THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1902.

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE EDITORS AS EDITORS

The Minnesota Association Presents This Edition of The Journal Just to Show What It Can Do.

Papers of the Day, Thirty-four Years of History, Thoughts of Various Editors, and Other Gems.

The Minnesota Editorial Association began its thirty-sixth annual session in Minneapolis to-day. This supplement to The Journal is presented to signalize the event. It has been written and edited by members of the association. An account of the proceedings to-day, together with the annual address of President Munro, will be found in the main sheet of this edition. The papers read in the sessions of the day are given in full herewith.

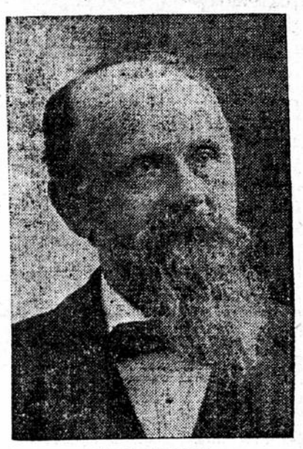
"The Country Editor; A BUSINESS MAN OR A PHILANTHROPIST."

By H. C. MILLER, St. Peter Free Press.

When the subject of this paper was first brought to my attention I was somewhat in doubt as to the intentions and expectations of the committee in presenting for discussion a proposition of such supreme indefiniteness. It appeared to me that the committee entertained a remote notion that the country editor occupies some useful station in life, and being unable to tell its exact nature tried to put the task of finding out upon someone else's shoulders. Upon further reflection, however, it occurred to me that there isn't a thing a country editor wouldn't dare try and, moreover, in which he wouldn't generally succeed, and that it would be a pretty safe proposition to take it for granted that he is both a businessman and a philanthropist.

And from this point of view the subject will be treated.

It may be considered a rather presumptuous attribute, by people not acquainted with the intricacies of the business, to designate the country editor a businessman and a philanthropist, but it is, nevertheless, a well established fact, that in no other vocation of life is more business tact, more knowledge of human nature, more push and energy, and more



H. C. MILLER.

firmness required than in the successful management of a country newspaper, and in no other business is philanthropy so systematically cultivated and practiced.

Ordinarily a country editor is a man of limited means and in the very nature of things the highest degree of business sagacity is required to make both ends meet. The gathering of news and the writing of editorials are essential requisites in getting out a paper, but they constitute only a small part of the duties devolving upon a country editor. He must, of course, produce a good editorial page and present the happenings of the community in an attractive shape, but above all, he must be a businessman and never lose an opportunity for getting a new subscriber, an advertisement, or a piece of jobwork.

While the business and the editorial departments of the big dailies are separate and distinct, the country editor must, of necessity, take care of both and must always acquits himself of the task successfully and with becoming pride and dignity. Unlike his colleague of the wealthy city paper who with all his ability and brilliant attainments is, after all, but a cog in a large wheel driven by a power over which he has not the slightest control, the country editor is the whole thing. But in order to be successful, he must be familiar with the affairs of his paper to its smallest detail, sweep out the office, build the fire, solicit business, collect bills, report a big fire or a sermon and editorially discuss the questions of the day with equal facility.

The quality and excellence of a paper always depend upon the character and ability of the man who conducts it. If he is a man fit to be a country editor at all, and gives his best efforts to the enterprise, is reliable in all things, never loses sight of what is for the best interest of his community, always aims to be generous, strives to build up rather than to destroy, leads not follows, and conscientiously supports the highest ideals, he is sure to earn the confidence and respect of the public, and his paper will become a power in the community.

He must, therefore, be a man of affairs, capable, broad-minded, quick of perception and well-balanced in temperment and habits. Yet the country editor hardly ever gets more than a mere existence out of his business, while a merchant or ordinary inteligence and with no more capital than the country editor is pretty certain of doubling his investment before the newspaperman gets things in fairly good working condition and the business sufficiently responsive to meet current expenses.

