THE JOURNAL

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The Perpetual Struggle.

Labor Commissioner Carroll D. Wright, in his address last evening before the convention of employer and employe, came to the conclusion that there is no way of ending the ancient contest between capital and labor. Moreover, it is not desirable that it should end, said Mr. Wright. So long as men have ambition and aspirations, so long as there is unrest and discontent in the human breast, so long, in other words, as there is progress in humanity, there will be differences between labor and capital.

Yet Mr. Wright was not pessimistic. He has simply come to a conclusion that is in harmony with history, with the constitution of society and with the laws under which it is evolving.

The oft-repeated lesson of history, that law is either powerless or only powerful for evil, in dealing with some things, is little appreciated. Nations do not seem to learn by this sort of experience. Each new generation comes up with large numbers, often a majority, profoundly convinced that, to cure any social evil, you have but to pass a law. Yet it is as futile to attempt to shape human tendencies or alter the basis of human life by law as to attempt to direct cyclones by such means. Still, we have a multitude of laws designed to such foolish ends, and more in prospect. Law is successful only as it is in harmony with human nature, with the stage of development and the interests of those it affects. President Roosevelt's homely simile of damming or confining the Mississippi river sums up the results of experience. Human progress can be directed to some extent and the incidental harm and suffering can be reduced or mitigated, but it cannot be radically changed or diverted in its nature. If you attempt to do that you run a risk like that of attempting to cut off the flow of the Mississippi by building a dam.

Mr. Wright finds he hope of real progress in the betterment of men. As men grow better they will be less selfish, more altruistic, more ready to take the neighbor's point of view. In its last analysis this is religion. The practical purpose of religion is to make men better. A good man is a religious man in no small degree, be his knowledge of creeds soever little. Yet Mr. Wright is not a mere laissez faire advocate.

Men must work to bring about better conditions. They must do all those things by which voluntary effort can promote the desirable course of evolution. All of the "cures" of those who have faith in the efficacy of law may contain valuable kernels of suggestion. Laws may step in here and there and help the good work along by doing those things that are clearly within the province of law. A law limiting the hours of child labor and fixing the minimum age of such laborers is good, for instance. This is a law that does not impede the beneficial struggle of evolution. That men should strive and rise it is not necessary, but rather detrimental, that children should be dwarfed and killed by work. The true purpose of legislation affecting the everlasting struggle between those who have and those who have not is to keep wide the door of opportunity, the chance for individual progress. Social evolution tends more and more to favor the strugglers, to remove their bonds, and at the same time to ameliorate the lot of the unsuccessful. Religion, altruism, gives us in each generation an increasing number of those who, having been favored in the struggle, devote themselves to the assistance of those in the heat of the struggle, instead of to the vain enjoyment of their possessions.

Congressmen Corliss and Hamilton, of Michigan, heretofore insurgents, surrendered to the president at Detroit. What will our Minnesota insurgents do? They may not make a formal surrender, but they are already captured, and they know it.

The Cuban Demands.

President Palma, of the Cuban republic, has demanded of our government that our troops shall be withdrawn so that every vestige of American military occupation of the island shall disappear. Under the terms of our compact with Cuba, it was stipulated that our government was to acquire from Cuba naval and coaling stations, and no other nation was to have such concessions. The Cuban congress has not yet arranged for the transfer of such naval stations to our government. This transfer is in the bond, just as is the stipulation that Cuba cannot make with any other power a treaty in any respect tending to impair her independence, while we insist that Cuba shall make such a treaty with us. We are given the right to intervene in Cuba for the protection of the island from foreign aggression and for the regulation of its domestic concerns. The Platt amendment also forbids Cuba to incur any public debt for the payment of which the ordinary revenues are inadequate. We pledged ourselves, by the Teller resolution, to leave the government and control over the island to the Cubans when the pacification of the country was accomplished. We have eight companies of coast artillery in Cuba which, according to the terms of settlement should be withdrawn, and Secretary Root has indicated, it is said, that this might be done. But the Cuban congress has not acted on the provision touching naval stations and nothing has been done to arrive at a settlement of the question of the ownership of the Isle of Pines.

The withdrawal of the troops is in the line of our duty to Cuba, but it is no more in the line of our duty than is the implied obligation on our part to take such steps as are within our power to give Cuba some facilities for securing revenues adequate to her governmental needs, and to remove the obstructions to her agricultural and commercial prosperity. We have said, in effect, to Cuba: "You must not borrow money unless you have income sufficient to pay the interest upon the amount borrowed, and provide a sinking fund with which to take up your bonds on maturity," and at the same time we have denied to her the opportunity to procure the money to pay the obligations at maturity.

