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 26 pages	1.50

Delivered by Carrier.

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

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—36, 37, 38 Tribune building.

CHICAGO OFFICE—530 Tribune building.

Sworn Average Daily Circulation for the Month of July, 1902:

55,540

Record of advertising of Minneapolis papers for July, 1902.

	COLS.
Journal, 27 issues	944
Tribune, 31 issues	911
Times, 31 issues	721

MR. LIND IS TEMPTED AND YIELDS

So John Lind, three times candidate for governor of Minnesota, the first governor the democrats have elected since the mediaeval times of Sibley, three times elected to the congress as a republican, is a candidate for the democratic nomination to congress in this district. Mr. Lind was able to withstand the tempters who would have him for the fourth time take the democratic nomination for governor. But the apple of the congressional nomination tempted him and he succumbed.

The personal considerations which were so strong with him when he was urged to enter in opposition to a campaign of "humbuggery" have all been forgotten. Perhaps the former governor thought that "humbuggery" would prove a winning issue for the other side. At any rate the governor is not looking for any more defeats. The strongest of political reputations can not stand more than a certain number of defeats. Napoleon survived Moscow and Elba, but Waterloo was the finish. John Lind's vogue as a political idol has survived 1896 and 1900, but a defeat for the governorship in 1902 would destroy the reputation the Honorable John has earned as a miraculous vote getter.

Having established himself in a lucrative law practice in Minneapolis, having bought a country estate at Minnetonka, having settled down to the enjoyment and education of his family and the happiness of domestic life; the object of the admiration of many, of the respect of still more and the warm friendship of not a few of his fellow citizens of the city, state and country, Mr. Lind had arrived at such a comfortable niche in his career that it constitutes the ideal of large numbers of men. It has long been understood that the kind of life he was beginning to lead was just such a one as was most satisfactory to him.

But now the vision of comfortable happiness with a minimum of effort and no distressing distraction of the contending demands of private business and public duty, vanishes. John Lind, the sage of the library, the arbiter of friendly debates in private life, the lover of a half hour of high toned conversation with a friend, the patron of agriculture, the amateur of botany, the devoted sportsman, goes off the stage and onto it comes the political John Lind.

The political John Lind is strenuous, assertive, bitter, fierce; the victim of hard work, intense passions, exhausting researches, laborious calculations, voice-ruining and energy-sapping public speeches.

The ward heeler succeeds the intimate friend, calculations on the vote of the umpty-umpty precinct of the umpty-umpty ward succeed inspiring conversations. Fatiguing worry displaces the deliberate reflection of the private office, hard knocks by day and no rest by night make his library useless for intellectual purposes. While cultivating votes farm must be neglected; while chasing supporters the chase of prairie chickens must be abandoned; in the pursuit of enemies good friends are incidentally bowled over; and altogether, the pool of a calm life is changed into a boiling caldron of angry waters. The golden age is succeeded by a furious age.

It is hard to calculate or divine the motives or the reasoning which have led Mr. Lind to return to public life. Of course, he will be nominated by the democrats, and it is the silliest sort of nonsense to still talk of him as a free silver republican interloper. John Lind is a democrat now whose democracy will stand test with the best of them. He will, therefore, receive the united party support. But that does not mean election. Unaided it spells defeat. But in entering this campaign Mr. Lind must have thought that election was possible. If defeated he could return to his Eden, but election will be as the flaming sword.

If he gets to congress he may become the leader of the democrats in the house. That is the lure that has captivated him. It is for that that he is willing to give up so much. On the other hand, think of what defeat means to him. That thought is what made him take so much time to answer the tempter. Defeat in this campaign is the political ending of John Lind. He will no longer be a conjurer of votes. His charms will thereafter be powerless. He will no longer be pointed to as he goes by as the man who could work wonderful things, who could have unlimited honors if he would but turn his little finger to do and to take. John Lind's glowing reputation as a popular leader is staked on the approaching election.

IN A NUTSHELL.....

Joan of Arc; Canonization Denied to Her.

It is announced that the Roman Catholic church has, after long deliberation by the proper authorities, decided not to make a saint of Joan of Arc, or Jeanne d'Arc, as it is in French. The decision is not well received in France, where the Maid of Domremy is looked upon as the savior of the country, and has been raised by tradition, history and poetry to the highest pinnacle of popular esteem and reverence.

