

THE JOURNAL

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Advertisers Prove Circulation.

THE Minneapolis Journal

Leads All the Minneapolis Papers in Advertising for January, 1901, by a Large Margin.

Look at These Figures:

Measurement for January, 1901. Journal—Evening—27 issues... 1048. Tribune—Evening—27 issues... 663. Times—Morning—27 issues and 4 Sundays... 915. Tribune—Morning—27 issues and 4 Sundays... 905.

Why, do you ask, does The Journal carry more advertising than all the Minneapolis papers with their Sunday issues included (31 issues to The Journal's 27)?

SCURRILOUS "HUMOR"

Sam Clemens, alias Mark Twain, or Mark Twain, alias Sam Clemens, back in 1860-61 was against the United States government and the American flag. He is to-day in the same attitude, apparently, judging from the quality of his article in the February North American Review, entitled "To the Person Sitting in Darkness." It is a personal assault upon President McKinley and the administration policies, based either upon crass ignorance or mendacious malice.

It is probable that the enemies of the administration really believe that this American administration can be hamstrung by the application of Clemens' shafts of wit and satire. Wit, however, to be genuine, must have a basis of truth and applicability, and if it has not such basis, it always degenerates into flippancy. Mr. Clemens' article is a very excellent specimen of flippancy, as well as utter disregard for truth and fact. He has assembled all the falsehoods uttered by the supporters of the Philippine revolt in this country and all the lying charges against the administration as to the disposition of the Cuban problem, and swaddled them in his fabric of words, which, instead of being signs of ideas, are, in this case, signs of the absurd deficiency of ideas.

The anti-administration journals, however, accustomed to printing charges without proof and to invent policies never entertained by the administration, are glowingly happy over the disgraceful exhibition of the prostitution of Clemens' mental apparatus to the base purpose of slander and indecency. They applaud the ignorance which in that article assumes that the president is an autocrat, acting independently of congress and playing the role of a tyrant, bent on the forcible annexation of Cuba and defiance of the laws of common humanity. He proclaims his sympathy with Agulnaldo and denounces the president as treacherous to that person and "crushing a deceived and confiding people," characterizes our soldiers as doing "bandits' work" and "debauching America's honor," etc.

It is barely possible that Mr. Clemens really knows that all the president has done during the last two eventful years, he has done under the authority of the United States congress, and that the exercise of that authority has been indorsed by the people of the United States. If the humorist knows of any better authority than congress he should have stated

it. He knows none. Congress represents the people. He knows also that President McKinley was the most conservative man in the country in 1888, and that in sanctioning a declaration of war against Spain, he only yielded to the tremendous pressure of strong public sentiment, and that the government has faithfully kept the pledge made by congress in April, 1888; has changed the face of the whole island of Cuba for the better, in every respect, and has taken every step possible to establish a stable government and has called the constitutional convention which is now making and revising a constitution free from any interference, and one which, under the terms perfectly understood and acquiesced in by the Cubans, must be submitted to congress for sanction.

The Greeks made the word slander synonymous with "devil." These intelligent people were not far out of the way. The characterization is sound. The "honest farmer" will bear watching. The legislature of 1889, in the interests of good roads passed a law exempting from taxation farm wagons with a certain width of broad tire, whereupon the farmers began to claim exemption for all kinds of farm machinery on wheels whose tires were of the requisite width, although they might never be taken out on the road. The law was repealed yesterday by the house. The "honest farmer" will bear watching as well as the rest of us honest people.

THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL. The president disappointed many prophets yesterday when he sent to the senate the name of Major General Nelson A. Miles for confirmation as lieutenant general of the army under the army reorganization bill. The antagonism of the West Point element toward Miles, who is not a West Point graduate, is very pronounced. This antagonism, in past years, of the academy fellows toward officers who came from civil life into positions in the regular army, has been somewhat fanciful. It is probably so now to some extent. As the army bill went into the hands of the conferees, it did not preserve to Miles the rank of lieutenant general given to him at the last session of congress. His rank was that of lieutenant general while he held only a major general's commission, but the bill was amended so as to give him the rank and the commission also. General Otis and Brooke were both candidates for the lieutenant generalship under the new law, which does not give the lieutenant general the freedom from bureaucratic interference which is greatly to be desired, and does not provide for a general staff system with the effectiveness of such organization in Europe.

