

Table with subscription rates: One copy, one month, \$0.35; One copy, three months, \$1.00; One copy, six months, \$2.00; One copy, one year, \$4.00.

EASY TO IDENTIFY AN ORGAN

Wadena Tribune. The railroad organs in the twin cities are easily distinguishable. It is evident that The Minneapolis Journal is not "under the thumb" of the railroads.

UNACCOUNTABLE

Just what the aldermen are going to do with the Wisconsin Central terminal proposition seems to be still an unsettled question. The hostility of certain aldermen to this proposition is a source of surprise, to use no stronger term, on the part of the business men generally. Absolutely no reasons have been assigned thus far for opposing this proposed vacation of streets that would appeal to any business man.

Not only that, but they are opposing the construction of superior facilities for handling freight—just such as the business people of this city are anxious to obtain, are urging all the roads to provide, and are endeavoring in every way to secure. It is unaccountable on any reasonable basis, creditable to the aldermen themselves, that this opposition should persist, in view of the liberal and reasonable conditions to which the railroad company has acceded.

The Tribune usually displays better judgment in locating its yellow fakes than was exhibited this morning in the case of the swan story. It was a mistake to put that in Minneapolis. It should have been located in New Orleans, or San Francisco, or some other equally remote place, from which exposure would be less certain and prompt.

A good deal of the Tribune's news belongs under the heading "Important if True," but not being true is, of course, not important.

OVERDOING THE BUSINESS

The New York Tribune recently cartooned the speculative ardor in the stock exchange by representing a furious bull tearing recklessly along, snorting and throwing dust, while, far in the rear, was a bear limping along, the great distance making him look like a small blur. The bears have not been very conspicuous in Wall street for some time and they have had small findings.

Yesterday, however, the manipulators of the bull movement failed to get a full response to their efforts and one of those wholesome slumps occurred which suggests that there is a possible limit to the forcing process and that the remarkable advance is checked which has, within the past ten days, made records unprecedented in Wall street. The week's transactions of 10,100,000 shares and the changing hands of 1,445,600 in two hours Saturday indicate the white heat of the movement. The large aggregate of bank clearings last week, \$3,047,934,602, was due to the extent of two-thirds of New York's origin, and much of that, two-thirds, was due to the hurry-scurry in Wall street. And profit-taking has kept up the wild dance, for 136 stocks made net gains last week of 1/4 to 2 1/2%, and the most active stocks traded in, fifty sold at par and above.

It is the opinion of veterans, like Russell Sage and Mr. Clegg, that the bull movement is reaching the point where many stocks are inflated beyond their value. Mr. Sage says that the public will get its eyes open soon and see the absurdity of trying to represent railroads as worth double what others could be put down beside them. For the longer the inflation movement continues, the greater will be the sacrifice in the end, for it is inevitable that prices must come down.

There is no doubt that this is true, but so long as values outside of stocks are not influenced by the Wall street orgy, inordinately, a collapse of share values in that tumultuary arena will not seriously affect general business. The ease of the money market in New York is favorable to the speculative movement, but an advance in money rates caused by gold exports, shipments of funds to the interior and absorption of funds into the treasury will at any time check the speculative fervor. If money continues easy in New York until the crop-moving season, as some authorities expect, the bull manipulators of the stock exchange may continue their orgy until their balloons come down explosively, which will be a very bad thing for holders of shares who have paid balloon prices for them.

American business men generally ought to have cool heads, when they recall the country's experiences with panics. The remarkable property of this country, it is to be hoped, will not lead business men into the temptation to speculate in boom values, inordinately "worked."

The mayor's political police force is proving a great success—in making itself ridiculous. Iceland is said to contain the largest coal field ever discovered. Very likely, why shouldn't Iceland have coal in abundance, on the principal of the man who claimed that there ought to be lots of music in him because none had ever come out? Iceland, judging by the temperature

THE CZAR WANTS PEACE

The Czar Nicholas II. is credited with the purpose of inviting the rulers of the civilized world to assemble at Copenhagen in September to discuss plans for the promotion of international peace. The czar as a promoter of international peace has not been an impressive success, although he must be credited with calling together the congress which actually adopted the hopeful measure which has now taken form and substance in the international tribunal of arbitration at The Hague, and from which the advocates of international peace have a right to expect great results.

