

THE JOURNAL

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SUBSCRIPTION TERMS Payable to The Journal Printing Co. Delivered by Mail. One copy, one month, \$0.35...

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

C. J. Billson, Manager Foreign Advertising Department. NEW YORK OFFICE—86, 87, 88 Tribune Building.

CHICAGO OFFICE—307, 248 Stock Exchange Building.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS 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.

COMPLAINTS Subscribers will please notify the office in every case that their paper is not delivered promptly or the collections not properly made.

The Journal is on sale at the newsstands of the following hotels: Pittsburgh, Pa.—Du Quoin Hotel. St. Louis, Mo.—Platters Hotel, Southern Hotel, Kansas City, Mo.—Coates House, Boston, Mass.—Young's Hotel, United States, Touraine, Cleveland, Ohio—Hollenden House, Weddell House, Cincinnati, Ohio—Grand Hotel, Detroit, Mich.—Russell House, Cadillac, Washington, D. C.—Arlington Hotel, Raleigh, N. C.—Auditorium Annex, Great Northern, New York City—Imperial, Holland, Murray Hill, Waldorf, Spokane, Wash.—Spokane Hotel, Tacoma, Wash.—Hotel Van Nuys, Seattle, Wash.—Butler Hotel, Portland, Oregon—Portland Hotel, Perkins Hotel.

MINNEAPOLIS AND THE RAILROADS

The large attendance of business men at the Commercial Club meeting last night, in spite of the high temperature, is most gratifying evidence that the business community is awakening to its duties and to the need of well-considered, united action in many directions.

The most important phase of the meeting, doubtless, was the discussion of the problem of securing justice for Minneapolis from the railroads of the northwest. The discrimination practiced by certain railroads against this center, in spite of its primacy as a producer of railroad revenues, was very clearly brought out and the question of how best to bring about a change in the policy of the larger and dominating systems was given careful consideration.

In this connection, the determination of the business community to hold up the hands of the council in securing reciprocal concessions from the Omaha road which is now asking favors from the municipality was made evident. A committee from the Commercial club will attend the meeting to-morrow morning of the council committee having the matter of the desired street vacations in hand and will urge strongly that the Omaha road, which has been one of the leaders in discriminating against Minneapolis in every way, be brought to terms as the price of the concessions it asks.

It is greatly to be hoped that the council will grasp the opportunity thus presented. The aldermen will be strongly supported in such a course by the solid sentiment of the business community. The Omaha road has steadily discriminated against Minneapolis, which gives it more business than any other point on its lines, in favor of St. Paul, and the North-Western system, of which it is a part, has always favored Chicago in every possible way as against the twin cities.

Now is the time for Minneapolis and the Omaha road to understand each other. The council can dictate the terms of the treaty.

SOME NATURAL QUESTIONS

The saloonkeepers told the district court that they were promised by Briggs that the police department would not molest them if they installed slot gambling machines in their saloons.

ought to know about the state of public sentiment. History furnishes some consolation, because it tells us that "Doc" Ames has never succeeded himself in office; that he has always succeeded in making himself so offensive to the majority of voters that once is enough; and in the present administration the doctor seems to be excelling his own record.

E. Hough, a Chicago journalist, is assuring his readers that never before in the history of the west was the fishing so poor as this year. As suggested on The Journal's sport page yesterday E. Hough probably limits the west to Cook county. But in the interest of the preservation of the splendid fishing of Minnesota for the home sportsmen we hope that E. Hough's fame and prestige may continue to wax great, so that his readers will take him at his word.

AMES AND IRELAND Archbishop Ireland is a good and able man who does his duty according to his light; hence it is not his fault if he sometimes falls short of attaining the high ethical ideals and practices of our Minneapolis mayor. That the prelate has yet something to learn from the great Ego of Minneapolis politics is perfectly evident from a comparison of the speeches made by the two men yesterday. The mayor of Minneapolis was addressing the state retail liquor dealers association; the archbishop of St. Paul was talking to the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence societies.