It, however, promotes efficiency by breaking up the unjust system of keeping a select set of favored officers at Washington who rarely get a taste of real work, so necessary for efficiency in the service. There will be a thousand more officers in the regular army than there were a few years ago, under the new act, but 300 less than there are now when regular and volunteer forces are mingled, such organization being more expensive and requiring more officers than the regular force. The president has the responsibility of filling all the new places. He is at the rather thankless task now. By July 1 the volunteer troops will all be disbanded and their places will be supplied by regulars under the present recruitment.

Hazing is not regarded as essential to the making of a good Salvation Army soldier. Paris dispatches report a club of a dozen or fifteen impudent young French noblemen who playfully style themselves "Les Tolsoniers," or in more polite language, "The Knights of the Golden Fleece." The object of this highly ethical association is to obtain rich wives. A meeting was held last week to discuss the Vanderbilt and Rockefeller weddings, in which the rich heiresses in question married Americans. These affairs were considered most deplorable and every member felt himself personally aggrieved. The Tolsoniers roundly denounced Count Boni de Castellane for committing himself so as to discredit French nobles and lessen the chances of their marrying Americans.

If any of the Tolsoniers appear on this side of the water, there will be a general disposition to hand them out a few swift kicks placed in such a way that that particular section of the French nobility will be disposed for a while to take its meals off the marketplace.

Andrew Carnegie, who is now in a position where he can give unlimited advice without offense, has given out a number of "Don'ts" for young men. Mr. Carnegie's "Don'ts" are: Do not go to cheap places. Do not fall in love unless the woman is 20 or 30 years older than you. Do not drink. Do not gamble. Do not play football. Do not associate with young men who tell stories they would not care to have their names near. Mr. Carnegie gives reasons for all these "don'ts" and they are fairly good ones. Still, there are some things that "the young person" would do well to settle for himself. It may be impossible to find a lady twenty or thirty years older than you are who cares to marry you. In that case it would be as well to content yourself with one of your own age.

There is another "don't" that might be useful. Don't give canned advice. "Mein Frenk," B. Edward Doblin, a "Madison" rich and rare, bought at a London bookshop, and kept with might and main. I saw ye fatal leather! With great celerity! He peeled, did mein frenk Edward, Four dollars off of me.

The latest mean trick of the "practical" joker whom the fool killer has overlooked is to provide his friend with rubber gum drops with sugar coats on. The victim finds more chew than nutrient and almost any humane jury will acquit him for what he does afterwards with an ax.

Northern New York has been swept by a terrific snow storm. So far there have been seventy-four days of continuous sleighing there. The winter is going back east and taking up some of those abandoned farms.

Los Angeles is boasting or rather trying to keep still about, the first snow storm in its history and it was a small one, too. The greatest winter resort in the land is not five miles from Minneapolis Falls.

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Ex-Gov. Lee's Chair. Groton, S. D. Independent. Tom Adams, a letter writer, a courtney to those republicans who voted against presenting ex-Governor Lee with the chair which he occupied during his term of office. The lecture is timely, indeed. Mr. Lee has such a proud and haughty air, and it is not surprising that Tom does well to so pointedly direct attention to the matter. We can imagine Tom's crowning bald spot glowing with splendor at the superb irony of his pen.

stand this fact are capable of the most servile loyalty to the Union. When the nation's life was threatened by rebellion, she might have raised a purely national army, disregarding state lines. By the wise plan adopted the several states were called on for their respective quotas of soldiers, and the volunteers from the several states vied with each other in demonstrating their loyalty to the republic. It needs no argument to prove the merit of the state volunteer system. It worked well in the Spanish war, when the regular army and the state soldiers, side by side, emulated each other in their daring and bravery. By every means possible, the appeal to the state pride and state loyalty, in times of war, should be preserved and perpetuated.