Pope Leo XIII. beatified Joan in 1894, and it was supposed that canonization would follow. The qualifications for beatification and canonization are different in degree rather than nature. To be beatified a person must have lived and died in the odor of sanctity, as proved by the testimony of his virtues, or by his martyrdom, and confirmed by miracles wrought after his death through his intercession. Nowadays beatification always precedes canonization. The process of canonization includes an inquiry by the local church authorities concerning the record of the candidate aud the local veneration for him, a protracted study of the same points by the Roman congregation of rites, and finally the solemn ceremony of canonization in St. Peters, when the pope orders the beatus to be enrolled among the catalogue of the saints and a day assigned in the calendar for the yearly celebration of his feast.

The decision against the Maid is based upon five charges impugning both her character and her record. But whatever may have been her shortcomings in life, the great work she wrought for the Catholic country of France in raising the English yoke and the glorious place she has held in the esteem of the world and millions of good Catholics for so many centuries seem, to the lay mind, to justify canonization, in further view of the fact that such an honor is so earnestly desired for her by so many devout Catholics.

Joan of Arc was born of peasant parents in Domremy, France, in 1412. In her childhood old France was overrun by the troops of Burgundy, Picardy and England and there was danger that the French monarchy would be merged in that of England. Beaten at every point, the French were completely discouraged. Joan, at the age of 13, believed that voices from heaven called her to save her country. Four years later she gained an audience with the dauphin and he gave her command of an army thoroughly imbued with belief in her heavenly mission. She donned male attire and military armor and, waving a white banner, threw herself into Orleans, which she delivered from the English siege. The English were successively defeated by her at Meun, Jargeau, Beaugency and Patay.

She then demanded to be released from further service, saying that the heavenly voices had ceased. But the king would not consent. She was badly wounded in an attack on Paris and in 1430 was captured by the Burgundians in a sortie from Compeigne. They sold her to the English, who feared her as a witch, for 16,000 francs. She was tried, found guilty of heresy and finally burned at the stake in Rouen May 30, 1431. But the good she had done lived after her and under the leadership of du Guesculin and others the English were driven back to the walls of Calais, which was the only place in all France of their extensive conquests that remained to them.

A TIMELY SERVICE

Archbishop Ireland gives some advice to Catholics which ought not to be lost on Protestants when he advises them not to stir up hatred, prejudices and smothered animosities. "Nothing," he says, "is to be more regretted in America than hatred and warring among citizens in the name of religion. It behooves all classes of the population to do their utmost to nurture and maintain peace and harmony. It behooves Catholics even more than others to be models of prudence and good will in this regard." If, as the archbishop enjoins, Catholics are to be models of prudence in this regard, certainly Protestants cannot be otherwise than regardful of the duties which rest upon them to maintain a spirit of tolerance and harmony.

The archbishop is rendering a great service to his country in the attitude which he has assumed and the counsel which he has given concerning a matter between our government and the head of the Catholic church which might easily have been made the subject of misunderstandings sufficient to stir up religious animosity of a deep and abiding kind. The archbishop understands thoroughly the impartial and fair-minded spirit of the administration, and his timely rebuke to the clamor of some of his own churchmen will no doubt clear up the subject in the minds of American Catholics and do much to prevent unfortunate developments.

General Jacob H. Smith takes his punishment the way people like to see soldiers accept discipline. The grizzled warrior, veteran of three wars and of Indian campaigns innumerable, is a heroic figure while he accepts his punishment without question. That attitude will make General Smith friends even among those who have the least to say in defense of his "howling wilderness" campaign in Samar. Kitchener conducted a similar sort of campaign in Egypt and South Africa and becomes a lord and the recipient of $250,000. Smith conducts his with equal success in Samar, is court-martialed, reprimanded and dismissed from active service.

WHEN JONES COMES HOME

While Alderman Powers holds the fort, and the Hills and Browns and Fitchettes, who fell in the destruction the alderman dealt right and left during his brief sortie of last week, are still writhing outside the breastworks, Jones, David Percy, president of the council, is speeding home from Goffstown, N. H., stopping only now and then for a sandwich. As he speeds to this Minneapolis Winchester, some of the local oracles of the newspaper fraternity are speedily, very speedily, "putting us onto" what Jones will do when he arrives on his foam flecked train.

