

THE JOURNAL

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COMMANDER TORRANCE'S APPEAL

Never since Dr. B. F. Stephenson organized the first post of the Grand Army of the Republic at Dakotah, Ill., in 1866, has an order or appeal been issued by its commander-in-chief so significant, so full of the blessed grace of Christian charity, so beneficent in its influence, as the appeal made by Commander-in-chief Torrance to the veterans of the order to aid the project initiated by Colonel Falkner, formerly an officer of the Eighth Confederate cavalry, to establish a home for disabled confederate veterans in Chilton county, Alabama.

"I know of no surer or shorter way to a complete unification of this country in purpose and feeling," says Judge Torrance, "than the highway of kindness, and I believe its extreme outposts should be held jointly by the surviving soldiers of the armies of Grant and Lee. . . . I believe it is within the power of the surviving soldiers of the great war to make fraternity a national anthem, loyalty a national creed, and charity a national virtue. My comrades, as we grow older, our hearts become more gentle and tender and next to the comrade who stood by our side in the brave soldier who faced us."

These are noble sentiments which, doubtless, find an echo in the hearts of the veterans addressed, those who followed the old flag through the fire of battle or were worn by fevers or punctured by bullets or torn by fragments of shells, who can recall nights of agony on the battle field, wounded and thirsting.

The G. A. R. was organized, on the basis of practical brotherhood of the soldiers who had fought for the union, to protect and assist the disabled by wounds, sickness, old age or misfortune, to maintain the widows of those who died fighting for the union, and to support, care for and educate their children.

This purpose has been nobly carried out. The nation has provided pensions for the soldiers of the war for the union on a scale never before heard of in the world. Judge Torrance's pathetic allusion to the seventeen poor confederate veterans in the little cottages in Alabama, presents the contrast of conditions, and his call in behalf of "the brave soldier who faced us" is the bugle note to actualize the patriotic feeling which would substitute for bitterness "a perpetual contest of good will and patriotic devotion to a common country."

Judge Torrance himself bears witness to the passing away of the bitterness engendered by the great war for the union. The Spanish war bore witness to the change. Confederate veterans fell in line of battle with the men who had fought for the union. The sons of men who fell fighting under the stars and bars endured the hardships of the firing line and the difficult marches of our armies. Antagonism and antipathy based on war memories are practically gone.

Here and there in the south men like Tillman are found who would perpetuate the rancor of 1865. These did not fight with the veterans of the gray. The latter, Judge Torrance found to be full of brotherly and kindly feeling toward the veterans of the G. A. R. when he visited them on a recent tour of the southern posts of the order he commands. "Let us help make his few remaining days comfortable," says Judge Torrance. And this will doubtless be done.

When Charles XII., young and impetuous, went into his first battle, he inquired of his staff: "What strange noise is that I hear?" "Your majesty," answered General Renschild, "it is the sound of musket balls." "Then," exclaimed Charles, "this shall henceforth be my music." That is an experience not confined to kings. But there comes a time when to the veteran soldier that music, in which he once took delight and inspiration, is to his memory like the sobbing minors of a funeral march. He is done with war. He wants rest and peace. He has done his share of fighting among fiery coils of flame and wreathing battle smoke and shrieking iron hail and rivulets of blood and broken guns and gapping wounds! He wants the music of rest and peace! And the union veteran says to him, "Brother, we shall help you get these!"

At the Milwaukee convention of postmaster Captain H. A. Castle, sixth auditor of the treasury, who is specially charged with watching the finances of the postoffice department, in the same breath told his auditors that the postoffice department is a magnificent business success and talked about wild-eyed theorists who cited it as an evidence that the government could successfully undertake other things. A man might possibly make a citation of that kind without being a wild-eyed theorist.

Whether Donald Fletcher's charge of decadent patriotism against the people of Seattle or Governor Brady's visit be the cause, the people of that bustling city have taken up Alaska's cause and have determined to work for the extension of the land laws to Alaska and the creation of a lighthouse district for the coasts of the territory. Governor Brady says

IN A NUTSHELL....

The True Cause and Meaning of the Anthracite Strike

What is the dogged strike in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania about? Why do 140,000 men remain out of work so long? The public has had so much about the strike in piecemeal fashion that it is weak on the main issues. Listen to the operators and the right seems to be all on their side. Listen to the miners and the right seems to be all on their side. The best the public can do is to take some unbiased observer's view, arrived at after investigation and study. Such a view is that given by Frank Julian Warno in the current Outlook.

