

THE JOURNAL

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Saturday's Waterloo.
Nebraska took a critical game from Minnesota Saturday by playing better ball. Clearly the best team won. It is a satisfaction to be beaten without the assistance of "ifs." So decisive was Nebraska's victory, that even if there had been no score, no one would have had any doubt that the Nebraska eleven was the better last Saturday.

At the same time, the defeat was not a rout. Although even in the first half, Nebraska's superior team work was apparent, Minnesota, in point of actual achievement, had the advantage.

Nebraska was clearly in better condition, had more staying powers, more "steam" and played even better football in the second than in the first half. In the slang phrase, Minnesota "was all in" at the end of the first half.

A part of Minnesota's weakness is to be attributed to the lack of the attention of a careful trainer. The neglect to retain a permanent competent trainer was a very grave error.

But aside from that Minnesota's system of play is not perfected and not all of the eleven yet have that individual football education which should beget to be apparent by this time.

Dr. Williams thinks the men will play better football later in the season. This is undoubtedly true, and it may be true that if the eleven had been brought to the climax for the Nebraska game, it would have fallen away before later hard games.

But after all it was a great game, a thrilling battle, and the victor had to fight for every point. Somebody must lose in every contest, and defeat is a better test of eleven than victory. From all accounts the Minnesota eleven, Coach Williams, the university and most of the public are taking their medicine in good style. They admit defeat in many fashions and are not discouraged.

The only noteworthy instances of "quitting" the game has brought out are some Bull Run sporting-editorial comment and an editorial in yesterday morning's Times which, with a rash haste that will doubtless be regretted later, declared that Dr. Williams is not a success as a coach, and "if it were possible to retire him and get a better man to-day, it would be well for the committee on athletics, of the university, to do so."

No coach should be expected to produce eleven that will win all games. King of Wisconsin has lost games, as has Knipe of Iowa and Stagg of Chicago, good coaches though he is, has lost so many games that it would take an effort of the memory to recall them. This is Dr. Williams' third year with Minnesota, and in all that time it has lost only two games—the one to Wisconsin, last year, and the one to Nebraska, Saturday. A better record would be well nigh impossible, and it is now apparent that it is as honorable to be defeated by Nebraska as by Wisconsin. A new power has arisen in western football. Its game with Minnesota was the one event it had to prepare for, whereas Minnesota had to keep in view at least five games.

Saturday's defeat by no means blights the rest of the football season—unless there are more "quitters" in this vicinity than have heretofore been discovered.

Women May Vote.
It appears that the statement that women may not vote on the proposed school bond issue is erroneous. The constitution of the state empowers them to vote for members of school boards and on all subjects relating to the schools. This is good news, for it insures the passage of the bond proposition. The women will vote almost solidly for better school accommodations—which is what the issuance of the bonds will mean.

There will be enough mothers of school children sufficiently interested to vote for these bonds, to offset the men who will not vote at all, and, therefore, in effect, vote against them, since the bonds must have a majority of all votes cast at the election.

The flour prices for the last twelve years given in the table of food commodities published in Saturday's Journal and supplied by Special Agent F. J. Sheridan of the department of labor, are for four weeks of four of 98 pounds, or 392 pounds

IN A NUTSHELL...

Unfair Competition a Criminal Offense in Germany

In connection with the trust question there has been much discussion of unfair competition in the United States, but the unfairness covered by this discussion is limited to trust methods, such as price discrimination in localities for the purpose of ruining competition, refusal to sell to a customer unless he buys in certain amounts, or refusal to sell at all if he patronizes a competitor or does not agree to retail at trust rates, and various forms of intimidation. But in Germany there is a law against "unfair competition," which does not relate to any of these points, but covers what might be better termed dishonest competition.