To illustrate: Suppose two men of about the same age, and with an equal capital, locate in some town of fair size, where both are strangers. One starts a country grocery store and the other a country newspaper. Both men get an equally good business location. The merchant puts up his fixtures and lays in a stock of goods and the newspaperman gets an outfit for his printing plant. Soon things are in shape for operation and they now start on their business career, strangers in a new field with no friends to favor and no enemies to fear, and seemingly upon an equal footing and with an equal chance for success. But here their ways part most decidedly, and from now on a marked contrast in the business requirements becomes at once apparent to the observer.

The merchant opens his doors and raises his curtains, presenting to view a fresh and tastily arranged stock of goods that invites attention. Passers-by, on their way to make their daily purchases, soon take notice of the new concern and its smiling proprietor, and many of these unconsciously step in, not particularly to buy goods, but just to look over things, to satisfy a little curiosity as it were, and incidently to make a comparison of the quality and prices with goods bought elsewhere. Once inside the store, visitors are easily persuaded to give the new goods, so invitingly spread before them, a trial at least, and if the purchases thus made, afterwards prove satisfactory to the new customer, it is dollars to cents that he will come again and perhaps induce his neighbors to come, and thus transfer to the new-comer a goodly share of their patronage, if he has sense enough to use ordinary judgment and endeavors to cultivate his business relations upon a basis of courtesy and fair and honest dealings. Thus the merchant most always begins business from the very first day under encouraging conditions and upon a profitable basis before he has even time to get fairly well acquainted with the surroundings of his new home.

How different with his friend the newspaperman! When the country editor starts his plant, a few politicians may possibly drop in to size up the possibilities of the new venture and perhaps now and then a citizen or two may apepar to satisfy their personal curiosity, but rarely can the country editor boast of having been pressed the first day by cash subscribers or by merchants asking for advertising space or fir job-work. With the country editor it is hustle from the time he "opens up shop" and an everlasting exertion for everything he gets as long as he remains in the business.

The first thing required of an editor in starting a paper, after the necessary presses, type and other material have been placed in position, is copy, and this at once calls for an exertion of his business faculties to an extent hardly ever thought of in any other line of business; for copy at this time includes practically everything expected to be printed in the office, from current news and editorials to job-work and advertisement and all of which must be prepared with the utmost care in order to make it palatable to the customer and to the general public. This is no small task even under most favorable conditions.

Perhaps the editor's first effort will be to get merchants and professional men of his community to take space in his new venture, in order to give his paper prestige and standing, and at the same time sufficient financial stability to insure a fair return upon the investment, for it should be borne in mind that running a newspaper is after all a business proposition pure and simple, and, with occasional exceptions, undertaken with the same object in view as any other business. But business men are, as a rule, somewhat sceptical as to the value of space in a paper just venturing into existence, and it takes not a little ingenuity, tact,, tenacity and good judgment to convince a prospective customer of the benefit of a well-worded "ad" placed with the solicitor. Incidentally, the editor gathers up the local news, which, by the way, is not such an easy matter as some people may think, gets acquainted with the preacher, chats with the mayor, discusses the political situation with the politician and then rushes to the office to reduce his pickings into copy for the compositors. After having set the boys to work, he will probably have to buy a cord of wood, order some stationery, attend to correspondence, post the books, and the same routine, with slight variations, awaits him the next morning, and, in fact, every day in the week. In the meanwhile he must also look after the most important part of the business,—the subscription list, and here again he is confronted by a proposition that calls for his best efforts. It is not much of a trick to get the names of a few dozen friends on the list and thus start the ball a-rolling, but it is quite a different matter to induce strangers to follow suit, and it takes considerable grit, perseverance and aptitude to solicit for a paper just starting in life, and of whose permanency and general tendency the public is entirely in the dark. However, a country editor never does things by halves, and by hard work, untiring vigilance and a fixed determination to get there, invariably succeeds in getting a circulation within a reasonable time, sufficiently large to command influence and respect and also the serious consideration of the advertiser.

