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IN A NUTSHELL....

Addicks' Unparalleled Success in Corrupting Voters by the Thousands.

J. Edward Addicks, the Delaware moneybags who wants to enter the United States senate so bad that he has kept Delaware from being represented in the United States senate for two years, enjoys a universal American reputation as a corruptionist. If anybody has ever said a good word for him it has never echoed beyond the boundaries of his little state. But while Addicks has the reputation he is entitled to, very few persons realize how frightfully corrupt the politics of Delaware has become under his manipulation, or to what an extent the rank and file of the voters of that state have, under Addicks' tutelage, contracted the habit of selling their votes for money.

In the February magazine number of the Outlook George Kennan gives us some of the details of the demoralization Addicks and his money have worked in Delaware. "Women urge their husbands to sell their votes because they need the money and because the act is no longer regarded as disgraceful; eight-year-old boys wish that they were grown up so that they might get \$20 from Addicks; fathers sell not only their own votes, but the votes of their sons who have just come of age; democrats go into the camps of the Addicks republicans simply because the latter have 'got the most money'; and intelligent young men frankly express the opinion that the bringing in and distribution of huge corruption funds is a good thing for the poor farmers, and that a man who buys votes enough to elect him to the United States senate is fully entitled to go there, and is unjustly treated, if he is not actually defrauded, when kept out of the position for which he has liberally paid."

Spanish-American republics. It is estimated that these foreigners have invested in loans and public works in those countries upwards of \$1,000,000,000. High rates of interest are paid and tremendous risks are taken by English and German capitalists. In most of the republics revolutions are constantly occurring. The laws for the collection of debts are deficient. Creditors are told they must settle their bills through the local courts, which are generally organized to protect the native debtor and cheat the foreign creditor. There is in most of the republics a singular moral quality when it comes to the keeping of contracts. There are notable exceptions, but there are few. Brazil and Chile and Mexico are pre-eminent in stability. Countries like Colombia and Venezuela are preyed upon by swashbucklers, and capitalists who invest under such conditions go in aware of the precarious nature of their investments.

Now, if Rockefeller really sent those telegrams he is a fearfully misrepresented man. Instead of being a very fiend of shrewdness, he is an angel of innocence.

The Finns at Home. No one can fail to sympathize most heartily with the effort now being made to relieve the sufferers from famine in Finland and Norway. The question occurs to me whether it would not be well to spend a part of this money, or else raise a separate fund, to bring a few dozen able-bodied men of these people, especially the Finns, to America.

The Finns are an industrious, intelligent, educated and moral people, and would be desirable immigrants. With the proper support and training, they could no doubt be found for the entire population of the famine district of Finland, and we would kill, not two, but three birds with one stone; we would get the labor that we need, the Finns would get out of the famine country and they would get out, permanently, from under the tyrannical exactions of Russia.

Mr. Willard raises a very natural question. Why don't the Finns leave a country where the conditions of life are so hard as they appear to be in Finland? There are several reasons. In the first place, it is their home, to which they are even more attached, probably, than we are to our homeland. Finnish history and tradition are full of the glory of the Finnish race, and it is not unreasonable that the people of that land should love their country and be slow to leave it.

But perhaps a more effectual reason for their remaining is that they can't get away. Formerly it took but three marks, or 60 cents, to buy a passport; now it takes 200 marks, or \$40, while passage from Hamburg to Minnesota would cost about 400 marks, or \$80, making the passport and the passage \$120. In Finland a mark will buy as much and is just as hard to get as a dollar in America, so it amounts to the prospective emigrant raising practically \$200 before he can leave the country, to say nothing of the passage money; and very few of them are able to do that for themselves individually, much less are they able to bring their families with them.

Unquestionably they would come if they could in much greater numbers than they are coming now. The Russianization of Finland is destroying the industry and commerce of the country. The draft into the Russian army of the males between the ages of 21 and 26 involves a distressing drain upon the producing power of the people. Furthermore, any general effort made to move the people from that country would unquestionably meet at once with insurmountable obstacles from the Russian government.

The only thing to do now is to raise enough money to tide them over their present distress—a condition due to natural causes and for which they are not to blame.

Mr. William Regan is right: The baker's college ought to be where they make what is baked.