For this reason it is well that the local determination to preserve these sacred state relics of the civil war should never be interfered with. Let Minnesota keep her battle flags at home. It will seem good to listen to Kerker's champagne music, and watch the gorgeous gaiety of Hugh Morton's "Belle of New York," when that big show opens at the Metropolitan next Sunday night. The management has been highly complimented for its arrangement for keeping this piece up to the high standard it maintains. The sale of seats began to-morrow morning.

The opening opera for the Alice Nielsen engagement, which begins at the Metropolitan Thursday, Feb. 14, will be Victor Herbert's most melodious effort, "The Singing Girl."

Nellie McHenry finds a most congenial role in the name part of "Miss," the play being fought at the Bijou, the current week. This part which makes unusual demands upon the artist, its changes from comedy to farce and back again are numerous and for her consistent interpretation it requires an artist of versatile talents. Miss McHenry meets all the requirements of the role and her performance is entertaining. The play itself is of the type of comedy melodrama, presenting a variety of characters and is faithful and realistic in its portrayal of mining camp life scenes in the far-western territory. The assisting company is entirely capable. Joseph Bryant is the lead, and Ben F. Grinnell as the stranded actor deserving special mention.

Judging by the demand for tickets for the Frederick Warde engagement next week, the talented actor will be greeted by large and enthusiastic audiences. Mr. Warde comes with the promise of the strongest company he has ever mounted. His repertoire of classical plays not included in his productions of last year. Mr. Warde's primary cause is the education of the people. His productions are generally of the blood factories of the system. This gland is above the kidney and envelops it, and uses as its material a mass of red blood corpuscles. When the capsule becomes diseased it is supposed the brown pigment working its way elsewhere pushes itself under the skin. The treatment for the disease is somewhat similar to that for tuberculosis.

THE MORRIS PARDON. Owatonna Chronicle—All political parties have hangers-on of the party to exploit their private schemes by means of disrepute over its fair fame, and a public exposure of such tricksters, even though it may be a scandal, is a rare and a piece of good fortune for its leader. The party are thereby warned sufficiently against the offending traitors to their confidence. Elk River News—The Alexandria Post News gives Eli Warren, the political boss and Darrell Little, the Little end of it in its last issue, but forgets to include the brains of the famous quartet—Vanderbilt, Rockefeller, Carnegie and Little. It is only a pity that the industry is only authorized by the board of trustees by a unanimous vote to transfer money from the home fund to the relief fund, or vice versa, as the circumstances may justify and require, and to the statement of the auditor that there was sufficient money on hand to the credit of the institution to enable it to furnish the overcoat without trenching upon the amount likely to be required for the other expenses of the home.

It is a pity that these old soldiers have not all been provided with suitable clothing for a northern winter, as the lack of it makes it necessary for them to remain in doors most of the time, taking no exercise, and living in such a way as to threaten their health. Let the overcoats be bought.

The life of the "gentleman's agreement" will depend on whether there are any gentlemen connected with it. It looks now as if the army would be reorganized before its great enemy the democratic party.

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AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat. The best performance to-night at the Metropolitan of "What Did You Do?" will be attended by the carriers of The Journal, Tribune and Times, and members of the staff of each of the papers whose duties will permit them to attend. The Journal Newsboys' band will discourse sweet music between the acts.

To-morrow night at the Metropolitan Daniel Sully will present the dramatic novelty of the present season, "The Pariah Priest." The play is a dramatic gem of the first water. Like the diamond, it sparkles, no matter which way you look at it. It pleases all those who care for comedy, with situations in plenty for those who desire deeper and care for the dramatic side of life. Mr. Sully as Father Whalen presents a man of unpretentious Irishman, with a simple sincerity that is effective and admirable.

