THE JOURNAL

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AN OUTSIDE SUGGESTION

A few days ago The Journal, speaking of a plan to erect a monument to Dr. Ohage, who has established public baths in St. Paul, said that Minneapolis was looking for a man who may deserve a monument at the hands of this city at some time in the future, whereupon the Glencoe Register says that if Minneapolis is looking for such a man, she need not experience and difficulty in finding him. We are assured that there are plenty of such in Minneapolis but that Minneapolis does not give them a chance to assert themselves. If the time ever does come, however, when this city learns to appreciate a good man, the Register stands ready to nominate for mayor Dr. C. A. McCollom, of whom it says: "He is already well known as one of the best members of the Commercial Club of Minneapolis. He is a man of discretion, integrity and ability, and, more than that, he is of the stamp of man that is made for public life in honest environments."

We are inclined to think the Register is right in its estimate, but we haven't any idea what Dr. McCollom would say about it. We do know that he has certainly rendered an important service to this community in the capacity of chairman of the public health committee of the Commercial Club in bringing before the water board and the council the urgent necessity of doing away as soon as possible, and permanently, with the use of water from the lower pumping stations. As chairman of that committee he has developed facts which leave no room for further discussion of the question. We have absolutely got to quit using those lower pumps and quit at the earliest moment possible; and such a statement of facts as Dr. McCollom has developed, if presented to the public in detail, would make it impossible for any council, water board, or any other authority, to defend an hour's unnecessary delay in providing for a full water supply at the Camden Place station and the closing down absolutely of the lower pumps on both sides of the river.

We have no doubt action to that end will be taken by the council at its next meeting, and to no one, probably, is credit due for this anticipated result in as large measure as to Dr. McCollom.

We are not nominating Dr. McCollom for mayor; do not know whether he could be induced to take the office if he were regarded as a winning candidate; and do not know what his politics is; the only purpose is to give a man who has done a good thing credit for it.

There are 113,586 more males than females in Minnesota. In view of this fact, the bachelor girl, who used to be called an old maid, is an unjustifiable proposition.

The Chicago Journal chronicles the efforts of a number of Chicago business men to put a stop to gambling. Then it says editorially:

We confess that we can regard their endeavor with merely languid curiosity and a kind of intellectual detachment.

What, indeed, is the use of killing out gambling to the financial injury of one of the finest police forces west of the Alleghenies?

SNOBBISHNESS AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Professor Charles Zeublin of the University of Chicago, well-known in Minneapolis, is now entitled to full membership in the order of eccentric professors which exists in fact, if not in name, in that institution.

Lecturing before a class of students in sociology, he advances the astounding proposition that public school education and the higher education which it often leads to, instead of being "our most democratic and leveling institution," in reality tends to emphasize class distinction.

Professor Zeublin's charge cannot lie at all against the common schools. As for the universities, that they do produce some intellectual and social snobs, cannot be denied. But there are snob factories elsewhere, and proportionately there are not more snobs among college graduates than among those who have been fortunate financially but are not college men. The snobbery of riches is largely confined to men who never saw the inside of a college.

Again, it is pretty safe to say that there is less snobbishness among the graduates of state universities, the apexes of the public educational system, than there is among those of the large universities under private control. So, after all, what does Professor Zeublin come to with his criticism? Does he wish the public school abolished?

A soldier writes from Manila that any one who saw the town a year ago would hardly know it to-day. Everything is cleaned up and put in trim shape. "The Filipinos themselves," he writes "are beginning to see that we are doing more for them in three years' time than the Spaniards ever did, and more than they feel capable of doing themselves." The same thing is being found true in Porto Rico and Cuba. O, we are not so bad.

Fournier, the French automobilist who won the Paris-Berlin race, thinks that all genuine automobiling will soon be done in the sky. He says that in the air no cow nor lumbering wagons can bar the way. "There will be no dust and no stones. We will go as the bullet goes in unimpeded flight. This is all very well if no other skymobile happens to be coming "as the bullet comes" from the other direction. In that case the sport would be deprived of much of its pleasure.

