THE JOURNAL

LUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER. | J. S. McLAIN, EDITOR.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

Payable to The Journal Printing Co.

Delivered by Mail.

One copy, one month	$0.35
One copy, three months	1.00
One copy, six months	2.00
One copy, one year	4.00
Saturday Eve. edition, 20 to 28 pages	1.50

Delivered by carrier

One copy, one week	8 cents
One copy, one month	35 cents
Single copy	2 cents

JOURNAL TELEPHONE—All departments may now be reached on the Northwestern system by calling for Main 9. Central will connect you with The Journal switchboard, the operator on which will connect you with any department or person you desire, or will tell you whom to call for if you state your business.

Twin City Telephones—Business, No. 9; Editorial, No. 11; Subscription, No. 192.

THE JOURNAL is published every evening, except Sunday, at 47-49 Fourth Street South, Journal Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

C. J. Billson, Manager Foreign Advertising Department.

NEW YORK OFFICE—86, 87, 88 Tribune building.

CHICAGO OFFICE—307, 308 Stock Exchange building.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Subscribers ordering addresses of their papers changed must always give their former as well as present address.

CONTINUED

All papers are continued until an explicit order is received for discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid.

COMPLAINTS

Subscribers will please notify the office in every case where their papers are not Delivered Promptly, or when the collections are not promptly made.

The Journal is on sale at the newsstands of the following hotels:
Pittsburg, Pa.—Du Quesne.
Salt Lake City, Utah—The Knutsford.
Omaha, Neb.—Paxton Hotel.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Hotel Van Nuys.
Denver, Col.—Brown's Palace Hotel.
St. Louis, Mo.—Planters' Hotel, Southern Hotel.
Kansas City, Mo.—Coates House.
Boston, Mass.—Young's Hotel, United States, Touraine.
Cleveland, Ohio—Hollenden House, Weddell House.
Cincinnati, Ohio—Grand Hotel.
Detroit, Mich.—Russell House, Cadillac.
Washington, D. C.—Arlington Hotel, Raleigh.
Chicago, Ill.—Auditorium Annex, Great Northern.
New York City—Imperial, Holland, Murray Hill, Waldorf.
Spokane, Wash.—Spokane Hotel.
Tacoma, Wash.—Tacoma Hotel.
Seattle, Wash.—Butler Hotel.
Portland, Oregon—Portland Hotel, Perkins Hotel.

AN AMAZING VERDICT

The acquittal of Chief of Police Ames can not be said to be popular. It is distinctly unpopular. It took the public by surprise. Compared with the Gardner case, which is paralleled in the nature of its evidence, but with some very essential strengthening thereof, conviction seemed certain to most students of the evidence. Viewed in the light of the conviction of Detective King on weaker evidence there seemed no conclusion but that the chief would be convicted. It is one more proof that the man does not live who, by studying his own reasoning methods, can predict what a jury will do.

We have no doubt that the jurymen acted conscientiously. We have heard no whispers of reflection upon their individual or collective integrity. In trying to get their point of view it must be remembered that the chief was not on trial for violation of general moral principles, but for the specifically alleged offense of corruptly receiving a certain $25. In weighing the evidence, the jury may have concluded that there was a reasonable doubt as to whether the chief did accept that particular bribe. As to the actual transaction itself, there was the word of the chief against the word of a convicted criminal and a professional crook.

But the supporting evidence was all with the crook and all against the chief. It might be assumed that both had motives for taking liberties with the facts, but on that theory it was the crook and not the chief that was sustained by the testimony of others on contributory facts. Moreover, enough facts were brought out in the trial to make a fair question with any jury whether the chief would not have accepted money under the conditions alleged. Neither he nor his administration of police matters appeared in an enviable light. On the whole, it is hard to see how stronger evidence could be obtained to support such an indictment, inasmuch as much of the evidence preceded from former and present members of the police force.

The public believes that the chief is as guilty as Gardner, and is amazed that he should be acquitted on stronger evidence than that which convicted Gardner. Moreover, the Ames trial was more important than the trials of Gardner and King. Ames was the responsible head of the police department. He could have prevented or at least he could have stamped out the rottenness which existed in it, if he has the qualifications that the office calls for.

The jury was doubtless influenced, as most juries are, by the eloquence of counsel, personal sympathy for the broken chief, his wife and children. It hesitated to convict of so mean a crime a man who had occupied so high a position in the community, who commanded a Minnesota regiment in the Philippines, and who for long years enjoyed and deserved a good reputation.

