THE POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT AND SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

By David Ramaley, A. O. U. W. Guide, St. Paul.

Newspaper publishers for a few years past have been troubled at what they thought was intended to bear heavily upon them in the changes that were proposed in the so-called Loud bill in what is known as second-class matter. In point of fact, the postoffice department, in its efforts to reform abuses, have had no intention to cripple legitimate newspapers. But the hue and cry came so persistently from the parties that were interested, the serial book houses, the filthy mail order journals and other forms of disreputable papers, and house catalogues, which were being carried under the guise of legitimate newspapers and periodicals, that many of the newspapers of the country went defiantly against the proposed law, and their influence up to the present time has been to defeat it. Legitimate newspapers are, however, so vitally interested in the question of second-class rates, so much so, indeed, that they should not hesitate to co-operate with the postoffice department in the efforts now being put forward to correct some of the abuses without any further law on the subject. To ordinary thinking men, the abuse of the second-class privilege is not so much the fault of the law as of the lax manner in which all kinds of illegitimate publications have been admitted. So great has this abuse grown that a halt must be called. The postmaster general reports that the second-class mail matter constitutes 60 per cent of the entire mail of the country, and pays at the rate of four and a quarter millions of dollars, while the other 40 per cent pays over $107,000,000, or, in other words, the second-class matter pays only one-twenty-eighth part of the revenue. The average cost of handling second-class matter is claimed to be equal to 20 per cent of all the business of postoffices, this without reference to the cost of transportation. The claim seems to be conservative that three-fifths of the mail in weight may justly be chargeable with one-fourth of the cost, which is $29,000,000 in round numbers, leaving an annual net loss to the government in transportation alone of over $24,000,000. The actual cost for carrying all the mail has been brought down to an average of 6 cents per pound, while the amount received by the postoffice department from second-class matter is at the rate of 1 cent per pound. It is further estimated that of this total amount of second-class matter that the government is transporting over 200,000,000 pounds of mail matter that is illegally registered as second-class under the existing laws. To remedy this evil is what the present department is endeavoring to do.

Charles Emory Smith, the postmaster general under whom these attempts at reform were started, explains the position of the government in the following paragraphs from his annual report for 1901:

"If the mail thus carried at a heavy loss were limited to what the law intended, there would be nothing more to be said. In that case it would be a deliberate and rational public expenditure for a well-defined, justifiable and worthy public object, and taking the service as a whole there would be no loss at all. Our free institutions rest on popular intelligence, and it has from the beginning been our fixed and enlightened public policy to foster and promote the general diffusion of public information. Congress has wisely framed the postal laws with this just and liberal conception. It has uniformly sought to encourage intercommunication and the exchange of intelligence.

"As facilities have cheapened it has gradually lowered all postage rates. It has never aimed to make the postal service a source of profit, but simply to make it pay its own way and to give the people the benefit of all possible advancement. In harmony with this sound and judicious policy it has deliberately established a low rate of postage for genuine newspapers and periodicals, with the express design of encouraging and aiding the distribution of the recognized means and agencies of public information. It is not a matter of favor, but of approved judgment. It is not for the publishers, but for the people. But in adopting this special rate for a legitimate public end congress has sought to restrict its privilege to legitimate publications with a manifest public aim and a clear public demand. It never meant to open the flood gates for an inordinate stream of purely private enterprises which have no public object whatever within the contemplation of the law, and which have seized upon the low rate of postage solely for private profit at the public expense.

"The intent of the law is clear from its terms. It seeks to define boundaries and to prescribe conditions which shall limit the privilege to the kind of publications really designed to be included. First of all, it provides that to be entitled to the second-class rate the publication must be originated and published for the dissemination of information of a public character, or some special industry. This test has never really been enforced, and its rigorous enforcement is not now undertaken, for it raises questions which may be matters of opinion rather than of fact. Its strict application would, without any other test, manifestly rule out thousands of existing publications. But there are other tests which present matters of fact. The possession of the character thus defined is not enough. The law further requires that the publication must have "a legitimate list of subscribers." There must be not only a public object, but a public call and approval, attested by general subscriptions. But even this is not all. A publication having all these characteristics might also have others which would plainly conflict with the intended prerequisite of having a distinct public purpose ratified by a public demand. So the law adds the proviso that nothing in its terms "shall be so construed as to admit to the second-class rate regular publications designed primarily for advertising purposes, or for free circulation, or for circulation at nominal rates."