The legitimacy of the demand for the withdrawal of our troops cannot be questioned. But the legitimacy of our refusal to fulfill the obligation which we gave the Cuban constitutional convention to understand rested upon us in return for the special privileges we have obtained from Cuba, can well be placed in question. The constitutional convention voted for our terms for the reason that they understood, every man of them, that, in return for relinquishment for a portion of their sovereignty, the United States would give the island the advantage of reciprocal trade. President Roosevelt, in his speech at Detroit last night emphasized the point that "we are bound to place the Cubans on a peculiar standing economically when they consent, in our interests as well as their own, to assume a peculiar status internationally and because it is fitting for a great and generous republic to stretch a helping hand toward her feebler sister starting to tread the path of independence. Our interests in the West Indian waters have become so great, we must shape our policy with far-sighted regard for the future and for the interest and honor of the nation as a whole." These calm, strong words are in happy contrast with teh vicious menace of annexation hurled at the Cubans by some of our journals, begetting distrust and alienation from us on the part of the Cubans.

Tariff revision as directed at the trusts has not been looked to so much as a means of crushing trusts, as of protecting consumers. The people don't care to ruin American industries, whether trusts or not; but they do not relish the idea of having the trusts use the tariff as a means of extorting exorbitant prices from consumers. Discreet revision of the tariff will conserve our manufacturing interests and at the same time compel the trusts to face competition with foreign manufactures when they raise prices unduly. Revision that will protect the consumer does not mean revision that will ruin the manufacturer. It is no argument to say that to revise the tariff will be only to jump from the national trust to the international trust. The international trust will first have to be created. Anyway, it is bad policy to retain a useless tariff. A tariff that serves no good purpose is pretty sure to serve some bad one.

Bearding the Lion.

By his Cincinnati speech the president has boldly placed himself on record as opposed to one way of getting at the trusts that has been very popular among western republicans, not to mention democrats. It is useless to attempt to deny or qualify the western republican belief that any tariff duty that helps a trust should be slashed. Whether the attitude of the president in declaring with rude vigor that tariff revision is useless and dangerous, as a means of curbing the trusts, will have the effect of changing western republican sentiment is another subject. The essential fact is that the president is boldly coming west preaching against a doctrine that has secured a very firm hold on western people.

All sorts of inferences will be drawn from the Cincinnati speech as to the attitude of the president toward tariff revision as an end in itself and without relation to anti-trust legislation. While it is true that the president took care to remind his hearers that he was not discussing tariff revision as such, but as a means of dealing with trusts, it is hard to get away from an impression that we shall hear little from the president in favor of such revision. Revision has been favored among republicans chiefly as a means of cutting off needless and perverted protection. If we are not to have it for that purpose we shall probably not have recommendations from the president in favor of it for any other purpose.

Special tariff revision by means of reciprocity is still open for presidential discussion. The country will wait eagerly to see what he says on that subject. That there will be profound dissatisfaction in many quarters if the president remains silent on this question cannot be doubted. The sentiment in favor of tariff alteration, either by direct revision through enactment or indirect revision through reciprocity, sums up great strength, both in the east and in the west. It has been growing. Many congressional candidates have declared for it and state conventions have favored it. Its advocates have expected President Roosevelt to follow the course mapped out by the late President McKinley and supported by himself in his first message to congress. But aside from Cuban reciprocity, which stands by itself, the president has had little to say in any of his recent speech-making about tariff alteration of any kind. It would not be surprising if, impressed by the boundless prosperity of the country, he had made up his mind to agree with those advisors who stand for letting well enough alone. If he does take that course perhaps many theoretical revisionists will acquiesce, reasoning that it is useless to attempt to tinker the tariff in times that are so good that no improvement of them can be expected. The remarkable expansion of the home market, which Secretary Shaw so ably emphasizes, has again turned the eyes of many of our manufacturers away from foreign markets; and this fact will tend to relieve the pressure from them for the time being. All of this will probably turn out to be short-sighted, having an eye to the future; but politics when it touches economic questions is usually shortsighted.

The spirit of good will between employers and employes which permeates the convention of employers and employes ought to have some bearing on the dispute between the milling corporations and their employes. Inasmuch as conciliation seems to be the method of settling such disputes most favored by the experts now in Minneapolis, why can't we have a local application of the theory? It does seem as if the whole matter could be settled by a free and frank discussion between masters and men of the questions at issue.

The libel suit against the North and West will determine the precise value of the word "Judas," used as an undesired sobriquet. The complainant, to whom the paper applied the gentle nickname, thinks the performance was worth $5,000.

The president is nothing if not brave. He did not hesitate to make Cuban reciprocity his main theme in Detroit yesterday, in the very capital of the beet sugar industry and an "insurgent" state.