The overlooked fact that the federal mineral laws do not apply to government lands in Minnesota puts a somewhat different aspect on the proposed Lake Superior forest reserve. Unless a suitable law be passed the presidential order creating such a reserve would bar out all prospectors and miners. Of course, in an iron and steel age such important resources as iron ores cannot be permitted to be withheld from development by a forest reservation, however generally desirable it may be. But there can be no doubt that if the president should create a reservation, congress would speedily enact a law permitting mineral prospecting and mining under the same or similar conditions that exist in the forest reserves of the Rocky mountain country. Mining, properly conducted, and supervised would not greatly interfere with the forests of the reserve. So, after all, the real difficulty in the way of creating such a reserve is the desire for the standing timber it may contain.

A CARELESS PREDICTION

At the annual meeting of the historic Hudson's Bay company in London, on Monday, Lord Strathcona, the company's governor, predicted that in another decade Canada would supply all of Britain's foodstuffs.

The prediction is altogether too optimistic. The noble lord is imbued with the same rosy extravagance as to the future which has lately taken possession of the whole of Canada. That vast country has a splendid future and doubtless will supply Great Britain winth a large proportion of her foodstuffs within a decade, but to say that she will supply them all is to indulge in hyperbole. Like most general statements and predictions this one was probably made without reference to the facts.

If Lord Strathcona had limited his prediction to wheat and some other items of food, he might have hit the nail on the head. Western Canada last year produced 62,000,000 bushels of wheat. The total English importations of wheat in the kernel are 67,000,000 hundred weight, or about 110,000,000 bushels; of wheat flour, 23,000,000 hundred weight, or about 38,000,000 bushels.

So it takes about 150,000,000 bushels of wheat to keep the English markets going. That is nearly three times as much as the western Canadian wheat crop of last year. At present the United States furnishes about 47 per cent of the wheat England consumes, and 83 per cent of the wheat flour. The Canadian flour now imported into Britain is a negligible quantity and, so far, the imports of wheat from Canada have not been large—previous to 1901 they did not exceed 16,000,000 bushels. But as Canada will, within the next decade, have about 250,000,000 bushels of wheat to export, she can easily supply the British market in this respect. In dairy products Canada already has a strong hold on the British market and will continue to enjoy it.

But in the principal items of animal food it will take Canada more than one decade to gain the commanding position now held by the United States in the British markets. Great Britain imports 495,645 head of live cattle, of which the United States supplies 71 per cent and Canada about a fourth. Of live sheep the United States gives Great Britain 38 per cent of the 338,833 head imported and Canada less than a fourth. The United States supplies Great Britain with 70 per cent of the 462,350,560 pounds of fresh beef it annually consumes, and Canada sends practically nothing. Of salt beef the United States supplies 96 per cent; of cured beef, 56 per cent; of bacon 89 per cent; of ham, 89 per cent; of lard, 93 per cent; salt pork, 52 per cent, and of fresh pork, 35 per cent. Cheese is the food item in which Canada now makes the best showing in the British market. It supplies the British people with more than half of the 303,000,000 pounds they annually consume.

The chief agricultural development in western Canada in the next few years is going to be in the line of wheat production. There will be a considerable gain in cattle production, but it will not be of such proportions as to alarm the United States. As for oats and corn the United States will continue to lead in their production. The agricultural development of the United States has by no means reached its maximum, though that point may have been reached in wheat, which, being a crop that yields a small margin of profit, is particularly the crop favorable to new and cheap lands. Some of the predictions as to the decline of the beef industry in this country need to be discounted. New beef country is being opened up. In the south and in the north cattle will soon be raised on a large scale where they have never been raised before, and irrigation will increase the extent of the available western grazing lands.

But, of course, a thinly populated country like Canada, just starting in agriculture on a large scale, will have a greater surplus than a country of great population, like the United States, and will tend for many years to become more and more of an exporter of agricultural products, while the United States will, in some lines, soon tend to export less. But the change will not come so rapidly as Lord Strathcona predicts. Canada has immense agricultural possibilities, but they are not going to be developed quite so rapidly as the Strathcona prediction would necessitate, if it is to be fulfilled.

If we had free trade in agricultural products the growth of the Canadian foodstuffs surplus would probably benefit us about as much as the Canadians. Any shortage in our domestic food supply could be cheaply made up from Canada, and our exporters would very naturally apply their highly organized business systems to Canadian produce and easily control the export trade of that country.

CUBAN HEADWINDS

It is reported from New York that business by the steamship lines between that city and Cuban ports has fallen off heavily during the last few months, the freight offerings being so light that some of the steamships have been withdrawn from the service. The officers of the leading steamship lines report that their vessels are going with half cargoes and that they see no prospect of improved trade under the existing conditions.