The Examiner and the Railroads. It is said that a bill will be introduced in the senate to allow the public examiner of the duty of examining the books of the railroad companies of this state.

The authority was conferred at the special session of 1902, at the instance of the examiner himself. Under the authority thus conferred the examiner has not been content, as have the railroad commissioners heretofore, with such reports of gross earnings as the railroad companies saw fit to make as a basis of taxation, but has gone to the books of the companies themselves; and, while hampered by the statute of limitations, has dug up very considerable items of railroad revenue which are taxable, but which heretofore have not been reported at all. One item of \$6,000 has already been paid into the state treasury, and we understand another amount of \$12,000 has been, or presently will be,

The cause? "The history of political corruption in Delaware is, for the most part, the history of a single man and a single party. Other men have bought votes now and then upon a small scale, and other parties have resorted occasionally to trickery or dishonorable methods; but no systematic attempt was ever made to corrupt the whole population and buy up the state till J. Edward Addicks and the union republican party took the field. With a lone star for their device and 'Addicks or nobody' for their war cry they have begun a campaign of corruption which has had no parallel, I think, in the political history of the United States."

Up to two years ago Addicks had spent \$400,000 in Delaware politics. How much he spent in the last campaign is hard to say. Two or three days before election Mr. Addicks was reported to have brought into Delaware 250 whole series (fives and tens) of crisp, new, consecutively numbered notes of the Merchants' National bank of Boston. Before Nov. 1 there was not a single new un worn bill of that bank in all southern Delaware; but five days later the two lower counties were flooded with them. From the evidence available Mr. Kennan concludes that Addicks spent \$100,000 in Kent and Sussex counties last fall. "Making due allowance for cash misappropriated or embezzled and for the expense of running the Delaware machine Mr. Addicks probably spent not less than \$80,000 in Kent and Sussex counties in the corruption of the electorate and bought 7,000 or 8,000 of the 13,000 votes polled for his legislative candidates."

For offenses against public order, except for drunkenness 820
Total 4,544
During the last four years of the above-mentioned period the commitments from the several courts of Massachusetts to the reformatory prison for women were as follows: Superior courts 268
Municipal courts 218
Police courts 212
District courts 212
Total 930

During the year ending Sept. 30, 1901, the commitments to the reformatory for women were as follows: Superior courts 268
Municipal courts 218
Police courts 212
District courts 212
Total 930

Less than 10 Per Cent Felons. A careful analysis of the classes of offenses for which women have been convicted in Massachusetts during the last four years, and committed to the reformatory for women, shows that less than ten per cent were of a character as to render a commitment to a prison for felons possible.

This fact shows that in any proper estimate of resources and plans, Minnesota must for once and all discard the idea that her state industrial reformatory at St. Cloud, or her state prison at Stillwater, are adequate for the treatment of female offenders. Thus it is, look-ups and workhouses, where women are crowded until such time as a better provision is made.

The objections to placing such an institution as a women's reformatory under the same management with the training school for girls are so weighty and conclusive that it may be supposed that it will be seriously entertained unless adopted without proper study of similar experience.

Indiana's Experience. The state of Indiana has had a reformatory for women and a training school for girls under the same management, with the result that all who are associated with the institution have been unanimous in their opinion that the separation, "No matter what pains may be taken to secure a physical separation of the classes domiciled in such a combined institution, the result will be to tone down by the presence of the women, to the hurt in public esteem of the department for the girls, and many of the girls will be in order not to their daughters for the girls' training school would be deterred from doing so if that institution were placed under the same management as a reformatory for women."

The facts of the situation all indicate that Minnesota needs a proper place for women under the jurisdiction of local places of detention, more often to their hurt than benefit, and where they may be screened from the public gaze by the use of the most lenient and humane methods to a return to useful living. The Massachusetts reformatory draws its population from every county in the state, and thus the care of a well appointed and equipped institution operated by the state.

The Probable Cost. The bill before the legislature provides for an appropriation of \$100,000 for a plant for the reformatory for women. With such an institution, modest in size and appointments, where opportunity for appropriate industry in indoor and outdoor employment may be provided and managed by a competent woman for its superintendent, Minnesota will have a complete system for dealing with her delinquent women, and a haven of refuge for the thought of the day. Such a refuge would be both humane and economical. It would afford both light and warmth for the weary and comfort and rest for the shivering cold, and would be a perpetual spring for the sympathy and aid of the Christian womanhood of the state.

