.

One copy, one month	$0.35
One copy, three months	1.00
One copy, six months	2.00
One copy, one year	4.00
Saturday Eve. edition, 20 to 26 pages.	1.50

Delivered by Carrier.

One copy, one week	8 cents
One copy, one month	35 cents
Single copy	2 cents

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Subscribers ordering addresses of their papers changed must always give their former as well as present address.

CONTINUED

All papers are continued until an explicit order is received for discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid.

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TOO MANY LAWS

If Governor Van Sant has any supplementary messages to send to the legislature we would like to call his attention to the precedents established by the governors of Illinois and Indiana. Both have suggested to the legislatures of their respective states that there is more danger of too many laws than that we shall not have enough.

This warning is certainly unusual, but doubtless justified by experience. The tendency, if not against more legislation is against more legislating. A number of states where formerly annual sessions of the legislature were held have abandoned them for biennial sessions, taking the very sensible ground that the interests of the public do not require the sitting of a lawmaking body for the state every year. That is probably in the direction of less legislation as well as less legislating.

But this action of the governors of Indiana and Illinois is another step in the direction of fewer laws. Many laws are the outgrowth of grievances which it is hastily assumed legislation can correct. Something happens which seems to call for some public action, particularly of restraint, and the first impulse is to say there ought to be a law against that. And so many people think of things against which they feel there ought to be legal protection that by the time the legislature meets the idea of reforming things by law begins to take effect, and measures of all kinds and varieties are brought in.

Of course, not many of them ever see daylight, but even as it is too many of them receive the approval of the governor and go upon the statute books, and are never heard of again. Governor Durbin of Indiana, and Governor Yates, of Illinois, are right. We have too many laws. Let Governor Van Sant join the procession with the governors of Illinois and Indiana and use his influence to prevent waste of time in the introduction of hundreds of bills for which there is no demand.

THE BARD OF AYR

Scotsmen, whether their ancestors fought and bled with Wallace or not, have a warm place for "rhyming Bobbie Burns" in their hearts. The plowman poet wrote himself and sang himself into the hearts of his countrymen, and his music will go thrilling on in the hearts of untold generations. This is the anniversary of the birth of the poet, and wherever there are Scots enough to gather socially, there will be heard tributes to the tenderness and broadness of the humanity of Burns. While Burns once said that he would be better appreciated a hundred years after his death, he did not dream that the appreciation would cross all boundary lines and to all oversea lands. Yet his genius has so asserted itself.

Robert Burns is inexplicable save through the fact that he was a real genius. Genius bourgeons into bloom luxuriously without the weariness of slow educational processes. Blind Tom let the great reservoirs of delicious harmony and melody flow from his soul unaided by preliminary hammering out the dull reiteration of the scale The articulation of genius untaught is one of the mysteries of our humanity Burns, like Shakspere, soared far above his birth environage, and made an environage of his own. He said, in the preface to his first volume of poems: "The following trifles are not the production of the poet, who, with all the advantages of learned art, and, perhaps, amid the elegance and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the author of this, these and other celebrated names are in their original languages a fountain shut up, and a book sealed. Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language." Burns, indeed, had the genius's power to portray what Aristotle calls "that unspeakable and everlasting beauty which is only to be seen with the eyes of the mind." The tender humanity of Burns is seen in such poems as "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," "Bonnie Doon," "For A' That and A' That," "Bess and Her Spinning Wheel," etc. None have surpassed Burns in the beauty of his love songs and his insight into nature. "The Mountain Daisy," composed by him while plowing, alone would number him among the choirs of the world's truest singers.

To-day is devoted to the memory of the bright side of the life of the great singer. There were clouds and bitternesses in his life across which the curtain may well be drawn.

IMPORTANT CONSOLIDATION

An important business announcement is made to-day in the published account of the consolidation of the Flour City National bank and the Security bank. It amounts to the absorption of the Flour City National by the Security, the business of the consolidated institution being carried on in the banking-rooms of the Security bank. Members of the board of directors of the Flour City are made directors of the consolidated institution, which will be known hereafter as the Security bank.

While the Flour City practically goes out of business, it does so at a time when its affairs are in splendid condition, and its business highly prosperous. For personal reasons, however, those on whom the responsibility of the institution chiefly depends prefer to convey their burdens to other shoulders, and in doing so the Security will gain greatly in strength and patronage. A director of one of these consolidating institutions said to-day: "Bank consolidation seems to be in the air, and there is a good reason for it. Business experience and judgment has decided that fewer banks of greater strength serve the business public better than a number of smaller banks with the same amount of capital. Large capital is more necessary than ever for the successful conduct of many lines of business, and bank customers engaged in heavy enterprises feel the advantage of the concentration of capital in large banking institutions."