The planters in Cuba are generally so short of funds that they will plant a reduced acreage in sugar cane. The small sugar cane growers are, of course, very badly off and many laborers will be out of employment.

The Cuban congress is urged constantly to do something to relieve the depressed situation, but what can it do? The revenue is not more than enough to meet current expenses. The Cuban revenues have fallen off and are not up to the ordinary amount of $1,000,000 a month ,and congress, which meets twice a year, costs $500,000 a year. The army of the rebellion is clamoring to be paid and that means disbursement of not less than $20,000,000 and the government has been cutting down salaries and abolishing useless offices to live within the income. The relief measures discussed cannot be carried out because there is no money in the treasury except for bare current expenses. Some propositions have been made to issue paper money after the plans of our own champions of irredeemable currency, so that everybody in Cuba can have his pockets filled with shinplasters, but these propositions do not go with the majority, who have more common sense than our statesmen of the caliber of Colonel Bryan. There is talk of adopting the Spanish tariff of 1897, leaving out the preferential duties favoring Spain.

It seems hard that, through the refusal of our congress to do the fair thing for Cuba, the republic, newly born, has to face such a stormy atmosphere. It is hard that, by the congress of the country which brought Cuba out of the grip of despotism and from the house of bondage, the nascent republic should be stricken with a disastrous blight and told by some of our statesmen that her only refuge from ruin is to make application for admission into the American Union! The defeat of the measure for commercial concessions, by the machinations of the beet sugar trust, now protected to the extent of 95 per cent, was an atrociously wicked act. If the Cubans are compelled for self preservation to seek annexation, and the island is admitted, it will be a righteous judgment upon the selfishness of the beet sugar interest which blocked the way against any concession, on the plea that if one mill of the very absurdly large amount of protection it receives were taken off, it would be ruined and annihilated. The fact that the head of the beet sugar interest has assured capitalists that the business of producing beet sugar would flourish even under absolute free trade, makes the position assumed by the beet sugar men in congress still more indefensible.

How pleasant it would be if we had a big, brainy man in the mayor's chair to represent Minneapolis on such occasions as that of the present National Educational Association convention. However, we are in luck in having a heavyweight for president of the council. Mr. Jones represented the city creditably yesterday. We wish he could represent the city in such ways, and in all ways that pertain to the mayor's office, by virtue of occupying that office instead of as a substitute.

A RELIC OF ANTIQUITY

Two recent verdicts in Minneapolis suggest that on the average as good results would be obtained by drawing lots as by submitting cases to the judgment of twelve men. In theory a jury is supposed to listen to evidence, to consider its credibility, to weigh one piece of testimony against the other and come to a conclusion calmly, coolly and without passion, after the fashion of scales.

The fact and the practice are that juries deal with much outside the realm of testified fact. They are moved by considerations of the social and political position of the accused, they are swerved by sympathy for him, sympathy for his family, by reluctance to take a step that will commit to prison a person who has hitherto enjoyed a good reputation—no matter how plainly the evidence may indicate that he has belied his reputation and fallen from grace.

We have had recent convincing evidence that the system of trial by jury is not what it is supposed to be. It has come down to us from other times, when it was the bulwark of the lives and liberties of the subjects of a monarchical government. We have honored it for what it once was and have continued it in power because it was once indispensable.

But with the judiciary generally elective and always subject to impeachment; with no political authority anywhere in our system that does not proceed from the people, there is little danger that any government will use its temporary powers, or any judge forget the dignity of his office, to condemn innocent men.

A judge is a man trained from boyhood to take the judicial view. In his profession of the law he was taught to weigh evidence, to preserve a cool mind, to investigate carefully, long before he ever came to the bench. If he hasn't the judicial temperament he is not likely long to remain on the bench. If he has it he becomes a better judge the longer he remains there—especially while the necessity of going before the people at recurring elections keeps him in touch with them and reminds him that he is one of the people.

Most innocent men accused of crime and most civil litigants assured of the righteousness of their contentions would rather commit their liberty and their property into the keeping of a judge than those of a jury. The guilty man, accused of a crime, or the litigant in the wrong, might prefer the jury, because they expect something more than justice. With a jury there is a chance, and often a large chance that the evidence will not be correctly weighed and that matters that are not evidence and do not appear in the court record will influence their decisions. The pathos of the advocate's voice, the tears in his eyes, his touching eloquence may impress the jury far more than the indisputable facts. These appeals to the emotions have little effect on judges, who see behind them checks for professional services and the lawyer's duty to present his client's case as best he may.

