

THE JOURNAL

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A CALL TO DUTY Insubordinate! O, heavy hour! Methinks it should be now a heavy eclipse...

ROOSEVELT'S FIRST PLEDGE AND CLAIM TO CONFIDENCE President Roosevelt will follow the policies marked out by President McKinley.

Practical High School Education A correspondent complained in The Journal of last Friday that while the public schools admirably succeed in instructing their pupils about everybody's business in this and every other land...

WORDS OF FORGIVENESS Miss Margaret Morris, a trained nurse who was sent to Buffalo as a delegate from St. Luke's hospital, New York, happened to be in the Emergency Hospital when President McKinley was brought in after being shot.

Have We Misjudged the Savage? There has been a theory among psychologists that savages do not laugh. In the International Monthly for September, James Sully, the psychologist, demolishes this contention by a series of photographs showing that the heathen is laughing as heartily as the white man.

THE SEA SHELL I have seen a curious child, who dwelt upon a tract of inland ground, applying to his ear the convolutions of a smooth-tipped shell.

who elected him. Of course, it is conceivable that an utterly unworthy man might be president, but it is far from probable.

BISHOP H. B. WHIPPLE The venerable and distinguished bishop of the episcopal diocese of Minnesota, Rt. Rev. H. B. Whipple, D. D., LL. D., died at his residence at Faribault, the seat city of his diocese, this morning.

Bishop Whipple was one of the most picturesque figures in his church. In his latter years his tall, commanding person, erect and bearing well his accumulating years, became very familiar to the clergy of the Anglican communion, among whom he was always a most welcome visitor.

The latest from the university is that eight of last year's football eleven will wear sweaters again this year. There may be something in these doleful reports about the prospects for the Nebraska game after all.

Senator Mason of Illinois wants a law enacted that will compel presidents to submit to the constant presence of armed guards. Imagine President Roosevelt's satisfaction in vetoing such a measure!

That in this hour of trial the president's mind turned to the assassin with feelings of pity and forgiveness. What a testimony is this as to the character of the martyred executive!

Theodore Roosevelt is an ideal American, a thorough student of affairs and devoted to American ideals. The wisdom of his choice is now apparent. It is never safe to have a weak vice president.

The law, which is opposed by anarchists, is to-day saving the lives of anarchists.

General Sikes is much annoyed by people who ask him where he lost his leg. This simple question, after being asked a few thousand times, becomes as maddening as the diabolical and a yearly subscription to a comic almanac.

A young lady at Peconic, Ill., who decided to go to Chicago to study at Dr. Harper's institution, wrote the doctor to meet her at the train. Mrs. Harper wouldn't let him.

The way the wasps are building their nests is said to insure a mild winter. Any interference with the wasp in the building will also cause a quick spring.

The horse of Banker Seligman of New York has eleven teeth filled with gold. He has no shortage for dinner and rubber shoes to prevent corns on his hoof.

Commodore Schroeder says that Guam is an ocean paradise and that there is no dishonesty or poverty there. Then who stole that barrel of rum, commodore?

People who have to arise at 6 a. m. are beginning to wish that the clock wouldn't scorch in the dangerous way it does from 6 to 6:15.

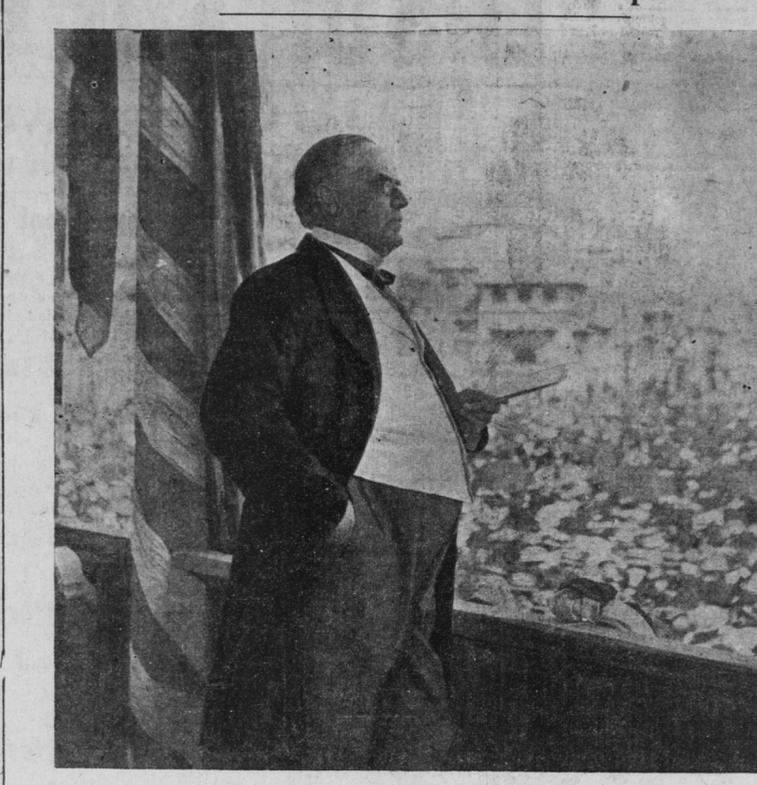
A seventeen-story apartment-house is going up in New York. People in the seventeenth story ought to be fairly safe from Tammany.

A prominent organist has been arrested at St. Joe, Mo. It is the pianist that most faddlers would prefer to see in the coup.

A call is being made on Massachusetts to graft the lobster on to the gipsy motif to save the former from extermination.

Lobsters are high-priced this fall, but there are a lot of dudes who are practicing cannibalism just the same.

The President's Last Speech



A noble photograph of the dead statesman taken while he was delivering his last message to the American people at the Pan-American Exposition, Sept. 5, 1901.