While Mr. Jones has been discreetly keeping his own councils he has overlooked the important, the predominant effect of environment on human thought and action. But the reporter of a morning contemporary did not.

"No program matured as to municipal house cleaning," telegraphed Mr. Jones.

The ordinary mind of the average citizen would detect nothing oracular in that.

But that is why extraordinary persons are employed as reporters.

There is a world of meaning behind that simple sentence. The chromatic glories of heaven and earth and the waters under the earth do not exist for the eyeless; there are no ravishing symphonies for the earless. Likewise there is nothing in Jones' message for those who have not the wherewithal to see it. But these defective beings are not hopeless. There is a reportorial medium that will make it plain—and by easy steps, too.

Now notice: First, as our contemporary points out, any fool knows that house-cleaning means cleaning out the house.

But there are different ways of cleaning out the house.

What way did Jones mean?

That's easy.

Jones is in New England.

Therefore, as plain as the nose on your face, he means house cleaning of the New England kind.

Applying the figure we conclude that Minneapolis will be municipally reformed and furbished up as thoroughly as the New England housewife routs the legions of dirt, dust and disorder when she ties a handkerchief around her head, pins up her skirt, puts a clothespin between her teeth and "sails in." It is as plain, as plain can be that this, in the words of our contemporary, "is evidently the program Alderman Jones intends to adopt on his return to Minneapolis."

It is a good thing for the town, according to this sort of interpretation, that Alderman Jones was not summering in an Alaskan Indian village.

Judge Harvey's plea for a decent place in which to detain persons under examination as to their sanity should be heard and acted upon promptly. The instance of the young man who was converted last Saturday from a condition of melancholia into raving madness is only an evidence of the deplorable effect of confinement of the mentally unbalanced behind prison bars, especially when their ailment is mild and calls for a kind and considerate treatment. Locking up such people in prison cells is enough to drive them over the line from mild mental disorder to an incurable condition. The judge will be fully justified in incurring such expense as may be necessary outside of the county building for the care of the unfortunate until the county has wisdom to provide suitable accommodations.

THE RUSSIAN NOTE

Russia has deemed it necessary to state, through her financial agent in Washington, that she did not intend to assail the trade of this country by issuing her recent note to the powers who were parties to the recent Brussels sugar convention and by her proposition for an anti-trust conference.

The Brussels conference abolishd bounties of all kinds on beet sugar grown by the parties represented at the conference to take effect next year, and provided that any government paying a bounty on beet sugar should have its product subjected to a countervailing duty when it was exported. Russia demurred to this and has announced that any power levying such countervailing duty would be regarded by Russia as violating the commercial treaties with her, and she would consider herself free from any obligation to observe them. Russia has already retaliated upon our own government for laying a countervailing duty on Russia's bounty-fed beet sugar last year. She has imposed an additional duty of 30 per cent on articles of machinery and other manufactures of iron and steel. Russia has denied that she has any sugar bounty system, but it has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of our treasury authorities that she supervises the entire sugar production of the country and levies a large tax on all sugar sold at home and remits this tax on any home sugar exported abroad, the exporter receiving a government certificate of export. This is what may be called pretty straight bounty giving.

The denial by Russia of any purpose to inaugurate a European coalition against American trade is no doubt sincere. She may desire it, but it would not be a very profitable process for her. The country squires of Germany and the shoe manufacturers and others of Austria are the most pronounced advocates of such a coalition, but there is no evidence that any serious steps have been taken toward such a hostile combine. If they raise their tariffs on foodstuffs, as Germany proposes through the tariff committee of the reichstag, the price of food will go up, and there will be trouble at home. If they lay a prohibitive tax on our machinery, which is taken in large quantities in Europe, they will find themselves in a poorly prepared condition to meet the home demand for equally acceptable goods in quality and price. The course which Europe will take will be indicated next year, when a large number of the commercial treaties terminate and must be renewed. If we are unwilling to effect reciprocal trade arrangements with European nations, they will not give us the advantages of their minimum tariff rates. Russia has put upon us her maximum tariff rates on a number of articles as a retaliatory measure against our countervailing duty on her sugar. As the demand for our products in Europe is limited by the prices at which they can be bought, the raising of the maximum tariff rates on us, or what is not unlikely, the levying of a tax additional to the maximum would make some serious difference with our trade.