HOPEFUL SOUTHERN SIGNS

The recent frightful cases of mob law in Mississippi, where many negroes were strung up to trees on mere suspicion of guilt, have led to some very urgent and earnest protests by respectable citizens against a continuation of this beastly lawlessness. The Atlanta Constitution protests against the same condition in Georgia, and there are other signs of a moral awakening on the subject in other southern states. Not long ago, the Alabama constitutional convention amended the state constitution so as to give the governor power to remove a sheriff for failing to defend a prisoner against violence. One of the most earnest speeches in behalf of this amendment was made by Governor T. G. Jones of Montgomery, who reminded his fellow citizens that, in the last ten years, over one hundred citizens of Alabama have been taken by mobs from sheriffs and jails and murdered, that two-thirds of the victims were not guilty of rape, which is the crime usually charged on lynched parties in justification of the lawlessness, and that nobody is brought to justice for murder by lynching. No grand jury can be found to indict anybody for the crime and the perpetrators go scot free. Said Governor Jones:

We ought to be willing, we ought to be anxious to have and desire the good opinion of mankind. We are looked upon, and I will not say with how much justice, in many sections, as utterly unmindful of the one great duty of government—the sure and steadfast protection of the weak and the helpless. We are thought to be disbelievers in the sanctity of human life—if that life happens to be that of a negro. We are looked upon as tacitly consenting, if not openly approving, the right of any body of men to mete out death, without trial or evidence if the suspect can be found, to kill him not for rape alone, but for any offense against the laws. As southern men let us ask ourselves how far appearances justify the belief. Have we stopped mobs at rape? Is not the thirst of mob violence for blood as great in many lesser crimes? And are not our courts open? Is justice administered by our judges or our own juries? How many of these continued outbreaks and assaults upon officers and jails have been punished?

That is righteous indignation. It is the very entithesis of the savage and bloodthirsty plea of Senator Tillman of South Carolina, in behalf of the general adoption of lynching and the setting aside of the courts of justice and the officers of the law. A senator who gets up in public as Tillman does, and boldly and wickedly advocates defiance of law is as much a promoter of lawlessness as is the man who assassinates another in cold blood, or wields the incendiary torch to destroy his neighbor's residence. Tillman represents a large constituency, who are of like mind with him. It is well for the south to divide on this question. The Alabama amendment does not go very far, for the simple removal of a sheriff from office for failing to defend a prisoner against a mob is no severe punishment. He should be tried for malfeasance in office. But such action indicates an awakening to a realization of the heinousness of permitted mob violence.

Verily, Governor Brown of Alabama is a more faithful representative of "Jeffersonian principles" than is Senator Tillman. Jefferson, no doubt, would express himself, if alive to-day, just as Brown does on the subject of lynching and the hideous demoralization it surely breeds.

It seems fairly certain that Russia will not be able this year to supply the shortage in the European crops of wheat. Drought and even higher temperatures than we had in this country have seriously affected the Russian crops. We have a good wheat crop but everything else is short and a majority of the farmers are not going to let their wheat go till they get their price. The receipts of wheat this year at all markets are even smaller than they were last year—and last year was a short crop year.

ORIGINAL THINKING

It is difficult to account for the twisted notions and distorted ideas that sometimes develop at a public school teachers' examination. It would seem impossible that people entertaining such unaccountable and ridiculous conceptions as sometimes appear there would consider themselves in any degree qualified for the position to which they aspire. To illustrate: One applicant, whose examination papers have been under inspection at the capitol recently, defines "carpetbagger" as "one who goes from place to place weaving carpets and returning them to their owners." Where could such an idea have been obtained? If original thinking have merit, this answer may probably be accorded that quality. Another one when asked to define the functions of the pancreatic juice, answered that "it was used to digest pan-cakes." That is not quite so remote a conclusion as the first one, but the prize belongs to the patriot who wrote: "The exploit of Cervera's fleet at Manila harbor elicits my highest admiration. It was blown up by the Spanish, and it was one of the largest ships on the ocean. The reason was that Spain wanted to have our independence, our Manila harbor and all our valuable stores." Neither Mrs. Partington or Mrs. Malaprop combined could equal that.

Original political notions are developed, too, in these examinations. For instance, we are told that "it was the gold democrats that discovered gold in California in 1841," and that "they believed in free silver at 16 to 1." That writer apparently added the last clause so as to shut himself out entirely from any possibility of ever having a correct notion of what "gold democrat" meant. Another applicant for a teacher's license declares that the value of teaching geography is in instructing people to "glorify God."

It has always been a source of wonder that teachers and aspirants for the teacher's office should be so frequently incapable of writing good English or spelling correctly, but these peculiarities are unimportant and uninteresting compared with the original ideas which so often come to the surface at the teachers' examination.

The action of the building trades' council last night in refusing to stand by the master plumbers' association and the journeymen plumbers' union which has supported that organization against the seceders, did the only thing which it could consistently do unless it chose to go on record as favoring and aiding a trust. The plumbers' association is, to all intents and purposes, a trust combine. It has raised plumbers' prices above a reasonable limit. Against that a number of plumbers have protested and the union employes undertook to compel the seceding employers to come back into the association by appealing to the building trades' council for the aid of that organization. The council declined to allow its influence to be thrown on the side of maintaining and perpetuating a plumbers' trust and unreasonably high prices. It could not defend any other course of action.