And the competence for all this display of push and energy, skill and business application, zeal and devotion to one's calling?

It must be conceded that a true answer to this question would not be very complimentary to the newspaper profession, for in spite of his admitted business sagacity, his enterprising disposition and his general superior knowledge of men and affairs, the country editor rarely accumulates much wealth and most always must be content with the satisfaction he can get out of assisting in the advancement of the industrial, political and educational welfare of his fellowmen. Still, with all these material drawbacks in the profession, rarely ever can a country editor be found willing to change places with any one; he loves his calling, he is true to his trust, and he invariably stands by his colors to the last.

And this naturally leads to the second phase of the paper: "The Country Editor, a Philanthropist."

Paradoxical as it may seem to think of a struggling country editor as a philanthropist, yet a little honest investigation will easily demonstrate that the public is under more obligation to him in this respect than to any other class of citizens. "The pen is mightier than the sword" is an axiom recognized even by a Napoleon, and to the editor is afforded the privilege of wielding this weapon for good or evil, every day in the year. He discusses the current events of his town, county and state, and the affairs of his fellow-citizens through the columns of his paper to an audience limited in size only by his own enterprise, and he has every opportunity to exert an influence of incalculable consequence. Good advice well said and given at the right time, not infrequently turns out to be of material benefit to his community, and a prudent suppression of sensational news quite often saves a family from disgrace and humiliation.

There can be no enterprise in a town without a live newspaper. When a public improvement is wanted, or arrangement is to be made for a public function, its promoters never fail to enlist the local paper, and when the preacher contemplates getting up a church fair, or the fire company a public dance, both invariably make it a point to get the assistance of the editor. He may not have much money for the proposition, but they cannot expect to succeed without a liberal amount of printers' ink, judiciously used in the columns of the home paper, and the editor is, therefore, apt to become a more important factor than any other contributor.

In the realm of every-day social events, the editor is ever moved by a spirit of broad-minded generosity. Of optimistic disposition, he presents the characters and conditions of his surroundings in the most favorable light, commending the good deeds and carefully withholding from public view all that is course, low, repulsive. He praises the virtues of his neighbors and compassionately lends a helping hand to the transgressor, if it possibly can be done without compromising his sacred duty to society. He is ever working for others, champions what is best, noble, desirable, defends the interests of his town and county always, and rarely misses a chance to contribute his mite for the happiness of mankind.

Verily, the country editor is not only a business man, comme il faut, but he is also the foremost philanthropist in the commonwealth.

How to Publish a Good Paper in a Small Town.

By J. J. Folsom, Hinckley Enterprise.

How to publish a good paper in a small town is as hard a proposition as was ever tackled by any one away from the corner grocery. It is a limitless task in a limited field and the ambitious, energetic man, who alone will run a good paper in any town, treads on tacks and rubs his pate against the ceiling with a regularity that is wearing on the nerves and drives many a bright mind to insistant drunkenness or inocuous desuetude. This being the rule, there is the exception that proves it liberally scattered over Minnesota and throughout the northwest, and to the example of the men who furnish the brains and brawn of these bright publications I am indebted for anything I may here say to "cheer the fallen and inspire the faint."

God, in the beginning, made the heavens and the earth, and subsequently man made newspapers. There is the same wide difference between the ideal journal, which some may expect me to discuss, and the good, practical newspaper, to which I propose to confine myself, that exists between

J. J. FOLSOM.

those first mentioned creations of the Almighty. The ideal is a dream of aerial architecture, but its marble halls tarnish at the touch of printers' ink. It is beautiful to contemplate but unfortunately is above and beyond the appetite of the patronizing public.