Briefly, according to him, the struggle is one to maintain a higher standard of living as against a lower one. Victory by the owners in the present strike means a reduction in the income and the lowering of the standard of living of the English speaking miners toward that of the imported laborers. Already the English speakers have been crowded out in the Lehigh and Schuylkill districts. Only in the Wyoming do they remain in force. Yet so numerous are the Slav miners and so competent, for all their ability to live on 3 cents a day and get rich on \$30 a month, that it is impossible for the English speakers to win their battle for a higher standard without getting the Slavs to make common cause with them. This is the more difficult, for in the Wyoming district, at least, the contract miners are English speakers and the day laborers are Slavs. But the difficult problem has been solved by the United Mine Workers. The Slavs were gathered into the union by the aid of their most intelligent English speaking leaders.

For them the union demands in the present strike an eight-hour day at the present ten-hour pay. For themselves, the English speaking miners, fighting to maintain their high standard of living, demand that a ton of coal be a ton and not 2,800 pounds; that the coal mined be weighed; that an official representative of the men shall be present at the weighing; that their union be recognized, so that they may be represented at all times in the settling of the many questions continually arising between them and their employers.

In a word, the operators having united, the laborers determined to unite, because they knew that disorganized labor could not maintain itself against organized capital. If the union cannot be maintained the English speaker with his high standard and the Slav with his low standard, will compete against each other for employment, and the Slav, able and willing to work for a very low wage, will win. The English speaker will be forced out of the Wyoming field as he has been out of the Schuylkill and Lehigh, though now by virtue of the union, the Slavs of the latter fields are fighting for him. On the other hand the maintenance of the union will tend to bring the Slav, as he becomes Americanized, up to the higher standard. Higher standards of living always mean higher pay. Naturally the operator stands for the lower standard. And that is why the operator will not arbitrate. He knows that it would be impossible for a fair-minded arbitrator to decide against him, because no man of that kind would consciously render a decision that would lower the standard of living and consequently depress the whole tone of life in the mining regions.

that with generous land laws he believes that within five or seven years there will be a permanent population in Alaska large enough to justify statehood.

LABOR DAY AND LABOR PROBLEMS

With such a momentous strike in process as that in Pennsylvania, Labor Day this year has an added interest to the thinking observer. Each year labor as well as capitalist organization gets stronger. Let us see what manner of men these members of labor unions be, these men who, unless the wisdom of the nation is equal to the great problem set before it, will one day lock horns with capital in a struggle to the death.

Speaking for the skilled workmen of Minneapolis as seen in the impressive parade of this morning, it may be said with out qualification that they are splendid men. If organization has had a part in making them such fine, free, self-respecting many men all honor to organization. If it has not, the organization deserves respect for what its members are.

We read much about white slaves, paid serfs and that sort of thing. But the men who paraded the streets of Minneapolis this morning were neither slaves nor serfs if appearances count for anything. They gave a distinct impression of contented independence and exuberant prosperity. Altogether they afforded a very reassuring spectacle. Ninety per cent of our people are wage-earners in the city. Therefore if you know a city's wage-earners you know the city. Minneapolis has no occasion to feel that she will suffer in comparison with other cities on that score.

But these men are not good food for strikes. Neither the city nor the nation can afford to have men of that kind suffer in body and spirit from disputes with employers.

What can be done to prevent these disastrous disputes? In his Labor Day speech at Kansas City today Senator Fairbanks said that compulsory arbitration does not answer the question. All he has to offer is the growth of a spirit of fair dealing among all classes, organization, wise and humane leadership, boards of conciliation or voluntary arbitration and an awakened public conscience. Compulsory arbitration, he thinks, reduces labor to slavery and is a menace to capital. Then he says that such arbitration has failed everywhere except in New Zealand. Yet here is Sir Edmund Barton, premier of Australia, telling us that it is a success in his country and has done away with strikes.