Americans pride themselves on their progressiveness, on the freedom from enthralling effect of devotion to ancestors. But what is it in the world, except an unreasonable conviction, inherited from other times and other countries, that keeps us so firmly attached to the jury system?

Referring to Cuban reciprocity, Senator Hanna said just before the adjournment of congress: "Soon an opportunity will be offered to show whether the policy of McKinley and Roosevelt is to be upheld in this country. My opinion is that we shall hear from the people in unmistakable terms." The senator is correct. The policy of McKinley and Roosevelt is upheld in this country and the people are going to be heard from on that matter in a way which will satisfy the most skeptical that the burden of a heavy moral obligation is something that the people of this country are not disposed to cast lightly aside, nor will they easily excuse the error of those who have so seriously mistaken the temper of their constituents as to assume that they are not in favor of a prompt and manly discharge of that obligation. It is too much of a strain upon their self respect for them to feel otherwise.

A HARDHEADED STATESMAN

The British colonial secretary, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, was recently propelled through the glass door of a cab, his head striking the street pavement with great force and, in consequence the secretary is laid up with a stitched wound, no doubt thankful that he escaped death from an accident which would have been for most men a preliminary of a funeral. The colonial secretary, however, is a very hardheaded gentleman, and, one who can stand the torrents of abuse heaped upon his head during the war in South Africa, is fully able to stand an unceremonious ejection from a cab, even if he barely escaped the infliction of a cracked skull.

The mishap of Mr. Chamberlain will arrest the progress of the conference of the colonial premiers which, to-day, was to consider the colonial secretary's hobby, imperial defense. Before the conference met, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the chancellor of the exchequer, speaking in the house of commons, in reply to liberal questionings, knocked Chamberlain's imperial zollverein project on the head, by declaring that the government had no idea of adopting any such combination and had not gone further than to consider the subject of an interchange of preferential duties. This "imperial zollverein" scheme was part and parcel of the imperial federation plan. To-day the phase of imperial defense was to have been taken up, and pending Mr. Chamberlain's convalescence the colonial premiers will have time to ruminate upon the subject.

The only premier who has thus far stood boldly for the whole Chamberlain scheme of imperial federation is Seddon of New Zealand. Imperial defense, according to the Chamberlain scheme, will give the imperial government the power to order troops from the colonies according to its needs for the defense of the empire when it sees fit. The two powerful colonies of Australia and Canada, which are practically independent, and which voluntarily furnished troops which did very effective service during the late war in South Africa, are not willing to bind themselves to a rigid rule of quota furnishing.

The political career of Mr. Chamberlain is remarkable. Before he came into the conservative party after his break with Gladstone over the latter's Irish policy, which included the restoration of the Irish parliament, Chamberlain was a radical of the radicals, who believed that every tory statesman was conspiring to overthrow the liberties of Britain. He was always trying to bring out a program which would dazzle the masses. He regarded himself as the Hercules ready to respond to the party's call to drag them out of a hole. He was far more radical than "Grand Old Man" Gladstone. About twenty years ago, the Scottish liberals, at a time when their party was discouraged and Gladstone talked of retiring, presented Chamberlain with a shepherd's crook, a picturesque method of calling upon him to lead and solidify the liberal party. This had the effect of stimulating Gladstone, who resumed the leadership after delivering an address which required three or four hours in delivery. Chamberlain was so rapidly developing into a radical socialist that the sober element of his party were afraid of him. He declaimed against landed property. He declared that talk about economic laws and the sanctity of private rights was only the convenient cant of selfish wealth. He wanted to abolish the house of lords; he wanted to divide up the great estates for the benefit of the landless.

Finally this radical socialist flopped into the tory or conservative party, which he had antagonized all his public life, when Gladstone pushed his Irish government bill, and has now become the most active leader of imperial policies and goes beyond that ancient and experienced imperialist, Lord Salisbury, who has found it necessary to suggest to his party to go slowly in the matter of imperial federation.

Nevertheless, Mr. Chamberlain is recognized as an aspirant for the premiership in case Salisbury retires. A good many people in the United Kingdom, however, remember that the billion-dollar war in South Africa was due largely to the political ambition of Joseph Chamberlain.

About the time the colonial premiers have got through talking in London and it begins to look as if there might be something "doing" in the way of preference for preference within the British empire, your Uncle Sam may offer England a reciprocity treaty that will make colonial markets look like a small collection of insignificant coins.

The patrons of a local savings bank put in $100,000 the day before the Fourth and drew out $29,000. Our thrifty Minneapolitans mean to have a good time, but at the same time they keep the bank balance on the right side and add a little to it.