The proceedings at The Hague revealed the extent to which the civilized nations are willing to go to promote international peace, at least there is no evidence that any of them are any nearer the acceptance of the proposition to reduce armaments than they were during the sessions of the congress at The Hague. Russia is no less determined to continue her policy of expansion, which has taken in the Caucasus, Central Asia and Eastern Siberia and latterly, Manchuria, while her designs upon Persia and Afghanistan are openly avowed in Russian journals.

Was the visit of M. Delcasse, the French minister of foreign affairs to St. Petersburg and the resultant cementing of the Franco-Russian alliance significant of peace or war? Is the apparent rapprochement of France and Italy a pointer to the detachment of Italy from the triple alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy?

Russia's movements are stealthy and yet no government has surpassed her's in diplomatic bluff. The czar certainly needs peace to carry out the great industrial, agricultural and educational program he has on hand, besides pacifying the unrest of the university students, who are disturbing the peace because the czar has decreed that a percentage of them must annually be taken under the discipline of the army.

The czar, too, has been reminded of the half promise of Alexander III. to introduce a constitutional government in Russia, by a petition recently sent to him signed by 15,000 persons, including landed proprietors, merchants and literary men. He has already ordered General Wankowsky to undertake an immediate and thorough revision and improvement of Russian schools.

The young man has cut out for himself a very extensive program. He relinquishes nothing of his far-eastern program of expansion and internal development. Does he expect the proposed peace congress to settle satisfactorily to himself the far-eastern question of supremacy?

If the board of control should fall by the wayside, and the gross earnings bill be knocked out of the courts, would The Minneapolis Journal return the bouquets which have been sent on account of the great work it did during the session of the last legislature? We wonder—St. Paul Globe.

Too many "ifs" in that, dear Globe. Get down to the realm of the possible. Take a supposable case.

BABCOCK'S ANTI-TRUST BILL

Representative Babcock of Wisconsin has not been devoting all his time to the construction of a bill for the purpose of putting all articles manufactured by the trusts on the free list. A part of it has been spent in picking out a wife, with whom he sits, Saturday, for Europe. The hope is entertained that Mrs. Babcock will encourage the representative in the effort he has undertaken to compel the trusts to sell as cheaply in this country as they sell in others. Instances are noted every few days where articles of American manufacture are offered for sale much cheaper in foreign countries than they can be purchased in this country. Competition in the foreign countries makes the price low, and yet not so low, apparently, that there is no profit for the American manufacturer. Competition in this country by a foreign manufacturer would bring down the price of the trust-made article to the same figure at which it is sold abroad, and deprive the trust manufacturer of the extra sum which he is able to extort through the smothering of competition here at home. This is not necessarily free trade. This is fair trade, which is a very different proposition. It involves no disposition to turn over the American market to the foreign producer, because the American producer, engaged as a trust manufacturer, is no longer in need of any discrimination in his favor by the tariff laws of the country to enable him to command his own market.

Rev. Mr. Hillis' reason for not wishing to associate with Professor George D. Herron strikes one as altogether satisfactory. There may be a more despicable fraud than a pious fraud, but the name of the particular variety does not suggest itself at this writing.

DISMEMBERMENT OF AUSTRIA

Political students are watching the situation in Austria with much interest. The dismemberment of the empire is freely predicted. Even in the Austrian reichsrath the other day the leader of the young Czechs charged the German members with a desire to realize Pan-Germanism and admonished them that such an eventually would destroy the equilibrium of Europe and bring about war. The German leader replied that the desire of the Germans to take refuge from the impending storm under the aegis of Germany was no stronger than the desire of the young Czechs to seek refuge under the protection of Russia. Both sides practically admitted that the end was near at hand and that Austria would pass as Poland and Finland have passed.

Such a sudden shifting of the balance of power could not but be observed by France and Italy with forebodings. Nor could England bear it easily, had not the English at present all the military amusements they care for in South Africa. It is generally predicted that the death of Francis Joseph will bring about a crisis in Europe.

A Carrie Nation Utopia. The southwestern papers show that it was Medicine Lodge, Kan. that voted to make Mrs. Carrie Nation practical dictator of the town for a year. At the end of that period a vote is to be taken on the success or failure of her public music every summer night and the majority is not pleased, she will lose her dictatorship.

