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The above is a true and correct statement of the circulation of The Minneapolis Journal for dates mentioned.

KINGSLEY T. BOARDMAN, Manager Circulation. Sworn and subscribed to before me this 17th day of December, 1901. G. A. FULLER, Notary Public, Hennepin County.

THE SENATE RATIFIES

The action of the senate, yesterday, ratifying the Hay-Pauncefote Isthmian canal treaty by the vote of 72 to 6, shows how great a change has come over that body with respect to this subject. In the last congress the text negotiated was slashed quite vigorously and Great Britain refused, naturally, to concur in the arbitrary declaration that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850 was off on the motion of one of the parties to the treaty. The jingoes in the senate insisted that the canal should be fortified as an indispensable condition of exclusive American control.

In the debate upon the new treaty there was no very vigorous opposition to the elimination of the Davis amendment. Senator Bacon argued that the new treaty did not place the canal entirely under American control, as the Davis amendment did, as he thought the latter gave the United States a free hand to do what was necessary for the protection and defense of the canal. That amendment gave our government the right to take such measures in reference to the canal as it thought necessary "for the defense of the United States," which means that, if we are at war with any nation we can close the canal against the enemy even if he has made no attempt to violate the neutrality of it. The new treaty forbids the blockading of the canal and the exercise of any right of war or act of hostility within it, but the United States is at liberty to "maintain such military police along the canal as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder."

There is nothing in the treaty restrictive of the use of our navy off the terminals of the canal in order to prevent the violation of the pledged neutrality of the canal by any maritime power. The treaty abrogates the treaty of 1850, which has been a standing obstacle to the construction of an Isthmian canal, and the national honor is unstained by the violation of international usage which requires the assent of both parties to a treaty to secure its abrogation. It omits the clause of the former treaty which made the maritime nations associate in the maintenance of the neutrality of the canal, devolving such work upon the United States. It is well to recall that the Suez canal convention does not give the sultan any right to close the canal when he thinks it is necessary for the defense of Turkey, but for the defense of Egypt in case of warlike demonstration against it. Not a power would have signed the Suez canal treaty had it authorized England to close the canal when she thought such action was needed for her own defense.

The new treaty ought to satisfy the most extreme jingo, for American control of the canal is about as complete as it can be. Our responsibility is correspondingly increased. The greatest trouble in connection with the canal will come from the generally turbulent and revolutionary populations of Central America and the Isthmus of Panama or wherever in the connecting link between North and South America a ship canal is cut for the use of the maritime nations.

The treaty being ratified, the serious work of construction follows. We have come to that stage of the proceedings after a quarter of a century of active talking. It will now require some very statesmanlike work and honest work to prevent the canal from becoming a preserve for predatory politicians. The expenditure of some \$200,000,000 is a powerfully enticing prospect for political hacks.

The railroad company that has undertaken to clean up its passenger stations and keep them clean and free from offensive advertising matter should have many imitators. There are few places more in need of purification than the average small town stations.

Now is a good time for Admiral Schley to quit. As a paper that has championed his cause unremittently from July 3, 1898, down to the present time The Journal thinks that it will be best for him and for all concerned in this unpleasant business if he will let the matter drop with the decision of the court of inquiry and Dewey's splendid certificate of glory. Every man commits errors of judgment. No two courts would hold in precisely the same way as to what were Schley's errors. The present court has answered Macley's calumnies. Let Schley be content with that from the court. Joined to the admiration the people have for him and Dewey's assertion that he is entitled

to all the credit due to the commander of the fleet that beat the Spaniards at Santiago he ought to be satisfied. Further agitation of this matter will tend to make Schley something of a national bore and will only add bitterness to bitterness.

AN ECCENTRIC COLD WAVE

Perhaps you have noticed that although we have just experienced what will probably remain on record as the coldest and most pronounced cold wave of the season, the weather bureau did not forecast it here. No omens alarmed the forecasters, no chilly white flag with a square center was thrown to the wind, no map demonstrated it; no postal cards carried the news through the mails; no telegraph wire sang a song of zero weather. The weather man has been explaining ever since. And when he explains he reminds you that he at least said that it would be colder. He erred only in degree. He has no such offense to atone for as a "warmer" prediction for last Friday.