The practical paper, which is the good paper in the small town as well as in the large city, is an unpretentious business proposition; impersonal in the broadest sense, laboring to benefit those by whom it is benefited and striving to strengthen the publisher's bank account. In round figures, that is all. It is run by self-control, coupled with integrity, ability and energy. I cannot sum the matter in fewer words nor, I believe put it in colder, more unsympathetic form.

The man and the town. The consideration of these two elements is necessary in answering the committee's question. Let us first refer to the being. He is no ordinary mortal, but is human in every sense. He has an aching void under his vest, a wholsome fear of cold weather and a deep regard for a smoke social or other kind of amusement. He has also an appreciation of the rights of others, a mind capable of distinguishing between private gain and public good and stamina to withsand any influence contrary to what he believes right. He is adaptable without being fickle, courteous without professing undue regard, and self-respecting without vanity. He calls a spade a spade, when it calls it at all, and does not make himself despicable and his subjects ridiculous by attempting to add purity to the lily or luster to the rose. He is filled with a pardonable pride in his work and a just ambition to rise higher but is anxious to advance honestly and safely, adjusting substantial rungs as he climbs life's ladder. One of the saddest circumstances is that of the man who finds himself in the prime of life without substantial footing and, fighting with fate, drops into oblivion or disgrace. To fill one's station well is an honor beyond imputation, but to honestly strive for higher things is glorious and Godly. However, while the man of whom we speak does all this, he recollects poor Richard's admonition to the shoemaker and does not endeavor to emulate Joshua of old, nor to regulate the earth. He is content to let the wild winds blow and cares nothing for what the sad waves are saying unless within his power to pacify or aid. He learns to know a good thing when it shows and lets well enough alone unless an avenue of progress opens through the maelstrom. He is naturally conservative but without ties when private necessity or public weal demands plain speech and plainer acts. And this is in part the man who makes the good country weekly. Although he has many of the qualifications of greatness he does not always rise above the obscurity that hedges him about, but there, in the flower of God's country or in the solitude of the desert, he blushes on his readers and casts about the sweetness of his ways.

Much depends upon the town, for no man under the sun can run a really good newspaper in a town that won't have it. The saving grace of creditable representation seldom lights on, and never long abides within, the community that doesn't hanker for this advantage. The spirit of the promoter may be willing, but when the inevitable rap hits his pocketbook his purpose weakens and the jig is up. The town, then, in which a good newspaper can be run must first of all be alive to its own interests and anxious to advance. It must be willing to employ printer's ink and the reasonable talent that I have mentioned to aid it in the struggle which all the world is prosecuting against the obstacles of nature and the competition of mankind and it must be willing that the business man who invests his money, time and talents in this enterprise should be allowed to accumulate a surplus the same as its general merchant, its druggist, its banker or its professional man. Not by any means that a newspaper, good, bad or indifferent, is or should be considered at any time or place as a dumping ground for public pelf or a seeker after private alms (and, by the way, no paper that approaches in the remotest degree the standard I have set will, by act or deed, allow itself to be placed upon the plane of the mendicant) but merely as a business institution, advancing the interests of the community with which it is allied and deserving of a reasonable recompense. It must be admitted that this power of the press in the public eye is largely influenced by the personality of the publisher and that the individual and the community fix the standard of their respective requirements for themselves, but I have endeavored, after the precess of adoption and absorption to which I first referred, to fix a fair example of the publisher of a good newspaper, and if the people of one town do not appreciate this creature, he has but to remind himself that he is but one of the thousands whose efforts do not meet public approval and pass on. I have seen some fair sized towns in which I do not believe the most capable man alive could successfully run a good newspaper, while, on the other hand, I have seen some hamlets of 250 inhabitants support one in a highly creditable manner.