Is the man charged with a crime a slave because a court of justice tries his case? Is the man charged with violating a contract a slave because the law investigates and makes him keep his contract? If employer and employe quarrel and the law intervenes to settle the dispute is either a slave? Compulsory arbitration compels no man to work. Neither does it compel any man to offer work. Perhaps neither labor nor capital demands compulsory arbitration. Perhaps the public will not demand it. But the public is rapidly getting to the point where it is concluding that in all great strikes the important thing is not what the employer or the employe wants, but what its interests require.

No man with faith in human progress, no man with sympathy for labor or respect for property rights believes that labor and capital can go on settling their disputes with clubs. If they do progress ceases. The water cure seems to be a good thing after all—for bears.

JOHNSON TO THE FORTH

Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland, is a coming man. If he lives and keeps his health he will soon be a great power in national politics. Mr. Johnson has circled the MacLean forces in Ohio, in Cincinnati even. In the same manner he will rout the forces of the Bourbon democracy everywhere when his opportunity comes.

Times are changing, the democratic party is changing and Johnson is the man for the times. It is apparent to all that, after eight years of Bryanism, the old mossback democracy can never again be in power. Likewise, Bryanism is dead. But out of Bryanism will spring the democracy of the future, the Johnsonian democracy. The question of controlling and regulating great corporations is at the top, the question of public ownership of public utilities, even railroads and telegraphs, is coming to the top, so is reformed taxation. With these new ideas, these new forces in politics Johnson has been identified since the time the public first heard of him.

The fact that Johnson is a millionaire, that he has shown himself amply able to take care of himself in the hurly burly of our present industrial system, relieves him from the charge of being a disgruntled sorehead, anxious for a change on the theory that he can't be worse off than he is. The millionaire who takes the popular side will never lack for followers. The confiding common people take it for

granted that the man who is not content with the pleasures and privileges of wealth but takes up the cudgels in their behalf is trustworthy. It is Mirabeau or Orleans against Johnson in progress, reforming, dissatisfied with present conditions, anxious to replace them with better.

Beneath its sloughing free silver skin the Bryan democracy is a democracy of revolt and dissatisfaction. Bryan told it that the gold standard was what troubled it, that free silver was what would cure it. But the democracy knows Bryan to be a false prophet. Nevertheless it still looks for a prophet, still looks to the future instead of the past. And Tom Johnson will be its leader.

Those respectable old democrats who still look for the coming of a day when the democracy will have no issue but free trade might as well give up their hopes. Their conservative old democracy with its talk about Jefferson and a government with minimum powers, with its devotion to individualism, its belief in laissez faire, is gone forever. The new democracy, fathered by Bryan, is a radical, somewhat socialistic democracy and Tom Johnson will be its leader.

The failure of the street railway management to meet the emergency of rainy nights Friday and Saturday with extra cars when it must have known from previous experience that there would be an extra demand is unfortunately too closely in keeping with its general practice.

THAT "INVASION" STILL ON

It appears from a statement made by Mr. Cogant of the Morton Trust company, New York, and recently from Paris, that the "American invasion," which has started backward England into the adoption of our system of consolidation and mechanical improvements, so promoting economies, is taking effect in France, where American life insurance companies are doing a large and growing business and Americans are establishing various of the new suburbs contemplated in Paris, and have put their money into several tramways of that city. Some of the French business men express fear lest Americans will get control of everything in France, but most Frenchmen of influence have no objection to receiving the benefit of our methods of organization, as a sure means of securing a better industrial development of their country, where there has been limited promotion of modern economies in production and transportation.

In England it is noticeable, in this connection, that the "American invasion" has led to the construction of many new factories in Lancashire, where the cotton spinners have been losing money for some time, the new industries being electric works, chemical manufacture and motor car works, branches which were but lightly touched before the "American invasion" began.

The United States of America has, in fact, stirred up the whole civilized world by its superior and aggressive industrial and financial acuteness. John Bull has been shaken up by an earthquake from center to circumference. So has John Bull's great competitor, Germany, which has taken lessons from us, and France is to be put through a term of education.

Mr. Conant notes a suggestive feature of his observations when in Europe. He says: "I must have met a dozen leading bankers who spoke English fluently; among them were three at the Banque Francaise, of which M. Rouvier, the new Minister of Finance, was president. Many stock brokers make frequent visits to London, and many French financiers have been in New York or have studied English in the schools. I was told that I could not have encountered any such condition ten or fifteen years ago. Taken in connection with the extension of English in the Orient, where it is almost the only commercial language in Japan and the Chinese ports, its extension over Europe is making itself practically the ruling commercial language of the world. Educated people, whether French, Germans, Russians or Italians, are beginning to feel that English is one of the vital elements of a liberal education. A young woman on the steamer told me that she had belonged to a golf club in Germany, where nearly every member was of a different nationality—French, Russian, Dutch, Belgian and American. I asked her what language they used. "Oh, we all spoke English," was her reply.