And now Admiral Sampson seems disposed to conduct the prosecution of Schley a good deal as he conducted the battle of Santiago—by keeping well out to sea.

PROFITABLE PHILANTHROPY

Thomas M. Robertson, expert from the United States Department of Labor, makes a suggestion to rich philanthropists which is worthy of consideration. He asks "If the fashionable flats in upper New York tend inevitably to immorality, then what is to be expected of the tenements? The greatest menace," he says, "to the morality of rich and poor in New York is that it is a city without homes," and he thinks that Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller, if they would serve their fellowman might better use their money in building model tenements and surrounding the occupants with sanitary and moral conditions rather than to put their money into libraries and universities. The suggestion is not without force. It seems quite probable that much more would be done to improve conditions of life among those who need help, with a corresponding reflex benefit upon all society, if the homes of the poor were looked after more carefully, even if less money were devoted to building up great universities and libraries. This, also, is true—that benevolence of this kind need not impoverish the giver since he may derive revenues from his benevolences sufficient to make them profitable.

Chicago has all night dentist shops and all night street cars. It is said now that the all night department store, that was at first taken as a joke, is really under serious consideration. There are a good many wanderers in a big city who turn night into day and only begin to live as the sun gets under their feet. There doubtless would be some trade with this class but it is questionable if it would offset the extra cost of lighting and clerk hire. But probably some commercial Indian, forever on the trail, will give it a trial. The advertisement alone would be worth something.

The ordinary sensible lady, however, will find that resting comfortably in her bed is preferable to chasing bargains in ribbon at 3 a. m.

A. C. Clausen, former chief of the grain inspection department, has been elected secretary of the state railroad and warehouse commission. The choice of Mr. Clausen was not unexpected, but from the standpoint of politics it is a bad selection. Mr. Clausen is undoubtedly an able man, but in all his public service he has failed to establish a reputation for being considerate of the interests of the producers. The present state railroad commission, the first one under the new plan of electing commissioners, has thus far succeeded in making a record not unexpected in view of the larger part of its make-up, but one which promises to keep the republican managers busy the next campaign explaining, and the election of Mr. Clausen will not make that task any less formidable.

The Seedless Melon A Colorado statesman who serves the people in the senate at Denver has discovered, invented or founded, a seedless watermelon. The gentleman's name is Swink and he lives at Rocky Ford, Col., whence so many of the melon 400 come. He has been working on the seedless melon proposition for years experimentally, planting, digging up, replanting and examining seeds microscopically. One day, a month or two ago, he rushed breathlessly into the house, exclaimed, "I've got it!" and promptly fell over in a fit. His people knew what he meant and were not much alarmed. He has been waiting for several weeks for the African berries to ripen. The other day he went into town carrying a twenty-pound watermelon. With one slash of his knife he cut the big melon in two, and lo and behold, as it lay riven apart, not a single seed was to be seen.

Mr. Swink is keeping his secret and is satisfied that he can grow the seedless melon.

If he does this, it will be necessary to grow a crop of toothless colored brethren.

A brokers' directory recently published in New York is the only official list in existence of all the principal exchanges and commercial bodies in the United States, England and the continent of Europe. The book contains over 30,000 names of brokers and business men in good standing on their respective exchanges. The publication is a sort of Fat Boys' Bluebook.

Colonel Jones of Arkansas has caused a serious shock to our institutions by emerging suddenly from obscurity and predicting that the next president will be a democrat. If we remember rightly, Jonsey predicted the same thing in 1896 and in 1900, and was found to have been playing too far off his base.

May[illegible] chauffeur ran her auto over a gentleman aged 83 in New York yesterday. He was too old to make a quick dodge and was killed. When there are quick-fire automobiles around, people over 70 must walk along the tops of the fences.

A Nebraska bootlegger peddled the stuff on a stolen railroad tricycle. One day he went to sleep on the track, and the engine that came around the corner hadn't even time to toot, to say nothing of stopping. It broke up his business.

Lars M. Rand has been appointed to a lucrative position by Governor Van Sant. Won't that jolt the sixt' ward republicans? The position is that of notary public, or, as Mrs. Partington said, notorious public.

J. Pierpont Morgan owns two first-folio editions of Shakspere, worth, say, $5,000 to $8,000 each. There's a man just rolling in luxury.

Beatrice Fairfax gives young and inexperienced girls this advice: "Don't make a man feel his fetters." He should be carefully "played." When Man sees Beatrice coming he is likely to duck.

Kansas papers are making a joke about "home-groan melons," a much better attempt than the old, familiar melon-cholic joke.