"These provisions taken together plainly show the design of the law. Had they been strictly administered from the beginning admissions to the second-class rate would have been restricted to legitimate publications complying with the prescribed conditions, and there would be no such question as is now presented. But the administration has been in many hands. The applications for admissions have gradually broadened. Every new case has made its special representation, and taken singly has pleaded no harm and no burden.

"Little by little the limitations have been relaxed, and every transgression has been made the pretext for another. Many of the publications once entered have changed their character since admission, and, if entitled at first to the pound rate, have by this departure forfeited their original right. In these various ways thousands of publications have come to enjoy the privileges which are not within either the spirit or the letter of the law, and the volume of second-class mail has been immensely swollen by a vast and questionable mass of printed matter which was not intended or foreseen when congress, in the educational interest of the people, provided that the government should practically pay the cost of transmission."

Referring to the so-called mail order papers, who have no legitimate subscribers (whose promoters secure the names from business houses of people who are in the habit of ordering goods by mail and sending the papers to them for nothing, sometimes one party getting a half dozen of each number), the postmaster general says:

"The extent of the complicity of the government in these purely private enterprises is not generally realized. The statement will probably be surprising that in the case of hundreds of such publications, wherever the publisher, spends $1,000 in his venture the government spends not less than $2,000 in carrying on that publisher's business, and wherever he puts in $100,000 into its running expenses the Government puts in not less than $200,000. Astonishing as is this statement, it is easily made plain. As already indicated, the kind of publication in question involves very little of the cost of the legitimate newspaper or periodical. It has no news service. Its editorial staff consists of a single hand for scissors and paste pot. The composition and press work, reduced to a single copy or pound, are infinitesmal. The only material expense is the cost of white paper, which runs about 2 cents a pound. That is the publishers' side of the account.

"The government's side comprises two items. The first is transportation. The entire circulation of these papers is through the mails, and the government pays for carrying them not less than five cents a pound, on which it gets back one cent. The second item is handling. It has already been shown that this cost is at least two cents a pound. It results then that for every three cents the publisher pays toward the cost of the business the government pays six cents, and for every $1,000 contributed by the publisher the government contributes not less than $2,000. In other words, the government is the senior partner on the debit side of the business. It furnishes the larger part of the capital, and while it pays about three-fourths of the expense, all the receipts go to the private partner."

Two publications of this class, one in St. Paul, the other in Minneapolis, have been ruled out during the current month. In other cities similar publications are being denied the mails, but in no instance has the department ruling been enforced without due warning, so that no injustice has been done by denying the privilege where the paper was printed and not mailed. The weight of second-class mail matter was increased last year over 2,000,000 pounds, largely from these mail order publications. The department is aiming at three reforms: The killing off of the purely advertising sheets; the changing of serial books directly to the book class, and the return of unsold copies of newspapers and periodicals at the pound rate of one cent—that is from newsdealers to publishers.

In the language of the postmaster general: "In this reform the legitimate newspapers and magazines have an interest as immediate and vital as that of the government and the people themselves. No criticism falls on them and no laying of the ax at rooted evils menaces their position. They ask no favors. They stand on their rights with their fixed place, their public object, and their regular body of readers, they are the direct objects of that deliberate and enlightened public policy which in the interest of the people fosters the recognized sources of public intelligence. They observe and fulfill the requirements of the law. And because they do they have the more concern in eliminating those which do not."

Who Made Minnesota?

By HENRY R. COBB, Park Rapids Enterprise.

That seems to be the question of the hour.

Thirty years ago, when her future was so largely before her, it didn't matter so much; but now that, as a commonwealth, she ranks among the most progressive and prosperous in the sisterhood of states which, together, comprise the great republic, it is pertinent to make the inquiry.

"Nothing succeeds like success." When an individual or a state awakes to find fame stamped upon them as a well-earned and indelible possession, with the power and distinction which it brings with it, it is always surprising to discover how numerous the people are who promptly charge themselves up with being the special agent or instrumentality of the greatness achieved.

Minnesota, to-day, attracts the attention of the world and the world is asking, "Who made Minnesota?" with an interest as real and earnest as did the people concerned about the death of Cock Robin and who was to blame for the deed.