It appears from the bunch of indictments brought in by the grand jury today that one acquittal doesn't stop the machine of justice in Hennepin county.

The Indian teachers are divided as to whether the Indian maiden should be taught to milk the cow. Well, if they want the cow milked at all, they would better teach her.

The beef trust now tells Johnny Bull what to pay for his meat and then sells it to him. The tobacco trust wishes it were the beef trust.

President Murray Butler will make a great many small boys very happy if he can cut out four grades in the public school course.

The extraordinary manner in which persons distant from their own country sometimes misjudge and misrepresent that country is shown by Don M. Dickinson's absolutely nonsensical statement in London last night that the United States is yearning to make Mr. Choate president after Roosevelt.

The worm has turned. The railroads have begun to talk back to the millers.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed.

You might as well convict a man as to scare him stiff.

Hope is expressed in Montana that Mary Maclane and Professor Triggs may not meet in Chicago.

As if to back up congress in its recent canal decision, two volcanoes sixty miles southeast of Lake Nicaragua blew up recently, nearly causing a revolution in Costa Rica.

Some of the corn shorts paid 90 cents a bushel for the luxury of having bet against one of the wisest fat boys in the bunch.

A jury of twelve lobsters to try Captain Fitchette might be secured.

A Chicago concern has patented a steam sewer digger which is now at work in St. Louis. Its capacity is a ditch fifteen feet deep and sixty feet long per hour, or an amount of work equalling that of about 100 workmen. Only two or three men are needed to operate the machine, which is attached by strong lines to a point ahead. The power of the engine draws heavily on the lines, impelling the immense machine slowly forward. It leaves in its wake a perfectly dug ditch, the walls being absolutely symmetrical and perpendicular. Many unemployed men stand around watching it with great disgust. A machine big enough to push the Panama canal through, say sixty feet per hour, would be something of a shock to the effete sewer contractors of Europe.

With coal at the price promised for next fall, the old furnace ought to be able to draw a check or make a draft on New York.

Eighty cent corn! No wonder the poor, down-trodden farmer acts as if there were a tack in his chair.

The old idea that "teacher" had to be about as graceful as the sinuous curves of a hatrack and carry a face that would throw a gloom over a funeral has been dissipated by the convention.

Miss Mary Maclane, the fiery young meteor from Beaut, Mont., who has made the alleged literary discovery that the devil is not as bad a party as he has been painted, has gone, quite naturally, to Chicago, where there are a great many people of the same way of thinking. If we may judge by the remarks of our friend, Dr. Dowie, the Accuser of the Brethren has as many friends in Chicago as in any two places on the continent. Personally we are opposed to the devil and all his works. From a somewhat casual acquaintance with him in the past, it was discovered that he is not a man of his word. He is long on promises but very short on fulfillment and the conclusion was finally driven home by the irresistible logic of facts that the devil was, not to put too fine a point upon it, a prevaricator. Since making this discovery, when the devil has put in an appearance we have either "ducked" or accused him openly of mendacity, the latter course usually causing him to disappear as suddenly as a green apple in the presence of our younger brother.

No doubt the old scoundrel, with his hoof neatly laundered and concealed in a patent leather shoe, has promised Miss Maclane that she shall become as a goddess, knowing good and evil. He has agreed to furnish her a wider liberty, joy and the wild, free sense of untrammelled life. It may seem that way at first, but in the long run the lie will be exposed by the facts, the liberty will be found to be slavery, the joy will be turned to grief, the wild, free sense of life will become a burden, and the years will have no pleasure in them. If there is any party more than another that we would like to reach for with a baseball bat just abaft the starboard horn it is this same devil. He is a wily old fraud, and if we had our way the grand jury would get after him and he would get thirty million years in the workhouse.

MINNESOTA POLITICS.

LIND IS NOT TALKING POLITICS. Former Governor Lind refuses to discuss the probability of his candidacy for congress. When seen this morning he was digging away at a brief, wearing a negligee working costume and an intent expression.

"I'm not talking politics," he said. "I have no fault to find with the suggestion of The Journal that I run for court commissioner. That is an office with no duties and no emoluments, I believe. It would about suit me. I don't have any time for politics."

It is known, however, that the ex-governor is seriously considering the congressional proposition, and local democrats are building up hopes on the strength of his possible candidacy. He has received encouragement from unexpected sources. Prominent republican business men are using their influence to get him to come out in the hope that it will assist in Fletcher's nomination. They realize that should Mr. Lind run he would stand a good show of election, but this does not disturb them any. They are indifferent as between Lind and Fletcher, and with Fletcher out of it would throw their influence to Lind.

