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LUCIAN SWIFT, MANAGER
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Why Fletcher Should Be Chosen.
To-night witnesses the close of the
hardest political campaign this congress-
ional district has known for many years.

Why should he have them?
We have said before, and now repeat,
that there is absolutely no good reason
why any republican should vote for Mr. Lind.

Those who may do so will, if they are
perfectly honest with themselves, admit
that their motives are not those that
should govern in a contest of this kind.

A congressman should be chosen, first,
on account of his views of national political
questions, which under the party sys-
tem, comes to the same thing as saying
that his party affiliation is of the greatest
importance.

Among a number of other considera-
tions, one in particular appeals to us. Sup-
pose that Minneapolis is willing to elect
a democratic congressman just for the
fun of it? Then we shall exchange the
valuable services of a veteran for those
of a green hand.

The fact that Mr. Winston has agreed to
be a candidate for the senate in the fourth
district is not only an evidence that the
democrats recognize the normally
overwhelming odds against them there,

IN A NUTSHELL....

Why the Reserves of Western National Banks Are Low

When the September stringency in Wall street set Sec-
retary Shaw to "loosening up" some hundred and forty mil-
lions of money, it was generally agreed that the cause of the
trouble was the withdrawal of western funds from New
York banks to move the western crops. While this had its
part it now appears that many of the western banks them-
selves were "shy" on reserves.

As on Governor Van Sant and it is there-
fore incumbent upon his friends to take
special care that he gets all the votes he
is entitled to. Mr. Douglas has a record
which commends him to support regard-
less of party politics. In eight cases,
involving matters of vital importance,
which he has conducted before the su-
preme court of the United States he has
won all but one.

What Van Sant's Defeat Would
Mean.
The Journal is confident that Govern-
or Van Sant will be re-elected to-mor-
row. It cannot see how it is possible for
the people of Minnesota to do otherwise
than elect him, in view of the issues of
this campaign.

Reduced to one these issues simply come
to indorsement or disapproval of duty-
doing in the governor's office.
The fighting strength of the opposition
to Governor Van Sant seems to be in-
spired and re-inforced by the interests
with which Governor Van Sant came
into collision when he undertook to enforce
a law that has always been regarded by
the people of Minnesota as of vital im-
portance.

It would be impossible to construe a
democratic victory to-morrow as other
than a triumph of law-breaking over law-
making. Mr. J. J. Hill will take it as a
personal vindication and the republican
party in Minnesota will be heralded, far
and wide as being out of touch with public
opinion in this state as to the mono-
polization of railway traffic.

Van Sant's election by a small majority
for an off year will be comforting to the
mergents. Therefore his friends and all
republicans and all who believe in assert-
ing the power of the state over defiant cor-
porations should do their best to give
Governor Van Sant a majority that will
prove that the people are not ungrateful to
those who serve them faithfully.

When a public official is willing, in pur-
suance of duty, to incur powerful enemies
he ought to be compensated by the strong
support of those in whose interest he acts
—the public.
If Governor Van Sant has a hard fight
on his hands to-day it is a fight he could
easily have avoided by doing less than
his duty.

Do you, by your vote, intend to en-
courage or discourage fearless duty-doing
in public office?
The Globe's cartoon this morning makes
a mistake in Mr. Rosings' mouth. Instead
of mounting him on a black horse it should
have put him on a Great Northern loco-
motive.

This is no doubt true. Rosings' hope is
in the stay-at-home republican. Are you
a stay-at-home republican?

A good judge is a very valuable public
asset. When the public gets hold of one of
that kind, and knows it, as in the case of
Judge Simpson, it seems to be almost
superfluous to suggest the great wisdom
in hanging on to him just as long as pos-
sible, with all respect for his opponent,
there is no reason why the people of this
district should appoint a man who has
proved himself a trustworthy and effi-
cient in the important office of district
judge as Judge Simpson has done to fall
for re-election. That's no way to get
good men in office. If public service will
good does not lay a heavy claim upon his
place to continue the servant in his
public, what inducement is there for good
men to take public office?