At the present time the action of congress, or rather the non-action of congress, places us in the position before the world of definitely repudiating reciprocity in every form. "Touch not the tariff schedules" is the mandate of the statesmen who seemed to have sufficient influence in congress to control its action. It should not be forgotten that, in 1896, when the republican party was massed to save the country from rank repudiation and financial disaster, it denounced the democrats for repealing the reciprocity legislation of the Harrison administration and demanded the renewal of such legislation and the extension of the principle of reciprocity "on such terms as will equalize our trade with other nations, remove the restrictions which now obstruct the sale of American products in the ports of other countries, and secure enlarged markets for the products of our farms, forests and factories," and the declaration was made that "protection and reciprocity are twin measures of republican policy and go hand in hand" and both "must be re-established." That was a sound plank and the interesting thing about it is that it expresses a need and an urgent need to-day, just as it did in 1896. There is not as much danger of a European coalition against our export trade as there is of an American coalition against that trade by erring statesmen.

President Schurman is now in bad odor with the "antis." They accepted him as a Daniel come to judgment a little while ago, but now that he refuses to join them in a promiscuous assault upon the army their opinion of him depreciates.

THE STRIKE DISORDERS

The tumultuary and tragical proceedings in the regions affected by labor strikes will naturally assume a worse aspect as the strike is prolonged, and it may easily be imagined what might be the situation had the whole membership of the U. M. W. of A., including the bituminous miners, decided to take their chances of a sympathetic strike.

A strike without violence, when the special labor interest is of some magnitude is rare. And labor in militant action not infrequently attempts to justify its acts of violence, and to complain when the courts interfere to show that labor and capital both have their rights under the law, which must be defended and adequately protected in the name of the majesty of the law. The non-union laborer has as strong a claim upon the protection of the law as has the union laborer. The employer has as much right to the protection of his legal rights as either of the classes of laborers, union and non-union.

It is not true that the courts take the side of the employers—the side of capital—as is reiterated by political agitators. Much is heard against the courts as exercising wrongful government by injunction and in labor-capital disputes, granting injunctions to deprive labor of its rights. Action is only restrained until the law definitely determines the rights of those in dispute under the law. The government has, through the courts, enjoined big capitalistic combinations from interference with the rights of the people. Railway mergers, beef trusts and others have not been exempt from injunction.

There would be a very great simplification of the labor-capital situation and no room for misunderstanding, if organized labor were incorporated in its several divisions and liable to sue and be sued. In England some of the larger labor unions are incorporated and take into the courts all questions of violation of contract, etc., and abide by the judicial determination, not suspending work a single hour pending the decision of the cause. As a rational method of avoiding costly strikes and lockouts this is certainly most commendable. It fixes responsibility upon labor as well as capital, which is as it ought to be. Our labor unions have no such responsibility, although it would surely be for labor's advantage to voluntarily assume such responsibility.

The American vote is already beginning to tell in western Canada. At Milestone, Assa., an American settlement, Mr. Walter Scott, member for West Assiniboia, told his constituents that the liberal party would soon take another slash at the tariff, reminded them that previous to 1897 there had been practically no importations of American machinery, and that there was now active and keen competition from American manufacturers. Every reduction in the tariff, he declared, tended to benefit the country.

The war between the cattle men and goat and sheep men in the west is another good argument for the government to administer strictly the public domain that is good only for grazing. The lands should be leased in definite amounts, and certain tracts should be set aside for different sorts of animals. The number of head grazed on a given tract should also be limited. The grass of the plains is worth protecting as well as the forests of the mountains.

The democrats in figuring out how they are to get control of the next house put down two democratic congressmen from Minnesota. Those figures must have been made by Chairman Jones of the national committee; they look like the figures he used to make in the Bryan campaigns of 1896 and 1900.

Brother Fred had very little use for the mayor when for the space of forty-eight hours he seemed to labor under the delusion that he was the whole thing, but now as he faces the court to answer another indictment he wants the mayor's help and wants it bad.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed.

Chicago is talking of erecting a statue to one Robert Burns, who wrote poetry. It is feared that the sculptor is going to picture the bard at breakfast in a full dress suit.

Mr. Sharkey wants to run against the Jeffries sunken reef. It will be safe for the sailor to keep his forward compartments tight closed.

A Kansas City theater has thirty seats built especially for fat men. No matter how funny the play is, the ordinary theater seat is a good deal of a tragedy for the fat man.