On the other hand, the friends of Eugene Hay believe that Lind's candidacy on the democratic side would work against Fletcher, who has always had a great deal of democratic strength, and that it would work in favor of Hay as against Peterson. The latter's adherents say that with Lind in the field it would be necessary for the republicans to nominate a Scandinavian in order to beat him.

CONGRESSIONAL CONTEST WARMING UP. "Uncle Loren" will set doubts at rest as to his future course by opening headquarters tomorrow and starting out an aggressive campaign for renomination. There has been a persistent rumor to the effect that he would retire from the field soon after his return from Washington, but Mr. Fletcher's course does not indicate any such intention. The foundation for this story was in the fact that for the past two months little or nothing had been done in Mr. Fletcher's interests, while the other two candidates were hard at work lining up the voters.

Mr. Fletcher announced this morning that he would be his own campaign manager, and that he would let the other fellows know they had been in a campaign before they got through. Joseph Carmody, his secretary, will be out from Washington Sunday to assist him in the campaign. He will have a number of other lieutenants. Two of them, David Gorham and John Swift, are home from Washington and at work.

Mr. Fletcher's headquarters will be on the ninth floor of the Phoenix building.

A TRIBUTE TO TAMS. The Red Wing Republican calls attention to the fact that while opposition papers at home were printing stories of the Goodhue county convention entitled "Tams Turned Down," the Muskogee Phoenix was printing an article headed "Tams the Tenacious." It lauded him for his effective work in securing the passage of the Cherokee bill by congress in the following:

This completes the most remarkable record ever made by congress in legislating on territory affairs, and practically all the credit belongs to Tams Bixby. Called to Washington a few weeks ago, when even the most sanguine agreed there would be no action taken by congress on the supplemental treaties of the Choctaw, Chickasaw and Creek nations, and when Cherokee legislation was not seriously considered, he has, by his indomitable energy, intelligence, perseverance, tenacity and unexcelled political influence, accomplished more practical results in these few weeks than has ever before been accomplished in as many years. This is the same Bixby who has been villified, traduced and slandered by certain papers because, as they put it, "he was making no effort to finish the work assigned the commission of which he has been in effect chairman."

Tams Bixby is used to roasts, and no doubt appreciates such complimentary mention. His "turning down" in Minnesota was only the result of one of Tams' very rare political mistakes. He was evidently "gold-bricked" by some one at Washington into thinking the time ripe for an anti-Van Sant revolt that would land him in the governor's chair. He came to Minnesota in this belief, and when he struck the tide of public sentiment in Minnesota he received a severe chill. He carried the game just far enough to show his hand, and then surrendered gracefully. His attitude toward Van Sant, however, was sufficient excuse for his enemies in Goodhue county to go after him and leave him off the delegation to the state convention.

McKINNON IS REFLECTING. Alex McKinnon of Crookston was in St. Paul yesterday. He has not made up his mind to run for congress in the ninth district on the democratic ticket. He admits that it seems to be up to him, and that he will give a decision soon. The indications are that he will decide to run. He thinks there is a good chance for a democrat in that district, with any kind of backing from the old populists. The latter are going to have a hard time to find a candidate. A. R. Holston of Crookston has changed his mind and says he will not run.

Mr. McKinnon is strong in the valley. When he ran for state treasurer on the fusion ticket in 1896 he carried the counties now comprising the ninth district by 6,000.

The republicans of Otter Tail county are counting on the democratic-populist split to land their legislative ticket a winner this fall. The republican candidate for senator will be either Dr. A. B. Cole of Fergus Falls or Representative Charles N. Haugen of Pelican Rapids. The latter was a reliable and clean member of the last house and is a brother of Congressman Haugen from the fourth district of Iowa. Dr. Cole is a prominent citizen of Fergus. His brother, A. L. Cole of Motley, will be one of the house members from the fifty-second district this winter.

ODELL IS NOW A DEMOCRAT. Spurgeon Odell says he is a democrat and will take the nomination of that party for secretary of state. This means that his name cannot go on the populist ballot, and the populist state committee will fill the place by naming another candidate. Mr. Odell has been the leading populist of the second district and chairman of the Lyon county committee. He is closing a term as clerk of court in that county, but is going to work for a land company. He will travel for them this fall, and his campaign for secretary of state on the democratic ticket will be a "side line."