PECULIAR HONORS TO VICTORIA

The agitation in Washington over the half-masting of the flag on the White House, and the displeasure of the representatives of other nations that more honor should have been shown Queen Victoria in this way at the time of her death than was paid in the same way to other monarchs, serves only to call attention to the fact that notwithstanding the pleasure which it affords some Anglophobiles to twist the lion's tail, and notwithstanding the wide-spread and genuine feeling of sympathy in this country for the Boers, the bond of friendship between England and the United States is strong. It is stronger than exists between the people of this country and the people of any other country. In the maintenance of this friendly relation, the influence of the possession of a common language is not to be under-rated, nor the enjoyment of similar institutions, both civil and religious.

But beyond all this, doubtless the disposition to show peculiar honors to Victoria springs from regard for her as a woman as well as a sovereign. It is not likely that with all the feeling of friendship which exists between the two nations such peculiar honors would have been paid to the queen of Great Britain if her private life and personal qualities had not made for her so large a place in the esteem of the American people.

The facts show, too, that what was done in Washington was not out of line with the action of officials and public bodies throughout the country. The flag flies at half-mast on our own statehouse and on our own city hall, and the half-masting of the flag on public buildings out of respect to the British queen is by no means uncommon throughout the country.

The expressions of the American press, too, signify the special interest taken in the death of the woman who was more than queen, while several state legislatures have adopted resolutions of sympathy and regard. The authorities at Washington have not outrun the real sentiment of the American people.

PROFESSOR WEST ON VICTORIA'S REIGN

Professor W. M. West of the state university, at the request of The Journal, has prepared a review of the reign of Queen Victoria from the standpoint of a student of the political and social conditions and development of her long and eventful reign. This review will appear in The Journal to-morrow. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that it took something of an effort to induce Professor West to prepare this paper on the short notice of two days. He is, however, so thoroughly equipped for an immediate response to a call of this kind that we felt confident of the result and take no little satisfaction in announcing the forthcoming publication.

UNJUST DISCRIMINATION

The old attack on the patent medicine men, with which we are so familiar during sessions of the Minnesota legislature, has made its appearance in congress.

It will be remembered that in successive sessions of our legislature attempts have been made to compel the makers of proprietary medicines to print the formulae of their medicines upon the wrappers of their packages. This was resisted by the manufacturers on the ground that it would deprive them of the advantages gained through the patent or copyright and enable their rivals or others to know their secrets and employ them against the rightful owners.

The matter comes up in congress in the form of an effort to compel the manufacturers of these medicines to print their formulae upon their packages, with the proviso that if they do not comply they will be compelled to continue to pay the war tax, and whatever of benefit ensues by reason of their paying that tax will be placed to the credit of articles of trade regularly subject to an internal revenue tax, and to that extent relieve such products of the usual tax.

This is manifestly an unfair discrimination, for it appears that no proprietary medicine manufacturers would be likely to publish their formulae in that way. Evidently, the proper thing to do under the circumstances is not to make any conditions about formulae, or to undertake to hold up manufacturers with such unreasonable demands, but as fast as possible remit the war revenue tax uniformly and get back to a peace basis. It may be that this cannot be brought about for the present, but any progress in that direction should be fair and without discrimination against one interest in favor of another.

THE REVENUE BILL

Senator Aldrich, of the senate finance committee, reported the war revenue reduction bill yesterday in a form which makes it a substitute for the house bill. The aggregate reduction of taxation contemplated by the senate bill is something less than $40,000,000. The cut is considerably larger than recommended by the secretary of the treasury, and a recent examination of the resources of the treasury as to its ability to stand a cut of this size, made a few days ago, showed that, at the close of six and a half months of the fiscal year, the receipts were $310,198,257, an increase over the same period of the preceding year of nearly $8,000,000, yet the excess of receipts over expenditures was found to be only $817,979. This is due to the increased expenditures of over $7,000,000 as compared with the corresponding period of the preceding year.

There is apparently no disposition to reduce the volume of expenditures, as has been seen in the passage of the extraordinarily large river and harbor bill the other day. The senate had in view, not long ago, a large reduction of taxation and $50,000,000 was talked of as the proper figure, but the evidence that the expenditures will be heavily increased by the legislation of the present congress, brought them into a conservative mood and so they did not increase the house reduction. It is to be hoped that this conservative mood will continue. The democrats will always be ready to vote big appropriations, for they are very anxious to bring about an era of useless expenditures which will seriously cripple the legitimate operation of the government. Because there is a surplus in sight is no reason why it should be frittered away. It should be used to reduce the public debt and interest payments, as Secretary Gage has recommended. It is true that our natural increase in wealth and income is considerably ahead of expenditures and that our national development at home and abroad requires a rising scale of federal appropriations, but there must be reason in all things and especially in the matter of congressional appropriations.