Mr. Dimmit, the author of so many populist resolutions, has organized a bank. Mr. Pettigrew will not, however, deposit his surplus in it.

The separation of police officers from the pay roll sounded like the ripping loose of several large blanket plasters.

The Tribune, Saturday, complained that The Journal "got all the news that developed in the mayor's office." It is kind of tough, but, goodness, that's what a paper is for—to get the news.

The mosquito this year doesn't have to go out and get a lightning bug so she can see you. There are so many mosquitos that they are able to round up their prey in the dark.

The rumor that the Minneapolis & St. Louis road had bought the Trans-Siberian line and that a gigantic merger to take in Minnesota, Iowa and the Russian empire was about to be consummated, is denied at Minneapolis & St. Louis headquarters, where the officials refused to talk further. The capitalization is put at a round billion. Owners of Minneapolis & St. Louis stock are privileged to turn in their shares for bunches of gilded paper in the new corporation with promise of 4 per cent regular dividend after 1941. All earnings before that time are to be applied as betterments, provided J. Pierpont Morgan does not need them. The new corporation is expected to file articles at Trenton, N. J., and Irkukstsneezeyourneckoff, Russia.

"Say, boy," said Officer Foley, as he seated himself on a keg and shucked one of a handful of peanuts he had gathered from Marco Bozzari's window display, "I was tellin' ye about dat million dollar dream I had of me bein' chief, wasn't I? Wouldn't dat make a man crazy to wake up wid me hands on the sp-holl, so t' speak, an' nothin' in it? I was tellin' me woman about it an' she said 'presarve us, but don't ye touch a bit of the dhirty stuff, Peter, if I have to take in washin' a hundred year.' An' I said, 'Maggie, I'll not touch a dishonest cint, be the powers!' Den I gets to tinkin' of some felley passin' out de easy coin and me a-takin' it in, and a-r-ridin' in me auter-go-car-r-t and Maggie wid a silk gownd and the kids to collidge instid of de sawmill an' I wondered, if it coom r-right, if I'd take it. Better men nor me have done it, me boy, and not a hundred miles from de city hall, nayther. What's dat? Don't ye dare offer me a million dollars or I'll r-run ye in. Say, who's de chief to-day?"

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Miller Will Run in 1904.

James T. McCleary will not have any serious opposition for renomination this year.

Two years from now Herbert J. Miller of Luverne will be a candidate for the republican nomination in the second district.

Strenuous efforts have been made to get Senator Miller in the race this year, but he has persistently declined. Had the insurrection against McCleary over the Cuban reciprocity matter come earlier, he would probably have gone after the nomination, but it was felt too late in the day to make an effective fight against the McCleary organization, and Senator Miller kept out. He promised his friends, however, that he would get in the field early two years from now and make a fight to win.

Senator Miller is one of the best known men in Minnesota politics, chiefly by reason of his splendid record of eight years in the state senate. He has voluntarily retired from the legislature, but as he is only 47 years old and his prestige undiminished, he will be an important factor in the second district.

Senator Miller's townsman, Judge P. E. Brown, has been solicited to make the run this year, but has declined to hear the call, preferring to continue on the district bench.

Dem. Hunt for the State Senate.

The Alexandria Post News indorses The Journal's suggestion to "watch the state senate." Editor Mitchell says:

John Lind wants to go to the United States senate. If the democrats can tie the state senate now, they might try to gain the house two years from now by making Mr. Lind the issue. They can make a lot of noise and a big bluff for Mr. Rosing this time and the best showing possible, which would be enhanced by a gain in the legislature. They can perfect the democratic organization and be in line for the presidential campaign along old-time democratic lines. Mr. Rosing will again be their candidate here, and Mr. Lind will try to succeed Mr. Clapp. If he should win, or David B. Hill become president, Mr. Rosing would be well cared for. He has everything to gain and nothing to lose.

They Couldn't Believe It of Him.

Two weeks ago the Anoka Free Press said:

Republican papers still persist in making John Lind the democratic candidate for congress from the fifth district. How these papers can imagine that the man who refused to listen to the earnest entreaties of more than half the people of the entire state of Minnesota to lead them to an assured victory should afterwards accept the invitation of a small fraction of the same people to run for another office—this passes all understanding. The reasons assigned by Mr. Lind for refusing to run for governor are equally applicable in the case of running for congress.