The Minnesota football eleven played fast ball against the Minneapolis Central high school yesterday. That is well in its way, but what the rooters want is fast ball against Wisconsin.

Only a few newspapers consider it enterprise to publish prepared speeches in advance of delivery. Most reputable papers consider it bad taste when not bad faith.

The Tribune speaks of someone as "His Excellency." Who is he? No American official is entitled to such a title. Have we a distinguished foreigner "in our midst?"

IN A NUTSHELL.....

Commissioner Yerkes' Decision as to Boric Preservatives

It was recently announced that J. W. Yerkes, commissioner of internal revenue, had ruled that butter containing boric preservatives introduced in good faith was not to be classed as adulterated butter, but was to be considered butter pure and simple. The decision is important for two reasons.

First, it omits from taxation an immense amount of excellent butter, particularly intended for exportation to foreign countries.

Second, it gives an official ruling in favor of the plea that boric preservatives, if not used in excess, are legitimate and nonobjectionable preservatives.

Commissioner Yerkes, in his decision, quotes the applicable section of the federal law of May 9, 1902, and then proceeds to show why borically preserved butter is not to be classed as adulterated. He says that experiments by the best chemists prove that such a preservative does not tend to cause the absorption of abnormal quantities of water, milk or cream, "nor does it constitute a substance used with intent or effect of cheapening the cost of product." These experiments also show that boric preservatives honestly used do not have the effect of deodorizing or removing rancidity from butter. "Boric acid," says the commissioner, "and most of the boron preservatives, do not possess the quality necessary to deodorization or to removal of rancidity." Borax used in large quantities might have such an effect. But the preservative is introduced when the butter is fresh and free from rancidity or unpleasant odor. Hence it cannot be used to remove the sensible evidences of decay. The preservative is used to prevent objectionable conditions, not to remove their signs.

The substance of the commissioner's ruling is presented as a contribution to the discussion of the general question of the use of boric preservatives in animal foods. It may not be conclusive, but it is in line with the tendency to look upon boric preservatives as legitimate.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed.

There hasn't been a Dagolini around with a $4 piano worry for some time. Are we getting hayseedy?

Hooper Young was considerable of a lady killer.

The South African colonies are to be assessed $500,000,000 for their share of the war expenses. No wonder Chamberlain was so ready to give up a few millions for restocking the Boer farms. He could do it with one eye closed.

An autotopsy drove by us at sixty-seven miles an hour Saturday, but we had our fingers crossed.

An eastern millionaire recently gave a friend a house and lot. N. B.—Keep a few loose and pliable millionaires on your visiting list.

The Americans went out last week and played rat-tat-tat on the Moro forts without losing a man. The Mohammedans who got away saw stars and crescents and are running yet.

The postoffice building at Minot, N. D., fell in the other day, and the Daily Optic got out a rush extra with a complete account. Some day the postoffice building at Chicago will be completed and the shock will be fully as tremendous.

Navigation on Hennepin avenue is seriously interfered with.

The mosquito is out again. If she cannot get you otherwise she uses chloroform.

In the Public Eye.

When Benj. Jenkins and Miss Barbara Jackson were married at Fuller, Minn., last week, thoughtful friends adorned their baggage with posters, strapped old shoes to the handles of the trunk and threw a barrel and a half of good rice on the station floor. These efforts seemed so puerile, that before the train started, the derrick in the quarry beside the track was brought into use and the Pullman car lifted from the track amid the screams of the ladies. By the time it was finally replaced the town band had exploded and emptied two tons of noise on the track, nearly causing a washout. Some scoundrel also rang the Baptist church bell furiously, calling out the fire department, which played on the train. By the time the train got out of town, general attention had been called to the newly married couple. They were expecting to return to Fuller next week and go to housekeeping, but in the night eight pairs of oxen were attached to their house and it was carted off with all the wedding presents.

Mr. Jenkins was somewhat annoyed by the commotion his simple nuptials occasioned in Fuller and has written home resigning his position. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins will make their home hereafter in the twin cities.

Off for the South.

The little bird sat on the limb of the large oak tree the morning after the first frost. His brow was corrugated with thought and a puzzled expression sat on his little bill, as he whetted it on the limb to get the creases out. What was this strange, insistent, inward monitor that declared he must start at once for the south? Nobody was in sight, the sun had come up warm and bright, yet if ever a bird heard a peep in his life saying "Look here, Dickey, you must pack up and get out of this," little Dickie Sunflowerseed was that bird.

"That must have been an auditory hallucination," said Dickey to himself, as he flew down and reached for a seed on the tall weed in the corner of the garden. "I'd be a chump to go south just as the fall seeds were getting nice and crisp."