Humor Carried a Little Too Far.

When Evan A. Evans of Chicago married Pauline Belle Hart and went on his wedding trip the other day those harpies who use such occasions for the display of an uncertain brand of humor became perniciously busy. Half a dozen of these bright and particularly villainous scoundrels followed the newly married people into the Pullman car. The Chicago News then describes what took place in this way:

There the bridegroom was covered with heavy brass chains and from each lapel of his coat were hung big iron hearts painted a bright red and upon each was an inscription. Brass dog chains were run through the buttonholes of his coat and placed through a hole in the center of the hearts. Then heavy steel padlocks were attached so that there would be no chance of losing the "labels." One of these was also locked to the bride's belt and others were placed on all the parcels carried by Mr. and Mr. Evans. The valises and packages were locked to the seats and in the racks above their compartments were placed two pasteboard hearts. One read, "I was just married. Have sympathy." The other read, "I left my happy home for him." The one locked to the bride's belt read, "And I want to see my ma." Another on the seat with the inscription in full view of all the passengers read, "I am so happy, deary," and one attached to the lapel of the bridegroom's coat answered, "So am I, pet." Neither bride nor bridegroom has been heard from since they left and as the keys to the padlocks were thrown into the Chicago river, no one as yet knows how the couple got out of their predicament.

The humorists failed to carry out their joke to its completion. They neglected to throw Mr. Evans' trunks into the lake, nor did they burn his house down and shoot his aged father. It would also have been very funny of they had branded him with a red hot iron or tied his dog to the back of the train. A popular man, when he enters the matrimonial state to-day, really needs a dozen policemen and a squad of Pinkertons, armed with Winchesters, or his loving friends will dynamite the church and shoot the pastor so as to prevent the ceremony, and thus get a good joke on the unhappy couple.

Murray Hall of New York, the woman who masqueraded in man's attire all her life, joined Tammany Hall and voted "the ticket," has just died and the secret is out. "Mr." Hall was a gay boy who took his or her rum without sugar and who used bad language just like a real man. For more than thirty years Mr. or Miss Hall has been carrying on the deception. The case is most remarkable and has led to a tangle of legal complications that fill the souls of a half dozen New York lawyers with joyous anticipations.

A Kansas legislator has drawn up resolutions full of whereases on the burning of the negro at Leavenworth, calling for a relocation of the eastern boundary of the state in such a way as to expel Leavenworth. The resolutions are in business-like form and are serious in tone, reciting that the city is no longer worthy to be a part of Kansas and that a due regard for the credit of the state requires a separation. The whole thing is a joke, but the Leavenworth paper is madder than the woman who tried to drive a nail.

No grass is growing on the lawn,
 The bluebird is not piping;
No kids upon the empty lot
 The leather sphere are swiping;
With anxious and more anxious eye
 The coal pile we are sizing,
Yet note with inward whoops of joy
 The time Old Sol is rising.

Andrew Carnegie says: "I should like to see the profession of arms made the most dishonorable on the face of the earth." Yet Andrew is ready to sell the fighters armor plates for warships at $400 or so a ton. Perhaps it is a good idea to milk the killers and build libraries.

The Granite Falls Journal complains that at the senatorial election, members of the legislature forgot their dignity and even went so far as to listen to Old Hall sing, or attempt to sing. Well, that is something that carried its own punishment with it.

Senator Halvorson of Lac qui Parle can stand a good deal, but there are things at which he draws the line. A dude breathed in the Lac qui Parliamentarian las week, and he at once introduced a bill to prohibit the sale of cigarettes in this state.

The New York Tribune solemnly points out to Benjamin Harison where he is wrong on national questions. The well-meant remarks will have little effect on Mr. Harrison's cold wave signal.

St. Louis, the great mule emporium of the continent, is preparing for a world's fair in 1903.

Professor Dewar said in London the other day that if pure helium could be produced, a temperature within five degrees of absolute zero could be reached. Is it possible that our furnace is secreting helium?

An alleged member of the Texas legislature fleeced the mayor of Chicago out of $100. Now whenever Carter sees a Texan he breathes hard and buttons up his charitable disposition.

The gentleman who came in to this office purposely to state that King Edward was a Norwegian, because he is a Viking met with the cold exterior.

Since his re-election, Senator Cullom is looking like Abraham Lincoln so hard that he is straining his face.

Carrie Nation seems to be both quicker and more effective than the grand jury.

Professor Garner is still monkeying with Africa.

When Mr. Lease met Mr. Nation on the street, they smiled and held up two fingers.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

The boiler-room scene in "The Gunner's Mate," the Bijou's attraction this week, is a most thrilling bit of stage realism. This play abounds in strong dramatic incidents and tells a well connected story in which love, comedy, pathos and realism are blended in a delightful manner. The only remaining matinee performance will occur to-morrow.