The diametrically opposed views of the two men require no comment, but we submit that Mayor Ames is wholly in the wrong and gratuitously insults the farmer, the grocer, and other useful members of the community when he says the saloon-keeper is entitled to as much respect as they are.

THE PASSING OF THE ROMANTIC

The age of romance is passing notwithstanding the unhistorical and unreal "historical" novel. Vivian Sartoris and Archibald Balfour—these are real names notwithstanding their society-novel sound—two flowers of the English aristocracy and hitherto engaged lovers, have parted in a manner which their friends proudly describe as a "triumph of common sense."

Vivian and Archibald fell rapidly and blissfully into love but quarreled with equal ardor. Refusing to be deceived by that old maxim that the course of true love never yet ran smooth, they did not go ahead and take the chances. Neither did Vivian enter a convent, nor Archibald drown himself in the shade of a weeping willow tree. Instead they called a joint session of the interested families, explained that they were long on mutual respect but mighty short on love of the kind they had read about and, everybody agreeing, decided to call off the engagement, and that, too, without any ill-behavior to you talk.

WEATHER AND MORALS. A writer in the International Journal of Ethics discusses the problem of human conduct from the standpoint of the weather. He has examined the criminal records of the New York criminal courts for ten years past and compared some 400,000 occurrences of a criminal nature with the records of the thermometer and barometer and finds that the weather has a marked influence on human conduct. There is nothing new in this theory, of course, but the investigator has taken pains to get facts which place his statements in a very strong position.

We all know that bad digestion is in most cases a breeder of ill-temper and that a poor cup of coffee for breakfast may have serious results upon the conduct of the individual who drinks it. It may have caused the loss of the battle of Waterloo for Napoleon. A man may be put in a state of moral obliquity by the deposit of a bristle in his throat while cleaning his teeth in the morning. But our investigator shows that the state of the weather has the most pronounced effect upon human conduct. It is interesting to find that suicide occurs in the list as excessively frequent at both extremes of heat and cold. At minus ten degrees and plus 85 to 95 degrees—such weather as we are now having, the suicidal acts are three times the normal number.

Hot weather, according to the records under consideration, made cases of assault and battery 80 per cent above the average, women indulging in the pastime more than men. Drunkenness was found to increase rapidly as the mercury went down below zero.

attire, the constricting bodice, they complain more than men do when the mercury works up toward 100 degrees. There is no prescription against adverse and dangerous weather influences except self-discipline which most soldiers observe who have had to endure the storm and stress of military campaigns. Our whole social system is defective and notably in the excessive and unnatural strain on the brains of business and professional men and women and in the absorption of poisonous drugs and liquors by people of all classes. A more healthful moral and physical tone would successfully defray the promptings of degenerate human conduct through the thermometrical and barometrical readings.

BRYAN'S LAST JOKE Colonel Bryan made an interesting deliverance at Buffalo yesterday. He came out with a plain denial that he is a candidate for any office, and did not quote the statement, as he did some weeks ago, by admitting that he would be a candidate provided it seemed necessary for him to lead the democratic party. He said, moreover, that the democracy stands for definite principles and the masses will insist upon adhering to those principles. "Those who argue from the standpoint of expediency will not have influence with the voters because no one can say what is expedient."

Poor Bryan does not even yet know "where he is at." He does not have the slightest idea what democratic principles are, and, constructively, he is yet unacquainted with the record of his party. So far as Bryan has been connected with the democratic party, it has been a party of change, and the great founder of the party could find even a strawberry mark on the organization to indicate that it is a long-lost brother. The "definite principles" of the democratic party, as shaped by Bryan, have no relation to the principles of Jefferson. Jefferson bought and annexed the big Louisiana territory in 1803, admitting at the time that the act was unconstitutional, but he did it as a matter of national expediency and profit. Bryan pretends to stand by Jeffersonian principles and yet attacks the nationalism of Jefferson, who recognized the fact that the nation is superior even to the constitution, as was shown in the Louisiana purchase and in the maintenance of the American union in 1861-1865 by forcing the "sovereign and independent" southern states back into the union, although not, in terms, authorized by the federal constitution. It was a matter of expediency, national expediency, and it was right.