And now we have the man to run the good newspaper and the small town in which the good newspaper is to be run. Put them together and you have the good newspaper in the small town. Possibly this production will crowd the acme of practical journalism off the stage in the eyes of some, but I have never yet seen where honor, integrity and personal worth, coupled with honest ambition and determination, has failed to demand public recognition in business or to yield a satisfying response to age. By being thus honest with itself and fair with its patrons the good newspaper is and will be run in the small town. It may not save the country every week with a full page of sparkling editorials, or it may not scoop its near-by contemporary in every matter of news. It may not contain the brightest written ads or have the very latest outfit. However, it does have the largest bonafide circulation of any paper in its locality. It has this because it is reliable; because it is bright, clean and new with every issue; because its motto is to do its level best and keep everlastingly at it. St. Pauls was not builded, the Sistine Madonna painted nor Mozart's great Requim written in a day. So the "good newspaper in the small town," which is as much a credit and comfort to him who accomplishes it as any of these, is not the work of a night. In a pictorial sense it is a Santa Maria crossing the sea of life, searching for the goal of which many hear and which few reach, weathering the fiercest gales, riding the highest billows and steering clear of the sunken rocks on which the serf rolls and roars down before the storm is one of the most natural of things, for, between you and I, very few small towns want good newspapers enough to be honest in performing their consideration to the contract.

Amenities of Country Journalism

By H. M. Wheelock, Wheelock's Weekly, Fergus Falls.

In the abstract most editors feel that wordy combats with each other are unseemly, but in practice the matter usually presents itself in a different light. Like the old maid at the teachers' convention, where the beauties of moral suasion were pointed out, they would say: "Moral suasion is my principle, but lickin' is my practice."

During the past three weeks, while I have been thinking deeply on the evils of newspaper wars, and preparing this masterpiece, I have been greatly annoyed by the attacks of my Fergus Falls newspaper contemporaries, to whom I could not consistently reply in kind while I was arguing against all such scrimmages. Like the great nations who met in peace conferences at The Hague and then went home and declared wars with renewed zeal, this paper ends my own moral responsibilities in the matter, and after it is safely delivered I propose to go home and lambast my erring neighbors to the queen's taste, if I see fit to do so.

The country editor occupies a position in his community something akin to that of the medicine man in a tribe of Indians. He beats tom-toms on occasion; he puts on the ghost paint and bangs the empty bladder to scare away evil spirits; and the tribe has a half doubting, half admiring respect for his prowess. The medicine man takes it ill when a rival appears, and tries to destroy the new comer's prestige. So does the editor. Thus is born the rural "amenity of journalism." It is garbled in clothing of a different cut from its city brother, but it comes to about the same thing in the end. The urban amenity is likely to begin with the words: "Our esteemed," and to end with some sarcasm which the writer hopes will loosen his contemporary's liver pad; while the humble countryman, no less ambitious, but more direct in his methods, imitates as best he can by remarking that "the lumpy jaw piece of asininity up the street has again shown his ears," etc.

This kind of thing is a survival from the days when every editor imagined he was the only torch bearer, and ran the only palladium in the district. Most of us have recovered from that form of lunacy, and are willing to agree that personal abuse is an indication of untrained intellects and low instincts. Why, then, should we abuse each other in print more than persons in other trades and professions? In the last analysis, I think the reason is that most of us are bigger fools than we imagine, but there are several intermediary explanations that have force.

One of these is the idea that readers look for it with eagerness. There is some truth in this. It is certain that many readers like it, but those whose judgment we value most do not. Everybody would rather find something in the paper that seems alive and smells hot than to read either Lydia Pinkham eulogies or machine editorials that have been ground out by some hack writer for country consumption.

The lack of copy offers another explanation. It is easy to write a stickful or two about the shortcomings of the chump who attacked us last week—much easier than to take a position in regard to some subject of live popular interest and defend it against all attacks. One course takes memory merely—memory of good, round, mouth-filling epithets; the other requires possibly study, certainly the necessity of familiarizing one's self with what it is all about.