But to be fair to the weather man we must admit that he did the best he could. The cold wave that came Friday descended from above rather than moved along from the northwest territory of "Our Lady of the Snows." It is included in the sum of the weather man's knowledge that cold does, upon occasion, descend from the fifty-five miles of awful cold in which the outer part of the earth's atmosphere revels. There is no way to tell the occasion. As a rule when there is extreme cold in the northwest, accompanied by an area of high pressure the weather man infers, from long experience, that about as soon as the high pressure area, traveling 600 miles a day, can reach a given point there will be justification for a prediction of a cold wave, which is the technical designation of a fall of twenty degrees in twenty-four hours. Sometimes this cold wave is warded off from a particular region and the people remark, "Well, there, the weather man has fallen down again."

But last Thursday morning there was no extreme cold in the northwest. Six below was the lowest in the home of cold waves. The barometer was much higher up there than at Minneapolis. That looked suspicious. It justified a prediction of "colder," but hardly, by itself, of a cold wave. The "colder" came, but when it reached the Dakotas and Minnesota it had developed into a cold wave. It got colder as it went, and it got the additional refrigeration from above. Which shows that we don't have to go to Canada for our intense cold. We can manufacture it ourselves. If Canada starts the cold wave the weather man can do the rest. But if it doesn't he is helpless. He can never tell when the frightful cold that is ever lurking in the cerulean may drop down to earth. After the wave got started its coming was easily foretold in the east and south.

But the weather bureau book that tells how to predict thaws in some cold front along with its explanations, by expatiating upon the inestimable value these cold waves are to the American nation. They give us health and buoyancy; they purify the atmosphere and fill us up with congenial energy. They cause the furnace to consume energy in coal and give it forth in the form of heat, but they give man energy; they fill up the coal bunkers of the body. A cold wave means more happiness, more ability to work; better conditions to work in. When one comes unannounced let us, therefore, rejoice.

The senate has confirmed Knox as attorney general. Under the circumstances, he being an appointee of the late president, the senate doubtless felt a peculiar obligation to confirm him. Knox should have resigned. He may be a good attorney general and he may do his duty with integrity. He is called upon to proceed against the trusts. But the circumstances are against him. He was attorney for the United States steel corporation. It is notorious that attorneys generally come to sympathize with those who have long employed them. They wouldn't be valuable to their employers if they did not. It is not likely that Knox is particularly hostile to the trust idea. If he is not at least indifferent how much vigor and spirit can he put into litigation contrary to their interests?

A CHANCE FOR SOMEBODY

There is probably not a road running into the twin cities the management of which would not protest the most sincere loyalty to twin city interests. And yet when it is proposed to change the policy whereby better time to Chicago was permitted, not one of the lot stood out for the shorter schedule.

The present situation seems to offer some road a most excellent opportunity to show its real loyalty to twin city interests. The mere fact that a road spends large sums of money in any city does not necessarily establish it in the role of a public benefactor. No road spends money from mere benevolence; large expenditures simply mean that that road is securing enough business to warrant such an expense, and money thus spent becomes in a way an indication of that road's obligations to the community.

Some of the Twin City-Chicago lines have put into service palatial equipment, but this fact cannot necessarily be construed as a benevolence, as such trains are a strong factor in securing business. On the other hand, should one of the lines break away from the time agreement, it would be doing something for which it could rightfully pose as a public benefactor.

As the matter stands, circumstances seem to point to the Omaha road as the one most likely to take the initiative and show its genuine interest in the Twin Cities. For the past few years that road has apparently been preparing for just such an opportunity as the present. It has double tracked nearly two-thirds of the distance to Chicago, has cut out curves and reduced grades, besides adding equipment especially suited for fast running. More than that, it has been credited among railroad men with an earnest desire for a casus belli which would enable it to cut loose and show what it could do. During a recent agitation the attitude of the Omaha management to Minneapolis was the subject of much comment.