Let us go on, if need be, with expenditures for our control and the great fair at St. Louis, but above everything else let the manhood of Minnesota make it possible to relieve a neglected class of women, who add to our distress and suffering in increased ratio as the years pass, and build for the adult female offenders a home which shall be the pride of state-ship and a haven of comfort and refuge for an increasing army of sin-tossed women who have no fit place wherein to lay their heads.

AMUSEMENTS
Kyrle Bellew in "A Gentleman of France" at the Metropolitan.

It is not related in fictional history that the brave and merry Gascon gentleman, D'Arctagnan, who has been the hero of so many modern literatures has been fought with so numerous a progeny—fighters every one. They swarm in the pages of contemporary fiction, they go slashing and dashing through the modern drama. To each is given a noble origin and a phenomenal sword hand and with the great sword they have a lot of honor, each wins life's battle and often a beautiful lady's hand and fortune beside. No emprise is too difficult, no adventure too dangerous, with these brave sons of D'Arctagnan, who perform prodigies of valor single handed and bear themselves with becoming modesty. But the great Musketeer was the best, as he was the first of them all.

A worthy son is that Gaston de Marzac, whose exploits Stanley Weisman has strung into a play, "A Gentleman of France," whose deeds have been cleverly set into a play by Harriet Ford, and whose personality is assumed by that beau ideal of contemporary actors, Kyrle Bellew. The book enjoyed a fine vogue and now the drama wins a success that is more than

MERITED CELEBRITY.
Sloux City Tribune.
The charge of woman hating is absurd enough, but there can be no doubt of Lord Kitchener's opinion of the "womanish" man. Nothing can be more uncomplimentary than his contempt for effeminate men. On his return from Egypt, it is said, a young social fop asked the general for his autograph, which he intended to have worked in silk on a filmy lace handkerchief he took out of his pocket. Kitchener took up the scented handkerchief, with the remark: "Your slater's, I suppose." "No, sir, my own. A very pretty pattern isn't it?" "Well, the young lord," asked the man who had won back Khar-tum.

The Nonpareil Man.

Casually Observed.

It is said that Captain Hobson can not see very well. He never failed to detect the presence of the ladies.

Local papers refer to a "seismic wave." We violate no confidence in stating that it was an earthquake.

A terrible fear is eating its deadly way into our young life—namely that Professor Giron may try to elevate the American stage.

Femina, N. D., assumed city airs last week with coal at \$17.50 per throw, and the main street merchants declared they would burn railroad spikes before they would pay it.

William Whopper Young, who killed Mrs. Pulitzer and feigned insanity, recovered rapidly after agreement on a life sentence was reached.

George E. Davis of Tenth avenue S. has cured himself of paralysis by fasting fifty days. We have known of several people who have cured themselves of "pen" paralysis by not drinking for fifty days.

A Shakopee lady had a dozen eggs sent up from the grocery packed in saw-dust, and hubby, who had to get his own breakfast, had the sawdust half eaten up on the understanding that it was a new variety of breakfast food, before his suspicions were aroused by his wooden leg hurting him.

Attempts are being made in select medical circles in New York to popularize some new disease, the appendicitis operation having become so common that even the doctors "in the provinces" are not losing their cases.

Mayor Haynes is talking of going to West Baden for office seekers' prostration.

A Nebraska editor who runs a paper that is willing to accept advertising at the regular rates, says he caught an old gentleman, the other day, tearing a piece and placing it on a wagon on the bridge over the river. The editor needed in his business, he asked the aged man what he was doing with it, and the aged man replied: "My eyesight is poor, and I have no spectacles with me. I understand that many advertisements are painted on this bridge and I am taking it home in order that I may read them during the long winter evenings." There is one trouble with this idea of bridge advertisements. Their circulation is not very large in cases like the above.

The possibilities of a world-wide war originating from the fires smouldering in the Balkans, the likelihood of a bloody and successful Boxer uprising in China, with the destruction of all foreigners in the realm, the danger now threatening our prosperity from the excessive demands of labor, the lightning-like leap into fame of Judge Parker of New York—what are these compared with the all-absorbing fact that our canary laid an egg yesterday?