Mayor T. B. Reed of New York might be put in line for the presidency, but the blow would almost kill Hanna.

The farmer with a good bin of wheat this year is holding his——breath.

Daily New York Letter

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL, No. 21 Park Row, New York.

Yankee Drummer Abroad.

Aug. 14.—"There is a big war on right now; it is the conquest of Europe and the east by the American drummer," says Al V. Weber, representing a big Fifth avenue clothier. "The American manufacturer and wholesaler has been trying to do business successfully through foreign firms and has only succeeded in part. They have come to the conclusion that in order to win out they must send an invading army of traveling men to capture the commerce of the east. This army is on the move and victory is certain. It has been discovered that in order to compete properly with the world in foreign markets, Americans must have supply houses abroad to keep the retail business going; and that nothing can take the place of personal representatives on the spot. All the large manufacturers in the east are making their export departments main features of the business and pushing their export business with all available means. The advertising departments are getting out immense supplies of catalogues in foreign languages. In fact, the American manufacturer has been only too slow in discovering that foreign business must be done on the same methods as the American trade."

Moving on India.

Last week the largest wholesale house in New York city sent half a dozen of its best men to India with instructions to get control of that business in that country. American wire nails, cotton goods, paper, agricultural implements, soap, electrical appliances and many other articles, even chewing gum and phonographs are being rushed into Japan, Syria, Jamaica, Korea, Siam, Samoa, Java and many other places in the old world.

Water From the Catskills.

One billion gallons of water daily will be available for the methopolis and the dread of water famine will be a thing of the past, if the plans now under consideration by the department of water supply shall receive the approval of the authorities. From $80,000,000 to $100,000,000 will be the sum New York will have to pay for immunity against a possible water famine, but the need is a vital one as the present supply will soon be wholly inadequate for the city's growing requirements. Chief Engineer Birdsall's plan to draw the city's future water supply from the watersheds of Ulster, Greene and Delaware counties in the Catskill mountains, a survey of which is now being made, will therefore probably be adopted. An appropriation of $100,000 was made some months ago by the board of estimate authorizing Water Commissioner Dalton to investigate the source of water supply around New York, and the region at present under consideration is the one most likely to meet with the board's approval. The supply of water in the counties named is practically inexhaustible. The trouble is that in order to get the water to the metropolis it will have to be brought a distance of eighty-five miles. Conduits and mountain reservoirs will have to be built for practically the whole distance at an approximate cost of $1,000,000 a mile.

He "Travels Light."

Multimillionaires are rarely in the habit of carrying large sums of money about on their persons. As in the matter of dress, it is not unusual for the millionaire to affect shabbiness; so it is the habit of the very rich to "travel light" so far as the transportation of currency is concerned. When they go on journeys they are generally accompanied by their secretaries, who attend to the payment of bills and such details; while on the other hand the custom of liquidating all forms of indebtedness by a simple twist of the pen becomes a habit with them not easily thrown off. John D. Rockefeller, for instance, never carries more than a few dollars with him in his daily round. He is not stingy in any sense of the word; yet because he will not distribute his cash about in halves, quarters and dimes, he is personally very unpopular with the "help" of the summer and winter resorts.

Tipping the Undertaker.

Undertakers' "tipsters" are to be rooted out of Bellevue hospital. Dr. George Taylor Stewart, superintendent of Bellevue, has for some time had under espionage a number of employes of the institution who have been in the habit of surrepitiously notifying undertakers of deaths in the institution, and as a first step in clearing them out he has dismissed one of the clerks in the registrar's office. These "tipsters" are said to make large commissions by selling information to the undertakers who thrive by burying patients who die at the hospital. In some instances the remuneration is said to have been as high as 50 per cent of the undertakers' fees, and all transactions, though secret, are conducted in a thoroughly businesslike manner. From an undertaker's standpoint there are some fine cases in Bellevue. Many of the patients taken to the hospital to die are members of wealthy families, and almost invariably there are circumstances surrounding their deaths which relatives of the deceased are anxious to keep secret. Generally these circumstances are known to the employes, and it is an easy matter for the undertaker, who has been secretly notified of the death, to make diplomatic use of his information. The dead man's relatives are usually willing to pay large fees if the undertaker will guarantee to have everything conducted quietly and with decorum, and these are the cases that bring the harvests to the "tipsters."

The "Bike" Is Falling Off.