French was once the language heard round the world. With French an American could travel without embarrassment in every country in Europe. He can do so now using his own language. The 130,000,000 of the English speaking countries, are rapidly making their language the dominant tongue of civilization. The Emperor of Germany predicted in a recent speech that Germany was destined to make the German language familiar to the whole world—the ultimate universal language. She is destined, for the German speakers of Fatherland number but 60,000,000. The Germans in this country are merged in the body of English speakers. The English language increasingly dominates commerce. If Tennyson's "parliament of man" ever assembles, the language spoken will be English. The

of the state fair opened today with record breaking weather and a prize pumpkin on display as big as your foot. It was also Labor Day which meant that you had to work twice as hard as usual and could not go to the fair.

Airships were flying all day between Bridge Square and the fair grounds loaded to the guards with people who were anxious to see the new system. Mrs. J. J. Jenkins of Oledo, S. D., dropped her baby while 700 feet up, but an airship 200 feet lower down happened to see the disaster just in time and caught the child in a net entirely unharmed from its perilous trip through space.

The police were much troubled today by small boys sliding down the dome of the big building. Complaint had been made by their mothers that it was out of their trousers and the executive committee issued orders to stop the practice. A row of balls has been driven into the dome.

The large hog is feeling quite well this morning, and Uncle Elbert Marsh says that the critter is going to take the yellow ribbon or fall away in the attempt.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

Of the sixty-three members of the last state senate, thirty-four seek re-election, and five are candidates for congress. Some of the number are running on their records for the past four years, and others are studiously avoiding the record for reasons known to themselves and others. It is a notorious fact that during the four years of its existence the senate was controlled by a combine, consisting of both republicans and democrats, which could always be located when legislation affecting corporate interests came up. Not all of them were consistent, and some frequently mended their records at opportune times. They were able, however, to block main legislation unopposed by various corporations. They often carried with them some innocent but wrongfully informed senators, who thus were caught temporarily in combine company to their later chagrin. It is therefore impossible to lay down any one vote as a test on which to divide the corporation element from the "tribunes of the people."

The extra session of 1902 furnished one of the chief criticisms against the late senate was the manner in which the opportunity to vote on tax legislation, the object for which the extra session was called, Revenue bills must originate in the house, and for five weeks the senate sat waiting for a bill to come from the lower body. When it came it was the Jacobson bill, providing for a tax commission to make a report on the existing tax on public service corporations. The bill was admittedly imperfect, and friends of tax legislation only asked an opportunity to amend it. The senate could have struck out all but the enacting clause and adopted a new bill, and it could at least have given the tax Jacobson bill a hearing. But the tax Jacobson committee refused to consider amendments, and recommended the bill for indefinite postponement. A minority report in favor of placing the bill on general orders for consideration was presented as a substitute, and was voted on first. It was lost, 28 to 35, and tax legislation for the extra session was dead. The thirty-five senators who voted for the death of tax legislation were as follows:

- Republicans—Buckman, Chilton, Daugherty, Dole, Greer, Hawkins, Horton, Johnson, Jones, E. J., Jones, J. D., McArthur, McKusick, Nixon, Potter, Reeves, Rydner, Sheehan, Shell, Sviright, T. E. E. Smith, J. H., Stockton, Underleak.
- Demo-Pops—Coller, Dart, Dole, Everett, Grue, Ives, Johnson, McGowan, McNamee, Stockwell.

The various city departments ask for but little more money than they were granted this year. If other departments for which the board of tax levy has to provide funds will be as modest, two or three mills ought to be clipped from the present rate.

The Pioneer Press concludes that if the lumbermen hadn't cut the forests there would today be plenty of water for lumber rafts and logs. But where would they come from?

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed. Santos-Dumont has started to build an airship for regular passenger service. Dumont and his passengers cannot afford to fall out over the question of fares.