Erainer H. Warner, Jr., United States consul at Leipzig, says that Germany has gone further than any other country in fighting this evil and has invoked the criminal law in other countries, competitors injured by dishonest competition can sue for damages, but in Germany such an offense is punishable by fines and imprisonment. The various forms of dishonest competition recognized by the law are fraudu-

lent advertising, detraction of a competitor, misusing another's name in such a way that an unfair advantage is gained, disclosing business secrets during time of employment and deception as to the quality of goods. Fraudulent advertising may be punished by a fine of 1,500 marks for the first offense, and six months' imprisonment for the second. Detraction of a competitor may be punished with a fine of 1,500 marks or not more than a year's imprisonment. For misusing another's name offending parties must pay damages and are compelled to discontinue the practice. An employee who discloses business secrets and the competitor who uses information thus obtained may be punished with a fine of 2,000 marks or imprisonment for one year, besides standing an action for damages. Every deception as to quality of goods is fined 150 marks.

The law is very strictly enforced, and the Berlin Society of Business Men and Manufacturers say that it has been very beneficial.

altogether, instead of 784 pounds as printed.

Griggs' Bad Arguments.

The democrats are doing their best to win votes for congressmen by making it appear that these are really hard times for the wage-earner. For this purpose they address themselves particularly to wage or salary earners who are receiving the same pay as in the hard times of 1897 and 1898. They have nothing to say of the millions who had no income at all then and are now receiving big wages. They do not attempt to make comparisons with conditions prevailing in the last good times. They say nothing of the man who had his wages reduced during hard times even more than the cost of living was reduced, and has gained much more since than the increase in the cost of living.

Chairman Griggs of the national democratic congressional committee has even gone so far as to say that the increase of income to offset the increase of prices since 1897 must be from 10 to 100 per cent. This is absurd. The best general statement is that the cost of living since 1897 has increased 15 or 20 per cent. In Minneapolis the cost of food, as shown by indispensable figures printed in Saturday's Journal, has increased about 21 per cent over 1897. But clothing is just about as cheap as it was in the years when most men had little money and many had none. Moreover, in the same connection it was shown that wages, measured by food-cost, have more than kept pace with advancing prices, since the workman has to-day a larger surplus after buying a year's supply of food than he had during the hard times, and then it is granted that he worked full time during the bad years, whereas he really was idle much of the time.

As an illustration of how little reliance can be placed on Mr. Griggs' figures, it may be stated that he is responsible for the publication of a miner's food-price list, in which it is stated that flour cost \$3.50 per barrel in 1898 and \$4.28 per barrel in 1902. Of course a West Virginia miner may at times have to pay a little more for flour than we do in Minneapolis, but here flour sells to-day for \$4.28 a barrel as against \$3.60 in 1898. In other words, in this high-priced era flour is \$1.22 a barrel less than in 1898.

Every one realizes that for the man with a fixed income and assured employment, so-called bad times are better than good times, unless his bank fails. But these persons are relatively few. All can recall how wages and salaries were hammered down and down and down after 1898, and how hundreds of thousands of thitherto prosperous men were reduced to poverty and beggary.

If all those who prefer 1898 to 1902 conditions, say, are going to vote for Mr. Lind in this congressional district, while all those who hold the contrary preference vote for Mr. Fletcher, the latter might as well stop work now. He would be elected by an enormous majority.

Coach Booth of Nebraska arises to remark that Minnesota played very poor football Saturday. In view of the small score, where does this criticism put Nebraska? Mr. Booth is a good coach, but he doesn't talk discreetly.

They Laid It to Peewee.
Peewee Jackson was a quiet lad to appearance, but the time spent in thought was not wasted. I don't know as I ever heard a more pathetic story than that told by his sister Amy who had been making conscientious efforts to get the new partner who was young and unmarried. Amy had entertained the gentleman for several evenings and it was noticed in the family that he always came again. Amy seemed to love him, but she was a sturdy advocate, and it seemed to be no task for her to wallop the keyboard as they both tried the songs for the coming services.

John Maguire of Dawson, formerly J. F. Jackson's partner in the house, and a democrat of considerable personal popularity, has come out as an independent candidate for the house in Lac qui Parle county, against N. F. Rosenwald of Madison.