There are many editors, personally of the most harmless type, who enjoy a bloodless bout with pencils. It inspires them to imagine that in a real fray they would acquit themselves with courage, and they know there is not the least danger to their own skins; so they pile up the damnatory adjectives with a light heart. It costs less to pitch into a neighbor newspaper man than anybody else in the community. An attack on any other individual is sure to be resented by the victim and his friends, sometimes with blows or pistol shots, but more frequently with loss of business and permanent enmities; so the prudent editor who wants a row but dares not start it with his patrons falls afoul of the rival sheet as a safe outlet for belligerency. In the north this is rarely followed by painful results.

Thus jealousy, laziness and braggart cowardice combine to produce these tenderloin roasts. The trinity is one to keep in the background. Newspaper feuds do not pay. There is no glory nor credit in them. There are no dollars. People are too apt to believe that both scrappers are telling the truth. Usually the hated rival is a hard working, amiable fellow who is trying hard to build up a business and behave himself. He may not be as bright as you are, but he is probably just as good. Outsiders always get an unpleasant impression of the town and its people by reading such stuff. I know two towns in the state and the four editors in them. All four are intelligent gentlemen, devoted to their work, their families and their towns—good citizens and honorable men. In one of these towns there is constant warfare between the two rivals, accompanied with much spilling of ink and epithets, but no blood. I don't like to read their papers. They make me tired. In the papers of the other town I read only complimentary allusions to each other. They leave me feeling hopeful for my profession and respectful toward the two self-respecting gentlemen who will no more call names in print than they would on the street.

There may be a few places where muscular Christianity and righteous indignation should be allowed full sway. I am twilling to admit that your town is one of these, if you will concede that my town is another; but I hope we can agree that in all the other towns the row in print looks silly and in bad taste.

An editor who is spoiling for a fight can usually find objects more deserving of attack than his contemporaries. Most towns have plenty of abuses that should be corrected. These are the rightful prey of the valiant scribbler if he feels that his mission is one of reform.

A TIP FOR MINNESOTA.
All the Heavyweights Are Down This Way Today.

Duty of the Citizen to the Local Press.

By Raleigh M. Pope, Mora Times.

At the present time, certain elements combined with proper conditions produce and hasten the growth and development of hamlets into villages, and villages into cities, each in its turn performing the necessary and natural duties of such arti-

R. M. POPE.

ficial business centers. These duties consist in collecting and distributing the necessities and luxuries of life, the establishing of markets, and building of mechanical and mercantile plants, where the wants and comforts of the people can be supplied at reasonable prices, and articles and products of commerce, sold at values, set on the supply and demand principle, at our great commercial centers. Our present civilization has created a necessity for these receiving and distributing points,—the choice of location and process of growth and development generates a jealousy that produces a lively competition for supremacy, and that point best equipped with the elements and conditions for success, will win.

The principal element to insure success is a local press that fearlessly and impartially labors for the benfit and prosperity of the citizens of its town, county and state.

The paramount condition that goes with this principal element is the loyal support, the friendly encouragement, and the wise and judicious counsel of the citizens who form the community whose interests are protected, whose rights are defended, and whose honor and integrity are maintained by the local press. It therefore becomes the duty and should be the pleasure of every loyal citizen to furnish in abundance this paramount condition, each in a manner best suited their nature and circumstances.

A local press is an indispensible necessity to the success and prosperity of an enterprising and progressive town,—to a great degree the citizen can expand or contract its influence; can make it a giant of strength and goodness, with a power to create a reputation for the town that will benefit the entire community, or a poor, puny nonentity with neither power, influence or reputation.

The citizen should support the local press by word and deed, by commission and omission; by becoming a permanent subscriber and punctually paying annually the price of subscription; by patronizing the local job office for all work in that line, and the columns of the local paper for advertising purposes. Don't believe for a moment the editor's life is all sunshine and profit; don't imagine the roses that line his pathway are thornless; don't throw cold water on every enterprise that is advocated by the local press that does not specially interest or benefit yourself. Don't kick because you have been ignored in the local columns, but make it a practice to promptly report any item of news or local personal, concerning yourself or family, and not keep silent as a clam and then give the reporter a roasting because he is not omnipresent and omnicient. Be liberal in constring the language used in relating items of local news, and not torture a harmless, peaceful term into a villainous innuendo, pregnant with vindictive mischief.