G. L. Dingman stamped a quarter with his initials in 1876 and turned it loose. The quarter and Mr. Dingman met again last week and the recognition was an affecting one. Mr. Dingman now blames himself that it wasn't a \$20 gold piece.

The coronation is all right in its way but for a gorgeous spectacle give us the prize pumpkins at the state fair.

A cable dispatch says that Alfred Austin plays the flute. That Alfred trusts with us so long is a great mystery to Texans.

This column put in an order the other day for six assorted duels, three assaults, two abductions, a titled scoundrel, a chapter and a half of war with revolutionary spirit and an old county house in Virginia. We were going to throw this together into a popular novel but gave it up later. It's been done.

The Panama hat is good through September. A Canadian has invented a brick laying machine. The real hit of the mechanical world would be an egg laying machine.

Even western Kansas is rain-soaked. When it is wet in western Kansas a first class desert goes out of business temporarily.

"Strenuous" is now the most popular word in London threatening even to "bloom" to one side. The president has made a world-wide hit with "strenuous." Mr. Cleveland's "innocuous desuetude" did not cross the ocean.

It is related on the very highest family testimony that Miss Bessie Anthony, who swept everything before her on the golf course, once spent her spare time in making clothes for the inmates of Bessie's wailing good girl time on clothes.

The political ball is just opening in Pine county where one editorialist another "drunkard, grafter and blind-pieger who sells quart bottles of beer at fifty cents each to minors on Sunday." Do these editors shoot when they meet? No, they have a quiet beer together.

The Nassau, Minn., Gazette, comes to the defense of Oscar Larson who has been charged with the frightful crime of youth. The Gazette says: "Oscar Larson, candidate for register of deeds, that is to say, yet no one has ever questioned his competency. He is an expert accountant and a graduate of college and lacks nothing whatever in qualifications to the office to which he aspires. The ordinary voters and details of politics, Oscar Larson is not a politician. He bears his own weight with the quietness of competence, the calmness of dignity and the urban scholarship of a university."

From this endorsement it is clear that Mr. Larson is perfectly capable not only of good deeds but of registering them.

The Fair. The state fair opened today with record breaking weather and a prize pumpkin on display as big as your foot. It was also Labor Day which meant that you had to work twice as hard as usual and could not go to the fair.

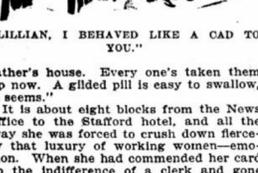
MISS HARVEY'S ASSIGNMENT

By SOPHIE GATES KERR

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"We're a little late on this Oliver affair," said Mr. Paine. "We ought to have half a column at least. Miss Harvey, I think you would better work that up." "I thought," said Miss Harvey decidedly, "that when you gave me this place it was understood that there was to be nothing of that kind." Miss Harvey did not like the city editor's bland smile. "Oh, well, of course," he condescended, "we can't force such things! Now, you are the only one in the office who has the slightest chance of getting anything. There's a chance for a big scoop if you can work it, and Mr. Duffy is dead set on getting something."

Mr. Duffy was the managing editor. Miss Harvey meditated, then covered her typewriter and put on her hat. "I'll try it," she said. Whereupon Mr. Paine turned his head and looked at her through the speaking tube and Miss Harvey sought around her eyes, and the corners of her mouth turned down. "It's so delightful," she thought bitterly, "to go to beg an item from people who wouldn't have been admitted into my



"LILLIAN, I BEHAVED LIKE A CAD TO YOU."

father's house. Every one's taken them up now. A gilded pill is easy to swallow, it seems." "It is about eight blocks from the New office to the Stoughton hotel, and all the way she was forced to crush her own pride by that luxury of working women—emotion. When she had commended her card to the indifference of a clerk and gone into the reception-room, she drew a firm breath. "There," she said, "the first agony is over. I wonder if I can brace myself through this. How will Mrs. Carruthers-Oliver react? The last time we met I had the privilege of snubbing her. Today it is her play."

The flowers out in the place blurred to gaily indistinctness under her stare. A man came into the reception-room and looked at her questioningly as one who sees a face familiar, but not surely known. It is Miss Harvey? he asked. Then as she turned, "Why, Lillian, I didn't know you at first."