Well, the first to score is Jim Hill. Eulogists and admiring friends proclaim in glad accents, "Here is the man who made Minnesota. He has spent his life in upbuilding the northwest. His pocketbook is large and ponderous and his brain is commensurate with his pocketbook. He has laid a network of iron and steel across the unsettled prairies and through the primeval stretches of timber, and to him—and him alone—is due the commercial development of the state. Without him Minnesota would sink into inocuous desuetude."

But there are others.

"What's the matter with us?" shout the sturdy pioneers, who, since the early fifties, have been moving steadily northward from southern Minnesota toward the international boundary line. "What about our work? The prairies of Fillmore and Mower, Goodhue, Meeker and the counties further west—we located upon when people laughed at us for doing so, and when it was no laughing matter to do it. We turned the sod upward to the sunlight and our industry changed miles of brown, bare prairie into living fields of waving grain. We planted there our homes as

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well as our crops, raised our families and our herds, endured the blighting heats of summer and the blizzardly winds of winter that Minnesota might grow. To-day, thousands of our sons and daughters are opening up woodland farms in Hubbard, Beltrami and other northern Minnesota counties with the same pluck and persistence that we did years ago further south. Who made Minnesota? Our weather-stained faces, rheumatic joints and fund of experience tell the story."

Close to the pioneers come the farmers. These men are willing to file an affidavit properly sworn to before any notary that to them is due whatever credit Minnesota has gained. It is their industry, their flocks, their fields, their sturdiness and home abiding qualities which have built up her fair fame. The farmers made Minnesota.

But wait! What about the busy lot of men, who at the desk, behind the counter, in the packing-room, in season and out of season, who have steadily plodded their way onward to success and at every step in their progress manifested a generous public spirit that has expressed itself in a thousand different ways in the community where they live? The merchants, bankers and professional men—these have made Minnesota.

And the rest!—the miners who have delved deep into the bowels of the earth and brought forth richest treasures of metal which have added immense wealth to the state—the laboring men who in countless thousands furnish the energy and skill which builds railroads, maintains manufacturing industries and builds up towns and cities,—the hearty, rugged, industrious "lumber jacks" whose axes, by the thousands, are merrily resounding in the northern pines—the manufacturers, who have created and carried on big saw and flouring mills, car shops, furniture factories, agricultural implement plants and the like, thus making possible the wealth and happiness now prevailing, by furnishing an army of consumers close to the producers—these, each, insist with the strongest of emphasis, "We made Minnesota."

Again: A lot of voices—mostly feminine—from all parts of the commonwealth, say in unison: "Old world! We made Minnesota what she is! It's men and women that make a state—not crops and herds, iron and mills. In country school houses, village high schools and Minnesota 'U' we're showing young gophers how to play basket and football and, incidentally, putting into their heads some ideas which will help them the better to tussle with you. We've been doing this ever since the first settler struck the state. Ideas rule the world. We are the original dyed-in-the-wool idea promoters.

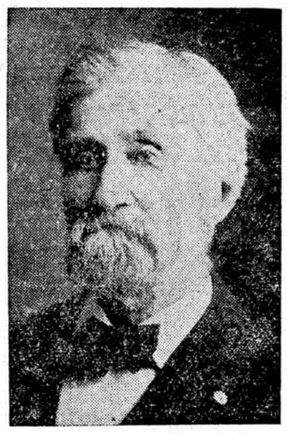
Last, but not least, with a modesty readily associated with the craft, come the country editors. They will not lack for words. Let them tell it: "Minnesota needed settlers. Wherever the need was evident—and sometimes before—we took our high moral ideas, our Washington hand press and battered type—with no one to help us except the devil—and waded in to promote prosperity and progress. Sometimes we get it in the neck, but as we are rubber necks, that don't hurt us. We live in Minnesota. We live for Minnesota. The communities where our print shops are grow right along. They wouldn't grow if somebody didn't tell the world about them. We tell about them. That's our business. We like it. It means cash for the farmers and merchants and glory and fun for us. What more could you ask? Some people yell for Minnesota once a year at a 'U' football game. We yell for her all the time. Others get tired. We don't. We keep right on yelling—Minnesota keeps right on growing. We made Minnesota." With the evidence all in, the stern world, wise with the wisdom of the centuries, gives back this verdict: "You are all IT. But don't be conceited. The picture of Minnesota's greatness is not revealed in the photograph of James J. Hill or any other man. It is a composite picture. In it are blended all the elements of strength which each class of laborers have contributed. The John Smiths, Ole Olesons, Patrick Murphys, Jim Hills and Hans Brinkers—these, together, have made possible Minnesota's magnificent progress.