Mrs. Nation has decided already what she is going to do to Medicine Lodge, and it isn't a thing! It is to be a year of no saloons, no smoking, no gambling, no police, no dirty streets or ragged children, but there will be no more music every summer night and no more music in her artless way, Mrs. Nation says: "I will fire all the police and police officers."

THE ART OF LIVING A HUNDRED YEARS.

It will make a fine for any one who blows smoke into another's face. That will apply to traveling men who visit the town, as citizens will not be allowed to smoke at all. I will punish lying severely, and the officer who performs himself will be banished from the town at an early hour. The aristocracy of the town will comprise those who live by the sweat of their brow, and not the one who can count his money by the bushel.

Dear old Carrie! Her simple suggestions are full of meat. It is plain that she intends to run Medicine Lodge. It won't be her own husband. We fear, however, that the town will not be so tolerant of tyranny as "papa" is. If the "fries" all the policemen, who is to carry out the orders unless she does it herself. This may be a part of her plan and will entail the strenuous watch. Judging from experience nearer home, it might be more to the point to fire the mayor and city council.

We look to the future with some dread. In this Kansas Utopia half the inhabitants will be in jail at the end of the week. And why not? Doubtless they deserve it.

Here is the appeal for social and financial recognition made by the Ellendale Eagle: You are invited to call at this office and get acquainted. We are a social set and we wish to meet and know you all. If your wife likes you, drop in and we'll keep you, and if you are married, if you have money, we'll give you a subscription to this paper; we need it, and when you have thus made yourself solid with the editor you will have a good thing to show to your wife. We'll give you a send-off that will make even the angels weep.

In the eye it is possible to see the male population of Ellendale perched on the exchange table in the Eagle office, reading the exchanges and expectorating socially on the floor.

Even the Tammany Times acknowledges that the president is a great artist in handling men. Even old Tom Platt, cynical as a vinegar cruet with the collar, after he "saw" the president, went around for weeks with a smile similar to that of a girl getting her engagement ring for the first time.

The Betherville, Iowa, Democrat has an editor with a troubled conscience. He complains of the miserable scoundrel who goes home at night and finds that his wife has been over to the saloon and has had a good time in order to save a dollar, and then remembers that he spent 75 cents that day for whisky and cigars, and a few other foolishnesses.

When the late Jay Gould was asked why he had withdrawn from a certain speculative pool deal ahead of the time set for liquidation, he replied that he felt "a little lame" and therefore thought he would start to run a little bit earlier than the others. Mr. Gould was worth several million dollars when he stopped.

A big man, with a list to starboard from carrying too heavy a load, threw away a roll of greenbacks a few at a time on the streets of New York the other day. The wild scramble that ensued was not for the money, but to arrest the stranger. But it was a glorious few moments.

People whose baby reaches the hunger point at 4 a. m. will be interested to know that the human voice is produced by eight sets of muscles only. Baby uses them all to the limit.

Senator Mason made an awful mistake and used bicycle cement on his face after shaving, in place of a cold cream preparation. The mixture did not, however, cement his face so securely but that several remarks escaped.

So many people are getting rich and prosperous in the United States that even Poulton Bigelow departs of our future with the dark and gloomy pessimism of a man with a pained thumb.

The Sultan of Turkey has built a small palace for his children and plays for papa's and for their amusement. The sultan's stock company never strikes.

There is one thing we like about Pettigrew. Instead of nursing his sore corn, he hobbled into the arena and made a million or so between kicks.

The Yonkers Gazette tells of a lightning-change artist who put on her bonnet in less than fifteen minutes. This is the record.

According to the army officers, the W. C. T. U. has driven the soldiers from official to unofficial drunkenness.

All the Buffaloes are going to the Buffalo exposition. You will get no change back there.

Even Tennessee had a snow storm on April 20. This country's climate is getting twisted.

Do not drink the city water supply without straining it through a cane-saw chair.

A casualty list—the British budget.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Former State Treasurer Koerner was legislated into the next district by the annexation of Meeker county, and now he is being groomed for congress. The Buffalo Journal says: A. T. Koerner of Litchfield has been mentioned as a congressional candidate. He gets his Dutch blood up and goes. After the other fellows may as well attend to their private business, especially under the new primary law, as Koerner has the best vote-getter on the state ticket three times and will have a big advantage.