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New York Daily Letter.

"Sunatra" in Connecticut. Feb. 6.—Dealers in tobacco leaf have as an interesting bit of speculation just now the possibility of growing tobacco in the Connecticut river district, where for several years past a lot of Havana wrappers have been raised. Sunatra tobacco has never been grown in America, but it is known in this country in one district in Florida. In the extreme northwestern part of the state, and about Gadsden county, there has been a rather successful production of that leaf, but that has been practically controlled by one firm of manufacturers having headquarters in this city. The bulk of the Sunatra tobacco used here for cigar wrappers is just what is produced in this section. Last season, under government supervision, tobacco from Sunatra seed was grown in Connecticut on quite a stretch of territory. It was raised under the same conditions as the conditions of the cotton zone being attained by the use of cotton sheeting rigged on poles and making a long tent about six feet in height. Artificial irrigation, constant attention, and the quality of the soil in the location experimented on, resulted in the obtaining of a leaf that at least looked well, and so far as handlers can tell, promises to make a fair article of Sunatra tobacco leaf. How well it will stand the test cannot be told until the leaf has been made up into cigars and subjected to the only actual test, smoking.

The Bronze Lady. Bellevue hospital has a new freak. It is nothing more or less than a "bronze lady," a rarity to medical men. The woman in question is afflicted with Addison's disease, and the medical boards of Bellevue and the Cornell University Medical college are watching the case carefully. They expect to make important discoveries concerning the treatment of this disease. Mrs. Rose Lowe is the patient. For many months she has been suffering with one of the rarest diseases but known nothing of its nature until she applied for admission to the hospital. She is known as the "bronze lady," her ailment being first discovered and described by Dr. Thomas Addison in London in 1855. With this disease the skin turns a yellowish-brown color. A white person becomes the color of a dark mulatto. Up to a few years ago physicians agreed that its duration was from one to three years, and that it was inevitable result. According to present theories, it does not always result fatally. Physicians have been for years unable to agree upon the cause of the disease, but it is believed that the primary cause is a defect in the secretory functions of the suprarenal capsule, one of the blood factories of the system. This gland is above the kidney and envelops it, and uses as its material a mass of red blood corpuscles. When the capsule becomes diseased it is supposed the brown pigment working its way elsewhere pushes itself under the skin. The treatment for the disease is somewhat similar to that for tuberculosis.

The "Curbstone" Market. One of the most peculiar daily gatherings in the metropolis is that of the "curbstone" outside brokers, who meet daily in Broad street for the purpose of buying and selling stocks and securities not included in the list of those traded in on the floor of the New York stock exchange. From fifty to one hundred of these brokers are on hand all the time, rain or shine, and when they are not doing business they manage to keep things lively in that locality. If it is not a charge on an unfriendly broker, it is the initiation of a new commission agent. These initiatory services on the curb are generally of short duration, for the brokers always make a show when they are skylarking. However, when a man comes up who generally manage to jostle and push him about, ending up by banging his hat over his head and making things interesting for ten or fifteen minutes. One of the men who go a policeman whose beat included Broad and Wall streets, not knowing what the crowd meant, commenced to clear it away. He made a mistake and the brokers broke for it, discovered his mistake. The man disappeared. Last summer a new driver on a sprinkling cart had fun with these outside traders and succeeded in denouncing many of them before they got up a fund for his benefit and called him off. Occasionally a spectator makes his appearance among them but is soon made to feel he is not at home.

"The Cats and Dogs." These curbstone brokers are not understood very well. As a rule they are connected with a regular stock exchange house, being in the employ of such a concern. In many cases, however, outside brokers have firms of their own which deal in special securities. For instance, Standard Oil stock, although known to be one of the best securities extant, is not dealt in on the floor of the New York stock exchange which prohibits its members from doing business with any broker who is a member of any other exchange. By dealing in the street the outside brokers can maintain their connection with Stock exchange houses, whereas were they to go under cover they would be promptly classed as another element among the business men of the change members, their greatest source of revenue would be cut off.