Hoyt's "A Hole in the Ground," one of the merriest creations of this prolific author, will be seen at the Bijou next week. The piece is an uproariously funny farce, abounding in innocent humor and varying situations, interspersed with bits of melody and progressive vaudeville creations. The company is a large one and includes Charles Cowles as the "Stranger," Barry Maxwell as the "Tramp Baseball Umpire," Nettie De Coursey as the lunch counter girl, Young and De Vole, Frank Baldwin, Dorothy Aiden, India Palmer, the Trans-Atlantic Four and others. The piece is staged and costumed in a magnificent manner.

The vaudeville farce, "The Rogers Brothers in Central Park," was built strictly to amuse, and it seems to be accomplishing its purpose at the Metropolitan this week. There will be only three more opportunities to hear and see this wonderful jumble of nonsense and song, to-night and to-morrow afternoon and evening.

For one night only, Sunday, Brown will be in town at the Metropolitan. Brown made many friends during his short stay here last year, and no doubt they will be out in force to welcome him on his return Sunday evening.

One of the principal reasons for the continued success of the "Sign of the Cross" is the policy pursued by the management of keeping the company presenting the play up to the standard of the original company, many of whom still remain in the cast. However, the engagement next week will be the last appearances in this city in the role of Marcus Superbus of the young heroic actor, Charles Dalton.

LE GALLIENNE ON FIELD

Richard Le Gallienne has a letter in the Boston Post of Jan. 19 devoted chiefly to two volumes, just published, of 'Gene Field's "Sharps and Flats." Le Gallienne is a good deal of an admirer of Field—indeed, he compares him in a way to Robert Louis Stevenson, although he regards Stevenson as a far greater literary artist. The following extracts from the letter will be read with some interest where Field was so well known and so generally appreciated:

"Though, intrinsically, there may be little or nothing in the two volumes of Eugene Field's 'Sharps and Flats' (Scribner's) which Slason Thompson has rescued from the columns of the Chicago Daily News, yet no one who has come under, or divined, the spell of Field's personality will think that Mr. Thompson has done other than well in thus making selections from those old files which, with an unflagging brilliancy, Field lit up six days a week for twelve years—2,000 words a day. Mr. Thompson makes a calculation that Field's contributions amounted, roughly to 7,000,000 words. I met a young journalist in New York who declared that he frequently wrote 7,000 words a day, and that his average was 5,000. But his work, good as I have no doubt it is, is largely spectacular reporting, and has probably no special personal quality. Field's 2,000 diurnal words were, however, vitalized with his own individual touch. They were just himself, and must have cost accordingly.

* * * * *

"To those interested in American metaphor, Field's notes on such words and phrases as 'jag' and 'in the soup' will be welcome. I give them without referring to the authorities quoted, and it may be possible that Eugene Field is merely playing one of his little jokes on the unsuspecting reader. For example, he professes to quote an ancient use of the word 'jag' from Scott's 'Border Minstrelsy':

"When that Saint George had slayne ye draggon,
He sate him down furninst a flaggon,
 And, wit ye well, within a spell
He had a bien plaisaunt jag on.

"And this from Wordsworth's 'Excursion':

"Tim, the good gossip dwelling in the cot
Beyond the stile where love gregarious thrives,
Tim lies anon behind the hawthorn hedge,
And has to do with budge till, overcome,
He sinks beneath his jag upon the sod,
And flies come leagues to feast upon his smile.

"And this again from an Ipswich epitaph:

"Here lies Middlesex Mag,
 That tried to carry too big a jag;
 Along came divell and took the hag.

"The word, he declares, comes from the name of St. Iago, who was a sort of medieval Bacchus.

"Then, again, he traces 'in the soup'—which, by the way, gives the name to one of the most successful farces running in London at the moment—as far back as an old English poem, printed in 1853, which, he says, contains these lines:

"How, full many will things men do—
 They drinke, they lecher, and they whoop;
But wherein shall these things profit you
 When that you once get in ye soupe?

"And he also quotes Quarles' 'Emblems' for the same usage:

"Even ye cursedest pride will droop
 When one doth flounder in ye soupe.

"He brings instances, too, from Bunyan, and old chapbooks of Jack and the Giant Killer, where he says, 'the threat of the "gyant" to put Jack into the soup is frequently to be met with.'