The Nonpareil Man

Casually Observed.
Almost any lover of football would have
given \$20 to have seen that grandstand
fall.
As we were saying when we were inter-
rupted Saturday, we intend to vote for
—who threw that brick?
We love the honest farmer.
And we grasp his calloused hand.
Our love before election.
Is something to beat the band.

It is suspected that Andy wouldn't ad-
mit Marie's books into his libraries.
Halloween jokers killed a cow at Indian-
apolis. Isn't that the funniest thing you
ever heard?
The English name Pheolophyrrh is pro-
nounced Turner. Yet who wonder that
England is falling behind in the mad race
for wealth?
St. Louis has a "Jack the Huggler," and
the St. Louis Star puts a "scare head" on
the story and runs the names of "The
Ladies Who Were Hugged" in large cap-
ital letters at the head of it. Won't some-
body stop trying to elevate the stage for
awhile and give a little attention to St.
Louis Journalism?

We love the sturdy laboring man,
'Tis true that our affection
Embraces the son of honest toil,
Have you seen the velvety hand of the
sugar trust yet? No? Then vote for
Springstuns for dog catcher.
First Halloween in Minneapolis.
Charles Maldon writes The Journal that
he was the first boy in what is now Min-
neapolis to celebrate Halloween, and
seems that Charlie was one of the early
settlers here and was anxious to keep up
his old customs. But there was not a
ghost in the town at that time—and very
few boys either. But Charlie and his
little mates clubbed together and bought a
gate in St. Paul and gave it to the only
widow in town as a gift, and they could
have the pleasure of stealing it on Hal-
loween night. And sure enough the
widow arose on Nov. 1 and found her new
gate gone. It was afterwards found in
the house pond which was to be where the
Nicollet house now stands.

Montana's Warning.
The Journal prints elsewhere to-
day a very interesting recapitulation of
the chaotic political situation in Montana.
Anyone desiring to get the thread of the
mass should read this contribution. It
appears that political issues have entirely
been lost sight of in Montana and that
the battle has become one for or against
F. Aug. Heinze, who seems to be in politics
for business purposes only. The worst
of it is that his fight is for the control
of the supreme court of the state.
The deplorable political status of Mon-
tana is what we may expect in every state
and in the United States as a whole if
powerful corporations can not be driven
out of politics. Viewed from this dis-
tance Montana politics is largely a matter
of differences in business between rival
corporations.

Minnesota Politics
Republicans face the issue to-morrow
with confidence in the election of the en-
tire ticket. There is greater anxiety
over the general result. Based on detailed re-
ports from every section of the state, the
republican state committee is confident of
25,000 plurality for Governor Van Sant,
while the rest of the ticket will go through
by from 30,000 to 50,000 plurality. They
think that the governor will not run
more than 10,000 behind the average of
the other candidates, in spite of the hard
fight made on him by the railroad inter-
est. That is, the voters of the oppos-
ing parties love him for the enemies he
has made, and while they will vote the
democratic or populist ticket on other of-
fices, they will vote for Governor Van Sant
with their little cross mark.

Hard Work for Committees.
While there has been little evidence of
it in the outside world, this campaign has
been one of the hardest in years for cam-
paign committees. When there were
plenty of issues and everybody was talk-
ing politics, it was no great matter to run
a campaign with lots of noise and enthusiasm.
The heart breaking effort this year has
been to stir up the voters to realize that
the campaign was not for many causes to
arouse even party workers to sense of
the situation. The general prosperity has
killed general interest in politics. Repub-
licans believe that the general indiffer-
ence is due to the fact that voters have
made up their minds how to vote, and do
not care to thresh over the ground. They
are likely to win back seven-eighths of
the party of the case, and go to sleep while
the opposing counsel harangues.
The only thing left to do is to bring out
the voters. Campaigns will be freely used
to-morrow by both parties, to bring out
their county vote.