Augustus Thomas, the playwright, was elected president of a democratic club at New Rochelle, N. Y. And the New Rochelle Pioneer referred to him as Miss Gussie Thomas. The telegram says that the playwright went around to the sanatorium and inflicted severe contusions on the neck of the editor. The latter and his wife are both suffering from nervous prostration from the shock of combat. But in similar cases it is well to pick your editor. We threw in a cord of wood Saturday night.

Several large ladies named Birdie have been around gnashing their teeth at this column for referring to their inability to touch the floor with the tips of their fingers as a physical exercise, recommended by the Sunday papers. A lady in Lyons county writes:

"I caught my husband with his head under the bedclothes laughing when I was taking my physical culture Friday night, and I told him then that if I could get my hands on the little runt that runs the nonpareil column I should get great handfuls of hair out of the top of his head."

This column holds records in two states as a long-distance runner.

BOWSER'S DIGNITY

He Takes a Little Walk and Leaves It Behind Him.

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Mr. Bowser had been reading his evening paper for half an hour when he suddenly looked up with the remark: "It was all the man's fault. He ought to have had more dignity."

"What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Bowser. "A citizen of Chicago was walking on the street when the boys began snow-balling him. He lost his temper, and while trying to overtake one of the boys he fell down and broke his leg."

"The boys were very rude. One here on our street hit me with a snowball the other day."

"How it was your own fault."

"Then it had maintained a proper dignity no boy on earth would have dared to snowball you. I've been a boy and I know how to do it."

"I didn't suppose dignity had anything to do with it," said Mrs. Bowser after a silence.

"I presume not, but let me tell you it has everything. If that Chicago man had had any dignity about him not a boy would have dared to more than look at him. Have I ever been brought home with a broken leg?"

"But you have been snowballed."

"Never. That is not since I had any dignity. It's all in the way a man bears himself. Two years ago, when there was a street car strike, didn't I pass a mob without a single brick bat being thrown at me? How did I do it? I was calm. I was unperturbed. I was dignified. I was master of the situation."

"But you came home without a hat, and your clothes all covered with mud."

"But why? It was because the drunken driver of an infernal ass cart knocked me down, not knowing whether I was a hitching-post or a man. I'll bet dollars to cents I can pass a thousand boys and not one of them will dare take liberties with me."

"He picked up the paper and read for another ten minutes, but his mind was on that Chicago man and he harked back by saying: "Yes, it served him just right, and I don't blame the boys a bit. One often sees a man fall down on an icy spot, but one never laughs if the victim has his dignity about him."

"Haven't you ever been laughed at?" queried Mrs. Bowser. "I have never fallen, but if I had there would have been no merriment at my expense."

"A picture of Mr. Bowser slipping and sliding and clawing the air and coming down with a bump rose before Mrs. Bowser's eyes, and she had to laugh in spite of herself."

"Have I said anything funny?" he sarcastically asked. "Yes, rather. If you should happen to fall down some time—"

"But I shan't."

"But if some bad boy shouldn't be awed by your dignity, and he should throw—" "But he never will. That's you all over. I can never make a statement that you are not ready to dispute. Very well. We'll put this thing to rest. I've got to go round to the drug store. There are a hundred boys on the street, but if a single snowball is thrown at me I'll buy you a dozen handkerchiefs. If I slip down I'll make it two dozen."

Five minutes later Mr. Bowser, with his silk hat on and his cane under his arm, was pacing along the street with the air of a Roman senator. He had taken

His Downfall Came a Moment Later.

about seven stage strides from the gate when the United States jumped at him, and his heels flew into the air. He wasn't over ten seconds finding the sidewalk with all his body, but the time seemed to be an hour and a half. His hat flew one way and his cane the other, and two servant girls who were passing, leaned up against the fence and snorted and giggled.

Mr. Bowser got up. They generally do. He looked all around. Most men do that. Then he gathered up his cane and hat and told those giggling girls to giggle and be hanged to them and passed on. It took him two minutes to get into his dignified stride again and make up his mind that it was Mrs. Bowser's fault and he arrived at the drug store without further adventure. The snow on his back