"Don't you be too sure of that," suddenly yelled a bluejay, who was sitting on the fence with his head cocked on one side. "You are likely to wake up any morning now and find eight feet of snow on your little seed. Of course, we jays don't mind it, but I've often told the other birds that we were blooming jays for not pulling out for the south with the crowd."

"Then you were the jay who advised me to get away?" queried Dickey.

"Not so, my child," replied the large bluebird, laughing harshly. "That was your inward monitor, sometimes called instinct. If you don't obey it, later on little Dickey Sunflowerseed will be seen on his back with his feet sticking straight up in the air."

Later in the day Dickey found the other birds of his class packed up and ready to make a great night fly to the south. So after standing around on the fence for a while, and hollering at the cat, who had been trying to give him an inside berth all summer, Dickey joined the crowd and started for southern Iowa. He considered it rather a foolish move and expostulated with some of the older birds, but they replied harshly and remarked that anything just out of the shell, as Dickey was, should use his bill to gather grubs and seed and not give advice to birds that had been nestbuilding for three seasons.

So off they all went with a flutter of wings, and people who were out late at night heard the crispy, peepy sound in the air and said to themselves, "The birds are migrating."

—A. J. Russell.

AMUSEMENTS

"Florodora" at the Metropolitan.

Tinkling, merry "Florodora," with its melodious music, rich stage pictures and its famous double sextette, has returned to the Metropolitan and will remain at that playhouse throughout the week.

The most popular musical offering since "The Mikado," "Florodora" is announced, and justly, as a musical comedy. Although it starts off bravely enough as a comic opera, before the first act is half done the librettist turns aside from the path he had entered. With the arrival of Tweedlepunch the operatic muse takes her departure, farce enters upon the scene, and the plot becomes of slight importance.

The book of "Florodora" is an inconsequential detail. In this country, at least, Owen Hall's peculiar brand of humor is not regarded with any extravagance of favor. In fact, it is taken rather seriously, as a necessary evil; yet the piece has prospered in spite of it.

The reasons for the success of "Florodora" are obvious. Its first appeal is to the ear; the second to the eye. The risibilities are not concerned in the matter at all. The music of "Florodora" is peculiar. Its melodies are elusive and attractive. To the urchin who whistles they present rigorous difficulties, for they are tricky, most confusing and hence highly desirable. As he climbs down from his seat in the gallery and makes his way to the street he puckers up his lips and begins, but the resultant kakophony does not please him, and before he has reached the corner he harks back to the "Good Old Summer Time," and permits us to retain our memories inviolate. For this relief much thanks.

The stage pictures presented by "Florodora" are varied and bewildering. The chorus, gaily kirtled, is in evidence much of the time, and its members present a scene of prismatic brilliancy, of ever-changing hue, for all of which the stage manager should receive due credit.

The company is not the same organization that visited Minneapolis last season, although Charles H. Bowers stills sings Frank Abercoed. Some of the changes have been for the better. Others have not. Miss Eleanor Falk is cast as Lady Holyrood. She presents a little, faithful copy of Edna Wallace Hopper, evidently having studied Mrs. Hopper's methods carefully. However, there is nothing to complain of on that score, for Miss Falk both sings and acts her role with a charming vivacity. Her songs, "When I Leave Town" and "Tact" are palpable hits and both were encored repeatedly. In lieu of "I've an Inkling," a song which is part of the original libretto, but which has never been attempted here, she interpolates a new negro love ditty, "Under the Bamboo Tree," and sings it most effectively.

Miss Grace Hazard is a distinct improvement upon her predecessor in the role of Angela. Her duet song and dance with Willard Curtiss, "Galloping," is a delightful bit, well worthy of the numerous encores accorded it at last night's performance. "The Fellow Who Might" also gives her excellent opportunities of which she does not fail to take advantage.

Corinne, who, by the way, has dropped the "Peerless" from her name—probably because in "Florodora" she gets her peer in the end—sings Dolores just as she has sung every role allotted her within recent years. Like the laws of the Medes and the Persians Corinne is unchangeable. She has grown a trifle heavier since her last appearance here, and she no longer strums a mandolin in imitation of "a Minneapolis sleighride party," but otherwise she is and will remaine Corinne until the end of the chapter.

Alf C. Wheelan makes the most of the slender opportunities for fun offered by Tweedlepunch. W. C. Mandeville is scarcely a success as Cyrus Gilfain. The double sextette, still the "glass of fashion and the mould of form," is picturesque and attractive.

—J. S. Lawrence.

"Peaceful Valley" at the Lyceum.