Sudden color splashed her cheeks as she held out her hand. "I would have known you anywhere," Mr. Carruthers-Oliver said. "Are you waiting for some one?" he asked, sitting down beside her. "May I talk to you for a little while? Mrs. Carruthers-Oliver was just calling upon her—asked me to come down and see away a reporter, but I think it was a ruse to get rid of me—at least, I see the fellow's gone."

"Lillian, let me look at you. Would any one think that you are four years older than when I last saw you? Do you remember that day?" He paused. It was she who wrenched back to see ground. "So sad about Mrs. Carruthers-Oliver's son?" Her voice sounded strange and loud. "It is true that he is really married, isn't it?" "Yes," he said, "it is, and Mrs. Oliver is awfully cut up over it. Of course no one wants a French music hall singer for a daughter-in-law."

"What is her name?" asked Miss Harvey. "Celeste Bouveret is her stage name. Heaven only knows what her real name is. She and Jack were married last Wednesday by the minister of some little church way out on Lexington street. They are down at the Pusselman desire to succeed themselves."

"The people of the state are entitled to a better representation in the state senate than they have had the past four years." "Oh, yes," he laughed; "and I really believe they will get them finally. It would be an enviable sensation for society this winter, as I pointed out to Mrs. Carruthers-Oliver, and if she has the requisite nerve to face down the whole thing, in and out-out-out Mrs. Gordon. Every one will flock to see Celeste Oliver."

"Whereas every one does not flock to see Mrs. Carruthers-Oliver," suggested Miss Harvey. "Mr. Keating laughed again. 'You never liked her,' he said. 'You ought to remember that it isn't her fault that she isn't your grandfathers. I'm giving you my private account of the whole affair, and indeed Jack has behaved disgracefully.'"

legislative nominations, and the ticket will be filled by petition. Joseph W. Reynolds will run for the house in the 50th district. John T. Lommen is running for re-nomination to the house from Clay county, and has the farmer support generally. He was a member who would not stand any "monkey business" from the lobbyists.

Messrs. Norman, Nyquist and Wilder, the three house members from Blue Earth county, are all candidates for re-nomination, and have three opponents. The trio did not make much noise, but one always knew where to find them.

Reliable reports from Fillmore county say that Senator Thompson will be re-nominated hands down, and that the vote for C. D. Allen will be insignificant. Martin Maland of Rushford is Mr. Thompson's strongest competitor.

M. J. Dowling has seeded the seventh district with a toothpick, bearing his picture and the legend "My party for congress." Now, they say, Dowling's name will be in everybody's mouth. —Charles B. Cheney.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat. "Way Down East" opened the regular fall and winter season at the Metropolitan last night to a large and well pleased audience. The scenic setting surpasses any yet shown here in this production and the company is better than any of the previous ones seen here. For a first night, the performance was an exceptionally smooth one. A review of the play will be given in this column to-morrow.

Chauncey Olcott seems to have scored an unqualified hit with his new play "Old Limerick Town" which had its first presentation on any stage at the Metropolitan, St. Paul, Saturday night. Mr. Olcott has composed four new songs for this piece, each one a gem in its way. The

There were a pearl necklace and tiara and bracelets of diamonds, and—of course no one knows the name of his mother's jewels disappeared." Miss Harvey's eyes darkened with disgust, but her reporter's instinct cried aloud within her. "Not really," she whispered.

"Yes," answered Mr. Keating; "the wonderful twin emeralds, you know, and the turquoise she got in Italy." "I can't believe it," she broke in, "I don't see. 'He used to be a quite decent sort.' 'He's been going the pace lately,' said Keating. 'There was a rumor of taking his name off at the club.' 'And yet you think his mother can make his wife the successful sensation of the winter.'"

"She not only can, but she will!" he answered. "I believe it. Tell me what you have been doing. I read that you had distinguished yourself at the university." She glanced at him. It would have been so easy to say: "It is my sister Lucy, not I. The initials are the same." But then he would have questioned further. Somehow the background of the newspaper office wasn't interesting or explainable in comparison with the days when she had danced through life with a setting of wealth and family distinction. She was conscious of a sense of fairness that she had worn her new tailor suit, and, oh, how good it was to be with a man who looked at one as a young and pretty woman, not as a manufacturer of so much available copy!