The roorbach season will soon be in full blast.
—Charles B. Cheney.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.
The new bills at the theaters last night went by with a flourish. "Mr. Pickwick," at the Metropolitan; "Across the Pacific," at the Bijou; "Napoleon's Son," at the Lyceum. Reviews of them will appear in this column to-morrow.

Gertrude Coghlan in "Alice of Old Virginia" will be the offering of the Metropolitan beginning Thursday evening. Edna Rose, the dancer, has adhered closely to Maurice Thompson's thrilling tale, and the result is some strong situations and at least one tremendous climax.

As "Beatrice Crouden" in Clyde Fitch's social drama, "The Way of the World," Miss Elsie de Wolfe, who is to appear at the Metropolitan for three nights and Wednesday matinee, commencing Monday, is said to have made the hit of her career. The play had an extended run of two hundred nights last season in New York.

The latter part of next week Stuart Robson is to be seen at the Metropolitan in a superb scenic revival of "The Comedy of Errors." Robson will appear as Dromio of Ephesus and the opposite character, Dromio of Syracuse, will be played by Clifford Leigh, a talented young English actor.

MINNESOTA POLITICS

The situation in the ninth congressional district is most encouraging to the republican state committee. No section of the state is better organized for the republican ticket, or shows larger prospects for greater gains. It has a strong hold on the Red River valley. The counties now comprising the ninth are carried by 4,200 in 1898, and in 1900, though he lost in every other district, he increased his lead in those counties to 5,113.

Two years have worked marvels. The populist party, which furnished more than half the vote in 1898, has been broken in three pieces. One has been swallowed by the democracy and is following the Rosing ticket, but this element is not so large as in other sections of the state. It supports so large a republican ticket, that it is not a factor in the election. The populist party, which furnished nearly half the delegates to the state convention that nominated Melgreen, this element is not so large as in other sections of the state. It supports so large a republican ticket, that it is not a factor in the election.

The suicide of the notorious bandit, Jim Younger, is another illustration of how often the highly prized thing turns out to be a disappointment. No doubt he thought two years ago that freedom on parole was almost beatific. But when he got it he found it more intolerable than prison life. So at the last, with a revolver bullet, he put an end to the free life he had so long yearned for.

The spectacle of a banker who is, no doubt, a strong individualist, making the race for governor of New York on such a socialistically shaped plank as government ownership of coal mines, is more diverting than edifying. However, the inconsistency may not be noticed by the average voter, who will notice the scarcity and high price of coal.

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed.
Yes, that hard, metallic taste shows that the football game was not to our liking.
When in doubt, cuss the coach.
Mr. Weir, of South Omaha, is the father of 11 twins, 22 children in all. He is not Weir in well doing.

The "Goo-Goo Eyes" song man is seriously ill. Someone sang it to him?
A resident of Kingston has been arrested for dropping a barrel of gasoline into Soufriere to see what the volcano would do.

The Madison, S. D., Outlook tells of a local business man in that town who had all figured out with himself that he had made an impression on a member of a theatrical company there last week, and finally got his nerve together and asked her if he could call on her. She said "sure" and named a date. Prompt to the minute the local business man applied at her temporary place of residence and found a resident in a room where he found a stuffed figure waiting to welcome him. He left in disgust, with a horse-laugh accompaniment from the neighboring room.

Neglect of Duty.
Although Mr. McCall's body has been identified by his relatives and a burial permit has been issued for him, he still refuses to allow that he is dead or to come to his funeral. The new partner who was young and unmarried. Amy had entertained the gentleman for several evenings and it was noticed in the family that he always came again. Amy seemed to love him, but she was a sturdy advocate, and it seemed to be no task for her to wallop the keyboard as they both tried the songs for the coming services.