The federal supreme court has recently affirmed and set the seal of its approbation upon the doctrine of national expediency, the doctrine that the nation can fall back on its national powers, which are unlimited, when it deals with its territories or other property, or with foreign foes.

Colonel Bryan has a big job on his hands fighting this doctrine of national expediency, so strongly buttressed. He is likely to die in the hopeless attempt to overthrow it. One of the "jollies" of the Omaha Mining Investment company was "Manager's Christmas Offer," which is now being handed around by people who enjoy a good thing. The "offer," dated Dec. 3, 1900, was a high, juicy morsel. It read as follows: "Here is an offer that beats them all. I have arranged to supply you with 100 Christmas presents. One hundred is the limit. Will please 1,000 regular stock par value shares of 'Kettle-Curve,' 1,000 of the same kind of shares of 'Queen Bee,' and 1,000 shares of 'Boundary Camp' war revenue stamps attached and canceled, in a very pretty ornamental box, similar to those used by the highest quality handkerchiefs, and one-fourth of an inch deep, and of the proper length and width for the stock certificates, the beautifully illustrated and presented, 'Christmas Present, 1900. Keep it for dividends. Presented to _____' in proper form. The 3,000 shares, in three certificates of 1,000 shares each, properly folded in silk tissue paper, duly initialed, will be mailed in the box, securely protected by heavy boards, to any address, on receipt of \$50, postage paid. The certificates will be mailed in the box, and will turn out to be the most highly appreciated. When the 100 boxes, with their valuable contents, are gone, no more will be supplied, and if your remittance comes too late your money will be promptly returned. 'Boundary Camp' war revenue stamps payable to 'L. A. Hancock, Trustee,' but address orders for these Christmas presents to 'Secretary, Omaha Mining Investment Company, Omaha, Neb.' Very truly yours, C. R. Tuttle, Secretary.

People who bought these little "ladies' lace handkerchiefs," with the \$3.00 worth of stock for \$50, no doubt do appreciate this "little gift" highly. As the secretary and manager promised the first line it did "beat them all."

A Blow at an Ancient Wrong The man who takes another man's umbrella when the other man is not there, "borrowing" it, as it is termed, is an ancient and weak wrong. It has run against a legal snag in Indiana. A peculiarly offensive umbrella borrower in that state has just been fined \$1, sentenced to the reformatory and disfranchised for five years. The peculiar and rather prevalent idea that an umbrella standing around when there is a rainstorm becomes semipublic property ought to pass. People in the far west used to argue that way about horses, and many of those who did so are no longer with us. The umbrella is often a genuine life-saver. Take a man who is addicted to rheumatism, and who has to catch the 5:30 train. It is raining. He waits until the last moment, rushes for his umbrella and presents it to a man who has "borrowed" it without consulting him. If he makes a rush in the rain he gets wet to the bone, and this, together with his state of mind, superinduces rheumatism. Borrowing an umbrella is clearly as serious a matter as horse theft.

State Ownership of Railroads. Columbus Journal. Congressman McCleary of Minnesota will spend the summer in Europe, in a personal investigation of the operation of the governmental ownership system where it prevails abroad. He believes that the paramount plank in party platforms in the near future will be governmental ownership of transportation routes. McCleary is a republican, and democratic newspapers point significantly to the fact. He is also a student who is imbued with university ideas.

Room to Grow. Cosmopolitan Magazine. Present populations to the square mile are: United States 21 Germany 263 Russia 15 Italy 283 China 85 United Kingdom 238 Spain 96 Holland 411 France 180 Belgium 572

The Bid Too Low. Louisville Courier-Journal. Of course the mayor of Philadelphia refused to look at Wanamaker's offer of \$2,500,000 for the franchises he was signing away for nothing. The franchises are worth much more than \$2,500,000 to the gang with which Ashbridge runs.