Other roads would undoubtedly meet the reduced schedule, but the credit for having started it would not be lost. The Journal hopes that it is not too late for the long schedule to be defeated.

The county commissioners have decided to advertise for bids for printing the court calendar for the January term. Inasmuch as The Journal has criticized the board for failing to advertise for printed supplies, it is glad to recognize this evidence of a disposition on the

part of the board to adopt more business-like methods, and methods less subject to criticism. There has been absolutely no excuse for the way in which the work has been done heretofore, involving extravagance in the use of public money utterly undefensible on any common-sense business principles. The action of the commissioners in advertising for bids is a step in the direction of greater economy. The amount involved in this particular transaction is not large, but the principle involved is large.

General Miles would stick a feather in the hat of the private soldier. A feather is hardly appropriate for an American soldier. He does not naturally take to that kind of adornment. But General Miles is right in advocating a brightening up of the private's uniform. It is too plain now. A stripe or two, some little facings and cuff ornaments will not make the uniform less adapted for business and it will make it more of a uniform that a man wears because he likes to, not because he has to.

The supreme court has decided in the Megard case according to common sense and, of course, according to law. It is absurd to suppose that the power that can remove can not suspend, pending an investigation. Suppose the sheriff had committed some terrible offense against public order—as, for instance, murder. Would anybody hold that the governor could not suspend him pending his trial, if the circumstances were such as to leave no doubt of his guilt?

Senator Platt doesn't like the pen sketch William Allen White drew of him in November McClure's. The public, however, enjoyed it immensely. It is glad that the senator did not get wind of Mr. White's article and prevent its publication. He can sue for libel now, if he wishes, for all the public cares.

Schwab of the steel trusts keeps pounding away at the idea that labor unions must cease to stand for restriction of production. That is all right as far as it goes, but what about the trusts that stand for restriction of production?

The Anglo-American Cable Company has served notice on Marconi to remove his wireless telegraph apparatus from New Foundland or take the consequences. There must be something in Marconi's undertaking. It begins to look like an investment.

The Nonpareil Man

Two other South Americaners are handling out bunches of scowls and emptying diplomatic trouble over in each other's back yards. Why was it our luck to have Spain find us?

If the earth's curves interfere with Marconi, the high places must be cut off and thrown into the hollows.

Marconi's transoceanic feat makes the stock of the cable companies wobbly.

Elijah Dowle cured Brother-in-Law Stevenson of a severe case of bank-accountitis and the man still complains.

The battleship Missouri, when it is christened, will have a bottle of wine broken over her bow. One Missourian suggested water, and the look of disgust on the Missouri face was pathetic.

The open winter prophets who goosebowed their way into fame in November are found in the hotel lobbies and cigar stores talking about the tariff.

A bow of promise has appeared in the sky of the Commoner. There has been a run on a bank at Omaha.

A few more snaps like that of Saturday and Sunday, and the coal man will be able to invite the woman to meet the plumber people in one of those little social affairs.

If you were a rich man, would you take the general advice "to go 'way down south and sit down'?"

The writer remembers well when Mrs. Nordica was plain Lily Norton up at Skowhegan. He and he has a discouraging habit of former owner had a theory that a cow ought to give enough milk to swim in without being provided with anything to eat outside of what she could pick up in the barnyard.

She was dissatisfied in this position. She had been born of poor but honest parents, who had no pedigree or coat of arms hanging up in their humble barn. She had never dreamed of a coat of arms or of brass manes, but she knew her rights. Whatever else she knew she had picked up on the street, in dodging railway trains along the right of way. Sampson recognized points about the animal that her owner could not see, and after a diplomatic encounter lasting several hours, an interchange was effected, the owner of the animal taking \$15 and Sampson getting the framework of a coat of arms, was a fine athletic creature, all wind and muscle, and when she was led into a stall in a plain painted barn smelling of barn manure, corn and hay, she manifested symptoms of uneasiness that caused the milk pail to wander around among the rafters in an undecided way.