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Books and Authors

"WHAT SHOULD GIRLS READ?"
W. D. Howells, in the Thanksgiving number of Harper's Bazar, answers in his own interesting way the question, "What Should Girls Read?" He concludes with this: "A girl, if she is a good girl, if she is almost anything she likes." That is truly oracular, but it does not answer a question that puzzles many a parent; yet that is not to say that Mr. Howells' article does not answer the question, in that it is a good girl if she is almost anything she likes. Howells was perfectly safe in his statement, for if a girl is a good girl it is quite safe to say that she may read whatever she likes, for she is not likely to like anything that would be harmful. But that is not the kind of a girl that causes the worry; it is the girl who though good, and not yet so well established in her principles and views that she will not suffer from improper reading. To parents who have the directing of reading for such girls Mr. Howells' reading will prove interesting.

He says it is well to read history first and to follow such reading with biography. He adds what is really a wise piece of advice for those who are desired to interest in good reading, though some may question it. This is to "avoid all books that bore." He assumes, and rightly, too, that the realm of history and biography there are to be found many books that will interest anyone who cares for reading at all.

He says of fiction: "Most novels are crude and uninteresting, not because they are wicked, but because they are silly and helplessly false." Historical novels, he adds, are "among the worst of the worst that are written." All will not agree with this, especially when Mr. Howells makes exceptions to this sweeping statement.

Passing from fiction to poetry, Mr. Howells says he would have girls read poetry, and high philosophy, but he has no base alloy of duty in the fine motive.

"Shun lists of hundred best books and the like," he says, "for they are often the work of mediocre minds—at the best of academic minds."

There is other advice characteristic of Mr. Howells, not the least interesting of which is to the effect that there are many girls who would be better employed in cooking, sewing, fishing, basket ball or ping pong.

SEARCHING FOR TRUTH. Anonymous.
New York: Peter Eckler.
An incursion into the field of religion and philosophy by a mind poorly equipped by nature and training, and lacking almost if not quite wholly in judicial balance, is recorded in this book. Its writer, who is said to be a business man, who, being dissatisfied with accepted religious and philosophical systems, set out in search of truth, got at once beyond his depth. Having floundered about for a considerable time, he decided to abandon the search, especially when he saw that there are contained in nearly 600 pages of rather solid print, on the 48th page of which is announced this conclusion in large capitals:

"I am wrong only when warring with the aims of aggressive evolution, and right only when aiding its advance."
Not a very profound deduction, truly, but a search, especially when it is wholly lacking in novelty. But the writer may have felt that the evolutionary theory would be strengthened by such an endorsement of one who had searched long for light, and who, it would seem, the searcher began his efforts with a somewhat better knowledge of grammar, a more exact understanding of plain English, and a more accurate sense of composition and of discourse, some familiarity with the rules of logic, as has been said, and a fair degree of judicial balance; all necessary to an intelligent study of philosophy and religion, to say nothing of other requisites. A few examples of the author's ratiocinations will suffice to show how little he was prepared to attack great problems. They would be ludicrous were they not so fair to his own pretensions of honesty and sincerity in his search, and therefore entitled to sympathy rather than ridicule. Here is the way he looks at the "Golden Rule" under the head of "Christian Morality":

"Whatever ye do unto men should ye do unto you even so ye do unto them."
This is a general rule, and it would mean if you wish to have a wife taken off your hands, run off with your neighbor's wife, or if you wish to dose the apothecary. Here is another:
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Enough of this! If one went much further, even though it is said never to be done, the book would be badly strained.

THE LADY OF FALLEN STAR ISLAND. By Williston Lathrop. New York and London: Street & Smith.
For those who read tales of adventure and like a "dash" of love, the story of this lady, two newspaper men, a ship's captain and a dog, will be of great interest. It is a story of adventure on the ocean waves in the China sea, continued on Fallen Star Island, inhabited only by Chinese and a big, black, spotted dog, and concluded on a United States ship. The adventures are all disposed of before things settle down on the cruiser for the "happy ending" of the romance of the story. It is a good, lively story, incidentally highly commendatory of the work of the organization which the author has so fully condition out of the perilous and frequently criminal environment of city life, often life in the streets, and locate them in country homes among kind people, healthy surroundings, and a happy religious influences. This story is about a newsboy walf named "Mittens," who had been injured by a cable car and who was sent to Farmer Foss's big farm, where he met for the first time a girl who took his first breath of unpoluted air, slept in a clean and comfortable bed for the first time and took his first meal of pure food and his first lessons in the higher civilization of the story of the transformation of his character is most interesting and there is plenty of humorous incident.