They are full of fun even when short of food on a journey. In this particular the savage is certainly in advance of his civilized brother.

One African missionary writes that "in cases where a disposition to quarrel shows itself one joke is worth ten arguments. I have always found I could chaff them (West Africans) into doing things that other people could not get them to do with blows."

Chairman Rosing is keeping his counsel held. If he is in truth trying to find an Elshah to take the mantle from Lind, he will keep the name of the chosen one very secret until an opportune time comes to name a man.

St. Paul claims to be entitled to the district attorneyship, made vacant by the death of R. G. Evans. There is no doubt of the capital city's being entitled to it.

There seems to be a general impression that C. C. Haupt of Fergus Falls is a likely selection for the district attorneyship.

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Minnesota Politics According to the latest political gossip Colonel A. C. Weiss of the Duluth Herald is the choice of John Lind and L. A. Rosing for the fusion nomination for governor.

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On an Ancient Road

Copyright, 1901, by Leo Crane.

The road was narrow and crooked, and but for the iron rails, might have been forgotten. Grass, with an intricate pattern of daisies, grew there in the summer.

The air's perfect stillness was broken only by the clatter of the water and the harsh voices of three men, who toiled in the rain about a large wagon, heavily laden with gear.

"Don't s'pose we'll ev'g get this dernation cart out, nohow. York up there, Hank Dawson, 'pears to me your tired. Don't you want to leave it to me?"

"I ain't akeerin' if it takes an' fightin'," said the thin fellow. "I got my shoen' of w'ght on that're hillside ten miles back, an' it don't seem's I keer 'bout fightin' no more—it's so 'bout 'bout this danged old' shack in the mud."

"Yo' nevah did hev' much amount of sand, nohow," said the other nastily. "Yo' sand er no sand, 's'pecially back the thin' man. 'I'm yer on an wagon meedin' train and ah doin' my duty. I stay's where I'm put, an' I nevah runs away—hence I'm nevah martialled."

"But I know people what's got belted evah the mouth afore now." "The fellow in the blue cap straightened out and gazed wonderingly at the big man. He looked at him in much the same way as a boy at a freak.

"Yo' don't actually mean to say, Bill, yo' don't mean to say yo've been martialled, do yo'?" "The big one growled and granted an assent. "An' fur runnin' away?"

"Well, I'm damed if I evah would hev' thought of yo'." "The big one started to correct this wrong impression. "There they had me right afore the girnel," he explained, "an' 'pears, the girnel to Boggs—Boggs were cap'n' test—he were shot at South Mountain right alongside of me—'Cap'n,' says he to Boggs, 'what's the matter with this 'ere fellar—er something' to that effect."

"An' Boggs says, says Boggs, 'inattention to duty and runned away.'" "Yo' gatter 'em this yer wagon," came from the roadside, a faint echo that died away and was lost in the splash of splashing feet and the murmur of the throng.

All day long the booming continued and the cloud of yellowish smoke hung like a cloak over the mound topped hill. When a breeze blew it did not seem to stir it. At times the rattle and noise of guns would rise to a shrieking din.

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Daily New York Letter

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL, No. 21 Park Row, N. Y. A Mormon Boom. Sept. 15.—Announced by the apparent success achieved by the Mormon missionaries engaged in proselyting in the Bronx, clergyman and laymen in that borough are considering the advisability of organizing an association of all the churches to combat the influence of several hundred earnest listeners of the same methods as the Salvation Army, by appealing to the public at the street corners through singing and preaching. They have no instrumental music like the Salvation Army, and as a rule the converts who conduct the meetings are more intelligent and subtle in their persistent argument than the average Salvation Army leader. Meetings are held every night on some one of the street corners of the Bronx, and it has been noticed that the elders have won the confidence of many. They are no longer hooted, and instead of a slim attendance they now attract audiences of several hundred, respectful listeners. The elders dress well and are good looking. The spreading interest among women in the work of the Mormons has stirred up the pastors of the local churches. There is a probability that a call will be issued in a few days for a meeting of all the pastors who are interested in the movement, and a plan of campaign will then be determined upon.

How Tingy Got a Drunk

Just about the meanest trick ever played by a man to get the price of a drink has just come to light in a local newspaper office. The actress known as Ada Tingy, in addition to being a fallible film, possesses a husband named Charles F. Tingy. A couple of days ago this man appeared in the Morning Telegraph office somewhat the worse for wear, but still able to assume a certain amount of gloom and grief. He stated that he had been up all night at the bedside of his beloved wife, and that she had expired only an hour or so prior to his downtown visit. He was ready and willing to convey the details not only of the sad scene surrounding Mrs. Tingy's demise, but also of her career on the stage, with many years of that he had been associated. He wept with great volubility over his wife's bereavement, told how weary he was by reason of his protracted vigil, and finally discovered that inadvertently he was short to the extent of 10 cents, the sum necessary to pay his car fare to his home. The heart of the Telegraph man promptly responded to the poorer people, may be able to enjoy frequently the pleasures of one of the most beautiful and best arranged places of recreation in the country.

THE SEA SHELL

I have seen a curious child, who dwelt upon a tract of inland ground, applying to his ear the convolutions of a smooth-tipped shell. To which, in silence hushed, his very soul listened intently, and his countenance soon brightened with joy, for from within were heard Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed Mysterious union with its native sea. Even such a shell the universe itself. The convolutions of a smooth-tipped shell. To which, in silence hushed, his very soul listened intently, and his countenance soon brightened with joy, for from within were heard Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed Mysterious union with its native sea. Even such a shell the universe itself. The convolutions of a smooth-tipped shell. To which, in silence hushed, his very soul listened intently, and his countenance soon brightened with joy, for from within were heard Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed Mysterious union with its native sea. Even such a shell the universe itself. 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