Funny notions republican papers get sometimes.

Seriously, this impression was a natural one for Governor Lind's followers outside Hennepin county to form. He had repeatedly stated his aversion to political office. In his letter declining to run for governor he repeated this. They felt that the only thing which could overcome that aversion and make him a candidate for office was the imperative call of duty. That call never sounded louder than when the party asked him to save the day for them in Minnesota in 1902. He refused to hear that call, and then his admirers made up their minds that his word was final, and that he had for the present retired from politics to the more congenial pursuit of a competence in the practice of law.

They did not thoroughly know their man. While not entirely unresponsive to the call of duty, John Lind is still in all things human, and occasionally follows his inclination as well. A legislative career has always been his choice, and when the opportunity presented in such an attractive light, duty's call made an immediate and profound impression.

Day as a Shudderer.

The Albert Lea Tribune pokes fun at the distinguished foreman of the democratic press bureau in the following good natured fashion:

Hon. Frank A. Day of Fairmont has been placed at the head of the press committee of the democratic state committee and the choice is a most excellent one, as he is alert and resourceful, while as a shudderer he has few equals, and nobody was ever reckless enough to suggest a superior. He shudders at what the republican party does and then he shakes and quakes at what it does not do; then he shudders at what the democrats threaten to do and grows chillier when he communes with himself and understands the party will never be given an opportunity to do anything but shudder. The choice of Mr. Day was a most happy one and he will make a cave of gloom of every democratic newspaper office in the state.

Comes Out for Van Sant.

The Crookston Times, once a stanch democratic daily, but more recently independent, declares itself on the governorship as follows:

In the campaign which has now fairly begun, the Times will continue to be independent in politics. We shall continue to advocate such men for election to office as we believe to be most competent, most honest, and in whom there is the greatest probability of rendering important service to the state.

Solely with this idea in view, the Times will support the candidacy of Governor Van Sant for re-election. Governor Van Sant has discharged the duties of his high office with strict regard to the interests of the whole state, and in the performance of those duties he has not been known to falter. He stand upon the merger we believe to have been the only position to the man who had sworn to support the laws of the state. * * * We believe that his courageous and straightforward attempt to uphold the interests of the people should receive their warm indorsement at the polls.

The Ortonville Herald-Star observes:

Upon his arrival home from Washington the other day, Congressman Eddy declared himself in favor of E. T. Young for the congressional nomination. Mr. Eddy could not logically take any other position. In each of his four campaigns he has had the earnest and active support of Senator Young, and if there is any such thing as political gratitude, Frank Eddy owes it to Ed Young.

This emphasizes the fact that Young is the only candidate from the counties of the old seventh district. Before the reapportionment Volstead was attached to the second district, and Dowling to the third. The old seventh furnished seven counties of the new district, the second contributed six, and the third district donated Renville and M. J. Dowling.

Dr. Jones of Red Wing Enters the Race.

There are now four entries in the third district congressional race, with several counties to hear from. P. W. Morrison has filed his affidavit and is an active candidate, while the east end of the district furnished a candidate Saturday afternoon in Dr. A. W. Jones of Red Wing. Dr. Jones is a prominent and respected citizen of the banner republican county, who has not heretofore been a candidate for office.

William A. Hinton of Truman, Martin county, one of the solid republican representatives in the last house, filed for renomination Saturday.

Some of his Hutchinson friends tried to bring Senator Sivright into the congressional race on reading in The Journal of Heatwole's retirement, but the big man said he was too busy selling farm implements to think of running for office this year.

L. O. Thorpe of Willmar, former senator from Kandiyohi county, is again a candidate, and has filed for the republican nomination. N. L. Ericson of Raymond will oppose P. A. Gandrud for the house nomination.

The Clara City Herald says that Lyndon A. Smith has declined to run for the state senate, leaving a clear field to C. A. Fosnes. It says of Mr. Fosnes that while he voted for Lind two years ago, he also voted for McKinley, and that he is now a good republican.

The Alden Advance says that politicians in that section of Freeborn county are for the most part declaring for Tawney.

P. H. Rahilly, for many years a follower of Ignatius Donnelly and the third party movement, is a democratic candidate for the state senate in Wabasha county.

—Charles B. Cheney.

ONE PLUS ONE EQUALS—WHAT?