"Dat cow's got te dolerous in her leg," said the youngest Sampson, who had been placed before her a square meal, at the sight of which she snorted and trembled violently in every limb. After a time she became quiet and seemed to rest that she was in the hands of friends. Thereafter, with one exception when she dented the coachman, who attempted to milk her while smoking a cigar and leaned too far forward, she became a model cow and put more thought into the milk business. She became more robust as time went on, but her excellent constitution was the free out-of-door existence she had led so long, prevented her sedentary life from prevailing on her constitution. As the winter came on, she did not leave her stall, and took but little exercise. She became a solid, matronly cow of staid and particular in her tastes.

One day in April Mr. Sampson said: "John, suppose you turn that cow out into the lot and let her get a smell of the earth. These were fatal words. John undid her halter and, leading her to the door of the barn, slipped the strap from her head, and for the first time in her new life she, a living, breathing, cow, looked upon nature's face to face. The sky was blue and softly tinted. A light haze hung over the landscape. The tender green of the buds made the trees festooned with the names of the earth. The odor of the reviving earth. On the south side of the buildings and by the hedge-rows a touch of warm sun had melted the snow. There was a rich smell of burning boughs in the air.

The cow's tall ears as she gazed upon the scene, until it took the shape of an inverted capital letter H, and she was being hooded in quick surges upon her heart. She leaped straight up into the air and gave a mighty kick with her hind limb. All the old, old, old life of the cow, that was in her brain and heart. She tore across the lot, lifting pieces of sod at every jump. Whenever she landed her rear elevation was not in line

with her front end. Her eye took on the aspect of a startled fawn's. "That cow feels the spring in the air," remarked the coachman, getting into the car. In a few moments she quieted down and took a nap of new grass.

From that time on she became a different cow. The family fairly reviled in the morning the milk she gave. It was a dim, half-remembered dream. "Treat your cow like a lady if you want results."

AMUSEMENTS

"Florodora" at the Metropolitan. There isn't an audacious movement in "Florodora" from beginning to end. Music, dancing, the dancing are all allegro—no faster. The whirl of color, the riot of twinkling feet, the hurry of nonsense and "patter" keep mad pace with the swirl of its fluttering music. Like a bubble of ever-changing colors, it rises and subsides, floats on and on through realms of melody and mirth. If one were to attempt to poke the finger of analysis into that bubble, it would burst and the music would disappear. Let us be content to yield up our senses of sight and hearing to the ravishment that assails them while "Florodora" holds the boards, laughing if we may the while at the rather thin veneer of humor and the rather thin plot of the rather vague story that is being told.

The beauties of this famous English musical comedy, whose vogue has been such a long and successful one, are being put on at the Metropolitan. The cast is made up of the best of the Metropolitan. The company includes Miss Agnes Herndon, Albert Andrus, Maurice Hinder, Madeline, W. E. Canfield, W. J. Hineley, Emily Lee and Josephine Tull.

Moses E. Clapp's campaign for re-election is already under way. It is in the hands of his 1901 manager, Captain W. W. Rich of New Brighton, who has been named as the state's large quarry, his time lately, and has been largely setting up the pins for the "Black Eagle." It is none too soon for preliminary work. The senate that will be elected next fall, and the Clapp interests already being announced, will vote at the senatorial election in 1905, and the Clapp interests demand that the prospective senators be elected as soon as possible. The Clapp primary law it is next to impossible for a machine influence to select a candidate, but the influence of the Clapp machine in some sections of the state is already worth having, and the more senators who are put under obligations to Clapp, the better for his fences.

Right in St. Paul the senator will have a hard contest as yet. There are a good many more seats, and there is a large element of the party, both in and out of the Schifman-Warner machine, that is ready to tie to H. F. Stevens whenever he says the word.

The Clapp supporters are figuring on Hennepin county. They do not expect to see a candidate from Hennepin, and are laying wires to hold the Hennepin senatorial delegation against Stevens. Others say that by the time the district attorney is named, there will be a good foundation laid for a Clapp following in this city.