"Lonesomehurst." The much abused suburbanites, whom the cartoonists picture as coming to the city every morning from "Lonesomehurst," "Lost Man's Lane," "Prunebush-by-the-Trolley," and other places with equally suggestive names, are interested in the fact that this transient element of the city's population spends several hours every day whirling over the railroads. When the novelty of the daily bits of railroading has passed into the monotony of years of travel through the same country, the commuter has learned to make the best of the time he spends on the train. The "card fiend" is a prominent figure in this class. Both morning and evening four or five games of cards are going on in every smoking car. And it is safe to say that thousands of dollars change hands in this transient amusement. The players are hurrying to or from business. Next to the "card sharp" is the man who only enjoys his cigar and paper. He is oblivious of all his surroundings and only shows animation when he is at his job. Many of the men of the policies and plans of this city's most successful business men have been born or developed on these trains. The short respite between the bustle of the city and the career of home life is to this type of man a season for meditation.

Natural Expectations. Fremont Democratic Messenger. Now that the governor of North Carolina has had a raise in his benefits, the governor of South Carolina will expect to hear him at more frequent intervals.

Substantial Harmony. Columbus Press-Post. Harmony is now so thick in democratic circles that the untrifled leaf against the enemy.

He'll Need the Entire Lot. Warren Tribune. Roosevelt is trying to get enough of the "strenuous life" to last him through the four years' monotony of being vice-president.

Not a General Utility Man. Wilmington Journal. As a Sunday school superintendent, John Wainwright is a success; as a maker of United States cigars, a rank failure.

Signaling Mars. Brookings (S. D.) Press. The fellow who has been trying to signal the earth from Mars, and whose signal consists of his thumb on his nose and wiggling his fingers.

The King Passion

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS. (Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson.) The room was big and bare, unkept to desolation, and deadly still. Young Royston lay on the bed, fully dressed, face upwards, hands easily posed at either side, the very moral and pattern of a dead man, though still a feeble breath fluttered in and out, seeming to go hardly lower than the throat. Wasted as he was to a skeleton, he was still good to look at. Something in the contour of the brow, the curve of the lips, the fine line of nose and chin and throat, recalled the light-hearted lad who had come to Riverport, five years back, full of vigor, and whose red blood had a claim to be blue blood, with thousands in both pockets to spend as he chose.

Something was behind his coming—that was a matter of course with strangers in Riverport. It was a small, somewhat aristocratic community, a little way below Natchez, upon the Mississippi. All about stretched wide plantations—so wide that visits from one to another were tedious and tiresome. There were possibly five hundred of the town people proper, less than fifty of whom ranked with the plantation set. Half a dozen of the rest knew the plantation men very well, though they never ventured so much as to seem to see the ladies who ruffled it in silk and lace and who, after losing their money, were to be seen in the streets.

The half dozen were gamblers all—not professional blacklegs, but gentlemen, who, after losing their own fortunes at play, delicately recouped themselves by amusing their some-time friends. They accepted stories by the social penalties of their careers. Each and several they were gamblers born, and lived for the game rather than by it. Young Royston had elected to be one of them, though the plantation people were ready, in spite of his silence concerning himself, to make him one of themselves. His antecedents were known to some few—he had a governor for his grandfather, and a senator among his great-uncles. Further, his own personality claimed gentle breeding for him.

Everybody loved him, even the men whose money he had won, throughout four of the five years since he came to Riverport. He had played ceaselessly, and luck stood so staunchly by him he would have cleaned out the gamblers, gamblers as well as planters, if he had not now and then indulged a whim for very good play, and thereby lost thousands back to their original owners, even more quickly than he had won them. That was his way of squaring himself with his conscience—he could not bear to take money to another man's hurt and keep it. Neither could he bear to affront the soul of anything which called itself a man with outright charity. Women on children and slaves did not count—to them his hand was always open as the day. He lived in the days when men had slaves by the hundred, and might have been—came of slave-holding stock, and had grown up with black children for playfellows. But he had a whimsical belief that such winnings would bring him bad luck.