By FRANK CHISWICK

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

"Girls, what do you think? Professor Storm proposed to me last night. So silly! Why, I never met him until the institute opened. We were coming home from the concert and he—"

Miss Lingard's laughing accents reached the door of the cloakroom just as Miss Waters and Miss Burrows went out.

"Silly! She is the silly one! The most conceited girl I ever knew!" exclaimed Nellie Waters, snapping a rubber band about her notebook.

Alice Burrows stooped for an imaginary raveling in her skirt binding, and her friend did not see her quivering lips. When she stood erect once more, they were joined by other teachers and passed down the corridor.

The first hour was given over to a lecture on chalk work in geography, but Alice was deaf to pedagogic suggestions, blind to the vivid drawings of the faddist who held forth before the teachers of Tucson county, assembled for the anual institute. Above the voice

"I FELT SURE YOU WOULD FIND THAT ANSWER—IF I WAS PATIENT."

of the speaker rang insistently the words of Hattie Lingard—"Professor Storm proposed to me last night."

"Well, why shouldn't he?" thought Alice despairingly. Miss Lingard was noted beyond the confines of the county as a beauty and a coquette, just the sort of young woman who would attract a studious, earnest man like Mr. Storm. Yes, why shouldn't he? What did he owe quiet, gentle Alice Burrows? He had spoken no word of love to her, and yet—— Her cheeks flushed crimson, and she bent her face closer to the notebook, whose pages were still unwritten. It had all been a mistake. She had misinterpreted the actions of this grave young professor who for two years had conducted the classes in mathematics at the institute. Perhaps it had even been unmaidenly for her to read the clear depths of his hazel eyes.

The morning dragged wearily. At noon her appetite failed. By the opening of the afternoon session a maddening headache possessed her. During the last period of the day her section must report to Professor Storm. She would have excused herself and gone home, only that every one knew she must only sit in the depot during the hot August afternoon. Mervale, her home, was but a thirty-minute ride from the county seat, and to please her invalid mother Alice made the trip each day, thus depriving herself of the small social functions arranged for the evenings in honor of the visiting teachers, a humorous lecture, several receptions and the concert.

Professor Storm had asked her to attend the concert with him, but she had been forced to decline. Now she thought, with increasing bitterness, that he had quickly consoled himself in her absence. Perhaps, if, like the other teachers, she had boarded in town——

"If any of you failed to grasp the method used in that last problem, I will be glad to remain a short time and go over it again."

What problem? Alice pressed her hand to her forehead and glanced hurriedly at her notebook. Blindly she clutched at her pencil. Half a dozen teachers remained, and Professor Storm was stepping down from the platform. He reached her side.

"What is the trouble? Are you ill?"

He glanced curiously from the clean page of her book to her flushed face. For a few seconds speech was denied her. Then she replied calmly, almost coldly:

"I fear my mind wandered. I missed the explanation entirely."

"You have forty minutes before train time. Come up to my desk and I will go over it with you."

Mechanically she followed his work, wondering if the ordeal would ever end. But her voice did not quiver as she rose.

"Thank you. It is quite simple now—as simple as one plus one equaling two."

She told the fib unflinchingly, but her eyes did not meet his. The other teachers had gathered in a remote corner to discuss the absorbing question as to whether hats should be worn at the reception to be given that night by the local woman's club. Storm laid a cool, shapely hand over her feverish one.

"I wish," he said, softly, "that you would let me teach you that one plus one equals—just one. May I—Alice?"

It had not been her mistake, after all. He had meant—

"Girls, are you ever coming?"

It was Miss Lingard's voice, just outside the door. Then Alice remembered and drew away her hand.

"Really, Professor Storm, if you advance such propositions as that I shall lose faith in your knowledge of mathematics."

And with a metallic laugh she hurried toward the cloakroom. Storm looked after her with eyes first puzzled, then hurt. He had never pictured her as a willful flirt. And she had led him on. Yes, she had! He repeated the words again and again as if to smooth his ruffled feelings.

The next morning Miss Waters was waiting on the depot platform for her friend.