The number of bicycles manufactured in this country from 1895 to 1898, inclusive, was 4,000,000, or an average of 1,000,000 a year, while there are evidences that the total sales for 1901 will not exceed 250,000. Again, the value of the wheels exported from New York, Boston and other Atlantic ports amounted in 1898 to $7,000,000. In 1899 the figure had declined to $5,000,000, while $3,000,000 was the total for last year. Golf, automobiling and other "fashionable sports," including coaching, which is regularly growing in popularity as a fad, seem also to be making great inroads upon the popularity of the bicycle as a form of recreation and entertainment. In view of these facts, however, they may be interpreted, there seems to be little doubt but that there is at least some ground for the assertion, now so frequently made, that the bicycle "craze" is decidedly on the wane.

No Card-playing on Trains.

Boiling with indignation are the commuters of the Jersey Central railroad at the action of that corporation in prohibiting card-playing on the suburban trains of the line. After being permitted to exercise what they have heretofore considered their inalienable rights from "time immemorial," the commuters were recently staggered to discover in the coaches of the morning and evening trains a notice to the effect that card-playing was strictly prohibited. At first it was supposed that the company had gone into the evangelizing business, but this was hardly consistent with the railroad's status as a stiff-necked corporation. Then it was pronounced a joke, but when the playing began the conductor interfered, whereupon the devotees of whist at a nickel a corner, and penny-ante poker, became "hot." During the imbroglio that followed it developed that interest in the "salvation" of the players was not the animus prompting the railroad management, but that it was due to the complaints of passengers, who could not play, that they were inconvenienced by the players' holding seats, when the cars were crowded, for their partners in the game. Now the commuters declare they will have that regulation rescinded or go on strike. —N. N. A.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

Standing room only was the sign displayed before the curtain rose on the matinee performance of "The Two Orphans" at the Metropolitan this afternoon, and this old-time dramatic favorite bids fair to eclipse the record made at this house last week by "Sapho." The same bill runs through the remainder of the week, with matinee again on Saturday.

To-morrow morning the sale of seats will begin at the Metropolitan for the production next week, beginning Sunday night, of Clyde Fitch's new play, "Lover's Lane." The original cast and scenic effects, as soon during the play's long run in New York and Chicago, will be seen here. The story of the play deals with life in a small New England town, and many quaint types of character are introduced. The hero of the play is a liberal-minded minister, who meets with serious opposition to the introduction of his views, but who in the end succeeds in his endeavors, and also, incidentally, wins the girl he loves.

SHORT CROP IN RUSSIA

Pittsburg Dispatch.

Russia is suffering from crop damage to quite as great a proportionate extent as the United States. Drought and storms have destroyed many fields in Siberia, the temperatures on the steppes having exceeded those on our own prairies. Obviously Russia will not be able to supply the shortage of American crops in the world's markets, so Europe has the prospect of paying dear for what it must have. The burden will fall with particular force upon Germany and Italy, where a heavy tariff must be added to the first cost of all foodstuffs. The result may warn Germany against the imposition of even higher duties, no matter what the revenue necessities or the clamor of the agrarians. In any event, Americans have cause to congratulate themselves upon having enough for their own subsistence, even though the surplus be small.

A POET'S CREED

All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,
And to die is different from what one supposed and luckier.
I know I am deathless,
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass,
I know I shall not pass like a child's curlicue cut with a burnt stick at night.
One world is away and by far the largest to me, and that is myself,
And whether I come to my own to-day or in ten thousand or ten million years,
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.
My foothold is tenoned and mortised in granite,
I laugh at what you call dissolution,
And I know the amplitude of time.
—Walt Whitman.

Reliable Estimates.

Dakota Huronite.

The Minneapolis Journal estimates the wheat yield of Minnesota, South Dakota and North Dakota at 183,000,000 bushels. Of this amount South Dakota produces 30,000,000 bushels, North Dakota 75,000,000 and Minnesota 78,000,000 bushels. South Dakota's yield is placed at ten bushels per acre, North Dakota 24.5 and Minnesota 12.5. This estimate is made by The Journal's expert, H. V. Jones, whose crop estimates are very accurate and are as reliable as any made.

Could They Ask More?

Washington Post.

We are quite willing to subscribe to all the things Mr. Tillman says of Mr. McLaurin. And we will do as much for Mr. McLaurin when he feels called upon to discuss Mr. Tillman.

Rush to Kindergarten.

Washington Star.

General Corbin's declaration that his trip to Manila has broadened his views may suggest the desirability of organizing excursion parties to the Philippines for the benefit of American statesmen.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

A well-informed politician from the territory of the new seventh congressional district sizes up the situation there as follows:

Senator E. T. Young can name the candidate if he wants to. If he stays out of the race, his influence and following, thrown to either Eddy or Dowling, would nominate. He can hardly secure the nomination himself, though he would make a strong showing. His candidacy would help Eddy rather than Dowling, for he would take anti-Eddy votes in the old seventh district counties, which, with Young out of the way, would go to Dowling.