Here is a very naughty and fustianistic observation from that palladium of republican-ism, the North Star: Governor Van Sant has very adroitly drawn the sting from the pen of the editor of the Patrimony News. Mr. Everett has been appointed a standstill by being reported as having been elected to the Weekly Bulletin of Defense will hereafter be treated with that consideration which is accorded to the fish that are at the disposal of the administration. Thus another lame duck is provided for. From a cursory glance we are inclined to think that there are so many stinging pens in Minnesota that the government will have no trouble enough to draw the sting from all of them.

Who will draw the sting from Joel's quilt? And this is the same issue in which he intimates that Van Sant should be renominated.

George R. Laybourn of Duluth, who has won distinction as one of the most enthusiastic of Jacobson's enemies, went home and told his constituents a secret. Charlie Eastman comes right back at him in the Wadena Pioneer. Laybourn is a man of words.

Representative Laybourn, in an interview in the Duluth News Tribune, says that J. F. Jacobson will be a candidate for state auditor next year, and he predicts that Mr. Jacobson won't get a vote in the convention north of St. Cloud. Well, we don't know about that, but we have an idea that all Jacobson stands pretty well with the people up this way. If he is a candidate, he will wear a peck of nice red apples that he is secure at least as many votes as did Mr. Laybourn in the speakership contest.

Senator Ryder's constituents have not seen him since the Legislature adjourned, and the following query is voiced by the Crookston Times: To appreciate the value of their work, it must be known that many valuable articles are of necessity kept on the decks of the yachts and other vessels. These include coils of rope, blankets, oars, and other paraphernalia which are within easy reach of one or two men who may pass into the shadow of the hull as the vessel rides at anchor. The trick is especially easy if the watch on deck is sleeping. The duty of the police is to stop the pirates when they are first seen rowing about, and yet, as it is not against the law to row about the harbor at night, the men cannot be arrested until they are discovered in the act of robbery or with suspicious goods in their boat. Some of the pirates are more enterprising, and in addition to taking the things found about the harbor, they manage to purloin rugs, brass lamps, cabin furniture, and other personal valuables.

The Real Bloodhound. Ever since Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote the "Hunchback of Notre Dame," the life of vital and enduring of all plays has been dramatized, the northern mind has been heavily freighted with error concerning the bloodhound. This particularly noticeable now when the great revival of the play is drawing such an attendance to the Academy of Music nightly. The generally accepted idea of that animal is a ferocious monster, as big as a full-grown tiger, with bloodshot eyes, formidable fangs and an unsatiable thirst for human gore, one that is forever straining uneasily at its chain and yearning to tear its human prey to shreds. This popular delusion has been largely fostered by the designer of the billboards of picture and hamlet, wherever the great horror is projected. As a matter of fact, the real Simon-pure Simon Legree bloodhound is only about fourteen inches high, with gentle violet eyes and a fond and affectionate disposition. The dog of the stage and follow it with marvelous accuracy, but when the fugitive is run to earth it will leap upon him and bark joyously as if he were a long-lost friend. It will cling to him like a brother and refuse to be shaken off, but it will offer him no violence. Of course that sort of thing would not do for the stage, as it would shatter a cherished idol. As a matter of fact the "bloodhounds" of the stage are no more bloodhounds than they are King Charles spaniels. They are Great Danes, and appear big and savage enough to growl the "Terrible Turk." They roar lustily and look ferocious, but they are harmless as doves. But they look the part.

THE X-EFFECT OF CLIMATE

probably will, recover by the outdoor treatment, no matter in what city he stays. If he can be advanced beyond the first stage it is possible to arrest the disease in a few instances, cure it without the necessity of going away from home.

THE ART OF LIVING A HUNDRED YEARS.

It will make a fine for any one who blows smoke into another's face. That will apply to traveling men who visit the town, as citizens will not be allowed to smoke at all. I will punish lying severely, and the officer who performs himself will be banished from the town at an early hour. The aristocracy of the town will comprise those who live by the sweat of their brow, and not the one who can count his money by the bushel.

Dear old Carrie! Her simple suggestions are full of meat. It is plain that she intends to run Medicine Lodge. It won't be her own husband. We fear, however, that the town will not be so tolerant of tyranny as "papa" is. If the "fries" all the policemen, who is to carry out the orders unless she does it herself. This may be a part of her plan and will entail the strenuous watch. Judging from experience nearer home, it might be more to the point to fire the mayor and city council.