A Battle With a Sea Monster

New York Journal. One of the strangest sea fights on record in which the crew of a schooner and a huge black mass rose threateningly in a circle of foam and quite close to the center boats. Two harpoons poised their weapons, which in another instant quivered in the monster's body, while a shower of bullets followed in a volley. With an angry snarl of pain, the creature darted toward the nearest boat, only to be met by another and closer shot. In a very close range, which ripped and tore it unmercifully. Dazed by such a reception, the monster appeared to hesitate. Another volley followed and when the smoke cleared there was nothing visible save the surface of a streaking blood-red foam. Whirl went the harpoon lines, while the men sat excitedly waiting a reappearance of the foe. "He's making it for the shore now, sir!" shouted one of the officers to the commander, and the boats were signaled to close in. For nearly two minutes the brute remained below, swimming slowly back and forth, and then, reappearing, it lay quietly, mouth open, and when quite close five more harpoons were thrust; then instantly diving, the boats pulled rapidly for the shore. Now commenced the tug of war lasting for nearly three hours, till at last, weak with struggling and loss of blood, the huge monster was hauled into shallow water to await the reading tide. Not out of the party, from the commander down to the little middy, but was thankful for the rest. In about an hour's time the tide had gone low sufficiently and the battle began again, but now all the advantage lay with the sailors. After a vicious struggle in which several blue jackets were severely injured by fragments of rock hurled about by the monster in its death throes, it lay battered, silent and motionless. This gigantic specimen of sea life is marcrobrus elephantinus or proboscideus, measuring just under forty feet long, and weighing over thirteen tons. It has a trunk four feet long, and a general conformation closely resembling that of the ordinary elephant, but with a pair of huge fins in place of legs. It is found only in Antarctic waters.

WASHINGTON'S FIRST LOVE National Magazine. Some years ago Mrs. Constance Leahy Harrison had a letter from President Washington's first sweetheart: "Mrs. George William Fairfax, the object of George Washington's early and passionate love lived in an old house at Bath, England, widowed, childless and utterly infirm. Upon her death, at the age of 81, letters still in the possession of the Fairfax family were found in her effects, showing that Washington never forgot his youthful disappointment."

Mrs. Fairfax, before her marriage, was Miss Sarah Carey of Hampton, Va., Washington, in 1788, when she was the wife of another, wrote Mrs. Fairfax some very lovely epistles. Once, expressing his pleasure that she had written to him, he said: "In silence I express my joy. Silence, which, in some cases, I hope to present speaks more intelligently than the sweetest eloquence." And what would Mrs. Martha Curtis Washington have thought of this extract to Mrs. Fairfax, written by the man who, in 1788, or only a year before he died: "None of such events, however, or all of them together, have been able to eradicate from my mind the recollection of those happy moments, that I have had in my life, which I have enjoyed in your company."

THE SMALL BOY'S CLEVER SCHEME New York Evening Post. June, June bugs, the old gentleman—that is the combination out of which the boys in a certain neighborhood on the upper East Side are just now getting some things like to eat. It doesn't take much to place these boys in the dream of avarice. Five-penny glasses of ice cream from the Italian cart, or a pocketful of pennants from the other Italian over the way, are enough for one of these boys. They are waiting for June bugs for a month; now these insects are out of the ground. "Please, sir," said a little boy trotting alongside a dreamy old gentleman, "there's a bug crawling up the back of your coat." "You don't say? Where? Crawling up my back? Well, take it off, boy, quick!"

DEED, I'm afraid, answers the boy, affecting to be surprised. "Oh, no, sir! The old man gets more nervous; the boy retorts and knocks off the June bug. The old gentleman is grateful, and out from his pocket comes a dime, and a "Thank you, my boy." The bug is there, and the boy repeats on the next kind-looking pedestrian. The Italian vendors look approvingly, and the consumption of ice cream goes on.