"Among papers of this class is an interesting gossip entitled 'They Call Things Differently in London,' in which Field notes, for the most part correctly, 'many differences between English and American names for things. But he is not always right. He says, for example, that 'what we call a "telegram" is here called a "telegraph" '—here meaning London. Surely he got wrong there, for I, at all events, have never heard a telegraphic message called other than a 'telegram' in England. Then he says that we say 'wrists' for 'cuffs.' That is certainly new to me also; for, amongst those who wear detachable cuffs—instead of the usual English shirt with cuffs attached—I believe the usual word is 'cuffs.' I never heard of 'wrists.' He says, too, that a 'chill' is called a 'rigor' in England. That certainly I never heard, and I'm sure that if any one in an English company were to say he 'caught a rigor,' when he meant that he had caught a chill, not a soul in the room would understand him. I don't mention these, of course, as matters of international importance, but, being myself interested in a desultory way in taking notes of American speech, I am thus warned against the dangers of error which beset the notetaker in a foreign land.

"By the way, is it really a fact that in America you say 'mucilage' for gum?

—"Richard le Gallienne."

Minneapolis, Jan. 12.

Sleeves Up at Lincoln.

Two years ago the Nebraska senatorial game was nearly blocked because the players all believed the other fellow had half the cards in the deck concealed up his sleeve. This year every man at the table is called on to keep his sleeves rolled up.

New York Daily Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL, No. 21 Park Row.

The Movement of Gold.

Jan. 25.—Gold going out of the country now is like water pumped up hill. It is literally being forced out. The theory in high finances is that the best thing that could possibly happen would be the shipment of $50,000,000 in the precious metal. The basis of the theory is that by this process America would be supplying her rivals in business the wherewith to buy our merchandise and securities at boom prices. It is further argued that we as a country will be doing a good thing in lending the foreigners money and getting in return as collateral or in fee our interest bearing obligations. The process if followed any length of time, will convert the United States from a debtor into a creditor nation. We are close to the transition line now. The danger is not that the volume of gold shipments will be large but that it will not amount to much. If under one pretext and another, a mass of American money could be placed on call in London and continental centers the United States would be in a very desirable position. New York would then hold the whip hand and tighten or relax the pressure at will instead of the reverse, as has been the case so long.

The Speculative Wave.

Secretary Gage has been urged by conservatives to call a halt on speculation, the argument used being that the pace is too swift, and that the safety of government funds on deposit in national banks is jeopardized by the expansion in values now and for some time past going on. This he could easily do by a warning note to slow up on penalty of a withdrawal of federal credits in whole or part, if the hint be ignored. There is not the slightest evidence that Mr. Gage has any intention of acting in pursuance of the gratuitous suggestion, or that he regards the situation as in the slightest degree calling for the interference of the treasury department. The mere fact that timid interests are discussing the proposition at all is in a sense disquieting. The government has about $95,000,000 on deposit in national banks, and any special disturbance of the money not required by current transactions of the treasury department would stir the stock exchange to its foundations. Fortunately for the bulls, Mr. Gage is not an alarmist or a man easily thrown off his balance by the expressions of other people's fears. He has been on earth several days himself and knows a few things about markets and financial conditions.

Artists' Auction Sale.

There is a bright chap who makes more than a good living by going around to the studios of our artists, happening in when they are blue and discouraged and making a small offer for a canvas, which is usually accepted. When he has collected a dozen or so of pictures, he invites a big dealer up to his rooms "to see examples by so and so," or gets the pictures included in some famous collection which is to be disposed of by auction, and in either case he reaps a substantial profit. But his occupation will be gone this year if a plan now being considered by the painters who occupy rooms in the big studio building is carried out. They intend to hold an auction sale of their own in the spring, to which they will send pictures they have never completed, sketches, bits of work they are not proud of, odd and ends of draperies, furnishings, lay models, plaster casts, in a word, accumulations of more or less artistic value of which they have grown tired. It seems like a good idea. The artists intend to make a frolic of this clearing-up sale. They will hire a room, not the ordinary auction room, decorate it themselves and issue cards of invitation.

Singers Who Speculate.

That many of Manager Grau's song birds at the Metropolitan opera-house are addicted to the stock market habit may be a surprise to their admirers but it is only too true. All of the singers have the example of their director to follow, for Mr. Grau is so much interested in speculation that he frequently has his broker come to the opera with him that he may confide to him any inspirations or suggestions which the music may produce. Mme. Nordica is said to have profited to the extent of thousands of dollars through her husband's operations in the street, and Andreas Dipple, who was very much less fortunate last year, has succeeded in earning as much during the last week as he would have made in several months.

Lillian Russell a "Scientist."