Hall of Fame.

By JAMES J. GREEN, New Ulm News.

In proposing names of deceased residents of Minnesota who have become eminent, for a place in the Hall of Fame at the Louisiana Purchase exposition to be opened in St. Louis next year, those of General Sibley, Senator Cushman K. Davis, William Windom, Bishop Whipple and ex-Governor Pillsbury have been given chief prominence by writers on the subject, but I have seldom seen the name of Senator Henry M. Rice. In the formative period of Minnesota Senator Rice and Governor General Henry Hastings Sibley were the two most noteworthy residents of the territory and of the state of Minnesota. General Sibley was a delegate in congress when Minnesota, Iowa and Wisconsin were one territory; and he also represented Minnesota in congress as its first delegate after its territorial saparation. He was succeeded by Henry M. Rice, who was the first full term United States senator of the state of Minnesota. To Senator Rice more than to any other Minnesotian (through his friendship and influence with Senator Stephen A. Douglast) is Minnesota indebted for its munificent land grants that gave the state its early railroads and its consequent rapid development. No history of Minnesota can be complete that does not give to Henry M. Rice a very prominent place. And it is at least questionable whether he should not have a foremost place; for, while he was not an orator, he was a sagacious statesman and an indefatigable worker, and his work was done for the territory and stae when each most needed earnest and influential workers. Much of the same tenor can be said of General Sibley, whose untarnished honor and devotion to duty enabled him to exercise commanding influence for Minnesota as a territory and as a state; but while he was delegate to congress, governor and general, all at critical periods of Minnesota's history, he was never the aggressive statesman that Henry M. Rice was, and under like conditions he might therefore have failed to have done as much as Rice did for Minnesota.

Of some of the other four names mentioned whose prominence was in a later period, after the foundations of the state had been securely laid by Sibley and Rice, there is less to be said. William Windom, congressman, senator and secretary of the treasury, in my judgment, does not deserve to rank with the other five. He rose to some eminence through long public service, as many others have done, but he did not belong to the constructive class. Senator Davis was perhaps more widely known than any other honored resident of the state except Bishop Whipple, and as scholar, orator and statesman, he deserves a very high place among Minnesota's great sons. For it was his good fortune to occupy a conspicuous position in the councils of the nation at a time when our own eyes and the eyes of the world were focused on Washington city. And in the great work of the United States senate at that time, in which he took a leading part, he gave service of great value to his country; nor was the luster of his public character dimmed by any of his distinguished compatriots.



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Reviewing the general character of the six men mentioned and their services to the state, I think first places must be given to Bishop Henry B. Whipple and ex-Governor John S. Pillsbury—the first most typical of the spiritual life of the state as a pioneer missionary, who gave great service to the work of the church, and through that work the best and greatest renown to the state at home and abroad. The second, a different type, for his important service while governor in rescuing the state from financial dishonor, as well as for his salvation of the University of Minnesota from bankruptcy and the fostering care he gave it until death; for his generous gift of a building to that institution, and for his large benefactions for noble charitable and educational institutions in his home city. Governor Pillsbury was not known nationally, but he did more for the state in a material sense than any other man in it. As to Bishop Whipple, no feeble words of mine can add to his glory. His memory is imperishable in the hearts of the good people of the state, and his life work will continue its growth with the growth of the spiritual and educational institutions he founded and nourished. It is such strong, pure characters—modest heroes they were—who leave their impress upon a state for time and eternity.

Since the above was written I was pleased to see that the St. Paul Commercial Club gave first place to Governor Sibley and Senator Rice.

The Farmer.

One of the Most Important Factors of the Commercial World.

By H. HAWLEY, Worthington Advance.