EFFECT OF BOSTON ATMOSPHERE National Magazine. Of course it is in Boston that some of the Afro-American women have protested against the circulation of a book written by one of our writers on the subject of the negro in America. This suggests that in Boston in 1769, an African slave ship was permitted to unload and sell on the auction block a human chattel which comprised its cargo. One of the items on the invoice was a small, barbaric girl, apparently 8 years of age, purchased by John Wheatley of Boston, who soon found that he had secured a phenom. The girl was the same as the one who, under the patronage of the then Countess of Huntingdon,

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS Princeton Tiger. The large man stepped up to the desk of the summer hotel. "I want to see the proprietor," he said steadily. The proprietor came out of his private office. "Sir," said the large man, "when I came here the first of the summer you told me that the bathing was warm, that there were no mosquitoes, that it never got hot here and that there would be no deterioration in the title." The proprietor looked at him strangely. "I may have said that," he said, finally. "Furthermore, you expressly mentioned that children were not allowed to howl through the halls, and that no dogs were permitted, and that extras would be reasonable."

"Well," said the proprietor, sullenly, "what if I only wanted to say," continued the large man, "that I am delighted to find you are not a liar in any respect, and that you may hold the same rooms for me next summer." And this conversation we place before you as true, the comic papers to the contrary.

HOW THE STORIES END I made me a tale of the tempest at sea, Full of thunder and lightning above, And the terrors that be when the storm winds are free— But the end of the story was love!

I sang me a song of a raid in the glen, With a lit of the pipers who played, Strike again, strike again, and die fighting like— And the struggle was over a maid!

I planned me a play of a monarch of fame, And his courtiers in silken attire, And his statesman, who came like a moth to the flame— For a pair of bright eyes were the fire!

I passed the praise of a hero so calm, And so strong in the tumult to stand, When I found me the charm that had strengthened his arm— It was only the touch of a hand!

And if by my heart for a moment be strong, If my tale for a sage ring sincere, Or if merits belong to the play or the song— They are only yours, my dear!

—J. A. Flynn in Black and White. Holland and Nebraska. St. Louis Star. Holland has 10,000 wind mills, each of which drains an average of 310 acres. Nebraska has only one, which drains only the patience of its bearers.

THE CASE TENONI

By MARVIN DANA Copyright, 1901, by Marvin Dana.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon of March 23 a woman entered the hall of the Grand hotel, New York city. She was evidently young, hardly more than a girl, with a face rather too pale, but made charming by regular features and large dark eyes. She had a very close range, which ripped and tore it unmercifully. Dazed by such a reception, the monster appeared to hesitate. Another volley followed and when the smoke cleared there was nothing visible save the surface of a streaking blood-red foam. Whirl went the harpoon lines, while the men sat excitedly waiting a reappearance of the foe. "He's making it for the shore now, sir!" shouted one of the officers to the commander, and the boats were signaled to close in. For nearly two minutes the brute remained below, swimming slowly back and forth, and then, reappearing, it lay quietly, mouth open, and when quite close five more harpoons were thrust; then instantly diving, the boats pulled rapidly for the shore. Now commenced the tug of war lasting for nearly three hours, till at last, weak with struggling and loss of blood, the huge monster was hauled into shallow water to await the reading tide. Not out of the party, from the commander down to the little middy, but was thankful for the rest. In about an hour's time the tide had gone low sufficiently and the battle began again, but now all the advantage lay with the sailors. After a vicious struggle in which several blue jackets were severely injured by fragments of rock hurled about by the monster in its death throes, it lay battered, silent and motionless. This gigantic specimen of sea life is marcrobrus elephantinus or proboscideus, measuring just under forty feet long, and weighing over thirteen tons. It has a trunk four feet long, and a general conformation closely resembling that of the ordinary elephant, but with a pair of huge fins in place of legs. It is found only in Antarctic waters.

When Tenoni was arraigned court, jury, bar and public were most affected by the charms of the victim as set forth by the clerk, the porter and the bellboys. The most strenuous efforts on the part of the police failed to discover any other person answering to the name or description of Julia Cramer. It was hoped that Tenoni would confess and explain the singular means by which he had managed to dispose of the body. But Tenoni seemed nervous of danger, and frantically insisted that he had never known any person named Julia Cramer.