Christian Science has gained its fairest convert in Lillian Russell, who comes of a strong minded race of women addicted to original lines of thought and free and untrammeled expression thereof. Mrs. Cynthia Leonard, the mother of Miss Russell, was for years foremost in the agitation favoring female suffrage, and once ran for mayoress of our beautiful city, polling something like seventeen votes. Mrs. Ross and Miss Westford, sisters of the blond Venus, are shining lights in the Professional Woman's League, where they drink tea and read papers upon the best methods of ameliorating the conditions of a downtrodden sex. Mrs. Schultz, eldest of the quartet, has long been a devout supporter of Christian Science tenets, and it is to her firm and controling influence that Lillian has been brought into line as a true believer. Christian Science has taken quite a strong hold on the profession. Cora Tanner swears by it. Henry Jewett's sublime faith has materially softened his bumping, jarring descent from stellar heights when the parachute refused to work. And even the massive but mercurial Maud Huth has found in it a consoling substitute for the more intangible shadows of spiritualistic belief.

Minister Wu Wants to Know.

Minister Wu has imported to America a custom that should be debarred by the exclusion act. His favorite inquisition is to ask a young woman her age; whether she is married; if not, why not; if married, how many children she can boast of, and, if she stammeringly confesses that she has none he demands forthwith to know the reason why. All this may be in China an exhibition of commendable courtesy, but it makes the Anglo-Saxon anxious to get into undiplomatic action. Possibly the herculean difficulty of obtaining a census enumeration of her people has led China to foster the national impertinence. Minister Wu is a wise man, and has in many ways earned the laudation of our people. Being a keen observer, perhaps the embarrassment with which he covered David B Hill in questioning him ruthlessly about home and progeny will suggest to the minister an abandonment of his pitiless methods. It must be admitted, however, that whatever may be the faults of his society manner, his astounding achievement in bringing a blush to the cheek of an Albany politician is a unique distinction that should cover a multitude of demerits.

—N. N. A.

MOUNT SHASTA

On the line of the Southern Pacific railway, between Portland and San Francisco, stands Mount Shasta, one of the most imposing and most beautiful monutain peaks on our whole American continent. It is not as high as some others, but, taken with its surroundings, it is doubtful if any others impress the beholder with their beauty and majesty as this giant of the Sierras.

T. H. Goodman, general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific, has had prepared a magnificent color print, nearly four feet in length, and eighteen inches in width, which, handsomely framed, is displayed in suitable places as an advertisement of the attractions of this interesting route between Portland and San Francisco. The color work is effectively done, the result is an artistic and effective picture. The art of railway advertising has reached a high plane and commands some of the best artistic ability among illustrators and photographers. But it is doubtful if anything in the way of railroad advertising has ever excelled this picture of Mt. Shasta.

A Cheap Cure.

Montana Record.

A New York man cured himself of the grip by fasting. That treatment will put a stop to any disease if persevered in long enough.

Cells En Suite.

Escanaba, Mich., Mirror.

A man imprisoned in Minneapolis on a charge of murder has been allowed to convert his quarters into a "Turkish parlor," with a carpet, carved tables, costly vases and high-grade pictures. The need of cells en suite is seriously felt by the state's guest.

Out From the Blizzard

BY EDGAR S. BRADLEY.

Copyright, 1900, by Authors' Syndicate.

Mrs. Ruthven, tall, brilliantly dark, with the breath of the prairies in her carriage, swept out of the dining-room, and her husband, George Ruthven, and I turned to our coffee and cigars.

"George, how did you gain that magnificent woman for a wife?"

Not at all discomposed at the broadness of my compliment to his wife, George smilingly responded:

"You remember the great blizzard which swept over the western prairie states, particularly Nebraska, during January of 1887? Yes? Well, it was from that blizzard that I was rescued by the most beautiful woman it has ever been the happy lot of man to possess.

"I was at that time, as you know, embarking in the practice of law, and had, to use an old-time phrase, 'articled' myself to one of the most prominent legal firms in this city. I grew steadily in favor of my superiors, who are now my partners, so it happened that when an occasion arose in an important land suit, requiring that a man be sent to Ainsworth, Neb., to obtain necessary information from the records, I was selected for the duty.

"I reached Ainsworth without incident and spent a couple of days there examining the court records, until I discovered that one link of evidence was missing. I shortly learned that it could be replaced by certain affidavits which a banker at Atkinson, fifty-five miles down the road, could give, if he should be so disposed. Unfortunately only one passenger a day was then running and I found that had just left and that not other train would start until late in the night. That would be a slow freight, which would not get me in Atkinson much before the passenger the next morning. So I concluded to drive the fifty-five miles.

"Hurrying to the livery stablel induced the proprietor to take me as far as Long Pine, the next station, where I could and did obtain a relay of bronchos and another driver to Bassett. There I obtained another relay and started for Newport, the next stop, and by the time we reached there, the snow was falling quite fast, but still there was no indication of the horrible storm in which so many lives were lost and in which the cattle ranches suffered almost to bankruptcy by thousands of head of cattle being destroyed. As we proceeded, the storm increased in virulence and I was glad, indeed, when I could toast my chilled feet at the blazing hearth in the small hotel the place afforded, while my driver was seeing about an exchange of horses.