The Minnesota Afro-American Republican association organized yesterday at the state capitol. The following officers were chosen:

President, Henry B. Howard, St. Paul; first vice-president, W. R. Morris, Minneapolis; second vice president, C. W. Scrutchin, Bemidji; secretary, W. T. Francis, St. Paul; treasurer, Harry Shepherd, St. Paul; sergeant-at-arms, Archie Scott, St. Paul; executive committee, D. E. Beasley, H. J. Shelton, G. W. Day, Joseph Curry, C. W. Scrutchin, H. J. Hadley, S. J. Charleston, J. H. Dillingham, F. D. Parker, J. L. Neal and J. Q. Adams.

The organization will do effective work for the republican ticket this fall.

The Bemidji Pioneer says:

If the people of Cass Lake have a little bit of gratitude, they will start A. G. Bernard out for a seat in congress. His zeal and courage and good judgment in adjusting that reservation opening fairly entitle him to the honor of a congressional nomination.

The democratic county committee was completed last evening by the selection of Alderman John Ryan to represent the thirty-eighth legislative district, Michael Whelan for the forty-fourth and the following at large: James Dwyer, F. S. Corser, Henry Rosing, F. G. Winston and Elijah Barton.

The Albert Lea Standard is one of those populist newspapers which is having a hard time to reconcile a straight populist ticket with its previous convictions. It now says:

The position of the Standard cannot be misunderstood. It believes in maintaining at least a formal organization of the people's party, to guard against contingencies in 1904, but maintains that the fight against plutocracy will never be won except through the united effort of all the reform forces.

In other words, the Standard would go it alone this year in order to fuse again later on. Perfectly plain.

Four of the city wards have selected their members of the republican county committee, as follows: Fourth ward, S. L. Trussell; sixth ward, Alderman N. J. Nelson; seventh, A. E. Allen; ninth, Dan Brown. The new committee will meet for organization July 17, and it is now settled that George Matchan will be re-elected chairman and will have charge of the local campaign again. While averse to sacrificing his time for the work again, he has been prevailed on and will accept.

—Charles B. Cheney.

CAMILLE OF MARTINIQUE

By MARY WOOD.

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Company.

Under the brilliant southern stars the white camelias gleamed waxlike. Between the glossy leaves a slender figure leaned over the low white wall that skirted the garden. It seemed a spirit of the night, that face shadowed by dusky hair, gazing down with troubled eyes into the passionate one raised to her own.

"Camille," he whispered, "mia bella, must I still implore you? It is that you do not love me, cruel one."

He seized her hands imperiously as if to draw her to him. They trembled in his hot grasp as her voice sighed

"Filipe, it is you who are cruel. You know—the granpere is so old. He has none but me. It would kill him if I should fly with you."

The girl's charming patois betrayed the daughter of France, while her deep, mysterious eyes were the heritage of some Indian beauty—a quadroon girl, but none the less vaunted as the heiress of old M. Le Moyne and the belle of St. Pierre, where the color line is but loosely drawn. Her granpere planned to go to Paris in the fall. She was so beautiful; a prince perhaps, or at least a count.

"FILIPE, IT IS YOU WHO ARE CRUEL."

And she? She had already given her heart to the keeping of Filipe, he who only owned a small lugger plying between Martinique and Guadaloupe.

She loved him, and yet she answered all his prayers with "Wait!" Filipe could not understand it. As the night wind, perfumed with the scent of a hundred flowers, caressed her cheek, his heart was suddenly filled with a passionate jealousy. She was so beautiful, and she loved him alone, and yet the fates had placed her high above him, so that as now, he could barely touch the tips of her delicate fingers with his lips. The hot blood of Spain that lent color to his swarthy cheek and fire to his dark eye, could not brook such thwarting.

"Camille," he cried impetuously, "let me again implore you! Come with me. The white sails of my Santa Maria will bear you safely to Basse Terre, and there I have a friend, a good padre, who will make us one. Come, my flower."

His voice had softened to infinite tenderness. Camille leaned heavily against the wall, and her words were broken by longing as she whispered, "I cannot—"

A hot tear splashed down upon his hand, but he drew it away roughly. "Enough of tears!" he cried bitterly. "They cost you nothing, while I—I am eating my heart out for you. But you have said 'no' once too often. I swear to you"—and he raised his hand and pointed to the distant mountain peak half cloaked in vapor—"I swear to you that yon sleeping Pelee shall wake to life before I again seek for your love!"

Camille gave a cry of anguish, but it fell on ears all unheeding. Filipe strode down the road toward the quay with never a backward glance. The girl's face was as waxen as her namesake's, and, like a rudely broken flower, she sank on her knees against the wall. Above her sobs came the rumble of Pelee's voice, but she did not hear.