How few people realize or appreciate the humble farmer is one of the greatest factors in the movement of all the industries and enterprises of the world; and the success and magnitude of commerce depend upon the thrift and prosperity of the farmer. Of course, the dependence of the industries and the farmer are mutual, but the farmer is always independent and could subsist without the assistance of manufactured commodities, while on the other hand, manufacturers must have the farm product and dispose of manufactured goods to branches of commerce that are equally dependent upon the success of the tiller of the soil, or go out of business.

The farmer, in his independence, is in a position to subsist and live a life of comparative ease all unto himself, should he choose to do so. Of this fact we have evidence not only through history, but by the exhibition of crude instruments and tools employed in tilling the soil. Of course, with the home-made tools farming could not be conducted on the scale it is at the present day; we are speaking of the farmer's independence of the other branches of industries. The farmer is able to construct every tool necessary to the production of food essential to prolong life and provide clothing. What more are absolutely required by any one? But the majority of farmers being industrious, they would not be content to simply provide for themselves, therefore, instead of each individual being obliged to resort to farming for a livelihood, those who delight in the freedom afforded by farming are most happy and content when arranging for the sowing of the seed, reaping the harvest and sending it forth to the world, not only for the sustenance of the multitude, but creating and keeping in motion the various branches of commerce.

At the present day of this enlightened age, there are many inventions of various characters, some great and some small, all of which are manufactured and the farmer is the foundation of support of them all. As an illustration vehicles of transportation can fittingly be used, either the railroad or the boats. These methods of conveyances are chiefly instrumental in the development of every civilized coun-

H. HAWLEY.

try, but the farmer is there ahead of them in every instance. First the farmer produces articles that are needed by those who have no occupation, and this leads to the construction of some character of conveyance, and upon this is employed labor, and gradually the means of conveyance is improved upon. While the laborer is employed upon this he cannot at the same time provide other necessities that he requires; but other persons are engaged to do this, hence the beginning. Then the crude articles for various purposes, being improved and perfected by others, give employment to the idle and the farmer is then enabled to extend his domain, and those with a tendency to adopt farming as an occupation, seeing a profit in the work and demanding the use of manufactured articles, furnish labor to the increasing population. Thus the transportation companies, of necessity, require the product of labor to convey to the farmer the materials and implements he uses, and in return, transport back to the factory the farmer's products. Essential and necessary to the successful carrying on of this business, is required, great buildings and to facilitate the handling of commodities they are grouped, thus villages and great cities become centers. And these only spring up where the farmer exists or in some place where a certain commodity can be produced more advantageously than at other places, but these are only because of necessity brought about by the establishment of centers in rural districts. Bounding these centers or located towns, the farmer is first on the ground, if not, it is certain he will be there within a very short time. These centers enlarge according to the character and adaptability of the land for farming and if the land is fertile it will be rapidly placed in a producing condition and the same time the villages increasing and also the demand for manufactured articles, and the effect of farm progress felt in all commercial circles. Every variety of business feels the throb of the farmer's success as is demonstrated by the fact that every manufacturing establishment of this country watches the farm prospects year after year and adjust their plans correspondingly, knowing well the demand depends on the harvest of farm products. Every business caters to the farmer endeavoring at all times to provide something the farmer will want at some season of the year. Even Uncle Sam has arranged conveniences, such as giving the farmer weather forecasts and providing for the delivery of mail, and the Minneapolis Journal the greatest paper of the northwest through which the farmer can secure the news of the world and other information. The state of Minnesota, which furnishes striking examples of the position occupied by the farmer in the commercial world, by furnishing the wheat that makes the best flour and having dairies that produce world's prize butter, has very appropriately been named the "Bread and Butter State" through the energy, industry and intelligence of her farmers. The boys may call the farmer "mossback" and "hayseed" but nevertheless, the farmers are honest, the foundation and backbone of commerce, and they have been instrumental in making the "Bread and Butter" state famous throughout the entire world.

IT DIDN'T WORRY HIM.

Brooklyn Eagle.

It was evident that the obedient little maid was troubled.

"Mama insists that I must not see you any more," she said, regretfully.

The resourceful young man only smiled.

"Well," he replied carelessly, "if she is satisfied to have us meet in the dark, I am."

UNSAFE.

Life.

Nodd—Every time I hear that minister it makes me want to be a better man.

Mrs. Todd—Why don't you go to hear him oftener?