"Peaceful Valley," E. E. Kidder's stage story of the New Hampshire mountains, was presented at the Lyceum theater, last evening, by the Ferris company, before an audience that established a new Ferris record for Minneapolis. The house was packed from parquet to gallery and both play and players were greeted with enthusiasm. Evidently the catch line adopted by the management, "Get the Ferris habit" has borne fruit.

The success attained by this actor-manager has occasioned considerable surprise among those interested in local theatrical affairs. He came here a stranger, with a strange company, and he opened a "hoodooed" theater, a playhouse that had never made money and that had been closed, except for occasional attractions, for several years. But the venture has been profitable.

On the opening night Mr. Ferris delivered a curtain speech in the course of which he spoke, almost confidentially, of his aims and his intentions. This practice he has continued up to the present time. When asked why he did it, he replied that his object was to make the Lyceum audiences feel "at home," to interest them in the welfare of the company and to establish, if possible, a personal relation between the people before and those behind the scenes. This object he has attained. When he appeared before the curtain Sunday night, an urchin in the gallery called out, "Hello, Dick! Bully for Dick Ferris!" The sally was greeted with applause from all over the house.

In his speech Mr. Ferris explained that he had had considerable embarrassment in attempting to play Hosea Howe in the home city of Sol Smith Russell, creator of the part. He added, however, that he had not tried to imitate Mr. Russell—a fact that was at once apparent—and closed by thanking the audience for its approval.

It is late in the day to attempt any review of "Peaceful Valley" as a play. Presented here on numerous ocasions by Mr. Russell and, afterwards, by the Pike Stock company, the piece has long been familiar to Minneapolis theatergoers; and familiarity with "Peaceful Valley" does not breed contempt. Hosea is a unique character and his story is an interesting one, well told, and supplied with a richness of humor as far removed from smartness as is good, wholesome bread and butter from caviare.

The chief interest in the revival, however, centers not about the play but about the manner of its playing; and Dick Ferris plays Hosea well. He gives to the Yankee boy a deliberation of speech admirably suited to the character; and he is alike effective whether voicing Hosea's homely philosophy or telling of his futile search through the streets of New York for his lost sister.

Miss Grace Hayward is cast as Virgie Rand; W. H. Murdoch as Ward Andrews, Maisie Cecil as Niobe Farquhar, Burt McCann as Jotham Ford, Herbert Brenon as Charley Rand, and W. D. Corbett as Jack Farquhar.

"Peaceful Valley" continues through the week. The first matinee was given today, and there will be afternoon performances on Thursday and Saturday also.

—J. S. Lawrence.

"Up York State" at the Bijou.

"Up York State" is a rural drama of distinct merit. Unpretentious in construction, advancing no claim to elaborate stage effects and relying wholly for success on its story, the play has met with favor and justly so. It is conventional in theme but unconventional in treatment. Its first act is comedy and its last act melodrama; but the transition is accomplished gradually and without doing violence to the probabilities. Throughout the four acts, the play is commendably free from theatrical heroics. The hero is neither impossibly good, nor the villain impossibly bad. In short, "Up York State" has been constructed along sane lines and its authors have, fortunately, discarded the fustian of speech so common in dramas of this character.

Despite the insinuation of the advance notices the play is not a dramatization of Trowbridge's verse, although Darius Green is its hero and his flying machine is referred to occasionally. Green, however, has been modernized and, in addition to his experiments in aerial navigation, he invents an improved electric automobile, which ultimately brings him wealth.

The story, of course, is a tale of true love that does not run smooth. Equally, of course, the lovers are finally united and the difficulties which confronted them overcome. The yarn is as old as life itself, yet it never loses interest. All the world loves a lover, although sometimes delights to turn his love into ridicule and is not averse to see him in hot water, provided he comes forth triumphant in the end.

The leading roles of Darius Green and Evelyn Blair are played by David Higgins and Georgia Waldron, themselves authors of the play. Mr. Higgins is an actor of natural methods and his conception of Green is undeniably good. Miss Waldron has a flexible voice and she reads well. She is lacking, however, in facial expression. Arnold Reeves is deserving of praise for his manner of handling Allen Woodford. He does not overact, and that is a rare accomplishment in a rustic villain. The cast as a whole, is satisfactory; and the play is one of the best things seen at the Bijou this season.

—J. S. Lawrence.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

M. J. Dowling may contest the congressional nomination in the seventh district by an application to have the vote of Grant county thrown out. He was in Elbow Lake yesterday investigating and announced in the evening that "the names of congressional candidates did not rotate on ballots used in any precinct in Grant county."

This is not denied by the Grant county authorities, but they claim that each candidate was given an equal show, taking the county as a whole. The ballots sent to one precinct had Dowling's name at the top, those sent to another had Young's and another Volstead's. This is not in compliance with the law, which requires that every other ballot in each block shall have the names in a different position, so as to place all the candidates on an equal footing in each voting precinct.