A. G. Volstead, of Granite Falls, who is reported to have designs on the nomination, would cut into Dowling's strength in the lower end of the district, especially in Yellow Medicine, Chippewa and Lyon counties.

Should the field narrow down to Eddy and Dowling, as I rather expect it to, I believe I would pick Dowling for a winner. You see, the old seventh district counties left to Eddy are the ones where he has always been weakest, with the exception of Pope. The clinching argument, which brought these counties in line last year and three years ago, was that Eddy was the only man who could be elected. The new district, with its 10,000 republican plurality, does not need to worry about majorities. Any good republican can be elected.

The southern counties of the district predominate. Dowling is better known there than Eddy, and when a man casts his ballot in this primary election, he's going to vote for the man he knows. I don't take much stock in this revolt in Redwood county. Some of the politicians there are against Dowling, but it is just as I say, the people there know Dowling and he will carry the county in spite of Larson, Schmahl and the rest of them.

Kandiyohi will be a pivotal county in this fight. The leaders there—Governor Rice, Marcus Johnson and their friends—are opposed to Eddy. Whether they will be for Dowling is an open question.

One thing is certain: Under the primary law the best vote-getter is going to get the nomination, whether the party leaders want him or not.

It is reported that Dowling and Jacobson have an understanding, and that Jacobson's influence will be for the speaker. This story may be founded on the fact that they fished together in Big Stone lake this summer.

A. C. Clausen landed yesterday afternoon. He was elected secretary of the railroad and warehouse commission, and will relieve A. K. Teisberg Sept. 1. It is quite a come-down for Clausen, for so long chief inspector and arbiter of Minnesota grades.

Henry Feig of Atwater, another old-timer, was given the position of superintendent of country elevators. D. W. Watson of Duluth will inspect the licenses of commission men.

J. J. Ryder, "the senator from Polk," has entirely deserted his constituents. It is reported that he has not been in Polk county since the legislature convened last winter. He is now working at the printer's trade in St. Paul.

W. H. Noyes, editor of the Barnum Gazette, and member of the legislature from Carlton county, has announced himself as a candidate for congress from the eighth district. Mr. Noyes attracted considerable attention to himself last winter by introducing a bill during the closing days, repealing the tax commission act. He said that with the gross earnings bill passed there was no use for the tax commission. Noyes figures on two or three candidates from Duluth, dividing St. Louis county so that an outside candidate will win. He does not mention Adam Bede, however, who is already jollying the voters. —C. B. C.

IN CITY PENT

Oh! sweet at this sweet hour to wander free,
Or follow some invisible beckoning hand,
Among the moody mountains, where they stand,
Awed with the thought of their own majesty.
Sweet, at the folding up of day, to be
Where on the tattered fringes of the land
The uncourted flowers of the penurious sand
Are pale against the pale lips of the sea.
Sweetest to dream, on easeful earth reclined,
Far in some forest's ancient idleness,
Under the shadow of its bossy boles,
Beyond the world's pursuit and Care's access,
And hear the wild feet of the elfin wind,
Dancing and prancing in mad caprioles.
—William Watson.

Has to Be Saved Often.

Redfield (S. D.) Press.

Our corn crop reminds us of some men we have seen. It has to be saved pretty often. Every time we have a shower people say that corn is saved. Then it gets sick in the hot sun and another shower comes along and saves it again. Some men get saved every time there is a revival of religion, but when the sun of practical life beats down on them a while they wilt and have to be saved again.

"HAPPY HILL-TOP"

by James Allison.

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By the grace of Mary Jane, the Bronson Kyles were permitted to enjoy their suburban home, Happy Hilltop, for three years. Then came the deluge. Mary Jane married the iceman. Mr. Kyle made unpleasant remarks about the iceman. Mrs. Kyle wept—and gave Mary Jane her wedding dress.

During the next three months handmaids came and hand-maids went, until Mr. Kyle evinced no surprise when the third servaut in one week brought in the soup. Patience ceased to be a virtue, however, when the latest acquisition "saw things" in the corner of the kitchen, and in her efforts to dislodge the obnoxious intruders, destroyed seven fine china plates, four saucers and a family heirloom in the form of a blue and white gravy boat.

Mrs. Kyle sent the remains of the gravy boat to a china repairer, cleaned and closed the servant's room, hired a boy to look after the cellar and the fires, and took possession of her own kitchen. She scored a success in her undertaking. Mr. Kyle admitted that they had never lived so economically and so well, but he watched his wife with growing dismay. She never had time to sit down and chat with him. The bloom faded from her cheeks, three tiny lines deepened in her forehead, and night found her too tired to run into town for a concert or the newest play.