"But I don't want to lose all my self-respect."

A TALE OF WOE.

Moonshine.

Mrs. McVicars—"Aye, my Jennie's wee Johnny went wi' the Sabbath-skill's picnic, and he got awa doon by the wathersiide and fell in, and they havena found his body yet."

Mrs. Peterson—"Oh, lost me! And he'd have his best claes on, tae."

A PUBLIC NUISANCE

BY J. R. LANDY, BUFFALO LAKE NEWS

Among other things I would institute a movement having for its object the reformation of the college student. There is, perhaps, no greater public nuisance in this broad land of ours than the college student who vaults his egotistical soul into the arena of affairs with the intention of speedily setting the things of this world to rights. He is readily distinguished from other young men by his self-importance, his silly egotism and his total lack of practical wisdom. He may be seen wearing at all times a three-story collar, his hair long and parted in the middle, and with a demeanor that at once marks him as an obtrusive and consummate ass. He seldom fits himself for any of the useful vocations, but presumes to deal philosophically with all the problems of life. He is, of course, destined to adorn an official's chair in some exalted position, and, acting on this presumption, he feels entitled to more room in the world than should be given to an ordinary mortal.

It is not so much with the college life of this creature that the public is concerned as it is with his life during the budding days of his career, after he has started out to revolutionize things in general. In whichever of the "learned professions" he decides to devote his time and attention he is sure to succeed in making of himself an insufferable bore. But if he should decide to engage in the work of a country journalist, as he not infrequently does, it is then that a much-abused world soon gets its revenge. Of course, he has an opportunity to air his profound (?) philosophic ideas and to draw on his inexhaustible vocabulary for language calculated to make a lasting impression on the public mind, but the world is but a short time in taking the starch out of him and his first lesson of practical knowledge is obtained when he realizes that all his Platonic philosophy and bombastic style of rhetoric avails him little in dealing with the simple but practical problems of life.

The world seldom fails in reforming these creatures, but the trouble is the world suffers too long and too much be-

J. R. LANDY.

fore a complete reformation takes place. If something could be done in college to induce the student to practice modesty and self-effacement during the senior year of his course, he would be more easily endured by the world after he leaves his alma mater and launches into the arena of worldly affairs.

A SMALLER PAPER

Necessity and Art Both Demand It.

By M. H. Novotny, Argyle Banner.

The country newspaper publisher has many ideals of what a country newspaper should be. The tendency of the day is toward a paper of many pages—bulk. It is striving to imitate the mammoth city daily, with its special departments, space fillers and huge ads. There is no doubt but what the general public demands a many-paged paper, but the country newspaper should strive for the education of a higher taste—an ideal of brevity in news matter, ads, and form. The blanket sheets of the day are simply catering to abnormal taste. They are wasting paper, time and money. The excellence of a paper is not in its "bigness," but in its spice, brevity and condensed form; its neatly printed page and clear type. A brief statement of facts, free from sensationalism, put up in handy shape for busy readers is sufficient for the day. My ideal of a modern country paper is a neat seven-column folio, printed on book paper, with large, clear type. All news written in condensed form. Ads set smaller at higher figures. If a merchant wants a half page or full page ad let him get out a poster. A large paper is never preserved. It is too handy for wrapping up laundry. The small magazine is read and preserved. The time will soon be here when all papers will be printed in magazine form. The huge daily and bulky weekly make careless readers and poor thinkers. All knowledge comes through concentration of mind. The large newspaper posseses a tendency to bewilder, astonish and diffuse the mind. Thousands of busy business men read a twelve-page daily or an eight-page weekly while they eat their noonday meal. No wonder we are a nation of dyspeptics, both mental and physical. Cut down your papers, gentlemen of the press, and give yourselves and your readers a much-needed rest.

REMINISCENCES OF AN INTERVIEW

BY MRS. FRANKLYN W. LEE, RUSH CITY POST

The late Franklyn W. Lee, for many years an active scribbler for the columns of the twin city dailies, had many reportorial accomplishments peculiar to himself. Mr. Lee had a charming and piquant personality, and was particularly successful at interviewing noted people. In fact, interviewing was a favorite part of his busy life and he cultivated it to such an extent that he became known throughout the northwest for his abilities in that respect.