We look to the future with some dread. In this Kansas Utopia half the inhabitants will be in jail at the end of the week. And why not? Doubtless they deserve it.

Here is the appeal for social and financial recognition made by the Ellendale Eagle: You are invited to call at this office and get acquainted. We are a social set and we wish to meet and know you all. If your wife likes you, drop in and we'll keep you, and if you are married, if you have money, we'll give you a subscription to this paper; we need it, and when you have thus made yourself solid with the editor you will have a good thing to show to your wife. We'll give you a send-off that will make even the angels weep.

In the eye it is possible to see the male population of Ellendale perched on the exchange table in the Eagle office, reading the exchanges and expectorating socially on the floor.

Even the Tammany Times acknowledges that the president is a great artist in handling men. Even old Tom Platt, cynical as a vinegar cruet with the collar, after he "saw" the president, went around for weeks with a smile similar to that of a girl getting her engagement ring for the first time.

The Betherville, Iowa, Democrat has an editor with a troubled conscience. He complains of the miserable scoundrel who goes home at night and finds that his wife has been over to the saloon and has had a good time in order to save a dollar, and then remembers that he spent 75 cents that day for whisky and cigars, and a few other foolishnesses.

When the late Jay Gould was asked why he had withdrawn from a certain speculative pool deal ahead of the time set for liquidation, he replied that he felt "a little lame" and therefore thought he would start to run a little bit earlier than the others. Mr. Gould was worth several million dollars when he stopped.

A big man, with a list to starboard from carrying too heavy a load, threw away a roll of greenbacks a few at a time on the streets of New York the other day. The wild scramble that ensued was not for the money, but to arrest the stranger. But it was a glorious few moments.

People whose baby reaches the hunger point at 4 a. m. will be interested to know that the human voice is produced by eight sets of muscles only. Baby uses them all to the limit.

Senator Mason made an awful mistake and used bicycle cement on his face after shaving, in place of a cold cream preparation. The mixture did not, however, cement his face so securely but that several remarks escaped.

So many people are getting rich and prosperous in the United States that even Poulton Bigelow departs of our future with the dark and gloomy pessimism of a man with a pained thumb.

The Sultan of Turkey has built a small palace for his children and plays for papa's and for their amusement. The sultan's stock company never strikes.

There is one thing we like about Pettigrew. Instead of nursing his sore corn, he hobbled into the arena and made a million or so between kicks.

The Yonkers Gazette tells of a lightning-change artist who put on her bonnet in less than fifteen minutes. This is the record.

According to the army officers, the W. C. T. U. has driven the soldiers from official to unofficial drunkenness.

All the Buffaloes are going to the Buffalo exposition. You will get no change back there.

Even Tennessee had a snow storm on April 20. This country's climate is getting twisted.

Do not drink the city water supply without straining it through a cane-saw chair.

A casualty list—the British budget.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Former State Treasurer Koerner was legislated into the next district by the annexation of Meeker county, and now he is being groomed for congress. The Buffalo Journal says: A. T. Koerner of Litchfield has been mentioned as a congressional candidate. He gets his Dutch blood up and goes. After the other fellows may as well attend to their private business, especially under the new primary law, as Koerner has the best vote-getter on the state ticket three times and will have a big advantage.

Here is a very naughty and fustianistic observation from that palladium of republican-ism, the North Star: Governor Van Sant has very adroitly drawn the sting from the pen of the editor of the Patrimony News. Mr. Everett has been appointed a standstill by being reported as having been elected to the Weekly Bulletin of Defense will hereafter be treated with that consideration which is accorded to the fish that are at the disposal of the administration. Thus another lame duck is provided for. From a cursory glance we are inclined to think that there are so many stinging pens in Minnesota that the government will have no trouble enough to draw the sting from all of them.

Who will draw the sting from Joel's quilt? And this is the same issue in which he intimates that Van Sant should be renominated.

George R. Laybourn of Duluth, who has won distinction as one of the most enthusiastic of Jacobson's enemies, went home and told his constituents a secret. Charlie Eastman comes right back at him in the Wadena Pioneer. Laybourn is a man of words.