The citizen can greatly aid the press by practicing the divine virtue of forgiveness, should the local editor accidentally make a harmless mistake or publish an article advocating a theory not entirely in accord with his or her political or religious predilections; by generously bestowing deserved words of credit and compliment upon the weary brain and body that has burned midnight oil in producing articles advocating public improvements and enterprises in which everybody feels deeply interested and which greatly benefit the general public.

By loyal support and encouragement the citizen can arm and equip the representative of the local press with courage and fortitude to meet any emergency with a determination and persistency that never surrenders or acknowledges defeat; by practicing a liberality that will enable the publisher to furnish and fit his office in an up-to-date manner and issue a paper that will be an honor to the town and the pride of its inhabitants. By awakening to a realization of the eternal fact, that the local press is by its nature and operation, the most steadfast friend, the unwearied watcher, the bold and fearless defender, the eloquent advocate, and the all-around benefactor of the citizens forming the local community, who are securely basking in the serene light of intellectual bliss radidated from the office of the local press.

Comparative Worth of Advertising In the Daily and Weekly Field.

By G. S. Pease, Anoka Union.

Little did I think that I should ever appear before this splendid association to read a paper upon any subject, as I have gone on record as being against the consumption of valuable time in reading productions which usually receive but faint consideration from its members; many of whom would rather be in a convenient ante room or corridor joshing each other and occasionally indulging in a smile than being punished listening to a brilliant disquisition upon this or that subject, and I'll admit at the start that I plead guilty to being one of that kind, too; those who would like to be excused can depart now and no offense will be taken, but congratulations extended.

Should I tell the truth—I'm not often taken that way—I could say that I begged "Old" Hall to let me off, as I was actually too lazy to prepare a paper for this occasion and besides I had had the smallpox. Not hearing a word from either him or the committee, supposed I was to be allowed to shirk and go scot free. Feb. 4 I received a letter from him informing me that I was not excused and the paper must be read, and enclosing a circular of the meeting, containing the official program—and here goes:

It is manifestly proper that I should claim with no hesitation at the beginning that the weekly paper is more valuable as an advertising medium than a daily, because I have watched results most carefully, extending over a period of nearly thirty-six years. The weekly is the paper of the family and is read by every member critically, advertisements and all. The daily paper is but for a day, is cast aside and then forgotten. Travel anywhere, and many passengers start out with a daily in their hands. Watch its perusal. A glance here and a glance there, then discarded, and the porter or brakeman soon picks it up to get it out of the way. I honestly believe that the weekly paper is more closely read than any other publication that goes to the home, and being so closely read, the advertisements come in for their share of attention, and it is reasonable to claim better results for the cost is obtained by the advertiser. The dailies of to-day, particularly their Sunday issues, are composed of so many pages that it is a greater stint in reading than most people will allow themselves to accept, and again is the daily passed up, only to find its way to the convenient box for starting fires. On the other hand, the weekly is preserved in nearly every home, and in my own town I know of many families who have kept a file of the local paper for years, and consider it one of their home treasures.

Oftentimes when soliciting advertisements, something I have done every week ever since I became a publisher, I have often been met with the remark from some extensive advertiser, "our house has concluded to confine all advertising to the dailies only." Then my angelic temper comes up and I give him my views upon the great benefits to be derived in patronizing a good substantial weekly newspaper, and many is the time I have fetched him, and best of all the firm has remained with me continuously.

There is no question but what the big houses in the twin cities and the big manufacturers of the northwest are

G. S. PEASE.

making a mistake in not placing more advertising in the weeklies of this state, for those papers reach more consumers than in the daily.

The advertising solicitor of the daily

Defective Page