Germany for the Governor.
When the vote is counted to-morrow
it will be found that thousands of German
democrats have expressed their preference
for Samuel R. Van Sant. The current of
feeling in the governor's favor has been
strong in the German societies for some
time, and it came to a climax yesterday at
the meeting of the German American Cen-
tral Bund in St. Paul. It is a federated
society comprising the German organiza-
tions of Minnesota. Its constitution for-
bids the inderment of anyone for office,
but does not shut out mention of politics.
At yesterday's meeting a number of ad-
dresses were made praising the adminis-
tration of Governor Van Sant, and the
approval of the audience was unanimous.
Resolutions were adopted indorsing the

IN GHOSTLY HOUR

By HELEN WOOD

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Patty trailed ghostly sheetings down
the broad stairs into the uncertain fire-
light of the great hall. She must have
dressed with unusual expedition, she
thought, for none of the guests had as
yet arrived.



"PATTY TRAILED GHOSTLY SHEETINGS DOWN THE BROAD STAIRS."

With a little sigh of relief, for she
dreaded the first night among strangers—
she pushed aside her black mask and
walked over to the fireplace. As she
stepped into the heat of the glowing flames
she thought of another friends of just a
year ago. Different, yes—in a tiny parlor
in Boulder, Col.—and she had not been
alone then. Her father slept in the next
room, and Jack was by her side on the
low settle. Jack!

She saw it all so distinctly. They were
talking of Halloween superstitions and
laughing over the belief that on this one
night evil things might creep up and
as she bowed to the first of the maskers.
Tears are seldom considered adorning.
But she gradually forgot herself in the
novelty of the entertainment. Under
Cousin Alida's gay leadership the ghostly
company tried their fortunes in many
ways, showing unexpected interest in
futures and behaving in a most undig-
nified and unghostly fashion. Open a
startled laugh or exclamation revealed
some carefully hidden identity.

Patty tried her luck as boldly as the
rest, but with the indifference which need-
ed no stimulation, and Fate, the fickle
jade, insisted on pouring all blessings in
her lap—she could have health and wealth
and happiness. She smiled cynically.
Happiness for her!
Yet when they launched their boats and
let their candle freight, she, too, mur-
mured a "black-out" and strange fan-
tasy had come to the girl. Jack was
dead, yes, but his ghost might come to
her that night. Her cheeks were scarlet
with excitement. Cousin Alida would
have smiled approvingly if she had seen
the girl as she watched the mimic craft.
Again the fates were kind to her. Her
laser burned the tonnet, so to her should
come the granting of a wish. She trem-
bled, and yet there was a mad exhilara-
tion at the thought.

The girls in turn were trying their luck
in the darkened room with the magic
mirror when a distracted young man
sought out Cousin Alida. "Miss Pendle-
ton," he gasped, "I must, I must, I must
have brandy, quick! It's for Patty!" Then
as he became aware of her mute aston-
ishment he whispered more coherently:
"Miss Pendleton, I am fainting in the
mirror room, and I can't make her open
her eyes. Oh, won't you come quickly?"
Then Cousin Alida became her cus-
tomary quick-witted, and she noticed one
thing—John Sanborn had called her cousin
"Patty." He knew her. And as she
watched him feverishly changing the girl's
inert fingers she earned something else.
He had said "Patty" and one other. John
Sanborn had given her heart to this man all
unthought. A flood of shame dyed her
cheek, but John Sanborn did not notice
it. And Patty—did she love him?

But her voice was only tired as she
asked gently, "Then you know—Patty, Mr.
Sanborn?"
His eyes never left the white face as
he answered wildly: "Yes, I know her—I
used to know her. It's my fault that I
don't know her now. I never thought it
would frighten her so if I looked over
her shoulder and you think she will
ever open her eyes?"
Even as he spoke there was a flutter of
the lids, and the dark eyes opened slowly,
fearfully. But the dim light of the pale
face and ghostly garments bending above
them closed. "The ghost," she moaned in
terror.