He was possessed of a wonderful memory and was never compelled to produce a note-book and pencil when in the presence of some austere individual with a particular hatred for reporters. To me he has often related experiences of this kind, how that many times he has been enabled to enjoy a chatty conversation with people whom he was assigned to interview and glean their innermost thoughts, simply because he didn't freeze them with the thought of being quoted. He could retain conversations almost verbatim for many days in his memory and when they finally appeared in print were always exactly as given to him, with no elaborations or contortions of his own manufacture. He was a quaint charming little man, scarce five feet in height, with the most attractive manners imaginable. He had a broad, intellectual, countenance, deep blue eyes, and a roguish twist to his full lips. He always went about with pockets bulging with papers and magazines with which he busied himself at every odd moment. On every torn envelope or scrap of paper about him were scribbled bits of verse, plots to stories or the scene to some drama which was to be the fruit of his brain and which he jotted down as the inspiration came. He was never the least bit awed by the grandest personage he encountered, and being possessed of courtly manners he was equally at home with a foreign dignitary surrounded by fawning admirers or the prize fighter fresh from the prize ring. He once had a unique experience with the latter type. Jim Corbett when in his palmiest days, a dramatic star and the

MRS. F. W. LEE.

favorite of the gallery gods was among Mr. Lee's assignments for an interview. Gentleman Jim was found emerging from his bath and as he turned himself over to his valet, he boasted of those things in those days, to be properly groomed he glowered down upon little Franklyn something as he might upon a speck of mud on his shiny patent leathers. Jim's fist was the terror of his admirers then, and his presence was something to awe the bravest, but he was soon chatting amiably with the scribe and he gave him a chummy slap on the shoulder in departing that almost crushed him to the earth with its force.

On one occasion he was compelled to rout the Hon. Thomas B. Reed out of bed to glean some important political news.

"Who's there?" thundered the great politician from behind his bedroom door. "I'm Lee, of the St. Paul Dispatch," replied Franklyn, valiantly.

"Who in blankety blank is Lee, or the Dispatch? I'm in bed."

"Can't help it. You happen to be Tom Reed, and that's why I am compelled to drag you out at this unseemly hour when I ought o be home enjoying my own virtuous couch. You are the only man who can enlighten me on a certain subject, so please be polite and grant me a brief moment of your valuable time." The interviewer gained his point and trotted away rejoicing.

Mr. Lee found Senator Davis rather difficult to interview because the senator invariably turned the conversation into personal chat concerning the interviewer's private affairs, of which he seemed unusually solicitious when questioned as to his views on some subject of seething public interest, and the reporter always found it difficult to keep his mission uppermost and perform his duty. The senator was highly appreciative of Franklyn's abilities, however, and among the latter's souvenir letters are numbers of congratulatory letters from Cushman K. Davis acknowledging various interview reports and extending praise. Mr. Le eonce quoted the senator to the extent of several columns without taking a single note during the entire interview.

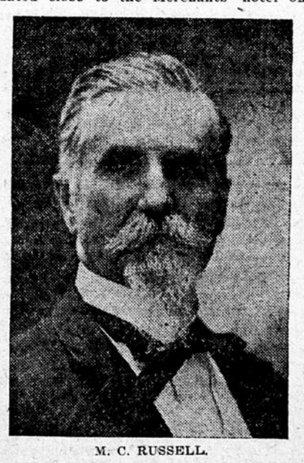
Among other notables whom he had encountered were Charles Dickens the younger, Sir Edwin Arnold, with whom he corresponded for some time, Rudyard Kipling, Max O'Rell, Sarah Bernhardt and any number of lesser lights.

During his career as a dramatic critic he was thrown into personal contact with the entire dramatic profession and they grew to regard him as their friend on account of his just and careful criticisms. There are a number of well-known actors now footlight favorites upon whom Franklyn used to look with a personal pride and used to almost claim the privilege of having discovered, so to speak, Ben Johnson, Walter Hale and Herschal Mayall were among his pets, of whom he had great hopes. He always looked upon Minnie Maddern Fisk and Julia Arthur as being possessed of unusual talent, and they have verified his greatest ambitions for them. Mr. Lee was versatile in his interviewing qualifications, and that was one secret of his success. He had the knack of putting speeches into people's mouths, and when he found a familiar noted name on a hotel register and happened to know the person, he would rush to his desk and pound out an interview on some subject of interest for the moment, which would be perfectly characteristic of the person in question, and thus relieve the distinguished visitor of trying to say clever things for the newspapers. Major Edwards of Fargo always congratulated Franklyn upon his ability to interview him so accurately without ever having seen him.