THE LONG STRAIGHT ROAD. By George Horton. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill company.
What will the club women of the country do with "Horton"? Will they take his book as a reflection upon the woman's club and the club woman and attempt to wreck his literary aspirations by resolving that his portrait of the club woman is a true and unflattering exposure of her and that, therefore, he doesn't know anything about the art of writing fiction, or will they overlook his picture of club life in Chicago in an absorbing incident in two parts, the first a long and happy story drawn with remarkable fidelity, proofs of those words of Robert Louis Stevenson which are found on the title page: "Times are changed with the times, but there are no more by-path meadows, where you may innocently linger, but the road lies long and straight and dusty to the grave?" The story is simply, directly and powerfully told. Of the pictures of marital life, one is of a promising and light-hearted young man in a real estate office of life before him. He falls in love with a girl of striking beauty, who seeks culture in clubs, but is of no brains, force of character or generous impulses. He marries her, and the sad tale of the descent from his former happy state to one of misery makes the heart ache. Intertwoven with this is the story of the life of a "rising young lawyer" and his family. Dorothy, his wife, is an angel "just a little weak and just a little wifey" in

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This Side of the Gap

BY ELLIOT WALKER

Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure.

"You've something new on your mind, Bud, I know it."
Rose Copley's clinging fingers held her husband fast. "Killian will do you nothing but harm, Bud. Why do you go with him?" The moonlight glinting through the poplar leaves sparkled on gathering tears.

"Pshaw, Rosie, Tim's all right. We've worked on the section together. I must see him to-night and find out if Maxey will take us on again. That's his whistle now."
He shook her off impatiently and strode off, turning his head to call: "Go in and tend to baby. I'll soon be back."

The woman sighed, wiped her eyes and stepped up the path to the small brown cottage. She glanced at the child slumbering peacefully in his crib, moved about uneasily and again stood at the door, her black eyes straining into the darkness. "I cannot settle down," she mused. "Poor old Bud! He never touched the tools, and it's two weeks since they laid his old car near me. I wish I could forget that dream. Two nights running I've even, eh?"

Bud did not reply. His brain was whirling. "Rose—the baby—the happy little home." He staggered on. "The track curved just this side of the gap. There waited their companions. 'The crowbar, Mike, Grayle, you help him,' Copley, examining the machine, import. On his knees, he looked up. 'Nothing spread here, boys, that I see.' 'The others came close wading hard face.' 'There's you be tooked,' Killian cried grimly. 'You're in on this, Bud. No fooling! We'll get even and more pickings than would come to us in years of slaving. No one will suspect you. We chaps will be miles away by morning. You can take your time. Anyway, you're in on it.'"

But the other was regarding him in horror. "For God's sake, Tim!" he gasped. "You're kidding me, No? You dirty devil, let me up! Help! Help! A-a-h!"

"Hit him again, Grayle! There, that settles his nerves. I wish I could get more sand. Why did I bring him? Thought he might take hold, and I wanted his mouth shut, if he didn't. What a yell he let out. Lie low for awhile. There is time enough."

He kicked the senseless form, and the three whistles secreted themselves behind a bowlder. Killian whispered: "Wait till they're gone. You'll get a good look at him where he'll get hit, and folks 'll think he done it. See?" A pause, then another whisper—"He got the woman I wanted."

Mr. Grayle nudged Mr. Lutz. "About a quarter of 11 the men stole out. A minute's hard work with the crowbar, and the rail lifted. 'On to this side a bit, boys,' Copley called. 'Oh, No! Three splits of flame from a brush of spruce thirty feet away—'Crack! Crack! Crack!' Timothy Killian threw up his arms, collapsed, exclaiming, 'Go back! Go back! The gravel. Gravel killed a hand to his shoulder, then dashed into the undergrowth after his companion.'"