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the stomach of 15-months-old Mary Lang Saturday night. The surgeon located the needle by means of the X-rays. "I cannot account for the manner in which the needle came to be in the child's stomach," said the doctor. "It is impossible she could have swallowed it. I have found myself wondering whether the child was not born with it in her stomach."

Daily New York Letter

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL, No. 21 Park Row, New York. Prosperity in Chunks. June 25.—Stories of railroad prosperity are being served on the daily menu of Wall street speculators with such regularity that the men are assuming an overfed and dyspeptic appearance. There is no other person answering to the name or description of Julia Cramer. It was hoped that Tenoni would confess and explain the singular means by which he had managed to dispose of the body. But Tenoni seemed nervous of danger, and frantically insisted that he had never known any person named Julia Cramer.

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Beer Point of Law Decided. Speaking of keeping cool, the men who are digging in the ditches for the tunnel and the new Seventh avenue electric railroad have a hard time trying to dodge the sun's rays. When it becomes unbearable they resort to the battered half-saloon bucket, known as the "can," and repair to the nearest grog shop for a pint of beer. The tin bucket is being worked overtime these days. On Saturday an enterprising policeman decided that the workmen had no right to drink beer from a pail on the street, and arrested a couple of them. They were taken before Magistrate Furlong, who declared that they had committed no offense. "A man has a right to drink a pint of beer on the sidewalk if he so desires," the magistrate declared. The defendants were discharged and the arresting officer was censured.

The Beau Brummel Business. The Beau Brummel business seems to be rather played out so far as this city is concerned. The only person who has been seen in the city showing the passing of time on the stage in the nude and dress goods production. One, Alfred Plagett, has just been released from the New York penitentiary and sent to the Bellevue alcoholic ward. Plagett, now 52 years old, was twenty-five years ago the best-dressed man in New York. Then a rich tea merchant with an income of \$50,000 a year, he set the Broadway fashion in clothes and was a social leader. Now he is high priest in the Order of Alcoholic Degenerates and is without home or money. In this connection it is interesting to note that only a year ago his subscription list was raised to send Plagett to a gold cure sanatorium in Westchester county. The subscription list was headed by E. Berry Wall, himself one of the immediate subscribers. Plagett is the Beau Brummel business. To-day Wall is himself a bankrupt, although, thanks to his relatives, he has a roof over his head.

Needle in Baby's Tummy. Dr. Frank Devlin extracted a needle from the stomach of 15-months-old Mary Lang Saturday night. The surgeon located the needle by means of the X-rays. "I cannot account for the manner in which the needle came to be in the child's stomach," said the doctor. "It is impossible she could have swallowed it. I have found myself wondering whether the child was not born with it in her stomach."

American Polar Expedition

Harper's Weekly. The years 1901 and 1902 are destined to become famous in the annals of polar research. Germany, Russia, Norway, Canada and Italy have each planned an expedition in the north, and never before has man seemed so determined to solve that fascinating geographical problem which has baffled all nations since the days of Sebastian Cabot. Our own country is fittingly represented in the international race by the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition, which left New York about June 13—better prepared to accomplish its object than any similar expedition since the quest of the pole began. Evelyn Briggs Baldwin, who commands the expedition; was born at Springfield, Mo., July 23, 1862. After years of study and travel in Europe he entered the government's employ as observer in the silver service. He accompanied the Peary expedition of 1893-94 as meteorologist. In 1897 he journeyed to Spitzbergen to accompany the H. H. Andree, but as there was no room for him in the balloon car he was forced to remain behind. After this disappointment Mr. Baldwin spent the remainder of that season in studying arctic conditions, and later joined the Wellman expedition of 1899. William Ziegler, who finances the expedition, is a well-known New Yorker. From his boyhood he has always evinced great interest in the search for the pole. In a recent interview Mr. Ziegler said: "I do not want to see a foreigner reach the north pole first. I think this country is great enough and progressive enough to have that honor."