Captain Rich, in addition to his labors for Clapp, is doing a little missionary work on behalf of Dar Rees. The latter has not announced whether he intends to be a candidate again, and is doing so, but he gets an accurate idea of the sentiment of party workers. Rees has a good deal of strength, but many of his friends admit that eight years' long service as a senator, and his entanglement in the Clapp party, and if Dunn is renominated, Rees should have equal consideration.

Senator E. E. Smith of Minneapolis is not an announced candidate for chief of the supreme court, but is looking over the field. Within a few weeks his supporters will get at the Hennepin county sentiment. A conference of leading Republicans will probably be held at that time a report will be made, showing what outside strength Smith can count upon.

Wright county is likely to have a candidate in C. A. Pidgeon, who was a candidate against Rees eight years ago. Nothing has been heard from Dan Shell or Bert Miller, who are regarded as possible entries.

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Some members of the legislature favor a consolidation of the forestry department and the game and fish commission into a single department, to be called the forestry, game and fish commission. Their argument is that the game wardens, being numerous especially in the timbered sections of the state, could be better managed by a single department. The standing timber that is done at present.

Halver Steenerson says in an interview in the Crookston Times: "I have not announced that I am a candidate for congressional honors, nor am I doing so now, but I am reserving the right, however, I may see fit to do something of the kind later on. My friend, Elmer Adams, I think, is authority for the statement that I am of too high a rank to be a congressman. It seems that the best congressional timber is of the negative sort. According to his belief, I am a politician, and I belong to the stock and Grindeland, I being of a positive character have made too many enemies to bring the storm of a political party upon me. Steenerson evidently refers to an interview in this column recently with a 'well-known politician' of the Big Lake. He must not get the idea that Elmer Adams is the only one. The gentleman quoted was not Adams."

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There are six other congressmen from Minnesota whose action on the matter of tariff reduction will be watched with interest. All are candidates for renomination and election.

Senator Grindeland being a candidate for congress, Albert Berg is figuring on being his successor. Marshall county will concede the senator to either Kittson or Roseau, and Berg is figuring on supporting the latter. The land-Berg combination. The St. Cloud News Era suggests that Kittson should have a turn at the senatorship, and that C. J. McCollum of Hallock is the man for the place.

Hugh Thompson of East Grand Forks an-

with "The Greatest Thing in the World," is to be at the Metropolitan for three nights and matinee, beginning next Monday, with new plays by Charles Frothingham, called "The First Duchess of Marlborough."

Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry and the London Lyceum company will present a remarkably varied and attractive program during their three-night engagement at the Metropolitan, beginning Thursday, Dec. 25. The first night there will be a double bill, Miss Terry playing "Nance Oldfield" and Irving appearing in "The Belshazzel," with which his fame is so intimately connected. Friday night there will be another double bill, Irving appearing as the old Corporal in "Waterloo," and then making a surprising change to Napoleon in "Mime, San Gene." Miss Terry will appear in "The Merry Widow," and the latter play, in which she has made one of her greatest comedy successes. Saturday night the engagement will conclude with "The Merry Widow," in which Irving and Terry are thought to give their greatest Shakespearean impersonation. There will be no matinee. Sale of seats will open on Friday evening at 5:15. The engagement will begin Friday evening at 8:15 sharp; Thursday and Saturday at 8:15.

One of the best plays of its class, and presented by a competent company, with special stage details, "Man's Enemy," will be the attraction at the Bijou Christmas week. The play is taken from the novel by the same name and presents details some of which are new. The company includes Miss Agnes Herndon, Albert Andrus, Maurice Hinder, Madeline, W. E. Canfield, W. J. Hineley, Emily Lee and Josephine Tull.