THE STORY OF AN OLD TIMER

BY M. C. RUSSELL, LAKE CITY REPUBLICAN

Mr. H. P. Hall, St. Paul, Minn.—"Dear Old Friend: A yellow sheet of paper has reached my rosewood editorial table, upon which is printed (on the paper, not the table) a sort of program of the Editorial association meeting for this year. Among other things, editors are invited to contribute to a department in the Minneapolis Journal. Although I realize that this is an invitation, and not a demand, yet I am constrained to drop a line to the "editorial boys" of the current century, both to show them my hearty good will, and in a belief that a brief note, at least (and in particular), would prove acceptable to them, coming from a member of the association during a goodly part of a former century—"one of whom you are also which," my dear Hall. The last meeting I attended was held in the city hall at Minneapolis, and we did our eating, dancing and water-drinking at the Nicollet. At that session the galleries and lobby were pretty well filled by citizens of the town, curious to see what sort of a deliberative body a Minnesota Editorial association might be, anyway. Croffut was secretary; I forget who was president. While the secretary was engaged in reading "letters of regret" from members unable to be present—standing in his favorite attitude, one hand deep in his trousers pocket, the other holding the letter he was reading—Jennison of Red Wing arose and made an inquiry which almost knocked poor Croffut off his feet and convulsed the crowd of spectators with almost uncontrollable laughter. The president broke the handle off the city council's gavel in "mauling for order." Jennison was eternally making "breaks" at these meetings, but he was one of the few who could say and do things with happy results that any other member would have been hung for, and he did it so innocently, too; one would think, to look into his face, as he arose to make one of his inquiries—they were largely inquiries—that he was about to ask at what hour his grandmother's funeral was to be held. There used to be another "character" who was nearly always present at the earlier meetings of the association—an honorary member he was—the late Lute Taylor of La Crosse. At one of the meetings, held in an old fire engine house, then situated close to the Merchants' hotel on



M. C. RUSSELL.

Jackson street, in St. Paul, Lute was present. He came into the meeting quite late. The president, upon taking his seat, found lying on the dusty desk one of those large firehorns that the chiefs of fire companies used to use in those days whenever he wanted to be heard by the workers at the fire—to tell them when the fire was over, I presume, or to announce a free lunch and a rest, at an opposite beer orchard; there was, in those days, sure to be a hop-juice garden opposite anything and everything. One of the members, upon seeing this wind instrument in the hands of the president, made a motion that the association present it as a token of love and respect to their visiting brother from La Crosse. It was unanimously carried, of course. A little later in the proceedings Taylor came quietly in and took a seat. At once all business was suspended and amidst a silence that was painful to a nineteenth century Minnesota editor, the president arose in his place and in a very neat way said:

"Brother Taylor, in behalf of and by a unanimous vote of this association, as a mark of our profound respect and love for yourself, I have the honor to present you with this beautiful and gigantic silver horn."

Lute Taylor had a stammer in his speech, which made anything he said exceedingly rich and funny, aside from his ready wit. He got to his feet and returned his thanks in this wise:

"Mr. P-p-president, being w-w-well aware of the imp-p-posing hospi-pi-pi-t-t-tality of this b-b-body, and expect-expecting its m-m-members mi-might be up to some t-t-trick, I t-t-took the pre-pre-precaution to t-t-take a gr-great big horn j-j-just before I ca-came in." And yet Taylor was a very temperate as well as lovable man.

Well, my dear old-time friend, I am "stringing this out," and yet, like the mule-driver, I talk a good deal, but say little. I only know a few of the present brethren. It isn't quite so easy to "know all the editors" now as it was when they could all get into a room 12x16 and yet have plenty of room for visitors. Yourself, Ramaley, Bennett, McDonald, Mitchell, Todd, Sinclair and half a dozen more, probably—who are now members—are all I know. But, to these and all, I send "greeting"—I believe that is "a good word." In your deliberations I feel a deep interest, and in your lives a most kindly solicitude.