"The livery man returned and informed me that he had not been able to induce the local stable keeper to undertake a journey, even to the next town, Stuart, though he said, if the case was very urgent, he would let me have a team to drive through myself, provided I would assure him against loss. Unaccustomed as I was to western blizzards, I jumped at this chance, and quickly closed a deal with him.

"He produced the scrawniest looking team of bronchos one ever saw, and hitched them to a ramshackle sort of slat-bottomed buckboard buggy and bid me godspeed with an expression on his face clearly showing he never again expected to see either his team or myself alive. As to the team, he never did see it, as both the animals gave up the ghost—but I am anticipating.

"By this time the storm had assumed terrific proportions. The snow, which had been falling softly and lazily, now pelted down in solid masses, mixed with flakes of ice, cutting with biting force against my face, while the soughing of the wind had risen to shrieks and howls and came with a force that at times seemed powerful enough to lift bronchos, buggy and driver into the next county. My course lay along the railroad track. There was no road worthy of the name to follow, as the level character of the country and entire absence of fences permitted one taking a 'straight shoot' from one point to another, with only the possibility of meeting with some small slough that would require a little careful driving to cross.

"Driving along with my head downwards to shelter my face from the pelting sleet and ice, I quite forgot to look for my landmarks, the telegraph poles, but a more ugly blast than any I had experienced caused me to take a quick glance about over my muffler. Instantly I awoke to my danger. The telegraph poles had disappeared! I had turned from my road and was driving across the wild, desolate, uninhabited prairies, on which a house was not to be met for miles.

"The storm now swirled and pounded and roared with ferocious power about me. Already I was passing through drifts so deep as to compel my small bronchos to tug and snort in the effort required to pull the buggy through them. Heavy darkness was rapidly taking the place of the grayish light, the dull, whirling snowbanks of clouds lowering and plunging about until it seemed that they and the masses of snow and sleet beating against me were one. The cold, too, had become intense, and the stinging pain in my fingers told me my hands had been frost-bitten, while my feet seemed mere chunks of ice, no power of motion.

"Suddenly there came a jar and the bronchos were brought to a halt. Tug as they would, they could not raise the wheels over the obstruction in our course. Now really alarmed at my situation I jumped from the buggy, notwithstanding the pain in my nearly frozen feet, and brushed away with my hand the snow which was packing in front of the buggy.

"I was horrified to see that the bronchos had passed over one of the many graves which mark the failure of some hardy pioneer on these interminable prairies, and my buggy had crashed against the small monument that some mourning friend or relative had placed at this savage, solitary resting place.

"I tell you, Harry, my boy, I never want again to experience such an uncomfortable feeling as that which flashed over me on my discovery. This obstruction really appeared to me to be the mark of my own end. I am willing to admit that it was with something of the unreasoning power of a maniac that I lifted and pulled at the buckboard, until with a shout of wildest joy, I raised it over the obstruction and jumping into it, whipped up the fainting bronchos until I had driven far away from the lonely, soul-harrowing locality.

"But now I saw the strength of my bronchos was fast waning, and, threatened by this new difficulty, madly urged them on, shouting and cursing, crying in my despair. Slower, slower became their pace, while about me the storm raged and snarled, receded and attacked, hurling the battering ram of its power dead in the breasts of the mean, little, feeble team, and many, many times bringing them to a dead stop.

"I think I must have become a maniac as at last I saw one stumble and fall, with his hoof caught in some orifice in the ground, while the other sank slowly, patiently, into the snow, his life going out in his last struggle to rise.

"I remember indistinctly of sitting by the side of the bronchos with that awful storm beating about me, and laughing and chattering as I toyed with their ears, or playfully tickled their sides with the broken butt of the whip. Then I remember of springing to my feet and gibbering as I ran, making wide circles about them, dashing up to their heads as I have done in my school days, waving my arms to scare them into a scamper.

"Then as the fatal warmth began stealing over me, I sank into the snow and tossed handfuls of it at the scurrying clouds and flying sleet.

"When I opened my eyes I believed myself in dreamland. About me was every evidence of comfort and refinement. The delicious sense of warm fur coverings impressed me, and I raised myself slightly to take in more of my surroundings. As I lifted my eyes they feasted on the fairy who had provided my dreamland with all these comforts. She was darkly, radiantly beautiful, and I reached out my arms to bestow a shower of affectionate gratitude upon her. Then I recalled the storm, saw again my dead team, myself running in madness about them, and how I had sunk in exhaustion into the snow. 'And is this death?' I cried to the beautiful spirit hanging over me. 'No,' she answered, 'you have been saved, and will, I hope, soon be able to arise.'