Representative Laybourn, in an interview in the Duluth News Tribune, says that J. F. Jacobson will be a candidate for state auditor next year, and he predicts that Mr. Jacobson won't get a vote in the convention north of St. Cloud. Well, we don't know about that, but we have an idea that all Jacobson stands pretty well with the people up this way. If he is a candidate, he will wear a peck of nice red apples that he is secure at least as many votes as did Mr. Laybourn in the speakership contest.

Senator Ryder's constituents have not seen him since the Legislature adjourned, and the following query is voiced by the Crookston Times: To appreciate the value of their work, it must be known that many valuable articles are of necessity kept on the decks of the yachts and other vessels. These include coils of rope, blankets, oars, and other paraphernalia which are within easy reach of one or two men who may pass into the shadow of the hull as the vessel rides at anchor. The trick is especially easy if the watch on deck is sleeping. The duty of the police is to stop the pirates when they are first seen rowing about, and yet, as it is not against the law to row about the harbor at night, the men cannot be arrested until they are discovered in the act of robbery or with suspicious goods in their boat. Some of the pirates are more enterprising, and in addition to taking the things found about the harbor, they manage to purloin rugs, brass lamps, cabin furniture, and other personal valuables.

The Real Bloodhound. Ever since Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote the "Hunchback of Notre Dame," the life of vital and enduring of all plays has been dramatized, the northern mind has been heavily freighted with error concerning the bloodhound. This particularly noticeable now when the great revival of the play is drawing such an attendance to the Academy of Music nightly. The generally accepted idea of that animal is a ferocious monster, as big as a full-grown tiger, with bloodshot eyes, formidable fangs and an unsatiable thirst for human gore, one that is forever straining uneasily at its chain and yearning to tear its human prey to shreds. This popular delusion has been largely fostered by the designer of the billboards of picture and hamlet, wherever the great horror is projected. As a matter of fact, the real Simon-pure Simon Legree bloodhound is only about fourteen inches high, with gentle violet eyes and a fond and affectionate disposition. The dog of the stage and follow it with marvelous accuracy, but when the fugitive is run to earth it will leap upon him and bark joyously as if he were a long-lost friend. It will cling to him like a brother and refuse to be shaken off, but it will offer him no violence. Of course that sort of thing would not do for the stage, as it would shatter a cherished idol. As a matter of fact the "bloodhounds" of the stage are no more bloodhounds than they are King Charles spaniels. They are Great Danes, and appear big and savage enough to growl the "Terrible Turk." They roar lustily and look ferocious, but they are harmless as doves. But they look the part.

THE X-EFFECT OF CLIMATE

probably will, recover by the outdoor treatment, no matter in what city he stays. If he can be advanced beyond the first stage it is possible to arrest the disease in a few instances, cure it without the necessity of going away from home.

THE ART OF LIVING A HUNDRED YEARS.

It will make a fine for any one who blows smoke into another's face. That will apply to traveling men who visit the town, as citizens will not be allowed to smoke at all. I will punish lying severely, and the officer who performs himself will be banished from the town at an early hour. The aristocracy of the town will comprise those who live by the sweat of their brow, and not the one who can count his money by the bushel.

Dear old Carrie! Her simple suggestions are full of meat. It is plain that she intends to run Medicine Lodge. It won't be her own husband. We fear, however, that the town will not be so tolerant of tyranny as "papa" is. If the "fries" all the policemen, who is to carry out the orders unless she does it herself. This may be a part of her plan and will entail the strenuous watch. Judging from experience nearer home, it might be more to the point to fire the mayor and city council.

We look to the future with some dread. In this Kansas Utopia half the inhabitants will be in jail at the end of the week. And why not? Doubtless they deserve it.

Here is the appeal for social and financial recognition made by the Ellendale Eagle: You are invited to call at this office and get acquainted. We are a social set and we wish to meet and know you all. If your wife likes you, drop in and we'll keep you, and if you are married, if you have money, we'll give you a subscription to this paper; we need it, and when you have thus made yourself solid with the editor you will have a good thing to show to your wife. We'll give you a send-off that will make even the angels weep.

In the eye it is possible to see the male population of Ellendale perched on the exchange table in the Eagle office, reading the exchanges and expectorating socially on the floor.

Even the Tammany Times acknowledges that the president is a great artist in handling men. Even old Tom Platt, cynical as a vinegar cruet with the collar, after he "saw" the president, went around for weeks with a smile similar to that of a girl getting her engagement ring for the first time.