The county authorities did not do their duty, but it is very doubtful whether the courts would disfranchise the county on account of this neglect, if it can be shown that the candidates had an even show in the county.

Other Reasons for Young's Defeat.

Friends of Senator Young take strong exceptions to the statement that his vote on the gross earnings bill in 1899 was the chief reason for his defeat. They point to the fact that the primary vote was heaviest in the populist counties, and that in those counties Volstead's vote was heavy. They also call attention to the fact that the counties carried by Volstead, namely Yellow Medicine, Lac qui Parle, Chippewa, Grant and Pope, are the strongly Norwegian counties of the district.

These facts have already been commented on in The Journal, and it is conceded that they account for much of the Volstead vote. However, the chief and almost the only argument against Young was the gross earnings bill vote, and the Dowling people contrasted it with the latter's vote in 1901 when as speaker he cast the deciding vote for the bill. Senator Young was placed on the defensive by these reiterated attacks. At the time the bill was defeated there was considerable feeling over it, especially in the western part of the state, and the defeat of the bill was largely charged to Senator Young. That feeling has not entirely passed away and it was utilized by both of the other candidates to create distrust of the Appleton man. He might have been defeated without it, by the agencies already mentioned, but the gross earnings bill was certainly a strong factor in the campaign.

A vote of 5,500 is a strong testimonial to Senator Young's popularity and the confidence he possesses. He ran best where he was best known. He carried the counties of Swift, Big Stone, Kandiyohi, Traverse and Stevens, where his business acquaintance had been, and his town of Appleton was practically solid. His integrity has never been questioned, and his public record is one he can justly be proud of, even if he should choose to close it with this campaign.

Some faces will be sorely missed in the next state senate, and the influence of such men as Baldwin, Grindeland, Knatvold, McCarthy, McGovern, Miller, Schellbach, Snyder and Young cannot well be spared. It is to be hoped that the new material that is coming will contain worthy successors to them.

Roseau Rejoices.

The following paean of triumph comes from Roseau county over the defeat of Albert Berg:

"The result of the legislative contest in the sixty-third district is now known. The fight was between Berg and Ekman. There has been some bitterness against Berg for the reason that his record in the last legislature was far from what he had given the republicans of the district to believe it would be. In fact, he broke several promises he made especially in regard to the tax bill and county option. Lately the eastern part of the county joined with Badger to wrest the county seat away from Roseau, and Berg was at the head of this move.

"It is well known here, too, that Berg was against Van Sant until a few days before the republican state convention, when he let the governor understand that he (Berg) would not oppose him further. Roseau county is for Van Sant, and the republicans refused to permit Berg to attend the convention as a delegate. This so angered him that he declared his intention to run for the renomination. O. B. Ekman was called upon to meet him, and Ekman, being a prominent politician and chairman of the republican county committee, a stiff fight was on. Berg stumped the district, and in all his speeches here he said that he would undoubtedly be the next speaker of the house and pull the lines as he wished. He also sprang a railroad survey through from Warroad to Badger via Malung, five miles south of Roseau. This was in the interest of Badger for the county seat and against Roseau.

"All these things were against him, and, although he carried the county, it was only by 43 votes. Ekman made a remarkably good run; his friends here worked like beavers for him, and the town celebrated his victory in the district by fireworks, bonfires and other evidences of jubilation. Ekman polled more votes than either Berg or Hanson. The total vote in the district being: Ekman, 1,187; Hanson, 1,144; Berg, 1,044.

"Berg's disposition to consider himself a man who could not be beaten is badly shaken. He has been 'cock sure' of renomination and of being the netx speaker. He has laughed at the presumption of Roseau bringing out Ekman against him, but he now realizes what the republicans of this town have always considered—namely, that Berg was not half as big as he appears to be at first glance. Ekman will make a good representative, and there seems no reason to question the election of the three republican nominees."

These Asked to Speak.

The republican state committee has sent out invitations to the United States senators, all the congressmen from Minnesota and all the candidates for congress at the republican primaries, to take part in the campaign and make speeches for the state ticket. A number of prominent republicans have also been asked to speak, including the following from Minneapolis:

James A. Peterson, Eugene G. Hay, Frank M. Nye, Robert Stratton, Loren Fletcher, T. E. Byrnes, John Day Smith, Daniel F. Morgan, Judge Ell Torrance, Judge J. B. Gilfillan, W. D. Washburn, W. H. Grimshaw, George P. Flannery, Captain A. B. Hart, C. W. Johnson, Ray W. Jones, J. T. Wyman, Fred B. Snyder, George P. Wilson, William R. Dobbyn, J. L. Dobbin, H. V. Mercer, C. S. Cairns, C. G. Laybourn, Colonel C. T. Trowbridge, John H. Steele, William H. Eustis, W. P. Roberts.