"It is useless to dwell on my recovery to full consciousness, the myriad of questions asked and the answers to them. My escape is easily explained. You know, Harry, how it was almost impossible in those days to obtain lumber for the construction of houses on the immense prairie lands of the west, and how, even in the present day, houses are built by cutting long strips of sod from the buffalo-tramped earth, laid in layers to the desired height, and covered with a roof of thatch so closely woven as to be impermeable to the rains of summer or the snows of winter. Rough as they are in exterior, many of them are the homes of wealthy ranch owners, and are filled with all the comforts to be found in the most palatial residences of the city.

"Well, in plunging through the drifts my bronchos had at last fallen in the yard of one of these sod dwellings. Frank Coleman, the proprietor of the ranch, pushing from the barn through the banks of show heaped before the door, saw the dead team. Shouting encouragement to the driver he knew must be somewhere near, he worked his way about until he discovered my unconscious form partially covered by the drift. Then, with the fairy upon whom my eyes had opened, he carried me into the house.

"You now know enough. I am not going to tell you how my 'fairy' became my wife. We occasionally visit the ranch on which my father-in-law, Mr. Coleman, has since constructed one of the most handsome residences in the west, and then we live over those scenes.

"Well, going, old boy? Glad to see you at any time, and my 'fairy' may herself tell you the rest of our story.

"Oh, yes. I obtained the affidavits I went after in time, and the result of my adventure was my present partnership."

NORTH STAR TWINKLES

An up-country paper says that Minnesota has its ear to the ground waiting for the Towne explosion in the senate. But it begins to look as if the match will never reach the fuse.

A young man engaged in the fur trade at Wadena left town between days. The "forgetting of several important details" was the most painful part of the play.

Mike Doran is dead, yet the Granite Falls Journal sees the Doran hand in the appointment of Dearth for insurance commissioner.

According to the Free Press, Mankato's sporting blood is cool since Rooney, the "coming champion," was put four points down on the mat by an alien.

The Fairmont Independent notes that they have jag cars in Sweden. The Moorhead Independent will please step forward and tell the story of the jag wagons that cross the raging Red.

The Renville papers push out their chests, look fierce and tell about Renville's leading every other town in the county in population.

The New Richland Star tells of the rule of three in the Lowry vote—the immortal three that stayed with it e'en to the ditch.

West Superior is threatened with a servant girls' union and Duluth fears the thing is contagious. Ten hour shifts and two evenings out with her "steady" are possible provision in the by-laws.

Elmer Adams of the Fergus Falls Journal stamps his seal of approval on the appointment of C. C. Whitney as state printer.

Erskine, on the Duluth line of the Great Northern, has caught the enthusiasm and wants a creamery.

Chris Nelson of Crookston took a pull at the wood alcohol bottle by mistake, but the doctor expects him to pull through.

The railway and warehouse commission examined the records in Duluth this week, and incidentally, it was learned that the commission has 700 applications for the 130 places at its disposal.

The Windom Free Press gets its scythe out for those newspaper men who flash razors around the rates when a county printing job is in sight.

The Edwards of England.

To the Editor of The Journal.

The new king of England is evidently not well up in the family genealogy. He says:

"I have resolved to be known by the name of Edward, which has been borne by six of my ancestors."

The king evidently means to refer to the Edwards who have been numbered from one to six respectively. Yet three of these were no ancestors of his Edward the sixth died childless. Edward the Fourth and Edward the Fifth were of the house of York, which was driven off the throne by Henry the Seventh, and their line of descent ran out centuries before the present king saw the light. If the king means to include the Edwards who reigned before the Norman conquest, he is still in error. Neither Edward the Confessor nor Edward the Martyr left any children. Edward the Elder, the first of the name to sit on the English throne, was one of the ablest monarchs of his race, and every subsequent English ruler has been of his blood, with the exception of Harold and the Norman kings. Of the four Edwards who were really the ancestors of the present king, three were of vigorous mentality. The left a strong impress upon the course of European politics, and generally their influence was thrown upon the side of progress and development. From Edward the Elder, Edward the First and Edward the Third the present king may pardonably be proud of his descent.

—A. M. Goodrich.

SONNET

Keen, fitful gusts are whispered here and there
 Among the bushes, half leafless and dry;
 The stars look very cold about the sky,
 And I have many miles on foot to fare;
Yet feel I little of the cool bleak air,
 Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily,
 Or of those silver lamps that burn on high,
Or of the distance from home's pleasant lair;
For I am brimful of the friendliness
 That in a little cottage I have found;
Of fair-haired Milton's eloquent distress,
 And all his love for gentle Lycid drowned;
Of lovely Laura in her light green dress,
 And faithful Petrarch gloriously crowned.

—John Keats.