His eyes never left the white face when
Alida seized her trembling hands in her
warm ones. Patty, dear, you are dream-
ing. There are no ghosts here—only I,
Cousin Alida, and one other. I know
him, Patty. It is an old friend of yours.
Open your eyes and tell him that you are
glad to see him."
Before her masterful commands the girl
opened her eyes, and she gazed at him
half fearfully, into the face of her lover.
"Not dead?" she panted.
For answer he caught her up in his
arms. "Not dead," he said, "but you
were so pale that I thought you were
dead. Did you think I was, poor child? It
was all my cursed pride that made me
silent at first, when I went to the Klondike.
And when I came back, I found you were
gone. And I have hunted for you ever
since till now—I have found you. Miss
Pendleton can tell you that I had no idea
of the date of your disappearance."
But Miss Pendleton had gone out softly
and shut the door behind her.

OTHER PEOPLE'S NOTIONS

Lind's Appeal for Republican Votes.
Hon. John Lind—Dear Sir: Your cir-
cular letter appealing to republican voters
to give their support at the polls next
Tuesday, received on the day of its date,
Oct. 31. I have read it with interest and
publican candidate for the presidency since
the birth of the party. I saw what the
party did to maintain the integrity of the
union of the states. I have witnessed
the wonderful growth of the manufac-
turing industries and agricultural ex-
pansion of the nation; the steady dimi-
nution of the price of the price of
nearly all fabrics, consequent upon the
protective tariff, a cardinal principle of
the republicans.

I have known some things, also, of your
political history. I remember when you
left the old party and stood for the free
coinage of silver. Read the report of your
speech in Alexandria in 1866, which you
represented you as declaring that if the gold
standard were adopted and free coinage
of silver defeated, we would henceforth
have no currency in our mouths, or our
and paper would be retired. You were
elected governor in 1868 by the help of
many thousand Scandinavian republi-
cans. You were elected to the office of
administration of state affairs. And now
as a democratic candidate for congress,
you make this personal plea to republi-
cans to vote for you instead of our own
candidate. What assurance can you give
us that you will treat us better than you
did in 1868? Do you believe that you, a
foe, as the democratic party is, to the pro-
tective principle, could work for a nation-
al revision of the tariff? Do you believe
you could advocate such revision with the
democratic gain in your mouth, or our
it with the democratic shackles on your
wrists? You ask us to abandon the party
of progress and prosperity and vote with
the party of stagnation and adversity?
Do you call this political honesty or even
political sagacity? Excuse me, Govern-
or, I vote for you instead of the "best
greatest variety" in the laborer's diet—for
the full dinner pail.
—O. A. Star.

"A" WINS.
To the Editor of The Journal:
Allow me the liberty I take in asking
you for a little information regarding a
political question, which when answered
will settle a little controversy. It is this:
"A" bet that John Dahl was elected to the
legislature two years, while "B" bet that he
was elected once.
—A Subscriber.

DAILY DIVERSION

Saved So as by Fire—This story is told
of the Rev. C. W. Millard, who is presiding
elder of the New York conference.
For several years he had served in his
family who was a devoted Roman
Catholic. Her love and devotion to them
made the question of salvation a serious
one.
One day as Mary passed through the
doctor's study he looked up and said:
"Yet I should like to-night, Mary, what
after thinking seriously for some min-
utes, she replied:
"An, shure, I don't know, but I think
the Lord would save you for your ignor-
ance."

RESCUED

Chicago Evening Post.
"Who did you bring these children
here?" asked the superintendent of the
children's home.
"Who, the fact is," replied the agent of
the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty
to Children, "their mother subscribed
four home magazines and is trying to
bring her children up according to the
rules laid down in all of them."