Explains the Discrepancy.

A Chippewa county correspondent explains the falling off in the Dowling vote under the official count. He says that in Big Bend township, where Judge Gorham Powers received 44 votes and Dowling 6, a mistake was made in the unofficial returns, and Dowling was given the Powers vote. Therefore, when the official count was made, Dowling got 38 votes less than the first report.

New Committees Chosen.

In about 25 Minnesota counties new campaign committees were created Saturday by the newly chosen candidates. In these counties no provision was made at the county conventions last spring for the new organization, and the old county committees served until after the primaries. The state committee will at once get in touch with the new county committees and get the work under way.

—Charles B. Cheney.

A Pertinent Question.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The people can block the wheels by electing a democratic house in November, but what part of the present business situation do they wish to halt?

LAW AND THE LADY

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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"Whut ails Billy Epperson? Looks like he's a-laughin' all over, from his hat crown to the sole of his boots," one asked another on the streets of the county town. It was court day, and five hundred old horse trades had been made in the public square since 9 o'clock. Squire Ricks, king of the traders, stood a little at one side.

Billy crept upon the squire with a crafty yet sheepish grin. "Don't know as you mightn't find yourself persuin' round the crossroads 'long erbout this time ter-morrow?" he said interrogatively. The squire pretended not to hear. Billy had spoken in a loud, sibilant whisper. In the

"YOU GO TO SLEEP IMMEDIATELY," HE SAID.

same key he went on, "'Twould be wuth some little more'n the law allows, and that's a matter o' r'lsin' $2, ef any squire in good standin' did happen 'round thar then, with a license ter marry folks snug in his pocket."

"Hey, there! You, Billy! Who's goin' ter run off with you?" the squire demanded, his eyes twinkling. Billy's bashfulness was a proverb all through the countryside. The squire was amazed to see him turn beet color and put up imploring hands, whispering louder than ever, "Lordy, squire, will you be shore ter tell her I never took and told you?"

"I'll give you ten ter tell me who she is," the squire retorted, chuckling. "I'll even make it a yoke o' young steers, Billy; got 'em in a trade terday and hain't got no other earthly use fer 'em."

"That's temptin', but she's done swore me not ter tell," Billy returned, mopping his face. Then, after a glance over himself, he giggled and asked: "Ain't these clothes pretty noisy, squire? I told the clerk up at Freeway's ter gimme the loudest."

"Why, what fer?" the squire asked, letting his bewildered eyes run over a green and red cross barred suit, pink shirt, blue dotted scarf and straw hat banded with red, yellow and black. "Seems ter me you want things on the dead quiet. As it is—well, everybody'll think there's a cyclone comin'."

"Jest so. And git out o' the way fer it," Billy retorted, chuckling more than ever. "Thar's bound ter be some stompin' and whoopin' and roarin' and chargin', in short and I wanted a suit that would harden me ter anything. Ef you think these is rale tarrifyin', I'm as proud as a Juny bug that has jest cut wings."

They had been standing apart. The crowd surged up around them, sending Billy off as fast as his long legs could carry him. Looking after him, the squire whistled, saying in the privacy of his beard, "Son, I'll be on hand all right."

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A big spring burst out beside the crossroads thus helping it to mark the intersection of district, state and county lines. Now it is plain why the squire's jurisdiction extended over but one of the four corners. A frog pond innocent of shade took up the most part of his territory, but he stuck to it gallantly until he saw a cloud of dust, visible a mile away, resolve itself into a light buggy drawn by a span of panting horses.

Opposite the state boundary post the buggy stopped short. Instantly the squire gave a shout: "You, Billy, drive on down in the pond. I won't be shore o' my authority until you're where the water's belly deep ter your horses."

"Hush-sh!" a voice from the buggy said—Billy's voice, smothered and sepulchral. "Sh-sh-sh! Cain't you understand, squire, I ain't doin' none o' this?"

"Then who in thunder—O, I see," the squire said, with a long whistle. The buggy was moving obedient to his orders. Thus he saw inside its hooded depths. Billy sat there, glorious in his noisy new raiment, the pattern of fettered bliss. He was bareheaded and had one hand tied fast by an embroidered handkerchief to a rib in the buggy top. The other was handcuffed with a silk bandanna to the wrist of a very pretty girl, who sat beside him, reins in hand, her cheeks twin damask roses, her eyes dancing with mischief.