The theater had been one of their pet diversions, and Mr. Kyle missed it sorely. Gradualy he fell into the habit of stopping in town over night, when something particularly good was on, not, however, without suffering qualms of conscience at thought of the devoted wife and mother at "Happy Hilltop."

As for Mrs. Kyle, she fairly reveled in her self-sacrifice. The woman has not yet been born who does not enjoy playing the role of martyr to domestic duties—for a limited period. But with the approach of spring she became languid and listless, and Mr. Kyle, after wiping dishes three consecutive evenings, and running for his train on top of an illy prepared breakfast for two mornings, announced that something had to be done.

"I'm not going to watch you fade away under my very eyes, Molly," he said tactfully and solicitously. "We'll have a girl or rent the house furnished and spend the summer at Sea View."

"A girl—a girl!" murmured Mrs. Kyle, a far-away look in her eyes.

"Yes," maintained Mr. Kyle, with the assurance of inexperience. "I shall hire the girl this time. Watch me."

From that day Bronson Kyle became a familiar figure at intelligence offices. He also advertised liberally. Desirable girls objected in vigorous terms to leaving the city. Mr. Kyle was about to yield to despair when Magenta appeared on the scene.

Gorgeous in a white pique skirt and a blue silk waist, figured in huge yellow roses, she faced the master of "Happy Hilltop." Her references were "A1"; she was neat in appearance, deft and quiet in movements, but, by reason of various bitter experiences, Mr. Kyle was suspicious. There must be some reason for this girl's anxiety to bury herself in a suburban kitchen.

"You understond, do you—er—er—"

"Magenta, sah, mah name is Magenta."

"Well, Magenta, you understand our home is forty minutes' ride from town, and it will cost you nearly a dollar every time you come in?"

"Yes, sah," responded Magenta, with never a sigh; "that's jes' what Ah want, sah, to get outen this yere town as fer as Ah ken. Ah've had the trouble uv mah life in this yere town. Ah never wants to see it again."

With difficulty Mr. Kyle suppressed a chuckle of triumph. He told his new serving maid to return at 3:30 sharp, then, just as she reached the door a horrible thought flashed through his brain.

"See here, Magenta, you're sure you haven't a sweetheart who will persuade you to change your mind before the afternoon's over?"

Magenta turned upon him like an enraged tigress.

"No, sah; Ah ain't got no sweethearts! Al nevah want to see another man to the day Ah die, sah. There's a man in this yere town as tried to break mah heart, an' Ah nevah want to see him no moh."

Mr. Kyle indulged in the extravagance of a message to his wife:

"Caught a bird. Home on the 4:05."

Promptly at 3:30 Magenta reappeared. Mr. Kyle observed with relief that she was still sober. She wore the same vivid silk waist and carried a large telescope, which fairly bulged with her wardrobe. But Bronson Kyle was not the man to quail before a shabby telescope—with a servant attached thereto.

He grasped the baggage and led the way to the car. At the ferryhouse he bought several monthlies and weeklies and half a dozen evening papers. He had visions of the Bronson Kyles once more dipping into literature on the front porch while Magenta sang over the dish-washing in the kitchen.

He had just stopped to tuck his purchases under the telescope strap when he was startled by an exclamation from Magenta. She was staring, open-eyed, at a colored man arrayed in true sporting colors. The newcomer was plainly relieved at the sight of Magenta, and twirled his cane jauntily.

"Ah've been lookin' everywheres fer you, Magenta. Ah wanted you fer to go up town an' buy that silk waist with me."

"I done got mah waist," responded Magenta, in frosty tones, but plucking nervously at the tips of her yellow kid gloves. "Al reckon Ah kin get along 'thout your help, man. Ah'm goin' to work fer this yere gentleman's lady."

Mr. Kyle had been gazing, fascinated, at the ag pattern in the vest of this rival for the services and society of Magenta. Now he woke to action.

"Come on, Magenta," he remarked, picking up the unwieldy telescope. "We want to catch this boat."

The colored man laid a detaining hand on the telescope.

"Oh, Ah doan know about that. Magenta here's mah wife, an' she doan have to work in no man's kitchen. We jes' had a trifling disputation this mornin' 'bout a little mattal uv new clothes, but Ah reckon it ain't comin' ter the pass uv her leavin' me. A new waist er two ain't goin' ter make nor break me, s'long as the game's running good. Come 'long, Magenta, back home."

Bronson Kyle realized that argument was futile. The bell rang sharply and he made a dash for the pier. When half way across the river he recalled that the magazines and papers were still strapped to Magenta's telescope. Then he sighed. What matter, so long as Magenta was with the telescope?