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Hugh Thompson of East Grand Forks an-



Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson. Among the Cubans who were ready to receive the munitions of war as the steamer was backed in a little cove at midnight after successfully dodging the Spanish gunboats, was the outbreak. He was an American, and though in ragged uniform and having a disreputable look, was evidently much respected by the rebels. He was in charge of the party unloading the arms and had the energy of an ordinary man. When the boxes were safely ashore, he said to the five of us who had volunteered for the Cuban service: "Now, boys, come ahead. If you had known what you were going into, you wouldn't be here. As it is, you'll have to make the best of it. The Cubans want help, but they won't give an outsider a fair show, and if any of you happens to be taken prisoner I'll guarantee that you won't live ten minutes. There is some little patriotism about it, though, to make you want to shoot straight, but the whole thing is a family row, and one can't do anything about it. I'll have to make the best of it. My name's Chips, just Chips, and I came over here simply to get shot."

Chips was a scout, a spy and a sharp-shooter and had little to do with the rank and file. He could have given any Cuban general's campaign and cards on how to conduct a campaign. He was thoroughly disgusted with the style of fighting and the cruelty practiced on prisoners, but he offered no criticisms.

It was a month before I got his story. We had had two or three skirmishes with the Spaniards, and I had seen the rebels in a manner in which he exposed his life. He had a dead shot and perfectly indifferent to the enemy's bullets, and I honestly believe that in the year he was with the Cubans he had been called out on five or six occasions. I had heard him coughing at night in a way that made me wonder if consumption had not taken a firm hold on him, and I could not help but notice the way in which he would little appetite he had. It was one day while we were scouting within a mile of the Spanish lines and were lying in a thicket, that I saw him sitting up and looking at the mosquitoes hovering about us in clouds, that he said:

"Yes, there's a story behind all this, but I don't care to make it out. You can take it all I come from a good family, and have had all the advantages of wealth and education, and that it's my fault that I am to-day a family outcast. I'm not blaming mother—she's dead, and I'm not blaming father—he's dead, and I'm not blaming myself. It's all my fault. They can't know whether I'm living or dead, but I hope they have done grieving for me. I was a fool and worse. Now it's too late to talk of reconciliation. Camp life has brought on consumption, and my days are numbered. It would only be going home to die, and I'd sooner die here. I've come over here for a reckless adventure, and I'm going to play it to the end. All I'm afraid of is that I shall be laid up the three or four weeks of my life while the rebels are waiting for me. I'm putting up a decent funeral."

I asked Chips no pertinent questions, but I thought it over myself—a rich man's Tale of Harvard, debts, reprobation, disgraceful affairs, and a generalship. That was probably the worst, and only what has befallen many a young man. Chips might have done foolish things, mad things, dishonorable things, but he was not a criminal. He was above that. I didn't even try to deceive him as to his state of health. He was a doomed man and fully realized it. Words of sympathy or condolence would have been useless. Had he told me nothing, I would have known from his reckless scouting that day that he wanted to die the death of a soldier instead of an invalid.

Another week passed, and twenty-five of us were sent to break through the Spanish lines and bring up more ammunition. Chips was looking gaunt and feeble, but he responded with alacrity. He realized the dan-

ger and, perhaps, intended to make his last fight.

It was entirely the fault of the Cuban colonel who commanded the detachment that we were led into a trap and the entire command made prisoners without having a chance to fire a gun. It was a neat stroke of business on the part of the Spaniards, and they rejoiced over it for half an hour and then prepared to read the fruits—that is, we were brought before a general who had no more feeling of mercy toward a rebel than he had for a man in the gutter, and he proceeded to try us by court-martial. He called in no other officer. There was a standing order to his both sides to be present, and it was obeyed only by accident. The court was merely the pretense to being shot and was understood by both sides.

It was a beautiful morning as we were drawn up in line before an orange grove which had been turned into a headquarters, and the Spanish general began business. We were dismissed, but not bound. The enemy fired on the line before an orange grove. The first man on the right to fall was the first one called before the "court." Inside of thirty seconds he had been charged, convicted, sentenced and led away to be shot. He was hardly out of our sight before he was a dead man. The general was as zealous to daily. He went through with it as a world with a drill, and it