"Oh, Alice, you ought to have been at the reception last night," she commented as they walked toward the high school, where the institute was held. "Such larks! That little braggart, Hattie Lingard, was the laughing stock. It seems she wants to marry Fred Baker, whose father owns nearly all the stock in the Tucson bank. She hoped to rouse his jealousy by flirting with Professor Storm. That is why she started the story that he had proposed to her, and they say she even asked him to take her to the concert. Well, she did succeed admirably in rousing Fred's jealousy, and he positively refused to take her to the reception last night, and she had such a dream of a dress, too. She had to go with a couple of girls. Imagine Hattie Lingard doomed to the society of girls on a long walk home under the trees! Not even Professor Storm appeared on the scene to console her. I believe he saw through her trick because he was so cool to her last night at supper. We sit at the same table. I don't believe he ever had any idea of proposing to her."

Miss Waters rattled on of the evening's pleasures, but Alice heard nothing. She could only think that perhaps the idle boast of a pretty, vapid girl had come between her and life-long happiness. A mad longing to shriek in her misery, to strike the girl who caused it all, suddenly possessed her, and she walked like one in a dream to the institute doors.

The period just before the noon recess was given over to mathematics. Professor Strong was quiet, collected, authoritative as ever during the lecture hour, at the close of which the teachers, rejoicing in their freedom, hurried toward the various exits. Alice was almost at the foot of the line. Miss Waters called from the doorway:

"Alice dear, will you please bring my algebra? I left it on my desk."

With downcast eyes Alice reached for the forgotten book. It lay on a desk just in front of Professor Storm. A faint flush tinged her cheek, and her hand trembled.

He stepped to her side, and the chattering voices of the outgoing teachers almost drowned his words.

"I hope you are feeling better to-day. No headache?"

For an instant Alice hesitated, then raised her eyes to his, and courage to make right the wrong came to her.

"I have been solving a little problem in mental arithmetic, and with the solution comes relief."

"Yes?" he said eagerly. "Why didn't you let me help you?"

The room was empty now. She leaned forward just a trifle; her glance met his, wavered and fell.

"It was so simple—just that one plus one—equals—"

"One!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "I felt sure you would find that answer if I were patient."

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

The fourth week of the Percy Haswell company engagement at the Metropolitan was ushered in last night with the presentation of Gillette's clever comedy, "Because She Loved Him So." With the appearance of Miss Haswell and Mr. Gilmore as the young wife and husband in the first act, a storm of merriment burst forth that did not subside until the fall of the final curtain. A review of the performance will be given in this column to-morrow.

For the week beginning next Sunday the Haswell company will present "Moths" and "Romeo and Juliet." The former play will be given Sunday night and Saturday matinee and night, and "Romeo and Juliet" the remainder of the week.

CALLED TO ACCOUNT

Milwaukee Sentinel.

Representative Tawney of Minnesota, one of the western congressmen who has made his influence felt in Washington during his last two terms, is now facing opposition in his district because of his refusal to support the president's Cuban reciprocity proposition. While it is not believed that Mr. Tawney will be retired by his constituents, the fact that his renomination will be contested in a district that he has served so long and with such distinguished ability is significant.

The failure of republican members of congress to appreciate the unique character of the relations which the United States bears to Cuba is responsible for their failure to establish a trade convention with the island. Their fear of weakening the cause of protection was not justified by the situation. Neither the president, who favored almost any action by congress that would relieve Cuba, nor Senator Spooner, who proposed that the concession asked should be granted, but who provided in the bill outlined by him that President Roosevelt should be given the power to suspend the operation of the law upon proof that the sugar trust, and not Cuba, was reaping the benefit, is disposed to desert the protective tariff policy of the republican party.

City Baths for the Poor.

To the Editor of The Journal.

It has been urged that the present site of the old city hall be used as a public bathhouse for the poor. Now it seems to me that that is one of the best uses to which it can be put.

As is well known, the many thousands of the poor people who live in our larger cities, in crowded buildings and congested places, are unable in a great measure to have a good cleansing bath, where water can be used freely, and liberally, as it should be.

Now to make this matter somewhat practical, will not some of our influential citizens, who themselves have all the luxuries of life, form a committee which shall endeavor to urge and aid the city authorities in providing, and sustaining, the free baths in this section of the city, which is most appropriate for such a purpose?

The building only need to have one floor, and could be built with a flat roof, and by so doing, the roof could be planted with grass, shrubs and even flowers. It would give a most picturesque appearance, and would look very attractive, especially to visitors coming in from the trains. —Arthur Meacham.

Defective Page