"Who have you got there?" the squire demanded, restrained from explosive laughter by the elfin innocence of the girl's face. Billy groaned. "Why don't you ask, 'Who's got me?'" he said. "I'm jest a-dyin' ter tell you her name's Anne Blair, and—and she wants you ter marry me ter her 'fore ever her pappy can ketch her."

"And be quick! Thar's pap, a-whoopin' now—up at top o' the red hill," Anne supplemented. The squire fished out the license, scribbled furiously for ten seconds, cleared his throat and went through the marriage ceremony without drawing breath. There was need of haste—the whoops came louder, shriller, more savage. At the "pronounce you man and wife" Billy let out a whoop on his own account.

"You'll b'ar witness—I was ketched and tied—won't you, squire?" he asked joyously, snatching himself loose and tumbling out of the buggy to hug his bride.

Somewhat mystified, the squire scowled hard at Billy. "I always liked your bashfulness, yong man," he said severely, "but this is carryin' it a little too far. No gentleman ever permits it to be said that his bride marries him whether or no."

"Lord knows I was willin' and anxious," Billy protested. "But you see the ole man hated the looks o' me."

"Shut up! Thar he comes!" Anne said, half tremulously. With a great rush and roar old man Blair and three more hard riders swooped down upon them. The old man made to seize Anne and swing her up before him. Billy stood valiantly forward, caught the swooping arm and said sturdily: "Too late, Mr. Blair! I can't spar' my wife—not even ter you."

"Wife! Ef you've dared ter marry my girl, I'll send you ter the penitentiary fer abduction. It's twenty years, ain't it, squire, fer runnin, off with a girl under eighteen?" the furious father demanded.

A great light dawned on the squire. He nodded emphatically, but said, with a dry laugh: "That's the law, but ef I was you, Joe Blair, I wouldn't try ter make out a case. Billy Epperson is o' full age—free, white and twenty-one. Nobody cain't be teched fer runnin' away with him, and I'm bound ter swear, ef you put me on the stand, that he's the one abducted. Better shake hands all round and come on ter my house. I'm bound ter give an infare fer the prettiest and the grittiest little gal in the county."

Books and Authors

FORCING GENIUS

Mary MacLane says she likes life in New York. No wonder. The entire sixth and seventh pages of the New York Sunday World are devoted to Mary MacLane. There are seven big portraits of her which occupy half the space. The remaining space is heavily slugged and leaded, so that Mary's text presents no formidable appearance save in the bristling capital I's which occur at brief intervals, and, doubtless, the World's supply of that particular type has had to be strongly reinforced. Evidently the World is making the most tremendous effort ever made by a modern newspaper to demonstrate that the young woman from Butte is a genius, as she has proclaimed with Montana assurance. Her contributions to the World have revealed nothing of the kind so far. Quoth Mary at her best:

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

"I have been to the sea. I love the sea—I love the sea—I love the sea. The sea is pale and green and gray and white. And it beckons to you in gay humors of purple and sun color. This Wicked City is situate in extremely pleasant ways. The best things on earth are gathered together here. If one lived and died here, one still might taste and enjoy all things." Talking to a little girl Mary says: "Does it feel good to be six?" "I dunno," said Gertrude. "You are extremely fortunate in not knowing," I observed. "It's hell—just hell—to know sometimes." "Huh," said Gertrude, with wide startled eyes. "Yes it is," I repeated, "but never mind. Good-by." So Mary MacLane. She interlards her discourse with "hell" and "damnation" and daring sentences coined to startle people. It looks as if the present tremendous effort to coax genius from a rather ordinary brain will be a failure. The banality of Mary MacLane is simply awful.

NEW BOOKS

THE BOOK OF BUGS. By Harvey Sutherland. New York: Street & Smith, 232-238 William street. Price, $1.25.

The plain, unvarnished title of this book leaves the reader in no doubt about its contents. The author handles his subject in a masterly way, quite free from obscure technicalities and foggy scientific terminology, and any one can take a profitable lesson in entomology in the plain, easy English which generally characterizes this book. The author has waded through many volumes issued from the entomological division of the government department of agriculture and is backed by the observations of the pundits who preside over that division, who have so successfully fought the bugs inimical to agriculture and have given to the world so much valuable information about those who are inimical to man directly. The author treats his subject in a really fascinating style. Flies, mosquitos, fleas, bugs in general and in particular, are dealt with and in the chapter, "We Never Speak Their Names," he candidly talks about such horrors as Bb or Acanthus Lectularia and injects a humorous flavoring in his discourse, together with much information. He hesitates not, of course, at the cockroaches, "the aristocrat of the kitchen" as he calls it, and the foes of carpets and clothes are properly dealt with and even the busy bee gets a chapter. There will be no lack of appreciation of the information so well given in this book.