* * * * * * *

It was at Basse Terre that the news came to Filipe—came in a swift succession of horrible rumors, each more terrifying than the last. Pelee had awakened. And St. Pierre? No one knew.

And Camille? Filipe prayed in his heart when his dry lips refused to move. So benumbed were his senses from anguish and suffering that the memory of his oath had no longer power to move him. The Santa Maria was headed directly for the port of St. Pierre. Her decks were strewn with ashes and stones, her sails and rigging torn and broken, yet gallantly she rode this unknown sea of dirty saffron color, whose sullen water was cumbered with wreckage. She had met huge tidal waves that swept away her crew, but she could not fail the hand of the man at the helm. The pilot's eyes, bloodshot by long hours of vigil, were fixed on the blazing heaps which alone remained to tell the story of St. Pierre.

Swollen bodies were now added to the wreckage on the water. Filipe had sunk on his knees, as if fearful of recognizing a beloved face among them. But the Santa Maria, driven on by a sudden breeze, headed straight for the quay that lay nearest to where the white wall showed amid the stricken garden.

Hardly conscious of having made the landing, he staggered up the walk and leaped the wall. A groan escaped his lips. There, amid the blackened stems of the camellias, lay a body. It was burned to a crisp far beyond recognition, but the lover could not doubt. Around was silence, desolation, death. And here lay Camille.

"She was watching for me—for the heartless one," he muttered.

Then sudden fury seized him. "I shall not leave you here, my flower one!" he cried. "There must be places on this accursed island still untouched by fire. I will lay you to sleep there under fragrant blossoms, and then perhaps the saints will ease me of my misery."

Stripping off his coat, he wrapped it tenderly about the body, hiding the face, and bore it down to the quay.

Again the favoring wind sprang up, and the Santa Maria crept slowly down the bay, and still the voice of Pelee thundered from the peak wreathed in forked lightnings. Her ashes fell ceaselessly on the shrouded figure at the foot of the mast and on the head of the pilot. His hands and face were blackened and burned and his eyes were blinded by smoke and dust, but his hand still kept the helm and the Santa Maria her way.

* * * * * * * *

The Dixie's deck was crowded with anxious men, for were they not already entering the great zone of ashes that surrounded the fated island? Through the gloom came the gleam of a sail. "Ship ahoy!" brought no answer.

"Probably refugees and too lazed to speak," one may said commiseratingly.

"No; not dazed—only dead," another replied, for Pelee had added another victim to her list, and the saints had released Filipe from his misery. Perhaps—who knows?—he found his flower one again in all her radiant beauty where camellias ever bloom.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

Only three more days remain of the Frawley engagement at the Metropolitan. Following the performance Saturday night the company will pack up and move to St. Paul, to begin a season of seven weeks at the St. Paul Grand. Joseph Arthur's "Blue Jeans" is the bill this week, and is attracting large audiences to the Metropolitan. "Blue Jeans" is one of the most successful American melodramas ever written, and, as it had not been seen here since 1898 until the present revival, the causes for its popularity are not far to seek. The matinee this afternoon was witnessed by a packed house.

A novelty to Minneapolis theater-goers will be the production next week at the Metropolitan by the Percy Haswell company of "Catherine," the play in which Annie Russell first won recognition as a star in New York city. Miss Haswell will appear in the title role, a part which is said to suit her perfectly. As Miss Haswell has been selected to star next season in one of Miss Russell's latest succeses, "A Royal Family," her appearance here as "Catherine" will obtain added interest. Seats for this engagement will be placed on sale to-morrow morning.

THE STRIKE'S REAL CAUSE

The Railroads Have Gone Beyond Their Functions as Carriers.

July Review of Reviews.

In refusing so persistently to deal with the miners the operators would seem to be challenging public opinion rather boldly. For these operators are, in effect, the railroads themselves. Contrary to established principles, and to the laws of most states and countries, the roads have gone beyond their legitimate functions as common carriers, and have assumed monopolistic control of a necessary article of traffic and ordinary use. This relation of the railroads to the mining, shipping and marketing of coal is at the basis of the whole anthracite trouble. In the wild scramble, some years ago, for the acquisition of coal lands and the control of what were formerly independent coal mining companies, fictitious prices were paid and immense sums of money were invested upon false economic principles. The existing combination is for the purpose of making the public pay interest and dividends upon a huge volume of improper capitalization. But for this artificial situation, which—morally, if not technically—constitutes the most flagrant violation of the Sherman antitrust law to be found in the whole country, the public could have cheap coal, the miners could have fair wages, and the railroads could charge a reasonable price for transportation.