A woman came cautiously forward, peering about and fell upon her knees in the ditch. Then she screamed, and again the revolver echoed among the hills. From the station only a quarter of a mile away, came running with lanterns and cries.

Maxey, the section foreman, was in the van. Now in the center of the track stood a shouting figure. "Go back! Go back! Stop the express! Stop it, I say!" "It's Rose Copley, boys," cried Maxey. "Something's wrong, Run; for heaven's sake, run! That's her whistle now." "The sobber to a rumble, then to a panting stop not fifty feet from the excited group. Through the sleepers spread the ominous words: "People coming!"

"A doctor? Yes, two of them! Well, hurry up!" There was work for both. "Who was the girl? Was that her husband?" "No, that's her sister now." Expressions of horror, wrath and admiration; a fat man busy with a hat; a short speech mingled with sounds of hammering; "All aboard! A second train is waiting to start. People slowly on in the glory of the summer night, and crossed the gap. Copley's first word was for the train. He fell back to the ground. Then he groped for the hand that had saved.

"He wants to speak to you, Mr. Maxey," sobbed Rose, shedding her first tears. "The rough railroad man bent down, his own eyes streaming. "What is it, my boy?" "Can't you take me—back? I never touched you. Tim said you—"

"Take you back? Never thought of letting you go! Why, you're my best man, Bud. Bad company; that's all. You're quit of me, company!" "He turned, shaking a savage fist at the limp form on the hard car. "Better for him, I guess, if Rose's bullet had struck an inch lower."

her want of faith in her husband at one point, but an angel of the human sort who put courage and strength into her toward the realization of his ideals. The contrasted stories make a powerful dual picture which will linger long in the mind of the reader. The foreword takes much of the public will accept rapid, selfish and at heart unprinted Nellie, as a true picture of the club woman type, though such women as Nellie do get into clubs.

THE NEW HAMLET. Intermezzed and Intertwoven with a Revised Version of Romeo and Juliet. By William Hawley Smith and the Smith Family, farmers. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
A clever and altogether striking thing is "The New Hamlet," done in boards (No. 2 fencing) and binding twine. By a combination of Romeo and Juliet, the tragic element in both is wholly eliminated. Hamlet marries Juliet and Romeo weds Ophelia, and the rest of the play is happily and unvariedly done. It is all very cleverly done, having been worked out for the entertainment feature of a lawn party, and having been acted from the first. The foreword takes a "dig" at modern plays by saying that "The New Hamlet" like they, may be administered "without the least knowledge on the part of the recipient."

WHO ARE WE? OR MORAL DEGENERACY AND ITS ATTENDANT EVILS. By M. E. Walker. Boston: Lathrop Publishing Co. \$1. net.
This is a good, live story, incidentally highly commendatory of the work of the organization which the author has so fully condition out of the perilous and frequently criminal environment of city life, often life in the streets, and locate them in country homes among kind people, healthy surroundings, and a happy religious influences. This story is about a newsboy walf named "Mittens," who had been injured by a cable car and who was sent to Farmer Foss's big farm, where he met for the first time a girl who took his first breath of unpoluted air, slept in a clean and comfortable bed for the first time and took his first meal of pure food and his first lessons in the higher civilization of the story of the transformation of his character is most interesting and there is plenty of humorous incident.

THE MAGAZINES

Annals of Iowa, for October, issued by the historical department of Iowa, contains a long illustrated article by Captain William A. Ingham on "The Iowa Northern Border Brigade of 1862-3." It is article of peculiar interest to Minnesotans, whose interest in anything pertaining to the Indian outbreak of 1862 is always great. The article is exhaustive and besides other illustrations includes a fine engraving of Captain Ingham. Other matter in the number is indicated by the following subjects: "Indian Affairs in Iowa Territory," "Iowa's First Lawgiver," "The Coming of Bishop Loras," an extract from the address of Archbishop Ireland at the investiture of Archbishop J. J. Keane of Dubuque. Interesting editorials are also added.

A story founded on Christian Science is a novelty in the field of fiction. Such is Clara Louise Burnham