When he stepped off the train he made a bee-line for the nearest real estate office.

"Put Happy Hilltop on the market, Smithson. For sale or for rent—furnished or unfurnished. We're taking rooms for the summer at Sea View, and in the fall we take a flat in town."

The real estate man smiled. There was a good commission in sight.

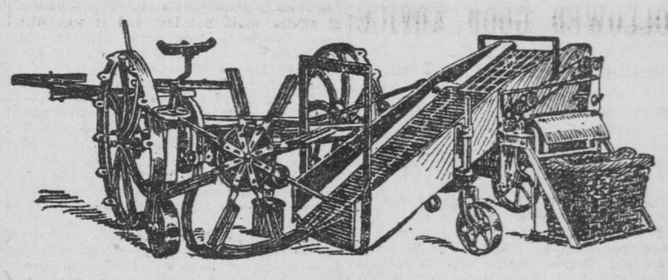
"Not the least trouble, I assure you, Mr. Kyle. Beautiful location, delightful outlook—will be snapped up quickly."

Mr. Kyle walked slowly down the street.

"Makes me feel like a bunco-steerer. Heaven help 'em if they expect to keep servants!"

POTATO HARVESTING BY MACHINE

Dug, Cleaned, Sorted and Delivered Into Hampers.



POTATO HARVESTING MACHINE.

The multifold operations of modern harvesting machinery are so great that the uninitiated meets surprises at every turn. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of machines already on the market, a Sheffield concern has had the confidence to add another type to the long list in the shape of a potato digging and sorting machine. Its makers assert that the manual labor of harvesting a crop of potatoes is reduced by its aid to the guiding of the horses which draw the machine along the potato hill, and the removal of the baskets. The potatoes, when raised by the machine, are caught on a grid behind the share, which raises them from the ground and delivers them upon an elevator. They are then carried to a second elevator with wide divisions, which retains the tops and weeds and allows the potatoes to pass through. In falling, the potatoes are caught upon riddles, which separate the large tubers from the smaller ones and deliver them into their respective hampers.

SHE KEEPS BOOKS

"Yes," she said, "my husband insisted that I should keep a household cash book and I am glad to say that I am always able to make the account balance."

"Even to the penny?" inquired the neighbor incredulously.

"Even to the penny," was the reply.

"Well, I don't see how you do it."

"Oh, it's very easy. When it doesn't come out right I say, 'Oh, dear, I'm a dollar and fifteen cents out of the way.' Then in a minute or two I ask: 'John, what in the world do you think I did with that money?' I grumble and scold for ten or fifteen minutes, and make him add up the figures for me, and finally he says: 'My dear, I believe you gave me $1.15 for something this morning when I was going down town.' So he pays it to me and everything balances just right."

"But does he always do it?"

"Always. You see, he can't read his paper in peace until my cash account comes out even, and it serves him right, too, for making me keep it."

Lords of the North

A Great Historical Novel

By A. C. LAUT,

——Will Commence in——

The Journal Saturday, Aug. 17

This is what the Brooklyn Eagle says of this romance of the great northwest:

"When Gilbert Parker created 'Pierre and His People' and followed this with other delightful sketches, the scenes of which were laid in that mysteriously fascinating region vaguely located as the Great Northwest, many of his admirers anticipated that at some future time he would write a great novel dealing with life in a region which fairly breathes romance. They were doomed to disappointment. These glorious environments were forsaken for the more superficially splendid trappings of life in the viceregal courts of old Quebec, and later for the more artificial and complex conditions of life in modern England.

"Within the past week there has been published in New York a novel by another Canadian writer which may fairly be regarded as the embodiment of all that his admirers would have been glad to welcome as his crowning effort.

" 'Lords of the North,' by A. C. Laut, is not only a strong novel, worthy to take high place among the literary offerings of the year, and to claim one of the highest places among those recent works of fiction which have been written around historical events, but its strength is thrown into relief by the charming delicacy of sentiment and of expression which shows upon every page. The philosophy of the book is clothed in imagery which is as convincing as it is chaste. The dialogue is vividly natural; the principal characters introduced by the author are distinctly and satisfyingly real.

"There is a touch of nature which polishes and perfects the technique of the writer's art in the main conception of the romance. Adventures are sought by a true knight errant, not that he may gain fame or fortune, but that he may restore happiness to a friend.

"Life in the open is depicted with a master hand. The invigorating atmosphere becomes the atmosphere in which the reader lives, giving zest to his enjoyment of descriptions which are painted with a delicacy of detail which is only equaled by the breadth of general treatment."