Winter in lower Mississippi is almost tropic, but treacherous—sometimes the wind whips into the north, and there is sleet, and even snow. Quick, cold had nipped the country, little more than a year back, and set all the good people shivering, in spite of the big log fires, and their thickest clothes. Nobody stirred out who could help it—the ground was that overflaring hot. So young Royston's absence from the accustomed haunts surprised nobody until the third day, when the cold gave signs of breaking.

He lived alone in a rambling, rented house at the town edge, riding into the hotel for his meals, and never letting a woman, black or white, set foot across the threshold. Very few men crossed it, either. Young Royston was hospitality itself, but his guests were always guests of the landlord's as well. Indeed, he kept a three-story room at the hotel expressly for such use, though he did not sleep in them three times a year.

Upon that third afternoon those nearest the Royston house heard a hoarse neigh keenly and pitifully, and paw hard at the door of its stall. When the morning had kept up for an hour three of the gamblers went to see what it meant. They found the horse half starved, but caked all over with mud and sweat. It had evidently not been fed for at least two days. The house door stood ajar, with a muddy track leading through it. Inside young Royston lay delirious, half dead with pneumonia. At intervals clutching his pillow hard, and saying to it in hoarse whispers: "Go back! The devil go back! I tell you so!"

Doctor Mabry shook his head at the sight, but youth and a subtle vitality triumphed for a time. In a month young Royston looked himself. In three he knew he was doomed. When Doctor Mabry tried to talk climate to him he laughed him down; "A wretch who can't live in south Mississippi does not even deserve to die," he said. "How much time have I got, Doctor?"

"Possibly a year; possibly not more than six months," Mabry had said, looking away. He was, in all Riverport, young Royston's nearest approach to a friend. Young Royston half sighed: "Luck's so against me lately," he said. "I shall hope it's six months. The one thing I could not bear would be to—outlive independence." "You ought to live a hundred years. You would never die," Mabry burst out, where you were in that sleep? You got your death right there." Mabry burst out, allowing hard. Tortures would not drag from him an answer to the question—but he was living over her lips—he saw Fenella Ventres slip over his threshold, felt her arms clasp him, her lips set on his own. She was seventeen, sole daughter to Riverport's richest, haughtiest aristocrat. They had met just twice in casual woodland rides. He had never seen her since, and never his ring. True, he did not love her—because another woman bore his name, and wore his ring. True, he did not love her—because he might possibly rid himself of her—she had left herself very dearly in his last year at college. And he might, if he had let himself love Fenella very dearly. He was not a sentimentalist, but when the girl kissed him he felt to the full: "I could not love thee dear so much."

Loved I not honor more. He had taken her back, safe, unsmiling, unsuspected, through that bitter night. His reward for righting wrongs was—death. For just half a minute he breathed a little hard. Then his head went back. He smiled across at Mabry and said: "Thank you for what you have told me. It is after all, good news. I can straighten several things by dying that would stay hopelessly enlarged if I lived." Afterward he had tried pathetically not to play, but the impulse was too strong for him. He had played intermittently—played and lost, until, as he lay on his bed, he had no more of this world's goods than covered his shrunken form. Still he would like to play one help—never even such help as he had so often given. He had stopped playing even before he grew too weak to sit up, because he saw that the others were in league to win at least. As he lay gasping he thought: "What an ass to sell my pistols; I might at least have taken a last shot with them before I let them go."

The real bitterness of death lay in the thought of a pauper's burial. It would be fine, luxurious even, he knew—but other men would pay for it if he had only strength, he would drag himself to the river, and let it take him away. But he could hardly turn himself upon the bed. It was paid for until to-morrow,