"Tell me what you have been doing instead," she answered, smiling. "I'm only a working woman now, but you can still indulge in grade-of-the-horse show and yachts and automobiles." "It seems impossible that you should be a working woman, as you call it. But won't you come over to the cafe and lunch with me if you can't be busy? Yes, do, for old sake's sake, as Kipling says." For an instant she hesitated. "But why not?" she asked herself. And they went together to sit at a table in the corner where four years ago—but the waiter was bringing cocktails.

"Tell me," he said, "do you like working?" "Don't," she begged. "It's necessary, and I don't dare let myself get dissatisfied." "Ah," he breathed. "Then you don't like it. Why don't you drink your cocktail?" She pushed the little glass aside. "Working women don't drink," she said with a half smile. "They live in boarding houses with ice cream and sponge cake for Sunday dinner and fried potatoes for Monday breakfast and prunes for tea." "That will do me no good. I don't want to think that you have to live so. Lillian, I behaved like a cad to you."

"Hush," she said. "I have tried to forget that, and it doesn't hurt any more." His eyes burned her and she left her seat at the table. "Take me home," he said. His voice was hoarse. "Let me—" "Don't, Allen," she said sharply. "I've tried to forget that, and it doesn't hurt any more." "You may as well say it—I threw you over when you lost your money. I was insane, I think; but, Lillian—no, look at me, my darling, I died I've had plenty, so much I'm sick of it. Now, share it with me. I want you, and I want to put you back on your pedestal, out of the hell of a teacher's life you are leading."

This time she stopped. "I had had good white as—" "I had had good white as—" "It is my sister—" "I am the reporter Mrs. Carruthers-Oliver sent you down to dismiss, and I—she faltered, the went to the telephone booth. "These questions about Jack Oliver because I wanted to be the town on it. Do you understand? I want to turn your private confidences into a newspaper copy, if you please. Oh, but I've fallen low from the girl I used to be. You needn't look so incredulous. I—I think I'd better get back to my work. I'll not catch up his hat and follow her she was in the street."

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"What is her name?" asked Miss Harvey. "Celeste Bouveret is her stage name. Heaven only knows what her real name is. She and Jack were married last Wednesday by the minister of some little church way out on Lexington street. They are down at the Pusselman desire to succeed themselves."

"The people of the state are entitled to a better representation in the state senate than they have had the past four years." "Oh, yes," he laughed; "and I really believe they will get them finally. It would be an enviable sensation for society this winter, as I pointed out to Mrs. Carruthers-Oliver, and if she has the requisite nerve to face down the whole thing, in and out-out-out Mrs. Gordon. Every one will flock to see Celeste Oliver."

"Whereas every one does not flock to see Mrs. Carruthers-Oliver," suggested Miss Harvey. "Mr. Keating laughed again. 'You never liked her,' he said. 'You ought to remember that it isn't her fault that she isn't your grandfathers. I'm giving you my private account of the whole affair, and indeed Jack has behaved disgracefully.'"

legislative nominations, and the ticket will be filled by petition. Joseph W. Reynolds will run for the house in the 50th district. John T. Lommen is running for re-nomination to the house from Clay county, and has the farmer support generally. He was a member who would not stand any "monkey business" from the lobbyists.

Messrs. Norman, Nyquist and Wilder, the three house members from Blue Earth county, are all candidates for re-nomination, and have three opponents. The trio did not make much noise, but one always knew where to find them.

Reliable reports from Fillmore county say that Senator Thompson will be re-nominated hands down, and that the vote for C. D. Allen will be insignificant. Martin Maland of Rushford is Mr. Thompson's strongest competitor.

M. J. Dowling has seeded the seventh district with a toothpick, bearing his picture and the legend "My party for congress." Now, they say, Dowling's name will be in everybody's mouth. —Charles B. Cheney.

BACK TO THE COUNTRY

Country Life in America. The country boy sighs for city life, and when he finally reaches the goal, he begins to wish himself again among the birds and flowers. With the coming of old age he regards himself lucky if he can get his feet back on mother earth. The strife is as great to acquire sufficient wealth to purchase land on which to spend the declining years as it is to get a foothold in the city. The smiling sky and the green earth seem to be the natural heritage of man and no one feels this quite so keenly as one who has had a taste in youth of the sweets of rural life.

IN AFTER YEARS

Time changes all: in after life. When we recall our youth we wish years. We smile or aches where once we wept. And speak of happy hours with tears. —Nelle Ferris Milburn in August National.