The Betherville, Iowa, Democrat has an editor with a troubled conscience. He complains of the miserable scoundrel who goes home at night and finds that his wife has been over to the saloon and has had a good time in order to save a dollar, and then remembers that he spent 75 cents that day for whisky and cigars, and a few other foolishnesses.

When the late Jay Gould was asked why he had withdrawn from a certain speculative pool deal ahead of the time set for liquidation, he replied that he felt "a little lame" and therefore thought he would start to run a little bit earlier than the others. Mr. Gould was worth several million dollars when he stopped.

A big man, with a list to starboard from carrying too heavy a load, threw away a roll of greenbacks a few at a time on the streets of New York the other day. The wild scramble that ensued was not for the money, but to arrest the stranger. But it was a glorious few moments.

People whose baby reaches the hunger point at 4 a. m. will be interested to know that the human voice is produced by eight sets of muscles only. Baby uses them all to the limit.

Senator Mason made an awful mistake and used bicycle cement on his face after shaving, in place of a cold cream preparation. The mixture did not, however, cement his face so securely but that several remarks escaped.

So many people are getting rich and prosperous in the United States that even Poulton Bigelow departs of our future with the dark and gloomy pessimism of a man with a pained thumb.

The Sultan of Turkey has built a small palace for his children and plays for papa's and for their amusement. The sultan's stock company never strikes.

There is one thing we like about Pettigrew. Instead of nursing his sore corn, he hobbled into the arena and made a million or so between kicks.

The Yonkers Gazette tells of a lightning-change artist who put on her bonnet in less than fifteen minutes. This is the record.

According to the army officers, the W. C. T. U. has driven the soldiers from official to unofficial drunkenness.

All the Buffaloes are going to the Buffalo exposition. You will get no change back there.

Even Tennessee had a snow storm on April 20. This country's climate is getting twisted.

Do not drink the city water supply without straining it through a cane-saw chair.

A casualty list—the British budget.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Former State Treasurer Koerner was legislated into the next district by the annexation of Meeker county, and now he is being groomed for congress. The Buffalo Journal says: A. T. Koerner of Litchfield has been mentioned as a congressional candidate. He gets his Dutch blood up and goes. After the other fellows may as well attend to their private business, especially under the new primary law, as Koerner has the best vote-getter on the state ticket three times and will have a big advantage.

Here is a very naughty and fustianistic observation from that palladium of republican-ism, the North Star: Governor Van Sant has very adroitly drawn the sting from the pen of the editor of the Patrimony News. Mr. Everett has been appointed a standstill by being reported as having been elected to the Weekly Bulletin of Defense will hereafter be treated with that consideration which is accorded to the fish that are at the disposal of the administration. Thus another lame duck is provided for. From a cursory glance we are inclined to think that there are so many stinging pens in Minnesota that the government will have no trouble enough to draw the sting from all of them.

Who will draw the sting from Joel's quilt? And this is the same issue in which he intimates that Van Sant should be renominated.

George R. Laybourn of Duluth, who has won distinction as one of the most enthusiastic of Jacobson's enemies, went home and told his constituents a secret. Charlie Eastman comes right back at him in the Wadena Pioneer. Laybourn is a man of words.

Representative Laybourn, in an interview in the Duluth News Tribune, says that J. F. Jacobson will be a candidate for state auditor next year, and he predicts that Mr. Jacobson won't get a vote in the convention north of St. Cloud. Well, we don't know about that, but we have an idea that all Jacobson stands pretty well with the people up this way. If he is a candidate, he will wear a peck of nice red apples that he is secure at least as many votes as did Mr. Laybourn in the speakership contest.

Senator Ryder's constituents have not seen him since the Legislature adjourned, and the following query is voiced by the Crookston Times: To appreciate the value of their work, it must be known that many valuable articles are of necessity kept on the decks of the yachts and other vessels. These include coils of rope, blankets, oars, and other paraphernalia which are within easy reach of one or two men who may pass into the shadow of the hull as the vessel rides at anchor. The trick is especially easy if the watch on deck is sleeping. The duty of the police is to stop the pirates when they are first seen rowing about, and yet, as it is not against the law to row about the harbor at night, the men cannot be arrested until they are discovered in the act of robbery or with suspicious goods in their boat. Some of the pirates are more enterprising, and in addition to taking the things found about the harbor